

THE

ROCHESTER GEM,

AND

LADIES' AMULET:

DEVOTED TO

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

VOLUME EIGHTH.

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

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:

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1836.

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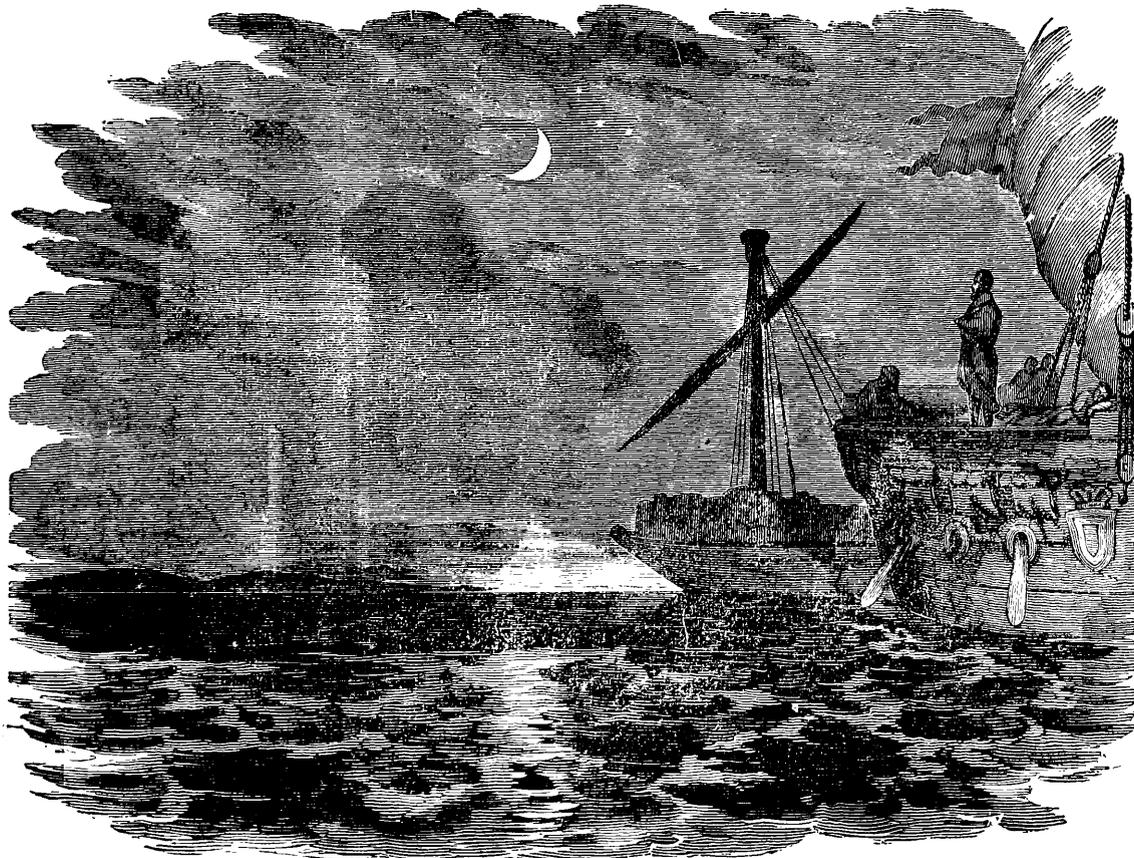
No. 1.

Description of the Plate.

"As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the cabin of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident coun-

tenance, during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapp'd from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch,

ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance!"—p. 2.

**HISTORICAL.****COLUMBUS—DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.**

We find in the American Journal of Scientific and Useful Knowledge, a brief and well written historical sketch of the wonderful discovery which immortalized the name of Christopher Columbus, and opened a new world for the habitation of civilized man. But brief as it is, we shall omit the introductory part, which records the character of the discoverer, and the many difficulties he had to encounter before adequate assistance was obtained for the bold adventure.

For the honor of woman it should be remembered, that after he had been rejected by kings and courts as a visionary and mad man, and been long the butt of ridicule even among children for adhering to his favorite theory, the generous spirit of the Queen of Spain was enkindled; and though the royal treasury was exhausted by war, and the king looked coldly on the affair, Isabella exclaimed, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Preliminaries were settled between Columbus and Ferdinand at Santa Fe, on the 17th April, 1492, and the port of Palos de Megua, in Andalusia, fixed upon as the place for fitting out the

expedition, the community of that place being obliged, in consequence of some misdemeanor, to serve the crown for one year with two armed caravals—Columbus being empowered to fit out the third. The arrangement for the enterprise so vast in its consequences, was insignificant. Two of the vessels were light barques, not superior to river and coasting craft of modern days. They were built high at the prow and stern, with fore-castles and cabin for the crew, but were without deck in the centre. Only one of the three, called Santa Maria, was completely decked, on board of which Columbus hoisted his flag. The sketch then proceeds—

It was early in the morning, of Friday the 3d of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail from the bar of Saltes, a small island formed by the rivers Odiel and Tinto, in front of Palos, steering for the Canary Islands, from whence he intended to strike due-west. On the third day after setting sail, the Pinta made signal of distress, her rudder being broken and unhinged. This was suspected to have been done through the contrivance of the owners, to disable the vessel, and cause her to be left behind. Columbus was much disturbed at this occurrence. It gave him a

foretaste of the difficulties to be apprehended from people partly enlisted on compulsion, and full of doubt and foreboding. Martin Alonzo Pinzon, who commanded the Pinta, secured the rudder with cords; but these fastenings soon gave way, and the caravel proving defective in other respects, Columbus remained three weeks cruising among the Canary Islands, in search of another vessel to replace her. Not being able to find one, the Pinta was repaired and furnished with a new rudder. While making these repairs, and taking in wood and water, Columbus was informed that three Portuguese caravals had been seen hovering off the island of Ferro. Dreading some hostile stratagem on the part of the king of Portugal, in revenge for his having embarked in the service of Spain, he put to sea on the morning of the 6th of September; but, for three days a profound calm detained the vessels within a short distance of the land. On Sunday, the 9th of September, as day broke, he beheld Ferro about nine leagues distant; he was in the very neighborhood, therefore, where the Portuguese caravals had been seen. Fortunately

a breeze sprang up with the sun, and in the course of the day, the heights of Ferro gradually faded from the horizon.

On losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them; for they seemed to take leave of the world. Behind them were every thing dear to the heart of man—country, family, friends, life itself; before them was chaos, mystery and peril. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. Columbus tried in every way to soothe their distress, describing the splendid countries to which he expected to conduct them, and promising them land, riches, and every thing that could arouse their cupidity, or inflame their imaginations.

When about one hundred and fifty leagues west of Ferro, they fell in with a part of a mast of a large vessel, and the crews, tremblingly alive to every potent, looked with a rueful eye upon this fragment of a wreck.

On the 15th of September, in the evening, Columbus, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. They had now arrived within the influence of the trade winds, which, following the sun, blows steadily from east to west between the tropics, and sweeps over a few adjoining degrees of the ocean. They now began to see large patches of herbs and weeds, all drifting from the west. They saw, also, a white tropical bird, of a kind which never sleeps upon the sea, and tunny fish played about the ship. As he advanced, there were various other signs that gave great animation to the crews; many birds were seen flying to the west; there was a cloudiness in the north, such as often hangs over land. Every one was eager to be the first to behold and announce the wished-for shore; for the sovereigns had promised a pension of thirty crowns to whomsoever should first discover land.

Notwithstanding the precaution which had been taken to keep the people ignorant of the distance they had sailed, they gradually became uneasy at the length of the voyage. The various indications of land which occasionally flattered their hopes, passed away one after another, and the same interminable expanse of sea and sky continued to extend before them. "They had advanced much farther to the west than ever man had sailed before, and though already beyond the reach of succor, were still pressing onward and onward into that apparently boundless abyss.

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. The impatience of the seamen arose to absolute mutiny. They gathered together in the most retired parts of the ships, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining in murmurs and menaces against the admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado, who, in a mad phantasy, had determined to do something extravagant, to render himself notorious. What obligation bound them to persist, or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated into seas untraversed by a sail, and where man

had never before adventured. Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return with their frail ships became impossible? Who would blame them should they consult their safety and return? The admiral was a foreigner, a man without friends or influence. His scheme had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. There was, therefore, no party on his side, but rather a large number who would be gratified by his failure.

Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for open rebellion. Some even proposed as an effectual mode of silencing all after complaints of the admiral, that they should throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while contemplating the stars and signs of the heavens, with his astronomical instruments.

Columbus was not ignorant of these secret cabals, but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of others, and openly menacing the most refractory with punishment. New hopes diverted them for a time. On the 25th of September, Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, and shouted, "Land! land!! Senor, I claim the reward!" There was, indeed, such an appearance of land in the southwest, that Columbus threw himself upon his knees, and returned thanks to God, and all the crews joined him in chanting *Gloria in excelsis*. The ships altered their course and stood all night to the southwest, but the morning light put an end to all their hopes as to a dream: the fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night.

For several days they continued on with alternate hopes and murmurs, until the various signs of land became so numerous, that the seamen, from a state of despondency passed to one of high excitement. Eager to obtain the promised pension, they were continually giving the cry of land; until Columbus declared, that should any one give a notice of the kind, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claims to the reward.

On the 7th of October, they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small field birds to the southwest, which seemed to indicate some neighboring land in that direction, where they were sure of food and a resting place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus, on the evening of the 7th, altered his course, therefore, to the southwest. As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships; and herbage floated by as fresh and green as if recently from shore. When, however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamours, and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only in-

creased their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

He was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but, fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn with berries on it, floated by; they picked up also a reed, a small board, and above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day, each was on the watch for the long sought land.

In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn, to the virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant look-out should be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual; at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta

gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but native of Alcala de la Guadaira; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

THE GREAT FIRE!

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

To the Editors of the Gem:

New York, Dec. 18, 1835.

Report, or possibly the papers, will have informed you of the desolating calamity with which this city has been visited—the terrible and unprecedented conflagration of Wednesday night and yesterday! I improve the first opportunity which an illness, caused by exertions at the fire and exposure to the extremes of *heat and cold* in aiding to rescue the property of some friends and others from the destruction, allows me, to furnish you some particulars of this memorable and melancholy catastrophe. The papers of this city are full of intelligence on the subject, and from them you will gather much which the limits of a single communication will not admit. It is indeed doubtful when this will be sent in the mails, for as the post-office here was burnt out in the general sweep of the conflagration, all its business is in utter confusion. The papers however I believe are sent off as usual, and a few days it is thought, will restore the office to a tolerable degree of order.

Nothing like the wide, wild desolation which now reigns over what was the fairest and richest section of this city, and sits enthroned among its black and frightful ruins, has ever before been witnessed on the American continent! The conflagration of December 16th and 17th, 1835, has formed a new era in the annals of American disasters. It stands alone. The world has seldom seen any thing like it, and our country, *never*.—Upwards of fifty acres crowded with the palaces of commerce, and covered with wealth, have been swept with the besom of destruction. The seat of the most extensive mercantile transactions of the city, is entirely destroyed. A mart of trade, unequalled in its wealth and in the amount of its business by any section of equal extent in any city on earth, is now cumbered by its own scathed and smouldering ruins. The home of enterprise is desolate. The wealth garnered from the four quarters of the earth, from every distant land and sea, has perished in an hour. The magnificent monuments of architecture have sunk in the fiery chaos.—

"The blackness of ashes has marked where they stood,"

and Ruin, "inexorable lord," sits enthroned in desolation, where but yesterday commerce held her imperial court!

The conflagration, as you will see by various accounts, originated in the dry goods store of Comstock & Andrews, No. 131, Pearl-street, and extending across into Merchant-street where it was number 25, and where the fire broke out, a little before 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, December 16th, 1835; a date which will long be alluded to as designating the epoch of "the great fire in New-York."

I will pass briefly over the general details which you will get in full, in all the city papers, sketching such an outline only as will enable you to catch at a glance, the principal features, and occupy my sheet more particularly with such details as fell within my own observation, and which you may not get particularly elsewhere.

The store in which the fire commenced, was one of a block forming, with the adjoining ones,

one of the most compactly built sections to be found in any city in the world. The buildings were mostly four, and some of them five stories high, almost entirely filled with dry goods, and the blocks were separated from each other by streets or rather alleys, barely wide enough for the passage of carriages. None of the streets, indeed, which the fire crossed, were much wider than the ordinary lanes in Rochester; and had Wall-street been as narrow as the rest, but little of the business parts of the city would have survived. There had been a long duration of dry weather. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and intensely cold, the mercury below zero, and every inch of wood about the buildings, combustible as tinder. There had been two extensive fires the night before in different and distant parts of the city, at which, and in passing from one to the other, the firemen had been employed the whole night, and nearly worn down. The hydrants were nearly exhausted of water. The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest. But few were in the streets, and the alarm was slowly and languidly communicated.

All circumstances thus conspiring to favor the ravages of the destroyer, its progress was rapid and resistless. In a few minutes after the broad sheet of flame burst from the building in which it originated, the whole pile with the adjoining buildings, was enwrapped. The narrowness of the passages forbade the firemen to enter, and where they could make a brief stand in more open situations, the wind was so high that they could not project the water to the roofs. The occupants of the buildings, commenced the removal of the goods to places of imagined safety; the vicinity was thronged by spectators, and encumbered with packages of goods, the fire was raging and howling like a demon, every moment spreading wider and leaping higher, and all was terror and confusion. It was already evident that the calamity was to be of no ordinary character.—In less time than it will take you to read the details which I have given, the fire had dashed across Pearl-street—commenced its frightful passage down that avenue of wealth—rolled over the wall of commercial palaces on both sides of it, and swept on to Water-street in its progress towards the East River.

In the opposite direction, it had advanced within a few yards of the magnificent Merchants' Exchange, the ornament and pride of New-York, and was preying with all-devouring energy upon the lofty and massive piles around it. Still the hope was cherished that it would be spared. But little wood work was exposed about it, and indeed so secure was it thought, that tons on tons of the most costly goods from the stores in the vicinity, were deposited there for protection. But that too was doomed! It took fire from the flames that lashed around it, and in a little time, was itself glowing through its whole interior like a huge volcanic cavern. The immense deposits of dry goods within, almost all of which were left to perish with it, served to feed its fires. The noble dome, rising in majesty from the centre of the structure, was soon wrapped in a panoply of flame, and after towering there for nearly half an hour, a glowing monument of fire, gave one lunge and sank with the roof into the burning chaos beneath.

The magnificent church of Rev. Dr. Matthews' congregation, on the street known as Exchange Place, leading southwest from the rear of the Merchants' Exchange, shared the same fate. The burning of this consecrated edifice, presented a scene of sublimity unsurpassed by any thing witnessed on that night. Its lofty spire was bound a round in flames to its very summit, a beacon in the sea of fire which was then raging on three sides of it over an extent of thirty acres! But the

consuming element soon cut it away at its base, and it fell nearly entire, all shrouded in flame as it was, lengthwise upon the roof, and the whole was crushed together into the body of the building already one living mass of fire. The open space on the southeast side of the church, arrested the conflagration on that side of the street, in that direction, while on the other side, it advanced to within a few doors of Broad-street, where it was arrested by blowing up a building with gun-powder, procured from the Navy Yard at Brooklyn for that purpose.

While these scenes were enacting in this section of the city, the mighty tide of desolation was still rolling onward across Pearl, Water, Front, and South-streets to the East river, and down them, and through and over the streets between Pearl and Broad, to the point where it was finally arrested after its terrible sway of sixteen hours.

It was in Pearl-street, that the greatest havoc in property was most visible. The large bales of goods and heavy groceries in the stores in many of the stores on the other streets, could not be removed and were consumed in the buildings. But in Pearl, the case was different. The goods were here mostly taken from the shelves—to be consumed in the streets. Immediately on the breaking out of the fire, the stores nearest it, were emptied and the goods at first deposited in stores farther down the street where it was supposed the fire would not reach. In some cases, they were removed but a few doors, in the expectation that the fire would be soon subdued. As it advanced on its resistless way, the goods were removed from one store to another, until at length the extent of the danger became more apparent, when a general removal of goods took place down as far as Hanover Square, (on the same street,) where all agreed the conflagration would be stayed. Here the goods were piled up in huge embankments, and in all the varieties of fabric and hue which the art of man has been able to produce.

But the fire rushed on after its retreating victims, reached the Square, and commenced the overthrow of the splendid erections on either side. The engines had sometime before, become nearly useless—were encased in solid ice—the hose frozen like a cylinder of iron—the water frozen in them in many instances—the hydrants drained of almost the last drop, and the firemen exhausted and overcome by their Herculean toil and the extremes of bitter cold and burning heat.

Then the inquiry became general, "where is the fire to stop?"—and a general rush was made as far as the dense crowd would allow, to convey the goods down Pearl-street toward the Battery. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars removed but a short time before from buildings now sinking in the flames, were seized by a thousand half-frantic men, and thrown into the narrow pass of the street below the Square, as though that were now a place of even temporary safety!—Nevertheless it was piled up with the silks and broadcloths, thrown into promiscuous heaps, and these tumbled and thrown again into heaps—tossed and kicked along the narrow and obstructed avenue—removed and re-removed, often but a few feet at a time as the advancing fire gave fitful impulses to the desire to save, until the fire had extended nearly down both sides of the Square, and taken possession of all the other passages leading from it—cut off all other outlets of escape for the thousands congregated in the area—when a general rush was made for that, and a retreat of the throng effected over the silks, broadcloths and cashmeres with which it was everywhere carpeted. The conflagration followed on and completed the work of destruction; sweeping down both sides of the street below the Square, farther even, than it had traversed above it, of course devouring every article of the huge stocks of merchandise

which had been left in the Square—and almost every article which had been removed from it, until it came opposite Coenties' Slip, where it was arrested by the square opposite the head of the Slip, on one side of the street, and by blowing up a large building with gun-powder on the other.

All the section lying between Pearl-street and the East river, on Water, Front and South-streets, and between Wall-street and Coenties' Slip and the square at the head of the slip, including four extensive ranges of magnificent blocks (except three or four fire proof stores,) with almost their entire contents, covering something like *thirty acres*—was swept over by the fiery deluge, and utterly destroyed, with almost as much more on the other side of Pearl-street toward the North river; that street running through the desolated section, nearly in the centre.

But I see I have departed from the purpose with which I commenced, not to go into a general recital of details. I flatter myself, however, that the sketch will be found more intelligible to the remote reader, than those given in the city papers, which suppose on the part of the reader a familiarity with city localities.

Among the buildings destroyed but not *prostrated* by the fire on Pearl-street, was the splendid, white marble establishment of Arthur Tappan & Co. It had been built for a fire proof building, and for a considerable time, resisted the storm of fire which rolled around it so bravely, that strong hopes were entertained that it would arrest the conflagration on that side of the street—or at least, escape itself, the general ruin. It was furnished with iron shutters and incombustible covering, and seemed to bid defiance to the fiery billows with which it was buffeted. But it was among the doomed! After a while the smoke was seen gushing from the crevices of the window shutters and doors, and covering of the roof, like compressed steam from the valves of a boiler, denoting but too clearly that the destroyer had effected a lodgement within. The doors were soon burnt through, the iron shutters and roof burst off by the intensity of the heat, and the whole interior, seen in flames. The walls, however, unlike those of all the other buildings in that section, stood after the fire, a solitary landmark amid the wide waste of desolation.

The blacks, to their honor be it spoken, improved the occasion to manifest their gratitude to their friends and benefactors, the Messrs. Tappans, by flying to their assistance, and laboring zealously and bravely in removing their immense stock of goods; the most of which are said to have been taken to places of safety with little injury. Though not an immediate abolitionist, yet in justice to an injured race, I mention the conduct of the blacks in this instance, as a triumphant refutation of the stale plea that those who should give them emancipation, would but surround themselves with a band of ferocious ingrates.—Had I ever made or listened to that plea, for one, I would do so no more. But the limits of this communication admonish me to close. Volumes might be filled with recitals of incidents and exhibitions connected with this memorable catastrophe, of deep and thrilling interest. Some of these I will endeavor to give in future communications.

Exaggerated accounts of the amounts of losses are current here, and will be spread over the country. From conversations with well informed gentlemen, I do not believe the actual loss of property will exceed twenty millions, though some estimate it much higher. It cannot fall short of fifteen. The consequential losses from interruption of business and the shock to commercial credit here, the breaking up of contracts in the country, the call for summary payments from country

purchasers, and the effects upon the commercial relations of the city every where,—cannot be estimated.

When this will reach you I cannot say. I have just sent a package of papers for you to the post-office, and am informed by the messenger that they neither receive or give, until they have time to reduce in some degree, the confusion into which every thing has been thrown. Indeed utter chaos reigns in the office, as almost every where else. The letters are lying in promiscuous heaps, from which many of them may not reach their destination for months. No blame can however attach to the officers. They accomplished wonders in the removal of the immense contents of the office from the place where it was kept, the ill-fated Merchants' Exchange. Yours, truly.

New-York, Dec. 21, 1835.

The public mind is beginning to react from the pressure of the late terrible calamity. The paralysis with which for the first two or three days, it seemed smitten, is giving way to returning consciousness and animation. Losses are found to have been exaggerated. The Insurance Companies which in "the first dark day of nothingness," were all pronounced to have been utterly ruined, are now, in a considerable number, found to be solvent. Many individuals supposed to have been reduced from princely affluence to abject penury, still find themselves in the possession of wealth and all the luxuries which wealth can command. The sufferers who have lost millions on millions of property, have yet millions on millions left. Very many among them would seem indeed to have passed the furnace, without the smell of fire upon their garments. These considerations are not mentioned to abate in any degree, the sympathy to which the sufferers are entitled from the country; but to show that their misfortunes are not irreparable, and how well they bear them. Their enterprise is by no means disheartened, and they have still the means to give it efficiency. Six months will see the ravaged section in a great measure, rebuilt, and again the busy mart that the ravager found it. Already, hundreds of laborers are employed in clearing off the rubbish, opening the choked up streets, and preparing the wide domain of ruin for a general renovation.—Indeed, contracts for re-building, are said to have been already made.

Still the destruction of property is bad enough, and the distress which must result, sufficient to clothe the city in sack-cloth. And this distress, the *real* suffering which will be felt, will be by no means mitigated by the fact, that it will fall in a great degree where it will be unseen and unrelieved. It need not be disguised that public sympathy in this city, is in a great degree at this time, if not *misdirected*, at least diverted almost entirely from the objects which claim it most imperiously. A multitude of clerks, carmen, porters, and laborers, about the stores and ware-houses, with thousands of others dependent, upon their daily labor for their daily bread, are thrown out of employment.

The merchant, who has lost his thousands, because the *immediate*, seems by many to be thought the *only* sufferer. The public saw his property perish, and public sympathy is appealed to in his behalf. His name appears in the newspapers with his street and number; public meetings are held to assure his relief; committees are appointed to ascertain the amount of his loss; the banks come forward with offers of indulgence and aid, and measures are taken to procure relief from the city, state and general governments—and ten to one, he is yet surrounded with wealth which laughs at want. His coach still rolls through Broadway, and his princely mansion upon the Battery or up town, gives no indication of the distress for which public sympathy and legislative aid are so loudly

invoked. But the clerk, the laborer, or the servant, is overlooked in all these measures of relief, commendable in themselves, though those measures are. His name is not upon the Directory, nor in the papers, nor on the ledgers of the banks. No meetings are held, no committees appointed, no governmental aid invoked for his succor. And yet his loss, the loss of employment, is one which weighs upon him with immediate and unmitigated severity. As the poor widow who with the rich men, cast her gift into the sacred treasury, "gave more than they all," so he, overtaken in a common calamity with wealthier sufferers, has lost "more than they all." His capital, time, is rendered valueless. His little means of support for the present at least, are entirely cut off, and he goes to his home if he has a home, to brood over his situation—perchance, over the helpless destitution of a family—unpityed, unaided, and unknown!

I will not indulge the thought that a people so benevolent and generous as the wealthier classes of this city, will long neglect the condition of these more obscure of the sufferers. A little time for examination and reflection, will bring them within their notice, and I doubt not, lead to measures for their relief. Sympathy will not all be expended upon those who can so well dispense with a part.

The fire is now so far gone out, that the desolated section may be traversed in all directions. It presents a scene of ruin and devastation of the most appalling character. The huge piles of ruins, spread over an extent of more than fifty acres, would seem to defy the power of man in their removal. Almost all the buildings were crushed down like fabrics of pasteboard, by the tempest of fire, mingling their wrecks in one wide field of promiscuous desolation. The walls of the Messrs. Tappans' store, of Dr. Matthews' church, of the Merchants' Exchange, with a few more buildings on Wall-street, were almost the only ones left standing in the wide region over which the conflagration passed! The massive piles of brick and granite, were prostrated as by the power of earthquake and whirlwind! The fire seemed endowed with a *muscular*—a mechanical, as well as elemental strength, and tore down the lofty edifices before it had time to consume them. Blocks which might almost have withstood a park of artillery, when struck by the storm, reeled under the shock and melted into the mighty ruin!

These things under ordinary circumstances were enough to have rendered the conflagration a most ruinous calamity. Aided by the other circumstances under which the event took place, all of which seemed allied auxiliaries in the work of destruction—the high wind—the uncommon purity of the atmosphere supporting the combustion with the energy of the purest oxygen in the laboratory of the chemist, and seeming itself almost combustible—the union of even antagonist elements, the extreme cold acting as the most powerful auxiliary of the consuming heat, and even the water thrown by the engines, from the decomposition into its elements by the burning masses upon which it was thrown, as when sprinkled upon intensely ignited coal, serving only to increase the fury of the conflagration it was intended to extinguish—then the failure and freezing of the water where it could have been serviceable, and the exhaustion of the firemen from labor not only on that, but at the fires of the preceding night,—the circumstances formed altogether a most singular and disastrous combination—a conspiracy of causes, which rendered the "great conflagration" what it was, the most stupendous catastrophe ever visited upon the American continent—an exhibition of unequalled and frightful magnificence—a panoramic representation of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." * * * Yours, truly.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CORAL WORM.

BY MRS THOMPSON.

Thou wondrous Insect! in the far down sea
 Thou buildest coral palaces and towers;
 Vast is thy field of labors, and for thee
 Ocean unfolds her wide exhaustless stores.

Deep mysteries, eternal and profound,
 Dark in thy fathomless abode must dwell;
 Tho' men are there, yet silence reigns around,
 Nor tongue hath mov'd the wondrous tale to tell.

There the dread polypus, her hundred arms
 Extends on every side in search of prey;
 And the torpedo's lightning-touch alarms
 The mermaid, resting on her bed of spray.

Rose colored worm, insect of azure blue,
 And crimson deep, where the Indian waters lave;
 The sun beam trembling thro' the sea's green hue
 Builds floating rainbows in the restless wave.

Thou wondrous insect! say, hath nature tried,
 The utmost of her skill in forming thee?
 So wonderful thou art, that nought beside
 Seems worth a song in the wide rolling sea.

Art building for the king of seas a dome
 Of stately palaces with pillars crown'd?
 So spacious that the unwieldy whale may roam
 And lose his way in labyrinths profound.

Say, tiny architect! art building cells
 For all his scaly officers of state?
 From helpless drones, that move in pearly shells,
 To writhing serpents, that around him wait!

Nay—but for nobler service thou wert formed,
 Than all the voiceless legions of the deep,
 That round Pacific's coral shores have swarmed,
 Or swam in seas where arctic tempests sweep.

Thou buildest land,—fair, verdant islands rise,
 As if enchantment with her magic spell
 Spake into life an earthly paradise, [swell.
 Where late was seen the liquid mountain's

Nor will ye, active chemist of the deep,
 The myst'ries of your art reveal to me;
 But in your silent breasts the secret keep, [sea.*
 Till all your work is done, and there is no more

[TIOGA COUNTY.] *Revelations xxi. 1.

TO E. M. C.

Touch lightly on that painful theme,
 Or let thy notes be hushed;
 You've waked the sigh from love's first dream,
 And hope—despair has crushed.

But pride has banished all my woes,
 And filled that "aching void;"
 And stifle, too, the heart's deep throes,
 Though hope is thus destroyed.

I knew her vows were plighted to
 A man—once,—now a sot,
 But she sees not the change—oh, no!
 Or—sees—she heeds it not!

Think then that I could longer sue
 And strive to win her heart?
 For—well—too well, alas! I knew
 I could but gain a part.

No, never can I wish her mine,
 Or ask one lingering thought,
 Tho' mem'ry 'round my heart shall twine
 Her chains, with anguish fraught.

And tho' I may not longer wear
 A coquette's luring chain,
 Yet still with her this heart must share
 Alike each joy and pain.

But may the fates, propitious e'er,
 Thy early love still bless;
 And with thy Marg'ret, ever dear,
 Know nought but happiness. F.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Mr. Editor,

THERE are some emotions which seem to have been designed to mark the identity, and establish the unity of our species, and to form the principal links in the great chain of sensitive rational being. Among the first of these is the universal sympathy with whatever is beautiful or charming in woman. The charm of a beautiful form or face, a sparkling eye, a ruby lip, or a melodious voice, is universal. Another sensation nearly allied to this and equally universal is the charm of youth and youthful recollections. Poets and philosophers, men of genius and men of the world, from every period of life, however exalted their attainments or flattering their prospects, have looked back with peculiar pleasure to the bright and careless days of youth. They have treasured up, with a miser's assiduity, every grateful recollection, and consecrated every spot, around which its associations have thrown a charm. Shall it then be considered strange or weak, if the humble and nameless, whose only charm of life and whose only treasure in this gorgeous world are the hallowed recollections of childhood and youth, and the few brief moments of blissful anticipation or rapt enjoyment which departing youth snatched from the withering grasp of manhood; shall it be considered strange, I say, if turning from the toils and disappointments of life, "the rich man's contumely and the proud man's scorn," they should often be found lingering about the garden, deprecating the demon knowledge, who placed the double flaming sword over the gate of their earthly paradise. And if the former have thus looked with an unconscious, nay, often a boasting idolatry, to the time, the place, the idol cause, when their hearts first beat with the thrilling trembling emotions of love, shall it be considered sacrilegious or vain, if the humble and lowly turn back with a true and unutterable devotion to that Eden where they were first made sensible of the presence and favor of a God, or if, in the rapture and enthusiasm of the moment, they should cast their mites, all ungarnished, unannealed, into the great treasury of human feeling.

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor;
OR, THE CONFLICTS OF LOVE.

....

CHAPTER I.

The sun was fast approaching its meridian when I found myself upon the brow of the eminence that bounds the eastern side of the valley, in which is situate the little village of Moravia. The opposite side was lofty and precipitous, crowned with forest trees; at intervals, the dwarf oak, the hazel, and the sweet briar, extended down to the vale below, forming many a wild copse and romantic bowyer; while the broken crag and darksome glen presented the eyrie of the eagle or the lair of the wild beast, and at frequent intervals the sparkling stream, the mountain brook, came leaping down over crag and cliff, into the valley below. It was the season of flowers. The valley was literally gemed with the most beautiful of those evanescent creations of spring; and the zephyr's wing was loaded with their perfume. It was one of the first

romantic excursions of my boyhood. The scene before me was new and inspiring. It is indeed a lovely and romantic spot, and there was romance in my errand; for it was connected with youth and beauty, and that beauty a stranger. The cottage to which I was destined was situate on the farther side of the valley. As I passed through the village, singularly rural in its appearance, and across the valley, many a tale of the olden time and of the *far countrie*, of love and chivalry, was brought to my recollection. As I approached the cottage, its humble dimensions and rude appearance began to dispel the romance of the valley and the visions of my boyish fancy, when the music of a rich soft voice, like the low sweet tones of the wind harp, fell upon my ear. One breathless moment I stood in suspense; my whole frame thrilled with the sound, like an instrument touched by a master's hand, and every nerve seemed to echo a voiceless music. It was the usual good old fashioned country answer to my tap upon the only outer door of the rude habitation. The door opened to my touch and there stood revealed the person who had thus unconsciously wrought the spell. But what was the witchery of those simple sounds, compared with the enchantment with which I was then surrounded.

Before me stood the most beautiful being my imagination had ever painted. I had read of oriental beauty and dreamed of houries; but never had I conceived aught so beautiful. A sister, who was passing fair, and a mother, who had been so, sat on the opposite side of the room. That room itself was a thing of enchantment; such exquisite neatness, such perfection of order, so inhabited! The matron and daughters, so beautiful, so simply yet richly dressed, and withal, so delicate and fragile, I was tempted to believe myself in a fairie's palace, rather than in a dwelling of our fallen race. Whether out of sensibility for my boyish bashfulness, or whether conscious of its cause; her salutation was unusually familiar and accompanied with a sweet (though, as I now fancy, a somewhat arch) smile.

Being thus generously placed at ease, I had leisure, while revealing my errand, to notice more directly the being who had so completely charmed my boyish heart, and (I was about to say) mark the character of her beauty; but that were impossible. Even now, after so many years of passionate observation and jealous scrutiny of the thousand forms of beauty which have crossed my path, fresh as every lineament of hers still remains, I feel conscious that I have no language suited to the exquisite perfection of that form, the inimitable coloring of that face. She was just eighteen; every lineament, every light and every shade, had been wrought out and blended by the gentle touch of her guardian sylph, to the most exquisite perfection. Her eye was blue. It was not of that piercing brightness which tells tales of the fiercer passions, nor yet of that languishing softness which half reveals its owner's sensuality; but of that rich and melting brilliancy which bespeaks and enkindles thought and feeling. But why attempt to describe. I have confessed my utter powerlessness, and yet that form

so angelic, that face so full of life and light, radiant with the smile of youth, that smile which springs spontaneous from the sparkling fountains of life; those rosy cheeks, those ruby lips, all glowing with the warm blood and unchilled rapture of the young heart; all, all like the beings of enchantment have come up before me, fresh as in that hour where, in the unsuspecting gladness of a new and untried life, I became an idolater, unconscious, alas! unconscious of the dark and fearful punishment annexed to the sin.

In whatever light we may view the events of life, they are full of mystery. Love is emphatically the god of earth. He sways the mighty empire of human emotions, and has the homage of the universal heart. Were we admitted to its mysterious domain, and allowed to examine its records, how many a page of human sorrow and crime, how much of the "glory, and guilt, and gloom" of earth might there be traced to their hidden springs, their first secret cause. Hatred, anger, revenge, spring from the blight and mildew thrown upon the universal passion of love, by the lesser causes of disappointment, and by the elements of sin, and storm, and strife, so darkly mingled in the moral atmosphere of this weired world.

The reader, I trust, will not conclude that I had so soon (as the common phrase is) fallen in love. No, I knew nothing, thought nothing, of the one half of that which goes to make up the earthly passion. All that which is of the earth earthy, was wanting. I never thought of nor sighed for possession. To have stolen a kiss would have been sacrilege, even after familiar acquaintance; to have seen it granted would have desecrated the idol. No; nor was there any display of mind, any thought of mental excellence. No; 'twas the mysterious principle of life and light that pervaded, animated and colored all that beguiled me into the worship of the image instead of the Creator.

The time allotted for my stay having expired, I made my obeisance and left the cottage; but I left it a changed being. I found not, as did one of old, that I had stolen its household god; but that I had become mysteriously possessed of its image, and, like the gods of —, I found that it had a mysterious power over the destiny of its possessor.

WRITTEN FOR THE GEM.

A STORM.

The lightnings flashed; the thunders rolled; the rain in torrents fell; darkness came quickly on, and shut out the glorious beams of the sun. Nature seemed to be engaged in fearful convulsions, and chaos straining hard for the mastery—to gain its former power, and reign triumphant over the wreck of matter.

But while despondency was visible on every countenance, hope the never failing source of consolation to man—the anchor on which hangs his present and future prospects, never deserted him. The hope, that soon the tempest would cease, cheered his sinking spirit with the glorious assurance that it would be of short duration, and a calm succeed. Time sped its wheels slowly along. Our ears were oft assailed by the thunder's

report, and eyes wearied with looking to see the clouds break away, and the elemental warfare cease. At length the long-wished-for moment arrived; the portentous clouds and thick darkness were dispelled. The sun shone peerlessly forth with more than usual splendor, rejoicing that nothing concealed its genial rays from the earth.

Released from my present confinement, I went forth to see what ravages the raging tempest had made. Its progress was visible in every direction. Trees and fences were prostrated in ruins, and scarcely any thing in its way had wholly escaped. The lightning had fallen upon the barns of a farmer, stored with the summer fruits, and, as it were, in the "twinkling of an eye" the products of his summer's toil were consumed. Smoking ruins were only seen to point out the place where his barns once stood. It may with truth be said that "riches take to themselves wings and fly away," that nothing terrestrial is worthy of our entire regard and attention. The things of earth are fleeting, unable to impart satisfaction to the craving desires of our natures, which are constantly passing from one source of enjoyment to another, seeking for some thing which will remain firm amid the wreck of dissolving nature.

The loss of our possessions serves to awaken our minds to the uncertainty and vanity of earthly treasures—to wean our affections from the sordid pleasures of the world, and place them where the corroding hand of destruction cannot enter; to elevate our thoughts from earth and its gratifications to happier realms and purer employments.

The elements are suffered to chastise man, that he may learn not to place too much reliance for happiness on his riches, and by their premature decay, elevate his affections to the true source from which all blessings flow.—Human life, can with great propriety be compared to the tempest. At one time raging with the greatest fury, destroying every thing around; at another, sinking quietly to a fearful conclusion. So it is with man. At once we glide peacefully down life's dimpled wave, tasting constant pleasures: again tossed from object to object, seeking for satisfaction, and finding it not. A. J. M.

A TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY.

JANUARY 1, 1836.

You speak of home, sweet Isabel, but there is no joy in the word. Artless question, "are you going home, to enjoy as I do a father's caresses and all the varied pleasures which no place but home affords?" You, my little companion, so careful to promote the happiness of all around you, whose infant years exclude you from sharing the sorrows which accumulate with years, would weep at the pain I sometimes feel, when you thus remind me, that life's early morning rose fair on me.

It was my misfortune to love to learn, and years but strengthen the infant passions to an undying attachment and the fond wish that others might be profited by my wisdom. Though alive to all the pleasures of home, I sat myself apart to the business of teaching. And all that is soul-enrapturing in domestic happiness I have sacrificed to the all-absorbing object.

It is not strange when a momentary cloud is passing over, interrupting my favorite pursuit, that early associations should claim the tribute of a sigh, a tear.

May you, sweet innocent, never breathe the stranger's sigh, or drop the pilgrim's tear. May friendship, artless and ardent as yours, ever be faithfully returned; and your infant joys increase with years, and be consummated beyond the grave. The pilgrim's rest, the stranger's home.

MARINDA.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

How much is comprised in the single word *kindness!* One kind word, or even one mild look, will often times dispel thick gathering gloom from the countenance of an affectionate husband or wife. When the temper is tried by some inconvenience or trifling vexation, and marks of displeasure are depicted upon the countenance; and perhaps, too, that most "unruly of all members" is ready to vent its spleen upon the innocent husband or wife,—what will a kind mien, a pleasant reply, accomplish? Almost invariably perfect harmony and peace are thus restored. These thoughts were suggested by the recollection of a domestic incident to which I was a silent, though not uninterested spectator. During the summer months of 1834, I was spending several weeks with a happy married pair, who had tasted the good and ills of life only a twelvemonth. Both possessed many amiable qualities and were well calculated to promote each other's happiness. One cold evening the husband returned home at his usual hour at nine o'clock, expecting a warm fire for his reception, but instead, he found a cheerless comfortless room. His first thought, no doubt, was, that it was owing to the negligence of his wife, and under this impression, in rather a severe tone, he said "This is too bad; to come in from the office cold, and find no fire; I really should have thought you might have kept—" I sat almost breathless, trembling for the reply. I well knew that it was no fault of hers, for she had wasted nearly all the evening and almost exhausted her patience, in attempting to kindle a fire. She in a moment replied with great kindness, "Why my dear, I wonder what is the matter with our stove? We must have something done to-morrow, for I have spent a great deal of time in vain to make a fire." This was said in such a mild pleasant tone, that it had the most happy effect! If she had replied at that moment when his feelings were alive to supposed neglect, "I don't know who is to blame; I have done my part, and have been freezing all the evening for my pains. If the stove had been put up as it should have been, all would have been well enough." This, said in an unamiable, peevish tone, might have added fuel to the fire, and this little breeze might have led to more serious consequences; but fortunately, her mild reply restored perfect serenity. The next day the stove was taken down, and the difficulty owing to some defect in the flue, was removed. What will not a kind word accomplish?—*Microcosm.*

THE GEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1836.

In presenting the first number of the **EIGHTH** VOLUME to the public, the publishers flatter themselves that both in "its manner and matter" they have so far done all they promised in their Prospectus, and that their "first impression" at least will meet the approbation of those who are to decide upon its merits.

Coming as the paper recently has into new hands, a few remarks in addition to what has been said in the Prospectus, relative to the plan intended to be pursued in the prosecution of our labors, may not be inappropriate:

Many respectable and intelligent citizens of the United States have desired, that periodical publications should be put into extensive circulation, of a character independent of the political dissensions of the day; the object of which should be to correct the prevailing vices and errors of the times—improve the spirit and manners of the people, discard the influence of absurd, useless and ridiculous customs and usages, and thereby to improve and perpetuate the blessings of social life.

To embrace this important object, it is believed these publications should comprise a great variety of subjects, comprehending a retrospect of the past, as well as a general view of the present state of society.

A review of the progress which the American people have thus far made in the arts of the civil state, evince the great importance of this object. The PRESS, with its boasted freedom, intended as a resplendent beacon to point us to the light of TRUTH, has, it is well known, been too much prostituted to the diminutive views of self-preference, and to the base purpose of enlisting the sordid passions and paltry prejudices. By the excitement of the diverse attachments, enmities, hopes and fears of leading men in the community, the national tranquillity has sometimes been sacrificed to the purposes of personal gratifications, while gross delusions have been made to triumph over reason, truth and common sense. Such an approbrium should not rest on the American people, in their progress to greatness and to glory.

We believe the spirit and manners of the present age, will direct the course of our future destiny; and that posterity will estimate our national character by reviewing the commencement of its progress. Those, then, who direct the controlling influence of the press, occupy a station of no ordinary responsibility, and should make it subservient to the best interests of their fellow men—to moulding the character of the age in which they act, so as to render it a safe model for the imitation of succeeding generations. This remark would apply exclusively to publishers of works of higher pretensions than THE GEM, were it not that trivial causes often produce the most important effects—that the quality of the drops of water, determine the character of the ocean which they compose.

In devoting a portion of our labors to a periodical entirely abstracted from party or sectarian contests, we know of no terms more expressive of our design, than the title we have given it, a Cheap Miscellaneous Periodical,—“cheap,” that it may be within the reach of the poorest—and “miscellaneous,” that it may gratify as far as possible the tastes of all.

In making selections, we shall be partial to such as are of American origin, and especially the productions of Western New York; but shall not fail to draw from foreign sources whatever may most benefit or entertain our readers.

While we occasionally take a peep into the drawing room, we shall in our moral excursions visit the humble cottage, that our readers may

be assisted in duly appreciating the relative blessings of the different classes of the community. While our main object will be to afford innocent amusement and diffuse useful knowledge, we hope vice will be seen in its deformity, virtue admired; and innocence protected.

Fictitious tales may sometimes teach a knowledge of the human character by the conceptions of the imagination, which the incidents of history have not disclosed or rendered familiar. Such we shall not scruple to present to our readers.

The most efficient excitements to reading are, novelty and variety. Without these, no adequate resources could be found for intellectual improvement and amusement.

Among our FAIR READERS, while the most numerous class are destined, either from choice or necessity, to cultivate the essential and endearing arts of domestic life, others devote their time to the acquisition of such accomplishments as are best suited to give fascinations to their natural charms, and invite admiration in the gay circle of fashion and amid the tinsel splendors of the drawing room. But a full view of our designs to meet the diversity of taste, of character, and condition of those for whose eye we design our Ladies' Department, would be useless even if practicable. We can only assure our readers, that our best endeavors will be used to make THE GEM AND LADIES' AMULET a periodical which the father need not fear to present to his child—the brother to his sister—the lover to the idol of his affections—or the husband to the companion of his bosom.

OUR PRICE—To mail subscribers is so low, that we cannot afford to lose a dollar: we must therefore insist on payment in advance from those with whom we are unacquainted, and the addition of fifty cents in cases where those to whom we send do not pay during the first three months.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS—will have their papers left at their doors for one dollar and fifty cents—those living off from the Carrier's route, can have them at the office for one dollar and twenty-five cents,—in both cases payable in advance or during the first three months.

THE FIRST NUMBER—Will be forwarded to all the old subscribers who have not signified a wish to discontinue. Those who conclude not to take the volume, are earnestly requested to send back this number in a safe wrapper; directed, "The Gem, Rochester, N. Y.," as the edition is small and every copy lost may break a whole volume.—If postmasters have good reasons to believe the subscriber will not continue and no new subscriber offers, they will do us a special favor by returning this number.

AGENTS.—It will be seen by the Prospectus on the eighth page, that any person who procures five subscribers and remits us five dollars in advance free of postage, will be entitled to six copies—ten subscribers and ten dollars, to twelve copies and a bound volume at the end of the year. We hope to have many such agents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

In the hurry of newly arranging materials, we have found but little time to examine manuscripts. We have made the best selection we could from a rapid glance, and can now say little more than acknowledge the receipt of "Ducillis," on Intellectual Improvement; "A. J. M.," headed The Indians; "G.," to the Disappointed; "S. S. R.," The Old Maid's Island; "Sanford," The Hannah, and "——," The Retreat.

As to the proposition of "A. J. M.," we accede to it for the present.

"N. G. S." will hear from us soon. We hope he will give a good account of his neighborhood.

If Mrs. THOMPSON has any more pearls, like

the one in our poetic department gleaned from the caves of the Pacific Ocean, they will be thankfully received by her old friends.

In the author of "Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor" we recognize a friend and a valued correspondent of the Gem, who did as much probably in its infancy to write it into notice as any individual, but whose pen has long been laid aside for the more rustic employments of a backwoodsman. We greet his return with pleasure, and hope his intervals of leisure will be frequent.

The description of the great fire in New York, is from a pen which has before enriched our columns with articles worthy of the best periodicals in the Atlantic cities. We are glad of an opportunity to record the horrors of that direful calamity, in language so glowing and from a source so authentic.

WINTER.—After a real *January thaw*, ever since about the 20th of December, we had last night a heavy fall of snow, and the bells are again giving out their merry jingle. This reminds us of a little scrap in the Boston Pearl of 1834, which runs thus—

Sleighing.—We love sleigh riding. We love to have a full cutter—full of girls. We love to see all wrapped up warm, and fiery chargers darting on through the shaved ice, gloriously: we love to have all the girls laughing, and enjoying themselves beneath the cold moonlight; and the sleigh mounting up and dancing down until we drive up to the door of our grandmother or aunt. What joyfulness is there then, in entering the warm room and finding all merriment! This is one of our domestic blessings; and we sincerely pity those who have no good aunt or grandmother, or relation towards whose house to wend in the winter evening when the snow is fairly beaten down, and the moon is at her full.

Glorious winter evenings! We hail ye with delight! We enjoy ye in raptures, and there is a peculiarity and poetry about ye that is only known in lovely New England.

The Troy Whig eulogizes the Introductory Lecture, delivered before the Young Men's Association of that city, by DANIEL D. BARNARD, Esq. formerly of Rochester. It has been published, and we have no doubt will be extensively and profitably read.

The Rev. Zerah Colburn, so well known formerly for the wonderful precocity of his faculty for mathematical solutions, is appointed Professor of Languages and Classical English Literature, in the new institution in Vermont, called the "Norwich Institute."

Oldest Bell in the country Lost.—We regret exceedingly to state that the ancient Bell, one of the oldest if not the very oldest, in this country, belonging to the Dutch Church in Garden-st., has been wholly destroyed. This Bell was imported from Holland in 1492.—*Jour. of Com.*

The Eastport Sentinel, in lauding its own town says—"we have the most fog, the warmest winters, the coolest summers, the best potatoes, the fastest packets, and catch the most fish of any town in the state of Maine."

EXCERPTS.—Never make a promise when the power of performing that promise shall depend on another.

That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

Calumny is like the brands flying from a large fire, which go quickly out if you do not blow them,

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS,
TO THE PATRONS OF THE
GEM & LADIES' AMULET,

JANUARY 1, 1836.

'TIS PAST! another year has quickly sped,
And all its pleasures, all its joys are gone,
Its bright'ning prospects are forever fled;
And dark Oblivion claims them for her own.
Those friends, alas! whose brows with gladness
shone,

And seemed to hope for prospects brighter still;
Another Year has gone, and where are they?
Go, ask the tombstone by yon murmuring rill,
Where sleep those mortal tenements of clay?

Robed in habiliments of darkest night,
The Angel Death had strung the fatal bow,
From which the arrow with unerring flight,
Fled to its mark, and laid the victim low.
Go, ask the mother o'er whose sudden'd brow,
Deep anguish sits in melancholy gloom;
Mourning her lost one, one of all most dear—
She'll tell you that her hope is in the tomb,
Her prospects blighted on the funeral bier.

Go, ask the orphan, destitute, forlorn,
Why mourns he thus; he'll answer with a tear,
From him, alas! were both his parents torn,
In the short space of one revolving year,
All, all is gone that cheer'd his prospects here.
Time works its changes, fearful, unforeseen,
On man soon falls the long expected doom—
Which tells him, that his life is but a dream,
And soon consigns him to the friendly tomb.

But why should I, when mirth and joy abound,
Confine my Muse to solemn themes like these;
When shouts of revelry re-echo round,
And joyful pæans gladden in the breeze,
And all seem wrapt in sweet voluptuous ease?
What nobler task, as dawns the infant year—
What brighter gem of happiness below—
Than with kind heart, to dry the mourner's tear,
And soothe the anguish of another's wo.

As round the rifted oak, an ivy flings
Its mantling wreath of melancholy green—
So to the years gone by, fond memory clings,
And spreads its bright'ning charms o'er every scene
Of faded grief and long departed joy:
And paints in magic tints, youth's cloudless dawn,
Its fervent hope of bliss without alloy—
Its dream of love, the rose without a thorn,
That sheds its fragrance o'er life's early morn.

Ye Nine! assist me, with your wonted cheer,
To pen the measure of more genial strain,
And sing the pleasures of the new born year;
With all the prospects of its annual reign.
For why should we from happiness refrain?
O'er country, still with peace is haply blest,
And PROVIDENCE, with an unsparing hand,
Pleas'd to have found the wanderer a rest:
Still scatters blessings o'er a smiling land.

In fervid climes, beyond her wide domain,
The hardy virtues take no root; nor there
Does INDEPENDENCE hold his fearless reign,
Unfetter'd, lofty, free as mountain air—
"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky;"
Adoring still, tho' threat'ning clouds involve
Thy lofty aim and noble, firm resolve.

Now, to our City let us turn awhile;
Our Rochester! Emporium of the West!
To view the fruits of enterprise and toil—
With what success that enterprise was blest;
That noblest passion of the human breast.
O'er this same spot, some few short years ago,
The warlike savage here was wont to roam;
Where friends now meet, was met the cruel foe
Where forests stood, now stands the stately dome.

In days of yore, as by some magic spell,
Cities, 'tis said, rose instant at command:
Bedeck'd with palaces, as fables tell,
And lofty towers, magnificently grand:
And fell as quick beneath the Circean wand.
But thou, tho' quickly built, shall long retain
That progress sure with which thy rise began;
Tho' ages quickly pass, shalt thou remain
A grand memento of aspiring man.
Thy manufactures, numerous and great,
Thy busy trade, thy commerce unconfined;
Which makes thee worthy of thy mother state;
Shew industry and skill at once combined:
Gladden the heart, and cheer the happy mind.
May PROVIDENCE, whose all-protecting care
Thus far permits thee onward to progress;
Still smile benignant o'er thy prospects fair,
And thou wilt prosper as she deigns to bless.

Patrons and Friends, we wish you merry cheer;
May happiness be yours without alloy,
But while you celebrate the new born year,
Do not forget, 'midst all, the CARRIER BOY,
Nor pass him by in the full hour of joy:
Your prudence it is sure, will scarce condemn,
A maxim framed in sterling common sense,
That he who oft presents you with a GEM—
Should once a year obtain a recompense.

From the Philanthropist.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

True and faithful as I've found thee,
Kind and tender as thou art,
There are tendrils twining round thee
Springing from a nobler heart.
Fondly beats thy bosom, dearest,
Each pulsation true to me,
Sweetly soft the smile thou wearest,
Tender every look from thee.
Still there is a bosom glowing,
With a stronger love than thine,
Still a fuller stream is flowing
From this swelling heart of mine.
Strong tho' be the heart's emotion,
Tho' thy passions wildly glow,
Oh! there is a deep devotion
Woman's heart alone may know.
Sweet it is that "thinking of me"
Drives away each brooding ill;
But remember while you love me,
Thou art loved more fondly still.

LOVE OF PRAISE.

The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less—and glows in every heart;
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure,
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tombs.

RULES TO MAKE A MAN OF CONSEQUENCE.

A brow austere—a circumspective eye,
A frequent shrug of the os humeri,
A nod significant—a stately gait,
A blustering manner, and a tone of weight—
A smile sarcastic—an expressive stare—
Adopt all these as time and place will bear.

LORD BROUGHAM'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

It is said, we do not know how truly, that
Lord Brougham and Vaux, in a playful mood,
the other evening, wrote the following epitaph of
himself:

"Here reader, wipe your weeping eyes—
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Could not contain one-half my speeches."

THE CONFLAGRATION.—We are enabled to lay
before our readers this morning (exclusively) the
important documents communicated to the General
Committee of citizens at their meeting last evening.
It will be seen from the report of the Committee
on the Amount of Losses, that the whole

number of buildings destroyed was 527, exclusive of
the Merchants' Exchange and South Dt'h Church;
and that the estimated amount of loss is \$17,115,-
692. This estimate is based upon the statements
of 276 firms and owners of real estate, who report-
ed a loss of \$1,179,700 (the destruction of 129)
buildings, and \$6,557,846 in goods. Total, \$7,-
969,150, on which was \$7,969,150 insurance. A
much less proportion of the owners of buildings
reported to the Committee, than of the proprie-
tors of merchandise. The whole loss in buildings
is estimated at \$4,000,000
Merchandise, \$13,115,692
\$17,115,692

This is an appalling amount, and throws all oth-
er fires which ever occurred in this country, far into
the back ground.—*Jour. Com.*

Cheap Miscellaneous Periodical.

PROSPECTUS

Of the present Vol. of

THE ROCHESTER GEM
AND LADIES' AMULET:

Devoted to the dissemination of Useful Knowledge,
Historical, Biographical and Fictitious Writings,
to Essays, Moral Readings, Sentiment, Wit, and
Poetry.

WITH PLATES.

Eight quarto pages, semi-monthly, at \$1 in advance.

The present Proprietors of the *Gem and Ladies' Amulet* have procured new type, and design to make the eighth volume still more worthy the patronage of those who have so long sustained it.— Without making any very high pretensions, we shall endeavor to offer sufficient inducements to literary men in this region of country, to make our columns, in part at least, the medium of their communications to the public, at the same time that a fostering care will be extended to youthful and native genius. If no more successful than our predecessors, we shall be able, as they have been, to occupy a reasonable proportion of each number with original matter.

In making selections, we shall aim at culling the choicest perannian flowers from modern writers and standard works, as well as pieces in prose of a useful and entertaining character. One point we wish to have distinctly understood: Nothing of a sectarian or controversial kind will find admittance so far as ordinary care can guard against it. Each number shall contain at least one story or tale, and in this department we shall generally have regard to a good practical moral, as well as exciting incidents.

As to the permanency of the work we have no fears. There are paying subscribers enough to support it, and we have had too much experience in such matters to drain off our *life-blood* by sending long to those who never pay. The terms will be the same as for the last volume—One dollar to mail subscribers, One dollar fifty cents to those in the city who have it left at their doors—in advance.

Any person who may obtain five subscribers and remit five dollars, in advance, free of postage, shall receive six copies.

Any person who shall remit us ten dollars, in advance, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one bound volume at the end of the year.

No subscriptions received for less than one year. The volume will commence with the second Saturday in January, 1836, and contain 26 numbers, 8 pages each, including title page and index.

Editors who copy this prospectus, will be entitled to a similar favor from us.

SHEPARD & STRONG.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
*Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester.....up stairs.*

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1836.

No. 2.

HISTORICAL TALES.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

JOAN OF ARC. THE CORONATION.

Lord Bishop, set the Crown upon his head.
King Henry IV.

The capture of the English lines at Orleans was not a solitary or unsupported triumph of the French; on the succeeding morning not a trace of the discomfited islanders could be discovered from the walls of the long beleaguered city, save the shattered and deserted bastions so lately occupied by their green-frocked archery, and the heaps of their unburied dead, which choked the trenches, and tainted the pure atmosphere with their charnal exhalations. Nor was this all. The confidence of France had been restored to a degree unwonted, if not unknown, before. The virgin fought not, but to conquer. Gergau was taken by assault; the daring girl mounting the foremost, and carrying the walls, though wounded, with undaunted spirit. Beaugency opened its gates at the first summons; and the British garrison, which had retired to the castle, yielded on fair condition. Roused by his long inaction by this series of bright successes, the Constable of France levied his vassals to share the triumphs of the royal army. Nor were the English idle. Bedford, who had by dint of unexampled perseverance, collected some six thousand men to reinforce the relics of the host, which under the brave but wary Talbot still kept the field, effected his junction at Pataien-Beauce—but effected it not unmolested. "We must give battle," cried the heroic Joan; "we must give battle to the English, were they horsed upon the clouds—ay! and equip ourselves with right good spurs for the pursuit."

She fought again, and was again successful; and this day more than all decided the fortunes of the land. The British troops, struck down from their high pitch, heartsick with superstition, and half-defeated before a blow was stricken, scarcely awaited the first onset of the French, who charged with a degree of confidence that ensured the result, by which it was so fully justified.

And now the object of the maiden's mission was brought forth in council. "To Rheims," she cried; "to Rheims! it is the will of God!" To every argument that was adduced against her, she had no other argument. "To this end am I inspired—to this end was I sent—that I should conduct this son of France in triumph to the walls of Rheims, and crown him with the diadem of Clovis. The sword of the Most High hath fallen on the foes of France—the victory lacks

only its accomplishment!" It was in vain that Richemont, the gallant Constable, opposed the scheme as visionary, the march as desperate. The haughty spirit of Charles was now aroused, and his best counsellors, Dunois, La Hire, and D'Alencon, approved the project. The recent services of Richemont were all forgotten; his disgrace ensured, and in solitude he learned that to say unwelcome truths to Princes is a counterpoise to the most exalted merit, to the most splendid virtues.

The army marched through a vast tract of country, occupied by the troops of England, hostile or disaffected; without provisions, e-quippage, or baggage, with banners waving, and music pealing, like some gay procession in the high-tide of peace, the army marched for Rheims. No human forethought could have calculated the effect—no human intelligence could have divined the wonderful result. Defeat, destruction, and despair could only have been looked for—these the natural, the almost certain consequences of such a step. They marched, and every fortress sent its keys to Joan in peaceable submission; every city threw its gates apart for her admission; the country people flocked in thousands to behold the pomp, to glut their eyes with gazing on the heavenly maiden, to tender their allegiance to the King—to bless, and almost to adore, the saviour of their country. Not a ford was guarded by the British archery; not a bridge was broken to delay her progress; not an enemy was seen throughout the march. The spirit, the enthusiastic spirit of the prophet-maiden had spread like a contagious flame throughout the land; the confidence in her had wrought the miracle; the valor of the determined was augmented; the doubts of the wavering dispersed; the fears of the timid put to flight. Beneath the walls of Troyes, for the first time was her career disputed. The drawbridges were up; the frowning ramparts bristled with pikes and partizans; the heavy ordnance was levelled, and the linstocks blazing in the grasp of the Burgundian cannoneers.

The army was arrayed for the assault; ladders were hastily collected; mantelets and pavesses were framed as best they might be, on this emergency unlooked for and ill omened. The bold visage of Dunois was graver than its wont, and the gay jest died on the lips of D'Alencon; well did those politic commanders know, that to be checked was in itself destruction. Founded upon the widely credited report that their success was certain, it was indeed secure. But let that superstitious faith be shaken and the spell was broken. Let but the English learn that

victory were not impossible, and they would be again victorious. Let but the French discover that Joan might be defeated, and they would faint again and fly before their foemen. Now then, was to be the touchstone of their power, the proof of their success; and now—it would be scarce too much to say—those undaunted leaders trembled—not for themselves, nor with a false and coward fear; but with a high and patriotic apprehension for the safety of their country and their king, for the accomplishment of their designs, for the well-being of the myriads entrusted to their charge.

Bows were already bent, and lances levelled, when the Maid herself rode forth. All armed, from spur to gorget, in her azure panoply, but with her beaming features and dark locks uncovered by the cervelliere or visor of her plumed helmet, she rode forth a bowshot in the front. The consecrated banner was elevated in her right hand, while with her left she turned and wound the fiery charger with an easy government which might be considered the result of supernatural power. Her sheathed sword hung by its embroidered baldric from her shoulder to the spur; her mace-at-arms and battle-ax at the saddle-bow; her triangular shield of Spanish steel was buckled round her neck; yet fully equipped for war, her errand was of peace.

"Jesu Maria!" she cried, "Good friends, and dear"—in accents so trumpet-like in their intense and thrilling clearness, that every ear in either host caught the sounds, and every bosom throbbed at their import—"Good friends and dear—for so with you it rests to be—lords burgesses, inhabitants of this fair town of Troyes, the virgin Joan commands ye; that ye may know it from the King of Heaven, her liege and sovereign lord, in whose royal service she abideth every day—that ye shall make true homage to this gentle King of France, who soon shall be at Rheims, and soon at Paris, who standeth now to the fore! By help of your King Jesus, true and loyal Frenchmen, come forth to succor you King Charles—so shall there be no blame!"*

For a moment there was a pause—but for a moment only. The spears fell from the hands of the defenders; the banners were lowered; the gates opened. The Burgundian garrison retired; the citizens of Troyes rushed forth with joyful acclamations, casting themselves prostrate before the charger of the maiden, covering their stirrups with their

* For the singular, and as we should now consider them, almost blasphemous, antitheses, of the speech of Joan, the author is not answerable; this strange medley of feudalism, superstition, and loyalty, being a true and authentic document.

kisses, and shedding tears of unfeigned happiness.

The army reached the brow of the last hill that overlooks the rich and lovely district in which the ancient town of Rheims is situated, and never did a sight more glorious meet the eye of the youthful monarch, than that which lay out-stretched before him. It was early in the month of July, the earth gay in its greenest pomp of foliage, its richest flush of bloom; the heavens dazzlingly blue; the air mild and balmy; the wild landscape, diversified with its laughing vineyards, its white hamlets, its shadowy forests: the silvery line of the river Vele flashing and sparkling in the sunshine; and the grey towers of Rheims arising from a mass of tufted woodland in the centre of the picture; and all this was his—his heritage—his birthright—wrested from his hand by the mailed gripe of the invader—redeemed, recaptured, but to be restored by the fair frail being, who sat beside him, her bright eyes flashing with triumph, and her whole frame quivering with the well-nigh unearthly rapture of the moment.

Before their feet the road fell rapidly into a deep ravine with sandy banks, partially shadowed by stuned shrubs, and patches of furze with its dark prickly masses beautifully contrasted by its golden bloom; beyond this gorge lay a thick woodland, through which the high-way might be seen wandering in irregular curves, with a license not often found in the causeways of *La Belle France*. On the summit of this hill, the monarch, and his immediate train had halted while the advanced guard, a brilliant corpse of light armed cavalry—prickers, as they were termed, with long light lances for their only weapon, and mounted cross-bowmen,—filed slowly forward, company after company, veiling their gay banners, and saluting with trailed weapons and bended heads, as they passed the presence. In the rear the long array came trooping on; for miles and miles the campaign country was overrun with scouring parties, and light detachments, hurrying in concentric lines toward the place of their destination; while the causeways were so thronged as to be almost impassible, with solid columns of men-at-arms, trains of artillery, and all the paraphernalia of an army on the march.

The light-armed horsemen, file after file, swept out of sight, and still as they were lost in the recession of the shadowy woodland, fresh troops mounted the summit, and deployed from column into line, until the whole ridge of the hill was covered with a dense and threatening mass, in the dark outlines of which it would have required no unnatural stretch of fancy to discover the likeness of a thunder-cloud; while the dazzling rays of the sun flashed back from casque or corslet might have passed for the electric fluid.

Tidings had reached the army, at the halt of the preceding night, that Rheims like Troyes was garrisoned with a Burgundian force of full three thousand lances; a power, which, amounting to five times the number of men-at-arms, it would have been an arduous task for Charles to encounter in the open field; and which, when fighting from the vantage ground

of walls and battlement, and under the guidance of warriors so renewed as the Counts of Saveuse and of Chatillion-sur-Marne, he could not even hope to conquer.

It was for this, then, that the royal army halted, till their prickers might return with tidings from the nearer vicinage of Rheims, lest upon marching down from the strong eminences which it now occupied, it should become entangled among the swamps and thickets of the forest, and so be taken by the foe at disadvantage. Not long, however, were they compelled to tarry—for the troops had scarcely piled their arms, and the fires were not yet kindled to prepare the mid-day meal, ere a sound of music came faintly up the wind; so faintly, that it could not be discovered whether it were a point of war, or a mere peaceful flourish that was uttered by the distant trumpets. A moment ensued of thrilling interest, of excitement almost fearful—then was heard the clang of hoofs, and a pricker spurred fiercely up the hill; "To arms," he cried, "to arms, the enemy are in the field, to arms!" Then came the quick stern orders of the leaders; horses were unpicquetted and riders mounted: the preparations for the feast made way for preparations of a sterner nature. Another moment bro't in another rider; a column of cavalry was already entering the forest, at the least five thousand strong, but yet there was a doubt, for there was no flash of weapons to be seen, and the innumerable banners that waved above the clouds of dust, bore not the bright Burgundian cross. Gradually the din of the music approached, and the notes might be distinguished. Trumpet, and kettle-drum, and cymbal, sent forth their mingled strains, but not in warlike harmony; anon the cavalcade drew nigh, and like the music which had preceded its arrival, it was peaceful. Heralds and pursuivants rode in the front on snow-white horses, with trumpeters on foot, and grooms beside their bridle-reins; then came the burgesses of Rheims in their embroidered pourpoints of dark taffeta, with golden chains about their necks, and velvet caps about their honest features; minstrels and jongleurs followed, with here a cowed priest and there a flaunting damsel of the lower class, crowded to see the show. Before the steed of the chief *echevin* strode a burly looking servitor in the rich liveries of the city, carrying a gorgeous standard emblazoned with the quartering of Rheims, while on a velvet cushion by his side his fellow bore the massive keys, their dark and rusty iron contrasting strangely with the crimson velvet and the golden fringes of the cushion which supported them.

"Tete Dieu, my Dunois," cried Charles, with an exulting smile, "these are no spears of Burgundy, nor shall we need to break one lance to win our entrance? Lo! the good citizens come forth to greet us. All thanks to thee bright maiden."

"All thanks to him who sent me; all praise and all glory!" replied the virgin, "not my arm, nor the arm of man, nor all the might of warfare could else have forced thy passage hither! Be humble and be grateful, else shall thy fall be sudden and disastrous as thy rising hath been unexpected, and superb withal and joyous!"

Yet as she spoke the words of calm humility, her mein belied her accents; her eyes sparkled; her bosom heaved; her bright complexion went and came again, and her lip paled, as the blood coursed more fiercely than its wont to her transparent veins. As the column of the citizens approached, the pursuivants, the herald, and the minstrels, opening their ranks on either hand, and filing to the right and left of royal presence, she flung abroad the folds of her consecrated banner, and gave her fiery steed the spur, till he caracolled in fierce impatience against the curb which checked him.

"All hail," she cried in a voice that all might hear, so clear it was and thrilling, tho' pitched in the low tones of feeling; "All hail; Charles by the special providence of Heaven, thou shalt ere the sun sinks, be king and lord of France!"

For an instant there was a pause, and then "all hearts and tongues uniting in the cry," the woodlands echoed for miles around to the shout, louder than the shock of charging squadrons:

"Life—life to Charles—our true and gentle king!"

Gaily then did the procession advance; no more of doubt, no more of hesitation as they treaded the leafy vistas of the forest! All was calm and sunshiny, and bright to the hopes of the young monarch, as were the limpid waters, and the laughing landscape, and the summer skies, that looked so cheerily upon his hour of triumph.

A few short hours brought them to the gate of Rheims, and with the clang of instruments, and the deep diapason of ten thousand human voices, Charles and his youthful champion entered that ancient city, the goal for so many labors, the reward of so much perseverance. The streets were strewed with flowers; the walls were hung with tapestries of Luxembourg and Arras; the balconies were crowded with the bright and beautiful; the doorways thronged with happy faces, and the whole atmosphere alive with merriment and triumph. That very night the *marechals* of Boussac and Rieux were sent to St. Remi bearing the greetings of the virgin Joan, to bring from thence the holy flask of oil—oil, which, if ancient legends may be credited, had been brought from heaven by a dove to Clovis, when the bold Frank laid the first foundation of the Gallic monarchy.

The morning, so earnestly desired, had at length arrived—the court before the towers of the old cathedral was crowded well-nigh to suffocation. The archers of the guard vainly attempted to repress the jovial tumult, backing their Spanish chargers upon the mob, or beating back the boldest with the staves of their bows, unstrung for the hour and void of peril. Peers of France in their proud ermined robes and caps of maintenance; knights in their rich habiliments of peace, or yet more nobly dight in panoply of steel, pressed through the crowd unheeded, jostled by the brawny shoulders of clowns or burghers, and over-impatient to join, the sacred pomp to think of precedence of ceremony.

Within the holy building, its long aisles thronged with noble forms, and the rays of the early sunshine streaming in a thousand

georgous dies upon the assembled multitudes through the richly traceried panes, stood Charles. Clad, as an aspirant for the honors of chivalry, in pure and virgin white, he bent the knee before the brave D'Alencon received the accolade, and rose a belted knight. On his right stood the proud bishop of Senlis; the same who had braved the wrath of Charles on his first interview, but afterwards had redeemed his error nobly, with the mortal sword before the walls of Orleans, and on the field of Puti—on his left, sheathed as was her wont, from head to heel in armor, Joan the preserver. Amidst the thunder of the distant ordnance, and the nearer clamor of the trumpets; amidst the shouts of pursuivant and herald—"largesse! largesse! notre trez noble, et treg puissant roi!"—and the acclamations of the populace, the diadem of Clovis was placed upon his sunny curls! Barons, and vassals, high and powerful, sworn on the crosses of their heavy swords, against all foes ever to succor and maintain his cause, so help them heaven and their fair ladies; and damsels waved their kerchiefs, and their sandal veils, with beaming smiles of exultations from the carved galleries aloft.

Tears—tears of gratitude and happiness—gushed torrent-like from the eyes of the victorious maiden. She flung herself before the knees of the young monarch, whom she alone had seated on the throne of his ancestors; she clasped his ancles with her mail clad arms and watering his feet with streams of heartfelt joy,—“My task,” she cried, “my task is ended!—my race is run!—my victory accomplished! For this, and this only have I lived, and for this am I content to die! For this do I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast suffered thy servant to perform her duties at thy bidding! and now that thy behest is done, bending before thine empyreal throne the knees of her heart, thy servant doth implore thy grace for this thy well beloved son, and that in peace thou wilt permit her to depart, a humble peasant maiden to the valley of her birth, and the home of her untroubled innocence!”

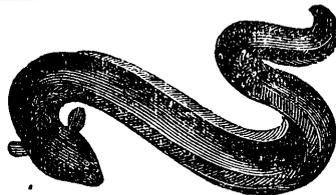
“Never,” cried the monarch, touched beyond the power of expression, by this revelation of deep feeling, “never—my friend, my more than friend—my hope and my deliverance! As thou hast won for me this throne, so teach me now to grace it. As thou hast set upon my head this kingly crown, so guard it for me now! Oh never speak of quitting me, thou, thou to whom I owe my kingdom, and my crown, and more than all, my country and my country's freedom!”

“Maiden, it must not be;” the grave Dunois burst, as he spoke, into the greatest animation, “it must not be! The victory is but half achieved; if thou shouldst leave us now—all will be lost—stay, virtuous and holy one; stay and accomplish thou, what thou alone canst finish! Dunois approves, yet deprecates thy resolution! In the shades of Vaucouleurs lies the humble happiness, but honor calls thee to the field of strenuous exertions!—Choose between happiness and honor thou!”

“Thou, too,” she answered, “noble Dunois—thou too? Then to my fate I yield! If I shall buckle blade again, France shall indeed be free—but Joan shall never see that freedom. Said I not long ago that Joan of

Arc should, in a few brief months, be Joan of Orleans, and thereafter Joan of Rheims? Lo! she who said it then, saith now—hear it, knights, paladins, and princes—hear the last prophecy of Joan—France shall be free, but never shall these eyes behold its freedom! Dunois hath called her to the choice—the choice 'twixt happiness and honor! Lo! it is made. Honor—through life, ay, and to the death itself, still bright untarnished, everlasting honor!”

NATURAL HISTORY.



ELECTRICAL EELS.

Electrical Eels are found only (or principally) in the rivers of Surinam. They abound in the rivers and lakes of the lowlands of Colombia, but are most frequently found in the small stagnant pools, dispersed at intervals over the immense plains between the Apure and Oronoco. It is of considerable size, being about six feet long. Electrical Eels have no scales; but in the combats with the horses and mules, which the South American Indians make use of to catch them, they attack them at the heart, intestines, and the plexus cœliacus of the abdominal nerves. Eels which have given the shock repeatedly, require a considerable time, and much nourishment, to regain their loss of galvanic force. When roused by the horses' feet from the mud, they swim upon the surface of the water, and attack the horses' bellies with repeated discharges of their electric batteries. They are of a fine olive green, and appear like large aquatic serpents. The under part of the head is yellow tinged with red, and from the head to the end of the tail, along the back, are rows of small yellow spots. Each spot, says Humbolt, contains an excretory aperture, whence issues a mucous matter, which Mons. Tolta has proved to have the power of conducting electricity thirty times better than pure water. The electric shock is conveyed either through the hand or any metallic conductor which touches the fish; and a stroke of one of the largest kind, if properly applied, would prove instant death even to one of the human species. Even the angler sometimes receives a shock from them, conveyed along the wetted rod and fishing line. An old frequented road near Urutica, has been actually abandoned, on account of the danger experienced from crossing a ford, where the mules were, from the effect of concealed shocks, often paralyzed and drowned.—*American Journal of Science and Useful Knowledge.*

CARRIER PIGEON.

A pigeon alighted on the roof of a house at Flushing, and afterwards took shelter in the Infirmary of the barracks. Being exhausted with fatigue it was easily taken; and on examination was found to have under its wing, a small piece of English newspaper, containing the price of stocks in London, on September 23d. The conjecture is, that the winged messenger had been destined for Antwerp, but was driven out of its course by some bird of prey.—*Post.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

As a boarding school production of a child, we think the following lines do credit to their author. Should this paper come before her eye, we hope she will send us more like them rather than question us too closely about the medium through which they came to us.—*Ed. Gem.*

A PROPHECY.

Hast thou seen a flower, in its beauty and pride,
Rearing its lovely head?
Hast thou seen it plucked for a fair young bride,
Then thrown among the dead?

Hast thou seen a bright and azure sky,
Gilding a sunny morn?
Hast thou seen it fade away and die,
Of all its beauty shorn?

Hast thou seen the meteor's vivid flash,
As it passed in splendor by?
Hast thou heard the bright sword's clash,
Hast thou seen it broken lie?

Hast thou seen the brightest hopes decay
Ere they assumed a form?
Hast thou seen the warm sun's brilliant ray,
Quenched by the coming storm?

Hast thou seen a noble youth depart,
In the morning of his days?
Hast thou seen a kind and feeling heart,
Broken by sorrow's ways?

And hast thou seen in her youthful bloom,
A lovely maiden wither?
A father's pride placed in the tomb,
The sole joy of a mother?

Hast thou seen her small white hand,
Pressed by a sorrowing brother?
And hast thou seen her marble brow,
Kissed in anguish by another?

Hast thou seen all these? then turn and gaze
Upon thine own fair form;
And know ere long thy beauty's blaze
Like these, will droop forlorn?

And know that thy young heart full soon
Shall meet a wasting blight,
Alas! 'twill scarcely reach its noon,
Ere it will sink in night!

ANECDOTES.

A dentist called at a house and applied for business. “Don't you want your teeth drawn?” says he to the owner. No. “Don't your wife?” No. “None of your children?” No. “Can't you give me some sort of a job?” says the dentist. Why, (says the gentleman,) I have got an old *cross-cut saw*, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have that job, if you'll fix 'em.

'Sam,' said a gentleman who wished to know the state of his neighbor's health, “go across the street and ask how old Mr. and Mrs. Smith are.” Sam doing as required, returned with the following answer. “Mr. Smith's compliments, and says he is about 50 and Mrs. Smith about 45.

“SPUR OF THE MOMENT.”

Among the many interesting incidents that occurred during the great fire, the following should be recorded:—A wealthy merchant who occupied a store in Front street, seeing the danger to which his property was exposed, made many fruitless attempts to hire cartmen to remove his goods—they were all engaged. At last he met a cart and said to the owner “I will give you *five hundred dollars* for your horse and cart”—Sir, it is yours”—With this means the merchant removed the principal part of his goods, amounting to upwards of \$80,000, which half an hour later, would have been consumed by the flames.—*N. Y. Merc. Adv.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

INVOCATION TO THE BARDS.

Harps that enchant
Life's wearisome way!
Rouse from his haunt,
Each genius astray!

Minstrels that mock
The storm in its wrath!
Agents that rock,
The earth in her path!

Spirits that dwell,
In grove, or in glade!
Heave a bright spell,
O'er cliff, and cascade!

Bards that awake
Dull bosoms that sleep!
Echoes that break
On the breast of the deep!

Strike the harp home,
In might of thy prime,
Spirits that roam!
The heavens sublime.

Tones that inspire
The soul with delight!
Kindle the fire
Of passion to-night!

Pour the charmed rhyme,
On th' era's bright page!
Chorus sublime,
Enchant the bright age!

BARD OF AVON.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

THE history of man, the progress of the human understanding, and the improvements in the arts and sciences, are subjects nearly united, and subjects which do and should claim the universal attention of mankind. When we are permitted to take a view of the past, examine in history's eventful mirror ages gone by, the mind is presented with a strange picture, the imagination shocked with wonder. We read, we look, we pause, we hesitate to believe that the human intellect was ever so shrouded in ignorance or obscured in mental darkness; but, forbidding as it appears, we are nevertheless compelled by concurring testimony to yield to a sad and humiliating conclusion. Although in every age, there have been men endowed with great and sweeping powers of mind; yet ignorance, gross ignorance, has beclouded the brightest genii, and dimmed the real glory of former times. The native intellect has been bound, ingloriously bound, by the dire chains of superstition, and the noble and Godlike faculties of the soul debased in heathen idolatry. We will not stop here to detail circumstances; for, were we so disposed, language could hardly paint the scene in all its horrid forms; time and strength would fail us; while the recital of them would only produce impatience, satiety and disgust. But history presents the picture: to that we must look, and from it trace the march of intellectual improvement from the days of ancient darkness and pagan night, down to our own enlightened time.

When we turn our eyes upon its early pages, the mind contemplates nothing but enormities and crime—one continued scene of desolation, cruelty and death. Well may it be said, that "darkness covered the earth and

gross darkness the people." Destructive wars engrossed their attention; military glory, the overthrow of kingdoms and the conquest of empires, were the objects of their ambition. Their minds were enslaved with superstitious notions and groundless fears; their imaginations were fraught with all the *ideal* terrors and extravagant notions consequent upon ignorance. They even viewed the most common phenomena of nature with fearful apprehension. The lowering clouds or the muttering roll of distant thunder, or the vivid lightning's flash, was regarded the certain precursor of some awful and disastrous event; affrighted, the roar of the winds was the voice of alarm.

"There superstition broods o'er all her fears;
"And yells of demons in the zephyr hears."

It is true, amid this general darkness of ancient times, a few gleams of intellectual light were emitted from Egypt, the Greek and Roman empires; but so feeble were these rays, that they were soon extinguished by the surrounding ignorance and superstition; and, in the fifth century of the Christian era, about the last vestige of science that had ever existed was totally destroyed.

From this time of darkest gloom, until the morning of the glorious reformation, a period of more than a thousand years, a long and dreary night of ignorance overspread the world; during which time the arts lay concealed, the light of science was never seen, nor the voice of reason heard. The eastern continent seemed little else than the battle field of bloodthirsty tyrants, most unmeaningly called heroes, while the gore of slaughtered millions drenched its soil. It was prolific of men, whose dark and startling crimes have shrouded man's history in deep shades of melancholy gloom; men, the record of whose deeds are lasting monuments of infamy; steel nerved warriors, who have rallied at the "shrill noted sound of the trumpet," to spill a brother's blood; tyrants, who have arisen to contend with tiger fierceness for the lordly dominion of a contemptuous portion of earth; who have dashed on in their way to boasted greatness, through the clangor and havoc of the battle's rage; driving the burning wheels of their desolating chariots on in the crimson flowing tide; causing tears and blood to mingle with the freshness of harvest, and stained the pure and snowy mantle of earth's frozen bosom, spreading terror and distress wherever they have moved.

The human mind, "the part divine," was neglected, uncultivated and depreciated. And even as late as the sixteenth century, could be found persons of the most distinguished rank, who were rude and unlearned; yes, and some of the proud monarchs of Europe, haughty and privileged monsters, could neither read nor write their imperial mandates. Every thing that was called science wore the aspect of mystery, obscured in languages unknown to the common people, and confined to a few self conceited philosophers (so called) and bigoted priests. It consisted in vague and incomprehensible theories. Consequently the great body of the people were but little above the wandering herds in a dismal forest. The doors of science were shut against them; into the temple of knowledge they had no ad-

mission. Hence the brutish ignorance and lowest state of human degradation.

But this universal gloom was destined, in process of time, to be dispelled. The sable cloud of mental hallucination, which had so long overshadowed the earth, was to be dissipated; the pagan bigotry of Rome was to be shaken to its very foundation; and the benignant influence of religion and science was permitted to wend its way into the dark and benighted understandings of mankind.

Aided by that powerful engine of science, the PRESS; guided by those intellectual meteors, a LUTHER and a COPERNICUS, was the mind liberated from its thralldom; rescued from that vortex, where for centuries it had been whirling among the broken and conflicting elements of intellectual chaos.

From this date we behold a prospect of more auspicious times; science begins to be diffused among the people; but yet its early progress is comparatively slow. Although strengthened in later times by the master spirits of *Galileo, Bacon, Grotius, Boyle, Locke* and *Newton*; still its march was by no means rapid. The way was rugged; waves of bigotry and superstition were buffeted; mountains of tyranny interposed; the *papal sea*, over which it sailed, was tempestuous and destructive.

However, after the middle of the eighteenth century, the mists of ignorance began to give way, a new impetus was given to the blessed cause of science, the stream of knowledge began to flow with an accelerated motion; the effects of the Press, that "lever" which lifts the world, began to be felt. The nations that had so long been oppressed and borne down by the iron hand of cruel tyranny, began to taste the sweets of liberty. A spirit of inquiry began to show itself among the people; millions were aroused, whose rights as rational beings had been trampled in the dust. Every revolution, (and there were some, the horrors of which language fails to depict,) appeared to rouse mankind from their lethargy and stimulate them to investigation. Yes, inquiry and investigation were the offsprings of those clashing and bloody times. A spirit of vast importance to mental improvement: and we are happy to say, that it is a spirit which has been augmenting ever since the auspicious morn of the reformation; a spirit that will, we sincerely hope, continue to augment till all mankind are freed from bondage; till science and religion have spread their balmy wings to the extremities of the earth, and the genial rays of that intellectual sun that now beams upon our own favored land with bright effulgence, be felt by "every nation and people under the heavens."

Although the present state of knowledge, when compared with that of past ages, presents a truly striking contrast; notwithstanding the great intellectual acquirements that have been made for a few centuries past; there yet remains room for improvement. There is yet labor for the philanthropist; there is yet much ignorance over which he weeps. There are yet uncultivated fields for the votaries of science, and much that still degrades and debases the noble mind of man for Christianity to remove. There are many parts of the world still groaning under op-

pression and sunk in all the miseries of savage barbarity; many nations where science is neglected, the sparks of genius suppressed, and ignorance universally honored.

Where is the enlightened citizen of our day, where the Christian or man of science, whose heart is not excited with feelings of deepest anguish in viewing the sad picture—that so many millions of immortal and priceless minds, capable of endless improvement, susceptible of enjoying the greatest happiness; minds that might grasp the secrets of nature, and unveil her hidden mysteries; that might sport in the regions of the air and unfold the wonders of the sky—should have been and still continue to be fettered in the chains of mental darkness and depravity?

Where, we ask, is the individual, whose heart is not touched with a train of solemn reflections in contemplating the intellectual history of mankind; whose soul does not shrink at the revolting scenes of antiquated ignorance and superstition? and, where the individual whose countenance has ever been cheered by the refulgent rays of science; whose mind has ever felt its renovating influence, that does not look forward, and in anticipation hail with joy the glorious period, which we believe is not far distant, when knowledge shall be generally diffused; when ignorance, tyranny and superstition, with all their vile and deformed associates will vanish like the darkness of night before the morning sun? We say, happy era, come on; we will greet thy coming; let thy glory dawn upon the earth. Improvement, let thy march be onward, till intellectual light shall illumine all nations and tribes of men; till science shall unfurl her golden banners in every land, and PEACE spread her empire over the world.

“DOCILLIS.”

SELECT MISCELLANY.

MOZART.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, his writing before him, when his young wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest operas, the immortal *Clemenza di Tito*, was arranging in his fancy one of the most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely kind soul, of rather practical views, who had been shortly before married to the young artist, stood waiting for a while, repeating her information; but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission: feeling, however, his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor seemed not to correspond with the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand, writing with the right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed. Mozart, growing impetuous, seized his walking stick, and his wife alarmed at so strange an intimation, hastened to the door. The whole had passed without M.'s being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not

be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted; he must have his bill settled and speak with M. himself—or he would not send another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart indistinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasy on paper, when the heavy footsteps ascended in the hall. His stick was still in his hand. Without turning his eyes from the scrap, he held the stick against the door, to keep out the intruders. But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at the stick: *it was too short*. With an anxiety bordering on phrenzy, he looked round his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door; writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, and the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded; words were heard on the stair case, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. The strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast, with the force of despair he still kept out his visitors—he succeeded but for a moment; yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured on the paper; it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, that his bodily strength was not equal to stand the powerful effort of his soul. Scarcely were his effusions arranged when his strength left him; the pole dropped from his hand, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife with the formidable butcher entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Euterpe lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she raised his forehead; embraced him; when his eyes opened, and looking round with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable scrap still before him.

“Mr. Mozart,” said the butcher.

“Halt, halt,” cried the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of bed, and hurrying towards the piano-forte. Down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard, resounded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife and even of the butcher, began to moisten. Mozart finished the time, rose again and running to his writing desk, he filled out what was still wanting. “Well, Mr. Mozart,” said the butcher, when the artist had finished, “you know I am to marry.” “No, I do not,” said M., who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance. “Well then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat.” “I do,” said M. with a sigh. “Never mind,” said the man, under whose blood stained coat beat a feeling heart, “just make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a whole year to come.” “It is a bargain,” cried the lively and gifted M.

And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument; such a waltz as never before had set the dance-loving butcher's feet in motion. “Meat for a year, did I say?” exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; “no, one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz; but I want it with trumpets, and horn-pipes, and fiddles—you know best—and soon too.” “You shall have it so,” said M., who scarcely trusted his ears, “and in one hour you may send for it.”

The liberal minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher had returned, delighted with the music, and M. with his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he ever received from the emperor (of Germany) for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated *oxen waltz*, a piece of music still unrivalled.

AFFECTING HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

At that awful period when this nation was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell with his partizans were contending against the scattered forces of the king, William Mortimer, a young and zealous loyalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were in a great measure disappointed. The royalists, in general, were not aware of their king's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In this posture of affairs Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few who, escaped from the field, accompanied by the king in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants for fear of hazard-ing a discovery, and accompanied only by William, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved, if possible, to escape into Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward that was offered for his person. Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river weeds in the day time) and, with much peril and exertions, contrived to reach Monmouth. Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered; and Mortimer having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and, covering the king with the bark of trees, suffered the vessel during the night, to be

carried down by the current till it reached a range of romantic rocks, on the banks of the above mentioned river. Here they landed, and setting the boat adrift with the stream to elude pursuit, secreted themselves in the natural recesses of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the king; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, the loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honor, brought them at the dead of the night, their provision. One fatal night she was traced to the spot by a militia-man, who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor. In the mean while, M., fearful that a discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighborhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him, and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the king was immediately confided to his care. Mortimer then retired to his hiding place, with the intention of passing the remainder of the night, but his pursuers with their hot blood hounds were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the dark caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf dogs as they forded the river, and climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat, but in vain; the monsters of death were already fast approaching, and after a short but desperate struggle, he sank down bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort from him a confession of the king's retreat: they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the blood stained sward where he had fallen, they found him stiff and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were for ever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they looked upon his well proportioned limbs, and saw his fine and manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that had betrayed them from their allegiance, and compelled them to the commission of a crime, at which their depraved hearts now shuddered. As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, they released their unhappy captive next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened towards the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety, and yet scarce daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chilly and cold, the dew drops were laying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a gray mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, invoking Heaven for the safety of her lover (for then she thought nothing of the king) when suddenly

turning her eye to the ground, she witnessed the object of her solicitude, lying on a cold bed before her. He who so often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain, of livid gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair, till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocked her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning realizing sense of her soul's agony. A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, at this moment approached the spot; she looked wildly around and beckoned him away, but when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the summit of an adjoining precipice.—She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the o'erhanging brow, she crossed her hands over her face, and instantly bending forward, sank gently into the deep dell below. Such was the aerial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the absence of breath indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left to perpetuate their memory but the imperishable cliff; which rises, like the Genius of History, over the spot, to consecrate their eternal fame.

Extracts from the American Magazine of Useful Knowledge.

MOURNING.—In Europe, black is generally used, because it represents darkness, unto which death is like, as it is a privation of life. In China, white is used, because they hope the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, yellow is used, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers, which become yellow as they die away. In Ethiopia, brown is used, because it denotes the color of earth, from whence we came, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey, blue is used, because it represents the sky, where they hope the dead are gone; but in other parts, purple and violet, because being a mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were, sorrow on one side, and hope on the other.

The renowned Ulysses married the daughter of Icarus; and when about to carry his bride to Ithaca, her father solicited him to fix his abode near himself; but Ulysses refused. Icarus then made his request to the daughter, beseeching her not to forsake him. When they were ready to depart, he renewed his intreaties, and even followed the chariot, as they proceeded on their way. Ulysses was embarrassed, and perhaps, somewhat irritated; and thus addressed Penelope:—"You can best answer this request and these intreaties; it is for you to decide, whether you will remain with your father in Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca. You are mistress in this case." Penelope made no reply, but drew her veil over her face, and sunk into the arms of her husband. Icarus was very sensibly affected by her behavior: and afterwards placed a statue on the spot, the figure of *modesty*; as a symbol of delicacy and conjugal affection for the fair sex. The future conduct of Penelope was in harmony with this act of singular propriety.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, for kindness to begin on ours.

KEY OF THE BASTILE.—When the Bastile at Paris, (that secret prison where any obnoxious to the French king or court, was confined without conviction of crime,) was destroyed in the beginning of the revolution in France, 1790, the key was taken by the Marquis de la Fayette, who then commanded the National Guards. He sent it to general Washington, his political father and his great exemplar in the cause of liberty. It is probably now in the mansion-house at Mount Vernon. It was there a few years ago, and was shown to visitors by Judge Washington, the heir to the estate; and the worthy relative of the political savior of our country. It was proper to be sent to such a character as Washington, and by such a friend of liberty as Lafayette. That prison was a disgrace to a civilized government. It was an engine of despotism, and a terror to all the advocates of justice and freedom, and its destruction was a matter of joy to every friend of humanity.

MEDIOCRITY.—The maxim of the ancient philosopher, *Cleobulus*, "that mediocrity is best," has been justly considered of universal interest and importance. The experience of every age seems to have given it a new confirmation; and to show that nothing, however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

A COW WORTH HAVING.—Mr. Barnitz, of York, Penn., offers for sale a choice stock of cattle, among which is a cow that produces from sixteen to twenty pounds of butter a week. The Farmer and Gardner says that the milk, even while perfectly sweet, can be converted into butter in less than a *minute*, by merely stirring it with a spoon. The price asked is \$300.

MARRIED:

In this city, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lyons, Mr. Linus E. Harris to Miss Jane Histed, all of this city.

On the 29th December, by the Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Mr. Albert Ball to Miss Charlotte Hull, both of this city.

On the morning of the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. John B. Dewey to Miss Phebe Ann Johnson, both of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. GEORGE A. WILKINS to Miss JULIA ANN WEAVER, all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. LORENZO WINSLOW to Miss NANCY A. CARVER, all of Pittsford.

In Chili, on the 11th inst. by Moses Sperry, Esq. Mr. JULIUS BRACE, of Linden, Genesee county, to Miss SUSAN M., daughter of Doct. B. Gillet, of the former place.

At Sandy Creek, on the 12th, by H. Hibbard, Esq. Mr. ALONZO BANISTER to Miss JULIA BROCKWAY, both of Brockport.

In Batavia, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bolles, Mr. David A. Hadley to Miss Ann M'Cue, both of Churchville.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hough, Mr. CHARLES BROOKS to Miss BETSEY HARRISON, all of Livonia.

In Christ's Church, Sherburne, Chenango co., N. Y., on the 14th inst., by Rev. L. A. Burrows, Mr. ERASMUS D. GARLAND, to Miss MARTHA C. PORTER, all of Sherburne.

On the first inst. at Fall Creek, Penn., by the Rev. Mr. Spring, Doct. JOHN WINTERS, aged 56, to Miss CONTENT SUMMERS, aged 16.

Success to Winter's cold locks so white,
And to fair Summer, gay and bright—
Both occupy in time a space
Alike, each one to run its race:
And, since both are joined together,
We may have hopes of milder weather.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JANUARY 23, 1836.

☞ The beautiful lines in our last "TO THE CORAL WORM," will be better understood by juvenile readers, and of course read with more interest, after a perusal of the following facts in the natural history of these curious little creatures :

"Coral was once supposed to be a plant; but it is now known to be produced by a multitude of little animals so small as hardly to be seen, called POLYPI. They live around coral, and seem almost to form a part of its substance. They appear to be very industrious, and go on, day and night, pursuing their silent labor.

"In the Pacific Ocean, many of the great islands appear to be the work of these little creatures. They begin at the bottom of the sea, and, with patient toil, and by slow degrees, lay the foundation of the future island. Millions of these little architects are at work. Day after day, year after year, century after century, they continue, with ceaseless industry, to add to the accumulating mass.

"At length, the work reaches the top of the ocean; and the new island, created by such humble laborers, is seen on the bosom of the sea.—The tempest rises, and the surges beat upon the shore; but the rampart is too strong to be shaken. It is firmly rooted, deep in the sea, and cannot be overturned.

"Such is the origin of many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Many of them are known to be composed, at the foundation, entirely of coral; and it is imagined, that multitudes of new islands, yet hidden beneath the surface of the waves, are building, by these busy little creatures."

☞ In the 22d number of the previous volume will be found an article, headed, "The Fortunes of the Maid of Arc—The Assault." We give "The Coronation," a continuation of the same history, in this number.

WONDERFUL PRECOCITY.—The Burlington Free Press says that Zera Colburn when a boy was so adroit at his cyphering, that it was no trouble at all to him to sing 'Old Hundred' or 'Mear' and add up four columns of figures at a time; and they say he was so accustomed to carry on arithmetical calculations in his head that his hair twisted itself out by the roots.

Without vouching for the truth of this statement (for we never saw him,) we will say what we did see: One of the pupils of the New York Institute for the Blind, when in this city last spring, would commence a recitation, and then hear a mathematical question, frame the correct answer and give it, while going on with his recital with an apparent feeling and pathos highly creditable to the young Demosthenes and the tutors of that benevolent institution.

Sir Francis Head, the successor to Sir John Colborne in the government of Upper Canada, arrived in this city on Tuesday evening, and put up at the Rochester House. After breakfast he pursued his journey for Toronto via Niagara. His simplicity of manners and general intelligence, gained for him "golden opinions" from all who had the pleasure of an interview with him during his short stay.

A pleasant writer in the last number of the American Quarterly, reviewing the recent books of travels in North America, agrees with Mr. Tudor, one of the authors reviewed, that, in addition to the American practice of bolting one's meal, another cause of that peculiar American disease called the dyspepsia, is,—

"The enormous quantities of hot bread, hot rolls, smoking hot cakes, half-baked and little re-

moved from dough and withal saturated with melted butter, which are consumed at nearly every meal, morning, noon, and night, by all ages, and each sex—by little children as well as by grown up fathers and mothers." To these two quite sufficient reasons we can add another—and that is the custom of "taking tea," which means drinking a quantity of the Chinese beverage with a pretty substantial accompaniment of various "relishes," two or three hours only after a hearty dinner.—"Don't give the stomach too much to do," said an experienced physician, "and it will never trouble you," but it may well be supposed that it will murmur and revolt at the little repose which it is permitted to enjoy."

POSTAGE.—Those who write on business must pay their postage. We received a letter this week from away "down east," wishing us to send one paper as a specimen, with a promise from the writer that he would subscribe if he liked it,—and that letter cost us eighteen cents! Such favors we hope will be rare.

AGENTS.—We feel grateful to those who have promptly informed us of subscribers who wish to discontinue, and to those who have procured new patrons and forwarded their names. The inclosures from South Livonia, N. Y., Garrettsville, O., and Ono, Ill., were peculiarly acceptable. In answer to "A Lady," we say, we have several such Agents, and as we both are "married and happy," they need feel no delicacy in corresponding with us.

AMERICAN WOOD SUPERIOR TO MAHOGANY.—We saw standing in the Arcade Hall yesterday, a well made and highly polished Bureau, made by Shaw & Tucker, St. Paul street, Rochester.—This sample of the skill of our artisans is not only highly creditable to them, but also to the city in which they live. But aside from the skill manifested in the workmanship of the Bureau, it possesses additional interest from the fact that the veneering, exhibiting a polish of the highest grade, is the product of the American forest, and prepared to the sculptor's hand at the veneering mill of Mr. Whipple in this city. The veneering is of Black Walnut, and was introduced by Mr. Whipple as a substitute for Mahogany, about two years since, and though its use is of such recent date, it is superseding Mahogany wherever it comes in competition with it.

It has already become a general favorite in Canada among those who seek to adorn their mansions with the choicest furniture. The Black Walnut is also rapidly coming into favor in England, tho' its introduction there is of quite recent date. This wood, from which such rare specimens of art are produced, is abundant in the American forests, and though it has hitherto suffered comparative neglect, it seems destined to a celebrity surpassing that of the famed Mahogany.—*Roch. Adv.*

Negro Literature.—The following superfluous description of the weather in Liberia, on the 30th of September, is from the pen of a Negro Editor of a newspaper published in that colony:

"The hoarse muttering thunder chiming its deep toned peals; the dense sable clouds, throwing their sombre mantle around the horizon, the gleaming lightning bursting at intervals like some magician, from the darkness, dancing amid the solemn grandeur, and suddenly retiring, as if to make darkness more visible, proclaim the passing away of the wet season, and the approach of the dry."

When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are felt lying cold and heavy on the stomach, we have an infallible and immediate remedy in hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and it will quickly dissolve the oysters into a bland creamy jelly. Weak and consumptive persons should always take this after their oysters.

The number of books published in London in 1834 was 1260, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals; being 100 more than were published in 1833.

No one, we think, who attended the Grand Concert of the "Rochester Academy of Sacred Music," on the evening of the 7th inst., at the First Presbyterian Church in this city, but must have been pleased with the performance throughout.—The first of the following pieces was sung by Mr. RUSSELL, the music of his own composition, and was a masterly performance. The most careworn, while sitting under such music, must feel delighted, and cannot but let go the world and cut the moorings of his disturbed and troubled thoughts, and feel a relief that no other science can give, while he "thinks better of himself, of his species, and of his God."

"WIND OF THE WINTER NIGHT,"

A Descriptive Poem, by Mackay.

Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou?
And whither, oh whither art wandering now?
Sad, sad is thy voice on this desolate moor.
O mournful, O mournful, ye howl at my door.
Say, where hast thou been on thy cloud-lifted car?
Say what hast thou seen on thy roamings afar?
What sorrow impels thee, thou boisterous blast,
Thus to mourn and complain as thou journeyest
past?
Say, wind of the winter night, whence comest
thou?
And whither, oh whither art wandering now?
I have been where the snow on the pale moun-
tain peak,
Would have frozen the blood on the ruddiest cheek;
And for many a dismal and desolate day,
No beam of the sunshine has brightened my way.
I have come from the deep, where the storm in
its wrath,
Spread havoc and death on its pitiless path;
Where the billows rose up, and the lightning flew
by,
And rested its arm on the dun colored sky;
And I saw a frail vessel, all torn by the wave,
Drawn down with her crew, to a fathomless grave;
And I heard the loud crash of her hull as I passed,
And the flap of her sail and the crash of her mast;
But it smote on my ears like the tocsin of death,
As she struggled and strove with the waters for
breath:
'Tis her requiem I tune as I howl through the sky,
And repent of the fury that caused her to die.

THE PILOT.

Music and Performance by Mr. Russell.

"Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep;
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
"Go down!" the sailor cried, "go down;
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."
"Ah! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might:"
"It is not apathy," he cried,
"That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."
"On such a night the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm:
And such, perhaps, may be my fate;
But still I say to thee—
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be."

POETRY.

The following touching pretty lines, found their way in manuscript to our drawer, but how, or who deserves credit for them, we have no means of ascertaining.—[Eds. G&M.]

STANZAS ON WAR.

How lovely is War—
In the birth of its pride,
Its glitter untarnished,
Its spirit untried :
Ere the breath of the battle
Has shaken its plume,
Or the dust of the Triumph
Has sullied its bloom!

How fearful is War—
When the charge has been given,
When its close-linked array
Is scattered and riven ;
When the flash of the sabre
And glance of the spear
Wreak death in the melie
And route in the rear.

Wo, wo to the vanquished !
Why flyeth he wide ?
The grape-shot and rocket
Are close by his side ;
The crash of the shell
And the boom of the gun
Will lackey his footsteps
Till daylight is done.

Wo, wo to the victor !
Hath his been all gain ?
Let the roll call be beaten
And number the slain ;
Why waiteth the bugle ?
Why mourneth he now ?
Know ye not that his best
And his bravest are low ?

Wo, wo to the vanquished !
His courage hath fled—
Wo, wo to the victor !
He counteth his dead.
Go hence, list the shout
When the news of the day
Shall be borne to his home
By some child of that fray.

Go hence, and sit down
By the husbandless wife ;
Speak high of the glory
That waits on the strife !
She shall call her lone boy—
His young eyes have grown dim !
Aye ! what would ye more—
See, she pointeth to him. T. H.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart ;
"Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds are arrayed,
[fade.]
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall
Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rain-bow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart ; [tomb]
"Look aloft" from the darkness and dust of the
To that clime where "affection is ever to bloom."
And oh ! when death comes, in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thy eye, "look aloft" and depart !"

VARIETY.

EVENINGS AT SEA.—The evenings, however, amply compensate for the loss of the fine mornings. The air, free from the dust, floating particles and exhalations of the land, is perfectly transparent, and the sky of a richer blue. The stars seem nearer to you there, and the round moon pours her unclouded flood of light down upon the sea with an opulence and mellowness of which those who have only seen moonlight sleeping upon green hills, cities and forests, know nothing. On such nights there cannot be a nobler or prouder spectacle, as one stands upon the bows, than the lofty shining pyramid of snow-white canvass, which, rising majestically from the deck, lessens away, sail after sail, into the sky—each sheet distended like a drumhead, yet finally rounded, and its towering summit, as the ship rises and falls upon the billows, waving like a tall poplar, swaying in the wind.—*Southwest.*

MONKEYS.—A remarkable instance of the sagacity and feelings of a she monkey, happened to two of our officers while shooting. Coming home after a long fog, the purser saw a female monkey running along the rocks, and immediately fired at her; she fell with her young one in her arms. On the purser coming up, she grasped her little one close to her breast, and with the other hand pointed to the wound which the ball had made, and which had entered above the breast. Dipping her finger in the blood, and then holding it up, she seemed to reproach him with being the cause of her death, and consequently, of that of the young one, to which she frequently pointed. "I never," said Sir William, "felt so much as when I heard the story, and it serves to show how strongly the parental feelings are implanted in the brute creation."
—*Harles Letters.*

MAXIMS.

A warm heart requires a cool head.
Fancy without judgment, is all sail and no ballast.
Try to love labor; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.
He who spends most of his time in mere sports and recreation, is like him whose garment is made altogether of fringe, and whose diet is nothing but sauce.
Liberty unseasonably obtained, is apt to be intemperately used.
Industrious wisdom often prevents what lazily folly thinks inevitable.
The death which prevents dotage, comes more opportunely than that which ends it.
No trees bear fruit in Autumn unless they blossom in the Spring.
The true estimation of living is not to be taken from age, but action; a man may die old at forty, and a child at fourscore.
Assume a cheerfulness in society if you have it not.
To be despised or blamed by an incompetent or uncandid judge may give us momentary pain, but ought never to make us unhappy.
Never give a promise which may in any event interfere with your duty.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

I have just heard (through a friend) of a very gallant and heroic deed, performed by a young gentleman during the late awful conflagration, and think it is but justice to him,* and indeed to the frailty of human nature, that it should be made known.

Passing along one of the streets, then a prey to the devouring elements his ears were assailed by the agonizing cries of a female, to whom he immediately rushed, and on hearing from her that her only child, an infant, was then in the upper part of a house then in flames, and would inevitably be burned up, if some one did not instantly fly to its rescue, he forced his way up stairs, notwithstanding the repeated warning of the firemen and other spectators, that he would inevitably perish in the attempt, and there found the innocent in bed, who unconscious of its danger, was playing with its little hands, pleased no doubt, at the brilliancy of the scene, (for the room itself was then on fire!) He seized it, and, happily, succeeded in effecting his escape, restored it to the embraces of its most distracted mother, who, with frantic joy, threw her arms around his neck exclaiming, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, "My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken me!" As such heroism is always accompanied by modesty, and by feelings easily overpowered by scenes like this, he made his escape from the applauding crowd with as much precipitation as possible.

[F] In that unusually large space, called Hanover Square, where every body thought the goods piled there would be perfectly safe, there was accumulated from the stock of all the French stores a mass of silks, satins, laces, cartoons of dresses, gloves, capes, cashmere shawls, and the richest kinds of fancy articles, forming a pile of 60 feet wide by 25 feet in height, or nearly 100 feet square. In a few minutes afterwards a gust of flame, come from the N. E. corner building, and shooting across the square, blown by the strong wind, and set fire to the entire mass, which in a few moments consumed to cinders, and then communicated to the house opposite.

The weather was so intensely cold that the firemen were compelled to take the fine blankets saved, and cutting a hole through them, convert them into temporary cloaks, in which they were seen at daylight dragging home their engines, many of them so exhausted by fatigue that they were asleep as they walked. One entire company, thus accounted, had artificial wreathes, and bunches of artificial flowers, of the richest kind in their ears, taken from the wreck of matter, and presenting a very singular contrast with their begrimed faces and jaded appearances.

*Midshipman LOUIS WILKINS, of the U. S. Navy.—*N. Y. Star.*

Remarkable Circumstance.—Upon the trial (by court martial) of Captain Seymour and the officers of H. B. Majesty's frigate Challenger, for the loss of that ship near the port of Conception, on the coast of Chili, the extraordinary fact was given in evidence that the late earthquakes on that coast have transformed what was previously a current of two miles an hour to the northward, into a current of five miles an hour to the southward, and that the soundings along the whole coast have been materially changed.

Joseph Bassett, of New Bedford, is the father of thirty-five children, by two wives, the last of whom by a former husband, had borne four children—making in all thirty-nine who have the honor to call him father. He is 75 years old. This exceeds all the stories of enormous turneps, prodigious carrots, amazing squashes, and portentous onions, which have filled the papers of late. It is also true.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1836.

No. 3.

AMUSING TALES.

TWO YARDS OF JACONET,
OR A HUSBAND.

'I wish' said Mary Ann 'I had two yards of jaconet, I want it very much to complete this dress for the next birth day at Richmond. I want besides a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather—a white feather to my last bonnet. I want ——'

'Well my dear,' said Louisa, her companion, 'well my dear, it seems you have wants enough. Pray, how many more things do you want besides?'

'More!' returned Mary Ann, 'why a hundred more to be sure,' said she laughing; 'but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband—a real down right husband.'

'Indeed!' said Louisa, 'this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select out one among your many admirers?'

'A fig for admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick—I'm disgusted with my admirers. One comes and makes silly compliments; says, 'Miss B——, how pretty you look to-day;' another sickens me with his silly looks; another is so desperately in love with me that he can't talk; another is so desperately in love with himself that he talks forever. Oh, I wish I was married; I wish I had a husband; or, at least, two yards of jaconet to finish this for the Richmond campaign.'

Mary Ann B—— was a gay, young, rattling creature, who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen; possessed a fine figure, rather *em-bon-point*: not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse Auburn ringlets clustered negligently around a pair of cheeks in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately that where the one began, or the other ended, no one could tell. Her eyes were dark blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm, which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy, and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most elegantly formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratical as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pacha. Since the death of her father which was a period of about two years, or more, she had many admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry till she had brought at least a hundred at her feet. For several counties round, up and down James' river, she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the white sulphur, blue sulphur, and hot sulphur springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of these excursions, the party of which Mary Ann made a lively member was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain-storm, at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was travelling in an open carriage with a sort of top resembling that of a gig, to spread out when a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion the leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrents which fell down from the dark heavy clouds above. The first house they approached was therefore kindly welcomed. They dismounted, went in and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire, which was crackling most merrily on a large wide hearth.

A young man, of rather modest, easy, but obtrusive manners, rose up at the approach of Mary Ann, and offered her his chair.—She accepted it with a slight inclination of the head, and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had reached the foot of the mountain which was appropriated as the place of gaiety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann as Mr. C. from Williamsburgh in lower Virginia. In a very short period he became a devoted admirer of Mary Ann, was extremely delicate and attentive, of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers, and match-breakers of the springs. At the close of the season he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual she spent a whole night in thinking, crying, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal.

So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hope of revival. The parties never again met, till the moment we have now reached threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and views. She had pursued the game of 'catching admirers; of leading them to declare themselves; and of then rejecting, with tears and regrets in abundance, till she and the whole world of young men became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities; was a fast and enduring friend; knew as well as any one the

folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

'How long have you been in Williamsburgh,' asked her *cheri amie*, 'Mary Ann.'

'Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shades, the academic-groves of the old dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours the other evening with the loves of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet.'

'Or a husband—'

'Or a husband either; I don't care which. Come my love, let's go a shopping in this classic town.'

The two ladies immediately arose, it was about noon-day, put on their bonnets, took their parasols and sallied forth.

'For a husband or jaconet you say.'

'Two yards of jaconet or a husband.'

The town of Williamsburgh, like every other little town in Virginia, or even New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed. The two ladies sauntered into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fellow of a shopkeeper turn out his whole stock in trade, and rewarding his pains with the purchase of a sixpenny worth of tape. They had proceeded for an hour in this lounging, lazy style, when Louisa said:

'Oh, Mary Ann, here is an old beau of yours, in that store, where the red gingham is flapping at the door like a pirate's flag: come, let us go and plague him for 'auld lang syne,' as Mrs. McDonald, the Scotch lady of Norfolk, says.

'Certainly,' said Mary Ann, 'but which of my old admirers is it?'

'Have you got your list in your pocket?'

'Not at all, I left it at my grandmother's at Richmond, what a pity!'

The two wild creatures, bounding like a couple of fawns over the forest glade, for they were reckless of the public opinion among the old dowagers and staid maidens of Williamsburgh, entered the store and asked for a sight of some gloves, muslins and ribbons. Mary Ann did not seem to pay much attention to the fine articles shown her. She ever and anon cast her eyes by stealth round the store, endeavoring to discover if she recognized any of the faces as that of an old acquaintance. She could see nothing to repay her effort. Not a face she had ever seen before. She summoned up to her recollection

tion all her former admirers; they passed through her mind like the ghosts in Macbeth; for, notwithstanding her rejection of so many lovers, she ever retained a certain portion of regard to every poor fellow who had fallen a victim to her whim, beauty, witchery, and caprice.

'This is an Arabian desert,' said Mary Ann, sighing to Louisa, as she split a pair of kid gloves, in endeavoring to get them on.

'Oh! no,' said the gay young shopman, 'indeed Miss they are the best French kid.'

'Pray,' said Louisa, in a low tone, 'don't you see any thing in the back room of the store!'

In a remote corner of the store, there stood at the desk a plainly-dressed gentleman, leaning over the corner of a wooden railing, with his eyes firmly fixed upon the two ladies now so actively engaged in tossing over the counter all sorts of merchandise and light French goods.

'As I live,' said Mary Ann, 'there is my old Blue Ridge beau. Oh how wet I was,' whispered she, 'drenched with a summer shower, when I first was thrown into his society. I believe the poor fellow loved me sincerely. Come let us spend upon him at least ten dollars in jaconet; he spent one hundred upon me in balls, dancing, colds, cough-drops, and drives, and got nothing for his pains but a neat *billet doux*, declining his poor heart and soft hand. Poor fellow!'

With this sally the ladies bought several articles scarcely caring whether they suited them or not. When they left the store, Mary Ann fell into a reverie, was quite silent, which for her was unusual and singular.—Louisa's spirits, on the contrary, gathered life and energy as those of her companion sank away. She talked, she laughed, she ridiculed her beaux, she rallied Mary Ann, and looking into her for-once-melancholy face, said 'so my love, you are caught at last.'

'Caught,' said Mary Ann, 'indeed, you are much mistaken. I do not think—that is to say, I fancy, I should not like to marry my Blue Ridge beau. Oh, Louisa,' said she after a pause, 'what a foolish creature I have been. Mr. Collingwood, for that is his name, I am sure, quite sure, he does not think of me; but I cannot remember, the attentions he once paid me without a feeling of regret.'

'Why, now what's the matter with you? After refusing so many, are you going to throw yourself away upon a shopkeeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families of Virginia, to marry a shopkeeper!'

'Alas! alas! Louisa, what is descent?—What is fashion? What is all the life I have? Do you see that little white house with the green Venitian blinds, across the street? I was one evening in that house, I saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure, not happiness. Oh! if I could only feel as that young wife does!'

'You laugh; I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood; but there was a time when his soft, quiet, affectionate manner did touch me most sensitively.'

'Have you got the gloves you bought?' asked Louisa.

Mary Ann looked. She had forgot them on the counter, or lost them.

'We must return,' said Louisa.

'Never,' said Mary Ann. 'I never dare look at him. I am sure he despises me. Oh! if he only knew what I feel, what pangs pass through this heart, I am sure he would not—'

'Come, come,' said Louisa, 'we must return and get the gloves.'

'Never.'

'Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly; you remember your resolution when you set out.'

Mary Ann smiled, while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the articles they had forgot.

After this adventure it was observed that a visible change came over the manner and spirits of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive; singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual flow of spirit. When Louisa rallied her on the shopping excursion, she replied, 'Indeed, Louisa, I don't think I could marry Mr. Collingwood, beside he has forgot every feeling he may have entertained towards me.'

In a few days after this event, a party was given one evening at a neighboring house. The family in which Mary Ann resided were all invited. The moment of re-union approached, and Mary Ann dressed with great elegance, but far less splendor than usual, found herself at the head of a cotillion, surrounded with several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters and merchants. Many were pressing forward in every direction, talking, and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group, that surrounded her. She was shooting her dark blue eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward, to see all the party. The music struck up, and rallying her attention, she immediately stepped off on a *dos a dos*, with that elegance and grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white round neck, her eye caught with a sudden emotion, a quiet, genteel looking person, at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She immediately dropt her eyes to the floor, and looked very narrowly at her foot as she moved it on the toe backwards and forwards, as it were for want of thought, or to divert her thoughts. In a few seconds she looked up in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made, and every look she cast around her. She blushed; felt embarrassed; and went entirely wrong in the cotillion.

'What in the world are you thinking of,' asked Louisa.

'I scarcely know myself,' said Mary Ann.

In a few seconds the cotillion was brought to a close, and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd and stood before her.

'How is Miss ——,' asked Mr. Collingwood with suppressed emotion.

Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropt her glove. Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

'This is not the first time you have lost a glove,' said he with a smile.

She received it and cast a look upon him of inconceivable sweetness.

'Do you dance again Miss ——?'

'I believe not, I am going home.'

'Going home,' said he, 'why, the amusements have scarcely begun.'

'They have ended with me,' said she, 'for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet.'

'Oh! you can't be going home already.'

'Indeed I am,' said she.

'Well,' said he, with a smile, 'I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak for you.'

'Certainly.'

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other female friends gathered round her, persuading her on all sides not to leave the party ere it was begun.

She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

'Allow me,' said he, 'to tie the strings.' She nodded with assent, and while he was tying the ribbon under her neck, he could not help touching her soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak, he unfolded it, he stood in front of her, their eyes met—both blushed; he pulled the cloak round her shoulders—he pressed her warmly to his heart, whispering in her ear, 'Oh, Mary Ann, if I may hope—yet indulge a hope.' For a moment they were left alone. Her head sunk upon his breast—she could not speak, but her heart was like to burst. "Will I—dare I expect to be happy? Their warm cheeks met.—Their lips realized in one long, long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word, every thing was perfectly understood between them.

At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion approached and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early. 'It is really shameful, my dear,' said she, 'to think of leaving us at this hour. When I go to Richmond, do I leave you thus abruptly? Why, Mr. Collingwood, can't you prevail upon her to stay a while longer?'

He shook his head. 'All my rhetoric has been exhausted,' said he, 'and it has proved unavailing.' Mary Ann looked at him very archly.

'Well, now,' continued the lady, 'I insist upon your staying;' and she forthwith proceeded to take off her bonnet, untie her cloak, and sent the servant with them into the side apartment. Mary Ann was unresisting. She was again led into the room. Collingwood danced with her all the evening. He escorted her home in the beautiful moonlight, and every now and then he pressed the cloak around her, with which she appeared not by any means to find fault.

In about a month Mary Ann became Mrs. Collingwood, and immediately, as the parson had finished the great business of the evening, Louisa, who was one of her maids, whispered in her ear, 'two yards of jaconet or a husband.' She smiled and passed her arm round Louisa's waist, 'Both, my love. Jaconet and a husband, a husband and jaconet.'

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Leaves from the Port Folio of W. H. C. H.

DAUGHTER OF THE ISLE.

(AIR—HARP OF THE ISLE.)

I.

My heart is like the feathery snow
That yields when the lulling south winds blow,
Or frost that fades, when ends the night,
Like a spirit pale, in the glad sunlight—
But look as cold as some frozen lake,
In my breast will a *kindred coldness* wake;
Then throw, fair daughter of the Isle!
On me the sunlight of thy smile.

II.

The pure white robes of the mountain, high,
Are fringed with blossoms of azure dye,
That sweetly wave, by the dew unfed,
While stem and leaf in the vale lie dead.
But the tender flowers of love will fade
In the chilling glance of a heartless maid—
Then throw, fair daughter of the Isle!
On me the sunlight of thy smile.

III.

My heart is like that lyre, whose strings
Tremble with unseen fingerings;
When the wind is loud or gently blows,
The tide of music ebbs or flows,
And my glance, my glance beams tenderness,
When smiles, sweet smiles thy minstrel bless:
But a sickness of the soul I feel,
When inward pain thy looks reveal.
Then throw, fair daughter of the Isle!
On me the sunlight of thy smile. W. H. C. H.

FLORENCE BUSH.

Farewell, love! farewell love!

My bark is on the wave,
And lightly rocks, as if in haste
To bear away the brave.

By day upon the stormy sea,
And in the dreamy hush
Of solemn night I'll think of thee
My own sweet Florence Bush!

Farewell, love! farewell, love!
Glad winds propitiously blow,
And haughtily my gallant bark
Unfurls her wing of snow.

Though soon my grave may be yon brine
With shame shall never blush
That girlish cheek for deed of mine,
My own, sweet Florence Bush!

Farewell, love! farewell, love!
White surges kiss the shore,
And seem to say in hollow tones
"Ye meet, ye meet no more!"
But when red lightnings paint the sea,
And winged tempests rush
In thunder by, I'll think of thee
My own, sweet Florence Bush!

SONG OF THE WIND.

BY W. H. C. H.

What chainless and musical rover
Stirs the breast of the dark heaving deep?
When the *grief of the mourner is over*
Who wails where the *buried ones* sleep?
'Tis the wild-wind, wild-wind, wild-wind,
A minstrel strong and free—
The wild-wind, wild-wind, wild-wind,
Who roves the earth and sea.

The breath of my wing often lingers
The locks of the aged among,
And I touch with invisible fingers
The curl-shaded brow of the young,
I'm the wild-wind, &c.

I fan with my light pinion flying
The leaves on the old forest bough;
Who visits the couch of the dying?
Who coolth the fever-parched brow?
'Tis the wild-wind, &c.

When rock and high mountain are giving
Trump and shout in wild echoing back—
My wings flap a dirge o'er the living
And the *red-stain* piled up in their track—
I'm the wild-wind, wild-wind, wild-wind.
A minstrel strong and free;
The wild-wind, wild-wind, wild-wind,
Who roves the earth and sea.

VARIETY.

The editor of the Dunstable Telegraph has a heart which it would kill an ostrich to swallow. All the pretty girls in that neighborhood have been talking to him about getting married these three years—but they have talked in vain. He received the other day, from a fancy fair, a beautiful package, curiously folded and sealed, on which was inscribed, "A remedy for the miseries of bachelors." He opened it as carelessly as he would an exchange paper, and found written therein, "Heaven's last, best gift to man—A WIFE." He had adjusted his dicky and brushed his whiskers at the last dates, and had openly sworn to "take the responsibility" of trying the experiment.

FASHION.—The fashion some of the ladies of our cities have of walking upon their toes, is said to have grown out of the custom of combing the hair up behind and turning it over the forehead. A lady who was considered a model of fashion, on a certain occasion, combed her hair so firmly forward, that she stretched the hide down her back and legs, so that her heels could not touch the ground, and in this way made her appearance in public. The next sabbath morning all the female tribe might be seen mincing to church upon the tip end of their toes.—*North River Times*.

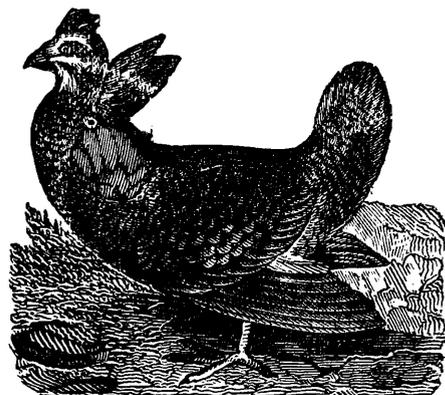
PRETTY WOMEN.—Of all other views a man may in time grow tired; but in the countenance of a woman there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. The divine beauty, says Junius, is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorised to resist.

HEAT.—For a long time, philosophers have supposed that meteoric iron is made hot while traversing the atmosphere. A curious experiment was resorted to by M. BIERLEY, a foreigner, within a few months, which may possibly be of some service to those engaged in similar pursuits. A bar of iron, heated to whiteness, was held against a strong current of air from the blowing apparatus of a forge. Singular as it may seem, the bar, instead of cooling, burned very brilliantly, throwing off scintillations in every direction. The temperature rather increased than diminished. This experiment makes it very certain that a metallic mass, whirled through the upper regions of the air, would become extremely hot, and eventually sparkle, as many meteors do just before they fall.—*Scientific Tracts*.

MINERAL MAGNETISM.—Since it has been discovered that Magnets are but the results of currents of air, operating by certain mysterious laws, the Germans have begun to apply them to the cure of nefarious disorders. Professor Hufeland, the conductor of a *Scientific Journal* in Berlin, has given the theory his sanction, and has recorded numerous instances of cures performed.—*Alb. Adv.*

The new novels of Bulwer and James, are said to be their best.

NATURAL HISTORY.



PINNATED GROUSE, OR HEATH-HEN.

The Pinnated Grouse, or Heath-hen, is a very rare bird. Open dry plains, thinly interspersed with trees or partially overgrown with shrub oaks, are his favorite haunts. Accordingly he is found on the plains in New-Jersey, in the barrens of Kentucky, on the bushy plains of Long-Island, and in similar situations in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Upper Louisiana; and according to the late Governor Lewis, on the vast plains of the Columbia. Their great inducement in frequenting these plains is probably the small acorn of the shrub oak, the strawberries, whortleberries, and partridge berries, with which they abound, and which constitute their principal food.

The most remarkable circumstance relative to these birds is the two extraordinary yellow bags of skin which mark the neck of the male, and which no writer has yet described. These appear to be formed by an expansion of the gullet, and the outer skin of the neck, which hang loose when the bird is at rest or flying. But when these are inflated they very much resemble a fully ripe orange. By means of these he is enabled to produce a booming sound, which consists of three notes, similar to those produced by the night hawk. While uttering these, the bird exhibits all the gesticulations of the turkey cock; erecting and fluttering his neck wings, wheeling and passing before the females, and close before his fellows, as in defiance. Now and then are heard some rapid cackling notes, not unlike that of some person tickled to excessive laughter; in short, no one can listen to them without feeling disposed to laugh.

Fresh plowed fields are sure to be visited by these birds every morning. On one of these I counted 17 males, making such a continued noise as might have been heard a mile off. When snow comes they become half domesticated, visit the barns and farmhouses, and mix with the poultry. Great numbers are then taken in traps. Their nests are built on the ground, formed with little art and few materials.

The Pinnated Grouse is 19 inches long, and when in good order, weighs three pounds and a half. There are small wings on each side of the neck, whose upper parts are mottled transversely with black, brown and white. Over the eye is a semicircular comb of rich orange. The breast and belly are white, marked with brown.—*Wilson*.

A writer on the sagacity of birds, mentions a Jackdaw, which would ever watch the return of its owner, and the moment he rode up in sight, would fly off in search of the ostler.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GEM.

IF A copy of our first number, sent to a former correspondent, has called forth the following greeting, with a promise of further contributions from the same source:

Bright GEM! I've not forgot thee,
Although a distant home
Has thrown its charms about me,
And other cares have come:—
Still have I marked thy brightness,
Have watched thy feeblest ray,
Have seen thy step of lightness
Glide smoothly o'er the way.

Oh! once my spirit's breathings
Were murmur'd out for thee—
Oft in thy bouquet's wreathings
A bud was dropped by me;
And still I'll give with gladness
More flowers to deck thee now,
Although a touch of sadness
May linger o'er my brow.

Sweet, sweet ties have been broken—
Bright things have passed away,
And memory's voice has spoken
Of younger hopes, and decay.
Then take this little token,
Though small 'twill prove to be—
My love for thee's not broken,
Nor thine, (I trust,) for me.

January 27, 1836.

ROSAMOND.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THE SCRIBBLER... No. 2.

— And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend.
POLLOCK.

Notwithstanding all our pride of personal character, and the confidence with which we may sometimes talk of looking to our own resources only for happiness, nothing can be more true, or in fact more obvious, than that we are dependent upon each other for a very great proportion of our enjoyment. In our hours of sorrow we look to our fellow men for comfort, and in our hours of joy, we solicit their participation of our pleasure; and whether our emotions be of happiness or pain there is at all times a strong necessity upon us to impart them to others.

We have abundant reason to believe, that in all intelligent beings there is a capacity to derive pleasure from each other's presence and society. Through the boundless range of animated nature, from the mightiest angel down to the meanest "thing that hath life," we find all creatures delighting in the society of their kind; and in degrees as various as their grades in the scale of being, communicating happiness to others and receiving it in return. And perhaps the loveliest exhibition of Almighty power is that which created the Universe of life to receive from its adorable Author the attributes of consciousness and happiness, and to offer him tributes of worship and praise.

The social principle in man is so rooted in his very nature, that he cannot disregard it without unhappiness. Conscious of weakness he seeks the assistance of his fellows. Imbued with a thirst for knowledge, he craves the intercourse, the instruction, and the di-

rection of others. In adversity he seeks those who can alleviate his distress—in prosperity sharers of his joy. To his brethren of mankind, he owes all the comforts and embellishments of life.

It is a beautiful speculation which contemplates the universe of intelligent life as one great whole, of which all the parts have a necessary connexion, and have also, or shall hereafter have, mutual intercourse and communication.

May we not look upon the great Source of all things as the Sun of the Universal System, from the full effulgence of whose glory flow forth the innumerable rays of mind which pervade the Universe. These mingling and intermingling in luminous union, harmonize their various hues into a most delightful splendor, an image, however faint and imperfect, of the glory of their great Origin.

I have been led somewhat farther into these generalities than I intended. I began with the wish to say somewhat respecting the pleasures and advantages of enlightened conversation. To investigate the philosophical grounds of that principle in our nature which causes us to delight in looking on the face and hearing the voice of a fellow being, and to enjoy exquisite satisfaction in the exchange of our sympathies and our thoughts, is no part of my present purpose. Whatever may be the cause, the effect is too obvious and important to be overlooked. It is not only our interest but our duty to fit ourselves for receiving and communicating enjoyment in this way. It is a duty which we owe to our Creator, who has placed us in the midst of the garden of human society, in order that we might taste all its unforbidden fruit; a duty which we owe to ourselves, for by its neglect we lose an essential portion of the lawful and rightful enjoyment of our being; and a duty which we owe to others, in return for the innumerable advantages we hourly derive from our brethren of mankind.

Knowledge is the necessary requisite for this purpose—the *sine qua non* for enlightened and profitable conversation. Not that partial knowledge which is confined to some particular trade or profession, or some one branch of science or literature; but that general and comprehensive information which is the cultivation of the whole man, and which, leaving none of his faculties unimproved, gives no one an undue preponderance; but enables him to converse with interest and profit, not only on subjects important in themselves, but on the common and trivial topics of every day discourse.

To listen to such a man is one of the most enviable, and unhappily, one of the rarest privileges that society affords. Unhappily we are for the most part compelled to listen to the babbling of fashionable folly, to the barbarous technicalities of pedantry, or the grovelling outgivings of ignorance and conceit. How few seem to feel, that the more they can withdraw the thoughts from their own personal concerns and self-interest, and the more they can widen the range of feeling and sympathy, the more happy and respectable shall they become, and the more eminently shall they be qualified to become the ornaments of enlightened society. M, A.

AMERICAN ABORIGINALS.

"'Tis good to muse on nations pass'd away,
"For ever from the land we call our own."

'Tis melancholy to meditate on the former grandeur, opulence and power of kingdoms, empires and nations; and then contrast them with their present insignificance and ruin. The devastating hand of time has swept over the fairest portions of the earth, and blotted from existence the grandest productions of human genius. Nations, with all their glory and honor, have retired from the face of the earth, and given place to new generations of men; they in their turn give place to their successors, and are engulfed in the overwhelming vortex of ruin.

Where are the mighty governments of ancient days? Gone for ever. Babylon and Nineveh, Palmyra and Tyre, live only on the historian's page. Their splendor and magnificence are no more. Their millions have peopled the grave and become food for its loathsome reptiles. Ruins only, mark the place where they were. Their deeds of glory and fame are alike forgotten. Greece and Rome have followed in their footsteps.

These ancient republics, which awed the savage into humble subjection, at last fell a prey to them, and became residence for a new race of men. Thus also it was with the wandering tribes of Europe, Asia and America. Where are the myriads of Northern Europe, which poured in swarms upon the fertile territory of Rome, and at last overthrew it? They, too, are gone. The hand of civilization has worked a mighty change; transformed the habitation of the savage into the peaceful abode of the civilized man.

Where, too, are that powerful, independent and fearless people, who inhabited this country when the white man came? whose war hoop and terrific yell resounded from shore to shore of the continent; who roamed the undisputed lords of the forest, pursued the panting deer, or caught the finny tribe from the crystal fountain, for sustenance? They, alas! are no more. A race of men altogether different, occupy their places and live on the grounds where the Indian built his hut and kindled his fire.

Once, "here lived another race of beings." Where is now seen the populous city and village, the verdant fields and fruitful valleys, stood the Indians habitation and the dark forest waved. In his bark canoe, he glided over the peaceful bosom of our rivers and lakes, intent on supplying his wants. Thro' the forest, he pursued the flying game, or raised the war cry and contended with his foe. Oft has the welkin rang with the savage war cry; oft has the earth drank their blood, and numbers bit the ground in death—the tomahawk and scalping knife borne destruction to the peaceful inmates of a happy home, who were awakened only to die by lingering and cruel torments. When the thirst for blood was satisfied, and the pipe of peace again permitted to circulate, the successful warrior could retire to his home, boasting of the glorious deeds he had accomplished, and receive the plaudit of his tribe.

But the scene has changed. Improvement, in its onward march, found this portion of the globe in an uncultivated state, and with an

industrious hand immediately commenced altering it. Such has been its progress, that almost every vestige of this powerful people is blotted from existence. Ere long, on the historian's page will be found the only memorial of this singular race of beings. To its records, future generations will turn with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, and read the sad story of the Indian's wrongs, the Indian's sufferings and crimes. They will peruse the hardships and privations our forefathers endured in the early settlements of the country, and inquire what agency the Indians had in increasing or alleviating their misfortunes. Scenes of bloodshed will meet their view at every step, brought on by the obstinacy of both parties.

Many years ago, a frail bark was wafted by easterly winds, on the waves of the tempestuous ocean, bearing in its bosom the seeds of life and death; of death to the natives, of life and prosperity to us. Persecution drove a pilgrim band from England's shore, to seek a home in the howling wilderness of the new world; choosing rather to suffer hardships and privations of a new settlement, the fury of the savage; to enjoy undisturbed their religious belief, than remain in a land of plenty and be deprived of it. They safely arrived and landed on Plymouth rock, in the dead of winter, wanting many of the necessaries of life. They were kindly received and treated by them, and preserved from certain destruction.

Ah! little thought the untutored sons of the forest, that while they were nourishing the foreign stranger they were cherishing a viper, which would eventually cause their ruin. But even so it has proved. The Indians have fearfully decreased, while the others have rapidly increased. The sun of their glory has ceased to them. Well may they, (in the words of Bryant,) exclaim:

"They waste us—aye—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day.—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea."

Sadly and slowly they take their departure for the western wilderness, to rest in peace, until the march of improvement shall bid them move further. A small fragment yet remain, to instil into the minds of their children the deepest hatred towards their cruel persecutors, and teach them to tell to succeeding ages the history of the white man's aggressions and injuries.

In the character of the Indians we find many traits to admire as well as censure. Faithful in friendship; in hatred cruel and implacable; never forgetting an injury, or repaying to his satisfaction a kindness. He still clings to his ancient customs, and rejects with deep disdain all efforts to introduce the arts and sciences of civilized man into his nation. Jealous of his rights, and fearful that they will be taken from him, he chooses to follow the occupations his fathers did, and leave untouched the improvements of the age; so that surrounded by all the charms and pleasures of refinement, he remains a stranger to their enjoyments, content to bend the simple bow and hunt the forest prey. But we trust bright-

er days are yet to come to the remnant of this dispersed people; that they will receive the arts and sciences, cultivate and cherish the friendly qualities of our natures; reject the vile and unholy ones, and aid in bringing about that glorious and happy period, when the erring and sinful passions of men will be brought into happy subservience to our better and ennobling qualities; when war, and crime, and bloodshed shall cease, and peace and harmony reign over all the earth.

I love to meditate upon that nation, passed away from the places we occupy; their former greatness, glory, and power; their present degradation, wretchedness and misery. It teaches us that nations, like men, are of short duration—that the greatest and most powerful kingdoms and governments are but a scroll on the roll of time, and subject to constant decay. None so strong as to insure a long duration. If so, Babylon had remained to this day. She thought herself secure against the attacks of the enemy, with her impenetrable walls and massive towers, defended by brave and resolute men; but in an evil hour, a night of darkness and revelry, her inhabitants were surprised and slain. So Greece, "the land of story and of song;" the birth place of the arts and sciences, might have remained; and Rome, her copyist, withstood the attacks of the barbarians, and continued "the mistress of the world;" sent from her capitol the arts and sciences, in all their splendor, and thus prevented the long night of superstition which succeeded on her fall.

A. J. M.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE—UNHAPPY.

See her as seldom as possible. If she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if after a day's or week's absence she meets you with a smiling face and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her and answer her with monosyllables. If she forces back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gape in her presence, till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have any thing to do to make her happy; but that her pleasure is to flow from gratifying your caprices: and when she has done all a woman can do, be sure you do not appear grieved. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh; but frown her into silence. If she has faults (which there are none without,) be sure never to attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually obtrude upon her ears "What a good wife Mr. Baldwin has;" and, "How happy Mr. Smith is with his wife;" that "any man would be happy with such a wife." In company, never seem to know that you have a wife. Treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complacent with every other lady. If you follow these directions, you may be certain of an obedient and—a heart broken wife.

Napoleon's cocked hat which he wore in his campaigns of 1807. sold recently at an auction sale in Paris, for nearly \$400.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant CLARK, of the 26th Native Infantry, Bombay.

In June, 1833, I set out from Cutch to join my regiment then lying at Deesa. On the night of the 22d, my tent was pitched about 29 miles from a village called Ghousmard, on the banks of the river Burnasse. I travelled with a double set of servants, camels, &c., and by keeping one set constantly in advance, I had nothing to do but to ride from tent to tent, every thing being prepared for my reception. Devotedly fond of field sports, I had pursued them with the utmost avidity since my first arrival in India. I had enjoyed peculiar facilities for so doing, from having been almost constantly on detachment. The country I was now traveling through abounded in game, particularly hog and black buck, and I anticipated, with the delight a sportsman alone can feel, the havoc I should make amongst them.

Early on the morning of the 23d, I traversed the distance from where I had slept to my tent near Ghousmard, on a Hirkara camel, and, having partaken of a capital breakfast, I eagerly interrogated my shirkaree as to what prospect of sport. He told me "there was plenty of hog." I gave immediately directions to get out the horses, and was soon mounted on a favorite Arab that had been at the death of as many hogs as any horse in India, my challuck sewar riding my second horse with a spare spear, a syce leading a third, and another my rifle; these, with fourteen coolies or beaters, completed the party. It was an undulating country, and interspersed over it were numerous small covers of tamarisk, &c. At this time of year there were no signs of cultivation. We had beat a considerable quantity of ground without success, moving only a few pigs, that were too small to ride after, and my patience and good humor were rapidly evaporating, when my shickaree pointed out the pug or track of a large boar; it appeared quite fresh, and I determined to follow it. We proceeded above a mile, every moment in the hope of rushing upon him, when turning the angle of small cover, we suddenly came upon a dead bullock; about twenty yards to the right of this was another; and not a hundred in advance was the hog we were in pursuit of. The coolies collected round it, and I heard them repeating the word, "Lions! Lions!!"

Enraged at being baffled of my expected sport, and my blood up, I dismounted, and my shickaree showed me the lions' track. We made out distinctly that there were 6; and as it was their habit to return at night and devour their prey, I made no doubt that they were still in the immediate neighborhood. I seized my rifle, and, after considerable remonstrance, and with some difficulty, I persuaded my coolies to follow them up, and taking the lead, we traced them into a tamarisk nulluh or ravine running at right angles, and into the bed of the river. The tamarisk resembles the cypress, and is about the height of a man's head, forming a very thick cover, extending over four or five acres. After a short pause we entered, not knowing but that the

next step might throw us into the lions' jaws. We however beat through without any adventure, and then we discovered they had stolen away, five taken down the bed of the river, the other, which by the track appeared a very large one, had doubled back into cover, broke higher, and made up the bed of the Burnasse. This last I determined upon following. We soon traced it into a small jungle on the edge of the river. I had just entered when I heard a shout, and running round a bush that intercepted my view, I saw an enormous lioness making off with tremendous bounds; I fired and missed her. I shouted to my sewer to keep her in sight. He put his horse to speed, and in a short time returned and told me she had taken refuge in a large yellow break. He guided me to the spot, and I got within thirty yards; she was crouched, glaring on us as we approached. I raised my rifle and fired—she uttered a tremendous roar, and rushed out. I had wounded her in the shoulder, for as she crossed the bed of the river she went on three legs. My sewer again followed, but she turned on and pursued him, roaring terribly. He, however, found no difficulty in getting away; and she retreated and took her stand under a single tree, much resembling our thorn, but larger, and called here the bauble tree.

There she stood in full view, appeared almost as large as a bullock, with her tongue out, lashing her sides with her tail, and roaring most appallingly. I now sent back all my followers, and cocking my rifle, steadily approached till within thirty yards, when I gave her my fire. I struck her, I believe in the belly. When she received my shot she lowered her head and rushed towards me, as if mortally wounded: but suddenly, when within ten paces, turned off, and again went down the bed of the river for a short distance, then crossed to the opposite bank, and entered a large jungle.

The natives crowded round me and assured me she had received her death blow. I was greatly elated; thought her a cowardly skulking beast, and imagined I had nothing to do but to take possession of my prize. I quickly reloaded, and though the sun was at its meridian, and the heat intense, I still pursued on foot. We now entered the jungle into which we had marked her; it was so thick I could hardly see a rod before me. I walked for some time without success; at length one of the coolies exclaimed, "Sahib, Sahib! hush! hush! do you not hear any thing?"—There was a deep silence for a moment, and then I distinctly heard a panting of some huge beast near me. I looked earnestly in the direction, but still I could not see any thing. By this time all the coolies had decamped, leaving me alone with my shickaree—"There Sahib; there, on that bush." I now caught sight of her sitting up like a dog, with her tongue out, and glaring on us. I raised my rifle, but my hand shook so from the excitement and extreme heat and exertion, that I felt certain I should miss. I lowered it, and turning to my shickaree, told him he must shoot her. He was a capital shot; I have seen him break a bottle at a hundred yards distance with a ball. "No, no, Sahib, me not shoot,

me afraid me miss him." I threatened to shoot him if he hesitated, putting the rifle into his hands, and in order to give him confidence I advanced forward a little to his left. He fired and missed, threw down the rifle and fled. The moment the enraged beast heard the report, she rushed out. For a moment I paused—then turned and ran for life. It was a heavy sand, and I had on spurs and gaiters; I could not have run far before I heard her roaring tremendously close behind me. I cast a look back—she was within twelve yards. I attempted to dodge; but my courage died away, and my legs failed me. She sprang and dashed me to the earth. The blow must have been certain death but her leg being broken she could not strike. She seized me by the lower part of the back, and shaking me as a cat would a mouse, lacerating and tearing me dreadfully; then threw me to the ground on my face. She now caught me by the left arm, muzzling and biting it; the agony was so intense that I threw up my right arm and caught her by the ear. She quitted her hold and seized my wrist. I inwardly prayed for death to relieve me. Apparently exhausted she now crouched at full length, one leg resting on my right thigh, the other a little drawn back between my legs, her tongue out, panting like a tired hound, glaring me in the face. I had some instinct feeling at the time that my eye might awe her, and thus with my head a little raised (for she had thrown me on a bank,) we lay looking at each other.

My native servant, a sewer, who had been in my service ten years, had now approached within thirteen paces of me. I heard him exclaim "O God! O God! Sahib, what shall I do; the horse will not approach nearer!"—"Turn it loose and assist me; I dared not move my head or turn my eye. "Great God! Chard Cawn! you will not let your master die a dog's death, and not help him?"—but still he came not. I reproached him with every term I could call to mind, but could only hear in reply his exclamations of horror and fear. At length, when sight began to fail and death appeared to be inevitable, the monster sprang from me—ran about twenty paces and fell dead.

The whole party now crowded round, they placed me in a cummerbund, and bore me to the nearest village. I was almost naked—my clothes were torn to ribbands. I fainted two or three times before they got me there. They washed my wounds with warm water, bound them with linen rags, put me on a bed and carried me to my tent. Chard Cawn went off express on one of my camels, to a brother officer, Lieutenant GREEN, who was on a march with a detachment, and was for Deesa; he traveled forty miles before he found him. Green quitted his detachment and was with me by seven that evening; to his unremitting kindness and care, of which I can never show myself sufficiently grateful, I am indebted for my life. I was a hundred miles from medical assistance; it was three days before my wounds were dressed, the rags being merely moistened to prevent them from sticking. During that time he constantly rode by my bed, which was borne by natives, never quitting me night or day. It was in the

middle of the fourth day before I arrived in camp; and seven weeks before I quitted my bed.

PERNICIOUS INFLUENCES.

If there be any curse hanging like an incubus over the youth of our country, it is the spirit of imitating the fashionable follies of the day. Multitudes—promising, intellectual, moral,—the pride of their associates, and the hope of their parents—are ruined, utterly and irretrievably, as they sink, step by step, beneath the pernicious habits and blighting examples of the thoughtless, gay, flippanant and wicked devotees of fashion and the votaries of folly,

To whose means

There's more of depth than to their brain.

From the foolish belief that they are rendering themselves objects of fashionable attraction, and winning the smiles of the patrons of the town, they follow an *ignis fatuus* that inevitably bewilders them into the morasses of vice and the quagmires of debauchery. See the youth—fresh from his native bowers and verdant fields—with his rosy cheeks and athletic frame; his manners simple, unostentatious, polite, and his habits pure as the genial air from the blooming borders wherein he gamboled from earliest boyhood. See him—an example of health, happiness and purity. He enters the pent up city; peeps in upon the fashionable rounds; gazes upon the numeros and bewitching amusements; and anon partakes of its indulgencies and drinks of its follies. It is a new scene and he breathes a new atmosphere. His brain is oppressed, dizzied, and bewildered:

He sees—he wonders—and adores.

I had a friend; a free-hearted, chivalrous youth. He left the thatched cottage and fields, for the smoky atmosphere and clustered streets of the city. He was a youth of no common mind; kind, benevolent, upright; and would naturally draw around him those who might love him for his virtues. He was the pride of an indulgent and generous father, who soon after went down to his final rest. He left a large property to three children. Edward was soon of age, and soon came into possession of his share. It was large and generous, and made him wealthy. With this he went into trade, and for a little while was prosperous, wonderfully prosperous.--- But the demon was upon him; he neglected his business; left it to others; followed pleasure and became a fashionable buck; behind none in the liberality of means or the prodigality of time. He went from home often, and finally closed his business and went for good. I met him in the great metropolis. The impression made on my mind I well remember but cannot describe.

It was some years onward, when I was again in the same metropolis. With a worthy friend I wandered abroad. We stretched down the great thoroughfare, where

All tongues and kindred feet,

till the dusk of evening closed upon us, and we found that we had dropped unwittingly into a narrow avenue, leading in an adverse direction. We wandered on, distinctly guided by the faint glimmerings of the scattered lights; and as we turned almost an acute angle, into an intersecting lane, we stumbled

over the body of a human being, stretched on the narrow sideway on which we stood. Humanity prompted, and we took him into a neighboring dwelling. It was the bloated and unsightly figure of poor Edward, in the agonies of death. *He had been a drunkard and a gambler.*—Boston Courier.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 6, 1836.

¶ We take pleasure in acknowledging the many flattering notices our brethern of the quill and type have taken of the present volume of the Gem, and the favorable prospect we have of filling up our subscription for the edition at an early day. But these are not the only indications for which we feel grateful: Several of the former correspondents of the paper have at our solicitations resumed their contributions, and others of acknowledged literary qualifications have already given favorable evidence of their ability, and assurance of their willingness, to adorn by their favors and render our columns attractive to those who regard the literary reputation of Western New York.

A "FAIR" OFFER.—This is said to be a year of female privileges, and by the frequency of such notices as the following from the Northampton Courier, we conclude "Leap year" will not be suffered to pass wholly unimproved. We hope "A Respectable Widow" may find all the comforts of "home" and "quiet" which she seeks; and should any of our fair readers wish to imitate her example, we should be happy to make the Gem the medium of their proposals:

"HUSBAND WANTED.—A Respectable Widow, who has a small fortune, (say from two to four thousand dollars principal) and 55 years, will accept a proposal for matrimony from any respectable farmer, who has a good farm, an amiable disposition, and enjoys tolerable health. Her object is a comfortable home and a retired life. If any such individual as above described, should see fit to notice this advertisement, and desire to become a suitor, he may learn further particulars, and hear high commendations of said widow, by advertising in this paper for a wife, and making known his residence."

Here is another notice which we should not like to see imitated. A Yankee down east advertises for a better half in the following manner:

"Any gal what's got five hundred dollars and hasn't got the *itch* can find a customer for life, by writing a *bille dux* addressed to Z. Q. and sticking it in the crack of uncle Ebenezer's barn."

¶ A subscriber in Rossville, Ohio, sent us a one dollar Ohio bill, which of course is not current here. But this is not the worst of it—he forgot to pay his postage, and it cost us twenty five cents; reducing the remittance to at most seventy cents. This will not pay for the volume, but if the gentleman will send us a few subscribers, with the money in advance, we will send the whole volume as he requested.

To Correspondents.

¶ The first number of a series signed "A READER," is laid aside until more of them are received. We are not prepared to commence their publication until better acquainted with them or their author.

"THE OLD MAID'S ISLAND" has some good things in it, strange as it would seem from its title; but needs too much correcting for our use.

"A LAMENT," in the same hand writing of the easy and feeling "Stanzas on War" in our last, are reluctantly deferred until our next.

"TO THE DISAPPOINTED," by "G." shall have a place soon.

"CONFESSIONS OF A PHRENOLOGIST," are received with pleasure.

"MOREY" shall not be delayed much longer.

Our correspondent in Union College will find his request complied with.

We read the lovesick lines of "SANFORD" "to Hannah," and sighed "O dear, poor fellow!" and put them where they will not provoke the scorn of an unfriendly world.

"C." is received—have given it a hasty perusal—did not get hold of the gist of the argument, probably for want of correct punctuation—and laid it aside for a re-perusal when more at leisure.

"N. G. S." has just come to hand—not yet examined. ¶ "SIGMA" in our next.

¶ It is too bad to have typographical errors mar the effusions of the Muses when they sing as sweetly as did the "Avon Bard" in our last, but so we find it is. The word *heave* usurped the place of *weave* in the communication alluded to, much to our mortification.

GENEVA COLLEGE.—At a meeting of the Trustees of this College, on the 26th ult. the Rev. Dr. WHITEHOUSE, of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, was chosen to fill the vacant office of President of the Institution. Dr. Whitehouse has not yet, as we hear, determined to accept the post. It is understood that large donations are expected, and, indeed, in some sort pledged, from the friends of the institution in the city of New York, and if these be obtained, and Dr. W. accept the presidency, we cannot doubt that the interests of the college will be very materially promoted.—*Ontario Repository.*

Somebody is trying to invent a speaking machine. If he had undertaken to improve such machines, it might be rational, but it is as laughable for a man to undertake to invent such a machine, as it would be to invent shoes and stockings. There are, take the world over, thousands of machines that never think and which do nothing but speak, and have an advantage over the machine proposed, for they walk about like other bipeds.—*Ont. Freeman.*

UMBRELLAS.—"Here will I mention a thing," says Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, "that altho' perhaps it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already traveled to Italy, yet because unto many that have never been there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned," &c. "Many of them do carry fine things of great price, that will cost at least a ducat, which they commonly call, in the Italian tongue *umbrellas*, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopie, and hooped in the inside with divers little hoops, that extend the umbrella in pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle on their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

The Vice Roy of Egypt, has published an order in council prohibiting the further exportation of any objects of antiquity from that country.—Mummies will soon become a scarce article in this part of the world.

It seems that Aylmer previous to leaving Canada erected a monument on the plains of Abraham to the memory of Wolf.

N. P. Willis has been elected a member of the Verulam Philosophical Society.

[SELECTED.]

THE CONTEST OF THE EYES.

Long had the sparkling eyes of jet black hue
The palm disputed with the eyes of blue;
To plead in open court they now prepare,
For graver subjects ne'er concerned the Fair.
Venus was chosen to adjudge the prize,
And end this long rivalry of eyes.

Each in this solemn Court assumes her place,
And each in turn unfolds her doubtful case,
Cites from the ample code of Cupid's laws,
And pleads with native eloquence her cause.
The Graces sat, with looks sedate and mute,
As fair reporters of the anxious suit.

The speeches closed, a breathless pause succeeds,
While Venus ponders o'er the cumbrous deeds;
With hasty glance surveys the haughty dames,
And in the balance weighs their rival claims;
At length the graceful queen, their referee,
Thus mildly spoke her politic decree:

"Black eyes most dazzle in the festive hour—
The gentle blue exerts a milder power:
Black proudly vanquish—ravage at their will—
But the soft blue retain their conquest still.
The fickle black o'er thousand hearts would range,
Blue are more tender and less prone to change;
The black my darts, the blue my flame control;
Black picture wit, but blue can paint the soul."

Celibacy was at all times less respectable than marriage, and among some nations it was attended with great inconveniences.

The Romans would not administer an oath or receive as a witness, any person but what was married.

The heathens detested the wrestlers, gladiators, musicians, and dancers, on account of their being single.

Augustus inflicted punishment on those that were unmarried—[perhaps by compelling them to marry.]

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.—A person has taken the trouble to ascertain the average age at which the Parisian ladies marry, and he has found it to be 21.

MARRIED:

The evening of Jan. 23th, by Rev. Wm. Mack Mr. LOUIS CHAPIN to Miss MARY M., daughter of Doct. James W. Smith, all of this city.

In this city, Dec. 27, by the Rev. Elon Galusha, Mr. Vincent S. Milks, of Riga, to Miss Mary Ann Kipp, of Whitestown.

On the 23d inst., by the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. John Bowman, to Miss Nancy Potter, all of this city.

At the Eagle Tavern in this city, on the 23d inst., by Alderman Lathrop, Mr. George Humphrey, to Miss Cynthia Ann Bristol, both from the district of Niagara, U. C.

In East Avon, Livingston Co., on the 20th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Sterns, John F. Whitbeck, M. D. to Miss Elizabeth Abigail, only daughter of Taber Ward, Esq. all of Avon.

In Geneseo, on the 24th inst., by the Rev. O. C. Bartlett, Mr. John Marsh, to Miss Sarah Cotton.

At Mentz, Cayuga county, on the 26th inst., by Rev. John Jeffries, Mr. SAMUEL SWAIN, Jr., merchant of Nunda Valley, Allegany Co., to Miss CYNTHIA JEFFRIES, of the former place.

How happy, surely, from all evils freed,
The *Suzain* that has a bosom friend indeed;
As the bright, burnished, twinkling gems of night,
Are lost in *Cynthia's* full orb'd mellow light,
Even so the joys of other days disperse,
In the full radiance of this bright reverse.
Oh may the bond of Union ever prove,
A silken cord—drawn and collapsed by love,
And through life's journey, may this be their boon,
One long, unvarying and bright honey-moon !!

POETRY.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

From *Friendship's Offering* for 1836.

I wish I could as merry be
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie
On some gay voyage sent.—
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if e'er Memory looked behind,
'Twas for some friendly sight to find,
And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear
To spread more sail and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear,
Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billows' roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
Drank draughts of deep delight;
And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lack-a-day, was all unfit
To guide the boat aright:—

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed,—she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy,
To steer what way he chose—
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared;
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
Though none knew how he went.
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull;
And Memory, with her soft eyes full,
Backward her glance still bent—

To where, upon the distant sea,
Barsting the storms dark canopy,
Light from a sun none now could see
Still touched the whirling wave.
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft—she sees the shore—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.
Oh! that I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.

It is rare to find in the same compass more exquisitely polished versification and more real piety, than are contained in the following stanzas:

PILGRIM! is thy journey drear?
Are its lights extinct for ever?
Still suppress the rising fear—
God forsakes the righteous never!

Storms may gather o'er thy path,
All the ties of life may sever—
Still amid the fearful scath,
God forsakes the righteous never!

Pain may rack thy wasting frame,
Health desert thy couch for ever,
Faith still burns with deathless flame,
God forsakes the righteous never!

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the odes of Lewis de Leon:

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, like his glories glide away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find,
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea,
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'let's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal;
There all those glittering toys are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all these glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

Long ere the lamp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that rolled so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome and wo
When age comes on.

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Yes! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou western world!
A watcher through each sign of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead:
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory stand
For ages on thy shore!

Such through all time the greetings be,
That with the Atlantic billows sleep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep!

From the N. Y. Star.
ADDRESS TO DEATH.

BY O. P. B.

Hail to thee monarch, hail,
Dark despot of the tomb!
Tho' other cheeks grow pale
Before thy brow of gloom—
Tho' timid hearts may quail
Beneath thy word of doom—
Welcome, thrice welcome, is to me
The hand that sets my spirit free.

Why should I fear thee Death?
The poor no robbers fear.
Gold I have not—no wreath
Of fame these temples wear;
Nor must I yield with breath,
All that the heart holds dear—
All that our human passions crave
For an unsatisfying grave.

But tho' I have not aught
To lose with loss of life,
A change may come—sweet thought—
From sorrow, toil and strife;
A change, which holy writ hath taught,
With bliss and glory rife;
A change, from poverty and sighs,
To joy and riches in the skies.

Death's iron hand will break
My prison gates away,
Bid my enfranchiz'd soul forsake
The shackles of her clay.
From star to star her journey take;
In realms of endless day,
Like the free'd eagle, upward fly,
To the pure regions of the sky.

And death shall bring me rest.
Sweet is the traveller's sleep,
When with his way of toil oppressed,
He yields to slumber deep;
And thus, upon the grave's soft breast,
Will I my slumbers keep,
Secure from earthly cares and harms,
As if within a mother's arms.

A MISS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A strange looking thing, retaining very little of the human form about it. It spends its time at home, dressing and undressing, eating, reading annuals and all sorts of sentimental periodicals, copying out love songs, clipping and carving colored papers, inventing match-boxes, yawning, strumming and humming abroad—chattering, giggling, singing and playing, waltzing and quadrilling. Can this thing have a soul? It is not altogether a mere machine: there are indications of volition about it, and at times when the actuating spirit does manifest itself, it betrays a spice of malevolence and envy, selfishness and dissimulation.

THE VERY LAST.—Why is Capt. Back, since his polar expedition, like the man who "caught a Tartar?" Give it up?

Because Back went to get Ross and Ross got back.

What was the color of the winds and waves, last storm? Give it up?

"The winds blue and the waves rose."

Transcript.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

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No. 4.

HISTORICAL TALES.

EXTRACTS FROM "RIENZI," BY BULWER.

THE CONSPIRACY.

THE light which caught Montreal's eye broke forth almost like a star, scarcely larger, indeed, but more red and intense in its ray. Of itself, it was nothing uncommon, and might have broken either from convent or cottage. But it streamed from a part of the Aventine which contained no habitations of the living, but only the empty ruins and shattered porticoes of which even the names and memories of the ancient inhabitants were dead. Aware of this, Montreal felt a slight awe, as the beam threw its steady light over the dreary landscape; for he was not without the nightly superstitions of the age, and it was now the witching hour consecrated to ghost and spirit. But fear, whether of this world or the next, could not long daunt the mind of the hardy freebooter; and after a short hesitation, he resolved to make a digression from his way, and ascertain the cause of the phenomenon.

* * * * *

From within came, indistinct and muffled, the sounds of voices. Through a rent in the wall, forming a kind of casement, (probably unknown to the building in its ancient glory,) and about ten feet from the ground, the light now broke over the matted and rank soil, imbedded as it were in vast masses of shade, and streaming through a broken portico hard at hand. The Provencal stood, though he knew it not, on the very place once consecrated by the temple—the portico and the library of liberty, (the first public library instituted in Rome.) The wall of the ruin was covered with innumerable creepers and wild brushwood, and it required but little agility on the part of Montreal, by the help of these, to raise himself to the height of the aperture, and concealed by the luxuriant foliage, to gaze within. He saw a table, lighted with tapers, in the center of which was a crucifix, a dagger unsheathed, an open scroll, which the event proved to be of a sacred character, and a brazen bowl. About a hundred men, in cloaks and with black vizards, stood motionless around; and one taller than the rest, without disguise or mask, whose pale brow and stern features seemed by that light yet paler and yet more stern, appeared to be concluding some address to his companions.

'Yes,' said he, 'in the church of the Lateran I will make the last appeal to the people. Supported by the vicar of the pope, myself an officer of the pontiff, it will be seen that religion and liberty, the heroes and the martyrs, are united in one cause. After that time words are idle: action must begin. By

this crucifix I pledge my faith—on this blade I devote my life to the regeneration of Rome! And you, (then no need of mask or mantle!) when the solitary trump is heard, when the solitary horseman is seen, *you* swear to rally around the standard of the republic, and resist with heart and hand, with life and soul, in defiance of death and hope of redemption, the arms of the oppressor!

'We swear—we swear!' exclaimed every voice; and crowding towards cross and weapon, the tapers were obscured by the intervening throng and Montreal could not perceive the ceremony nor hear the muttered formula of the oath; but he could guess that the rite then common to conspiracies; and which required each conspirator to shed some drops of his blood, in token that life itself was devoted to the enterprise; had not been omitted, when the group again receding, the same figure as before had addressed the meeting, holding on high the bowl with both hands; while from the left arm, which was bared, the blood weltered slowly, and trickled drop by drop, upon the ground; said, in a solemn voice and with upturned eyes—

'Amid the ruins of thy temple, oh liberty! we, Romans, dedicate to thee this libation! We, befriended and inspired by no unreal and fabled idols, but by the Lord of Hosts, and him who, descending to earth, appealed not to emperors and to princes, but to the fisherman and the peasant—giving to the lowly and the poor, the mission of revelation.' Then turning suddenly to his companions, as his features, singularly varying in their character and expression, brightened from solemn awe into a martial and kindling enthusiasm, he cried aloud, 'Death to the Tyranny!—Life to the Republic!' The effect of the transition was startling. Each man, as by an involuntary and irresistible impulse, laid his hand upon his sword, as he echoed the sentiment; some indeed, drew forth their blades, as if for instant action.

'I have seen enow; they will break up anon,' said Montreal to himself; 'And I would rather face an army of thousands, than even half a dozen enthusiasts, inflamed, and thus detected.' And with this thought, he dropped on the ground, and glided away, as once again through the midnight air, broke upon his ear the muffled shout—'DEATH TO THE TYRANNY!—LIFE TO THE REPUBLIC!'

* * * * *

THE REVOLUTION.

At midnight, when the rest of the city seemed hushed in rest, lights were streaming from the windows of the church at St. Angelo. Breaking from its echoing aisles, the long and solemn notes of sacred music stole

at frequent intervals upon the air. Rienzi was praying within the church; thirty masses consumed the hours from night till morn, and all the sanction of religion was invoked to consecrate the enterprise of liberty. The sun had long risen, and the crowd had long been assembled before the church door, and in vast streams along every street that led to it, when the bell of the church tolled out long and merrily; and as it ceased, the voices of the choristers within chanted the following hymn; in which was somewhat strikingly, though barbarously, blended, the spirit of classic patriotism with the fervor of religious zeal:—

Roman Hymn of Liberty.

Let the mountains exult around!
On her seven hill'd throne renown'd,
Once more old Rome is crowned—
Jubilate!

Sing out, oh vale and wave!
Look out from each laurel'd grave,
Bright dust of the deathless brave!
Jubilate!

Pale vision, what art thou? Lo,
From Time's dark deeps,
Like a wind it sweeps,

Like a wind, when the tempests blow:
A shadowy form—as a giant ghost—
It stands in the midst of the armed host!
The dead man's shroud on its awful limbs;
And the gloom of its presence the daylight dims:
And the trembling world looks on aghast—
All hail to the SOUL OF THE MIGHTY PAST!
Hail! all hail!

As we speak—as we hollow! it moves, it breathes,
From its clouded crest bud the laurel wreaths—
As the sun that leaps up from the arms of night,
The shadow takes shape and the gloom takes light:
Hail! all hail!

THE SOUL OF THE PAST, again,
To its ancient home,
In the hearts of Rome,
Hath come to resume its reign!

Oh Fame! with a prophet's voice,
Bid the ends of the earth rejoice!
Wherever the proud are strong,
And right is oppressed by wrong—
Wherever the days dim shine
Through the cell where the captive pine—
Go forth, with a trumpet's sound!
And tell to the nations round—
On the hills which the heroes trod—
In the shrines of the saints of God—
In the Cesars' hall, and the martyrs' prison—
That the slumber is broke, and the sleeper arisen!
That the reign of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er;
The EARTH feels the tread of THE ROMAN once more.

As the hymn ended, the gate of the church opened; the crowd gave way on either side, and preceded by three of the young nobles of the inferior order, bearing the standards of allegorical design, depicting the triumph of

Liberty, Justice, and Concord, forth issued Rienzi, clad in complete armor, the helmet alone excepted. His face was pale with watching, and intense excitement—but stern, grave and solemnly composed; and its expression so repelled any vociferous and vulgar burst of feeling, that those who beheld it hushed the shout on their lips, and stilled, by a simultaneous cry of reproof, the gratulations of the crowd behind. Side by side, with Rienzi, moved Raimond, Bishop of Orvietto; and behind, marching, two by two, followed a hundred men-at-arms. In complete silence the procession began its way, until, as it approached the capitol, the awe of the crowd gradually vanished, and thousands upon thousands of voices rent the air with shouts of exultation and joy.

Arrived at the foot of the great staircase, which then made the principal ascent to the square of the capitol, the procession halted; and as the crowd filled up the vast space in front—adorned and hallowed by many of the most majestic columns of the temples of old—Rienzi addressed the populace whom he had suddenly elevated into a people.

He depicted forcibly the servitude and misery of the people; the utter absence of all law; the want even of common security to life and property. He declared that, undaunted by the peril he incurred, he devoted his life to the regeneration of their common country; and he solemnly appealed to the people to assist the enterprise, and at once to sanction and consolidate the revolution by an established code of law and a constitutional assembly. He then ordered the chart and outline of the constitution he proposed to be read by the herald to the multitude.

It created, or rather revived, with new privileges and powers, a representative assembly and counsellors. It proclaimed, as its first law, one that seems simple enough to our happier times, but hitherto never executed at Rome; every wilful homicide, of whatever rank, was to be punished by death. It enacted, that no private noble or citizen should be suffered to maintain fortifications and garrisons in the city, or the country; that the gates and bridges of the state should be under the control of whomsoever should be elected chief magistrate. It forbade all harbor of brigands, mercenaries, and robbers, on penalty of a thousand marks of silver; and it made the barons who possessed the neighboring territories responsible for the safety of the roads, and the transport of merchandise. It took under the protection of the state the widow and the orphan. It appointed in each of the quarters of the city, an armed militia, whom the tolling of the bell of the capitol, at any hour, was to assemble to the protection of the state. It ordained, that in each harbor of the coast a vessel should be stationed, for the safeguard of commerce. It decreed the sum of one hundred florins to the heirs of every man who died in defence of Rome; and it devoted the public revenues to the service and protection of the state.

Such moderate, at once, and effectual, was the outline of the new constitution; and it may amuse the reader to consider how great must have been the previous disorders of the city, when the common and elementary pro-

visions of civilization and security made the character of the code proposed, and the limit of a popular revolution.

The most rapturous shouts received this sketch of the new constitution; and amid the clamor, up rose the huge form of Ceccho del Vecchio. Despite his condition, he was a man of great importance at the present crisis: his zeal and his courage, and perhaps, his brute passion and stubborn prejudice, had made him popular. The lowest order of mechanics looked to him as their head and representative; and then he spake loud and fearlessly; speaking well, because his mind was full of what he had to say.

“Countrymen and citizens! This constitution meets with your approbation; so it ought. But what are good laws if we do not have good men to execute them? Who should execute a law so well as the man who designs it? If you ask me to give you a notion how to make a good shield, and my notion pleases you, would you ask me or another smith to make it for you? If you ask another, he may make a good shield, but it would not be the same as that which I should have made, and the description of which contented you. Cola di Rienzi has proposed a code of law that shall be our shield. Who shall see that the shield become what he proposes, but Cola di Rienzi? Romans! I suggest that Cola di Rienzi be entrusted with the authority, by whatever name he pleases, of carrying the new constitution into effect; and whatever be the means, we, the people, will bear him harmless.”

“Long life to Rienzi!—long live Ceccho del Vecchio! He hath spoken well! None but the law maker shall be the governor!”

Such were the acclamations which greeted the ambitious heart of the scholar. The voice of the people invested him with the supreme power. He had created a commonwealth, to become, if he desired it, a despot!

THE BATTLE.

* * * Within an hour the Roman army, vast, miscellaneous; old men and boys mingled with the vigor of life, were on their march to the gate of San Lorenzo; of their number, which amounted to twenty thousand foot, not one sixth could be deemed men-at-arms; but the cavalry was well equipped, and consisted of the lesser barons, and the more opulent citizens. At the head of these rode the tribune in complete armor, and wearing on his casque a wreath of oak and olive leaves wrought in silver. Before him waved the great gonfalon of Rome, while in front of this multitudinous array, marched a procession of monks of the order of St. Francis, (for the ecclesiastical body of Rome went chiefly with the popular spirit, and its enthusiastic leaders,) slowly chanting the following hymn, which was made inexpressibly startling and imposing at the close of each stanza by the clash of arms, the blast of trumpets, and the deep roll of the drums which formed, as it were, a martial chorus to the song.

Roman War Song,

I.

March, march! for your hearths and your altars!
Curs'd to all time be the dastard that falters;
Never on earth may his sins be forgiven,
Death on his soul, shut the portals of Heaven:

A curse on his heart, and a curse on his brain—
Who strikes not for Rome, shall to Rome be her
Cain!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

*Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!**

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Blow, trumpets, blow,

Gaily to glory we come,

Like a king in his pomp,

To the blast of the tromp,

And the roar of the mighty drum!

Breeze fill our banners, sun gild our spears,

Santo Spirito, Cavaliers!

II.

March, march! for your freedom and laws!

Earth is your witness—all Earth's is your cause!

Seraph and saint from their glory shall heed ye,

The angel that smote the Assyrian shall lead ye;

To the Christ of the cross man is never so holy

As in braving the proud in defence of the lowly!

Breeze fill our banners, &c.

III.

March, march! ye are sons of the Roman,

The sound of whose step was a fate to the foeman!

Whose realm, save the air and the wave, had no

wall,

[hall;

As he strode through the world, like a lord in his

Though your frame hath sunk down to the night

of the grave,

[wave.

It shall rise from the field like the sun from the

Breeze fill our banners, &c.

In this order they reached the wide waste that ruin and devastation left within the gates, and marshalled in long lines on either sides, extending far down the vistaed streets, and leaving a broad space in the centre, awaited the order of their leader.

“Throw open the gates, and admit the foe!” cried Rienzi, with a loud voice, as the trumpets of the barons announced their approach.

* * * * * Thousands upon thousands, they came on; a wild, clamorous, roaring stream. They poured on all sides upon their enemies, who drawn up in steady discipline, and clad in complete mail, received and broke their charge.

“Revenge and the Colonna!” “The bear and the Orsini!” “Charity and Frangipani!” “Strike for the snake and the Savelli!” were then heard on high, mingled with the German and hoarse shout, “Full purses, and the Three Kings of Cologne.” The Romans, rather ferocious than disciplined, fell butchered in crowds around the mercenaries; but as one fell another succeeded; and still burst with undiminished fervor the counter cry of “Rome, the Tribune, and the People!” “*Santo Spirito Cavaliers!*” Exposed to every shaft and every sword, by his emblematic diadem, and his imperial robe, the fierce Rienzi led on each assault, wielding an enormous battle-ax, for the use of which the Italians were celebrated, and which he regarded as a national weapon. Inspired by every darker and sterner instinct of his nature, his blood heated, his passion aroused; fighting as a citizen for liberty, as a monarch for his crown, his daring seemed to the astonished foe as that of one frantic; his preservation as that of one inspired; now here, now there; wherever flagged his own, or failed the opposing force, glittered the white robe, and rose his bloody battle-ax; but his fury seemed rather directed against the chiefs than the herd;

* Rienzi's word of battle.

and still where his charger wheeled was heard his voice, 'Where is a Colonna? 'Defence to the Orsini! *Santo Spirito Cavaliers!* Three times was the sally led from the gates; three times were the Romans beaten back: and on the third, the gonfalon, borne before the tribune, was cloven to the ground. Then for the first time, he seemed amazed and alarmed, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, 'O Lord, hast thou then forsaken me?' with that taking heart, he once more waved his arm, and again he led forward his wild array.

At eve the battle ceased. Of the barons who had been the main object of the tribune's assault, the pride and boast was broken. Of the princely line of the Colonna, three lay dead. Giordano Orsei lay mortally wounded; the fierce Rinaldo had not shared the conflict. Of the Frangipani the haughtiest signors were no more; and Luca, the distard head of the Savellis, had long since saved himself by flight. On the other hand, the slaughter of the citizens had been prodigious; the ground was swamped with blood—and over heaps of slain (steeds and riders) the twilight star beheld Rienzi and the Romans returning victors from the pursuit. Shouts of rejoicing followed the tribune's panting steed through the arch and just as he entered the space within, crowds of those whose infirmities, sex, or years had not allowed them to share the conflict, women and children, and drivelling age mingled with the bare feet and dark robes of monks and friars, apprized of the victory, were prepared to hail in triumph.

VARIETY.

RASH JUDGING.—Upon this subject, Mr. WESLEY has prepared a fine anecdote. "Beware," says he, "of forming a hasty judgment concerning the fortune of others.—There may be secrets in the situation of a person, which few but God are acquainted with. Some years since I told a gentleman, Sir, I am afraid you are covetous. He asked me, 'What is the reason of your fears?' I answered, A year ago, when collecting for the expense of repairing the Foundry, you subscribed five guineas. He made no reply, but after a time asked, 'Pray, sir, answer me a question: Why do you live upon potatoes?' (I did so between three and four years.) I replied, It has much conduced to my health. He answered, 'I believe it has—but did you not do it likewise to save money?' I said I did, for what I save from my own meat, will feed another, that else would have none. 'But sir,' said he, 'if this be your motive you may save more. I know a man that goes to market at the beginning of every week, there he buys a penny-worth of parsnips, which he boils in a large quantity of water. The parsnips serve him for food, and the water for drink during the ensuing week, so that his meat and drink together only cost him a penny a week. This he constantly did, though he had two hundred pounds a year, to pay the debts he had contracted, before he knew God!' And this was he whom I had set down to be a covetous man."—*Southey's Life of Wesley.*

Perils of Sea fowling.—A father and two sons were out together, and, having firmly attached their rope at the summit of a precipice, descended on their usual occupation. Having collected as many birds and eggs as they could carry, they were all three ascending by the rope—the eldest of the sons first, his brother a fathom or two below him, and the father following last. They had made considerable progress, when the elder son, looking upwards, perceived the strands of the rope grinding against a sharp edge of rock, and gradually giving way. He immediately reported the alarming fact. "Will it hold together till we can gain the summit?" asked the father. "It will not hold another minute," was the reply; "our triple weight is loosening it rapidly!" "Will it hold one?" said the father. "It is as much as it can do," replied the son; "even that is but doubtful." "There is a chance, at least, of one of us being saved; draw your knife, and cut the rope below!" was the cool and intrepid order of the parent; "exert yourself, you may yet escape, and live to comfort your mother!" There was no time for discussion or further hesitation. The son looked up once more, but the edge of the rock was cutting its way, and the rope was nearly severed. The knife was drawn, the rope was divided, and his father and brother were launched into eternity!—[Stanley's familiar History of Birds.]

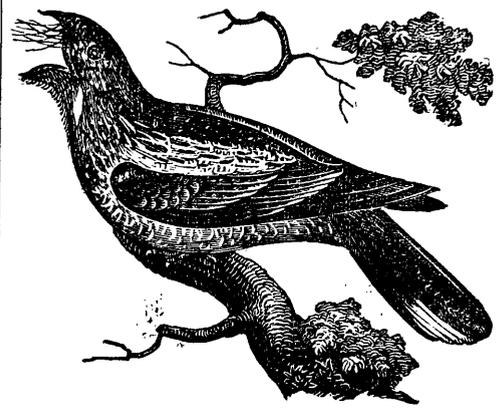
SAILING COACHES.

A curious invention of sailing coaches is likely to be revived on railroads. It is in contemplation to have carriages with expanded sails to catch the wind, and fly upon a line of road with the swiftness of a ship at sea. This can be done with a fair wind, and be the means of saving an immense quantity of fuel used by steam engines. All that is required is a skillful captain to attend the operations of making sail, trimming the yards, reefing, furling, etc. The passengers will enjoy the pleasure of sailing upon dry land, and avoid the perils of the ocean. We shall most probably see fleets and squadrons of coaches sail from all parts of the country, and our land sailors in as much repute as seamen. Sailing carriages are the invention of Simon Stevinus, of the Netherlands. An account of an experiment made in one of them will best describe the effect:—'Purposing to visit Grotius, (saith Gassendas,) Peirenkens went to Seevelling that he might satisfy himself of the carriage and swiftness of a coach a few years before invented, and made up with that artifice that with sails it would fly upon the shore as a ship upon the sea. He had formerly heard that Count Maurice, a little after his victory at Newport, had put himself thereunto, with Francis Mendoza, his prisoner, and that within two hours they arrived at Paten, distant from Scheveling 14 leagues, or 42 miles. He had, therefore, a mind to make the experiment himself, and he would often tell us with what admiration he was seized when he was carried with a quick wind, and yet perceived not the coach's motion.'—*Post.*

Patience of a Dog.—The whole of last week a terrier dog was observed near the spout of a house at Gravesend, which he never left, day nor night, for eight days, living only on the food thrown to him by casual passengers. It appears that he chased a rat, which escaped up the spout, and this occasioned him to watch at the place for so long a time, until it was resolved to saw the spout, take it down, and drive the rat out, which the dog instantly killed, and then returned home.

March of Mind.—'Grandman,' said an urchin to his father's mother the other day, living somewhere in Worcester county, 'Grandman, the Railroad is coming thro' our town.' 'Is it, Siah,' said the venerable dame—'Well, I hope it will come thro' by daylight, for I long to see one, terribly

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

This is a very singular and celebrated species, universally known over the United States, for his favorite call in spring; yet personally, he is little known. The notes of this solitary bird seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost all with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the woods, the glen, or mountain; in a few evenings perhaps, we hear them from the adjoining coppice—the garden fence—the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling house, long after the family have retired to rest. He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods, and when two or more are calling at the same time, the noise, mingling with the echoes of the mountains, is really surprising. These notes serve pretty plainly to articulate the words Whip-poor-Will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis. When near, you often hear an introductory cluck between the notes. Towards midnight they generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight. During the day, they sit in the most retired, solitary, and deep shaded parts of the woods, where they repose in silence. Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, and such insects as frequent the bark of old rotten and decaying timber.

The nest is built like that of the night hawk, on the ground; the young have very much the same appearance, though the eggs are much darker. When disturbed, the Whip-poor-Will rises and sails low and slowly, through the woods, for 30 or 40 yards, and generally settles on a low branch or on the ground. Their favorite places of resort are on high and dry situations; in low, marshy tracts of country they are seldom heard; in this they differ from the night hawk, which delights in extensive sea marshes. Their flight is also very dissimilar. The Whip-poor-Will has ranges of long and strong bristles on each side of the mouth; the night hawk is entirely destitute of them. The bill of the Whip-poor-Will is twice the length of that of the night hawk. The wings of the Whip-poor-Will are shorter by more than two inches, than those of the night hawk. The tail of the latter is forked, that of the former is rounded. The two species differ also in size and color.

Though this celebrated bird has been so frequently noticed by name, yet personally it has never been described by any writer with whom I am acquainted.—*Wilson.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

IN THAT CHARMING MOMENT.

In that charming moment,

When evening's mild beam,
Fell soft in the face,
Of the swift gliding stream;
I saw a sweet maiden,
Descend on the shore,
Where a light shallop lay,
And a silvery oar.

Alarmed lest my glance,
Her young bosom should blight,
She timidly shrank,
Like a spirit of light;
She touched the still bark,
And she seized the bright oar,
And the fairy ship flew
From the pebbly shore.

Light bounded the bark,
On the billow that bore,
Both burthen and bark
From a hazardous shore:
It seemed like some car,
Gliding swift through mid heaven,
At blushing of morn,
By a young goddess driven.

I had not gazed long,
Ere a cataract stood,
All fronting the bark,
By the verge of a wood,—
I grieved that a maiden,
Such fortunes should meet,
In region so wild,
In her wat'ry retreat.

She parted the robe,
O'er her fairy form thrown,
Disclosed two light wings,
Which a seraph might own;
She waved them full wide,
And she rose on the air,
She soared towards Heaven,
Her city was there.

A seraph I'd gazed on!
Oh guess my surprise!
A seraph had loitered,
On earth from the skies!
I saw her no more,
But I heard echo say,
The heavens are o'er you,
From earth flee away!

Said I to the spirit,
I'd linger a while,
A seraph though earthly,
Untainted with guile;
A seraph there dwells,
In this lowlier sphere;
And while she dwells in it,
My heaven is here.

BARD OF AVON.

"FORGET ME NOT."

'Tis true that I must wander far,
And mingle in the crowd
That bustles round Ambition's car,
Incessantly and loud;—
And 'midst a cold, forgetful throng,
Forgetful I may be;
Yet in remembrance, deep and strong,
Will I still cherish thee!

I knew thee in my young bright days
Of happiness and truth;
Thine image I shall ever trace
Amidst the scenes of youth;
And with each thought of those past years,
When I so oft have met thee,
I'll think of thee;—then hush thy fears—
I never can forget thee!

SIGMA.

ORIGINAL.

CONFESSIONS OF A PHRENOLOGIST.

CHAPTER FIRST.

My name is ESEK ORGAN. The precise place of my birth I never took the pains to ascertain; suffice it to say, it was somewhere *down east*. What the occupation of my father was at the date of my advent to this goodly world, and for sometime thereafter, I cannot take it upon me to state with any degree of certainty. At the period of my earliest recollections, he was partially out of business, pursuing only the callings of clock maker, cooper, and tin pedler. Soon after, however, he added to these the craft of a wooden nutmeg manufacturer, as he said he was willing to encourage American industry and the tariff.

During my boyish years, my father was much from home. It was his custom to make long journeys, which sometimes kept him abroad for months. He went several times a year far into the southern states to dispose of his "notions," and of course saw much of the world. Such being the state of things, the task of forming my growing character, and of teaching my "young ideas how to shoot," devolved almost entirely on my female parent. My mother—rest her ashes!—was one of that goodly class of Yankee dames now unhappily almost extinct, to whom their worst halves, of the gender masculine, were appendages nearly useless. She could raise her corn, cut her fuel, shoot bears and fight Indians, without looking an inch beyond her own resources.

My father's residence at home was more like the transient sojourn of a visiter than the abiding of an owner and a master. He seldom noticed me, even when he happened at home, till after my twelfth year. He was a man of few words, except when excited by the enlivening influence of a well known compound denominated *black strap*. Often have I listened with intense interest for hours, when, under the influence of such excitements he recounted to my attentive mother the shifts to which he had sometimes been driven in his intercourse with the men of the south, and the many dextrous practices by which he was accustomed to replenish his pockets at their expense. These recitals sunk deep into my mind, and their effect has been abundantly evident in my eventful life, the which the reader will soon perceive.

I was an only child; my mother was of course fond of me. It must be confessed, that I did not grow up the most lamb-like youngster possible; but in the exercise of my Ishmaelitism there was one exception; my hand was never against my mother, nor my voice either. Perhaps it might have been otherwise, had she been a different kind of woman—be that as it may, I never disobeyed her.

My mother was very religious in her way; that is to say, she had strong faith in witchcraft. The development of my genius, which she fancied she discovered, naturally made her anxious to obtain a peep into futurity, to the end that she might behold the destiny that awaited an only son, so dear and so promising. And my mother was not a woman

long to allow a favorite wish to remain unsatisfied. Accordingly she took me by the hand one fine July morning, when I was in my seventeenth year, and led me for hours through pathless, and to me unknown wilds. About four in the afternoon I began to catch through the openings of the forest, glimpses of the bare and rocky summit of a lofty mountain. Upon reaching its foot we entered a huge ravine, of the depth of several hundred feet, and pursued it for more than half a mile. Its narrowness and great depth, together with the overhanging juniper shrubbery, imparted to it very much the appearance of an immense underground passage. A dead stream of green water slept at the bottom, which was filled with strange and horrible reptiles. Indeed, it would have been in respects enough a wizard glen, without the presence of its habitant, whom it was our journey's object to see. But let me speak of the *habitant*.

The extremity of the glen became a deep, low cave, in the far end of which glimmered a small fire. Near the fire, on a slimy stone, sat an old woman, of form and aspect the most disgusting and horrible. She was bearded like a catamount, and had claws like a bear. My mother made known that she wished information touching my destiny, and offered the witch a *quantum sufficit* of Spanish dollars. The abominable hag received the money with avidity, and forthwith set about her incantation. She held a human skull between her knees, upon which she continued rubbing her hands as she muttered words to me unintelligible. At length she ceased, and drawing me to her, clipped the hair clean from my head. She then rubbed her rasp like hands over my bare poll, for the space of half an hour, all the while muttering incantations. Then she signified that she was satisfied, clasped her hands over her face, and sunk into a profound lethargy. She remained so long in this state, that I supposed her dead; and it was with no pleasant sensations that I saw her arouse herself and fix her leaden eyes on me. "Thy son," said the witch to my mother, "will become a man very famous in the world. Many shall listen to his words and do homage to his wisdom. Men will give him money for that which is not bread: and in the sweat of his brow shall he not eat." The hag ceased; and my mother led me back the way we came.

The next winter found me in the village of C—, a unit of the sum total of mischievous urchins who formed the greatest earthly torment of the amiable and worthy personage who officiated as village pedagogue. At the end of my third quarter, I returned to my mother's house, leaving behind me no contemptible reputation for school boy knavery, and bearing away some considerable insight into the powers and uses of letters, words and syllables, superadded to which was a smattering of arithmetic, and the faculty of tracing on paper, characters not very unlike quail tracks.

My mother welcomed me with great affection, and I lived happily at home for some months. I employed my leisure time in perusing a newspaper which my mother had procured for me, to gratify the taste for reading which she doubted not I had acquired at

school. I derived much information and pleasure from this paper, which was called—“THE LUMBERVILLE AMERICAN EAGLE, AND ANDREW JACKSON INTELLIGENCER.” It always contained a most amusing and instructive history of horrid murders, burglaries, arsons, breaches of promise, cockfighting, hurricanes, accidents, forgeries, horse stealing, and executions.

The next winter saw me a schoolmaster. On this part of my history I desire not to dwell. Suffice, that after enduring the multifarious horrors of that slavish business, and doing what in me lay, to train up the rising generation “in the way they should go;” after discharging all pedagogical duties faithfully, for the space of three months, (half the term of my engagement,) *horreseo referens!* I was regularly “turned out.” I shall not attempt to describe my indignation at this unworthy treatment. I shall do a much more sensible act, viz: close this chapter.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

The Spartan Mother commanded her son to return from battle either with, or upon his shield, and when told that he had fallen, exclaimed, “It was for this I cherished him.”—*Rollin's Ancient History.*

The Spartan Mother stood alone, beside the burnished armour which her noble boy was to wear for the first time on the morrow. And yet she stood erect and firm as if no thro't of the ravages of death were in her heart; or rather as if some other subject of contemplation so filled that heart, that death itself was but a secondary one. Yet he who was to wear that armour was her only child, and, save Sparta's welfare, the only tie which bound her to the earth—so young, and fair and brave, that he was twined with many a strong cord around her heart. Hers was a form which age had so slightly touched, that it had only softened and rendered more interesting, without impairing the charms of youth; as sun-set is lovelier with its richer and varying clouds, than the unshaded radiance of its noontide glory. There was yet the symmetry of form, the raven tresses, but slightly silvered, the beautiful eye so soft in its light, and yet so capable when fired by energy of soul, of piercing to the heart with the elegant contour of a Grecian head and neck, to charm the beholder.

The sinking sun threw his last rays upon the proud temples of Lacedemon, and polished its marble pillars with their tall shafts and rich entablatures, glowed with a light like that of heaven, while the luxuriant verdure of that glorious land would seem to remind one of a heavenlier clime than even that of Greece. The Spartan Mother looked abroad upon it, and her eye kindled up with an enthusiasm too deep for full expression. Oh, 'tis beautiful to watch the lighting up of such features, as one by one the heart throws away the ties which bind it, and awakes to the pure and elevated love which fills the patriotic heart.

“It is my own free, and beautiful land,”—she murmured; “Mine! the land of my fathers; and its children must never be slaves. My boy—will he shrink from death in its de-

fence?” A deep, rich voice beside her answered—“never!” The Lacedemonian youth stood beside his mother, and he had caught her spirit; for at that moment an indefinable expression of joy, and love and firmness, glowed in his face, as with his manly form erect, and an outstretched arm, he repeated, “never!”

The mother's face grew calm; but it was the calmness of deep feeling. And the lip which a moment before was wreathed in a smile, was fixed and untrembling, as she touched the glittering armour besides her, and pointed to the shield exclaimed, “It is your father's shield, my boy; let them bear you dead upon it, or return to me with it. Your life for Sparta's liberty—it was for this I cherished you; and sooner would I see you die now, than know that you had shrunk from the sacrifice.”

The Spartan youth bent low before his mother, to receive her blessing. For a moment she hesitated, as if wishing to implore of the gods the richest boon for her son, and she asked of them

“—— Courage to die for Sparta.”

It is “not all a dream.” The Spartan Mother gave her child, with a devotedness which none can help admiring, for her country's liberty. To preserve it she tore with a firm hand the ties of social life; she voluntarily embittered the deep well-spring of maternal love, and then smiled on the ruin she had made. Who in the present day would do this? How many Christian Mothers, with the high hopes of a pure and elevated religion, the rewards of the finally blest, would shrink from the trials and sacrifices which philanthropic exertion, when opposed to interest, would entail upon their children? How few would command them to go forth, and give their lives if necessary, for the good of their fellow creatures! Who that in public life seeks to pierce through the mazes of chicanery, intrigue, and deceit can see one who would glory in dying for “Sparta's weal!” Who that looks abroad upon his country, philosophically comparing causes with effects, sees the events and revolutions, moral and political, which may, and must convulse it; who feels himself capable of sacrifices like hers? Though the cords of interest and pride are fragile when compared with those of affection; who that sees how even these are now setting aside humanity, justice, and liberty, does not feel that Spartan virtue, and Spartan firmness exists only in the pages of the historian? Greece was powerful and great only while she retained the spirit of her early institutions. Then with a handful of soldiers she opposed the united power of her enemies. But when interest was again pre-eminent, and luxury had enervated her, she fell. The sternness and patriotism which elevates, is necessary to maintain and support; and the children of luxury and pride will find it difficult to acquire, when it will become necessary, the fortitude and firmness which characterized the Lacedemonian Mother and her son.

A Cold Concern.—Married in Cumberland, Md., Mr. Jacob *Isk-n-heart*, to Miss Elizabeth *Winter*.

A CHAPTER ON LYING.

“Are you returning immediately to Worcester?” said Lady Leslie, a widow residing near that city, to a young officer who was paying her a morning visit. “I am; can I do any thing for you there?” “Yes; you can do me a great kindness. My confidential servant, Raynes, is gone out for the day and night; and I do not like to trust my new footman, of whom I know nothing, to put this letter in the Post Office, as it contains a fifty pound note.” Indeed! that is a large sum to trust to the Post.” “Yes; but I am told it is the safest conveyance. It is, however, quite necessary that a person whom I can trust should put the letter in the box.”—“Certainly,” replied Captain Freeland. Then with an air that showed he considered *himself* as a person to be trusted, he deposited the letter in safety in his pocket book, and took leave: promising he would return to dinner the next day, which was Saturday.

On his road, Freeland met some of his brother officers, who were going to pass the day and night at Great Malvern; and as they earnestly pressed him to accompany them, he wholly forgot the letter entrusted to his care; and having despatched his servant to Worcester, for his *suc-de-nuit*,* and other things, he turned back with his companions, and passed the rest of the day in that sauntering but amusing idleness, that *dolce far niente*,† which may be reckoned comparatively virtuous, if it leads to the forgetfulness of little duties only, and it is not attended by the positive infringement of greater ones. But, in not putting this important letter [into the Post, as he had engaged to do, Freeland violated a real duty; and he might have put it in at Malvern, had not the reincounter with his brother-officers banished the commission given him entirely from his thoughts. Nor did he remember it till, as they rode through the village the next morning, on their way to Worcester, they met Lady Leslie walking in the road.

At sight of her, Freeland recollected with shame and confusion, that he had not fulfilled the charge committed to him; and fain would he have passed her unobserved; for, as she was a woman of high fashion, great talents, and some severity, he was afraid that his negligence, if avowed, would not only cause him to forfeit her favor, but expose him to her powerful sarcasm.

To avoid being recognized was, however, impossible; and as soon as Lady Leslie saw him, she exclaimed, “Oh! Captain Freeland, I am so glad to see you! I have been quite uneasy concerning my letter since I gave it to your care; for it was of such consequence! Did you, put it into the Post yesterday?” “Certainly,” replied Freeland, hastily, and in the hurry of the moment. “Certainly. How could you, dear Madam, doubt my obedience to your commands? “Thank you, thank you!” cried she, “How you have relieved my mind!” He had so; but he had painfully burdened his own. To be sure it was only a white lie,—the *Lie of Fear*. Still he was not used to utter a falsehood; and he felt the *meanness* and degradation of *this*. He had yet to learn that it was mischief.

* Night bag.

† Sweet doing nothing.

vous also; and none can presume to say where the consequences of the most apparently trivial lie will end. As soon as Freeland had parted with Lady Leslie, he bade his friends farewell, and, putting spur to his horse, scarcely slackened his pace till he had reached a general Post Office, and deposited the letter in safety. Now, then, thought he, I hope I shall be able to return and dine with Lady Leslie, without shrinking from her penetrating eye.

He found her, when he arrived, very pensive and absent; so much so, that she felt it necessary to apologize to her guests, informing them Mary Benson, an old servant of hers, who was very dear to her, was seriously ill, and painfully circumstanced: and that she feared she had not done her duty to her. "To tell the truth, Captain Freeland," said she, speaking in a low voice, "I blame myself for not having sent for my confidential servant, who was not very far off, and despatched him with the money, instead of trusting it to the Post." "It would have been better to have done so, certainly!" replied Freeland, blushing. "Yes; for the poor woman, to whom I sent it, is not only herself on the point of being confined, but she has a sick husband, unable to be moved; and (but owing to no fault of his) he is on the point of bankruptcy, his cruel landlord has declared that, if they do not pay the rent tomorrow, he will turn them out into the street, and seize the very bed they lie on! However, as you put the letter in the Post yesterday, they must get the fifty pound note to-day, else they could not; for there is no delivery of letters in London, on a Sunday you know." "True, very true," replied Freeland, in a tone which he vainly tried to render steady. "Therefore," continued Lady Leslie, "if you had told me, when we met, that the letter had not gone, I should have recalled Baynes, and sent him off by the mail to London, and then he would have reached Somerstown, where the Bensons live, in good time; but now, though I own it would be a comfort to me to send him, for fear of accident, I could not get him back again soon enough; therefore I must let things take their chance; and, as letters seldom miscarry, the only danger is, that the note may be taken out." She might have talked an hour without answer or interruption; for Freeland was too much shocked, too much conscience-stricken, to reply; as he found that he had not only told a falsehood, but that, if he had moral courage enough to tell the truth, the mischievous negligence, of which he had been guilty, could have been repaired; but now, as Lady Leslie said, "it was too late!"

But while Lady Leslie became talkative, and able to perform her duties to her friends, after she had thus unburdened her mind to Freeland, he grew every minute more absent, and more taciturn; and though he could not eat with appetite, he *threw down*, rather than *drank*, repeated glasses of hock and champagne, to enable him to rally his spirits; but in vain. A natural ingenuous and generous nature cannot shake off the first compunctious visiting of conscience for having committed an unworthy action, and having also

been the means of injury to another. All on a sudden, however, his countenance brightened; and as soon as the ladies left the table, he started up, left his compliments and excuses with Lady Leslie's nephew, who presided at dinner; said he had a pressing call to Worcester; and, when there, as the London mail was gone, he threw himself into a postchaise, and set off for Somerstown, which Lady Leslie had named as the residence of Mary Benson. "At least," said Freeland to himself with a lightened heart, "I shall now have the satisfaction of doing all I can to repair my fault." But, owing to the delay occasioned by want of horses, and by finding the hostlers in bed, he did not reach London and the place of his destination till the wretched family had been dislodged; while the unhappy wife was weeping not only over the disgrace of being so removed, and for her own and husband's increasing illness in consequence of it, but from the agonizing suspicion that the mistress and friend, whom she had so long loved and relied upon, had disregarded the tale of her sorrows, and had forgot to relieve her necessities! Freeland soon found a conductor to the main lodging in which the Bensons had found shelter; for they were well known; and their hard fate was generally pitied;—but it was some time before he could speak, with painful emotions at first; with pleasing emotions afterwards:—for his conscience smote him for the pain he had occasioned, and applauded him for the pleasures which he came to bestow. "I come," said he, at length, (while the sufferers in almost angry wonder, to hear his reason for thus intruding on them,) "I come to tell you, from your kind friend, Lady Leslie," "Then she has not forgotten me!" screamed out the poor woman, almost gasping for breath. "No, to be sure not; she could not forget you; she was incapable * * *" here his voice wholly failed him. "Thank heaven!" cried she, tears trickling down her pale cheek. "I can bear any thing now; for that was the bitterest part of all!" "My good woman," said Freeland, "it was owing to a mistake: pshaw! no; it was owing to *my fault* that you did not receive a £50 note by the Post yesterday." "Fifty pounds!" cried the poor man, wringing his hands, "why that would have paid more than all we owed; and I could have gone on with my business, and our lives would not have been risked, nor I disgraced!" Freeland now turned away unable to say a word more; but recovering himself, he again drew near them; and throwing his purse to the agitated speaker, there! get well! *only get well!* and whatever you want shall be yours! or I shall never lose this horrible choking again while I live!"

Freeland took a walk after this scene, and with hasty, rapid strides, the painful choking being his companion very often during the course of it, for he was haunted by the image of those whom he had disgraced,—and he could not help remembering that however blameable his negligence might be, it was nothing, either in sinfulness or mischief, to the lie told to conceal it; and that, but for that *Lie of Fear*, the effects of his negligence might have been repaired in time.

But he was resolved that he would not leave

Somerstown till he had seen these poor people in a good lodging. He therefore hired a conveyance for them, and superintended their removal that evening to apartments full of every necessary comfort. "My good friends," said he, "I cannot recall the mortification and disgrace which you have endured through my fault; but I trust that you will have gained in the end, by leaving a cruel landlord, who had no pity for your unmerited poverty.—Lady Leslie's note will, I trust, reach you to-morrow; but if not, I will make up the loss; therefore, be easy! and when I go away, may I have the comfort of knowing that your removal has done you no harm!"

He then, but not till then, had courage to write to Lady Leslie, and tell her the whole truth; concluding his letter thus:

"If your interesting *porteges* have not suffered in their health, I shall not regret what has happened; because I trust it will be a lesson to me through life, and teach me never to tell even the most apparently *trivial* white lie again. How unimportant this violation of truth appeared to me at the moment! and how sufficiently motived! as it was to avoid falling in your estimation; but it was, you see, overruled for evil;—and agony of mind, disgrace, and perhaps risk of life, were the consequence of it to innocent individuals; not to mention my own pangs, of an upbraiding conscience. But do forgive me, my dear Lady Leslie. However, I trust that this evil, so deeply repented of, will be blessed to us all; but it will be long before I forgive myself."

Lady Leslie was delighted with this candid letter, though grieved by its painful details, while she viewed with approbation the amendments which her young friend had made, and his modest disregard of his own exertions.

The note arrived in safety; and Freeland left the afflicted couple better in health, and quite happy in mind,—as his bounty and Lady Leslie's had left them nothing to desire in a pecuniary point of view.

When Lady Leslie and he met, she praised his virtue, while she blamed his fault; and they fortified each other in the wise and moral resolution, never to violate truth again, even on the slightest occasion; as a lie, when told however unimportant it may at that time appear, is like an arrow shot over a house, whose course is unseen, and may be unintentionally the cause, to some one, of agony or death.

From the Ladies' Companion. SLEIGH-BELLS.

Those merry bells! those merry bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of gleeful laugh and loud halloo!
And upset in the drifted snow.

Swift flies the wind! but not so swift
As flies the "snow boat" thro' the drift,
Shrill sings the wind! but not so clear
As the blithe sleigh-bell in the ear.

"That tuneful peal will still ring on,"
Until the latest snow be gone;
Then farewell to the merry bell,
And to the winter sports, farewell!

Wit is very pernicious, unless it be tempered
with virtue and humanity.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, FEBRUARY 20, 1836.

"RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE ROMANS."—This is the title of Bulwer's new novel, just from the press in New York, and highly spoken of. We make an extract for our first and second pages of this number. It has been well said of Bulwer that he stands at the head of this class of writers. He impresses vitality and life in whatever subject he touches, and throws a spirit of enchantment around it. In delineating the inner man, he has no living rival. The human heart is the home of his genius, and the passions that sway it, the playthings of his imagination. His soliloquies suffer little, in comparison with those of Shakspeare and Byron, while his moralizing scenes display an acuteness of perception, and penetration of thought that vie with the productions of Socrates and Plato. As a member of the British House of Commons he has some time been known as an able advocate of reform in that "church and state" government.

A NATIONAL MONUMENT.—Not so much in honor of the dead as for the benefit of the living—is to be erected at Washington city, by individual subscriptions not to exceed one dollar each, in memory of the "Father of his country." It is to be 640 feet high, so that it can be seen from the ocean [?] An agent in each state of the Union has been agreed on, to present the subject to the public and receive the names of those who wish to "drive one nail" in this structure; a structure, however, which cannot be made more lasting than the monument George Washington's virtue has erected in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. It was this memorial to which Mrs. Hemans so happily alluded in the stanzas which we published in our last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor," received. Chapter 2d in our next.

"The Disappointed Bride," received—not read.

"The Departure" was no doubt attended with pleasing and painful associations to the young writer, but his effusion is too juvenile to be of general interest.

The favors of "T. H." are highly appreciated. We care not how often they come.

"Fiale" is received—rather common place.

The "Journal of a School Master" was not received in time for this number.

"P" is natural and easy—shall have a place soon. Hope more pearls from that mine will sparkle in our Gem.

"Lines to a Friend," and "The Rain Bow," as soon as there is room.

CASH VALUE OF TEMPERANCE.—The value of temperance in its effects upon business and places, is getting to be understood. We see in an advertisement in another column of "a farm for sale," in Walton, Delaware county, that it is put down as one of the recommendations which enhance the value of the property, that no spirituous liquors are kept "by any store or tavern within ten miles" of it.—The statement is honorable to the town, and certainly increases the value of every acre of its ground. It insures exemption from burdensome poor rates, and from quarrelsome and miserable neighbors, and insures good neighborhood, good schools, and a church well supported. So, success to Walton, in Delaware county, and to the territory within ten miles of it, and to every body every where, not within ten miles of a grogshop.—*Journal of Commerce.*

The District Attorney in New York has discovered a vessel in the harbor fitting out as a slaver, and taken steps to bring her owners and crew within the penalty of the law.

It will be seen that the following is rather supplementary to what we have before said respecting the Coral Worm:

SUBMARINE STRUCTURES.

The most imperfect of animals, scarcely possessed in fact of animal organization, or locomotion, have succeeded by force of number, and constant industry, during a succession of centuries, in constructing enormous edifices, in founding mountains, islands, and continents.

Though some species of coral are found in all countries, they abound principally in tropical regions. Those of the colder seas are the smallest and least solid.

The great coral bank of New Holland is one thousand miles long, and its height, though as yet measured only in about twenty places, cannot be estimated at less than one to two thousand feet—it forms a chain of mountains which occupies a space triple that of England, and equal in height to the mountains of Scotland. Such is the production of a mishappen insect, imprisoned in a narrow cell, and which lives only for a few days.

Navigators are at present aware that the great Southern Ocean is studded with a great multitude of coral Islands and submarine rocks of the same nature, which rise rapidly towards the surface, and tend to multiply *ad infinitum*. These rocks grow, unite in circles and in chains, and finally become vast extents of country. This operation cannot be interrupted, so long as the coral polypus continues to increase and multiply; and there is no reason why this Archipelago, increasing with the progress of time should not finally be consolidated into a single continent.

This progressive operation is visible in the Red Sea; this sea becomes daily less navigable from the multiplication of these coral banks and the day must come when one plain will unite the opposite banks of Egypt and Arabia.

Let us now notice how nature completes the work commenced by the coral polypus. After the silent and unnoticed labor of myriads of atomic architects, obeying the universal and immutable law, comes the sudden and instantaneous crisis which, by the rarity of its action, seems to belong to the miraculous process in which the Deity sometimes exhibits his power. The volcano and the earthquake complete the edifice of which the coral has laid the foundation, raise the mountain and sink the valley, and, in a word, construct the great hydraulic machine which is to assemble the clouds, to fertilize the earth, to give rise to the fountains and the rivers. All this is the work of an hour.

If, then, the coral insect has not been made in vain, volcanoes and earthquakes are not solely destined to destroy; and it is thus by means the most diverse, a single object is attained.—*French Paper.*

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—American edition—Theodore Foster, publisher and proprietor, New York.

One of the greatest enterprizes recently undertaken in the field of periodical literature, (says the Oneida Whiz,) is the one which has been accomplished by Mr. Foster, in the republication of the four English Quarterlies, and more recently, of Blackwood's Monthly Magazine. The London, Edinburgh, Foreign, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews, which cost singly \$21, are republished by him at \$8 per annum. The republication is issued as soon after the receipt of the Reviews from Europe as practicable with their publication. He has now applied the same system to Blackwood. The subscription price of this Magazine is 9 dollars; he republishes it at \$5, in equal style to that of the Edinburgh edition. We need not inform our readers that Blackwood's Magazine is distinguished for its fine scholarship, vigorous political articles, and its original humorous contribu-

tions. The series of articles on *William Pitt*, in this periodical, have attracted great attention, and have been received with unusual favor by the public. IRA MERRELL is the travelling agent for the above publications from Utica to Rochester.

Yankee Girls.—I do love to meet a Yankee Girl, let it be where it will; but more especially when it is west of the Hudson; for then her pure simplicity of word and action contrast so amiably with the constrained manner of too many among us, whose heads and hearts have both been spoiled by an artificial state of society. She generally speaks what she thinks; nor is she fearful of thinking independently of her; her actions though free, never go beyond the strictest rules of propriety, and even the most fastidious who may at first imagine her imprudent, soon become assured that she is less erratic in thought than the mincing pride who chides her niece of fifteen for smiling with unconstrained open heartedness in the face of her cousin who has just returned from abroad. I feel as if I had just emerged from the confined air of a city into a pure breezy atmosphere, whenever I find myself in the society of a genuine Yankee girl, who has moved in good society and possesses a cultivated mind.

The most excellent traits which I have observed in the Yankee girl, is evenness of disposition and a fine flow of spirits. You will always find her the same, see her where you will and when you will. And you are never at a loss to understand her; she has none of the low tricks which have become fashionable among many young ladies, who are constant in their intercourse with our sex, engaged in fishing under false colors, until we are obliged to turn about, and in mere self protection become as great hypocrites as themselves.—*Baltimore Paper.*

A *Mathematical Toast.*—The following toast is said to have been drunk at an association of School Masters:

"The fair daughters of Columbia. May they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

A CONUNDRUM.

There is a city, which vies with any,
From which take half—and you take not any!
Then of that half, let one third be,
And you'll take all, I plainly see.

A solution is requested.

L. T. L.

MARRIED:

In this city, on the 29th ult., by Rev. Mr. O'Reilly. WILLIAM H. GROOT to JANE M'INTYRE.

In Scottsville, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. Milton Horlbut to Miss Sally Hammond, both of Scottsville.

In Brighton, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. L. K. Knapp, Mr. Franklin J. Worcester, of this city, late of Vermont, to Miss Harriet Boothe, of Brighton.

In York, on the 4th, by Rev. Justus Gage, Mr. Robert Brown, to Miss Almira Russ, daughter of Aaron Russ, Esq.

On the 11th ult., at Middlebury, Genesee co. by Elder I. Elliott, Mr. Benjamin N. Benedict, of the firm of Benedict & Gould, of Holley, to Miss Adelia Thomas, of the former place.

In Batavia, on the 3d inst., by Rev. E. Clark, Mr. Levi Nichols to Miss Margaret A. Schayler.

In Bethany, on the 3d inst. by Rev. S. Whiting, Mr. Dan L. Worthington, merchant, to Miss Indiana L. Pearsons, both of Bethany.

In Angelica, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hub, Mr. Samuel Carpenter, to Miss Susan A. Smith, all of that place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LAMENT.

Thou art gone, aye, thou art gone, love !
They have wrapped thee in thy shroud ;
And with thee hath life's brightness fled—

To dust my heart is bow'd :
The frost of grief is on my soul,
Its hopes are strown and dead ;
The forest trees will bear again,
Like leaves to those they shed ;
But the sear'd heart puts forth no more
The blossoming of youth.
Nor cometh there a budding spring,
To bury joy and truth.

We tasted but the cup of life,
We scarcely broke its foam ;
Our pleasures were not worldly ones,
They centered in our home ;
We look'd not out beyond its pale,
For aught to cheer us on,
But up into each other's eyes,
For themes to dwell upon ;
But, oh ! those eyes are closed now,
Oh God ! are closed for e'er,
And those clear tones I loved so well,
Again I may not hear.

The lamp of life may burn on,
Though the star of hope be quenched,
Though all the ties of early love,
From aught the soul are wrenched ;
And even as the ivy twines
Above the ruin dome,
Some sickly joy may wreath itself
Around my blighted home ;
But never, never, never more
Comes aught like that hath fled ;
For what can time but softly fold
Its halo round the dead.

I love to dwell upon the thought,
That thou shalt be with me,
And watch my ways and guide my feet
Where ever I may be ;
And though mine eye shall never look
Upon thy spirit form,
I dare not think but thou art now
Beside me as I mourn ;
And though that thought be wild and vain,
What comfort hath it not,
To thee thus holly to cling,
And still be unforgot.

Load-stone of life, my beaconing one :
The Infinite hath willed,
Thou'rt gone ! I lift me from the dust,
To homes where grief is stilled :
To that unruffled haven, where
Thy shattered bark hath rest.
Give me, Oh God ! at last to share
Those mansions of the blest ;
With her, with her—oh not in vain,
Shall my bruised heart be poured ;
feel in orisons to thee,
My MAKER and my LORD.

Dearest, thou hast but heralded
My way into that clime,
And taught me how to lay aside
The mortal garb of time ;
Thy bright example was not thrown
Upon a barren soil—
It lifts me from this scene of gloom,
This life of tears and toil ;
It promiseth of better things,
When e'er my race is run,
And gives my chastened lips to breathe,
His will on earth be done.

T. H.

"THE THREE STAGES IN THE LIFE
OF A COQUETTE."

I heard a miss just in her teens,
Thus wishing with a sigh—
Oh ! that I had a pair of wings,
Just like the birds that fly.

Then upward soaring, I would chase,
The eagle in my mirth :
And having won the glorious race,
Would hurl him down to earth.

From thence descending I would snatch
The crown from heads of kings ;
And would the speed of whirl-wind match,
Could I possess some wings.

When next I saw this flighty miss,
She was of R—— the flower,
And said with arching smile, I wish
The boys would tease no more.

For I will not, while charms can hold
So many hearts of stone,
Or till I find I'm getting old,
Content myself with one.

But then I wish that I could see,
Poor William once again,
For he's offended now with me,
And says that I am vain.

Years roiled away, her wish obtained,
And all her beaux have fled,
For, Lo ! no charms in her remain,
And she's an olden maid.

And now she makes this hermit wish,
With down-cast head and tearful eye—
Could I some lonely cot possess,
How calm I'd live, how calm I'd die !

High on its roof tall trees should tower,
Near by a mountain steep ;
A brook should murmur by my door,
To lull my soul to sleep.

And through the night on some lone rock,
The Whip-Poor-Will should sing,
And from the rill that passed my cot,
The speckled trout should spring.

The birds should light upon my wrist ;
I'd feed the timid hare ;
A deer should be my burden beast ;
My guard should be a bear.

How would I pass this weary life,
On such a lonely spot ;
Oh ! that I'd been poor William's wife,
If I can't own a cot.

MORAL.

Now, Ladies, act the wiser part :
What ere may be your lot,
Just be contented with one heart,
Or wish an humble cot.

[SELECTED.]

BACHELORS

As lone clouds in summer eves,
As a tree without its leaves,
As a shirt without its sleeves,
Such are bachelors.

As syllabubs without a head,
As jokes not laughed at when they're said,
As needles used without a thread,
Such are bachelors.

From the Knickerbocker.

GLORY.

Watchword of Ruin ! dread tocsin of Slaughter !
Why do we hail thee as something divine ?
Oceans of blood, shed as freely as water,
Nourish the laurels that conquerors twine.

On cities in ashes, which nations are weeping,
Thou sittest enthroned, by the million adored,
While thousands of vassals thy harvest are reaping,
Their garner the tomb, and their sickle their sword !

VARIETY.

A NOBLE ACT REWARDED.—Our readers have not forgotten the very interesting incident published by us two or three days since, of the rescue of an infant during the great fire in New-York, by Lieut. Wilkins, of the Navy, from the fourth story of a house which was wrapped in flames from garret to cellar, at the imminent hazard of his life. They will be pleased to learn that his bravery and humanity have been partially rewarded. Some time since, Lt. Wilkins was cashiered for "contumacious conduct to his superior officer." When the New-York papers, containing the account of his humane daring in saving the infant, reached Washington, "a member of the House of Representatives," says the correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, "while in his seat, read it; handed it to a colleague of his, by whom his eye was directed to a near relative of the officer in the gallery of the house; he marked the passage in the paper and sent it up. A profound bow was the grateful return made on the occasion. The relative of the officer dined with the President that day, and the heroic and noble deed has been rewarded by an executive restoration of Lieut. WILKINS to his rank and station in the navy !"

This act of the President will assuredly meet the approbation of all parties. It proves that although his exterior may be as rough as the bark of the "hickory" after it has braved the storms of a thousand winters, his heart beats warmly, and glows with admiration of humane and generous actions.—*Louisville Advertiser.*

The mother of the child rescued by Midshipman Wilkins, or some one in her behalf, has addressed to him the following lines :

Brave youth ! this deed of thine last night
Doth honor more thy name,
Than if victorious in the fight
Thou'dst raised thy country's fame.

To gain the wreath which now I lay
Upon thy youthful head,
Not envy's tongue can ever say
One drop of blood was shed !

When tossed upon the stormy deep,
Thou walk'st thy watch at night—
Or in thy cot below, asleep,
This babe will be in sight.

And like the "Cherub" o'er thy path
A look out keep for thee ;
And if engaged in battle's wrath,
From danger 'll keep thee free.

A mother's prayers will now each night,
For thee ascend on high ;
And she will have—oh blessed sight !—
Her infant kneeling by,

Whom she will teach to lisp a prayer,
And raise its little hands,
To beg that thou may'st be the care
Of him "who all commands."

TOO POLITE BY HALF.—A country dandy was tripping it through the streets of Boston one wet slippery day, when his heels flew from under him and he laid sprawling in the gutter. Just as he was picking himself up, a coarse good-natured fellow came along, and said to him, "Don't rise on my account, sir—I beg you would'nt ;"—and at the same time pushing him over to take another wetting.—*Norfolk Adv.*

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

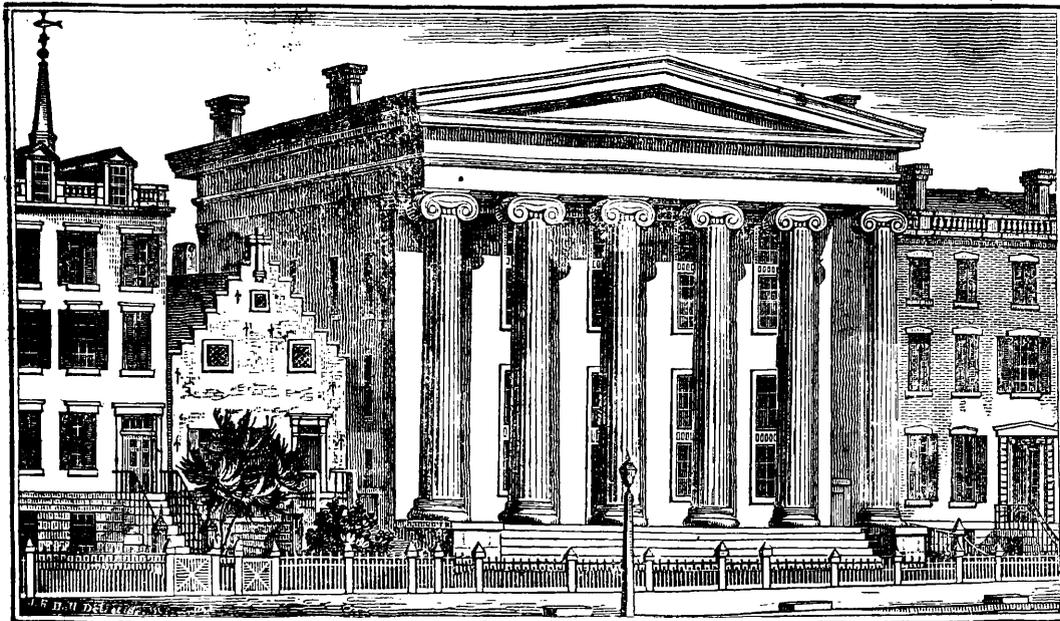
ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1836.

No. 5.



ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY.

This beautiful and classic edifice was erected for the purposes of a Female Academy, in the year 1834, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the city in which it stands.

The plan of the building is about 65 feet by 77, including the portico, and the height about 55 feet, containing in all four stories and a cellar. The four stories are divided into sixteen spacious rooms; with halls sufficient for the accommodation of the stair cases, and communications to the several apartments. The front faces to the east, and is ornamented with a beautiful *Hexastyle* portico of the Ionic order, which for sublimity of effect and taste in arrangement, is not surpassed by any in the United States. The proportions of the columns, capitals, bases and entablature, are taken from the temple on the *Ilissus*, the most beautiful example of the Ionic, among the remains of antiquity. A flight of six steps of marble supports the colonade; and this elevation, the great length of the columns, (which are 40 feet,) the bold and lofty entablature, so well adapted to this order, give a majesty and effect to the front which can only be duly appreciated by a critical examination. The angles are finished with *antæ*; and the ceiling of the *pronaos* or vestibule formed into a single panel surrounded with an appropriate entablature.

The judicious arrangement of the front windows, dividing the front into two stories instead of four, deserves notice. If the front had been perforated for four tiers of windows, its architectural beauty would have been much impaired; but by lengthening the

windows, so that one serves to light two stories, as has been done, and throwing a transom across them at the intermediate floors, ornamented with Grecian fret, the beauty of the whole has been increased.

The principal entrance into the interior is from the vestibule above mentioned. The door is quite plain, no ornament having been admitted which would not strictly accord with the general character of the front. The entrance is, nevertheless, spacious and convenient, and corresponds well with the Venetian windows above. A bold, well constructed stair-case, ascending to the fourth story, is presented immediately on entering the lower hall, and though divested of all fantastic ornament, it will be much admired on account of its strength and convenience, and the durable quality of the materials with which it is constructed.

The finish of the rooms, (the Exhibition room excepted, of which I shall presently speak,) is plain, and of Grecian detail; and while all superfluous ornament has been studiously avoided, strength, boldness and propriety have been kept steadily in view. The success has been in this case, as in every other where reference has been had to these objects, complete: the whole is in perfect harmony with itself, and adapted to the use to which these rooms are to be appropriated.

The Chapel exhibits a slight departure from that plainness of style which is a marked feature in the general finish of this edifice. But this slight variation creates not the least confusion. It seems in harmony with the rest;

and while the shade of difference is so small as scarcely to be noticed, we are presented with the most classically finished room in this city, and one probably not surpassed by any in the state. This room is 37 by 61 feet, the ceiling about 17 feet high, and the entrance by two spacious doors at the east side. It is lighted by a range of windows along the west side; and the walls of the opposite side and end have recesses corresponding in number and location with the windows, which preserve a rigid symmetry as regards the various openings. The doors, windows and recesses are finished with plain castings, having pedimental lintels crowned with carved mouldings. The plainness of the face of the castings is relieved by pateres, or rosettes, a fashionable and judicious ornament much used by the architects of antiquity. The *antæ* and entablature with which this room is ornamented, are in imitation of those of the *Erechtheum*, and cannot fail to attract particular attention. They exhibit a highly finished specimen of Grecian Ionic, and display a judicious use of ornament, without profusion; and if this specimen of the Ionic order be contrasted with that used in the front portico, it will be readily conceded, that though the latter, on account of its boldness, should have preference in external decoration, it must yield the palm to the former for internal finish.

The Academy was founded in the year 1814, and incorporated by the legislature of the state in the year 1821; and from a small though auspicious beginning, has advanced

rapidly but safely to its present highly prosperous condition and elevated rank. The present number of pupils is upwards of three hundred, who are arranged into six departments, exclusive of the classes composed of those scholars from the higher departments, who are pursuing the study of the French and Spanish languages, Natural History, Chemistry and Botany. The present number of teachers is sixteen; four male teachers, viz: the Principal, a Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences; a Professor of Modern Languages, and a Professor of Music; and twelve female teachers, of whom, two devote themselves to instruction in Penmanship and one in Drawing. The system of instruction pursued in this institution is practical, and the examinations show that the efforts of those who have the direction of it, have been eminently successful.—*American Journal of Science and Useful Knowledge.*

From the London Metropolitan.
THE BRIDGROOM'S DREAM.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I heard a voice call,
As a voice from the tomb,—
"Make ready the pall!
Weave the chaplet of gloom!
There's a lip breathing gladness,—
A cheek like the rose,
Will wax wan in sadness,
Ere to-morrow shall close."

The voice died away,
As the breath of the wind,
And the blushes of day
Chased the dream from my mind
And I heard the sweet breathing
Of love at my side,
And saw a smile wreathing
The lips of my bride.

There were many that day
To feast in the hall,
And the harper sung gay
His blithe welcome to all;
There was jesting and quaffing
From goblets of gold,
And the young maidens laughing
At tales of the old.

The day waned apace,
And the lamps gan to gleam,
When I look'd on the face
Of my bride; and my dream
Chased the spirit of lightness;
Forgone was her bloom,
And unearthly the whiteness
That reigned in its room.

And I heard the voice call,
As a voice from the tomb,—
"Make ready the pall,
Weave the chaplet of gloom!"
Forgot its sweet tone,
And I stood in my sadness
Unloved and alone.

Yet I felt in my mind,
'That the judgement was wise,
For love had untwin'd
My soul from the skies;
And affections more cherished
Than heaven's sweet grace,
Like the flowers that have perished,
But darkness embrace.

* These stanzas were suggested by an affecting event which happened in the family of Sir Charles Lee, of Billeslee, in 1662.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor;

OR, THE CONFLICTS OF LOVE.

CHAPTER II.

Soon after the incidents related in my first chapter, the lovely Jane, (for so I shall call her,) became a resident of our neighborhood, and I became as intimately acquainted with her, as the disparity of our ages would permit. She was long an inmate of my father's house, and I learned many a lesson of English lore from those charming servants of thought—her ruby lips, and found melody in many a dry and rusty example, many a stiff and harshly awkward rule, long after the music of that voice which pronounced them, the better to impress them upon my memory, had died away. (That is a singularly interesting provision in the economy of human life, which connects all our first, and most lasting impressions, with the endearing and humanizing charms of woman. I have long since deprecated the growing custom among mothers, of abandoning the infant minds of their children, to the school master. Parents, (particularly mothers,) should be sufficiently learned for the purpose, and then be the sole instructors of their children, until they become at least eight years of age! If my fair readers shall not be able to find a point in this digression, I trust they will excuse it, for its CAUSE; for, as they will perceive, though an old bachelor, I am sufficiently partial * * * * *)

Of my fair innamorato I never thought but as one of another race and another sphere, or perhaps more truly, I thought of nothing but the pleasure of seeing and observing the gracefulness of her motions, the ever varying hues of thought and feeling that gave life and animation to her every lineament, for they partook so little of the grossness of our fleshly nature, that they might in great truth be termed the mirrors of the mind. But as I said, I was a changed being—from a light-hearted cheerfulness, I became thoughtful, and at times melancholy. There was an undefined, an incomprehended yearning of soul, after the beautiful and lovely of all created things, and a thrilling, trembling rapture, at whatever of melody or harmony of sound saluted my ear, whether of the ten thousand piped organ of nature, or the sweet and lofty combinations of art. The season passed, and Jane left our neighborhood, and I seldom saw her afterwards. She returned to the little village where she was admired and loved by all. She soon had several suitors, but one she preferred, it would seem, rather for his unassuming good sense, than because she felt any of that deep and ardent regard, and soul absorbing devotion, which must form the essence of such a woman's love.

Though she plighted her vows to him, it was indeed evident, from circumstances, that she was not satisfied. Though not uncommonly proud, nor in the smallest degree haughty, she sighed for a different order of person, more of that which is commanding, and lofty in form and soul, was necessary to enkindle that all absorbing love, which she seemed formed to feel and inspire; but her

natural modesty, wrought into a sentiment by the benign influence of our holy religion, whose essence is love, and whose graces are meekness and charity, led her to submit cheerfully to the *utilities of her condition*, and to be content with the *best her sphere of life seemed to promise*. He was a year younger than herself, which might perhaps, in some measure, account for the lack of attachment; for though he possessed a good share of unassuming good sense, he was diffident, and in her presence peculiarly so; and I suppose she had enough of common earth in her composition, to make the old adage true, in regard to her, "that a woman must be woo'd to be won." He possessed, however, a rich mine of deep sensibilities and emotions, which, though hid from common observation, lay not too deep to be found by the diviner's rod, the sympathy of noble nature; and he had among the *best* some valuable and valued friends. He was studying a profession, and their matrimonial vows were deferred to the completion of his studies.

He had removed some distance from his native village, in order that he might prosecute his studies to better advantage, and the time to the consummation of his earthly hopes of happiness, seemed long in prospect, and passed slowly, except when in the presence of his beloved.

One evening while wending his way towards the, to him, *happy valley*, he arrived at the brow of the mountain on its western side. The moon had just arisen above the eastern hills, and the beautiful cascades, the dark ravines of the east and south, the tall evergreens, and that beautiful lake, the Owasco, on the north, half seen in the soft and inspiring light, and half imagined, lay before him. One moment of exquisite and unutterable rapture possessed his bosom, as his fancy pictured the cottage of Jane, and her sparkling eyes dwelling upon the same scene, and turning oft and wishfully toward the mountain. That moment he commenced a steep and somewhat difficult pass, which hid the inspiring scene from his view, and nearly shrouded him in darkness; a chill, a strange and melancholy sensation passed over him; another moment and his trusty steed began to rear and plunge, as if some demon had possessed it; and the next he fell, struggling, half senseless, beneath his horse down a precipitous descent, which lay in dangerous proximity to the road. One more movement of conscious existence was all that was granted him, and in that he breathed a sigh, and prayer for his beloved, and resigned himself to his mysterious destiny. The next morning he was found by one of the villagers, and taken to his father's house. That was a morning, indeed, of sorrow for many hearts; but there was one heart which felt a most poignant anguish. Jane had indeed been looking out for him, during half the charming stillness of that beautiful night. Often had she seen the shadow of some flying cloud pass over the road, and imagine it the noble steed, and manly form of her lover; often did she fancy that she heard the accustom'd sound of his footsteps approaching across the lawn in rear of the cottage; sometimes she fancied him sick, and longed to

kneel beside his couch, and smooth his fevered brow; and then she thought of the hill, and the precipice, and the glen. But her young and elastic heart repelled every tho't of danger, and wearied with conjecture, she at length retired to repose. Her sleep, however, was a disturbed and agonizing sleep. She met her lover in the shadowy land of dreams: his brow was ashy pale, and a death-like melancholy brooded upon his countenance. He recognized her; but she thought his look was half reproachful, though his voice had the same mild, generous tones, which she had always loved to hear. He spoke very solemnly of their plighted vows, and said something vague of their nuptials in the land of shadows. After a moments pause, his countenance became bright and cheerful, and he discarded with animation upon the times they had passed in the sunny anticipations, and sweet enjoyments of youth; but said he, and his voice became somewhat harsh, "Jane, you have never known me—I have long read it in your wavering and vacillating feelings; *the too common foible of woman, the fondness for mere outward appearances, and their appetite to be captivated by them to the neglect of the solid and substantial phases of human character, and yet,*" he continued, (and his voice became soft, and musical, as the low tones of the æolian harp, and his countenance transcendantly glowing) "while I have consumed the glorious sunshine, and watched when no eye was waking, that I might render myself equal to your high souled aspirations, I have treasured in this yearning heart, an all absorbing and passionate love. Yes, Jane, I love you as none other ever will love." And while the music of these accents were yet lingering upon her ear, he vanished away! The morning found her with her snowy arms clasped across her bosom, as if pressing closer to her heart something dear as life, and murmuring, yes, William—yes—yes—yes.

The news had arrived at the cottage, and the mother with a trembling heart entered her room, to apprise her of the event; but that murmuring, and those clasped arms, revealed too much to the watchful eye of that mother, to venture the shock, which she saw must ensue, and she gently awoke her, and left the room. The day following the villagers assembled, to perform the last sad office of humanity for the departed. Jane was there, habited as a mourner. The roses had partially faded from her cheek; her brow was pale, and her whole countenance deeply pensive, as the village pastor dwelt with a simple pathos upon the virtues of the deceased, (for he had known him from childhood, and loved him,) a pang of regret, deep and bitter regret, thrilled her heart, and the penitential tears that flowed silently down her cheek, until she saw him laid in the cold earth, she sacrificed upon his tomb, in expiation, her unconfiding, unappreciating love. And now, lest my readers should conclude the picture, by sacrificing the broken heart of the truly affectionate, as well as the transcendantly lovely Jane, upon the altar of a beautifully pathetic, though a depraved fiction, I would inform them, that after devoting a reasonable share of her sensibility to the

stricken one, she turned with a quiet submission to the remaining duties, and cares of life, and eventually—*married!* yes, reader, and married well, and became a contented, and measureably happy wife, and if ever the scene of that beautiful night, or the dark revealings of that spectre dream came upon her thoughts, they were treated with a tender and pensive recollection, and referred to the penitential tears shed upon the tomb of the stricken one.

VARIETY.

STATESMANLIKE RELAXATION.—It may not be unsatisfactory to such as admire splendid talents, like those displayed by Mr. Pitt, to have an instance given how his great mind could amuse itself by jocularly. As I was one day passing through the rooms after my accustomed avocations, I met with Mr. Pitt and Lady Charlotte Gordon conversing together in the drawing room. Lady Charlotte having some order to give me, commenced as usual. 'Mr. D'Amour'—Mr. Pitt purposely interrupted her by taking the sentence from her lips, added, 'You are desired to bring one of the Shetland ponies up stairs immediately.' I smiled, and bowed acquiescence; but stood a moment or two to give the lady time to finish what she intended to have said. What Mr. Pitt had proposed, however, in jest, she determined to surprise him with in earnest; and while they were mutually laughing, she stepped towards me, and in a low tone of voice, bade me do as he had said. I hastened down stairs, being always well pleased to fulfil a good-humored command, sought the groom, got the poney saddled, and had him led up stairs; the ascent of which he mounted very gracefully. When I opened the door and announced the arrival, (and surely it was the first announcement of the kind ever made,) Mr. Pitt's powerful voice, exercised in abundant laughter, resounded thro' a great part of the mansion. After parading the pony round; the Prime Minister, to finish the joke, tied a white handkerchief to the bit of the bridle, and led him down stairs with his own hand—not, however, till the animal had given the floor of the drawing-room an indubitable proof of his having made himself quite at home.—*D'Amour's Memoirs.*

Beautiful Incident.—At the meeting of citizens at the Methodist church in Green street, held last evening, for the purpose of taking measures to rebuild the noble structure known as "The Methodist Book Concern," very interesting and impressive addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bangs, and the Rev. Mr. Waugh. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Bangs related the following remarkable incident. Among the burning fragments of books and printed sheets which were whirled aloft on the wings of the flame, and borne onward upon those of the wind, was a page of the Bible containing the lxvth chapter of Isaiah. It was picked up on the morning of the conflagration, about twelve miles distant, on Long Island, and before the catastrophe was known which carried it thither. It was indeed a winged messenger of truth, in a double sense, for the fact is no less striking than authentic, that every word of the page was so marred as to be illegible, save the 11th verse which reads in words following:

"Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praise thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste!"—*Commercial.*

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

THE SABBATH.

It is to be regretted that so large a number of our population should unwisely neglect the observance of the SABBATH. We say *unwisely*, because—religion apart—we are convinced that a day of rest is a necessary provision for the wants of our nature, and that he who rejects the indulgence thus offered, exposes himself not only to unnecessary labor and suffering, but to danger an actual pecuniary loss. We have often heard it remarked by observant business men, *that few get rich who habitually neglect the observance of the Sabbath.* We need not ascribe this to supernatural agency. It is the plain effect of a plain cause. One day of rest in seven is necessary for man. The bow that is ever bent loses its elasticity. The mind that is ever engaged in schemes of profit and loss, in calculations of business, will become at length confused, and lose its tone of acuteness and accuracy. Its lightness and buoyance will depart, it will lose its fertility in resources, and its confidence and activity; while the frame equally operated upon, will become debilitated, and even diseased. Thus the strength which an occasional day of rest would have preserved, is forfeited; the business man is rendered unfit for his duties; and who worships no God but his gold, is punished in his darling passion for the violation of a law ordained and sanctioned by nature and by God. The lover of pleasure is equally unwise in his violation of the Sabbath. The monotony of idleness or enjoyment, soon palls upon the senses. One day of serious and exalted thought is occasionally necessary to preserve a wholesome tone and temper of intellect. And what can be more delightful than the calm and thoughtful enjoyment of a day of rest; a day when the hum is hushed, and the confusion banished; and the thousands of the city, young and old, with the smile of content, come forth to visit the temple of worship, to breathe the free air, look up into the blue heavens, and feel for one day the burden of existence removed?"

At last—Joice Heth is dead! she died on Friday last, at a tolerable good old age having on the 5th of this month reached the age of *One Hundred and Sixty-two!* and "no mistake." She had been ailing for about a week with a cold, and went off in a quiet, tranquil manner, like the glimmering of a light in the socket. She had good nursing and attendance.

Joice Heth.—It turns out as far as can be judged from physical appearances, that Joice Heth's wonderful old age was only a wonderful humbug.—Dr. D. L. Rogers held a *post mortem* examination on her body yesterday, and stated that there was no indication whatever of extreme old age about it. The body was generally in a healthy state, except the left lung, which was diseased and which in the opinion of Dr. Rogers, was the cause of her death. But even before she died, Dr. Rogers had given it as his opinion that she could not be so old as she was represented to be. He visited her about three months before her death, and on examining her pulse, found it was *seventy five*; and as to the loss of her eyes, it was evident to him that it had arisen from disease, and not old age. From the examination he held on her before and after her death, Doctor Rogers stated that she could not have been much more than eighty years old at the utmost.—*Jour. of Com.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

I KNEW HIM NOT.

I knew him not, I sought him not ;
He was my father's guest ;
I gave him not one look more kind,
Than those I gave the rest. *

He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh ! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

'Twas at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice ;
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice.

He took me out and led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah ! wherefore did he tell me that,
His praises made me vain ;
And when he went, Oh ! how I long'd
To hear that voice again.

I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm ;
Or why the path was dull, unless
I lean'd upon his arm.

Alas ! I might have guess'd the cause ;
For what could make me shun
My father's cheerful dwelling place,
To wander all alone.

Or what could make me braid my hair,
Or study to improve,
The form that he had deign'd to praise ;
What could it be but *love* ?

Oh ! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career ;
I thought each look was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.

He looks upon another now ;
And in the same sweet tone,
He breaths to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.

Oh ! why is she so beautiful ?
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt but she'll be won
By his beguiling voice.

P.

South, Chili. February 20, 1836.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF
A SCHOOL MASTER.

The world is fond of variety; and not having seen any thing very lately upon the subject on which I am now writing, I thought my remarks might be interesting at least to those of my own profession, if not entertaining to all. Of the first I only expect sympathy—and of all other classes, sport at my own expense. To be well understood, I will promise in the beginning, that I am but sixteen years old, possessed of all that adventurous and romantic spirit which generally characterises a young person of my age. Having had the advantages of a common school education, and that vanished over by one term at the high school at L—, I thought I was qualified to engage myself as an instructor in a country school. My motives in thus disposing of myself in this critical employment, were two very important ones—first and least, was to replenish a purse to which I had long been a debtor—and next to pry into that

mighty secret of governing, and guiding the youthful mind in the direct path of improvement, which is always ascribed to the art of school keeping. After going through with the accustomed bustle of picking up clothes, books, &c., and shaking hands with friends, whom I left regrettingly behind, I found myself snugly seated in the stage, fast leaving the City of the Wild, in the distance. It was one of the last days in November, that I set out for the place of my destination, and as we wound along the banks of the Genesee, the carriage wheels rumbling over the frozen ground, the driver whistling to his team, to while away the time; being the only passenger, I was left alone to every pleasing sensation, which my imagination might create. At last the coach stopped before the door of a goodly looking inn, situated at one corner of a small but neat country village. Having inquired for my B—, the Trustee of a vacant district, a few miles distant, and informed, I set out with fainter feelings than when I started for his house. In a short time I was upon the threshold of his door, and after a few raps, was welcomed in, as some faint and weather-beaten traveler. But my business being known, we soon struck a bargain, and I was treated with all the formalities due to the pedagogue of their approaching school. But as the particulars of my adventures would be too tedious to give them in full, I have noted them down in the form of a Journal, speaking of the most interesting events as they happened.

DEC. 4.—Started for the first time for school. The house stands upon the side of a hill, commanding a view in front of the broad Genesee Flats; and to the north a small village is visible; with its painted houses; but to the south and west, the hills gradually rising prevent any prospect whatever of the country beyond. Stepped into the door, and caught a hasty view of the mansion and its inmates, over whom I was to hold dominion for the next three months—started back somewhat affrighted and chagrined too, at the first interview; then made a bold push, obtained my chair, and sat down. The house was about twenty feet square, and on three sides there was long benches; but the fourth was nearly taken up by a fire place, whose huge dimensions, in times of old, were fitted with the flaming hickory; but falling in with the march of fashion, they had obtained a stove, and stopped up this recess with boards. The first of these benches was filled with a row of long lathy boys, and some too, of monstrous size; some had lantern jaws with freckled faces, and red hair; others had round or flat faces, with hooked noses and triform chins; part were crooked with round shoulders and part straight. The second was filled with a lot of girls—some with black eyes, some with blue, and others with grey. The same variety of features and forms appeared among the females as among the males. On the third bench there was a set of small scholars, some having books, and others not. But after all this discrepancy of looks and features, I was happy to observe that a smile sat upon every countenance, however ghastly it looked. The gaze of the whole school was upon me, during

this short interval of suspense. I indured it for a moment without moving a muscle, and then began the business of the day. After various organizations, and re-organizations, I finally classed them, and by night came to the conclusion that I had found a school, where the scholars were ignorant and uncouth, yet frank, and what the world calls clever, and that I should obtain in teaching them, that real arcumum, for which I was seeking. The day vanished before me, night came, and I repaired to my hospitable boarding house. At nine I retired to bed, and dreamt of amazonians, giant scholars, and the like.

JAN. 8.—The day passed off as usual; that is, in teaching the young ideas how to shoot straight; first by wielding the pen, then the pencil, and next the *ferrula*! and so on alternately. At night a chubby faced boy, his eyes almost concealed by long snarly flaxen hair, came to me, and said that "Seen as how our folks have killed the hogs, marm said she could board the master now." I'll come to-night, said I; and having taken three or four bundles under my arms, beggar-like, I started off for my new boarding place. In a short time my hand was upon the latch—I entered; half a score of children, of all dimensions, started for their hiding places, overturning every thing that happened to come in their way; but shortly, returning one by one, they formed a circle around, and stared me full in the face. After the usual forms of civility were passed, my new landlady said that, "They had'n't got much to eat, but guessed they could get along;" and at the same time giving a significant wink, as much as to say they were as well off as their neighbors. A description of her external appearance may not be out of place here. She was after this manner: She was perhaps a head taller than most tall women, rather spare and stooped a little; her hair inclined to red; with small grey eyes, sunk deep in her head; sloping forehead, and projecting cheek bones—and on the whole, just such a phiz as I never met with before. Her voice was shrill as the eagle's, and she lacked not for words to supply it. Long links of sausages with potatoes, slap-jacks, and all other luxuries which belong to a farmers' table, were served up for supper. I early retired to bed, and fell asleep thinking upon the changes and vicissitudes of a school master's life.

JAN. 9.—I was awoke this morning, between the hours of four and five, by the strangest combination of sounds I ever heard. It seemed as if chairs, shovel, tongs, and no one could guess how many children, were all collision; but the sonorous tones of my new hostess were plainly audible, and seemed to drown at times the whole combined voices of the rest. I made one spring and having dressed me repaired to the scene of action. The mother was engaged in preparing breakfast. She stood before a blazing fire, with a long pudding stick in her hand, occasionally turning a spare rib, which hung suspended from a nail in the wall by a tow string. Her face was covered with sweat and as red as the glowing coals before her; and as she elevated the weapon in her hand to enforce authority among the pigmy crew, who were en-

gaged in every species of mischief around her, I burst into a fit of laughter at the scene before me. But turning it off, I thought to myself this is rare sport. I went to school at nine, and never shall forget how hard a task it was, to keep awake through the day.

FEB. 7.—Went to church; heard the minister make this important disclosure—that females were naturally more irritable and fractious than the other sex; owing as he thought probable, to their being more engaged in the domestic concerns of a family. Looked around and saw a very pretty lady with blue eyes, her face half concealed by a checkered bonnet, smile, and then blush, either at the narrow simplicity of the assertion, or from a conviction of its truth. If true, thought I, it would have been policy for him to have concealed it; for certainly he would not be believed by one part of his audience; and if false, on the other hand, it made an exposure of ignorance upon the subject. After meeting, went home; ate supper; read the Mirror; thought of the morrow; and lastly, sought my pillow and shortly yielded the dominion of the mind to Morpheus. He, seated on fancy's chariot wheels, drives through the fiery fields of imagination, as on the wings of the whirlwind; deals with phantoms, ghosts and sprites; nor heeds not, nor stops not until reason, watching the reins, maintains her sway, and we are ourselves again.

FEB. 8.—I had but just dismissed school, when hearing a shout at the door, I repaired thither to learn the cause. A quilting up to Peter Van Puy's, burst from half a dozen; a quilting at Peter Van Puy's! In a short time I had several invitations, and having answered in the affirmative, each one took their respective ways, intent upon preparing for the coming party. I was the last one on the ground. The quilt had long before been despatched by the nimble hands engaged upon it: and now, part of the company, both boys and girls, were merry upon the floor, employed in some lively play. A bright fire blazed in the chimney, and its light reflecting back, revealed to me quite a number of buxsome lasses of the neighborhood that I had not before seen. They were sitting around upon benches, humorously watching the play. I made my way along through the crowd, and found a seat on one corner of the bed, but had not long been there, when from a slight wink of the eye, from a large corpulent girl, whose neat weight was at least two hundred, and a slight nod of the head, with a look as much as to say, "catch me if you can," I started off at a quick pace. We went round the ring several times rather swiftly, when, thinking that "the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," I suddenly turned upon my antagonist, and almost at the same instant we came, in full contact. The concussion was too great, and as in such cases, the smaller body yields to the force of the larger, to speak philosophically, I went off with great velocity in the angle of reflection, and meeting with the resistance of several chairs, I was precipitated headlong over them, and finally was stopped by my head's coming in collision with the further ceiling. I however got up amidst the shouts of the company, receiving no other

injury than a black eye; and it being my turn, I gave one the wink. In this I was also unfortunate, for after two or three rounds, she caught hold of the skirt of my coat, and in endeavoring to hold me, pulled it entirely off. The shout was then redoubled at the no small expense, too, of the school master. But of this I can say no more. I have been tedious already; suffice it to say, that when I came home, the stars looked pale, and had begun to disappear in the heavens. The next day I was a frightful looking object, and cannot to this moment laugh with any degree of pleasure, on account of the sore lips which I caught that night.

RUPERT.

Up the Genesee, February 14.

THOUGHTS . . . No. I.

Knowledge is not found unsought.

POLLOK.

The acquisition of knowledge, in whatever degree, is not to be effected independently of our exertion. Dominions may be seized by right of conquest, and possessions may be secured by means of money; kingdoms may be occupied, and titles possessed by means of ancestry: but power, revenue, and the law of inheritance, never can confer those mental qualifications, which are necessary to occupy a rank of any elevation in science. In no way can knowledge be gained, but by unwearied and persevering study.

In the records of literature, there is not an instance to be met, in which mental superiority has been attained in any other manner. A celebrated mathematician, being asked by an ancient King, if he could not explain his geometry to him in a shorter and more commendous way, answered,—that there was no *royal way to geometry*. Geometry is not the only branch to which this remark is applicable. To no attainment, involving intellectual exertion, is there, not only, no *royal way*, but not even a *plebeian road*, which may be traveled with easy convenience and efficacy.

And yet, from the general, or at least, too common practice of those, who would fain be considered aspirants to a high standing in the ranks of learning, one would be inclined to consider the "hill of science" possessing rather the conveniences of a modern *rail-way*, than the "*steep and rugged road*" assigned to it.

Still, it is due to those worthies to say, that their fault is not one of ignorance: for they appear perfectly convinced of the *ruggedness* of the way, and in the clearest manner exhibit their determination not to *walk in it*, but rather, seek to discover new paths, less intricate and laborious, and leading to the same end. With due deference to their powers of invention and discovery, would we advise such seekers for knowledge, that their efforts will prove utterly *futile*, and at least, when the time now allowed for improvement shall have been spent in vain endeavors to discover paths yet unseen, they will have bitterly to regret, that they had not diligently followed the "*beaten track*," which so oft has been proved, and thereby attain the end they labored so ineffectually to reach.

P. Y. X.

SINCERITY.—What honesty is in deeds, sincerity is in words—the best policy.

SIBBOT MISCELLANY.

A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

Mrs. JANE CAMPBELL, widow of the late Col. Samuel Campbell, died at Cherry-Valley, on the 17th of February ult., in the 93d year of her age.

If those whose lives have been eventful, whose characters have been marked with distinguished traits, and whose examples have been benign, deserve at their departure from life, something more than a brief notice; this aged lady merits an enduring biographical monument.

Mrs. Campbell was a native of Antrim County, Ireland; but her parents emigrated to Newcastle in the now state of Delaware, when she was quite young. Her residence in Newcastle continued till she attained her 21st or 22d year, when her parents penetrated the wilderness to Cherry Valley, then the extreme frontier settlement, where she in about a year intermarried with the late Col. Samuel Campbell.

At the commencement of the war of the revolution, her husband and herself were very active and zealous in the cause of the country, and a garrison was erected and kept on their own farm, which continued for some time, the only one in the settlement. A Fort was however subsequently erected in another spot, and a considerable military force stationed in it.

In the month of November, 1778, the sanguinary British partisan leader, Butler, with the educated Mohawk Chief Brandt, with a force of refugees and Indians, as is well known made an excursion into Cherry Valley, and Mrs. Campbell, with four others, were taken prisoners.

She was marched on foot in that inclement season of the year, to what is now known as Tioga Point in the state of Pennsylvania; & from thence by the head of Seneca Lake to the Indian Castle, about two miles from where the village of Geneva now stands. Here she spent the winter in an Indian village and was treated with comparative kindness by her captors. She suffered severely, however, for the want of clothing; and towards spring the British officers in the Garrison of Fort Niagara, hearing that there was a lady who was a prisoner at the castle near the outlet of the Seneca Lake, sent a messenger on horse back with female clothing and provisions for her relief. In the spring she was taken to Fort Niagara and ransomed from the Indians. She was subsequently taken to Montreal, or near there, where she remained till her captivity had been prolonged 2 years.

The then Governor of this state, the venerated George Clinton, knowing of her captivity, made, in conjunction with Gen. Schuyler, special efforts for the liberation of Mrs. Campbell and her children. They prevailed on the British authorities to exchange them for a Mrs. Butler and her children, who had fallen into the hands of the Americans.

Mrs. C. was brought with her children (after the latter had been recovered from the Indians) to Lake Champlain, and sent in a cartel to near the south end of the Lake where she was received by the American authorities and sent to Albany.

In her return from Montreal she was accompanied by several young ladies from Albany, who were at school at Montreal at the commencement of the war who had not been able sooner to find a safe opportunity to return. During the voyage of the cartel-boat on the Lake, its character was mistaken and they were fired at, which caused its conductors to land the ladies and send them on horseback several miles into the interior of what is now the state of Vermont. The alarm was afterwards discovered to be a false one by those who fired at the boat, and the cartel with the female prisoners was allowed to proceed.

On the arrival of Mrs. C. at Albany, she was treated with great kindness, and she shared largely

in the sympathies of many of the principal families there. She always spoke particularly of the kindness of the family of a Mr. Stevenson.

She returned to Cherry Valley, soon after the close of the war, and had the satisfaction to entertain as guests under her own roof, Washington, G. Clinton, Col. Humphreys and other distinguished men.

Mrs. C. was the mother of six children, all of whom are yet alive. She has also had thirty-five grand-children, all of whom except one survive her; and her life has been spared to see among her descendants some of the most respectable citizens of our state.—*Cherry Valley Gaz.*

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

A few days since I stopped at a public house, in Colrairie, and while my horse was eating, I sat down in the bar-room, and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account.—*Greenville Mercury.*

During the revolutionary war, there was a point of land on the Jersey side of the Hudson, and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of a bloody conflict. There was about three hundred acres next to the river, from which the wood and timber had been cleared off: back of this was a heavy forest. On this point of land a large number of fat cattle, destined to supply the American Army, were placed. Four or five miles distant in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry, under the command of Lafayette. I was one of that detachment. Our business was to see that the cattle was not taken from the point by the enemy. One morning intelligence was brought into camp, that several vessels had approached the point, and that a large body of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was ordered to march immediately for the point. Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was our Colonel. He was well stocked with the Putnam mettle. He was a brave officer. I could not discern that he was not just as cool and self possessed when going into battle, as when sitting in his tent. We made a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the Adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were, and what was their number. The Adjutant soon returned, and reported that they were forming upon the shore in three columns, containing about one thousand each. "Then," said the Colonel, "ride back to the camp as quickly as possible, and tell Lafayette to come on." When the Adj. had gone, Col. Putnam rode up to my Captain, who was Daniel Shays, of insurrection memory, and said he, "Well Capt. Shays, shall we be playing with them until the General comes up?" "That must be as you please," said Capt. Shays. Orders were soon given to advance to the open land on the point. We now stood face to face with our foes. Firing very soon commenced. Cannon from the shipping in the river poured forth their volleys, and small arms did fatal execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of the regiment, as calm as a man at home, though the balls were whistling past him in every direction. We worked very fast, and for one regiment, made a great noise.

The corporal at my right hand received a ball through the body, and fell dying. I was

young, and a dying man at my feet, bleeding and gasping, might perhaps cause my color to fade a little. Capt. Shays stepped forward—"George," says he, "never mind it: I will take his place"—and he was as good as his word—he took the corporal's gun and used it; Shays was the best Captain I ever served under. He was bold and kind. I will give him his due, though he has done unworthily since. We stood shoulder to shoulder in the day of peril. I was loading my gun the twenty-second time, when General Lafayette with the main body of the light infantry issued from the wood. Never shall I forget the feeling of that moment. Wellington was hardly more pleased to see Blucher in the field of Waterloo, than we were to see our brother in arms. The main body formed at once upon our left. Lafayette rode forward; an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eye so entirely as at that moment, though a stripping in appearance, in action he was a man, and had Cornwallis seen him as we then saw him, he would not call him "the boy." As he approached, "Col. Putnam," he said, "how dared you fire before I arrived?" "Oh," said the Colonel, "I thought I would be playing with them a little." Lafayette at that moment seemed full of energy and fire.—Turning towards the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accent, he said, "We fire no more—the whole line charge bayonet—rush onward, and drive them where the devil drove the hogs!" The effect of his presence and his words were astonishing—every heart beat quick and full. We *did* rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British force charged to meet us: but they could not stand against us, and fled to the shore. We followed them and drove them into the water. Of the three thousand, about fifteen hundred got aboard the vessels; the rest were slain, and most of them at the point of the bayonet. I have described to you the most painfully interesting and horrid scene I had ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men: I fought because I thought it to be my duty.

THE POOR BOY.

We delight to trace the progress of genius, talent and industry, in humble life. We dwell with pleasing emotion on the character and conduct of individuals who, from a "low estate" of obscurity and poverty, have raised themselves by their own native energy, to affluence and stations of respectability and renown. Our country is full of examples of this description. They fall under our observation every day. Gideon Lee was once a poor boy, and in the occupation of a tanner. He is now in affluent circumstances—recently Mayor of New-York, and at present a member of Congress. Charles Wells, late Mayor of Boston, was a journeyman mason. Samuel T. Armstrong, the acting Governor of Massachusetts, and at the head of several philanthropic institutions, was once a journeyman printer. There are those living who recollect George Tibbets, a day laborer, and know him now as a gentleman of wealth, influence, and enterprise—the Mayor of the city of Troy. Stephen Warren, the well known and esteemed President of the Troy Bank, rich in this world's goods, and rich,

too, in public spirit and deeds of benevolence, came from an obscure town in Connecticut, pennyless—a shoemaker. Perseverance, energy, and industry, and moral worth, produced this pleasing consummation of human wishes. With one more example, we close our sketch.

Thirteen years since, a poor boy "hired himself" to the captain of one of the steamboats on Lake Champlain, in some humble occupation. Few know the temptations to which young men are liable in the mixed, irregular company of a steamboat—surrounded by evil companions, and under equally bad influences. But the poor boy had a talisman to keep him from falling. He recollected that there was one human being who relied on and cared for him. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." He faithfully discharged his humble duties. His conduct was marked by those who "passed that way," and by his employers. Aspiring for what he merited, he gradually reached the top of his profession. He commanded one of the first steamboats on the Lake. His uniform politeness and attention to those who were necessarily thrown in his way, commanded for him universal respect and esteem. His reputation reached the ears of the greatest steamboat association in the world; and many who knew him when a boy on the Lake, now see him at the head of the most splendid boat that foams and dashes through the waters of the noble north, and from a salary of \$5 per month, his pay increased to \$1500 per annum.

Thirteen years have not altered the good principles of his youth. He still retains that simplicity and purity of character which must ever be regarded as the true nobility of human nature.—*N. Y. Messenger.*

From the British Lady's Magazine.

SIGNIFICATION

Of some of the most usual Christian names.

Anna, (derived from the Hebrew,)	Gracious.
Adelaide, German	A Princess.
Arnold, German	A Maintainer of Honor.
Blanche, French	Fair.
Charles, German	Noble Spirited.
Catharine, Greek	Pure and Cold.
Clara, Latin	Clear and Bright.
Caroline, Latin	Noble Minded.
Emma, German	A Nurse.
Eliza, Hebrew	A Vow.
Edward, Saxon	Happy Keeper.
Edwin, Saxon	Happy Conqueror.
Edmund, Saxon	Happy Peace.
Frederick, German	Rich and Peaceful.
Francis, German	Free.
Felix, Latin	Happy.
George, Greek	A Farmer.
Gertrude, German	All Truth.
Henry, German	A Rich Lord.
Isabella, Spanish	Of a Bright Brown Color.
Margaret, German	A Pearl.
Mary, Hebrew	A Drop of Salt Water.
Martha, Hebrew	Bitterness.
Rebecca, Hebrew	Fat.
Robert, German	Famous in Council.
Sophia, Greek	Wisdom.
Susan, Hebrew	A Lily.
Thomas, Hebrew	A Twin.
Virginia, Latin	A Maiden.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 5, 1896.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

¶ We had the pleasure of attending the second rehearsal of the Academy of Sacred Music, on the 3d inst., and without attempting to go into the particulars, will only bear testimony to the general excellence of the performances. Room, undoubtedly, remains for further improvement, but taking all the circumstances into the account, it was a flattering earnest of what will be accomplished by them under their gifted leader.

THE WEATHER—is only in character with itself. The peculiarities of the season have constantly been the subject of remark by the press, and in every circle. The eccentricities, so to speak, which have characterized it, have been ascribed to various causes, but more often we believe to the poor Comet than any other. Without venturing any opinion as to the correctness of this conclusion, we can say, and now put it on record for future reference, that since the first fall of snow in November last, we have had snow upon snow and drift upon drift, excepting a little bare ground about New-Years, and the best of sleighing most of the time. The pinching cold has occasionally been tempered with a southern breeze, but before a yankee could predict a thaw by guessing, the wind has veered round into the west or north-west, and dissipated all hopes of saving our ears by any other means than keeping in doors or muffling up in fur.

The Dunkirk paper says there is plenty of ice in Lake Erie, and the eastern and southern papers tell of bays and harbors being bridged with ice which have remained open for the last forty winters. For instance:—The Vineyard Sound is frozen over snug, as the Star lately stated to be the case with Long Island Sound "opposite Newport." An individual crossed over from the continent to Nanshon Island on the ice a few days since—an exploit, says a New Bedford paper, that has not been performed before for half a century.

A Baltimore paper gives an instance showing that the reign of Jack Frost has not been less rigorous there:—"Five men walked from this city, across the bay, to Dr. Wilson's, in Kent county, on Monday week. They arrived there about 7 o'clock P. M., and went next morning across on the ice to Love Point, where they had, as they said, a vessel ashore in the ice. It is said to be the first instance of the kind since the year 1783."

Cayuga Lake during the recent cold weather was frozen across at Kidder's Ferry, a circumstance before unknown to the earliest settlers. The Lower Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence were also frozen across to the nearest island.

March has "set in like a lion," as the old say is; but old customs are no criterion for this year, and we shall not therefore venture to predict that "it will go out like a lamb," though present appearances encourage such hopes.

¶ Benjamin West's splendid picture of Death on the Pale Horse, has been purchased by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It has been received at New York in the ship Hannibal.

A Mr. Van Ness, of Skaneateles, was suffocated to death on the 16th ult. by coals left in his bedroom for the purpose of warming it. If people were not proof against warning, says the Auburn Journal, we should suppose they would no longer expose their lives in a way which is proved to be so frequently fatal.

It is said there are 200 sail of American whalers on the Pacific ocean, harpooning the monsters of the deep.

MUSIC.—BY N. ALLEN.

Our amusements, and the manner in which we occupy our leisure hours, have much to do with the formation of our characters. Those who seek pleasure in the rude circle of boisterous mirth and midnight revelry, will soon behold the dark current of their lives strewed with the wreck of blighted hopes and ruined schemes. Their storm of mirth knows no rainbow—their midnight revelry no star. Their pleasures are brilliant in advance—gloomy when passed by. Sunbeams seem to hover around, and for a time brighten and light up their pathway of life, but ere they are aware, midnight sits on her dismal throne and hides all those gems which hope told them were secure. But there are enjoyments which differ essentially in their character and effect, some of which may be realised from a well directed, and proper performance of sacred music. Music, when properly performed, and duly appreciated, elevates the mind—soothes the most malignant passions—urges the noblest thoughts—calms the most ruffled spirits—animates our hopes—refines and uplifts our souls—and inspires those exalted sensations, which can by a susceptible mind be realized, but never described. Hence the importance of infusing early into the youthful mind a taste for intellectual pleasures, before the mind becomes contaminated, and contracts a taste for those precarious and vain amusements, the pursuit of which, leads to poverty and wretchedness—from thence to infamy and crime, and from thence to irretrievable ruin.—But music is not to be regarded merely as an amusement, nor are its advantages confined to the young. It ought to be regarded as a very sacred and important part of public worship. Let the speaker be warm and eloquent, and his performance of the first order, if psalmody be unsuitable or badly performed, the exercises are incomplete, and fatigue and listlessness take the place which otherwise would be occupied by attention. Suitable music performed with the spirit and understanding, afford powerful assistance to instructions from the pulpit, and create feelings of devotion the most pleasant and profitable. To encourage it, therefore, is the imperious duty of all.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.—At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, Capt. Maconochie read a narrative of a journey across the Andes, and down the river Amazon, by Lieut. General Smythe, in which he gave a minute description of the face of the country, and the manners, customs, and habits of the aborigines of the country. He stated that there were upwards of twenty navigable rivers flowing into the Amazons, some of which are nearly two miles wide at their mouth, one tributary stream connecting it with the River Laplata. He crossed one immense plain called La Pampa del Sacramento, which he found intersected by many beautiful and navigable streams, and the banks of which were generally covered with forests of immense trees. The climate approached more nearly to that of the Island of Maderia than to any other he could name. The country abounded in animal and vegetable produce of the most luxuriant description. There were ten different tribes of natives, materially varying in character from those described by previous writers, one of which was so ferocious as to prevent him coming in contact with them, and these he also found to be cannibals. He procured from a missionary priest, whom he found to be a man of great intelligence, named Senor Andre Fernandez Sca, a detailed account of the country, a translation of which was announced to be read at the next meeting.

Too Severe.—A Miss M'Coy, of Ohio, has recovered, in a suit against some faithless lover, the enormous sum of \$15,000.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

Gone, gone are all the vernal showers
That wet the morn of Spring,
And dead those sweetly blooming flowers
That smiled upon her wing.

And gone is Summer's fresh'ning breeze
That blew so cool at night,
With all the green that clothed the trees
And gave them such delight.

And Autumn's chilling blasts are gone
That crushed the Summer's bloom,
And Wintry snows now fall upon
The withered floweret's tomb.

So gone are all the sunny hours
That graced the morn of youth,
And love now shines with faded flowers
To tell the mournful truth;

And like the blooming flow'r that fell
By Autumn's chilling blast,
Death's wintry storm will sound the knell
O'er withered life at last. MOREY

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This receipt never fails.

When you feel yourself unfit for society, avoid it entirely: take a walk or canter on horseback; exercise and communion with nature are the best and easiest cures for an uneasy mind, bilious irritability and nervousness.—Bangor Adv.

¶ Sixty-seven new buildings, in the New York burnt district, are in a state of forwardness, and will be completed the present month.

SOLUTION OF THE CONUNDRUM IN No. 4.

To A and l you add a b,
Which makes one half of Albany.

MARRIED:

On the 3d inst., by Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. CHARLES EMERSON, to Miss MELITA KILLAM, all of this city.

In this city, on the 21st inst. by Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. ALMERON BOWDISH to Miss SALLY HOOKER.

By the same on 24th inst. Mr. JAMES J. CULVER to Miss CATHARINE HAGERMAN, all of this city.

In Wheatland, on Thursday last, by Jared Blackmer, Esq. Daniel M'Carthy to Sarah Elizabeth Streeter, all of that town.

At Java, Genesee co. on the 22d ult., by Rev. S. Stevens, Mr. Joseph Currier to Miss Celestia Foster, both of that place.

At China, on the 23d ult., by Rev. S. Stevens, Mr. Roswel Clarke, of Java, to Miss Mary Walton, of the former place.

In Scottsburg, on the 21st inst., by William Scott, Esq., Mr. Jesse Mapes, to Miss Mary Platt all of Springwater.

In Leicester, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Alexander Blaikie, Mr. Robert Dow, of York, to Miss Sarah Wooster, of the former place.

In Lyons, on the 19th, by Rev. L. Hubbell, Mr. WILLIAM F. ASHLEY, one of the publishers of the Western Argus, to Miss ELIZA JANE DENTON.—Also, on the same, and by the same, Mr. HARVEY WARREN to Miss CAROLINE M. PIERCE, all of that village.

In the city of New York, on Monday evening, 22d inst., by Rev. Wm. D. Strobble, Mr. ANDERSON BOGART to Miss JULIA AUGUSTA CORNELL, all of New York.

In NewLobanon on Tuesday morning, 1st inst. by the Rev. Silas Churchill, Mathew A. Patterson Esq., to Miss Harriet Barker, all of that place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JUVENILE IMPRESSIONS,
OR THE PICTURE EXAMINED.

My child, bring me that little book
Your teacher gave you; and let us look
This evening at that picture fair;
Come, bring your little rocking chair;
I know you like to hear me tell
About that which you love so well.
This is a landscape, by the side
Of a long river, deep and wide;
See how the waters lash the shore;
I think I almost hear them roar.
You see those lofty spreading trees—
They seem to wave as in a breeze;
And those low hills—that mountain high,
That seems to pierce into the sky;
Down from its side a brook does run,
All sparkling in the blazing sun.
I think, my child, you have not seen,
A lovelier meadow than that green
That's water'd by those pretty rills;
And down between those sloping hills,
See what a lovely flowery dell—
There's where the happy shepherds dwell;
Their flocks upon the hills have stray'd—
Behold them feeding in the shade;
And on that lake appears a sail
As white as snow; the gentle gale
The canvass swells; and o'er the tide,
Swift as a bird it seems to glide.

Mother, I wish we did live there—
Hear all is drear; I cannot bear
To live where birds refuse to sing;
This picture, mother, looks like spring.
If we should to that country go,
We should no more have rain and snow;
And I might fly my pretty kite,
High as those clouds, so soft and white;
And then I all day long might float
Upon the brooks my little boat;
And there it would not blow and rain,
To keep me home from school again.

My child, that country I have seen;
I've walked through all those valleys green;
I've listened to those murmuring rills—
I've rambled o'er those pleasant hills;
I've set beneath that forest shade;
I by that river broad have stray'd;
I've lived in that flowery dell,
And much about that land can tell;
Those skies are often clouded o'er,
And loud is heard the thunder's roar;
Those sunny hills and flowery plains,
Are often drench'd by chilling rains;
The trees are stript of foliage bare,
And not a flower can flourish there;
The beasts are driven from the hill,
And ice and snow the valley fill;
That lake which now like glass does seem,
Will like the mighty rolling stream
Be rous'd by storms; the waves will roar,
And dash the vessel on the shore.

But, mother, is the picture true?
I do no signs of winter view—
No blasted flower—no leafless tree—
No delug'd plain—no raging sea.

The picture still is true, my child;
Once here, as there, all nature smil'd;
And will again: soon will the spring,
And summer come; the birds will sing—
The forest bloom—the lambs will play,
And cattle o'er the meadow stray.

I would not, then, dear mother, go
Away from home, if soon the snow
Will melt away; and if the sun
Will make the little rivers run;

I shall be glad when winter's o'er—
I hope 'twill go to come no more.

My child, your joy will soon be past—
When summer's gone, the wintry blast
Again o'er hill and dale you'll hear;
And there as now will all be drear.

Well, mother, is it always so?
Can we not to some country go
Where we shall never feel the cold?
My teacher, mother, oft has told
About a land where ice and snow
Are never seen; where ever flow
The living streams. Do, mother, tell
If that's the place where dwells that friend,
Who said he'd love us to the end;
For when my precious father died,
And we around him stood and cried,
He pointed upward to the sky,
And said there was a friend on high,
Who would take care of you and me—
Ah, mother, now you weep, I see,
What have I said to make you cry?

My child, there is beyond the sky,
A country dearer far than this;
There, sorrows ne'er alloy the bliss
Of those that reach that happy shore,
For pain and death are felt no more.

This picture, mother, looks so fair—
My child, the scene is brighter there—
'Tis ever bright, from year to year.
Well, can we go, my mother dear,
Into that place? I'd like to see
That friend that loves both you and me;
My father, too, is there you say—
Come, let us go without delay.

TELEMACHUS.

Rochester, February 18, 1836.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

Earth hath no gem that with thee may vie,
Thou dark glossy wreck of mortality;
No future dream o'er life's waste may rise,
Can match with the truth that within thee lies.

How silly and frail so e'er thou art,
Till the love that hallows thee depart;
Thou mayst mock and scorn at other bands,
The forg'd and the woven of human hands.
Thou tellest a tale of happy years,
Of silvery hopes and of bitter tears;
As the light spar on the quiet sea,
Is the storm and the bark's epitome.

I want not token or pledge to keep
My heart from the calm of forgetful sleep;
For what shall chase from my aching brow
The loveliness that surrounds me now.
Yet, looking on thee, methinks I find
A something that never may be defined;
A kin to all our father's told
Of the sainted relics they bore of old.
I knit thee fast, Lo! I knit thee fast;
Point on to the future, forsake not the past;
Cling close to my bosom, 'tis thy domain,
'Till the severed of earth are joined again. T. H.

TO THE DEPARTED.

There is a home beyond the silent grave;
Whither thy gentle spirit hath been borne,
My blessed one, so early from me torn;
There sin and suffering hath no place, nor lave
The bitter tears of mourning any cheek.
And wherefore should I weep that thou hast past,
The troublous trial all must meet at last.
Alas! alas! the heart is frail and weak;
It asketh for the music of thy voice—
It asketh for the glancing of thine eye—
It waileth that the beautiful should die:
Thou art the gainer, but can I rejoice;
Despair brings calm, since it has left no choice.
T. H.

SELECT POETRY.

From the Albany Argus.

AN EPICIDIUM.

[Written in memory of Miss Sophia H., eldest
daughter of Harvey Montgomery, Esq. of
Rochester.]

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."—DANTE.

But yesterday, maternal eyes
On thy light figure fondly rested—
Now thou art sleeping in the guise
Of Death, decay invested.

While garments of funereal black
Wrung hearts and aching bosoms' veil,
And sad, paternal walls give back
The broken voice of wail.

But yesterday, and one thou wert
Of the glad legion of the young—
Now sleeping in thy shroud, with heart
Of gentleness unstrung.

And silent, like some broken lyre,
By low winds visited in vain,
The gilded fragments of whose wire,
Skill cannot mend again.

To vibrate thrillingly on earth—
That *only* join in blissful bowers,
And give, to grander hymnings, birth,
Than charm this world of ours.

But yesterday, and Promise wrote
"Long years" on thy expanse of brow—
Above thy voiceless dwelling float
The clouds of winter now,

And drop their pure white offerings,
On frozen clod and frosted sward,
As if to show the hue of wings,
That bore thee heavenward.

But yesterday, thy glances were
With playfulness of spirit fraught,
And, throned upon thy forehead fair,
Sate *beautifying* Thought:—

Now, faded in thy soft, blue eye,
Forever is the light of Mind;
And darksome thy relics lie,
In Earth's cold keeping shrined.

I see her yet—I see her yet,—
With health—bepainted cheek and smile,
Though well I know the star hath set,
In darkness all the while.

She is not dead!—her "pearl-round" ear
Is shaded by a ringlet bright,
And fair ones gather round to hear
Her accents of delight.

Hush, dreamer! sexton hands have broke,
To make her couch, the frozen sod,
And young and old still feel the stroke
Of God's chastising rod.

When blossoms of the household wreath
In their young loveliness are blighted,
And strew the regal halls of death,
By sun or moon unlighted;

Wan Poesy should wake the shell,
And mournfully her orbs upraise—
Weave round her heart her saddest spell,
And frame the sweetest lays.

Avon, February 20, 1836.

One catches more flies with honey than vinegar.
I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often
wonder to see them not ashamed.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1836.

No. 6.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor;
OR, THE CONFLICTS OF LOVE.
CHAPTER. III.

Time, with his airy wing, swept silently and swiftly onward, and the panorama of the passing year, as constantly and mysteriously changing, presented in their order, the novelty of each successive season, the magic and beautiful creations of spring, the luxurious glory of summer, and the grandeur and sublimity of the desolating season, the season of the storm and tempest; and each brought its secret influence, and left its subtle and lasting impressions. He who has attributed the *form and color* of the mind to any definite and palpable causes, must have neglected the history of his own, and been but a dull observer of others. A thousand subtle spirits, of earth and air, of beauty and deformity, of love and hate, of ignorance and knowledge, and of kindness, and power, are moving to and fro in the earth, and moulding, alas! too often, darkly and fatally moulding the embryo intellect to the course of its future destiny: one of the last of those inspiring days the poetry of the American autumn arrived. I had for some time felt a listless indifference to most things passing around me, and had indulged my *weary mood* in the wild wood and the glen. About two miles distant from my father's dwelling, lay one of those beautiful lakes, which form one of the most attracting charms of American scenery. Thither a ramble of as many hours had brought me.

There it lay, calm as the passions of the infant breast, and reflecting purely and faithfully the image of surrounding objects. The pensive serenity of the autumnal heavens, the sombre hue of the forest, and the dark ravine, the humble cottage of the farmer, and the dim outlines of the distant village, on the opposite side, were as faithfully, and even more charmingly presented, mellowed and tinged by its mirror blue, than by the romantic original. I had arrived at a peculiarly wild & romantic spot. The slope of the table land above had been long and beautiful, but within a quarter of a mile of the lake, the land became broken into hills, and ravines, with their streams and cascades, and nearer the shore was more bold and precipitous, with many a wave-worn rock, and echoing cliff, and many a rude and silent bower. I was about to resign myself to those dreamy and undefined wanderings of soul, to which such a scene is apt to lead the melancholy mood of the imaginative, when I espied upon a cliff far above me, a charming girl. She was

just my age, the joyous, the laughing age of sixteen—school-mates from early childhood up, always of the same class, and pursuing the same studies, sometimes aiding, and sometimes rivalling each other; “we were twin, as ’twere, in” all but “love.” I immediately bounded up the cliff to meet her, and she frankly and sweetly saluted me “nor dreamed that aught could come of’t to shame her modesty.”

I said it was the bright and laughing age of sixteen—and so it was with her; but with me, alas! how changed. She was indeed romantic, as the reader has no doubt concluded, from the circumstances of the time and place in which I found her. But hers was the romance of the sunny land, the wanderings of a joyous spirit; the overflowing fullness of a warm and happy heart;—a rich and sparkling vein of humor distinguished her, even in childhood. She had before marked the change which had come over my dream of life; and now she rallied me with unwonted energy, and I would have thought undue severity, but she was a sweet and tender hearted girl, and I loved her good humor. She drew out so magically the sparkling images of hope, and of life and love, that I could not resist the charm. I opened to her the recesses of my soul, and entreated her to scan the secret of my melancholy, and unravel the mystery of my change. A shade of sadness passed over her brow; a tear stole down her cheek; and a sigh gently heaved her snowy bosom. Was I loved? or were those the tokens only of a generous and angelic sympathy? O thou medicine of the wounded breast, thou divine elixir of the heart, could I but find thee once again, I would bid this cold world a cheerful farewell, and die in peace! That life is indeed too long, which debarred from the love, outlasts the sympathy of woman. I said that Elen was just my age. She was so in point of years, but in matters of the heart, you know she was some two or three years older; and those years how much had they revealed! I forgot half my melancholy, and she half her wit, and our converse becoming free and cheerful, ranged on, from object to object, till we had exhausted our limited knowledge of those outward and worldly things, which naturally presented themselves at such a time, and we returned again to self, in a better mood and happier spirits.

At some distance on a low beach, lay her father's canoe, in the use of which she might have matched Elen of Lock Katrine. Pointing to it, she challenged me to match her skill upon the water. The challenge was of course readily accepted, and, though doubly beaten,

there was pleasure in witnessing the skill with which she manœuvred her tiny vessel, and how securely the frail barque skimmed over the deepest part of the lake. Beguiled by that dependent and happy confidence which our situation enforced and inspired, and charmed by surrounding nature, on we went farther and farther, sometimes approaching, but oftener receding from the shore, until we were startled by the shadows of black and lowering clouds, flying across the lake; and then came a low and hollow moan from the caves of the distant shore. The water, from its serene and charming hue, changed suddenly to a dark sea green, and without any perceptible cause, became strangely agitated. Elen, who knew the various moods of the capricious elements, remained calm and fearless; but I, who was almost a total stranger to them, could not repress the startling and fearful anxiety which agitated me. She had suddenly given a new direction to our barque, and I perceived we were approaching a wild and solitary shore, some miles from that which we had left. “We must gain the land,” said she, “as soon as possible.” But do you think there is danger? I hastily inquired. No! she laughingly replied, but there would be, were I as timid and—she was about to indulge in a freak of humor at my expense, when a gust of wind which came brooming up from the further part of the lake, struck us with such violence as to render our situation indeed dangerous, Elen plied her oar with calm and deliberate skill, and I labored with might and main, sometimes half upsetting our tiny vessel, and sometimes counteracting her efforts. The wind increased to a gale, and the waves dashed about us in wild confusion.

A small cove, half sheltered from the gale, lay some rods to windward, while the lee shore was bold and shadowed by overhanging rocks. To gain the cove appeared to be our only hope. Elen, who yet remained calm, saw our situation with an intelligent eye, and had manœuvred so well, as really to have gained the desired spot, when a tremendous gust came down upon us from the shore, throwing the approaching billows into a terrible surf, and upsetting our canoe. Anxiety for the safety of Elen took the place of every other fear. The suddenness of the accident, had in a moment, and without thought, separated us. I saw her sink—my first impulse was to plunge after her, but I was no swimmer—what a fearful moment! The next she rose near me; with one hand I yet held to the canoe; with the other I caught her by the arm; she was struggling violently, and it required great exer-

tion to retain my position. With a violent effort I raised her head above the billows, and brought her to my side, resolving to die with or save her. The gust which had been brought thither by a deep ravine, lasted but a moment, and a flaw in the wind, which brought a counter current of the blast from the opposite side of the lake, drifted us toward the shore; but the canoe veering, suddenly broke from my hold, and we were abandoned to the mercy of the elements.

That moment one of our oars floated by, I caught it as a drowning man does at the straw. The darkness of despair was fast settling upon my soul, when I felt the sands beneath my feet. Elen's face, unperceived, sunk into the water. Her frame was agitated for a moment, and then I felt it relax, as in the last yielding agony of death. I clasped her in my arms, dashed through the foam, and reached the cove. She was apparently lifeless. In the phrenzy of the moment, I strove to recover her to life, and as it often happens, an unseen Providence guided my inexperience to the readiest means, and I had the happiness of soon seeing those sparkling eyes, glowing with a grateful pleasure, notwithstanding the fearfulness of the scene.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

GENERAL DANIEL DELEVAN.

The race of revolutionary officers was a peculiar one—such as a country may possibly produce in times of oppression, tyranny, and misrule, when the spirit breaks through the shackles which confined it, and every hazard is encountered in preference to a life of submission to slavery. The patriots of our revolution were born to effect the great object of freedom—there was no rashness—no wild enthusiasm—no sudden and transitory feelings of patriotism; all was cool, collected, and determined; firm of purpose—ever constant to the cause, fighting for liberty, and calmly enjoying it when it was achieved.

Among the citizens of the state of New York, who took an early part in the revolutionary struggle, and who have lately been gathered unto their fathers, was Gen. Daniel Delevan.

He was a native of Westchester, a county which in patriots and soldiers, yielded its full quota in support of the great contest for freedom, and was about eighteen years of age when the celebrated battle of Lexington was fought, which in every section of the country kindled a flame of patriotism. Gen. Delevan was commissioned as a captain in the army, and continued to serve in a military capacity during the whole contest, and only sheathed his sword when the independence of the United States was acknowledged by the definitive treaty of 1783. His political principles, and his early impressions were alike repugnant to the tyranny and misrule which prevailed in every direction; and he manfully opposed the minions of a foreign government, and denied their right to hold the country in a state of vassalage, and impoverish the people by ruinous taxation. He took up arms, therefore, with the ardor of youth, determined to live independent of foreign control, and assist in emancipating his country from tyranny and oppression.

Fearless, prompt, active, and powerful, all his energies were enlisted in the cause to which he had devoted himself; and to a powerful athletic person, he added a clear, strong, cool head, and a resolution not easily shaken.

The situation of the country at that period, afforded very few facilities for the acquisition of knowledge—the schoolmaster was indeed “abroad,” but in the Dutch settlements of Dutchess and Westchester, the scholar soon acquired all that the teacher could impart—in fact, the same facility in education was common in the whole country; and what Gen. Delevan failed to acquire in a classical education, he made up by his natural genius, and clear and sound intellect.

His quickness, intelligence and shrewdness eminently qualified him for that sort of predatory warfare so remarkable on what was then termed, the “neutral ground;” and in after ages, in recounting his dangers, and the successful ingenuity by which himself and comrades were rescued in those spirit-stirring times, the natural traits of his fearless and ardent character were conspicuously displayed. He was likewise a most trusty officer, strong in his attachments, and undistinguished in his aversions, and the proud consciousness of his fidelity, during his temporary command of the posts at West Point, would occasionally break forth in contrast with the foul treason of Benedict Arnold. The northern parts of Worcester county, opened a broad field for that species of partisan warfare which kept men continually on the alert against surprise. Sudden small military irruptions, and British plundering parties were constantly roaming where it was supposed they could ravage with impunity, which made every man, in a measure, a soldier and a sentinel. Vast numbers of the farms were deserted; the women, children, and agricultural property were removed to a distance beyond the Highlands, and those who remained generally dwelt in the nooks and comparatively inaccessible spots among the hills, where the reward of discovery was no compensation for the labors and the perils. The agitated condition of the country often produced emergencies, called into active service during the period of alarm, all the able bodied citizens; and a circumstance happened in reference to General Delevan, which is too extraordinary, if not unparalleled, to be passed over as a remarkable fact in the annals of this or any other country on earth.

The General on several occasions had eight brothers all engaged with him in active military duties at the same time! and thus nine members of the same household at once were engaged in the defence of their country. But although he continued, during nearly eight years, enrolled with the army in constant service, he passed the dangerous crisis without any personal injury, except a wound in the left leg, which he received at the storming of Stony Point. He was also present at the execution of Andre.

General Delevan was highly esteemed by George Washington; and as a token of his regard for him, Lafayette, prior to his departure for Europe, after the Revolutionary war, presented him with a sword, as a memorial both of the Revolution and of his friendship.

General Delevan was a proof of the value of a good education, and also of the evil effects produced by the life of a camp, upon inexperienced youth of impetuous tempers, with an undisciplined mind and moral principles not thoroughly consolidated; for, after the treaty of 1783, he found it difficult to cast off the turbulent habits of the garrison, and the restlessness of the military encampment, for the quietude of social life and the regularity of pacific employment. After a few years, however, he purchased a large tract of land around Sing Sing, and married a daughter of Judge Johnson, of Putnam county. His native and enterprising spirit soon was perceptible; and as he discovered that that spot included some of the best natural advantages on the Hudson river for a suburban village to New-York, he gave himself up to the promotion of its interests; so that to him the present rapid growth of that village may chiefly be attributed. He procured the turnpike road from the north-eastern part of the county to be made, which terminates at Sing Sing. The early and patriotic emotions of the general were revived during the last contest with Britain; and he volunteered his aid with that of all his working men, and united in erecting the barricade across Manhattan Island, which was designed to repel an assault by land upon the city of New-York.

General Delevan had successfully filled nearly all the civil offices which the counties have to bestow; but, from the period when he had passed his seventieth year he lived mostly in retirement, gradually becoming more enfeebled, and it is believed more thoroughly and seriously contemplative in reference to eternity. He departed this life almost without any peculiar monitions of that approaching crisis, in November last, in his seventy-ninth year, and was buried where the mortal remains of his wife and his eldest son and daughter, await with him the resurrection of the dead. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of citizens of Sing Sing, nearly all of whom have become residents of that village, long after his hospitable mansion had been the constant resort of the principal citizens and public functionaries of the state of New-York.—*New-York Evening Star.*

HANNAH DUSTON

THIS woman should be ranked among the heroines of antiquity. She was the wife of Thomas Duston of Haverhill, Massachusetts, born in the year 1659, and married in 1677. She had, altogether, 13 children. When the Indians, who dwelt in the source of the Merrimack river, and the region round about, after a great freshet on the 15th of March, 1697, came down the river and attacked Haverhill, she was confined to her bed with an infant only a week old. Her husband catching the alarm from the field, run to the house and consulted his wife on the course he should pursue. She calmly told him to leave her and her infant to their fate, and to make his escape, if possible, with the other children. He sent seven of his children on the path through the woods, on the way to the garrison, and mounting his horse, he followed in the rear; with his musket he kept the pursuing Indians away, until he found his charge in a place of safety, at the garrison. Before

Mr. Duston had reached the garrison, the Indians returned and captured his sick wife, and Mary Nièce her nurse. They, with other captives, took their march, by order of the savages, for the north. After they had traveled a few miles, the Indians found the infant troublesome, and they took the child from its nurse and dashed its brains out against a tree. Mrs. Duston was feeble and wretched, but the outrage nerved her for every enterprise. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succor and vengeance, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in her heart. They traveled on some distance, as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles, but, perhaps from the course they took, about seventy five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the falls on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill.

Above the falls, on an Island in the river, the Indians had a wigwam, and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest, they slept soundly. Mrs. Dutson did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprised of her design, but were of not much use to her in executing it. In the stillness of night, she arose and went out of the wigwam to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They moved not; they were to sleep till the last day. She took one of their hatchets, and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman, who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death wound—and an Indian boy, who was designedly spared; for the avenger of blood was a woman and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of the fire, which she stirred up after the deed was done; and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey; but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would believe her tales as the ravings of madness, when she could get home, if ever that time might come, she therefore returned and scalped the slain; then put the nurse and the English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down the falls, when she took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by cold, hunger, and fatigue, she reached home to the surprise and joy of her husband and friends. The General Court of Massachusetts examined her story, and being satisfied with the truth of it, took her trophies and scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and they found her as modest as brave.

Sir Walter Scott's Monument in Edinburgh.
Above 6000*l.* have been subscribed for this national tribute, to be erected in the capital of his native land, whose literature he has so richly adorned.

VARIETY.

Dashing out and Church-going.—What would become of the audience at our churches on the Sabbath, were it not for the vanity and curiosity of the female sex? We do not mean to question the sincerity of their faith and devotion—we do not mean to doubt their superiority to the male sex, in all the theological virtues—but it cannot be doubted that much of their zeal in the cause of religion arises from their love of seeing and being seen. Who is more anxious to attend church, than the young Miss, who has just been fitted out with a splendid fashionable cloak or pelisse, and who is desirous of exhibiting her newly acquired charms? How often have individuals of the sex exposed themselves imprudently to the wind and weather, for the sake of displaying a new ribband, a new bonnet, or a new pair of mammoth sleeves! How many fruitful topics of conversation for the remainder of the week are afforded, not merely by the quality and doctrines of the sermon, and the manners and talents of the preacher, but by the various new fashions which are first exhibited at church! How many subjects of ridicule and admiration are afforded by the different exhibitions of good and false taste, of oddity, gentility and vulgarity, among the endless variety of costumes, which are there to be seen! We pray the reader to remark upon the conversations by the majority of the fair sex, for several hours at least, after divine service, to say nothing of all the next day. How fluently and eloquently will they discuss the various merits of all the different faces and the different dresses which were brought to church for exhibition during the last meeting! Some of the more pious among them, will confine their conversation during the Sabbath to the preacher and his discourse, and defer their remarks upon more worldly matters, until the next day—but they all prove sooner or later what was the principal object of their observations. 'Think you 'tis the eloquence of the minister that attracts the congregation together? We should not deprive the clergyman himself of this agreeable delusion—but we are fully persuaded that 'tis neither the eloquence of the speaker nor the infinite importance of his subject which draws the assembly together—but rather the glittering of ribbands, the magnificent waving of plumes, and many other interesting objects which cannot be exhibited to so good advantage in any other place.—*Worcester Republican.*

THE LAWYER AND QUAKER.—A Quaker was called into court to give his testimony in a case at law. On being requested to hold up his hand, to be sworn, he replied that his Bible taught him to "swear not at all." "Well," said the limb of the law, "do you expect to arrive at heaven any sooner, by being so scrupulously exact?" "I cannot tell thee," said the Quaker, "but if I should'nt, I wish to do what seemeth me right." "But did you ever hear of a Quaker going to heaven?" inquired the Lawyer, quizzingly.—"Yes." "Well how in the world did he get there? Did he have no difficulty?" said the Lawyer, inquisitively heaping question upon question. "Why, yes," said the Quaker, "if thee wishes to know, I will tell thee. He arrived at the gate, and there was some dispute about admitting him, but they looked all around for a Lawyer, and could find none, to decide upon the case, and he was forthwith admitted.—*Dedham Adv.*

A woman before the Police Court in New York, on Monday, being charged with leaving a husband alive in Ireland, denied it plumply, and could, she said, swear to his death, because she had received a letter from him, giving her an account of it.

SELECT POETRY.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

BY C. SWAIN, ESQ.

From the Forget me Not for 1836.

Misty and gray o'er the slumbering lake,
Dawn bids the spirit of nature awake;
Star after star in the heaven's dim height
Flickers and fades with the breaking of light;
As spectres unhallowed, the vapours roll by—
Till the East—like a Paradise—blossoms in the sky!
And a voice, by the magic of music upborne,
Sings far o'er the valley—'Tis morn!—'tis morn!
While the sun, like a parent, with warmest caresses,
Awakens our beautiful Shepherdess!

Up and away, through the village she trips—
With a smile on her brow and a song on her lips;
Away—in her youthful and innocent pride—
Where her fair sheep browse by the green wood side,
To wreath with her gayest and loveliest flowers
The favorite dog of her long, lone hours;
For nothing, perchance, save the raven's scream,
As he swings on the bough o'er the forest stream,
Or the startling cry of his mate's distress,
May she list in that mountain wilderness!
Nothing above, save the quiet sky—
Or shadows which march o'er the gay cliff high;
Yet, blest with that holiest ornament,
A spirit serene in its own content,
She welcomes—like sisters—the buds and trees,
And meets, like a lover, the sportive breeze!
The wild birds know her, and seek her face,
And flutter around in their feathery grace!
For her glance hath a charm and a power to bless,
And all things love her—my Shepherdess!

Little she recks of the festive wreath,
Where music, enchantment, and beauty breathe;
Of the rainbow gleams, of the banquet rooms—
'Mid costly jewels—'mid sparkling plumes—
Ah, little recks she, in her loneliness there,
Of the splendor of fashion—its pomp and glare!
Yet pleasure she finds in the first May night,
With the dance o'er the green in the soft moonlight;
When, crown'd with roses each auburn tress
She's Queen of the Valley—our Shepherdess!

And sorrows she hath—when her weary feet
Must follow at twilight some distant bleat
Of charge astray from their green hill side,
Far lost in the forest or torrent wide;
But on pursuing the wandering sound,
Till the wildest sheep of her flocks be found,
She turns for peace to her own sweet breast,
And waits the coming of prayer and rest;
When Evening calls—in her starry dress—
And home hies the beautiful Shepherdess!

From Bulwer's Rienzi.

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

Chide not, beloved, if oft with thee
I feel not rapture wholly;—
For aye, the heart that's filled with love,
Runs o'er with melancholy.

To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From summer skies is given;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of heaven!

Thine image glass'd within my soul,
So well the mirror keepeth,
That, chide me not, if with the light
The shadow also sleepeth.

WIT.—A professed wit, musters his jokes on parade every morning, as a general does his veterans, to ascertain how many have been disabled by length of service.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAST INDIAN.

The mighty river of the west
Roll'd on its giant flood,
And laved the little hillock's foot
Where the last Indian stood.

The warrior's eye was dim with age,
His youthful vigor fled,
And the cold hand of Death was laid
Upon his drooping head.

Yet to his dull fast closing eye
Prophetic light is given:—
The red man's dying glance is cast
Far toward the eastern heaven.

Where once the bison bounded free,
Where the red man ruled alone,
And plains, and streams, and shady groves
And lakes were all his own.

What sees he now? from sea to sea
The pale faces are spread,
Countless as leaves upon the trees,
Or sand in the river's bed.

From south to north, from west to east,
His eye can meet no trace,
Save charnel mounds, and whitening bones,
Of his once mighty race.

"Fathers! I come, receive your son
"To that far land of souls,
"To those blest streams and hunting grounds,
"Where pale face never prowls.

"I come! I come! to join my sires,
"The last of all my race!"

He said, and sunk upon his breast,
His pale and lifeless face.

SIGMA.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

THERE is nothing sought after more, by all, than happiness. It is the pursuit of the rich and the poor, of the learned and the unlearned, of the moral and the immoral, of the humane and the barbarous; and, in fact, more or less, of the whole family of mankind. And nearly all take different ways to obtain it. Though there is but one way that can be devised, in which any can be sure to obtain happiness of durability. That way is open and plain to every one, so that none need mistake, and it is as easy as it is plain: yet many would fain persuade themselves that they can obtain the great prize on still easier terms; and are fully confident of obtaining it by following the plans of their own contriving. But many of the more sensible are well aware that this course is not as sure to obtain it: as many have sought it in this way, yet have never found. If they attain to their desired object of happiness, it is not permanent, it soon passes away, and not uncommonly leaves a greater void than was taken up by their happiness; which, as a matter of course, is occupied by a degree of unhappiness, not to say misery, which, though, is sometimes the case.

That it may be set forth in a clearer light, let us take a concise view of the means of unhappiness: as both are greatly heightened when in contrast. And let us examine the different courses pursued to obtain happiness; and see in the aggregate if we do not come to the conclusion, that the practice of virtue, in

the fullest sense of the term, is the most contributory to human happiness. In doing this let us refer to matter of fact, as demonstrated in the history of mankind and by what we can discover at the present time.

Man, as he was originally created, was undoubtedly endowed with every thing necessary to constitute his happiness. But it is as evident that he did not long continue in his original state of felicity. For soon, as we learn from sacred history, he transgressed the holy injunction of his Creator, and thereby incurred guilt, shame, and all the attendant evils of a disobedient and rebellious heart; meriting his displeasure and the penalty annexed to his crime. Since his fall from his original state of felicity, he is required to obtain his sustenance by labor; and is liable to disappointments, losses, sickness and death. It is evident from the history of mankind, and is fully evinced by their conduct at the present, as a matter of fact clearly demonstrated, that man in his present state, has a natural propensity to evil: which is the great cause of all his unhappiness. What do we learn from history but one continued imagery of the enormities and crimes of men—of desolation, cruelty, and death. Would the many, whose lives fill the pages of history tell us the great means of happiness is in the commission of crime, or in following the dictates of Ate, the goddess of all evil? Would not some, at least, tell us that the ways of virtue conduct to peace and happiness? Is virtue, then, the sure means of obtaining happiness? The libertine says no! as he seeks for it in his licentiousness. The glutton says no! as he feasts upon the rich repast, and tries to be happy in satiety of living. The gamester continues the reply, and points us to a pack of cards or a pair of dice. The avaricious joins in the negative, and exclaims, O if I could gain riches and attain to my neighbor's estate, I should certainly be happy. Many join with him in the reply, and strive to arrive at a state of happiness by any means rather than the practice of virtue. Now undoubtedly all these have their respective enjoyments. But do they constitute happiness in any fair sense of the term? are they permanent? not merely for an hour or a day but for life. The man of affluence probably provides for the longest range of enjoyments; yet he is perplexed with cares, and often a victim while he is a worshipper, a sacrifice to anxiety while an idolater of mammon. "The candidate for happiness," says Dr. Good, "must prepare himself, not for a single day, but for the entire term; he must save his strength, and proceed cautiously, or he will meet with havoc and ruin before he attains half the pleasurable career he had proposed to himself. He only can boast of happiness, who on casting up the account, can honestly say it has accompanied him through the long run."

The idle and listless, also, occasionally flatter themselves that they are happy.—"Now," says Dr. Good, "happiness consists in activity: such is the constitution of our nature." Who then has less claim to happiness than the idler? None, "No man can be happy without exercising the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can

lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self command, and, consequently, without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit. The exercise of these virtues may perhaps cost a man something at the time, but the full scope and aggregate of his happiness depend upon the exercise." And, we may add, the more we are accustomed to the exercise, the practice of virtue will become a more confirmed habit, and will be performed with delight and not as a task.

"But these are private virtues, and only a few of them. Man has also, if he would be happy, to practice a still longer list of public virtues; and he cannot be happy without practising them. Or, in other words, (to consider him in a social capacity,) the happiness of the community to which he belongs, and of which his own forms a constituent part, cannot continue without his practising them.

"He may steal, indeed, from his neighbor, and hereby increase his means of gratifying some predominant passion; but then his neighbor may also steal in return from him, and to a greater extent; and his happiness therefore, (ever regarded in the aggregate,) is connected with his exercising the virtues of justice and honesty. He may break his promise, or lie to his neighbor, upon a point in which his own interest appears to be concerned; but then his neighbor may also return him the compliment; and his interest, therefore, or, which is the same thing, his happiness, obliges him to practice the virtue of veracity.

"Man is by nature a social being: every one is purposely made dependent upon every other; and, consequently, the happiness or well being of the whole and of every one, who constitutes an integral part of the whole, must be the same happiness. Yet as the happiness or well-being of the individual demands in his private capacity, a system of private abstinences or restraints, the happiness or well-being of society demands a more extensive system of public duties of the same kind. We must consent to relinquish a part of our liberty, a part of our property, a part of all our personal propensities and appetites; or the well-being of the society to which we belong, and, consequently, our own social well-being could not continue. We may, indeed, take ourselves away from society and live in solitude; but our happiness is bound up in social life, and whatever is the cast, it is consistent with the same happiness we pay it."

Man is called upon to practice restraint and self denial, even in the purchase of present enjoyment, and especially to secure his future felicity. "Thought," says Bishop Butler, "and consideration, the voluntary denying ourselves many things which we desire, and a course of behavior far from being always agreeable to us, are absolutely necessary to our acting even a common decent and a common prudent part, so as to pass with any satisfaction through the world, and be received upon any tolerable good terms in it. Since this is the case, all presumption against self-denial and attention to secure our higher interest is removed. The constitution of na-

ture is as it is. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. Somewhat, and, in many circumstances, a great deal too, is put upon us, either to do or to suffer, as we choose. And all the various miseries of life which people bring upon themselves by negligence and folly, and might have avoided with proper care, are instances of this kind,"

"It is," says Dr. Good, "from this common consent to put a restraint upon our personal feelings in the pursuit of relative pleasures, from this social impulse of our constitution with which we are so wisely and benevolently endowed, that every man, belonging to the same state or community becomes a part of every man, and cannot, even if he would, be an indifferent spectator of the weal or the woe of his neighbor. While as the line is drawn still closer, and we associate together more frequently and more intimately, we become, from the great powerful principle of habit, still more kindred parts of each other. And hence the origin of the higher public virtues of patriotism, generosity, gratitude, friendship, conjugal fidelity, parental love, and filial reverence; the exercise of all which in our relative situations of life, whether we contemplate it at the time, or whether we do not, is by our constitution, rendered essential to our individual happiness."

Whatever view we take of this subject, we cannot fail to approve of virtue in preference to vice; for we cannot fail to regard virtue as the only sure road to happiness. The case is clear, and the result is taken for granted. And in proportion as society becomes enlightened, and men grow virtuous, they are happy. They acquire clearer ideas of right and wrong which are obviously nothing more than virtue and vice. And were the rules and laws of right, virtue or wisdom to be constantly adhered to, there can be no question that mankind, even in the present state, would enjoy all the happiness their nature would allow of; and that a kind of paradise would once more visit the earth. "EPICURUS."

THOUGHTS . . . No. 2.

I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are gone, and I sigh,
And I grieve, that I prized them no more.
SHENSTONE.

An exclusive devotion to the affairs of the present, betrays a mind, either trammelled by selfish interest, or lamentably deficient in cultivation. It exhibits humanity, as mindful, only of what appertains to immediate and transient gratification; regardless alike of the enjoyments and sufferings of the past, and the hopes and fears of futurity.

It has been well said by a celebrated moralist, that whatever tends to divert the mind from the present, contributes to intellectual improvement. A frequent recurrence to the various stages of "years gone by," and a systematic and impartial comparison of the different amounts of joy and sorrow, will tend to a proper moderation of our expectations.

A mental transition from the present to the past, is attended with a variety of feelings of a peculiar kind. It is then that the value of moments, as well as of years, is appreci-

ated; and the various conditions and transactions in which we have been engaged, acquire an importance, never before considered their due. It is not their intrinsic excellence that gives them this importance, but their connexion and association with the periods of existence, which we consider as once in our possession, but now engulfed in the abyss of a past eternity. The charm of novelty has given rise to the conclusions of reason; the irresistible force of "first impressions" is succeeded by influences as resistless, but springing from a widely different source.

Through the lapse of intermediate time, the "mind's eye" views them, as the bodily vision does sensible objects through the telescope. The several distinguishing features of each are distinctly preserved, and still greatly enlarged.

That a review of the past, in which the consciousness of having improved our time is retained, is one of the most fruitful sources of pleasure afforded by the cultivation of intellect, is undeniably. As we prize happiness, then, it is of the utmost importance that we so live, as always to be sensible of having adhered strictly to the rule of "right," and not only to have "prized every hour," but to have improved every moment.

P. Y. X.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Mohawk Courier. ASTONROGA—AN INDIAN TALE.

From unpublished Records of the Mohawk Valley.

'Let us go on deck, Father,' said a sprightly young lady to an aged gentleman with whom she was sitting in the cabin of a packet boat, bound eastward, on the Erie Canal. Passing her arm through his, they ascended. It was a lovely day in the month of June, 1835. The boat was then a short distance above the upper lock at Little Falls.

'Father, what a romantic village!'

'It is indeed a pleasant place.'—

'Pleasant did you say? It is delightful! What wild and fanciful scenery! How strikingly these mountain ranges converge to the east! See what a dizzy height this bluff point rises on our right!

What a beautiful circular sweep we have in view upon the opposite side of the Mohawk river! What is this village called?'

'Little Falls, it takes its name from the rapids in the river.'

'I see them here at the left. How the water chafes and foams along its rocky channel. But the buildings, how finely they rise to view, stretching up yonder northern ascent, and along the eastern slope! Look, Father! What is that queer shaped edifice upon the hill away there at our left?'

'That is the old Octagon church.'—

'I wish the boat would not move so fast. How sweetly those dwellings cluster up that little ravine northward, and then along the brow of the first ascent eastward—and then the dense range of buildings stretching east and west through the center of the village—and still nearer, there are one, two, three new churches. Father, where are we going?'

'Not to church!'

'But'—

'There is no danger, child.'

'O! this is a fearful place! What huge masses of perpendicular rock on either side! Ah, as we pass the bend in the canal the mystery is solved, it is an island of stone on our left. Here the branches of the Mohawk again unite.'

'Do you perceive that low insulated rock lying near the middle of the northern channel, and a few rods above the confluence of the waters?'

'I can discover a dark mass apparently lying on the surface of the water.'

'That is the rock named in Indian tradition, 'Astonroga'—Anglice, 'the rock of thunder.'

'And what of it, Father?'

'The passage through these rocks which we have just traversed, as well as the northern channel of the Mohawk, and the one we are about to enter, have undoubtedly been cleft through and enlarged to their present dimensions, by the action of the elements!'

'But what has that to do with the Astonroga?'

'You shall hear,—the valley of the Mohawk a thousand years ago.'

'A thousand years ago, Father! Who can tell us of the valley of the Mohawk a thousand years ago?'

'And why not. Indian tradition furnishes us with many interesting facts.'

'But quite too uncertain for any reliance as matters of history.'

'Uncertain! How much of ancient history have we that is more veritable? A single instance. What know you in truth of ancient Troy, but from early traditions, collected, freshened, and moulded into the exquisite verse of the immortal Homer? Again, who was it that recently, (after the lapse of eighteen centuries,) stood, and waved his magic wand over the crumbling ruins of Mount Moriah, until Jerusalem, that was, and her matchless temple refulgent with gold and living sapphires, stands again before us! Aye, and the dense mass of her mighty population is also revealed, madly rushing to and fro, under the impulse of passions fiercely sweeping round their own flaming circle of fire. And yet in after times, this creation of fancy may become an accredited portion of history. Believe me—tradition is the rough material,—genius is the statuary; drawing largely upon probabilities, he chisels forth his due proportions, and the mystic drapery of time completes the *tout ensemble* of oracular history.'

'Proved to a demonstration! ha! ha!—Well, tradition is history, and Indian tradition of all traditions the most veritable: I yield the point, for I am dying to hear about Astonroga!'

'Listen, then. Indian tradition says that ages ago, the valley of the Mohawk, from Little Falls westward, was covered by one of those beautiful inland Lakes, so common in our country. That, too, from this lake a solid barrier of granite rock was thrown across the entire gorge at Little Falls, over which the surplus waters of the lake were precipitated in a cataract little inferior in point of grandeur and scenic effect, to that

of Niagara. The same tradition further states that by the gradual action of the waters, a huge mass of rock was detached from the exterior surface of the barrier, and in the falling, nearly buried itself in the chasm below. Almost the entire surplus waters of the lake were henceforth discharged at this point, plunging with headlong force into the abyss upon three sides of the half-buried mass and boiling and chafing around it with the ceaseless roar of a mighty cataract. Only a small portion of the fallen rock remained visible, and even that portion was usually obscured by a column of mist and spray wreathing around and rising high above it. The Indians bestowed upon it the fanciful but highly graphic appellation of "Astonroga," or "The Rock of Thunder." The peculiar mode of inflicting capital punishment practised by the Aborigines of the country, gave to the rock a still greater notoriety, by throwing an artificial terror over the imposing sublimity of the scene. The victim of arbitrary law was compelled to sit down on the bottom of a birchen canoe, with his face towards the stern. In that position he was firmly bound until all power of motion was lost. The hapless wretch was then launched upon the bosom of the lake far above the Falls, and left to drift backwards, often four hours ere the lazy current brought him headlong upon the rugged rock below. Astonroga thus became to the offending Indian, what the Tarpeian Rock was to the Roman malefactor. A thrilling incident of Indian history connected with Astonroga has been the principal means, however, of perpetuating the name and identity of the rock, long after the causes which produced that name had ceased to exist.

'The Mohawks, a numerous and warlike tribe of the Agoneaseah nation, were at the time of which I speak, in the undisputed possession of the rich tract of country bordering upon the lake, and the Mohawk valley eastward. Hognawah, their principal chief, had established the grand council fire of Astonroga from the south, and commanding, from its elevation, an extensive view of the lake. He had been a fearless and successful warrior, and having firmly established his authority over his native tribe, now sought to extend his rule over the central portion of the state of New York, subsequently known as the country of the Five Confederated Nations. Foiled in every attempt to induce his tribe to engage in a war for conquest, the crafty chief next determined to carry out his design by means of a matrimonial alliance. A runner was secretly despatched to the Oneidas, to sing in the ears of their chief the beauty and attractive charms of Oneyuta, the daughter of Hognawah. The lure thus artfully thrown out, was eagerly seized, and a deputation was sent by the Oneida chief, with powers to stipulate the terms and ask the hand of Oneyuta in marriage. The innocent victim of this "state necessity," was the favorite of her tribe. She was a beautiful laughter-loving princess, timid as a fawn, yet possessing in an eminent degree, the dignity and graceful movements peculiar to the native Indian.

'The Mohawk chiefs were proud to be

ranked among her admirers, although their addresses had been severally rejected as soon as seriously made. I say rejected, all save one. Honwee, the chief of the Nowadaga clan of the Mohawks, a youth of dauntless bearing and noble mien was the favored lover. Between them an ardent attachment had long secretly subsisted. Honwee sought to distinguish himself in the perils of the chase, and upon the war path of the enemy, before he ventured to ask the hand of Oneyuta from the haughty father. Matters were thus situated when the deputation from the Oneida chief arrived.

'The Grand Council fire was immediately lighted and the warrior chiefs assembled. Honwee as a chief was invited, and attended, although by an inflexible rule of the council, his youth prevented him from participating in their deliberations. The proposition was made with due solemnity by the deputation. The negotiation was opened, discussed, and settled in a manner the most favorable to the covert designs of Hognawah. The wampun belts and other trinkets were produced for exchange in token that the treaty was concluded, and the bride in readiness to depart. Honwee had hitherto remained silent, and motionless, hoping that some untoward event would break up the negotiation. His keen penetration enabled him to fathom the object of Hagnawah, and when he had found the deputation readily acceding to the terms proposed, hope died within him. He saw that a single act remained, and then Oneyuta was lost to him forever. The burning agony of that fierce moment was too intense for human endurance. With a single bound he leaped from his seat into the centre of the council. Every eye was fixed upon him in wonder,—there was a moment of suspense. Not a limb was moved—no word was uttered—not a breath was heard. In that brief moment Honwee became calm and collected again. Fixing his eye upon the father of his beloved, he spoke the soft musical tones of the Indian in his moment of endearment.

"Shall the voice of the sweet mocking-bird of the Mohawks no longer fall upon the ears of their chief? Shall Hognawah dwell in darkness, that the eyes of his daughter may light up the wigwam of the Oneida? Will he crush the hopes, the affections, and the happiness of Oneyuta, without consulting her wishes, or listening to her entreaties? Will he pluck the fair blossom of love from her bosom, to make room for the fondling of ambition?" He paused:—a scorching glance of the eye was his only response. Turning to the warriors of the tribe, the speaker continued in more deep and manly tones:

"How long is it since our Fathers determined to pay tribute to the Oneidas. Do the warriors of the Turtle council ask us to purchase at this monstrous price, the friendship of a tribe whom we might easily conquer?" He paused again. There was no reply. He searching glance was thrown around the council. The volume of his own fate was open, and in that glance he read it truly. The useless restraints of policy laid aside. Rising himself proudly erect, he stood with expanded chest, dilated nostrils, and uplifted arms. The pent up fire of his soul glowed

fiercely from his eye, and fell in burning words from his tongue.

"The Mohawks are cowards and slaves! The scalps of the enemy are not in their wigwams,—their arrows are blunted, and their tomahawks are bloodless! Honwee is no longer a Mohawk,—he is a man, and will die for Oneyuta! Send the heart-stricken exile on her journey—the war-whoop of Honwee will be heard on the trail. The daughter of Hognawah shall never wed the Oneida!" Thus saying he strode from the council. Business was at once resumed without the slightest allusion to the unexampled interruption, which they had experienced. The negotiation was concluded and the deputation composed of three Oneidas, with a like number of Mohawks as an escort, received the bride from the hands of her father, and commenced their journey, intending to strike the lake at a point about one mile west, where the canoes were lying.

'The Mohawk council prolonged their sitting, but the subject of their deliberations was now entirely changed. It was a case of life or death; but the accused was not present. The forms of savage law did not permit a chief to be arrested, until sentence was passed. Then, indeed, the arrest and execution followed almost as rapidly as death upon the lightning's stroke. The consultation was brief, the decree unanimous, and Hognawah, rising in his place, pronounced the sentence.

"The Nowadagas must elect a chief. It was a lie that Honwee was a warrior of the Turtle. His name is already forgotten.—Honwee is not. Let my young men see it is done." Twenty warriors sprang upon their feet. Swift messengers of fate to the condemned. But in the present case time was not allowed for their departure from the council, before a shrill cry was heard from the bosom of the forest. It was the herald of some dire disaster, and was immediately succeeded by the hum and wail of many voices approaching. Next came one of the Mohawk escorts, springing into the centre of the council, panting and breathless. His intelligence was of a startling import. Honwee, true to his word, had way-laid the path of the deputation. His onset was that of the famished tiger. Two of the Oneidas fell beneath his blows without the chance of resistance. An instant more and his knife was in the heart of a prostrate Mohawk. The two survivors made but a feeble stand against him, whilst the messenger escaped to bear the intelligence.

"Coward," said Hognawah, "dare you tell me that Honwee is yet alive? Die!" There was a circular sweep of his arm and the unfortunate messenger fell with the tomahawk of his chief deep in his heart. A fearful tide of excitement was now swaying the multitude to and fro, when the sweet but distant tones of a female voice came upon the breeze, chanting forth wild snatches from the Indian death song. It was a sight to hush commotion. Far distant they beheld Honwee in a canoe with Oneyuta by his side, swiftly skimming along the surface of the lake towards the falls. When sufficiently near to prevent the possibility of being in-

tercepted, Honwee rose, and flung his oars away. The current was rapidly impelling them forward. The multitude upon the hill by one common impulse shouted forth "Astonroga!" Honwee stood erect, with his face to the falls. With one arm he fondly pressed the unshrinking Oneyuta to his bosom, whilst with the other he proudly waved defiance to the Mohawks, and exclaimed in the impassioned tones of deep excitement,

"The Mohawks are cowards and slaves! Honwee is a true warrior of the Turtle! Where are those who would have enslaved Oneyuta? The knife of Honwee is red with their blood! The daughter of Hoghnawah shall never wed the Oneida! Astonroga shall be the bridal bed of Honwee and Oneyuta!" The canoe had reached the falls. It hung poised and trembling for a moment on the brink,—and the next, was dashed, with its precious freight, headlong upon Astonroga. The fragments were whirled away by the current, and the waters foamed and boiled high above the final resting of Honwee and Oneyuta. A fearful yell of mingled rage and consternation, and bitter wailing, burst from the wild group upon the hill,—ran along the cliff,—and all was still.

CURRENT CALAMO.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 19, 1836.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.—It has long been acknowledged that "intelligence is the life of liberty." The experience of the world teaches that an ignorant populace cannot rule themselves. What then should be done in the United States? Our cities are swarming with children, many of whose parents can scarcely provide them bread, much less pay for their schooling and furnish them with books. For them and those in country towns similarly situated, something must be done, or our lives and property will soon be in the hands of an ignorant rabble. We have arrived at a crisis where we must either pump or sink! Thanks to a bounteous Providence, we have the means of diffusing universal education, and the money thus expended will not be missed from our national coffers. And who will not be proud of the reflection that we are not only freemen, but intelligent and comparatively happy—that every poor child in the land may be a scholar?

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Mr. Marrayatt, in his new and popular *Stories of the Sea*, says:

"Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the other sex; it is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness, which occasions him to roll over with the rest of his species, jostling, but not wounding his neighbors, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them."

The *History of New York* by Washington Irving, has been adopted as No. 55 of the Family Library, in the English series, and is embellished, with designs by Cruikshank.

A subscription is taking up for the benefit of the widow and children of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

Marriage favorable to Long Life.—Dr. Casper, of Berlin, from a number of statistical returns and tables, has come to the conclusion that the average life of married people is better than that of the single.

BEAUTY OF WOMAN.—Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman who sits in the "majesty of age" beside the fireside of her son—she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counselled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household? What a host of blessed memories are linked with that mother, even in her "reverence and chair-days!" what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her lovely, even on the verge of the grave! Is there not a beauty and a charm, in that matronly woman who is looking fondly on her child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What! though the line and lineament of youth are fled, Time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in that fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she folds the playful infant in her bosom? All are beautiful—the opening blossom, the mature flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart, and the sensual mind, that groups for loveliness as a stimulant for passion, only shows that it has no correct senses of beauty.—*Constitutional Magazine.*

Nuts to Crack.—Suppose a man have a wolf, a goat, and a basket of cabbage, on the bank of a river that he wishes to cross with them: and the boat that he is to cross in is only large enough to carry one of the three besides himself. He must, therefore, take them over one by one, in such a manner, that the wolf shall have no opportunity of devouring the goat, and the goat of devouring the cabbages.—How is he to do this?

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—*President Quincy.*

Tones of the voice are produced by the vibration of the cords of the glottis, and the epiglottis which, like the stops of a clarinet, closes and opens the orifice.

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.—As the Doctor was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to inform him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "that I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasions, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate;—when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his right hand on his heart, and, in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve was with him, but mine stays behind!

"Are you in fun or in earnest?" said a fellow to one who was giving him some smart cuts with a cowskin. "I'm in earnest," replied the other, laying on somewhat harder. "I'm glad of it," said the first one, "for I don't like such fun."

Dr. Beaumont, one of the political prisoners of Louis Philippe, has been sentenced to transportation for life. His crime was *thinking out loud.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MEMORY.

Oh memory! now, now thou shrine'st all!
Hold fast thy treasure, keeper of the past;
Most vigilantly guard that which thou hast,
Bury it deep; that whatso'er befall,
None may look on my melancholy store!
Bury it deep within the ruined heart,
That not one hallowed fragment ever more
May from its secret sanctuary depart.
Oh! I am jealous of my blighted love,
Beyond what miser for his laughing gold
Could ever dream. Let not the dull and cold,
The veil I bid thee fling o'er it remove;
But night and silence only see us weep
Above those hopes I charge thee fondly keep.

T. H.

TO HOPE.

Oh never, never more come thou to me,
Thou bitter mocker!—leave that heart alone
Which thy deceits have frozen into stone.
Away, that I may hug my misery;
Away—what can'st thou wish the desolate?
Leave me to mourn in silence o'er my fate—
Can'st thou untwist my thread of destiny?
I drank of thy intoxicating cup
Until my weary spirit blazed with joy.
Thou palterer! the game of life is up,
And mine, a sorrow that thou can'st not buoy.
Vainly thou profferest thy poor relief;
Too well I know the worth of that alloy,
And fling it back;—go, leave me to my grief.

T. H.

To Correspondents.

"THE RETREAT," an original Tale, will be commenced in the next number.

"WILSON'S BANDIT," shall have an early insertion.

MARRIAGES.

On the evening of the 9th, by the Rev. Mr. Lyons, Mr. HENRY C. FRINK, to Miss MARIA L. BUNNELL, both of this city.

On the 10th inst., by the Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. PETER C. SMITH to Miss MARY E. CULVER, all of this city.

At Brighton, on the 10th inst., by Ephraim Goss, Esq. Mr. EBENEZER B. FOOT, of Alexander, Genesee Co., to Miss MARY SKIDMORE, of Brighton.

In this city, on the 7th inst. by Elder D. Marks, Mr. William Snoade, of Kent, (England) to Miss Frances Smith, of Sussex, England.

In this city, on the evening of the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. SILAS BOARDMAN, to Miss ANNA MARIAH SMITH, all of this city.

On the 3d inst., by Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. CHARLES EMERSON, to Miss MELITA KILLAM, all of this city.

In this city, on Tuesday, March 1st, by Isaac Hills, Esq., Mr. THOMAS BATES, jr., to Miss ELLEN LEWIN.

At Ogden, on Wednesday evening, 2d inst., by Rev. Mr. Wing, Mr. MEDAL P. PARKER, to Miss PERSIS E. WEBSTER, all of that town.

In Palmyra, on the 18th ult., by Rev. Mr. Lucky, Rev. — CARLETON to Miss JANE SHERMAN; on the 25th, by Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. ABRAHAM WOODBECK to Miss MARY ANN DUER—also, Mr. ASHER B. WEBSTER to Miss SUSAN DUER; all of East Palmyra. On the 2d inst., by Rev. G. R. H. Shumway, Mr. Marcellus J. Goddard to Miss Elizabeth M. Woodward.

In Ontario, on the 28th ult., Mr. Alvah J. Atwood to Miss Mary Northrop.

In Palmyra, on the 10th inst., by Rev. J. Townsend, Mr. CHRISTOPHER E. THAYER to Miss PRUDENCE ROGERS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

O friendship, bright and happy chain,
Which does our wandering hearts restrain

From passions, crime, and strife,
I'll court thy mild thy gentle sway,
To cheer me in my lonely way,
Through all the scenes of life.

'Mong many friends and circles dear,
The form of one will oft appear
In hours of sleep and rest;
To this one friend that's constant, kind,
In every feature of the mind,
These lines are now addressed.

I oft have gazed with pure delight,
Where youth and beauty both unite,
Soft mingled into one,
As colors in the rainbow's form,
When on the far departing storm,
I view the imaged sun.

It oft has caused the unconscious sigh
To see thy bright, thy sparkling eye,
With conscious virtue gleam,
To think that eye's expressive glow
Will soon be closed to all below,
In death's cold cheerless stream.

The praise of God hath oft been sung,
By the expressive artless tongue,
In soft and lovely breath;
I grieve to think those lovely lays
So often tuned to hymn of praise,
Will soon be hushed in death.

Those features now so brightly glow,
Unmixed with care, unmixed with wo,
Like flowers in early spring,
Will like those flowers, soon wither—fade,
Or by the hand of death be laid
Beneath the monster's sting.

I read in thy expressive face,
The lineaments of truth and grace,
Unvexed by care or gloom;
That face which now so brightly glows,
As does the blushing, modest rose,
Will soon lay in the tomb.

Old time, with wild resistless force,
Rolls on in his unchanging course;
He asks no human aid;
Thy youth must soon his presence own;
To see! Ah see! around us strown
The ruin he has made!

The blast of time will soon devour
The boast of pride and human power,
And beauty's lovely form;
In each succeeding change, he cries,
Rash mortals, read thy destinies
In yon expiring worm.

Since beauty then so soon must fade
Beneath this cold and ruthless shade,
And youth to age be hurled,
Then what shall stand beneath the frowns
Of one that tumbles kings and crowns,
And conquers all the world.

Yes! virtue mocks his poisoned breath—
Defies the power of Time and Death,
In their united plan;
Though time can conquer beauty's bloom,
Virtue survives above the tomb—
The constant friend of man.

'Tis thus I view thy lovely face,
Within those looks I sure can trace
The beauties of thy mind,
Though time can change that pleasant smile—
Can fade those eyes and cheeks the while,
Yet virtue still I find.

Contentment, virtue, love, and truth,
Still add new beauties to thy youth,
And cheer the silent tomb:
It can withstand the crush of worlds,
When time shall be to ruin hurld,
It then will brightly bloom.

'Twill cheer thy course through death's dark vale,
When youth and beauty here shall fail,
And point to worlds above,
'Twill tune thy heart to hymns of praise,
To join those high and holy lays,
Of undissembled love. M*****n

TO THE DISAPPOINTED.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The Summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters still may shine
Through the leaves their bloom revealing.

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still, it may be won
From the sky to warble near thee.

If thou hast dashed a cup,
And thus its contents wasted,
Its fragments may be gathered up,
And still its sweets be tasted.

But if upon the troubled sea,
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Think not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

Or if upon thy harp or lute
Some tender cord be broken,
'Twill never in sweet sound again,
Give to thy touch a token.

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
Or like that jewel gone,
The deep will not restore thee.

Or like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scattered,
Gently, O gently! touch the string,
So soon, for ever scattered. G.

[SELECTED.]

A RUSTIC BALLAD.

A bee, while lay sleeping young Dolly,
Mistook her red lip for the rose;
There honey to seek were no folly,
No flower so sweet ever blows.

It tickled, and waked her; when clapping
Her hand on the impudent bee,
It stung her, and Dolly, caught napping,
Came pouting and crying to me.

Said she, "take the sting out I pray you!"
What way I was puzzled to try,
And a trifling wager I'd lay you
You'd have been as much puzzled as I.

I'd heard about sucking out poison—
A sting is a poisonous dart—
So I kiss'd her, the act was a wise one;
The sting found its way to my heart.

MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,—
How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sully'd and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonored, still divine!
What can preserve his life?—or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch him from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine him there.

VARIETY.

From the Schenectada Reflector.

SCHENECTADA.—It is to be regretted that such unwarrantable liberties have been taken with the orthography of the names of places in this country. We now speak particularly with reference to the name of our goodly city. From the earliest period of its history, the last syllable has been spelt with an "a," as can be proved by many ancient records, a copy of one of which will be found in the preceding article. Some of the Albanians, to make the name of this city correspond with their own notions, and being perchance misled by the termination of the name of their own place, insisted upon changing the "a" to a "y;" and it so stands recorded in some of their public records. Albany was so called after the Duke of Albany, but Schenectada is of aboriginal origin. The cases therefore are not parallel; and it would be as absurd to conform the spelling of the one to the other, as it would be to compel a Daniel Lambert to wear the coat of a Calvin Edson. The last syllable of the name Schenectada was pronounced as if spelt "da" (the "a" broad.) Some persons wishing to accommodate their orthography to the innovation above described, spelt it, Schenectaday, which orthography will be found to have been adopted in some spelling books, and other standard works of the last century. A similar innovation obtains in the name "Fonda," which some spell "Fonday" or "Fondey."

Auburn College.—We rejoice to learn that the Regents of the University have granted the application for a College to be located in our village. A better location could not be made. We have no doubt it will be well supported, and in every point of view an important acquisition for our village.—Patriot.

Bells.—There is something delightful, yet melancholy, in the sound of a fine church bell. Suspended high in air, its deep, solemn tones, break suddenly upon the harsh, every day noises of this working world, like the voice of some celestial visitant. We were surprised, last evening, on hearing for the first time a new bell, the tone of which struck us as being very superior. On inquiry, we found it was the bell lately raised in the unfinished tower of the new Baptist Church. It was cast at West Troy, by A. Meneely, and weighs, exclusive of the yoke, 3,200 lbs. The cost was \$1,100.—Buffalo Adv.

Old Subscribers.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers taken from the National Intelligencer, which mentioned the fact of its having a subscriber of thirty years standing. This is nothing new with us. Yesterday a subscriber paid up his subscription for the 42d year of the Gazette, during which time he has always been equally punctual. Within a few weeks we have also settled up with subscribers who have taken our paper for 46 and 47 years.—Alb. Adv.

All go with the Sun.—Every thing is tending "westward ho!" Boston is on the rail road from that city to Albany—the continued rail road soon brings them both to Buffalo—thence the three soon start, taking Detroit and Chicago on with them—and immediately the rail road stretches forth with them all, across the Mississippi—over the Rocky mountains—down the mouth of the Columbia river—and thence a quick steamboat trip across the Pacific to China. Soon they all return, filling the world with merchandise, activity, enterprise and wealth.—Detroit Free Press.

The Siamese Twins have assumed the appellation of the "United Brothers."

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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No. 7.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE RETREAT.

"I can go no further," said a young soldier to his comrades as he fell out of the ranks and seated himself on the frozen snow. The time of my tale is the winter of 1812; the scene, among the causeways and marshes of the Berrezina; and its hero, a young Frenchman of Languedoc. His words occasioned no reply. Misery had made them common, so that men forgot their nature.

The stream of life passed on; the military music, the heavy unmeasured tramp of feet grew fainter and fainter, until they died away in distance, and he was alone, almost stupefied with cold and hunger, in the midst of a pine forest, in the gloom of which the wild things of these wastes herded. Beyond the causeway, along which the troops had marched, he knew nothing. It extended for miles over a series of marshes, and through a country long since desolated. The advance on Moscow had swept it of every thing capable of supporting life, and changed the tamed and soil-bound serfs into fierce and implacable enemies. The means of life and safety were with his fellows, but despair had wrought him to the abandonment of hope.

The wasted hours were irretrievable. As the light began to wane, the desolateness of his condition burst upon him in its full force. He sprang upon his feet, but in the instant following, a dull and heavy sound came rushing on his ear, and a blinding flash swept by. The truth was obvious: the causeway had been mined and fired; piles of dried wood were also placed at intervals to assist in the destroying work. A bright and rugged flame grew up on every side as the veiled sun withdrew its light, and as it sank, came the cold north-wind with its accompaniment of snow. He leaped from the place, on to the crackling ice below, for the gathering flame had caught the posts and planks beneath him, and sought to win his way to some rude shelter, there to wait until the pangs of cold and hunger finished their fatal work.

But men do not so easily resign themselves to die. For a moment, it may be that the darkness of the present and cheerfulness of the future, cast upon the mind a veil of gloom. It is, however, but a temporary faintness, from which the innate fear of death rouses to renewed exertion. The human race had become extinct, were it not that every eye turns back from the blackness of the sepulchre, sickening and uninformed. We may haste to the very edge of that vast gulf, the depth and darkness of which no eye

can penetrate, and what then? Dare we "jump the time to come?" The spirit doth recoil, revolt, and utterly refuse this blind leap into space—this undemanded visit "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." No, no; men cannot swathe themselves in wretchedness to shut out life and die. They may essay it, but our native horror of the doom refuses its fulfilment.

Villeneuve—such was the soldier's name—slinging his musket, to step the lighter, hastened into the pathless and untrodden forest that lay before him. What were his thoughts? They were a wilderness, in which the quiet and gentleness of early days, mingled strangely with the glories and miseries of his later years. Six and twenty summers—the last eight passed in many climes—had bronzed his young brow to an olive hue, while the license of a soldier's life had given to his step the reckless bearing which indicates both a carelessness to the thoughts of others, and a firm reliance upon self. He journeyed on through the darkness, until the difficulties of the way became so manifold and the increasing cold so intense, as to compel a halt. It was not, however, until near midnight that he resolved on such a delay. His first idea had been to withdraw from the direct road of the advancing foe, and by wild and unfrequented routes endeavour to reach the camp of Macdonald and D'York, yet before Riga.

The immensity of the distance to one who frequently traversed Europe, seemed nothing. Proceeding on his way, he turned this strange project in his mind, until from its constant contemplation, he grew at last to believe its perfect practicability. A want of provisions seemed the only one likely to traverse his hopes, and this he trusted to remove by force or fraud, at some of the solitary huts of the Mongicks, which he doubted not before his constitution was completely exhausted, to fall in with.

At last he paused; and having first seen that his piece was in good order, began to thrust aside the snow and collect from that universal covering, the dry and rotten wood which had fallen for years in these untenanted wilds, unsought for and unnoticed; after considerable labor, he succeeded in forming a large pile, then clearing some space around from the superincumbent snow, and scattering the powder of a cartridge upon some dried leaves, he bent down for the purpose of snapping his firelock in the midst, when as he stooped, a sound like that of a cautious tread seemed near him; he rose to listen, but before he had well regained his feet, found himself in the grasp of an enemy. They struggled fiercely for a moment, then rolled

in the snow together: the Frenchman sought for his bayonet—it had fallen from its sheath; making a violent effort to rise, for which his strength proved inadequate, his eye caught its glittering haft—to seize and bury it more than once in the body of his opponent, was the work of an instant; in the next he lay above him a breathless corpse. But throwing off that load of death, he sprang once more to his feet, and grasping his firelock, gazed watchfully around, but no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the crackling of the bent-trees, as the wind swept ever them, and the whirr-like rushing of the falling snow. At last he turned his gaze upon his stiffening foe, and speedily recognized the Cossaque. This occasioned in him fresh alarm, since he was well aware this light and predatory cavalry almost universally act in bands, and that if any were near, his own life would instantly be sacrificed for that of their late companion. Uncertain in this dilemma what course to pursue, he determined to take counsel from circumstances. While yet hesitating, a bright light arose at some distance; speedily followed by another, and another, until they grew so numerous, as to convince him he was in the neighborhood of a large force, which, notwithstanding the heavy drift, he soon discovered as they stood in groups or moved around their fires, to be the Cossacques of Platoff.

Despite the imminence of his peril, as he saw them preparing their rations at the bivouac fires, he stooped to rifle his dead companion, about whose person, however, he discovered only a full canteen, stored with some of the rich wines of France, unquestionably from the wagons, partially burned and abandoned by Eble, on the eastern bank of the Berrezina. While internally lamenting his unfortunate chance, he thought, as he gazed, he discerned at some little distance the horse of the fallen man. Cautiously advancing, he found his surmise correct, and more than all, to one in his condition, that the horse was literally laden with the means of existence for some days. After gratifying the cravings of hunger, he vaulted upon the back of his prize, and cautiously pushed still farther into the solitudes of the wood. He kept steadily advancing in one direction, until the dawn of day. Then once more collecting wood, he kindled a fire, haltered his steed, and furnishing some grain from his saddle-bow, wrapped his cloak around him, and sought repose.

He had not rested, it seemed, long, when a rude shake roused him. Looking up, he almost fancied the past had been a dream. Around him crowded friendly faces, whose

harsh and guttural language made him think himself still with the grand army. Yet the eye of a practised soldier soon detected the partisan band, in the varied arms and loose demeanor of those about him. They were, in fact, Lethuanian Uhlans.

On the advance of the French, numerous partisan corps had been formed among the Polish nobles for the double purpose of clearing the country of the Russian light troops and preserving their estates as much as possible from the licentiousness of their friends. The unexpected turn affairs had taken, compelled them now to fall back before the advancing Russians; but as they possessed an intimate knowledge of the country, it may easily be supposed they suffered but comparatively few of those privations under which the veterans of Napoleon were rapidly melting away. Still the retreat of the French was productive of the most disastrous consequences to these their supporters, since only by a hasty exile could they hope to escape the vengeance of the Czar.

It was into one of these bands that the good fortune of Villeneuve had conducted him. The patrol which discovered him on his cheerless couch, having despatched an orderly to their leader, Count Leczinsky, he desired the youth to be brought before him. But it was not without difficulty that these orders were communicated; none in the camp beside the chief speaking either German or French, while Villeneuve was equally ignorant of Slavonic. However, at last by broken words and oft repeated gestures, they managed to communicate the message, and Villeneuve followed his conductors about a mile, to a spot where a natural opening in the forest afforded a convenient halting place to the main body; into the hands of one of whose picquets he had fallen.

There was but little regularity in this strange camp; a few tents were scattered here and there, principally those of obnoxious families, who were withdrawing under the safeguard of the troops, from the tender mercies of St. Petersburg, and the softness of a Siberian winter. The remainder consisted of coarse screens of branches, so constructed as somewhat to shelter their possessor from the wind and drift. Although the party were evidently marching, it did not appear from the aspect of those engaged in repairing these rude huts, that they were likely to move for some days. This appearance of blindness or carelessness to danger, was by no means agreeable to Villeneuve, who well knew the precious value of the present moment, and cursed the mischance which had thrown him into the company of men who so ill understood their own condition.

These reflections swept rapidly through his mind, as he passed into the midst of the busy group, upon whose varied occupations he cast a bitter look. They were soon arrested by his arrival at the opening of a large tent, at which he was desired to dismount. Throwing back the loose folds that guarded the entrance, he found himself in the presence of Leczinsky. He was a man slightly passed the fall of life, in whose step and bearing if there was somewhat less of the elasticity of youth, its place was amply sup-

plied by the more enduring energies of ripened manhood. He was the tallest of the middle size, but of an almost delicate make; strangely contrasting with the sinewy forms of those around him. His brow was high and open, with that broad and sweeping curve, so frequently indicative of great mental capacity. Time had begun to thin his dark brown hair, but the fire of his small grey eye was still unimpaired. The white hairs, thickly mingled in his mustaches, were a better token of his age than any other portion of his physiognomy. But few cared to scan so closely one whose compressed lip and quiet air repelled such scrutiny. He was, in fact, one of those men in whom the habit of command had generated pride, and exertion almost supplied strength. Bred in the camp, the haughtiness of art had grown upon a generous nature and stifled the milder feelings which, in another and a better school, had doubtless opened to the light; while discipline had given force to a body apparently far too weak to bear the load of labor it was even his lot to wear through.

Bowing slightly as Villeneuve entered, he proceeded to question him with military brevity. "Your name, sir?" Claude Villeneuve, was the reply. "How comes it that we find you thus distant from the grand army?" My tale, rejoined the Frenchman, is soon told: Exhaustion compelled me to fall behind; when the army, after crossing the Berrezina, had filed along the causeways, they were destroyed, I suppose to prevent Fchitchagoff rallying his broken battalions upon our traces. "His broken battalions crossing the Berrezina! can this be true? methought the columns were withdrawing by the way of Minsk?" After defeating Kutusoff at Krsnoe, it was we, and not Kutusoff, who suffered at Krsnoe, and Polotsk and Minsk have both long since been in the hands of the Russians, and with them all our stores.

Leczinsky looked astonished, while Villeneuve continued: The army is destroyed; its enormous attirail has become the prey of the Cossacks: it is a mass of men, and not an army, that now retreats on Wilna. Something I heard of the loss of Polotsk, but had deemed it long since once more in the hands of Lt. Cyre. "Am I to understand you that the army is in perfect rout?" Yes, replied Villeneuve; only a few thousands are still under arms around their eagles, and even those devoted men are in a state of utter destitution.

Leczinsky seemed moved, and passing hastily out, rapidly sent off in different directions the orderlies whom he found there. Returning he said half aloud, "in an hour more we march"—General, interrupted Villeneuve, last night I fell in with some Pulks of Cossacks. They are, I conclude, at no great distance. Their object and yours being almost alike, it were well to keep all on the alert. "Probably Tolstoi's division, marching northward to turn the Morasses; but as the ice is now solid enough to bear his guns, we need not fear him," said Leczinsky, "still we will sound the ground before us to avoid surprise, in case he should have pushed his patrols so far. What rank," continued he, "did you hold in the grand

army?" "Major in the regiment of light infantry." "Aye, aye," exclaimed the General, "truth to say, your regimental facings are somewhat tarnished, but old campaigners must not be over nice." This was said laughingly, and Villeneuve could not help joining in the smile which an appearance so disproportionate to his rank occasioned. Leczinsky went on: "You have seen doubtless much service, and so have I; but some years passed in quietude have rather rusted the habits of the soldier. It is impossible for you to join your own corps, D'armee, for some time; in the mean while, I should rejoice to name you one of my aids.

An orderly now entered. Leczinsky turned, "Well, Starowitz, is all ready?" He bowed. "Then give the word to march: we must turn the Berrezina at its sources." The orderly withdrew. His disappearance was followed by the ringing of trumpets, and all those other noises incident to a hasty movement. Leczinsky hastened to the front of the tent, and throwing back the canvass, called aloud, "Major, your new campaign has begun." Villeneuve followed. The General had already mounted, and his own shaggy Tartar steed was held by an attendant ready for his coming.

The day was horrible. Snow—snow, with a cutting northeast wind; the road, a species of wild pathway, led through half frozen swamps, potched into black mud by those in advance. The fatigue was dreadful, yet for four long hours they continued on. There were no murmurs—no lagging—there was neither enthusiasm nor depression. Silent and steady they persevered, until at the junction of a broad and open road, the term of their march, they halted.

Here Leczinsky informed Villeneuve he expected a large reinforcement, and also to be joined by his family, whom, in consequence of the tidings he had brought, he had urged to meet him. Wood was soon felled, camp kettles unslung, and a hasty meal in forwardness,—when some light horsemen, despatched previously in advance, were seen returning at a sharp gallop, in considerable disorder. Their leader, having halted and re-formed his men, leaving them in charge of his subaltern, hastened to Leczinsky, who coolly remarked on seeing them, "These blundering blockheads have run us into the very snare we sought to escape.

By this time the leader of the troop was beside them. Without permitting him to dismount Leczinsky went on, "Well, sir, what news?" Bad news, was the reply; the enemy are in great force on the main road, and you have run into the midst of them. We came suddenly upon what appeared to be a rear guard, marching slowly in a hollow way, where the road bends to avoid a deep ravine on its right. Some squadrons of laucers charged us instantly. "Well, what casualties?" Four killed, eleven wounded. "No prisoners?" No, sir. "Are you certain?" The roll was called a minute since. "Could they make out any thing from those that fell!" No, they were shot down or sabred at the commencement, and trampled afterwards into the snow by the charging column. "So this is well—return—but stop;

did they pursue?" About a mile, or rather, pushed a strong reconnoissance that distance. We observed them from the woods. "Let a relieve be despatched, and the road observed as before; I shall be with the advance soon. No trumpets." The officer then withdrew.

"Well, well, this is no great matter; they took them for marauders—what think you?" The same. "But we must not slumber: we are hedged in with difficulties." "When do you expect the additional force you spoke of?" "Instantly; the orders were precise."

At this very junction a large body of horse appeared, which, halting for a few seconds, as if to assure themselves that they were in the presence of friends, raised the white eagle of Poland, with a shout, returned by those around Leczinsky; then once more breaking into march, were soon in the camp. Their commander speedily appeared, bringing with him two ladies, closely wrapped in furs. These were the Countess Leczinsky and daughter. The greeting was warm on both sides. This over, Villeneuve was introduced in form, and entered into conversation with them, while the Count withdrew to concert measures with the leaders lately arrived. Numbers continued to pour in, and before two hours the whole presented a very respectable appearance, there being not less than six thousand men under arms.

While these things were taking place, a tent for the accommodation of the ladies was gotten up, to which they withdrew, to partake of a sparing meal. To this, Villeneuve, Leczinsky, and the new comer, Col. Donnewitz, were invited. Villeneuve had an opportunity of observing those with whom he was to be for a time connected. The elder of the ladies had long passed her meridian. To the marks of age were added the furrowing of new cares and anxieties; yet her bearing was noble and undepressed; her conversation betrayed nothing desponding, but no attempt was made to play the heroine. She seemed in truth one far more fitting to adorn the halls of her lord in peace, than to mingle in the rough accompaniment of war.

Therese Leczinsky, the daughter, was about seventeen years; tall, light, and well formed; full of the life and vivacity incident to youth, which the novelty of her situation, notwithstanding its danger, seemed rather to increase; an eye dark and prominent, a full red lip and open brow, with thousands of jetty clustering curls, gave a gay and laughing expression to her features, which her temperament in no wise belied; her manners, elegant, yet unembarrassed, playful, but womanly, warmly interested the feelings of Villeneuve, who could scarcely contemplate without a shudder, the cloud of evil that so thickly beset her way.

From her words he easily gathered her strong belief of success. Scarcely could she anticipate as within the bounds of reason, any thing like defeat. To her unpractised eye, the rude and ill-armed crowd around was a power, before which every opposing effort would be idle as the tempest driven wave, which rolls back in foam at the foot of the barrier rock against which its strength was vainly spent. But how bitterly had he

learned the reverse. Well did he know that the iron men of a thousand battles were retreating, routed by the icy hand of winter, and withering famine, before the unbroken forces she weighed so lightly, and that the deserts of the far eastern south were swelling their savage bands with forms and arms to which imagination had lent terror, while their discipline had made that terror, indeed, no causeless fear. Rough as he was, his eyes felt heavy when he thought how soon a dream must have a fearful waking.

He rose from the table and took a seat by her mother's side; but that lady, observing his melancholy look, and seeing the other officers and the Count had again retired, bluntly asked him what he thought of their present situation. To this, after a moments pause, he replied, he was not able, from want of local knowledge, to form any correct opinion. "Well, sir, it may be so; but you saw that young man whisper the Count a moment before he left us: the purport of that whisper was, that the Russians are in force about seven miles from hence, directly in our path, on the banks of a narrow but deep stream. Now, sir, with this information before you, what opinion would you hazard of our state?" Villeneuve bowed to the very ground, to hide the extremity of his chagrin and recover if possible that equanimity which this disastrous piece of intelligence had well nigh overthrown, and replied, with a steadiness of tone which belied the words he uttered, that he must consider it as one pregnant with extreme danger. "What, sir," exclaimed Therese, in a tone of irony, "you do not think we shall be attacked?" Why, no, Lady, he added, almost thrown off his guard; they are at present ignorant of our neighborhood; and night and some unforeseen but happy chance may leave this danger at a distance ere to-morrow.

Therese looked doubtingly, yet alarmed, into the bronzed visage of the soldier, while her mother in an agitated tone, exclaimed, "I see all that your kindness would conceal in pity from our feebleness. We are lost, unless some hopeless hazard stand our friend. Therese, my Therese! little do you know of those stern men that are so near. Even while I speak, my sad memory goes back to the scenes of early girlhood. Then every acre of this wretched country was a battle field, on which a savage and licentious soldiery poured out the best and noblest blood of its defenders. Alas! my eyes have been but too familiar with war, and all its scaring evils. Oh! my girl, ten thousand horrid thoughts, are in my mind! Great God!"—clasping her hands and uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears and wept aloud. Villeneuve, with natural politeness, turned aside for a moment, until the gush of grief had in some measure subsided; and then, though the wild life of a camp is but a rough school, gently taking her hand, soothed her with hopes he scarcely felt himself. The exact knowledge, said he, we possess of the country and its means, you forget, madam, enables us to retire when and where we will; while it presents insurmountable difficulties to pursuit; besides, it is very possible there may exist some ford, by means of which, even if the untoward report prove correct, we may turn the past, and either fight at some vantage, or escape. [To be continued.]

SELECT POETRY.

We copy from the Boston Evening Courier. says the New York Commercial Advertiser, some beautiful and touching lines from the pen of Mr. SPRAGUE, a poet who throws his whole soul into every thing he writes. On the score of simplicity and feeling, we know of nothing in the English language superior to the subjoined extract.

[The following lines were written on occasion of the accidental meeting, a few evenings since, of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which (one eighty-two, the other eighty years old) have lived in the same house fifty-three years.]

THE FAMILY MEETING.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

All who hold each other dear,

Each chair is filled, we're all at home,

To-night let no cold stranger come;

It is not often thus around

Our old familiar hearth we're found.

Bless then the meeting and the spot,

For once be every care forgot;

Let gentle peace assert her power,

And kind affection rule the hour;

We're all—all here.

We're not all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,

Who thronged with us this ancient hearth.

And gave the hour of guiltless mirth.

Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,

Looked in, and thinned our little band,

Some like a night flash passed away,

And some sank, lingering, day by day.

The quiet grave-yard—some lie there,

The cruel ocean has its share—

We're not all here!

We are all here!

Even they—the dead—tho' dead, so dear,

Fond memory, to her duty true,

Brings back their faded forms to view.

How life-like through the mist of years,

Each well remembered face appears;

We see them as in times long past,

From each to each kind looks are cast;

We hear their words, their smiles behold,

They're round us as they were of old—

We are all here.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother,

You that I love with love so dear—

This may not long of us be said,

Soon must we join the gathered dead,

And by the hearth we now sit round,

Some other circle will be found.

O then that wisdom may we know,

That yields a life of peace below;

So in the world to follow this,

May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all here!

WOMAN'S HEART.

Say, what is woman's heart?—a thing

Where all the deepest feelings spring;

A harp, whose tender chords reply

Unto the touch, in harmony;

A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught

With all the colored dreams of thought;

A bark that still will blindly move

Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is love?—a ceaseless stream,

A changeless star, an endless dream,

A smiling flower, that will not die;

"A beauty and a mystery!"

Its storms as light as April showers;

Its joys as bright as April flowers;

Its hopes as sweet as summer air,

And dark as winter its despair!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEATHLESS LOVE OF WOMAN.

[A FRAGMENT.]

The rosy hues of even-tide had fled—
 The moon was shining with no cloud to veil—
 Sown in the depths of azure overhead
 The stars were twinkling spiritually pale.
 Each street was still, the village lights were out,
 And heard no longer was the ringing shout
 Of rose-lip'd youth from school, returning home,
 Despising study and the learned tone.
 The dire musician of the nightly hour
 Forsook his haunt within the leaning tower,
 And the tired inmates of the lowly shed,
 And castle hall, by sleep were visited:—
 The pallid student on his couch reclined,
 Of conquests dreaming in the realms of mind,
 And darkly closed in slumber were the eyes
 Of those who were to pleasure votaries.
 Ah! sleep was not victorious over one,
 Whose life was near the setting of its sun,
 Though on young lids his leaden fingers fell,
 And manly strength was tangled in his spell.
 She was an aged woman,—and beside,
 The couch whereon her dying partner lay,
 With tearless agony of soul, she tried
 The rapid march of ghostly death to stay
 Pale, pale she knelt with cordial in her hand,
 While on the hearth shone dimly, the brand:
 Her limbs awhile unwonted feeling shook,
 And darker grew her wretchedness of look,
 Her arms then folding on her sunken breast
 She strove to calm its throbbing into rest—
 Nor vainly strove, for banishing despair
 From her thin lips in murmurs broke the prayer,
 And sweetly calm and angel-like she rose
 Her brow the aspect wearing of repose.
 Ah! with the hush of dreamy midnight came
 No healthful rest to her exhausted frame.
 The fine expansion of her form was gone,
 But love gave magic softness to her tone;
 The bright vermilion of her cheek had fled,
 And ghastliness her features overspread;
 Neglected hung her scanty locks of white,
 But cherub hope, her hollow eyes gave light;
 No longer wounded was her feeble arm,
 And fled forever was each girlish charm,
 But still she tried, with unabated zeal,
 While death drew nigh, the sufferer to heal.

ORIGINAL.

CONFESSIONS OF A PHRENOLOGIST.

CHAPEER SECOND.

I closed the foregoing chapter with some account of my ejection from the school. After the wrathful feeling which such an event could not fail to engender, had measurably subsided, the bitterest chagrin took possession of my mind. My mortification was excessive, to think that my first essay in business should prove a total failure. In this state of mind I sought my maternal mansion. My incomparable mother greeted my return with her wonted kindness, and by means of her affectionate attentions I became in a few days somewhat in favor with myself again. I passed the ensuing summer in assisting my parent, and in ruminating over such plans for my future conduct as my inventions suggested.

Various, contradictory, and perplexing were the projects which successively occupied my attention. The witch's predictions were never out of my mind; waking and sleeping it was present to my memory.—Most sincerely did I determine to bring about its fulfilment; the hag's prophecy was too

flattering to allow me for a moment to question its authenticity. I was particularly pleased with that portion of the oracle which promised my exemption from the operation of the primeval course of *sweat and labor*. My reveries by day and my dreams by night, had one object, and one only—*my own glorious destiny!* But when I came to deliberate on the means of fulfilling that destiny, ah! there was the "rub!"

But the wheels of time were no less restless than my own glorious brain; and they were much more effectively employed. The autumn with its "sere and yellow leaf" found me still undecided respecting the precise path by which I should choose to ascend the mount of greatness. I had determined—could determine on nothing.

At length came the day which was to fix my destiny. I shall never forget it. It was at the beginning of corn harvest. I was sitting on a huge stone near my mother's door, my face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" ruminating, as usual, on my prospects. So wrapped was I in my own meditations that I did not observe the approach of my mother, who was returning from Lumberville, whither she had been to dispose of some of the products of her garden. I was aroused from my trance by her placing in my hand the latest number of the "Lumberville American Eagle, and Andrew Jackson Intelligencer." In glancing over the paper, I noticed the following:

"PHRENOLOGY !!!

"Professor Fudge will deliver a course of twelve lectures on the new and interesting science of Phrenology at the Court House, in Lumberville. Introductory lecture this evening. Tickets for the course \$5.

☞ Introductory lecture GRATIS.

"Professor F. feels assured that little need be said to the enlightened citizens of Lumberville in recommendation to this most interesting and important modern science. As regards his own qualifications, he deems it sufficient to say, that he has devoted eighteen months exclusively to this subject.

☞ Heads examined for fifty cents each."

"Phrenology!" what can that be, thought I, "Heads examined!" I immediately tho't of the witch of the mountain and of her examination of my own *cranium*. Whether "Professor Fudge" might possess any portion of the witch's preternatural powers I could not guess, but I felt an unaccountable conviction that Phrenology, whatever it might be had some necessary connection with the accomplishment of the witch's prediction.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that I resolved to attend the lectures of Professor Fudge, and penetrate if possible the arcana of Phrenology. My indulgent mother furnished me with enough of the "needful" to purchase a ticket, and I forthwith set my face towards Lumberville. When I reached the village all was in commotion. Every body was busy in discussing the nature and pretensions of Phrenology. The public curiosity was strongly excited, and when the bell announced the hour of meeting, almost the whole population of the town moved toward the Court House. I joined the throng and entered with it. The

first glance, discovered to me the thin, weasi face and foxy hair of Professor Fudge, seated as he was on the bench. He was a small man, with little twinkling bright grey eyes; and while the pause was filling, he occupied himself in darting penetrating glances on the variegated multitude of heads that peared above each other in the space before him. My attention on entering was instantly arrested by the white shining appearance of a row of skulls which stood on the desk before the bench, "grinning horribly" at the crowd, much to the wonderment of the boys, and the terrorment of the women. I afterwards learned that these, instead of being, as I at first supposed "sad relics of mortality," were composed of plaster of paris.

When the bustle of the assembly, occasioned by the scrambling for seats, the squalling of children, and the belligerent yells of the canine portion of the audience, had in some measure subsided, Professor Fudge arose. In the midst of profound stillness, and deep attention, he glanced slowly over the broad surface of upturned expectant faces, his gray eye sparkled, and opened his oracular mouth.

"Phrenology, my friends," said he, "Phrenology is the science of all sciences; the true Philosopher's stone of knowledge; the long wished for and newly discovered key to the arcana of philosophy! The world has ever been groping in the thick darkness of ignorance, and wallowing in the mire and filth of moral and intellectual pollution: it is reserved for the glorious science of Phrenology to renovate and purify it. Yes, my friends, the science of Phrenology, whose apostle I am, will rescue man from his deep degradation, will purify his moral, ennoble his physical, and illuminate his intellectual nature, and raise him above his present rank in creation to one immensely higher, better, nobler! To such of you my friends as shall attend the present course of lectures (the fee is only \$5) I will, with little exertion on your part, communicate a mass of scientific information which Aristotle, Lord Bacon, and Sir Isaac Newton never dreamed of. Valuable philosophical secrets, no where to be found, out of the precincts of Phrenology! A knowledge of this noble science will enable each of you to discover the real character and disposition of your neighbors at a glance; and no one needs hereafter be imposed upon or cheated. The judge will be able to detect the guilt of the accused by the infallible index of his bumps; the clergyman can in the same way be enabled to separate the goats of his flock from the sheep; and the parent can at once discover the bent of his child's genius, and educate him accordingly. And I shall leave it to future lawgivers to determine how serviceable this glorious science may be made in the prevention of crime by awarding to those whose heads incontestibly point them out as prospective felons, the punishment of their guilt in advance, thus answering all the ends of justice, and at the same time, saving society from the consequences of their crimes.

There is one other aspect of this subject which I am persuaded will be favorably regarded by the youthful portion of my audi-

ance. I allude to the important, and in fact almost indispensable assistance which Phrenology will afford to all persons who may be engaged in a matrimonial treaty. Instead of being obliged to make trials of each other, and incur the fearful hazard of repenting when too late, young men and maidens can inform themselves touching each other's qualities before marriage with the greatest ease, and in the most satisfactory manner possible. It is only to seize an opportunity for passing your hand through the hair of your beloved person—an operation which is believed to be seldom impracticable—and you will at once discover whether you have found a fitting companion for life. Time would fail me this evening to enumerate all the manifold advantages of Phrenology; but to those who shall attend my ensuing course of lectures, I will fully unfold the subject in all its beneficial bearings on the human family."

After being informed that the plaster skulls above mentioned, were imitations of the heads of great philosophers, generals, and villains, we were invited to subscribe to Professor F's proposals. One hundred and fifty names were enrolled, and, I need hardly say, amongst the rest that of ESEK ORGAN.

After the crowd had withdrawn, I remained, and introduced myself to Professor Fudge as an ardent admirer of the sublime science of Phrenology. The truth is that his success on that evening had excited in me a violent inclination to become myself a lecturer on Phrenology; and the more I reflected the stronger was my conviction that this was the identical path to fame, which the witch intended in the never to be forgotten prediction. The coincidence, also, of her method of examining my head with the method of Professor Fudge, was striking and remarkable.

I succeeded in driving a satisfactory bargain with Professor F., according to the terms of which, I was to receive private as well as public instruction during the course, and at the end a certificate of ample qualifications to lecture on Phrenology in all places whatsoever:—and in return for these singular privileges, I was to take every occasion to proclaim the greatness of Professor Fudge throughout the village and town, and moreover, to supply the room with fires and light during the lecture of each evening of the course. I was also to purchase a copy of the "Cabinet of Phrenology," a most elaborate and erudite work of Professor F's. Price \$4.

At the termination of the lectures, (I hope I shall not be thought vain glorious when I say it) I was thoroughly imbued with Phrenological science, and fully master of its mysteries.

Professor Fudge departed from Lumberville, after having pocketed the satisfactory sum of one thousand dollars, and I repaired to my mother's, to prepare for my coming campaign of greatness. The garret of my mother's domicile, I converted into a laboratory, and after toiling three weeks in boiling and modelling plaster of paris, I succeeded in producing a most admirable set of Phrenological busts. Nothing could be more exact and perfect than my imitation of the head of Homer, the bumps of invention and ideal-

ity were so delightfully prominent. My head of Cain, too—a child could see that the villain ought to be hung. My head of Nebuchadnezzar was also a miracle of art—the animal propensities were so prodigiously developed. The heads of Plato, Socrates, Cesar, Hannibal, Achilles, Ulysses, Lord Bacon, Milton, Shakspeare, Lord Brougham, Bonaparte, Talleyrand, and Van Buren, were all exquisitely perfect.

Nothing now seemed to remain but to enter at once on my career of glory. My mother, however, insisted that I should visit the witch again, previous to commencing my labors, and receive her benediction. I tho't proper to comply with this recommendation of my parent, and in my next chapter I will make known to the reader the events of that visit.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.

From the variety of scenes presented to the view in the face of nature, pleasing and delighting the senses, exciting the admiration and esteem of thousands, it is impossible to select one more interesting—more lovely and fraught with a more heavenly charm, than that of a youthful group encircling the paternal fire-side. Rhetoric may adorn any subject with all its representations—poetry may be called to lend its florid descriptions—the eloquence of a thousand tongues may speak to its praise with angelic fire,—and the native simplicity and honesty apparent in the reciprocal acts of this juvenile band, unpolished and unadorned, far eclipses its glory and splendor.

How far short of the reality has the poet fallen in saying—

"True, there were of themselves exceeding fair:
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest intellect; and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss."

Observe then at winter's eve, all seated, with the parent at the head, in order around the sparkling fire. Peace flushes bright in every countenance, while the moments pass as pleasantly as the gentle zephyrs of a summer's morn.

In summer, how absorbed in the trifling pleasures incident to early life, and in their demeanor how reciprocal the fellow feeling with which their minds are deeply imbued. Hope sits smilingly on the thrones of their imaginations; joy and exultation fill their souls at the lightening prospect of the future, when they will move in the sphere of active life. How deceived! Unaware that they are plucking the sweetest flowers of their whole lives.

Time still moves them on in its ever rolling car, to the important crisis when some momentous event is about to characterize the history of the future, and make a striking change in the aspect and feelings of the happy circle. Some of its beloved members are to be torn from the fond embraces of their kindred spirit and no more enjoy the social bliss of the paternal roof—no more to sit at a father's table—no more to be welcomed by his friendly grasp—no more to be saluted by a mother's kiss—a brother's, a sister's smile they will not enjoy. They will no more hail the companions of their youth—no more to participate in the rich gifts of a Christian

Sabbath on the shores of their birth—no more to "visit the sepulchered vale where lie the dead," or the busy streets of their own native village. They have gone.

Here let me say, this is not a picture of the imagination. It is literally true. Never was there a morn in April, when the azure sky looked more lovely—when the sun shone more benignant—when the fields had shrouded themselves in a deeper green, and all nature clothed in a brighter aspect, than that on which M—— looked for the last time on the inmates of her father's dwelling. At an early hour, due preparations were made for the departure. The family table was spread before her for the last time, around which were seated her brothers and sisters, the deep feeling of whose hearts were visible in the large tears that fell in swift succession down their blooming cheeks. Soon they were called around the family altar to bow the knee together, and supplicate the benediction of heaven. How impossible was it for their voices—the feeling was too great to suffer utterance. They could only bow in silence, and to Him who understands thoughts, raise their ardent wishes.

One year and a half from that memorable period, her sister, F—— succeeded her to the field of missionary labor in the Islands of the great Pacific. At her departure a stranger was present, who was requested to address a throne of mercy for her who was to depart and those remaining. When all were lifting their heart to God, I saw the sister, about to go, and a brother, kneeling and mingling their tears by the same chair. I was peculiarly affected by the sight: it produced sensations in my mind which can never be erased: the scene was heavenly, and it seemed as if the angelic choirs had unstrung their golden lyres, whose notes ascended like incense to the pavilions of the Most High, to inspect the transpiring circumstances of that day.

The carriage approached the door to bear her far, far away. She took her seat, then approached the sainted father, tottering under the adverse storms of seventy years, to bid a long and final adieu to his loved daughter; then the weeping mother, with indescribable emotions, pronouncing the richest of heaven's blessings upon her; then succeeded the other members of the family to receive the parting kiss from her rosy lips, and have reciprocated the unspeakable pathos of their bosoms.

JUVENIS.
H—— College, March 12, 1836.

THOUGHTS... N o. 3.

She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Hogg.

At one time, it was a matter of general speculation with philosophers, whether selfishness was not the *primum nobilitatis*, in all the undertakings of mankind. Be the fact in respect to the *universal* prevalence of this motive, as it will, it is sufficiently obvious, that in a multitude of cases, either to self-interest, self-satisfaction, or partiality to self, in some form or other, may be attributed the rise, continuance and end of exertion. This may be seen by the observer of actions, in even the most trivial occurrences of life. The public beggar, the day laborer, the

VARIETY.

DIAMONDS.

DIAMONDS! what a strange passion; what a curious disease; what a topic for a speculative curiosity, is the thirst which some women feel for these precious articles! And as if it were not enough to spend thousands of pounds on which paste and glass may be made to imitate, they must needs have better than their neighbors, and in the desire to outshine, for every thing else. Many a handsome woman enters a room, far prouder of the stones in her hair and on her bosom, than all the real advantages nature has given her; and many an ugly woman has ruined her husband, and starved her trades-people, that she might have a larger drop to her necklace, than Lady Ballyna. Why? Is the handsome woman happier or even more admired; is the ugly woman less ugly with her diamonds than without them? Of all the different madnasses and false tastes created by idleness and luxury, this is the most unaccountable! A certain lady of fashion was for years in the habit of collecting emeralds, pearls, and other precious stone, one by one; and after she had a sufficient number for a necklace, she would request her husband to "set them." Extravagance in proportion with this branch of expenditure, gradually consumed what had originally been a splendid fortune; the lady sighed over the increasing embarrassment of their circumstances, but continued her collection of jewels. At length the day arrived when they were pronounced ruined, who had long been so in reality. The lady behaved beautifully on the occasion: agreed to every species of retrenchment, but refused to give up her jewels, which would have covered almost half of their debts. Tempted some time afterwards by a jeweller's advertisement, she went out succeeded in bargaining for the most pure and perfect emerald, and on her return, found that her husband, who had long been in low spirits, had shot himself through the head. The jury brought in a verdict of lunacy—and all his friends went about regretting that they had not foreseen and prevented his melancholy end;—but no one saw madness in the lady's conduct; and she afterwards made a rich banker (her second husband) set that very emerald as a drop to the most superb necklace ever worn at court by any one under the rank of a royal Dutchess.—Mrs. Norton.

ANECDOTE OF A PRINTER.—At a supper which closed the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at Washington on Saturday week, Mr. Verplanck, one of the guests, related the following anecdote. I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work, in conjunction with two or three friends, whose writings are amongst the most valuable productions of naive literature. The volumes were most accurately as well as beautifully printed. Before the sheets had reached the binder, and long before they had fallen under the eyes of any regular editorial critic, I was surprised with a review of the work in one of our best and most widely circulated literary journals. It was written with great talent, as well as elegance and sprightliness of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On inquiring the name of our good natured and able critic, the author was surprised to learn that he was the compositor, who had set up all the manuscript, and who knew it only in that way. Our friend has since laid down the stick for the pen, and is now, as I trust, winging his way to fame and fortune in another country.

A farmer being asked whether he intended to marry his daughter to a Major in the Army, "No," he replied, "I do not like the drill system of husbandry."

The following some piece is from the Catskill Recorder:

A GOOD HAND.—In the endless variety of writing to be met with in this scribbling scrawling world, there seems to be some difference of opinion, or of taste as to what constitutes a good When a fair lady sends a fair note and requests the pleasure of your company to tea, on a given evening, that is doubtless a fair When a man writes you that unless you pay that note he holds against you in twenty-four hours, he will send you to jail, that may be called a plain When a gentleman sends you an exceeding polite note, only demanding the satisfaction of blowing out your brains, that is denominated an honorable.—When a lady writes a billetdoux with a quill plucked from the wing of Cupid, and with such fine and delicate strokes as to be invisible except to the eyes of love, that is doubtless a lovely.—The Lord's Prayer written in the space of half a dime, is a very fine A, which is frequently placed at the bottom of a note 'for value received,' however coarse and vile it may appear, is a very promising A. A which after writing a long, lean soporific article, requests an editor to favor the public with the sublime squeezing of an empty noddle, is, to say the least, a very impudent The gentleman, again, who writes to this same humble servant of the public on matters of any kind relating to a newspaper, and makes a point of forgetting the postage, by the unanimous opinion of the whole corps editorial, writes a most rascally

Then besides these there is the close, and the sprawling, the round, and the sharp, the easy, and the cramped, the heavy, and the light, the running, and the hailing, the copy, and the that no man can copy, and twenty other's, all of which may be good, bad, or indifferent, as it happens. But when we receive a letter, post paid, and written thus,—though it be in quail tracks and pot hooks;—'Enclosed are two dollars, for which you will be good enough to forward your paper to Peter Pay-the-Cash-Down.' This we know to be positively a good hand.

A SAILOR'S CLASSICALITY.—"Ah! I thought we should come to it at last," said Ben; "young eyes are soon dazzled by female beauty, and then away their hearts are whirled into the eddies and races between the Silly and Cribbish of Love; and then they founder amongst the Syringes, who will not so much as throw them a coil of their long hair to hold on by and keep them from sinking." "Well done, Ben!" exclaimed the lieutenant, after a hearty laugh; "why you are quite poetical. Pray, where did you learn any thing of Scylla and Charybdis?" "Why, Mr. Hamilton," answered the veteran with solemnity, "the council of grey hairs is not to be despised: and respecting them there places our parson—it was when I was a boy in the old Billy-roughun, up the Mediterranean—our parson used to compare the temptations of this world to the whirlpools of Messina and that way; and he told us the rocks on each side were the Silly and Cribbish of the ancients. And then he used to spin a long yarn about loose women, whom he declared were like the beautiful syringes that floated on the green sea like a cork, but which I takes to be mermaids—and they sung 'Tom Tough' and 'Poor Tom Bowline,' and other sich like songs, with so much sweetness that they ticed men to destruction."

HOUSE DIVIDED.—A father who was cursed with an unruly son, remarked to him one day, "I am going to divide the house with you." The son expressed a great deal of joy at the proposal, and was anxious to be immediately made acquainted with the nature of the division. "Well," said the father, "my determination is this, I shall keep all the inside of the house, and you may take the rest."

petty bargainer, and the extensive speculator, although their capacities and manner of exercising them are widely different, all have the same actuating principle.

But it is not in action alone, that the effects of selfishness are the predominating causes. Scarcely is a general opinion hazarded, a particular attention bestowed, or a choice in any thing established, in which a reference either direct or indirect, to the affairs of self is not easily discernable.

The peculiar attachment to the land we claim as the place of our nativity, and in which we received the first foundation for our prejudices and opinions, and the pertinacity with which this predilection clings to us, has long been observed. It is a remark as ancient as the days of Ovid, that

By secret charms our native land attracts. The force of this attraction is as irresistible as the principle that prompts us to make our own security and interest, matters of prior consequence to all others. Under the influence of this prejudice, the Greenlander is led to consider the clime, which to us appears destitute of the least source of comparative comfort, as wanting nothing to render his existence a pleasant dream; the region where the earth is scorched, and the germs of vegetative existence are almost consumed by the heat of a tropical sun, is converted by the inhabitants into the elysium of temporal existence, and the solitary denizen of some "rock-bound" island, which we at once would deem uninhabitable, is led to think it the "sweetest, wildest land on earth."

It is very plain that this extravagant preference, cannot arise from the intrinsic excellence, in any respect, of the country itself, and that the partiality is elicited, merely by connection with considerations of former actions. Around early scenes, is cast a haloed remembrance, more easily experienced than described. The force of early impressions, and the influence which they exert in the actions and in forming the opinions of "riper years," has often been remarked.

There is little room for doubt, that these "charms" which so bind us to our native land are, in the main, those of pure selfishness. But when the promptings of selfishness take this direction, they cease to be evils. Respect, or even an ardent preference for one's country is surely very innocent in itself, and entirely divested of every appearance of criminality. P. Y. X.

Who wants a Wife?—A correspondent of the Boston Tran. writes thus from Cabotville, Mass.:

There are factory girls enough here to spin the button-makeresses out of countenance, in a trice; say 450, at the least calculation. A happier looking population, certainly, will not be found anywhere. Few of them, to be sure, stay many years. They do not come hither with the intention, or under the necessity of doing so. They are mostly farmers' daughters—say from the hills of N. Hampshire, and still more from Vermont—and their object is to get a snug little capital to start upon into a more quiet life at home. This they can easily do, with tolerable economy, in a year or two. A great many substantial wives are graduated here. Their charms and virtues, if unknown before, soon become so. The prettiest, and the smartest, especially, are sure to be picked off with as much precision as were the British Officers by our sharpshooters at Banker Hill.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 2, 1836.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

There are but few if any subjects which of late have excited more attention than that of Education. To it the minds of philanthropists and statesmen are being directed, in devising means which may bring it within the reach of all. Who is there that cannot discover its transforming influence upon society; and in discovering its benefits, does not desire to see it spread through every rank from wealth to poverty—scattering its verdure over every soil, dropping its seeds upon the barren wild, making it to bear the stately oak and gentle flower? Education—Why, it forms the mind as the sculptor does the marble—giving it form and beauty; it breathes it into life and action, to command our respect and win our admiration.

Until within a very short time, the education of young Ladies has been, to a very great degree, neglected, or if not wholly neglected, has been confined to the *tinsel ornaments* which perhaps fit them to make a *dash* in Fashion's giddy whirlpool—To receive the homage of some brainless dandy, and acquire the unenviable reputation of being *showy*; but destroys them for the fire side. The real station which is assigned to them in life, has been entirely overlooked: No substantial and useful character is formed; no high moral principle is instilled, which beautifies and adorns. It is true that many of what are called *fashionable boarding schools* are liable to censure; for it is here where the injury is done. But as we are not going to write an essay, we will approach more particularly the subject which induced us to write this article.

It gives us great pleasure to speak of the late examination which took place at Miss SEWARD'S SEMINARY; for in doing so we can speak of it in the highest terms of approbation. Indeed, we have heard none say they were not highly pleased, and as for us, our expectations were more than realized. The several classes bore the examination with much credit, and no dishonorable means appeared to be restored to on the part of the teachers, to create a reputation for the school. The most perfect fairness was exhibited in allowing the classes to be questioned by any one who would do so. Many of the compositions were marked by a depth and richness of thought, which would do justice to maturer minds, and we hope to be permitted to lay some of them before our readers.

The exercises closed in the evening by singing some appropriate lines, written for the occasion by one of the teachers. The music was composed by the experienced Teacher of the Music Department of the Seminary, and its style and performance (with piano accompaniments) was highly creditable to those concerned and gratifying to the audience.

Without any intention of disparaging other institutions of the kind, we cannot refrain from speaking in the warmest terms of this School, where young Ladies are educated with regard to what they *are* and what they *should be*. The Principal has entrusted to her direction the formation of character, which is to last for life, and be a blessing or curse to future generations. The station is one of great responsibility, and so far as we can judge, its duties are discharged with fidelity.

WAY TO BE LOVED BY EVERY BODY.—Dr. Dodridge once asked his little daughter, about six years old, what made every body love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body."

Several communications have been received, which have not yet been examined.

MR. BROWN'S CONCERT.

We have heard but one opinion expressed by those who attended Mr. Brown's Concert at the Saloon of the Rochester House, on Thursday evening, and that was in terms of the highest encomium. Seldom have we enjoyed a richer musical treat. It seemed as if all the intelligence, beauty and fashion of our city had come together. The crowded state of the room was to us alike unexpected and gratifying, and gave abundant evidence that our citizens are not deficient in taste for this delightful and soul-stirring science. We believe this manifestation of interest for Mr. Brown to be fully merited, and know it was cordially bestowed.

We do not design going into a critical examination of the exercises, but must be permitted to say that Mr. Russell was as usual "at home" on the occasion, and done himself much credit by his songs and piano accompaniments, and the readiness with which he granted the repeated calls for repetitions.

Miss Brown, too, we must say, sung with a sweetness and simplicity quite charming.

All seemed to go away highly gratified, and feeling that the evening had been pleasantly spent.

The articles dated at Granville Female Seminary, in Ohio, are copied from "The Young Ladies' Literary Gazette," a manuscript paper kept as a repository for the best compositions of those who attend that institution. They were not designed for public scrutiny, and were sent to us without the knowledge of the fair writers. If read with this allowance for any marks of a juvenile character they may bear, they will not be unacceptable to those who wish to foster native genius. Some of the pieces we have read need no apology. They will be published under our original head as we find room, without any other credit than the date. We hope similar institutions nearer home, will follow the laudable example.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for March has just been received; and so far as a cursory view gives us the opportunity of judging, its is equal both in matter and manner, to any of the preceding numbers. The following is a list of the principal articles in the present No.

Original Papers.—Letters from Palmyra, number one. Love Lays; by Percival. Philology, number two; Dr. Webster. The Star over the Water; M. A. Brown. Leaves from the common-place book of a German student. A Tho't; Hannah Hervey, a tale of the Cholera; by Rev. T. Flint. The Dying Wife. Comets and Eclipses; by A. W. Bradford, Esq. The Sleeping Cherub; by Mrs. K. A. Ware. Firstling. Woman; a poem, by G. Mellen. My Wife's Book. Triumph of Song. Execution at Sea; sketch, by an officer of U. S. N. Legend of Mattler's Creek. An Actor's Alloquy, No. 6. The Bride's Song. Ollapodiana; No. 11.

Literary Notices.—The Outlaw; by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Traits of the Tea-party, or Memoir of Geo. R. T. Hewes. Impressions of America; by Tyrone Power. History of the Episcopal Church in Virginia; by Rev. F. L. Hawks. The Passions; a poem, by G. Mellen. *Editor's Table.*

The "nut" so satisfactorily "cracked" in the following communication, was not intended as editorial. The credit was omitted through mistake:

NUTS CRACKED.—Your Mathematical nut is cracked and here you have it. The man takes his goat over first, and leaves the wolf and cabbage together. He then returns and takes the cabbage, and carries that across, leaving the wolf alone,—but returning the second time, he leaves the cabbage and carries the goat back again, and being

present, the wolf cannot hurt it. The third time he crosses, he takes the wolf, and leaves it on the opposite side with the cabbage, and lastly returns and gets the goat.

Now Mr. Editor, I have one for some of your disciples of Euclid to crack!—it is a *hickory nut*—no mistake.

Suppose a man let A. and B. an hundred rods of wall to build, at one dollar per rod; and each is to perform an equal part of the labor, and have fifty dollars a piece. But materials being nearer, and less expensive at one end than at the other, A. says to B. I will begin at the north end, and build for seventy-five cents per rod, if you will at the south end, for one dollar and twenty-five cents per rod. To this B. agreed. Now the question is, how much of the wall must each one build according to arrangement, so that they may receive of the money fifty dollars each. R.

An Eastern editor states that a lady, dressed in balloon sleeves, lately came in contact with the horn of a huge ox. The teamster halloed to her to "turn out," but she could not, as the street was only four rods wide. She escaped without injury, except to her sleeves, which were most shockingly crumpled.

STRINGING PEPPERS.—Two brothers of the name of Pepper, were hanged in North Carolina a short time since.

"Mother, bakers' bread is *riz* without 'east,'" said a little girl as she brought a warm loaf from the bake-house. "I guess not, my darling—besides, this is quite heavy." "Heavy or not, it's *riz* a cent on a loaf!" "Goodnesssake alive! we shall live on taters then."

A SAFE-GUARD.—A soldier was stationed at a post with directions to let no one pass without giving the watchword, which was Boston. In the course of his patrol some one approached, and the sentinel demanded,

'Who is there?'

'A friend,' was the answer.

'Well, friend, advance and give the counter-sign.'

No answer.

'Blast you!' said the soldier, leveling his musket, 'say Boston or I'll shoot you!'

MARRIED:

In Mount Morris, on Thursday the 17th inst., by the Rev. C. H. Goodrich, Mr. HUGH HARDING, Editor of the Mount Morris Spectator, to Miss EMILY M. PERCIVAL, all of Mt. Morris.

In Pittsford, on the 13th inst, by Elder Howe, Mr. WALTER CLAYTON to Miss MARY SHEERWOOD, both of Mendon.

On the 17th inst. by the same, Mr. JOHN H. HOATH, late from England, to Miss BETSEY PATTERSON, of Pittsford.

On the 27th inst., by the Rev. James Gay, Mr. DANIEL VANVALKENBURGH to Miss LUCRETIA A. McDONOLD, all of this city.

In Perinton, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. Anson P. Brooks, Mr. WARREN SMITH to Miss SUSAN SCOTT, daughter of John Scott.

In Le Roy, on the 10th inst. by H. H. Carpenter, Esq., Elijah Montague, of Batavia, to Mary Graves, of Le Roy.

On the 28th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Mack, Mr. Hawley Wheaton, to Miss Margaret Thorn.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Wm. Mack, Mr. Osborn Hurd, to Miss Katharine, second daughter of Mr. John Marchant.

In Henrietta, on the 28th inst., by E. F. Marshall, Esq., William Crocker, Principal of the Lima Academy, to Miss Naomi Quinby, daughter of Daniel Quinby, of Henrietta.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

Written December 31, 1835.

Farewell to thee! departed year,
To all thy sunny hours;
Thy smiles will not return again,
We'll see no more thy flowers.

'Tis sweet to muse on scenes gone by,
That once were passed in glee;
'Tis sweet to think of faded joys,
Departed year, of thee.

And when a cloud obscures the light,
And joy's bright sun has set,
We cast our thoughts on former days,
And find we love them yet.

The fair and beautiful are gone,
The friends that most we love—
They're gone from earth and all its cares
To rest in realms above.

Then fare thee well, departed one,
We ask thee not to stay;
To-morrow brings another year—
That bright and happy day.

We hail thee for thou bring'st to us,
New hopes and joys to come;
We leave the scenes already past,
Farewell departed one.

ANNETTE.
Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love a pretty cottage, and I love a field of green,
And I love a flower garden kept very neat and clean;

I love a lone, still forest, and I love a mountain steep,
And on a summer's day, I love to ride upon the deep.

I love a cheerful party, and I love a faithful friend,
And I love a moonlight evening, you surely may depend;

I love to read good novels, and I love to read what's true,

I love a morning ramble when the grass is wet with dew.

I also love to go to school, I love my teachers dear,
And I love, too, my kind schoolmates, to me so very dear;

I love a ride on horseback, and I love all kinds of play,
And I sometimes dearly love very foolish thing to say.

I love a summer's morn, too, and I love the breath of spring,

And oftentimes I love a harmless, merry song to sing;

I love a great warm fire on a chilly winter night,
And I love to have every thing go just exactly right.

JOSEPHINE.

TO TIME.

Scythe bearer! they that fabled thee to kill
Thine offspring, esoterically told
That mournful truth thy lapsing doth unfold.
With love, hope, joy, my being thou didst fill,
And I was happy—happy as the bird
That in some deep and solitary wood,
Unfearing, nestleth with its callow brood.
And now thou hast swept down, as with a word,
My all!—Oh God!—Oh God! I dare not cling
To ought remaining, for within doth cry
A warning voice; it ruleth, all must die!
Nor shall ye know the hour of harvesting.
Oh death! Oh Time and Death! what are ye
But the dark portals of Eternity.

T. H.

LINES,

FOR THE EXAMINATION IN MISS SEWARD'S SEMINARY,
MARCH, 1836.

Welcome Vacation! There's magic in that word,
That makes my heart as blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

When books to me are dull and dreary,
Held beneath grim "Horror's sway;"
Of music when my soul is weary
And my joys have passed away;

Then Vacation, Oh Vacation! The magic of that
word,

Will make my heart as blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

Vacation, Oh Vacation! There's accent in that
word

That makes my heart as low and sad as fetter'd
"Eden's Bird."

When books to me are sweet and lovely,
Held beneath ambition's sway;
When music's tones, so chaste and holy,
Drive my sorrows all away;

Then Vacation, Oh Vacation! The accents of
that word,

Will make my heart as low and sad as fetter'd
"Eden's Bird."

Welcome Vacation! There's magic in that word,
That makes my heart as blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

Its voice to me is full of pleasure,
Speaking of domestic bliss,
A Father's long and fervent pressure,
A Mother's soft and holy kiss.

So, welcome Vacation! The magic of that word,
Will make my heart so blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

Vacation, Oh Vacation! The accents of that word,
Will make my heart as low and sad as fetter'd
"Eden's Bird."

Its voice to me destroys all pleasure,
Speaking language such as this:
The short but fervent farewell pressure,
The sad but holy parting kiss.

So Vacation, Oh Vacation! The accents of that
word,

Will make my heart as low and sad as fetter'd
"Eden's Bird."

Welcome Vacation! There's magic in that word,
That makes my heart as blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

But soon thy joyful hour must pass,
Commencement's time must come,
That severs me from friends, alas!
And bids me leave "sweet home."

Commencement, Oh Commencement! The accent
of that word,

Makes my heart as low and sad as fetter'd "Eden's
Bird."

Vacation, Oh Vacation! The accents of that
word,
Makes my heart as low and sad as fetter'd "Eden's
Bird."

But soon thy sadning hours must pass,
Commencement's hour draw nigh,
That joins me to the happy class,
Which now I bid Good-By.

Commencement, Oh Commencement! The
magic of that word,

Makes my heart as blithe and gay as "Eden's
Garden Bird."

Commencement and Vacation! There's some-
thing in those words,

That makes our hearts as blithe and sad as free
and fetter'd Birds.

SELECT POETRY.

From the Sandy Hill Herald.
SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY.

I saw her as I fancied, fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'er spreading her lovely features;
She fainted, and I sprinkled her,
Her malady relieving;
I washed both rose and lily off—
O! seeing's not believing!

I looked again, again I long'd
To breathe love's fond confession;
I saw her eye-brows formed to give
Her face its arch expression;
But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breath was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!
O! seeing's not believing!

I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided:
I never saw in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walked with me one windy day—
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form, Nature's hand
So prodigally finish'd,
She was less perfect if enlarged,
Less perfect if diminished;
Her toilet I surprised—the worst
Of wonders then achieving;—
None knew the bustle I perceived!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And if she said no tender things,
I've often seen her look them;
I saw her my affianced bride—
And then my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

THE HEART.

The human heart!—no mortal eye
Hath seen its strings laid bare;
A beauty and a mystery
Is all that resteth there:
In love how silently 'twill brood
O'er feelings unconfess'd!
A bird that feeds in solitude
The younglings of its nest.

Its hate is like volcanic fire!
We reck not of its wrath,
Till bursts the lava of its ire
Around our scorching path.
Its friendship!—oh! the blessed deeds
It strews in Time's dark bowers,—
That spring through misery's bitter weeds.
To crown life's cup with flowers!

The heart's despair!—what witching smile
Portrays its gloom aright;
It is the hell of memory,—
Unutterable night!
Its holiness!—a tree whose blossom
Eternity supplies,
And flocking to whose branches, come
The birds of Paradise.

In every human change the heart
Is but a living lyre,
Where each fierce passion plays its part
Upon a separate wire;
But harsh and wild the tones will be
While passion round them clings;
It never breathes true melody,
Till God hath touch'd the strings.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1856.

No. 2.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE RETREAT.

[Continued.]

At this moment, an orderly requested his presence in the council. Bowing to the ladies, and bidding them be of good cheer and hope for better news, he followed his conductor to another tent, similar to the one he had quitted, and found himself in the midst of most of the field officers of the Polish force. The greater number were standing round a rude table, at the end of which Leczinsky was seated, his head resting moodily on his arm, while his closed hand held a crushed paper, which half rising, he handed Villeneuve; then throwing himself back in his chair, said aloud, "The council would feel gratified by the expression of your opinion thereon." The Frenchman looked for a moment at the document, and then with a smile returned it to the Count, who exclaimed, "Ah! I had forgot you do not read our language." Its contents were then explained. It was the very report to which we have already alluded, mentioning that he had been through the counties. Previously acquainted with its contents, he continued, "What ever the difficulties may be before us, rest, dispersion, or retreat, are equally beyond our power. We must on, and instantly. It is impossible so large a force can remain even for a few hours longer in the neighborhood of the Russians, without their knowledge. Some straggler or patrol may bring them on us in a moment. In my opinion our entire strength should be gotten under arms immediately, while some tried officer make a fresh and close reconnoissance. Should this be determined on, allow me to accompany him. The Russians know of no enemy, and probably are reposing in confident security. The river may not be all observed, and some hazard (although this is a desperate game,) may help us through our peril. All unanimously acceded to these sentiments; and after a moment's consideration, Col. Donnwitz was selected for the task; being thoroughly acquainted with the country, which was indeed his birthplace. Horses were ordered, and the two mounted with the habitual non-chalance of military men on duty, and trotting gaily off, struck into a bye-path that speedily hid the camp from their view. The snow was falling heavily, and the evening closing in, and as the moon would not rise till near morning they entertained little fear of discovery or failure. Donnwitz was an old soldier, bred in the campaign of Frederic; of whom, and his opponent Daun, he had a thousand anec-

dots. He had fought at the tremendous battle of Cunersdorf, and spoke of it as the most infernal scene of carnage he had ever witnessed; quoting the words of the veteran Trivulzie, who speaking of the battle of Mariguans, called it "a struggle of giants." "And indeed," said the old man, as they jogged along, (in fluent French,) "Frederic never did more, and yet never was worse beaten. It was just after this defeat that a deserter was brought in, endeavoring to pass the lines, and being questioned for his reasons for such an act, replied, he had no other objection to the service than their repeated misfortunes; 'be easy, my friend,' said Frederic, who was the questioner, 'only keep on a month longer, and by that time, if things do not much change, I'll even desert with you myself.'"

"Is that old story then so true," said Villeneuve.

"Aye, aye, is it so! but hush, hush, there they are," and at some little distance rose the watch fire of a post. "Stay," said Donnwitz, "while I ride a little to the left." Saying this, he went off, turning his back directly to the fire, and quitting the path by which they came, so as to enter the main forest. In ten minutes he returned, and placing his finger on his lip, signed for Villeneuve to follow. On they sped, amid a thousand obstacles, which none but native horses could surmount—roots, brushwood, fallen trees. They were in a vast swamp, which luckily was frozen hard enough to bear their weight, until once more they obtained a sight of the enemies fires, now, however, at some distance. But here it seemed their journey must end. Before them yawned a gulf, the steep sides of which were imperfectly marked by two converging lines of snow. Villeneuve wondered at his companion's coolness: but far more was he surprised to see him leap from his horse, and leading him by the bridle, commenced the slippery descent. There was no choice but to follow, and imitating his example, he entered the ravine. Here, contrary to his expectations, he found a narrow road, which led them to the edge of the river, and now his companion whispered it was an old and disused way, much frequented before the building of the bridge above, conducting to a ford, and the same on which they had traveled until compelled to turn off by the appearance of the enemy, which they had but taken a circuit to avoid. "I somewhat expected all this," said the Colonel, "before we came; the water course in which we now are, winds for some miles through the swamp above, and at the point at which we beheld the first fire is

crossed by a bridge. Now the poor souls in command there," pointing to the Russians, "suspect nothing of this route, and would know as little of the other, but for the few planks they chanced to find there. Should they not be in great strength on the other bank, I make do doubt of our success; for this ravine cannot be crossed by any unacquainted with its declivity, even by daylight, and as it is in front of their position above, but to the right below, with a dense skirt of wood along its margin; we may ascend it safely to the very point at which it bends, where they are stationed, without their being able to annoy or discover us. But all this is useless if they prove numerous on the other side—so we must over and see." "But how in the name of heaven are we going to do this?" exclaimed Villeneuve, "the ice will never bear our weight, and the cold of the river will destroy us." "True enough," was the reply, "if we should be unlucky enough to obtain a bath; but we must try—so look about for some place where the ice has grounded, while I make sure of the horses. Go down the stream and I will follow. There is a bend below, and the water hereabouts is nowhere more than four feet in depth." Villeneuve gave up his horse accordingly, and making his way downwards for about half a mile at last found the desired footing. Throwing himself on the snow, he waited his companion's arrival. In a few minutes he heard his voice, cursing in good Polish, the cold and darkness, and in the next they were side by side. "Now," said the Colonel, as he stepped on the ice, "be cautious and follow me!" On they went, but ever and anon, the snow above the loose ice betrayed their feet, and they sank into pools imperfectly frozen. Still there was so much anchored, that they had never reached the main stream.

All at once they trod on a single sheet, evidently by the loss of the irregularities of that they had previously traversed. "Here," said Donnwitz, "is the danger, we are now in the centre of the river; and by my faith I see the Russian fires on both banks!" It was a moment of deep feeling—the lives of thousands depended on their success, and the ice bent beneath their weight, until the water reached their knees. But neither had a thought of returning. With the firmness of resolved men, they strode on. Yet the deep breathing of either, could it have been heard through the fierce rushing of the snow, would have told how powerful an exertion of moral energy was necessary to the task.

At last they reached the drift again, and in a few moments more they found land.

Now ten for the
they have been

dogs, and heaven send tools enough only to hold the bridge with some weak posts," said the Colonel. They scrambled up the steep ascent, and here let me remark, owing to the vast body of water, carried by every stream in the spring, furnished from the melted snow, they have all lofty banks, in which at any other time they appear as if buried. Not a light was to be seen, excepting on the opposite shore, and there they shone in countless numbers, shrouded, however, so much by the drift as to wear the appearance of stars on a misty summer's night.

After a long and careful survey, the Colonel commenced his search for the old road; and ascending the river, by something approaching, Villeneuve thought, very much to instinct, discovered it at last, commencing about a mile above their landing place. Their advance was now beyond every thing laborious, sinking deep into the soft snow at every step, which hid also from their view the inequalities beneath, they might rather be said to stagger on their way, than march. Yet after about an hour's toil, during which, more than once, had they not feared the fatal end it would have brought, they were tempted to seek a moment's respite to their half frozen limbs, they came in sight of the bridge. About thirty camp fires blazed on the open road, before as many tents, around which were moving a few chilled and drowsy sentinels. At about half a mile further on, they beheld a far more formidable force.— This, by circuitous paths, they contrived to inspect more closely, and judged its strength to amount to near a thousand men, of all arms.

Having satisfied themselves this danger was the last, they turned about, and by the same exhausting route, reached once more the icy bridge they had previously traversed; this passage, too, successfully won, jaded and overworn, they sought their horses, ascended the ravine, dived into the deep woods, and took their farewell of the Russian lines.

Then and not till then, did either address the other; but as soon as all possibility of being heard was passed, "What say you to our condition?" said Donnewitz. "Why, let us on for our lives, while there is yet time; we may cut them off to a man!" was the reply. "You are right every way" was the rejoinder, "this is indeed no time for parley." Then bending forward and spurring their horses to a gallop, in a short time they reached their own outposts, and thence headquarters: but in a state of such extreme weakness, that probably an hour more of the like toil, had made them food for the gorged and sated wolves, that thronged the woods on every side.

To the general officers, who were still assembled, Donnewitz in a few words rendered his report. This seemed so much like mere romance, that all eyes fell at once on Villeneuve, as if seeking from him some confirmation of this strange intelligence. Scarcely heeding their more than doubting faces, he urged that not a moment should be lost in debate; that all such baggage as could not be transported on bat horses, should be rendered useless, the guns spiked and buried, the carriages ruined, "and assuredly," said

he, "not only shall we escape a great and pressing danger, but clothe ourselves with the honors of a triumph." "Gentlemen," said Leczinsky, "let us march; the road has been opened to us in a strange wild way; it is almost idle to repeat the difficulties it removes; we have still to encounter a fearful risk; let us meet it like men. Pass the word that none speak, whatever be the occasion. We march in single columns, in one hour; no trumpets, no noise. In a few minutes you shall receive your final orders. Good night. Colonel Donnewitz, and you, Major Villeneuve, remain; I shall need your assistance."

When all but the latter had withdrawn, they seated themselves anew, and Leczinsky went on, "The bridge on the ravine must be destroyed." "Give me the command of the rear guard," said Donnewitz, "and I will see it done. Let Villeneuve lead you across the ravine; he knows the road." "The road," said Villeneuve, and he laughed outright, "truly mine is no easy task." But the river bridge, a strong party must ascend the stream under cover of the bank. A barrel or two of powder below the sleepers would destroy all hopes of succor, and unless that portion of our plan should succeed, I see not what benefit we are to expect by transporting ourselves to the other side. "As," said Leczinsky, "it is impossible to remove either guns or baggage, they must be destroyed. Donnewitz, we must have some stern and well tried fellow for this business. You know nearly every man, I believe, who is with us; to you, therefore, I leave the choice for that arrangement. When all is done, let the men disperse to their own homes. I can spare but few men for this business, yet it must be done thoroughly." "Aye," said the Colonel, thoughtfully, "I have the man, Major Dimebroeck, a rough old Dutchman, but a thorough soldier; he served with Bagration at Pultusk, and Ostrolenka, I believe commanded a brigade of guns at the last. Still I have my doubts about his liking this affair; for being a Russian deserter, should he fall into Tolstoi's hand, half a dozen file and a ditch, would be the word: but who else can we spare."

"Send for him," said Leczinsky. The word was passed to an orderly without. "It now only remains to issue orders," said Donnewitz, "and that may be speedily done. Give me three light companies and some sappers, one hundred picked men for Dimebroeck—here he is, and all is settled."—"Major," continued he, "I have chosen you out for some rough service, knowing you well," he emphasised the last word strongly, "but still, as you may find reasons to decline it, our general has sent for you here, before giving the public order, that you may use that privilege if you think fit." Dimebroeck bowed. Leczinsky took the word; "It has not been our fortune to be much acquainted, Major; the Colonel has however praised you highly, and I cannot doubt his judgment or your merit; I propose, sir, to leave you with one hundred men, to destroy our powder, guns and baggage; circumstances do not permit of further weakening our force just now. You will, having accomplished this business, do the best you can for yourself; I leave no

orders as to that matter. We march on Wilna; somewhere on the road betwixt here and there, we may meet again."

Dimebroeck was a tall, dark, and heavy man; having the port and bearing of a perfect soldier. While Leczinsky was speaking, he was fumbling in his sabretache for something, which he seemed to find much as the other concluded. Handing over a leathern purse with a few rubles, he passed his hand rapidly across his brow, and in a deep and steady voice, desired the General to perform if possible a little service for him. "This is," said he, "a dangerous business; all the passes will be closed, and escape impossible; so as for meeting again, we can have no hope of that but in the other world. I was born at Delft, a pretty place that, though you may not think so, and should like to see it again before I die. But no matter. I have been a soldier these twenty years, and learned in that time to obey. I used to send my old mother, God bless her! what I could spare, yearly; but lately I have had no means of finding a post. I deserted on that account, chiefly; for I have no fault to find with the Czar, and no political predilections any way. I joined you to be nearer her; I see now how the matter is going; to-morrow will close my travail.— The only good you can do me, is to get this, if possible, to her hands, and if not, it will only be supposing me gone a few days before hand. General," he said, in an altered tone, "You will remember this, and rest assured your work shall be done." So saying, he touched his schako and withdrew.

Donnewitz raised his brows, and breathed hard for a moment's space, half unconscious of the fact, while the others gazed in unmeasured amazement at each other. Strange as it may seem, none doubted his fidelity, however. All rose. "The business," said Leczinsky, "is now completed. Colonel, send in my Secretary, and see into the detail." Villeneuve and Donnewitz went out. Every preparation for a light and hasty march was making. The wind had increased to a complete gale, and roared as it swept gustily over the forest, too loud to admit of any other sound being heard, bearing on its wings the usual heavy drift. There was neither star, nor moon, nor gap in the dark overhanging canopy, which seemed to touch the earth on every side, and shut them in beneath its folds. None but the chiefs were aware of the object of this movement: and thus the abandonment of so many women and children, seemed only for a time, and met with no opposition. Not a doubt of the truth had entered into the minds of any. All cheerfully assumed their places in the ranks.— Some powder placed on bat-horses, a couple of six pounders on sledges, and two day's provision, was all that could be taken with them.

By midnight, every thing being in order, Leczinsky, the Countess, and her daughter, wearing male attire to avoid suspicion, mounted and wrapped in furs joined them.

Then the march commenced. In less than an hour, they saw the Russian lights, and began their detour through the woods. So far, all had gone well, notwithstanding the intense cold and fatigue. The neighborhood of the enemy, the necessity of exertion, and the excitement of the march supported them.

The ravine was reached and traversed, and in a few minutes they were descending the river, unchallenged and unsuspected. Then, for the first time, did the soldiery appear to comprehend their danger; the numerous lights, the heavy groups around them on both sides of the river, told the story but too well. That they were escaping, was evident. But how? Those left behind, it was certain, were doomed, and lost, a sacrifice to the safety of the rest. Gloomily and still they swept along, the snow surging into their faces at every step, and clinging to their mustaches, until it had formed numerous little icicles, when suddenly the word was given to halt.

In single file, led by Villeneuve and Leczinsky in person, they commenced traversing the river, by its dangerous icy bridge. Many, confounded by the apprehension of an unwonted danger, shrank aside in the darkness and escaped; others threw themselves on the frozen snow, and wept aloud, while some endeavored to retrace their steps, and rejoin their abandoned families, hoping in the meanness of their condition to escape punishment. But the greater number persevered, yet none could tell the fate of those who had gone before, until Villeneuve, suggesting this to Leczinsky, and volunteering to return, recrossed the river. The effect of his appearance was magical: many who had abandoned the enterprize, rejoined their ranks; and before two hours had elapsed, all had reached the other side. All did I say—alas, no! a sudden plunge, a bitter shriek, a broken gurgling cry, told the fate of the missing.

[Concluded in our next.]

THE DOOMED.

It was the still hour of night, the pale moon shone faintly upon the turrets of Montfort castle, and its inmates were hushed in repose, when Lady Mary arose from her seat beside the window, where she had long sat, watching the stars as they sank one by one beneath the western horizon, and wandered forth upon the battlements.

The scene before her was well calculated to harmonize with her feelings. It commanded a view of the north and west, and it seemed as if nature in one of her wildest freaks had painted the landscape to show man her power. On the north was a dark lake, bordered with dense forests, and as far as the eye could reach on the west, mountain rose above mountain, until their summits were lost in the clouds. It was emphatically Ossa piled upon Pelion. It formed a striking contrast with other parts of the country, where might be seen the green lawn, the pebbled brook, and the neat dwelling of the cottager. But to Lady Mary these had no soothing power. Her heart was sad, and for her roses bloomed in vain. She delighted only to seek scenes that might vie with the darkness and desolation of her own heart.

As she leaned over the balustrade, a deep sigh stole from her bosom, and her sorrow found vent in words. 'Alas!' she exclaimed, 'I am born to misfortune, my very name is prophetic; but it is the will of heaven. I must be resigned.'

'Is it so?' said a voice near her, and turning she saw a slender and delicate youth in the

dress of a page. She started and was about to call for assistance, when she recognized in the fragile form before her, Arthur, the attendant of her father, Lord Montfort, and one who had often, unknown to any one, been her friend. 'Yes, Arthur,' she kindly replied, 'it is so; my sainted mother when on her death bed, called for me, and when I was brought, exclaimed, 'my poor, unfortunate child,' then gave me her last kiss, breathed in the ear of my nurse, 'call her Mary,' and expired. Would that she had lived; but no! I would not have her know that her child was so unhappy. It would break her heart.'

'Lady,' said the youth, 'listen to me. Look upon the heavens and read in them thy destiny. Seest thou yon dark cloud that veils the moon in a shroud of blackness, and shuts out her beams from the earth? And now see her burst from beneath its shade, and ride with redoubled splendor through the deep vault of heaven. Even so shalt thou come forth from the furnace of affliction. Remember, it is Arthur that says, brighter days are before thee.'

'No, Arthur,' replied Lady Mary, 'I know my doom is sealed, but if Herbert were here I know it would not be so; but I know not where he is—perhaps suffering for want of some kind hand to alleviate his woes, and if he but knew my situation nothing would prevent him from hastening to my relief.' Ere she had finished the sentence, Arthur was gone. She retired to her chamber, to await with patience and resignation the coming day. Arthur in the mean time sought the yard of the castle.

But before I proceed farther, permit me to give you a sketch of the character of Lord Montfort. He was naturally kind in his disposition, but a bigoted Catholic, and having lived under a despotic government had imbibed a spirit of tyranny, that rendered him haughty in his deportment, and imperious in his commands; and such was his devotion to the established religion, that his only son, Herbert, who during his travels in Europe had embraced the Protestant creed, was disinherited, and doomed to wander in exile from his home. Herbert however continued, thro' the friendship of Arthur, to maintain an occasional correspondence with his sister, who had, though secretly, abjured the church of Rome. But to return to Arthur. Scarcely had he reached the gate, when a well known voice arrested him—'Heard you 'hat news?' and without waiting for an answer, proceeded. 'Mary is no more, and Elizabeth is proclaimed queen. But the day is dawning; see you that faint streak of light in the east? I must away. Be silent, the news will arrive ere sun-rise. Comfort Mary—farewell.' And ere Arthur could answer, the speaker had bounded over the ditch and entered the forest.

The morning dawned, and the inmates of Montfort castle were aroused early from their slumbers, to prepare for the nuptials of the young and accomplished Mary Montfort; for the kind, the gentle Mary was to wed the haughty Lord Spencer, and the morrow was the bridal day. Her protestations were in vain; the command of her father was not to be disobeyed, and never would he revoke it.

sat beside her window, looking o; The West, watching the approach s- own, till the last star faded, and till the an gilded tops of the mountains, when suddenly a confused noise was heard in the court below. The huge portals were thrown open, and the castle resounded with shouts, which were echoed and re-echoed by the mountains, of 'Long live queen Elizabeth!' All was now confusion, the wedding was postponed, and the measures of the new queen awaited with impatience.

A week elapsed and preparations were recommenced for the wedding; and now the hopes of Lady Mary seemed entirely blasted, and though Arthur assured her that deliverance would yet come, she gave up all hope and resigned herself to her fate. All was prepared, the morning arrived, that sun rose in splendor, that was when he should rise again to find her a bride.

It was mid-day that a troop of horsemen, whose trappings told that they had rode in haste, demanded admittance at the gate of the castle, in a tone that indicated that they were not to be refused. They were admitted, and made known their errand; which was to claim in the name of the queen, the castle and the vast possessions of Lord Montfort. In the midst of this din and confusion, a horseman came riding at full speed over the plain, flung himself from his horse, hastened through the court, and entered the hall.

'In the name of the queen,' said he, in a stern manly voice, 'I command you DESIST!' They were terror-struck; but judge of the astonishment of Mary, when he threw off his visor, and discovered to her the countenance of her long absent brother. She sprang to embrace him.

'Go!' said he to the officers, waving them away. They soon mounted and departed as they came.

'What does this mean?' inquired the astonished father, when he was left alone with his children. 'Herbert —'

'Listen to me,' interrupted the son, 'and I will tell you all. My uncle Augustus, who, you know has long been our secret enemy, resolved to ruin you. He it was that, taking advantage of the religious sentiments of the queen, sought to secure to himself your possessions, and had well nigh accomplished his purpose for they had been granted to him; but through the intercession of the minister of state, I regained them in my own name—but they are yours on condition, that Spencer never enter again within these walls.' Such unexpected generosity in one whom he had so unjustly wronged, overcame the haughty spirit of Lord Montfort, and he wept.

'No!' he exclaimed, 'all is yours. You have deserved it. I have been unjust, but no more of this foolish weakness. Arthur,' said he, for he had unperceived entered the room, then giving him some orders in a low tone, he turned to Mary, and pleasantly said, 'Now my daughter, go to your room, and prepare to receive company, and let me see you smile as you once did.' She looked inquiringly at Herbert. 'He will stay with us,' said Lord Montfort.

'No!' he replied quickly, 'business requires my presence elsewhere, when it is settled I will return. Farewell,' and springing upon his horse he bounded away over the plain, and in a few moments was lost to view.

GERTRUDE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

ORIGINAL POETRY

MEMORY.

No, never call the joys of hope
The solace of our lives;
O! sweeter far is memory's cup,
More dear the bliss it gives.

What joys can coming days bring forth
Like joys of days gone by?
Our early love and youth are worth
More than futurity.

Our boyhood's wild and eager eye
The future lures from far,
And brightly, sweetly beams on high
Its treach'rous guiding star.

But O! how sadly changed, and soon,
Is boyhood's fairy land;
Hope's flowrets wither one by one
'Neath Time's unsparring hand.

And when the frosts of chilly age
Fall white upon our head,
And passions cease their war to wage,
And hope at length is dead.

Then memory, thine it is to lend
The joys nought else bestows,
To glad life's passage to the end,
Its dread and darksome close.

SIGMA.

TO A FRIEND.

*"Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia, sed amoris
erzate."*

Happiness, our being's end and aim,
Which many seek but seek in vain,
Cannot be found in things below,
'Mong friends that shine, nor pearls that show:—
It dwells in HEAVEN, the place above,
Where should be centered all our love.

'Tis true, on earth we oft may find,
With friends a sort of hallowed time;
But yet, alas! oft false are those
Though fair; yet transient as the rose:
But HEAVEN affords a friend that's true,
Who happiness will give to you.

Then, if blest you wish to be,
Seek him, I pray, to succor thee,—
'Mid dangers, death, and toil, and strife,
He'll happily your scenes of life,
And in the hour when breath shall cease,
Your joys a thousand times increase.

AMICUS.

ORIGINAL.

THE LAST BEQUEST

AND SLEEP OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ON the bank of the Mohawk, one of the noblest rivers of America, was raised MIANTONIMO, one of the bravest warriors of his tribe. His wife WALUITHA was the daughter of an Indian chief, and was in her appearance peculiarly interesting, mild in her disposition, and kind and affectionate to all. The fireside of this lovely couple was cheered by an only son, MIAHTO, then about ten years of age. He was mild and cheerful, which together with the many peculiarities of his person, attracted the admiration of strangers, and won the love of all that knew him. Yet he was blind. He had never seen the works of nature, the sun, moon, or stars; he had not seen the changing seasons, the gaudy dress of summer, or the dreary days of winter; nor even the face of his own mother; all visible loveliness was shut out from his view; he existed in a world of darkness. Yet he was his father's pride, his mother's joy.

The whites, who were daily coming in and settling this part of the country, had almost

taken possession; yet Miantonimo remained. He preferred to dwell among the graves of his fathers. Here had he passed the days of his youth, and here he wished to spend the remnant of his life in solitude, with none to share in his joys and sorrows, save his wife and son, in whose company he ever enjoyed an earthly paradise.

But their future prospects were soon blasted. Consumption, that deadly foe, selected Miahto as the victim of his cruelty. And his aim was sure, for he gradually grew worse, although unperceived by his parents, until he was beyond the reach of hope. Miantonimo applied in vain for relief, and at last desponding of his recovery, he sought only to mitigate his sufferings while he should remain here. One morning Miahto was much worse. He called for his mother and requested her to open a window at the head of his bed, that he might enjoy the fresh air. A honeysuckle, planted by his own hand, and which was almost covered with blossoms, grew in front of the window; the air was perfumed with its fragrance. He stopped a moment, as if absorbed in thought and then exclaimed, "Mother! you see the honeysuckle, I planted it for you; like it I once was gay and little thought how soon I was to leave it. When you see it and when these blossoms fade, and its beauty be gone, think of Miahto, who has gone to that clime where joys shall never fade. I shall not long be with you; I am going from this world of darkness, where I have never even seen my dear mother's face, to dwell in a world of light and glory. Weep not for me, I have been a burden to you, and you should rejoice to think that I am going to be so happy."

Not many days after, when Miahto was in great distress, he asked for a Testament, which had been given him by Mr. G—; he pressed it to his bosom and then handing it to his mother, he said, "Mother, will you accept this from your dying but happy child. I love it because it tells of that world to which I am going, and although I could not read it here, I shall soon read it in heaven. Dear mother, do love it for my sake." He lingered till evening. Just as the sun was setting, ere his beams were extinguished, his mother drew open the curtains of the window, in order that he might breathe better, and once more inhale the fresh air. She then turned to him; he was pale and motionless.

As the evening zephyr kissed his brow, his drooping spirits revived. He clasped her hand, and in a low, sweet tone, said, "I am going home now, mother," and expired. A smile played upon his lips, although life was extinct. Waluitha saw that his spirit had fled, and turning to his father, said, "you have seen the bud in its beauty; behold, the flower blooms to fade no more."

The next day was appointed for the funeral. It was indeed a solemn scene. He was slowly and sadly borne to the house, appointed for all living; but not a tear bedewed the sod. No, calm and holy resignation to the will of God beamed from every face, and when the hymn of praise arose from the group of sufferers and was re-echoed by the forest, methought surely our life is but a vapor, that appeareth for a moment and then vanisheth away.

I staid until the corpse was deposited in the silent tomb, and all was again still. The sun was setting gloriously behind the mountains. A crimson cloud hung just above the horizon, and the air was perfumed with the mingled fragrance of the flowers as I cast a tear on the grave and departed.

ANNETTE.

Granville Female Sem., Ohio.

A VISION.

It was past midnight, when Bonald strayed through the deserted hall of Illova. The last lamp was burning faintly, and the deathlike stillness that reigned, formed a striking contrast with the loud music and sounds of revelry, that a short time before were heard there. Bonald had that evening for the first time presided as priest of Epicurus. He had anticipated happiness, but the crown faded on his brow, the evening fled away, and the same void took possession of his breast. Sleep departed from his pillow, and he again sought the banquet hall. A strange melancholy stole over his soul, as he gazed around him on the withered flowers, and the faded garlands, and he leaned against the pedestal of a column, almost dizzy with disappointed hope. He was aroused from his deep reverie by the sound of music. On raising his eyes he saw, instead of arched walls, an extensive landscape before him. The column, against which he had reclined, was a lofty magnolia, in full bloom, and the breezes that moved its leaves, were sweet as the breath of unfading spring. There was nothing of art in the extensive prospect. No terraced palace, no lofty statue, was seen, but here and there a bower, crowned with beautiful flowers.

The music, which so delighted him at first, was but the singing of birds with the sound of the distant waterfall. "Surely," said Bonald to himself, "this is the place for happiness." "Dost thou think so," said an angelic form, that appeared before him. "The passions do not dwell in this sacred retreat, and here, the wild revelry of the Epicurian banquet has never been heard." "Dost thou love calm scenes, when thou hast bowed at the shrine of Bacchus?" "I have sacrificed there," said Bonald. "I have worn the festive crown; but happiness eluded my grasp. I can never find it in the Bacchanalian throng, and wilt thou permit me to dwell in this retreat, that thou callest sacred?" "This is the retreat of the virtuous, when the scenes of time have passed away," replied the angel. "It is the beginning of that immortality for which they toil, and none can dwell here till they have sacrificed at the shrine of virtue."

Bonald made no reply, but gazed on the prospect before him in silence; and as he gazed, new beauties continually appeared. He saw forms crowned with fadeless flowers, flourishing in immortal youth. "Thou wouldst dwell here," said the angel, "but thou hast joined thyself to the god of drunkenness. Look around thee and see the Elysium that they will enjoy." As he turned, the scenes of glory fled away, the sky became dark, and a region of gloom appeared before him. None of the beauties of spring arose to cheer him, as he gazed with emotions of terror on the wild prospect. At length the gloom became more intense, the silence was broken by

loud shrieks of agony, and Bonald saw the votaries of Epicurus in the deep gloom of despair. A chill of horror pervaded his breast. He strove to speak, but could not. "Thou seest," said the angel, "the immortality of the followers of Bacchus, and well mayest thou tremble. It is not too late yet for thee to obtain the reward of the virtuous, for thou hast not yet passed the cold river of death. Thou sayest that thou hast never yet found happiness, and thou never wilt, in preparing for an immortality of wretchedness. Thou mayest find it in the pure pleasures of virtue, and thus prepare thyself for the Elysium that thou hast seen." Bonald turned to embrace the angel, and the scenes of his vision vanished. Aurora had gilded the east with beauty, and the shepherd's song was heard through the halls of Illova. Bonald hastened to the temple of Virtue, and offered up his first prayers with the breath of the morning.

AMELIA.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From "A Lady's Gift," by Mrs. STANFORD.

THE WEDDED LIFE.

I may perhaps startle you, Effa, by saying that the first year of a young woman's wedded life is generally the most unhappy, and the most trying one she experiences. However intently we may have studied the character of our affianced, howsoever well we may imagine we know it in all its narrow windings, still shall we find, when we become wives, that we have yet something to learn. By actions, in the affection on either side shown, and although it is in the power and nature of a woman to manifest her devotedness and tenderness by a thousand little attentions, she must not repine if she receives not the like.

The feelings of the other sex are not so soft and exquisite as those of our own; if they were, we might possibly be happier, and we may for a moment wish they were so; but we shall restrain so selfish a desire, if we reflect how much more unfit they would be by such a constitution to bear the crosses and buffets of the world; and we shall rejoice that they do not possess our keener sensibilities, and rest content with our lot, refusing to increase, at their expense, a happiness, which, if not quite meeting our ideas of perfection, does not sufficiently to make us blest.

It is said that "lovers' quarrels" are but the renewal of love; but it is not so in truth. Continual differences and bickerings will undermine the strongest affection, and a wife cannot be too careful to avoid disputes upon the most trival subjects; indeed, it is the every day occurrences which try the love and tempers in the married life; great occasions for quarrels seldom occur. Every wish, every prejudice must meet with attention, and the first thought of a woman should be the pleasing and providing for her husband. It is impossible to enumerate all the little incidents which annoy married men, or the little unobtrusive pleasures it is in the power of a wife to give; but throughout her life, in her employments, and in her amusements, she

must ever bear his pleasure in her mind. She must act for him in preference to herself, and she will be amply rewarded by witnessing his delight in her and his home. To a woman who loves her husband with all the devotedness of her nature, this will be a pleasure, not a task; and to make him happy, she will never grudge any sacrifice of self.

The greatest misery woman can experience is the changed heart and alienated affections of her husband; but even in that painful case she must not relax in the performance of her duties. She must not upbraid; she must return good for evil to the utmost, and her consolation will be the consciousness that her trials have not their rise or continuance in any dereliction of affection or duty on her part.

Some women, in order to win back a husband's wandering love, have recourse to attempt to arouse his jealousy; but they are much mistaken in pursuing such a method. A man, however debased his conduct, never entirely forgets the love he once bore to the pride of his youth. There are moments when feelings of tenderness for her, will return with force to his heart; and to reap the benefit of such moments, the injured but forgiving wife must still be enshrined in the purity of former times. A husband will excuse himself, and in some measure also stand exonerated to the world, if his wife relax in the propriety of her conduct,—while on the contrary, the gentle forbearance, the uncomplaining patience, and unobtrusive rectitude of the woman he injures, will deeply strike his heart, and do much to win him to his former love, and to the observance of the vows he breathed at the altar, when his heart was devoted to the being from whom it had wandered. A kind look, an affectionate expression half uttered, must bring his wife to his side; and she must, with smiles and tenderness, encourage the returning affection, carefully avoiding all reference to her sufferings, or the cause of them.

This will not be difficult for a virtuous woman to perform. Our love, which before marriage is constrained, by the modesty and reserve natural to our sex, increases in fervency and depth afterwards, it enables us to bear unfelt the world's scorn—all is swallowed up in it. An affectionate wife clings to her husband through poverty and riches; and the more the world receds from him, the more firmly will she stand by him; she will be his friend when none come near him; she will be his comforter when all other worldly comforts have slid from him. Her devotedness will be his rock when he has no other support; she will smile at the frowns of the world; she will not heed its censures—he is her all, and in love are all other feelings forgotten or absorbed. No sacrifice will be too great; the faintest smile will be a reward too little; quick at feeling unkindness, we are also quick at feeling tenderness; and a very trifling circumstance is sufficient to awaken or to still the pain of our hearts, and bring us misery or happiness.

The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
And tax not ourselves tho' we practice the same.

[And that is the way we oft lose our good name.]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The following capital hit at the fashionable follies of the day, and particularly of the extremes to which the ladies are running in dress, &c., is from the Nantucket Inquirer:

"An English lady, commiserating the condition of convicts sentenced to the treadmill, and to other terrible inflictions provided by justice for malefactors, has set about devising as a substitute, another mode of punishment—which, though suggested doubtless from humane motives, amounts, nevertheless, in the end, to a penalty rather worse than either decapitation, or direct strangulation. In her specifications of the new invention, she remarks that the method now in use, for the correction or reclamation of culprits, have generally failed in their results, or prove not sufficiently effective. She confesses that she herself has once undergone the very penance which she prescribes; wherefore we may consider her suggestion in this particular as those of a last-word-and-dying-manifesto. There can be no question of the efficiency of her project—not only as a means of bodily torture and close confinement above ground, but as regards the perpetual safe keeping of its subjects. Death must inevitably ensue; death, by inches it is true; but not the less certain from its slow approaches. The reader is anxious to know the nature of this dreadful doom. Is it poison—rum—quassation—baking in a dry pan—roasting by a gradual fire—or impalement on a ramrod? Worse, gentle reader, than all those together! It is no less than a condemnation of the offender to be dressed as a lady of fashion!

"This female philanthropist is of opinion that such a sentence would not be considered harsh; and yet how she can reason thus, after having experienced any portion of so horrible a fate? Take a robust highwayman, and subject him to the process—how could he possibly survive? After having laced in the prisoner's ribs, and compressed his abdomen into a compass six inches narrower than the natural dimensions, by means of steel, whalebone and cords—put his feet into a pair of thin shoes, half an inch shorter than the foot, and an inch less in girth—draw up his hair from the roots behind, with curl-pins metallic combs, and other carnage—bared his neck and shoulders to the pitiless winds—flattened his chest bone by some sort of case hardened engine resembling the handle of a fryingpan—ask him if he would not prefer the treadmill, or any other torment yet invented by man. Superadd to this treatment a harty supper at midnight, set him to waltzing, and when thoroughly heated with exercise, and writhing with indigestion, place him in a current of cold air, and send for the sexton."

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.

To the youthful female we would say, that no individual of either sex can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless young daughters receive addresses against the wish of their parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave for all their earthly happiness. He, who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself in that very deed unworthy of all your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will find that you have exchanged a sympathizing friend, and an able judicious counsellor, a kind and devoted nurse, for a selfish unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasures;—neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserting parents in the pale and melancholy features of the undutiful daughter!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Translated from the French of Lamartine, and never before published.

TO MANUEL.

Minions adored, whom mem'ry's daughters claim,
Two different paths are now before ye spread;
One points to Peace, the other leads to fame,—
Mortals choose that ye'll tread.

Manuel, thy lots pursued the usual law,
Crowned by the muse with gifts beyond thy years,
Glory and grief enwove the days ye saw;
And thou hast poured forth tears.

Blush that thou enviest the wretch, the worth
Of which his heart is jealous, sterile hours;
His the gods doom the lower joys of earth,
But still the lyre is ours.

Ages are thine, thy country is the world,
Altars shall rise where low thy ashes lie,
For thee by even Time will be unfurled,
An immortality.

So the proud eagle, when the storm has birth,
Springs up and on as daringly he flies,
To mortals seems to say, though born on earth,
I live but in the skies.

Aye, glory waits, but halt and contemplate
At what a price we reach its sacred walls;
Behold the sorrowing seated at the gate
The steps guard to its halls.

There the aged bard, who once from wave to wave
Ungrateful Greece, blind, wand'ring, grief worn,
viewed;
He begged his genius, this reward she gave,
A loaf with tears bedewed.

There Tasso, burning with a fatal flame,
His love and glory expiates in chains;
He the triumphal palm about to claim,
A home of darkness gains.

On all sides, exiles, victims, the oppressed,
Struggling against the ax or Fate's stern will:
'Tis said heaven to the bosoms of the best
Measures the greatest ill.

Oh, silence then the wailings of thy lyre,
Hearts without virtue born, ills only pain;
But thou, fall'n king, let but thy griefs inspire
A generous disdain.

Why bendest thou before that stern decree,
That from those banks that cradled, claimeth thee
afar?

Why heed the spot where Fate prepares for thee
A glorious sepulchre?

Not the tyrants of the Tagus, nor fetters, nor exile,
Can bound thy glory to those shores where thou
wilt die;

That heritage, lo! Lisbon, with a smile,
Reclaims thy legacy.

They who despis'd thee, then shall weep thy doom,
So the proscribed graced Athens' hall of Fame;
Coriolanus fell. The boys of Rome
Alone avenged his name.

To the shores of Death ere he descended, first
Did Ovid raise his hands to the blue dome,
Bequeathed the rude Sarmatians his dust,
This glory unto Rome. T. H.

PEACE.

See where she stoops from yonder snowy cloud,
Rich sunlight streaming from her wavering wings;
Hark to the pæans of the leaping crowd
Who throng to grasp the priceless gifts she brings!
Where'er she sets her foot, fresh verdure springs;
Scarce wins the reaper through the bending grain,
Thick to the vine the clustered fruitage clings,
Glad sings the peasant to the groaning wain,
And to the lip of love the bright smile comes again.
The Knickerbocker Magazine.

VARIETY.

From the Albany Advertiser.

CAPTAIN BACK.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, a paper was read from the pen of the gallant Captain. Among other novelties he stated—"That the extent of his journey had been 1,200 miles up the Slave Lake and Mackenzie River, and that he had discovered upwards of ninety falls during his course; the banks in some places being of a native red granite, and others of a slate-colored grey stone, of 50 and 60 feet perpendicular height. The paper minutely described the appearance of the land on the sides of the river, and the abundance of tributary streams falling into it. He also discovered a cataract 1,000 feet high, of some 150 to 200 feet wide, at the mouth of the Slave Lake, in which were small pointed islands, forming groups.—About four hundred miles from this, four islands were visible, and the lake was joined by another large stream. The shores, either from the crushing of the ice, or the rolling of the boulders, produced a coast of pudding-stone to a considerable distance. In a contracted part of the channel, the water was said, by the Esquimaux, never to freeze, which for two years he had an opportunity of proving, although the rapidity of the stream could not be considered the cause. The expedition wintered in lat. 62. 46. N., and 109. 39. W. lon., in a valley at the extremity of the Slave Lake, having been informed that fish and game were plentiful. They found, however, unfortunately, that the former only came to this spot to spawn, and the latter forsook it at the approach of winter. The valley was covered with grass in most places, and the others with large masses of moss-covered rock, which appeared to have been deposited by some convulsion. At fifteen miles distant they were informed by the Esquimaux that there was an eminence, from which arose an immense smoke, which these simple natives ascribed to its being the residence of the Evil Spirit, refused to lead the way to the spot. It being observed by two of his men, he determined to examine it, and found the eminence 2,000 feet high, from whence was precipitated a magnificent cascade, the uprising foam causing that appearance, and the waters having frozen, formed beautiful pendants of green, blue, violet colour, from the refraction of the light. He then continued the narrative of his expedition to the farthest point where the Fluicho river cuts its way between mountains of a very considerable height, forming a numerous succession of cascades, one of which was a mile and a half wide, and 65 feet high. He concluded by giving his opinion that there was a Northwest passage, the drift-wood not sufficiently saturated with water to be incombustible, in the neighborhood of Boothia, which he had no doubt was an island, proving the existence of a current from Bhering's Straits, the passage from Boothia to the main land, being from 35 to 40 miles wide. He expressed his opinion, that should a proper vessel be built, with implements and means to construct boats on board, and the navigators trust themselves to the currents instead of edging along the shores, while their course would be more secure, the chances of success would be more certain. The strongest indications of the passage being occasionally opened, were proved to him not only by the drift-wood, which he frequently met with, but by the vertebræ of a whale which was found on the shore—these animals never resorting to shallow water."

Do not report in one company what you have heard in another. All the conversation among the polished, the polite, and the honorable, is understood to be confidential.

Education of Mechanics in Prussia.—In Berlin there is a *Gewerb Institute* for the purpose of giving instruction in manufactures, connected with the arts. There are similar institutions, schools of design, in Breslaw, Konigsberg, Dantzic, and Cologne. The instruction is gratis, the manager being paid by the government; the establishment is under the management of a director, who is a Privy Councillor of Finance. Instruction is given in chemistry, drawing, modelling, mathematics, and perspective—each one chooses his own department of manufacture, and the founding and casting of metallic works, and other manufacturing operations, form part of the system of instruction. The pupils are recommended from the provinces by the government President; they must have a knowledge of some manufacture, and be able to read and calculate. If, after learning some time, they show no aptitude, they are sent back to the places whence they came. They only receive instruction, in the Berlin Institute, being obliged to board and lodge themselves. Any body may recommend a young man, who evinces a peculiar taste for any branch of art, to the President. The pupils must be older than 16. The number of pupils at the principal school in Berlin averages about 80 or 100, and they remain at least two years. They are prepared for every species of manufacture—silk, cotton and metallurgy—with which art is in any way concerned. When there is any particular instance of industry and success, it is rewarded with prizes and distinctions, and rewards are occasionally given: when a pupil thus distinguishes himself, he goes to that part of the country, where that particular manufacture is established, and meets with instant employment.—[*English paper.*]

PROMISES.

How many disappointments and what a prolific source of uneasiness would be avoided, were we more cautious in regard to making promises. We should act as wisely in this matter as in all others, and always look as far ahead as possible, that we may make good our word at all times. It has been said the best way is to make no promises, and then there will be no trouble at all. But so I think not. Let us make as few as possible, and be very careful to fulfil them.

It is necessary in order to be helpers of each other, to promise assistance and support if needed, to our fellow men. Let the evil be cured by becoming determined at all events, to verify all the promises we make. Let no one say 'I will, without counting the cost, and then his word will seldom, if ever be falsified. By so doing we shall render our own condition, and that of others more pleasant and useful.—Reader, judge ye.

A writer under the signature of *Medicus*, in a New York paper, is putting in a word in time for the Tomato, so that farmers and gardeners may have a plentiful supply for the next season. From its ascertained wholesomeness, he says, the demand for it was double last year of what it ever was before, and he anticipates a similar increase during the coming season. A gentleman near N. York cleared, he states, eighteen hundred dollars last summer on a small farm by rearing the tomato.

STIRRING IN THE MATTER.—The Reverend Mather Byles, of Boston, was for a long time annoyed by a quagmire in front of his house, on a street then unpaved. After repeated application to the Selectmen of the town for the removal of the nuisance, on a very rainy morning, he observed two of these gentlemen in a gig, up to the hubs of the wheels in mire in the identical spot, unable to extricate themselves—when opening his window with an air of great complacency, he exclaimed, "good morning, gentlemen, I am happy to see you at last stirring in this matter!"

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 16, 1886.

A NEW WORK.—The Rhode Island Historical Society has received communications from the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, relative to the immediate publication of a work, which the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser thinks ought to be received in this country with great curiosity and attention. It will consist of the various accounts extant in ancient Icelandic and other Scandinavian manuscripts, relative to voyages of discovery to North America, made by the Scandinavians, in the 10th and following centuries, &c. It remains to be seen whether Christopher Columbus is to be robbed of any laurels by any facts which the work may disclose.

The Rhode Island Historical Society has been in correspondence, more than five years, with the Danish Society, upon some of the topics to be treated of in the proposed work; & announces that it feels authorized to recommend the same, in the warmest terms, to the attention of the universities and other learned bodies, as well as to individuals who take an interest in historical and antiquarian researches, and especially in the early history of the American continent.

We annex two extracts from the letter of the Danish Society, bearing upon the character and value of the proposed work.

"The intelligence which our ancient literary monuments embody respecting the DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE SCANDINAVIANS, and their voyages thither at a period long antecedent to the era of Columbus, has not hitherto received that consideration which it merits, it occurring to but few to look to the North of Europe for information on that head. It is, however, unquestionable that those remains comprise testimony, the most authentic and irrefragable, to the fact, that North America was actually discovered by the Northmen toward the close of the 10th century, visited by them repeatedly during the 11th and 12th (some of them even settling there as colonists,) rediscovered toward the close of the 13th, and again repeatedly resorted to in the course of the 14th; and that the Christian religion was established there not only among the Scandinavian emigrants, but, in all probability, likewise among other tribes previously, or, at all events, then seated in those regions.

What serves in no small degree to enhance the value of the ancient writings, is the great apparent probability, amounting indeed almost to certainty, that it was a knowledge of these facts that prompted the memorable expedition of Columbus himself, which terminated in his discovery of the New World—for it is a well authenticated fact, that the great navigator visited Iceland in the year 1477, on which occasion he could scarcely fail to obtain some information from its inhabitants, particularly its clerical functionaries, with whom, according to the custom of the time, he probably conversed in Latin, respecting the voyages of their ancestors to those regions."

We fully subscribe to the correctness of the following notice of a highly popular literary work:

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—This monthly periodical is now so well known, that it hardly needs commendation; having established for itself a character among the ablest and most entertaining publications in the land. We have frequently availed ourselves of extracts from its columns, particularly in the poetical department, which, in our humble opinion, possesses a higher merit than, since the death of Mrs. Hemans, can be justly awarded to the poetry *en masse* of any other periodical with which we are acquainted, either domestic or for-

sign. Many of the prose writings are also excellent. The Knickerbocker, at one time, sunk to a low ebb in public estimation, and not without reason; but since it passed into the hands of its present conductors, it has not only retrieved its character, but taken rank far above what it ever was before.—*Jour. Com.*

OLD BACHELORS.

The following quotation is from 'Johnson's Rasselas,' a work which perhaps for strength of style and depth of conviction has never been surpassed in the English Language, and it may be of some use in this perverse and misanthropic generation. Speaking of these vermine of society (Old Bachelors) he says,

"They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancor, and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad, and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat but exclusion from mankind.

☞ *Marriage has many pains—but celibacy has no pleasures.*" (Rasselas, Chap. 26.)

The following account of two "old fashioned snow storms," which occurred in 1717, is taken from Alonzo Lewis' History of Lynn, Mass.

"Two great storms, on the twentieth and twenty fourth of February, covered the ground so deep with snow, that people for some days could not pass from one house to another. Old Indians of an hundred years said their fathers had never told them of such a snow. It was from ten to twenty feet deep, and generally covered the lower story of the houses. Cottages of one story were entirely buried, so that the people dug paths from one house to another, under the snow. Soon after, a slight rain fell, and the frost crusted the snow, and then the people went out of their chamber windows, and walked over it. Many of the farmers lost their sheep; and most of the sheep and swine that were saved, lived from one to two weeks without food. One man had some hens buried near his barn, which were dug out alive eleven days after. During this snow, a great number of deer came from the woods, for food, and were followed by the wolves, which killed many of them. Others were killed by the people with guns. Some of the deer fled to Nahant, and being chased by the wolves leaped into the sea, and were drowned.—Great damage was done to the orchards, by the snow freezing to the branches, and splitting the trees as it fell. This snow formed a remarkable era in New England; and old people, in relating an event, would say it happened so many years before or after the great snow."

☞ Such of our subscribers as have changed their residence of late, or who design doing so, will see the necessity of informing us of the same, if they wish to get the Gem with regularity.

☞ We were too hasty in saying that the Lines for Vacation, sung at Miss Seward's Seminary, were written by some of the teachers. Those who heard them in connection with the music, think with us that they need no apology.

Solomon Southwick, Esq.—We perceive by the Bath Constitutionalist, that this philanthropist, is still making himself useful. He is now delivering his lectures to crowded and approving audiences.

A HINT FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

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

"I don't know," said a gentleman to the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister, but such is the fact," "I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement; I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together that are related to each other, and that naturally follow each other in succession. For instance," added he, "suppose I were to say to my servant, 'Betty, you must go and buy some butter, and starch, and cream, and soap, and tea, and blue, and sugar, and cakes,' Betty would be very apt to say, 'Master, I shall never be able to remember all these.' But suppose I were to say 'Betty you know your mistress is going to have some friends to tea to-morrow, and that for the tea-party, you will want tea and sugar; and cream and cakes and butter; and for the washing you will want soap, and starch, and blue; Betty would instantly reply, 'Yes, master, I can now remember them all very well.'"

COL. CROCKETT.

Prentice, the editor of the Louisville Journal says:—

A gentleman from Nacogdoches, in Texas, informs us that, while there, he dined in public with Col. Crockett, who had just arrived from Tennessee. The old bear-hunter on being toasted, made a speech to the Texians, replete with his usual dry humor. He began nearly in this style: "I am told, gentlemen, that, when a stranger, like myself, arrives among you, the first inquiry is—what brought him here? To satisfy your curiosity at once as to myself, I will tell you all about it. I was for some years a Member of Congress. In my last canvass, I told the people of my district that if they saw fit to re-elect me, I would serve them as faithfully as I had done; but if not, they might go to the d—l and I would go to Texas. I was beaten, gentlemen, and here I am." The roar of applause was like a thunder-burst.

PHRENOLOGY.—The stupidity of this science has been practically demonstrated in an examination of the lumps, thumps and bumps of the head of Lacenaire and Fieschi, whose cold blooded cruelty and want of feeling, under the most frightful circumstances, has astonished and disgusted all France. This monster in human form is "Phrenologically" endowed with all the qualities of a good, kind, mild, sensible, and religious man, holding injustice and robbery in horror.

☞ To Correspondents.

"THE YOUNG BRIDE" is good sense and full of piety: but the poetry is too much in the antiquated style of 'John Rogers' advice to his children," for the present century.

"LINES BY A YOUNG PHYSICIAN" were written with a pencil, and cannot be decyphered.

MARRIED:

In this city, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Merrit, Mr. ALBERT E. FERRY, of Lancaster, Erie Co., to Miss EMELINE CARPENTER, of this place.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by Rev. Mr. Copeland, Mr. ALONZO SELLEY, to Miss JULIANN PRENTISS, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by N. Draper, Esq. Mr. ABRAHAM THOMPSON, to Miss BETSEY ATWOOD, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Childs, Mr. JAMES M. DARLING to Miss LUCIA RAY MOND, all of Warsaw.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE POETS.

Yes! I for the GEM would be happy to write,
Had I but the talent to please each fair reader,
Too surely my heart were unfeeling and cold,
To refuse the request of so lovely a pleader.

But where are the many who oft did delight
To touch the soft strings of the harp so inviting,
Why cease they to add their bright pearls to the
GEM,
Replete with each theme so consoling, so pleasing?

The fair correspondents who often did wreath,
A banquet of flowers of the fairest, and sweetest!
Eliza, Lisette, Corrianna, and Jane,
Will they never more strike the lyre to delight us?

The bright scintillations of wisdom and wit,
E. W. H. E. oft the reader presented;
Lorenzo and Henry, why cease they to write,
Whose verse was of beauty and harmony blended.

Leander and H. too, no longer adorn
The GEM's favored page with their sweet lyric
musings,
Cessalor, Cornelius, Modern, and J. C.
And others unmentioned, pray ask no excusing,
But strike the sweet strings of your lyre once a-
gain, [ed,
Each note with instruction and loveliness freight-
The muses will aid to enliven the theme,
Their favor again whom so oft you've delighted.

Say you dreary winter no charms can present,
The poet's soft-fancy to touch and enliven,
Benumbed are the senses by snow-sleet and cold,
While boreas rules in the conclave of heaven:
Then hail the return of the robin's first note,
That grants our return to our groves and our bow-
ers: [each scene,
While Flora's mild reign spreads her charms o'er
The season of loveliness, the season of flowers.

And when each dear haunt is in loveliness drest,
Let no more nature's beauties unsounded remain;
But tune so long silent thy harps of the past,
And the call of your friends shall not be in vain.
Lockport, March, 1836. A READER.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

Weep not for me, though on my brow
The gloomy marks of death are seen;
Oh, do not weep!—thou canst not now
Restore to me love's happy dream.

Weep not for me!—the withered bough
Not more reluctant leaves the tree,
Than I to see the plighted vow
Unfilled with happiness to thee.

Weep not, though through the flowery grove
Alone thou now wilt have to stray:
These burning tears full deep will prove
How loth from thee I go away.

Weep not for me!—O do not weep,
Though ne'er at eve we meet again,
Soon 'neath the willow's shade I'll sleep—
Then Mary do not weep in vain.

Weep not for me, though when I'm gone
No arm supports thy fragile form,
Few, few will be the days that dawn,
Ere death shall close life's chilling storm.

Then weep not Mary—though I'd live
To make thee happy with my love;
Thy loved affection, back I give
Till thou with me shall meet above.

Oh! if the pangs that rend my heart
Could give me back the healthy cheek,
Still, still, dear Mary, we'd not part,
Nor this worn frame be longer weak.

Then Mary, dearest, do not weep,
Though now to thee I bid farewell;
Hence let my mem'ry silent sleep,
Nor in thy bosom darkly dwell,

My loved, my cherished one! adieu,
Our hopes, though bright, must now be riv'n;
Farewell! our love we'll yet renew,
When loos'd from earth, we meet in heav'n.

MOREY.

[SELECTED.]

INTEMPERANCE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Parent!—who with speechless feeling,
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,
Every year new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent.
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted,
By a drear untimely frost?
All thy labor unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost?

Wife!—with agony unspoken,
Shrinking from affliction's rod,
Is thy prop—thine idol broken—
Fondly trusted—next to God?
Husband!—O'er thy hope a mourner,
Of thy chosen friend asham'd,
Hast thou to her burial borne her,
Unrepented—unreclaimed?

Child!—in tender weakness turning
To thy heaven appointed guide,
Doth a lava-poison burning,
Tinge with gall affections tide?
Still that orphan burden bearing,
Darker than he grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
To a heritage of woe?

Country!—on thy sons depending,
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
Shrouded to the unhonored tomb?
Rise!—on eagle pinion soaring—
Rise!—like one of god-like birth—
And Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the Spoiler from the earth!

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

"It was a lone mother, with a little boy by her side, and the coffin, containing the dead body of her infant, was in her arms."

I hear no mournful sound of tolling bell
Preaching of death, in accents stern and deep;
No guns pour forth the soldier's wild farewell,
Above the sod which marks a comrade's sleep;
No agonizing shriek, no plaintive wail
Arise in sadness, on the evening gale.

No "brethren of the mystic tie" are near,
With consecrated sign, and emblem high;
No melancholy dige enchains the ear,
No long procession strikes the careless eye;
Nor dismal hearse, with its dark waving plumes,
Bears its pale tenant to the place of tombs.

Midst hallow'd fanes, no gorgeous censor flings
Rich clouds of incense on the burden'd air;
Through vaulted domes, no lofty anthem rings
From deep-ton'd choirs, no solemn priest is there
Nor steals from recluse pale, at vesper gray,
Requiem and prayer for spirit pass'd away.

True, mother, thou art there! with sorrowful breast
Bearing thy darling to its early bed;
With the deep slumber of the grave oppress,
Heavily droops the little fair one's head;
The dews of death, on the sweet face are chill,
The blue eyes open not, the heart is still.

Yet sorrow not for it. See thy young son
With wondering sympathy look up to thee!
Thy tears may fall for him, the unconscious one,

Young heir of toil, and bitter penury,
Not for the infant peacefully slumb'ring here,
Finding in thy fond arms cradle and bier!

'Twas sad for thee, oh faithful one! to mark
The little flutt'ring pulse, now slow, now fast,
Until the fair and sunny brow grew dark
With the death shadows, o'er its brightness cast;
And sad, to lay thy treasure in the dust;—
Yet leave it there, in hope, and deep, calm trust.

Mourner, look up! beyond those glowing skies,
The great High Priest of our salvation stands,
Sweet welcome smiling in his awful eyes,
On thy glad infant, whom angelic bands
Have borne with rapture to that lovely home,
That land of peace, never, from thence, to roam.

Oh, happy babe! midst groves forever bright,
By ever-gushing springs, it wanders now,
Lips the seraphic song, with strange delight,
While flowers of glory bloom upon its brow,
Mother! embrace the hope to sinners given—
So shalt thou meet thy precious babe in Heaven.
BALTIMORE, Nov. 30th. A.

A FARMER'S CHOICE.

A little house well fill'd—
A little wife well will'd—
A little land well till'd.

Our ancestors lived on bread and broth,
And woo'd their healthy wives in home-spun cloth;
Our mothers, nurtured to the nodding reel,
Gave all their daughters lessons on the wheel.
Though spinning did not much reduce the waist
It made their food much sweeter to the taste,
They ply'd with honest zeal the mop and broom,
And drove the shuttle through the noisy loom,
They never once complained, as we do now—
"We have no girls to cook, or milk the cow."
Each mother taught her red-cheeked son and
daughter
To bake, to brew, and draw a pail of water;
No damsel shunn'd the washtub, broom, or pail,
To keep unsoiled a long grown finger nail.
They sought no gaudy dress, no rap-like form,
But ate to live, and work'd to keep them warm.
No idle youth—no tight laced, mincing fair,
Become a living corpse for want of air!
No fidgets, faintings, fits, or frightful blues,
No painful corns from wearing Chinese shoes.

AN IRISH POSTILLION.

"You are not going the straight road," said I to the post-boy, seeing that he had turned to the left. I've my reasons for that, your honor," replied he. "I always turn away from the castle out of principle—I lost a friend there, and it makes me melancholy." "How came that to happen?" I inquired. "All by accident, your honor. They hung my poor Patrick there, because he was a bad hand at arithmetic." "He should have gone to a better school then," said I. "I've an idea that it was a bad school he was brought up in," replied he, with a sigh. "He was a cattle dealer, your honor, and one day some how or another, he'd a cow too much—all for not knowing how to count, your honor—bad luck to his schoolmaster!"

BEAUTY.

Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that speaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind and benevolent disposition—a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in 'ruby lips,' or 'flowing tresses,' or 'snowy hands,' or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of time, but those ever enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive the reign of time, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

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No. 9.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE RETREAT.

[Concluded.]

The survivors now prepared for a severe struggle of another kind. Divided into three columns, they began their march; the center under Villeneuve, while Leczinsky led the advance, the third remained in observation at the ford until rejoined by its chief, Donnewitz. To the care of Villeneuve the Countess and her daughter were confided: few words passed between them—the time did not admit of ceremony.

They had not proceeded more than half way, when an order to halt was brought from the advance. Another half hour elapsed, without word, or cry, or sound of any kind; when the bearer of the previous order, bro't directions for an immediate advance, informing Villeneuve, that the Count was in possession of the bridge.

The surprize had been perfect; there was no sentry, and no alarm. The planks and sleepers had since been removed from one of its arches, and four guns parked there, placed in batteries, so as to enfilade the remainder. These he was especially charged to direct, moving his men on the main road, to act as a reserve to the body under Leczinsky. All was done, and still there reigned a deadly stillness—not a sound came on the hurrying wind, but the rush of the water against the piers of the bridge, and the dull shocks of the floating ice, as it was swept against them. But on a sudden the quick ears of Villeneuve caught the sound of a musket shot, followed by another, and another, in rapid succession, and then the rattle of a whole battalion: but it was also evident to the same sense, that the last was not the fire of trained troops. The din and uproar continued every moment to increase. The reports of musketry grew thicker and thicker, and with them at last mingled the roar of cannon. No sooner had the first discharge struck his ear, than a flash of blinding light burst from the opposite woods, followed by a series of terrific detonation.

"Ah, Dimebroeck!" exclaimed Villeneuve. The next moment, from the gorge of the ravine, which they had traversed, rushed up a sheet of flame, and the river, and its steep banks, the black pines, the motionless soldiery, and the Russian camp, were revealed for a moment, as in the broad day, then all was darkness.

By this time all was disorder on the other side, while shouts and cries, and the lumbering of artillery came thick upon the wind. The continued flashes and heavy explosions

which followed, showed Dimebroeck still at his work; while the light from the ravine, forewarned them, also, of the success of the Donnewitz. Notwithstanding this, and the constant roar of the engagement with Leczinsky, not a foot-fall could be detected on the bridge. The Russians appeared distracted by the attacks on so many points at once. But in a moment the scene changed. Two or three horsemen at full gallop swept over, heedless and unthinking of danger; not a word was uttered, until a heavy splash, and the snorting of the riderless horses in the deep stream chronicled their fate. In a quarter of an hour after, the heavy and the unmeasured tramp of infantry, filing over, was heard distinctly; they seemed in close column, and great force.

"Now then," whispered Villeneuve, to the men at the guns, "be firm, crouch low, wait until I give the signal, and they will be scattered like chaff."

They nodded obedience. On and on the Russians came; two or three splashes and cries of vengeance, showed they had reached the point where the bridge had been broken. They might almost have leaped the space that separated them; they could have touched the Poles with a Cossack's lance; when Villeneuve shouted, with the voice like the blast of a trumpet, "FIRE," and well and fearfully was he obeyed. Thick and close did the scorching light of the artillery show their foe, standing on the very brink of the abyss, and in the next, they were swept away by the fiery hail that broke over them. cries of despair, the shrieks of some, the groans of others, the crashing of the shots through the planks and railing, the shouts of the officers, curses and commands mingled fearfully together, while the Poles continued their fires, until it was evident the enemy had escaped beyond its range.

Villeneuve then leaped on a gun, and essayed to pierce the thick darkness that lay before him; he could not doubt but some further attempt would be made to succour the van; it could not, however, succeed until morning afforded them sufficient light to combine their attacks. Of one thing, he felt assured, from the increasing distance of Leczinsky's musquetry, that that body, for which so much was to be essayed, would be speedily, if not already, annihilated by that chief. He sprang from his outlook, and desiring the men to observe every movement on the river with the utmost care, hastened to relieve the anxiety of the ladies. He found them almost buried in the military cloaks, which had been freely given by the troopers for their comfort, seated beside their horses, and greatly excit-

ed by their fears for his safety. The alarm of the Countess for her husband, had been entirely relieved by the announcement of his full success.

The Russian body in advance, was much larger than had been anticipated, and resisted nobly: but the onset was too fierce and sudden, to admit of their avoiding confusion. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery, crowded together in an unformed mass, had withstood the excited Poles, only to delay the victory, and increase the slaughter, which had been terrific. Leczinsky was now driving the poor remainder before him, and would not halt a moment until nightfall. He desired Villeneuve and Donnewitz, conjointly, to assume the command of the rear, dispatching every man that could be spared with the Countess and Therese. Just as they concluded, the old Colonel himself came up; he fully concurred in the measures proposed. Orderlies were soon in motion, and the half frozen bands on the river and high road, (with the exception of the four guns previously mentioned, and about five hundred men,) left the scene of conflict, to rejoin their fortunate comrades.

Donnewitz and Villeneuve, seated by a large fire under one of the Russian tents, told over the various fortunes of the night. They were light of heart, confident of success and indulged their hopes to the utmost.

Morning stole on unawares; the fire waxed dim as they returned to the battery, to examine the position of their enemy, and make out, if possible, his intentions. Horses sufficient to mount their entire strength had been met with in the woods, or found picketed round the fires; and thus, after defending themselves as long as possible, they might at least calculate to escape their pursuers. They gazed long and intently through the heavy mist, but little was to be seen, except the lance of the Uhlans here and there, and the fluttering of its tiny flag. Again they returned to their tents. Some breakfast was rudely prepared—a steak and ammunition bread, washed down with a glass of quass. Donnewitz was merry over Tolsti's fallen fortunes, and in perfect quietude under them: but their merriment had a rough conclusion.

The boom of a gun came heavy on the morning air, and then the sharp whirr, whirr, of its shot as it sped along and struck the ground a few yards off, dashing the snow and earth over them, before it bounded away in its forward course. This brought them to their feet in a moment; eagerly they hurried to the river's edge. "This time," said Villeneuve, "he is in earnest, one, two three, six, twelve guns, my lads aim well; there! I call that good practice." He went

on, as one of the shot striking the fellow of the second gun carriage, brought it down upon its side, driving the wheel in splinters. "Keep it up," said Villeneuve. By this time the Russians were, however, ready to repay the compliment with interest. Four twelve pounders, and two eight inch howitzers, delivered a salvo; the shells burst almost at their feet, dashing the earth on every side, while the bullets crashed through the trees, recoiling from the bank, without doing the least injury, the precaution of directing the men to throw themselves behind it, having been previously taken. Under cover of the cannonade, a heavy mass of infantry approached the river, and thrust into the stream two large rafts made of logs, banded together; about fifty men leaped on either, and pressing themselves over by means of poles, began rapidly to cross. Villeneuve rushed to the guns, loaded to the muzzle with grape; they were turned upon these bold men; each discharge made fearful havoc. But other rafts appeared behind, and those before nothing intimidated by their loss, still pressed on, shouting and encouraging each other. But Donnwitz had not been idle; spreading his slender troop so as to offer no mark for shot, and posting them on the very edge of the steep bank, behind every tree and bush, now that the Russians came within its range; a constant and unintermitting fire of musquetry was concentrated on the foremost raft, upon which some five or six remained unwounded, threw themselves into the river, and swam back.

The wild hurrah of the Poles, rang far and wide on this decisive appearance of success. But the rearmost bodies, warned by the fate of their leaders, began to fall down the stream, with the purpose of seeking some less desperate spot for landing. To withdraw a gun, throw himself on horseback, and carry with him some sixty men, to meet this new danger, was to Villeneuve the work of a moment. Yet the difficulties of the ground were so many, that the raft touched the solid earth, before he could reach the spot. Yet while in disorder, the Poles poured down upon them, and forced them back into the river, though now fearfully exposed themselves; with their long lances, they bore them into the deep water, in despite of their cries for mercy, until not one remained alive. The gun now came into play against those advancing to their aid; but Tolstoi saw too well the difficulties his men had to contend with, to permit any longer this unequal struggle, and sounded a recall. Supposing a heavy force to hold the opposite bank, he determined to use his superiority in artillery, to re-establish the broken bridge. Those yet remaining, accordingly put back, on which Villeneuve rode to Donnwitz, to consult on their farther disposition.

Whatever color they might put upon their temporary success, the future was by no means cheering. Tolstoi's immense superiority would enable him to cross the river at many points at any time, and indeed the failure he experienced, had arisen solely from his under estimating the strength of their position. They could not, therefore, see any

means of prolonging their resistance beyond the day, neither was it necessary; Leczinsky by nightfall would be forty miles on his way to Wilna, unencumbered by sick, wounded, or baggage. He might now bid defiance to pursuit. Their path therefore was a plain one: silently to evacuate their post, should the Russians delay until the morrow, the prosecution of their designs, as soon as the darkness permitted this to be done with safety.

It was now but a little after mid-day, but on the other side, all but a few scattered Videttes, had disappeared in the shadows of the wood; in two hours more, darkness would begin to set in; little time was therefore left him, still he stirred not. Villeneuve was on the bank every few minutes; as the day lengthened, his anxiety continued to increase, nor until the bitter blast of the evening came, did he feel himself secure. Then, by his directions a number of large fires were kindled in the woods and along the bank, to mislead the Russians in the calculations of their numbers, while Donnwitz directed the men silently to rendezvous at some distance on the road. By five o'clock, all but a feeble rear-guard had moved off. For the last time Donnwitz and Villeneuve came to the guns; they were about to spike them, when it occurred to both, that as the Russians had thrown an occasional shot in the direction of the fires since they had been lighted, a similar return now, would convey to them the belief, that all in the Polish camp was on the alert. The pieces were turned accordingly, discharged and spiked. All then cautiously withdrew. In a few minutes they crossed the field of Leczinsky's victory, and pressing the horses to a smart trot, held on. Hour after hour rolled away—morning broke. The veiled and lurid sun rose from his snowy bed, and still they swept along, nor was halt commanded, until the worn and jaded horses refused to advance farther without repose. Two hours rest and food revived the whole, and when they again mounted, there was gaiety and hope in every eye.

It is useless to trace in detail, the long and toilsome march to Wilna, which they reached on the fourth day, and there they found the Count and family. The news from the army was terrible. Here Leczinsky abandoned his men, and the Chef-d'etat Major, having directed Villeneuve to Paris to assist in organizing the new levies, the Count and he left together, (the latter with his family.) The next day Donnwitz accompanied them as far as Coenigsberg; determined to abide the issue of the coming campaign. In the ensuing spring Villeneuve met him at Dresden; he was then with Poniatowsky. The field of Lutzen was his last; a cannon shot closed his stormy career: happy that he lived not to see the deeper degradation of his country.

Villeneuve struggled through the terrible campaigns of 13 and 14, from the disastrous day of Leipzig, to the abdication of Fontainebleau; his devotion and skill raised him step by step, to the highest grades of the service.

With peace came other thoughts. A long journey to Paris, had not been unproductive of event, either to Therese or the soldier. His first endeavor was to assure himself of

her safety. Learning the way with her parents at Dresden, he hastened thither. The Count had been comprehended in the general amnesty, published by Alexander, and having obtained permission also to dispose of his estates, he was now on their domains negotiating their sale.

Although the worn and lonely soldier of a defeated army, the chance companion of a midnight's march, was no match for the daughter of a Polish Count of twenty descents, Major General, the baron Villeneuve might very well be so. Since the Count was not at hand, Villeneuve determined to wait his arrival patiently, bearing the delay, as best he might. But his troubles were not yet over. Late one evening, he was visited by an officer of the garrison, who coolly informed him he must consider himself a prisoner until further orders, unless he was disposed to give his parole, not to depart from Dresden without permission. This he willingly complied with, and then learnt for the first time, the beginning of the romance of the "Cent Jours." Here he was detained until the surrender and occupation of Paris; but long before this event, the Count had found his way back, and as he readily gave his consent to Villeneuve's proposal, we are to suppose his confinement was not very irksome.

There now remains but one of whom to speak. Dimebroeck, after executing his task, took shelter with some Polish peasants, and evading all search, at length contrived to pass the frontier and eventually to reach Holland. He arrived there on the eve of great events. His military knowledge recommended him to the Prince; he was placed on the staff, and having assisted to emancipate his country, now calmly enjoys the even of his life. He may be seen any sunny day, leaning against one of the columns of the gateway of the Hotel de la Poste, in the Grand Place of Delft, Meerschchaum between his lips, and ribbon at his button hole. As he is one of the lions of the place, any of the little urchins about are ready to gratify the curious by pointing him out. Thus, should any of my readers travel that way, they may easily verify the truth of this unique tale.

T. H.

"THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE."

The early history of most places where the incipient steps were taken to redeem the wilderness from the domination of the aborigines, furnishes scenes of stirring interest, and thrilling adventure. Without claiming for the subject of this communication, either of these characteristics, it is offered to the columns of the "GEM," as the work of an idle hour.

While the French held possession of Canada, they had a chain of Forts, or Block-Houses, looking out on the surrounding forest, at the most eligible points along both the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. One of these was located near the head waters of the principle north western tributary of the Allegany, at a place called "La Boeuff." From this station, to the neighboring one on Lake Erie, was fourteen miles, which points, for the purpose of the more ready transit of arms and military stores, had been

united by the opening of a capacious road, much of which remains to this day unincumbered by a single shrub. About midway of this long deserted thoroughfare, crosses no inconsiderable ravine, remarkable to the stranger only for an earthen pyramid, which rises at the point of intersection with the road. Its base is about two hundred feet in diameter, and rising with a gentle ascent about thirty feet, terminating in a plane. On the top, and near the centre of this, is an oblong mound, known to the people in the vicinity, as "THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE."—With this asylum of the dead, is associated the following legend:—

An officer, by the name of Le Clerc, was for some years commandant of the Port of "La Bocuff;" and the year preceding the period to which our story refers, he was joined by an only daughter, the sole relict of his departed wife. This step was prompted by the lonely life led by the father, who, declining into the vale of years, thought to derive from the presence of his daughter, the consolation he so much needed. ISABELL was beautiful, just verging to womanhood, at once the pride and consolation of her parent. The term of her sojourn in the wilderness was drawing to a close; her father having obtained leave to return to France, when a subaltern sought her hand in marriage. This proposal was promptly rejected by both father and daughter, and from that moment he vowed their destruction, if he could not accomplish his purpose. Having received repeated denials, he was suddenly missing from the garrison, and as Isabell too truly feared, plotting her ruin. Two days after his desertion, the following letter was thrown in her way:

To Captain LE CLERC,

SIR:—The hour of vengeance approaches, from which you cannot escape. The wounds inflicted on my honor by your contemptuous treatment of my proposition to marry your daughter, are yet green and unclosed; nor will they heal, till molified by the blood of her, you most love. Yet, start not as though it were to flow from my hand, for such is not my purpose. But you may shrink with horror when I tell you, (and mark my words,) that yourself *must, and shall* be her executioner! Nothing short of this will satisfy my revenge. That I shall accomplish it, is certain, and to give you assurance of it, I sign this with my real name—one not unknown to you in better days—days when it was not associated with crimes of a dye seemingly as dark as human depravity ever conceived. Still do I contemplate the one in prospect, as crowning the whole; so associated is it, with the hate I bear you and yours. While its commission will render even you as miserable as my hatred could wish. You may wonder why I thus apprise you of my design. Know then, it is for the exquisite gratification of antidating your misery.—Adieu, and remember the hour of my triumph is at hand.

FONTAINE.

The vigilance of Le Clerc was entirely unavailing, for at the end of a week, his daughter was unaccountably wrested from him, and in the hands of Fontaine. The surrounding

forest was traversed for many days, but no tidings of the lost one greeted the father's ears, while hope was fast giving way to despair. At length through an Indian, the tool of Fontaine, his retreat was disclosed, and the bereaved father conducted to it. Of this Fontaine was aware, and while the toil worn Isabell was locked in sleep, the outer garments of her captor were thrown over her; and in this situation she was discovered by the treacherous Indian to her father. It was near the base of the pyramid before mentioned, that the supposed Fontaine was reposing, partly screened by the intervention of a tree. The wrongs he had suffered through his daughter, the infamy of him by whom these wrongs had been inflicted, determined Le Clerc to end the career of his iniquity with his life, even while sleeping; an advantage, which, under other circumstances, his feelings as a soldier, would have dissuaded him from improving.—Twice was the instrument of death bro't to bear upon the reposing body of the sleeping victim, but from some undefinable cause, was it as often withdrawn; but a partial awaking of the supposed Fontaine, decided the wavering La Clerc, and again was his eye glancing along the tube charged with the messengers of vengeance. Too unerringly was their flight winged to the mark, for with the explosion was commingled the death shriek of Isabell, who instinctively rushed to the spot, where the father, dumb with horror, still held extended the instrument of death! She reached him, and pronouncing his name, expired at his feet! The plot of Fontaine had succeeded,—Isabell had fallen by the hand of her father. With the catastrophe fled the Indian, and the grief stricken parent was left alone, bending over the lifeless corse of his daughter; yet not alone, for Fontaine stood before him, unmoved by the destruction he beheld. Bending his keen gaze on La Clerc, he said "My thanks are yours for establishing my claims to prophetic vision," and with a demoniac laugh, exclaimed, "My revenge is complete; and now forget if you can the name of Fontaine," and disappeared.

La Clerc sunk under the weight of his loss, and by his request was buried beside his daughter, both reposing in lasting silence beneath the little mound already noted, on the summit of the earthen pyramid. Some kind hand has planted at the head of this solitary resting place of the dead, a rose bush, whose flowers bloom as fair as though they were not nurtured by the blood of a rose fairer far than they. It is here the maidens of the present day repair at summer's twilight to linger round the rude urn of a hapless girl who found a grave most untimely in a foreign and wilderness land! It is here they recount the story of her death—of him by whom it was caused, and while they curse his memory, they do not fail to drop a tear to the memory of those whose ashes repose in the "SOLDIER'S GRAVE."

Not long since, a neighboring merchant sent a statement of account to an insolvent firm, requesting them in some way to acknowledge the debt, and at the same time wishing to know if there was any probability of its ever being liquidated. He received, in return, the following laconic reply:—
"It is *du-ti-ous*." O.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

A man of sense once sat him down
Upon a flowery plain,
To view the scenes 'twere passing there,
Instruction thence to gain.

Upon a blossom by his side,
He saw a little bee,
Extracting thence the honey drop,
With labor and with glee.

"This is the man," he moralized,
"With a contented mind;
"Who in the paths of useful life,
"True happiness can find."

While thus he mused, another sight
Caught his observing eye:
It was a fox, pursuing close
A gaudy butterfly.

She skimmed along above the flowers,
And he, intent to gain
The specious prize, with eager haste
Pursued her o'er the plain.

Nor heeds the gulf that just before
Yawned frightful, dark and drear,
He thought those plains were endless plains,
And nought was there to fear.

She led him on e'en to its verge,
He leaped to grasp his prey,
One moment more and far beneath
His mangled carcass lay!

"This is the man," our sapient cries,
"In pleasure's flowery maze,
"Who seeks true happiness to gain
"In folly's devious ways.

"Whose lofty vision does aspire
"To laurels almost won,
"Till ruin's verge he blindly treads,
"And sinks, and is undone!"
April, 1836. G. W. L.

[SELECTED.]

SONG.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor made too long a stay,
But now I often wish that night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lilly cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set,
The labernum on his birth day;
The tree is living yet.

I remember, I remember,
Whereon I used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now!
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high,
And used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know that I am farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PARTING.

Weep not that we must separate,
For dearest friends *must* part;
O! that this pain could have been spared,
That rends each anguished heart.

And yet I could not, would not wish,
That we had never met;
Not to escape this painful hour,
So fraught with deep regret.

The many hours we oft have passed,
In conversation sweet;
So free from discord, free from care,
With pleasure so replete,

Can never, never be forgot,
Though distant we may be,
Though friends surround (false friends forsooth)
With mirth and revelry.

And when we seem to taste of bliss,
Or pass through scenes of wo,
Though we no more the oft wished hour
Of happy meeting know;

Fond mem'ry oft will call to mind,
The dear delights we've known;
The happy hours, too dear too last,
We have enjoyed alone.

But they are past, for ever past—
Ah! would that they might stay,
That in such time beguiling hours,
Might pass our life away.

Would that together we might stray,
And choose our own loved bowers,
When nature smiles, by Flora decked
With sweetest, leveliest flowers.

Full well I know that guileless heart,
In unison would twine,
With one as sensitive as kind,
As true to love as thine.

But no, I cannot, must not stay;
Then why these useless tears?
The hope of happiness in store,
Should banish all our fears.

Let dear remembrance, ever true,
The fond memento be,
And never shall one day be past,
Without a thought of thee.

Then let one pure impassioned kiss,
Upon thy burning cheek
Imprinted, pangs of parting show,
Which language fails to speak. AMEROSZ.

MY WISH.

I'd live in a cot at the foot of a hill,
Where all is beautiful, quiet, and still, [breeze,
With nought to disturb the sweet calm but the
As it sighs through the leaves of the tall forest trees.

A clear little rivulet running near by,
Its pure waters serving for drink when I'm dry;
And a nice little garden, small but quite neat,
Adorned with those flowers most lovely and sweet.

With a plenty of books, pens, paper and ink,
A cap to put on when I wanted to think;
And one faithful friend my enjoyments to share,
Methinks that with these for nought else should I
care.

In my cottage I'd live and there would I die,
Unseen by the world's cold, un pitying eye;
I'd be free from earth's sorrows, its cares and its
strife,
Oh, nothing's so sweet as a lone cottage-life.

JOSEPHENE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

ORIGINAL.

CONFESSIONS OF A PHRENOLOGIST.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

My reader will recollect, that at the close of my last chapter, I intimated that my mother considered a second visit to the witch advisable. For my own part, I could very well dispense with this call on the hideous hag, whom I abhorred from the very bottom of my soul. But my mother's wishes were not to be disregarded, and the visit was resolved upon. Accordingly my mother and myself proceeded to Witch's Cavern, by the same route, which formerly conducted us thither. Passing through the gloomy ravine, mentioned in my first chapter, we entered the cave. The hag stood at the farther corner of her den, apparently busied in [an examination of a sort of anatomical cabinet, which I had not observed on my first visit. My heart leaped with joy, to see that this cabinet consisted entirely of skulls, and I conceived a hope of obtaining from the witch, some valuable instruction in mysteries of Phrenology. But my joy was turned into inconceivable fright; for a moment after, on seeing me, the witch uttered the most fiendish yell, that ever saluted mortal ear. The expression of her diabolical countenance, was absolutely petrifying. "Wretch!" cried she, "hast thou dared to invade the mysteries of my secret! Did I sell my soul to the arch fiend, and is my reward to be stolen by such as thou?" My knees smote each other, cold sweat streamed down my brow, and I felt all the agony of mortal fear. The witch seemed ready to pounce upon me, and my terror amounted to phrenzy, upon my noticing that the bump of destructiveness on her head, was inordinately large. I gave myself up for lost; but my mother interfered, and saved me. She presented the contents of her purse as a peace offering in my behalf, and not without effect. There is a vast deal of rhetoric in cash! It is sometimes known to persuade, when the strongest arguments, and all the flowers of language utterly fail. The witch began to soften—looked at the money—took it, and was gradually pacified. "Thy son's success," said she to my mother, "is unquestionable. He has possessed himself of the hidden knowledge which has conferred on me all my power. Men will look upon him as one inspired. But let him beware of the despisers of our secret. Let him shun such profane ones, and his success cannot fail. Honor will attend him, and wealth will flow upon him abundantly." She ceased, and we departed.

Two weeks from that day, the public prints of Lumberville announced that "Professor ORGAN was about to deliver a course of lectures, on the important science of Phrenology." My success in this place was complete. The physicians and lawyers of the village became converts to the doctrines of Phrenology; and my popularity was unbounded.—The village church in which I held forth, was filled to overflowing during the whole course, and I felt the heart cheering conviction, that I was rapidly acquiring the "needful." The proceeds of this course of lectures, amounted to seven hundred dollars.

Having received a very pressing invitation from Bumptown, I next proceeded thither. In that place I was still more fortunate, being called on to repeat my lectures to a very large audience. I soon became extensively famous as a great phrenologist. My acquaintance and correspondence were solicited by eminent phrenologists, and I was elected an honorary member of the "Boston Phrenological Society." I lectured with success, always satisfactory, and frequently abundant, in twenty or thirty villages in New England. I then set my face toward the 'Great West.' In that rich and prosperous region, my reputation procured for me the most gratifying countenance and support. For three months I followed my vocation through the flourishing villages of the west; and wherever I went, I was an object of interest and admiration.

Shakspeare says "there is a tide in the affairs of men." So far it is well enough, but unluckily there is an *ebb* also; and about this time the *ebb of my affairs* came on with a vengeance. An occurrence, disastrous to my popularity, soon put an end to my Phrenological career. It is with excessive mortification, that I give the particulars of this sad business; but the truth must be told. I had been lecturing, examining bumps, &c. in the city of H—— for about a week, quite successfully. I experienced some opposition, it is true. Some professional gentlemen drew me into a knotty argument; and it was tho't by some, were too hard for me. But I was little disturbed by this, so long as my lecture room continued to be crowded. But my crowning misfortune was at hand. A stranger called on me, one morning, and requested me to accompany him to the jail, and examine the heads of the prisoners. I had often before examined the bumps of prison inmates, and felt pleased with the opportunity. What will be my reader's indignation when informed that a vile fraud was practised upon me, having for its object nothing less than the entire ruin of my character and prospects! My enemies had persuaded some twenty or thirty of the most respectable gentlemen in town, to take their stations in the cells of the prison, and be examined by me as felons! The result was as may be supposed. There is not a Phrenologist on earth who would not have been misled by such a cunning plot. I was betrayed into a series of the most ridiculous blunders. I pronounced his Honor the Mayor, a horsethief; Alderman C., a housebreaker; Alderman H., a forger; Rev. Dr. W., a blackleg; Deacon M., a pickpocket, and so on to the end of the chapter. When my examination was completed, I was honored with a formal introduction to each of these gentlemen. My confusion knew no bounds, nor did the ridicule of the company. I fled to my lodgings in an agony of shame and despair, where I remained in a state of mind not to be described, till the hour for my evening lecture.

The audience collected as usual, and the transactions of the morning were duly detailed in their hearing with all needful embellishment. On hearing this recital, the crowd proceeded *en masse* to my lodgings and called loudly for me at the door. I dar-

ed not refuse, and so appeared in their midst. I was immediately invited to mount a rail, which, supported on the shoulders of two stout fellows, and before I could make any attempt to decline the proposed honor, I was urged to ascend in a way that precluded all refusal. In this manner I was borne through every street in the city, followed by the whole male population. I was continually assailed by the groans and execrations of the populace, and worse still by a shower of skull bones collected from the butcher's shop. After I had been thus carried in triumph—the triumph of my enemies, till the mob were weary of insulting me, I was set down and permitted to shift for myself. My reader will easily believe that the next morning found me—not in the city of H—

* * * * *

Years have passed since the occurrences above related. I never afterward conceived the most distant notion of instructing the world in Phrenology. I have adopted the vocation of my father, and this narrative was written in those intervals of leisure which are sometimes found even in the busy life of a tin pedlar. My father went to sea two years and a half since, and perished among savages in the eastern seas. My mother is also gone; she died a year ago in her own house. And there remains of my family only him who now biddeth the reader an affectionate farewell.

ESEK ORGAN.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER'S TEMPTATION.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

The wintery tempest swept awfully majestic over the Atlantic, and howled with its desolating might through the lonely streets of Boston.—Lonely indeed, were they on that cold and dismal night; for even the midnight reveller feared to venture out—the drunkard hugged with sorrow his nearly empty bottle in his own chimney corner, and it was only at long intervals, that some hasty sleigh bells broke in upon the fearful and continued wail of the tempest. The wealthy were sented around their bright blazing hickory fires, with shutters barred, and curtains closely drawn, indulging in the peculiar pleasures, which security from danger and suffering seldom fails to inspire.

Many a happy mother watched with joyful eye the little innocent group, gamboling on the rich carpet before her, and smiled as they gathered in silence around her, because the increasing storm beat at times more furiously against their dwelling, and startled them with its dreadful roaring. Then perchance, would she tell them tales about the benighted traveler, who was frozen by the way side, or the ship-wrecked mariner, tossed among the billows, and at length thrown upon some bleak and barren shore, to perish with cold and hunger.

Thus it was in the abodes of the rich, but who shall enter the dwellings of the poor, to see what is passing there? The weeping mother is dividing her last sorrowful pittance among her meagre and shivering children; the father is in his grave or stretched on a bed of sickness or intemperance; an infant, but newly weaned from the breast, is nibbling at a dry crust, or reaching forth its little hands for a morsel to satisfy the fierce cravings of nature, while its thin and tattered clothing poorly protected it from the searching wind which finds entrance at many a crevice, and drifts the snow even about the desolating apartment!

Such was the sad, but faithful picture of many a family scene in Boston, on that cold and dreary night, and such, oh ye wealthy, is the picture which ye might look upon, even in our own beloved Philadelphia, if ye would but go to the abodes of poverty!

The limits of this article will not permit me to tell you what I have witnessed, or what scenes of wretchedness are now existing around us; but when on a cold winter's night my dear little family are gathered around me, the red coals sending forth their steady and undiminished heat, and every heart filled with ease and comfort, and especially when the bowl of warm, rich nourishment is raised to the lips of my happy infant, enveloped in its long flannel night gown, oh, then have the woes and sufferings of the poor come like a dismal cloud over my soul. The wretched mother with her moaning half famished babes in her arm. has risen up before my imagination like a spectre of woe, until I have wept in a frenzied agony of grief; and although my heart went forth in gratitude to God for my happier lot, still the cheerful comforts around me lost their charms, at the recollection of the sorrows of the destitute.

But to return to our subject. In Boston, on the cold night before described, a poor widow and her orphan babes watched with deep concern the gathering storm, and listened with shivering dismay to its peltings against their shattered casement. They had seen better days, but the death of their common protector, which was accelerated by intemperance, left them utterly penniless. The exertions of a feeble mother could scarcely be expected to supply the wants of four small children. Still they had subsisted without beggary until this winter, which will long be remembered for its unusual severity. That night she had divided her last morsel among her little ones, reserving not a crumb for herself, and had laid the last stick upon the fire—now that stick was nearly consumed, and every gust of wind seemed to send a fresh chill through the sorry apartment. The clothing of the unhappy family was scarcely sufficient for a summer's day, and the mother feared to put her children into their wretched beds, lest they should literally freeze before morning. With weeping eyes she looked around her, and darkness and doubt came over her spirit. Why did Providence make such an unequal distribution of the goods of this world to mankind? Why must she and her children perish with want, while so many around them were rolling in ease and luxury? She had trusted in the Lord for many years, and always found him faithful to his promise; and why did he now forsake her in her greatest need? While she was ruminating, a thought suddenly crossed her mind, and brought with it a sort of sad comfort. The back yard of a wealthy neighbor joined her own, and a loose board would easily admit her. This yard contained a wood house well stored with wood; and now she thus reasoned with herself: "Is it right for me to see my children perish with cold, when there is plenty of wood so near! My neighbor, though wealthy, was never known to assist the poor, and should I now ask him he would no doubt deny me. Do not the laws of nature teach me to preserve my offspring, and would even Heaven itself condemn an act of dire necessity?" While thus she struggled with conscience to believe the will of Heaven, she hurried to the woodhouse, but there hesitated. How could she do a deed which she had always held in abhorrence! But the image of her freezing children rose up before her, and snatching her arms full from the pile, she turned to depart; suddenly the blackness of the awful deed she was committing surrounded her soul, and she exclaimed, "Lord has it come to this!—a thief, a midnight plunderer! I cannot—oh, I cannot!" and flung down the wood, she

turned about. Still, how could she go back to her suffering family empty! Nerved by this horrid picture, she grasped again at the fuel, and had nearly reached her own door with the burthen, when she exclaimed, "Lord, is it come to this! Have I fallen so low! I cannot! I cannot!" and returning to the pile, she threw down the wood, and turned to depart; but the same dreadful picture rose again before her mind, and filling, distractedly, her arms a third time, she made an effort to run and forget what she was doing; but the power of moral and religious principle was so strong over her soul, that she could not hush its voice; and yielding to its salutary influence, she flung a third time the precious burden from her arms, as though it had been a poisonous serpent, and turning, she exclaimed, in the bitterness of a breaking heart, "I cannot—I cannot! oh, God, preserve me from temptation," and hurrying to her home, she flung herself on her knees and entreated her Maker's forgiveness.

It happened that the owner of the wood, who was a physician, was returning from visiting a patient who was dangerously ill, and passing near his woodhouse, he heard a noise, and stepped into the dark corner to see what was going on. He was greatly astonished when he recognized his neighbor; but his heart was greatly softened by what he saw and heard; and he said to himself, "Oh, wretched man that I am, thus to let the poor be tempted when I have such an abundance." He filled his arms with wood, and sought the poor widow's door. See opened it, and how did his heart throb when he beheld the wretchedness within! The poor woman trembled exceedingly when this unexpected visitor walked into her apartment, and flung his burden upon the hearth. "Fear not," said he, observing her trepidation, "I have come to acknowledge my fault, and ask your forgiveness, as I have already done my heavenly Father's. These ten years I have professed to love the Lord Jesus, but have neglected to feed, or clothe, or minister in affliction unto his dear disciples. I have sought out my own gain, and forgotten the wants of the poor; I have been an unfaithful steward, and have usurped the goods of my master. Go to my wood pile so long as winter lasts, and when you lack for food go freely to my cellar."

The widow's heart was too full, for reply, and lifting her eyes to heaven, while her bursting tears declared the joy and gratitude of her soul, she exclaimed, "Oh, blessed Lord, I praise thee forever that thou hast not only saved my dear children from death, but hast also delivered my soul from doubting, temptation and crime."

Philadelphia, January 6.

Ye who have plenty, take warning, and supply the needy.

GENERAL LEE, AND DR. CUTTING.—John B. Cutting was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and coming to Philadelphia, lodged in a house where General Lee was then boarding. The Doctor was a personable man, and not indifferent to dress. The General suddenly entering the sitting room, found the Doctor before the glass, 'carefully adjusting his cravat. "Cutting," says Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." The former turned round, with a smile of self complacency—"And why, General?" says he. "Why!" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth." Truly this was a cutting remark.

Elegant Extract.—Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue, virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian Religion.—President Quincy.

SELECT POETRY.

There is a beautiful moral in the following effusion from the ever sweet muse of Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

THE LADY-BUG AND THE ANT.

The Lady-Bug sat in the rose's heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain drest Ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn,—
So, she drew the curtains of damask round,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laugh'd so loud, that the Ant look'd up
And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travel'd on
At the same industrious pace:—
But a sudden blast of Autumn came,
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the Lady-Bug bent,
And scatter'd its leaves around.

Then the houseless Lady was much amaz'd,
For she new not where to go,
And hoarse November's early blast
Had brought with it rain and snow:
Her wings were chill'd and her feet were cold,
And she wished for the Ant's warm cell,
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I'm sure I cannot tell,

But the careful Ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side,
She taught them all, like herself to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride:—
And I thought as I sat at the close of day,
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work and improve my time,
Than be idle and dress in silk.

VARIETY.

PROPERTY AND EDUCATION.

BY JAMES BROOKS.

A republican is just to his own country, when he turns courtier alone and flatters her virtues, without exposing her faults.—A crisis is approaching in our destiny, of which if we stand the trial, we shall redeem the world from the thrall of monarchy and priesthood, and from all the misrule of the past. If we fall, adieu, a long adieu to all republican institutions when they had failed under such auspices, with so many circumstances to favor them!—Our Republic is the lost Pleiad of antiquity, that our ancestors brought back again, and re-established in the political sky,—the divine conception of the gifted Pericles; and of Aristotle, who lived two thousand years too early:—a glorious star, heralding in its train a constellation of states, whose motions, whose orbits, our ancestors have adjusted with almost infinite wisdom, which, if we disturb, the lost Pleiad is lost forever! The crisis is that which drenched the Roman Republic in blood, and ended in the establishment of a long line of Emperors. We are prosperous beyond description.—We have wrought miracles in falling the forest,—in subduing nature to our wills,—in gathering wealth from the ocean,—in all the achievements that make a people great or proud. Now comes the trial, whether we can stand this prosperity—whether wealth will sink and swallow in sloth and corruption, forgetful of its duty to God, its country, to science, liberty, and arts—or whether the tremendous energy of mighty masses of people acting directly upon the government every year, will be guided with that moderation and virtue, that becomes man, when made the arbiter of his own fate. In the crisis, property has a duty to perform, of momentous importance. If accident or exertion has given its super-

fluous wealth, it is its duty to direct the superfluous wealth to educate the mass. An American ought never to be quiet, until property is made to educate the whole people at the public cost, and to give them not an ordinary education but to throw open, encumbered with a trifling expense, all the colleges and academies of the day. Education—free, universal education—is the great pillar on which our fabric rests, and no man in a republican government has any security for his property, bolt and bar it as he may, unless the people are a well educated people. Or, if he has security, it is that which armed force gives to laws,—and which may at any time, be directed against the people, I mean to say, that when all the people make the laws, the security which property has, that good and equal laws will be made, is in the intelligence of the people, in the liberality that education always infuses into the whole character—in the guard that all universally educated people ever have over all turbulent and mischievous men. Hence property has an interest in universal education, and as it is its duty to educate all, so it is its interest. When the multitudinous mass heaves its mighty catapulta against the walls of property, it is too often the fault of property, itself. If it neglects society, it cannot well expect friendship, even if it has protection from society. If it grows insolent, it must expect insolence in return. But what a hold has that man upon society whose property enables him to engage in the liberal errands of benevolence—who patronizes the arts and sciences, and who encourages and rewards genius wherever it may be found. Bonaparte achieved as much by his liberality as by his arms, and the difference between him and Cromwell, is, that Cromwell was a vulgar hero, and he a sublime one. Fortunate, indeed, is it, that there is this link of interest between the extremes of society, which, when not strained too roughly, preserves the peace of both. The mass, as an interest as well as a principle, seeks only a good government, and the best administration of that government—but if the mass be not well informed, every vulgar rabble-leader, no matter of what party, will push them to one extreme, and drive poverty to the other—so that in the end, the interest of both are sacrificed.

Extract from a Lecture by B. F. Hallet, before the Boston Hanover Lyceum, March 29, 1836.

MODERN AND ANCIENT EXTRAVAGANCE.—

"Luxury and Liberty has never lived long together, and therefore it is that I venture to hope it will never be deemed out of place in a Lyceum, to inculcate the doctrine that the pride of wealth ought to be made unfashionable. Public sentiment is improving, for already we can venture to laugh at the fantastic follies of wealth and its pretenders, even in a city where there is more of the pride of wealth than in any other untitled community on the Globe. As a proof of the folly of wealth will no longer escape the censure of public opinion among us, I venture to refer to a recent display of it, in a *Dramatic Oration*, where those who claim to act the fashions, undertook to make a merit of the extravagance of giving ten dollars for a ticket of admission to hear an opera for the fortieth time, and a hundred dollars, as has been paid, for a wreath, to crown the exquisite vocalist. Had this folly been approved by public sentiment, trifling as it is, it would have indicated a rapid decline of Republican simplicity among us, and a direct tendency to effeminate luxury.

History is philosophy teaching by example here. The domestic manners of the Romans, furnish grave lessons for modern Republicans. As long as the Romans made simplicity in dress, diet, furniture, and festivals fashionable, they

were free. Luxury advanced just as Liberty receded. "Epicurism (says an author) at last reached to such a sickly pitch of refinement, that viands were only esteemed according to their cost."

Maltese cranes, and rare singing birds, though hardly eatable, were esteemed great delicacies, and their tongues and brains still greater. Spoiled oysters from the coast of Great Britain, were more prized than fresh ones taken on their own shores, and for a single little fish, a sur-mullet of larger size than usual, a sum was paid equivalent to fifty guineas, nearly \$250.

The Emperor Heliogabalus had his tables served with ragouts of the livers and brains of small birds, the heads of parrots, and pheasants, and the tongues of peacocks and nightingales.

It seems too, that in those days actors were the cause of extravagance as well as in modern times, for it is related of Esop, the famous tragic actor, that not to be outdone by any body, he served up a dish filled with birds, every one of which had been taught either to sing or speak; and dissolved pearls in the wine his company drank!

Our modern fashionables, though they give \$35 for a choice in an opera box, and a hundred dollars for a hoop of flowers, will never after all, be able to rival Esop the actor. Nor can the most costly among our extravagant females, hope even to emulate one Mrs. Poppae, the wife of the emperor Nero, who invented a celebrated pomatum, made of asses' milk, in which she used to bathe, and for which important purpose, five hundred asses were milked daily. Neither can the best eaters among us, come up to great Julius Cæsar, who it is said practised vomiting after supper, that he might immediately enjoy a repetition of the same pleasure.

The fact is, that there is nothing new to be achieved by us in the field of fashion, folly, extravagance and luxury. It is a miserable imitation at best, of what others have carried to much greater excess; and as there are no new laurels to be gained in this contest, how much better it would be in us as a people, to confine our respect to those who study to diffuse universal peace, plenty, intelligence and happiness; rather than to emulate as the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," those unfortunate beings who are exalted only by the pride of wealth, and of whom it would require as great a number to serve a table like that of Heliogabalus, as it did of small birds, were brains only in request."

VICISSITUDES.—The human mind is so constructed as always to seek a level. If it is depressed, it will be proportionably elevated; if elevated, it will be proportionably depressed. It may justly be compared to a ship riding upon the billows—at one moment clearing the heavens, at the next wrecking upon the troubled waters. We can neither be entirely miserable, nor superlatively happy. There will be a mixture of sunshine and storm continually succeeding each other. Those who have their dark thoughts, their moments of gloom and despondency, experience subsequently a corresponding degree of animation, and their spirits rise up and soar away as upon the wings of an angel.

Advertising a State.—Signor Gorastiza, the Mexican Minister, has cautioned every body not to trust the Texians. It is something like an advertisement we frequently see—"Whereas my wife Sally Texas has absconded from my bed and board, therefore take notice, I shall not pay no debts of her contracting after this date." Sally Texas may answer thus—"Whereas Signor Gorastiza Mexico, having no bed nor board of his own that I care for, this is to give notice, that he had better pay his own debts before he refuses to pay mine."—Noah.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 30, 1836.

EMIGRATION.

It seems the mania for "going west" is never to be satisfied. From the landing place of the pilgrims on the inhospitable shores of the Atlantic, the tide of emigration has been sweeping over the land, from step to step, until it is about to "scale the Rocky Mountains," and stay itself along the quiet shores of the Pacific.

The Miss. Republican states that "a company of citizens of Missouri is now organizing to emigrate to the Upper California, on the shore of the Pacific. The company, consisting of about 50 families, have entered into bonds to emigrate to Upper California. As the company will not be ready until May, 1836, when they will rendezvous at Independence, it is expected they will amount to about 100 families. Several individuals of the company spent two or three months near Montrey in California, last summer, and found the country, in point of soil, climate and production, not only equaled but surpassed their most sanguine expectations.

"Patriots, philosophers, and statesmen, have looked forward to some day, probably the next century, when the tide of emigration sweeping westward, would reach the shores of the Pacific; few, it is believed have ventured to predict, that in 1836, the cabins of the pioneers would be erected on the shores of the Western Ocean."

Such is the spirit of the age in which we live, and we need not wonder at the rapid strides which are making in all the departments of civilized life.

POMPEII.—The discoveries which are made among the ruins of this eastern city, which have lain for ages buried under a mass of volcanic lava and ashes, furnishes the curious with many interesting facts which otherwise would have slept in oblivion.

A rich discovery was made in January last, of a house situated in the street Mercury. The exterior is not remarkable, though it has some paintings of Narcissus and Endymion; but the house contains four vases of silver, and a great quantity of medals, among which were twenty-nine pieces of gold, of the first Roman Emperor. Two vases of silver, of five inches diameter, ornamented with relievos of Cupids and Centaurs; and emblems of Bacchus and Ceres have also been found.

[COMMUNICATION.]

SHADE AND SHRUBBERY.

Amid the many improvements now in progress indicative of the taste as well as prosperity of the citizens of Rochester—it would be difficult to name many more praiseworthy than the embellishment of the Streets, with the young and thrifty trees of the surrounding woods.

In the first rage for improvement, nearly every thing in the shape of a tree was swept from the tract now covered by the thickly-settled parts of the city. Much has been done in the last 7 years to remedy the consequent destitution of shade, around the dwellings and in some streets; but much, very much, remains to be done; and it is gratifying to witness the zeal with which the work is this year encouraged by some public-spirited citizens. A large number of trees, of various kinds, are now being transplanted from the vicinity to the sidewalks and door yards of the city; and, judging by the spirit now manifested among the citizens, it will not be very many years before such praise may be lavished on Rochester as is bestowed on the "city of brotherly love" by the National Gazette of Philadelphia, in the following paragraph:

"Perhaps the distinguishing beauty of Philadelphia is the display of verdure presented in its streets, by the quantity of trees, of various kinds,

with which they are lined. They charm the eye by their elegant forms and diversified array, and afford refreshing shade to the hot and weary pedestrian. We should be glad to see the habit of planting them, now general, become universal. In some parts of the city already, the carriages roll under a spreading avenue, and in a few years, when those lately planted shall have attained maturity, the center of many streets will present an almost unbroken mass of foliage. We have also the Washington and Independence Squares, where a green sward and noble trees, both kept in excellent order, remind the pent up and toil-worn citizen, of the beauty, the freedom, and quiet of the country. These are great luxuries to persons obliged to remain in town, and make Philadelphia quite bearable in the hottest seasons."

Self-interest, if nothing else, should urge owners of real estate to embellish their premises with trees; for who is not aware of the increased value imparted to a residence well surrounded by shade and shrubbery? RHO.

✂ To Correspondents.

Several communications are received, which have not yet been examined. We will attend to them before our next publication.

IRRITABLE CHRISTIANS.—There was a clergy man, who was of an irritable temperament, and often became quite vexed by finding his grandchildren in his study.—One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. 'Ma,' said he 'I don't want to go to heaven,' 'Do not want to go to heaven, my son?' 'No, ma, I am sure I don't.' 'Why not, my son?' 'Why, grandpa will be there wont he?' 'Why yes, I hope he will.' 'Well as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along and say, 'Whew, whew, whew, what are these boys here for?! I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there.'—*Religious Mag.*

Singular Case.—The following singular case has occurred on board the Brownfield, a vessel belonging to Mr. Brownfield of this place, trading from Faro to London, with fruit. The crew had been taking water, and had just filled the casks, when one of the boys, being thirsty, applied his mouth to the bung-hole of one of them, and drank freely. In a short time the lad commenced bleeding profusely from the mouth. He then told the captain that he felt something in his throat, and was immediately taken on shore for medical assistance, when it was discovered that he had swallowed a large horseleech, which had fastened itself deeply down in the throat. A quantity of salt was administered, with an endeavor to dislodge the leech; but without effect. Pepper and various other things were also tried, but to no purpose, the creature still kept its hold, swelling and blowing till the boy was almost suffocated. In this fearful state the boy continued till the following morning, when he was again taken to the doctor, who on this occasion, tried a quantity of Scotch Snuff. The excitement it produced caused the little monster to leave its hold, and it was thrown up. It was three times the size of a common leech. The boy is now doing well, but is excessively weak from the loss of blood.—*Greenwich Gazette.*

MUD.—We never knew till Saturday the advantages of mud. In opening the Philadelphia Gazette we found that an eminent physician of that city was indebted for his life to the Dutch word *modder*, which is defined by Bailey, "wet filth, mire." It appears that as the disciple of Esculapius was passing up Chesnut-street in his chaise, his horse took fright at a pile of loose boards which have been lying at the corner of Second-street for months, and starting violently, threw the chaise against a pile of bricks on the opposite side. The vehicle was upset, and the doc-

tor thrown out; but falling into the soft mud which is there about two feet deep, he sustained no other damage than the loss of a tight pair of boots, which being imbedded in the mud, defied all efforts to extricate them! We have since learned that Larry McFarson, an umbrella carrier or a boss mason, fell with his load from the top of a ladder in ascending a four story building in Cedar street: he came down head first, and it was supposed was killed on the spot. He was out of sight before one could say Jack Robinson, and nothing could be discovered but his shoes. The street inspector was called to his rescue, and after removing six feet six inches of the soil in which he was imbedded, he was found to have sustained no injury but a slight contusion of the skull (his fall being broken by the delicate consistency into which he had fallen) and a temporary stoppage of breath! On regaining his legs, Larry spontaneously cried out, "by the powers of mud, I am safe!"—*Com. Adv.*

DRUNK FOR A COACHMAN.—A gentleman discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage on the road from a dinner party. The man the next morning craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault. "I had certainly drank too much, sir," said he, "but I was not very drunk; and gentlemen, you know, sometimes get drunk." "Why," replied the master, "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were infernally drunk for a coachman; so get about your business."

THE TENOR OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.

I.—The way to heaven is revealed in four words—"Acquaint thyself with God."

II.—The guide to that way in three—"Search the Scriptures."

III.—The privilege afforded in that way in four—"Call upon thy God."

IV.—The spirit of this divine doctrine in three—"Faith, Hope, Charity."

V.—The essence of it is comprised in six—"Love to God, love to man."

VI.—The mode of our salvation in six—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

VII.—The means of obtaining it in eight—"Repentance towards God, faith in his dear son."

VIII.—The duty enjoined hereby in three—"Follow after Righteousness."

IX.—The result of our doing so, in six—"Peace which the world cannot give."

X.—The issue of that result in two—"ETERNAL LIFE."

In the annals of Fashion in ages remote, (Three months is an age in her annals please note,) Six yards was sufficient for making a dress, And some prudent ladies could make them of less; The waist was that part which encircled the breast, And ladies looked tidy when thus they were dressed; But now it takes ten! Who the story believes? And the waste is the part which is put in the sleeves!! G. W. L.

MARRIAGES

In this city, on the 26th inst. by Rev. Mr. Copeland, Mr. EDWIN F. WILLSON to Miss LUCINDA DAVIS, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. JAMES BURNET, to Miss CATHARINE M'LAREN, both of West Penfield.

In New York, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. Justus Gage, Mr. GEORGE DORRIS to Miss CYRILIA ANN HULL, all of that place.

In Ontario, on the 21st inst., by Elder J. Davis, Mr. NELSON E. CHAPIN to Miss SARAH ANN GOING, both of that town.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door south of the Bank
of Rochester...up stairs.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A SKETCH.

I saw in a holy house of prayer,
A babe and its mother kneeling there:—
I never saw so fair a thing
Brought to the shrine for an offering.
That marble font was pure, but ah!
That mother's cheek was purer far;
It was as though consumption's breath
Had chill'd the roses there to death,
And sent them forth upon the gale—
It was so coldly purely pale.
That wasting form and fading eye
Told, but too plainly, she must die,
And leave this world, though sad and drear,
Affections lingerings centered here;
For there was ONE, dear, dearer far
Than hope, or light, or life to her,
To whom her young love had been given—
'Twas hard to leave HIM e'en for heaven.
Her boy, too, beautiful and bright,
To leave to this world's bitter blight!
To give a mother's kind revealings,
For stranger's looks and stranger's feelings!
To exchange a mother's love and prayer
For stranger's kind ness, stranger's care!
She gave them up, her joy and pride,
To God; then calmly, sweetly died.

ROSAMOND.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL DEAF AND DUMB GIRL.

Alas! for thee, sweet child!
That heaven has shut thine ear to all around thee,
And in eternal silence too, hath bound thee!
Yet in that eye so wild,
We read thy spirit's breathings taking wing;
Thou patient and enduring, stricken thing.

O! in the summer time
The gentle music and the budding flowers,
The winds low whisper'd murmurings all are ours,
And all so sweetly chime;
Yet the roaring of the deep unfathomable sea,
The thunder's crash, all, all are lost on thee!

God's hand is on thee!
His dark seal is set upon thy deafen'd ear!
'Tis a mysterious blow! thou canst not hear,
And silence is upon thee! [word
Thy thoughts must wander on untold, for not one
Of thine, in thy forsakenness, can e'er be heard.

And music's thrilling note
Wakes not thy spell bound spirit from its sleep;
The full ton'd organ's peals, so wildly deep,
Unheeded round thee float,
And die unheard; yet Oh! that speaking eye
Seems as 'twould pierce the dreadful mystery.

Yet golden harps shall break the spell
That o'er thy stricken soul hath fell,
And angels fingers sweep the lyre,
And sweetly touch the trembling wire:
So rich, so soft, so new to thee
Will be that heavenly harmony;
Thou'dst drink such draughts of happiness,
Thy heart will almost break with bliss!
An angel's tongue will then be thine!
An angel's crown will on thee shine!
An angel's song thy theme will be,
Forever through eternity.

ROSAMOND.

From the Knickerbocker.

A THOUGHT:

Addressed to my cousin, who expressed a wish to die.
THY form, dear girl! to earth is due—
Oh, not to heaven repair!
For angels are on earth too few—
While there are myriads there.

SELECT POETRY.

We copy the following poetical article from the American Monthly Magazine. The editor of the Boston Morning Post, says: "If the work sustain the character of the present number, the sheets of which we have been permitted to glance over—it will be superior to any periodical hitherto published in the country."

Mr. BENJAMIN is well known to our readers as a poet, and a fine belles-lettres scholar; and they are, we are sure, always prepared to enjoy the productions of his pen. It needs not, however the partiality of friendship, to discover much merit in the following effort.

ALEXANDER TAMING HIS HORSE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The young prince astonished his father and the court, by his dexterity in managing the horse BUCEPHALUS.—*Supplement to Quintus Curtius.*

"Bring forth the steed!" It was a level plain,
Broad and unbroken as the mighty sea,
When in their prison-caves the winds lie chained.
There Philip sate, pavilioned from the sun;
There, all around, thronged Macedonia's hosts,
Bannered, and plumed, and armed—a vast array!
There too, among a separate, undistinguished

crowd,
Distinguished not himself, by pomp or dress,
Or any royal ensign, save that he wore
A god-like countenance, like Olympian Jove,
And perfect grace and dignity—a youth—
A simple youth, scarce sixteen summers old—
With swift, impatient step, walked to and fro.
Even from their monarch's throne they turned to
view—

Those countless congregations—that young form:
And when he cried again, "bring forth the steed!"
Like thunder rose the multitudinous shout,
From every voice but one—"LIVE ALEXANDER!"

Then Philip waved his sceptre. Silence fell
O'er all the plain. 'Twas but a moment's pause
While every gleaming banner, helm and spear
Sank down—like Ocean-billows, when the breeze
First sweeps along and bends their silvery crests.
Ten thousand trumpets rung amid the hail
Of armies as in victory—"LIVE THE KING!"
And Philonicus, the Pharsalian, kneeled,
From famous Thessaly, a horse he brought—
A matchless horse! Vigor and beauty strove,
Like rival sculptors carving the same stone,
To win the mastery—and both prevailed.
His hoofs were shod with swiftness; where he ran,
Glided the ground like water; in his eye
Flashed the strange fire of spirits still untamed,
As when the desert owned him for its lord.
Mars! what a noble creature did he seem!
Too noble for a subject to bestride—
Worth gold in talents—chosen for a prince,
The most renowned and generous on Earth.

"Obey my son, Pharsalian—bring the steed!"
The monarch spoke. A signal to the grooms,
And on the plain they led BUCEPHALUS. [fear?"
"Mount, slave, mount! why pales thy cheek in
"Mount—ha!—art slain! another mount again!"
'Twas all in vain. No hand could curb a neck
Clothed with such might and grandeur, to the rein
No thong or spur could make his fury yield.
Now bounds he from the earth—and now he rears—
Now madly plunges—strives to rush away,
Like that strong bird—his fellow, king of air.
"Quick take him hence!" cried Philip, "he is
wild!"

"Stay, father, stay. Lose not this gallant steed,
"For that base groom cannot control his ire:—
"Give me his bridle!" Alexander threw
His light cloak from his shoulder, and drew nigh.
The brave steed was no courtier: prince and groom
Bore the same mien to him. He started back,
But with firm grasp the youth retained—and turn;

ed

His fierce eyes from his shadow to the sun.
Then, with that hand, in after times which hurled
The bolts of war among embattled hosts;
Conquered all Greece, and o'er Persia swayed
Imperial command—which, on Fame's Temple
Graved, ALEXANDER, VICTOR OF THE WORLD—
With that same hand he smoothed the flowing

mane,
Patted the glossy skin with soft caress,
Soothingly speaking in low voice the while.
Lightly he vaulted to his first great strife,
How like a centaur looked the steed and youth!
Firmly the hero sate; his glowing cheek
Flushed with the rare excitement: his high brow
Pale with a stern resolve: his lip as smiling
And his glance as calm, as if, in tender dalliance,
Instead of danger with a girl he played.
Untutored to obey, now raves the steed!
Champing the bit, and tossing the white foam
And struggling to be free, that he might dart,
Swift as an arrow from a shivering bow—;
The rein is loosened. "Now—Bucephalus!"
Away—away—he flies, away—away!
The multitude stood hushed in breathless awe,
And gazed into the distance—

Lo! a speck—

A darksome speck on the horizon. 'Tis—
'Tis he! Now it enlarges—now are clearly seen
The horse and rider—now with ordered pace
The horse approaches, and the rider leaps
Down to the earth, and bends his rapid pace
Unto the king's pavillion. The wild steed,
Unled, uncalled, is following his subduer.
Philip wept tears of joy—"My son, go seek
A larger empire—for so vast a soul
Too small is Macedonia!"

MY NATIVE LAND.

My native land! my native land!
A land with every gift replete,
All perfect from its Maker's hand,
An empire's glorious seat!
And far removed from thrones and slaves,
There freedom's banner proudly waves.
The frigid and the torrid clime,
The temperate and the genial beam,
The vale, the mountain top sublime,
The arid plain, the living stream—
There linked in union's golden chain,
Attest her varied, vast domain.
Her mountains look o'er realms serene;
O'er fertile fields and cities free;
And mightiest rivers roll between,
And bear her wealth from sea to sea;
While o'er old ocean's farthest deep,
Her bannered natives proudly sweep.
On Plymouth's rock the pilgrim lands,
His comrades few and faint with toil,
While warring tribes in countless bands,
Roam lawless o'er the uncultured soil.
A few brief years have rolled away,
And those red warriors—where are they?
And where are those, the heroic few,
That landed on that rocky shore?
Their voice still rings—their spirit too
Still breathes—and will forever more;
For in their sons still burn those fires,
That freedom kindled in their sires.
'Tis something—though it be not fame—
To know we spring from noble race,
To feel no kindling blush of shame,
For those we love, suffuse our face.
Then let us to our sons transmit
A land, and name unsullied yet.
For me, whatever be my fate,
Wherever cast, my country still
Shall o'er each thought predominate,
And in my bosom peerless dwell.
Yes, e'en to life's last ebbing sand,
Shall live revered—My Native Land.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

Vol. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1836.

No. 10.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor ;
OR, THE CONFLICTS OF LOVE.
CHAPTER IV.

Humph! an odd situation that, exclaims the reader—and so it was, and not the most comfortable, I assure you. I could imagine a thousand circumstances, connected with equally stirring adventures, far more agreeable: but I recollect the title of these papers, and I will not forfeit my veracity by following the story telling tribe, through the inexplicable labyrinths of their imaginary world. We, (that is, Elen and I,) for a few moments, felt our situation to be extremely awkward. The wind continued to blow with increased violence—dark and angry clouds swept athwart, the sky, and along the shore, and on the surrounding hills; the tall forests were reeling and groaning, and falling prostrate, rendering it extremely dangerous to move any considerable distance in any direction, and the nearest dwelling was that which Elen had left that morning, all bright and peaceful, and happy; and what must it be now? “Alas! my poor mother,” murmured Elen, with a deep sigh, “and my father and William, where are they, exposed to such danger in search of me, all for my folly,” and casting a half reproachful look at me, she hid her face in my bosom, and I clasped her with a wild enthusiasm to my beating heart. There is something transcendently touching and beautiful in this part of the human economy. This dependant unshrinking confidence in trial and danger on the one hand, and the strong and undefineable sense of love and duty on the other,—love and duty did I say? O what a medly, what a labyrinth of contradictions is the human heart! I did not love her, (at least I never thought I did,) and yet at that moment I could have sacrificed the world for her. Whether she loved me, I do not say. She was indeed a charming girl. Yes, I verily believe I could love her now, but then she was not that ideal beauty, that image, at whose shrine I had bowed down my soul, and committed the sin of idolatry. But wet clothes and a November wind, though the warmest of the Indian summer, are sad dampers to enthusiasm, and not very genial fuel to the fire of love. As it would have been highly improper not to be provided with some means of alleviation in such an emergency, I very fortunately happened to have with me the means of striking a fire, which are familiar to the inhabitants of every new country, and a cleft beneath an over-hanging rock, and a cluster of young sycamores that had found

root in the scanty beach of the cove, forming a sort of rude bower, served as a shelter from the raging tempest. What a scene, what a condition for two such hearts! Young and inexperienced in the wilds of passion, which have bewildered and lost to society much of the beauty and glory of our race, and yet warm and full of those generous and pure affections upon which passion has, alas! too often revelled. We were left to gather hope and consolation from each other, and were unconsciously drawn to more heart-searching, soul-trusting confidence than any ordinary situation had been likely to produce. Hearts, I was about to say young hearts, all hearts are not to be trusted under such circumstances, and the emotions of sympathy and gratitude which at such trials are natural and spontaneous, should never be taken, or acted upon as tokens of love. But who shall throw around the warm and generous hearted, the sable garb of a worldly prudence, or who shall refuse at such times an indiscreet pledge! Elen felt that she owed me the preservation of her life, and I was conscious of having saved her from a watery grave; there were no circumstances to restrain expressions of gratitude, and sympathy, and confidence, and—but we made no vows of love—no, they were not trusted to (I had like to have said the lips, pardon the aberation) the poor companionship of words.—There are other and more binding, because more influential, vows than those usually uttered preparatory to the bridal, the tender caress, the warm embrace, the thrilling kiss—O, how powerful, but alas! how often deceitful.

We however thought not of obligations, or consequences, and the time passed by in acts of endearment, and words of kindness, until (as I had anticipated) when the sun went down, the spirits of the storm retired to their viewless caves, the roaring of the elements soon died away, and all, save the breaking of the waves upon the shore, became silent and calm. The flying and broken clouds fast dispersed, and as we again launched our canoe, which had been thrown upon the beach near us, and trusted ourselves again to the treacherous element,

“The moon was beaming silver bright.”

We were not long in reaching the place from whence we started, and soon made our way to relieve the anxiety that we knew must pervade Elen's home, sweet home.

The adventure above related, though of little importance, and with some exceptions, one of almost daily occurrence, was to me of considerable moment. It had too much of romance in it not to furnish food for a

morbid imagination. Elen, it will be perceived, was one of those native flowers which grow up all beautiful and fragrant without cultivation or protection; though admired and loved by all the family, she seemed, except in matters of common want, to be an object of little concern to them; even her mother, who ought to have been her guardian angel, thought it enough, occasionally, to call her an idle huzzie. But her decorum was seldom to be spoken against, for she was placable, and modest. The adventure was often referred to by us, and was a source of much amusement and railing to her, but with me it was otherwise. Though she at times seemed to have forgotten those vows of eternal friendship uttered beneath the cliff, and those tacit expressions of love recorded there, to me they were ever present; and yet even then I said to myself that I did not love her; she seemed to occupy in my heart a secondary place; the real, the palpable, contrasted with the imaged, the ideal—this I worshiped, that I coveted; alas! how many a beautiful, how many a charming and worthy woman, has found too late, that she occupied but a secondary place in the heart of him to whom she had sacrificed all the wealth of woman's love. That she had been coveted for the gold or the utilities of the shrine and not for admiration of the purity, veneration for the sanctity or devotion to the idol.

I trust that in these degenerate days, when the whole business of life, not of the few, but of the mass of men, is speculation, money getting, when many of them will sell their mother's graves for money, my fair readers will not take the above hint amiss.

When absent from Elen, she occupied a place in most of my thoughts, but when present, memory was busy with the vision at the cottage in the valley. Had I never seen that vision, I should have loved Elen with all the ardor, and unreserved devotion of a first love, but as it was, I was tortured by “the conflicts of love.”

CHAPTER V.

The well formed, deformed, a blank of four years,

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

CHAPTER VI.

“Now I, that am unshaped for sportive trick,
I that am rudely changed, and want love's majesty
I that am curtailed of my fair proportions, [ty,
Cheated of power, by dissembling nature,
Despoiled of my inheritance to manhood,
In this breathing world, and so unmade,

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
The joyous and the proud turn them away,
As from some gloomy, or detested vision—
And then the mean of soul tell me of pity—
Yes I am so unfit for this world, that I
Have no delight to pass away the time,
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
Or match me with the vain, who to be proud of,
Have nought but better moulded lumps of clay,
(So kept, 'tis true, and fed, and fondled o'er,
As if designed for epicurian worms,
I am determined to—to eschew all
The dark temptations to prove villain,
And scorn the idle pleasures of the times.

So you are a poet, Mr. Bachelor, are you?
No—no, excuse me fair reader, 'tis only an
extract from an immortal poet, cut and man-
gled and made up to suit the scene or idea or
what not I wished to present you.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE STOCK JOBBER,

"To be faithful, is the religion of woman."

Perhaps no vicissitudes to which speculative men are liable have exhibited more wretchedness than those which have arisen out of transactions on the London Stock Exchange. The immense capital which is there subjected to the genuine demands of some individuals, and the illegal uses of others, produces an assemblage of persons, surprisingly shrewd and active, stimulated by an ever restless desire to gain by the fluctuations to which stocks are liable. Stock, in a general sense, means the public funds of Britain, and consists of sums which have at different times been lent to the government, on condition of receiving interest until the principal shall be repaid. When merchants require capital for great commercial purposes, money is drawn from the stocks, or funds, to an enormous amount, and the value of the remaining stock is proportionally increased. When the unemployed capital of merchants and others are placed in the stocks to any great extent the value of the whole accumulated amount of stock is in proportion reduced. Like all marketable commodities, the value of money is raised by scarcity, and depressed by superabundance. Circumstances of a political nature will often seriously affect the money market, raising or lowering the price of stocks twice in a day. Any individual possessing money in the funds can sell out, as it is termed, which means relinquishing his title, or transferring on the days of transfer, his right to another, whose name is consequently inserted in the books connected with the particular stock in which the transactions may occur.

There are transactions of a very different nature connected with the Stock Exchange, which have been pursued to a disgraceful extent. All sorts of artifices, including falsehood, are adopted, to produce effects on the money market, and of which advantage may be taken. There are also, "time-bargains," which are illegal contracts, or engagements between speculators and gamblers, who perhaps have no property in the funds. They agree that on a specified future day, the difference in value of a nominal sum in some particular stock or consols, as may be agreed upon, shall be paid over to the individual in whose favor the rise may be determined; accordingly, when the sitting day arrives, the amount of the wager is paid to the winner. Disgraceful exposures have occurred of extraordinary means having been resorted to for the purpose of producing an effect on the funds by jobbers and gamblers.

Connected with improper transactions on the Stock Exchange, an example may be given that not very long ago excited the attention of many

persons in one of the suburbs of the metropolis. Mr. Thompson was a tradesman of considerable shrewdness, and doing what is called a pretty little business, by which he obtained all that is necessary to the comforts of life. He also managed to obtain an appointment as collector of rates and taxes, in a wealthy district, on furnishing bonds to the amount of £20,000. Some persons conduct themselves remarkably well in society, as long as they are not under any temptation; but no sooner are large sums of money placed in their power, than they become bewildered with the possession; and having no basis of principle, they are easily turned aside into practices of a disgraceful nature. Such was Thompson, the hero of our story. He did very well till he became a collector of public money, when, without reflecting on what might be the consequence of his folly, he began a practice of speculating on the Stock Exchange—and although he risked his reputation, the public property, and the welfare of his bondsmen, he could not withstand the temptation. He first ventured on a large purchase of Spanish bonds, and was successful; a few hundreds became thousands with the effect of magic. From what might have been termed a plodding existence, he started into affluence. Another lucky hit quite intoxicated him with success; and all he touched seemed to prove advantageous to his fortunes.

As his wealth increased, he drew around him the usual groups of adulators and sycophants, who attend on the opulent, and whose subserviency established all that the weakness of his understanding suggested; he therefore became the slave of folly and ostentation. He was delighted in hearing himself praised as a speculator, and was in ecstasies at a puff paragraph in one of the public prints for which he had previously paid. But with all this sudden increase of riches, Thompson was not a happy man—something was always wanting; he durst not let himself think, and when left by his companions he became capricious and tyrannical.

Mrs. Thomson, an excellent woman, who when the family prospects appeared confined, had been selected for the endowments of her mind, now occasionally remonstrated with her ill-fated spouse on the egregious folly of his proceedings. She represented to him the error of concluding that extravagance was synonymous with comfort, and plainly said that it was ill-suited to her love of tranquility as it was to the preservation of his health and reputation. This was not to be endured; he scorned the admonition, and peremptorily forbade the monitor his presence. Ignorance cannot bear reproof; she had offended past forgiveness; and strange as it may seem, the amiable Mrs. Thompson was compelled to quit the home she could have graced, and meekly retired on a mere pittance to a distant village. Freed from what he deemed an incumbrance, the heedless Thompson pursued his idea of happiness. Such had been his extraordinary success on the Stock Exchange, that it was suspected he possessed some means of obtaining information not given to the general ear; such was his good luck at the gaming houses he frequented, and such was his gain as a contractor, that it was concluded his fortunes were augmented by some kind of improper means. A short period of time unfolded the nature of his transactions. A sudden convulsion in the monied interest in which he was engaged, together with a depreciation in the value of a foreign loan in which he had deeply involved his fortune, instantaneously prostrated his fortune in the dust. Luckily he was not a defaulter with respect to public property, as his pride had caused him to relinquish the office of collector of rates, and pay up his arrears.

The result of Thompson's unlucky ventures and losses, was a species of mental derangement, which

for a short time affected him. He raved about bonds, bills, consols, and securities, as things in his possession; but all were gone. He asked for his companions—they had deserted him, after the usual manner of parasitical dependents. No one was found to alleviate his sufferings, save his discarded wife. That gentle being, forgiving and forgetting all her wrongs, flew to his aid; she endeavored to console him by all the means in her power, raised him from despair to a consciousness of life and hope, and inspired a belief, that although greatness had departed, happiness might still be secured. She continued closely attendant and solicitous to procure the restoration of his health, while legal proceedings and seizures pressed hard on the remnant of his property: even the little which might have been converted into use for future exigencies, merged into the general ruin, and they were left nearly destitute. Without a friend, without a home, the world that lately bloomed so luxuriantly appeared a sterile desert; they seemed alone amid thousands, not one heart sympathized with him, nor was there one friendly hand to avert the most abject wretchedness.

Part of a very humble dwelling, in an obscure back lane, was taken by Mrs. Thompson, to which they removed, and for a time their immediate necessities were supplied by the sale of a few trinkets, of which the unfortunate lady had not been deprived. On these they contrived to subsist until he gained strength, and was enabled to contemplate the miserable state to which he was reduced. He grew morose and furious, as the bitterness of adversity grew upon him. His ravings against a world, which he insisted treated him with unparalleled cruelty, were loud and incessant, while for days he paced his room, or lay on his humble pallet, in a state bordering on distraction.

In this extremity of hopeless misery, Mrs. Thompson, by chance, met one of their former intimates, to whom she related a few of their sufferings. The listener despised the husband, but the sorrows of the wife called forth an expression of sympathy, and a purse was administered, containing a few sovereigns, and coins of lesser value.—This accidental relief called up the ruling passions of this ill-assorted couple. The wife, ever thoughtful, proposed that a small stock of trifling articles should be purchased, and that she, with a basket over her arm, would endeavor to obtain the little that was now required to sustain existence. The wretch spurned the idea as derogatory; he would not entertain a thought so contemptible, and therefore proposed that he should get himself in fortune's way by attending one of the lower order of gambling houses. Nothing venture, nothing have, said he, exultingly; and despite of every objection which the prudence and humility of the wife could suggest, the passions and propensity of the gambler prevailed. He went—he lost—even the last shilling vanished; and he returned in a state of phrenzy and intoxication to his disconsolate wife. With woman's kindness she again administered every aid, and endeavored to console him; and although her heart was bursting with anguish, she watched him with unremitting care. But nothing more could soothe him into resignation—his brain was too surely affected with madness.

In this melancholy state the hapless couple were taken to the last refuge for the destitute—the poor house. In a few days Thompson showed symptoms of returning consciousness; self-condemnation appeared in all his looks and actions, but he was never heard to speak after being informed where he was. He felt his pride insulted; and in less than a month he died, the victim of an acute fever of the brain. Mrs. Thompson paid the last tribute to her departed husband, and then accepted of a comfortable home which had been provided for her by a few worthy persons, who knew and could appreciate her virtues.

The fate of this infatuated man is not without its lesson to those, who, like him, may imagine that there exists some partial agency that turns the ordinary events of life to success, independently of moral exertion. The knave and the sluggard may cherish such a hope; but they will perish in the delusion. He who knows the value of reputation, or possesses the pride of independence, will regulate his expenditure by his honest receipts. Such a man can never be subjected to what is called the "frowns of fortune," nor be ruined in his prospects by gambling, nor injured by reverses arising from speculations on the Stock Exchange. He will move in confidence, however humble his path; and protected by his integrity, his journey through life will be satisfactory to himself and worthy the imitation of others.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

W O M A N .

☞ I dislike the man who deliberately trifles with the affections of woman. I would rather shake hands with a highwayman, than with a person who has sacrificed to his own vanity the lifelong happiness of an inexperienced girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never been sufficiently reprobated, and females too often betray the rights of their sex by accepting with pride the homage of a man who has become notorious for the conquest and destruction of their sisters, as if his mercy and love could be depended upon, who has once been cruel to an affectionate woman! The world laughs, and stupid jests on the briefness of woman's love are administered; but you will find, if your heart be not hardened by selfishness, that this will be in vain. Perhaps you had no intention of being serious; you only flirted, tried to be agreeable, and to please for the moment; you had no conception that your behaviour could be misconstrued, and you shudder at the bare thought of earning the icy damnation of a seducer. It may be so, for there is a descent to the hell of seduction, though that descent is perniciously easy, and

Nemē repente, sūt tuitissimus;

but what if, while you are meaning nothing, your sport became death to the object of it. When by exclusive attentions, you have excited a regard—by the development of talent, or by the display and devotion of personal graces, you have fascinated the mind and the heart—when by the melting eye, the faltering voice, the fervid tone, the retained hand, you have awakened the passion you cannot allay—when you have done this in the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your convenience of sated coxcomby to finish the scene by an altered mien, a distant courtesy, or an expression of surprise at the expected efforts of your conscience with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage of fools, or a lie of your own? What if the poor being, whose hope you have changed into despair, whose garden you have blasted with mildew and dust, whose heaven you have darkened for evermore, shall suffer in silence, striving to bear her sorrows, praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without forgetting you, till the worm has eaten through to life, and the body is emaciated which you have flattered, and the eyes frightfully emit funereal lustre, which used to laugh radiancy, and hope, and love, when they gaze upon you? What if a prouder temper, a more ardent imagination, and a stronger constitution, should lead to spite, and impatience and recklessness of good and ill—if a hasty and loveless marriage should be the rack of her soul, or the provocation of her sin? Is there mandragory that could drug you to sleep while this was on your memory, or does their really live a man who could triumph in such bitter wo? But

—veriam et mutabile semper

Fæmina.

☞ believe it not! For the sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the coxcombs of

ours. Women have their weaknesses, and plenty of them; but they are seldom vicious like ours; and as to their levity of heart, who shall compare the worldly, skin-deep fondness of a man with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract, a thousand passions are a substitute for the devotions of a man; but to love is the purpose—to be loved, the consummation—to be faithful, the religion of a woman. It is her all in all; and when she gives her heart away, she gives away a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Cræsus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

G O O D .

The following story, which was published in one of the periodical journals some time since, is too interesting to be omitted:

An old Chiffonier (or rag picker) died in Paris in a state of most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant to a green grocer.—The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage, with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred as she wanted the price of her bridal finery, to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place, and her lover, who sided with her mistress.—She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired; and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred.—Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless lover, a young, good looking man, entered. "So, my good Suzette, I find you have lost your place!" cried he, "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "I sir, you are joking." "No faith, I want a wife, and I am sure I can't find a better." "But every body will laugh at you for marrying such a poor girl like me." "Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my mother is prepared to receive you." Suzette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man, who was so fond of the animal that he was determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Suzette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and disinterested lover.

Dr. Franklin, while in the court of France showed himself to be a little of the courtier. Being one day in the garden of Versailles, showing the queen some electrical experiments, she asked him in a fit of raillery, if he dreaded the fate of Prometheus, who was so severely served for stealing fire from heaven? "Yes, please your majesty, (replied Franklin with great gallantry, if I did not behold a pair of eyes this moment, which have stolen infinitely more fire from heaven than ever I did, pass unpunished, though they do more mischief in a week than I have in all my experiments."

It was the opinion of John Randolph that without the influence of female society men would degenerate into brutes.

FEW THINGS IMPOSSIBLE.—"It is impossible," said some, when Peter the Great determined to set out on a voyage of discovery, thro' the cold northern regions of Siberia, and over immense deserts: but Peter was not discouraged, and the thing was done.

"It is impossible," said many, when they heard of a scheme of the good Oberlin's. To benefit his people, he determined to open a communication with the road to Stratsburg, so that the productions of de la Roche (his own village) might find a market. Rocks were to be blasted, and conveyed to the banks of the river Bruche, in sufficient quantity to build a wall, for a road along its banks, a mile and a half, and a bridge across it. He reasoned with his people, but still they thought it was impossible; but he seized a pick-axe, put it across his shoulder, proceeded to the spot, went to work, and the peasants soon followed him with their tools.—The road and bridge were soon built, and to this day the bridge bears the name of the "Bridge of Charity."

"It is impossible," said some, as they looked at the impenetrable forests which covered the ragged flanks and deep gorges of Mt. Pialatus in Switzerland, and hearkened to the daring plan of a man named Rupp, to convey the pines from the top of the mountain to the lake of Lucerne, a distance of nearly nine miles. Without being discouraged by their exclamations, he formed a slide or trough of 24,000 pine tress, 6 feet broad, and 4 to 6 feet deep; and this slide, which was contemplated in 1812, was kept moist. Its length was 34,000 English feet. It has been conducted over rocks, or along their sides, or over deep gorges, where it was sustained by scaffolds; and yet skill and perseverance overcame every obstacle, and the thing was done. The trees slid down from the mountain into the lake with wonderful rapidity. The large pines, which were one hundred feet long, ran through the space of eight miles and a third in about six minutes.

A gentleman who saw this great work, says:—"Such was the speed with which a tree of the largest size passed any given point, that he could only strike it once with a stick as it rushed by, how ever quickly he attempted to repeat the blows."

Say not too hastily, then, of anything, "It is impossible." It may not be done in an hour, or a day, or a week; but perseverance will finally bring you to the end of it. "Time and patience," says a Spanish proverb, "will turn a mulberry leaf into silk."

A COMPARISON.—"Jack," said a gay young fellow to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here tonight at the ball? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene." "Pardon me," replied the other gravely, "for not agreeing with you, for my part, I think, that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."

"Oh! I'm dead! I'm dead!" blubbered a little fellow the other day, as he went running into the house. "What's the matter, my son?" said the compassionate mother, and continued "I don't see but you are whole; what's the matter?" "Oh I run against a fence, and stuck a knot-hole right in my trowsers!"

A GOOD ONE.—We were much amused a few days since, at the conduct of a couple of tars, who were booming along Pearl street, but making very crooked wake. They stopped in front of a store in the neighborhood of Cedar street, where a couple of men were engaged in pumping the water out from a cellar.

'Hillo Tom, just look here.'

'Why! what's that.'

'My eyes, Tom, if New York ha'nt sprung a leak and they're pumping her out.—N. Y. Her.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Aye, rear thy marble to the skies—
The hearts of millions say, arise;
Stand up for Freedom's greater Son,
Our own, the world's Great Washington.

'Tis done, and as by magic power,
The Dome, the Turret and the Tower;
O'er endless walls in beauty glide,
Like humble flowers o'er mountain's side.

From halls whose portals laugh to see,
O'er ocean, mount and prairie;
From walls that cut the azure blue
To deep foundations hid from view;

It stands a perfect work; looks down
On Time with an indignant frown;
And seems a thing of endless life,
Defying elemental strife.

Proud monument of soul. Thine age shall be,
Coeval with eternity:
Thine honors shall endure the same—
Thou bearest the best of earthly name!

Alas! vain hope, fond dream of man!
Thine endless age is but a span;
In dust thy whole foundations be!
Where then is thy Eternity?

How canst thou add unto that name,
Which lives and reigns for aye the same;
Which knows no time, no land, no sea,
No boundary knows but Deity.

When yonder treacherous sands shall own,
The firmness of the Eternal's Throne—
When yonder sun shall glory know,
From glimmering tapers here below—

Then may Monumental Fame
Perpetuate a deathless name;
And Pyramids approach the sun,
To save the name of WASHINGTON.

ANON.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

THOUGHTS... No. 4.

'Tis not in things, o'er thought to domineer.
Fondness for fame, is avarice of air.

YOUNG.

A desire for the esteem, or applause and admiration of others, is allowed to be a predominant passion with man. The universal prevalence of this cupidity, has been the fruitful source of a thousand schemes for the satisfaction of their desires, and the accomplishment of their intentions.

I was lately indulging myself in these meditations, and the innumerable train which naturally followed, when the anxiety of the mind gradually gave way to the lassitude of the body, and I fell into a gentle slumber. But though my body was wrapped in forgetfulness, the never ceasing powers of fancy still held their sway. I imagined myself on the summit of a precipitate and insurmountable high mountain, which overlooked a plain, stretching either side beyond the limits of visual penetration. I sat for some time in silent wonder, and occupied my mind in numberless conjectures, as to what could be the intention of this appearance. But finding all my conjectures useless, I instinctively turned to discover some one who should explain it to me, and beheld approaching, one on whom, as I judged from his appearance,

sixty years had shed their vicissitudes. I immediately accosted him:—"Father," said I, "you have had more experience than I; you see my embarrassment, and the cause of it:—I crave a deliverance." "Son," said the old man, in a slow and solemn tone, "I truly perceive the confusion into which this novel scene has thrown you, and will cheerfully aid you to dissolve the mystery, and draw from it instruction which shall be of benefit to you for the remainder of your existence. Turn again and survey the prospect before you." I obeyed,—but what a transition! Instead of the smooth, level and vacant surface, which before met my sight, I saw nothing but bustle and confusion among the multitude which now possessed it.

"These," said the old man, "are the dwellers on the plain. From the present avidity, with which they appear to be in pursuit of their respective follies, you would judge that this was their permanent dwelling place, and that they were to bestow all their ingenuity of mind, their inventions of genius, and endowments of body, in rendering this, their fixed continuance, as replete with sensual conveniences, gratifications and enjoyments as possible. But so far from being always to continue here, and always to enjoy the products of their labor, they are doomed to be removed from their present existence, which is called Time, to the "infinite unknown" of Eternity.

"But you see they are all actively engaged in pursuing some darling phantom or phantastic pleasure. It must be supposed that they propose some great result; let us descend, and discover what is their aim, that you may more clearly detect their folly." Taking a winding path, which I had not observed, he bade me follow him, and we were soon at the foot of the mountain. The first object to which our attention was drawn, was an aged man, who tottered as if on the very brink of Eternity, and still was busily engaged, in scraping together a shining metal, whose chief recommendation, was its extreme rarity. My guide bade me question him. "Old man," said I, "why do you weary yourself, in your eagerness to amass so large a quantity of that substance." For a moment he ceased his toil, and fetching a deep sigh of fatigue, answered;—"That I may become rich." "And why do you desire to become rich," asked I. "That the report of my wealth may be noised abroad, and that I may thereby acquire FAME," said the old man. My guide beckoned me on, and we next saw, immersed in a closet, whose darkness was partially dissipated by the blaze of a lamp that burned on a table, one pouring over the pages of "ancient lore." At our first entrance, he did not notice us. As I stood in silence, contemplating his pale, wan visage, its appearance rendered more ghastly, by the glaring light which shone upon it, his eyes deep sunk in his head, seemingly firmly riveted to the book before him, and his whole appearance being contrasted with that of others we had seen,—a strong fascination seized my senses, and I almost fancied myself in the presence of a preternatural being. I broke the spell by speaking. "Man," said I, "for what is it, that you are consuming

the energies of your mind, and destroying your body?" With a gaze of absent amazement, he said, "LEARNING." "And what is the peculiar advantage of learning, that it should be worth such a sacrifice?" "It is," said he, "that it leads direct to FAME."

Much wondering at the wonderful control which FAME possessed over the inhabitants of this plain, and desiring to know more about the matter, I followed my guide through several winding ways, and questioned several who were busily engaged in different pursuits; and to my various inquiries, as to the object of their toil, could only obtain the answer—FAME. I concluded, that this must be something of infinite value, since infinite enjoyment was sacrificed for its acquisition. Again, my guide turned his steps towards the mountain, and in a short time we were at its summit. He bade me again look towards the plain; I did so; and to my renewed surprize, perceived the busy multitude pursuing and grasping at innumerable forms which danced before them. One of these appearances, I noticed, was of much more pleasing and inviting aspect than the rest, and to whom, indeed, the others seemed subservient. It was truly surprising to observe with what avidity, the multitude endeavored to secure to themselves this image, which so alluringly fitted before them, and to notice that the "favored few," who succeeded in their attempts, were all most egregiously disappointed, as the darling object proved to be merely a phantom, which danced before them, with such bewitching enticements, but when seized vanished into nothing. This, said my guide, (whose name I learned was REASON,) is FAME, the darling object of pursuit. Behold a representation of the conduct of men. They spend their days in forming and prosecuting projects, whose success glides from approach, and which, if accomplished, prove but ideal phantoms of unreal happiness. Thus saying he turned and vanished, and left me to my reflections. P. Y. X.

SPRING.

Winter has gone. The fierce tempests, that but a moment ago whistled so rudely around, have all ceased their murmurs and lost their ferocity by the approach of gentle spring. Winter, that brought in its pain a multitude of pleasures to the voluptuous, and woes to the poor and destitute, no longer delights the one, nor brings anxiety to the other. May has come, bringing with it all those pleasures which its loveliness is calculated to inspire.

"Sure, lovely May with mantle green,
With garland on her brow,
Whom all the year adores as queen,
Has come to show thee now,
Her fragrant breath—her seas of dew,
The smiles she sheds from heaven,
Her woodland songs, and beauties too;
These, to gladden man, she's given."

The sun looks benignantly from its heavenly seat, and gladdens all nature by its genial influence—the pale queen of the night discloses her face with all its wonted loveliness—the revolving planets seem to smile at the beautiful prospect spread out before them—the sky assumes a beautiful azure—the forests are clothed in living verdure, whose fragrant bosom is often the retreat,

for filling the mind with high and noble conceptions, with harmony and beauty, and for resting the wearied body beneath its wide spreading branches, fanned by the peaceful zephyrs—the fields are all shrouded in perpetual green, and indicate a rich reward about to crown the labors of the industrious—the limpid rivers roll majestically along in their accustomed channels, presenting faces too bright and sparkling for human vision—the bland rills murmur through the decorated landscapes, and seem to utter the praises of their Great Original.

This pleasing aspect is by no means confined to inanimate nature alone. The woodland songsters are chaunting their melodious lays among the verdant boughs, and appear successfully to eclipse the glory of Orpheus, who is fabled to have stopped the rapid rivers in their courses; to have calmed the fierce winds; to have caused the inflexible oaks to bow, and the rocks to move by the sound of his lyre. The bleating herds are sporting on the sunny plains, and delighting themselves with the animated scenery exhibited in the face of nature.

The husbandmen proceed to the cultivation of their farms, and the rearing of their tender flocks. Those of a more public life, to the internal prosperity of the state and nation, by repairing old and building new canals; by constructing railways, by means of which a speedy and expert communication is obtained between distant places.

The once sluggish but now nimble steamboats again offer their majestic prows to the opposing billows of America's proud rivers and lakes. In fine, all things appear in commotion—all things put on a delightful and pleasing aspect—all things act in perfect unison, from the smallest animate and inanimate objects, to the loftiest intellect, and worlds that stud the broad arch of heaven, and direct the mind "from nature up to nature's God," where one eternal spring hath bloom.

JUVENIS.

H—— College, May 2, 1836.

ADVENTURES OF A HAIL STONE.

When the mighty chaos was called into order, I was amusing myself by gliding in a liquid state between the particles of inorganized matter. The fiat went forth, and these particles was condensed; the earth was formed; and I, with my companions, was destined to float on its surface. In this employment I was much delighted. I sometimes, in the highest glee, danced about the equator; but as I was easily affected by heat, I chose to make short visits here. In my journeys to the poles, I took much pleasure in lingering where the heat was less intense, and where I was less liable to be thrown off from my place, by the motion of the earth on its axis.

I spent all my time in journeying from pole to pole. But I soon found that the field of my play-ground upon the newly-formed globe was to be contracted. My companions and I were commanded to assemble in one place, and let the dry land appear. In this revolution I was so unfortunate as to be crowded some distance beneath the surface of the earth, but with my restless nature, I resolved not to be confined here long, and immediately set to work to find the way out, which

I soon accomplished, and to my great astonishment, I found myself in the midst of some high mountains, with but a few of my companions, who were as much aghast as myself. In one panic we ran full speed till we found a way of escape from these huge strangers!

In seeking for the encampment of our fellows, we found many of our brethren in much the same condition as ourselves, and we all marched on together, till we were enabled to join the encampment. Shortly after we reached the Atlantic, it was made known to us, that we possessed great expansive power; and when we dilated to a certain degree, we might rise and float in the air. I soon tried the experiment with full success, and ere I was aware in my aerial voyage I overshadowed at once the equator and the poles. I sometimes descended to the earth and spent the night in the form of a dew-drop resting myself on Eden's flowers, or the valley's green, or Sharon's rose, or Columbia's olive. I was often driven to the earth, and frequently into the mire, with a shower of rain; at other times I floated through the air with the snowy flake.

In one of my visits to the equator, I became so much overcome with heat, that I immediately flew far above my usual attitude; and this so chilled me, that I became as hard as a stone. In this condition I was deprived of that power of diffusion, which enabled me to soar above terrestrial scenes, consequently I was compelled to descend. In my descent I was impelled by the wind, and my own velocity, to such a degree, that I was driven through the window into a king's palace, for which insult, I was immediately committed to my most inveterate foe—the fire—and in a few short hours I was again sent above the clouds, and was again brought to the earth in the same manner as before, but was more fortunate, and fell near the door of a caravansary. I was soon invited into the parlour, where I was welcomed into the best company; but it being one of my characteristics to make short visits, I soon withdrew from the dignified and honorable company.

Ever busy and ever on the wing, I have within these twenty-eight centuries of my existence traversed every part of this little globe, have visited alike the king and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the haughty and humble, the idiot and the sage, and in the same manner as now described, I expect to spend the remainder of my days.

DELPHI.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

THE PARTING.

"We both shall meet in heaven," said Emily as she kissed her friend Ellen. Ellen's parents were going to Ohio. She had been brought up in splendor, and had never known want. She scarcely knew what poverty was. An unlooked for occurrence changed the aspect of her future prospects. Her father's large fortune was reduced to a small sum; and finding himself surrounded by numerous creditors, he saw that it would be necessary for him to leave his native place. With enough to purchase a small farm, he set out with his wife and only child Ellen,

for Ohio. It was a pleasant morning in the month of May. The birds were singing gaily, and every one seemed happy excepting Mr. Thayer's family, and a young friend of Ellen's, who had not forsaken them in the hours of adversity. They were sitting in the piazza of the house which had been within a few days consigned to one of his creditors. "Ellen," said Emily, "we shall meet in heaven, our happy home. There we shall not part, but shall be happy forever.

With her eyes streaming with tears, she throws her arms around her neck, kissed her, and then running across the street, was soon out of sight. She soon returned, however, but did not find them. She ran down to the wharf, and entered the steamboat, which was to sail that morning for New York. She found Ellen sitting in a rocking chair in the cabin. She was very pale, and her eyes were shut. Emily sat down by her side, and took her by the hand. She opened her eyes, but immediately closed them again, and spoke not. Emily took from her pocket book six hundred dollars, and slipped it into Ellen's basket unperceived. The boat being ready to depart, Emily was obliged to leave her friend. She, for the last time, embraced and kissed them; hurrying from the painful scene, soon found herself in her own room, almost insensible. She soon felt better, but did not forget her dear Ellen. She was remembered daily at a throne of grace. They had been gone about a week, when she received a letter, which she knew to be from Mr. Thayer. The seal was black, and the affectionate Emily realized at once the extent of her misfortune. Ellen was no more.—From that day she began to decline, and in a few weeks she was consigned to the silent tomb. Her last words were, "I shall meet Ellen and my SAVIOUR." LUCY.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

[SELECTED.]

A SISTER.

He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her endearing smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered if the fountains of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or, if the gentler emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of manhood.

That man has grown up among kind and affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender, and more refined feeling of the heart which is so apparent in every action, in every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within the soft tones and glad melodies of his sisters' voices. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influences which moved him in his earlier years.

A RETORT.—A lady, who for some time had been annoyed by a shallow-pated exquisite, treated him rather cavalierly, which he perceiving said, "You do not appear to like my manners;" to which he received for answer, "I never knew that you had any."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

We sing the glories of the opening year.
 Who would not join, with heart and tongue,
 And pour forth music in his song;
 For matchless spring is here.—
 The glorious bursting of a year,
 Is heard from every land.
 A spirit comes upon the wind,
 And bears a fervor to the mind,
 As if from God's own hand.
 The curling waters of a thousand streams,
 Reflect the Sun's more playful beams;—
 And Hark! what myriad notes on either hand,
 That seem to speak of fairy land—
 That wake the silence of the grove
 In all the buoyant chords of love—
 What bolder ones, as waters bowed,
 That come from far, so deep, so loud,
 As to confirm more trembling notes,
 That on the trembling breezes floats—
 'Tis the voice of spring, the bursting year,
 'Tis opening wide both far and near.
 Boundless nature pours her lays,
 In one unbounded song of praise. ANON.

[SELECTED.]

THE FIRST BLUE BIRD OF SPRING.

Hark! what sweet note has struck my ear,
 So soft, so thrilling, and so clear?
 Sweet blue bird? you again appear,
 The harbinger of Spring.
 And sitting on the leafless spray,
 Thy shrill, well-boding, tender lay,
 Has filled my soul.—Stay, blue bird, stay,
 Why off upon the wing?
 Well, go, and sing thy welcome strain
 To others; "Spring has come again;
 I've crossed the land, I've crossed the main,
 I've heard the southern gale
 Singing old Winter's funeral knell—
 The swelling brooks and streamlets tell,
 While leaping, laughing to the dell,
 The same delightful tale."
 Blue bird! I thank thee—that sweet song,
 Has waked those chords that silent long
 Were held in Winter's chain—
 So artless, little didst thou think
 Such fond remembrances would link
 With such a simple strain.

From the N. Y. Weekly Messenger.

EARLY DAYS.

Who can forget their early days?
 Fond memory throws a spell
 O'er hallowed hours of bliss gone by,—
 O'er friends we loved so well.
 Pleasure may cast a charm around,
 And lure us with a smile,
 But the golden dreams of earlier years
 Come o'er our hearts the while!
 I would not, if I could, forget
 Each scene of glad delight,
 When joy was borne on every breeze,
 And all around was bright!
 The cherished names of early friends,
 Though they have passed away,
 Shall gild with radiance every hour,
 And cheer my latest day!

RETORT COURTEOUS.

"So, sir, you rashly vow and swear,
 You'll dance with none that are not fair;
 Suppose we women should dispense
 Our hands to none but men of sense?"
 "Suppose!" well madam, pray what then?"
 "Why sir, you'd never dance again."

ORIGINAL.

☞ The first of the following communications was intended for the last number,—but our delay, it seems, has given rise to four others on the same topic; all of which we now give, without a very critical examination of either, at the risk of a mathematical surfeit:

"NUTS."

We perceive that it is getting in fashion for the *literati* to puzzle their brethren, by offering them "nuts to crack." Now although nuts are vastly fine things when cracked, or indeed when they can be cracked easily, nothing on earth is so outrageously provoking, as to have one offered, absolutely uncrackable.*

We had one morning taken up a "GEM," placed our "body corporate" in the arm-chair, (for like all true and loyal disciples of Euclid, we deem this one of the indispensables,) and were revelling in anticipation of an "intellectual feast," when we chanced to come across the aforesaid nut. Farewell to all intellectual enjoyment! for sadly did it puzzle us, and not without reason we opine, for very much we doubt if even the *French* mathematicians could crack it.

But the *difficulty* let's see. According to special agreement between A and B, A is to have ten shillings and B six, for every rod, and each is to do a *quantum suff.* of the labor, to amount to \$50. Now A must build 40 rods, and B 66⅔, as any one can see; so that both must build 106⅔ rods. But by the way, there are only 100 to be built. So, friend R, *fear not*, your problem is safe.

It is but just that every one should be paid in his own coin, and as friend R has been so kind as to furnish us a nut of so "stern stuff," for his own especial benefit, we will give him one of the same sort. A glance will satisfy him that it is a real "hickory nut!"

"In the course of human events," it chances that the said A and B fall into a dispute about the wall. A being naturally avaricious, (not his own, but Dame Nature's fault, by the way,) declares that he will build 60 rods of the wall: and B to show proper resentment, as promptly declares that he will build 70. The query is,—How is the matter to be reconciled?

If friend R can solve this, we shall think him infinitely wiser than his compeers, and shall judge very ill of the literary taste of the Common Council of Rochester, if a pension be not forthwith granted him; for the due encouragement of his perseverance, and the cultivation of his genius. Z.

P. S. We would caution R, that in case of extremity, he take especial care, not to swallow the "nut" *shuck and all!*

*We hope and trust R has not "Noah Webster."

A HICKORY NUT CRACKED.

Mr. Editor:—As it appears that R's Hickory Nut, which appeared in No. 7 of your Gem, is a hard one for the disciples of Euclid to crack, by its not being solved in your last number, and perhaps Mr. R is not wise enough to solve his own problem, I will endeavor to crack said nut, in a manner to satisfy inquirers;—and here you have it:

A builds 37½ rods, and B builds 62½ rods.

In order to ascertain this, I placed the nut in a double position. They both do an equal amount of labor, and thereby are equally entitled to \$50,00 each; and by adding what each earned according to agreement, and taking the same from \$100,00, the remainder belongs to A and B equally; so I divide it between them.

The disciples of Euclid will perceive this Hickory Nut had a basswood meat; and must have germinated from a basswood sprout.

W. H.

—
ANOTHER.

Mr. Editor:—R's question in Euclid cannot be solved in the sense in which it is stated. The question should read thus: A pays B and C each 50 dollars for the building 100 rods of wall. B has fifty cents per rod less than C. The solution will then be as follows: Put $X=B$'s share of wall, and $Y=C$'s share, put $C=B$'s price per rod; the equation of the problem will then be, $X \times Y = 100$; $X \times C = 50$; $Y \times 5 \times C = 50$;—being resolved gives $X=61,8034$; $Y=38,1966$. The price per rod is ,809017, and 1,309017.

Now, Mr. Editor, please give the following problem to some disciple of Euclid:

There are three iron balls, whose diameters are 9, 8, and 7 inches, lying on a plain and touching each other. Now, suppose another ball of the same metal, whose diameter is six inches, be placed on the top of the other three balls, (in the cavity,) What will be the pressure on each under ball?

A. H.

Mr. Editor:—After cracking the nut in No. 7 of the GEM, I find the following contained within the shell:—100 rods of wall, of which A builds 62,5 rods, at ,75 per rod. B builds 37,5, at 1,25 per rod. These added together make the 100 rods. But each computed at his price, makes only 46,875, which makes a loss on the whole of 6,25. Now, sir, the difficulty is here; as often as A builds a rod of wall at 75 cents, he loses 25 cents of the original price; and as often as B builds a rod, he gains as much as A loses; but as B does not build so much into 25 rods, there are 6,25 lost, which is gained by neither; which divide equally (as it should be, for they do equal portions of work,) makes for each his 50 dollars.

May 7, 1836.

P.

☞ Let A begin at the north end and build 60 rods, and claim of the contractor 60 dollars. Then B begins at the south end and builds 40 rods, and claims 40 dollars of the employer; which will make the job complete and payment in full; and B will claim ten dollars of A, which he well can spare, and each will have 50 dollars. Now, A has fulfilled his contract with B, for B will get 1,25 per rod for 40 rods, and A will get, ,75 per rod for 40 rods, or an equal number with B. O.

☞ If neither of the above solutions should be satisfactory to our friend R, he would confer a favor by publishing the fair solution.

CAPTAIN BACK'S JOURNAL of his Arctic Expedition may be expected in a few days from the press of Messrs Carey, Lea & Hart.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, MAY 14, 1836.

¶ If there be a "luxury in doing good," (and who can doubt it?) how luxurious must be the life of our philanthropic fellow-citizen who has so often, openly and in secret, manifested his munificence in the noblest works of this age of benevolence! The man of wealth who thus employs his riches, is a blessing to his country and the world.

We cut the following letter from the Albany Daily Advertiser:—

ROCHESTER, April 26th, 1836.

"Dear Sir,—I have received yours of the 16th inst. in reference to the special effort to improve the condition of Common Schools.

The object is a very important one, and has my entire and cordial approbation.

To promote in some measure this benevolent undertaking, I have engaged an agent (at my expense) to go into each town in this county, and to the trustees of each school district in each town, with the view of awakening attention to this subject and of obtaining subscriptions for the "Common School Assistant." I hope to be able to send you a large number of subscribers.

Allow me to recommend to you this plan of operation for each county in the state. I have very little doubt, that one or more individuals in each county may be found to carry into effect a measure of this kind. Respectfully yours, A. C.

WESTERN "PENCILINGS."

A friend who has been borne across the inland seas by the tide of emigration which is setting so strongly for the West, and which bids fair to leave desolate the gardens of the less fruitful soil of the East, has favored us with the following "pencilings." Although not intended for the GEM, our readers may not find them altogether uninteresting:—

DETROIT, M. T. May 7, 1836.

There is nothing, perhaps, which so clearly marks the character of the American people, as their clear, cool, calculating spirit of enterprise. It is not surprising that foreigners have styled us "a nation of money makers;" for it would be impossible for a stranger to come to a different conclusion, who witnesses the vast stream of travel upon our principal thoroughfares—especially upon those which pass into the western regions of our extended Republic. Did we possess the easy spirit of our European brethren, ages would pass away, and generation would succeed generation, before we should be induced to forsake the fire-sides of our fathers—the comforts and ease of a populated country—for the rigors, toil and solitude of the wildernesses and prairies of the West. Connected with their enterprise, there is a spirit of adventure which is admirably calculated to facilitate the prostration of the illimitable forests of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, for it makes the sound of the woodman's axe and the crashing of the falling trees, a sweeter music than the lute or the harp. To them there is a greater charm in traversing the trackless desert or following the Indian foot-path, than in rolling amid splendor through the paved streets of cities, or along the vast channels of commerce. Hence the unprecedented stream of emigration which is continually pouring in to the western states and territories; and this combined spirit of enterprise and adventure is destined to make the "wilderness and solitary place blossom as the rose."

The passengers of the boat in which I left your city on the 4th of May, were chiefly of this enterprising and adventurous character. They were nearly all farmers from different sections of the states of New York and Connecticut,—intelligent

and in easy circumstances. Some of them, confident of being suited in the "Western World," had sold their old farms, pocketed their cash and bid adieu to their early associations; while others, more timid and cautious, first resolved to view the land, before they placed their inheritance in the hands of strangers, lest the broad world beyond the lakes could not afford them a resting place so delightful as their own "sweet home." All, however, spoke of the "west" as their future dwelling places—as the anticipated homes of their children, and their children's children; where their youth and enterprise should be chilled by the hand of Time, and their grey hairs find a tomb. Of these two classes, there will be but this difference—the first will probably secure the best locations, because of their earlier application at the land office, and consequently sooner become rich; but both will increase their wealth, and neither, if prudent, regret the day of their departure from their father land.

One of the chief charms of travel is the diversity of character with which you are compelled to mingle. All travellers however, do not conceive this to be a *charm*. The only inducement to many to travel is the diversity of scenery—the beautiful villas—the splendid city—the snow clad mountain—the verdant valley—the brook, rill, river, lake and ocean;—to feast the eye upon the beauties of nature and art, while the diversified character of *man* is overlooked or forgotten. But the close observer finds much that is enchanting in the study of human character. The natural, unrestrained, development of mind is oftener witnessed in a travelling company than in any other place. There appears to be a freer expression of opinion, a readier declaration of principles—a prompter and less biased annunciation of views of men and things, when surrounded by strangers than when mingling with acquaintances. Each is untrammelled from the influence of others, and there is apt to be a freedom in the interchange of thought, which is mostly unknown in other circumstances.

¶ We always find cause to speak well and think still better of the KNICKERBOCKER; and those who read the specimen we give in this number, on THE PRAIRIES, will not think our partiality undeserved.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE RUFUS KING.—Those who had the felicity of hearing that great man's eloquence, when he was in the vigor of manhood, long remembered it. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution he resided at Newport, and then figured as an advocate at the Massachusetts bar. His professional engagements often led him to attend the Supreme Judicial Court in the Old Colony. His usual dress was the old fashioned hat and plain grey clothes, and buttons covered with the same, much resembling the dress of a Quaker. On a certain occasion, while travelling to Plymouth Court, he was suddenly overtaken by a smart thunder shower, just before he arrived at the Quaker Meeting House in Pembroke, Mass. where a large and very respectable Society of Friends had assembled to hold their Wednesday meeting. To secure himself from the rain he let down the sides of his hat, and rode his horse under the sheds of the meeting house, into which he gracefully walked. The Elders seeing a very well dressed stranger of their order as they supposed, enter, made room for him among them, where he took a seat. All was profound silence. After half an hour, Mr. King arose, and delivered in Quaker phraseology, a most eloquent sermon of some length.—All admired the preacher, but knew not who he was, or whence he came. The meeting ended, he speedily took leave, the shower having passed; and mounting his horse rode expeditiously away.

It seemed to be a vision from the clouds to the honest Quakers, who could get no information respecting the preacher—and it remained a matter of amazement and wonder for years. At length Mr. King again attended the same court, as senior counsel in some important case, the foreman of the jury to try which, was one of the elders of that society. He sat as usual, very demurely, with his broad brim on in court. Mr. King was not recognized by him during the whole trial, his dress not being as before; but when he rose to make his closing argument to the jury, he had proceeded no farther than "May it please your Honors, and Gentlemen of the Jury," when the honest Quaker sprang instantaneously on his feet and clapping his hands smartly together, in excess of joy, exclaimed to the astonishment of the whole Court, "That is the man who spoke in our meeting!"—*N. H. Statesman.*

Hoggish.—When are you going to commence the porking business? asked a person of another who had a sty in his eye.

'Explain,' said the afflicted one.

'Why, I see you have your sty ready.'

'True,' was the reply, 'and I have got one bog in my eye now.'

For Burns or Scalds.—Strong lime water mixed with linseed oil, gives instantaneous relief in cases of scalds or burns.

For the Gem.

A TOGOGRIPE.

I am a word of ten letters. My first, second, third, fourth, sixth and seventh are the name of a male. My first, third and eighth are the name of a favorite. My second, sixth, third, fourth and eighth are the name of an important part of the body. My second, third, fourth and sixth are the name of a very active animal. My fourth, third and eighth are the name of a very troublesome animal. My sixth, fifth, fifth, sixth and tenth are the name of a female. My second, ninth, fourth, ninth are the name of a very useful quadruped. My seventh, second, ninth and sixth are the name of a very useful article of clothing. My whole is the name of a very large city in the U. States.

EMMA.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 7th inst., by Rev. Mr. Cope-land, Mr. FRANCIS S. WELBASKY to Miss LYDIA C. GILMAN, all of this city.

In Albany, on Sunday evening, 1st inst., by the Rev. Dr. Shephard, Mr. JOSEPH ALEXANDER, of Rochester, to Miss AURELA NORTHRUP, of LENOX, Mass.

In Rush, on Tuesday evening, 26th ult. by the Rev. N. Bentley, Mr. HEZEKIAH BRAINARD, to Miss LAURA E. PHELPS, all of Rush.

In Livonia, on the 21st inst. by Elder Beebe, Mr. JOHN C. CULVER, to Miss HARRIET BACKUS, all of that place.

At Buffalo, on Wednesday the 27th ult., Mr. ELISHA HARMAN, of Wheatland, to Miss R. ROGERS, of the former place.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of Paradise
That hast survived the fall;

Though few now taste thee unimpaired and
pure,

Or tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.

Thou art the nurse of virtue;

In thine arms she smiles, appearing, as in truth
she is,

Heaven born, and destined to the skies above.

SELECT POETRY.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE PRAIRIES.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

These are the Gardens, of the Desert—these
The boundless unshorn fields, where lingers yet
The beauty of the earth ere man had sinned—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if an ocean in its gentlest swell
Stood still, with all its rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over their shadows, and beneath
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame like flowers,
And pass the prairie hawk, that, poised on big h,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
played

Among the palms of Mexico, and the vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limped brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific: have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their
slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.—A race that long has passed away
Built them: a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvest—here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and
wined

In a forgotten language: and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and wild,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All, save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms reared to worship unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil,
To keep the foe at bay: till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke—and, one by one,
The strong holds of the plain were forced, and
heaped

With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat unscared and silent at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly looks
Welcomed the captive, and consoling words.
The conquerers placed him with their chiefs; he
chose

A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget, yet ne'er forgot, the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, and their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being: thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them or is withdrawn. The red man too,
Has left these beautiful and lonely wilds.
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams; but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs
And pools, whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps; yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over—gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man—
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee—
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep—
Fills the Savannahs with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the
ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
A fresher breeze sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

From the American Monthly, for March.

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

Let greener lands and bluer skies,

It such a wide earth shows—

With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes

Match us the star and rose;

The winds that lift the Georgians veil,

Or wave Circassia's curls,

Waft to their shores the Sultan's sail—

Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch

Love's thousand chords so well;

The dark Italian, loving much;

But more than one can tell;

And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,

Who binds her brow with pearls—

Ye, who have seen them, can they shame

Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt,

Its children loftier born—

Who heeds the silken tassels' flaunt

Beside the golden corn?

They ask not for the courtly toil

Of jewelled knights and earls—

The daughters of the virgin soil,

Our free born Yankee girls.

By every hill, whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above,
The home where some fair being shines
To warm the wilds with love;
From barest rock to bleakest shore,
Where farthest sail unfurled,
That stars and stripes are floating o'er—
God bless our Yankee girls!

VARIETY.

During the dark ages, one of the instruments
in the Inquisition was the statue of the Virgin
Mary, who, with a smiling countenance, beauti-
fully clad, and with arms outspread, seemed to in-
vite the accused to her embrace. He was order-
ed to approach and salute her, and as she pressed
him to her bosom, concealed daggers sunk into
his heart; he shrieked and was a corpse. Apt
emblem of sensual desire! With promises of
bliss she lures her votary on, until at the moment
of an anticipated delight, he feels in his soul the
pangs of the second death.—*Adv. of Morals.*

'Such is the pressure of the times in our town,'
said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in
London, 'that we have good workmen who will
get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings.'
—'Pooh! that is nothing compared with London,'
'we have boys here who will get up the inside of a
chimney for sixpence!'

GUNPOWDER.—Langles, in a memoir before the
French National Institute, gives an opinion that
gunpowder, (or in other words the process of mak-
ing it,) was conveyed to Europe by the returning
crusaders. It is certain that the Arabs made use
of it in 690, at the siege of Mecca, and he there-
fore supposes they must have derived it from the
Indians, among whom it was known from imme-
morial time.—*Scientific Tracts.*

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—The hamlet of An-
tisana, which is 13,500 feet above the level of the
ocean, is the most elevated inhabited place on the
globe. Condamine and Bouger, with their atten-
dants, lived 3 weeks at an elevation of 14,604
French feet, where the barometer stood at 15 inch-
es, 9 lines, and consequently the pressure on the
body was 16,920 lbs.—*ib.*

A little wrong done to others is a great injury
done to ourselves. The severest punishment of
an injury, is the consciousness of having done it—
and no man suffers more than he that is turned
over to the pain of repentance.

When the Egyptian was asked what he carried
so secretly under his cloak, he answered,—"'Tis
hid under my cloak that thou mayest not know
what it is."

GRATITUDE.—A very poor aged man, busied in
planting and grafting an apple tree, was rudely
interrupted by this interrogation.—"Why do you
plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of
them?" He raised himself up, and leaning upon
his spade, replied,—"some one planted trees for
me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit;
I now plant for others, that the moral of gratitude
may exist when I am dead and gone."—*Ed'n. Jr.*

GOOD OFFICES.—Half the misery of human
life might be extinguished, would men allevi-
ate the general curse they lie under, by mutual of-
fices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

It was remarked by Sir Philip Sydney, that
"doing good was the only certainly happy act of
a man's life." Does not experience test the truth
of the observation?

HUSBANDRY.

Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,
Surprising farmers be?
Because they're always studying
The art of husbandry.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1836.

No. 11.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE INDIAN'S GRATITUDE:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

It was in the autumn of 1776, that time that tried men's souls, when the American army was retiring disheartened, and almost hopeless, through the Jerseys before the much superior and victorious British forces, that Arthur Blake and Charles Dural obtained permission of the Commander-in-Chief to visit their home. But before proceeding further, permit me to describe these two persons. Like most others who form indissoluble friendships, they were in most respects entirely different from each other. Arthur, who had been brought up in affluence, though possessed of a noble mind and generous spirit, was of a melancholy disposition, and subject to great depression of spirits.

Charles was of an undaunted spirit. Nothing could appal him, or ought make him swerve from the path of rectitude; even in the darkest moments he looked forward to brighter days. He was an orphan; and, though his uncle had cherished and educated him as his own son, his having no one on whom to depend, seemed to have given energy and decision to his character.

Both were alike enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, and were among the first to devote themselves to the service of their country. When they left their homes to join the little band, they went forth with hopes bright, and hearts beaming with the love of country; they thought of the day when they should return crowned with the never fading laurels of victory.

But now how different were their feelings! All was dark and dreary, and the future seemed even more fearful than the past. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, and shedding a mellow light upon the surrounding scenery, as they entered their native valley. The bosom of the James was unruffled by the breeze, and its waters flowed on in calm and undisturbed joys, while the valley smiled around. The birds sang in the forests, the flocks sported upon the hills. Nature rejoiced, but man's heart was sad, and words died upon his tongue.

Silence was at length broken by Charles. "Come, rouse yourself, Arthur, a clouded brow is ill suited to the feelings of your friends after a separation. Come, endeavor to be more cheerful, it is useless to let your feelings thus get the advantage of your better judgment." Arthur, however, heeded not the words of his friend, but jogged on regardless of all around, till Charles, who rode foremost, exclaimed, "Here is our

home!" As he uttered these words, they came in sight of their dwellings, which were ancient in their structure, and yet not without an air of elegance. They were embossed in trees and foliage, and from the beauty of the scene, a stranger might suppose that contentment and happiness reigned within; but how often do we find the heart of man rent with anguish, when all around is peace and harmony.

Arthur had been roused from his reverie by this exclamation, and spurring his horse had overtaken him. As they rode across the green in front of their dwellings, bright faces glanced out at the windows, light feet were heard upon the gravelled walks, and ere they could alight they were in the midst of their friends. Little did they think that the sun which in setting, shed a flood of living light upon this scene of joy, was never more to gild with its beams their lofty mansions; but how often does he set in joy, only to rise in sorrow. Vain are the hopes of man, dark to him are the future—he sports upon the brink of ruin.

Both the families collected at the house of Mrs. Blake, to hear the adventures of these young friends; but scarcely had they commenced their narrative, when company was announced, and greatly to their astonishment, Allen Thornton, who belonged to their regiment, was ushered into the room. He had reached home the day previous, and though he resided at some distance, had heard of their arrival, and called to see them. He made no apology for his visit, though he had no errand. He appeared quite uneasy, and soon left. Scarcely had he gone, ere Arthur exclaimed, "I like not the conduct of Thornton, there is something dark and strange about him."

"You are a strange person, Arthur," replied Charles, "I observed nothing unusual in his appearance, you know he is ever a dark, mysterious being."

Arthur answered pleasantly, "You are never suspicious, Charles. You know it is thought he confers with the enemy, and you know, too, his hatred to our family—"

"Brother Arthur is right," exclaimed Clara, interrupting him. "Did you not notice," continued she, "his hurried glance, as tho' something fearful was about to meet his eye?" Soon however this was forgotten, and their conversation resumed. Suddenly a noise was heard without. Charles went to the door, but could distinguish nothing amid the surrounding gloom, for the evening was now far spent. Shortly another noise was heard in the rear of the house, and in a few moments an Indian entered and stood before

them. He was instantly recognized as one whom Arthur had befriended and protected from the anger of a white man, with whom he had disagreed. An exclamation of surprise had almost escaped them, but he pressed his finger upon his lips, and motioned to them to follow him. He then led them thro' the back door into the shade of the trees. Here he left them a moment, but soon returned, and led them by a circuitous route to the top of a neighboring hill. Here he addressed himself to Arthur, who alone understood his language, bidding them to remain in silence until he should return, telling them at the same time, that the Indians had determined to destroy them, but if they obeyed him they would be safe. "But," said he to Arthur, "you must go with me." Taking Arthur by the hand, he left them; and you may judge of their feelings, left thus alone at the dark hour of midnight, awaiting the return of an Indian, and doubts arose in regard to the safety of Arthur: but they could not suppose that one who had risked so much for their safety could meditate evil. All below was darkness and silence; but suddenly a light gleamed amid the darkness, and then there arose a fearful yell upon the midnight air, which struck terror to the hearts of those who were obliged to be spectators of the horrid scene. Then from their ambush they beheld the dark forms of the savages, as they surrounded the blazing building. Then arose another yell, even more fearful than the first, as it was one of disappointment, intimating that the inmates had escaped, and then the sound ceased. The blazing pile alone was seen. The shout of a single Indian rose upon the air, and, as it was answered by the others, the forests seemed to be filled with these fiend-like beings. At length the scene closed, and all sunk into silence. But Arthur came not. During this time it was with the utmost difficulty that they detained Charles from rushing into the valley below, though he knew it would be in vain for him to attack a party that were evidently so numerous.

At length a slight rustle was heard in the leaves near them, and at that moment the moon, hitherto veiled in clouds, broke forth in splendor, and Monitto, for such was his name, stood before them. He looked around in astonishment, muttered an exclamation, and then motioned to them to follow him. In silence and sorrow they pursued a path through the forest, and were startled even at the sound of their own footsteps. Thus they proceeded till the rosy tints of morn appeared in the east, when Monitto stopped, gave each his hand in token of friendship,

pointed over the hills to a settlement, moved his hand and disappeared in the forest. When they looked around them, no object met their eye save the tall trees, no sound saluted their ears save that of the murmuring waterfall, and in regard to Arthur's fate, they were in ignorance.

It was near the close of the day when they reached the settlement, to which they had been directed, and related their adventures. It was vain to search for Arthur, and various were the conjectures in regard to him. The next day was passed in suspense, but in the evening he entered the fort, to the astonishment of all. His tale was soon told.

Monitto had placed him when they first separated from the rest of the party, in a situation to give notice to them if they were in danger, but he had imprudently ventured from his hiding place, and was taken prisoner; this accounted for the yell that they had last heard. It was uttered by the Indian, who first saw Arthur, and reiterated by the others. He had, however, forethought enough not to betray his knowledge of their language, and learned from their conversation that Thornton had been the instigator of the plot. His only object had been *revenge*, for he had had some difficulty with Arthur, and what tended still more to enrage him was, that he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his officers. This roused his jealousy—he laid his plot for revenge, and fearfully did he execute it.

But to return to Arthur. After he was taken, some wished to have him killed immediately, others wished some more protracted and cruel death. But Monitto now made his appearance, accounting for his absence by saying that he had been in search of the fugitives. He proposed that they should take him to the British camp, which was readily agreed to, and they waited only for an opportunity. But Monitto's purpose was not yet accomplished. The Indians having traveled some distance the day previous, early resigned themselves to sleep, having bound their prisoner, and placed a guard. All was silent as the grave. Arthur slept not, but waited fearfully for the approach of morn. When the last Indian had fallen into sound sleep, Monitto, who had seemed to sleep soundly, raised his head and looked warily around, then rose, and gliding silently through the sleeping savages, took his knife from his girdle, cut the fetters of the prisoner, and led him from the encampment. He pressed rapidly forward till the sinking moon reminded him that the night was well nigh passed, when he paused and said—"The white is safe. No red skin will cross his path. There," he continued, pointing over the hills, "he will find his friends. Monitto had saved him, but he must go," and ere Arthur could express his gratitude, he was lost in the shade of the forest. GERTRUDE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

It is stated in the Boston Transcript that the remains of the Rev. John Murray, which were deposited in the Granary Burying Ground in 1815, are to be removed to Mount Auburn, where a monument is to be erected over them at a cost of one thousand dollars.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

THE DEAF AND DUMB, AND THE BLIND.

There has been no celebration during the week so numerously attended, or at which such deep and universal feeling was manifest, as that of the exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb, at the Chatham street Chapel on Thursday evening. Notwithstanding that there was another celebration in the Tabernacle at the same time, we have never seen such a compact throng in the chapel.—The interest of the occasion was doubtless increased, as was the gratification derived from the exercises, by the presence of Dr. Howe, and his pupils from the Blind School at Boston. And here, in justice to Dr. H. since he has been invidiously attacked in one of the newspapers, it ought to be mentioned that the part taken by him on the occasion, was done in compliance with an invitation by a formal resolution of the managers of the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb. Among the audience assembled, we observed Governor Dunlap, of Maine, and several clergymen of our city.

The exercises were commenced by the Deaf & Dumb, under the direction of Mr. Peet, the principal. Standing by their slates, they exhibited, in various ways, by answers to questions, and by the construction of sentences for the illustration of the meaning of words given by the audience, powers of mind, discrimination, humor, and keenness of perception, which elicited the warmest evidences of surprise and approbation.

Among other things, the principal related to the audience that thrilling story, which our readers will no doubt remember, as it was published in the Commercial some two or three weeks ago, of the terrible achievement performed by a Russian slater, in St. Petersburg—who, with no better apparatus than a few yards of cord, climbed up the spire of St. Michael's church, on the outside, for the purpose of repairing a wooden statue of an angel, by which the spire was surmounted. One of the pupils—a son of the late Dr. Gamage—was then called to the rostrum, and requested to relate the story—of course by signs. He performed the part more perfectly to the life, in all its details of doubt, effort, exertion, anxiety, the climbing, the fixtures, the success, the triumph, and the reward, than we ever saw pantomime acted before.

In illustration of the word "*Jesuitism*," put to the class by the writer, one of the answers promptly returned, was this:—"I think the whigs of the United States are jesuitical!" Whether intended by the sprightly girl who gave the reply, or not, the hit was excellent.

The class was also examined in history, in which they acquitted themselves exceedingly well—better, it was remarked, than most individuals in the assembly would have done.

A gentleman present related an anecdote, which was communicated by the Principal to the pupils, in the language of signs. The incident was that of the owner of a large Newfoundland dog, who determined to rid himself of the faithful animal, because of the expense of keeping him, by drowning. For this purpose he tied a rope around the dog's neck, and fastened the other end to a heavy stone. Taking the unsuspecting animal thus accoutred into a boat, he put off into the river near by; but in the attempt to throw the dog overboard the stone slipped from the noose of the rope, and the boat was upset. The man could not swim, and when on the point of drowning the dog seized him by the collar and safely drew him ashore.

Each member of the class wrote out the anecdote, from among which version we give the two following:—

"A man having a dog of great size, felt that he

had spent much money for meat for his beast. To determine to put an end to the life of that innocent dog, he tied a stone to its neck with a rope, for the purpose of drowning it, and took it in a boat, which the owner rowed to the middle of a river. Then he threw that beast overboard, but by fortune, the dog instantly took hold of the boat, which was upset. At the same time the dog was free from the stone, and the malicious man began to sink; but the noble animal saved him, whom he drew to the shore in safety.

Although the dog was not in possession of moral and intellectual powers, yet the beast was better than the man, by reason of its benevolence and magnanimity, which were its best attributes."

"A few years ago a certain gentleman enjoyed a situation on the side of a river. He had a great and faithful dog, with which he was displeased, because he had an expense of money for feeding him. He thought of killing the innocent animal. He tied it with a string, and a heavy stone was fastened in the end of the string. He took it into a small boat, and while the boat was half way from the shore, he played with it in a little while. Presently he tried to throw the poor dog into the sea, out of the boat, because he wished to have it drowned. But accidentally the boat was upset, and his cruel master was nearly ready to be drowned in the boat. But his faithful dog drew him by the coat to the shore. The faithful dog felt no revenge towards his master. We should imitate this animal's conduct, because it was better than man."

The intervals of time while the pupils were engaged in writing, were employed by the principal in giving an exposition of the principles and processes employed in educating the deaf and dumb, and the extent of their attainments. Much attention is paid to their religious instruction. As soon as a free communication can be established between these children of misfortune, in reference to their wants produced by the circumstances in which they are placed, their attention is directed to the operations of their own minds as indicating the existence of the soul. The existence and attributes of the Supreme Being are next pointed out to them—the relations which exist between Him and His creatures—and the duties which on their part grow out of these relations. He ascribed the mode of communicating Divine truth on the Sabbath, and the touching interest which is awakened in the bosom of a spectator in witnessing the solemnity of the exercises, assembled at the hour of prayer.

The blind were next introduced, and intense interest excited by the sight of two beautiful little girls and a boy, groping their way to the front of the stage, and feeling for their books which lay on the desk.

Their performances were prefaced by a few brief remarks from Dr. Howe, explanatory of the system of teaching the blind. He shewed summarily, but forcibly, that there was no insurmountable obstacle to the instruction of the blind, and that every department of knowledge and science, except painting was open to them.

The little girls then opened their books, turned to any page or verse named, and running their fingers over the raised surface of the letters, read audibly and fluently.

Questions were then put in geography, and the blind girl turning to the globe which stood by, whirled it around, felt for the countries named, and pointed them out to the delighted audience. She bounded the states, traced the course of rivers, indicated situations with an ease and accuracy which shewed her to be familiar with geography.

The blind boy then took a copy of the New Testament, printed in French, and read and translated entire passages with correctness and ease; all three of the children read and understood the

French; two of them speak it, and the boy is somewhat versed in Latin.

Arithmetic followed, and tough questions put by the audience, were answered by the blind sooner than could have been done by most of the spectators. The little girl is well versed in algebra.

Then came music, and the sweet voices of the girls joining with the clear notes of the boy who accompanied himself on the piano, filled the house and drew tears from many an eye. They were, however, tears of delight, for the songs of the blind were cheerful,—their elastic movements, their clear bright cheeks, and their sprightly voices, showed how happy they really were.

But the most interesting part of the exhibition was to come; the dumb had been taught to speak by signs and the blind to read by the touch—how were they to converse together? The blind girl held up her hand, the dumb watched every finger, every joint, every movement, and turning to their slates, wrote rapidly the words she had been spelling! Glorious triumph of humanity—the blind talking to the deaf! A greater followed—a deaf girl approached the blind one—she held out her hand and the other feeling of it, examined every letter as it was formed, spelled the words, and read on the fingers of the dumb, as it were, in a book, with moveable type, and repeated aloud what she read. This double victory over apparently insurmountable obstacles was fine; we believe it has never before been attempted at any public exhibition, and the breathless silence which pervaded the church, the intense interest depicted on every face of that vast audience, showed how great was their interest and their delight.

In the course of these interesting exercises, the lad recited, with admirable correctness and perspicuity, "THE BLIND BOY"—a touching and pathetic ballad by Park Benjamin, Esq. of Boston. This is one of the most effective and melting poems that we ever read or heard. Its influence was irresistible, as the glistening tears in a thousand eyes, abundantly testified—and we only marvel how a man who can thus sweetly touch the cords of sympathy, and thrill the bosom with the tenderest emotions, can play the savage as Benjamin sometimes does as a critic.

The proceedings of the evening were closed by the recitation of the Lord's prayer, in signs, with deepest solemnity, by one of the female pupils of the deaf and dumb. The blind children then sung the prayer, with the like solemnity, and appropriate emphasis, accompanying the anthem on the piano. The audience was then dismissed, but it was long before the people would depart. They hung about the children, as though their very souls were knit to them. The whole performances excited great wonder and mingled delight. We never saw so large an audience of such intense listeners.

PLAIN AND PITHY REMARKS OF OLD HUMPHREY ON FITS.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent proscriptions, and as I shall ask you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subjected to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also. Now for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you'll be glad to pull your coat off and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you'll be convinced:

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of ambition, go into the church-yard and read the grave stones. They will tell ye the

end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed chamber, and the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look out for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter affliction.

For fits of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will no doubt find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For a fit of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load for the head, the shoulders, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

THE WHITE INDIANS.

It is a fact, perhaps, not generally known, that there does exist in the far west, at least two small tribes or bands of white people. One of these tribes is called MAWKEYS. They reside in Mexico, on the south west side of the Rocky Mountains, and between three and five hundred miles from Santa Fe, towards California: and in a valley, which makes a deep notch into the mountain surrounded by high and impassable ridges, and which can only be entered by a narrow pass from the south west. They are represented by trappers and hunters of the west—known to the writer of this to be of veracity—to be innocent, inoffensive people, living by agriculture, and raising great numbers of horses and mules, both of which are used by them for food. They cultivate maize, pumpkins and beans, in large quantities.

These people are frequently depredated upon by their more warlike red neighbors, to which they submit without resorting to deadly weapons to repel the aggressors.

Not far distant from the Mawkeys, and in the same range of country, is another band of the same description, called NABBEHOES. A description of either of these tribes will answer for both. They have been described to the writer by two men in whose veracity the fullest confidence may be placed: and they say the men are of the common stature, with light blue eyes, and their skin is of the most delicious whiteness. One of my informants who saw seven of these people at Santa Fe in 1821, in describing the Maykeys, says, "they are as much whiter than me as I am whiter than the darkest Indian in the Creek nation," and my informant was of as good a complexion as men generally are.

A trapper on one occasion, in a wandering excursion, arrived at a village of the Mawkeys. He was armed with a rifle, a pair of belt pistols, knife and tomahawk; all of which were new to them, and appeared to excite their wonder and surprise. After conversing some time by signs, he fired one of his pistols; instantly the whole group around him fell to the earth in the utmost consternation; they entreated him not to hurt them, and showed in various ways that they thought him a supernatural being. He saw vast numbers of horses and mules about the village.

QUERY.—May not these people be a remnant of those who inhabited this country prior to the present race of Indians? the traces of whose fortifications and cultivated fields and gardens are still to be seen throughout the whole western country.

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—I went to one neighbor and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of your object, and would

assist you, but you know I have a family, and charity begins at home first."

I called on a second; he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me; but he added, "I have a stronger claim on me, which I am bound to regard—those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied, "that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible, on account of his family." He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business, failed. At a meeting of the creditors, it was resolved that one should forthwith be released; but the other, because he was a bachelor, might yet as was his duty, go to work and pay a small dividend.

An insurance office was about to appoint a secretary. There were, as usual, twenty applicants. In the discussion of the board of directors, the talents of many were set forth, when a member rose and said, that the one whom he should propose was a man of moderate capacity, but that he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded, and holds the office still.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked how much salary he expected. He replied, smilingly, "I am a married man," which I understand to be fifteen hundred dollars per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over a thousand.

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey, and were condemned to death. The King pardoned the one that was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life because he was a bachelor.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, excite sympathy, procure office, escape punishment, you have only to get married.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO AN ANCIENT OAK IN SPRING.

Long ages o'er thy form have swept,
Thy years uncounted pass'd 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 sythe of Time on man that leaves
That mark which nought can e'er efface,
A deep'ning wound he ne'er retrieves,
Hath pass'd o'er thee and left no trace.

Man boasts 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 simple pride,
Nor raised thine arm, nor beat thy brow,
When mortals loved, or raged, or died.

SIGNA.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On returning to my study, a beautiful dove had lit upon my window. I approached it, and pressed the sweet bird to my bosom, and without resistance bore it into my study. In the morning raising the sash, it winged its gladdened flight far, far away! The incident occasioned the following:—

Welcome, charming lovely bird;
What kind commission given,
Has sent to grace my solitude,
This favorite of Heaven.

Ethereal stranger, hast thou come
To warn thy fated guest;
An omen of some direful news—
Or death, or heavenly rest.

Mysterious stranger, may I know
What signs you bring from far,
If sad and dark the tidings be,
Mark me the 'lignant star.

But I'll not surmise, my dove—
You no such tidings bear;
A chosen sign of peace and love,
You my companion are.

ANON.

SONNET.

He loved as few have loved; our days were all
Marked by some joy to be remembered well,—
Folly to others, unto us a spell:
And even now, 'tis pleasant to recall
Those moments; though their memory awake
A keener sense of sorrow, I would not
For worlds forget them, could they be forgot;
Went for they are, their very grief doth break
The voiceless desolation of the soul,
Like to some soft and melancholy song.
He loved, that dream is o'er, the moral pole,
Life's guide and cynosure is seen among
The stars of hope no more; but it will rise,
I feel, I know, in other cloudless skies.

TH

ORIGINAL.

From an old Sketch Book.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

What pang so bitter as DISAPPOINTMENT?
Under what influence do the tender chords of
the human heart, vibrate so painful a note,
as when bending beneath its withering touch?
When does the soul so ardently desire a re-
lease from its earthly prison house, to ex-
change its mortal for the garments of im-
mortality, to mingle with the saints and
blessed spirits that strike their golden harps
to the praise of its Maker, as when bound
down to the earth, and its noble energies are
palsied and benumbed by its cold, tantalizing
sneer? What blow so effectual to fell the
courageous arm of the Philanthropist, as the
failure of his own benevolent and long con-
templated scheme, on the issue of which
depended the fate of his countrymen—either
exalting them to the high station for which
they were originally destined, or leaving
them groping in the same darkness which
had for ages enshrouded their path. What
stroke so fatal to the spirit of the Patriot
the spirit that nerved his arm in the day of
battle, and supported him in the National
Councils, as the sight of his country destroy-
ing itself, by intestine commotions, and civil
strifes, and leveling the bulwarks of Free-
dom he had periled his life to establish.

I have seen the victims of Disappointment
laboring under almost every variety of cir-

cumstance. I have seen those whose path was
ever benighted by its darkening influence;
and others who for a time basked in the per-
fect sunshine of human happiness, and whose
lot it was then to wander in its gloomy night.
I have observed with what pleasure the pa-
rents of a hopeful son, threaded the merry
paths of life, buoyed up by the hope that
the mysterious acts of his manhood, would
reflect honor on the guardians of his youth—
that he would dispel the gloom of age, and
lead them with a gentle hand to the quiet
of the grave. And in after years have seen
them writhing in inexpressible agony of soul
under the stings of disappointment, inflicted
by the same ungenerous and profligate son.

Of these instances I remember one, which
time alone can efface from my memory. In
the first stage of my acquaintance with my
characters, they had just entered upon the
busy scenes of active life, and Providence
had blessed them with a son, as lovely as
ever breathed the breath of Heaven. Often
have I seen the fond mother, as she impress-
ed a holy kiss upon his angelic brow, breathe
to heaven a prayer to protect her infant
charge, and instruct her to lead him in the
path way of duty. And as he advanced from
infancy to childhood, and thence to manhood,
it was her constant care and delight to teach
him a Saviour's love, and a reverence for his
Maker's name. Anxiously did she watch the
buddings of his genius, and confidently fore-
tel in him the statesman and orator, who
should captivate listening senates; or the
Herald of the Cross, whose labors should
lead thousands to acknowledge the suprema-
cy of a Redeemer. I saw him when beyond
the reach of parental instruction; he mingled
in the society of the learned, and from the
fountain of knowledge, drank deeply her
sweet waters. I here marked his success,
and the still bright prospects that beamed
upon his path. I saw him at a still later pe-
riod of his life, when the loitering hours
were exchanged for the duties of his profes-
sion. His every effort was crowned with
success, his every movement tended to the
accomplishment of his schemes. His fame was
co-extensive with the nation. Rivals shrank
back before the blazing light of his genius,
and superiors trembled for the predominance
of their own reputations. Though thousands
admired, yet was his brilliant career observ-
ed by none with pleasure so real, as by that
father and mother, whose early instructions
gave the first impulse to his powerful mind.
In it they saw their fondest anticipations
of his greatness realized; they saw the rich
harvest springing from a field of their own
cultivation. But there was one pleasure yet
wanting to fill the cup of their enjoyment.
To have their last earthly tribute paid them
by such a son, still advancing in honor and
respectability, was an expected joy that
calmed every storm, and rolled every billow
of sorrow, that had arisen on the sea of life,
back into the ocean of Forgetfulness. It
was the trusty pilot that had guided their
bark secure from every shoal and quicksand,
upon which thousands have wrecked. This
realized, and an escort of angels to conduct
them to the regions of bliss, could hardly
augment the sum of their happiness. But

this fondly cherished expectation, was not
destined to be realized. It existed but in the
regions of Hope. It was a phantom which
fled with the day, and in its very flight made
mockery of their sufferings! That son, the
stay and solace of his parents, the pride and
hope of his country—that son fell from his
dazzling height, and buried beneath his own
ruins, were the many fond hopes that had
long sustained their declining years. He
quaffed the fatal bowl, whose poison is death.
Intemperance stamped upon his brow its ac-
cursed signet. Despising his rank in society,
he sought the revellings of the drunkard, and
the feasts of the bacchanalian throngs. No
longer were the guardians of his youth the
objects of his love, no longer did his unfeel-
ing heart beat in unison with theirs. His
smile, a bitter taunt, his approbation a wither-
ing curse. But oh! what pen could paint the
agony that pierced their souls. Every vision
of happiness had fled. The fairy hand that
was to conduct them through the dark valley,
was converted into a wand, conjuring up the
tortures and miseries of their existence.
The soft whisperings of love were drowned
amid the chill blasts of adversity; and des-
pair had usurped the seat where heaven-
born contentment was wont to sit. Heart-
sick of the deceitful world, their deliverance
was in death; and soon did the unconscious
marble, betray to the passing traveler the
resting place of these miserable victims of
DISAPPOINTMENT. * * * *

I have seen the ambitious and spirited stu-
dent, sink to an early grave, under the influ-
ence of this too cruel destiny. Long and la-
borious did he toil for the honors of his class,
the expectation of which had almost ripened
into certainty. Enter his room at the mid-
night hour, when all nature was hushed in
the balmy repose of slumber, and there you
might find him poring over the mysteries
of "classic lore," and enriching his mind
with the gems of science and philosophy.
His standard was perfection, his determina-
tion was to excel—and for this he sacrificed
his health, and the energies of his youth.
His whole soul was wrapt up in the thought,
that a few more revolutions of the earth would
well repay his indefatigable exertions, by em-
blazoning his name to the world, as the
scholar who had outstript those running with
him the collegiate course, and placing upon
his brow the valedictorious wreath. The day
of account at length arrived, but to him the
rays of the morning sun bore the seeds of
death. Another stood before him bearing
away the honor for which he had so long
and so studiously exerted his might. The
shock was too severe to be sustained by his
enfeebled nature. Thus disappointed, he
left the walls of his *alma mater*, with every
fond hope blasted, every picture of great-
ness his fancy had described, shattered and
despoiled. But a few more suns had set, ere
the remains of the scholar were mouldering
beneath the green sod. The genius of learn-
ing wept over his early grave, and philantropy
lamented the fatal necessity of his pre-
mature death.

I have witnessed the effects of disappoint-
ment upon the military genius. I saw him
while a youth, and in his soul I saw a spark

that should yet kindle nations in a blaze. His every feature, his every choice betokened the spirit of the conqueror. I saw him when he first mounted his war horse to face the foe. And when flattered by his success, the young Général again unsheathed his sword to meet the enemy. Again fortune entwined his brow with the wreath of victory. Ambitious to subdue, his name became a terror to hostile nations. Every thing yielded to his grasp. He pillaged towns, burned and made desolate the fairest cities of the eastern world, and drove from the Paradises of Europe their happy inheritors. He turned the fountains of the ocean into blood, and covered the plains of Africa with the bones of her hardy inhabitants. He laid his hands upon the thrones of kings, they toppled into ruin; he stretched his harpyan arm over long established and deep rooted dynasties—they withered, drooped, and faded from the earth. Thus he advanced in his victorious chariot, from conquering to conquer, till he saw nearly all the eastern world his tributary, and himself on the royal seat, swaying his military sceptre over the fairest provinces of Europe. But his success was his destroyer; his weak nature could not bear to be thus elevated; he forgot that he was a man, and governed his subjects as if they were creatures with whom he could do and will at his pleasure. He commanded, and disobedience begat a frown, a frown a curse, a curse the destruction of the delinquent. But though he forgot his mortality, his fellow men denied his indisputable right to all rule and unbounded power. He rose in his strength and shook off the iron yoke that had been imposed upon him. The conqueror in a moment, fortunate for the world, was hurled from his seat of power. His name became a reproach, and mothers, as they whispered in the ears of their offspring, uttered their imprecations, and taught them to despise him that bore it. He was banished in disgrace from his country, and suffered to end his days on a lonely island that raises its indignant head above the waters of the Atlantic. No longer he walked, bearing the air and dignity of the conqueror. His countenance no longer beamed with the enthusiasm of chivalric glory. His faltering accents told of blasted hopes, of unexpected reverses of fortune. France had confessed him her Emperor; but until he could sway his iron sceptre over every nation of the globe he would not acknowledge that he had begun his achievements. His ambition was to call the world his own, and to its attainment he aimed all his efforts—he enlisted all the energies and sympathies of his nature. But fortune ceased to smile upon him—and NAPOLEON died the wretched victim of disappointment.

OUTIS.

A SCRAP OF AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

It is one thing to tell a lie, and a far different one to tell the truth. It is one thing to write a novel, and quite another to pen a biography. In cases where even an appearance of truth is not requisite, the imagination being set at perfect, unbridled liberty, can exercise its ingenuity to the full extent, in descriptions of serpents, dragons, witches, and all the fearful array of beings existent or suppositious, always considered the *sine qua*

non of romantic fiction, without the least fear of dispute, or presentiment of exposure. As to *ease of conscience*, that is entirely a secondary and unimportant consideration, in matters where pleasure is at stake.

The business of the biographer is to present truth in its most unsullied form, and in such a manner as not to awaken suspicion, or even doubt in the minds of his most argus-eyed readers, and not to disturb the equanimity of his own consciousness. But even writing a biography of an other individual, is not the main point of difficulty. In speaking the truth for others, there is no fear to recount the good qualities, or base deeds of the subject of his writings, through fear of condemnation on account of flattery or slander. But in recounting the amount of good ones self has done, or the sum of evil one has effected, anathemas either on account of *self-esteem*, or of confirmed *wickedness* are generally consequents. 'Tis very easy to speak for another, but to "blow one's own trumpet" demands an *extra blast*.

I am well aware that to avoid all these evils, to shun Scylla without running into Charybdis, requires no ordinary degree of honesty and skill; but I have duly considered all these circumstances, and have come to the settled conclusion, that I am *fully competent* to the task; and in accordance thereto I have resolved to perpetrate a real, *bona fide* autobiography.

Unlike certain other personages, I have taken especial pains to ascertain the place of my birth. After infinite labor in searching the church records of the towns embraced in several districts, I discovered that I was ushered into this wide world, at the town of Clarringum. I have been informed by my parents that the period of my birth was signalized by prognostics of manifold import. The very day I saw light, a comet of the third magnitude reached its perihelion; the sun was eclipsed eight digits on its southern limb; and it is even asserted by persons whose veracity is indisputable, that the Cynosure made a complete revolution around the principal star in the tail of Ursa Major. It must be recollected, that it was long before this period that the seventh Pleiad commenced its wanderings; but it is said that it again made its appearance in its wonted place, at the time we are mentioning. All things seemed to indicate, that the various events of my life would be far removed from the common walk. My parents and friends were not backward in the interpretation of these phenomena or their application to the case in point. How far their predictions have been fulfilled it remains for an "*impartial public*" to determine.

Even at this distant period of time, I can distinctly recollect the appearance, external and internal, of the home of my childhood. It was constructed of logs, after the manner of houses in those days, which was surmounted by a chimney of clay. At a suitable distance in the rear, was situate the barn, built of boards. In front of the house lay a huge pile of wood, whose particular office it was to supply the cravings of the fire which blazed within; and as the house was not over and above tight, these callings were sufficiently incessant.

But let us take a peep at the inside of our mansion. Let me introduce you to the kitchen or parlor, for in those days the terms were synonymous. You will behold a room 18 by 28, and at one end the huge apology for a fireplace, then in almost universal use. This sort of chimney appears to possess a peculiar advantage, inasmuch as on account of the immense size of its mouth, it never smoked; that vapor finding a very obvious means of escape in its upward progress. The hearth at each end was filled with pots, kettles, cats, dogs, churns, dye-tubs, pails, mops, brooms, boots, shoes, together with all the various paraphernalia connected with domestic housewifery, so that the fire was absolutely *non-come-at-a-ble*. This, however, in the main was a very slight inconvenience, inasmuch as particular pains were taken to keep the fire so well supplied with a *quantum sufficit* of the aforesaid fuel, as to render a near approach not only unadvisable, but even dangerous. At one end of the room, was suspended at an angle of 45 degrees, a looking glass, ten by twelve, which was in requisition only on Sundays, when the family *in toto* made a periodical, pedestrian excursion of six miles to attend divine service, for they were puritans of the purest stamp. Overhead was presented a singular, and in respect to variety, an interesting spectacle. To hooks driven into the logs, were affixed poles, to which were suspended bacon, beef, pumpkins, hats, aprons, and stockings, and all the *etceteras* of kitchen conveniences, disposed in admirable confusion.

I should in this place describe the appearances which my father and mother respectively presented on a winter evening. Seated in their separate corners, the former perusing with infinite self-satisfaction, which not seldom displayed itself in the excitation of his functions of resibility, the 'Arabian Nights;' while the latter occupying the capacious arm-chair, employed her moments in knitting, with the usual accompaniment of half a dozen children, from five months of age to thrice as many years. I say I should describe all these, were it not for the timely consideration, that I am writing merely a history of my own life, and that an introduction of these individualities would occupy more time and space, than is consonant with my present purpose. And now reader for the present—Good bye.

(To be Continued.)

THE MONSTER DEAD—a fact.—A lady from this city while riding through a neighboring town a few days since, lost from her neck that comfortable appendage called a boa; she had not gone far, however, without missing it, whereupon she returned in pursuit, and found it a few rods back undergoing a severe beating with snow balls and clubs by a woman and some children. On being asked what they were doing, they replied in terror, they had found a monster and were trying to kill it!—At the urgent request of the lady they desisted, when she shook the snow from the boa and placed it round her neck, much to the horror of the spectators!—*Portland Adv.*

Wo unto ye women, that sew pillows to your arm holes.—*Ezekiel.*

The spirit of truth dwelleth in meekness. The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

ORIGINAL.

A TEMPERANCE CHAPTER.

A SKETCH.

The child of the drunkard seldom prattles—ushered into the world in the midst of gloom and discord, it early breathes the pestilential vapours of hell, instead of the pure air of heaven. Its little eyes first rest upon the care worn features of a disconsolate mother, whose smile, whenever she smiles upon it, is tinged with the gloom of a broken heart. That gloom enters with that smile into its tender bosom, and it trembles with sympathy ere it knows ought of sorrow. It goes to the being called its father, looks up with a sunny smile, and puts its tender hands upon his face; but there is no answering smile, or if there is an attempt to smile, it is but mockery; the child feels it, its little heart again is clouded, its tender hands shrink from the strange and unnatural fever of his face; then comes the petulant humor, and harsh looks and language of the being for whom it feels the spontaneous yearnings of infant love, and it turns away with a piteous cry, and is chided for its ill humor. Thus the embryo passions, which were bestowed to be nurtured into sources of happiness, are, in the outset, turned into wormwood and gall. The blossoms of hope are nipped in the bud, and the waters of joy poisoned at the fountain. The child has learned to think ere he has learned to play, and the food of his thoughts are the vices and miseries of life. As his years grow apace, his capacities of thought increase, but not his consolations. No, he begins early to feel and estimate that poverty and disgrace which is entailed upon him by his unnatural parent, and as he becomes the partner of his mother in her toil and sorrows, he of course takes her part in the many disputes into which she is driven by him who has sworn to be her friend. Thus inured to toil and discord, and gloom, he early comes to esteem life as a curse rather than a blessing, and squanders it away as a thing of no value. H.

REFLECTIONS.

The active and changing mind of man, is ever on the wing, remaining fixed for no length of time upon any object. At one moment wandering back into the region of the past, and gleaning from its capacious storehouse the bright images there collected; at another, darting into the darkness of the future, and laying our plans for our happiness in days to come. With what bitter feelings and sorrow do we view many portions of the past periods of our lives; finding no bright and sunny spots around which to linger, and glean never failing sources of joy and pleasure. It seems like a void in our existence, which never was, and never can be filled. We blame ourselves for our stupidity, and cannot imagine how we suffered its fleeting hours to pass so uselessly away. But reflecting upon the instability of our natures, and proneness to wander into the paths of sensual desires, to the neglect of those things which would contribute more to the happiness of ourselves and others, we are not surprised to find that we have been alone intent on the enjoyments of the present, to

the neglect of the future—the gratification of ourselves, to the injury of others.

But there are, also, portions of the past, which we love to recall and remember with sentiments of pleasure, as being the pleasantest of our earthly pilgrimage. We call to mind the happy seasons of our childhood, spent in the society of our associates and companions, when our cup of pleasure was flowing o'er. Fate has, however, rent asunder the bands that bound us together, and the early companions of our youth, are scattered far from us.

Reflections of the most pleasing nature are awakened, when memory, performing her rightful duty, bears us back to seasons gone, but not forgotten. Many circumstances of little interest in themselves come up before us, and serve to render agreeable the fond remembrances connected with youthful days.

I love to reflect upon seasons gone, to call up the fond remembrances connected with them, and in imagination wander over the green fields and flowery lawns, where, free from perplexing cares, I wandered with my companions in childhood's happy season, when the mind was not troubled by the trials which other seasons of life rendered incumbent upon us. Happy hours forever gone! Would that you might again return, and give pure enjoyment to my weary mind.

A. J. M.

DETRACTION.

"He that steals my purse steals trash."

This is the sentiment of a celebrated poet, and in a certain degree this is true, however we may scorn the meanness of the pilferer or a thief of any description. That we should look upon the person so depraved, so lost to honor, to propriety, and to a just regard to right and wrong, as to appropriate the property of another to his own use without the owner's knowledge, is proper and necessary in order to the well being of society. Let us, however, be just to the world. The thief or purloiner may in certain cases find an excuse, or at least a partial excuse for his misdeeds in his wants or necessities. Without attempting, however, to extenuate the case of the purloiner of our money or worldly property, let us inquire if there be not another species of stealing productive of greater evils, and yet so often practised as scarcely to be imputed to us as a crime—I mean the base habit of detraction. Says the poet,

"He that steals my purse steals trash,
* * * * *
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed!"

This is the kind of stealing which causes the philanthropist the greatest degree of painful anxiety, as he looks abroad and sees the evils resulting from the pernicious habit of tattling, of backbiting, of dark surmising, or of open and malicious slander.

As I before remarked, the person who appropriates another person's worldly goods to his own use may find an excuse in his wants, or another's abundance in his own mind, at least, if not in the eyes of the law; but the despoiler of another's fame can find no such excuse; does it benefit the detractor to bring the innocent into disrepute? For a time he

may possibly seem to be benefited, but is he so in reality. Suppose, for example, that another stands higher in the society in which we move than myself, am I the happier to blast his reputation? Should I not rather endeavor to raise myself to his rank and standing in society by imitating his virtues, and not use my unhallowed influence to bring him to my standing. Could the despoiler of another's fame be himself the wiser, richer, better or happier, by the means, he might then find some excuse for his misdeeds in the eyes of the undiscerning, but not in the opinion of the discreet. But says one "we are sometimes benefited by injuring another." But I will venture to affirm that this is not the fact, although for a season it may seem true. A standing built on the ruin of another, and applause gained by the downfall of another who merits not disgrace, can never stand the test of time. Sooner or later his meanness will be detected, although it may be too late to save the sinking fame of the injured. We have reason to rejoice, however, that those who would maliciously injure the innocent by open calumny, or by sly insinuations, or dark inuendoes, whether occasioned by envy, as so frequently happens, or springing from a totally depraved heart, are apt to go so far in their detractions as to defeat their own ends, and convince the listener that they are traducing the character of the person of whom they speak. That this is quite frequently the case we often learn by experience or observation. To take pleasure in traducing an enemy shows a depraved heart, but how much more does the injuring one who has ever been to us a kind friend, whether it be done from envy or from some other cause.

Then to conclude, we may say that stealing the fame of another is the worst kind of stealing; totally without excuse, and productive of incalculable evils to society. Then does it behoove us to ponder well our words when the character of another is concerned. I for one am resolved to think twice before speaking, when I may by indiscretion injure another's standing, and I would earnestly recommend the same course to the consideration of others. ZENO.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Luke's Church, on the morning of the 16th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, MR. JOHN M. WINSLOW, to Miss HARRIET MARIA, daughter of the late Thomas Child, Jr. all of this city.

In this city, on the 24th inst. by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. SAMUEL F. WITHERSPOON, to Miss ELIZA MESLER, both of this city.

In Palmyra, on the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, GEORGE H. MUMFORD, Esq. of Rochester, to ANN ELIZABETH, daughter of Hon. Truman Hart, of the former place.

On the 4th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, Jay street. DAVID BELL, architect and builder, to SARAH BRECKON, both of this city. Also, at the same time and place, WILLIAM BIRDSALL, of Macedon, to SARAH SHOVE, of Henrietta.

In Pittsford, on the 12th inst., Mr. Jas. Tompkins to Miss Emily Ellis, both of Henrietta.

On Wednesday the 18th inst., at Sweet Brier, Geneseo, by the Rev. W. J. Page, BENJAMIN F. ANGEL, Esq. to JULIA, daughter of H. Jones.

At Henrietta, on the 19th, by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. Geo. Sheffer, of Wheatland, to Miss Almira McNall, of the former place.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, MAY 28, 1886.

Our readers will be deeply interested with the description of the exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, which we publish to day from the New York Commercial Advertiser.

NEW MINERAL SPRING.

Some of our citizens are now using, with much benefit, the waters of the mineral springs lately discovered in this city. In connexion with the improvement and extension of their Brewery buildings, the Messrs. Longmoor commenced boring for spring water last season. The shaft was sunk about 200 feet, chiefly through rock; but before reaching that depth, the supply of mineral water became very copious. The waters are strong, and much resemble the Avon springs.

A pump has been placed in the spring to accommodate those who choose to partake of the waters, as several have done regularly. Early rising—temperate food—and a free use of these waters—would soon obviate some of the many 'evils which flesh is heir to.'

For a month past vegetation of every kind has been suffering for the lack of rain. This deficiency however, has been met during the last three or four days with a plentiful supply.

The Messrs. Morse (whose establishment, by the way, like those of their contemporaries, present almost irresistible attractions in the way of new publications, prints, &c.) have kindly furnished us with numbers of the Metropolitan, one of the best works published by Theodore Foster, of New York.

Bishop Onderdonk, on Saturday last, instituted the Rev. P. A. Proral rector of Trinity Church, in Utica, and the same day held a confirmation at N. Hartford.

The error alluded to below probably occurred in the haste of putting the last number to press:
Messrs. Editors—

In attempting to solve the "Togogriphe" in the Gem of May 14, I find that 'Emma,' you or myself have made quite a mistake. I will commence at the beginning, and solve them as I go along, and point out the errors at the same time:

My first, second, third, fourth, sixth and seventh would make the name of *Charles*; by adding the fifth, (which I consider essential,) my first, third and eighth are the name of a favorite *Cat*; my second, sixth, third, fourth and eighth—the *Heart*—is truly an important part of the body; my second, third, fourth and sixth makes the name of the *Hare*—a very active animal; my fourth, third and eighth the name of a very troublesome *Rat*; my sixth, fifth, fifth, sixth and tenth makes the beautiful name of *Ellen*; my second, ninth, fourth, ninth are the name of a very useful animal—(but I would have it second, ninth, fourth, fifth, sixth, making the name of *Horse*, quite a useful quadruped;) my seventh, second, ninth and sixth are the name of a very useful article of clothing, especially in keeping the feet dry; my whole is the name of *Charleston*—a very large city in the U. States.

Oaondaga, May, 1836.

Curo.

A mighty smart Cat.—A correspondent says that "a few weeks ago, a cat owned by Mr. L. Griggs, of Fayston, in one night caught thirty-four mice; By some means poor puss was fastened out of doors on a cold night, and was obliged to work or freeze so she fell foul of the little victims, piled thirty-four in a heap on the door step, and at dawn was found lying among her dead 'spoils' composed and calm as a summer's morning." Nothing equals this but *Davy Crockett's* story of climbing a hundred foot smooth tree and sliding down to keep warm.

Discovery of an Englishman who had resided 33 years among the Savages at Port Philip.

[Abridged from Van Dieman's Land Magazine.]

Mr. Batman, and others, referred to, had removed from Van Dieman's Land, to Port Philip, on the coast of New South Wales, with the intention of establishing themselves there as settlers and large sheep farmers. Soon after their arrival they were struck by the stately gait of the natives, by the colour of many, and the European countenances of some individuals, and by the comparative civilization which prevailed. Rude embankments with tolerable stone facings, were found in parts constructed across creeks and inlets, with convenient sluices for the purpose of catching fish at the fall of the tide. Several of the bark-shelters, or wigwams, were formed in a superior and comfortable manner, tolerably well thatched, with a narrow opening for the doorway, and fire-place in front. Pieces of wood were hollowed or scooped out to serve as calabash buckets to carry water, and the dresses of kangaroo skins were neatly joined together with regular stitches, and cut away so as to form a convenient vesture. The settlers, however, had not domiciled themselves in their new position many days, when these and various other indications of ingenuity were satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a white man clothed in kangaroo-skin cloth. He was at first rather timid in his approaches, but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating it with apparent relish, and looking at it as if endeavoring to bring something to his recollection, he exclaimed with symptoms of delight glowing in his face, "bread!" Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he was at last enabled to communicate that his name was William Buckley, that he had been one of those who escaped from the encampment of the prisoners by the ship *Ocean* formed by the late Colonel Collins, in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Philip in 1803, that he had lived ever since with the tribe of the aborigines whom he then met with in the bush, and over whom he had long exercised the rule of a chief.—He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in Holland under the late Duke of York: is from 58 to 60 years of age, and in excellent health. Through the assistance of the new settlers he has forwarded a petition to the Lieutenant Governor, praying for a pardon, mainly with a view, we presume, to enable him to remain where he is, and to communicate the result of his intimacy with that interesting country, and the many valuable discoveries which he had made in it. This, we are glad to learn, his Excellency has kindly been pleased to grant, impressing at the same time upon him the expectation that he will continue to do all in his power to maintain an intercourse between the aborigines and the whites; for he had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his tribe, through misapprehension, on the little party settled there. In a philosophical point of view, this discovery is truly interesting, and a narrative of his various vicissitudes during his long sojourn, well told, would rival the classic work of *Robinson Crusoe*. Two other prisoners from the *Ocean* absconded with him, but he had never seen them since the end of the first twelvemonth when he joined the natives.—*Athenæum*.

The Roger's of Sheffield, have recently presented the Queen with a knife, which has 1821 blades, and is valued at £200! What a delicate instrument it must be for a Queen.

William Godwin, the well-known, political economist, historian and novelist, died in London in April, aged 81.

Mrs. Norton, the celebrated poetess and novelist, has abandoned her husband and family, from whom she had latterly estranged herself for associations highly disreputable.

A fair Banter.—A certain quizzical fellow, pretty well known about town, issues the following challenge, which we hope to see entered into the Sporting Calender. -

He says he can stand longer at the corners of the business streets—spend more time in ogling the ladies—squirt more tobacco juice—assume more attitudes—make more witty observations—roar out the loudest—and give himself more airs than any six gentlemen in the "City of Monuments."—*Baltimore Transcript*.

Bite of a mad dog.—The instant you are bitten, wash the wound with salt and water or ley thoroughly; then cauterize it with a hot iron, or cut it out, and keep the wound open constantly and freely suppurating for three months, with proper internal medicines, and a prospect of a cure is thus held out.

FOR THE ROCHESTER GEM.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. SARAH EASTMAN, of Fowlerville.

Friend of my early youth! friend of my riper years,
Farewell! we ne'er shall meet again on earth!
Yet still I would not mourn for thee, for thou art
Blest, yea far more blest than those who grieve
Thy loss. Thine was a brief but well spent life.
Thy sun has set ere it half had reached its
Meridian height, and set in peace, and its bright
Rays still linger 'round thy childhood's home;
Yes, thou hast left a name to live while thou art
Mouldering back to dust. Thou wert early
Mature in holiness! early prepared to hold
Communion with thy God in Heaven;
Methinks I see thee now tuning the harp
That had so long for thee been strung,
With angels, arch-angels, and the saints of old.
Oh! strike afresh those golden strings,
And let their soft vibrations reach our jarring
World, and sooth thy loved ones here!
Mourn not for her, thou widowed partner
Of her choice! Thy loss, to her is gain! Thy God
Will comfort give, and safely lead thee through
This sorrowing world, to meet thy angel bride in
Heaven! Yet thou mayest weep when looking
round
Upon thy babes, now motherless, thy home to thee
Made desolate. Jesus wept o'er the grave of Lazarus.
There, too, thou mayest weep, and there's a luxury
In tears, when the heart is sad within.
Father! Mother! "The shaft has flown but once,"
Yet it has taken a beloved, and tender child.
'Twas sent to wean thee from the world, and bring
Thee nearer to thy God. Our Heavenly Father
chastens [thee!
Those he loves, and this alone should comfort
Brothers! Sisters! Sarah's gone, and with her
dying [for him,
Breath, she bade you live for God! Yes, live
Then peace the world can never give is yours.
Thy hope [her's
Shall then, like her's, be bright. Thy sun, like
Shall set without a cloud. The church may weep
For her; one of its brightest gems is gone, and now
'Tis sparkling 'round the throne of God! The
sick, [that
The poor, may weep for her; they've lost a friend
Of hast sooth'd them in their hours of pain, and
Fed them with no sparing hand. I too would
Weep for thee, my early friend. Yotstill I would not
Wish thee back again amid the world of sin and
Death, but may thy bright example teach me how
To live, that I may meet thee in a better, brighter
World on high. LISBIA.

SELECT POETRY.

*From the Christian's Keepsake for 1836.***The Secret Prayer.**

It was a still and solemn hour,
In an isle of the Southern Seas,
And slowly the shades of night were swept
Away by the morning breeze,
When a lonely son of Britain stood,
With a cheek and brow of care,
Seeking amid the solitude
A place for secret prayer.

No ear to hear in that silent glen,
No eye but the eye of God;
Yet the giant form gave back a voice
As forth the wanderer trod:
They were broken words that met his ear,
And a name was mingled there;
It was the name of Christ he heard
And the voice of secret prayer.

A native of that savage isle
From the depths of his full heart cried,
For mercy, for help, in the hour of need,
For faith in the Crucified!
And peace and hope were in those tones,
So solemnly sweet they were.
For He who answers while yet we call
Had blessed that secret prayer.

The morning dawned on that lonely spot,
But a far more glorious day
Came with the accents of prayer and praise,
On the Indian's lips that lay.

The first, the first who had called on God
In those regions of Satan's care,
The first who had breathed in his native tongue
The language of secret prayer.

And he who that hallowed music heard,
The missionary lone—
Oh! the joy that thrilled thro' his yearning heart
By a stranger may not be known.
But he knelt and blest the hand that sent,
In the hour of his deep despair,
Comfort and strength to his fainting soul
With the voice of that secret prayer.

THE ROSE IN WINTER.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O, why do I hold thee, my fair, only rose,
My bright little treasure—so dear;
And love thee a thousand times better than those
In thousands, that lately were here?

Because, like a friend, when the many depart,
As fortune's cold storms gather round,
Till all from without chills the desolate heart,
My sweet winter flower thou art found!

Because, that for me thou hast budded and blown,
I look with such fondness on thee—
That, while I've no other, I call thee my own,
And feel thou art living for me.

I know thee. I've studied thy delicate form,
Till reared from the root till the flower
That opens to-day, in a season of storm,
To brighten so dreary an hour.

How could I so lavishly scatter my sight
On those that the gay summer sun
Had nursed with his beams, when I such delight
From having and loving but one.

And while thou dost modestly blush at the praise,
That thus I in secret bestow,
It heightens the beauty, and only can raise
The strain, high and higher to flow.

Although thou must droop as our dearest ones will,
I'll tenderly watch thy decline—
And, in the sad moments, I'll cherish thee still,
Because thou hast cheered me in mine.

Then, hallowed like dust of a friend in the tomb,
I'll lay thy pale leaves safe away,
Where memory often shall give them the bloom
That brightened my dark winter day.

*From the Drawing-Room Scrap Book, for 1835.***THE ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.**

Oh, weary, weary are our feet,
And weary, weary is our way;
Through many a long and crowded street
We've wandered mournfully to-day.
My little sister she is pale;
She is too tender and too young
To bear the autumnal gale,
And all day long the child has sung.

She was our mother's favorite child,
Who loved her for her eyes of blue;
And she is delicate and mild—
She cannot do what I can do.
She never met her father's eyes,
Although they were so like her own;
In some far distant sea he lies,
A father to his child unknown.

The first time she lisped his name,
A little playful thing was she;
How proud we were—yet that night came,
The tale how he had sunk at sea.
My mother never raised her head—
How strange, how white, how cold she grew!
It was a broken heart they said—
I wish our hearts were broken too.

We have no home—we have no friends;
They said our home no more was ours—
Our cottage where the ash tree bends,
The garden we had filled with flowers;
The sounding shells our father brought,
That we might hear the sea at home;
Our bees, that in the summer wrought
The winter's golden honey comb.

We wandered forth mid wind and rain,
No shelter from the open sky;
I only wish to see again
My mother's grave, and rest, and die.
Alas, it is a weary thing
To sing our ballads o'er and o'er—
The songs we used at home to sing—
Alas, we have a home no more. L. H. S.

LINES.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages,
A day to childhood seems a year
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care worn cheek grows warm,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker;
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is vapid;
Why as we reach the fall of death
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding?
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness,
And those of youth, a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

ON SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play;
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world fourscore years:
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe, for the reaper death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true: it is very true;
I'm old, and I "bide my time,"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

THE WIDOW'S HOME.

BY MRS. ARDY.

Oh! press me not, my friends, to leave
This home endeared by former ties,
Nor deem that I could cease to grieve
Beneath the smiles of foreign skies:
Let those who fancied ills endure,
In search of rest from home depart,
No change of place can ever cure
The settled sorrows of the heart.

These scenes my fond affections claim,
They speak of calm and peaceful life;
Here first a happy bride I came,
Here dwelt for years a happier wife:
And though with him I loved, has fled
Each former image of delight,
Still, while his favorite haunts I tread,
I feel I have not lost him quite.

The cottages around me here,
Where those who shared his bounty dwelt;
The church embowered in trees is near,
Where on the Sabbath day he knelt:
Oft in an open book I trace
Some passage by his taste approved,
Or greet in a familiar face
Some friend by him esteemed and loved.

Ill would the widow's mournful dress
With strange and distant scenes accord;
Ill would her heart's deep loneliness
Brook the light jest, the heedless word.
It is my cherished solace now,
In all who meet me to accost,
Those who can feel and can avow
The worth of him I loved and lost.

Think not your friendly zeal I slight,
Although your councils I repel;
Oh! leave me, like the Shunamite,
With "my own people" still to dwell;
My thoughts are to my lost one given,
My place is by his quiet hearth,
And only for his home in heaven,
May I desert his home on earth.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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ORIGINAL.

WILSON'S BANDITTI.

A WESTERN REMINISCENCE.

At this peaceful and happy era, how replete with pleasure and instruction is the employment, occasionally to cast back a "longing lingering look" to the period of the early settlement of the western country, and to recount some of the many thrilling incidents which those hardy pioneers had to encounter, who were the first to make the bold adventure of settling the prairies and rich woodlands of Ohio, the alluvial or bottom lands of Kentucky, and other delightful portions of the fertile valley of the Mississippi. Those bold and fearless men exerted every nerve to induce the Aborigines to recede towards the Pacific, and their perils and exertions were ultimately crowned with success. To drive the rightful owners of the soil from their forest-homes and hunting-grounds, to the adventurers indeed seemed hard—unfeelingly so; but when they beheld with ecstatic admiration the land of "beautiful rivers" and fertile vallies, they could not resist the temptation. Far be it from us to wish to exculpate them from the deed, even were this a suitable occasion—we have too much sympathy for the poor, down-trodden Indian, to have the heart to do it.

Who would have thought half a century since, that the unknown, unbroken forest west of the Alleghanies, would, in so short a period, have become the favorite abode of civilization, refinement, enterprise, literature, and rural enjoyment! It is even so. Time accomplishes things which, to the frail foresight of mortal man, might appear impossible. Every thing *great* had a *small* beginning; or, as *Young* very beautifully expresses it,

"Sands form the mountains, moments make the year."

The western country, now altogether the most flourishing part of the Union—containing, as it does, more than four millions of freemen, and its waters being navigated by fully two hundred steam-boats, owes its present prosperous condition, in a very great degree, to the enterprise and perseverance of those early adventurers, who underwent, without a murmur, many a privation and hardship, of which the present generation know but little, and seem to care less.

Not among the least of their troubles was the brigand of which we are about to speak; but, on the contrary, the first pioneers were for years greatly harassed by this notorious band of outlaws, and suffered much for the want of many a good horse and cow, as well

as other articles of the greatest importance to the new settlers in the romantic wilds of the "far west," which the members of this daring banditti, without seemingly the least scruples of conscience, had the audacity to plunder. Nor were they satisfied with thus having deprived them of their cattle and horses, but they also formed a troublesome, and but too often a fatal barrier to their commercial intercourse with New Orleans.

The most powerful banditti that probably ever infested the United States, was composed of a party of Kentuckians denominated "WILSON'S GANG," which, received its appellation from a notorious desperado by the name of Wilson, who was the chief instigator of the band, and became its ring-leader. Some, however, alledged that the name of the arch-mover was Mason, but others, with much more probability, make it out Wilson; be this as it may, both allude to the same person, and the narrative remains the same.

This brigand was in its greatest height of crime about the year 1797. It was at the "Cave-in-the-Rock," the head-quarters of the gang, where their diabolical plans were formed and matured, and in which many an atrocious act was committed by these lawless assassins, and were it but possible for them to be brought to light, even shame would blush at their recital. Both Wolf and Stack Islands, besides other places, were also occupied by this banditti, the more effectual to carry their nefarious designs into practice. From the location of these several places of rendezvous, it would appear obvious that their depredations extended the entire distance from Cincinnati to New Orleans; and from the relation which these places bear to the narrative, a brief description of them will not, perhaps, be entirely devoid of interest.

The "Cave-in-the-Rock" is situated on the Ohio river, in the state of Illinois, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Washash. This cavern is a great natural curiosity. It is precisely on the bank of the river, in a perpendicular rock, or a ledge of the mountain, which presents itself to view, and is thirty-five feet in height, exclusive of the river-bank. Its entrance is of a semi-circular form, twenty-five feet above the ordinary level of the river, or a little above the water when in flood, and is eighty feet in width at its base, and twenty-five feet high. A few yards from its mouth will usher the traveler into a spacious room of about two hundred feet in length, and about ninety in width. The interior walls of this cavern are smooth solid rock; and even the floor is a remarkable curiosity of itself, being perfectly level through the whole length of its cen-

tre, and the sides rising in regular order into stone seats similar to those in the pit of a theatre. Near the centre of this stupendous cavern, and directly overhead, is an aperture of about fourteen feet, which leads to another room still more gloomy, and ascending to which, is like passing up a chimney, while the mountain is yet far above. In this cavern are found many curious hieroglyphics and representations, engraved, without doubt, by the American natives.

Wolf Island lies in the Mississippi river, twenty miles below the mouth of the Ohio, and in shape is not unlike the form of a diamond. It still remains in a wilderness and uninhabited state, owing to the frequent overflow of the Mississippi, which, for a season, causes its inundation. In all human probability this beautiful island will, ere many years shall have "rolled down the tide of time," have become the rich plantation of some persevering planter, and will then, perhaps, be forgotten as ever having been the sequestered retreat of a daring and relentless banditti.

Not far from the village of Vicsburg, of mobocratic memory, lies Stack Island. A part of the brigand was stationed here, in order, no doubt, to ensnare those persons who might be so fortunate as to pass the other haunts in safety. Subsequent to its occupation by Wilson's gang, the original Island was entirely washed away by the Mississippi, but has within a few years, again re-appeared.

In the early settlement of Kentucky and Ohio, Wilson, the person already mentioned, took possession of the "Cave-in-the-Rock," moved his family there, fitted it up as a spacious dwelling for the accommodation of boatmen and travelers, and erected a signpost on the water-side, on which was placed a sign with this inscription thereon:—"Wilson's Liquor Vault, and House of Entertainment." The novelty and curiosity of such a scene, so attracted the attention of nearly all boatmen descending the river, that they made it a practice to call—some for refreshments, and others for amusement. These circumstances induced several idle and vicious characters to take up their abode at the cave. From this period it continually resounded with the shouts of the licentious, the carousing of the intoxicated, the clamor of the riotous, the blasphemy of gamblers, and, in a word, debauchery and impiety, reigned supremely in all their horrid features.

Out of such customers Wilson found no difficulty in organizing a band of robbers, with which he designed the hellish plan of seizing and murdering the crews of every boat that stopped at, or passed by his tavern. The

boats with their valuable cargoes thus obtained, were to be manned by some of his party, and sent to Natchez or New Orleans, and there, through the medium of confidential agents, sell their loading for cash, which was to be conveyed to the cavern by land. The party returning with it were to travel through the inhabited parts of Tennessee and Kentucky, with instructions to rob and murder on all good occasions on the road.

From their several haunts the members of the gang would issue forth in quest of plunder. Many a boat did they rifle of their cargoes, and in the event that resistance was offered, and frequently when there was none, the defenceless crews were without discrimination made victims to the infatuation of these ruthless desperadoes. As though their insatiable desires were not to be appeased by the ill-gotten blood and treasure thus obtained, they even, if it were possible, further debased themselves by stealing horses, cattle and negroes from the neighboring planters, which, as well as their plundered cargoes, they carried off and sold. Painful, indeed, it is to relate, that these lawless bandits carried on their inhuman practices with such secrecy, that many an unsuspecting person was doomed to inevitable destruction ere he was aware of his danger.

After a sufficient period had elapsed, the merchants and traders of the upper country began to be very much alarmed, on finding that their property made no remittances, and their people not returning to their homes. Very many respectable men, and in some cases entire families, who had gone down the river with flat and keel boats loaded with produce, were never heard of afterwards. Few social circles escaped, but what had been bereft of a beloved son, a kind father, or some dear friend; and the losses became so frequent and numerous, that it at length produced a cry of general dismay and individual distress. In short, the depredations committed by Wilson's banditti, became the principal theme of conversation throughout the western country; and to pass either of their infernal dens was considered equally as great a hazard as to anchor under the walls of Algiers, or to undertake to navigate the falls of Niagara in safety.

The commission of such unparalleled crimes naturally led to inquiry, and various were the means devised to bring the reckless perpetrators to condign punishment. The alarming fact soon came out, that Wilson, with a well organized band of forty-five men, was the sole cause of such a frightful loss of blood and waste of treasure; that he had a station at Hurricane Island, opposite the mouth of the cavern, and also at other places, to seize every boat that should attempt to pass, murder their crews, and send their cargoes to Natchez or New Orleans, where he had agents employed of presumed respectability, who disposed of his assignments for cash, though they at the same time, were aware that the goods were stolen, or obtained by the more foul means of the perpetration of murder.

Upon the publicity of these transactions, the much injured sufferers called loudly for the execution of that justice upon those un-

feeling monsters, which their wicked demerits so justly demanded. The sooner and the more effectually to break up this den of guilt and infamy, the friends of good order determined to commence at the very root of this evil, by offering a large reward for Wilson's head, and also for the apprehension of his associates. Like a furious wild beast was Wilson hunted down by those who sought his destruction; but he was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts and secreting places were successively found out and searched; but through the vigilance of his confederates, and the numerous emissaries in his employ, he was enabled to evade the activity of his pursuers. But an incident of treachery, however, eventually proved his ruin, and the dispersion of his gang.

One of the members of the banditti having become dissatisfied with Wilson, retired from the number; and upon learning that there was a reward of some few hundred dollars offered for the head of the leader of the brigand, he determined to embrace that opportunity of avenging himself on Wilson personally, and, by so doing, of giving the civilized part of the community some signal proof of his sincerity in wholly renouncing his former infamous career, and his honest intention, for the future, of becoming a useful and respectable member of society. Whether these were his pure motives, or whether he was tempted by the reward, we will not pretend to say; but he succeeded in obtaining Wilson's head, and received the proffered recompense.

After the destruction of their leader, the bandits were hunted down singly and collectively; some of them were shot, others were taken prisoners, and the remainder were so effectually dispersed, that they never afterwards ventured to form themselves into a band. They would probably have been again collected, and would have committed more flagrant outrages than before their dispersion, had they not been timely deprived of their daring leader, and others equally as hardened in the perpetration of robbery and midnight assassination.

Big Harpe was one of the principal members of Wilson's gang. He was a notorious desperado—neither pity nor remorse ever entered his breast. Whenever there was any intricate and daring exploit of robbery or murder to be carried into effect, he was ever ready—yea, more, he delighted in putting the designs into execution, however cruel or pitiful might be the circumstance attending the case. This unfeeling monster participated in many a murderous expedition of this kind, in which, perhaps, his blood-thirsty hands and reckless knife were the first to be imbued in the blood of defenceless widows, and helpless orphans.

The last, and to him fatal, exploit of rapine and murder in which he was engaged, was nearly as follows: One day just as the shades of evening began to hover over the earth, he arrived at the house of a Mr. Steigal, in Henderson county, Kentucky, probably on his return from an unsuccessful predatory excursion. The owner of the house was absent, and no person was at home, with

the exception of Mrs. Steigal and her only child, which did not exceed the age of two or three years. Harpe requested permission of the good woman to remain for the night, which she readily granted, supposing him to be some wearied traveler. At the accustomed hour Mrs. Steigal with her child retired to repose as unconcerned as though her husband had been at home; but ere the light of the approaching morn had beamed upon her countenance, the murderous knife had been plunged deep into her bosom! Not content with thus having sacrificed her life on the altar of innocence, he then dragged the child out of bed, and dashed out its brains against the side of the house! As though he had not yet sufficiently finished the awful work of human destruction, he ripped open the mother's bowels and sacrificed a yet unborn infant in the same brutish manner! Humanity shudders at the recital of such atrocious scenes, pity drops a silent tear, and innocence mourns at the depravity of mankind.

Having thus executed his infernal design, he selected the best horse on the plantation and directed his course towards the West. Mr. Steigal returned home—a ruined desolate man. The scene before him was almost too heart-rending for mortal man to endure. There lay his beloved wife—the partner of his bosom, weltering in her gore, and mangled in a most shocking manner, sleeping the cold sleep of death!—and there, too, lay his innocent offspring on the floor, be-smear'd with brains and blood! It is almost impossible for us to form an adequate idea how he must have felt, and it would be worse than in vain for us to undertake to describe his agonized feelings. The half distracted man at once suspected that Big Harpe was the author of the tragical scene. No time, therefore, was lost in collecting a number of the neighboring farmers together, all of whom were mounted on horses, and necessarily equipped for the pursuit. They started off at a quick gallop, with the hope of being successful in bringing the offender to merited punishment. After a fatiguing chase they discovered the villain something like a mile ahead of them, pursuing his way slowly, and Mr. Steigal, being more eager than the others, put spurs to his horse, and pushed on with such increased speed, that in a very short time he came up so near to the murderer, that he ventured to fire his rifle, and luckily brought him to the ground. The remainder of the pursuing party now coming up, they cut his head assunder from his body, and stuck it upon a pole by the roadside, in order to strike such a salutary dread in others, as to deter them from following his woful example. Judge Hall's work entitled "The Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky," was founded, we believe, from the tragical scenes committed by this unfeeling monster.

Little Harpe, son of the preceding, after the death of his father, and the dispersion of the brigand, was compelled to retire to the remote western wilds, and has never been heard of since. Probably his bones long since mouldered into their mother dust, for nearly two score years have rolled around since the members of the banditti were dispersed. This is one instance among the

many, in which we perceive that the youthful mind is naturally inclined to instil the principles of his sire, however vague and erroneous they may be; and how careful ought parents to be to inculcate in the tender minds of their children the heavenly precepts of virtue and morality, and to point out to them the road to happiness and honor.

The following account of the fatal termination of one of the gang, is as true as it is full of interest. It has been asserted that Wilson himself was the victim; but more reasons than one incline us to believe that death arrested him in his wicked career in the manner already related; therefore it must have been some member of his band and not himself. Before proceeding, however, in the relation of our narrative, it might not be considered altogether improper to inform the reader, that during the early settlement of the West, while the country was yet infested by such detestable outlaws as those who composed Wilson's banditti, the new settlers found it indispensably necessary to choose a certain number of stout, athletic men in each settlement, whom they called REGULATORS, whose duty it was to arrest all persons suspected of having committed any flagrant crime, and also to examine such, and should they be found guilty, to punish them according to their demerits.— Sometimes the culprit was ordered to leave the country and not to return, under the infliction of some severe penalty: at other times whipped, and in some instances they have been shot. When we consider that the early settlers had no established laws to protect their persons from insult and murder, and their property from the inevitable grasp of lawless robbers, we are ready to acknowledge that they were not too severe on such notorious desperadoes as the subject of the following narrative. In admitting this, we would by no means be understood to express a desire to vindicate the infliction of "Lynch-Law" as put into execution now a-days, where the laws of the land should have the supremacy in all cases whatever.

It was on a pleasant afternoon that one of these Regulators chanced to meet on an unfrequented road in the wilderness, the member of Wilson's gang above alluded to, with a stolen horse, which was instantly recognized by the Regulator, who passed the bandit as unconcerned as if an utter stranger. The robber not even dreaming of danger, pursued his way as leisurely as though he had not met any person; but he was followed at a suitable distance by the cunning Regulator. At dusk the robber, having reached a spot which was perhaps well known to him, secured his stolen horse by hopping him, or in other words by tying his fore legs together in order that he might feed until morning, without danger of straying far away; he then concealed himself in a hollow log to repose for the night. At any other time the plan might have been a good one; but in this instance the persevering exertions of the hawk-eyed spy proved fatal to the robber. The Regulator, who probably knew every hill and dale in that section of the country, marked the spot and log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and, as he had previous-

ly noticed that the robber was well armed, galloped off to the nearest house for the purpose of soliciting immediate assistance to take the unwary fellow by surprise. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded directly to the spot. The robber on being attacked defended himself with desperate valor, and they found it impossible to secure him alive, and they therefore had recourse to the effect of a rifle ball, which put an end to his existence. As was usual in such cases, they severed his head from his body, and stuck it on the end of a broken branch of a tree, by the nearest road to the place where the encounter happened.

The terrible examples used in the extermination of this fearful banditti, made a salutary impression upon the minds of the new settlers, which restrained them from engaging in similar transactions, and ultimately succeeded in freeing the country of all such troublesome and ill-designed persons.

Such is the narrative, though hasty and limited, of one of the most daring and cruel brigands that probably ever infested the North American Union. The crimes committed by this band were of the blackest dye—their murders were the most bloody, and their robberies the most cruel that the imagination can depict. How many unfortunate people were murdered by these inhuman bandits, we have no correct means of ascertaining; but from the single fact that the scene of their depredations extended from Cincinnati to New Orleans, we can readily imagine that the victims could not have been few in number. Not long after the arrest and dispersion of the gang, in the upper vault of the Cave-in-the-Rock, of which we have already given a description, were discovered the skeletons of about sixty persons, who undoubtedly had been murdered by this reckless brigand.

Long will the west mourn the loss of some of her most promising sons, who unfortunately fell a prey to the savage ferocity of this desperate band; long will the bereaved father lament the premature fate of some darling child; and many a disconsolate mother will weep long and bitterly at the mere mention of the name of "Wilson's banditti," the members of which ever and anon reeked their infernal vengeance upon the innocent and inoffensive portion of mankind.

The name of Wilson's banditti is still familiar to some of the navigators of the western waters, and also to many of the inhabitants of those states bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Many a winter evening is interestingly passed away by the western farmer, before the lively fire-side, in narrating to his listening children some of thrilling incidents relative to this once fearful—fearless brigand. L. C. D.

Granville College, Ohio.

TRUE TEST OF RELIGION.— Those who desire to have their hearts right with God should never rest in feeling. The service of religion is a reasonable service; and its evidences are to be found, not in professions or feelings, but in good works, uprightness of conversation, and a fervent enduring charity.

The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth.

Truth is an inhabitant of heaven.

ORIENTAL POETRY.

TO MY HARP.

Why silent so long hast thou hang,
Lovely harp, unattended, untuned,
Again be thy symphonies rung,
Once more be thy anthems resumed,
And sweet be thy lyric notes sang.

Though not in so touching a strain,
As others may use, thou dost come,
Yet sound us thy beauties again,
Perhaps thou'lt bring pleasure to some,
Then efforts of thine are not vain.

And if thou wilt deign to awake,
What subject thy notes shall inspire,
Shall friendship thy long silence break,
Wilt thou to her pleasures aspire,
And teach me to live for her sake.

Ah no, that thou surely canst not,
For the friends of my youth now no more
Surround me to sweeten my lot,
The pleasures of youth now are o'er,
Though ne'er can their joys be forgot.

And yet I in friendship delight,
As much as in days that are past,
Though more I may know of the blight
Which false friends around us may cast,
Thus turning our day into night.

Yes, dear to my heart are the hours,
I pass with a true valued friend,
They sweeten our sensitive powers,
Ah! would that they never might end,
For they are of life the sweet flowers.

But friendship, the firmest may break,
Or friends may be parted ere long,
Those who in our pleasures partake,
And joining the mirth or the song,
Too soon their departure may take.

Then let us the present improve,
Not fearing the evils to come,
Conversing with those whom we love,
Whose hearts have made virtue its home,
In the circle of sweet friendship move.

And when we are called to depart,
And leave the dear friends we have known,
The scenes of the past can impart,
A pleasure when distant, alone,
And comfort and gladden the heart.

BARB OF S.

SONNET—TO SUNSET.

Sweet hour, whose eye but loveth to behold
Thy gorgeous garb, to feel thy gentle breeze,
To hear its murmur through the forest trees
Prayer like and soothing! when the heart grows cold.

Cold from the cares and varieties of life,
Let us but wander forth into the field,
At eventide: the girding ice will yield,
Amid a scene, where all is rich and rife
With calm and gentleness. Oh there doth seem
A something present in those smiling hues,
Formed to recall each past and happy dream,
To lift the soul above those narrow views,
With which the world-sealed spirit can but teem
Breathing of heaven and another home,
Whither earth's darkening sorrow's may not come
T. H.

[SELECTED.]

WRIGHT WRITTEN RIGHT.

A TWISTIFICATION.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written write:
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so tis written right.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A ROSE BUD IN MAY.

Long, long on thee, sweet child of spring,
Blew winter's frosty breath;
And thou wast as a perished thing
Beneath the hand of death.

Now every breeze that wanders by,
With genial mildness rife,
Calls forth to sunshine and to joy
Thy inmost hidden life.

Like half closed plume, thy bursting shell
Clasps thy unfolding form,
As doubting yet if thou canst well
Endure the pelting storm.

The soft airs kiss thy blushing leaves,
And drink thy fragrant dew;
The bright warm sunlight round thee weaves
A wreath of glorious hue!

Sweet thoughts and images cling round
Thee, fairest child of spring!
Of shady wood and flowery ground,
Of happy note and wing.

Thou fragile thing! the Eye that opens
O'er all, and cares for all,
Marks this thy day of infant hopes,—
Shall mark thy growth and fall.
May, 1836. SIGMA.

ORIGINAL.

MAN A SOCIAL BEING.

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use."
COWPER.

Man is a social being, created for great and noble purposes. With the aid of his fellow men, he matures and carries forward plans for the prosperity of his country—extends his benevolent designs to other lands—unfolds on heathen shores the glorious beams of science—raises their benighted inhabitants from the thralldom of ignorance and crime to the standing of civilized beings. He leads armies to a field of battle, enters unshaken its horrid precincts, and contends manfully for his liberty—presides in the halls of legislation, and conducts the trembling ship of state safely o'er the rocks and quicksands of human hopes to a peaceful haven, safe from the storms of life's tempestuous ocean.

But deprive man from associating with his fellow men, and he at once becomes, as it were, a blank on creation's map—a being placed on earth for no useful purpose. The faculties of the human mind are destroyed. The eagle flight of genius is retarded, and bound down to the narrow limits of the present and self. Like the swallow, content to build his nest on the walls of the mouldering edifice, while the eagle soars away to heaven—enters the eternal rocks and fastnesses of nature, and builds his lyry where the hand of intrusion can never enter, and ranges unrestrained through the unbounded fields of ether. So with man. Man would resemble the swallow, confine his thoughts and aspirations to the narrow confines of earth, never aspire to learn the causes of the revolutions of the heavenly bodies—the wonderful mechanism of the human frame—follow down the course of time until the final consummation of all things; the inventions and improvements in the useful arts would have remain-

ed unknown. The Alexanders, and Cæsars of ancient days—the Washingtons, and Bonapartes of modern, would not have led armies to the field of blood, and fought for the preservation of power of their respective countries. The blind poets of Scio, and England's happy isle had never sung—wafted their melodious notes down the chequered wave of time, for the improvement of melodies to come. The models of Grecian and Roman sculpture, their poetry, & philosophy, and history, would not have been found to instruct the statesman and scholar of our day. The page of history would not have been enlivened with bright and sunny spots, memorable for the interesting events thereon recorded; but covered with midnight darkness and false error have portrayed in glowing colors the weakness of the human mind; which in its loftiest flights would have been confined to a hermit's humble habitation, never soared on imagination's airy pinions to the vaulted arch of heaven, ranged amidst its boundless expanse—found out the course of the sun, moon and stars, discovered the path of the wandering comet, and followed down the track of time to its final consummation.

It is not man's duty to seclude himself from the busy world? It is true that in the solitude of his closet, he may form plans for the welfare of his species, but without the aid of others they are of no effect. With the assistance of books he may write the history of nations, empires, and illustrious men, yet he is in danger of laboring for nought unless he mingles in society. His labors will be like the Athenian orator, who spent seven years shut up in his cell, composing an oration, which he resolved should be free from all faults, and give entire satisfaction to his audience. He succeeded in making it as perfect as it could be, but on reading it no murmur of applause greeted him; it was too free from error to be acceptable to the refined people of this renowned city. But had he mingled more in society, he would have been more successful, imbibed more of the sentiments of the people, and drank deeper in the art of pleasing.

In society the faculties of the human mind are displayed to the best advantage. Its various resources, shine with brilliancy and strength found in no other situation. He has unlocked the secret store house of knowledge, and brings to bear all his resources for the gratification of his associates. It is the garden of life, clothed in its richest verdure, flourishing in its perennial bloom, and loaded with golden fruit. It is only here that he fills faithfully the conspicuous part on the grand theatre of human life, which it is his noble prerogative to hold. He, therefore, who shuts himself out from the face of society, refuses to co-operate with others for the welfare of mankind, and lives to gratify his own inclinations, is unjustly concealing those faculties given him for his improvement.

Every individual has an important station to fill in society: however humble may be his situation, he is in duty bound to use every effort for the best interest of immortal beings.—Mind acting upon mind better controls the wayward spirits, restrains the domineering, who seek to immortalize themselves by the

ruin of thousands, brings into motion the humble, and promotes the good of all. But were we governed by the impulses of our own feelings, consequences highly injurious to the general good would be the inevitable result. The diversity in the characters and conditions of men, would be greatly changed, the equality that now prevails destroyed. The aspiring, following those plans which inclination points out as the surest for their advancement, disregarding the tender ties of our nature, would rush to the giddy height of fame and honor; while the less aspiring, having nothing to encourage, but every thing to discourage them, would never rise above their humble situation, but go to their graves mourning over their sad fate. But different characters being brought together, are moulded in the manner which best subserves to promote the welfare of each other, and encourages all to employ their time and talents for noble purposes. Hence arises the truth of the poet's remark, that man's faculties alone in society reach their proper use; here they expand and bloom like the full blown rose, shedding around the hallowed influence of its virtues; turning the deserts into a fruitful field; benefiting present and future ages, by the union of friendly hearts joined together by the endearing tie, which binds those resolved that the world shall be better for their passing through it, and that they will not live in vain.

AN ADVENTURE,

RELATED AT THE COUNCIL OF SYLVANI, BY A
BLUE BIRD.

Our councils consist of all who may think proper to attend. Mutual instruction is the object; consequently the wisest and most experienced are chosen to address us on such occasions. Some adventure is told that will serve as a caution to the young and thoughtless in their future wanderings. Then we exercise ourselves in the manner that we are to proceed in our next contemplated journey. We assembled at a grove of tall oak trees early one beautiful morning and listened with a great deal of interest to the following:

It was autumn when I first attended the council of Kerana in one of the islands of the South Sea. I remember the time with feelings peculiar to the scenes that followed. It was determined that we should leave the island the first day of the tenth month. I felt a strange impatience for the day to arrive, when I should bid adieu to my native groves. At length it came. We were early at the place appointed, and after arranging our affairs began our flight. I shall never forget my feelings when I looked for the last time on the home of my childhood. I cannot define them. Suffice it to say, they were emotions of anticipation and delight, mingled with regret.

The day of our departure was exceedingly beautiful. The sun shone with splendor peculiar to the close of Indian summer, and the refreshing breezes seemed to drive weariness away. Sometimes we sang a gay song and sometimes conversed about the sunny regions of the south. We alternately saw the illimitable waters interspersed with islands, and the various colors of autumn were gradually exchanged for the beauties of spring. One day

it was observed that we would soon arrive at the place of our destination. Scarcely were the words spoken when we heard a sound that resembled thunder. On turning round to inquire the cause, I saw that my companions were terrified. Two of our number fell to the ground and were seen no more. The shades of evening were welcomed and we gladly retired to rest. When the morning dawned, we began our journey with heavy hearts, remembering our unfortunate friends. We passed silently along. Nothing but the ocean had been seen for some time, and I began to feel weary. Suddenly there appeared before us something wonderfully curious mooring upon the water. My impatience to see it caused me to go beyond the bounds of prudence. I ventured into danger without being conscious of it.

You may well conceive what followed. I felt my feet entangled, and my efforts to escape were vain. I saw my companions still pursuing their way unable to render me any assistance. I watched them till they were out of sight, and then mourned my wretched fate without any one to sympathise for me. I was confined in a large prison where I could see neither the sun nor the moon. I abandoned the idea of escape, and expected to end my life a wretched prisoner. My feelings at that time cannot be described. I regretted the vain curiosity that I indulged. I thought of my friends, who would mourn for me, of all the associations of my native land, of my dreams, that could never be realised. One morning my prison was driven rapidly along for some time. At length it suddenly stopped with a violence that loosed my prison door. I lost no time in regaining my liberty. It sunk beneath the rising waves, and I rejoiced to be free, though I was alone. I have not time to tell you the rest of my adventures. I will conclude by saying that the young should remember the advice of the aged, to be careful how they indulge in vain curiosity, to shun the appearance of danger, lest they be caught in the snare.

AMELIA.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the pulsations he has strength enough to perform. Thus allowing 70 years for the common age of man, and 60 pulses a minute, for the common measure of pulses, in a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life will amount to 2,207,520,000: but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same pulses would be completed in fifty-six years; consequently the life would be reduced fourteen years.—*Oracle Health.*

Return of Missionaries.—In the ship *Awashanks*, at New Bedford, the following passengers have arrived: Rev. Joseph Goodrich, lady and five children; Mrs. P. A. Brinsmade, 2 children and servant; Mrs. R. Johnson and Miss Mary Warren, all of the Sandwich Island Mission, and 2 natives of the Island.

The population of the city of Buffalo, exclusive of those engaged in navigation, as stated by persons who have been collecting names for a City Directory, is upwards of 18,000.

Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed a hundred more.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

JOSIAH, HIS TURKEYS, AND HIS SWEET-HEART.

Have you ever been in Windsor, Vermont? If so, you have heard of Josiah Baker. Indeed you may have heard of him though you have not been in the state of Vermont; for he is well known in Boston as the greatest dealer in poultry in all New England. About *thanksgiving* time, you may see in all parts of Boston, Josiah Baker's wagons, literally crammed with turkeys, geese, chickens, ducks, together with pumpkins, squashes, and all manner of *thanksgiving* sauce. 'Twas thought by some, if Josiah should die without an heir to inherit his virtues, and perpetuate his stock of poultry, that *thanksgiving* would have to be abolished in that region; for, as to being thankful upon an empty stomach, it could not in the nature of things be expected. In fact they tried it on one occasion. Josiah did not die to be sure, but 'twas just as bad for the time being, as you shall see.

Contrary to all usages, and probably for the sake of doing something wherewith to distinguish himself, the Governor of Massachusetts appointed *thanksgiving* on the same day which had been set apart for the same purpose in Vermont. Now no real Yankee will ever absent himself from his kindred on *thanksgiving* day, not even for gain; and Josiah, though a bachelor, was in the habit of having all his blood-relations to make merry with him on that occasion; and you know the habits of an old bachelor are not easily broken in upon. Besides, his worthy sister Hester would have felt herself scandalized, indeed, if she were denied the privilege of bustling, and scolding, and storming about as usual, in the hurry of preparation for this joyous festival. Not that she was ill-natured, or given to scolding under ordinary circumstances—far from it; but there is a time for every thing. Then Josiah's numerous relatives, (and you've no idea, unless you've been there, how numerous one's relations are in that part of the country,) who were always expected to partake of the luxuries of his farm yard, and to devour with an appetite which fortunately returns but once a year, Miss Hester's puddings, pies, tarts, &c., would have felt any thing but thankful if Josiah had gone to Boston, instead of keeping *thanksgiving* at home. But he had no idea of such a thing.

He could as well afford to keep his turkeys as the Boston folks could do without 'em; and he'd teach Governor Lincoln to appoint the same day as the Governor of Vermont.

So Josiah kept *thanksgiving*, as in times past, at home, though his heart was not as light as usual, for he pitied the Boston folks, and could not help saying now and then, as he cut a slice of turkey: "Governor Lincoln ought to have known better."

But though there was this drawback upon his happiness, it was stifling, compared with the consternation of the Boston people. His old customers who had for fifteen or twenty years relied upon him for supplies, and had never once been disappointed, could not believe he would fail to appear now, and even on the day preceding *thanksgiving* refused to purchase of others under the full conviction that he would come, though it was at the eleventh hour. But, alas! he came not; and for the first time in their lives, and I hope the last, many of the good citizens were obliged to forego the luxury of a roast turkey, and dine upon roast beef; and instead of being thankful, they did nothing but eat, and grumble. But there is no calamity, however great, from which goop may not be extracted.

This unhappy event led the good people to reflect upon what might be the consequence if Josiah should be removed by death, leaving no issue to keep up the stock of turkeys; and as life is uncertain, even in Vermont, they set about devising means to avert so serious an evil. Accordingly, Josiah began to receive letters advising him to marry; disinterestedly pointing out to him the cheerlessness of his present mode of life; and hinting also that if he should die childless, *thanksgiving* would be broken up. Now, the subject of matrimony had never entered Josiah's head. His maiden sister attended to his household—darned his stockings for Sunday—washed his neck and ears of a Saturday night—and combed his head in more ways than one. In short, he did not see what more a woman could do. However, the subject had got into his mind, and it was not so easy to get it out again. It was constantly before him. He could not even sleep in meeting, but was constantly looking about, and observing how nice and chirk the young women looked. Finally, he concluded to open his mind to his sister, and ask her advice.

After weighing the matter, thoroughly, and mourning over the prospect of laying down the sceptre, she advised him, (with a magnanimity which none but a sister could exhibit,) to comply with the suggestions of his friends, and Mary stating that she was willing to resign her authority to another for the sake of promoting his happiness, but in order to secure the latter, she must make the match herself, at least so far as to point out a proper person for him to court. This was a great relief to him, but he would have been better pleased if she could have settled the whole matter. For he had a great horror of encountering one of the sex face to face, having never been in company with any but his own relations. However, his sister, who was in the habit of gossiping in the intermission with all the women that came to meeting, soon made choice of a wife for her brother, in the person of Sally Jepson, who lived but a couple of miles from his farm. She was (as she told Josiah,) of a rugged make, thick set, wholesome looking and as smart as a steel-trap. So it was agreed upon that on Sunday night, Josiah should commence his courtship. Accordingly, after supper, he mounted his horse, and started with much fear and trembling, for Squire Jepson's. He rode very slow, that he might con over what he should say to Sally; but after thinking over many forms of speech, he arrived at the house quite at a loss how to open his heart. Having tied his horse to the fence, he thought he would reconnoitre the premises before going in; but although there was a light in the sitting room the paper curtains were down, and nothing could be discovered. After walking round the house two or three times, and going as often to the fence to see if his horse was fastened securely, he finally made a desperate effort, went to the well and took a drink from the bucket, and then gave a rap on the door. 'Walk in!' bawled the Squire. After fumbling round some time, he finally raised the latch and entered. 'Why, Josiah Baker!' exclaimed the Squire.—'Why, Mr. Baker!' echoed his wife—'is that you? Set to the fire.' Sally said nothing but smoothed down her vandyke, laid her hands in her lap, and looked in the fire. The three younger children who were sitting on the hearth, commenced whispering together respecting the object of the visit; for it being Sunday night they suspected he had come a sparking. Silence continued for some minutes, till the children could contain themselves no longer; but snickered out a laughing. 'Now, pick up your legs, and go to bed for your manners,' said the Squire, the dame at the same time giving them a slap that helped them on their way considerably.

After the confusion arising from this sudden movement had subsided the dame asked, 'How is Miss Hester, Mr. Baker?'

'Reasonable, I thank you.'

After an interval of a few minutes, the dame broke out again: 'I think Deacon Spring's wife must be poorly, for I see she sot down in the last prayer, and did'n't get up to the blessin.'

'Well now, I did'n't mind that,' said Josiah.

'Why, where were your eyes, Mr. Baker?'

Josiah made no reply, for the fact was, his eyes were fixed upon the corner pew on the right hand side, where sat Sally Jepson.

'Our little man was unusually solemn to-day. I tho't the self-righteous was pretty well cut up. The shoe fitted a good many of 'em.'

Josiah replied, 'Yes.' The truth was, he would have given the world to change the subject, if he had known what to say, for his thoughts had been with his eyes, upon Sally, and he had not heard a word of the sermon.

'Even the singers seemed uncommon balked up,' said the Squire. 'I never heard 'em sing louder. But I do wish they'd give up the new collection, and stick to Mear and Bray so that a body could jine with 'em. 'Twould be much more edifyin. And then they've got to openin' their mouths so wide, that none of the sounds goes through the nose at all, and seems to lose all the solemnness as 'twere.'

'Did'n't you think, Mr. Baker, that the little man was uncommon lifted up in prayer?' said the dame.

Fortunately for Josiah this was a leading question, and that blessed monosyllable—yes, came to his relief. Just at that moment the clock behind the door began to strike nine, and before it was done, the Squire and his wife had taken the candle and gone to bed, cautioning Sally not to forget to cover up the embers after Mr. Baker was gone.

Now, though the sudden departure of the old folks had relieved Josiah from one dilemma, it left him in a worse one; for here he was alone with Sally without a single idea in his head, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, which was as dry as a powder horn.

'I believe my horse is a little uneasy,' said he, after a silence of several minutes; and he jumped up and went out to the fence, and walked around a little, took another drink from the well, and then rushed into the house, determined to make a bold push, and broach the subject at once. So he drew his chair up near to Sally, and addressed her:

'Miss Sally!—darnation!—'

'What did you say Mr. Baker?'

'Darnation!'

'Oh! I thought you spoke to me.'

'What do you think of getting married, Miss Sally?'

'Did you speak to me, Mr. Baker?'

'Certain I did—there's nobody else to speak to as I see,' said Josiah looking round the room.

Sally now began to color up, her throat swelled, and she reminded Josiah of one of his turkeys, and thus furnished him with a topic for conversation.

'Miss Sally, do you love turkey?'

'Yes.'

'So do I,' said Josiah.

'Which do you like best on it, apple sauce or cranberry?'

'Cranberry!'

'So do I, said Josiah: 'Which do you think the sweetest, Sally, honey or maple sugar?'

'Honey.'

'Thunder!—we're as nigh alike as two pumpkins. Now, Sally, I'll tell what's the sweetest thing in natur—it's you.'

Now be still, Mr. Baker; mother says praise to the face is open disgrace.'

He now drew his chair closer to hers, for as he told his sister afterwards, he began to get his pluck up. 'Sally,' says he, 'what's the sign when any body treads on your toe?'

'It's a sign they love you. Oh! Mr. Baker you've smashed my foot all to pieces!'

Upon this he threw his arm around her neck, gave her such a smack as Sally Jones got when old Mrs Jones thought her bottle of empt'ins had burst.

'What's the matter, my dear?' said the Squire, who was awakened out of a sound sleep by his wife jumping up in bed.

'Nothing, said she, only I heard a great cracking just now. I thought at first 'twas your shootin gun going off; but I guess it's only the frost comin' out of the ground.'

At the mention of his gun, the Squire got out of bed, and opened the door into the sitting room. 'Sally are you up? What noise was that?'

''Twas—'twas: I just shut the front door—that's all the noise I heard.'

'Well, you'd better put the nail over the latch and go to bed.'

The next morning the old lady gave Sally a severe scolding for slamming the door so hard, when people were asleep.

That interesting interview, and above all, that parting kiss, was more than Sally Jepson could stand unmoved—and on the next Sunday, when she went to church, and got a sly wink and a nod from Josiah, for her life she couldn't tell whether she had a heart left among her goods and chattles although she tried all meeting time to decide the doubt. Josiah repeated the kiss on that very evening, and performed more, for he popped the alternative, and had the satisfaction of seeing Sally blush—an infallible symptom that he had reached her heart, and cause it to flood her cheeks.

The parson blessed the happy twain, and they became one flesh—very much to the delight of all lovers of thanksgiving dainties—who, in that union foresaw a perpetuation of Josiah's incomparable breed of turkeys, as well as some other things.

Wooden Pavements.—Leitch Richie, Esq. who made a tour through Russia in 1835, thus speaks of this description of pavement:

'It is peculiar to St. Petersburg, and consists of small hexagons sawed from a piece of resinous wood, and laid into a bed of crushed stone and sand. These are fastened laterally into each other with wooden pegs, and when the whole forms a plain surface, the interstices are filled with fine sand, and then boiling pitch is poured over all. This pitch, from the porous nature of the wood is speedily absorbed, and on a quantity of sand being strewed above it, the operation is complete, and a pavement is constructed which is found to be extremely durable.'

Giving up the Stage.—An Irishman who had just recovered from several bruises occasioned by the overturning of a stage coach, on hearing that the KEMBLEs intended to give up the stage, exclaimed—'and by my soul I give them credit for it, and its myself that means to be like them, and may it be my head instead of my leg that's broke, the next time I'm found travelling in the murderous things.'

In New York a man has been recommended as a candidate for office because he has a handsome wife. Right. The "better half" of a man ought always to be the test of his qualifications to serve the public.—*Star & Republican Banner.*

No Joke.—A country schoolmaster having been once called upon to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference was at least five or six feet, headed it, by mistake, of course, "To the mare and body corpulent."

THE FUTURE.

There is certainly something so exalting in the idea that man's existence ends not with this life—that the soul, the thinking part of the human being, after being separated from the body, still lives and is conscious of its existence and of the existence of others—that it becomes a spirit, with all the knowledge and all the ideas and associations of thought, it had when connected with the body; with all the friendships and loves still existing and twining around itself which were contracted in life. It is sweet to think that there will be a time when pleasure will be unalloyed—and the pure affections spring up and entwine themselves around our very existence.

With what rapture does he who is the child of warm impressions and true sensibility, look forward to the time when the friendships of childhood and youth will again be renewed—the companions of former days be again met, and the pure and blissful emotions of early affection again rise up unalloyed by any of the grosser passions of earth—that even those, he may not love here, he may commune with unspotted in another and a brighter existence. In this life, selfishness and suspicion may damp the warm affections of the heart; there, nothing but purity and love and friendship dwell. Here, a thousand barriers may spring up between the warm affections of hearts formed by nature to unite—there, all obstructions are removed, and congenial hearts melt into each others existence.

Who that has felt the first warm impulse of confiding and acknowledged and reciprocated love, does not feel that, in another state of existence, purity and bliss such as he then felt, continued throughout the long round of eternity would be a paradise all glorious and exalted.

*Let me, then let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore unknown,
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam,
In mercy shall be thrown!"*—*TIOGA PHOENIX.*

At a wedding party of a Mrs. Rising, near Oneida, an illiterate guest was called upon for a toast, he hesitated and gave "the rising generation."—*Phila. Herald.*

MARRIAGES

In this city, on the 27th ult., by the Rev. J. E. Edwards, Mr. CHARLES WHITE to Miss JANE MARIA CASE, both of this city.

On the morning of the 6th inst., by Rev. L. LYONS, Mr. WILLIAM R. BASCOM to Miss JENNETTE McCALLUM, all of this city.

On Sunday morning last, at Perry, Genesee co. by the Rev. Mr. ARTHUR, Mr. GARY A. HOUGH, of New York, to Miss JULIA A. WRIGHT, of Victor, Ontario co.

In Detroit, on the evening of the 25th, at the house of Major R. A. Forsyth, U. S. A., by the Rev. Burton H. Hickox, GEO. C. BATES, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at law, to Mrs. ELLEN M. WOLCOTT, all of that city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Barnard, Mr. WILBURN MOSES, to HARRIET M., daughter of Hon. Jno. Warner, all of Lima.

In Genesee, on the 19th ult. by Rev. Mr. Page, NELSON GARLINGHOUSE, of Richmond, Ont. Co. to LORINDA SHORT, of the former place.

In Covington, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Wright, Capt. JAMES C. BIBBINS, to Miss LOUISE STORM, all of Covington.

At Warsaw, on the 26th, by Elder Doolittle, ERASTUS D. CARPENTER to ELIZA ANN L. FARGO, all of that place.

On the 23d ult. at Galesville, Washington Co by the Rev. Mr. Washburn, HIRAM S. GOFF, Esq. of Albion, to Miss MARY ANN COLE, of the former place.

In Stubville, on Thursday the 26th, by Rev. Jesse Elliot, LESTER ROOD, to Miss MARY THOMAS, formerly from Cayuga.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 11, 1886.

THE PEARL.—The publishers of this excellent periodical have announced their determination to stay its publication in its present quarto form, and to issue it hereafter in the ordinary newspaper form. The reason which they assign for this change, is one which we had hoped never to have heard from the publishers of a periodical so beautifully executed and so ably conducted, and located, as it is, in a city styled (wrongfully we shall ever hereafter believe) the Emporium of Literature. It is no more nor less than this—the want of patronage. It is even so;—a work second to none in the country in point of typographical beauty and literary taste, has been compelled to mar its beauty for lack of patronage in the city of Boston! What a commentary upon New England liberality and taste.

"THE PEARL," though compelled to change its form, is still to exist. It is to be issued on a large imperial sheet, and is still to retain its extensive corps of talent. We most heartily wish it success.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—This richest of monthlies still retains its caste. The number for May is full of the finest specimens of modern literature. We are happy to learn that its merits are appreciated, and its existence placed beyond a contingency.

NEW STEAMER ONEIDA.—This new and fast vessel will run regularly hereafter, between the city of Rochester and other ports on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. Her speed and accommodations are now well proved, and the addition of her to the steamboats previously touching at this port, will furnish increased facilities for travellers who wish to take Rochester on their route. She will arrive early, and leave the wharf of Capt. Trowbridge at 8 o'clock. RHO.

The New York papers are complaining bitterly of the steadfastness of the wind. It had blown from the east from the 24th ult. to the 4th inst. and then bid fair to continue. More ships are windbound than were ever before known. There were more than 200 in the port of New York on Saturday last.

ADVENTURES OF A ROYAL DIAMOND.—The Sancy Diamond has been purchased by the Emperor of Russia for 500,000 rubles. It came from India, and has been in Europe 4 centuries. Charles the Bold wore it on his helmet in the battle of Sancy, where he lost his life. It then went to the King of Portugal, who sold it to Mr. Nicholas Harvey Sancy for one million of francs. At the time of his embassy at Soleure, Henry III. enjoined him to send the diamond in order to pledge it; the servant entrusted with it being attacked by robbers, swallowed it, and was murdered. Sancy ordered the corpse to be opened, and the diamond was found in the stomach. James II., possessed it in 1688, when he escaped to France. It belonged to Louis XIV., and Louis XV. wore it in his hat at his coronation. The Sancy diamond has the shape of a pear; it is of the very first water, and weighs 53½ carats.

A piece of blue sky and a few rays of sun were visible yesterday afternoon, to the enraptured crowds promenading on the battery, who greeted this novel phenomenon with lively demonstrations of joy, which, however, were in a few moments, again overclouded by the customary driving sand and jizzling mist that has wrapt our city in gloom for nearly the whole of the last fortnight. Some few of the vessels anchored off the Battery got under weigh.—Star.

The ladies of Cincinnati, propose to make 75 pairs of pantaloons and 75 hunting shirts for the volunteer corps about leaving that city for Texas.

The New Yorkers are purchasing a large service of silver plate to be presented to the Woods, who sing for a living. What fools!

Twenty-one Tailors have been found guilty of conspiracy (a strike) in New York. The Jury recommended them to mercy.

It is ascertained, by a recent census, that Lockport contains a population of 4305—increase in one year 900.

A Figure to Paint.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear when I call him."

A young lad died in Philadelphia the other day from eating poisonous drugs which had been thrown in the street during a late fire in that city.

William and Henry, sons of a Mrs Hartford, were drowned in the Savannah River on the Georgia side of the Cambletown Ferry, on Thursday, the 19th. Whilst bathing, they got beyond their depth and sunk.

Hydrophobia.—A cow, two calves, and several sheep, in Henterdon co., that were some time ago bitten by a mad dog, have died in a rabid state.—Newark D. Adv.

[From the Washington County Post.]

Remarkable.—While some men were removing a mow of hay, on the premises of Mr. James McNitt, in this town, on the 14th instant, a living hen was discovered, beneath a beam, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long. She was immured in this narrow cell, last August, when the summer's hay was deposited: and remained in this circumscribed prison, nearly nine months! without water or food except what she ate of the hay, with which she was surrounded. When she was taken out, it was perceived that the feathers and quills on her wings were worn to the quick, by constant passing and repassing her solitary abode. Several individuals can testify to the truth of the above.

PRAYER FOR KINGS.—A worthy clergyman of the Methodist persuasion, once, in our presence, held forth upon that text of St. Paul, requiring us to pray for rulers. He remarked that it might be a difficult duty for republicans to pray for kings, as the scriptures required. "But," he added, "I have thought of a way to get over this hard spot, without violence to our principles and feelings as republicans. I would recommend," he said "to all on whom it may be incumbent to pray for kings, to ask the Lord to give them short lives, happy deaths, convert their souls, take them home to heaven and send no more such," "Amen," responded the audience heartily.

Hi! Betty Martin!—A Mr. Martin advertises his wife Betsey, in a Buffalo paper, as having run away from his bed and board.

[COMMUNICATION.]

SOUND—of all kinds, it is ascertained, travels at the rate of 13 miles in a minute; the softest whisper travels as fast as the most tremendous thunder. The knowledge of this fact has been applied to the measurement of distances. Suppose a ship in distress fires a gun, the light of which is seen on shore, or by another vessel, 20 seconds before the report is heard, it is known to be at the distance of 20 times 1,142 feet, or a little more than four miles and a half. Again, if I see a vivid flash of lightning, and in two seconds hear a tremendous clash of thunder, I know that the thunder cloud is not more than 700 yards distant, and should instantly retire from any exposed situation. R.

CONUNDRUM.

I am a word of ten letters. My 2d, 5th, 6th, 4th, 10th and 9th, is the name of a male: My 8th, 7th, 9th and 10th is the name often given to a long stick: My 6th, and 7th is often given in answer to a question: My 9th, 5th, 6th and 2d, is that which people are very anxious to see after having long been on the ocean: My 3d, 10th and 2d, is the name of a color: My 8th, 9th, 6th and 10th, is the name of a carpenter's tool: My 10th, 5th, and 3d, is the name of a very useful organ to the human system: My 6th, 5th, 4th and 9th is an article very much used in building: My 3d, 7th, 8th and 10th, is the name of a very useful article used about the sails of a ship: My 9th, 7th, 6th, 2d, 7th and 6th, is the name of a very large city in England: My 7th, 3d, 2d, 10th and 3d, is very desirable in a large school. My whole is the name of quite a large city in the southern part of Europe. A. C. B.

A solution is requested.

BEAUTY OF LIBERTY.

"In all things which have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than liberty."

When the dance of the shadows

At day-break is done,

And the cheeks of the morning

Are red with the sun:

When he sinks in his glory,

At eve from the view,

And calls up the planets

To blaze in the blue:

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
More proud that the sight of a nation when free?

When the beautiful bend

Of the bow is above,

Like a collar of light

On the bosom of love:

When the moon, in her mildness,

Is floating on high,

Like a banner of silver

Hung out in the sky:

There is beauty. But earth has no beauty to see,
More proud than the front of a nation when free!

In the depth of the darkness,

Unvaried in hue,

When the jewels of even

Are hid from the view:

When the voice of the tempest

At midnight is still,

And the spirit of solitude

Sobs on the hill:

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the broad-beaming brow of a nation when free?

In the breath of the morning,

When Nature's awake,

And calls up the chorus

To chaunt in the brake:

In the voice of the echo,

Unbound in the woods,

In the warbling of streams,

And the foaming of floods:

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the thrice hallowed sight of a nation that's free.

When the striving of surges

Is mad on the main.

Like the charge of a column

Of plumes on the plain:

When the thunder is up

From its cloud-cradled sleep,

And the tempest is treading

The path of the deep:

There is beauty. But where is the beauty to see,
Like the sun-brilliant brow of a nation when free

SELECT POETRY.

TO MEMORY.

Will no remorse, will no decay,
O Memory soothe thee into peace?
When life is ebbing fast away
Will not thy hungry vultures cease?
Ah! no! as weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank still verdantly
Twine round a ruin'd tow'r;
So to the heart untam'd will cling
The memory of an evil thing,
In life's departing hour;
Green is the weed when grey the wall,
And thistles rise while turrets fall.
Yet open Memory's book again,
Turn o'er the lovelier pages now,
And find that balm for present pain,
Which past enjoyments can bestow:
Delusion all, and void of power.
For e'en in thought's serenest hour,
When past delights are felt,
And Memory shines on scenes of woe,
'Tis like the moonbeam on the snow,
That gilds but cannot melt;
That throws a mockery lustre o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before.
Her sweetest song will only tell
Of long departed noon;
Of things we lov'd alas! how well,
And lost, alas! how soon;
For feelings blasted, hopes deferr'd
And secret woes unseen, unheard
By the cold crowd around;
Will rise and make their plaintive moan,
And mingle with her softest tone,
Till in their murmurs drown'd
Her lyre shall lose its soothing flow,
And only tell a tale of woe.
Tho' hope's bright scenes be false and vain,
Hers is the beauty of deceit,
Tho' pleasure's cup holds dregs of pain,
One sip upon the brim is sweet:
Yes, they have charms, tho' false and few,
Tho' soon they vanish from the view,
Impalpable as air;
But memory soothes not, charms not, brings
No balm, or true or false for stings
Inflicted by despair;
But still some new device will find
To torture more the sufferer's mind.
The worm obscene her form will roll
Beneath the rosebud where he lies,
Or crawl from out the joyful bowl,
And coil before his eyes:
Or find him as he lies asleep,
That waking he may wake to weep,
And chide the coming day;
A poisoned shaft once fixed by her,
'Tis vain to soothe, 'tis pain to stir,
'Tis death to pluck away,
And every struggle, every start,
But sends it deeper to the heart.

A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

BY W. C. BRYANT, ESQ.

Upon yon mountain's distant head,
Where spotless snows forever white,
Where all is still, and cold and dead—
Late shines the sun's departing light.
But far below these icy rocks,
The vales in summer bloom array'd—
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks
Are dim with mist, or dark with shade.
'Tis thus, from warm and kindly hearts,
And eyes where generous meanings burn,
Earliest the light of life departs,
And lingers with the cold and stern.

STANZAS TO *****

Though the day of my destiny's over
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they oar me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn;
They may torture, but shall not subdue me;
'Tis of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forbores to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake;
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun.
And if dearly that error has cost me,
And more than I once could foresee.
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all;
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee. BYRON.

MY MARRIED DAUGHTER COULD YOU SEE.

BY T. H. BAYLEY.

My married daughter could you see,
I'm sure you would be struck;
My daughters all are charming girls,
Few mothers have such luck.
My married one—my eldest child—
All hearts by magic wins;
And my second so resembles her,
Most people think them twins.

My married daughter spoils her spouse—
She's quite a pattern wife;
And he adores her—well he may,
Few men lead such a life;
She ne'er had married mortal man
Till he had won her heart;
And my second darling's just the same—
They're seldom known apart.

Her husband oft has pressed my hand,
While tears were in his eyes,
And said, "You brought my Susan up,
With you the credit lies."
To make her a domestic wife,
I own was all my aim;
And my second is domestic too—
My system is the same.

Now, do you know—I've often thought,
The eldest of the two;
(She's married, so I may speak out)
Would just have suited you!
You never saw her?—how shall I
My eldest girl portray?
Oh! my second is her counterpart,
And her you'll meet to-day.

From Professor Wilson's Poetical Works.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on the earth?
Does human blood with life imbue,
Those heavenly veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessed dream?

A human shape I feel thou art,
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors, both of soul and sense,
Awoke by infant ignorance!
Though dear the forms by fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love!
Thoughts from the living would intrude
Ev'n on her deepest solitude;
But lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there;
As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even when I gaze are kindling now.

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smile'st as if thy soul were soaring
To Heaven, and Heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on, than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroyed, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee.
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view but cannot brave the storm!
Years can be dimmed the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise,
And years, so fate has ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul;
Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
Oh! sinless babe! thy God are given,
To charm the wanderer back to Heaven.

From the Zodiac.

THE SILVER HAIR.

Grief has not furrowed o'er my cheek,
Nor yet the lines of care
Nor age, the fatal signer set—
Then why this silver hair?

To me not all the valued lore,
The son of science blesses,
Can boast the thrilling eloquence
This single hair possesses.

'Tis wisdom's early monitor,
That youth's gay hours have flown:
One glance will tell the stream is passed;
Our folly's Rubicon.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

MY CHUM.

A TALE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Joseph Howard was one of those strange geniuses not unfrequently met with in College. Every body liked him, yet no one knew why they liked him. He was kind, generous, and withal high spirited, and yet it was evident to all that there was something wanting. He often surpassed many of his classmates in going through the routine of a Greek lesson; but his talents were not to be determined by this. In short, he was one of those, who are laughed at without being despised.

I said he was liked; do not misunderstand me. The regard that was felt for him, was not because he was noble minded, or a scholar, or industrious, but because he was courteous to all, willing to befriend those who needed assistance, and generous even to a fault. He was fond of society, particularly that of ladies, and had a faculty to appear remarkably well, and make himself agreeable to every one, for he could talk three hours upon the tone of a piano, the interesting appearance of a young lady, or the benefits of a singing school; and if he happened to fall into the company of the learned, he could talk of the strictness of College rules, the beauty of Virgil, the wit of Horace, or the sublimity of Homer. Such was the person whom fortune made my chum. He soon, however, grew tired of College, and left me to keep bachelor's hall alone, in my little study, which I had chosen in the third story of the building.

But we soon after met at an evening party; and I was not long in discovering the cause of his sudden aversion to College life. There was among the company a lively brunett, who seemed to arrest his attention. But how shall I describe her. She was not beautiful. No! But there was something fascinating in her motions.

Yet she did not look bewitching, if witchery it be. To have a forehead and a lip transparent as the sea! and her hair was light, much too light for her complexion, and her eye was neither black nor blue, but a combination of both. She was admired; and evident it was that Helen Blair had stolen the heart of my unfortunate friend. She was young; the zephyrs of sixteen summers had scarce kissed her brow, and her childlike simplicity, her animation, and the delight she took in teasing her companions, was enough to make any one love her; so at best thought poor Joe Howard. She was evidently unconscious of her power, and laughed, and talked, and smiled upon all, while Howard was in torment. He was as attentive as he dared to be,

and yet she appeared to set no value upon his attentions, but considered them as only what were due to her own dear self. A week elapsed, and I met him again in company. A young female friend of mine was telling him how much herself and a Miss Blair esteemed a fellow student, whom I shall call George Ingham. "Indeed," said she, "we really love him," and then appealed to Helen, who only answered with a smile. Poor fellow, he turned to leave, when she called after him. "Do not be jealous," and then laughed at her own folly. I saw no more that evening.

It was a bright spring morning, and a party in riding dress stood on the steps of Mr. Blair. Howard was there and Helen at his side. Ingham, too, was one of the party, with that same undaunted firmness, that depth of intellect written on that noble brow, for which he was distinguished. They were soon mounted, and proceeded out of the village of M—. All were delighted. The beauty of the scenery, and the sweet calm that reigned around, uninterrupted except by the song of the birds, drew forth an exclamation from all save Howard, as they left the road and struck into a bridle path in the forest. He felt ill at ease; but when he saw Ingham lavish all his attention upon the dark eyed Miss Clavoin, it afforded him some relief.

"Why so grave, Mr. Howard?" said Helen, as they proceeded. "You have not spoken a word since we started." "Am I so grave, Miss Blair?" "Are you so grave, when you have been holding your lips together as though it were a crime to speak! Pray tell me what ails you. Have you blotted your copy book, said a bad lesson, or has the master given you a black mark for playing truant?" He tried to smile, but remained silent. "Did ever any one see such a vexatious being, you should be trying to entertain me, and here I am exhausting all my wits to make you speak a word. I shall really think something serious is the matter with you. O! a thought has just struck me. You are in love! Come tell me who it is, and I will speak a good word for you." He was at a loss what to say, but the rest of the party came up and relieved him. They dismounted, and separating into groups, they roved through the forest. "Well now, Mr. Howard, I will talk soberly. This is a delightful season, it is so exhilarating to see all nature rejoicing around us." "When do you leave town?" said he, interrupting her.—"Why?" "Nothing, only I heard you would leave soon." "We have not concluded, probably not before fall. But really I do not understand you; you are incomprehensible

to-day, Mr. Howard. Have you heard any bad news? I doubt you have, and my levity has wounded you." "Indeed I have not, I feel quite cheerful, I assure you."

"Howard," said Ingham, advancing, "had we not better return, a cloud is rising." A few moments found them riding rapidly homeward, Ingham and Miss Clavoin leading the way, the rest followed. Suddenly the horse of Miss Blair took fright and shot past the rest of the party. Howard followed, but Miss Clavoin had been the first to notice the accident. "Ride! gentlemen, ride!" she exclaimed, but ere she had uttered the words, the grasp of Ingham was upon the reign of his bridle; her horse stood motionless; and he dashed on in pursuit. Both were seen as they turned the foot of the hill, then they were lost to view. The party followed. They caught sight of them again in the ravine below; nearer and nearer they came. But one form was visible. It was Ingham; they approached. He was kneeling beside the senseless form of Helen. She had fainted, but was soon restored, and to the joy of all it was found that she was not seriously injured.

All was soon told. Her horse had started at the flight of a bird, and ere she could check him, was gone. Ingham's horse being of superior mettle, he had succeeded in overtaking her, by making a short turn at the foot of the hill. Coming up with her he seized her bridle, but perceiving that she was falling, caught her and sprang to the ground. They were about to remount, and proceed homeward, when it was perceived that Ingham was injured, though not seriously, as it was supposed, and he insisted on riding home. Having reached Mr. Blair's, he was taken ill, and it was found that he was more seriously wounded than even he himself was willing to allow; but he finally told, that in springing to the ground, he had caught his foot in the stirrup, and fallen, his head struck violently against the hard earth. For a week his recovery was doubtful. He raved incessantly and called upon all around him to save Helen! At length he recovered from his delirium, and slowly grew better. How far the kind attention he received conduced to the return of health, I do not pretend to say. Poor Howard in the mean time was in agony. Willingly would he have suffered (if it were possible) ten fold as much, if he could have basked in the smiles of Helen Blair. But it could not be, and he resolved to make one final effort. He accordingly wrote her a letter, declaring his love. She would have delighted to play for a while the coquette, and plant still deeper in his heart

the arrow; but it would not do, and so her proud spirit resumed its native dignity, and his letter was returned, in a blank envelope. Poor Joe, this was more than he was able to bear. He wandered about for a while a lonely being; then left the College, and has not since been heard of. The sequel I leave the reader's imagination to supply.

GERTRUDE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

SECOND SCRAP OF AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

In my last chapter, through zeal for preparatory remarks, I entirely forgot myself, who in truth should have been the entire "burden of discourse." So, to make all possible amends to the reader for such wanton neglect, I will state *imprimis*, that my name is ABEDNEGO P. SMILAX. My native place, as you are already informed, is Claringum. Till the sixteenth year of my age, I was strictly retained at home, by my indulgent parents, through fear of my meeting some mishap abroad. The winter that I attained that age, I was sent to a school of much notoriety, kept by one Obediah Floggee, R. O. P.; who held it as an invariable law, both in theory and practice, that the man whose actions were not in perfect accordance with his name, did not deserve so useful an appendage to his veritable self.

Either my intellectual or bodily sensitiveness—or indeed both—must have been uncommonly acute, for, during the first week I acquired such a knowledge, not only of the 'nature,' but also of the 'power' of four useful letters, that I never have forgotten them, nor shall I ever do so, even though I should live as long as did Mathuselah. These letters were W-H-I-P. The next week I was to be found almost any where but in Mr. Floggee's house of correction.

The ensuing summer I again remained at home. The winter following I was sent to a select school, taught by one Jacob O. Flunk; whom I thrice turned out of doors for sundry misdemeanors. But I cannot give the reader a detailed account of all, or even of a small part of my exploits, during this part of my life. Be it sufficient to inform him that after five successive winters, during each of which I applied myself, or rather *was applied* to learning. I bethought me that it was quite time to begin a figure in a more extensive circle. For a great length of time, my cogitations were much like "chimeras ruminating in a vacuum," but finally they "devoured second intentions," and I fixed upon the business of school teaching, as my "choice of life."

I signified my designs to my parents, who heartily seconded them, and I forthwith proceeded to Dolt's Hollow, where after much bantering I engaged my services for the ensuing six months. I entered upon my task, and was getting on finely, discharging my arduous duties in the order following—talking, scolding, and whipping; each and all, intermingled with occasional exercises in the 'Elementary'—the only book I had ever seen, save the Bible. I had continued thus two weeks, to my own universal satisfaction; but alas! I soon found that I was not the only one it was necessary to please. One morn-

ing an urchin handed me a folded and sealed scrip, which having opened, I read as follows:

Monday morning.

MR. SMILAX:—By virtue of power in me vested as trustee of this district, I am authorized to give you to understand that your services are any thing but satisfactory, that complaints flow in from all quarters, and that your labors can very well be dispense with. And furthermore to warn you that if you occupy space in this region after 12 M. you may expect a speedy conveyance *by rail*. So begone. Hereof fail not at your peril.

Yours in the bonds of enmity,

ISAAC SHORT, *Trustee.*

"How was I struck!" If at that moment I had seen the earth rent into a million atoms, I should not have been more astonished. Twelve o'clock came, and I was 20 miles due west from Dolt's Hollow, to which I bade an eternal adieu.

Every one will readily imagine that henceforth and forever I abandoned all thoughts of pursuing the thankless avocation of "Youth's Instructor." I was for a time sadly puzzled in relation to my future prospects. I bethought myself that it would be no bad plan to procure a situation in the capacity of "tape cutter," with some merchant. Under this impression I proposed my services to a tradesman in Oakville, which were accepted. I now fancied that I need seek no farther for employment, but that I could be content to spend my life in this business.

Among my master's customers whom it was my duty to serve, was a Samuel De Graw, the proprietor of 500 acres, and what was more, of a lovely daughter, possessing the lovely name of APHELIA. Reader, cast me not off, because I chanced to fall in love; but have mercy, I pray thee, for Aphelia was beautiful! so beautiful! who could help loving her! But I am in advance of my story. She was often sent to purchase the necessaries and conveniences of life; and so much was I struck with her loveliness from the first, that had it been mine to give, I would willingly have given her the whole stock in trade, provided she would have accepted myself among the rest. But although I loved her, I dared not tell her so; though the mistakes that I made can witness, that while procuring the desired article for her, my thoughts were far from my business. She appeared, however, to take no notice of my glances and divers other attentions; and in despair, I sat me down one evening to cogitate upon the most feasible way of disclosing my passion, and of ascertaining how great might be the reciprocity of affection. A thousand schemes presented themselves to my eager mind, but to each I saw some objection which was sufficient to destroy the plan. I had about given up the search, and taking up the "*Oakville News-Letter, and Domestic Tocsin*," I proceeded to relax the tension of my mind, when lo! the very first words that my eye rested upon, were "*Verses to Mary*." "Ah! verses—poetry," exclaimed I, "that's the grand consideratum! Now thank my stars! I can avow the deep intensity of my feelings, and that too in verse! Glorious idea!" It was the labor of but a moment to mature my plan—and to its execution I proceeded immediately. My first step

was to procure a sheet of fools-cap—a stand of ink—and a pen of the first quality, manufactured by my own hand from the largest and best quill, chosen from a bunch of four thousand. I placed myself on the high stool at the high desk, and began to cogitate. But I soon perceived that my muse was excessively tardy. With much difficulty I got through the following:

VERSES TO APHELIA.

How calm is thy look, how bright is thy eye,—
Fairest image of beauty that e'er left the sky:
Than Jupiter's daughter thou art handsomer far;
O, sun of my day—of my night the sole star.

Creation produces no other so fair,
Thy rose dimpled cheek, thy dark auburn hair;
O, that Fate in his pranks propitious would be,
And link thy sweet self forever with me.

And may I not hope it—O, brightest of earth?
Oh! may I not cherish the joy it gives birth?
Oh! refuse me not this, as you value my life;—
For ne'er would my being survive the dark strife.

And if my heart's prayer you would deign yet to
hear,

And from my bright life take off the dark sear,
Then shall my last breath delay but to free,
The unsullied name of Aphelia De G——

"Thanks to my muse—it is finished!" exclaimed I, with a shrug of self approval. "If that do not arouse her affection, then withered be the hand that wrote it." I copied it thrice ere I could please myself; but at last I beheld it faultless on a sheet of the finest yellow paper. "Let me wait with patience the end," said I, as I folded, sealed, and directed the precious scrip, and placed it in the corner of my roomy drawer.

The reader shall be made acquainted with the result in due time.

[SELECTED.]

GEN. WASHINGTON'S ESCAPE.

Washington's a watch-word, such as ne'er
Shall sink, while there's an echo left to air.

BYRON.

The name of Washington is dear to every American. Distinguished not only for bravery and intelligence, but for the purest virtues which can adorn the human heart, he has been venerated in the memory of distant nations, and immortalized by the blessings he shed upon his country. He resembles the orb of day, imparting his twilight long after he is set: and invisibly dispensing his light, and cheering warmth to the world. Cautious, and prudent, he was never surprised by the most disheartened failures; nor alarmed into compliance by the most undaunted threats. His eye could penetrate the darkest designs, and his powers of invention enabled him to escape the most formidable stratagems. The very means employed by the enemy to accommodate him, were frequently in his own hands, the instruments of their ruin. As an illustration of his eagle-eyed caution, I will briefly narrate his escape from a singular plot, which I learned from the lips of a venerable man several years deceased.

When the American army was stationed at West Point, during the revolutionary war, the British head quarters were not many miles distant, on the Hudson; and each were waiting, like the figures on a chess board, for some favorable movement to disconcert and thwart the operations of the

other. Scouting parties would engage in frequent skirmishes; and wagons of provisions, ammunitions and clothing would fall into the power of those superior in number and address. On one of these occasions a quantity of English uniform was seized by an American detachment; and several notable advantages obtained by the latter, inspired the enemy with the desire to retaliate. About this time, while at West point, General Washington had an intimate acquaintance, not far distant from the army, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from many of those sterner engagements which harrassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this not many miles from their camp, could not escape the cognizance of the English; and to possess a prisoner like General Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult; there was always advanced guards to cover the American commander; and there was no mode of discovering his visits, except by winning over some one of the family. The friend whom General Washington visited was once thought to have espoused the interest of the British; but he had taken a decided stand in favor of America, and tho' a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging as his reason—his years, and dependant family.

During the intimacy of the General, it was rumored in the American army, that his friend had been seen often returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the account; for he never ceased to visit the family, and apparently mingled as cordially with the host as if no suspicion had crossed his mind. At length, one day as the General was taking his leave, his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him the following afternoon, emphatically named the hour of two as the moment of expecting him. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred; begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home; and hinted that he feared the General did not consider it in that light; as the guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate that he was not visiting a friend. "By no means, dear sir!" exclaimed the worthy patriot; "there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and as a proof of confidence which I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred word of honor that not a soldier shall accompany me." "Pardon me, General," cried the host; "but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested." "I am aware of it," said the hero, smiling; "but what of that? I have considered the planting of these outposts unnecessary, inasmuch as they may excite the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me." "But then the hour, General?" "Oh, yes, two o'clock you said." "Precisely!" returned the other.

At one o'clock on the following day, the General mounted his favorite horse, and proceeded alone, upon a bye-road which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time, and

the bustling host received him with open arms, in addition to the greetings of the delighted family. "How punctual, kind sir!" exclaimed the warm hearted friend. "Punctuality," replied Washington, "is an angel virtue, embracing minor as well as important concerns. He that is unpunctual with a friend, may doubt his integrity." The host started; but recovering himself, he added,— "Then yours is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence." Washington proposed a promenade on the piazza, previous to the dinner. It overlooked a rough country several miles in extent; fields of grain, here and there sweeping beneath the sides of bleak hills producing nothing but rocks and grass—shallow runnels of water flowing along the hollows of the uneven waste; then hidden by woodland,—intercepting a prospect of the country beyond; spotted now and then with silver glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping ground below, and chequered on both sides by the dim, purple Highland, sometimes frowning into hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys, hardly illuminated by the sun.— "This is fine, bold scenery?" exclaimed the General, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the prospect. "Yes, sir," replied his friend, looking wistfully around, as if expecting some one's approach—but catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were fastened confusedly on the floor. "I must rally you, my friend," observed the General: "do you perceive yonder point, that boldly rises from the water, and suddenly is lost behind that hill, which obstinately checks the view?" "I do," replied the absent listener, engaged apparently in something else than the object of inquiry.— "There," continued the hero, "my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist, I could almost fancy that I perceived his cavalry moving; but hark, that cannon! Do you not think it proceeded from the head quarters of the enemy?"

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the opposite way, seemingly engrossed in another object immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop, seemingly of British horse, that were descending a distant hill, winding thro' a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the valley below—and then again they were hidden by a field of forest that swelled along the bosom of the landscape. "Would it not be strange," observed the General, apparently unconscious of the movements behind him, "that after all my toils, America should forfeit her liberty?" "Heaven forbid!" said his friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other. "But," resumed Washington, "I have heard of treachery in the heart of one's own camp; and, doubtless you know that it is possible 'to be wounded even in the house of one's friend.'" "Sir," demanded the downcast host, unable to meet the searching glance of his companion, "who can possibly intend so daring a crime?" "I only meant," replied the other, "that treachery was the most hideous of crimes; for, Judas-like, it will even sell its Lord for money!" "Very

true, dear sir," responded the anxious host, as he gazed upon the troop of British horse, winding round the hill, and riding with post haste towards the hospitable mansion. "Is it two o'clock yet?" demanded Washington, "for I have an engagement this afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit must therefore, be shorter than intended." "It lacks a full quarter yet!" said his friend, seeming doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen. "But, bless me, sir! what cavalry are those that are so rapidly approaching the house?" "Oh, they may possibly be a party of British light horse," returned his companion, coolly, "which mean no harm; and, if I mistake not, they have been sent for the purpose of protecting me." As he said this the Captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse; and his example was followed by the rest of the party. "General!" returned the other, walking up to him very familiarly, and tapping him on the shoulder, "General, you are my prisoner!" "I believe not!" said Washington, looking calmly at the men who were approaching the steps; "but friend," exclaimed Washington, slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are mine! Here officer, carry this treacherous hypocrit to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America,"

The British general had secretly offered an immense sum to this man to make an appointment with the hero, at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troop to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour precisely before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp triumphing at the sagacity of their Commander, who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British General. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family, he pardoned this treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country for ever; which he accordingly did; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Elizabeth! Elizabeth! thou'rt sleeping in thy shroud.
And silent tears flow over thee, and wailings "deep
and loud;" [may not dare
But on thy face, my perish'd flower, thy mother
To gaze, and see the fearful change that Death has
written there.

They tell me there is beauty still in that pale cheek
of thine, [recline!—
And waxen hands which helplessly do by thy sides
But, no—I will not look on thee; for, oh, I could
not bear [not there!
To gaze upon thy face and seek the smile that is
To gaze with aching heart upon thy changeless
countenance, [member'd glance—
Yearning from that closed eye to meet its well re
Those sweet & soothing sounds to catch for which
my thirsting ear [to hear.
Would yield up all earth's melodies but once again
Elizabeth, my beautiful! how could I bear to press
My lips to thy unconscious ones, in all their iciness?
I have beheld thy face too oft in beauty & in bloom,
To view it now, when cold and pale, and destined
for the tomb.

Too fearful is the thought to me of coffin, shroud,
and pall;— [form recall;
Oh! not array'd in these, my child, would I thy
Bnt in thy living loveliness and smiles of youthful
glee:—
Oh! thus may thy remembrance sweet forever
visit me!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO MISERY.

Hail, mighty power! that dost pervade,
 And rule all that we know on earth;
 Whose chilling look, and sombre shade,
 Fall cold upon us from our birth.

There is no time, there is no place,
 Where thou a moment absent art;
 Thy seal is stamp on every face,
 Thy dwelling place is every heart.

Our feeling powers and passions, all,
 All are thy ministers, and wait
 Around thy throne thy beck and call,
 Increase thy train and swell thy state,

When angry passions are at war,
 Hate, pride, remorse, and envy foul,
 Each fierce attack, each hostile jar,
 Extend thy empire o'er the soul.

And what is joy? 'tis but a dream,
 The very madness of our woe,
 The drunkenness of pain, a gleam
 From the mind's taper wasted low.

A transient taste of sweetness given
 To make our bitter bitt'rer still,
 A lightning glimpse of light from heaven,
 That we may feel the darkness well.

And what is friendship? 'tis a good
 We fondly fancy might have been;
 A vision of pure light which could
 Bring gladness, might it ere be seen.

Then hail! hard mistress of our fate,
 Welcome, since it must be thy reign:
 Thine iron brow we'll learn to greet,
 And sternly drink the cup of pain.

SIGMA.

LINES.

I never loved a pretty flower,
 But that it was the first to die;
 I never knew a happy hour,
 But what its scenes fled swiftly by.

I never had a favorite tree,
 Beneath whose shades I loved to play,
 But winter came, and soon I'd see,
 Its pretty, bright, green leaves decay.

I never heard a pleasing song,
 But what its notes soon died away,
 And though I wished it ere so long,
 I could not bid its music stay.

I never even had a friend,
 To whom I gave my youthful heart,
 But that her love soon found an end,
 Or we were called in grief to part.

GERTRUDE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

CAPT. A—'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

In life's hard bustle o'er the troubled seas, [breeze,
 Through many a storm and many a prosperous
 Through summer's heat, and winter's chilling blast
 From torrid to the frigid zone I've passed [breath;
 Through sickly climes, where each contagious
 Spread desolation by untimely death.
 One hundred voyages through unnumbered toils,
 I've sail'd at least five hundred thousand miles;
 Been taken, sunk, and oft times cast away;
 Yet weather'd all, in this close port to lay;
 When a dead calm, my wearied bark doth find,
 Obligated to anchor for the want of wind.
 When undisturbed at rest I shall remain
 'Til the last trump calls up all hands again;
 And what new perils I shall then go through
 No human reason ever yet can show; [sea,
 But the same Power that guides through earth and
 Will doubtless lead me through eternity.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

SYMPATHY.

Among the noble qualities inherent in the human breast, sympathy holds a conspicuous place. It is this which teaches us to feel for the woes of our fellow beings, and strive to alleviate them; pour "oil and wine" into the wounds of earth's afflicted sons, and raise them from the depths of human misery to the proud elevation of prosperity and happiness. It has sent the philanthropist on his errand of love and mercy to distant lands; prompted him to visit the lowest sinks of pollution and crime, for the noble and heroic purpose alone of bettering the condition of the inmates, raising from affliction's couch the unfortunate. It sent a Howard on his angel visits to the prisoner's and malefactor's cell, taught him to risk his own life for the preservation of others. It encouraged Wilberforce and his band of worthies, to use their efforts to unbind the chains of the slave, and restore to freedom and the enjoyment of its glories and its rights the unhappy sons of Africa. Actuated by its heavenly and soul inspiring principles, the humble missionary of the cross has gone to foreign lands, leaving friends and all the pleasing endearments of civilized life, to improve the moral, intellectual, and spiritual condition of those who are bound down by the galling bands of ignorance, superstition and crime, and strangers to the influence of moral virtues. It is thro' the power of this pure and holy principle, acting upon the better qualities of our natures, that we are impelled to assist the suffering, and "good Samaritan" like, raise them from the bed of affliction to prosperity. Perhaps we have experienced the sad reverse of fortune, and been made to drink deep from the cup of sorrow. In our hour of need, some kind hand has been stretched out for our deliverance, and we are again placed in prosperity. We then know how to feel for other's woes, extend the helping hand, scatter the clouds of adversity which hang like mill-dew, and canker upon their fondest, cherished and nourished hopes.

But our sympathies are often awakened on hearing of the sufferings of those whom we have not the least prospect of alleviating. We peruse with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain the page of history, wander back to the days of old, view the "pilgrim fathers on "Plymouth's rock," seeking in the wilderness of the "new world" a home free from the persecuting spirit of the old, where they could enjoy undisturbed the inestimable rights of conscience. Their trials rise to our mind's eye in one long and uninterrupted succession. Perils while crossing the stormy ocean—in the wilderness, and by the barbarians; each in their turn threatening to engulf the little band in destruction, and put an end to the settlement. We sympathize with them in their sufferings, wish to alleviate them and avenge ourselves on the authors of their wrongs, but alas! we have no prospect of success. Still the human mind is so constructed, it is a characteristic of our natures, placed there by the author of our being for noble purposes, and cannot be erased. It is this which binds together by the cords of affection and love, the mass of man-

kind—controls the wayward spirits—and unites in one complete whole our purest affections—curbs our sinful ones, and brings all into complete subjection for the well being of society. Impelled by this heavenly principle, man seeks out the humble habitation of the poor, relieves their wants; raises from the sink of pollution and crime many on whom the cup of misfortune has heavily fallen, blighting their rising hopes and expectations; but through the influence of sympathy excited on the hearts of the more fortunate, their sorrows are relieved.

Kind is the sympathetic voice of a friend—soothing to its troubled spirit its melodious strains, and reviving to the wounded mind the benevolent acts it inculcates. Better far than the treasures of Golconda's mines, or the myrrhs, and spices, and perfumes of Arabia, wafted on its genial gales—more to be desired than the treasures of India, or the shining ore of the Peruvian—of more value than the applause and transitory honors of our deceitful world, and the miser's hoarded treasure. Honor is changing—riches pass away and leave the once possessor in poverty—the smiles of fortune are fickle—but the voice of a faithful friend is ever ready to console, and his hands to supply our wants. He is unmoved by the calumnies of an unfeeling throng—untempted by their seducing arts and wily schemes to draw him from the object of his trust, and ever intent on his errand of love and mercy, while the "Priest and the Levite" pass unheedingly by, leaves not his friend or unfortunate stranger in the hour of his greatest need, but remains until he sees him restored to happiness. A. J. M.

MOONLIGHT REFLECTIONS.

There is nothing so calculated to awaken in my heart solemn but pleasant sensations, as a walk in a moon-light evening. If I turn my eyes-upward, I behold the Queen of Night seated on her throne of majesty, gazing down upon the silent earth. O, there is something so soft and so touching, that to look upon it makes me love that great Being who made it. It leads me to reflect on his power and goodness, and fills my heart with gratitude and thankfulness. And the stars, too, scattered over the sky, have such a melancholy sweetness, that it reaches and softens my very heart, and I feel almost like another creature. My imagination transports me to those distant worlds, and I picture to myself what I should see were I in reality there.

In these pleasant evening rambles, I recall to mind past pleasures and old friends, and weep for those whom I once loved, but who are now forever gone from my sight. Who does not love to reflect upon the past? Who is there that does not delight in recalling past scenes, and thinking of those to whom they were once united by the strongest ties of friendship? Certainly I am one who delights in these things; and in this manner have I spent some of the most happy moments of my life. JOSEPHINE.

Granville Female Seminary, Ohio.

What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of a woman's love?

Woman's love is a robe that wraps her from many a storm?

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the *New York Mirror*.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

[The following historical incident is an extract from a new work now in press, entitled "Thirty Years Ago, or the Water-Drinker;" the scene of which is laid in New York, and the characters all well known and familiar to this community and the nation.]

"Mr. Littlejohn, I dare say, can tell us," said Governor Tompkins.

"His knowledge," said the referee, "is, at all times at the service of the man of the people's choice."

"We are at a loss for the date, (that is the day, for no one can forget the year,) of a very important transaction; no less than that which put a seal to the federal Union, and the constitution of the United States."

"The Doctor's library would resolve that question; but, to save trouble, I will be your authority. It was the thirtieth day of April, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine."

"Were you present at the ceremony?" asked Spiffard with enthusiasm, addressing the merchant.

"I was, and assisted in the capacity of a grenadier: standing in front of the building erected, (on the site of the old provincial town-house,) for the accommodation of congress; and which was called Federal-hall, after the adoption of the constitution."

"My dear sir," said Cadwallader, whose attention was attracted by the subject, as well as by reverence for the speaker, "as the building you mentioned has been long swept from the face of the earth, and the place where Washington pledged himself to support that constitution his wisdom aided in forming, has been devoted to the children of mammon, and the strife between cupidity and tax-gathering, your description of a place, the memory of which is hallowed in my mind, would be very interesting to us, men of these utilitarian days."

"And a description of the ceremony," said the Governor; "for, although I was old enough to have seen it, I was at Westchester, probably, playing the idler at the time; for, I was on a visit to my father, and glad to escape from my master's office, and the study of Coke upon Littleton."

"Federal-hall, as well as the building which gave place to it, projected into Wall street, where Broad street terminates on one side, and Nassau on the other. A covered way permitted foot passengers to pass; over it was a balcony; the pediment surmounting which was supported by massive pillars, swelling fancifully in the centre: rather according to the architect's whim than any known order."

"Who was the architect, sir?" asked the general.

"Major L'Enfant."

"Aha! a Frenchman. How infinitely are Americans indebted to France! She stepped forward in the cause of freedom; with unexampled liberality, sent her fleets and armies to rescue America from oppression."

"When I hear of the liberality of Louis the sixteenth's government in the cause of liberty, and of the debt we owe to France for seizing a favorable opportunity to cripple the power of England, I can only express my dissent by one word—a very expressive, old English word, tho' not perhaps, classical."

"What is that, Mr. Littlejohn?" asked the governor.

"Fudge!"

"Ha! ha! But we must not lose Federal-hall and the first Presidential inauguration. You have

described the pediment and its pillars or columns."

"These pillars divided the open space, within which the inauguration took place, into three parts, forming a picture to those in front of the building, like Raphael's apostle at the beautiful gate of the Temple. As Broad-street terminated at this spot, forming an open space, the persons on the balcony were in full view of the populace. The volunteer companies of militia, in brilliant uniforms, paraded in front of the hall on Wall-street. Two companies of grenadiers, that might have pleased old Frederick, the one filled by the tallest youth of the city; the other, by Germans; many of them men who had found means to remain, as citizens and freemen, among the people their masters had sent them to reduce to the condition of slaves. These, with a company in the garb and military equipment of Scotch Highlanders, were drawn in line, with several bodies of cavalry and infantry. My good friends, General Morgan Lewis and Jacob Morton, were both active officers on the glorious day, and could give you many interesting details, which may have escaped me, a private, and confined to the ranks. Both houses of congress being assembled, they, with foreign ambassadors and other distinguished persons, filled the balcony and the space behind it. From the balcony, the view of Broad-street was of one living mass, a silent and expectant mass; with faces upturned, they gazed upon the man of their hearts, as he walked from the interior of the building, and took his place in the centre of the balcony, between two pillars, which bounded the centre compartment, and formed the principal group of this great historic picture."

"Mr. Spiffard," said Cadwallader, "precious as youth is, one would almost consent to be old, to have seen such a day!"

"Not only almost, but quite sir!" replied Spiffard.

Cooke listened, without appearing to attend.—The handsome general bowed, saying, "You have an excellent memory, Mr. Littlejohn. It is a great blessing."

"That depends upon circumstances, sir," was the reply, accompanied by a glance, such as he seemed to keep in store for the general. "It is sometimes, convenient to forget; and memory may be a curse."

Cadwallader appeared to notice the look and the reply, although the general's face gave no symptoms of any movement within: and the doctor adroitly said, "It was, indeed, a great historic picture! You can, perhaps, not only remember the persons present, the figures of the piece, but their situation on the canvass."

"As though it was yesterday."

"Pray give us the picture," said the doctor.

"In a painting, costume is essential to truth;—and, if I paint, truth shall be my first object."

Cooke observed, in a whisper, "Then you will be the first historian, (writer or painter,) that ever paid her ladyship such a compliment."

The merchant proceeded. "The president elect made his appearance that day, in a plain suit of brown cloth, coat, waistcoat and breeches—the dress was homespun—home manufactured—even to the buttons; which, my old friend, Rollinson, the engraver, takes pride in saying, displayed the arms of the United States, chased by his engraver. White silk stockings showed the contour of a manly leg; and his shoes, according to the fashion of that day, were ornamented with buckles. His head was uncovered, and his hair dressed and powdered; for such was the universal custom of the time. Thus was his tall, fine figure presented to our view at the moment which forms an epoch in the history of nations. John Adams, a shorter figure, in a similarly plain dress, but with the (even then) old-fashioned Massachusetts wig, stood at Washington's right hand; and, opposite

to the president elect, stood Chancellor Living-

ton, in a full suit of black, ready to administer the prescribed oath of office. Between them was placed Mr. Otis, the clerk of the senate, a small man, bearing the Bible on a cushion. In the back-ground of this picture, and in the right and left compartments, formed by the pillars, stood the warriors and sages of the revolutions. The *real* men, general; the men who forgot self for the sake of their country."

"O, for a painter!" cried Spiffard.

"Go on with the accessories to your picture," said the doctor.

"The man on whom all eyes were fixed, and on whom all hearts rested, stretched forth his right hand with that simplicity and dignity which characterised all his actions, and placed it on the open book. The oath of office was read. The Bible was raised, and he bowed his head upon it. The chancellor announced, that '*it was done*;' that, George Washington was the president of the United States of America."

THE UNCHANGEABLE, OR FIDELITY
NO FICTION.

"I really *must* request, my love," said the elegant Lady De Grey, as she left the room, "that you will never flirt with that Mr. Leslie again."—*That* Mr. Leslie!

"I am afraid I never shall!" was the unheard exclamation of her beautiful daughter, to whom the injunction was addressed. Lady Emma had thrown herself back in her arm chair. The rounded and youthful cheek was flushed by the maternal admonition, and still more by its subject—her dark blue eyes flashed with pride at one moment, the next were filled with tears; whilst the bright ringlets which shaded her brow looked as if the rays of the setting sun had fallen on them, and enamoured of their beauty, had refused to depart.

She was a subject for Chalon!

"My dear, dear Laura, is she not unkind? She has not asked Herbert to dinner for a whole month, and now that he is going to sea for three long years, she says I must not flirt with him?" She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Laura smiled—for she had been out two years; she sighed—for she had *once* a "first love."

Emma looked at the pendule and dried her tears.

Lady Mordaunt intended that night to astonish even the London world with the splendor of her fancy ball, and she almost succeeded.

"What a beautiful girl that; with the bright hair and the black veil, waltzing with the Conte di Castelbianco—splendid! Do you know her, Leslie?" inquired a dandy, of a young man in a palmer's dress, his elegant figure disguised in an immense cloak, and his handsome countenance hidden by an enormous slouched hat.

"It is Lady Emma Vaughan."

"Oh! you know her then?"

But no answer came—the Palmer was gone.

Lady Emma had waltzed, and was returning to her seat, when her name was whispered in his ear, she turned; a tall figure was bending gracefully over her; the eloquent and tell-tale-blood rushed over cheek and brow—she trembled violently—relinquished with an agitated bow the arm of her 'distingue' partner, and accepted the offered courtesy of—the Palmer.

An hour had elapsed, in the course of which Lady De Grey, and sundry disappointed dandies had made fruitless inquiries for the lost maiden, when Lord Stanfield and a friend sauntered in a small tent exquisitely fitted up. They were about to retire, thinking it was empty, when their ears were saluted by voices.

"Will you promise, will you give me a pledge, that on my return in three long years you will be mine—at least, that you will make no other man happy with this dear hand?"

"I dare not *promise*," said a low and sweet voice.

"I have brought you a ring; let me place it on this hand till I can place another there."

"I will accept it," whispered the sweet voice again: "but I can promise nothing, and now farewell."

"Good night! My own, my beautiful, farewell, farewell!"

"How excellent!" laughed Lord Stanfield, as he left the spot; "we must see who these romantic lovers are." A moment more, and Lady Emma left the little tent, her black veil drawn over her blushing face. She was leaning upon the arm of the Hon. Herbert Leslie, a Lieutenant (in expectation) in his Majesty's service.

The next morning, when the first rays of the summer sun were admitted into her chamber, Lady Emma awoke—a weight was upon her heart. Lady De Grey was angry, and Herbert had joined his ship!

During the "affaire" of the toilette, she came to the fixed resolution that she would eat no breakfast.

In vain did rolls of all sizes and shapes, strange as those of Laputa, offer themselves—in vain the aroma of chocolate and coffee assailed her; she was determined.

"Emma, my love," said the softened Lady De Grey, "take *something*."

"Nothing, thank you," was the heroic answer!

Tears occupied her till luncheon came with its substantial board, but the spirit of martyrdom was still strong within her, and her mother talked of Sir Charles Clark; but how could Lady Emma eat (even if she were hungry) when Herbert had departed?

How powerful is first love!

The next day, half a roll was the morning repast of "belle delaisse," and matters were altogether better, save that neither requests nor commands could induce her to accompany mother to a ball at which they were expected.

The succeeding day a party met at Lord De Grey's hospitable mansion, and Lord Stanfield placed himself at Emma's side. Highly amused by what he had overheard, he had determined to make her forget "The Absent One." What passed we know not, but that night he waltzed with her at a ball, to which she had positively determined not to go!

At the end of the season Lady De Grey entered the room where her daughter was sitting.

"Emma, my love, your father has had a proposal for you, from Lord Stanfield; of course you will give a favorable answer?"

"Mama!" hesitated the blushing girl, "I cannot; I am *almost* engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Herbert Leslie."

"A boy of eighteen!" ejaculated the amazed mama!

It is needless to repeat what followed. Emma was firm and heroic, though she thought Lord Stanfield more handsome and more agreeable—even than her "First Love."

Time passed on, and another, Emma's second season, summoned Lord De Grey to town. After its commencement they threw open their mansion to three or four hundred particular friends. Wearied with everything, Emma was standing listless and alone, when Lord Stanfield sought her side.—She blushed, but received him kindly. He danced with her again—again.

All was over; the lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed; but Emma still stood before her mirror.

Her cheeks were crimsoned, but not with indignation; her eyes flashed and sparkled, but not with anger. She gazed at her own most lovely form in triumph; she took the tortoise ring—the

gift, the pledge of the "boy"—and threw it from her.

She had accepted Lord Stanfield. * * * Two months elapsed, and the young and handsome Herbert had been recalled with his ship.—He hurried home instantly, and arrived at night. He found his paternal halls illuminated; music, carriages and noise awaited him; he dressed, and entered a welcome guest—the hero of the night!

"Lady Emma?" tremblingly inquired he.
"Will be here to-night," replied his sister, with a mysterious smile.

Abroad, Herbert had forgotten love and ring;—but *now* he was as much in love as ever!

"Here are the bride and bridegroom," was whispered round the room; "there they come!"

Leslie gave an anxious glance. On the arm of the stately and triumphant Lord Stanfield was laid the hand of Lady Emma—the *bride*.

It was now his turn to be *heroic*!

Herbert walked up to her, gave her a low and mocking bow—one bitter Byronic smile—one withering look—and rushed out of the room—for five minutes!

Lady Emma bowed and smiled!

Herbert did not challenge Lord Stanfield—re-marking that he was too much disgusted with his "first love" to think of appealing to a "*second*."

The following sketch of the Mexican President, who is now a Texian prisoner, we copy from the N. Y. Star. It is seldom, in modern days, we have presented to our consideration a character so strangely marked by daring romance. The darkness of the declining sun of this modern Nero forms a striking contrast with the meteoric light of his eventful life.

SKETCH OF SANTA ANA.

Some particulars of this personage which we have derived from gentlemen intimately acquainted with him may be interesting to the public.

Santa Ana is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education; and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken into the military family of the then Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davilla, who took a great fancy to him, and brought him up.—He remained with Gen. D. until about the year 1820. While with Davilla he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some of his friends congratulating him, he said; "Si mi hiciera dios quisiera estar algo mas." [If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater.] This trait developed at so early a period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaulting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops, which he raised on the sea coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Jarochoes in their language, and which were denominated by him as Cossacks, as they were all mounted and armed with spears. With his rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davilla into the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, and after being repulsed again, entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops, and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this, Davilla is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Ana, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now, says he, I will give you some advice: "Siempre vavis conlos muchos;" [always go with the strongest party.] He always acted up to this motto until he raised

the *grito* (or cry,) in other words took up the cudgels for the friars and church. He then overturned the federal government and established a central despotism, of which the priests and the military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious, until the last fatal rencontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humor, and makes himself exceeding fascinating and agreeable to all that come into his company; he is about, 5 feet 10, rather square, has a moderately high forehead with black hair, short black whiskers, without mustaches, and an eye large, black, and expressive of a "lurking devil" in his look; he is a man of genteel and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless; but has never evinced a savage character, except in the massacres in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, six leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Ana, illustrates his peculiar quickness and management: During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up at Oxaca, and surrounded by the Government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for want of money and provisions, having a very small force, there had been in consequence of the siege and firing every day for several weeks, no mass through the streets. He had no money, and hit upon the following expedient to get it; he took possession of one of the Convents, got hold of the wardrobe of the friars, dressed his officers and some of the soldiers in it, and early in the morning had the bells rung for mass. People delighted at having an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being, flocked to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled up, his friars, showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cowls, and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement, there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit, and told the people that he wanted \$10,000 and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about \$3,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

As a sample of Santa Ana's pious whims, we relate the following:

In the same campaign of Oxaca, Santa Ana and his officers were there besieged by Rincon, who commanded the Government troops. Santa Ana was in a convent surrounded by a small breastwork. Rincon alarmed on the morning at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until some of the officers who were not in the secret had implored Santa Ana to prevent this desecration, that the firing ceased.

OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.—A recent number of the American Monthly Magazine has a capital article on this subject. It alludes, among other matters, to the wearing militia uniforms abroad, and calling oneself captain or colonel, on the strength of military commissions. The writer thinks that the propriety or honesty of this course may well be disputed. The Baltimore American has no doubts on the subject. It says—"an American, who in Europe puts on his card 'Colonel' simply, will pass there for a colonel in the regular U. S. army. If he is only a militia colonel, the act whereby he makes himself thought to be what he is not, is dishonest. If he writes himself 'Colonel of the New York or Maryland militia,' the act of course ceases to be dishonest. Of its propriety we will leave every man to judge for himself."

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 25, 1836.

"*The Sunday School*."—This is the title of a neat little periodical of 24 pages, the first number of which has just been issued by Messrs. HOYT & PORTER. It is to be published monthly, under the supervision of a Committee from the Monroe Sunday School Union, at the low price of fifty cents a year. We hope the friends of Sabbath Schools will sustain this experiment by liberal subscriptions. This modest little work is one of those thousand rivulets which is to contribute to that ocean of knowledge which is destined to cover the earth; and which commend themselves to the patronage of every christian community. We most heartily wish it the success which its merits deserve.

Marshall's new Spelling Book.—Our esteemed friend MARSHALL has just published a new Spelling Book, which excels even his former excellent Elementary publications. Its arrangements are admirable; and the lessons eminently calculated to amuse and gradually lead forward the young mind to more mature efforts. It is interspersed with cuts illustrative of the familiar readings which accompany them. Besides the ordinary spelling and reading lessons, it contains an Epitome Dictionary, which will be exceedingly useful to the scholar. We are of the opinion that this effort of Mr. MARSHALL will meet as it most richly deserves, with an extended patronage. It could profitably supercede many of the dry books which are still in use in some of our schools.

Mr. GREENOUGH, whose achievements in sculpture have deservedly gained for him the name of the American Sculptor, is now at Washington, it is understood, on business connected with the statue of Washington, on which he is engaged under an order from the government. One of the editors of the N. Y. Evening Post, who has seen the model, (Mr. Bryant, we presume,) gives the following description of it:—

"The figure is in a sitting position, of colossal size, and has all the majesty of an antique representation of Jupiter, tempered with the expression derived from a milder and more intellectual faith than the ancients knew. One hand of the great warrior and sage rests upon the sword, which is just returned into its sheath, and the other is raised with the fore finger pointing heavenward, as if in acknowledgment of the providence which had given the victory. The upper part of the figure is unclothed; to give the artist the advantage of that force and nobleness of expression, which the old sculptors seemed to find scarcely less in the disposition of the muscles of the body, than in the lineaments of the countenance."

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—Mr. L. T. Polard, Agent for the American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge, is now in town for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to the work. It is an excellent publication, alike instructive and amusing, and well deserving an extensive patronage.

☞ We have now two more stars in our National Crown. Michigan and Arkansas have been admitted into the Union, and are now sovereign and Independent states. But we doubt whether Michigan will relish this honor.

Shocking.—In a manuscript found recently in the British museum, it seems the Queen's maids of honor, in fat Henry the VIII's time, used to breakfast on ale by the gallon, and chimes of beef, and sometimes flesh of porpoise. Female health was more robust then, and their character more masculine, as history shows.

Mr. Editor:—The following is the solution of A. C. B.'s conundrum: The whole is Adrianople; of which the 2d, 5th, 6th, 4th, 10th and 9th, is Daniel: The 8th, 7th, 9th, and 10th, is Pole: The 6th and 7th, is No: The 9th, 5th, 6th and 2d, is Land: The 3d, 10th and 2d, is Red: The 8th 9th, 6th, and 10th, is Plane: The 10th, 5th, and 3d, is Ear: The 6th, 5th, 4th and 9th, is Mail: The 3d, 7th, 8th, and 10th, is Rope: The 9th, 7th, 6th, 2d, 7th and 6th, is London: And the 7th, 3d, 2d, 10th and 3d, is Order. All of which, as Mr. A. C. B. will see, answers to the combinations which he proposed.

And now I would propose the following Charade to the ingenious gentleman for solution:

My first's a king of ancient date:
My next affords wild beasts retreat:
Reverse my last they do much harm
To plants when Spring the earth does warm:
My whole is a town I oft did visit:
Gentle reader pray where is it?

W. A. H.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

Keep your Boys in the house on evenings.—This is a duty which many parents seem almost entirely to overlook. If they can get rid of the noise of their boys, and be left to pursue their avocations in peace, they do not stop to inquire where the children are: or are easy, as they are only in the next street, playing with other boys. But O how often is it, that in this way, is laid the foundation of vices which mar the future character, which in their progress destroy both the body and soul. Here, away from parental restraint, often commences the first oath.

I once asked a boy who was conversant in these scenes, but who had not got so far in evil as some of his companions, whether there was much *swearing* among the boys in the street? He replied "some." I asked further, is there more swearing in the day time or in the evening? Without hesitation he answered, "In the evening." This was as I had suspected. I asked him why it was so? He replied he did not know. I presume it was a subject on which he had not reflected, and only spoke the *fact* as it was recalled to his mind by my question. But I could not help thinking, that the darkness of evening, the greater number which collected together, and feeling that they are then more secure from observation of others, is the cause, and that these evening gatherings are particularly unfavorable to the morals of our youth.—How can parents who have the least regard for the morals of their children, suffer them to be exposed to such baneful influences? Better would it be for their own families, and for the community at large, if they would devote their evenings to their children, though other things should be neglected.

Two shocks, supposed to have been caused by an earthquake, were experienced at Alton, (Ill.) attended with a bright light, which was imagined to be a meteor of great brilliancy. The whole was the effect of the blowing up of a powder mill in the vicinity of the town.

GOOD ADVICE.—In one of the courts of New York, a blacksmith who had the gift of stammering to perfection, was called into court as a witness between two journeymen of his in a law suit, the amount in question being about 75 cents. The Judge, after hearing his testimony, asked him why he had not advised his workmen to settle, the cost being five times the amount of the disputed sum. In reply, the witness observed: "I t-t-t-old the foo-o-ols to settle. I s-s-aid the con-con-stable would take their co-o-ats, the lawyers their sh-shirts, and if they got into your Hon-Honor's court, you'd sk-sk-skin 'em."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Russell's Concert.—It is needless for us to make any comment upon Mr. Russell's Concert which took place on Monday Evening, beyond, that it gave general satisfaction to a numerous and most respectable audience ever assembled at Rochester. We cannot refrain from copying one of the many beautiful songs sung by Mr. Russell.

A THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND ARE WE.

The Poetry by J. Burr Plumb—Music by H. Russell.

A thousand miles from Land are we,
Roaming about on the roaring Sea!
No sway save that of the winds we own—
Our Vessel's deck is our regal throne.
Fearless of heart and strong of hand,
We deal out death with a vengeful brand.
Swift as the blast on our foamy track—
Know ye us not by our pennon black?

A thousand miles from land are we,
A band of *Rovers* brave and free!—
We hide our gems and golden ore
In a lonely rock on a desert shore;
Our captives we plunge in the briny wave—
They tell no tales in their sunless grave;
But they haunt us at night when the storm is loud,
And shriek to the lightning from mast and shroud.

A thousand miles from land are we!
We have no home but the pathless Sea;
And when we die, we would not lay
Our senseless forms from the deep away:
Coffin or cément we'll have none—
A plunge in the deep and the deed is done!
In seaweed shroud we'll slumber well,
And little we'll heed the tempest's swell!

THE FIRST ROSE.

Sweet favorite flower, how I love to behold
The beauties thy soft blushing petals unfold;
Thy odor so fragrant, thy colors so fair,
Thou well dost repay us our tenderest care.

Yes! long have I fostered, with culturing arm,
And shielded thy parent-bush safely from harm,
For the day of its beauty my fancy would tell,
And one such sweet flower rewards me full well.

Yes, well do the sweets of this first belov'd rose.
Repay me the labor my kind care bestows;
Then Oh, how belov'd when each bud is in bloom—
And each gentle breeze wafts the grateful perfume.

Yes, well I'm rewarded, sweet favorite flower,
And long may I choose thee the first in my bower:
So lovely, so fragrant, so lasting thy sweets,
Like the love-tints adorning a maiden's soft cheek.

The rose is in truth a sweet emblem of love.
Approved by a blessing—a smile from above;
The charm of our life, which alone can bestow,
The best earthly bliss we are destined to know.

Like the rose it resembles, its sweetness fades not:
Tho' its bloom may decay, yet 'tis never forgot,
And tho' its first budding may please us the most,
Yet the bliss of a first love can never be lost.

Then, sweet blooming rose, first reward of my care,
I'll choose thee an offering, a gift to my fair,
Whose bosom is pure as thy petals are bright,
Whose love but to share is my sweetest delight,
A token of what my warm feelings would say,
An emblem of love that shall never decay.

BARD OF S—

MARRIAGE.

In the city of New York, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. H. J. Whitehouse, D. D., NATHANIEL T. ROCHESTER, Esq., of this city, to MISS CATHARINE ANN, daughter of the late Mr. James Cummings, of New York.

SELECT POETRY.

THE SICK CHILD.

"O, Mother, when will morning come?"
 A weeping creature said,
 As on a woe worn, withered breast,
 It laid its little head:
 "And when it does, I hope 'twill be
 All pleasant, warm and bright,
 And pay me for the many pangs
 I've felt this weary night.

"O, Mother, would you not, if rich,
 Like the Rector or the Squire
 Burn a bright candle all the night,
 And keep a nice warm fire?
 O, I should be so glad to see
 Their kind and cheerful glow!
 O then I should not feel the night
 So very long, I know,

"'Tis true, you fold me to your heart,
 And kiss me when I cry—
 And lift the cup unto my lip
 When I complain I'm dry.
 Across my shoulder your dear arm
 All tenderly is press'd,
 And often I am lull'd to sleep
 By the throbbing of your breast.

"But 'twould be comfort, would it not,
 For you as well as me,
 To have a light—to have a fire—
 Perhaps—a cup of tea?
 I often think I should be well
 If these things were but so—
 For mother, I remember, once
 We had them—long ago.

"But you were not a widow then—
 I not an orphan boy:
 When father (long ago) came home,
 I used to jump with joy.
 I used to climb upon his knee,
 And cling about his neck,
 And listen while he told us tales
 Of battle and of wreck.

"O had we not a bright fire then!
 And such a many friends!
 Where are they all gone, mother dear,
 For no one to us sends?
 I think if some of them would come,
 We might know comfort now;
 Though of them all, no one could be
 Like him, I will allow.

"But he was sick, and then his wounds
 Would often give him pain,
 So that I cannot bear to wish
 Him with us once again!
 You say that we shall go to him
 In such a happy place—
 I wish it was this very night,
 That I might see his face!"

The little murmurér's wish was heard,
 Before the morning broke,
 He slept the long and silent sleep,
 From which he never woke;
 Above the little pale worn thing
 The sailor's widow wept,
 And wondered how her lonely heart
 In vital pulses kept!

But she liv'd on, though all bereft,
 A toil-worn, heart-wrung slave:
 And oft she came to weep upon
 Her young boy's little grave.
 A corner of the poor house ground
 Contain'd his mould'ring clay,
 And there the mourning mother wept
 A Sabbath hour away.

And as she felt the dull decay
 Through all her pulses creep,
 She cried "By this unconscious dust
 I'll soon be laid to sleep:
 Then valor, patience, innocence,
 Like visions will have past,
 And the sailor, with his wife and child,
 Will have found relief at last."

THE WATERFALL.

BY THE REV. DR. RAFFLES.

I love the roaring waterfall,
 Within some deep romantic glen;
 'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
 The gay and busy haunts of men;
 For its loud thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

They tell of ages long gone by,
 And beings passed away,
 Who sought, perhaps with curious eye,
 These rocks where I so love to stray;
 And thus its thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

And from the past they seem to call,
 My spirits to the realms beyond,
 The ruin that must soon befall
 These scenes where grandeur sits enthroned:
 And thus its thunders sound to me
 Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
 That whirls me rapidly away,
 From morn to eve,—from eve to morn—
 From month to month, from day to day;
 And all that live and breathe with me
 Are hurrying to eternity.

This mighty cataract's thundering sound,
 In louder thunders soon must die;
 And all these rugged mountains round,
 Uprooted must in ruin lie:
 But that dread hour will prove to me
 The dawning of eternity!

Eternity! that vast unknown!
 Who can that deep abyss explore!
 Which swallows up the ages gone,
 And rolls its billows evermore!
 O, may I find that boundless sea,
 A bright, a blest eternity!

From the *Lexington Intelligencer*.

O! SWEET IS THE TEAR-DROP.

Oh! sweet is the tear-drop that gems the bright eye,
 And sweet is the bosom just heaved with a sigh;
 Even eloquence sometimes may fail in her part,
 But a tear and a sigh always speak to the heart.

The tear-drop that glisten in bright eyes of blue,
 Resembles the violet just bathed in fresh dew;
 And the sigh that escapes from the bosom of love,
 Is pure as the zephyr that mingles above.

How soothing when man is o'er burthen'd with care,
 The tears of sweet sympathy shed by the fair;
 There is so much of truth in a tearful appeal,
 That our hearts would be adamant did they not feel.

Oh! would that our language were always sincere,
 As a softly breathed sigh, or an eloquent tear;
 For if there's a balm for affliction's deep smart,
 'Tis those pure drops of feeling that flow from the heart.

FOLLY OF MISANTHROPY.

Let lachrymose philosophers
 This glorious world decry;
 There's not a wind the flower that stir,
 A tint that paints the sky,
 Or aught in earth, or air, or sea,
 But for our good was given:
 This world was formed by God to be
 The vestibule of Heaven.

VARIETY.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION.—Messrs. Seymour and Whipple, of Utica, have obtained a patent for a simple, curious and very useful machine, which should be generally patronized in this city. It is called a *Fire Alarm Thermometer*. It consists of a small case, containing the apparatus of an alarm clock or bell, which is hung in the bed chamber, also a graduated brass thermometer, which is affixed to each room in the house, and from which a wire or cord extends to the alarm bell. Therefore if by accident a fire breaks out in any room—if even a smoke, or any thing in the room increases the heat, in a few seconds after the unusual heat operates on the thermometer, it sets the alarm bell in motion, and by opening the case, and seeing the pulley, you at once know in what room the fire broke out long before it reaches a height to become dangerous, even when a single bucket of water can extinguish it. In valuable dry goods and fancy stores it would be very useful. It is to be seen at the Equitable Insurance Office, and is worth seeing.—*Eve. Star*.

Potatoes.—The Prussians appear to excel even the Irish in their fondness for potatoes, as well as in the various modes of preparing them for use.—A recent traveler states, that he has on one occasion seen them served in different forms, the bread from them, the soup thickened with them, fried potatoes, potato salad, potato dumplings; and lastly potato cheese, which, besides being very palatable, will keep some years.

Five Giraffes, or Cameleopards, an animal never exhibited alive in this country, are to be sent over shortly to this city by a French gentleman who succeeded in getting them, whilst acting as aid-de-camp to Ibrahim Pacha in his war against the Wahabees.

Starch, from potatoes, is manufactured in Vermont, and used by the New England manufacturers, being considered superior to wheat starch for sizing and finishing. It requires a slight fermentation in the preparation.

The "Straight Pipe Society" is the name of the Old Bachelor's Club at Nashville, Tenn. A splendid ball was given by them to one of the members, who recently embarked upon the dangerous sea of matrimony.

Increase in the use of Tobacco.—The Segars imported from the Havana into France, during the last year, amounted in value to 660,000 francs nearly the amount of the previous year.

It is of much importance to mothers and nurses, to know that, when a child is seized by that dangerous and frequently fatal disease, the *croup*, it is advisable to apply immediately and perseveringly to the throat and upper part of the chest, sponge or napkins dipt in water as hot as can be borne; they must however, be wrung out so that the water cannot ooze out. The remedy has been tried by an eminent German physician with decided and uniform success.

A young girl at New York recently died with such mysterious symptoms as to induce a *post mortem* examination of the body. It was discovered that her life was terminated by the habit of chewing slate pencil and India rubber, a practice of general prevalence among school children.

"Six Slim Stick Saplings."—It is gravely asserted by some folks that there is no Yankee in the land, that can, upon the first trial, "of a cold frosty morning," pronounce these words in quick succession without making a blunder—Six Slim Stick Saplings—Try it.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
 Exchange-street, 2d door South of the Bank
 of Rochester...up stairs.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1836.

No. 14.

ORIGINAL TALES.

RONCESVALLES.

"And is there blood upon my shield?
Maiden, it well may be!
We have sent the streams from our battle field,
All darkened to the sea!
We have given the founts a stain,
'Midst their groves of ancient pine;
And their ground is wet, but not with rain,
Deep dyed, but not with wine!
The ground is wet, but not with rain—
We have been in war array,
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain,
Hath bathed her soil to-day.
I have seen the strong man die,
And the stripling meet his fate
Where the mountain-winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles Strait."

MRS. HEMANS.

"May I hope, my dear Amelia, that you will some times think of me, while I am absent to try my arm against the Infidels."

"Fie! Albert, to speak thus when you know that my heart belongs to you. But cannot you avoid thus periling your life, and making me unhappy with the melancholy thoughts it will occasion?"

"No, my dear, I cannot avoid it; honor and my country calls, and I must obey. But take this simple resemblance of one who values your love more than the empty bauble of fame." And he put in her trembling hand a miniature portrait of himself.

"I will, my dear Albert, and"—but here nature overcome her, and she flung herself in his arms and wept. There is something in woman's tears that will touch the heart of the most obdurate. When nature speaks in her moving peals—when the lovely being whose love we value most—in whom our purest affections are placed, can I be wrong in calling that being in such a situation an angel? For what is an angel but the picture of innocence.

The tender kiss was taken, and the vows again repeated, and Albert with a light step but heavy heart, vaulted into his saddle and with an affectionate "Adieu" rode furiously away.

Albert De Demeo was the son of Sir Wallace De Demeo, one of the proud and haughty barons of France, skilled in arms and renowned in war; it was his wish that his only child Albert should be equally skilled in the lists and field with himself. An expedition had been resolved upon by the Peers of France, which was to invade the Moorish lands, and drive the Infidels from their sunny fields. All the nobility of France were engaged in it, and the martial enthusiasm of her sons was ignited and glowed with renewed vigor in the breasts of her heroes.

With this expedition, Sir Wallace concluded to send Albert, who was then in his

eighteenth year. Strong and athletic, he could wield the lance with all the force and skill of an old and practical knight. Gentle in his disposition, he was well qualified to advance in the path of fame, and prove a bright and noble ornament to his country. He had seen and loved Amelia, the tender and lovely daughter of Lord Auchau. Loved! passionately loved her, with all the pure and holy love, only recorded in the Book of Time.

We pass over the events of a few months, during which period the battle of Roncesvalles had been fought; that fatal battle, in which Charlemagne lost the high renown which a series of victories and deeds of noble daring had gained him, in which his Peers had lost their lives, was over. The richest trophy which the Moors had won was the person of the gallant Albert, whom they carried away with them as their captive. He had been found on the bloody field faint with his exertions and the loss of blood; and discovering that he lived only by convulsive breathings, which at intervals broke from his mangled breast. As soon as he was restored to life by the care of the Moorish physicians, the victorious chieftains who had been engaged in the battle began to prefer each their claims to the possession of the noble prisoner. So loud and various were their claim that it was soon found to be impossible to adjust or to satisfy them, and it was at length decided by their king that the claimants should cast lots for the prize which each of them desired to win. The impartiality of this method recommended it to the warriors, and chance gave the custody of Albert to the Prince Warlot, who immediately began to exercise the rights of master over the warrior whom fortune had placed in his power.

The prowess and skill of Albert had been so dearly felt by the Moors, that the Prince knew that it was of the highest importance to the success of the cause in which he was engaged, to secure the aid of so potent and influential an agent. With a view, therefore, to conciliate him, as the first step towards gaining him over, the Moorish chieftain changed his captivity, and took him from the miserable place in which he had been kept since the battle, into his own palace. Kindness and courtesy and all the embellishments of a refined and studied politeness, were put in practice to overcome the stubborn virtue of Albert, who, although he felt grateful for the ease which he enjoyed, did not yet value it so highly as to barter for it Christian faith and knightly honor.

In vain did the Prince offer him palaces, slaves and revenues, which far surpassed the wealth he ever did or expected to enjoy in

his own land. In vain did he represent to him that power almost unlimited should be placed within his reach if he would renounce the faith of Christ and embrace that of Mahomet. At first a short and earnest refusal of the honors that the Moor offered was all the answer that Albert gave. When, however, the Prince pressed his requests still farther, and his entreaties and arguments began to assume the form and appearances of commands, Albert indignantly rebuked him for having put upon him the affront of believing for a moment that he would so far degrade himself as to renounce his religion. The Moor left him in such a mood as convinced the latter he had nothing further to hope from his clemency, and every thing to fear from his revenge.

A very short time sufficed to convince Albert that his fears were too well founded.—Some of the soldiers of the Prince appeared in his chamber, and loaded him with manacles, dragged him to the common jail of the city, where he was left in a close and solitary prison. Weeks rolled on without bringing any mitigation of his sufferings, and yet hope and Christian fortitude enabled him to bear up against the evils with which fate had afflicted him. Many a sigh, and sometimes a groan would escape him, as he looked through the bars of his miserable dungeon window, and saw the clear blue sky and thought of the sunny fields of France, and of the companions of his warlike deeds. Bitter and burning thoughts flew through his brain, as he contrasted his present forlorn and helpless condition with his former noble state. He thought of the unhappy Amelia, and his nerves thrilled and his bosom swelled as though it would burst the ignoble bonds which held him. But patience—that stern virtue, which prisoners learn by force to practice—calmed, if it could not console him.

The great Moorish festival of the anniversary of the battle of Roncesvalles had arrived, and all the inhabitants of the city were joyfully availing themselves of the license which this occasion offered them to revel and enjoy their sports. Even the Christian and the Jews who dwelt within the town, although they could not openly enjoy it, did not less observe, and add to the amusements of the populace. Their shouts of mirth and revelry fell on the ear of Albert, as he lay in his lone captivity, and his gall rose with the thought that the Prince who kept him in so base a bondage was himself full of mirth and in freedom. Among the sports of the day was one which was a great favorite with the Moorish people. A gigantic figure was built of wood, and made so strong that it required

great force and dexterity to throw it down.— Against this the Moorish horsemen ran with their lances, and although the most distinguished among them essayed their prowess against the *Tablados*, as it was called, it resisted all their efforts. The laughter and jeers of the company who had assembled to witness this trial of the warriors skill, rose up in a tumult of derision at each successive failure. The Prince who had expected that this would be the most effective of the triumphs of the day, and who had been most particularly desirous that the general populace of his city should see, that they might respect the force of his warriors, was enraged beyond measure at their respective failures. His anger transported him beyond bounds of common prudence, and he swore that none of the warriors, nor even the spectators, should depart from the spot until the figure had been overthrown, and at his order a line of guards surrounded the lists. The jocund shouts were now changed into wailing and complaints. The women loudly uttered their anger and discontent, the men less vehemently swore dark and bloody oaths against the tyrant whom they feared too much, openly to rebel against. With a feeling of desperation they prepared to renew their efforts, but either they had exhausted their strength, or the angry mandate of the Prince baffled their attempts. They tried in vain, the statute seemed like a rock, and defied all their efforts.— At every failure of the cavalier who had been unsuccessful their anger was without bounds and the air was filled with their shouts of disappointment.

Albert's prison was near the city wall, just behind the yard where the lists had been placed. As he meditated upon his evil destiny, the various shouts of the people reached him. The changes in their expressions latterly had roused his curiosity; he thought that something was going wrong, and although their joy was nothing to him, their disappointment excited a desire to know the cause. He called his jailor, and from him learned the cause, and the Prince's edict. He expressed a wish to try his strength with their best warriors—a constant acquaintance with him had softened the heart of the jailor, who agreed with much hesitation, to carry his wish to the prince. His rage was without bounds. He ordered the armor and the steed of Albert to be given to him, and one trial to be made; if not successful, immediate death was to follow. Again mounted on the faithful companion of his captivity, he rode with a knightly grace into the presence of the Prince, informed him of the fatal consequences of not succeeding, and then asked him if he was willing, Albert responded with one single "Yes," and rode furiously at the statue, first crossing himself and uttering a short prayer to the Virgin, like a true Christian Knight, at the same moment grasping firmly his lance, he directed his whole force against the Moorish trophy. The noise of the blow sounded like the discharge of a cannon, the lance broke into unaccountable slivers, and the *Tablados* rocking on its base, fell, and in its fall crushed several of the Moors, who had imprudently stationed themselves behind it, in the firm conviction that the Christian's charge must be in vain.

A murmur of anger and surprise burst from the crowd. The Prince raised himself in his stirrups to give the command to sieze Albert, but before he could utter the words the Christian Knight's uplifted axe descended on his turban and the Princes' cleft head lay rolling in the dust. Albert dealt death and destruction around, cleared the guards and lists, the river was before him, and without pause, his gallant steed plunged into the water and had reached the opposite side before his pursuers could come up to the brink. The river was more than a bow shot over, and Albert stood for a moment, to cast defiance to the teeth of the Moors. For a moment he alighted, and girthing his horse tighter, vaulted in his saddle, and without stopping reached the French borders and in a few days reached the court, paid his homage to the King, and in the same armor in which he was taken prisoner claimed his fair Amelia, and was styled the only survivor of *Roncesvalles*.

C. B.

Penn Yan, June. 1836

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor. CHAPTER VII.

Bulwer says that misfortune causes crime, and atones for it. I know not whether it be true, as a general principle, but I fear its common adoption as an axiom would place it with the doctrine of fatalism, in the history of crime. That it may sometimes be true, I cannot doubt, and that misfortunes may place one in a situation to be often, and fearfully tried by temptations that had scarcely ruffled the even tenor of the prosperous happy mind, is indeed but too sadly true. The natural balance of motives is destroyed, and the relative importance and value of things is changed, from the common standard, to one formed by the circumstances of the individual, out of the fictitious considerations, the airy nothing, of a nervously sensitive frame, and an imaginative mind.

The prosperous and the happy are in no situation to estimate the feelings, and actions of the unfortunate. Judging them by the common rules, which circumstances have rendered obviously correct among themselves, they often do great injustice, and violence, to the motives and designs of those less favoured in the distribution of earthly good, and thus beget a spirit of hatred, in addition to the common envy of the case, which often, alas! too often ends in attempts at revenge, either in acts repugnant to the laws, or in another class of actions, which, while out of the pale of the law, are among the darkest deeds of human depravity. Were the distinctions of society, and the estimates of character, based upon real merit, there would be little cause for such consequences, and undoubtedly they would mostly cease to be facts, but the constitution of society is almost wholly fictitious, and its laws arbitrary, originating in the peculiar passions or prejudices of particular individuals, having no reference to the indications of nature, either in regard to general wants, or duties, and hence it has come to pass that he who desires fame, should be "no common butcher," no common tyrant, no common infidel; he, who desires political advancement, should be no common villain, he, who desires the advantages of great wealth,

should be no common knave, and he, who desires the most splendid conquests of love, should be no common libertine; and if misfortunes of any kind have deprived either, of any requisite qualification for the pursuit of his favourite object, he has only to pursue it with the more determined zeal, and the more unblushing assurance—"and what has all this to do with the reminiscences of an old bachelor, or the conflicts of love?" exclaims my fair reader. "O how I do hate this prosing about facts, and duties, and misfortunes 'really 'tis so dull.' Well, I must confess this bachelor life has a tendency to induce prosing, but then I suppose we have our place, and object in the order of things, and possibly this may be a useful counterpart to the gaiety, unthinking mirth, and wanton luxury of our social antipodes—but to my story.

Four years! what a blank in the brief history of youth—what a treasure of untold delights, of unenjoyed affections, and of blighted hopes are hid in its dark and mysterious leaves. It was again summer when I retraced the winding path and sent my wandering eye over the landscape, which I had whistled along, and gazed upon with the joyous raptures of early youth. Nature had but little changed. Here and there a venerable tree, the pride of the forest, and the admiration of my boyish fancy had disappeared. One indeed there was, which I sorrowed over as does the patriot over the fallen great. It was a king among trees: a lofty spreading oak, beneath which I had gamboled many a summer's day, full of admiration at its great height, and commanding aspect, and grateful for its shade. It was not only fallen, but wasting away unheeded, and when I remembered its beauty, and its strength, and gazed upon the broken forest, I said here is a parable of human life. Such indeed it proved to be, for as I inquired after the companions and monitors of early youth, many, very many of them had become tenants in the land of silence. Among them was Ellen. She had married, enjoyed a few brief months of *wedded love*, and died—to *make room for another*, who in five months after she had parted with her *affectionate, agonomized* husband, occupied her place, the gay and the laughing bride. It was now as vain to ask whether she continued to remember me, as was my my remembrance of the days of her youthful beauty; but vain as it was, I still remembered, and the more obvious the vanity, the stronger and more vivid became the remembrance, until at length it yielded to another attraction, and became a victim to the conflicts of love.

Unfathomable Wells.—The Alleghany Magazine published in Pennsylvania, states that a well was dug, some years since, in the great valley between the north and south mountains, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and another 30 or 40 rods distant, in Cumberland county, the bottom of which, at the depth of 36 feet deep in each, suddenly gave way, and a torrent of water flowed up. A lead, with 50 fathoms of line, was sunk without finding any obstruction, and the wells remain in the same state at present. The presumption, says the writer, is that there is a subterranean lake in that quarter, extending under the base of the vast primitive ranges of mountains between the Susquehannah and Pittsburg, on the Ohio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOPE.

I wandered forth in a forest wild,
The timid violet look'd up and smil'd;
The zephyr's voice as I passed along,
Bore to my ear its undying song.

Earth hath no sweet amaranthine flowers,
Earth hath no bright perennial bowers;
Yet, from this vale of sorrow look up,
Heaven hath granted thee one floweret—Hope.

I rode on the dark and heaving main,
Earthly assistance I sought in vain;
Yet through the gloom of that cheerless night,
Beamed o'er the ocean a pole-star bright.

And it seemed to say as it rode on high,
Shedding its beams on the midnight sky;
Still from this vale of sorrow look up,
I am thy guiding star—Heaven grants Hope.

The whirlwind passed and the storm was loud,
The sun was veiled in a darksome shroud;
The forest clothed in its robe of green,
Afrighted shrunk from the fearful scene.

Yet in the rain-cloud appeared the bow,
Bearing this record to men below—
Bidding them from this dark vale look up,
Saying—the rain-bow of life is—Hope.

I wandered far from my native land,
I made my home on a foreign strand;
I knew that while on this earthly shore,
I should taste unfading joy no more.

Yet there came a sound to my wrapt ear,
Borne on the breath of the heavenly sphere,
Still from this vale of sorrow look up,
Heaven still grants thee one boon—it is Hope.

GERTRUDE.

Granville Female Seminary.

VARIETY.

Paulding's Life of Washington, 2 vols., Harper & Brothers, N. Y.—We have read this excellent work with great pleasure and profit. We are never tired of contemplating the character of the Father of his Country. Every new contemplation but develops more clearly to our mind his exalted purity and patriotism, and more firmly proves to us how worthy he is of the fond admiration of a grateful country. These volumes were primarily designed for the young, and from their beautifully attractive style, they are eminently calculated to win the attention of that class; but they will be read with great delight by any who wish to imbibe the genius of the greatest man that ever ruled a nation or led an army to battle.

These volumes are happily interspersed with excellent moral reflections, and the leading virtues of the patriot's life are most judiciously held up for admiration and imitation. They add new laurels to the brow of Mr. Paulding, and prove him to be a chaste and elegant writer, and peculiarly adapted to the historic department of literature.

We subjoin a description of General Washington's reception at Trenton, when on his way from Mount Vernon to New York after his election to the Presidency. It is beautifully drawn and exceedingly affecting:—

"His reception at Trenton was peculiarly touching. It was planned by those females and their daughters whose patriotism and sufferings in the cause of liberty, were equal to those of their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers. It was here, when the hopes of the people lay prostrate on the earth, and the eagle of freedom seemed to flap his wings, as if preparing to forsake the world, that Washington performed those prompt and daring acts, which, while they revived the

drooping spirits of his country, freed, for a time the matrons of Trenton from the insults and wrongs of an arrogant soldiery. The female heart is no sanctuary for ingratitude; and when Washington arrived at the bridge over the Assumpink, which flows close to the borders of the city, he met the sweetest reward that, perhaps, ever crowned his virtues.

"Over the bridge was thrown an arch of evergreens and flowers, bearing the affecting inscription in large letters:—

"DECEMBER 26, 1776.

"The hero who defended the mothers will protect the daughters."

At the other extremity of the bridge were assembled many hundreds of young girls of various ages, arrayed in white, the emblem of truth and innocence, their brows circled with garlands, and baskets of flowers in their hands. Beyond these were disposed the grown-up daughters of the land, clothed and equipped like the others; and behind them the matrons, all of whom remembered the never to be forgotten twenty-sixth of December, 1776. As the good Washington left the bridge, they joined in a chorus, touchingly expressive of his services and their gratitude, strewing, at the same time, flowers as he passed along. That mouth whose muscles of gigantic strength indicated the firmness of his character and the force of his mind, was now observed to quiver with emotion; that eye which looked storms and tempests, enemies and friends, undauntedly in the face, and never quailed in the sight of man, now glistened with tears; and that hand which had not trembled when often life, fame, and the liberty of his country hung on the point of a single moment, now refused its office. His hat dropped from his hand as he drew it across his brow."

These volumes compose the 75th and 76th Nos. of Harper's Family Library, and are for sale at the bookstore of Wm. Alling & Co.

Life Insurance.—This is one of those ingenious devices of civilization by which the inevitable misfortunes which cannot be palliated, are yet divested of some of their evil consequences. Every man of family who can afford to pay the premium, whose property lies in remuneration elicited by his personal services, should hasten to secure the decided advantages of such an arrangement. How many young husbands are there receiving one, two, or three thousand dollars for their personal attention, whose families live in ease and affluence till their death reduces them to want. What can be a more grateful reflection in the parting scene to a fond father abandoning earth forever than that the beloved ones left behind need not fear the cares and humiliations of poverty added to the anguish of bereaved affection. The New Orleans Courier contains the following remarks:—"It has long been to us a matter of surprise that so little attention is paid in this country to the insurance of lives. In England it is an every-day occurrence. It is done to secure a wife and family from want on the decease of the husband; it is done to secure creditors in case of the sudden demise of the debtor; other parties than these individuals frequently get a life insured to secure themselves against loss; a life insurance policy is often a security in place of an endorser; in short, the resort to a life insurance is so common and the uses so various, that it would be extending our remarks to too great a length if we should mention them all. It is a matter of surprise that so few individuals resort to this mode of leaving behind them something for their heirs, or the means of insuring attention should health withdraw. If we are not misinformed the charters of some of our insurance companies grant them the power of insuring lives, but the fact is never published; the reason we know not; surely there can be no greater risk upon insurances of this kind than upon any other object."—*N. Y. Mirror*.

FOREIGN TOURS.

In visiting foreign countries, a man sees strange sights. In Brook's "Things at Rome," one of the most curious things he has seen, was one of his own countrymen, who, without any knowledge of the languages of Europe, was galloping over the continent, making himself understood and clearly expressing his ideas by means of dollars and cents. He was half dead from not being able to talk, and in turn being talked to—so that when he did get a chance of letting off English, he was not sparing, and surprised many by his volubility. He would finish up a picture gallery at a single glance—one stride would take him through the Vatican where all the riches of ancient and modern art are collected together. All the galleries he traversed in this manner—emitting forth his regular charges of adjectives—beautiful—sublime—magnificent—grand, and tremendous—whilst the poor keeper was trailing after him, wondering at his pranks. In Naples, after running over the Museo Borbonico, he was asked what he had seen, "Oh, nothing but a parcel of old Pots." These old pots were nothing more or less than the most famous collection of Etruscan vases in the world, which the whole Treasury of the United States could not buy. These are but a small portion of the eccentricities of this odd one. Brooks advises that there be held a consultation on board packet ships when crossing the ocean, on those who are about visiting Europe, and such as are "found wanting" in any particular for making the tour of Europe, are to be very kindly thrown overboard.—*Eve. Star*.

Flight of a Steam Carriage.—Last Friday evening about eight o'clock, as the "North Star" steam engine was proceeding on its way towards Selby, on the Leeds and Selby Railway, and was within about three miles of that place, the engineer had occasion to adjust one of the valves, and while stooping down for that purpose, accidentally fell off upon the road. Happily, he sustained no material injury; but the engine unchecked, as the engineer had attempted, proceeded on its course at an increased and fearful velocity towards Selby. At this time, the only person with the engine was the fireman—fur, fortunately, there were with the engine no carriages with passengers—and he, unacquainted with the management of the engine, and, in his fear for consequences, leaped off, and was severely stunned. The "North Star," of course "held on its way," and like "Gilpin," of Edmonston memory, found the gates every where fly open at its approach, no one presuming to dispute the passage of one who seemed to "ride a race," till it came to the west entrance of the depot at Selby, where the doors were shut, and the keepers absent. The "North Star," however, was not to be arrested in its course by the "shadow of a shade," like that, and through the doors it went, carrying all impediments before it, till it finally was stopped by the great number of carriages it encountered in the depot, some of which it very seriously damaged. If it had not been so arrested, the probability is that it would have forced its way through the large doors at the front of the depot, and then over the jetty into the Ouse, for its steam was up, and then, gentle reader, and then the "North Star" would have "dipped."—*English paper*.

A Scene in Kentucky.—Early one morning the shouts and cries of a female were heard; all ran to the spot. When they arrived they saw a bear and a man in combat. They had it hip and thigh, up and down, over and under—and the man's wife standing by and hallooing "Fair play! fair play!" The company ran up and insisted on parting them. The woman said "No, no, let them fight; it's the first I ever saw in which I didn't care which whipped."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

He is no more! his soul hath fled,
Beneath yon clod reclines his head:
Death, monster, tyrant of the earth,
Has robbed us of his noble worth:—
His voice is still, hushed in the grave,
And him no mortal arm can save;
He's in the tomb, his spirit's gone
To dwell with those more like his own.
No more his voice will charm our ears,
Nor wisdom's pow'r dispel our fears;
Too, Liberty has lost a son,
Whose brow was wreath'd with laurels won,
Whose name with it, so close enthroned,
That death itself can ne'er disjoin.—
Each freeman's heart will ever burn,
While bending o'er this patriot's urn:
Yea, distant ages, time remote
Will sing his name with freedom's note.—
And, happy thought! when human praise
Shall cease his virtues more to raise,
Eternity will strike the sound,
And praise him through her ceaseless round.

P.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Can a reason be shown why the education of females has been so neglected while that of the males has been so strictly attended to? is a question that ought not only to be asked, but answered by every one who feels an interest in the education of American youth, and has any desire to keep alive the works of female authors who have rendered their names immortal by their writings. Would not community be favoured with as valuable works in this country and in our day, were there that attention paid to the education of females which is neglected? Would not that commendable talent for which former authoresses have been celebrated be discovered now, as it has been in them, if the education of the female sex was more strictly attended to?—Certainly I think no one can deny this—and who would deprecate the writings of our female poets and authors, such as Mrs. Sigourney's, Mrs. Hannah Moore's, Mrs. Hemans', Mrs. Sherwood's, and some of others who might be named and who have gone to their long rest, but whose names yet live and will live in the annals of fame so long as there is any respect paid to writings that inculcate the sound principles of liberty, virtue and religion. Where are their writings now? You will find them in every well-stored library in our land, carefully preserved and constantly perused by our intelligent and virtuous females. They are their constant companions, and being written in a beautiful and imposing style, they find their way to the taste, and instruct while they amuse and interest the reader. Who can estimate the invaluable works of Mrs. Pilkinton, while in her "mirror" she lays the foundation of all those virtues which adorn a female and a christian. Nor are their writings beneficial to the female sex alone. Look at "Goldsmith's Natural History" by the last author, and where can you find such fine taste interwoven in a book of that character, connected with that sound sense and beauty of style, which might grace poetry and does credit to the author. It is

perused with interest and profit by the different sexes and classes, and ranks as high as any other of equal size, extant.

A late author* of female beauty and accomplishments, has, (we are happy to find) favored us with a fine specimen of refined taste and ingenuity through the columns of the "New-Yorker," in a manner commendable and praiseworthy. Her communications show that labor has been bestowed, but not labor in vain. May she live to grace the columns, not only of this, but of other literary periodicals.

* * * * *

The above are a few of the many females, who have exhibited to the world the beautiful productions of a fair pen, but these few, I trust, are sufficient to show that females have, and can do much towards raising the standard of virtue and inculcating sound morals and good principles, as well as refining the taste, and aiding the literary world. Many of them have left valuable and choice works to community which will ever speak their praise.

But laying aside the pen, (which a female may wield as well as the other sex) and every thing else—is not education due to female character? A great deal is expected of "woman." For the first ten years, the child is most under the instruction and guidance of the mother. Is it not necessary that that mother should be possessed of a thorough knowledge of human character, as well as the primary actions of children?—Their early impressions are generally the longest retained. Is it not necessary that that mother first understand *correctly* those sentiments which she ought to impart to her children? Their first ideas of society; a general knowledge of its formation and usefulness, of liberty, religion, and happiness, is derived from the instructions of the mother. How necessary, then, that those early impressions be correct: that they get not the idea that they can be of no use in the world: but rather should they understand, that all may be useful, and those who wish to be happy must learn early to be good.

Then education is due to female character, to enlarge their minds, improve their manners and temper, and refine them and fit them for their sphere and station in life. But why is it so lamentably neglected? Female worth consists not in doing daring deeds and famous exploits, as it did among the Romans. They are not to become renowned for bravery and courage, but rather for those virtues which adorn and elevate their character, and render them worthy of an honorable station in life. We sincerely hope that suitable efforts will continue to be exerted for the higher education of females, and why may we not reasonably expect the talent of a Moore, Hemans or Sigourney to discover itself, which has hitherto remained latent and unknown.

NARIA.

*Mary Emily Jackson.

LIFE IN MISSISSIPPI.—A gentleman informs us that he started at 2 o'clock P. M. the other evening, and walked ten miles—caught twenty fish—killed five snakes—walked down two rabbits—ran a deer three miles, and would have caught it if he had not slipped up—and got back home before 4 o'clock the same evening! All we have got to say, is, beat this who can.—*Gallatin Democrat.*

SELECT MISCELLANY.

AN INSIGNIFICANT CHARACTER.

I am that unfortunate personage to whom is attributed all the mischief that is perpetrated in this mischievous world. Alas! that I should have lived to this day to see the dreadful aggregate continually accumulating, and the burden never lightened! I am not the wandering Jew, yet I have lived from the earliest ages. Contradictory as it may seem, I escaped the general fate of mankind at the deluge, and have existed ever since under a kind of outlawry from the sympathies of human nature and the principles of social intercourse. I have been abused, and traduced, and misrepresented, time out of mind; for every body's bad deeds have been laid upon my head and shoulders. My meritorious actions have been as industriously concealed as my alleged faults have been exaggerated.—I discovered the philosopher's stone, the longitude, the principle of perpetual motion; I wrote Junius' Letters—but never had any credit for either of these splendid achievements. On the contrary, pretenders have been continually setting up their claims and endeavoring to rob me of my own proper merits. I am the *Great Unknown*; and there was one time, a few years ago, when I thought the world was weary of persecution, and was about to crown me with enduring laurels; but this fate was too good for me, unfortunate that I am! Sir Walter Scott stepped in at the critical moment, when the suffrages of the public were about settling down upon myself, and bore them away by universal consent. It is now generally believed that he wrote his own works, when, if he had held his tongue, that splendid halo of fame which rests upon his tomb would have been mine. Thus it has always been with me. I have had a dog's life of it and have enjoyed existence no more than an owl in a hollow tree, or a frog in a solid rock, a married man in a smoky house with a scolding better half; or a bachelor who can win neither love nor money.

You have no doubt already guessed who it is that is addressing you. I am that unfortunate *Mr. Nobody* who is blamed with every pitiful meanness, every villainous felony, every direful deed of scoundrelism, for which no legitimate author can be found. I am the putative wrong-doer in every anonymous perpetration of crime or mischief.

I happened the other evening to pop my mind—I have no body, you know—into a pleasant company, consisting of some half a dozen married ladies, who in the absence of their valuable halves, were consoling themselves with the amiable and innocent amusements of sipping tea and talking charitably of their neighbors.

'Do you know,' said one, 'this new couple that have just taken the house opposite?'

'Not I, indeed,' replied another; 'before calling on them I must know who they are. I hate being too neighborly.'

I wonder if they *are* married,' exclaimed a third—'really, they look alike—they may be brother and sister.'

'May be! ay, may be!' said a fourth—'very kind suggestions—but'

‘O’ cried out the last of the company, ‘what is the use of troubling ourselves about these people? To be sure, they are very nice, and she looks very modest; but did you ever see such a bonnet? I don’t know what *he* may be. I am sure, however, just from that bonnet, and the way she looks out of the second story window, that *she* at least is *nobody*.’

Zounds! thought I, do these ladies think I go in petticoats! What an affront! I’ll challenge—yet no; when one is found too much among the ladies it is not wonderful he should be thought effeminate. With this reflection I sublimated from the tea party, and soon after was in a room where some gentlemen were playing cards. What an uproar! what a horrible Pandemonium!

‘Cheating! some rascal has cheated!’

‘No cheating at all, sir; mere accident!’

‘That’s not true. Some rascal has slipped a card into my hand.’

‘It was not I.’

‘Nor I.’

‘Nor I.’

‘It was nobody.’

A pretty pack of rogues, thought I to myself, to be shifting their iniquities upon my shoulders. Well, I know one thing—I’m too honest to be caught in such a room; so good night.

Two well dressed men stood parleying in the street.

‘Is the forgery suspected?’

‘Not a breath of it.’

‘Has there been no intimation?’

‘Nobody has dropped a hint.’

A pair of knaves! they knew more of it than I did; I never dropped a hint on the subject.

‘I changed the scene. A couple of young lovers sat upon a sofa. The gentleman had taken the lady’s hand, and was gazing at her blushing face as if that look might be the last.’

‘Will you have me, Lucy?’ he inquired tenderly.

‘I do n’t know,’ simpered the blushing maiden.

‘If you do n’t know, who does?’

‘Why—Nobody.’

‘Now, bless the girl, I knew no more about the matter than Pythagoras, who, unless he survives by the principles of transmigration, or has more lives than a cat, has been dead these many centuries.’

‘Come, tell me Lucy—*Nobody* will hear you.’

There it goes again. Must I be witness of every marriage contract? Am I bound to listen to all the nonsense that lovers talk? I did hear them, sure enough—but what of that? Cannot a blushing girl say ‘Yes,’ without my sanction? A pretty time I should have, if I were obliged to listen to all the fooleries of courtship.

The young lover began to fear, I suppose, that if he asked her a third time, she would sigh a sigh, or look a look, and gently whisper her consent—so he changed the subject.

‘Who was that, Lucy, whispering to you last evening, with his cheek touching, or almost touching, yours?’

‘Nobody.’

Now that was a downright lie—the bag-

gage! I never touched a lady’s cheek in my life—they are not so fond of Nobody’s lips as that comes to—and besides, I’m as modest as the morn, as reserved as a nun, as distant as the poles—not the Polish’ Poles, but the North and South poles. Where there is a lady in the case, I am timid as a hare, and diffident as a rustic.

But to my story.

‘Do n’t tell me that, Lucy,’ rejoined the youth, ‘for I saw it.’

‘Well—it was nobody—but Charles Saunders.’

That will do—that lets out. Mr. Charles Saunders, it seems, personated Nobody on this occasion. Good night, Lucy. Good night, Mr. Lover. Ask her again, and she will say yes. No mistake about that. She will marry you, and love nobody—but Charles Saunders.

Several persons assembled at a coffee-house were in earnest conversation.

‘The report is confirmed. He must be taken.’

‘Nonsense! Santa Ana knows better than to expose himself.’

‘The truth is, there is no certainty in any of these reports. One day, the Mexican general is a tyrant—a blood-thirsty monster; the next, he is a prisoner; then public sentiment acquits him; soon it is reported he is not a prisoner. Now how are we to know?’

‘Yet the last rumor must have some foundation.’

‘Pretty much on a par with the former stories—*Nobody* is the author of them.’

A base slander! I am perfectly neutral on the Texan question. Does any one doubt it?

Yet these are trivial wrongs compared with many which I endure, too heinous for public mention. The truth is, mine is that patient merit of which Shakespeare speaks, which takes the spurns of the unworthy, and hears them cry to all the discords in this unprincipled world—

‘This is the tune played by the picture of Nobody.’

I might retort upon mankind, but it is well known that my charity forbids revenge. Let them go on in their wickedness, and console themselves with the idea that I am the author of the vast amount of human ills. Each one, in the final settlement, must balance his own account, and if the credits fall short he can debit—*NOBODY*.

TRUTH—A FICTION

It was a beautiful afternoon! I sat down at my table, and took up a book to resume my studies.—I had not been long in this situation, when I heard a gentle rap at the door of my chamber, and before I had time to rise, the door slowly opened, and Mrs D. entered my apartment, leading by her hand her daughter Cordelia. I hastily arose, handed them chairs, and bade them be seated; and at the same time drew my own chair close by the side of Cordelia, whose hand I took and pressed to my lips; she hastily withdrew it and looked towards her mother. I saw a tear trickle down her velvet cheek, and would have asked her what it meant, but Mrs D. anticipated my interruption, and thus broke silence:

‘Mr. C.’ said she, ‘you may think this intrusion very strange; but I have sufficient apology, I hope, to justify it. It—(pointing to a letter which she held in her hand)—but first I have a word or

two to say, on a subject which very nearly concerns the welfare of my daughter and yourself.—You have ever expressed a warm attachment to my child—aye, have ever said you loved her; but whether you felt what you then gave utterance to, is out of my power to decide. I now wish to know what are your real sentiments towards my child.’

‘Mrs. D.’ replied I, ‘do you not believe me—when I declare that I love Cordelia? My feelings towards her have always been of the purest nature, and were it in my power, I would, this moment, were you and Cordelia willing, wed her, but I am poor, and this alone is the only barrier which prevents me from carrying my wishes into effect.’

‘Then I presume Mr. C. that you are perfectly willing to resign all claims to Cordelia’s hand, should a more acceptable offer be made?’

‘Certainly, madam.’

‘Well then, read this letter,’ said Mrs. D. at the same moment, handing it to me. It ran thus:

‘Dear Madam—I know not in what manner to address you on a subject which is nearest my heart—this subject, madam, is your lovely daughter; I have frequently seen her, and a few nights since, had the pleasure of being her partner at a ball.—I then addressed her, and she seemed to favor my suite. I have, madam, \$20,000 at my disposal, which is out at interest, and I am in expectation of receiving an addition to my present fortune of \$10,000—With your permission, madam, I will pay my immediate respects to your daughter, to whom I hope my advances will prove acceptable.

Yours, with respect,

HENRY ————.”

I closed the letter and handed it to Mrs. D.

‘What do you think of this letter, Mr. C.?’

‘Mrs. D.’ said I, ‘I am pleased to see that Cordelia has received such a liberal offer—he is rich, and I know him to be a generous hearted fellow. Cordelia, I congratulate you, and hope you will have a kind and tender husband, one who will watch over you, and administer to your little wants—one who will treat you as tenderly as I should have done, had it pleased heaven to make me your choice. I resign you, Cordelia, to my rival, but with this assurance, that you will not find one who loves you more tenderly than myself.—For my own part, I will go to some foreign shore, and among strangers end an existence which has been naught but affliction and misery.’

I could say no more; my utterance was choked—the tears rolled down my cheeks—I drew my handkerchief—wiped my eyes—and was on the point of rushing from the room, when Cordelia called to me.

‘William, William.’ said she, and threw her arms around my neck.

‘Oh, Cordelia!’ I exclaimed, and sank into her arms.

‘William! William! is it possible that you could think me so base as to desert you, whom I have loved above all on earth; leave you, because you are poor, and fly to him because he is rich! No, no, dear William; I would rather, with you, live in poverty, than wed him, or any other, and live in affluence. Oh, William, what have I done that has degraded me thus in your estimation? Why should I forsake him who has ever treated me with so much kindness, and affection? ‘Tis too much,’ said she, and vented her feelings in a flood of tears.

I knew not whether joy or grief was uppermost in my soul—my heart throbbled as though it would burst—my parched throat would hardly give utterance to my words. Oh, woman, to see thee, is to love thee—and when we behold thee weeping over thy imaginary faults, we could fall to the earth and worship forever at thy pensive shrine, and beg to be forgiven!

"Forgive me, dear Cordelia," I exclaimed, "you have done nothing! give us your blessing, mother and make your children happy!"

Mrs. D. advanced towards us, with tears flowing from her eyes; took each of our hands and joined them together.

"Rise, my children, and receive a mother's blessing—Cordelia is yours, William; and I pray she may prove to you as faithful and affectionate a wife, as she has been to me a dutiful and obedient daughter."

In my eagerness to clasp Cordelia to my breast, I hit my head against the bed post, which awoke me, and I found at last "'twas all a DREAM!!" *American Traveller.*

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALE.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call the "bed of glory,"—were assembled in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transport which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely day-break when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join their ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual with a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughing among the assembled groups.

The second battalion were to remain in England; and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty, as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend, Capt. Loder, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered around the flag-sergeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "To Go"—and all the others containing the fatal words "To REMAIN." It was a moment of dreadful suspense; and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenance of human beings as in the features of each of the soldier's wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another; she succeeded, and giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband.—A third came forward with hesitating steps,—tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the sergeant's cap, and I saw, by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed until all the tickets had been drawn and the greater part of the women left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground gazing upon her face, and drying the fast falling tears with his coarse

handkerchief, and now and then pressing his own manly cheeks.

Captain Loder advanced towards them. "I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up; and be stout hearted."

"I am so, captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother."

"Oh captain," sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh, take me with him,—take me with him—for the love of God, do take me with my husband, captain!"

The gallant officer was himself in tears. He knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company; and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the suffering he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the good captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, please your honor—and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honor, said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I am after thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I am fit for the service; and if your honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in Capt. Bond's company, and let me take his place in yours, why, yer honor would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of them I am after thinking."

Captain Loder considered a few minutes, and directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officer's quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the spot where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honor," said John Carty, touching his hat as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground, rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you captain!" said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh!" bless him forever!" said his wife; "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife and bless his children!" and she again fainted.

The officer wiping a tear from his eye exclaimed, "may you never want a friend when I am far from you—you my good lad, and your amiable wife!" and passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighboring villages, but which now afforded no information to the traveller, for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine, intelligent lad, of about 12 years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier, "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but in truth, I am wearied, and perhaps may find in your village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for his reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat. If you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine, chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability were indebted to him for their enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story further than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

Indian Serenade.—Awake! flower of the forest; beautiful bird of the prairie.

Awake! awake! thou with the eyes of the fawn. When you look at me, I am happy as the flowers when they feel the dew.

The breath of thy mouth is as sweet as the fragrance of flowers in the morning—sweet as their fragrance in the evening, in the moon of the fading leaf.

Does not the blood of my veins spring towards thee, like the bubbling springs to the sun, in the moon of the bright nights? (April.)

My heart sings to thee when thou art near, like the dancing branches to the wind, in the moon of strawberries. (June.)

When thou art not pleased, my heart is darkened, like the shining river when the shadows fall from the clouds.

Thy smiles cause my troubled heart to be brightened, as the sun makes to look like gold the ripples which the cold wind has created.

Myself! behold me, blood of my bleeding heart.

The earth smiles—the heavens smile, but I—I lose the way of smiling when thou art not here—awake, my beloved!

☞ A shoe-maker in England lately run six miles in thirty-five minutes for a wager of ten sovereigns. We should suppose that this was driving the pegs to some purpose.

☞ It is estimated that at least 5000 Mexicans have been killed in Texas during the recent campaign.

☞ It is stated as a creditable fact that no challenge has ever passed between any two graduates of the West Point Academy.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JULY 9, 1836.

JAMES MADISON IS NO MORE!—This venerable Patriot has been gathered to his Father's. He bade adieu to his country and to time on the 28th of June. Thus, one after another, do the great and good leave this theatre of a brief existence, for a better and an enduring country. When these National Stars go out, it spreads a gloom among the People, which more than aught else shows how much they were beloved. May the virtues of JAMES MADISON long live in the memories of his countrymen!

TO THE PUBLIC.

Believing that a well conducted literary publication can be sustained in this city, the publishers of the GEM have determined to increase their efforts to make this periodical worthy of public patronage. As one of the first steps toward improvement, they have procured an entire new dress, together with a font of MUSIC TYPE, expressly for the GEM, the columns of which they design hereafter to adorn with the CHOICEST MUSIC.

To superintend the musical department, they have engaged Mr. H. Russell, a gentleman of eminent talent, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that this department will be tastefully and judiciously managed.

In addition to the original compositions of Mr. Russell, selections will be made, for the voice, organ and piano from the productions of John Barnett, C. E. Horn, Miss Brown, (sister of Mrs. Hemans) Bellini, H. R. Bishop, and numerous other composers.

As one half of the present volume has expired, new subscribers will be furnished for the ensuing six months at 75 cents each. Nothing extra will be required of present subscribers. subscriptions in all cases to be paid in advance.

☞ The "Song of the Water Drinker" which we give on the next page is in the true Anacreontic style, and is one of the finest specimens of poesy upon one of the most delightful themes that ever impelled the pen of the poet. It has been said that the exhilarating wine cup was essential to the success of the real poet: but we might challenge the world for a more thrilling effort of the muse than this which was indited by one who

"Like the flowers, drinks nought but dew."

And then the poet is consistent. He is none of your half-way temperance men, who will break the poor man's whiskey jug with a bottle of champagne, and sneer at brandy carbuncles, when his own nose is decorated with the "fleshy hillocks" of the wine cask.

"Oh! water for me! bright water for me
And wine for the tremulous debauchee."

☞ To Correspondents.

We have a multitude of communications on our files, and as many more under our table. In some of those which we have been compelled to reject, there is the mark of evident talent; but their efforts are spoiled by a want of care. Much of the poetry is very insipid, and altogether too strained. The communications which we design to publish, shall appear in due time.

"Amicus" has a good command of language, but his "ungrateful son" is altogether too gloomy for the society of the Gem.

"Victoria's" "two sisters" are not very accomplished. The incidents may do, but the style is stiff. As it is "the first tale she (or he) ever wrote," another trial will do no harm.

"J. B. P." writes very well. His essay shall appear in our next, as will also "Anon," and "P. Q. O."
"S. L.," "L. C. D.," "C. B.," "Ups and Downs of a New England Pedagogue," "Indian Chief" and "Thoughts," &c. are on file.

THE ORATORIO.

The third Concert which took place on Monday evening, drew a very full attendance—for, notwithstanding the numerous entertainments offered to the public, yet, we do not recollect ever seeing a more brilliant audience congregate in Rochester than on that evening. The selection was good in every way, and did infinite credit to the professor. The noble string of Choruses, from Handel, Mozart, King, &c., convinced us that it requires no ordinary musician to conduct a concert of this description. "The landing of Columbus," "Lift up your Heads," "The Multitude of Angels," and the master-piece of Handel's, "He gave them Hail Stones for Rain." These alone would have offered sufficient attraction to the tasteful auditor had there been nothing else worth listening to, but the bill of fare consisted almost entirely of compositions of first rate excellence, among which, were the never-to-be-forgotten "Wind of the Winter Night." Methinks I hear the cracking of the ship's sides, as she rolls and struggles with her shattered sails, but, the wind, conscious of its gigantic power, sweeps all away that obstructs its roving course. The second part consisted alone of the "Oratorio of the Sceptic." We cannot help remarking the many beautiful passages shown forth upon its second representation—here Mr. Russell at once shows his capability as a composer; his compositions remind us of the former Mozarts, but with an originality of rich melody that entirely surpasses them. The "Sceptic," as a work, is great, but its moral is greater—who, on hearing Mr. Russell sing the beautiful lines of "Twas one night, one bitter cold night," will not trace and dwell upon the innumerable thoughts and pictures which they call up? Every line is pregnant with the deepest feeling—Oh, what a history!—how home do these words come to the unbeliever's heart—he sees with intense desire the "helpless mother" with her groupe of orphan babes innocently seeking their dying father's prayer. A burst of grief follows the scene of death from the Sceptic's soul—he turns away—he feels he is an unbeliever, it comes fearfully visible to him—he has a dream—a vision appears to him, and reminds him of the judgment day—he fears all—his mind becomes distracted—he falls—he implores—he beseeches for mercy from that God who he has so forgotten—and thus ends the "Sceptic."

Now, reader, would we but look deliberately at this work, and study its points well, how much would it teach us? The "Sceptic" appears to me a complete character of warning; let us look then upon it as such, for who will say there are no warnings? surely not the Christian, who believes in a particular Providence, and who knows that 'not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's permission—'God speaketh once, yea twice, and man perceiveth it not; in a dream, in the vision of the night.' We have before said that Mr. Russell reminds us of Mozart. The very soul of Mr. R. seems as though it was in his compositions.

When we reflect upon the short time Mr. R. has been among us, and the visible change and progress music has made in Rochester, we are astonished. I ask, what were we this time last year? Our concerts then consisted of juvenile singers, and our leaders very inferior: it is true, they did exceedingly well for what they were, but if we may be allowed to judge of things by comparison, let us then compare last year's concert with this, and what will be the result? Why, our musical friends were pleasing themselves with the shadow, instead of the substance.

In conclusion, such a professor as Mr. Russell is invaluable to us; he is not only a thorough musician, but a gentleman, and we trust the "Sceptic" will prove to him the foundation stone to his future fame in America. L. D.

"Foster's Foreign Periodicals.—We are indebted to Mr. FOSTER through the Messrs. MORSE for the last Nos. of Blackwood's Magazine, the London and West Minister Review and Capt. Maryatt's Metropolitan Magazine.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," notwithstanding its Toryism, is one of the ablest periodicals in Europe. Its contributors are men of profound learning, whose writings are co-extensive with the civilized world. The No. for May is enriched with a variety of articles highly instructive and amusing. "Hints to Authors," and "Early Rising" are worthy of special commendation.

"The London and West Minister Review" were formerly separate works, but are now united. They were always our special favorites, because they were Whig in principle, and uniformly contained mines of instruction. This union will increase the value of the work. The articles on "Civilization," "Municipal Reform" and the "Political and social condition of France" are worth a whole year's subscription. Every man who wishes to become acquainted with the principles of the modern Reformers of England, and the general science of European governments, should take this work. For our own part, we would as soon think of going supperless to bed every night in the year, as to be deprived of the elevated intellectual food which these re-prints of Mr. Foster always contain.

"The Metropolitan Magazine" is edited by Capt. Marryat, whose Jacob Faithful Japhet, &c. &c. have been so extensively read. This work, like Blackwood's Magazine, is published monthly, and is devoted to light literature. The Editor commenced with this volume (the 3d No. of which has already been published) a tale entitled "Snarleyow, or, the Dog Fiend," which contains much of the admirable vivacity of his former works. The other contributors are writers of fine talent, who always manage to absorb the attention of the reader.

The "Metropolitan" is \$4 per annum. The four "Quarterlies," embracing the London, Edinburgh, Foreign and Westminster, are \$8; and "Blackwoods Magazine," \$4.

The late JAMES MADISON, before his death, had arranged all his papers in complete order, so that if any Memoir of his Life and Times is given to the public, it will be prepared from the most ample and valuable materials.

☞ We have received a number of solutions to the enigma in our last, from which we select the following:—

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN THE LAST GEM.

To Og, King of Bashan, of ancient estate,
Add dens, to which wild beasts of the forest retreat;
And turn burg into grub, the insect whose harm
Is seen among plants when the season is warm;
The whole of this expose, OGDENSBURG comprises,
Unless I am wrong in my poetic surmises.

Yates, July 4.

S. T.

MARRIED:

At Syracuse, on Thursday morning, 30th inst JOSEPH B. CLARKE Esq. of this city, late editor of this paper, to Miss JANE B. SYMES of the former place.

In the Brick Chapel, on the afternoon of the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Copeland, Mr. JOSEPH B. MARKLEY to Miss MARGARETT PARSONS, all of this city.

In Rush, on Wednesday 29th of June, by the Rev. W. A. Fetter, Mr. Martin Dietrich, to Miss Caroline Sherwood, all of East Mendon.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. WM. WARRANT, jr. of this city, to Miss EMELINE CARYL, of Barnard, Vermont.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INFIDEL'S HOPE.

Hopes he for what, beyond this sphere!
 Aye, hopes he for what, whilst he is here:
 Do visions of unfading bliss,
 Attend him through life's wilderness,
 Or grace its soothing pow'r divine,
 Bind up or heal his care-worn mind?
 Do smiles from Him who sits on high,
 Light up his path when death is nigh:
 Or knows he joy at such an hour,
 Or feels he strength of spirit's power?
 Do angels hov'ring round him play,
 To waft his spirit 't realms of day;
 Or accents mild fall on his ear:
 "Blest of the Lord you need not fear,"
 "Or voices whispering in the breeze,
 "Say "Come good servant take thy ease,
 "Leave this vile world and all its care,
 "To breathe in heav'n a purer air:
 "Bid pain begone and hopes arise,
 "Prepare to journey through the skies?"
 No, darkness dense and sable night,
 Only realms for his fancy's flight,
 Eternal death a wakeless sleep.
 Almighty chaos wide and deep,
 Is all that cheers or glads his heart
 In view of time when life shall part:—
 Think, ye, what props are hopes like these,
 To aid him o'er the stormy seas?
 What visions, at that trying hour,
 When mortal breath hath made its tour?
 What smiles from him whose look is love,
 Whose seat is heaven the place above,
 Inspire his soul, or buoy him up,
 When monster death presents his cup:
 Ah! true, too true, it must be told,
 He has no hope on which to hold:
 Forgetfulness is all he asks
 To hide the future and the past;
 Oblivion's veil must needs be drawn,
 And reason perish with the fawn:
 Almighty fact be verified,
 'That six thousand years have denied,
 That man with best must soon go down,
 And never rise from 'neath the ground,
 'That hope is but a phantom bright,
 The leader to some airy flight,
 Stimulant of a sickly brain,
 Desiring much but naught obtains,
 The marshall of all our earthly woes,
 Destroying peace where'er it goes.—
 Forbidding thought! what! live no more,
 After the cares of time are o'er!
 What, death but an eternal sleep!
 No joys beyond this world to reap!
 Cold, gloomy thought, we list not thee:
 We hope for an eternity.—
 We hope in other realms to dwell,
 When death shall break this earth bound spell—
 A priceless hope, and heaven born,
 Though ranting Infidels may scorn,
 That worlds unnumbered ne'er can buy;
 A hope to sit with God on high.

G. W. Sem'y.

ACADEMICUS.

TO E*****

The thought that I'd forgotten her,
 And sought another's favor;
 She wrongly judged—I can't forget—
 I love and love forever!

Should fortune crown my brightest hopes,
 And fame twine laurels 'round me,
 I still should think of her I love—
 Whose magic charms have bound me.

Amid the gay and festal crowd,
 Whose wealth and beauty met me,
 Then and there I thought of her,
 'O how can I forget thee!'

SELECT POETRY.

From the London Metropolitan, for May.
A GOVERNESS WANTED.

BY MRS. ARDY.

"Our governess left us, dear brother,
 Last night, in a strange fit of pique,
 Will you kindly seek out for another?
 We want her at latest next week:
 But I'll give you a few plain credentials,
 The bargain with speed to complete;
 Take a pen—just set down the essentials,
 And begin at the top of the sheet.

With easy and modest decision,
 She never must move, act, and speak,
 She must understand French with precision,
 Italian, and Latin, and Greek:
 She must play the piano divinely,
 Excel on the harp and the lute,
 Do all sorts of needle-work finely,
 And make feather-flowers, and wax fruit.

She must answer all queries directly,
 And all sciences well understand.
 Paint in oils, sketch from nature correctly,
 And write German text, and short-hand:
 She must sing with power, science, and sweetness,
 Yet for concerts must not sing at all,
 She must dance with ethereal fleetness,
 Yet never must go to a ball.

She must not have needy relations,
 Her dress must be tasteful—yet plain,
 Her discourse must abound in quotations,
 Her memory all dates must retain;
 She must point out each author's chief beauties,
 She must manage dull natures with skill,
 Her pleasures must lie in her duties,
 She must never be nervous or ill!

If she write essays, odes, themes, and sonnets,
 Yet not be pedantic or pert,
 If she wear none but deep cottage bonnets,
 If she deem it high treason to flirt,
 If to mildness she add sense and spirit,
 Engage her at once without fear,
 I love to reward modest merit,
 And I give—forty guineas a-year!"

"I accept, my good sister your mission,
 To-morrow, my search I'll begin,
 In all circles, in every condition,
 I'll strive such a treasure to win;
 And if, after years of probation,
 My eyes on the wonder should rest,
 I'll engage her without hesitation,
 But not on the terms you suggest.

Of a bride I have ne'er made selection,
 For my bachelor thoughts would still dwell
 On an object so near to perfection,
 That I blushed half my fancies to tell;
 Now this list that you kindly have granted,
 I'll quote and refer to through life,
 But just blot out—"A Governess Wanted,"
 And head it with—"Wanted a Wife!"

From the London Guardian.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL."

How beautiful! this world of ours,
 Its autumn hues, and summer flowers,
 Its waving fields of ripen'd grain,
 Its twilight shade on hill and plain;
 Beautiful its sparkling floods,
 And its leafy, solemn woods,
 And its morn, when o'er the brake
 All its songsters first awake.

How beautiful! the starry night,
 When its meek and mellow light,
 Stealing through the trees, is seen,
 On the jocund village green;
 Beautiful the dreams of sleep,
 When the spirit wrapt and deep,

Wanders 'neath the Letherean spell,
 To a land where angels dwell.

And oh! how beautiful to see
 Love's unchanging fidelity,
 Hearts that beat, through good and ill,
 True, and fond, and faithful still;
 Beautiful when years have sped
 O'er a parent's honored head,
 Is the watchful care we bless
 In a child's devotedness.

How beautiful that quenchless power,
 Unsubdued in darkest hour,
 Unsubdued when fortune's beam
 Gaily gilds life's varying stream:
 Virtue, thine this glorious sway,
 Thou the gem of fairest ray,
 Thou the fairest flower we cull,
 Crown of all, most beautiful!

[From Foster's Reprinted Metropolitan Magazine.]

SONG OF THE WATER DRINKER.

BY E. JOHNSON

Oh! water for me! bright water for me,
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!
 It coolth the brow, it coolth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 Oh! water, bright water for me, for me!
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim! Fill, fill to the brim;
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim!
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew,
 Oh! water, bright water 's a mine of wealth
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
 So water, pure water for me, for me!
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee!

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim!
 For water strengtheneth life and limb!
 To the days of the aged it added length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So, water, I will drink nought but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy!

When o'er the hills like a gladsome bride,
 Morning walks forth in her beauty's pride,
 And, leading a band of laughing Hours,
 Brushes the dew from the nodding flowers:
 Oh! cheerily then my voice is heard,
 Mingling with that of the soaring bird,
 Who flingeth abroad his matins loud,
 As he freshens his wing in the cold gray cloud.

But when Evening has quitted her sheltering yew
 Drowsily flying and weaving anew
 Her dusky meshes o'er land and sea—
 How gently, O sleep, fall thy poppies on me!
 For I drink water, pure, cold and bright,
 And my dreams are of heaven the livelong night;
 So, hurrah! for thee, water! hurrah, hurrah,
 Thou art silver and gold, thou art riband and star;
 Hurrah! for bright water! Hurrah, hurrah!

A grateful Beggar.—"You saved my life on
 one occasion," said a beggar to a Captain under
 whom he had served.

"Saved your life!" replied he, "do you think
 that I am a doctor?"

"No," answered the man, "but I served under
 you in the battle of —; and when you ran
 away, I followed."

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
 Exchange-street, 2d door South of the Bank
 of Rochester....up stairs.

THE



GEM.

BY SHEPARD AND STRONG.

ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

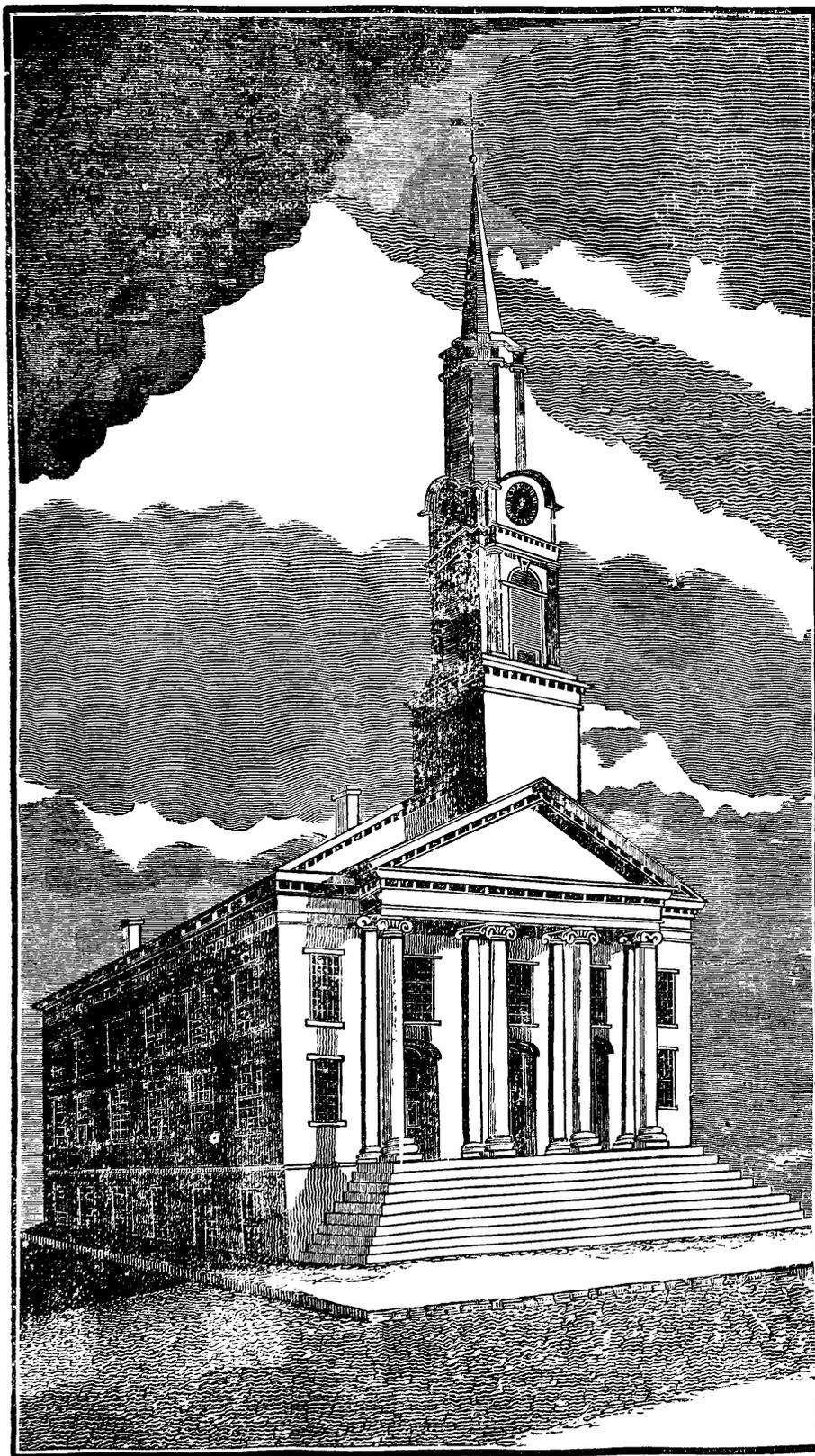
A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, TALES, AND MISCELLANY.

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1836.

No. 15.

VIEW OF THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.



THE CUT which accompanies this number is a good representation of the Second Baptist Church in this city. This church was built in 1827, for the use of the 3d Pres-

byterian congregation, chiefly through the commendable exertions of Messrs. A. W. Riley, and Josiah Bissel. Its pulpit was first occupied by the Rev. Mr. Parker, whose tal-

ents attracted a numerous and respectable congregation, and who was highly esteemed for his many excellent qualities, and only withdrew himself from this pastoral charge when a wider field demanded his efforts. Its pulpit was afterwards occupied by the Rev. Luke Lyons, and the Rev. W. C. Wisner, during whose administrations, the embarrassments of the society made it necessary for them to dispose of the House. It was accordingly sold in October, 1834 to a branch of the First Baptist Church, who immediately established a new interest. Since that period its pulpit has been filled by the Rev. E. Galusha.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LOVE.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

“So the struck deer in some sequestered part,
Lies down to die—the arrow in his heart:
There placed unseen, in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop and pants her life away.”

The love of woman is proverbial for its constancy, while that of man is as truly the reverse. Her's is fervent and enduring—his ardent but fickle. She may die for her love, while he may transfer his. I am a believer in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying for love. Truly has it been said, “Man is the creature of interest and ambition; but woman's whole life is the history of the affections.” Could the grave speak, how would my thoughts be established! Aye! her every treasured dust would have a tongue whose magic power would forever seal the excusing lips of man—would rend the proudest heart that e're betrayed her love.

Such was the tenor of my reflections at the close of a delightful Sabbath day, the last I ever spent in the beautiful village of W—. We had attended evening service, and were just seated at the fireside of my excellent friend Mr. M—, when he asked me if I had noticed any thing peculiar in the manner and voice of the venerable preacher as he read the beautiful hymn for the close of worship.

‘He was very much affected,’ said I; ‘there was a tremulous tone of voice, and a peculiar emphasis as he pronounced the closing lines, which I have never observed in him before. Does he often exhibit such deep feeling?’

‘Not often,’ said Mr. M., as he observed the countenances of his wife and two lovely daughters seated beside her.

‘I think,’ said Mrs. M., ‘you must have observed him dash a tear from his eyes as the last words died away on the plaintive notes of his favorite harmony.’

‘I cannot say that I did, Mrs. M., I remarked, for to confess the truth, there was

a little misgiving in my own feelings before the last note reached my ear of the soul stirring organ. Whether it was more from the power of sympathy, devotion or music, I have not sufficiently analyzed my own feelings to determine.'

'Perhaps from all combined,' said she, smiling.

I was about to make some reply, when Mr. M. continued the conversation by saying, 'We value our minister above all price. Still he is but a man. He committed a great error in his earlier life, and it is associations connected with that misfortune which so unusually affected him this evening.'

'But if there is a true penitent on this side heaven,' said Emily, with unusual warmth, I believe he is one.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'if repentance and a good life, wholly consecrated to his Master's service, can prove any atonement, he will not have lived in vain.'

My curiosity was by this time awake to know that part of the Rev. Mr. —'s early history involving the events alluded to, and what were these tender associations connected with those lines of Dr. Watts which closed the service of the evening.

I regarded the Rev. Mr. —, as one of the first divines in the country. I had hung with delight on the productions of his pen, as well as his pulpit eloquence. I knew but too well his penetration as a scholar, having once been the subject of his interrogatories in a scientific examination. There was, too, something of mystery about the man—an habitual reserve, a contemplative cast of countenance, a fondness for the seclusion of his study, which I have been accustomed to set down as characteristic of greatness. To me, therefore, any thing connected with his early history seemed to possess a double interest, especially under the circumstances which had excited my curiosity this evening.

'The facts,' said Mr. M., 'are briefly these: It is now nearly twenty-five years since Mr. — came among us as a minister of the gospel. He was somewhat young, for one in the high and responsible station he had recently taken; but of good parentage, excellent deportment, and well recommended. After supplying the pulpit for about six months, he was by the unanimous wish of the church, installed as their pastor.

In the mean time, he contracted an intimacy with the lady now his wife. His board and study were at her uncles, where she was passing some months. Being somewhat an invalid at that time, she daily rode abroad in her chaise; by request he often accompanied her. An attachment soon ripened into strong passion, at least on his part. They were married. But there was a gloom on his brow at the nuptials—there was remorse gnawing at his heart, which not even the most passionate love, or the busy scenes of that momentous day could entirely suppress. He knew that the broken expiring heart of one, "the loveliest and the best," was that moment a stepping stone to Hyeman's altar.

Scarce had passed the first month of their marriage, when the news arrived that the lovely, the murdered Miss R. was no more.

This lady was one of the few who combine high intellectual, with much personal

accomplishment, and withal was a most exemplary representative of the religion of Christ. The intimacy which terminated so fatally for her, commenced about two years and a half before her death. They were affianced, and with the utmost confidence he took a temporary leave for this, his present theatre of labor. As I before related, he was immediately on his arrival here, thrown into the company, and made the devoted subject of the winning influence of her who soon became, and still continues the partner of his life.

Under the hallucinating curse of distance, and the almost constant intimacy of this new temporary ascendant in his affections, his letters to Miss R. soon betrayed to her better judgment the fatal secret. She had noticed with the most intense feeling the want of that fervor and consistency which had been wont to characterize his previous correspondence. He next solicited a full release from all obligations to her of a matrimonial nature, and (strange as it may appear) in conclusion of this letter, directed her to the tenth hymn of the second book of Watts, as an appropriate expression of his feelings at this crisis. This was the most unkind of all. Those breathing lines of devotion which had so often warbled from her lips in concertation with him, now seemed like the inhuman tortures of some nations which rend the sufferer limb from limb.'

Here Emily turning to the lines, read as follows:

"My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

No longer will I seek your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large aspire;
To boundless joys of solid mirth
My noble thoughts aspire.

[Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

Th' Almighty ruler of the sphere.
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficient there,
To make our bliss complete.]

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour, dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God."

Mingled feelings of indignation and pity, were striving for utterance in my breast, when my friend resumed, by saying, that 'This, his last letter to her, received a most feeling yet most firm reply, conscious of her constitutional inability to survive the aggravated shock, and with a mind that seemed to brighten with the progressive ruin of its body. She addressed him for the last time, and in conclusion begged to direct him to the next hymn. Here Emily commenced reading those very lines which were given from the pulpit this evening, and which had led to the foregoing disclosures of the Rev. Mr. —'s early life. But Emily's voice faltered ere the first stanza was completed; nor need she proceed farther. I well remembered the lines,

and could now well account for all the incidents noticed in the former part of this paper. It is said the long since penitent divine gives this hymn with comparative frequency from the sacred desk. It will be seen that under the circumstances in which they formed the conclusion of the letter, they were most touchingly appropriate.

"I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea.
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hand, and glance my eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

'There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.'

ANON.

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND.

I heard the low and silent wind,
As it sadly passed along,
And though 'twas sad unto mine ear,
It breathed a mournful song;
And told of days that long were past,
As it calmly rose and fell,
But soon 'twas gone; it warn'd me then,
That I must say farewell

To one whom I had lov'd,
With the zeal of a youthful heart,
And often wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
That we might never part;
For like that breeze, so musical
To me was that dear friend,
And like that breeze she pass'd away
Where I could ne'er attend.

I heard the sweet and soothing chime
Of the distant village bell;
And tho' a saddened tale it told,
Yet I lov'd it e'en full well.
But as the last, red light of day
O'erspread the glorious west,
It ceased, and brought to mind that friend
Who gave to life a zest.

I sat and watch'd the evening star,
As it slowly, brightly rose;
The gloom of earth was soon dispell'd,
Its sorrows, and its woes.
But ah! the bliss was scarce attain'd,
E're the grey light of morn
Eclips'd that star! I knew from me
That friend would soon be gone.

I stood upon the Ocean's brink,
I gazed o'er its wide expanse,
And far before me on the wave,
A vessel seem'd to dance;
I turn'd aside one moment,
To wipe away a falling tear;
I look'd again, it had borne away
The friend to me so dear.

But since I saw that bark depart,
From my own, my native strand,
I've heard that breeze, I've heard that chime,
I've seen that star so bland;—
They came again—now all that's left
For me on earth to tell,
Is, that I've not forever said
To that dear friend, FAREWELL!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

The vain and the gay will define this pure grace,
In the soft flowing ringlets, the smile on the face,
The bright sparkling eye, far exceeding in hue
The blackness of carbon, or sapphire's soft blue;
The cheek with a dimple, the blush of the rose,
Surrounded by whiteness the lily but knows,
With lips that so softly, so sweetly can smile,
Like the sirens who dwell on the lone fairy isle;
The neck like the swan's, and the breast of pure
Or slightly diffused with a sensitive glow. [snow,
Such, such are the graces to beauty they give,
And fain would their happiness from them receive.
The forehead's smooth polish, the eye's sparkling
ray,

The face like Aurora when brightning to day,
With smiles and with dimples so nicely combin'd,
These may please, may enchant us when first we
behold,

But if beauties are waiting the mind to unfold,
They soon lose their lustre, no more seem divine,
When the heart has no share in the beauties that
shine;

For all our fond hopes purest pleasures to gain
From graces external, are formed but in vain.

The beauty unrivaled, that fades not with age,
Which alone our esteem or our love should engage,
Is a heart free from guile, and a mild, modest mien,
A temper all sweetness, pure, calm, and serene,
Unaffected by pride, unalloyed by deceit,
Where wisdom, discretion, intelligence meet;
A heart that can melt at the ills of this life,
Can weep at misfortunes, but free from all strife,
Affectionate, cheerful, and social, and kind,
To charity and to forgiveness inclin'd;
A mind richly stored that can always take part,
In the beauties of nature, as well as of art;
Then truly we say that her beauty fades not,
Like the rose it resembles, nor e'er is forgot,
But sweetly it twines round the sensitive heart,
And sweet are the joys it can ever impart;
Such are the pure beauties we all should admire,
Such beauties fade not when our youth shall expire,
And such are the beauties each fair should desire.
BARD OF S—.

THE EXILE.

How could he but weep when he felt himself driv
From all that can happiness give to the heart; [en
From all that can give a foretaste of heaven,
Or comfort, or peace, or content can impart.

Yet not from the land of his birth has he went,
To regions where winters unchangeably reign,
Where not one bright ray of sweet hope could be
lent,

One thought of returning to friends, home again.

He was not an exile, the lotus of death [strands,
Condemned to inhale from New Holland's dire
In Afric to meet the sirocco's foul breath,
Or a slave to a Turk, or in Arabac's land,
Nor dungeon's damp glooms, for his crimes were
his home, [ed,

Nor friends had forsaken, nor fortunes had frown-
Bright scenes were around him, all nature in bloom-
And pleasure, and happiness seemed to surround,

Ah! no; 'twas that sweetness with him no more,
That sweetest consoler companion would be,
The reign of pure virtue with him now was o'er,
No more from remorse for the past was he free.

Ah! what can delight us when virtue has fled,
When innocence, honor, no longer remain?
When the past, present, future, we view but with
dread;

We then seek contentment, but seek it in vain.

With me let their reign be as lasting as life,
Though friends, nor companions are mine;
Exempt from remorse, and exempt from all strife,
Of the passions, I'll not dare repine, LENA.

VARIETY.

The following *impromptu* was inscribed on the
Travellers' Register at Niagara Falls, a few days
ago, by the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette:

NIAGARA.

Here speaks the voice of God! Let man be dumb,
Nor with his vain aspiring hither come.

That voice impels these hollow sounding floods,
And, like a Presence, fills the distant woods;
These groaning rocks th' Almighty's finger piled—
For ages, here, his painted bow has smiled,
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal—beautiful—serene—sublime!

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

INDUSTRY.

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG, BY J. BUEL.

Nothing is more important to your usefulness
and happiness in life, than habits of industry.
"This we command you," says St. Paul, "that if
any man would not work, neither should he eat."
Now this would be the dictate of good sense, had
the apostle never spoken. It is just as true now
as it was two thousand years ago, that no person
possessing a sound mind in a healthy body, has a
right to live in this world without labor. If he
claim an existence on any other condition, let him
betake himself to some other planet.

There are many kinds of labor. Some, which
are no less useful than others, are almost exclusive-
ly mental. You may make your selection from a
very wide range of employments, all, perhaps, e-
qually important to society. But something you
must do. Even if you happen to inherit an am-
ple fortune, your health and happiness demand all
this. To live in idleness, even if you have the
means, is not only injurious to yourself, but a spe-
cies fraud on community, and children, if children
you ever have, who have a claim upon you for all
you can conveniently earn and do.

Let me prevail with you, then, when I urge you
to start in life fully determined to depend upon
your own exertions; and to be in this respect in-
dependent. In a country where the general rule
is that a person shall rise—if he rises at all—by
his own merit, this determination is indispensable.
It is usually idle to be looking out for support from
some other quarter. Suppose you should obtain
an office or trust through the friendship, favor, or
affection of others; what then? Why you hold
your post at uncertainties. It may be taken from
you at almost any hour. But if you depend on
yourself alone, your mountain stands strong, and
cannot easily be moved.

He who lives upon any thing except his own
labor, is incessantly surrounded by rivals; his
grand resource is in that servility in which he is
always liable to be surpassed. He is in daily dan-
ger of being out-bidden; his very bread depends
upon caprice, and he lives in a state of never-ceas-
ing fear. His is not, indeed the dog's life, "hun-
ger and idleness," but it is worse; for it is "idle-
ness with slavery;" the latter being just the price
of the former.

Slaves not unfrequently are well fed and decent-
ly clad; but they dare not speak.—They dare not
think differently from their master, hate his acts
much as they may; be he tyrant, drunkard, fool,
or all at once, they must be silent, or nine times
out of ten lose his approbation. Though possess-
ing a thousand times his knowledge, they must
fain a conviction of his superior understanding;
though knowing it is they who in fact do all that
he is paid for doing, it is destruction to them to
seem as if they thought any portion of the service
belonged to themselves.

You smile, perhaps, and ask what all this tirade
against slavery means, in a part of the country
where no slavery exists. But remember there is
slavery of many kinds; there is mental slavery as
well as bodily; and neither is confined
any particular division of the U. States.

Begin, too, with a determination to labor throug^h
ife. There are many who suppose that when
they have secured to themselves a competence,
they shall sit with folded arms, in an easy chair the
rest of their days, and enjoy it. But you may be
assured that this will never do. The very fact of
a person's having spent the early and middle part
of life in active usefulness, creates a necessity to
the body and mind for its continuance. By this it
is not meant that men should labor as hard in old
age, even in proportion to their strength, as in ear-
ly life. Youth requires a great variety and amount
of action, maturity not so much, and age still less.
Yet so much as age does in fact require, is much
more indispensable than those who are younger.
Children are so tenacious of life, that they will not
suffer much, at least if exercise is neglected.

Hence we see the reason why those who retire
from business towards the close of life so often be-
come diseased bodily and mentally: and instead of
enjoying themselves or making those around them
happy, become a source of misery to themselves
and others.

Most people have a general belief in the impor-
tance of habits; and yet not a few make strange
work in endeavoring to form them. Some attempt
to do it by compulsion; others by flattery—some
think it is to be accomplished by set lessons, in
spite of example alone.

A certain father who was deeply convinced of
the importance of forming his sons to habits of in-
dustry, used to set them to pulling down or remo-
ving heaps of stones, and then putting them back
again. He has been known to employ them many
a day in the alternate removing and replacing of
stones. This was well intended, and arose from
regarding industry as a high accomplishment; but
there is some danger of defeating our own pur-
pose in this way, by disgusting the young. Be-
sides an abundance of labor which is obviously
profitable, can usually be obtained.

All persons, without exception, ought to labor
more or less every day in the open air. Of the
truth of this opinion, the public are beginning to
be sensible: and hence we hear much said, lately,
about manual labor schools. Those who, from
particular circumstances, cannot labor in the open
air, should substitute in its place some active me-
chanical employment, together with suitable calis-
thentic and gymnastic exercise.

It is a great misfortune of the present day, that
almost every one is, by his own estimate, raised
above his real state of life. Nearly every person
you meet with is aiming at a situation in which he
shall be exempted from the drudgery of laboring
with his hands.

Now we cannot all be "lords" and "gentlemen;"
as there must be a large part of us, after all, to make
and mend clothes and houses, to carry on trade
and commerce; and in spite of all that we do, the
far greater part of us must actually *work* at some-
thing; otherwise we must fall under the sentence,
"He that will not *work*, shall not *eat*." Yet so
strong is the propensity to be thought "gentlemen:"
so general is this desire among the youth of this
proud money-making nation, that thousands upon
thousands of them are, at this moment, in a state
which may end in starvation,—not so much be-
cause they are too *lazy* to earn their bread, as be-
cause they are too *proud*.

And what are the consequences? Such a youth
remains, or becomes, a burden to his parents, or
whom he ought to be the comfort, if not the sup-
port. Always aspiring to something higher than
he can reach, his life is a life of disappointment and
of shame. If marriage befall him, it is a real af-
fliction, involving others as well as himself. His
lot is a thousand times worse than that of the com-
mon laboring person. Nineteen times out of
twenty, a premature death awaits him; and alas!
how numerous are the cases in which that death
is most miserable, not to say ignominious.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

On the Death of Rebecca A. Barry.

Who died at the residence of Joseph Strong, Esq. in Rochester, on the morning of the 13th July, in the 24th year of her age.

A fair and gentle Orphan came
A loved and welcome guest,
Where burned affection's holiest flame
In every kindred breast.
And kindly hearts with gladness beat
When her soft-spoken words
Fell like the music, mild and sweet,
Of the sun-rise song of birds.

But o'er her brow there came a blight;
And the radiance of her eye
Waned like the lamp's un nourished light,
Or the evening's golden sky;
And weariless, from day to day,
They smooth'd her couch of rest,
'Till her pure spirit passed away
To the home of the bright and blest.

And tender hands in sadness gave
Her pale and beauteous dust
Back to its still and hallowed grave—
The cold Earth's loveliest trust;
Where, fresh above its green repose,
Waves in the summer air,
Her own belov'd and cherished rose—
Her fleet life pictured there!

Weep ye the young, the virtuous, dead?
The guileless called above—
Whose life the breathing glory shed,
Of goodness and of love?
Then meet it is you wet the sod
Where her lone ashes sleep,—
Her spirit resteth with her God;
Her memory we will keep. C.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

VOLUBILITY.

COLERIDGE somewhere remarks that a man of talent may always be distinguished by a certain directness in his conversation. Such a man, he says, comprehends directly what he wishes to utter, and when he speaks, says all that is necessary to a clear understanding of the subject, and no more. And should you fall in with him accidentally even for a few minutes, as for instance under an archway in a shower, you could not fail to perceive by the little he might say in such circumstances, that he was no common man. There is truth in these observations, and more than at first appears. The endless shiftings and turnings of the conversation of weak and ignorant people, is often insufferably provoking; sometimes eminently ludicrous.

Christopher Circumbendibus is the most terrible bore alive. When he begins a narration, it lieth not in human foresight to perceive its termination. Every possible combination of light and shade enters into the magic lantern of his fancy, and is shadowed forth in the endless chequer work of his conversation. The images of all conceivable things dance round his noddle in overwhelming profusion, and the concoctions of his brain are less susceptible of analysis than the contents of a witch's cauldron.

I fell in with Christopher this morning on the side walk, when the following colloquy ensued:

Give thee good morning, Kitt—prospect of sultry day.

K.—Hot as pepper com.; you remind me of what my poor uncle Ben. used to say of the weather: you recollect my uncle Ben., he who was shot through the pantaloons at Bunker Hill. By the way, did I ever tell you how he parted with his third wife, aunt Sue? Ah! she was a screamer. She never met her match but once, and that was by no means uncle Ben. 'Twas when the Pequots surrounded her house. Uncle Ben. was from home you see, and the red devils wanted to carry off aunt Sue and the young ones. As I'm a living sinner, if they had got aunt Sue they would have burnt their fingers. I never could see, for my part, how it was that they did not take warning from uncle Ben's fate, and let aunt Sue alone. But the red legs attempted to take her house, and she threw boiling soap into their faces. It was as equal a fight as one would wish to see, till the militia came up, who of course turned the scale into aunt Sue's favor. Aunt Sue's dead now. She was deacon Pike's daughter, he who used to keep tavern at Cape Cod, in the Bay state—you know where it was, between the meeting house and the whipping post.

Any news stirring this morning, Mr. Circumbendibus?

K.—News! yes, our old friend Dr. Pillbox is ruined, absolutely ruined! reputation all gone. Poor man. It puts me in mind of—

But how—what has happened to poor Pillbox? I am in pain to hear.

K.—Why he's totally ruined—destroyed! Ah! it is a sad thing for a professional man—indeed for any man, to lose all his character, all his influence; and then such a fine family, seven daughters, and little Galen. You remember my cousin Tom; poor fellow! but he's gone now; well, Tom started well, prospects fair; but he began to take too much of the "cretur," then to gambling; and would you believe it? the graceless dog was at last jugged up for thieving, beating his wife, and such like diversions; and all this after having gone through college. I believe I never told you how Tom fooled the old Prex. once. You see 'twas when Tom was a Soph—

But Dr. Pillbox, what has happened to him?

K.—Well, you see he went down street last evening, and as he was passing by the Stone Church, where there was just then an abolition meeting—do you know that these abolitionists intend to control the mail and fetter the press; you've heard of Calhoun's bill, eh? well they're a horrid set; I'm afraid they'll tear the Union to tatters with their incendiary fanaticism. The South is getting very warm; and then that Texas business—have you heard the late news from Texas?

But my dear Kitt, do tell me what ails poor Pillbox.

K.—Oh! to be sure, yes—there's no hope for him—he's a lost man; but I shan't desert him—no man ever knew me to desert a friend in trouble; not my way you see. Nothing so provokes me as your summer day friends. I was once most shamefully used by these vermin—'tis a long story, but it will be worth your hearing, it has a moral I assure you. Well, you see I was a young man then—let's see, it was, I believe, when I was courting my Debby—yes 'twas—

I'm in a hurry Kitt:—good day.

P. Q. O.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A MORAL TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

Never were two persons more passionately attached to each other than Adolphe and Celeste! Their love was a proverb. Of course it was an unhappy attachment—nobody loves heartily unless people take pains to prevent it. The spirit of contradiction is prodigiously strong in its effects.

Adolphe was rich and noble—Celeste was noble and poor. Their families were at variance; the family of Adolphe was exceedingly ambitious, and that of Celeste exceedingly proud. Had they been the best friends in the world, their fathers would not have assented to the loves of their children—Adolphe's father because he desired a rich match for his son—Celeste's—because he was too proud to be under an obligation, and he was sufficiently a man of the world to know that you are to be considered obliged when a rich nobleman marries your daughter without a dowry. Celeste's father would have married her to a wealthy *parvenu* that he might have borrowed his money, in parading his condescension. No sooner, therefore, was the dawning attachment of the lovers discovered, than their relations thought it necessary to be amazingly angry. There cannot be a doubt that you have an absolute right to the eyes, nerves, and hearts of your children. They have no business to be happy, unless it be exactly in the way most agreeable to yourself.—These self-evident truths were not, however, irresistible for Adolphe and Celeste. Altho' the latter was locked up, and the former was watched, they continued often to correspond and sometimes to see each other. Their love was no passing caprice—despite all difficulties, all obstacles, all dangers—it was more intense than ever at the end of a year. Celeste had gallantly refused two young merchants, handsome and ardent—and a very old banker, who would have left her a widow in a year. Adolphe, the gay and handsome Adolphe, had renounced every flirtation and conquest; all women had palled in his eyes since he had seen Celeste. But though their passion was strengthened by time, time had failed to increase their hopes of its success; they began to doubt and to despair. The rose had fled from Celeste's cheek; she pined away, her lip had lost all its smile, her form shrunk from all its roundness, tears stood constantly in her eyes, and she sighed so that it went to the hearts of all the servants in the house. In fine, she fell ill; poor girl, she was dying for love. The more violent passion of Adolphe produced also its disorder. His pulse burned with fever, his language was often incoherent—his great grandfather had been mad—Adolphe promised fairly to take after his ancestor.

Alarmed, but not softened, the father of our lover spoke to him earnestly. 'Renounce this ill-placed love, if only for a time. Idleness is the parent of this youthful folly. I will devote half my fortune to purchase you that situation at court you have so often tho't the height of your ambition. My son, you are young, bold, and aspiring; your fortunes, your fame will be secured. I willingly

make you this sacrifice, provided you abandon Celeste.'

Adolphe wrung the hand of his father. 'Impossible!' he murmured; 'one look from her is worth all the dreams of ambition.' So saying he left the room.

At length, finding they could not live together, our lovers formed the desperate design---not to live divided (it is a favorite alternative in the country in which they were born)---in short, they resolved upon suicide. I wish I had been able to obtain the letters which passed between them on this melancholy subject. I never read any thing so simple and so touching---if you had seen them you would have thought it the plainest proposition in the world---that persons, with any real affection for each other, ought never to be unprovided with prussic acid;---who knows but what an accident may separate them of a sudden; and to be separate! how much pleasanter to be dead!

The lovers agreed then to poison themselves on the same night. Their last letters were written, blistered with each other's tears. It was eleven o'clock. Adolphe had retired to his chamber; he took up the poison; he looked at it wistfully. 'To-morrow,' said he, musingly---'to-morrow,'---and he extracted the cork---'to-morrow,---it smells very disagreeable---to-morrow, I shall be at rest.---This heart'---he shook the phial---'how it froths!---this heart will have ceased to beat; and our cruel parents will not forbid us a common grave.' So saying, he sighed heavily, and muttered the name of Celeste, gulphed down the fatal draught.

Meanwhile, the father and the mother of Adolphe were still at supper. The old butler, who had wiped his eyes when Apolphe had left the room, figited to and fro, with the air of a man who has something at his heart. As his master was very hungry, and his mistress very sleepy, the good old man was heeded by neither. At length, when the other attendants had withdrawn, the old man lingered behind; thrice he re-set the glasses---and thrice he re-arranged the decanters.

'That is quite right---that will do, shut the door after you.'

'Sir---yes, sir. Did you---hem.'

'Did I what?'

'My young master, sir, yes sir.'

'Your young master. Well---'

'Alas! sir, I fear he is not quite right. Did you observe how he looked when he left the room?'

'*Ma foi!* I was engaged with the chicken.'

'And you, madam---he kissed your hand very affectionately.'

'Ah, yes, (drowsily,) he has an excellent heart; *le cher enfant!*'

'And, madam, I don't like to say any thing, but, but, my young master has been muttering very odd things to himself for the last two or three days, and all this morning he has been poisoning the dogs, by way, as he said, of experiment.'

'Poison!' said the mother, thoroughly awakened---'has he got poison?'

'Ah, yes, madam---his pockets full.'

'Heavens!' cried the father, 'this should not be; if he should in despair; he is a very

odd boy; his grandfather died mad; I will instantly go to his room.'

'And I too,' cried the mother.

The good couple hurried to Adolphe's chamber; they heard a groan as they opened the door; they found their son stretched on the bed, pale and haggard; on the table was a phial, labelled 'poison;' the phial was empty.

'My son! my son!---you have not been so wicked; you have not, speak, speak!'

'Oh! I suffer tortures!---Oh! oh! I am dying. Leave me! Celeste also has taken poison---we could not live together. Cruel parents, we mock you and die!'

'Recover, recover, my son, and Celeste shall be yours,' said the mother, half in hysterics.

The father was already gone for a surgeon. The surgeon lived near to Celeste, and while he was hastily preparing his antidotes, his visiter, had the charity to run to the house of Celeste's father, and hastily apprise him of the intelligence he had learned. The poor old man hobbled off to his daughter's room. Luckily he found his wife with her; she had been giving the *petite* good advice, and that is a very prolix habit. Celeste was impatiently awaiting her departure; she was dying to be dead! In rushed her father; 'Child, child, here's news indeed. Are you alive, Celeste---have you poisoned yourself? That young reprobate is already---'

'Already!' cried Celeste, clasping her hands---'already! he awaits me, then. Ah, this appointment at least I will not break!' She sprang to her bedside, and seized a phial from under her pillow: but the father was in time---he snatched it from her hand, and the daughter fell into fits so violent that they threatened to be no less fatal than the poison.

CHAPTER II.

Whatever the exaggerations of our lovers, they loved really, fervently, disinterestedly, and with all their hearts. Not one in ten thousand loves is so strong, or promises to be so lasting.

Adolphe did not die; the antidotes were given in time; he recovered. The illness of Celeste was more dangerous; she suffered, poor child, a delirious fever, and was several weeks before her life and reason was restored.

No parent could stand all this; ordinary caprices it is very well to resist, but when young people take to poison and delirious fevers---*il fant ceder*. Besides, such events derange one's establishment, and interrupt one's comforts. One is always glad to come to terms when one begins to be annoyed one's self. The old people then made it up, and the young people married. As the bridegroom and Celeste were convinced that the sole object of life was each other's company, they hastened at once to the sweet solitudes of the country. They had a charming villa and beautiful gardens; they were both accomplished, clever, amiable, young, and in love. How was it possible they should be susceptible of *ennui*? They could not bear to lose sight of each other.

'Ah, Adolphe---traitor---where hast thou been?'

'Merely shooting in the woods, my angel!'

'What, and without me! Fy! promise this shall not happen again.'

'Ah, dearest! too gladly I promise.'

Another time:

'What, Celeste! three hours have I been seeking for you! Where have you hid yourself?'

'Don't look so angry, my Adolphe; I was only directing the gardner to build a little arbour for you to read in. I meant it as a surprise.'

'My own Celeste! but three hours, it is an eternity without you! Promise not to leave me again, without telling me where to find you?'

'My own dearest, dearest Adolphe! how I love you; may my company ever be as dear to you!'

This mode of life is very charming with many for a few days. Adolphe and Celeste loved each other so entirely, that it lasted several months. What at first was passion, had grown habit, and each blamed the other for want of affection, if he or she ever indulged in the novelty of different pursuits.

As they had nothing to do but look at those faces they had thought so handsome, so it was now and then difficult not to yawn; and of late there had been little speeches like the following:--

'Adolphe, my love, you never talk to me---put down that odious book you are always reading.'

'Celeste, my angel, you don't hear me; I am telling you about my travels, and you gape in my face.'

'My dear Adolphe, I am so exceedingly sleepy.'

One morning, as Adolphe woke and turned in his bed, his eyes rested on his wife, who was still asleep. 'Bless me,' thought he, 'I never saw this before---let me look again---yes, certainly, she has---a wart on her chin!'

Adolphe rose and dressed himself---Adolphe was grave and meditative. They met at breakfast---the bride and bridegroom. Celeste was in high spirits; Adolphe was sombre and dejected.

'Let us ride to-day,' said Celeste.

'My dear, I have a headache.'

'Poor child! well, then, let us read the new poem.'

'My dear you talk so loud.'

'I!' and Celeste, gazing reproachfully on Adolphe, perceived for the first time something in his eyes that surprised her. She looked again---'Good heavens!' said she to herself, 'Adolphe certainly squints!'

On the other hand, Adolphe murmured, 'The wart has grown greatly since morning.'

It is impossible to say what an effect this fatal discovery had on Adolphe. He thought of it incessantly. He had nothing else to complain of---but then warts on the chin are certainly not becoming. Celeste's beauty had improved greatly since her marriage. Everybody else saw the improvement. Adolphe saw nothing but the wart on her chin. Her complexion was more brilliant, her form more rounded, her walk more majestic; but what is all this, when one has a wart on the chin! The wart seemed to grow bigger and bigger every day, to Adolphe's eyes it threatened speedily to adsorb the whole of the face.

Nay, he expected in due time to see his beautiful Celeste all wart! He smothered his pain as well as he could, because he was naturally well bred and delicate; and no woman likes to be told of the few little blemishes she is blind to herself. He smothered his pain, but he began to think it would be just as well to have separate apartments.

Meanwhile, strange to say, Adolphe's squint grew daily more decided and pronounced, 'He certainly did not squint before we were married,' thought Celeste; 'it is very unpleasant—it makes one so figety to be stared at by a person who looks two ways—and Adolphe has unfortunately a habit of staring. I think I might venture to hint, delicately and kindly—the habit can't yet be incurable.'

As wives are always first in the emulation of conjugal fault finding, Celeste resolved to hazard the hint, on the first favorable opportunity. [Concluded in our next.]

From the North American Magazine.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

CHAPTER I.

'ARE you fond of music Mr. Rosseter?'

'Can't say I am, Miss Ivon.'

'Then you are fit for treasons, stratagems, and the spoils, and your landlord and tailor ought to be advised not to trust you.'

And as the words were on her lips she continued a strain that went rushing all through Tom's brains, as if its very recess were flooded by the torrents of that divine melody. Tom would never confess his passion for music—but Heaven knows that when he listened to its mysterious harmonies, the sounds seemed to be swelling tumultuously in the very depths of his own bosom, and his heart throbbed as if it would burst from his own breast.

A strange mortal was that Tom Rosseter; a living enigma—a walking riddle. Every thing about him went like dreams, by contraries. His face, metaphorically speaking, was on the wrong side of his head. While in college, he usually rose at sunset, and went to bed when the morning bells rang for prayers. He soon got the better of the first part of his habit, however, and slept on till morning. From this you may perhaps infer that he was indolent and lymphatic. Not at all. The very next day, a hundred to one, he is on the mountain before sunrise, bear hunting, springing like a panther from crag to crag, his cheeks flushed with the thrilling exercise—beautiful as Apollo and fierce as a wild Indian.

When Tom took his degree of A. B.—A Bachelor—he vowed he would never exchange it for one of A. M.—A Married Man.—We shall see how he kept his word.

CHAPTER II.

Some very silly people have a very silly habit of scoffing at love. It is a sure sign that they have either been rejected, or are intolerably ugly. Love, indeed! the soul of the universe—the essence of the Deity! is it a thing to be slighted and scorned by fools? The chances are a thousand to nothing, that that soft-voiced maiden, with the carrot hair, who lisps in a gentle whisper that she never reads love stories, they are so sickening, has cried till the lustre faded from her eyes over the woes of many a lovelorn damsel. And that dictionary looking fellow yonder, with the sleek head, and 'forehead villanously low,' who never reads the North American, but thinks the Penny Magazine contains a world of information at half price, and no love ditties—I will venture my life that the creature is in love this moment—with himself. Strange that the deepest joy, the darkest sorrow, the bitterest agony that

the human heart can know, should be the mock and by-word of simpletons. We are so constituted, and he who knows it not has no heart, that this one passion, LOVE, is capable of being the source of purest bliss, or most despairing woe. Let us thank God that it is so!

Tom affected to despise love, by which those who knew him understood him to mean that he was in search of a wife. He pretended to dislike music also, which brings us back to our starting place, where we left him with his soul all on fire, yet with no marks of emotion in his countenance, by the side of a lady from whose lips that heavenly strain was pouring like a flood.

There have been enough descriptions of female beauty written to furnish one for every woman upon earth. Not a lady throughout the broad land, whose *fac simile* you cannot find in any circulating library, to the shade of the deepening red on the cheek, and the curve of the arching eyebrow. There is one exception, which proves the rule. For Mary Ivon no picture has been drawn. It is reserved for me, and I shall not have the rashness to attempt it. If it is not enough for you to know she is beautiful beyond what the poor mockery of words can (speak, go to——'s room, who has been working a year at her picture, and let one glance of her eyes send a pang to your heart which you can never forget.

Tom had known Mary Ivon six weeks. He had talked, walked, and rode with her, till the fountain of love in his heart was full to the brim, and as that melting strain died away upon her lips, and she turned her swimming eyes upon him, the fountain overflowed and he knelt at her feet, and—

'H—l and d——n——n! this is a pretty scene! Young man, leave this house instantly.'

Tom caught hold of Mary, who fell fainting from her chair, and would have raised her from the floor, when a Titanic arm seized him by the collar, and, before he had time to think of defence, was fairly dragged out of the house.

CHAPTER III.

'I will marry her, by Heavens!' said Tom, bursting into my room in a tremendous passion.

'I glory in your courage, Tom, but be calm. Your father you know might choose [to be consulted.'

'He will cut me off with a shilling. He has betrothed me to a bluestocking daughter of some friend of his—he would never tell me her name, but gave me plainly to understand that unless I acceded to his wishes—'

'He would disenherit you. What a hint for a romance! I always said you would marry for love, Tom, after all.'

'Partly love, and partly revenge. Her father returned quite unexpectedly from——last night and found me kneeling at her feet'

'What then?'

'He ordered a servant to kick me out of the house—that's all.'

'Glad to see you take it so coolly—but I might have told you this before, had I known he was so soon to return.'

'The d——l you might—then perhaps you will have the kindness to tell me now.'

'Why, you must know, Tom, her father wishes to relieve her from the trouble of selecting a husband. To be short, he permits no young gentleman to visit her.'

'Then she is engaged?'

'Not exactly. He is afraid she may take it into her head to become so.'

'And so she shall before another moon, or my name is not Tom Rosseter.'

And Tom bounded out of the room in a greater rage than when he entered.

Poor Mary Ivon passed a sleepless night. When she met her father in the morning, he look-

ed on her sternly for a few moments, as if in anger, but as he marked her pale face and trembling frame, his heart relented and he spoke mildly.

'Mary'—'Father'—'You are sad—I hope it is not for that silly young man whom I found kneeling at your feet.'

'He is not a silly young man, sir, and I intend to marry him.'

'You intend! I would rather see you in your grave. Reach me my staff; I will go to his lodgings instantly, and tell him if he marries you, not a dollar—not a penny of mine'

'O, father, do not go; perhaps he may not have forgotten the insult you offered him.'

'Insult! Is it an insult to turn an intruder—a pretender out of doors? Or was I insulted?—But, Mary, hear me—if you marry that man, never again in these doors shall you enter—never upon my face shall you look, never will I forgive you!'

And, trembling with passion, he left the room; while Mary sat weeping and sobbing, as if her very heart was broke within her.

I have not time to relate how Tom brought about an interview with Mary. The plan, I must say, was contrived by myself, and was uncommonly ingenious.

If there ever was true love it was there, and to me, who in these matters am but a spectator of other men's fortunes, it was a most interesting sight—to see two beings, in the freshest 'hues of youth,' sacrificing all—fortunes—friends, and even a parent's affections, for that love which is, and ought to be purer, and deeper and stronger. I am not ashamed to say that it almost moved me to tears.

It was a bitter trial for poor Mary. She loved her father the more that her mother was in Heaven, and the thought of his displeasure almost broke her heart. Had he been more mild I believe her sense of duty would have prevailed. But his harshness called forth a strength of character which she was not before supposed to possess. Who will condemn her, that Tom's pleading eye and voice prevailed over her father's commands, and that she resolved to become his wife, though poverty and disgrace were to be her portion? I cannot.

CHAPTER IV.

'Well Tom, I think I shall soon hear you scoffing at love again.'

'No, never; I am pierced through and through—beyond all hope. Don't the poets say no medicine can cure love?'

'Only our spermaceti.'

'Who prescribes that?'

'Shakspeare. He says it's 'the sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise.'

'Very good Peter. Is't not Mary a sweet name?'

'Yes—it rhymes so smoothly with fairy, and visionary, and—since, when you are married you must go to work—I may as well add, with dairy.'

'Speaking of work, here is a letter I received from my father this morning. It is directed to me at A——, where he supposes me to be. I will read you a passage in it which cut me to the soul.'

'My dear son'—ect. passing over the preliminaries—'you have now arrived at an age which renders it necessary for you to think of settling in life. I shall therefore, during the present summer, have the pleasure of introducing you to a young lady every way worthy of your regard, whom, as I have often told, I selected as a suitable person for your wife. I trust, my dear son, you will see the propriety of submitting your own judgment to mine in this matter, and when you meet the lady, who, I understand, is uncommonly beautiful, I doubt not you will approve my course in keeping you unacquainted with each other until the proper time arrives for your intimacy to commence. I shall write to you soon more particularly,' ect.

'Now, Peter, what do you think I have written in reply? Listen.

DUTIFUL FATHER:—Your very gratifying letter was received in due time, and I have the pleasure of informing you in reply, that before you receive this I shall be married! It grieves me much to thwart your wishes, but so the fates have decreed and so it must be.—Your respectful son,
Tom.'

'But, Tom, your letter is bottom upwards; you have mistaken the direction,' cried I, in amazement.

'So I have, Peter. Can't help it. He is certainly more dutiful than I; but that is not the thing. To-night I shall want your assistance. Will you be at —— corner, with the carriage at eight?'

'Precisely, Tom.'

'One thing more. We must contrive to have old Mr. Lyon absent from home this evening, if only for ten minutes. Can you inveigle him away?'

'I have it, Tom. Make yourself easy, and leave all with me.'

CHAPTER V.

'Mary, give me my staff, I must walk to —— street to-night, late as it is. What can Comfort Stubbs want of me at this hour? Keep the door locked till I return, Mary; that note will tell you where I am going,' and the old gentleman was soon out of sight.

'Now is the time,' whispered Tom, in a trembling voice—'the carriage is waiting.'

'I cannot, I cannot.'

'But it is too late now to repent,' said Tom, and he almost dragged her into the street. The fresh air gave her new strength, and she put her arm in his, and walked tremblingly on, the tears all the time streaming down her cheeks, till they came to the carriage, where I was awaiting them. In a moment we were in, and off upon a gallop.

Never was Mary Ivon so beautiful as when she stood in that low room, with her hand clasped in Tom's, giving her assent to the holy marriage vows. Tom, too, looked handsome and happy, but there was a determined expression in his countenance, which showed he was taking a bold step. I could not but look on him with pity, mingled with admiration, when I thought that the moment that perfected his happiness, made him penniless. I have acquired an avaricious habit in my lonely bachelor state, which I fear would never permit me to make such a sacrifice.

Old Mr. Ivon went to the hotel in —— street, in compliance with the request contained in the note, which I had taken the pardonable liberty to send him in the name of his friend Comfort Stubbs. But alas! no Comfort Stubbs was there. After waiting about half an hour, and swearing at his friends' stupidity, never suspecting the hoax, the old gentleman went growling back to the house. Every thing was still and quiet. 'Mary Ivon,' cried the old man, as he entered the door; 'Mary Ivon.' No answer came, and again 'Mary Ivon' resounded through the house, and the empty apartments echoed 'Mary Ivon.' The old man grew sick at heart. The truth flashed on his mind in a moment—*his daughter had eloped!*

Tom's fortune was still triumphant. He had run away with the lady to whom from childhood he had been betrothed, and thus terminates our romance. He had never seen Mary before, and tho' Mr. Ivon had seen Tom when a boy, his features were so altered that he did not recognize him. Tom's father, immediately on the receipt of his letter, started post-haste to communicate the melancholy intelligence to his friend. He arrived just as old Mr. Ivon had discovered his daughter's escape, and while they were lamenting together the ruin of their long continued plans, who under broad heaven should enter but Tom and his wife!

I shall not attempt to describe the scene that ensued. I need not say that the disobedient children were forgiven.

CHAPTER IV.

I have just returned from a re-enactment of Tom's wedding. It is difficult to say which were happiest, the parents or the children. Mary's unspeakable eyes were no longer dimmed with tears, and the perfect happiness which their mirthful smile bespoke, was a joy to behold. I wish all sceptics on the subject of love could have seen her. She was indeed *argumentum ad hominem*. As for Tom, he looked solemn. He was always afraid of sudden changes, and he shuddered when he thought what a game his destiny had played him.

'Peter,' said he, 'how can I tell what's to come next?'

'Paternity, I suppose,' said I, 'and posterity of course.'

'But, Peter, look—how unspeakably beautiful! Will not my good luck tempt you to marry?'

'Yes, when I can find another Mary Ivon, who will save me the trouble of asking consent.'

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, JULY 23, 1836.

The Knickerbocker.—It is sufficient to say that the 1st No. of the 8th vol. of this deservedly popular work, is equal to any of its predecessors. It is always full of interest; and this number is pre-eminently so. The article on Consumption contains many striking facts, and proves the author to be possessed of a profound knowledge of the human constitution. While the interesting "Scenes" by the author of the "South; Sea, by a Yankee," "Life at Sea," and the humorous sketch by the author of "The late Ben Smith, a loafer," are equalled only by the inimitable "Ollapod," and the *sui generis* sketches of the laughter-loving "Penny-a-liner." And then there is a chasteness in the style of the "Palmyra Letters," and a beauty and simplicity and deep-toned piety in the soul-stirring poem of the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, that cannot fail to afford pleasure to the man of letters and the humble christian. We are right glad this periodical is receiving the support it deserves. By the way, as "Ollapod's" journal leaves him at Utica, in the next number we shall look for his visit to this city, where he spent a few days very pleasantly, if he told the truth; and he showed his good judgment by becoming enraptured with its location and scenery.

To Correspondents.

Several articles designed for this number have been crowded out.

"JUVENIS" may possibly appear.

The "NEW ENGLAND PEDAGOGUE" shall be served up in our next number.

☞ A Miss Myatt, possessing all the charms of "sweet sixteen," recently recovered \$6,000 in Cincinnati from Mr. Solomon Morken for a breach of promise. He is rich, and can afford to pay.

Good Presence of Mind.—A short time since a rich old lady, who lived in Broadway near Chamber street, was about being called out of this world of trouble into another much better, she appeared greatly troubled and agitated. Being asked the cause she replied:—"I am now about taking my leave of this world and know not what to do about my property"—and by the bye she had accumulated a great deal of it in her life time. She continued to grow still more agitated as her departure approached. Her Physician observed her. On his asking the cause and on being informed he told her that she could stay but a short time on earth, and she ought not to let her earthly things trouble her. She replied—"who will see

to my property if I do not?" "The eye of Providence is on it," replied the physician. "Ah!" replied the old lady, "I had a little rather have my own eye on it."

Intemperance.—Twelve hundred and forty-three paupers were admitted into the Philadelphia Alms House last year, in which number, eight out of ten of the adults were intemperate.

The superintendent of the children's department states it as her conviction from close observation during a period of 11 years, that ninety out of every hundred children admitted were the offspring of intemperate parents.

The Sussex Register says, John Brown, a native of Ireland, but for the last fifty years a citizen of New Jersey, died in Mansfield, Warren county, on Wednesday the 22d ult., aged one hundred and forty years!

Fever and Ague.—A strong decoction of white ash bark, drank plentifully, on the first symptoms of fever and ague, will generally have the effect of arresting the disease. We have for two seasons tried it with decided success, and have witnessed its beneficial effects on others. The remedy may not be infallible, but it is worth a trial by those who are afflicted with that distressing complaint. We are not sure that the white ash grows on the Island, but it is quite plentiful on the Connecticut side of the Sound.—*Jamaica Farmer.*

A new village is about to be laid out in the town of Painted Post where the Erie and N. Y. Rail Road is to intersect the West Branch of the Chemung canal. It is to be named CORNING in honor of the Mayor of Albany.

A lie is a breach of promise; for whoever seriously addresses his discourses to another, tacitly promises to speak the truth because he knows that the truth is expected.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, an inferior acceptable.

Associate with people rather above than below your rank, and rather older than younger than yourself.

Live with the sad serenely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly.

A son of the "Isle of Erin" having purchased a new Bible, commenced his family record. He enrolled the name of his first born thus—"John G——, born August 6, 1830, aged 5 years.—"

A Groggy Marriage.—At Towanda, Pa., Mr. Junius Waters, aged 16, to Miss Rosina Whiskey, aged 84. The very best receipt for grog—fresh water and old whiskey.—*Petersburg Co.*

MARRIAGES.

At Scottsville, on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, D. K. Carter, Esq. of Akron, O. to Nancy, daughter of Haynes Hanford, Esq. of the former place.

At the Methodist chapel in Churchville, on the 5th of June, by Rev. Mr. Comfort, Mr. William Youngs, to Miss Roxana Beebe, both of Riga.

In Wheatland, by R. Harmon, Jr., Esq. on the 21st June, Mr. Peter Clough, to Miss Dorcas Sherwood, both of Rush.

In Henrietta, on the 16th of May, by the Rev. Mr. Sheardown, Mr. James Stevenson, to Miss Louisa David, all late of Great Britain.

In Chili, on the 28th inst., by Thomas L. Luke, Esq. Mr. Oliver Ross, to Miss Almira Lawrence, all of Chili.

In Scipio, on the 29th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Avery, Mr. Junius Judson, of Rochester, to Miss Hannah Briggs, of the former place.

SELECT POETRY.

From the "Token and Atlantic Souvenir," for 1836

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I came, but she was gone.

There lay her lute,
Just as she touch'd it last, at the soft hour
Of Summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Filling with a deeper fragrance, fondly press'd
Thro' the rais'd casement, uttering tender thanks
To her who train'd them. On her favorite seat
Still lay her work-box open, and the book
That last she read, and careless near its page
A note, whose cover her slight pen had trac'd
With lines unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the pleasant home
Where from her childhood she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came, and she was gone.

But this I knew, for I remember'd well
Her parting look, when from the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,
How the young rose leaf deepen'd on her cheek.
And on her brow a solemn beauty sat,
Like one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence. Mid that strange throng,
Even strangers, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppress'd, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the tall stately sire
Bow with a secret sorrow, as he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far-off clime. Perchance his thought
Travers'd the moss-grown prairies, and the shores
Of the cold lakes,—or those o'erhanging cliffs
And mighty mountain-tops, that rose to bar
Her log-rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend.

Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,
That, taking in its hand the joys of home,
Then tenderest melodies of tuneful years,
Yea, and its own life also, lays them all
Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth
A scene like this,—ye laughter-loving one,
Hence with the hackney's jest! The dancer's heel;
What doth it here?

Joy, serious and sublime,
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand
Fresh from its young flower-gathering, girdeth on
That harness, which the minister of death
Alone unlooseth,—and whose power doth aid
Or mar the journey of the soul to heaven.

From the London Metropolitan.

I NEVER CAN ANOTHER WED.

BY L. M. J. MONTAGUE.

Oh no! we have not met for years;
'Twas on her bridal day
I saw her last; and then her tears
Did stain her bright array:
Methought these tears for me were shed;
But be it so or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
I never see the place
Where once she dwelt but bitter tears
Come gushing o'er my face:
They say that love by grief is fed;
But be it so, or not,
I never can another wed,
She, never be forgot.

Oh, no! we have not met for years;
Nor would I trust me now
To look on her, in smiles, or tears,

Lest I forget her vow:
They tell me that her beauty's fled;
But be it so or not,
I never could another wed,
She, never be forgot.

RIENZI SHOWING NINA THE TOMB OF HIS BROTHER
[Now first republished in this country.]

It was hidden in a wild wood
Of the larch and pine;
It had been unto his childhood
Solitude and shrine,—
There he dream'd the hours away,
On the boughs the wood-dove hover'd,
With her mournful song;
And the ground with moss was cover'd,
Where a small brook danced along
Like a fairy child at play.
Thither did Rienzi bring
The loved and lovely one;
There was the stately Nina woo'd,
There was she won.

Reeds and water-flags were growing
By the green morass;
While the fresh wild flowers were blowing
In the pleasant grass,
Cool, and sweet, and very fair.
Though the wild wind planted them
With a careless wing,
Yet kind Nature granted them
All the gifts of Spring.
Nought they needed human care.
They grew lovelier in the looks
Of that lovely one;
While the Roman maid was woo'd,
While she was won.

In the pines a soft bewailing
Stirr'd the fringed leaves,
Like a lute whose song is failing,
Loving, while it grieves
So to die upon the wind.
Ivy garlanded the laurel,
Drooping mournfully;
Poet—warrior—read the moral
Of the victor's tree,
Lonely still amid its kind!
Yet what dreams of both are blent
In the soft tale now begun.
Which the radiant Nina woo'd,
And which Nina won.

There a cypress raised to heaven
Its sepulchral heap,
Like a stately column given
By the summer to the deep;—
There the young Rienzi slept.
In that grave his brother laid him,
Neath the evening star;
While revenge and sorrow made him
What earth's great are;
Long, drear vigils there he kept,
Now a sweeter one was lit
By the sitting sun;
While that lady bright was woo'd,
While she was won.

By the grey cross o'er his brother,
By his heart's first care,
Did Rienzi ask another
In that heart to share.
To that maiden's feet he brought
All his early youth's affection,
All his early years;
All whose tender recollection
Only spoke in tears.
Thus to share his soul he sought:
All life's lowliest feelings grew
Round that lovely one;—
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won.

Ah! the glorious mind's aspiring

Needeth some repose—
Some sweet object for desiring,
Where its wings may close.
Wrapp'd in purple shadow, Rome
Rose afar off like a vision—
Stately, dark, and high;
But a softer one had risen
Neath that twilight sky.
While the full heart found a home,
There were mighty words and hope
Shared with his beloved one;—
Thus was the bright Nina woo'd,
Thus was she won. L. E. L.

From Frazer's Magazine.

I HAE NAEBODY NOW

BY THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waiving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep blue een:
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' the news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye;
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

Ther's naebody kens—ther's naebody kens,
An' O, may they never prove
The sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their early love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break my poor auld heart,
Nor at my loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her father and thine.
Yes, I maun mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day:
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Believing that a well conducted literary publication can be sustained in this city, the publishers of the GEM have determined to increase their efforts to make this periodical worthy of public patronage. As one of the first steps toward improvement, they have procured an entire new dress, together with a font of MUSIC-TYPE, expressly for the GEM, the columns of which they design hereafter to adorn with the CHOICEST MUSIC.

To superintend the musical department, they have engaged Mr. H. Russell, a gentleman of eminent talent, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that this department will be tastefully and judiciously managed.

In addition to the original compositions of Mr. Russell, selections will be made, for the voice, organ and piano from the productions of John Barnett, C. E. Horn, Miss Brown, (sister of Mrs. Hemans) Bellini, H. R. Bishop, and numerous other composers.

As one half of the present volume has expired, new subscribers will be furnished for the ensuing six months at 75 cents each. Nothing extra will be required of present subscribers. Subscriptions in all cases to be paid in advance.

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THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

One Dollar a year, in advance.

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

Vol. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1836.

No. 16.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A NEW ENGLAND PEDAGOGUE.

As I was recently looking over a bundle of rusty MSS. which were once the property of a friend, who now, alas! has gone the way of all the earth, I met with the following rather humorous account of a "school keeping" adventure, which had befallen him in his early life, and this account of which he seems to have given in a letter to a friend. If you shall think it likely to afford any amusement to your numerous readers, you are welcome to serve it up, as I have sent it, for their gratification.

OMEGA.

— College, 4th March 18—.

On a pleasant Saturday morning, in the latter part of last November, I sallied forth, from college, for the purpose of taking a situation, where I might get employment, as a Pedagogue, for the coming winter. Mounted upon the beast which nature had provided, I jogged merrily along, amusing myself with the reflection that, now I am free from college duties for the next three winter months; now I may take my fill of sleep, without the interruption of the clamorous college bell; nor shall I need to rack my brain, searching for excuses to settle the Monitors weekly bill,—for I never could plead the excuse of the affrighted Freshman, 'non audire bellum'; now my Thucydidis may lay quietly on the shelf, beside his moral neighbour Seneca, and my only care shall be the training and the disciplining of the young ideas that shall be committed to my guardianship. For in truth, I do

'Aspire

To teach the young idea to fire.'

Thus I continued my way for many miles in the same merry mood in which I had set out,—musing upon the past and laying plans for the future—until I arrived at the summit of a hill, when I was, at once, aroused from my reverie by the beauty of the prospect. On my right, there lay extended a ridge of rugged and broken hills; on my left, was a range of lofty mountains, and at my feet there lay a delightful little village, upon the shore of one of the most beautiful lakes which can be found in our country, whose waters then were rippled by a gentle breeze that set in motion the many sails which were every where scattered upon its agitated bosom. I stopped for a moment to gaze upon the enchanting scenery; and while I stood, lost in the contemplation of its beauties, I was unconsciously approached by an individual, whom, from his appearance, I judged to be none other than the Rector of the parish. We mutually saluted each other and after a little conversation, upon discovering that I was a stranger and what my business was, he, with a kindness that well became the minister of Him who went about doing good, kindly offered me his services in procuring me a school in his own parish. As we walked on together, conversing upon those subjects which most easily and naturally presented themselves, I became much interested, and was much

instructed by his conversation which clearly exhibited a strong and highly cultivated mind, under the influence of the most ardent piety.—Arrived at the place of my destination, I was introduced to my new dignitary, who discharged, in and of himself alone, the various duties of committee-man of the district; tender of the saw mill; Justice of the Peace; Captain of the Militia; "M. D. of roots and Yarbs," &c. &c., and hom nature might say,

"When I composed the sustain brain
Of this redoubted Captain vain,
I had at hand, but few ingredients;
And so was forced to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning;
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And, when I saw the void behind,
I filled it up with froth and wind."

With the aid of my clerical friend, a bargain was soon struck; and after a hearty shake of the hand, I parted from my new acquaintance, and took up my residence at my first boarding house, where I spent the remainder of the day and evening very pleasantly, chatting with the old woman and reading a copy of Sheridan Knowles, that I had luckily brought with me in my pocket. The next day, being the Sabbath, I accompanied the family to the church, to join the little band of village worshippers, who there assembled to offer up the tribute of sincere thanks to the great Former of our bodies and Father of our spirits. I have often seen more splendid churches, and heard more elegant preachers; I have often seen gayer and richer congregations; but never have I heard a religious teacher admonish his erring people with such a moving, affecting tenderness; never have I heard a more pointed, but yet judicious, application of the plain and simple truths of religion, to the heart and conscience; and never have I seen a congregation that seemed to receive reproof with more contrition and humbleness of heart, or so devoutly and gladly listen to the word of life. As the holy man concluded his heavenly message and the well trained choir sang his beautiful anthem of praise and thanksgiving, my heart was thrilled with the mingled sensations of awe and delight, and I felt, indeed, "This is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven."—But my feelings of devotion were soon dispelled, for, unluckily, during the service of the afternoon, I caught a glimpse of an object in the gallery that at once usurped, in my heart, the place which the serious impressions of the morning should have still retained. While I was gazing upon and admiring, as it was natural for a young man, that part of the choir which was made up of females, and thinking within myself, how lovely, how angelic does woman appear when engaged in the worship of her maker, my admiration of the character of women in general was suddenly turned to the charms of one in particular. The preacher went on with his discourse; but I found it difficult, at first, and soon impossible, to keep the thread of his reasoning, and so I very willingly gave up all at-

tempts to do so, and for a time, I took up my sojourn in the land of *Nod*. During the time that I dwelt in that visionary region, the lovely image of her, who had so much interested me, continually flitted before my mind, presenting itself in every form of beauty and loveliness, which the imagination of a contemplative, poetic lover could ever have conceived; whichever way I turned, her eyes glistening with the purest happiness, seemed to look upon me and her sweetly curled lips seemed ever to meet me with a lovely smile. But the thundering amen of the preacher chased away my pleasant dreams as rapidly as the rising sun did the ghost of Hamlet's father.

We returned to our home and seated ourselves to partake of our Sunday supper, but I soon found my stomach did not crave its food; it remonstrated with me against my forcing into it tea that had been steeped in a little *tin cup*, which had the appearance of having been used, in its younger days for other and more appropriate purposes; I could not at all relish the appearance of the table-cloth, which reminded me of an anecdote I have somewhere seen of a traveller: "Being awakened, during the night, by some one's pulling at one of his sheets, he, in no very good natured tone, enquired who was there and what was wanted? Cato replied, 'well, massa, I muss hab de table closs, any way.'" I finished my supper however, and in the evening we talked very piously of the sacred truths to which we had the privilege of listening, if we would, during the day, but my thoughts were all the while running upon—

'No matter what!—it was not what they' ought!

I retired at an early hour to my bed; which, however, was, by no means to my rest. For, until I took up my abode in that place, I had never known the luxury of a bed, the feathers of which, to use a Hibernian phrase, were cotton bats, and as the stomach often loath's the most dainty meats, so my body refused to rest upon that exquisite couch, unable to sleep, I, for a time, amused myself by listening to the wind as it whistled through the crevices between the slabs, which formed the ceiling of my bed-chamber; but soon another object got possession of my thoughts. When I could not drive that object from my mind, I began to reproach myself on account of my broken resolutions—for I had resolved, upon setting out from College, not to fall in love once, during the whole winter—and I could not help exclaiming, with some degree of bitterness, too, I will confess,

"I have too long

Loved pretty woman with a poet's feeling
And when a boy, in day-dream and in song
Have knelt me down and worshipped them—Alas!
They never thanked me for't—but let that pass—
I've felt, full many a heart ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown;
And caught some dreadful colds, I blush to say
While shivering in the shade of beauty's frown!
They say her smiles are sun-beams—it may be—
But never a sun-beam would she throw on me.

Sleep, at length, kindly fell upon me, and I rose in the morning refreshed and prepared for

the duties of a pedagogical life. At the appointed time I hid me to the house, in which I was destined to rule during the ensuing winter, and I at once assumed the sceptre and the rod of empire; the scale of justice; the master's "*Ipse dicitur*" and his frown; the care of exercising which soon put an end to the idea of happiness, which I had dreamed I should meet with in this employment, and taught me that a school-master's life was one of hardship and not of pleasure.

I now vainly wished myself back again to college, and thought I could now endure, like a martyr, all the provocations which the President, the Professors (among whom was classed that fearful one of dust and ashes) and the monitor combined. But I found my greatest difficulty in being unable to accommodate myself to the character of my boarding house, and in being compelled to spend my evenings amid the not altogether enchanting music of a family organ, into the mechanism of which the father entered as the most powerful bass (base?) pipe; the mother followed in the ascending scale, and so on with the children, till the youngest piped the highest note. I, however, endured, for a considerable length of time, this scene of noise; of grease and filth; putting, meanwhile, *all my 'learning'* to the test to contrive a plan by which I might escape smoothly, from my disagreeable home. I, at last, by dint of severest thought, and most critical observation, discovered that my knife was dull and needed very much to have a more intimate acquaintance with the hone, an article I well knew was not to be found in my present quarters. This furnished me with a good excuse for making a call upon the family of Mr. ———, to which my want of a whet-stone was a most convenient introduction. I was kindly received by the inmates of that family, and I soon found myself seated in an elegant sitting room and most agreeably engaged in the conversation of some very pretty, engaging misses. The whetstone, of course, was soon forgotten; and it was not until the clock informed me that the hour was then too late for me to think of giving edge to my knife, that I again thought of my errand. With a heavy heart, I trugged back to my home, which now, to my mind, resembled the place which I had just left, about as much as Purgatory resembles the Seventh Heaven of Mahomet. Not long after I was invited to be of a party which was to assemble at the house of the last mentioned family.

At the appointed time I was there, watching with much interest the proceedings; for this was the first country party which I had ever attended. As the company came into the room, they all took their places as chance or design threw them together, in two long lines, extending from the bright wood fire that was cheerfully burning upon the hearth, to the farthest extremity of the room; and as they waited for the moving of the spirit, each one found amusement, for the time being, in chatting with his or her neighbor, on the incidents of their ride, or of the wonderful events that had taken place since last they were met together.

At length the moving spirit appeared among them in the person of a young attorney from the neighboring village. There was something very interesting in this young gentleman's appearance. His countenance was open and expressive; his features were regular and his bright black eye might have seemed handsome, had they not been set in a face of nearly the same color; and his noble form and graceful carriage, might have been envied by the haughtiest chief that ever led the war-dance of the Massasaugas. His sparkling wit and animated conversation,

made him the very idol of the surrounding country. When he spoke, there was the most profound attention; when he smiled, the whole house rang with repeated peals of laughter; and, so completely was his reputation established, that whenever he gave a peculiar twist to his mouth, as a signal that he was about to say something witty, a hearty laugh went round, sometimes a minute before he even opened his lips. He, as master of ceremonies, led the rustic sports, which, in themselves, were not very important, but which answered extremely well the end for which they were intended, viz: the furnishing a good opportunity for obtaining and receiving kisses. It was not a little amusing to me, to witness the different ways in which the lovely fair ones submitted to the cruel operation, and the words of the poet were forcibly brought to my mind:

"Dum flagrantin detarquet ad oscula
Cervicem, aut facili saevitia negat,
Quae poscenti magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet."

Or to use the language of a not very happy translation of the above:

"While now her bending neck she plies
Backward to meet the burning kiss,
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
Yet wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss."

I must confess that I am made of softer stuff than that which can sit and coldly speculate upon the nature of men and things in the midst of merry hearts and cheerful, happy countenances. I was soon compelled to lay aside my gravity and join in their innocent sports in such a not only seeming, but really hearty manner as ill became the pedagogue and boy-whipper of the district. Time flew rapidly, and before I was aware that the evening was at all advanced, the old, unmannerly clock sounded the hour for breaking up; the company betook themselves to their sleighs and I hastened to my bed, where I lived over again the pleasures of the evening. As my imagination brought the fair ones, who had been of the party, one after another before me, I could not fail to contrast their pretty smiling faces; their plain, becoming dresses and their artless manners, with the artificial charms; the formal smile and haughty carriage of Miss ——— as she, in full dress; looking so Eve-like, Angel-like and so interesting, took her place in the drawing-room at the memorable levee of Mr. ———. But let her pass.—I, as usual, spent the night 'twixt musing and sleeping, and the next morning found that my appetite was wanting—a trifling matter and not uncommon with me, but among these *multi-phagoi* it is a fearful and almost unheard of misfortune, I should have replied to the urgent request of my hostess to partake more bountifully of her crisped meat that "The cameleon love can feed on air," had I not known that it was diametrically opposed to the whole experience of her life.—Had I not already spun this letter to too great a length. I would say something of the strange things that befel me during the remainder of the twelve weeks that I tarried in that romantic retreat. But I have only room to add that, with as much cheerfulness as possible, mingling with all sorts of people and living on all sorts of fare, eating swine's flesh and supping the broth of abominable things until the expiration of my school when, notwithstanding the many pleasures I had enjoyed by way of sleigh-rides; evening parties &c, I most gladly bid adieu forever to the life of a pedagogue and to rustic happiness saying in the almost language of Cowper

"O! country life! "where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!"

for if these are the pleasures of country life, of which poets have so often sung; if among these rugged and barren hills are the retreats of the Muses, I can most devoutly say in the language of the church, "From all such good Lord deliver me."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

REFLECTIONS ON EARTHQUAKES.

A FRAGMENT.

In this country we are strangers to the dreadful convulsions that take place in other parts of the globe. But we may form some idea of them, from the testimony of historians and travelers who have been spectators. But scenes of this nature cannot be well described—they must be witnessed to be realized. True, we may hear of ignited rocks, and showers of stones and ashes; of rivers of burning lead, and clouds of flame and smoke bursting from the ground; of subterranean fires, and blazing mountains; of islands emerging from the sea; of hills tumbling into the valleys, and mountains being swallowed up; of kingdoms being laid waste, and cities shaken to pieces. But the relation, barely, cannot make that vivid and lasting impression that a sight of them would create; though, indeed, we may feel the warm current of life chill in our veins, and by night start from our feverish dreams at the sound of the thunder, imagining we feel the earth vibrate beneath our feet: I was not long since intimate with one who had beheld Nature in all her terrors: He had gained a liberal education; but unhappily becoming of a roving disposition, he forsook his friends, and embarked as a wanderer upon the wide ocean. He had looked into the Maelstrom, and sailed by Seylla and Charybdis; had been chilled among the icebergs of the poles, and scorched at the equator. He had descended into many of the deep caves of the earth, and explored grottos and mines almost without number. He had climbed up the steepest cliffs—had seen the rising sun from the top of Vesuvius, Teneriffe, and Etna, and scaled the summit of Chimberazo. He had looked into boiling craters, stood upon Pompeii, and walked the streets of Herculaneum. Of many of these he would speak with peculiar pathos; but describe an earthquake he had witnessed he never would; he thought language too inadequate. "Ah!" said he, "boy, you must see these things if you ever wish to realize their terrors." The case is not without a parallel—I was recently in company with an intelligent traveler, who had just returned from Niagara Falls; and, in course of conversation, he remarked, that he had seen many of the wonders of the world; and always felt like taking a sketch or making observations about them; but when he went to Niagara, with pencil in hand, expecting to say great things of them, he was so overwhelmed with the sight, that he had neither strength nor patience left to attempt a description; and when his friends asked him to describe them, he replied he could not, and told them to go and see for themselves.

The globe is undoubtedly pierced with innumerable vast caverns, branching out in every direction, like veins and arteries in animal bodies. These are filled with water, air, and inflammable gases and minerals, which, in some places, are in a state of continual fermentation; causing volcanoes, burning springs and the like. In other parts, where there are no natural vents, by the action of nature upon mineral substances, inflammable gaseous exhalations are formed. These becoming ignited, rarify the air; which, in escaping from its confinement, causes those convulsions of which we speak.

Earthquakes are not confined to the surface; at times they are immensely deep, passing un-

der the beds of lakes and seas, and affecting the coasts on all sides, hundreds of miles apart, at the same instant. If there were more volcanoes there would be fewer earthquakes; for they are the vents by which the rarified air and flaming vapors escape into the atmosphere. And if those which now exist were stopped up, new ones would be formed, causing, most likely, new mountains, and new islands in the ocean. How terrible the thought, that we are separated from subterranean fires, and fathomless gulfs, only by a thin brittle crust, which is every moment in danger of being broken to pieces! I wonder not, that the ancients supposed hell to be but just beneath their feet!

An earthquake, at any time, must be a dreadful occurrence; but in the night especially, when darkness clothes all things in obscurity; when men start from their slumbers, at the quick, powerful shock, and stand aghast! dreading a repetition, yet almost wishing it, to be relieved from their suffocating suspense. Ask you why distressing fear is depicted in every countenance? It is not the loud howl of the tempest, wailing through the shrieking forest;—not the voice of the deep-toned thunder, bursting in terrific peals along the echoing vault; nor yet the roar of the raging billows, breaking upon the rugged strand, and reverberating from the thousand mighty caverns of the deep. These have their terrors; when aroused, men behold in their rage the wrath of offended Deity; but it is silence—death-like, voiceless as the grave; betokening that Nature pauses to take breath, that she may with new strength renew the struggle; silence so dreadful, that men hold their breath for fear, and are startled by the throbbing of their own hearts. The beasts which at first howled from the hills, and the birds that screamed from the forest are silent; even the mild zephyr that rustled through the trembling poplar, and playfully rippled the sleeping waters of the ocean is hushed; and men stand by each other in silence, afraid of the sound of their own voices.

It does not, in cannot long last. Nature seems expiring, and begins to groan, like giving up the ghost. Old ocean feels it, and fleeing from the trembling shores, retires to his hidden caves beneath the hills; and still alarmed, rushes forth in mighty volumes, overleaping his bounds, like a wounded tiger; and rages backward and forward in restless agony. Rivers stop in their courses, and disappear; forests reel to and fro, and fall prostrate; clouds fly hither and thither, like affrighted eagles. Tall cliffs leap from their foundations, crushing the babels of human labor; old Etna himself catches the affright, and shuddering, begins to gather from the four quarters his lightnings; and his thunders from the dark caverns of the groaning deep, and heaving, groaning, and heaving, he bursts his own quaking sides with anguish.

Oh! what shall man say when God speaks through Nature? What, though she use the engine of death, and make it speak with a loud voice, and hurl destruction upon his enemies?—God commands the elements, and they make war together; and what can man do when blinded with the glare of his lightnings, and shaken by the voice of his thunders? Because he has reared lofty towers, and built for himself cities of strength, shall he think himself secure? God holds the four winds of heaven; he speaks, and they sweep with the besom of destruction the uttermost parts of the earth;—if he but breathe upon the place of strength, it becomes as dust. Because man rides upon the billows, and defies the tempest, shall he boast of his power? where shall he hide himself when God makes the earth to heave and toss like the ocean, when he speaks,

and the mountains fall into the valleys, and hills clash against hills?
TELEMACHUS.

THE TRUE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

A MORAL TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

(Concluded from page 118.)

"Well, my Celeste, I have brought my dog to see you," said Adolphe one morning.

"Ah! down, down! Pray turn him out; see the marks of his paws. I can't bear dogs, Adolphe."

"Poor thing!" said Adolphe, caressing his insulted favorite.

"Was that to me, or to the dog?" asked Celeste.

"Oh, to him, to be sure."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I thought you looked at me. Indeed, Adolphe, if the truth may be said, you have lately contracted a bad habit—you are getting quite a cast in your eye."

"Madam!" said Adolphe, prodigiously offended, and hurrying to the glass.

"Don't be angry, my love; I would not have mentioned it, if it did not get worse every day; it is yet to be cured, I am sure; just put a wafer on the top of your nose, and you will soon see straight."

"A wafer on the top of my nose! Much better put one on the tip of your chin, Celeste!"

"My chin!" cried Celeste, running in her turn to the glass. "What do you mean sir?"

"Only that you have a very large wart there, which it would be a little more agreeable to conceal."

"Sir!"

"Madam!"

"A wart on my chin, monster!"

"A cast in my eye, fool!"

"Yes! How could I ever love a man who squinted!"

"Or I a woman with a wart on her chin!"

"Sir, I shall not condescend to notice your insults. No wonder, you can't see! I pity your infirmity."

"Madam, I despise your insinuations; but since you deny the evidence of your own glass, suffer me to send for a physician, and if he can cure your deformity, so much the better for you."

"Yes, send for a physician; he will say whether you squint or not. Poor Adolphe! I am not angry; no, I pity such a melancholy defect."

Celeste burst into tears. Adolphe, in a rage, seized his hat, mounted his horse, and went himself for the doctor.

The doctor was a philosopher as well as a physician. He took his pony and ambled back with Adolphe. By the way he extracted from Adolphe his whole history, for men in a passion are easily made garrulous. "The perfidious woman," said Adolphe, "would you believe it? we braved every thing for each other; never were too persons so much in love; nay, we attempted suicide rather than endure a long separation. I renounced the most brilliant marriages for her sake; too happy that she was mine without a dowry; and now she declares I squint. And, oh, she has such a wart on her chin!"

The doctor could not very well see whether Adolphe squinted, for he had his hat over his eyes; besides he prudently thought it best to attend to one malady at a time.

"As to the wart, sir," said he, "it is not difficult to cure."

"But if my wife won't confess that she has it, she will never consent to be cured. I would not mind if she would but own it. Oh the vanity of woman!"

"It must have been after some absence that this little defect was perceived by you—"

"After absence—we have not been a day separated since we married."

"O, oh," thought the doctor, sinking into a reverie— I have said he was a philosopher—but it did not require much philosophy to know that persons who would have died for each other a few months ago, were not alienated by a wart or a cast of the eye.

They arrived at Adolphe's villa—they entered the saloon. Celeste no longer wept; she had put on her most becoming cap, and had the air of an insulted but uncomplaining wife!

"Confess to the wart, Celeste, and I'll forgive all," said Adolphe.

"Nay, why so obstinate as to the cast in the eye—I shall not admire you less (though others may) if you will not be so vain as to disown it."

"Enough, madam—doctor, regard that lady—is not the wart monstrous—can it be cured?"

"Nay," cried Celeste, sobbing, "look rather at my poor husband's squint. His eyes were so fine before we married."

The doctor put on his spectacles—he regarded first one and then the other.

"Sir," said he, deliberately, "this lady has certainly a pimple on the left of her chin considerably smaller than a pin's head. And madam, the pupil of your husband's right eye is, like that of nine persons out of ten, the hundredth part of an inch nearer his nose than the pupil of the left. This is the case as it appears to me, seeing you both for the first time. But I do not wonder that you, sir, think the pimple so enormous; and you madam, the eye so distorted, since you see each other every day!"

The pair were struck by a secret and simultaneous conviction;—when an express arrived breathless to summon Adolphe to his father, who was taken suddenly ill. At the end of three months Adolphe returned. Celeste's wart had entirely vanished, and Celeste found her husband's eyes as beautiful as ever.

Taught by experience, they learned then, that warts rapidly grow upon chins, and squints readily settle upon eyes—that are constantly seen. And that it is easy for two persons to die joyfully together when in love but prodigiously difficult without occasional absence to live comfortably together when married.

Written for the Gem and Ladies' Amulet.

ENIGMA.

Ladies, I hope you'll listen to my story,
Since I have courage to appear before ye,
Tho' faith whenever you find out my name,
I'm sure I'll hear you cry, O fie for shame.
However, as my story must be told,
My greatest fear was you would think me bold—
Familiar as I am with wounds and strife,
I must be dangerous in domestic life.
But check your fears, it is not so in truth,
I've been familiar to you all from youth.
You handle me without the slightest fear,
Although I've been the cause of many a tear.
In ages long remote I date my birth,
Tho' in what country of this beauteous earth
I first appeared, is not exactly known,
Nor ever will, to aught but heaven alone.
In Balaam's time I was, and long before him,
And greatly terrified the beast that bore him.
For ages I have lain beneath the ground,
And in Pompeii's ruins oft I'm found.
In days of yore the toilet's rites I'd grace,
And gaze with rapture on each lovely face,
Now banish'd from that state so proud and high,
More trifling wants I venture to supply.
I take my place at every social board,
I often guard the thrifty miser's hoard,
Doctor nor Cook could get along without me,
Nor any lady make a shirt without me.
But tho' so useful I am oft abus'd,
I'm burnt and beat and otherwise ill-us'd,
And tho' such numerous evils I endure,
Most raging fits of tooth-ache I can cure.
I've told you now so much, without a doubt
You'll readily enough my name find out—

S. E. F.

☞ A Solution is requested.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRIENDSHIP.

Verd amicitia est sempiterna.

Will friendship then forever last,
Or is its bright ray quickly past?
And when misfortune's clouds shall low'r,
Will it forsake us in that hour?

Is it like radiant Phoebus' ray,
That only gilds the brilliant day?
Or is it gentle Cynthia's light,
That beams amid affliction's night?

It is a star whose gentle beam,
Lights up life's dark and cheerless stream;
A pole-star constant, pure and bright,
To guide the mariner aright.

It is a bright perennial flow'r,
That flourished once in Eden's bow'r,
Which pitying heav'n permits to bloom,
To cheer our pathway to the tomb.

GERTRUDE.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the London New Monthly for April.
SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about seven o'clock of a hot evening when Van Pelt's exhausted horses toiled out from the pine forest, and stood, fetterlock deep in sand, on the brow of the small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to comers in a watering-place; here and there a genuine invalid who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour, and crept down the foot-path to the spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot, to bring up gallantly at the door of "Congress Hall," the great bell of that vast caravansary resounded through the dusty air; and, by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we knew that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down *en masse*, "to tea."

Having driven through a sand-cloud from the preceding three hours, and—to say nothing of myself—Van Pelt being a man who, in his character as the most considerable beau of the University, calculated on his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleaned, the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the hall. We drove round to the side door, and gained our pigeon-hole quarters under cover of the back staircase.

The Bachelor's wing of Congress Hall is a long, unsightly wooden barrack divided into chambers, six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbor three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger across the desks of a counting-house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur; and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the process of a long toilet with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the *one* chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil."

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed! I am as pinguid as *pate foie de gras*—greased up to the eye-lids in *cole-cream*."

I took up the sixpenny glass, and looked at my own newly washed physiognomy. From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop, to get out of the dust; and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could much worse than Van Pelt, afford; these startling additions to my disadvantages. Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however; and remembering that there were five hundred people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just named number of guests,

it will be easily understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress Hall out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat, my hair plastered over my eyes *a la Marworm*, and a face like the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatory observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered, "I'll not starve! So here I go for some bread-and-butter." And leaving him to his "appliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga for dining, dancing and breakfasting, and in wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall, filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily, I thought, for me, there are descriptions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs, and stand over them; the end of the table nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they troubled their heads about it at all; and I may glide in, in my white roundabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

"An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite, I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abyss of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries, bottles of chalybeate water, tea-appurtenances, jams, jellies, and radishes; and but for the absence of the roast, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper. Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a hungry man for all.

The pigeon-pie stood, at last well quarried before me the *debris*, of the excavation heaped upon my plate; appetite appeased, and made bold by my half-hour's obscurity, I leaned forward, and perused, with curious attention, the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless, I was to be indebted for the pleasure of the coming fortnight.

My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabile of complexion and dress, when two persons entered, who made considerable stir among the servants, and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barhydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table, and looked around her with a glance of disapproval.

In following her eyes, to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature, even in the loss of a place at table, I met the fixed and astonished gaze of my most intimate friend at the University.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!"

Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shaken his arms nearly off his shoulders, and asked him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large, wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features.—Van Pelt's unflattering exclamation, upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunder-stroke; and, coloring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed, and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister.

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprised that a correspondence, arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on for a year between me and his sister; and that being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well knew, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress and manners, that she could not, in any case, fail to be disappointed in seeing me. Believing her to be at that moment 2000 miles off, in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, Heaven knows! little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me. As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecomingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitively and furtively on the mountain of pigeon bones lifting their well-picked pyramid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what was the matter. I told him.

"Lie down here," said Van Pelt, who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities—"lie down on the bed, and anoint your phiz with this unguent, I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instructions.—Phil Slingsby, sunburt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby, pale and well dressed, are as different as this potted cream and a dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I'll work out for you!"

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly anointed me from the trachea to the forelock, and from ear to ear.

"Egad," said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot, as he slid his fore-finger over the bridge of my nose, every circumstance tells for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short-bodied as a monkey, (no offence Phil!) and when you sit at table, you are rather an undersized gentleman. I have been astonished every day these three years at seeing you rise after dinner in Common's Hall. A thousand to one Fanny Ellerton thinks you a stumpy man.

"And then, Phil," he continued, with a patronizing tone, "you have studied minute philosophy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to sink below it gradually, or to remain stationary, is not to thrive in your wooing."

Leaving me this precious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath; and overcome with fatigue and the recumbent posture, I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

The soaring of the octave flute in "Hail Columbia!" with which the band was patriotically opening the hall, woke me from the midst of a long apologetic letter to my friend's sister; and I found Van Pelt's black boy, Juba, waiting patiently at the bed-side, with curling tongs and Cologne water, ordered to superintend my toilet by his master, who had gone early to the drawing-room to pay his respects to Miss Ellerton.—With the cold-cream disappeared entirely from my face the uncomfortable redness to which I had been a martyr; and, thanks to my ebony *coiffeur*, my straight and plastered locks soon grew as different to their "umquihle guise" as Hyperion to Satyr's. Having appeared to the eyes of the lady, in whose favor I hoped to prosper, in red and white (red phiz and white jacket,) I trusted that in white and black (black suit and pale visnomy) I should look quite another person. Juba was pleased to show his ivory in a complimentary smile at my trasformation, and I descended to the drawing-room on the best terms with the coxcomb of my bosom.

Horace met me at the door.

"*Proteus redivivus!*" was his exclamation.

"Your new name is Wrongham. You are a gentleman Senior, instead of a bedevilled Sophomore, and your cue is to be poetical. She will never think again of the monster in the white jacket, and I have prepared her for the acquaintance of a new friend whom I have just described to you."

I took his arm, and with the courage of a man in a mask, went through another presentation to Miss Ellerton. Her brother had been let into the secret by Van Pelt, and received me with great ceremony as his college superior; and, as there was no other person at the Springs who knew Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Wrongham was likely to have an undisturbed reign of it. Miss Ellerton looked hard at me for a moment, but the gravity with which I was presented and received, dissipated a doubt, if one had arisen in her mind, and she took my arm to go to the ball-room with an undisturbed belief in my assumed name and character.

I commenced the acquaintance of the fair Alabamian with great advantages. Received as a perfect stranger, I possessed, from long correspondence with her the most minute knowledge of the springs of her character, and of her favorite reading and pursuits; and, with the little knowledge of the world which she had gained on a plantation, she was not likely to penetrate my game from my playing it too freely. Her confidence was immediately won by the readiness with

which I entered into her enthusiasm and anticipated her thoughts; and before the first quadrille was over, she had evidently made up her mind that she had never in her life met one who so well "understood her." Oh, how much women include in their apparently indefinite expression, "He understands me."

The colonnade of Congress Hall is a long promenade laced in with vines and columns, on the same level with the vast ballroom and drawing room; and (the light of heaven not being taxed at Saratoga) opening at every three steps by a long window into the carpeted floors. When the rooms within are lit on a summer's night, that cool and airy colonnade is thronged by truants from the dance, and collectively by all who have anything to express that is meant for one ear only. The mineral waters of Saratoga are no less celebrated as a sporic for chaperons, than as a tonic for the dyspeptic; and while the female Argus doses in the drawing-room, the fair lo and her Jupiter (represented in this case, we will say by Miss Ellerton and myself) range at liberty in the fertile fields of flirtation.

I had easily put Miss Ellerton in surprising good humor with herself and me during the first quadrille; and, with a freedom based partly upon my certainty of pleasing her, partly on the peculiar manners of the place, I coolly requested that she would continue to dance with me for the rest of the evening.

"One unhappy quadrille excepted," she replied, with a look meant to be mournful.

"May I ask with whom?"

"Oh, he has not asked me yet, but my brother has bound me over to be civil to him—a spectre, Mr. Wrongham, a positive spectre!"

"How denominated?" I enquired, with a forced indifference, for I had a presentiment I should hear my own name.

"Slingsby—Mr. Philip Slingsby—Tom's *fidus Achates*, and a proposed lover of my own. But you don't seem surprised."

"Surprised! Ehem! I know the gentleman!"

"Then did you ever see such a monster. Tom told me he was another Hyperion. He half admitted it himself, indeed—for, to tell you a secret, I have corresponded with him a year!"

"Giddy Miss Fanny Ellerton!—and never saw him!"

"Never till to-night! He sat at supper in a white jacket and red face, with a pile of bones upon his plate like an Indian *tumulus*."

"And your brother introduced you?"

"Fanny!" said her brother, coming up at this moment, "Slingsby presents his apologies to you for not joining your *cordón to-night*—but he's gone to bed with a headache."

"Indigestion, I dare say," said the young lady. "Never mind, Tom, I'll break my heart when I've leisure. And now, Mr. Wrongham, since the spectre walks not forth to-night, I am yours for an hour on the colonnade."

Vegetation is rapid in Alabama, and love is a weed that thrives in the soil of the tropics. We discoursed of the lost Pleiad and the Berlin bracelets, of the five hundred people about us, and the feasibility of boiling a pot on five hundred a-year—the unmatrimonial sum total of my paternal allowance. She had as many negroes as I had dollars I well knew, but it was my cue to seem disinterested.

"And where do you mean to live, when you marry, Mr. Wrongham?" asked Miss Ellerton, at the two hundredth turn on the colonnade.

"Would you like to live in Italy?" I asked again, as if I had not heard her.

"Do you mean that as a *sequitur* to my question, Mr. Wrongham?" said she, half stopping in her walk, and, though the sentence was commenced playfully, dropping her voice at the last word with an emotion I could not mistake.

I drew her off the colonnade to the small garden between the house and the spring, and in a giddy dream of fear and surprise at my own rashness and success, I made, and won from her, an avowal of preference—of love.

Matches have been made more suddenly.

Miss Ellerton sat in the music-room the next morning after breakfast preventing pauses in rather interesting conversation, by a running accompaniment upon the guitar. A single gold thread formed a fillet about her temples, and from beneath it, in clouds of silken ringlets, floated the softest raven hair that ever grew enamored of an ivory shoulder. Hers was a skin that seemed woven of the lily-white but opaque fibre of the mangolia, yet of that side of its *jeup* turned toward the fading sunset. There is no term in painting, because there is no track of pencil or

color, that could express the vanishing and impalpable breath that assured the healthiness of so pale a cheek. She was slight as all southern women are in America, and of a flexible and luxurious gracefulness, equalled by nothing but the movings of a smoke curl. Without the elastic nerve, remarkable in the motions of Taglioni, she appeared, like her, to be born with a lighter specific gravity than her fellow creatures. If she had floated away upon some chance breeze you would only have been surprised upon reflection.

"I am afraid you are too fond of society," said Miss Ellerton, as Juba came in hesitatingly, and delivered her a note in the hand-writing of an old correspondent. She turned pale on seeing the superscription, and crushed the note up in her hand, unread. I was not sorry to defer the *denouement* of my little drama, and taking up her remark, which she seemed disposed to forget, I referred her to a Scrap Book of Van Pelt's which she had brought down with her, containing some verses of my own, copied (by good luck) in that sentimental Sophomore's own hand.

"Are these yours, really and truly?" she asked, looking pryingly into my face, and showing me my own verses, against which she had already run a pencil line of approbation.

"*Peccavi!*" I answered. "But will you make me in love with my own offspring by reading them in your own voice?"

They were some lines written in a balcony, at day-break, while a ball was still going on within, and contained an allusion (which I had quite overlooked) to some one of my ever changing admirations.

"And who was this 'sweet lover,' Mr. Wrongham. I should know, I think, before I go further with so expeditious a gentleman."

"As Shelley says of his Ideal Mistress,—

'I loved—oh no! I mean not one of ye,

Or any earthly one—tho' ye are fair!'"

It was but an apostrophe to the presentiment of that which I have found, dear Miss Ellerton! But will you read that ill-treated billet-doux, and remember that Juba stands with the patience of an ebon statue waiting for an answer?"

I knew the contents of the letter, and I watched the expression of her face as she read it with no little interest. Her temples flushed, and her delicate lips gradually curled into an expression of anger and scorn and having finished the perusal of it, she put it into my hand, and asked me if so impertinent a production deserved an answer.

I began to fear that the *eclaircissement* would not leave me on the sunny-side of the lady's favor, and felt the need of the moment's reflection given me while running my eye over the letter.

"Mr. Slingsby," said I, with the deliberation of an attorney, "has been some time in correspondence with you?"

"Yes."

"And from his letters, and your brother's commendations, you had formed a high opinion of his character; and had expressed as much in your letters?"

"Yes—perhaps I did."

"And from this paper intimacy he conceives himself sufficiently acquainted with you to request leave to pay his addresses?"

A dignified bow put a stop to my catechism.

"Dear Miss Ellerton," I said, "this is scarcely a question upon which I ought to speak, but by putting this letter into my hand you seemed to ask my opinion?"

"I did—I do," said the lovely girl taking my hand, and looking appealingly into my face; "answer it for me! I have done wrong in encouraging that foolish correspondence, and I owe this forward man, perhaps, a kinder reply than my first feelings would have dictated. Decide—write for me—relieve me from the first burden that has laid on my heart since I—"

She burst into tears, and my dread of an explanation increased.

"Will you follow my advice implicitly?" I asked.

"Yes—oh yes!"

"You promise?"

"Indeed, indeed!"

"Well, then, listen to me. However painful the task, I must tell you that the encouragement you have given Mr. Slingsby, the admiration you have expressed in your letters of his talents and acquirements, and the confidence you have reposed in him respecting yourself, warrant him in claiming as a right a fair trial of his attractions. You have known and approved Mr. Slingsby's

mind for years—you know me but for a few hours. You saw him under the most unfavorable auspices (for I know him intimately,) and I feel bound in justice to assure you, that you will like him much better upon acquaintance."

Miss Ellerton had gradually drawn herself up during this splendid speech, and sat at last erect, and as cold as Agrippina upon her marble chair.

"Will you allow me to send Mr. Slingsby to you?" I continued rising, "and suffer him to plead his own cause!"

"If you will call my brother, Mr. Wrongham, I shall feel obliged to you," said Miss Ellerton.

I left the room, and hurrying to my chamber, dipped my head into a basin of water, and plastered my long locks over my eyes, slipped on a white roundabout, and tied around my neck the identical checked cravat in which I had made so unfavorable an impression the first day of my arrival. Tom Ellerton was soon found, and easily agreed to go before and announce me by my proper name to his sister, and treading closely on his heels, I followed to the door of the music-room.

"Ah! Ellen!" said he, without giving her time for a scene, "I was looking for you. Slingsby is better and will pay his respects to you presently. And you say—you will treat him well, Ellen, and—don't flirt with Wrongham the way you did last night! Slingsby's a great deal better fellow. Oh, here he is!"

As I stepped over the threshold, Miss Ellerton gave me just enough of a look to assure herself that it was the identical monster she had seen at the tea-table; and not deigning me another glance, immediately commenced talking violently to her brother on the state of the weather. Tom bore it a moment or two with remarkable gravity, but at my first attempt to join in the conversation, my voice was lost in an explosion of laughter which would have been the death of a gentleman with a full habit. Indignant and astonished, Miss Ellerton rose to her full height, and slowly turned to me.

"*Peccavi!*" said I, crossing my hands on my bosom, and looking up penitently to her face.

She ran to me, and seized my hand, but recovered herself instantly, and the next moment was gone from the room.

Whether from wounded pride from having been the subject of a mystification or, whether from that female caprice by which most men suffer at one period or other of their bachelors lives, I know not—but I never could bring Miss Ellerton again to the same interesting crisis with which she ended her intimacy with Mr. Wrongham. She professed to forgive me, and talked laughingly enough of our old acquaintance; but whenever I grew tender she referred me to the "Sweet Lover" mentioned in my verses in the balcony, and looked around for Van Pelt. That accomplished beau, on observing my discomfiture, began to find out Miss Ellerton's graces without the aid of his quizzing-glass and I soon found it necessary to yield the *pass* altogether. She has since become Mrs. Van Pelt; and when I last heard from her, was "as well as could be expected."

THE DOOR LATCH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.]

"Go back and shut that door!" roared I in a voice of thunder.

"How can you, my dear," said Julia, with a supplicating glance, "speak so *very* loud, when I have just told you that my head is bursting with pain."

"Because," said I, "I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut that door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is all of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it—No! and I *won't* bear it any longer—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week."

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the mild look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—It cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very hour with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me in the silent eloquence of nature to spare her whom I had promised to "cherish and to love."

"I never have seen you troubled," said she, (uncomplaining spirit! there was no emphasis—no!—not the *least*, on the word *troubled*!) "I have never seen you troubled at anything except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch, it would shut without difficulty. I should never think of it," said she, after a pause, "on my own account, but it causes you so much vexation."

It was true, as she had said, that I felt more anger, in consequence of that unfortunate door, than all the untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A heavy loss—a sore disappointment—a great calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to pride.—But a door latch! What occasion could that give for philosophy? None, and therefore I felt it gall me *to the quick*! It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. "True!" whispered philosophy in my ear, "but such a 'little thing' to make you miserable for an hour every day! for shame, Mr. Plowman!" To tell the truth, I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but *through* me, my dearer wife.

"I declare, my dear," said I, "that if that door latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!"

Thomas had brought in a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever door did. I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

"The root of bitterness," said I, "is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my own stupidity in not thinking of this simple remedy before—but Heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache; the sound of that file must have been *torture* to you."

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring—although her forehead burnt, and the blood was raging through her veins, that it was "quite cured *since the door shut so easily*!" Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than to clasp her with tenfold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtlessness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be destroyed at the moment of the birth—so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down by the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked me in the face with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which so rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order. "Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any of these moments depends almost invariably upon the merest trifles. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care, then, of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves.—(Somewhere about here I began to think aloud!) I lost a grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was great. Nevertheless, I do believe that if the *hard bottomed* chair, [N. B. It was of white] in which I have sat for the last eight years—yes! nine years—if this chair had been well covered with a good, soft sheep-skin—purchased at the cost of nine pence, it would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of my grandfather!"

"It is a mortifying reflection," said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, "and one which at first thought would seem to speak little for your heart—yet a true one perhaps; and yet no more true with you than with many others."

"And still," said I, "I am without the sheep-skin. Why! Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling, that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together, and look at the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it."

"But why not purchase the sheep-skin, now that you have added the moments together?" said she.

"After all my reflection I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheep-skin! It will never do. A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking chair seems somewhat worn, I must even buy another for you."

"Oh! green velvet by all means!" said she. "It will correspond so well with the carpet and the new hearth-rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know."

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening—and, to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye, was worth the price of a thousand

LOST AND WON.

OR THE THIRD SEASON.

"Yes, he shall propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him! It will only serve him right!"

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes as she contemplated with no little satisfaction the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking?—Why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn as the last look was given at the snowy dress which hung in its lace folds, like summer clouds, 'round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at this moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine; of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at the undoubtedly lovely countenance, and tranquilly disapproved her "style." It was insufferable, so Florence determined that her third season should be marked by the conquest of the haughty, high and handsome Earl of St. Clyde, not that she cared for him—oh no! she was only determined to make him propose; and indeed there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin Emma Neville and herself on the subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

"Have you thought of our wager, Florence?" said Emma Neville, as they descended the drawing-room together.

"To be sure! You think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts."

"If he is the St. Clyde of the last season, you certainly will," laughed Emma. "That man is invulnerable, Florence."

"*Nous verrons, nous verrons*?" said the beauty; and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball? The rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful,—all were there; and in the centre of an admiring circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent as to whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else; this was Lord St. Clyde. Florence on the contrary was all sparkling gaiety: she was dancing with him for the third time; another moment, and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well. Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma, the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said "he is won!" that of Emma, "not yet?"

"I'm afraid you are fatigued," said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

"Oh no, not much," replied Florence, "but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance and still more to breathe—particularly here."

She was in one corner of the room—the most crowded, and removed from either door or window.

"The conservatories are cool," said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees; consequently no spot was ever better situated for a flirtation—perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leaned gracefully back and gently fanned herself. Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was any thing but a ball-room man; for though his figure was faultless and his dancing just enough to show it off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, Jr. he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a most delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The gallop in Gustave roused the Earl from a reverie.

"Are you too much fatigued to join in the gallop, Miss Neville?"

"Oh yes! I never gallop—it fatigues me so! Is it possible that you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde?"

The Earl persisted, but Florence would not dance; he persuaded, but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request, and almost allowed a compliment to escape him;—no, Florence was firm; the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

"I am too selfish, my lord! that gallop is so inspiring that I cannot resist it."

A change came o'er the spirit of St. Clyde; he was another creature; and Florence was herself again all triumphant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting thro' the crowd towards the conservatories with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville!

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water. "It was my fault?" exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice; "I made her dance—good God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive—what shall we do?"

"Has no one salts?" cried Emma; "call my uncle, I think we had better go home—who has any salts?" The Earl was already gone for them—With a stifled laugh Florence opened her beautiful eyes, and started up.

"Was it not well done?"

"Good heaven, Florence!"

"Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You lose the wager, *cuizina mia*!"

"My dear Florence how you frightened me!"

"Never mind—hush here they come, now take papa to the ball-room for my boa, and leave the rest to me."

Emma did as she was desired, and forbore to ask any questions until they got home: then she anxiously inquired, "Did he propose?"

"No! provoking man! but very nearly—Did I not faint well?"

"Yes, it will not do, Florence, that man does not care for you."

"Never mind that; he shall propose."

"But you do not care for him!"

"*Qu'importe*? he shall propose."

"Never."

"I will make him! Remember, this is only the first ball of the season!"

Lady Mounteagle gave a *fete* at her villa at Pulney's. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but she saw Lord St. Clyde advancing towards her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

"You have no bouquet, Miss Neville," was one of his lordship's first remarks: "are you not fond of flowers?"

"Yes, passionately," said Florence "but I have lost mine; I am sorry, for I fear I shall not find another so beautiful."

"Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?" was the instant reply. Florence smiled and blushed as she took it;—the smile was art, but the blush nature—for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, whilst Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed,— "do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?"

"No," said Florence, "but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my lord?"

"Yes, by heart."

"Then tell me what these mean!" exclaimed the beauty, quite innocently, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed; then, suddenly recovering himself, he said, "they speak in their simple language the sentiments that I dare not express."

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl—"Florence, forgive me if—"

"Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you every where, and here you are, all alone!"

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, AUGUST 6, 1836.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The subscribers formed a co-partnership in the printing business on the first of May last, under the firm of SHEPARD, STRONG & DAWSON.

Mr. DAWSON will, hereafter, have the editorial supervision of their several publications.

ERASTUS SHEPARD,
ALVAH STRONG,
GEORGE DAWSON, Jr.

Rochester, Aug. 9, 1836.

OUR PAPER.—With the present Number of the GEM, we commence the publication of Music, as heretofore promised. The simplicity and beauty of the favourite melody which we now have the pleasure of presenting our readers, has been justly admired by all who have heard it performed by Mr. RUSSELL. It is one of the chastest compositions of LUTHER, and has borne, unscathed, the changes and criticisms of *three hundred years!* It never before appeared in print in this country. The pieces which may appear hereafter are designed to be of like celebrity. Sacred melodies will be often given; and original Songs, which may be deemed of sufficient character, shall be set to music, by the talented gentleman who has charge of that department, while articles upon the science generally, which may be of a character alike interesting to amateurs and professors, shall receive a liberal portion of our columns. This, we believe, the increasing attention which this delightful science is receiving, demands.

The other departments of the GEM are to receive increased attention, and although the haste with which the present number has been necessarily got up, has prevented the devotion of much of our time to its literary embellishment, we hope hereafter to fulfil the pledge now given: It is our design to make it worthy of the patronage of Western New York, and to cease in our efforts only when the *acme* of improvement has been reached.

Foreign Reviews.—We are again indebted to our friend FOSTER, through the Messrs. Morse, for copies of these invaluable publications. The friends of literature owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. F. for the herculean enterprise he has evinced in getting up and continuing the publication of these periodicals. The reader of the London Quarterly, Foreign, Edinburgh, and London and Westminster Reviews, may at any time or in any place venture upon the discussion of the politics and policy of Europe; while without them a man must remain ignorant on these important features in the passing history of that country. They are indispensable to the politician and statesman, and should be in the possession of every intelligent private citizen. The whole of these Reviews are put at the very low price of \$3 per annum.

The same gentleman has also sent us further numbers of the Metropolitan. This work is edited by Capt. Marryatt, and is filled with the richest productions of the most talented pens in Europe.

We hope our citizens generally may do what they will find to their interest to do, subscribe for these publications of Mr. Foster. The Messrs. Morse are agents.

The Zodiac.—The first No. of the 2d vol. of this excellent periodical has been received. It more than sustains its established character, and we trust will yield its proprietors a handsome profit. M. Holstein, a French gentleman of fine talents, is associate with Mr. Perry in its publication. M. H. WEBSTER, a young gentleman of uncommon discrimination, has assumed the charge of the editorial department.

cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

"Oh, not alone," said Florence, rather annoyed; "Lord St. Clyde—why where is"—

The Earl was gone.

"Florence, did not Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?" said Emma to her cousin in the evening.

"Not quite, but as nearly as possible: I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again."

Time! time! can nothing stay thee!

The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had had four proposals; of course she had refused them, although they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. She still continued her gay and giddy round—still she said, 'he shall propose,' until the last opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled Florence leaned back in her chair, deaf to the strains of the syren Grisi—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaiety. She leaned back in her chair and closing her eyes for a second, on opening them she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those wild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward, and whispered the word of departure to her champion, then winding her cashmere round her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said "not at home" to every one, and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way as she drew them up. "Like me, poor harp," she sighed, "you are sinking, spoiling from neglect."

Suddenly the door opened, and a visiter was announced.

"Not at home," cried Florence hastily.

"Pardon me, for once I disobey," said a voice and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued:—

"I have intruded, I confess, but it is only a moment. I come Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you—a long and perhaps a last farewell!"

"Farewell!" said Florence, dropping her harp key; "this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?"

"No," replied the Earl, "I am going to seek in Italy the happiness which is denied me here."

"Italy!" exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires on the Earl—"dear, bright, sunny Italy, my own fair land!"

"Is it yours, Miss Neville?" said St. Clyde, eagerly.

"Yes, my lord, Florence was my birth-place and my home for fourteen happy years."

Lord St. Clyde paused—nothing is so awkward as a pause in a *tete a tete*; he felt this, and quickly rousing himself, he said hastily,

"I will not interrupt you any longer. Farewell—perhaps we may meet again."

"Perhaps we may—good bye," said Florence, extending her hand; it was slightly, very slightly pressed, and she was alone.—For a moment she felt as if the past were a dream; but glancing on the ground, she saw a white glove—it was the Earl's; she turned and leaning on the marble slab of a beautiful mirror, she gazed at the faultless reflection of her face.

"Beauty, beauty!"—murmured she—"paltry gift! since it could not win St. Clyde!" And burying that young face in her hands, she fairly burst into a passion of tears.

"Florence! my own, my idolized!" said a voice close to her. She turned, and uttered a real genuine, unartificial shriek.

The Earl of St. Clyde was at her feet.

* * * * *

"Well, Florence, said Emma Neville, to the countess of St. Clyde one day, "you must really give me a lesson on proposals—how well you managed your husband—teach me your art."

"No, no, you are quite mistaken," laughed Florence; "no one could be more surprised at St. Clyde's proposal than myself, for I had given him up. Art failed, my dear Emma, and nature gained the day in this case. take care how you make nets; they never answer. Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now!"

MARRIED.

In Vernon, on the 27th ult., WILLIAM H. TALCOTT, Engineer of Albany and West-Stockbridge Rail Road, to Miss HARRIET W., daughter of Mr. Thomas Williams, of Vernon.

Same day, at Augusta, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS, Jr., of Vernon, to Miss ELIZA ANN, daughter of Gen. J. Knox.

Military Excursions.—It has become quite fashionable among the Eastern Military Independent Companies to make summer excursions to the principal cities on the sea board. These visits are extremely pleasant, and attended, among other things, with this very desirable result—a perfection in the profession of arms. We notice that the ALBANY BURGESSES CORPS left their armory on Monday last for a trip to New York and Philadelphia. This is a most beautiful and spirited company. It would lose nothing by a comparison with any other corps in the Union. Its uniform and equipments are extremely rich, though by no means superfluously decorated; and every member exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the science of arms. It is composed of the most respectable gentlemen of the city of Albany, many of them holding the highest commissions in the militia, and nearly all of them having at command the time and means to devote to the agreeable recreation afforded by a connection with such an association. Their armory is splendidly decorated, and their whole arrangements exactly adapted to the end they have in view—the elevation of the military character of the State of New York.

If any of the gentlemen of our own city should wish to organize a similar association, and be in readiness to make a trip to Albany and New York when our Rail Road is completed, it would afford us pleasure to furnish them with a minute detail of the plan of organization of this excellent company.

To Correspondents.

We have a number of Communications on file, which shall receive early attention.

☞ Owing to the difficulties which we have had to encounter in getting out the GEM in its new dress, its publication has been unavoidably delayed one day. It is unnecessary to say that this will not again occur.

The Old Bachelor's Soliloquy.—Alas! What a poor solitary deserted being I am! Ah! had I my time to come over again, I would not be now sitting alone, moping over my joyless fire—but it serves me right—I do not deserve to have the blessings of a wife, and the comfort of dear sweet little smiling cherubs. It is now too late, so it is of no use bemoaning my hard lot. Cruel destiny—to think that my brothers are at this moment surrounded with every enjoyment—while I with my gouty toe sit here miserable and alone. Ah! had I selected one lovely flower to place within my bosom, I now had been blessed with the fragrant balm of domestic consolation, instead of roving, like an invidious wasp from the gaudy tulip and noisome poppy to the poisonous henbane unnectareous weed. Heavens! how I detest my self; all nature execrates me—a useless, unfriended, and unblest member of a society, to the public good of which it was my duty to contribute my share; instead of which, I have added to its vices, and increased the number of its unprotected, unallied members! Oh, this too! Heavens, what a twang! Here, you vile cringing sycophant housekeeper, send for the doctor; your only care is to enrich yourself by plundering me. You vile scoundrel of a valet, where are you, sirrah? drinking my claret instead of waiting upon me; bring me my crutches, and I will see if I cannot set you all to rights—get you gone, sir. Ah! it is of no use; if I turn them away, faithless valets, I shall get as bad in their places: all this comes of being an old bachelor. The Romans acted wisely in doubly taxing those useless members of the community. I wonder that our legislature has not taken cognizance of this growing evil. Bachelorship has never been encouraged by the royal family, or been fashioned in the higher classes; and yet it is the rage of the day. Well, when like me they sit writhing with torture, solitary, without any one to speak to, or any one to comfort them, like me, they may weep and bemoan themselves in secret. Ah, a knock, some one is coming; I must again play the hypocrite, put on a smiling countenance, jest and be merry at the expense of those who, obeying the ordination of nature, enjoy the first best gift of heaven, domestic bliss.

The Fine Old English Gentleman,

Andante assai.

ARRANGED BY HENRY RUSSELL.

I'll sing you an old Bal-lad that was made by an old pate, Of a fine old En-glish Gen-tle-man, who
had an old es-tate; He kept a brave old man-sion at a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a good old por-ter to relieve the
old poor at his gate, Like a fine old En-glish gen-tle-man, *pp* All of the old-en time.

1.—I'll sing you an old ballad, that was made by an old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate;
He kept a brave old mansion, at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

2.—His hall so old was hung around with pikes and guns and bows,
With swords and bucklers that had stood against full many foes,
And there his worship sat in state in doublet and trunk-hose,
And quaffed a cup of good old wine to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman all of the olden time.

3.—When Winter cold, brought Christmas old, he opened house to all,
And though three-score and ten his years he fetely led the ball
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For while he feasted all the *great*, he ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, &c.

4.—But time, though old, is strong in flight, and years roll swiftly by.
When Autum's falling leaf foretold this poor old man must die,
He laid him down right tranquilly, and gave up life's latest sigh,
While heavy sadness fell around and tears bedewed each eye,
For this poor old English gentleman, &c.

The following poem we find in the July number of the American Monthly Magazine, in which it is justly praised. It is extracted from a book of poems, which we have not seen, by a western author, Mr. Gallagher, and printed at Cincinnati:

AUGUST.

"Dust on thy mantle! dust,
Bright Summer, on thy livery of green!
A tarnish, as of rust,
Dimmeth thy brilliant sheen:
And thy young glories, leaf and bud and flower—
Change cometh over them with every hour.

"Thee bath the august Sun
Looked on with hot, and fierce and brassy face;
And still and lazily run,
Scarce whispering in their pace,
The half-dried rivulets that lately sent
A shout of gladness up, as on they went,

"Flame-like, the long mid-day—
With not so much of sweet air as hath stirr'd
The down upon the spray,
Where rests the panting bird,
Dozing away the hot and tedious noon,
With fitful twittery sadly out of tune.

"Seeds in the sultry air,
And gossamer web-work on the sleeping trees!
E'en the tall pines that rear
Their plumes to catch the breeze—
The slightest breeze that from the unruffled west,
Partake the general languor and deep rest.

"Happy, as man may be,
Stretch'd on his back in homely bean-vine bower,
While the voluptuous bee
Robs each surrounding flower,
And prattling childhood clammers o'er his breast,
The husbandman enjoys his noon-day rest.

Against the hazy sky,
Motionless rests the thin and fleecy cloud.
LEX.* such have met thine eye,
And such thy canvass crowd!
And, Painter, ere it from thy easel goes, [glows,
With the sky's light and shade, and warmth it

"Thy pencil, too, can give
Forms to the glowing images that throng
The poet's brain, and live
Forever, in his song.
Glory awaits thee, gifted one! And fame
High in Art's temple shall inscribe thy name.

"Soberly, in the shade,
Repose the patient cow and toil-worn ox;
Or in the shoal stream wade,
Sheltered by jutting rocks:
The fleecy flock, fly-scourg'd and restless, rush
Madly from fence to fence, from bush to bush.

"Slow, now, along the plain,
Creeps the cool shade, and on the meadows edge;
The kine are forth again,
The bird flits in the hedge;
Now in the molten west sinks the hot sun.
Welcome, mild Eve!—the sultry day is done.

"Pleasantly, comest thou.
Dew of the evening to the crisp'd-up grass;
And the curl'd corn blades bow,
As the light breezes pass,
That their parch'd-lips may feel thee and expand,
Thou sweet reviver of the fevered land.

"So to the thirsting soul,
Cometh the dew of the Almighty's love:
And the scathed heart, made whole,
Turneth in joy above,
To where the spirit freely may expand,
And rove, uptrammell'd, in that better land."

* S. M. Lee, Portrait and Landscape Painter, of Cincinnati.

THE



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No. 17.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VERMONT.

I was born in the forest, among the green hills of Vermont, the country of health and hardship, of industry and independence—of parents who were a counter-resemblance to the generality of Livingstons, I believe in one respect—they were desperately poor. Why they were poor, how they came by the name of Livingston, who were their forefathers, and whence they came, and why I was called Lemuel, I can give no account, but one which rests on very doubtful authority, and which I obtained by accident long after they were both in the grave.

This account furnishes me with a great-grandfather from England and the following particulars concerning his coming to America. He was the third son in a family of considerable wealth, and connected with families still more noble and ancient in antiquity, and in which the following singular fatality was hereditary in his family, that the third son of every third generation, should become insane at the age of thirty, in accordance with an old legend which explained this punishment to be a cure for a horrible patricide committed by the founder of the name of Livingston, who having slain his two elder brothers with a stone, and thereby got possession of the family domain, and was pursued by the terrors of a guilty conscience till he finally lost his reason, and ever afterwards during his wretched existence constantly imagined himself a *living stone*, whence, adds my authority, the name *Livingston* is derived. My great-grandfather Edward Livingston, being the third son in the 3d generation from the last mad-man of the family, was born to this unenviable succession. At the usual age he betrayed symptoms of insanity, too evident to admit of doubt, that the fratricidal curse was not removed, nor the guilt of the perpetrator absolved. His brothers were on the point of committing him to the safe keeping of a mad-house, when he eluded their charitable intentions by suddenly embarking in a ship bound for America. Arrived in Boston, he had the good fortune to attract the sympathies of a sweet-tempered little Puritan maiden, who became unceasing in her endeavors to effect his recovery from the dreadful malady so strangely, and to her notions of right and wrong, so undeservedly entailed upon him. In this pious pursuit she had recourse among other expedients to the counsel of an old woman residing in the neighborhood, at that time remarkable only for her solitary, taciturn, dignified and chaste demeanor, but accorded to have been afterwards twice scourged in the public place for sundry practices of witchcraft. In pursuance of her advice and directions, she persuaded my great-grandfather in one of his lucid intervals, to be re-baptized in the only pure religion and to take the name of *Lemuel*. Whether that name contains any charm against madness, I must leave to better Hebraists than myself to inquire; but

the story goes that it had the effect so ardently desired by his fair physician. Those who are sceptical upon the efficacy of the repentic charms, may attribute his cure if it please them better, to the natural charms of the fair Priscilla, or divide their faith between the two sanative causes, for it has been established beyond dispute, that the manner of the physician hath of times a wonderful influence in aiding the operations of the medicines which he administers.—Be that as it may, Mr. Lemuel Livingston's profession of faith was soon followed by a profession of love to his fair convertress, whose cares were all richly rewarded, in passing a long life with *her* proselyte, without discovering in him any returning symptoms of madness—that doom from which, by her means, under Divine Providence, (sweetest of all consolations) he had been so singularly rescued—unless, indeed, love, so fond, so true and so enduring as that of Lemuel Livingston to his fair Priscilla, may of itself be deemed a species of madness. And the end of this story is, that in consequence of all these events, and some others, not worth relating, I, being the third son in the third generation from the said Lemuel and Priscilla, am also called Lemuel Livingston.

But of all this episode, I believe about as much as I do of Gulliver's Travels, the history of Sinbad the Sailor or the adventures of Robinson Crusoe—that is, I don't believe it at all. "Why then," exclaims the reader, "do you so soon tax our patience, and tantalize our credulity with recitals which you yourself acknowledge to be unworthy of our belief?—My Dear reader, (excuse my familiarity if you should happen to be a lady,) let me ask you in return, what would be a biography without a genealogy? I fear it would altogether destroy your respect for my life, and opinions at the onset, were I to leave you under the impression that "my blood has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood." You have read of Julius Cæsar—you believe all or most of all the *biographical* acts related of him in history—Do you believe the *genealogy* that Virgil bestows upon him? do you believe that he was descended from the "Pious Aænæs" who had a Goddess for his mother and Aachises for his father? Every body knows that Romulus founded the seven-hilled city called Rome—that he killed his brother Remus and headed the gallant attack upon the Sabine women, but does any body know—does any believe that his mother Maria was a Goddess? (his mother she may 'a been) or that he and Remus were suckled by the same she-wolf to the neglect of her own whelps?—yet this is the genealogy that grave historians have bestowed upon him. And had not Alexander the Great bid fair to transcend the fame of his father Philip, do you think one of his flatterers would have outraged the proprieties of genealogy by telling him that he was the son of "Jupiter Ammon." I admit that we Americans are less prone to fictitious and hyperbolical genealogies than most nations of the old world—perhaps there is a rea-

son for it too, but if it be that which comes uppermost in my mind just now, it is of a nation too delicate to our national feelings to mention. Still that the love of marvellous genealogies is strongly inflated in us, may be shown notwithstanding, for though we are not over fond of tracing back our own ancestry through the uncertainty of records to the times and reasons of their coming to America, we bestow upon the Aborigines of this continent a far more ancient and marvellous origin, than with the least regard to modesty, we could possibly lay claim to ourselves. We actually believe—at least a great many of us do, that the North American savages are the descendants of the Jews! Of the ten lost tribes! *Credat Indicus*, as Horace says, let the Jews believe it.

But it is time to lay aside fiction, and to give my readers some inkling of *real* facts relating to myself. I begin the history of my life at the beginning, or as near the beginning as I can personally authenticate, for as to the fact of my having been born, I took upon credit myself.

The earliest scene of my own recollection, is that of sitting bare-footed, one mild winter's day, on the top of a huge wood pile of maple, beach and curly-barked birch and gazing with childish delight, at my two elder brothers, who were striving, often with unsteady aim of the axe, which should make the chips fly farthest, and which should first cut off the massive back-log, or the sturdy fore-stick. I call to mind, as they then appeared to me, the shape and size of every round log that composed the rude dwelling before which my brothers were chopping—the corners unevenly projecting at right angles—the peeled bark of the elm over all, which covered it for a roof, and, the alto-relievo crust of dazzling snow, graven into flowing drapery with the "easy chisel" of the ingenious winds—the low square chimney-top, composed of split bass-wood sticks laid in mortar of clay, mixed with straw, materials quickly perishable by water from above or fire from below, but answering every purpose while they lasted, and cheaply replaced when they failed. I call to mind the little leather string depending at the door which I could just reach to lift the wooden latch that admitted to the interior. And Oh! that interior—shall I describe it—the chinks between the round uneven logs, plugged up, or so intended to be, with pieces of bass-wood hewn to fit the ever varying crevices, within a finger's breadth or so, and wedged in with moss, clay, old rags and all the other what-nots of domestic vestige that could be turned to no more profitable account—the sheet stuck over the place where the window ought to be, with more than half of all the table forks in the house—the fire-place, a flat wall built of rough stones against one side of the house, without jambs, the smoke being left at will to take vent or not, within the compass of the three boards fastened at the height of the chamber floor, and making with the uppermost logs of

able a foundation for the bass-wood chimney top above—the well-smoked round pole aloft whence depended the fragment of an ox-chain performing the office of fire-crane or kettle-holder. The furniture—a bed in one corner, the bedstead framed of round poles, joined at the four corners by means of holes bored with an augur into the upright posts, through which the side and end pieces hewn or sharpened to fit; these wove with narrow strips of the inner bark of the Elm tree, complete the bedstead of the early settler. The bed-spread of patched work squares, diamonds and triangles, lined and quilted, covers the whole, and conceals the trundle-bed beneath, made after the same fashion, but of smaller dimensions for the accommodation of the children. There were six chairs, (two of them broken) framed in similitude of the bedstead and seated or bottomed with bark or white-ash splits—a cross-legged table—a chest with a till inside—two boards at one side of the fireplace, resting upon pegs driven into the logs and holding six pewter plates, as many teacups and saucers the same number of knives and forks, (when they are at home) as many pewter spoons, a tea-pot, four earthen quart bowls, or as many pewter basins, a seive, a kneading trough and a wooden mostar and pestle—underneath a spider, pot, tea-kettle, a barrel of pork, a bag of indian meal—perhaps a churn, a dye-tub and soap-barrel, but without fail, a hemlock-broom, a shovel a fire-slice and half a pair of tongs. Look at this picture, ye sons of the old settlers who now roll in luxury and splendor upon the fruits of their industry, the very catalogue of whose furniture would fill a volume. See here all that your forefathers deemed essential for comfort—and all that they found essential for health, peace and that independence of mind which has made a mighty nation of you!

The fidelity of this picture, I know will be acknowledged by many—very many of my American readers, and those who reflect how much we are indebted to the hardy spirit of enterprise which led our fathers to plunge into the wilderness to dwell in log-houses, with simple furniture and homely fare, and observe how fast these perishable monuments of our infant greatness are disappearing from the land, may perhaps think the picture not only worth drawing but worth preserving. How eagerly do we see the nations of the old world searching among the tattered shreds of antiquity after some legend or token of the pristine manners, customs and habits of their ancestors, many times more rude and barbarous than any which a forest life imposed upon ours; and the progress of another century threatens to sweep away every trace of the log-house and its attendant privations between "away down east" and the "far west."—Thus when our sons shall have recovered from that false scheme with which the sudden introduction of wealth and luxury now tinges the cheeks of our young men of fashion, at the bare mention of a log-heap calls forth a burst of affected tittering at the idea of a pewter-plate scoured with rushes by their grandmothers. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the scenes of poverty and privation encountered by the first settlers of America, will be sought after with as much avidity as they are now by many affected to be forgotten.

Vermont is famed for being the nursery of good choppers. The "Green Mountain Boy" takes to the axe just as naturally as if he were born with it in his hand. The axe, is his only toy—chopping, the only amusement of his infancy, the chief ambition of his youth, and com-

monly, the chief occupation of his life, for when his native farm is cleared it has lost many of its attractions—the spirit of warfare is in him, though there is no longer the enemy to do battle with—he shoulders his axe and marches to find the foe, he cares not where—the far off Michigan, or the still farther Rocky Mountains, it is all one to him—the forest is his native element. Take him early, tame him, school him, dress him, polish him as you will, you cannot subdue the force of nature in him. Let him walk, the swing of the axe is still in his shoulders. Stop him, talk to him, he is ill at ease and cannot argue, till he gets a stick to chop with his jack-knife. Seat him in your drawing-room, not the liveliest music of the upright piano, nor all the winning smiles of the fair, will prevent him *whittling* your chairs and tables or falling upon some other mischievous contrivance, to relieve his everlasting mania for chopping.

I need not say that I soon learned to chop, for that can hardly be called learning, which comes more by instinct than art. Against the forest I was born a warrior, though the warfare of my early recollections, like the first shafts of Apollos upon the Greek army before Troy, when they had dishonored his priest, was directed against the weakest and least formidable of the bristling phalanx before me. The stabling and the larger but softer bass-wood saplings, were my favorite objects of attack, and from those, though armed with nothing but a *vis inertia*, my blows were often made to recoil upon myself, the remembrance of which I still carry about me in many unpensioned scars. Those were pleasant days. Let men love books who never read them. I wish I had been a Vermont wood-chopper to this day. I should have been ten years younger, and that is worth more than all the books in the world.

[Concluded in our next number.]

WOMAN—NO. 1.

"Believe an epitaph as soon as woman."—BYRON.

Woman is a thing undefinable. If we attempt to approach a general definition of her character, it is like endeavoring to satisfy ourselves of the boundaries of eternity—the more we philosophize and reason, the more we are bewildered and perplexed. In an abstract view, there is one characteristic however which has hardly a sufficient exception to establish the validity of the maxim, "that every good rule has an exception." And what is the characteristic, gentle reader? It is deception! Notice the smile that sits to day upon the dimpled cheek of her whom you would be proud to call by the name of friend, were she what she would endeavor to persuade you to believe she was,—to-morrow it is a withering frown that chills the sight of those that behold it. Notice for one moment, the eye that beams with laughter and kindly turns to greet those that reciprocate the kindred expressions of affection—the next, they sparkle with all the imaginary and fluctuating schemes of conquest, that are continually brooding around the female heart. Now she is a thing that fawns and has all the charms that the world admires and calls lovely,—and now she is transformed, and becomes the plain and humble individual, and moves in the limited path prescribed to her by nature. In the former situation she is abroad and in society,—in the latter at home, engaged in those domestic relations, which naturally fall to her care and attention. Her mind is like the atmosphere—sometimes there is sunshine, and the beauty of the clear blue sky is visible—at others the

dark clouds gather and the tempest howls, and the thunder bellows from pole to pole. And what is rather laughable, to carry out the simile is, that while the Heavens are black with the impending storm, it frequently happens that the sun suddenly immerges from the thickest and darkest cloud—the elements of power and wrath are at once hushed, and harmony and stillness are at once restored to the ethereal regions above.

"But why should I in words attempt to tell What that is like which is—and yet—is not?"

But I shall have to give it up. It is easier to tell what woman is not, than what she is. I have always admired the simple manner which the ancients adopted to communicate their ideas to each other, and to preserve the fables and traditions of their Fathers, as well as many historical events which it was important for them to preserve. These things they represented in hieroglyphic characters. For instance the Lion the fiercest of all animals, stood for boldness—the Viper for ingratitude, and [the Fly for impudence. So, all their writings were composed of the images of things, which in themselves bore a resemblance to the object represented; and I have no doubt had the Chameleon—a little animal that feeds on air and changes its color almost every moment—been known to them, they would have adopted that animal as the most fit and appropriate emblem of the vanity and fickleness of woman. R.

Canova's Statue of Washington.—Mr. John Hogan, in a letter dated at Paris, has informed the President of the New Orleans Exchange Company, that he has ordered a copy of Canova's Statue of Washington, to be executed in marble by Raachis, a distinguished artist, and that when finished it is to be shipped to N. Orleans to be presented to the company, and placed in the Exchange Room.

GENIUS SLUMBERING.

BY PERCIVAL.

He sleeps, forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on:
He lies in dull oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears.

And yet not all forgotten sleeps he there;
There are, who still remember how he bore
Upwards his daring pinions, till the air
Seemed living with the crown of light he wore;
There are who, now his early sun has set,
Nor can, nor will forget.

He sleeps—and yet around the sightless eye,
And the pressed lip, a darkened glory plays:
Though the high powers in dull oblivion lie,
There hovers still the light of other days,
Deep in that soul a spirit, not of earth,
Still struggles for its birth.

He will not sleep for ever, but will rise
Fresh to more during labors; now, even now,
As the close shrouding mists of morning flies,
The gathering slumber leaves his lifted brow;
From the half-opened eye, in fuller beams,
His weakened spirit streams.

Yes, he will break his sleep; the spell is gone;
The deadly charm departed; see him fling
Proudly his fetters by, and hurry on,
Keen as the famished eagle darts her wing;
The goal is still before him and the prize
Still woos his eager eyes.

He rushes forth to conquest; shall they take—
They, who with feeble pace, still kept their way,
When he forgot the contest—shall they take,
Now he renews the race, the victor's bay?
Still let them strive—when he collects his might,
He will assert the right.

The spirit cannot always sleep in dust,
Whose essence is ethereal; they may try
To darken and degrade it; it may rest
Dimly a while, but cannot wholly die;
And when it wakens, it will send its fire
Intenser forth and higher.

THE SUICIDAL MANIA OF FRANCE.

From the last London Quarterly Review.

Passing the autumn of 1834 in the country, we happened to be struck with the number of suicides and other tragical events which were reported in one or two of the French journals which reached us—the Gazette de France and the Tribune. At first we only wondered,—at last they became so frequent and so atrocious that we began to cut out the paragraphs,—we unluckily did not keep the exact dates of all our extracts, but we have the dates of SIXTY-FIVE suicides in the month of October alone. We subjoin some particulars, and first some extracts from the Paris and provincial papers, to show the universality of the evil:—

'Paris.—The mania of suicide has reached all classes of society.'

'St Omer (North of France).—The mania of suicide continues to make daily progress.'

'Lyons (East).—We have to report another suicide—a scourge which now invades all classes.'

'Elbeuf (West).—Another suicide to add to the number reported every day.'

'Auck (South).—The fearful disease of suicide continues to ravage the whole of France.'

'Orleans (Centre).—We have to report another suicide—a frenzy which invades all classes of society.'

We shall now state the number of suicides reported in one week, of which we happen to have kept notes:

Oct. 22.—Five suicides.

" 23.—Four suicides.

" 24.—One suicide.

" 25.—Two suicides.

" 26.—Three suicides.

" 27.—Two suicides.

" 28.—Six suicides.

and this in two papers alone. In the whole month we find in our note-book, as we have said, of exactly dated cases above sixty. Between the end of September and the beginning of December, we have no less than ONE HUNDRED AND TEN. We shall now give a few of the cases in detail:—

'Euphrosine Lemoine was the daughter of a bourgeois of the Faubourg St. Antoine. She loved, and had admitted to secret interviews, a young cabinet-maker of the neighborhood,—her parents, however, had long intended her to marry Mr. B——, a man of some property. She reluctantly consented, pronounced the *fatal yes* [we translate, whenever we can, the exact words of our original], and the young man prudently left Paris for some years. In 1834 he yielded to the desire of once more seeing her he had loved,—they met,—and the husband was dishonored. This was followed by an elopement; but the husband, who still loved his wife, in spite of her crimes, discovered her retreat, and by the intervention of friends and of the police, a reconciliation was effected: in vain; they again eloped,—but only to perish together, and they were found, eight days after, dead, locked in each other's arms, in a miserable apartment they had hired for the purpose.—Before the suicide, one of them had sketched with coal, on the wall of their retreat, two flaming hearts, and beneath this inscription,—“They had sworn eternal love, and death, terrible death, shall find them united.”'

'This morning a boatman discovered, in the Seine, a mass which the stream seemed to roll along with difficulty,—he found it was two bodies,—a young woman about twenty, tastefully dressed, and a young man in the uniform of the 8th Hussars,—the left hand and foot of one victim were laid to the right hand and foot of the other; a bit of paper, carefully wrapped up in parchment, to preserve it from the water, told their names and their motives:

“O you—whoever you may be, compassionate souls, who shall find these two bodies united, know that we loved each other with the most ardent affection, and that we have perished together, that we may be eternally united. Know, compassionate souls, that our last desire is, that you should place us, united as we are, in the same grave. Man should not separate those whom death has joined.

(Signed) “FLORINE. GOYON.”

“Some evenings since a light was observed

in the Church at Rueil. This singular appearance occasioned a search: on the approach of the authorities the light was extinguished,—but a woman's stays were found on the pavement. The beadle of the church was met, apparently much agitated. On a further search, the proprietress of the stays was found concealed in a press under *draps mortuaires* (the parish pall.) The unhappy man, on the detection of this profanation, drowned himself in the river, where his body has since been found.'

'M. Malglaive, a half-pay officer, lately employed in a public office, had suffered some unexpected pecuniary losses. Last Saturday one of his friends received a note from M. Malglaive, by the twopenny post, requesting him to call at his lodgings, where he would find a packet addressed to him. On preceding there and opening the packet, he found a letter addressed in these words:—

“When you shall have received this letter, my poor Eleanor and I will be no more. Be so good as to have our door opened; you will find our eyes closed for ever. We are weary of misfortunes, and don't see how we can do better than end them. Satisfied of the courage and attachment of my excellent wife, I was certain that she would adopt my views, and take her share in my design.”

“These young people, for the husband was but thirty-four and the wife twenty-eight, had taken the most minute precautions to render the effect of the fumes of charcoal—the mode of death they had chosen—certain; but a brace of loaded pistols was placed on the night-table, to be used if the charcoal had failed.”

“Two young people—Augustine, aged 26, and Henriette, aged 18—had long loved each other, but the parents of the girl would not consent to the match. In this difficulty the young man wrote to Henriette—“Men are inexorable—well, let us set them at defiance—God is all-powerful—our marriage shall be celebrated in his presence, and to-morrow, if you love me, we will write, in our blood and at the foot of the Cross, our marriage vow.”

'This proposition turned the weak girl's head, and she consented. They proceeded one night last week to a field near St. Denis, where there was a Cross; on their way they made incisions in the arms of both, to procure the blood in which the following *acte de marriage* was written:—

“Great God, who governs the destinies of mankind, take us under thy holy protection!—As man will not unite us, we come on our knees to implore thy sanction to our indissoluble union. O God, take pity on two of thy poor children! Assemble all thy heavenly choir, that on so happy a day they may partake our transports, and be witness of the holy joy that shines in our hearts. O God! O ye Angels of Heaven and Saints of Paradise! look down upon a happiness which even the blessed may envy.

“And you, shades of our parents, come to this affecting ceremony; come and give us your approbation and your blessing. It is in the presence of you all that we—Pierre Auguste and Marie Henriette—swear to belong to each other, and to each other only, and to be faithful to each other to the hour of dissolution: yes, we swear it—we swear it with one voice.—You are our witnesses, and we are united for life and for death.

“(Signed in letters of blood)

“PIERRE AUGUSTE.”

“MARIE HENRIETTE.”

“The very day after this visionary marriage, it was dissolved by the suicide of the unfortunate Henriette. The moment her faith had become irreparable, her betrayer abandoned her; and the poor creature threw herself into the Seine. On her body was found the foregoing singular *acte de marriage*, to which she had subscribed with a feeble hand the following note:—

“He has dishonored me—the monster! He deceived me by pretences which went to my heart; but it is he who is to be pitied—wretch that he is!”

The morbid fancy of Madame du Devant could hardly have woven a more horrible tragedy. We know not whether the following paragraph, which appeared a few days after the foregoing, relates to the same melancholy affair; it is very probable:—

'Yesterday a young man of the name of Auguste, about twenty five years of age, committed suicide, by throwing himself naked from the fifth story of a house in the Rue Neuve Saint Marc. He was a waiter in the gambling-house called Frescati.'

'We announced a few days since, the death of the Count de Clermont Ferrand, who died by his own hands on the very day of his wedding. The facts are as follow:—M. de Clermont Ferrand, aged twenty-five, had become attached to a young person, whom he wished to marry against the wishes of his family; but his mother, who had great influence over him, prevailed on him to break off that connection and to consent to a union with a young lady, beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, and with whom he had been long acquainted. To make this match still more suitable, and to reward him for his compliance with her wishes, his mother settled on him a larger portion of her fortune than he could have expected. The time fixed for the marriage arrived. During the ceremony, M. de Clermont was calm, but on pronouncing the *fatal yes*, he turned pale and was near fainting; but he soon recovered himself, and endeavored by his attentions to his bride to dissipate this little cloud. But he had scarcely returned to his mansion, when he shut himself up in his closet, and stabbed himself repeatedly. A servant who, observing his being ill during the ceremony, had followed him, saw him fall, and called for assistance; it was too late—he died early that same afternoon, requesting with his last breath that the nature of his death should be concealed from his mother.'

'A fresh suicide has recently occurred near Paris. Madame de F—— has killed herself in the park of her own chateau, with her own fowling piece, which she took out on pretence of going shooting, as she was in the habit of doing. She loaded it with six balls, and placing the muzzle to her breast, discharged it. The only cause assigned is the vexation she and M. de F—— felt at her having no children to inherit their large fortune.'

Antediluvian Discoveries.—Dr. Kippstein, a German Savant, who has long devoted himself to the study of geology, and who is directing the excavations, in the neighborhood of Elezi, (a small town in Rhenish Hesse,) where numerous fossil bones have been found, has lately made a most valuable discovery for natural history. In digging 28 feet below the soil, near Eppeishiem, about a league distant from Alezi, he found, in a state of the most perfect preservation, the head of a *dimotherium giganteum*, probably the most colossal of the antediluvian animals, whose existence was first indicated, and nearly specifically determined by Dr. Caup, the learned zoologist. The head measures six feet in length, by three and a half in breadth; and its weight is nearly five quintals. Near the head was found an humeral bone, six feet long, weighing two quintals, appertaining apparently to the same animal. No remains of this kind have ever been found before.—*Gazette Allemande.*

The Bird in the Bush.—We learn from English papers received at this office that the story which went the rounds of the American press a few months since, flattering sundry persons by the name of Mosher that by the sudden demise of a great-great-uncle in England they had become the legal heirs to an immense estate, is all humbug. The Manchester Times says it is all the work of a notorious swindler whose name is Joseph Addy, and who makes a business of announcing to persons by advertisement that he is in possession of information which deeply concerns them, as a means of extorting large fees for apparent services. Since the Mosher affair he has been detected in a similar trick at Manchester. He wrote a gentleman that he was heir to £3550, which he would put him in the way of obtaining if he would send him a £1 order. It resulted of course that the fortune was located in the moon.—*N. Bedford Gaz.*

Oquawka, is the rather unharmonious name of a new town just laid out on the east bank of the Mississippi, in the state of Illinois.

Some writer calls the Press the “artillery of thought.” 'Tis not a bad idea although many of the gunners frequently fire blank cartridges.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Gone to thy dreamless bed,
Bud of the wild,
Low lies thy gentle head,
Beautiful child,
Cold is thy marble brow,
Pallid thy cheek:
Grief feels thy mother now,
Tongue cannot speak.
Low o'er thy couch of death,
Mournful she bends,
Forth the low sobbing breath,
Fitfully sends.
Oh, what a weight of woe
Lies at her heart!
Grief those alone can know,
Doomed thus to part.
To her a fount of love—
Chalice of joy—
Wert thou, who art called above,
Beautiful boy!
Oft in thy cradle-bed,
Watched she thy rest;
Pillowed thy sleeping head
On her fond breast;
Kissed thy unsullied brow—
Silenc'd thy cries;—
Where is her darling now?
Gone to the skies!
Strew the pale flowers about—
Bind its young hands;
Where the glad angels shout,
Souls have no bands.
There, in its stainless bloom,
Lives thy fair boy;
Passed from the cheerless tomb,
Into full joy.
Not with the dust ye moan,
Under the sod:—
Mother, thy babe hath gone
Home to its God!

JANE.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE HEIR OF ROOKLEY.

Brightly shone the sun on the white towers of Castle Rookley on the morning on which the honorable Reginald George Ferdinand Rookley first opened his infant eyes on the light of day and the magnificence around him. Bonfires blazed on the surrounding hills, flags waved from the towers, and minute cannon roared until sunset; in short, no ceremony was unobserved that could in any way add dignity to the rejoicings; and Rookley's long-desired, ardently expected and warmly welcomed heir was ushered into life with all the splendor and honors which the importance of the occasion and his future prospects demanded.

When the usual time had elapsed, the lace enveloped atom of mortality was presented at the baptismal font by the august hands of those who stood proxy for his royal sponsors. Many an English coronet and foreign star graced the ceremony, and admiration was wound to its highest pitch, when on handing the baby round, the single diamonds of rare value were observed looping up the cockade sleeves and flowing dress of the honorable Reginald.

Years passed, and at the age of seven our hero became in truth a "rebel boy." Beautiful as was his young countenance, bright as were the long brown curls which danced on his shoulders, and distinguished as was his whole appearance, still Lord Rookley could not help seeing that his child was far inferior in understanding to his young companions of the same age.

'Reginald must go to school,' said his lordship to Lady Rookley, one evening; 'the boy knows nothing, not even his letters.'

'My dear Lord!' exclaimed the mother energetically, as she clasped her arms around the pet, 'you would not surely send a child of this size to school! it will break his spirit and injure his health—in short, school will ruin him.'

'Better be ruined at school than spoiled at home,' muttered Rookley's lord.

'Then why not have a private tutor? what does my darling say?'

'I won't go to school,' cried Rookley's heir, 'I'll have a tutor.'

The majority of one decided the question. A private tutor was engaged; and when Reginald was fifteen, his seventh tutor gave notice to leave—he declined undertaking the education of Master Rookley.

'Reginald, my boy, you are a sad dog,' said his father, the evening of Mr. Lexicon's departure. Reginald shrugged assent. 'I shall send you to Eton,' continued his Lordship, and to Eton went the youth. He soon established his character there—he turned out the best rower, the best boxer, the handsomest fellow, and the idlest scholar.

Soon after he had attained his eighteenth year, Lord Rookley received a very polite but decided note from the head master, requesting his Lordship to remove Mr. Rookley—he had infringed every rule of the College, created a disturbance among his fellow Etonians, and incited a large party of them to secret rebellion. Consequently the hopeful heir left Eton.

'Reginald, you must go abroad,' said Lord Rookley one day, 'no young man should spend the last years of his minority in England.'

'It is very necessary,' added Lady Rookley, 'that you should make the "grand tour," my love; it will polish and refine your manners—really, my dear child, you want softening down—I trust you will go?'

'What do you say Reginald?' said his father. 'I?—Oh—I think it's a cursed bore, but any thing is better than this crazy old castle,' was the heir's reply.

Notwithstanding this disrespectful opinion of the halls of his ancestors, the honorable Reginald felt something like regret, when its snowy towers rose proudly out of the dark woods as he drove rapidly along, and a bend in the road hid them from his sight. Time sped on, and Rookley found Paris very delightful. He amused himself there *incog.* for some time, and then tossed over his letters of introduction. After much hesitation he determined to bend his steps towards the Chateau of M. le Comte de Valmont in one of the provinces, and thither he accordingly went. M. de Valmont was one of Lord Rookley's oldest and firmest friends. Reginald consequently received a flattering reception. The family consisted of the Count, his son, his nephew Auguste de St Geran, and his three daughters, Albertine, Cecile and Eulalie. It was late when Rookley's caleche stopped at the Chateau, and the young ladies had retired, but the next morning brought an introduction. All three sisters were elegant, as most young French women are, but it was on the youngest, Eulalie, that the eyes of the Englishman rested with a long gaze of admiration. He had never seen any thing like her before. She was beautiful, and yet she had not regular features—she was delicately small, yet not diminutive; her complexion was a clear rich brown, the brilliancy of which was enhanced by an ever-varying color in her cheeks, and a pair of the rosiest lips in the world.—Then her eyes! they were hazel, and had it not been for the long sweeping lashes with which she often veiled their mischievous playfulness, the wild ungovernable Reginald had been speedily her captive. As it was, no sooner did she see him attracted than she was her demure little self again, and three months elapsed before the young man remembered that the Chateau de Valmont was not his home.

It was a lovely summer's evening, and Reginald was amusing himself, in a shady spot, by throwing pebbles into the rivulet that flowed silently at his feet, when a voice—a light yet melancholy voice—rang on the silent air. He listened—Eulalie was singing. He raised his eyes, and saw her advancing; the last words of the song was trembling on her lips—they were:

'Mais no m'oubliez pas!'

Rookley sprang on his feet and darted to her side: 'Eulalie! my bright, beautiful Eulalie! I love you!'

The declaration was, like himself, impetuous and made without a moment's reflection. It seemed, however, that Eulalie was not much astonished, for, after the first start, she listened to his rapid avowal with unwearied attention.

'Mias, Monsieur!—she at last interrupted.

'Nay, Eulalie, let me explain; I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you!'

'Mias Monsieur Rookley!—'

'Eulalie, will you go to England with me?'

'Allow me to speak,' entreated Eulalie; 'pray hear me?'

'Eulalie!' exclaimed Reginald once more, 'I cannot leave De Valmont without you, can you love me?'

'Ah! do not ask me!' cried Eulalie; and with one bound she flew from him and disappeared.

Rookley went to the Chateau immediately, and obtained an interview with the Comte de Valmont.

'M. de Valmont,' said he unhesitatingly, 'pardon me for intruding, but I adore your beautiful Eulalie?'

The Comte raised his eyebrows: 'What do I hear Mr. Rookley?'

'The simple truth' M. de Valmont; to know Eulalie—to live for three happy months under the same roof with her, and not to love her were impossible!'

'You have not spoken to my child, I presume?' asked M. de Valmont, as an unaccountable smile played over his features.

'I have indeed,' replied Rookley.

'And what did Eulalie say?'

'She—she—we were—that is to say—she said nothing.'

'Ah! c'est bien!' smiled the comte, 'then permit me, Monsieur Rookley, whilst I deeply regret the necessity, to decline your proposals, flattering as they are.'

'Monsieur de Valmont!'

'Sir, Monsieur,—believe me, I feel for you—I know not what my Eulalie would say; perhaps she would have spared you the pain I am giving you, but—'

'Monsieur de Valmont!' interrupted Reginald, imperiously, 'pray speak decidedly, I do not understand you.'

'Then my dear young friend, I will tell you the truth: My little Eulalie, has been engaged for nearly a year to my nephew, the Comte de St. Geran—you know Auguste?'

Reginald Rookley flung himself out of the room in a fever of mingled rage and indignation. The sight of English letters on his dressing table roused him from the state into which he had thrown himself. He tore them open. They contained the news of the illness of his father, and an immediate summons to England.

Eulalie was the first person to whom he communicated the tidings. His carriage was ordered at dusk, his valet had every thing in readiness.

'For the last time, dearest Eulalie will you be mine?'

'What will Auguste say?'

'Do you care for him Eulalie?'

'Ah no! I do not think I like him at all!'

'Then fly with me—all is ready—my mother shall be your's. You can wish me good-bye as Cecile and Albertine will, and then meet me at the gate of the chateau.'

'But Auguste, poor Auguste?'

'You do not love him?'

'Ah, true! I do not love him, and you know he can marry Cecile instead—what do you think? can he not?'

'At the Chateau gate at ten this night, Eulalie!'

'*J'y Serais*—adieu!'

At ten that evening, Eulalie; in the presence of her family, took a graceful leave of Rookley. At eleven she was in one corner of his caleche, flying towards Paris as quick as four horses could convey them. Once arrived there amongst the number of his friends, Reginald found no difficulty in concealing the fugitive Eulalie. The next morning they were married. The caleche was at the door, the horses waiting, and the honorable Mr. Rookley handing his bride down stairs, when a travelling carriage dashed into the court yard—three gentlemen sprang out, and the next moment Reginald was standing before the Comte, Claude de Valmont, and Auguste de St. Geran!

Eulalie flew away and hid herself.

'Villain!' exclaimed the old Comte, "where is my daughter? I demand my child—what have you done with her?'

'Monsieur de Valmont,' replied Rookley, 'you have come too late—Eulalie is my wife!'

'My sister shall be avenged!' cried Claude. This insult to our family can only be redeemed by your blood!'

'With all my heart,' said Rookley, 'I am ready.'

'And when you have settled with De Valmont I am at your service,' muttered Auguste de St. Geran.

'With the greatest pleasure,' answered Rookley carelessly; and turning away, he raised Eu-

lalie from the ground, on which she was kneeling before her father.

That evening the parties met on the Bois de Boulogne. Reginald was cool and contemptuous—De Valmont firm, but evidently much excited.

The ground was measured—the signal given—they fired!—and Reginald instantly fell!

“Gran Dieu!” ejaculated De Valmont, “I have killed him.”

A trembling sigh burst from the lips of the dying youth—his eyes partly opened, and with one violent effort he exclaimed, “England! Eulalie!” The next moment he fell back into the arms of St. Geran, and the heir of Rookley—had not the least occasion for a wife.

It is more than probable his widow married a gain.

[From the New-York Mirror.]

JACK'S GHOST.

Poor Jack! we had, indeed, lost more than a subscriber—we had lost a friend. Society had lost him—the world had lost him. It is all nonsense, that no individual is so useful, but that, on his death, his vacancy can be easily filled. Mere men of wealth or power—statesmen, kings, heroes, philosophers—they, indeed, are supplied by the thousand. But, your good man, your true philanthropist, your real friend, your downright honest man—in short, your man with a heart. Show us where is his substitute. There may be such, but they are rare. A five-leaved clover is nothing to them.

We realized, at last, but with overpowering awe, that Jack was really dead. Circumstances of an imperative nature prevented our presence at his obsequies. He was borne from his luxurious home, laid in the earth, and left beneath the silent grass, before we had an opportunity of seeing the warm-hearted and noble girl he had left behind him. At length, we saw her. She evidently exercised over herself a great command in preserving her calm and tranquil dignity. She was arrayed in the sable weeds of widowhood. Her hair was parted, with severe simplicity over the forehead, and her face was pale, and somewhat sharpened with anguish. Those once laughing eyes were veiled in soft sadness, and Sorrow sat upon her cheek and mouth, and seemed destined to be from thenceforward for ever her companion; she smiled more than once in the course of our conversation; but, if anything could be more touching than her saddest sadness, it was that wan and soulless smile. She was obviously a woman of strong mind, and more elevated principles; and, from religion, she now enjoyed that support which earth could never have bestowed. She believed herself separated from the cherished protector of her youth, only by the grave. She even fancied him leaning toward her from the evening breeze, or the silvery cloud. She felt that Providence had tried her sorely in this bitter bereavement; but, if it subdued, it also chastened; if it darkened, it also elevated her. Idle lamentation, as it was useless and impious, so she schooled her heart to avoid it. Patience, meek, pious hope, innocence before the world, calm and solemn meditation, deep trust in a hereafter, and a holy rapture in worshipping God—these were the treasures of the widow.

After some embarrassment and hesitation, we suggested to her a desire to act as her friend in arranging her affairs, and making the best disposition of them for her future welfare.

“I thank you, sir,” she replied, “most gratefully, but there is nothing to arrange.”

“But the furniture?”

“Sold for six thousand dollars.”

“And, now, madam, this money, doubtless, you will invest in some manner to afford you, although a slender, yet, nevertheless, a secure and regular pittance?”

“No, sir; I did not choose to risk property, which I considered not my own, in any speculation.”

“The creditors were then paid?”

“Immediately.”

“And you—?”

She smiled again.

“And I have nothing but the consciousness of honorable conduct, and a sincere reliance on the goodness of heaven!”

“And, may I ask, madam, what are your future intentions?”

“I will reveal them, cheerfully: you were the friend of—(she paused only an instant)—of my

husband. I can seek advice, and repose confidence in no one more unhesitatingly.”

“Alas! madam, could I but aid you, I should, surely, count it one of the most happy actions of my life.”

“Pecuniary aid,” she replied, “I shall never require. Advice, sometimes, I may.”

“And your future course?”

“It is my intention to procure, if possible, a situation as instructress in a private family—if not, in a public academy. If that is impracticable, I shall open a small school of my own. A small sum remains—the surplus of the furniture-sales, after the payment of the debts; upon that I am now living. It will soon be absorbed. To you I can apply for assistance in procuring such a situation.”

“But, my dear madam, reflect. You know not the nature of the task you undertake. You are ignorant what bitter thorns too often grow in such a path. Your health may yield. Your happiness must. You are accustomed to every luxury and refinement. How can you sustain the corroding and prostrating influence of such a toil?”

“I have chosen it,” said this lovely being, “because it is my duty. Enough for heaven to point out the path. It is ours to follow it, however bleak—however lonely.”

As she spoke, a tear swelling to her lashes, glittered as it hung; and, yielding for a moment to the recollection of other days, and the gloom and uncertainty of the prospect before her, she bent her face down upon her handkerchief, and gave way to the silent agony natural to her situation. Even while her pious soul kissed the rod, her earthly weakness shrunk from the dreadful infliction.

After some difficulty we ascertained that a family desired an instructress for eleven young children. The whole set were rich, purse-proud and vulgar. They had money in abundance, but they were not of those with hearts. The thing was totally unknown in the family.—Without feeling—without mind, they kissed the dust off the feet of the prosperous, but we bethide the poor and the unhappy whom the vicissitudes of fortune drove within their doors.

These were the people, with their mean and vulgar souls, whose servant this majestic and noble creature had consented to be. The children were as bad as the parents; coarse, ugly, high-tempered, and every way unmanageable. They were to receive the graceful refinements of life from the hand of the desolate widow at so much per year. We accompanied her to the mansion of this family and introduced her to her employers. The hostess was the first who received her. She accosted her as she would an inferior, and almost a servant.

“How d’ye do. I’m glad you’ve come at last. We expected you yesterday. You are not very punctual. We are all for punctuality in this house.”

“I do not remember making any express appointment for yesterday,” quietly replied the young instructress.

“Oh, you don’t, hey! Well, I do, and that, I suppose, is sufficient. Here, John. John—where is that man of mine; John,” and she bawled out lustily from the foot of the stairs.

“What’s wanting,” cried a gruff voice from an attic.

“Here. Come down. Here’s the woman—the new schoolmistress for the children. That good husband,” she continued, smiling condescendingly on me, for thank heaven I had not come to be her schoolmistress, “that husband is the slowest thing alive. You must excuse him. Pray, be seated.”

The sad stranger drew her veil close over her face as she sat silently down, and we thought a tear glittered through the folds. To break the awkward pause, we revived the conversation, and expressed a hope that the arrangement about to be entered into would prove “mutually satisfactory.”

“Oh, yes; I have no doubt it will. We’ve a tolerable family, but they’re very good; only eleven. I shall expect you, Mrs. B., to make them all prodigies. I suppose you can help a little about house, too, can’t you?”

“I believe my duties will be confined to the instruction of the children, will they not?”

“Why, I suppose you can sew, wash, handle a broom, open a door, carry a message, or the like of that? For though we are independent, yet Mr. Stubbins likes to go on economizing, and we don’t expect the schoolmistress will be idle any more than the scholars.”

“I fear—” began Mrs. B., rising, but again she paused. After repeated trials, this was the only situation which could be procured, and, unless she availed herself of it, she had before her nothing but downright starvation, or, what was little better, a direct appeal to the charity of distant relations. No, she could not go on. She sank once more into the chair, and after a half hour spent with Mr. Stubbins himself, whose manners were not greatly different from those of his wife, the poor lady, with a heavy heart, returned to her lodgings, with a determination, at all events, to undertake her repulsive duties within a few days.

As for us, we sighed too. We had loved Jack like a brother. And even had he been a stranger, it would have struck us to the heart to see so noble, refined and beautiful a woman, turning with yet glittering eyes from the fresh grave of a beloved husband to cope with such a world as this, to teach such children as Mrs. Stubbins’.

We went home. We spent a long evening in silent and solitary study, that thy hand might receive, at the week’s end, dear reader, a sheet not wholly unworthy thy indulgence. The reflected stream of light from our shaded lamp, fell in a bright circle upon the table, leaving the remoter parts of the chamber in dusky shadow. Long time we pored over our silent book, and at length lifted our eyes, when, in a chair opposite us, to our consummate amazement, we beheld Jack—a mere ghost, quietly seated in a chair, the back of which was visible through his air-like body. But of all the ghosts whoever appalled the guilty, or frightened the simple, surely this was the least formidable. It was dressed in a handsome suit of Edgerton’s best, a pair of Weaks’ eight-dollar morocco-boots, and between its fingers it held a cigar, which, ever and anon, it lifted to its intangible lips. Altogether it had a look of comfort never before observable in ghosts—and not often in men. Upon catching my eye, it winked, poked its tongue in its cheek, and, at length with a ludicrous air, laid its finger along its nose, and nodded its head, as much as to say, “I’m no fool, my friend.”

“Jack,” said I.

“Enough,” replied the ghost, “now you have spoken first, I can let out. Excuse me,” it cried, slapping its hand down upon its shadowy knee, in a manner that must have made a great noise if it had been any thing more than air, and laughing for a moment with the expression of one who enjoys a capital joke, “You’ve been to see my Kate. You’ve got her a situation to teach Mr. Stubbins’ children. Mr. Stubbins and Mrs. Stubbins, and all the little pug-nosed Stubbins’, may come where I am, before she shall so degrade herself. No, no, my friend.—The day before I died, and the moment after you reminded me of it, I had my life insured. The policy is in my *escritoire*, which Kate has not sold or looked at. Go to her. Tell her if she ever even *speaks* to the Stubbins’ in the street, I’ll haunt her for a month. She is worth ten thousand dollars. You can make it fifty in a year. I would offer you a cigar, but it would be of no use, as it is nothing but mist. My respects to you, and compliments to the Insurance Company.” He vanished. We found the policy. And Mrs. Kate B— cuts the Stubbins’, and so do we.

Want of decision.—Perhaps in no way do mothers more effectually destroy their own influence with children, and injure them, than from neglecting to practice decision. The following little fact will illustrate the pernicious influence of this course of conduct:—

A little girl remarked a short time since that beaver hats were quite fashionable, and she would have one. “Have you forgotten,” said I, “that your mother yesterday remarked that the hat you wore last winter was quite neat, and that she did not intend to encourage extravagance and a love of fashion in a little girl.”—“Ah, well,” replied she, “no matter for that—mother said that our Susan should not go to Miss W.’s party the other evening, because she was very much afraid that there would be dancing there: but when sister cried about it and made a fuss, mother consented to let her go, and bought her a new pair of shoes and pretty blue scarf to wear. Besides, I am quite sure it is quite right to have a fashionable hat to go to church in, and I tease mother to buy me one. And I know that I shall get it—for mother often changes her mind.”

THE BOOK AGENT.

As the sun was setting after one of those hot sultry days in July, when the thermometer rose to 90, a tall lantern jawed, gambrel shanked fellow entered the village of —, in the old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a yankee back-woodsman—having on his real squirrel skin cap, and on his feet a pair of double soled cow-hide boots, which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatkian winter. On his arm was carefully folded a butternut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dickey, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entering into the village he inquired for the clergyman, and on being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence. Arriving at his house, he found him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence he inquired if the Rev. Mr. — lived in the neighborhood? The clergyman told him that he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded.

'I am dreadful deaf,' said the fellow; 'you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say.' The clergyman put his lips to his ear and repeated the declaration that he was the person for whom he enquired, and asked him the object of his call. 'Tis been an awful hot day,' said the traveller, 'but it grows a little cooler as the sun goes down.' The clergyman again inquired his business at the top of his voice. 'I thank you a thousand times,' said the stranger, 'I reckoned to have got to the tavern by sundown, but I hav'nt, and as I am prodigiously tuckered out, I'll stay and thank you in the bargain,' following the clergyman into the house. The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying his coat down in one corner of the room and fanning himself awhile with his cap, he took his seat. The clergyman in a loud voice asked him to what part of the country he was travelling? 'Any thing that comes handy,' he replied, 'I am a farmer when at home, and not much used to nick-nacks—I can eat any thing but cold pork and cabbage, and that I never could eat, since I was a boy—but don't put yourselves at all out of the way about supper.' The clergyman inquired in a still louder voice, if he was from Vermont.

'I am getting subscribers,' said he, for a valuable book; it is the works of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan—I don't remember exactly which; but I'll see,' pulling out his Prospectus and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman, after looking at it handed it back, and remarked that he did not wish to subscribe. 'O yes,' he replied, 'I always carry a pen and ink with me, as I find a great many folks don't keep such things in their houses,' pulling out his pen and ink and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman raised his voice to the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing. 'Jest as well,' said the agent, 'I write the names of half my subscribers myself,' entering the name of the clergyman in his book.

The clergyman despairing of making the fellow hear any thing, concluded to get rid of him the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed. In the morning he told him in as loud a voice as he was master of, that he did not want the work, and should not take it. 'Don't you give yourself any uneasiness about it,' said the agent, 'I never forget subscribers, and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time. Thanking him for his kindness and bidding him good morning, he trudged off as fast as his legs could carry him.

About a month after, as the clergyman was on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was not a little surprised to meet his old guest the deaf book agent. He was dressed much in the same manner as before, but was seated on a box, in the fore part of a one horse wagon, drawn by a horse that would require stall feeding to make much of a shadow. Coming up with him, he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said, he was going directly to his house with his books. The clergyman said he must be excused from taking them as he had a set already on hand. 'No matter' said the agent, 'I am going right by your house, and can leave the books and take the money of your wife,' getting into his wagon and driving off. The clergyman fearing his family might take the books in his absence, put about for home, and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the cler-

gyman had returned, he said 'you come back for fear of rain I s'pose, and it does look as tho' we should have a long storm,' taking the books from the box and carrying them into the house. The clergyman told him as loud as he could that he did not want the books, and thought he was insulting him by forcing them upon him. The agent said he intended to have got a little farther before the storm; but if he could not conveniently pay him the money then, he must accept of his invitation and stay till the storm was over. The clergyman, finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid him the money as the easiest way to get rid of him.

THRILLING TRAGEDY.

THE WHITAKERS.—The tragedy which happened last spring in New Orleans, is probably fresh in the minds of our readers, but the particulars attendant on it, which we give below, have never been published, probably for the substantial reason, that the lives of the editors of that city, had they published them, might have been the forfeit.

The Whitaker family, noted desperadoes, reside at a considerable distance from New Orleans, on the Mississippi, and are the terror of that part of the country. Young Whitaker, the convict and suicide, is said to have been obnoxious to the censure of his brothers, on account of his *timidity*, although he had committed at least one murder previous to that of which he had been convicted. The latter was perpetrated in a bar room, on the person of the keeper, because he did not wait on him quick enough.—Whitaker drew his knife, and stabbed him to the heart.

He was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to death. The family, consisting of the father, mother, two brothers and a sister, repaired to New Orleans with the determination of effecting his rescue, or putting him to death with their own hands. Our informant states that the elder brother told him that he had paid the keeper of the prison \$6000 to be instrumental in his liberation. It is true that he sawed off the bars of his prison window, and was in the act of running off, when he was retaken and carried back to jail, where he was more closely confined than before. The day of execution drawing near, and little chance being left that he would gain his freedom, his family determined that the gibbet should lose its victim. They therefore furnished him with laudanum, which was either not taken by him, or failed in its intended effect. He was afterward visited by one of the family, who put into his hands a knife of peculiar construction, (a pattern of which we have seen,) such as are carried by the assassins of that portion of the country, with an injunction to use it on himself; and the whole family have been seen on their knees at prayers, invoking God that he might not die a coward.

A short time previous to the day on which he was ordered to be hanged, he made two attempts on his left breast, with the instrument given him, but his courage failed. He was goaded on to the fatal deed by his brother, and he plunged it between his ribs seven inches in depth, perforating his heart. This knife, covered with his blood, is now held by his family as a trophy of honor. The body was delivered up to the family, taken home, and buried with military honors.

To show the utter recklessness of this horrible crew, they have sworn that the governor, who refused to pardon him, the jailer who confined, and the judge who sentenced him, shall die by their hands—and even the sister declares that if these deeds are delayed, she will train her little boys up for the purpose of putting them to death. This fiendish woman had armed herself for the purpose of assassinating her brother on the way to execution, had he failed himself to perform the deed.

But the whole of the story is not told. The family, immediately on hearing the death of the young man, employed a gentleman of this city to take a cast of his face in cement, and procure a bust to be made from it. The cast was taken while the body was yet warm, and a young man who accompanied him, executed the bust, which was considered an admirable likeness, for which they agreed to pay him a hundred and ten dollars. After repeated applications for the money, which was not paid, the family having returned home, he left the city, repaired to their residence, and demanded the amount promised him. The elder brother bade him be off, or he would kill him, and drew his knife, but his pur-

pose was prevented by the interposition of his mother. The young man mounted his horse, and was returning to New Orleans, but was intercepted next evening on the road by two of the Whitakers, painted and disguised. They first insulted him by asking him who he was, whence he came, &c.; but he, knowing their object, drew a pistol, and shot one of them dead on the spot. He fled, soon after abandoned his horse, and took to the woods, where he secreted himself during the day, and travelled by night. An hour after his arrival at New Orleans, he had been preceded by the remaining Whitaker and another person, who inquired for him at his lodgings. His landlord kindly informed him of the fact, and placed him on board a ship bound to Mobile, at which place he arrived in safety.

From the Journal of Commerce.

POLICE OFFICE, Aug. 13.—*Extraordinary Case of a Female Husband.*—A paragraph appeared in this paper on Saturday relative to a female who was found intoxicated in the street, on Friday night, dressed in man's clothes. The account she gave of herself turns out to be also false, or at least she has since told a different story, in consequence of a farther and more extraordinary discovery having been made in relation to her. On Saturday morning a decently dressed woman called at the police office and asked to see James Walker, (the name by which the female called herself before her sex was discovered) who she said was her husband.—This woman was informed of the discovery which had been made, and was permitted to see the person in question, to whom however she declined speaking, and went away. In consequence of this occurrence, James, or rather Jane Walker, was again brought before the magistrate, and underwent another examination, in which she stated that she was a native of Liverpool; that her real name is George Moore Wilson, and that George is a name commonly given to females in England; that both her parents died when she was very young, and that when she was twelve years old, in consequence of being ill treated by her friends, she ran away from them, put on boy's clothes, and made her way to Scotland, the native place of her parents.—When she arrived there, she went to work in a factory, still retaining her boys' dress, and remained in it until she had nearly arrived at womanhood, when she married a Miss Eliza Cummings, with whom she set sail for Quebec two days after their marriage. A few days after her marriage, she imparted the secret of her sex to her wife; but notwithstanding this, the two females have lived together ever since as man and wife.—Fifteen years have passed since their union, during which it appears they experienced a great variety of fortune, but kept the secret of the husband's sex so well, that it never before transpired, and remains even unknown to the wife's father, who has resided for some years with them. As the first account which this woman gave of herself appears to be false, this one may be also untrue—but it stands corroborated to a certain extent by the wife having called to see her on Saturday, and by the vexation and rage she evinced on hearing that her husband's sex was discovered; and also by a marriage certificate having been found on the prisoner's person, certifying that the marriage was solemnized at the time and place which she stated in her examination. The magistrate considered the matter altogether so extraordinary, that he has detained her until it can be more fully inquired into.

A HIGHLANDER'S WEDDING.

From a late British Paper.

On Tuesday morning, eleven shepherds from Lochaber, with twelve women, and a due proportion of collies or shepherd's dogs, left Inverness for Van Diemen's Land. One of the Highlanders learning in Lochaber that government had offered a bounty of £20 to all married men, and not being provided with a helpmate, set about supplying this deficiency. He had only three days to accomplish the task of courtship and marriage, and he met with two refusals. At length, on the last day that he could remain at home, he popped the question to a decent young woman, who gave her assent. Her friends refused, but the parties got on board the steamboat in the canal for Inverness and were determined to be united. They had great difficulty in finding a minister to tie the knot, but as the vessel was passing through Gairloch, at five o'clock on Saturday morning, fortunately a clergyman came on board for a few minutes, and the ceremony was performed, to the no small joy of the parties, and the amusement of sundry Englishmen and passengers, who got on deck with night-cap and great coat, to witness a marriage in Gaelic.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, AUGUST 20, 1856.

The Music.—We are unavoidably compelled to omit our Music in the present number of the Gem. This disappointment is more mortifying to ourselves than it can possibly be to our readers; but it cannot be helped. The difficulty attending the setting up of music, and the recent procurement of our type, is the apology. We feel safe in promising that another omission shall not occur.

THE PIANO.

A piano forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at, but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a piano forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. The color of the white keys is not of a cold white, or even when at their whitest there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish a sort of Mosaic, and all are easy and smooth to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself, for you may play with all your fingers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising sounds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what a piano forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play every thing for you as the other does. It is a lion, which has "no skill in dandling the kid." It is Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The piano forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter, and Paesello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliance of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi, and others. All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude; and out of apparent confusion make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the uninitiated to see him lay his hand on them, as if in mere indifference or at random; and as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as rain drops on a summer sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations which it would take us years to pick out. We forget that he has gone through the same labor, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result.

By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "*tasti*,"—"tastes,"—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the piano forte the moment you touch it. Any body can *taste* it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments,

the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quivering coyness *tastes* the strings."

Piano fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, for ourselves, however, with the instrument as it is; are gratified for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes; only we do *not* like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor, when it is upright does it seem quite finished without a bust on it; perhaps, because it makes too good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

Piano forte (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but *organ* (organum instrumentum) as if *the instrument*, by excellence, is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word piano forte came up, when the harpsichord and spinnet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpichord*, (arpichorda, commonly called in Italian clavicembalo, or keyed cymbal, i. e. or a box or hollow, Fr. clavecin) is a sounding, but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords, which may be said of any harp. *Spinnet*, an older term, (spinnette, thorn) signifies the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like the nicking of a guitar string by the nail. The spinnet was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument we believe of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spencer has mentioned it in an English *Trimenta Tambie*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the ungenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon.

The London Quarterly Review.—The first No. of vol. 5 of this excellent Quarterly has been received. It is full of its usual interest and instruction; but with none of the articles were we more pleased than with the review of "*French Novels*." The immoral tendency of the novels from the French Press, we have always deprecated. They are of the most licentious character, and are wielding an influence over the public mind, where they are read, debasing and pernicious in the extreme. They are mainly composed of the most disgusting incidents, and scarcely one of the hundreds that have been issued during the last ten years, are fit for perusal. Says the reviewer: "There is not six in which a lapse of female chastity is not the basis; there are not ten in which the lapse is not adulterous;—in not a few it is accompanied by incest or other unnatural profligacies; and in a majority it is attended by suicide or murder."—No wonder that France is a nation of debauchees, when such is the character of her popular literature! We trust in the good taste of this country that such abominations will never be tolerated here; and that the already too loose character of American Novels will be checked, and their writers be governed by a regard for moral purity.

"A Comprehensive Atlas, Geographical, Historical and Commercial, by T. G. Bradford."

—This is a royal quarto of 180 pages, containing, besides a beautiful frontispiece, and one of the richest engraved title pages we have ever seen, views of the comparative sizes of animals, mountains, rivers, kingdoms, &c. and separate maps of all the discovered countries, kingdoms, empires, islands &c., in the world, the whole of which are engraved on steel. Connected with these maps are extended Statistical tables, embodying a mass of information almost incredible. The geographical and historical details of the work are extremely elaborate, and embrace every fact which would cast any light upon the state or country embraced in the respective Maps. Besides these, it has commercial tables of great value; and an infinite variety of striking facts, which, when once known, makes us wonder how we could so long have done without them.

The work must have cost its author immense labor; and from the large number of the first names in the country which we have seen as subscribers to it, its worth is evidently appreciated. All the most eminent scholars and statesmen at the east have spoken in unmeasured terms of the value of this work, which our citizens have now an opportunity of purchasing. An agent will call upon them in a few days.

A person in Coventry, Conn. was stung on the nose by a bee, and before he could get home his head was so much swollen as to make his respiration difficult and the pain and inflammation of the sting extended throughout his system even to the extremities of his hands and toes.

Singular Rumor.—The Baltimore Athenæum of Saturday last, says that a rumor has for several days past been prevalent in that city, that a young lady residing there, of respectable family and connexions, finding it convenient to be among the missing, let the impression go abroad that she had duly departed this transitory life, a funeral accordingly took up, its solemn march from her dwelling to the silent church yard, where she was (not) laid, and the mourners returned through the streets with apparently sad and heavy countenances.

The Schoolmaster in the Sandwich Islands.—The Boston Mercantile says that Hoassih, the Governor of Maui, has established a law requiring all children, who have arrived at the age of four years, to attend school: and the parents must enforce their attendance or incur the penalties of the law. Teachers are also exempted from taxation, and to attend only to their schools.

The law-makers of civilized America might learn something from this edict of a savage king.

MARRIED,

In Riga, on the 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. De Forest, Hon. HORACE GAY, of this city, to Miss LUCY FIDELIA THOMPSON, of the former place.

In West Mendon, on the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. A. W. WATKINS, to Miss ELIZA COVELL, both of Mount Morris.

In Victor, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Keland Townsend, Mr. Lathrop B. Reed of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Alice Woolden of Gates, Monroe county, N. Y.

In Mount Morris, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. C. H. Goodrich, Rev. ALBERT T. CHESTER of Bullston, to Miss ELIZABETH STANLEY, of the former place.

DIED.

In Murray, Orleans Co. N. Y. on the 13th instant, of the Cholera Morbus, Charles Rollin, only son of Ansel and Elizabeth Warren, of this city, in the 11th year of his age.

Another Revolutionary Patriot gone.—Died at his residence, in Cuba, Allegany county, on the 12th inst., Mr. ROBERT CAMPBELL, aged 72 years.—Mr. Campbell was a native of Cherry Valley, Otsego county, in this State, and was one of the number that escaped the famous Massacre at that place, in November, 1778.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ITALY.

"Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of every shore,
Boast of the aged! Lesson of the young!
Whom sages venerate and bards adore—
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore."
Byron.

Oh, thou romantic land—sweet Italy!
Whether the musing wanderer shall stray
O'er shatter'd fanes—once temples of the free,
Mid stately ruins—noble in decay,
Or tread where kings and crested warriors lay,
Still shall he turn from the heroic throng
And ask these mould'ring relics—where are they
The mighty masters of imperial song [laurels long.
Who Fame's proud guerdon won, and wore her

Sleep on! ye fallen conquerors with the dead—
With the renown ye won in days of yore—
Rome has no brave and noble blood to shed,
No crimson'd altars reeking with the gore
Of vanquish'd foes—The laurels which she wore
Are hung in wither'd garlands o'er her tomb,
Sleep on! while Time's dim shadows darken o'er
Her grandeur with the melancholy gloom [doom.
Of vanish'd centuries—We weep not o'er your

No monumental pageantry shall keep
The ruthless conqueror's laurels from decay;
What, though a thousand idol statues weep
Their marble tears above the lifeless clay—
Oblivion smiles and bears the palm away
And says "ye sceptred tyrants of an hour,
Where are the trophies of your former sway,
Worn in the pride and plenitude of power
Whose tread made nations quake and empires
cover."

Wearied and pensive shall the wanderer turn
From the avenging conqueror's trophied grave;
The storied tablet, and the sculptur'd urn,
These are memorials for the proud and brave;
Sweet Poesy her deathless offering gave
To guard the shrine of genius—She has sung
In the wild anthem of the Adrian wave
Their requiem 'till from shore to shore it rung,
As o'er their mighty fame a world enraptured hung.

Thy sparkling fountains, melancholy rills
And murmuring cascades—romantic Italy!
Thy groves of cypress crowning emerald hills
And forest gardens—through all time shall be
The bowers of song—the haunts of Poesy—
Where heroes weep and maidens blush the while,
And give their hearts—capricious Love!—to thee
As dreams of Leonora's charms beguile,
Whose peerless beauty made immortal Tasso smile.

When Freedom's star its last faint radiance shed
O'er proud Italia—cursed by tyrants long—
The poet, orator and painter fled
From the fair clime of chivalry and song—
Or fought and fell—spurning the spoiler's wrong—
But will not be forgotten while the name
Of Dante graces the immortal throng,
Or Petrarch's glitter in the orb of Fame
To show the world from whence her splendor came
J. H. W.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

I'm weary of this false and hollow world!
Its sweetest smile is but the fickle light
That leads the 'wildered traveler astray—
Its dearest joys are but vain morning dreams—
Its very mirth is madness—and the man
Who seems most blest, is only he who best
Can feign; and 'neath a smiling brow conceal
The bosom's secret anguish. There is nought
On earth but sorrow! where can mortals look,
For peace or happiness? shall we seek fame,
Ambition, knowledge, love? alas! in vain:
The laurel wreath is stained with human blood,
Or blighted by the feverish breath of him
Who won it, by the sacrifice of health.
What can ambition give? Vain man may tread
Upon the necks of thousands, and become
A god among the nations:—Yet his deeds
Will be forgotten: Knowledge too is but
The painful guerdon of protracted toil;
And thou, Love! tho' thine altar is in heav'n
Thy flame is burning in the hearts of those
Who worship thee on earth; Oh! 'tis sad,
That ought so sweet can bring such desolations!
That woman too, that gentle, timid woman,
Should oft'nest be the victim. When success
Hath crown'd thy votaries, they have found the prize
Gearce worth the pain and anguish that it cost
Or if unkindly, early hope is cross'd
The end is death or madness.
All, all is sorrow! Ask the aged man

By his enjoyments to compute his years,
And he will say he cannot count three score.
Oh happy they; who die 'ere they awake
From their illusive dream—of joy. Men weep
Over the early tomb, which happy sav'd
Its inmate from a thousand living deaths,
And happy they, who the first grief can kill.
Who are not doomed to drag the lengthen'd chain
Of wearisome existence. But to live
Among the selfish beings of this earth,
As one whose thoughts dwell elsewhere; to endure
The secret workings of a restless spirit
That once aspired to higher, nobler things;
To bear the desolation of a heart,
Broken by early suffering, and to feel
The principle of life, is still so strong,
That tho' we would not live, we cannot die:
This, this is wretchedness, but it may be borne
For many a painful year, e'en in life's morn
It may have been experienced, yet the lip
May wear a smile, but 'tis a bitter mirth,
That seems to mock itself. The eye may beam,
The cheek still brightly glow, but on the brow
Are furrows, which the hand of time ne'er made,
Traces of scathing grief! and this is life!
This is the life, to which fond man will cling,
And spend his years in toil, yet vainly strive
'Gainst friendly death! oh, doom not me, sweet heav'n
To waste Prometheus like away, but grant
To me, thy kindest boon—AN EARLY GRAVE!
Rochester, Aug. 1836. J. C. C.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

Mark thou! wanderer o'er life's ocean,
How all things around thee change!
Bend thee to the heart's emotion,
While thy thoughts o'er past scenes range.
View with me the scenes of childhood—
Blissful season, free from gloom;
Happy, roam again the wild-wood,
Pluck anew its wild-spread bloom.

See again thy tender mother,
Anxious, watching all thy ways;
Or thy thoughtless sportive brother,
Boon companion of thy plays.

Mark anew the pebbly fountain,
In whose waters oft thou'st laved;
Cimb once more the green-clothed mountain
Whose dark cliff thou'st wildly braved.

Tread again the flowery meadow
Bord'ring on the silv'ry stream;
Rest thee 'neath the cooling shadow
Of the maple's spreading green.

Look thee now, as youth's bright morning
Ope's on thee with dreams of bliss!
See how love is gently forming,
Fancied hopes of happiness!

Once again, the moon soft gleaming,
Meet thy bosom's gentle flower;
And of bliss in future dreaming,
Linger out the midnight hour.

Mark again, as Spring's soft breezes
Wake to life the fragrant rose;
How full soon as Autumn seizes,
All its beauties blasted close.

Where are now the scenes of childhood,
Rippling streams and glassy fountains?
Where the darkly shading wild-wood,
Flowery mead and sunlit mountain?
Where thy kind, thy sainted mother—
Father, bending low with care?
Or thy loved, thy boyant brother?
Times dark changes ask thee, where?

Where is youth's unclouded morning,
Spring's sweet bloom and love's fond dreaming?
Where the joys of hope's bright forming?
Promised ones, like meteor's gleaming—
Where those friends in beauty shining
Who with the bright mirth did share?
Onward still, nor e'er reclining,
Time yet changing, asks thee, where?

Deep in memory's time-formed dwelling
Bright childhood's scenes in beauty lie,
Stranger scenes and land are telling
Of morn't and mead no longer nigh.
Blighted hopes, like withered roses,
Tell you that youth's bright dreams are o'er;
And the marble ground encloses
Friends once dear—once loved—no more.

Youth! on Hope's false visions leaning, }
Thou! partner of his fancied bliss,
Bright though all around is seeming
And every thing wafers happiness;
Yet oh, fond dreamers, change will come,
And fancied hopes be riven,

And tell like fading flower's bloom,
"There's nothing true but Heaven."

Then while all around is fading,
And ev'ry change points to the tomb,
While dark care each bliss is shading,
And perished hopes no more will bloom;
Oh may we on that Hope recline,
No time nor change can wither,
Which in Eternity will shine,
In changeless bliss for ever. MOREY.

VARIETY.

Our brother over the way gave us a specimen of Lincoln county poetry a few days ago. We think we have got a verse to match it, all the way from New Jersey. An editor down south thinks the first line is well characterised by the dog-geral:

When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was hisen—
How often I should stand and turn
To get apart from hands like hern.
—Nashville Banner.

Not Bad.—Marriage.—The Dedham Patriot contains the following under the head of Marriages:—In this town by the Rev. Mr. —, Mr. — to Miss —, all of this town.—No cake received.

Lord Byron is said to have described himself after this fashion:

LORD BYRON DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

He had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the duce with woman-kind:

A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being combined;
Faults which attract because they are not tame,
Follies tricked out so brightly that they blind.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity: "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

Martin Luther.—At an early period of his career the book-sellers offered Luther 400 florins a year for his works; which, though in a state bordering upon poverty, he refused, under an impression that truth should be given and not sold.

Patriotism of Printers and editors in the cause of Texas.—Allusion has been frequently made to the number of persons of both those professions, in Tennessee, Ohio, and other states, who have put their written published declarations to the test, by shouldering arms and marching to the succour of Texas. Santa Ana is said to have been captured by a printer, and among others in the Texian army, says the Pittsburg Advertiser, is Mr. James Allen, formerly apprentice in the office of the Canton (Ohio) Repository, and afterwards editor, who is now at the head of a company of volunteers, "working off the outside forms" of his foes most manfully.

Dr. Powell a Professor of Pareology, and occupying a chair in one of our Southern Medical Colleges, lately visited the Penitentiary at Baton Rouge, where he examined the heads of some seventy prisoners. His conclusions were generally correct, after examining the various developments of their heads. He pronounced generally with equal quickness as correctness, the probable characteristic of their natures which had led to their being confined in prison.

A French Compliment, or Hand in Glove.—A gentleman who keeps an extensive mercantile establishment in this city, informs us that for the last three months, most of the gloves he has imported from France, are sent over in boxes containing several dozen each. On the outside of every box is an engraving representing Louis Phillippe and General Jackson shaking hands; the Capitol on one side, and the Tuilleries on the other. The gloves are labelled on the box, "Gants de la Reconciliation." Reconciliation Gloves.

There are four persons residing in the neighborhood of Hatcher's Pond, in Edgefield District, S. C., whose united ages amount to 388 years. They can all of them ride almost any distance on horseback, and are capable of attending to their ordinary duties.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door South of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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

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VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1836.

No. 13.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VERMONT.

[Concluded from page 130.]

In that rugged country and rude climate, Oh, how grateful is the coming of spring—the first sight of land, the little brown knolls beginning to peep forth from their six months covering of snow. With what eagerness of delight I used to rush from one to another to breathe the southern gales and welcome the sweet summer from afar. Then commences the busy bustle of hewing out basswood and butternut sap-troughs, of sharpening the gouge and preparing spouts for the sugar campaign, and then already does the mouth water in expectancy, for the luscious little sugar cakes moulded in broken tea-cups and bark boxes, to be the share of the little ones at the *sugaring-off*—to us, a future paradise of sweets, comprising a complete inventory of all that the civilized portion of the juvenile community is wont to worship under the various denominations of bull's-eyes, lollipops, satire, lozenges and comfits.

Climbing trees, the natural instinct of racoons, catamounts and squirrels, comes as natural as instinct to a native Vermonter. The hemlock tree with its rough bark and the stubs of its lower and decayed branches, hard and almost imperishable with pitch, jutting out from the trunk and so forming an easy ladder from the dark green boughs, high above, almost to the very ground below, is the most inviting subject to the ambitious *shaver* who "fain would climb, but he fears to fall." I soon learned to climb the loftiest of these forest ladders and to cling in ecstacy to the tumbling top. The height was no giddy height to me—my distance from the ground was unknown and unthought of. I saw nothing below me and around me but the dark boughs of the hemlock, or the lighter foliage of the beech, the maple and the mountain birch. O, that I was again a little boy on the hills of Vermont, climbing trees as light of heart and quick of limbs as a squirrel. I wish that I could have climbed some heights that have since tempted my ambition with equal ease or retained my foothold on others that I have ascended, with the same firmness and self-possession.

To one brought up in the American forest, the idea of landscape is almost incomprehensible.—I was seven years old before my view had extended at any time over a space of more than fifty acres, but the scenery in which I lived, which was all around me and over me and which seemed to claim me for a part of itself, made up in boundlessness to the imagination what it lost in boundlessness to the eye. The woods are the favorite abode of contemplation—of free thoughts and vigorous conceptions. The sun and sky are above—the downy moss and dry leaves below, and all around are the spreading boughs waving their green banners in welcome to every visiter, speaking in language that every lover of nature can understand, and singing

in strains of every varied mood; merry, melancholy, wild, mysterious and terrific, that enchant the ear, serene the passions and inspire thoughts unearthly as the deep blue sky and imaginings fanciful as the summer evening cloud.

The gay saloon and the grave cloister have their music, but theirs is the music of art: the woods sing sweeter and holier songs than they. The tiny leaves of the poplar-tree dance from morn till night—from night till morn to the music of their own little castanets, while the lofty pine-tops that face the frowning clouds and catch the first whispers of the coming storm, pour forth long anthems of devotion to the celestial regions, with which they alone seem worthy to hold communion, or send down a warning voice to their lowlier brethren of the forest, in tones at once sweet, solemn, plaintive and prophetic—then anon writhing in all the agonies of a chained giant, and howling back unavailing threats against the advancing thunder, while the trembling forest trees around, spread the terrific alarm and toss their weak branches to and fro in helpless despair.

The story that Orpheus of old moved the very trees with his music, I have always found hard of belief—I could readily believe the reverse, that old Orpheus was moved by the music of the trees.

As years advanced, the open space or clearing became enlarged around the old log-house which still remained much in the same condition as when my infant recollections first dawned upon it. It was not worth repairing, because my father intended by and by, to build a framed house—alas, that time never came, he had now a wider scope. There were corn-fields, meadows and pastures, still dotted with stumps, but replete with verdure, and, to my bounded views of enough, unbounded promises of plenty.

With what delight do I go back to the scenes of that little space upon this vast world, where remembrance finds no accuser. The grassy knolls and the bubbling brook are before me—I lean against an old stump, in the hollow of which, the year before, I had found a wren's nest. The sun had just surmounted the dark forest, the dew-drops are glittering like pearls upon the grass, as beautiful, and to the eye that never beheld a real pearl, perhaps as precious. Why not? Wherein is the pearl precious but for the delight it gives to the eye?—The dew-drop gives equal delight to the natural eye; what is the difference? Why, truly this; the pearl is more durable, but the dew-drop is more plentiful—the pearl delights the eye for a whole life-time, the dew-drop dazzles for a moment and is gone—the very sun that adorns it, destroys it. But then, what is a whole life-time but a moment, and what is a pearl, seen a thousand times, better than a thousand dew-drops bright as pearls seen at one time? The fresh blown dandelions were scattered, like as many golden guineas over the green square. And, these were all to charm the eye between the op-

posing darkness and brightness of the high surrounding forest, the green grass with the hanging dew-drops glittering in the sunshine and the fresh-blown dandelions sprinkled over the whole. You smile upon this simple scene. I wish that simple scene could again smile upon me. I have since gazed upon sunny fields and distant prospects—I have wandered over flowery lawns—in shady groves accompanied by youth, gaiety, intelligence and love—I have read of fairy land, where lovely creatures of a purer nature, in a mellowed light, are forever dancing, and on the green and sporting among unfading flowers; but none of these have ever filled the heart with the stillness of delight inspired by that simple scene, hid among the forest-clad hills of Vermont. The truth is, every heart has its own paradise, in the morning of life. It is not afar off that we should seek it, in the East, the West, the North or the South—it is with us, in us, and of us; wherever we are; it is found in the woods, it covers the plain, it fills the city. But everywhere lurks the serpent *passion*, sooner or later tempting to the knowledge of good and evil. We taste and the charm is broken—after a momentary intoxication of delight, we awaken, only to behold the stern angel with a two-edged sword, pointing out our weary path among the thorns and thistles, the sins and sorrows of fallen man—our Paradise is lost, never to return to us but in dreams, or to be regained but in Heaven.

Once again for one of my early recollections, and I will finish this chapter. I recollect lying careless and alone on the new-mown hay, and gazing in wonder at the moving clouds and the blue sky above me. Then first I inquired of myself, why these things were so—why the skies did not fall to the earth—what was beyond them—whether trees grew and streams flowed above them—whether any passage admitted mortals to those beautiful regions. The sun and sky were to me a part of the little world in which I dwelt—the conclusions of nature were more scriptural than those of philosophy. I literally believed that "the sun was made to rule the day and the moon and stars to rule the night."

I felt that there must be *something* beyond them, and I felt a desire to believe that the space beyond them was peopled with beings like those on earth, only a great deal better, and to be confirmed in that opinion would have made me more happy without adding to my wonder. The doctrines of Copernicus and Newton have disclosed a great many truths no doubt, but they have destroyed a great many Gods and Goddesses. It is true, the number of ideal beings with which the imagination formerly peopled the regions above and the regions below, circumscribed only by the reason of the natural eye, is now substituted by an infinite number of real beings, with which the reason of modern philosophy permits us to people *all* that is not of this earth—I was going to say the *whole* of infinite space, but how can that be called a *whole* which

has no beginning and no end—that which we have no words to express and no faculties to comprehend. But the reason of some modern philosophy confines us to suppose that those beings are of like condition with ourselves—that they are born—that they die—they run the like round of joy and sorrow, sin and suffering while they live, and have like chances in eternity when they die. Modern discoveries have not found a resting place for that longing after perfection and beings of perfection which ever strive uncontrollably within us, never even momentarily to be satisfied but by the syren allurements of imagination or the stern dominion of belief.

Reminiscences of an Old Bachelor,

OR, THE CONFLICTS OF LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

The morrow had far advanced, before I saw anything of Mary; and I began to doubt the fulfilment of her promise, when she appeared at the gate of the garden, and beckoned for my attendance. I, of course, readily obeyed, leading the way to an arbor of the wild Eglantine, whose fragrance filled the air, and shed upon the senses a kind of sweet enchantment; she made a subdued remark upon the beauties of the season, and seated herself within the bower. On gaining a full view of her, I was struck with surprise at the alteration of her appearance, and could not disguise the concern which it occasioned. 'Yes,' she replied, 'the struggle has indeed been severe and painful, as you have rightly judged by its effects, and by the same tokens I leave you to judge of the feelings of the heart and the honesty of the motives which have led to it. But, perhaps, she continued, you would not care to be troubled with my story. It can be of little interest to you.'

'You mistake me,' I replied, if you harbor such a thought. Nothing can be without interest to me which effects your happiness. 'Well,' said she, 'I would hope that you might feel so when I have done;—but that is vain.' I reassured her of my unalterable regard, and urged her to satisfy her own feelings rather than gratify my curiosity; and that she might place the utmost confidence in me.

'That I know full well,' said she, 'but—no matter; to the story.'

'In the common place incidents of my childhood and early youth, you could find nothing interesting or useful in understanding the incidents of my story. Suffice it to say, that I had kind and indulgent parents, who possessed enough of this world's goods to educate their children for the most part in decent—idleness.

Of my mother, I scarcely dare to speak, for she was kind, to a fault, and felt for my happiness with all the yearnings of a mother's love; but, alas, she mistook what in a very emphatic and comprehensive manner, is termed *decent*, for those rules of propriety which are founded upon principle, and dictated by a strict regard to the simple and honest virtues of social life; and in striving to be decent, the opinions of the world were consulted instead of the voice of reason and conscience, and the fashions of the time were a sufficient excuse for neglecting, if not sacrificing that native modesty, and that simple purity of feeling, which are the only real safeguard of the young heart, amid the allurements and temptations to which we are exposed in our first acquaintance with this enchanting but deceitful world. From childhood I cared but little for dress; and less for the world. I had much rather read and think, or pluck the wild flowers, scan its beauties, and dwell upon its mysteries, than

to dress, or join the sports of my youthful companions. For this they called me a dull, moping girl, and often chided me for my *indecent* neglect of those things which, in modern fashion, form the principle charms of our sex, and to cure me of these defects, I was sent to a boarding school in the city of—. My teachers, however, found me not so dull as they expected; for my pride was aroused, and I assiduously applied myself to learn those arts which, I was not slow to perceive, had created the chief distinction of the inmates of the school. I was indeed surprised at my own capacity for this mimic employment, and soon found my vanity not a little excited by my success. I saw that the object of my guardians was not to impart solid information, or to form correct principles of thought, and my studies not directed to that end; but that success seemed to be estimated according to the flippant and ready assurance with which a little superficial knowledge was mingled with certain artificial refinements of address and manner, designed with the sole object of exhibiting personal charms to the best advantage. At this period, I may justly date the commencement of my calamity. Here I learned to value my outward appearance above my mind; the smile of a vain coxcomb above the approval of an approving conscience. I soon became the pride of my teachers, and the envy of the school; particularly of some two or three young ladies, who, with little other recommendations, had, by the process I have above hinted at, arrived at an envious distinction in the social circle of which the school was the centre. Indeed, to be the belle of that circle was a matter of no small vanity, for the fame of the school had attracted thither much of the beauty and wit of the state.

As is usual in such cases, I was openly caressed, and flattered, and flirted with by most of the fashionable young gentlemen, as well as those who visited the school on account of sisters or cousins, as those residing in the city.— You will not wonder if, at the giddy age of eighteen, such flattering attentions had drowned, in its intoxication, all the better feelings of early youth. Indeed, I wonder they were not wholly annihilated. I retained however, some thirst for knowledge, and some of that lively sense of the beautiful and sublime, which characterized my early youth, and to the superficial course of study required, I added many hours of early thought and midnight study. I loved to peruse the association of ideas, awakened by many of the most common place passages of our elementary books, and not unfrequently found myself lost in an ideal world of my own creation. But you must know that the lucubrations of a giddy girl, could have little of that order or research, which have characterized and given fame to not a few of our sex. They seemed, however, wild and fantastic as they were, to keep alive those sentiments to which I have alluded, and though from pride and vanity I maintained my position in the social world, I loathed the heartless employment, and longed for retirement. About the commencement of my last quarter at the school, while attending the party of one of the principal families in the city, a relation of theirs, lately from the South, was introduced to me. If I were to say that I was particularly interested, I should give you but a faint idea of my first impression. He seemed to me the personification of all the noble virtues, as well as many graces; the very beau ideal of the chivalrous South.

His person was tall and manly. His complexion, though dark, was well suited to the expression of his large black eyes; and the well defined arches of his brow, and the raven locks that

crowned his high, full forehead. His mouth, I fancy, must have resembled Byron's. It was all expression. Whether he perceived the impression he had made, whether from the social reputation I enjoyed, or whether the introduction had awakened in him any of the softer emotions, I cannot tell; he was, however very attentive to me for the remainder of the evening. It was about the commencement of the winter campaign of vanity and folly, and I was again soon thrown into his company. As soon as circumstances would permit, he seemed to attach himself almost exclusively to me, and I too soon discovered that he had gained a dangerous ascendancy over my feelings.

The slightest tones of his voice were sufficient to awaken my sensibilities, and their softest swell played upon my nerves like the breath of zephyrs upon the Eolian harp.

At first I thought to avoid him, but that I found to be impossible, without abandoning society, for which I could neither find inclination or a satisfactory excuse. Indeed, I could scarcely tell why I desired to shun him, except that I felt a kind of presentiment of hidden danger—a sense of impropriety in the fascination under which I labored. My vanity, however, was too highly flattered, (even had my heart been untouched) to strive with any perseverance against the illusion. Whether he early discovered what I thought to be the hidden traits of my character, I cannot tell; but I was soon agreeably, and as you will finally learn, fatally surprised to find the conversation he addressed to me of an entirely different order from the voluble nonsense, the frippery to which I had been accustomed, and a corresponding change in the spirit of my replies, and general demeanor, was as suddenly and irresistibly produced, as if some enchantment had actually been thrown around me. As well skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, as in the beauties of classic lore, "it was a *glorious pastime*," (I quote his own after words) by insinuations and allusions, scraps of songs, passages of poetry, hints of philosophy, and sentiments of religion, to awaken the emotions, kindle the fancy, stir the passions, enlist the sympathies, in short, to gain admittance into, and sport with the tender mysteries of that dainty little thing, the female heart. But I am getting before my story. Far, far otherwise was his appearance. He was not only all kindness, and attention, but his attentions and conversations were characterized by a great degree of delicacy and refinement, so much so, that I was entirely thrown off my guard, and ere I was aware, I had surrendered my whole heart to his direction.

"Alas the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing
For all of theirs upon the die is thrown."

You will see by this quotation, over what dangerous ground he led me, all unconscious of the end.

With the winter, my term at school closed, and I was about leaving the city to return once more to the home of my childhood, on the romantic banks of the Hudson. The evening before my departure, Mr. — called at my residence, and enquired, in an unusually earnest manner, if I was really going to leave the city. 'Indeed,' continued he, 'it will be a literal desert.'

'O fie,' I replied, 'you turned flatterer at last? I thought I should not be missed at all.'

'Not missed,' he exclaimed, 'indeed you must have thought very lightly of my attentions these three long months.'

I was taken by surprise, and scarce knew what reply to make. But to hide my emotions, which had already crimsoned my cheek, I made an awkward attempt to rally him. 'And you though

them long did you? To me they seemed like one summer holiday, such society—so enchanting! I paused, for I found myself paying him a compliment which I felt must be at my own expense. He perceived it, and reading but too well the workings of the mysterious passion, he said,

"I will give you credit for all you have said in that pause. I thought it impossible for so generous a heart not to appreciate me, but really I cannot bear the thought that you must leave us. Why not pass another season here? I am sure, by what I have seen and heard in your praise, you must make a great sacrifice in leaving T——." The farther the conversation proceeded, the more painful I felt my situation. All my self-command—all my gaiety and assurance with which I had buffeted the troubled waves of society, were gone, and I felt utterly helpless. I, however, informed him, in a very serious manner, that "I felt no regret at leaving the city. Tho' I had many valuable friends, whom I should always remember with grateful pleasure, I longed for home and its quiet scenes, and believed it would be more congenial with my feelings than the heartless gaiety of the city. 'What, turned sentimentalist, eh? Well there's no accounting for the freaks of—excuse me. But I think a week in the country will dissipate your sentimentalism, and bring you back to the city.' 'No,' said I, 'never!'" with a firm tone.

Indeed, my brow had gathered a frown at the manner of the above remarks. They were different from any thing I had before seen of him. I was alarmed by them. In a few moments he resumed his wonted manner, and soon beguiled me of every suspicion or painful recollection. He uttered many vows, and begged permission to be one of my party home; and the next morning saw us waving our handkerchiefs to friends on shore, as the gallant barque bore us away to the strain, "Oh swiftly glides the bonny boat."

From the New-England Magazie.

VOICE OF A BROOK.

Oh! come to me here in this silent glen,
Far away, away from the haunts of men,
Where the wild flower blows with beautiful hue,
And unfolds its leaves to the silver dew,
Where the robin at morn and evening sings,
And sports on my bank with its glossy wings,
Where the swallows fly low and gently skim,
Dimpling my cheek till the day is dim,
And the moon walks up to her throne of light,
And stars, bright gems, on the brow of the night.
Oh! come at morn when the blossoming trees,
Receive the first light and the virgin breeze,
And their bows bending low, reveal the blue,
With the sparkles of gold as the sunbeams through;
When rosy and pure is the sky above,
And the light torn feather doth scarcely move
From the branch where the goldfinch trims his breast,
And calls to his mate from her hanging nest,
Where the yellow-bird sings from his willow-tree,
And the oriole flashes so goldenly.
Oh come! oh come! I will lead thee away,
Where far with their baskets the anglers stray,
And bend o'er my banks for the sily trout,
As scared from the brinks he is darting about,
Or with speckled skin on the grass is seen,
To pant for his home in my water's green,
Oh! come to me now, ere the hum of men
Hath broke on the ear of this peaceful glen.
Oh! come to me here in the burning noon,
I will sing thee a sweet and soothing tune
When the air abroad is quivering quick,
When the pulse beats high and the heart is sick,
And the weary frame in the heat of day,
Would inhale new life in the shade away,
Here's a grassy seat, oh! come with a book,
Or bring thee a reed with a bated hook,
Or the sweet summer wind if thou choose to sleep,
Like a spirit of love, to thy cheek shall creep,
While the leaves of many a branching tree,
Will shield thee from the heat refreshingly.
The elm with its leafy and waving arms,
The wild leaning birch, with its leafy charms,
The graceful maple with feathery skin,
Here weave a cool hower, and woo thee within,
And their boughs that above spread their arms of gree n,
Are mirror'd below in my sparkling sheen.
Oh! come to me now, there's song in the trees,
To gladden thy heart, and thine ear to please.
Oh! come to me here when the moonlight gleams,
O'er valley and hill, and o'er dancing streams,
When the stars mount up with a fervent glow,
And fresh is the moonshiny air below,
When the robin hath sung his evening song,
And my waters in music dance along,
And glance on thine eye their swimming light,
Now dim and pale now glowingly bright.
Oh! come to me then! I will breath in thine ear
A strain that thy soul shall delight to hear,
That shall teach thee to Heaven a hymn to raise,
And open thy lips in eloquent praise. J. H. W.

VARIETY.

THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast;
The live long day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest,—
I cannot take my rest, father,
Tho' I would tain do so,
A weary weight oppresses me,
A weary weight of wo.
'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor the lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear,
My kin are real and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief,—
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand,
Can give this heart relief.
'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind
Tho' busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind;—
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast,
'Tis that confounded CUCUMBER,
I've ate, and CAN'T DIGEST!

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for July.

THE QUESTIONER—A CHAUNT.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of world's wealth,
But slender be his part,
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?
I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of it: but answer this—
Is he an honest man?
Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be nought, be any, be every thing—
I care not what you be—
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

MR. BREATH, TO MISS A. M. KINNEY.

"Your daughter Anna, must have died,
If she to wed had longer tarried,—
Oh why? the anxious parent cried.
She could not gain her breath 'till married."

Manners of the Fifteenth Century.—The following is said to be an extract from the journal of Elizabeth Woodville, kept previous to her first marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterward Queen to Edward the third:

"Monday morning—rose at four o'clock, and helped Catharine to milk the cows, Rachael (the other dairy maid) having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachael and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary. Six o'clock—the buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. Mem. To talk to the cook about the first fault, and mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly. Seven. Went to walk with the lady (my mother) in the court yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chide Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with broken meat. Eight—went into the Paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy—caught Thump (the little pony) myself, and rode a matter of six miles without saddle or bridle. Ten—went to dinner.—Eleven—rose from the table—the company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile. Three—poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company and gave no less a sum than 4 pounds with this benevolent intent. Mem.—Never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four—went to prayers. Six—fed the hogs and poultry. Seven—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour on account of farmer Robinson's misfortune. Nine—the company fast asleep.—These late hours very disagreeable.

Three great Physicians.—The bed-side of the celebrated Dumoulin, a few hours before he breathed his last, was surrounded by the most eminent physicians of Paris, who affected to believe that his death would be an irreparable loss to the profession. "Gentlemen," said Dumoulin, "you are in error—I shall leave behind me three distinguished Physicians." Being pressed to name them, as each expected to be included in the trio, he answered "Water, Exercise and Diet."

The effect of a pinch of snuff upon a new beginner, is very happily described in a translation from the Italian, by Leigh Hunt. It is, in truth, stertation on paper, or sneezing described—

What a moment, what a doubt,
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling caustic
Pyramid rhinocerositic
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, 'ings me,
Now says, "sneeze you fool get through it,"
What shall help me? Oh good Heaven,
Ah! Yes—thank ye—Thirty-seven
Shee—shee O! 'tis most del—ishi.
Ishi, ishi—most del—ishi,
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff is a most delicious thing!

Randolph—Eccentric and passionate abroad, was uniformly kind and generous at home. His slaves loved him with the strongest affection. The return of 'Massa Randolph' from Congress was always greeted with the utmost demonstrations of joy. A slave trader once called on Randolph, and not making known his purpose, he was invited to dine with him. At dinner, the trader glancing around on the servant in attendance, inquired his price of Randolph, informing him at the same time that he was engaged in the slave-trade. It happened that the slave in question was one of Randolph's favorite servants. The enraged Virginian sprang from his table, and shook his skeleton finger furiously at the 'soul-driver.' "Leave my house, sir!—leave it instantly, sir! Am I to be insulted at my own table?" The wretched slave-trader saw that he had no time to lose, He fled from the house and mounted his horse. Randolph called hastily for one of his own horses, and seizing his pistols set off in full chase after him. The dealer in human flesh looked back and saw the skeleton finger of Roanoke, like death on the pale horse close behind him. "Off my grounds, you rascal!" screamed Randolph in his shrillest tones, levelling his pistol full at the head of his affrighted guest. The fellow plunged his spurs into his horse, and rode for his life over fence and bush, hill and hollow, until he had left behind him the territory of the Lord of Roanoke.—*Essex Gazette.*

Church Music.—Some mischievous wag having greased the spectacles of a clerk of the church, the latter, on attempting to give out the hymn, imagining that his eyesight was failing him, exclaimed with his usual twang:

"My eyes are blind, I cannot see."

The people mistaking this for a part of the hymn, began immediately to sing it; whereupon the clerk, wishing to correct them, continued:

"I cannot see at all."

Which being also sung, he drawled out with somewhat less monotony:

"Indeed my eyes are very blind."

This being sung too, the clerk, out of all patience exclaimed:

"The devil's in you all."

As this appeared to rhyme very well, the singers finished the stanza:

"My eyes are blind, I cannot see,

I cannot see at all:

Indeed my eyes are very blind,

The devil's in you all!"

Fish Story.—A few days ago, some gentlemen standing on the shore at St. Andrew's Bay, had an opportunity of witnessing a singular contest between a Porpoise and a large Alligator. The contest lasted about half an hour, at the end of which time the Alligator gave in, and soon after floated on shore in a dying condition. He was found to have been literally bruised to death by the strokes which the Porpoise was seen to inflict upon him with his tail.—*Pensacola paper.*

Singular thought.—The Philadelphia Saturday News says, that the architect of one of the prisons in that city, was lately told by a prisoner that he did not know his business, or he would not have built the cells for solitary confinement square, for said he, there is something to break the monotony—there is a corner upon which I can fix my eye, it is an object. Had you made them round, I should have gone crazy in a week.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An elderly gentleman of Boston recently tied himself up in a handkerchief, and went to the washerwoman's, instead of his dirty shirt, and was not sensible of the change until immersed in the scalding hot water.—*Herald.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

(Suggested by the death of Mrs. Asa Loveland.)

And art thou cold and shrouded now,
Bride of the laughing eye?
Can nothing warm thy frosted brow,
Or wert thou born to die?
When Hope flung out her banner bright,
To wave in light.

I've heard thee when thy voice of mirth
Rang loud in festal hall,
But little thought embracing earth
Would wrap, soon in her thrall,
Thy charms to mix with common clay,
Of worms the prey.

I've seen thee when my pulses were
With sickness low and weak,
Bend, with the red rose in thy hair,
The white rose on thy cheek,
Above my couch thy features sweet,
For seraph meet.

Green be the place of thy repose!
Wild flowers above thee wave,
May every gentle wind that blows,
Wait o'er to thy grave!
When deathful dew thy forehead wet,
My Life Star set.

W. H. C. H.

SELECT MESSENGER LAMP.

THE STREET OF THE JEWS ;

A LEGEND OF STRASBURG. A. D. 1349.

Translated from the French of Eugene Prudhomme.

Does the reader remember the year 1349?—Has he not heard of the plague which then visited all the populous cities of Europe? This year should be written as a rubric in the annals of time. The plague, which had been introduced into Europe from China, spread its broad ravages without regard to quality or station, age or sex. The wheels of its ponderous car travelled over their carnage-covered path through France, Florence, Genoa and Rome, leaving behind one wide field of desolation—one vast cemetery. Countless victims dropped, day after day, from among the beautiful, the generous, and the brave—and on the 14th of February, of the year we have mentioned, the angel of divine wrath flapped his funeral wings over the devoted city of Strasburg.

Who has not heard of the constant attachment and unwavering fidelity with which the Jewish nation have adhered to their ancient laws, their antique customs and venerated rites? who has not admired the fervent zeal and almost superhuman devotion with which they have defended their precepts, against the most cruel and bloody persecutions which disgrace the page of history?

In the dark ages, the members of this sect were obliged, by the laws of all Christian countries, to reside in certain quarters, and to wear a certain garment, the badge of infamy, (a circular and indented piece of yellow cloth worn on the shoulder,) first iniquitously imposed by the good king St. Louis. Almost every ancient city contains a street still designated by the name of this persecuted race—no longer, as formerly, the scene of daily insult, and ever repeated degradation—no longer a range of hovels, permitted to stand by regal clemency, that, in the hour of necessity, the wealth which they contained might be the more readily pillaged—but the abode of citizens respected and esteemed.

On the day which we have designated, all the houses of the street of the Jews, at Strasburg, were silent as the tomb—the doors and windows all strongly barred, as if to repel the attacks of a powerful foe. The plague, which had dealt its mortal shafts upon all other quarters of the city, had spared this; and so evident was their state of superior salubrity, that the ignorant and priest-ridden populace accused them of having poisoned the public fountains. Fear, lest an incensed and ungovernable multitude should execute their threats of vengeance for a supposed offence, retained each son of Israel beneath his own roof, and left the streets of the Jewish ward a perfect waste. One of these houses naturally attracted particular attention, from its unusual style of architecture, and the massive iron bars which protected its windows. It was the residence of Samuel, the wealthy goldsmith. Behold him there, seated upon an arm-chair, the silent wit-

ness of his many cares and scattered joys;—before him a small table supports a lamp of antique form, and a massive volume in Hebrew characters—the Bible. Listen to his silvery tones, as he reads the word of truth and promise of salvation, to his blooming daughter at his side.

Hark! why that shout that rends the air?—Why those wild screams of savage joy? Samuel starts from his seat in an agony of terror, and conceals Rebecca beneath the folds of his gaberdine. The uproar ceases, but is followed by a low, murmuring sound, evidently approaching rapidly. A gentle knock at the gate, opening into a large court, startled the aged patriarch, but with joy sparkling from her eye, his daughter rushed from her hiding place. Full well she knew the signal, nor was she surprised when the person who requested admission announced his name. The venerable Samuel opened the door, and Rodolph entered, with a countenance the mirror of a heart torn with contending emotions.

'God of Israel, what has happened? Explain.' 'Fly!' replied the youth, dashing the luxuriant, flaxen curls from his fevered brow.

'Why must we leave our little home?' asked Rebecca, as her soft hand dried the large drops of cold sweat which rolled down his pallid cheek. 'Why?—Rodolph answer me.'

'Death follows my footsteps—even now he approaches. The hell-hounds are let loose upon us. Do you not hear that tocsin, tolling the knell of all Jews? The people have risen in a mass, and accuse you of poisoning them, and invoking the aid of witchcraft. There is no hope, unless you abjure the god of your forefathers.'

'Abjure the God of Israel,' exclaimed Samuel, 'never! But Rodolph, lad, thou'rt mistaken.—Sure, there are magistrates here, and thy father one of the Statmmasters—he will not sanction this barbarous iniquity.'

'The voices of those who would protect you are drowned beneath the brutal cries of your foes. The sword of justice has been snatched from the hands of her lawful minister, and is wielded by the satellites of an infuriated mob. Fly, fly—they approach!'

'Never,' exclaimed the Hebrew, as he once more folded Rebecca in his arms.

'Then one effort more, and you are saved' and imprinting a fervent kiss upon the cold brow of his adored Rebecca, Rodolph rushed into the street.

The crowd approached—but Rodolph, placing himself at their head, artfully misled them, by guiding their steps in another direction. One thought alone burned in his bosom—'To save Rebecca, or with her die. The slaves of passion reached the temple of Israel's worship; one hour sufficed to level with the dust, that monument, in the erection of which, years were laboriously occupied, and countless sums freely expended. The mob danced and shouted in brutal exultation over the remains of the sanctuary.—Men, women and children were torn from their humble homes, buffeted, and spit upon, amid the ruins of their holy fane. And by whom?—By heartless beings, whose fathers, brothers, wives or children were yet scarce cold in death! But why are those planks collected and piled thus in the centre of this profane scene? Why do the crowd retreat, and leave a vacant circle upon the spot where stood the fallen shrine?'

'Christians! stand back,' exclaims the Statmmaster, with stentorian lungs—'Stand back for the Auto da Fe of these Jewish dogs.'

Rodolph urged his way through the opposing crowd, and hastily cast his eye over the multitude of victims. Rebecca was not there, he breathed more freely.

The fire crackled and darted through the mass of dried timber. The flame concealed the bodies of its victims, but could not hush the shrieks of agony which they uttered. Other wretches were brought forward whom the insatiable rabble had discovered concealed in their homes,—they were dragged to the stake, and allowed by the Statmmaster the taunting and cruel election between baptism and burning—water and fire.

Nine hundred Jews had already been sacrificed, and still the bloody appetites of the populace were not satiated! Must they shed more blood?

'Hell hounds, have ye not drunk your fill of human blood?' exclaimed an aged Hebrew, as his butchers were about dragging him to the stake,—'the plague which desolates your cities, is a just punishment inflicted by an outraged Deity. In vain will you at the last day implore him for that mercy which you have this day de-

nied the sons of Israel: In vain—but his tormentors had reached the flaming pile, and were endeavoring to hurl into its devouring circle the hoary-headed patriarch and a beautiful maiden clinging to his arm.

Rodolph recognized the voice of Samuel.—Nothing could resist his impetuosity—in a moment he was on the spot, and strongly clasping Rebecca's waist, he withheld her from the dreadful element. Her aged father's tottering limbs could no longer resist the efforts of his persecutors, and he fell into the flames. His shrieks and screams of agony struck the ear of Rebecca, as Rodolph entreated her to become a Christian; to become his wife—the happy partner of his days. Nature for a moment struggled in her bosom—she feared to rush into the flames—her God was forgotten in the violence of her love. She swooned in Rodolph's arms—the baptismal water sparkled upon her black and dishevelled hair. The dying parent saw his daughter abjure that faith for which he was dying a martyr.—'Rebecca, may your days prove a curse! The rolling masses of smoke choked his utterance,—one wild, piercing shriek, and all was over.

SHIP BYRON—THE ICEBERGS.

A PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH AN ICEBERG NEAR THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

On the 30th June last the ship Byron left Liverpool for N. York, heavily laden with salt, iron, &c. and having on board, in passengers and crew, 119 or 120 souls. On the morning of the 3d of August, 34 days out, in lat. 44 22, lon. 48 50, a scene occurred which can never be effaced from memory. It was the watch of the first mate, a man of great fidelity, but being indisposed, his place was taken by another. An unusual degree of levity and thoughtless security among the passengers, had just given place to sleep. And now all was still, save the tread of the watch on deck, or the occasional toll of the bell to warn fishing craft, if near, of our approach; but we had more need to be warned ourselves than to give warning to others of approaching danger. About 2 o'clock, a hurried step awoke the writer of this sketch; and the rapid whispering of some created the suspicion that all was not right. Springing from his berth, he asked one of the men near the cabin door what was the matter. 'We are in the midst of ice,' said he, 'Will you inform the captain and mate?' The captain was instantly on deck; he ran forward to look out. In a moment the vessel going at the rate of five knots, struck as if against a solid rock. It was an island of ice! It lifted its head above the water more than 100 feet, and leaned over as if ready to fall down upon us. The word was given to put helm and back the sails. As the sailors were hastening to obey the latter order—as the terrified passengers were rushing on deck and looking up at the immense, overhanging, freezing masses, the ship struck again with increasing force.—O what a shock! Crash! Crash! Crash! it seemed as if the masts were falling one upon another on the deck. The second mate entered the cabin and clapping violently his hands together, exclaimed, 'My God! our bows are stove in, we are all lost!' An awful death appeared now inevitable. In this moment of general panic, the commanding officer gave orders to 'clear away the boat.' Then while the knife was being applied to the cordage fastening her alongside the ship, a rush was made to her by men and women. The small boat was immediately filled with thirty or forty persons. It seems utterly marvellous she did not break down precipitating every soul into the deep. Had this taken place, our commanding officer must have shared the same fate; for, from a desire to save himself and crew, or to save the miserable crowd that got into her from destruction,—he entered the boat and stood in her till he drove every one out at the point of the sword. Then was a scene of terror! In front of the cabin the passengers were collected, half naked! calling for mercy, —some clapping their hands, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. Nothing distinctly could be heard. All was confusion and horror. It was enough to penetrate a heart of stone. Some, more collected, were dressing themselves, preparing to resist the cold, if perchance they should survive on the wreck. Others were looking for something to which they could lash themselves for support for a time in the water. Here you might see one with a safety-belt slung over his shoulder, endeavoring to fill it with air: there another pale and agitated, inquiring 'Is

there any hope?" And there, one standing in sullen despair, saying "It is no use to do any thing. We must die." "Are we sinking, uncle?" cries a dear boy. A child running to a brave sailor says, "wont you save me?" and the loud wailing and lamentation from the crowd rose higher and higher. Then, as if to close the painful scene, the ship struck again on her quarter. The shock reverberated like thunder, making every joint of the vessel shake as if coming apart. Hope now fully fled, all hearts were dismayed: the despairing cry was renewed, and the most calm braced themselves in preparation for immediate death. Even the dogs cowered down on the deck in silence.

It appeared that at the first shock against the mountain, the jib-boom was broken and thrown over the bows into the vessel. The second shock carried away the bowsprit, head and cut-water, lodging the timber across the bows. Had it struck us on either side, or had it struck the hull, we must have perished, but by the mercy of God, the hull was uninjured. After the bowsprit was carried away, the stem of the ship must have been held down for an instant by the overhanging column, and her not immediately rising in front, gave the idea to the most experienced that she was stove in and that she was filling with water. This created the panic. But the sails being backed, helm put hard up, she turned off from her enemy, and swinging off, received the last shock on her larboard quarter, which tho' its sound was terrible did no injury. *That instant she was free.* And now was the contest between despair and hope. The carpenter reported that the hull was sound and the bowsprit could be repaired, but then she may have sprung a leak, and the foremast is in danger of falling! The word was "to the pump." The pump was rigged and wrought. It was a moment of painful suspense, until the pump sucking showed that all was tight. Then hope gilded the countenance of our captain, and all hearts seemed to live in its radiance. Still we waited to hear the crash of the foremast as the vessel was rolling in the sea, but it stood firm. Daylight, ever delightful to those on the deep, and peculiarly grateful to us, soon appeared. We found ourselves going on our way, alive, and with every reasonable confidence of future life.

We stood amazed at our deliverance. The most careless among us were constrained to attribute our preservation to a kind and merciful Providence; while the multitude cried out unhesitatingly, "It is the Lord who hath saved us, thanks and praises to his holy name." Then every countenance was lighted up with joy; and every heart was full of gratitude to God and love to one another, and many purposes were formed of reformation in future. The next day we saw three mountains of ice. We passed near to one of them. We gazed with the deepest interest on the fellow of that which had so greatly endangered our lives. Before the close of the second day, a new bowsprit was fitted up, which stood the trial of winds and waves the remainder of the voyage. In all of this business, the officers and crew showed great skill and energy.—*Observer.*

[From the Philadelphia Saturday News.]

NEDDY SLOWE, THE MAN WITH THE NOSE.

'I'm dast,' said Neddy, 'I'm dast if I can go no fuder. Tacking about is the tiremost thing as is, and now I'm at anchor, I'll ride it out. I ain't concerned nor nuffin of that sort, only I can't sail good 'cause my pocket is empty, and I has'nt got no ballast, not a sumarkee, to keep me from forging ahead, and sailing crank. But if any gemman vos to lend me a five dollar note—a Schuyllkiller, or something of that natur—on a slow note—I could bear right up in the vind's eye; but its no use; right-dity gemmen are scarce articles now a days, and when they ketches them they fills up their hinsides with straw, and sticks 'em up in the museum. If I'd been borned a hundred years ago, this here woudn't happened now, and if my Pa vas here, I'd give it to him scandalous for sheating me out of my turn. I ought to have been in the world as soon as he vos. Yes, and I can see no reason by good rights, vy I should'nt have been here as soon as my grand daddly. In them days a feller could get along as slick as you please; plenty of mouny, and nuffin to do; but now it's plenty to do and nuffin to get. I wonder if I could'nt sue dad for a swindle, and make him pay for what I lost in not bein here in time? But if I vos to, the whole world would be suing their daddies

and by'mbye ved be sued, 'cause things get vuss and vuss, and our children will be as mad if not madder, than we are, at being left nigger last. Vell, vell, I 'spose as ve could'nt all start fair, and come together, some folks must come fust, one after the other. But I'll stick to it, I comed too late.'

Neddy sunk into a moody response, and wished that he had been born at the time of the patriarchs; but whether his nose burned the trec, box, and the smoke awakened the watchman, or whether that functionary got up because he thought Neddy's nasal light, and Neddy's nose was the rising sun, is not stated. For our purpose it is sufficient to know Charley did awake, and walk toward the beacon, perhaps fearing it to be a case of spontaneous combustion, or the explosion of a new volcano.

'Well I swow,' said the dignitary, 'what the deuce are you after?'

'I vos after my nose; but I ain't after nuffin now; i' vos things in dis world is'nt as right as they might be.'

'No; I see you are plaugly out of kelter yourself. Get up and go home, it is late.'

'I knows it—it's too late—too late to go home. It's always too late vid me. I didn't get into the world till it vos too late, and that's the reason vy I vos never in time in my life, not even for breakfast. For my part I don't believe there is sich a thing as too early. I never seed it any how but vonce, and then I vos too early in getting out of the steamboat. I tumbled into the river, and like to beed drowned.'

'Why you're unlucky, but if you sprawl about the streets, you can't help being up early in the morning.'

'Yes, but I have to sleep all day, and so I gets behind hand again. I'm a misfortunate man, and if I had a big bucket convenient, I'd cry for a week.'

'But how do you live?—how do you get any thing to eat?'

'Vy, you see I don't live a great deal. I've got such a pulmonary I can't eat. My system is screwed up principally with drinkables—that's the doctor's superscription—I'm on a regiment.'

'I've a notion you're one of the thirty day wagers—you regiment is the airy guards, the ragged trowsalooners, and you're one of the riglars, or you woud'nt wear your uniform every day.'

'Don't you insult my trowsers; tho' their circumstances is'nt good, they come of a genteel family, and has been better days—poor but proud—patching would only mortify them. They are like their owner, too late.'

'Fiddlesticks end! are you a wagrom or are you not? What's your business?'

'I ain't got none now. I learnt the wood-sawing profesun; but when I vos free it vos too late, for coal was coming in; and I afterwards wanted to be a stage-driver, but vos too late again—they found out Rail-roads and locomotives, and I vos dishd. I vos going to make a good spec in the marrying line, but by the time I had raised a good coat to ask the voman in, the voman got tired of waiting, and raised another feller for a husband, and said I might wait myself till she vos a widow again. I'm waiting, and that's vot I do most of the time; only the man dies so slow, he does'nt look as if he was dying at all—some folks is lazy about it, and never minds how tired you get waiting for 'em to defunct. I vos after a sitivation yesterday—I wanted to be a dog-ketcher, which I takes it, is a werry genteel kind of business, if so be you're in the wholesale way; but I was too late. Von of the understrappers, a fellow what got no genus at all, only good friends, vos promoted. He vos only a common ketcher at first, but now he's a knocker, and finishes off the misfortunate dogs vich is'nt got no owners, after they are ketched.'

'So you don't do nothing for a living?'

'Nuffin, thank'ee, but little jobs, wood-splitting, and things. I'm waiting for the widow, and I ask you purlitlely to the wedding.'

'This was a little too much for the functionary, and he bluffly informed Neddy Slowe, that his next step would be to the Mayor, and next to prison as a vagrant.'

'Oh! my cys!' ejaculated Neddy, 'I'll lose the widow! She'll be shut of von husband, and have another before I gets out, for I know they'll keep me till it's too late.'

Whether they will mar his prospects by detention, or not, remains to be seen.

He hath lived to little purpose who cannot hope to live after his death.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

A "LONG-SHORE" JOB FOR THE CAPSTAN.

"Pope Sixtus the fifth had a wish to remove, and erect in the place of St. Peter's at Romé, in an entire state, the only obelisk remaining out of six hundred which ornamented the antique circus of Nero. Other popes had felt the same inclination: but the difficulty of the enterprise prevented its being carried into execution.

This obelisk or column is composed of a red granite, which the old Romans called Thebiac marble, because it was cut out of a quarry near Thebes in Egypt, from whence it was transported to Rome in the time of Cæsar. Of the many columns now in that city, this is the only one which remains whole; it is without hieroglyphics. Its dimensions are, in height, one hundred and seven spans and a half, twelve spans in breadth, and eight at the summit. One cubit foot of this stone weighs eighty-six pounds, so that the entire of this column must be calculated as being little less than a million of pounds.

How the Egyptians and Romans managed to move such enormous masses of stone was not to be discovered by any records then remaining, and a similar undertaking not having been attempted for so many ages, the idea of Sixtus was viewed as a novel enterprise.

To carry into effect so vast a project, mathematicians, engineers, and learned men were summoned from all parts to attend; in consequence of which there were assembled in one congress, held in the presence of the pope, more than five hundred persons, each bringing forward his own plan, some in drawing, some in models, some in writing, and some explaining their ideas verbally. After vast considerations, and long discussions, the invention of Fontana was preferred, and this architect set about the undertaking with the greatest expedition. He caused an excavation to be made in the place sixty spans square, and thirty-three in depth, when, finding the soil watery and chalky, he consolidated it by means of strong stakes and solid brick-work. The sole weight of the iron rail work for this column, amounted to forty-thousand pounds, and was manufactured partly at Rome, Ronniglione, and Subbiaco.

In the mean time there were brought from the forests of Neptune, logs of wood so enormous that every one was drawn by seven pair of buf-faloes. From Terracina they brought huge elm planks for sheathing, and from Santa Severa Funi D'Elie as halsters for the capstans; also stakes of elm, and other boards. To move the obelisk, Fontana prepared a castle of wood, he widened the place, and cut through the walls of the Sacrista in order there to establish his capstans; and that the ground should not give way by the immensity of pressure to which it would be subjected, as he found the soil of a loose texture, he, by way of consolidating it, laid down two rows of double beams disposed cross wise. The total weight of the obelisk, thus surrounded, amounted to about one million and a half of pounds.

A preparation so novel and extraordinary excited the ready curiosity of the Romans at once, and even of strangers also, who hurried in from distant countries, anxious to see what effect would be produced by such a forest of beams interwoven with cordage, with all the capstans, blocks and levers composing such an apparatus. Sixtus, to obviate all confusion, decreed in one of his edicts, that on the day of commencing operations, none except the artificers should presume, under pain of death, to enter the enclosure; that no one should make any noise, or speak, or even cough out aloud.

Matters being thus arranged on that day, namely, the 31th of April, 1586, the first to enter the palisades was the sheriff with his balliffs; and the executioner erected there his gallows, not for mere ceremony, but to be all ready for service when required. Fontana went to take the Pope's benediction, who, while blessing, warned him to mind what he was about, because should he commit any mistake so as to miscarry, it would cost him his life. Fontana, alarmed at this intelligence, secretly gave orders that horses might be kept ready for him at all the gates, that if matters went wrong, he might be able to escape the wrath of the pope. At dawn, two masses of the Holy Spirit was celebrated; all the operatives took the sacrament and then, having received a benediction from the pope, before the rising of the sun, all entered the enclosure. So immense was the con-course of spectators, that nearly all the roofs of

the houses were covered with people; all the streets were crowded; all the nobility, prelates, and cardinals were placed between the Swiss guards and the light horse. All were wrapt in profound attention, anxiously watching the operations, while the dread inspired by the menacing gallows, constrained all present to observe the strictest silence.

The architect gave orders that at the sound of a trumpet every one should commence working, and suspend their labors when a bell attached to the wooden castle should be rung. The number of operatives exceeded nine hundred, and the horses amounted to seventy five. The trumpet sounded, and in one instant, men, horses, capstans, levers, pulleys, cranes, &c. were all in action. The earth trembled, the castle creaked, all the wood works were compressed together by the enormosity of the weight and the column, which seemed inclined two spans towards the chair of St. Peter's, was erected to a perpendicular. The commencement having so well succeeded, the bell sounded to suspend the labor. After this, in twelve movements, the column was lifted about three spans above the ground, so that there was a sufficiency of space for placing the dray under it. In consequence of an event so prosperous, the castle of St. Angelo saluted with the whole of its artillery, and the joy was universal.

On the 10th of September, after the accustomed solemnities had been premised, the last operation of placing the column on its pedestal was set about, when eight hundred men, and this time one hundred and fifty horses, were made use of. Fifty-two heaves raised up the column, and by sun-set, it rested fairly imbedded upon its pedestal. The castle fired its guns, and the workmen, intoxicated with delight, took Fontana, elevated him upon their shoulders, and to the sound of drums and trumpets, the din of which was drowned in their triumphant shouts, bore him to his house through a crowd of people, who invoked his name with enthusiasm as he passed along, and reiterated him with bursts of applause—*Memorie degli Architetti Antichi e Moderni di Francesco Milizia.*

ANDRE VESALE.

A SKETCH.

In the reign of Philip II. King of Spain, flourished Andre Vesale, a man of great natural abilities and of insatiable ambition. Born in the lowest rank of life, his eye, even from boyhood, was cast with a longing gaze on the proud heights of fame. With indefatigable zeal, in spite of every obstacle which poverty could throw in his path, he pursued the study of medicine, and ultimately returned with triumph to his native village with a diploma from the University of Murcia. At the will of his father, he commenced practice in the limited sphere of a country town; but this could not last long, for the soul of the aspiring young man thirsted for fame and the acquirement of riches; "for gold," said he, "will pave the way to the stars; with gold, beauty is won; before gold, prison bars are but gossamer webs; and the nearest path to the throne is strewn with gold."

Such was the ambition of a young man of twenty; and, despite the entreaties of his mother, and the threats and imprecations of his father, one summer morning before day-break, he turned his back on his native village, and was on his way for Madrid. A knapsack, slung over his shoulder, contained all the worldly wealth of the young physician; yet he travelled as arduously as if he were sure of being elected Grand Inquisitor on his arrival in the proud capital of Spain. By night, he stretched his wearied limbs under a shady tree; and in the heat of noon, he seated himself by some chrysal fountain near the highway, produced his dried crusts and onions, and went to his siesta beneath the unbragous foliage of the cork-tree, to dream over the ambitious thoughts with which his gloomy spirit had so long held converse.

Arrived at Madrid, Andre Vesale found himself mistaken in the estimate he had formed of the capital of an empire; but his astonishment soon wore off, and he began to consider how he might best lay the foundation-stone of the fabric which his dreamy ambition prompted him to erect. But he was so miserably poor that he was obliged to sleep during the night on the steps of some church; for he had not a maravedi to pay for lodgings, and was even forced to resort to begging for his support during the day, which galled his proud spirit not a little.

Whether it was, however, that he was born under a propitious star, or merely from chance, an opportunity of advancing himself soon occurred; for one afternoon, as he was sitting on the steps of the Church of the Holy Trinity, gazing with admiration on the numerous groups of gayly dressed donnas who glided by, and feeding his fancy with inspiration from their dark eyes, he suddenly perceived a mad bull rush furiously around a neighboring corner, and attack a veiled lady, arrayed in a crimson scarf, who had but a minute before passed him on her departure from vespers. To confront this furious animal, and rescue the lady, was but the affair of a minute. What set his gallant behavior in yet stronger light, was the contrast it presented to that of the lady's two richly livered attendants, who followed her at a respectful distance, and who were so intimidated by the sudden assault of the bull as to be unable to offer their mistress any assistance.

The lady whom Andre Vesale had rescued was the sister of the King, and from this day commenced the fortunes of the young physician; for, being slightly wounded in the encounter, he was conducted to the palace, where, having disclosed his name and profession, he was favorably received by the King and his sister, who rewarded him with an office in the royal household. By this lucky accident, he was brought from the shade of poverty into the sunshine of royal favor; but it is not our intention to trace the young adventurer from step to step up the ladder of Fortune, until he ultimately arrived at the summit of his brightest hopes, and was selected Chief Physician to His Most Catholic Majesty.

Andre Vesale soon became a distinguished favorite of the King; honors were showered on him from every quarter; and, to crown his good fortune, the interest of the King's sister procured him the hand of the beautiful Donna Isidora de Xeres, the daughter of one of the court nobility, who had just emerged from the obscurity of the chateau, and taken her place, which was a distinguished one, amid the galaxy of the court beauties. Some whispered that the marriage was a forced one, others that Donna Isidora was but too happy to marry the King's favorite; but which report was correct, the sequel of my sketch will show.

Donna Isidora became the wife of the King's physician; but it was not long before the unhappy Don de Vesale discovered that, although he had won the hand, he had not gained with it the heart of his wife. The gay-plumed bird had lost its song of gladness by becoming his mate, and loved rather to pine in solitude than to swell the triumph of her husband at court. Don de Vesale was a man of the most violent passions and of indomitable pride, so that the arrow which this discovery sent into his heart thrilled on the ear and festered there. He brooded over his misfortune in solitude; for he was too proud to attempt to win the heart of his wife when he discovered that it had been already occupied by another; and jealousy whispered that, even when she slumbered by his side, she might be dreaming of the chosen of her heart.

It was some months after his marriage, that Don Andre de Vesale, returning late one night from an interview with the King, heard, as he approached his princely dwelling, the tinkling of a guitar. The beams of the full moon soon discovered whence the sound proceeded. Beneath the lattice of his wife's chamber stood a young man whose stately form and rich dress proclaimed him to be of noble birth; his dark, glossy locks, falling in wild luxuriance, bespoke him, however, not a denizen of the court—as such was wont then the reigning fashion. Don de Vesale retired behind a neighboring pillar to observe what would happen—nor did he wait long without having his curiosity amply gratified; for his beautiful wife soon appeared at the lattice—her white arm gleaming like a meteor in the moonbeams as she saluted the young nobleman.

"Bright Isidora!" said the young man, "the memory of this hour shall live forever! I never hoped to have beheld you more. Alas! it was not by such stolen interviews as this that I sued for thy love in our own bright valley; nor did I then fear, as now, that my presence might entail misery and ruin on my worshiped one. And now thou art the bride of another! I have lived to see the day when thou, Isidora, bright zenith star of rank and beauty! wert dragged from thy exalted orbit to become the wife of an upstart adventurer whom thou canst never love! Is it not so, Isidor?"

"Alas! it is but too true. But leave this fated city; haste away, or this very night may prove fatal to you—to us both; my husband will soon

return from court—he may be even now near; leave—oh, leave me!" said the sorrowful Isidora.

"Without hope, and never to meet again?"

"What wouldst thou with me?" answered Isidora; "am I not the wife of another?—of one whom I can never love—but no less his wife."

"Isidora! in mercy hear me? To-morrow—to-night will I depart into exile, if thou wilt; yet grant but one interview more—one last farewell—to-morrow night?"

"Aye, be it so; yet my heart fails me when I think of the revenge which may suddenly fall on us both, should my husband discover all. To-morrow evening he will be at court—at ten we meet for the last time on earth. Farewell Fernando."

The lattice closed, and the young man departed, repeating "at ten—for the last time on earth—cruel Isidora!"

"At ten, for the last time on earth, my gallant Fernando!" muttered a voice from behind a neighboring pillar; "I also will be one of the party."

Don Andre de Vesale, although a man of violent passions, knew well how to command them. He smoothed his brow, and appeared before his wife as if nothing had occurred. That night she slept by his side; and he ceased not to gaze on her, while she slumbered unconsciously by him and dreamed of his rival. Oft did he unsheath his dagger, and would have plunged it in her bosom,—but his hand was stayed by the thought that his revenge must be complete.

Isidora awaited with fear the arrival of her lover on the following evening—her husband having already departed with the ostensible purpose of proceeding to court; nor did she linger long at the lattice, for the sound of her lover's guitar soon awakened her from her sorrowful reverie. The moon, which since its rising had shone brightly, was now veiled by a cloud; so that Isidora could but faintly descry the form of Don Fernando de Ximenes by the star light.

"Bright Isidora!" said the young man, "shine forth in thy beauty, thou radiant star of my destiny! shine forth but once more ere thy beams are lost forever in the dark night of my sorrow."

Isidora was about to reply, when the hurried rush of many feet beneath—the gleaming of uplifted steel—a struggle, and the deep groan which ensued, made her shriek for aid as she sunk insensible on the floor. When she recovered, she was in bed, and over her bent the agitated countenance of her husband, who administered to her a cordial. The expression of his face was frightful, for in its tortured lineaments were depicted murder and revenge.

A month passed away and the hapless Donna Isidora heard no more of the unfortunate Don Fernando. It was evening: Isidora was seated at the same lattice from which she had been witness of the probable murder of her lover. By her side sat Don de Vesale, his dark eyes fixed with intensity on the pale countenance of his wife. "You are better this evening, my love," said he; "methinks I could show you a sight which would completely recover you—but swallow this posset to give you courage."

Donna Isidora took the draught from the trembling hand of her husband, and gazed wistfully into his face as she swallowed it. She felt her heart throb wildly in her bosom as her husband led her from the room, and hurried her along the gallery to the door of his study, before which he halted; but his hand trembled so much that he could not open it for some moments.

Don Andre de Vesale supported the drooping form of his wife before a green curtain which concealed a recess in his study. "Now, sweet Isidora," said her husband, with a demoniac smile, "I will show you the sight I promised you, which will make your heart beat with joy. Allow me to introduce you to an old and I believe a dear friend."

Thus saying, Don de Vesale hastily drew aside the curtain and displayed to his horror-struck wife a ghastly skeleton, around whose neck hung a label on which was printed in large characters the name of *Don Fernando de Ximenes.*

"Behold—behold thy lover!" said the frenzied man; embrace him—press him to thy bosom—see how he leers at the! Rejoice! soon wilt thou keep him company; for, Isidora, the draught I gave thee would kill thee hadst thou a thousand lives!"

Isidora uttered a scream of horror as she fell powerless on her husband's arm; her countenance became livid, and her distorted eyes fixed forever in death.

Don Andre de Vesale soon after this catastrophe was suddenly cut off by a stroke of apo-

plex; and in the dark recess of his study were found two skeletons, prepared with care, around the neck of the one still being the name of 'Don Fernando de Ximenes'—around the other, that of the unfortunate 'Donna Isidora de Vesale.'

The monster had glutted over the sight even in dying, for he was dead in his arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on the recess which contained the blanched skeletons of his guiltless wife, and of her as guiltless lover.

Paris, 1835.

FALCONER.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 3, 1836.

The Original piece of Music which we publish in the present No. of the Gem, has been enthusiastically received by the best judges, at Mr. RUSSELL'S Concerts. The words, by J. BURR PLUMB, are beautifully poetic.

AN EDITORIAL REVERIE.

"An editor's life would be pleasant, were it not for the thousand and one irritabilities, which daily clash with his placidity. But so long as human nature continues to be what it is—and ambition to see one's self in print—and vanity to be called an author, impels the goose-quill of the wise, and the unwise; so long must he bear the infliction of mental wounds, *ad infinitum*."

Thus mused we, as a score of dusty manuscripts were placed before us for final review. We sought in vain to evade the task; "Copy," had so often been sounded in our ears, through the hollow throttle of the scouling imp of the ink-keg, that there was no escape, so we braced ourselves for the onset, and commenced the attack. The first imposing document, which met our view, was "A tale of affection by a young lady." We had scarcely decyphered the fact, that—"there lived, not far from the city of S. a man and his wife," and came to the conclusion to cut their acquaintance, when our *studium* was honored with the presence of a "perfect angel," whose black eyes shone like the purest anthracite, and whose teeth would vie with the richest in a dentist's show case. Her voice was as melodious as the tenderest notes of a modern jew's harp, and as its soft accents fell upon our delighted ear, we stood mute as "breathing marble."

"Are you the editor of the Gem?"

"Your humble servant, madam."

"I am an occasional contributor to its columns."

"Happy, madam, to have so accomplished a correspondent. Your effusions would doubtless add value to the pages of the Mirror itself. Your signature?"

"I choose to withhold it."

"Angelic creature! What lovely modesty," whispered we to ourself; but had scarce canvassed the involuntary thought, when the anthracite eyes of our lovely visitor, flashed like a black cat's back in a dark night, and her delicate frame swelled into awful majesty, as she sternly enquired why her last contribution had not appeared?

"It is now the second moon since the most exquisite production of my pen was sent you. I demand an immediate explanation of this cruel delay."

"Ten thousand apologies, my dear madam. It must certainly have been mislaid. 'Pon honor, the delay is purely accidental. The title of your article, and it shall immediately appear."

"A tale of Affection!"

"Indeed! We had—that is—it will ap—"

The timely entrance of a swaggering dandy with cane and mustachios, gave us opportunity to evade the communication to our "dark-eyed one,"

that her "tale" had been rejected. But what was our surprise when the pomatumed gentleman flourished his cane, *sans ceremonie*, once or twice over our head, and demanded why his "Lines to Phidely" had not appeared?

"They were an elevated production—sweet as the nectar from her own lovely lips.

O lovely Phidely, my heart it will break,
If thou still dost persist me for to forsake,
I sung at thy lattice last night in despair— [where?
Thou answered me not, love; Oh! where wert thou

I'm a poet, sir, so have the best judges told me, and yet you have the impudence to refuse to publish my lines."

"Who are you, sir?"

"I'm the bard of—, whose poems have been read with enthusiasm by every lover of the muses in the land. I'm the author of— Ah! here's my friend L. whose poetic taste is only equalled by my own. He, sir, can tell you who I am."

"Yes, sir," said our new antagonist, whose gaunt figure and slouched hat gave him the appearance of a starved student, whose ideas were limited to an eight line doggerel or a dose of jup-lap. "Yes, sir, I know the man. He is the sweat bard of—, whose classic figures fall on the ear like the gentle ripples down the mountain side. His complaints are just. You have abused him, sir, and myself also."

"You, we never before had the pleasure of seeing you."

"True, sir, but you have seen my productions, and I understand sir, you intend to exclude my last poem?"

"Very likely. It is a prerogative we sometimes exercise, to discard trash."

"Do you intend to insult me?" simultaneously exclaimed the two exquisites.

"And me, sir," chimed in our black eyed damsel, with an awful squint.

"As you please," said we.

"You are no gentleman, sir."

"If you are the model, we admit it; but you must bring your complaints to a speedy conclusion."

An angry repartee followed, and we were about to give our visitors an unceremonious invitation to decamp, when a huge lantern jawed fellow entered, and for the moment quelled the storm, only, however, to raise a whirlwind; for he commenced a most abusive tirade against us for refusing to publish his "pedagogue's soliloquy," which ran after this sort—

"Musing he sat, enthroned upon a stool—
Waiting the hour for to commence his school;
His brow was cloudy, 'cause 'twas a cloudy day,
And 'nigh all of his pupils staid away."

Our former collisions had disturbed our temper, and we were illy prepared for an attack from so uncouth a fellow, as was this pedagogue. Consequently we essayed to make short work of their combined impudence, by ordering the gentlemen to make themselves scarce. This they obstinately refused, and very chivalrously bid us defiance, while he with the walking stick and mustachios, most provokingly shouted:

"Come on Mc Duff!"

We in vain strove to take the insult calmly. Our ire ouised from our finger ends, and the next moment the slouched hat student was *soaring* like a turkey-buzzard through our back window into the canal below. The pedagogue, having come in contact with one of our extremities, lay "musing" on the floor, while the "Phidely" poet took leg bail, and left the "dark-eyed one" to shriek us into consciousness, for we had been *—asleep!*

Peter Parley, the inimitable juvenile writer, has commenced the publication of an extensive Cyclopaedia, for his young readers.

"The Philosophy of Benevolence, by Pharcelus Church, A. M. Rochester, N. Y."—This is a new work on a new subject, written by the Pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city. In this day of extended benevolence, a work treating on that subject philosophically, was much needed. There is danger that the spirit of money making, which has of late so fearfully obtained, may dry up those noble feelings in man which produce a sympathy for the suffering and benighted; and that gratuities for charitable objects may be viewed as so much *ost* to the donor. Indeed, they are already viewed in this light by those who do not look at the results of Benevolence—at the connection which the happiness and education of each portion of community sustains to the happiness of the whole. It is to correct such errors as these the work has been written, and the author has admirably succeeded. If the principles which it inculcates were understood, and when understood, were to be taken as rules of action, the sublime charities of the day would not so often wither under the blighting influence of penuriousness. The great end of riches would be better understood, and the purse-strings of the wealthy more freely unloosed, when the physical or moral elevation of the world required it.

Speaking of this work, the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser remarks that "Since the 'Essays on doing good,' by Cotton Mather, of blessed memory—a work, by the way, which merits immortality, though sadly underrated in this degenerate age, and almost out of the market, we have met with none more to our taste; and as it treats on a subject which it is every man's duty to know and practice, we cordially commend it to the reading community."

The work may be found at Pratt & Nichols.

Romance.—The N. York Daily Advertiser tells a romantic story, copied from the *Algemeine Zeitung*. A pleasure boat upset in the river Danube, opposite Vienna, by which the Princess Adelaide Sophia was thrown into the water, and would have been drowned if it had not been for the exertions of Mr. Bell, son of Dr. Bell of Charleston, S. C., who happening to be near in another boat, immediately plunged in and rescued her, without knowing her quality. He was the next day invited to the imperial palace, where he was presented by the lovely Sophia herself with a breast pin studded with diamonds, and valued at twenty thousand dollars. The writer goes on to show that it is impossible to conceive how high the *Nation Americainische* stands in this capital. The Austrian court is certainly the proudest in Europe, yet the Arch Duke has lately been heard to say, that an American gentleman was fully on a par with an Austrian nobleman. I should not, therefore, be surprised if something more grew out of this affair—particularly as young Bell is remarkably handsome and intelligent.

Answer to the enigma in the 16th No. of the Gem—"Steel."

MARRIED,

In Riga, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. ALEXANDER H. CLARK, to Miss ELIZABETH HITCHINS, daughter of Abel Hitchins Esq.

In this city, on the morning of the 24th by Rev. L. Lyons, Mr. GEORGE HAYT, of Ovid, N. Y. to Miss MARY ANN TORREY, of Ludlow, Mass.

In Parma, on the 20th inst. Mrs. REBECCA H. CUSHING, wife of Samuel Cushing, aged 36.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Wm. Mack, Mr. JAMES H. MYERS, to Miss ELLEN M., daughter of Mr. Ruffell D. Hannahs.

At Plainfield, Mass. by Rev. Moses Hallocke Rev. HENRY CHERRY, of Rochester, N. Y., to Miss CHARLOTTE H. LATHROP, daughter of the late Charles Lathrop, Esq., of Norwich, Conn.

SERENADE--"The Stars are Shining."

The poetry by J. B. PLUMB:

The music by HENRY RUSSELL.

GRAZZIOSO E CON ANIMA.

The stars are shining purely pale, Like gems around the silver

moon; And silent is the singing gale, That woo'd the day with gentle tune. The stars are shining purely pale, Like gems a'

round the silver moon; And silent is the singing gale, That woo'd the day with gentle tune: As sung that in melody, As sung that in breeze'

melody, Thro' sunny hours I sing to thee, I sing, I sing, I sing to thee.

II.

Oh, gently lie in soft repose:
 The shades of eve that slowly creep
 Along the earth, have shut the rose;
 The skies their balmy dews have wept.
 Rest, pure one, as within tis bower
 In fragrant sleeps a fragile flower.

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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

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

Vol. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

No. 19.

ORIGINAL TALES.

RURALITY—A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEVELAND," "THE PIRATE," &c.

"My dear Neville, I called to say good-bye, as I leave town this morning," said Lord Henry St. Clair, as he entered the room of his friend Sir Clinton Neville.

"What, so soon; but why do you leave the gay circle of London to enter that dull and dreary country?"

"Why," answered Lord Henry, elegantly tapping his boots with his riding-whip, "I am, as Capt. Maryatt would say, in search of a wife, a good, kind, affectionate and domestic"—

"Wife!" exclaimed Sir Clinton in astonishment, "but why do you leave town for that object.—There is Lady C—— and Miss Gilmore with whom you have flirted, until your friends really thought you were captivated in good earnest, and, in fact, hundreds of others who would fly for your hand, as I would for a thousand."

"Indeed," said Lord Henry smiling, "I have come to the conclusion, rather romantic, its true, to travel *incog.* and if I see any fair and virtuous maid, that is willing to link herself with me for what I am, and myself only, I then shall be very happy to introduce you to my Lady St. Clair."

"Yourself only, indeed, the same old story; but good-bye. I shall be made acquainted with your advancement. Good-day. I hope you will have success." And shaking each other by the hand, the two friends separated.

Lord Henry entered his coach and drove rapidly away, and again Clinton lay reposing on his sofa.

"By the by, this may be the best, but let him sing of the pleasures of dark woods, forests, milk-maids &c., but in good faith he'll have enough of *Rurality.*"

He rang his bell—and a servant entered.

"John tell some one to follow Lord Henry's carriage, and, if possible, find its destination, and you get me a wardrobe for travelling," and John disappeared.

Lord Henry St. Clair was the heir of fifty thousand a year, he had just come into its possession. The day that finished his twenty-third year saw him an orphan. He was a handsome and gay young man, and sincerely attached to Sir Clinton, who had also, together with his beautiful and accomplished sister, mourned the loss of both their parents at an early age. A competent inheritance was all that claimed their attention or reminded them of their ancestors who had been "gathered to their fathers." Sir Clinton had earnestly wished to see his friend united to Angeline, whom he had purposely kept from his sight, and barely mentioned her name in his presence. She had removed from the paternal castle, and was preparing to enter the gay mazes of London, as Lord Henry announced his determination to leave the city in search of a rural wife.

* * * * *

"Then confound you. I'm fairly over and in a fine plight."

"My Lord. I hope you'r not hurt, my Lord,"
 "My Lord! You impudent scoundrel you.—Have I not told you that my name was Charles Cleveland, and you must "My Lord" me in this style! Get you gone home with your coach. I will walk to town, but, remember, no more "My Lord." This said Lord Henry St. Clair, on receiving, as Timothy would say, the first rudiments of rurality.

Lord Henry was far out of reach, as his coachman gave a loud whistle, and a party of servants came out of the forests on each side, to his assistance.

"Here, right this carriage, there is nothing broke I hope, and my dear Angeline, let me assist you to enter. Egad! I done that fine, overturned him in a good mudhole. He'll get enough of rurality."

The coach was righted, a coachman mounted the box formerly occupied by Sir Clinton, and the other servants attending, they drove rapidly away toward the town where Lord Henry St. Clair had directed his steps. Suffice it to say it was a beautiful, and in the words of Lord Henry, a romantic town.

Lord Henry had engaged a room in one of the principal hotels, and while settling the preliminaries, up drove the coach of Sir Clarence and his sister, whereupon Lord Henry was bowed into his chamber by the obsequious landlord, and with a great deal of interest, he gazed upon the proceedings below—he saw sir Clarence descend from the carriage, and an involuntary "what an angel!" escaped his lips as Angeline followed. The consciousness that the object of her affections was in the same house, imparted a deep glow upon her usually rosy cheek.

"Landlord, prepare a room and parlor for the use of my sister," he exclaimed in a loud voice intended for the ears of Lord Henry, who ventured to breathe a sigh and repeat, "my sister."

* * * * *

"Good morning, Mr. Cleveland," said the landlord as he entered the room of Lord Henry to announce breakfast.

"Good morning, [sir, and, landlord, do you know the names of that Gentleman and Lady who stopt here yesterday?" (with a sigh, remember reader.)

"George Le Grand, and Florence his sister, travelling for their health, just came from"—

Tingle, tingle went the bell, and with that mine host vanished.

* * * * *

"My dear Florence, this day makes me the happiest man living," exclaimed Lord Henry, as he rose from a very unbecoming attitude, and folded the beautiful Angeline to his bosom. "But why, my dearest, have I not seen your brother. He has, I am almost inclined to think, studiously avoided me."

"Poor George," sighed his rural sister, "he is so pensive and melancholy that he"—

"Hush!"

And Sir Clarence entered the room.

"My dear Lord Henry, your health—ah! as I live, my dear Florence," and he saluted her cheek although Lord Henry interposed.

"My dear Neville, let me introduce you to Miss Florence Le Grand, who I hope will permit me soon to introduce as Lady Florence St. Clair."

Angeline showed some symptoms of fainting but heroically overcame them, as Sir Clarence burst into a laugh, and turning to Lord Henry said.

"Permit me to introduce to you my sister Angeline whom I do sincerely wish to see Lady St. Clair."

"Your sister? Heaven bless the day on which I determined to seek a wife in the country," said Lord Henry as he led his blushing bride to the altar.

* * * * *

Need we add that St. Clair was happy? He was truly happy, and lived a long and pleasant life, and never repented the chapter in his history which he calls *Rurality.*

C. B.

TEMPERANCE CHAPTER.

You know Mr. Editor, that it is an ancient, a time honored custom, to increase the animation and life of convivial meetings by the social glass. In moments of relaxation, in the unguarded hour, the young and the old, the gay and the cheerful meet together, and the gay, the witty repartee, the endearing colloquy of generous humor opens the scene, then comes the sparkling glass,

"And the wine is poured,
 Mid silver and gold 'round the festive board."

The gay become rude, the witty, sarcastic and humorous, and then perchance comes the play and its accompaniments, till having been joyful to excess, they retire to dream over again those unreal delights.

The moment of gaiety and mirth is never a time of reason, and then it is that pleasure is mistaken for happiness. In a certain neighborhood at the east many years ago, two families resided. They were above poverty, and had a pittance for luxury. The parents of one family were professors of religion, of both were of the better order, moral, cheerful and happy. Their children were governed and instructed with a correct and even refined taste, at home, and learned at school. The families often met; the the young and the old without care or suspicion. They lived in the midst of a charming scenery, and the minds of the young were early imbued with poetry and religion. They were happy in the contemplation of heaven and earth, in want and had a pittance for luxury. On each holiday and every general collection of the families, the paternal board was graced with the richest and

purest wines, and they sipped till their hearts were blithe as the vintages of the sunny land; but alas! they dreamed not that there lurked in the enchanting cup, 'the syrens that lure to the vortex of woe.' At length there came a wedding day, a day when the old lay aside their cares if not their wrinkles, and dream over again the rhapsodies of youth. The young couple (the eldest of the families) were every way interesting, manly and beautiful, educated and above want. They were indeed happy. The cup circulated as usual, and all wore merry. but the happy bridegroom was unusually so. There was a glow on his face, a fire in his eye, and a ready wit upon his tongue, which, while it raised him far above himself, gave fearful warning that it would sink him far below.

A year passed, and the husband began to be absent at unusual hours, to return with a flushed countenance, and a strange air, and the young wife waited in trembling anxiety, and youthful fondness, at the still hour of night, for his return. His convivial meetings were less frequent, and his absence more protracted and painful. There was the wine and the glass, but no cheerful companion, and the wife, at first, loathed them on that account, but at length, she sought them as a cordial for watching and gloom, and would sometimes, almost drown her pangs in its deceitful lethe. Four years had flown swiftly by, when the husband, agitated and pale entered his dwelling, and seizing the hand of his wife, pressed it in an agony of despair, and said "I am ruined I have ruined you, alas! we must part, perhaps forever," and in a moment rushed from her sight, in the next, she discovered an officer of justice in pursuit. The next news, he was in jail and soon after in prison. In a moment of excitement, heated with wine, in view of his sinking fortune, he had committed the crime of *forgery*. Would that my story ended here; but there is another scene.]

Their dwelling was in the neighborhood of a populous city. In the evening of a dark and cloudy night, when but few eyes, save the eye of the Omnipresent One, witnessed the goings forth of the sons of vice, I was passing down a street of that city, I met two persons of doubtful appearance; but by the light of a solitary lamp that glimmered near, I soon discovered who they were. They passed, and my heart sunk within me, for I saw that young and beautiful wife, the companion of a profligate. I paused, and in another moment of apprehension, saw them turn into a narrow lane, and enter a house—a house, the way to which, in the strong language of inspiration, is the way to death, and the gate of which is the gate of hell. H.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I am one of those very fortunate men, so called, who from limited circumstances have risen to a considerable estate by the late increased value of real property. But instead of being happy and fortunate, I am the most unhappy and unfortunate, unless you can advise some way whereby to correct the evils attending my sudden elevation.

The grand centre of my enjoyment has ever been in my family, with a most estimable wife and two lovely daughters, health and the comforts of life, from diligence and economy. I was indeed a happy man. But alas, the scene has changed. We are no longer ourselves.—Instead of the smiling hearty welcome to my home, I am now reminded of my horrid dirty feet, the new carpet and my old coat. The useful reading and conversation which formed so important a part of my domestic happiness, is superseded by the last new novel and the

town talk. The very altar from which our united morning and evening devotions were wont to rise, is neglected and profaned, and even my dear wife, whom I thought above the influence of vanity, or the least shadow of impiety, is loth to fix the *plain cross* (which I have worn from my wedding day) in my bosom, urging upon me with an eloquence worthy a better cause, the importance of displacing it with something more *fashionable and becoming*.

Thus, you will perceive, the rich sources of my domestic happiness are dried up. The simplicity and peace of my fire-side have given way to the etiquette and bustle which I am told is required by our present rank and attentions.

I am Dear Sir,

Your perplexed and unhappy friend,

PATERNUS.

P. S. I would not omit to mention to you that my excellent friend H. whispered me with much feeling, the dangerous character of a Gentleman from whom very polite attentions had been received by my eldest daughter. And also the astounding information from our Physician, that the health of our youngest was endangered by the indiscreet adoption of fashionable mode of dress.

We deeply sympathise with Paternus, we feel that his distresses are not imaginary but real—we would do all in our power to restore the lost treasures of his domestic bliss and that peace of mind so unexpectedly destroyed. The situation of Paternus is critical—let him rest assured that parental authority is the only corrective of the evils with which he is threatened. The remedy must be adequate to the malady—the reins must be drawn, the father must be the master of his house.

If, perchance, by the firm and unyielding interposing of the husband and father's authority, the affections of the wife and children should for a time seem alienated, let him by no means relax, for at the worst, no evil can equal the anarchy and its consequences with which he is now threatened.

Although perplexity is a tax we must all pay for affluence, yet let not Paternus despair of establishing a better order of things in his at present disordered house, and of yet enjoying the benefits of wealth without the curse of its too often attendant evils.

But to return more particularly to the note. If one part more than another demands more immediate attention, we should say it was the Postscript in which the most painful allusion is made to gallantry and tight-lacing. In our paper of to-day we can speak of but one of these, and as the latter would seem to be the most pressing, we shall beg leave to defer the former to our next.

This is an Intemperance in dress quite as ruinous to the health and happiness of its victims as intemperance in drink, although not so evident to the sufferer or the world. Like the habit of drinking, it is of a most insidious and delusive kind, and in its reformation there is no medium course. Complete liberty is the only watch-word in which there is safety. The very vitals of the body are the immediate sufferers in this most foul and unnatural system of oppression and bondage. The All-Wise builder of our bodies has carefully guided those vital, delicate and active organs, the heart and lungs from any ordinary foreign interference; yet with impious, with suicidal hands, how many do violence every day they live to this handy work of God,—break down by degrees the very bulwarks planted by Infinite wisdom, to guard the citadel of life, and at last squeeze themselves to death as the scr-

pent monster of the south does the victim of his hunger, with only this difference, that the one is a brute, the other a rational and accountable being.

There is, we repeat, no medium in the work of reform, on this subject. It must be annihilated or the evil still exists. But perhaps we shall be asked how shall this be done? It is a subject of some delicacy, &c. Grant that it be a delicate subject. It is not more delicate than serious. We would say to Paternus, correct the evil by reason, if you can; by force, if you must. And should he be under the painful necessity of resorting to the last alternative, we close this paper with the following letter which may serve to render much less dreadful this part of parental duty.

DEAR EDITOR—I have the pleasure of communicating to you the most triumphant result of a recent benevolent institution of a novel character among us. In this I act as the organ of an association called "the Anti-Tight-Lacing Club," of which I have the honor to be President.

This society was created by a few choice spirits among us, to take into serious consideration the subject of tight-lacing. The subject was discussed in all its bearings, and a remedy concluded upon. You must know that we are all Parents or Guardians, having the superintendence of the education and deportment of young Ladies. Our manner of proceeding has been this: first to make converts of our wives, from *principle*. And secondly, to endeavor by all our powers of reason and philosophy, to persuade the unmarried to the same views and practice. And when the powers of the tongue failed, to lay violent hands on all and every vestige of apparatus for compression, and commit to the flames. I am sorry to say we have been compelled, in most instances, to this last alternative. No drawer, toilet, room or corner, escaping. We have had many a brilliant fire during this work of reform from the destruction of the various paraphernalia of this accursed system of self-imposed torture.

So persevering and determined have we been in this good cause that we have the unspeakable happiness of witnessing a great change on this subject. Our young ladies now appear with all that beauty of form, ease and grace of movement which nature has so richly conferred upon them.

I am &c.

LIBERE PUBLIAONARIA.

Capt. Ross thus points out how the inhabitants of the Polar regions discriminate night and day:—"You will perhaps, wonder how we could mark each day when the total absence of the sun had placed us in perpetual night. The whole face of nature was indeed completely changed to us; but it was far from being gloomy as you would imagine. A considerable twilight about noon denoted the return of day and in clear weather a beautiful arch of red light overspread the horizon to the south for an hour or two before and after noon. Great care was taken, all the while the sun was under the horizon, to keep regular hours for our meals; and as the day shortened very gradually, we did not feel the approach of the shortest day, though we were not sorry when it passed."

A Young Wife well Matched.—Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Hampshire, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. In making inquiry into this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would *dance upon his grave!*

SELECT POETRY.

Are we wrong in attributing the following exceedingly clever poem to the inimitable pen of Halleck? They appear under the head of original poetry in the last number of the New York Mirror.

LINES TO THE SEA-SERPENT.

Dark riddle of the ocean! who shall solve
The secret of thy nature? Who declare
Thy age and habits? Who the charm dissolve
That wraps thy mystic being, and I lay bare
The springs that move thy mechanism strange,
And aid thee in thy element to range?

Hast thou a partner, rover of the deep,
A soother of thy weariness and woes,
A calmer of thy furious rage, when sweep
New Bedford sloops to break thy proud repose,
And thy uprising stirrs to strife and sin,
The dark and stalwart fishermen of Lynn?

Hast thou a grotto in the briny wave,
To hide thy billion feet of burnished tail;
A submarine retreat, a roomy cave,
Lit up with carbuncles and crystals pale?
Take my advice—within its depths abide,
Nor trust thy person to the upper tide!

Why loy'st thou pertinaciously to hunt,
The seas that gird this rocky promontory,
In the vernacular yclept Nahant—
Scene fraught with danger and with fearful glory?
Here thou hast foes; yea Holman's proud hotel
Has those, great snake, who do not wish thee well!

Who meditate thy ruin and captivity,
A degradation worse, oh, worse than death;
Who'd palsy all thy vigor and activity,
And seize thy greatness not bereft of breath;
Who would confine thee in a narrow space,
And there exhibit thee! oh, what disgrace!

Then do not be so rash! What should thy wife,
Thy little ones endure, if that should be;
If thou shouldst be a prisoner for life,
Nor move the mighty monarch of the sea?
"Oh, what a coil my masters!" should they find
The giant snake, by pigmy men confined!

All thy marine rebellious foes would waken,
Rival leviathans would wag their tails,
There'd be huge joy among the sprawling kraken,
And a blow out among the mighty whales;
There'd be an awful submarine commotion,
A war of the succession in the ocean.

Your present ministry would be turned out—
E'en now your subjects clamor for reform,
From Otaheite to the rabble rout
Of islands in the Indian ocean warm;
But who'd succeed them Neptune only knows,
Or when your kingdom would enjoy repose.

The dolphin never will get into place,
He's too much of a turncoat to succeed;
The shark, I fear, would every post disgrace,
Save the attorney-general's indeed;
And if the faction of reform prevails,
Who'll give an office to the Prince of Whales?

And who will be rewarded with the pearls,
A requisite that every patriot sighs for?
Who'll wed the loveliest of ocean girls,
The mermaid, whom the heir-apparent dies for?
Who will command the horsmarines and cels,
And who will be lord keeper of the seals?

Oh, mighty snake! avoid this wild misrule,
By keeping snugly in your own dominion;
In your own element you are no fool—
Forsake it and you will become man's minion.
Your wanderings past, let dark oblivion blot 'em,
And sink with expedition to the bottom.

Pay but one farewell visit to the shore—
Take my advice as kindly as 'tis meant;
And for my sole reward, (I ask no more,)
Just let me hint, I hope you will present
To me, in one last visit to the rocks,
The freedom of the ocean in a box.

PEW TALK AND CHURCH SCANDAL.

There is truth and *naivete* in the following meeting-house melody from the *Setinel & Palladium*, entitled "Pew Talk and Church Scandal!"

That tall young fellow's here to day!
I wonder what's his name?
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dame.

Who is that lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Leach,
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!
I wonder if he'll preach.

Lend me your fan, it is so warm,
We both will sit to prayers,
Mourning becomes the widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Sloper's veil!
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayers,
Appears to-day as Bride?

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!
Oh, how that organ roars;
I'm glad we've left the singers' seats—
How hard Miss Johnson snores.

What ugly shawls are those in front?
Did you observe Ann Wild;
Her new straw bonnet's trim'd with black,
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep—that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are so long;
This afternoon we'll stay at home,
Practice that new song.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

MY NEW COAT.

I never was so miserable in my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me.

I had been reading Miss Landon's "Improvisatrice," but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of setting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat and sallied forth.

I passed through the western division of George street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care, I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut: so I said to myself, "They may look at it if they please." I resolved, however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humored, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat that I had seen him in six months before.

I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front parts of their coats get threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my nose; but when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident, always hung out.

At the corner of Castle street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid servants, who were standing at the top of their arena stairs, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coachers are, opposite the assembly rooms, three or four men asked if I wanted a coach, but though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers. Just as I passed Gardner's show, or between that and M'Diarmid's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear. "Any old clothes to sell sir?" I answered, "No," rather gruffly, for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat; but on reflection, I felt convinced that these old clothes men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who I am sorry to repeat was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South Hanover street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened, but who left my right arm and shoulder full of flour and dust.—The daring villain was a baker, and with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lincal descendant of the murderer Haggart, he had attempted, to destroy for ever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging footman, who was near me at the time, seeing my distress, lifted his hand, and by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. I got into Prince's street. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad but I did not meet with one whose coat was so new as my own. I felt my superiority—I perceived that I was an object of universal attention. I don't know how many black eyes glanced sunshine into mine; I cannot recollect the number of blue ogles that stole my heart at every step.

Opposite Blackwood's shop, a gentleman, in a blue suit and green spectacles, stopped me, and addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee, very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. I was rather pleased at the stranger's address; but how he came to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little

boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last six months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honor to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave me, and it would have been very inhuman in me not to have presented him with half a crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on toward the Calton-hill.

Passing the Waterloo Hotel, I encountered a cloud of dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Severer evils were awaiting me. After I had ascended the hill, the day suddenly overcast; big, heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder shower came tumbling with irresistible violence. Good heavens! rain—thunder, rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran, I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter, I was completely drenched. I could have wept, but I was in too great an agony to think of weeping. When I got to the east end of Prince's street, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into Barry's or Mackay's, but it would have been of no use, I was wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think I was in my right reason. I was to have dined out in my new coat and now it never would look new again! I was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why: Heaven and earth! it was gone! my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half a crown, took it from me.

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached my nostrils. I started up; in a moment the fatal truth crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep, and my coat was smoking before the fire, burning brown in a dozen places, with here and there several small holes.

I seized a carving knife to stab the cook to the heart; but in my impetuosity I tumbled over a kitchen tub, and as I fell, my head struck with a bump upon the cook's lap. She started up, and calling me a "base monster," fled from the kitchen as fast as her dumpy legs could carry her dumped carcass. I thought of committing suicide; but just at that moment the chambermaid came to tell me that the tailor had called to know how I liked my new coat. I pushed my arm through one of the holes that had been burned in the back of it—tattered into the dining room where he was waiting for me—and fell in a swoon at his feet.—*Scotch paper.*

Rail Roads can be traced back, as it is stated, to the year 1680. At that period coals came to be a substitute for wood as Fuel in London and other parts of England. The consequence was that from the increased demand at the mines, the greatest inconvenience accrued in conveying the coal from thence to the ships, as well as immense expenses for the horses and laborers employed; for the purpose of removing which, wagon roads were at first made, consisting of wooden rails or ledges, fitted to allow the wheels of the wagons to run upon them. By this improvement it was found that a single horse could easily draw a wagon on these rails, which had previously required three or more horses. In 1738 a farther improvement was made by substituting cast iron rails instead of the old wooden ones. The old fashioned wagons, however, being still employed, were found inconvenient.—These were dispensed with about the year 1770, and instead of one great wagon a number of smaller wagons, each capable of containing one or two tons, were used, being linked together with chains. By thus diffusing the weight over a larger portion of the railway, the principal cause of the failure in the first instance was removed. From this time cast iron railways began to be constructed as branches to canals, and in some places as roads of traffic from one place to another.—*Salem Gazette.*

THE OUTLAW.

An extract from 'The Knight of Friuti,' a novel preparing for the press, by F. Mercer Beasley.

CHAPTER IX.

In the evening wind is a low, faint moan,
'Tis the mother's wail for her only son,
Oh! earth, sea and sky, can ye ought impart,
More dark than the pall o'er that mother's heart!
H. L. B.

The reader's attention is directed to another compartment of the subterranean rendezvous of the outlaw.

The cavern in which the bandits were assembled around the convivial board, was, like the former, formed by massive rocks, encrusted with terrene particles, and, in some places, verdant with the clinging moss. The roof was broader and much higher; and, indeed, its dimensions every way more extensive.

Two long, unplanned tables, constructed of rough oak, were disposed in the form of a cross in its centre, plentifully supplied with wild boar's meat, served upon wide wooden trenchers, and at intervals garnished with huge flagons, of a dark colored, and strongly flavored wine. Around this were now agrouped some twenty or thirty of the outlaws, whose iron and muscular frames, only partially concealed beneath their loose garbs, and hardened countenances, might have equally well belonged to the same number of fiends revelling over the delinquency of mortals.

"Down with the good liquor, lads!" exclaimed the worthy Rembrant, the pain of whose wound was fast passing into oblivion under the influence of the beverage he named. "The fellow who now flinches, with cold water for his portion, shall stand our sentry for the next month. Ah! this glorious wine! By the mass! it was an exploit worthy of our Lieutenant Redberry—the rescuing it from the cellaret of the burly old Abbot. He has our thanks. Here comrades, here's to his health: may he live long and honorably, and when he dies, may his memory be toasted in such wine as this!"

"Well said Captain! Redberry! Redberry!" was shouted from the noisy throats of those around, and the toast was drank amidst the clamor.

"My captain you honor me," modestly returned the hero Redberry, who was so named from the blooming color of his cheeks and nose, which were of the same hue as his sins—scarlet. "You honor me, and I do not deserve it. I felt it a duty—a positive duty I owed to religion, to prevent so many sins as this old Rhenish would decoy the holy abbot into. Ah! I have a tender conscience, noble captain. I know what a grievous example is set by the excesses of churchmen; the means of prevention were before me; I embraced them; comrades you enjoy the fruits of my zeal. Did I not well?"

"Well! well!" was thundered forth amid a roar of laughter. "Again to our Lieutenant! long may his religion last!"

"I see, with pain, my friends, you will, in spite of my teeth, misconstrue my motives," continued Redberry, who was always the joker of the party. "Ah! how you wrong me! My intention was, to do good. I am innocent, gentlemen, wholly innocent; if I am not, many men walk without their purses, and abbots forget the flavor of Rhenish. How I hate a wine-bibber!" and the facetious thief emptied, at a draught, a bowl, which, in compass, might have rivalled Croesus's present to the Delphan Apollo.

"Hear him!" said another, who was remarkable for what a fashionable novel is never remarkable for—excessive bulk. "Hear him! he would prove himself a christian—a very saint.—By the Virgin! we will soon have him on the calendar. May he be forgiven; he drinks more than any ten of the gang!"

"Who ever knew the seat at table of the fat Glebis vacant?" returned the angry Redberry, as soon as the laughter excited at his expense permitted. "He is the most sinful of mankind, comrades; for is not the flesh sinful? how sinful then the fleshy Glebis!"

"I beg pardon," replied the obese Glebis, not a little enraged at the mirth now raised against him. "I said Redberry could not maintain his righteousness. I was mistaken. It is written 'let your light shine before men,' and lo! behold his—nose!"

"Ha! ha! ha! a piece of bacon puns! Who will not wonder to find an honest priest, or a dishonorable thief? Ah! what a windfall to our

enemies if poor Glebis should fall into their hands; they would have the very fat of the land!"

"A pestilence on thy wit!" returned the other, now irritated beyond measure at this repartee.—"It is like your cheeks—it flashes; it burns.—And curse me if I have not half a mind to let my dagger feel if you have any flesh on your ribs; for much must be consumed in that eternal fire of yours!"

"Half a mind," repeated Redberry, "thank heaven it is not a whole! Thou art large enough already; thou needest no mind at all; so that, indeed, when thou diest, a priest may say to thee, thy body is mass enough for thy soul."

Glebis uttered a deep curse, and perhaps would not have refrained from even personal violence, so incensed was he at the successful attacks of the redoubted lieutenant, and the scoffs and sneers of his compeers, when a stop was put to his intention, whatever it might have been, by the authoritative voice of the captain, commanding silence.

"And now," said that worthy, pushing the bowl from before him, "I drink no more until I have had vengeance! Look, comrades," he continued, holding up his maimed hand, "the man lives, but he shall die!"

This threat of their captain, was received with the same unanimous and boisterous applause with which the preceding toasts and jokes had been welcomed. Many were aware of what was about to take place—a few ignorant—yet all were equally insensible and callous to its perpetration. Rembrant made a sign to Glebis; who, perhaps, was the most hardened in crime, and depraved, of the band: he arose, and they left the cave together.

After the expiration of a few seconds, the two returned, dragging in the unfortunate Robin, the serf of the old Marquis, whose weapon had inflicted the wound upon the outlaw chief.—A thong of strong leather bound the hands of the wretched man, who was young; apparently not more than twenty. A wild, restless rolling of the eye seemed to denote his conviction that some horrid fate awaited him; and the same glance told that it was not such a spirit as his that could calmly brook to meet death so ingloriously.—Yet there was no weak and craven trembling at the fearfulness of his destiny. Once—and but once, a cold and convulsive shudder passed over his youthful and vigorous frame; once his courage seemed to cow and quail to the desperation of his situation; and once, for an instant, his lips quivered, as he thought of his aged mother—he was her only child—and then—the natural weakness was gone; it was a momentary impulse—the recurrence of his boyish emotions; and now he confronted his executioners with the unsubdued soul, and unshrinking glare of the kingly lion.

"Boy!" said Rembrant, stirring, with a long brand, the fire to a keener blaze, "here is your bed. What think you of it?"

"Wretch!" returned the young man, his blood curdling to his heart in defiance of his utmost exertions, "pass your dagger into my breast; is not that sufficient? Will not death satisfy the cravings of your revenge?"

"Ho! by our lady! a second Pan! Hark! how he preaches! Ha! ha! ha!"

The prisoner was now cast upon the ground, and bound to a heavy log. This was not effected without a stern, though impotent struggle on his part. "Fiends!" he shouted, "oppose me as men; give me a sword, and come three, six, aye, altogether, and I fear ye not. But thus—thus to die; O God! O God! without an effort! without one blow!"

Perhaps there is nothing more appalling—nothing more thoroughly dreadful than the spectacle of a man, strong in bodily powers, high-souled and daring in his nature, perishing beneath a force, to which his most violent exertions must be as completely powerless as the feeble efforts of an infant. Here, all the indomitable energies of the soul, denied their natural and usual egress, seem to collect, and torture, and madden within his own breast.

"Not too near! not too near! he must, must not die so soon!" exclaimed Rembrant with a hoarse chuckle, as the log, to which the wretched man was lashed, was rolled to within two feet of the blazing mass.

Each eye in that ferocious assemblage was riveted intently on the countenance of the prisoner. He felt it; and although his cheek was pale as the cheek of a corpse, still his eye glared daringly and defyingly upon the scathed features

of those who encompassed him, and which were at this moment rendered ten times more diabolical, by the vindictive passion that agitated, and the vivid light that was fitly thrown upwards upon them.

The flame warms—burns—scorches. Its forked tongue, and the fiery fangs, pierce into the shrivelling flesh; the crisp limbs writhe and shudder; the very blood boils; and the big veins coil and shrink; Good God! Can such agony be longer borne? No. A stifled groan—a pent shriek, burst from out the parched lips. It was answered by the scoffing laugh of the outlaw Rembrant.

"See!" exclaimed Glebis, leaning with a demerit smile, over the perishing man; see! he feels it now!"

In the very midst of his sufferings, that voice of mockery came to the ears of the dying serf. A fierce glow shot from out his reeling eye, and an energy far beyond that of mortal, gathered round his heart. With one mighty effort he snapped the cords that girded his hands; he raised forward his body and with a quick and unexpected motion, seized the grinning monster who bent over him.

Glebis strove frantically to shake off the revengeful grasp that bound him. It was in vain; tighter and stronger the sinewy fingers of his adversary fastened upon his throat. A quick, wild cry of pain and terror broke from him: the blood-shot eye started outward; the jaw fell; a purple color lighted up that fearful countenance; and a deepened shade of hope, fear, despair, passed successively, though almost instantaneously over those withering features, and then left them in the settled, gloomy, and terrific stillness of death.

The outlaws had witnessed this struggle with the highest degree of satisfaction. "Let them fight it out," had been the oft-repeated cry of more than one amid that band, to each of whom blood was as pleasing as it was a familiar object; and until now, no assistance had been proffered to their companion. "Take him off!" at length said Rembrant, terrified at the unresisting puiscence of Glebis, "or by G—d! the hell-wol! will suck his blood!"

This order came, as we have seen, too late to benefit the doomed outlaw. At the moment that several were preparing to execute, though unwillingly, the command of their chief, the young serf, whose strength was fast failing, drew his now no longer struggling foe towards him, and gazed steadfastly in his face. There he saw agony and hopeless despair, stamped in fearful characters, upon each of those distorted lineaments—and as he saw, a faint bright smile played over his countenance. With his remaining energy he hurled the lifeless body of the bandit from his grasp, and with a loud laugh raised his hands on high, and shook it menacingly at his enemies. It was his last effort, the nerves relaxed, and the arm which had conveyed his dying defiance fell heavily and powerless to his side; and then it was known that his spirit had fled—yet the same exulting and stern smile lingered upon his lips that he had not died—*unrevenged*.

And for years after, his mother watched his return, day after day she counted the tedious hours that passed, and as each successive eve gathered round the earth, that meek and gentle form which had pillows his early childhood, could be seen at her low thatched door, waiting and fondly imagining his coming. And when the cold air of midnight stirred her white locks, and pierced chillily to her aged and sorrowing bosom, she would turn again into her lonely dwelling, and with clasped hands exclaim, "my boy! my boy! ah! where is my son!"

He came not. His dark fate, and the dread agony of his dying hour were never revealed to this his only true mourner; and she lived on and on, in the delusive, though pleasing dream of their re-union, and once again pressing her child to her yearning heart.

Oh! maternal love, how beautiful art thou! in childhood a fosterer; in life a comforter. Is not thy birth of the Father? Do not thy pure waters gush from the wells of heaven? Are not thy accents the accents of glad tidings, and thy voice the voice of peace? Art thou not like thy bestower, unchangeable? Dost thou not exist in the hour of trial as in the hour of mirth? in poverty? yea, even in death? No time can altar—no slight diminish—no interest corrupt thee. Thou art the last best remains of our early paradise—the sole fragment of original holiness.

THE CLEPHT.

A TALE OF THE MOREA.

pon the establishment of the Moslems in Greece, many of the natives withdrew from the plain and fixed their abode in the mountains and natural fastnesses of the country, preferring the scanty and precarious sustenance they found there, to plenty with Turkish tyranny. Here they organized a system of plunder, which, tho' more frequently exercised against the Moslem agas, was too indiscriminate to exempt them from the hatred and execrations of their lowland countrymen whose herds and flocks, corn, wine, and money, were frequently transferred to the limeris, or mountain stations of those descendants of the heroes of the Peloponnesus.

It was in the lofty ranges of mountains, which diversify the surface of the Peloponnesus, or modern Morca, that these Clephts, or robbers, as they are denominated, were found in the greatest numbers. Here the communities bore some resemblance of government, if it could be so called. Freedom, for which they had renounced the luxuries of life, and even security of existence, was too precious in their eyes to be bartered for any equivalent. Their head men, or captains, therefore, had, generally speaking, as little real power over them as any other chiefs, or freebooters; but in some part of the Morea, they were selected from ancient families, and were conspicuous for valor or personal prowess, which circumstances gave them a martial influence over these hardy mountaineers.

A band of Clephts had taken possession of a very strong part of that lofty range which the ancients named Taygeton, and which is called at the present day Makrynon. Its precipitous cliffs, snowy crests, and terrific defiles, have cost the Turks dearly in their repeated attempts to expel the robbers, whilst the richly cultivated slopes, in the middle region, and the plains of the Eurotas, or Iri, towards the valley of Sparta, afforded the Clephts abundant resources both in winter and summer.

Tradition among these people, as well as among their lowland neighbors, reported that they were the pure, unmixed progeny of the ancient Spartans, and there were many traits in their character which showed, at least, a resemblance between them. Their song discovered a strange medley of Christian and Pagan images, and the great personages of Loconian antiquity were not unfrequently referred to, though actions attributed to them savored strongly of the legends of the caylovers or monks.

Cruel when engaged in their raids, or in an affair, showing no mercy towards a Turk and little towards a monk, for whom they felt almost an equal hatred, these outlaws manifested for their friends and connexions even those of the plains, the kindest feelings, and towards the fair sex, of whatever rank and nation, they usually showed a degree of gallantry and chivalrous devotion, in which the most polished nature could not excel them.

A party of these Taygetian Clephts had descended the western side of the mountain towards Kalmata, one dark and stormy night for their raids. The object was to sweep the farm of a rich and niggardly aga of his sheep and wheat, of which these ancient Spartans were in need.

"*Poiso eisi?*" exclaimed the foremost Clepht, raising his long gut to his shoulder. "Who art thou?"

The question was addressed to a figure in white, seated upon an antique door-way buried by time almost to the soffit.

As no answer was returned, the unerring aim was taken, but before the querist could fire, a companion seized his arm.

"Be still! 'tis a woman—please God we will know what she does here."

It was indeed a Turkish maiden, one of matchless beauty—young and weeping.—Her tender form, which had long borne the pelting of the pitiless elements, drooped with fatigue—but the expression in her face was grief,—of that grief which seemed to say, 'all other ills are nothing.'

The rough Clephts, though on an expedition of robbery—perhaps of murder—were not proof against a sight which melts the roughest beauty into tears.

"Tsara," said one of them, "do you wrap your cloak about the woman, and stay with her till we return; she shall be taken care of, but we must go to our limeri. Her ransom will be worth looking for."

The man complied, and while his fellow pallid-

ars departed on their raid, he tended the weeping girl in the most delicate and feeling manner.

"Whence and what art thou, maiden? and why here, in this lone wood, when the tempest is abroad? Has a cruel father thrust thee forth? or has a faithless lover—"

Here the sobs of the mourner became audible. The tender-hearted Clepht, albeit a robber by profession, a Spartan by descent, and a sworn foe to the Turkish race, was affected with her grief, and if the sacred drops of pity could perforce have found egress, his weather-beaten cheeks would have been bathed in tears. By slow degrees he extracted from the sorrowful girl the sad tale, that her affections had been captivated by a young Greek: that her parent, on discovering their passion, had ejected her from her only home, and she had wandered from place to place, till compelled by the storm to seek shelter in the wood.

This eclaireissement, which seemed to relieve the poor girl, had scarcely ended, when the other pillicars hastily returned. They had been discovered or betrayed: and some Albanians were in pursuit of them.

"Away!" said the leader of the disappointed Clephts, "let us leave the woman. Tsara—we cannot encumber ourselves; we must take our route through the ravines, and up the steepest path."

"Dmetri," replied the other, "the maiden is in distress; she will be safer with us than with the villainous Albanians. Let us convey her to our Chief; I will bear the burden."

With this, Tsara, nothing loth, raised the damsel in his vigorous arms, bore her along as she was but a pigeon. The party plunged into the wood, gained the green ravines, smiling with corn and olive trees, climbed the almost perpendicular crags, aided by casually grasping the arbutus, or a lentisk, or an oleander, and reached their limeri, when their captain greeted them.

"Brothers! God be praised! ye have a goodly booty. How? could ye find nothing in the farm of Agan Hassen but a woman? A little maize or dominion, or a sheep or two, would have been as well. But, the girl is beautiful."

"She will be ransomed, no doubt," said Tsara, "and ten purses will reward us for our disappointment to-night. We intrust her to your care, Captain."

The captain was a Colcotroni,—brave, that is fearless, but somewhat of the ruffian predominated in his character.

"What am I to do with her?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the trembling girl.

"We confide her to your care," replied several voices, laying a stress upon two of the expressions.

The wilderness of the scene, the rough manner of the Clephts, the inauspicious reception given her by the captain, and perhaps the keenness of the air in this high region, gave a new impulse to the feelings of the Osmanli nymph, who forgot, for a moment, her late griefs, in the peculiarity of her situation. She was at the mercy of the chief of a band of robbers.

She was conducted to their best apartment, a natural cavern in which their powder and stores of provision were deposited. Assurances of safety, of protection, of assistance was made to her, and she was told to fear nothing.

The helpless condition of a defenceless female, is, of itself, a sufficient protection to her against nine tenths of mankind; with the one tenth it is invitation to cowardly insult. The Clephts were proverbially forbearing on such occasions—there were some exceptions—captain Colocotroni was one.

The charms of the Osmanli damsel overpowered the sentiments of honor, the pride of Clephtic magnanimity, the severity of even Spartan discipline and self denial, in the breast of the captain; and the wretched girl sunk under his brutal violence. She proclaimed the wrong she had endured, and expired in a kind of phrenzy produced by the combined operation of grief, compunction, and the bitterness of shame.

"Captain," said Tsara, who had begun to cherish an interest towards the young female, which, in a bosom less rough, might have merited the name of love, "you have violated the sacred law of hospitality; you have disgraced the name of Spartan Clepht—you are unworthy of your post."

"How is this? Bearded! bear him off, and hurl him down the precipice! What! you hesitate? Then this shall ensure obedience."

His gun leaped to the shoulder of Colocotroni, and Tsara's was equally ready. The pilli-

cars, however stepped between, and two of them disarmed the captain. He reviled them in the most opprobrious terms, threatened them with vengeance from his own arm, from heaven—for these are singularly pious or rather superstitious.

Disregarding his clamors, some of the Clephtic band proceeded to the cavern, where lay the body of the dishonored, the murdered maiden—they brought it forth, placed it on the ground before the stupified Colocotroni—they pinioned his limbs, bound him closely to the corps, and bearing the living and the dead on their spears, to the edge of the precipice, that skirted a deep defile, and was beset with bristly crags—without a word, they swung their load till it acquired a sufficient momentum to carry it far away, and at the word 'losse!' it was launched into the air.

A wild preternatural howl burst from the lips of Colocotroni, and a slight echo was heard among the crags when he fell. All then was quiet.

Tsara succeeded to the captainship, and his name is distinguished among the Clephtic heroes of the Morca.—He may yet be alive.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NIGHT.

As the sun was withdrawing her light from one hemisphere, the guardian spirits of man followed his course, as they were wont, that they might visit every land in turn.

But two who had been among the abodes of men all the day, lingered, unwilling to leave those to whom they had ministered,

To the one had been committed the urn which held the waters of bitterness, and he was called Wo. His young sister was named Peace; and in her hand was placed the lyre whose music was of heaven.

"There are some," said Wo, "who will not be ready to harken to thee to-morrow, my sister, if I leave them already."

"There are also some, my brother, whom I have not soothed to deep repose. Oh! that we might tarry awhile!"

"We may not tarry, for there is need of us afar. Yet one thing may we do. Let us give of our power to another, that she may minister till we return."

So they called upon Conscience, and charged her to descend with the shadows of night, and to visit the abodes of men. The angel of Wo gave her of the waters of his urn, and said unto his sister, "give her thy lyre, for what other music needest thou than thine own songs? What other music is so sweet?"

And when they had charged their messenger to await them at the eastern gate when the morning should open it unto them, they spread their wings and hastened down the West.

The messenger gazed after them afar: and when she marked the dim majesty of the elder spirit, and the mild beauty of his sister, she bent her head and silently went her way.

"What hast thou beheld?" said the angels to their messenger, when the portals of light were unclosed. "Are the healing waters spent? hath the lyre been tuneful?"

"The waters are not spent," she replied, "for mine own tears have made this urn to overflow. The lyre was tuned in Paradise; else my trembling had jarred its strings."

"Alas!" cried the younger spirit, "where hast thou ministered?"

"When the evening star appeared, I descended among the shadows, where I heard a voice calling me from afar. It came from a space where raging fires were kindled by the hands of priests. Night hovered above, but the flames forbade her approach, and I could not abide longer beneath her wings. He who appealed unto me stood chained amidst the fires which already preyed upon him. I swept the strings of the lyre, and smiles overspread his face. Even while the melody waxed sweeter, the dark-eyed spirit of the toms came and bore him off asleep."

The young angel smiled as she said, "he hearkeneth now to nobler harmonics than ours! But was there none other amidst the flames to whom thou couldst minister?"

"Alas! there was one who lied through fear. He was led back to his cell, whither I followed him. I shed the waters into his soul, and the bitterness thereof tormented him more than any scorching flames which have consumed his body. Yet must I visit him nightly till he dies?"

"Droop not thy wings because of his anguish, my sister," said the elder spirit. "He shall yet be thine when he is made pure for thy presence."

"I have been," said the messenger, "beside the couch of the dying, in the palace, and beneath the lowly roof. I have shed into one de-

parting soul the burning tears of the slave, and soothed the spirits of another with the voices of the grateful hearts. I have made the chambers of one rich man echo with the cries of the oppressed, and surrounded the pillow of another with the fatherless who call him parent. Kings have sought to hide themselves as I drew nigh, while the eye of the mourner hath lighted up at ray approach. The slumbers of some have I hallowed with music, while they knew not that I was at hand; and others have I startled with visions, who guessed not whence they came. I am filled with awe at mine own power."

"It shall increase," said the elder spirit, "while mine own wane. The fountain of bitter waters wasteth continually. When it shall be dried up I will break mine urn."

"And my lyre," said his sister, "shall it not be hushed by mightier music from on high?"

"Nay my sister, not then, nor ever. No mightier music shall make men cease to love thine. They shall gather together to hear thee in their cities, and shall seek thee in the wilderness and by the sea shore. The aged shall hear thee chaunt among the tombs, and the young shall dance unto thy lay. Unto the simple shall thy melodies breathe from amidst the flowers of the meadows; and the wise shall they entrance as they go to and fro among the stars."

Then the messenger sighed, saying, "when shall these things be?"

"When thou art queen among men. Knowest not that such is thy destiny? Thou art now our messenger, but we shall at length be thy servants. Yea, when yonder sun shall wander away into the depths, and the earth shall melt like the morning cloud, it shall be thine to lead the myriads of thy people to the threshold whence the armies of heaven come forth. It shall be thine to open to them the portals, which I may not pass."—*Miss Martineau.*

Mr. Irving's New Work.—We take pleasure in communicating to our readers, the following outline, or hint we should rather say, of the new work upon which Washington Irving has employed his leisure, and which will be published, in a few days, by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. We look forward to the reading of it, with much interest and some impatience, knowing, as we have long known, what a rich store of materials had been accumulated by the enterprising and sagacious gentleman at whose suggestion it was commenced, and by whom the elements were furnished.

"In the course of occasional visits to Canada many years since, I became intimately acquainted with some of the great North West Fur Company, who at that time lived in genial style at Montreal, and kept almost open house for the stranger. At their hospitable boards I occasionally met with partners, and clerks, and hardy fur traders from the interior posts; men who had passed years remote from civilized society, among distant and savage tribes, and who had wondrous to recount of their wide and wild peregrinations, their hunting exploits, and their perilous adventures and hairbreadth escapes among the Indians. I was at an age when the imagination lends its coloring to every thing, and the stories of these Sinbads of the wilderness made the life of a trapper and fur trader perfect romance to me. I even meditated at one time a visit to the remote posts of the company, in the boats which annually ascend the lakes and rivers, being thereto invited by one of the parties; and I have ever since regretted that I was prevented by circumstances from carrying my intention into effect."

"About two years ago, not long after my return from a tour upon the prairies of the far West, I had a conversation with my friend, Mr. John Jacob Astor, relative to that portion of our country, and to the adventurous traders to Santa Fe and the Columbia. This led him to advert to a great enterprise set on foot and conducted by him, between twenty and thirty years since, having for its object to carry the fur-trade across the Rocky Mountains, and to sweep the shores of the Pacific.

"Finding that I took an interest in the subject, he expressed a regret that the true nature and extent of his enterprise and its national character and importance had never been understood, and a wish that I would undertake to give an account of it. The suggestion struck upon the chord of early association, already vibrating in my mind. It occurred to me that a work of this kind might comprise a variety of those curious details, so interesting to me, illus-

trative of the fur trade; of its remote and adventurous enterprises, and of the various people, and tribes, and castes, and characters, civilized and savage, affected by its operations. The journals, and letters also, of the adventurers by sea and by land, employed by Mr. Astor in his comprehensive project, might throw light upon portions of our country quite out of the track of ordinary travel, and as yet but little known. I therefore felt disposed to undertake the task, provided documents of sufficient extent and minuteness could be furnished to me."

"The work I here present to the public, is necessarily of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature, comprising various expeditions and adventures by land and sea. The facts, however, will prove to be linked and banded together by one grand scheme, devised and conducted by a master spirit; one set of characters, also continues throughout, appearing occasionally, though sometimes at long intervals, and the whole enterprise winds up by a regular catastrophe; so that the work, without any labored attempt at artificial construction, actually possesses much of that unity so much sought after in works of fiction, and considered so important to the interest of every history."

VARIETY.

Parodies are all the go. The Baltimore Transcript has one on Barry Cornwall's beautiful song of "The Sea." The first stanza is not bad:

CITY LYRICS—No. 1. Air "The Sea."

I
A spree—a spree—a glorious spree!
The *bluz*, the loud, the ever free,
Without restraint, without a bound,
To worry the watchman on his round
I'll wander all night, I'll break the lamps,
Despite of ague fits and cramps,
I'm on a spree—I'm on a spree,
I am as I would ever be;
All *bluz* above, and all *bluz* below,
And shouting wheresoe'er I go,
If a lurch I make for the gutter deep,
No matter—I shall soundly sleep.

Appearances.—Some years since, a merchant on Long Wharf advertised for Spanish milled dollars. The premium was high. A Roxbury farmer, who came into town for manure, and who took pride in appearing like a beggar, with a shovel on his shoulder, called at the counting room of the man, and asked him if he wanted silver dollars. "Yes," said the merchant; "have you got any?" "Not with me," replied the farmer, "but I think I have a few at home. What do you give?" "Four per cent." said the merchant; and added, "I will give you *seven* for all you have." "Well" said the man, "I should like to have you just clap down on paper how much you give, and the number of your shop, or I shall be puzzled to find it." "Yes," said the merchant, "that I will do: what is your name?" "Edward Sumner," said he. The merchant then wrote as follows, and gave it to him:

"Edward Sumner of Roxbury, says that he thinks he has some Spanish dollars at home, but dont know. I hereby agree to pay him seven per cent. premium for all such dollars as he may produce. G—A—"

"If I find any," said the dung-cart man, "I will call with them to-morrow morning, at 9 o'clock: if I don't, you won't see me." The appearance of the man satisfied the merchant that his dollars would be scarce. At 9 o'clock the next day, however, the man appeared, and stocking full after stocking full was carried up and emptied on the table, till *seven thousand* were counted. The merchant, somewhat restive, but honorably caught, took the silver, gave a check for the amount, with seven per cent. added; pleasantly remarking, "I did not really suppose; from your appearance, that you could have more than half a dozen dollars."

Mr. S. took up his check, and replied in his own peculiar emphatic style, "Sir, I'll tell you a truth which a man of your standing in the world ought to know, and it is this—*Appearances oftentimes deceive us.*"

A Philosopher's Skull.—A famous craniologist, strolling through St. Bury's church yard the other day, perceived a grave digger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time said, "Ah! this was the skull of a philosopher." "Very like," said the grave digger, "for I see it is somewhat cracked."

Gout.—Sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but more often the child of our own sins visiting its father. A man of the latter stamp once asked Abernethy what he should do to avoid the infliction—"Live upon a shilling a day—and earn it," was the reply, at once pertinent and impertinent.

Argument.—With fools, passion vociferation or violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with fanatics, denunciation; with men of sense, a sound reason.

Congregation.—A public assemblage in a spiritual theatre, where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers.

War.—National madness. An irrational act confined to rational beings: the pastime of kings and statesmen, the curse of subjects.

Challenge.—Calling upon a man who has injured your feelings to give you satisfaction—by shooting you through the body.

Gravity, says Rochefocauld, is a mystery of the body, invented to conceal the defects of understanding.

Bait.—One animal impaled upon a hook, in order to torture a second, for the amusement of a third.

Judgment.—A faculty of which very few people have enough to discover that they want more.

Grave.—The gate through which we pass from the visible to the invisible world.

Ceremony.—All that is considered necessary by many in religion and friendship.

Blushing.—A suffusion—least seen in those who have most occasion for it.

Egotism.—Suffering the private *I* to be too much in the public eye.

Fool.—The dandy reader may please to see—looking-glass.

The vicinity of Milledgeville, Georgia, was somewhat disturbed by the shock of an earthquake on the 16th August.

The corner stone of the first Presbyterian Church in Wisconsin Territory was laid on the 18th ult., at Dubuque.

Miss Philips is playing at the Chesnut street Theatre, Philadelphia.

A party of gentlemen have in contemplation the building of a spacious Hotel on Shockoe Hill, Richmond, Va.

A Retort.—Some days ago, a very pretty and respectable female, of about seventeen summers, was walking up Market st. at a quick pace, as a threatening shower was about sending down the premonitory drops, when opposite the Baltimore House she was accosted by a gentleman in the following language—"Come under my hat, my pretty little Miss, and get out of the rain." The lady, without lessening her speed, sent back the following retort—"There is one calf's head under it now, and that is as many as it will cover." The hailing gentleman was among the missing.—*Balt. Patriot.*

Curious Piano Forte.—A letter from London says, "a good deal of curiosity has been excited here, by the introduction of Piano Fortes of a new construction, by Pape, the Broadwood of Paris. This gentleman formerly worked in London, he afterwards went to Paris, and realized an immense fortune. His instruments are the finest I ever heard, both for richness and sweetness of tone. Some of them are most singular in appearance: Just fancy a handsome rosewood table, for the centre of the room opening and becoming a finely tuned piano forte, with stands for a violin."

We advise the eastern ladies, who wish to dispose of themselves advantageously, to emigrate west. They will not be the subject of a long and tedious courtship—we do such things here by steam. For their encouragement we give examples: Two young ladies, (from the east, of course,) no sooner left their native State, on board of a steamer, than offers were made to convey them to a state of matrimony, and no sooner was the question popped and the affirmative given, than they popped to a minister's, and had the Gordian knot tied. They then set their faces westward, and went their way rejoicing. We say to the eastern daughters of Eve, tired of celibacy—"come and do likewise."—*Green Bay Democrat.*

From the Schenectady Reporter.

A Good Story.—We were not a little amused the other day while riding up from Albany, at hearing an elderly gentleman relate an anecdote relative to the capture of a crocodile, and his conveyance into Charleston, S. C., upon the top of a rail road car. He said there was a very great number of passengers on board the cars running from Augusta to Charleston, and when within about a dozen miles of the latter place, they espied a crocodile of enormous magnitude. The passengers having a great curiosity to take a fair view of the animal, the engineer immediately halted his team, and each man, woman and child feasted the eye upon the large monster of the southern swamps. But they were not to be satiated with a mere casual glance, and they determined by a majority vote to seize the barbarous creature and approximate him to civilized life. So about twenty men, with a courage equal to Putnam, armed themselves with ropes and other instruments of crocodile warfare, dismounted, surrounded the enemy and took him prisoner, bound him with their ropes, attached him to one of the cars, and marched triumphantly into the city, like the Roman general, amid the shouts and plaudits of a delighted populace.

"Why do you not pay me that six and eight-pence, Mr. Mullony?" said an attorney to an Irishman; who replied, "Why faith, because I do not owe you that same." "Not owe it to me, yes you do; its for my opinion you had of me." "That's a good one indeed," replied Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

From a Slab on Bunker Hill.

Americans.—While from on this eminence, scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those, who, by their exertions, have secured to you these blessings.

Too much of a good thing.—A captain mentioned in 'Peter Simple' describes his mother as being so splendid a piano forte player, that upon one occasion when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar.

Latin Quotation.—A rustic who had been put to law expenses by a brutal landlord, complained of it to the village schoolmaster. "Never mind him," said the pedagogue, "he is known to be *sui generis*." "I know he did *sue* I," replied Hodge, "but I never heard he *wur* generous in all my life."

New method of Economy.—A spendthrift nobleman had a fortune left him and was advised by a friend to purchase an estate notorious for its neglected state and sterility. "Why," said his Lordship, "there is not a passable road thro' the whole estate." "That is the very reason I wish you to buy it," said the other, "it will take you the longer to run through it!"

A Distinguished Stranger.—"Who dat big nigger comin' down de street dare, Cuff?"

"Who dat?—Whoy don't you know him?"

"No—but guess he some stingdished stranger."

"Guess he be—he come down de Susquehanna river as chief engineer on Squire Jones' raft."

"No—you don't say so, Cuff."

Original.—Pat came in the stage about one o'clock at night, booked himself for the stage in the morning, and went to bed. He had scarcely got sound asleep, when he was called to renew his journey. "And what will ye charge for the bit of lodging?" "Twenty five cents," was the reply. "An sure it was kind iv ye to call me so airly—if i'd a slept intil the morning, I'd niver the money to pay me bill."

A Good Hit.—"Have you any shear muslin?" said a young Miss to a pert young shop-keeper. "No madam; but we have some small tooth combs." "Well then," said she, "you had better make use of them."

"*Those lips so sweet.*"—Rats, it seems, know what's good as well as other people. A maiden lady was awakened from her "delicious sleep" the other night in this town, by very familiar caresses from somebody. She found to her horror that a large rat had fastened himself upon her lips, and it was with much difficulty she could disengage him. This is fact, no fiction, and the incredulous can see the print of his teeth upon her virgin mouth even now.—*Northampton Courier.*

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 17, 1836.

Foster's Reprints.—The June number of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* has been received, after an unusual delay. To be disappointed in the prompt arrival of this periodical is as provoking as the loss of a good dinner through the carelessness of the cook, and for the sake of the temper of our city literati, we most devoutly hope that such a delay will not soon again occur. The number before us is full of interest, and contains the finale of "Job Pippins, the man who couldnt help it," decidedly the best thing of modern creation.

Although the political articles clash with our notions of the science of governments, they are written with such perspicuity and frankness, and develope so distinctly the opinions and views of the old fashioned aristocracy of Europe, that they never fail to excite in our mind as much interest, and to be read with as much zest as the equally masterly productions of the Whig writers, which appear through another channel.

We find in the present number one of the richest metaphysical articles, "on the philosophy of Locke," we have ever read.—While the author boldly steps forth in defiance of the general principles established by that celebrated writer, he candidly admits that he was deficient in some of the most important branches of the science, and that his famous "Essay" will not in every point, bear the severe scrutiny of modern proficients.

This number of the Magazine closes the 39th volume. Those who wish to subscribe for this work, have a fine opportunity to do so now, by commencing with the next volume, the first number of which will be here in a few days.

We have also received Capt. Maryat's *Metropolitan*, and another number of the "*Foreign Quarterly Review*," but have not now leisure to peruse them. From a hasty glance, however, we can pronounce them good, and pity the man who is too poor or penurious to take them. The Messrs. MORSE are Agents for Mr. Foster.

Poverty.—Thus can the poor man sing. O poverty, thou cruel —, no, dear companion; smutty and ragged as thou art, I will not reproach thy cruel chastisements; they are like the kind rebukes of friendship—much sweeter than the deceitful kisses and charms and smiles of proud wealth and honor, that charm and smile till they can win the heart, then pierce it with some poisonous arrow, or make it drink some bitter cup of woe. Wealth and rank can purchase false flattering words, but such shining trash can ne'er buy friendship. The prowling wolf would make the harmless flock his friends, that they might be the easier prey to his rapacious maw. Such friends the rich possess—not friends to them, but to their gold. But you, O poverty! will protect me from such distinguished foes, dressed in the deceitful garb of soft words, pleasant smiles and kisses sweet. Thy haggard looks and tattered clothes will fright such cowards and knaves, and bid them court, and coy, and flatter into their snare, some game of more beauteous plumes than mine. Yes, poverty, were it not for thy dread, a thousand lean and hungry fawning dogs would cling around me, wagging their tails, ready, when my carcass fell, to devour my wealth.

O, world of vain amusements, false pleasures, deceitful shows, bitter poisons concealed in luring sweats, mere shadows of happiness,

what charms have you for the immortal mind? what food for the starving, craving soul? what healing balm for the wounded heart? Bring all your glittering and precious gold—use all your skill—try all your boasted arts, and can you save one body from the tomb? No: you have a thousand instruments of death—a thousand means to quench the spark of life—but nothing to preserve the flame alive. And if the frail body fare thus in thy hands, let not the immortal soul be trusted there.—*Saturday Evening Visitor.*

A few days since, a child was christened in the parish church of St. James, Pool, by the following names: "Senora Dona Maria de Gloria Johanna Charlotta Leopoldina Isadora du Cruz Francesca Xaviera du Pula Michaela Rafaela Louisa Gonzula.—*Saturday Herald.*

Taking a Wife.—"Take a wife, Tom," said an old Sheridan to his son. "With all my heart, sir. Whose wife shall I take?" replied the obedient gentleman.

Improved Phraseology.—Two darkies passing down the turnpike the other day as a train was crossing the bridge, one exclaimed, "Didn't take dem cars long to come from whar dey did?"—"No, nigger," replied the other, "but why can't you say from whar dey was."—*Coatsville Advertiser.*

A DREAM.

Our dreams—they are ministers
Of some mysterious power,
To prove that our most hidden thoughts
Have one unguarded hour;
They raise dead memories from the grave:
They mingle time and space;
They haunt us with strange auguries
Whose source we may not trace

We know them false, yet leave they oft
Some heaviness behind,
So swift and yet so life-like floats
The vision o'er the mind,
So strangely in our slumber
The heart's jarring strings agree,
My life, my love, my Adethid,
Last night I dreamt of thee.

I stood within a thronged saloon—
A rich and gorgeous scene—
Thyself' midst star, and gem and plume,
Didst shine, that revel's queen—
No bidden guest was I—a spell
Upon my heart was laid:
I stood, unheard, unseen, by all—
A spirit and a shade.

A stranger stood beside thee there—
Was it his sparkling eye
That made a thousand glittering forms
Sweep all unheeded by?
To the low murmur of his tone
Did the rich music fall?
Was it the flushing of his cheek
That made thine own so pale?

Ah me! how writhed my captive heart
Beneath its strange control!
The chain that bound that hated sleep
Upon my struggling soul.
I could not speak—I could not move—
I could but inly pray
That from my spirit the dark dream
Might quickly pass away.

He stood, and bending, whispered thee,
By all but me unheard,
So close, thy bright locks waved aside
In the breath of each low word—
He led thee from the wassail throng—
Perchance it did appear
Too many gay ones hovered round
His traitor's tale to hear.

He led thee where the myrtle wove
A dim and green arcade,
Sweetly—ah, sweetly, on the car
The distant music played;
And there he told of lordly towers,
And lands the rich and broad,
And crowding vassals who would hail
The princess of their lord.

His voice grew soft—he spoke of shades
Beyond the southern sea,
His native shades, the green, the fair,
Where only love might be.
And then I heard thee swear, in tones
I knew and loved too well,
To seek that fair and quiet home,
With love and him to dwell.

And he did clasp thee—serpent like
His hated arm was twined
Around that white and heaving breast
That once on mine reclined:
But then the weary dream was o'er,
The chain in sunder flew—
I woke—I saw this token—
And I felt that thou wert true.

MARRIED,

In Utica, on the 18th Aug., by the Rev. A. Savage, TIMOTHY H. SMEAD, one of the editors of the *Ohio City Argus*, to MARY E. HERRICK, of Utica.
In Macedon, on the 17th ult., by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. HIRAM BAKER, of Bellevue, Ohio, to Miss CATHARINE HAGAMAN, of Macedon.

WALTZ — By Beethoven.



[From the Gift for 1836, Edited by Miss Leslie.]

THE MARCH OF MIND.

A FRAGMENT FROM FACT.

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

“What excites you, brother dear” said Fanny Morton, leaning over a youth who had thrown himself into an affected attitude along a sofa, while she twined his brown hair on her fingers; ‘your nose is turned up like the tail of a griffin.’

“Oh, Fanny, what will become of me?” said the youth, with a sigh. ‘How much preferable would savage life be to this incessant pretension from all quarters! My shoe-black prates to me about the chemical combinations of his varnish, and my barber is proposing a patent for a pair of self-cutting shears, which are to move over the head at a word of command. It was but yesterday I was coaxed by Aunt Judith to an infant-school examination, and made to listen an hour to the yelping of these overwrought kittens singing about Adam and Eve, Christopher Columbus, and twice two are four, all in the same tone at the top of their voices. I escaped and went for relief to the Russel’s, who, a year ago, were sensible, ignorant girls, and hoped to hear some unadulterated feminine nonsense. Bell’s pretty fingers were stained with varnish from her oil painting of a wry-mouthed Madonna; Catharine insisted on my examining a musty *hortus-siccus*, entirely overlooking a sweet rose which I gallantly offered her; and when I peeped over Melicent’s shoulder, hoping to find the book in her hand the last new novel, I found her examining the notes she had taken of a chemical lecture, while she began overwhelming me with Sir Humphrey Davey only knows what. I was starting off in despair, when that little imp, Harriet, who ought to be playing with her dolls, stopped me to see her shell-cabinet. I had just time to draw on my gloves, to prevent her thrusting into my hand one of her sea monsters. I touched it with one of my finger tips, cried, ‘Exquisite! beautiful!’ and escaped, stimulated in my flight by the half-open drawer, where impaled bugs and beetles were kept for immortality, as a learned professor says. My sweet Fanny, study ignorance if you love me! Will those thrice-blessed times ever return when men shall lie down on the flowery lap of female simplicity, instead of being stretched on the Procrustean bed of—’

“What is a Procrustean bed?” said Fanny archly.

“Hush, child! now you are too ignorant!” replied Frederic Morton. I flew from Harriet’s bugs as if they had been tarantulas; and being in want of a vest was going to—’s, but re-

membering that he was an intellectual tailor, and not wishing to have my brains measured, I turned aside. It is not long since he went through the whole science of weights and pulleys in rectifying a pair of suspenders for me. Determining not to listen to another treatise, I went to the humble establishment of Mr. Smallshaw—a man as yet happily ignorant of any thing beside his goose.

“Any vests of late fashion, Mr. Smallshaw?”

“Oh, ay, certain, Sir,” and he brought me, in a quiet, tailor-like way, several patterns.

“As I was about making my bargain, he turned away from the cash as if it was quite a secondary consideration.

“Sir,” said he, ‘have you heard that the mechanic’s son’s are to meet at the Lyceum to speak pieces to-morrow?’

“No, Sir,” I replied, ‘with a sudden tremor.’

“Neddy!” roared he to a squint eyed boy, who was just flaying the dust out of a pair of pantaloons, which were hanging on a line in the yard, and which gave a kick of retaliation at every stroke; ‘Neddy, son, here is a gentleman who would like to hear you speak your piece!’

“Neddy came in with an odd mixture of embarrassment and conceit on his dusty face, wiping his nose on his coat sleeve. He scrambled up on the counter for his rostrum, stood with his feet pari-toed, his hands glued to his thighs, his thumbs protruded, and made a one-sided bow.— Now, thought I, for ‘My name is Norval,’ or ‘To be, or not to be,’ and the genius of Shakespeare seemed to me to be frowning from behind the headless coats which hung around us; but in this desecration I was happily disappointed, for in a shrill key, Neddy commenced, from Miss Taylor’s Juvenile Poems, with the following emphasis—

‘My prayers I said,
I went to bed,
But soon I fell asleep,
And soon I woke,
My sleep was broke,
I through the curtains peep.
‘I heard a noise,
Of men and boys,
And watchman’s rattle too.
And fire they cried,
And then cried I,
Oh dear what shall I do,’ &c., &c., &c.

“All things have an end, and so had Neddy’s piece; but just at his conclusion I heard another sharp voice at my elbow say,

“‘I’m going to speak at the exhibition, too!’

“‘The deuce you are,’ thought I.

“‘Oh certain, Sammy,’ said Mr. Smallshaw, ‘say your piece to the gentleman. He is two years older than Neddy, sir, and is very remarkable, though I say it that should’nt say it.’

“Before I could fabricate a reason for depart-

ing, Sammy was on the rostrum. Never were two beings more alike than he and his brother—the same oblique eyes of glassy blue, the same stiff yellow hair, the same *smutch* of dirt, as if by measure on the right cheek. He stood pari-toed; his hands stuck to his thighs; his two thumbs protruded; his voice pitched on the same high key; and he began—

‘My prayers I said,
I went to bed, &c., &c., &c.

“Before he had arrived to the lines which

‘Brought him to
The middle of his song,’

the fear of a third urchin being produced to illustrate the awful consequences of playing at night

‘With Tommy lighting straws,’

had compelled me to take French leave, and I effected my retreat in a most masterly manner, while the tailor’s gaze was immovably fixed on the face of the young orator; in whom no doubt he foresaw a future Henry Clay, or a second Daniel Webster.

“But if the two tailorings *must* speak their speeches,’ said Fanny, ‘why was there no variety in them? Why must both speak the same?’

“‘Because there is no variety in the boys,’ replied Morton; ‘their father no doubt is accustomed to regard them as two sleeves on the same coat.’

“‘You are the most fastidious of mortals,’ observed Fanny, ‘what is it you would have? Here, when you at last find a mechanic who is neither mathematical, philosophical, scientific, or any way intellectual, you are displeased with the absence of refinement and want of tact in himself and family, and out of patience at the natural pride of a father, in the accomplishments of his hopeful offspring.’

“‘Well, well, replied Frederic, ‘all extremes are bad. Why must people be always either too wise or too foolish? Why cannot every body adopt the *juste milieu*?’

“‘Why they cannot is a question we leave to be decided by our readers.

Remedy for the Tooth-ache.—“To a table spoonful of any kind of spirits, add the same quantity of vinegar, and a tea spoonful of common salt—mix them well together; hold the liquor in the tooth so that it can enter the hollow or cavity in the tooth; it will give almost instantaneous relief, *without any increase of pain.*

March of Refinement.—On Wednesday last in Exter street, London, a chimney sweep clad in his sooty habiliments walking within a hoop and carrying two buckets of hogs wash, was observed puffing a cigar.

ROCHESTER

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No. 20.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

ELAND OF THE MIST.

"A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS, AND OF TRUTH."

"I am as free as nature first made man
Ere the base laws of servitude began."

"Hark! the lightning of their swords dazzles my eyes; see! 'tis followed by their matchlock, Eland, my son, where art thou?"

"I am here, father; be composed, I will survey the field and bring you tidings."

"No, Eland, my last hour approaches. Eland hear the last words of thy sire. A Sarsan soldier, and Kenneth of the Red Hand, left the field of battle to travel to the west. Pursue them as the blood-hound pursues the deer—swim the lake—climb the mountain—tread the forest—tarry not till you join them—and, Eland, by thy hand he must fall. Mark it well, by thy—thy *own* hand, now fly. I shall no longer see thy face, nor hear the light tread of thy footsteps, yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient customs of the *children of the Mist*. Farewell, my son, mayest thou live and die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity or age shall bear down thy spirits. Begone, live free and avenge the injuries of thy race, and my blessings forever attend you."

Eland stooped and kissed the brow of his dying parent, but accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond his dying father.

* * * * *

Those of my readers who are acquainted with the writings of Scott, will doubtless recollect the forcible features of the character of those singular clans, called from their habits and manners, the Children of the Mist, the cheerfulness with which they endured the hardest privations, without a roof to shelter themselves from the pitiless storm or the chilly blast of winter.—They were the terror of the mightiest clan of the Upper Highlands, even a Douglass and a Neuterette have shuddered at their name. Like the morning mist, they disappeared but to strike a bolder blow upon their enemies. They never forgot an injury, and the claymour's gash was their greatest forgiveness. Like an invisible foe, they were rarely seen, and when seen, the beholder lay grovelling in the dust. But they like all powers, had their fall, and my tale commences at the period when they were near captured by the united efforts of the many clans of the Highlands, and the exertions of the Irish army of the south. They had been driven back to the hills of Lockburn, and then surrounded, they were completely cut off—their dreaded chieftain Ranald had been severely wounded in the commencement of the fray and borne from the field by his son Eland, as may be seen by the former part of my story. How Eland escaped, I know not, but his absence, and his father's reported death, discomfited their tribe, who submitted to

Agreal's arms. They were reduced to twenty-three in number, and were by him put to the sword, with the exception of their chieftain Ranald who was removed to Agreal's castle and thrown into his deepest dungeon to lead a life of misery and despair.

* * * * *

'Twas night, the castle bell tolled the hour of ten, when the bugle at the gate summoned the warden to the wicket. The Castle was built on a high eminence which overlooked the beautiful lake of Hatlen, was the family residence of Sir Duncan M'Keath, the chief of a mighty and powerful clan. He, together with his wife and a prattling infant of three years of age, were setting in an apartment of the castle, furnished with all the magnificence of those feudal days, when a stranger minstrel was announced as craving hospitality for the night.

"Let him be admitted," said Sir Duncan, "methinks his pipe would add to the pleasure of the evening. Invite him within."

The servant retired and shortly introduced the stranger. He was a young man, of fine stature, clothed in a Palmer's garb, his quick, flashing eye, and noble mien, won immediately the confidence of Sir Duncan.

"Good evening, be seated, have you any news from the south?" enquired the Knight.

"Yes, the Children of the Mist have been overcome, and their far-famed chieftain is Douglass' prisoner," answered the stranger.

"'Tis well, I fain would have taken part in this deadly struggle. But the craven hearts of the children of the Mist have long been my scorn. But have you your pipe ready, a lively and spirited song is what my castle walls have long been a stranger to."

At the request of Sir Duncan, the minstrel struck up the lively and spirited march of the House of Douglass. "The Campbells are coming," after which partaking of some refreshment, he retired for the night.

The morning sun shone through the windows of the castle, and the bell tolled for the morning prayers. But the beautiful and lovely child is gone, and nowhere can be found; the chambers are searched, and the minstrel had departed. The centinel at the gate had permitted no one to pass, all alike was mystery.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful morning in spring that two strangers were slowly winding their way thro' the passes of the Highlands. They were dressed and armed after the fashion of the age, mounted on good and powerful steeds; both were young and powerfully framed, and had his matchlock ready for immediate action.

"Red-Hand, beware!" but it came too late, a sharp report, and the one so styled lay dead. And Eland of the Mist, strode with a naughty step to the other, who presented his matchlock and fired. The ball passed through the hair of Eland, and harmed him not; the broadsword of the Child of the Mist was uplifted, it descended, and

the cleft head of the stranger lay rolling in the dust.

Eland spurned them both with his foot, and kneeling exclaimed

"Food for the raven and the worms. Father of the Children of the Mist, so far has my vow been fulfilled," bowing low to the earth he cried "now for myself" and disappeared in ravines which bordered the road.

* * * * *

"Who art thou?" asked the chieftain of Agreal of a prisoner brought before him some ten years after the commencement of my story.

"I am Eland of the Mist, whose arm your proud clan has felt to their grief, and whose name will yet make the boldest shudder."

"Convey him to his prison, and on your life be his safety," exclaimed the chieftain to his followers.

He was dragged off, and conducted through several gloomy passages to a small side door, grated with iron, within which was another of wood. They were opened by a grim old Highlander with a long white beard, and displayed a very steep and narrow flight of steps leading downward. Eland was pushed down two or three steps, and then left to grope his way to the bottom, if he could, a task which became difficult and even dangerous, when the two doors being successively locked, left him in total darkness. Finding himself deprived of light in the manner we have described, he proceeded to descend the stairs, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself.

* * * * *

Eland of the Mist lay in his loathsome cell four and twenty hours, without a sound to catch his startling ear. Suddenly a light shone upon him, which served to discover the form of a man clothed in the manner of the Agreal's servants. How he entered, or his business, we leave to the reader's penetration.

"I have brought you something, my friend," said the stranger in a soothing tone, "to mend your fare, if you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason therefore you should not live to-night."

No answer was returned by Eland.

"Are you aware, Son of the Mist, that you will never leave this place, except for the gibbet?"

"Those who were dearest to me," answered Eland, "have trod the path before me."

"And would you do nothing," asked his visitor, "to shun following them?"

"I would do what a man might do, and still call himself a man."

"Dost thou call thyself a man, whose deeds are those of a wolf?"

"I do," answered Eland, "I am a man like my forefathers, wrapt in the mantle of peace, we were lambs, it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the Children of the Mist, whom ye have murdered—our widows whom ye have starved—collect from the gibbet the mangled carcasses, and whitenod skulls of

our kinsmen—bid them live and bless us, and we will be your brothers and vassals—till then, let death and natural wrong draw a dark veil of division between us. I will do anything for my liberty, but call myself the friend of your tribe."

"We scorn the friendship of banditti and caterans," replied the visitor, "and would not stoop to accept it. What I demand to know from you in exchange for your liberty is, where the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Sir Duncan McKeath is now to be found?"

As though the viper had stung him, the last descendant of the Children of the Mist started back in astonishment, "my secret is divulged," he muttered. Again was the question put to him by his visitor.

"Will you practice no evil against the maiden? I have done enough wrong already."

"No, on the word of a Christian man, tell me this and I swear in the name of the chief of Agreal that you depart free from this castle."

"She now lies the adopted daughter of the mighty chieftain Murdock, who shielded us from your wrath, and promised to bring the child in the ways of your Christian faith—remember your promise and oath."

"Every promise shall be faithfully kept, if you have told me true."

"Fair and false," muttered the prisoner, as he threw himself once more on the floor of his dungeon.

The lamp was extinguished, and as mysteriously as he entered, the clansman departed.

* * * * *

The heiress of McKeath was restored to her parents, and revelry and joy pervaded the castle, guests were assembled, and the most powerful of the Scottish chiefs graced the banquet-hall.—They had arisen from the table and the youthful maiden and the graceful highlanders were participating in the grateful dance, when a stranger, dressed in the custom of the age, entered the hall, a black flowing mantle covered him from the sight. He at once turned from them all and abruptly addressed the Knight of McKeath.

"Sir Duncan, from the fangs of the wolf, has your daughter been returned to you. The hatred of my race, prompted me to the deed. I ask not your forgiveness—I am Eland of the Mist." A hundred broadswords were drawn at once, and all rushed upon the Son of the Mist. Seizing a pistol from his belt, he fired; the ball lodged in the heart of the Knight of McKeath.

"Father, my vow is fulfilled, receive the soul of thy son," exclaimed Eland, and with a haughty and contemptuous sneer, threw his arms on the ground.

All the tortures and misery that could be invented by the Highlander, was borne by Eland without a murmur, and on the gibbet his soul took its flight to another world.

Thus perished the Eland of the Mist, and with him perished the last of his clan. Their wonderful actions are the theme of the Highland legends of the present day. Nought will captivate the minds of its hearers, so much as the tale now told of the adventures of *Eland of the Mist*. C. B.

A Trading Bridegroom.—After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside most mysteriously, and whispered to him, "Can't you take the pay out in tatoes!"

It is said that there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a silk worm moth, and that any one doubting the truth of this statement, can easily satisfy himself by counting them!

GEN. BROCK'S MONUMENT—NIAGARA &c.

FROM NOTES BY A TRAVELLER.

Having procured a glass and crossed to Queenston, we soon gained the Heights and the Observatory of Brock's Monument. Here indeed is a most enchanting view. The mountains to the right and left, the Lake and low-country before the beautiful villages, (of Lewiston and Queenston) reposing at your feet with the mighty Niagara flowing in its wonted majesty to the sea, captivate the beholder and produce the most delightful sensations.

This monument is a fine structure, nearly completed. The stature and outworks only are wanting—stands on the summit of Queenston Heights—consists of a beautiful shaft, mounted upon a square basement and itself surmounted by the Observatory and the pedestal for the statue.

The Observatory is reached by 171 steps of solid hewn stone, ascending spirally within the monument. The whole height is 130 feet. On a plain marble, set in a niche over the entrance is the following inscription, viz :

"Upper Canada

Has dedicated to the memory of the late Maj. Gen. Sir ISAAC BROCK, R. C. B.

Provisional Lieut. Governor and Commander of the forces in this Province, Whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.

Opposing the invading enemy, He fell in action near these Heights

On the 13th Oct, 1812,

In the 43d year of his age,

Revered and Lamented

By the People whom he governed,

And deplored by the sovereign,

To whose services his life had been

Devoted."

As I sat at the foot of this monument reflecting on the revolution of nations, I was imperceptibly led to contrast the scene and its associations with which I was surrounded with those of "Bunker's Hill." On so rich a theme, I pencilled only the following lines :

I've stood on Queenston and on Bunker's Height
O'er Brock's and Warren's grave,
And deep and solemn as the night
Were all the thoughts they gave.

The sun was rising on that soil,
Enriched by Warren's blood,
And settling from the tomb of Brock,
O'er bold Niagara's flood.

And such methought the fate of those,
The empires of the world—
The flag of Britain famishing
While ours is just unfurled.

But NIAGARA, the eternal Niagara, still thunders in my ears. The naked cataract is but a part of this river, and its surrounding scenery. After spending nearly two days at the Falls and in the vicinity, I had but just begun to appreciate the interest, beauty and sublime enchantment of all around me.

Here for many miles this mighty river dividing two great empires, foams and thunders along between its perpendicular cliffs of rock, rising more than 200 feet from the foaming torrent beneath.

In short, Nature is here seen on the grandest and most impressive scale. Islands, rocks and forests—river, lake and shore, all combine to form a scene of surpassing greatness and beauty—a scene which language is too feeble to describe. It wants only the native unbroken wilderness and the Indian's tomahawk gleaming on the sunlit shore to render the place one which would fully satisfy the most scrupulous admirer of Nature in her *Primeval* dress.

But even here, the rapid strides of civilization and art are seen on every hand. Peace and war have here too had their succession—monuments

here perpetuate the memory of the glorious dead, and villages and cities, with all their industry and commerce, rise to bless mankind. ANON.

PRETTY FEATHERS MAKE PRETTY BIRDS.

Never shall I forget a remark made by an aged negro waiter, to a number of collegiate students very fashionably attired in broadcloths, who were assembled at a village hotel, and were puffing forth the sweet perfumes of the *'Virginia weed'* with no inconsiderable complacency.—This unlettered son of Africa—that land of persecution and degradation, happened to pass thro' the room which the young gentlemen were occupying, and after having taken a philosophical view of their appearance, not omitting the opportunity of closely scrutinizing their fine clothes, guard chains, and other gaudy appendages, with a becoming and characteristic grin observed, that *'pretty feathers make pretty birds.'*

Very wisely said, thought I to myself, as I sat musing upon an old time-worn sofa. How many useful lessons, I imagined, might be learned from the poor African's remark, would we profit by it with that attentive contemplation, which should become those who have happily, been permitted to enjoy their 'day and generation' under the genial influence of the moral light of the nineteenth century. *Pretty feathers make pretty birds!* More than a dozen times did I reiterate this expressive sentiment accompanied with a holy reverence, mingled with admiration. The more I reflected upon this almost perfect axiom, the more I became convinced of its efficacy, and many an appropriate illustration rushed into my mind.

This observation may be considered as peculiarly applicable to a certain class of young ladies who are not unfrequently seen promenading the streets, merely for the purpose of showing their splendid dresses, when at the same time, perhaps, they could not even write their own names, and if perchance, at all, not legibly. This is an every day circumstance, and yet we are too much inclined to view the "pretty feathers," and give our decision in favor of the "bird," before we are aware whether it can eat, drink, chirp, or even flutter.

When we behold a dashing young coxcomb—a would-be *Mr. Importance*, lavishing time, money, and credit, in endeavoring to make a grand display precisely *nothing*, save ignorance, and after having accomplished his long-cherished design, then, in an unexpected moment hurried off to jail—then in disappointment and despair, to settle his tailor's bill, well may we suppose that in purchasing his "pretty feathers," he certainly could not have counted the cost. And "pretty feathers," are oftentimes purchased quite too dear. Dr. Franklin's amusing story of the whistle is but another illustration.

In fine, this truly wise saying, pretty feathers make pretty birds, may be applied, with much propriety, to many an every-day occurrence which presents itself to our view, and which, for the want of deliberate reflection, is wholly lost in the vortex of oblivion. How applicable is this expression to that prettiest of birds, the *mind*—the *immortal mind*. Clothe that with 'pretty feathers,' and what can appear more beautiful? But in case you neglect to secure that indispensable ornament, if within your grasp, you might as well have never existed, for knowledge is the only just criterion by which we can judge of the wisdom and frailty of mankind. And be assured, kind reader, that knowledge is by far the prettiest feather in market, and foolish, yea

thrice foolish would he be, who has it in his power, were he not to secure that inestimable prize.
Granville College, Ohio. L. C. D.

A CURIOUS JEWEL.

A young man of Nuremberg, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed, but the father of the young lady, who loved Mary, asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said, he did not exactly know, but would enquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any man to cut off your nose, if he should give \$20,000?" "Not for all the world," replied the young man. "Tis well," replied the lawyer. "I have a reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have enquired about this young man's circumstances, he has indeed no ready money, but he has a *jewel*, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused \$20,000." This induced the old man to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place, though it is said, in the sequel, he often shook his head, when he thought of the *jewel*!

A link boy asked Dr. Burgess the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," replied the doctor, "I'm one of the 'lights of the world'?" "I wish then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it's a confounded dark one."

A barrister being blind of one eye, pleading one day with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen I shall ask nothing but what is *necessary*." Mr. Morengay who was present, immediately replied, "Then take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

Lost, yesterday evening between Petticoat Lane and Log Alley, a black, stuff reticule containing three potatoes, an onion, a love-letter, a scrag of mutton (uncooked,) a pocket handkerchief, much worn, a brass wedding ring, a farthing's worth of matches, two bad shillings, and two pawnbroker's duplicates, one for a welsh wig, the other for a pea-green whistle. Whoever has found it, and will bring it with its contents to Miss Maria Mary Ann Moss, 903 Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, shall be handsomely rewarded.

"I came straight from London," said a crooked little lady in answer to a question put to her. "Did you," said a Cambridge wag, "then you must have been confoundedly *warped* by the way."

Said the earth to the moon "you're a glittering jade;
That you steal from the sun, is beyond all belief."
Fair Cynthia replied, "madam Earth, hold your prate,
The receiver is always as bad as the thief."

Man's life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest man but stops and goes to bed;
Large is his debt, who lingers through the day,
He who goes soonest, has the least to pay.

Here lies, alas! the more's the pity
The sad remains of John New-city.
N. B. His name was *Newton*, but that would not have
rhymed with pity.

Animal Magnetism.—The Boston Transcript says they have begun to fatten hogs at Bangor on *animal magnetism*. This effect is produced by scratching their backs with iron hoops.

From the N. Y. Star.

DRAMA AND LITERATURE.

That virtuous and beautiful lady, on the "sunny side of thirty," Lady Blessington, has a new novel in the press. It will be in one volume—a sort of semi-annual. It is called "The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," and is to have six plates, from drawings made expressly for the work, by E. T. Parris; being portraits of his six loves, beautifully engraved under the superintendence of Charles Heath.

Volume IV. of "The Doctor," is announced. There is some mystery of the authorship, but it is believed the book was written by Dr. Southy, (the Poet Laureate) or Hartley Coleridge.

Sharon Turner's third and last volume of the Sacred History of the World is in the press.

Mr. Samuel Laing is announced as author of a forthcoming work, called "Journal of a residence in Norway, during the years 1834, '35, '36," made with a view to inquire into the rural and political economy of that country, and the condition of its inhabitants.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, promises the life of Edward the Black Prince, in three vols., 8 vo.

A new work is "Adventures in the Moon." It will appear in one volume, and is believed to be worked out of Locke's admirable quiz, in the New York Sun.

The author "The Moral of Flowers," announces a volume, with colored engravings, to be called "The voice of the Forest."

Ainsworth's novel of Crichton is in the press.

J. R. McCulloch, author of the Dictionary of Commerce, is engaged on a Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Politics, Political Economy and Statistics.

Doctor Shirley Palmer has brought out the 2d part of his Dictionary of Terms employed by the French in Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Practical Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Pharmacy, Medical Zoology, Botany, and Chemistry;—with their derivations from the Greek and Latin, their Synonyms in the Greek, Latin, French, German and English; Explanations in English, and illustrated in the different Languages. The work will be complete in three parts, for \$1 57 per part.

Capt. Marryatt's new novel, of which a specimen chapter is published in this month's Metropolitan, will be out in a few days. Every copy is bespoken. It is called "Mr. Midshipman Easy."

Glasgow has at last sent out a periodical. It is the same price and size of Blackwoods, and is called the Scottish Monthly Magazine. Allan Cunningham is one of the contributors.

Macrone has just brought out a historical tragedy called "Caius Marius, the Peblian Consul." It is written by Thomas Doubleday.

The second edition of "Ben Brace," Captain Chamier's last novel, is revised and corrected, with some additional songs.

Cooper's "Excursions in Switzerland," are beginning to have a brisk sale here. A second, however, has not been called for yet. In England, Cooper's recent works are not very popular, but on the continent he is considered the best living writer in the English language.

The new volume of Heath's Picturesque Annual, (for 1837) commences a new series on a scale hitherto without example in the works of this class. The engravings, after pictures by Creswick and McClise, illustrative of the scenery &c. of Ireland, will be much larger than formerly, and the whole book expanded to a size better adapted for a work of the fine arts. At the same time, in the accompanying tour, written as usual by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, still more pains will be taken than last year, to give a permanent literary value to the volume, independent of its luxurious elegance as an ornament of the drawing room table. The size will be super-royal, 8 vo. with twenty plates, engraved by Charles Heath, or under his direction.

Alaric Watts brings out his "Cabinet of Modern Art," as usual. It is more expensive and less popular than the Literary Souvenir, which he has discontinued.

S. C. Haile, editor of the New Monthly Magazine, and husband to the novelist, will bring out the second volume of his selections from the poets, illustrated by the first artists.

Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, daughter of Lord Wharcliffe, and one of the best possessors of the day, is editor or editrix of the Keepsake for 1837, vice Mrs. Norton, gone to Italy.

From the Salem Gazette.

INTERESTING NATURAL PHENOMENON.

On Wednesday before the last, Aug. 24, I had the good fortune to witness, in conjunction with several friends, the most splendid mirage I ever beheld. This interesting spectacle known under the names of the Spectre of the Brocken, Fata Morgana, and Spectre Ships, is much more frequent than is generally supposed, and though now divested of its supernatural character by the searching scrutiny of science, is yet an object of intense delight to the philosopher and the lovers of nature. It was an object of superstition among the early American colonists, and has been happily seized upon by Washington Irving, in his beautiful description of the storm ship. Baren Humboldt, in his travels in South America, describes a very curious mirage, in which cows were seen at a great height in the air. Soersby during a voyage to Greenland in 1822, says that having seen an inverted image of a ship in the air, he examined it with a telescope, and found it to be his father's ship the Fame, and immediately announced it to the officer of the watch. Many more interesting instances of a similar nature might be mentioned, but I hasten to describe the one we witnessed. The phenomenon is more interesting, as it differs from any on record. It was all seen from the verandah of the New Cove House, near Philip's Beach.

The day was unusually clear and pleasant, and we were on the lookout for the aerial images as one of our party had seen them on a similar day, a few weeks before. Towards 3 o'clock, P. M., the shore south of Nahant, known as the South Shore, began to loom, and in a few minutes the mirage was upon the coast for leagues, and the Flying Dutchman, the terror of sailors, was before us in all its beauty. That part of the coast nearest to us, appeared to the naked eye to rise to a great height, and looked as if it were formed by immense perpendicular sand cliffs.—On examining it with a glass, double images of all discernible objects were beautifully distinct. If a house was seen at the foot of the cliff, directly above it and at the top of the cliff, was also seen an erect image of the house, having as perfect outlines as the real object.

On the following the coast towards its most distant part, the mirage assumed a different and more interesting character. The extreme visible coast seemed projected and hanging over the sea for miles, without foundation. It looked as if the sea had washed away its basis, and left its upper portion dangling in midair. By the telescope, this was found to be the inverted image of the coast below the horizon and perhaps many miles beyond the vision of direct vision. The tops of trees were just dipping into the sea and above them a small boat was seen sailing in the shrubbery. Presently the hitherto hidden coast rose from the waves, and now it looked as if it had been cleft by some mighty effort and the lights of heaven were shining through the chasm. Trees were seen corresponding to the inverted images above, and the little boat was seen sailing near the coast. Following this image out to sea, something like a balloon was seen floating in the air, but by the glass it was found to be the inverted image of a sloop under sail and below the horizon. Vessels of all descriptions were seen sailing in the air with their hulls uppermost, in some instances the real objects not being visible, and in others being blended with the image so as to make a vessel twice the ordinary height. Sometimes the image met the object vessel at the top of its mast, and at others was high in the air above it. The phenomenon lasted above an hour, with a constantly varying character.

The mirage is doubles the origin of the Flying Dutchman, and under a variety of forms was a source of superstitious terror until within the last fifty years, since which time it has become an object of scientific investigation, and is now reduced to definite laws, and can be produced at pleasure on a small scale. It is the effect of double refraction through a stratum of air of irregular density. Those interested in the subject will better understand it by referring to Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, as it is there explained by plates. C. G. P.

A Delicious Gift.—The editor of the Charleston Courier was presented with a peach from the garden of Mr. J. Martley, in Meeting street, of that place, measuring nine inches in circumference.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

There was a power, whose charm could bind
The hidden sorrows of my mind—
Could charm the tempest in my breast
And sooth my blighted heart to rest.

But 'twas not born or nursed in tears
To mock the seath of my young years ;
It leaved and sparkled in an eye
Surpassing heaven's eternal dye.

Its nectar melted on a lip
Where angels might have stooped to kiss,
Its musick flowed so soft and clear
'Twould win and charm an angel's ear

Its sparkling thoughts, so pure and bright,
From springs of hope and joy and love.
Came on the soul with life and light,
Like scintillations from above.]

This dark, this sinful blighted earth
Could ne'er have given that spirit birth ;
A being of yon holy sphere,
It blest, but could not linger here.

'Twas hope and joy, and life and light,
For sin and sorrow, care and bligh ;
Heaven saw the danger, claimed its own,
And bade me wend earth's maze alone.

H.

ISABELLA, HER SISTER KATE, AND THEIR COUSIN.

Mistakes and misundertakings are not such bad things after all, at least not always so; circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case quite in point. Every body in the country admired Isabella Edmonds, and in truth, she was an admirable creature; just made for admiration and sonneteering, and falling in love with; and accordingly all the county of—was in love with her. The columns of every Argus and Herald, and Sentinel, and Gazette, and Spectator, and all manner of newspapers, abounded with the effusions supplicatory and declaratory, of her worshippers; in short Miss Isabella was the object of all the spare 'ideality' in all the region round about. Now I shall not inform my respected readers how she looked; you may just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Modana, a fairy, an angel, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run over with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome, and too much like other heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabella had a sister and I think I shall take her. 'Little Kate,' for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some years younger than her sister, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all; yet there was something, a certain—in short, sir, she looked very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you admire so much, though you always say she is not handsome.

It requires very peculiar talent to be overlooked with good grace, and in this talent Miss Kate excelled. She was as placid and happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little contented star, that for ages had twinkled on, unnoticed and almost eclipsed by the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the only art or science, in which Kate made any proficiency, was, the art of being happy, and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could not be in her presence one half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable.

She had a world of sprightliness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good natured shrewdness, that after all, kept you more in awe than you would ever suppose you could be kept, by such a merry good natured little nobody. Not one of Isabella's adorers overlooked at her with such devout admiration as did the laughter-loving Kate. Not one was ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs, and every where in ten minutes; in short, she was, as the dedication of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I am going to tell you my story, I must not keep you all night in looking at pictures; so now to my tale, which shall commence in manner as follows:

It came to pass that a certain college valedictorian and a far off cousin of the two sisters, came to pass a few months of his free agency at

their father's; and as aforesaid, he had carried off the first college honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the commencement.

No interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentle sex. But alas, poor Edward, what did this all advantage him, so long as he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady commonly called bashfulness—a worse nullifier than any ever heard of in Carolina? Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkable handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it; and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this 'rara avis' was coming to her father's, she was unaccountably interested to see him of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things, too numerous to mention.

He came, and was for one or two days an object of commiseration, as well as admiration of the whole family circle. After a while, however, he grew quite domestic; entered the room right straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talked off whole sentences without stopping—looked Miss Isabella full in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at stretching patterns and winding silk—read poetry and played the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and in short, as old John observed, was "as pleasant as a psalm book from morning till night."

Divers reports began to be spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabella's admirers. It was stated with great precision how many times they had ridden—walked—talked together—and even all they had said. In short the whole neighborhood was full of

"That strange knowledge that doth come,
We know not how—we know not where."

As for Kate, she always gave all the admirers to her sister, *ex officio*; but of all the men she had seen, she should like her cousin Edward best for a brother, and she hoped that Isabella would like him as well as she did; and for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any questions at all about it.

At last, events appeared to draw towards a crisis. Edward became more and more 'brown studios' every day, and he and Isabella had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. Moreover the quick sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with herself he seemed to talk not, while with Isabella he was all animation and interest—that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something if he only knew how.

"So," said Kate to herself, "they neither of them speak to me about it—I should think they might.—Belle I should think would, and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time, he might as well tell me, and he shall."

The next morning Kate was sitting in the little back parlor. Isabella was going out a shopping, and Edward was, she did not know where. Oh, no. here he is—coming book in hand into the self-same little room. 'Now for it,' said the merry girl, mentally, 'I'll make a charge at him.' She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unscholarship manner; he looked out of the window and—then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water; then he drew a chair to the work table and took up first one ball of cotton, looked it all over, and laid it down; then another, then he picked up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper; and then began to pull the needles out of the needle book and then put them back again.

'Do you wish for some sewing, sir?' said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

'How—ma'am, what,' said he, starting, and upsetting the work-box, stand and all, upon the floor.

'Now cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton,' said Kate, as the confused collecian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes some time to pick up all the

things in a lady's work-box; but at last peace was restored, and with a long pause.

'Well, cousin,' said Kate, in about ten minutes, 'if you can't speak, I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.'

'Well, I know I have,' said the scholar, in a tone of hearty vexation.

'There's no need of being so fierce about it,' said the mischievous maiden; nor of tangling my silk, and picking out my needles, and upsetting my work-box, as preparatory ceremonies.'

'There is never any need of being a fool Kate, and I am vexed that I cannot say,—(a pause.)

'Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far, don't you feel as if you could finish? Don't be alarmed; I should like of all things, to be your confident.'

But Edward did not finish; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

'Well, I must finish for you, I suppose,' said the young lady; 'the short of the matter is, Master Edward, you are in love, and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the rest. Have you said any thing to her about it?'

'To her! to whom?' said Edward starting.

'Why, Isabella, to be sure; its she isn't it?'

'No, Miss Catharine, it's you,' said the scholar, who like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all.

Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and while she is thinking what to say you may read the next piece in the Magazine.

From the New York Mirror.

THE DEATH OF SIKANDER.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The bannered hosts of Macedon stood arrayed in splendid might. Crossing the hills, and filling the vallies, far and wide extended the millions in arms, who waited on the word of the young Sikander;* the most superb array of human power which sceptered ambition had ever evoked to do its bidding. That army was to sweep nations off the earth, and make a continent its camp, following the voice of one whose sword was the index of glory, whose command was the synonyme of triumph. It now stood expectant, for the king yet lingered.

While the war-horse fretted at the gate, and myriads thus in silence awaited his appearance, Sikander took his way to the apartment of his mother. The sole ligament which bound him to virtue and to feeling, was the love of that mother, and the tie was as strong as it was tender. In mute dejection they embraced; and Sikander, as he gazed upon that tender face, which had never been turned to him but in tenderness and yearning love, seemed to ask, "shall I ever again behold that sweet smile?" The anxiety of his mother's countenance denoted the same sad curiosity, and without a word, but with the self-same feeling in their breasts, they went out together to seek the oracles in the temple of Philip, and to learn their fate.

Alone, in unuttered sympathy, the two ascended the steps of the sacred temple and approached the shrine. A priest stood behind the altar. The blue smoke of the incense curled upward in front, and the book of oracles was before him. "Where shall my grave be digged?" said the king; and the priest opened the book and read, "Where the soil is of iron and the sky of gold, there shall the grave of the monarch of men be digged."

To the utmost limit, Asia had become the possession of the Macedonian. Fatigued with conquest, and anxious to seek a country where the difficulty of victory should enhance its value, the hero was returning to Europe. A few days would have brought him to the capitol of his kingdom, when he felt himself suddenly ill. He was lifted from his horse, and one of his general's unlacing his armour, spread it out for him to lie upon, and held up his golden shield to screen him from the mid-day sun. When the king raised his eyes and beheld the glittering canopy, he was conscious of the omen. "The oracle has said that where the ground should be of iron and the sky of gold, there should my grave be made! Behind the fulfilment! It is a Mournful thing! The young cypress is cut down in the vigor of its strength, in the first fulness of its beauty. The thread of life is

snapped suddenly, and with it a thousand prospects vanish, a thousand hopes are crushed! But let the will of fate be done! She has long obeyed my behest! I yield myself now to hers! Yet, my mother!" And the monarch mused in melancholy silence. At length he turned to his attendants, and ordered his tablets to be brought, and he took them and wrote. "Let the customary alms which my mother shall distribute at my death, be given to those who have never felt the miseries of the world, and have never lost those who were dear to them;" and sinking back upon his iron couch, he yielded up his breath. They buried him where he died, and an army wept over his grave!

When the intelligence of the death of Sikander was brought to his mother, as she sat among her ladies, she was overwhelmed by anguish.—"Ah! why," she exclaimed, "was I exalted so high, only to be plunged into such depth of misery? Why was I not made of lowlier condition, so haply I had escaped such grief? The joy of my youth is plucked up, the comfort of my age is withered! Who is more wretched than I?" and she refused to be comforted.

The last wish of her son was read to her, and she resolved to perform that one remaining duty, and then retire to solitude to indulge her grief for the remainder of her life. She ordered her servants to go into the city and bring to the palace such as the will of Sikander directed, selecting those who were the poorest. But the messengers ere long returned, and said that there were none of that description to be found among the poor. "Go, then," said the queen, "and apply to all classes, and return not without bringing some who have never lost any who were dear to them." And the order was proclaimed through all the city, and all heard it and passed on. The neighboring villages gave no better success; and the search was extended through all the country, and they went over all Macedonia, and throughout Greece, and at every house they stood and cried, "If there are any here who have never known misery, and never lost those that were dear to them, let them come out and receive the bounty of the queen;" but none came forth. And they went to the haunts of the gay, and into the libraries of the philosophers; to the seats of public office, and to the caves of hermits; they searched among the rich and among the poor, among the high and among the low, but not one person was found who had not tasted misery; and they reported the result to the queen.

"It is strange!" said she, as if struck with sudden astonishment. "Are there none who have not lost their friends? and is my condition the condition of all? It is not credible. Are there none here in this room, in this palace, who have not always been happy? But there was no reply to the inquiry. "You, young page, whose countenance is gay, what sorrow have you ever known?"

"Alas! madam, my father was killed in the wars of Sikander, and my mother, through grief, has followed him!"

And the question was put to others, but all had lost a brother a father, or a mother.

"Can it be?" said the queen, in perplexity.—"Can it be that all are as I am?"

"All are as you are, madam," said an old man who was present, "excepting in these splendors and these consolations. By poverty and humility you might have lost the alleviations, but you could not have escaped the blow. There are nights without a star, but there are no days without a cloud. To suffer, is the lot of all! to bear, the glory of a few!"

"I recognize," said the queen, "the wisdom of Sikander!" and she bowed in resignation, and wept no more.

This narration is given by the Persian historians, as the manner of Alexander's death. It differs entirely from the Greek accounts. The hero is called variously by Asiatic writers, Iskander, Sikander, and Saurundur. They represent him to have been 36 years old when he died, the same age as Lord Byron.

The editor of the New York Mirror says that the success of his paper is mainly to be attributed to the ladies, and that the gentler sex have never deserted it under any emergency.

Of course not. There is no danger of the ladies deserting the mirror.—*Schenectuda Dem.*

A definition.—David Crockett used to say that a man was drunk when he could not hit a door with his hat in three times throwing.

SPERM WHALE AND NANTUCKET.

The first Sperm Whale which the Nantucket Islanders took was an inglorious prize, being found dead on the south west part of the Island. It would appear from Obed Macy's account of that fish, that Hotspur's perfumed gentlemen was not the only person or the last, who has avered that

the sovereign's't thing on earth
Is spermecel for an inward bru'se.

The islanders regarded it as worth its weight in silver, and for a long time it could hardly be obtained even at that price. If there could be a return of this silver age for the whalemens, would the whack of those who were first in market be "rather considerable?" By the way, the relation in which whalemens stand to other sailors is something like that of an upper country substantial farmer to a city buck. We happened to be on deck in the morning watch a few days ago, when the vessel to which we belonged was visited by a boat from a whaler. The Capt. came on board—the men seemed to have so deep an affection for their boat that they felt no inclination to leave her. The watch stood by the rail looking over—the whalemens did not so much as look up, but seemed to be counting the rivets of their clinker-built craft. One Jack Meeks, a man-of-war's man belonging to our brig, good luck befel him, he was a fellow of good heart, and infinite jest—tipped us the wick, and then drauled out:—"Guess I come through New Bedford, 'bout a fortnight ago."

An electric shock, nay the magic cry, 'the e-ere she spouts!' could not have startled them more sensibly. All made for the chains to climb on board, and the whale boat might have been pushed adrift, if honest Meeks had not suggested to them the propriety of bringing up the painter,

'Did?' exclaimed the first that struck the deck;—"did' being a demi-questioning monosyllable universally put to one who makes an assertion in the hearing of a yankee. 'Did?'

'Yes.'

Each as he came on board looked anxiously in Jack's face, before spending eyesight any where else—then they took a hasty glance aloft, forward, aft—then a peep over the side to see whether their boat was clear of the bends—then the whole—there were six of them—settled into a steady stare at the man who had actually seen New Bedford. He stood the scrutiny as coolly as one of Newburyport Doxter's dog-headed imlages, or Galen's head at the corner of Winter and Washington streets; uttering not a word, while nothing in his face laughed, except the corners of his eye lids, and just half a quarter of an inch at the corner of his mouth. The suspense was intolerable.

'Did?' at length inquired whalemens number two, anxiously bearing his share in the conversation.

'Yes.'

'Wal,' said number one, looking up, with a cast of countenance intended to conceal his anxiety under assumed levity—"Wal, th' old place was ell there, I reckon?"

'Why, yes, I guess so, pretty much. They had a fire while I was there.'

'You don't say so?' said number one.

'Posseeble?' ejaculated number two.

'I want to know,' said number three.

'I wonder,' said number four.

'Just as I say,' said Meeks.

'Was it down to Jo Browns?' inquired number one.

'Was it up to John Smith's?' asked number two.

'Was it any where nigh Bill Johnson's?' inquired number three.

'Was it near to old Pratt's?' asked number four.

'Twan't nigh mother Sawyer's?' asked number five.

'Twan't my mother's?' said number six. 'She lives there in Bedford.'

'Wal, I can't justly tell,' said Meeks, putting on the Yankee accent to perfection.

'You didn't hear say?' asked number one.

'No.'

'Where away from you did it look?' asked number two.

'Didn't justly get the bearin.'

'Did you see our enjoin?' said number three.

'No.'

'Did you hear the old meetin' 'us bell?' asked number four.

'No.'

'Was there any ile burnt?' inquired number five.

'Don't know.'

'Did you see the fire?' asked number six.

'Wal, how do you know they had a fire?' inquired number one.

'Yes, how?' responded two, three, four, five, and six.

'Wal,' replied Meeks. 'I rather judged so, 'cause the steak I cat was hot, and pretty much done brown.'

Not a soul of them but had rather the town had burned than they should have been thus quizzed. 'Jawnathan,' said number one to number six, 'guess you'd better jump in the boat and keep her clear of the chain plates.'

'And you too,' said two to five.

'In the boat there, all on you,' said the skipper who had been a listener to the last part of the conversation.

Meeks had never seen New Bedford. But about that first sperm whale found in Nantucket. The Indians claimed the whole because they found it; the whites, because it was comprehended in the purchase of the island; and a crown officer pretended to seize it in the name of his majesty. The difficulty was finally settled by cheating both the Indians and the king, and dividing it equally among the white inhabitants—who of course were disinterested, and the only legal voters. Cousin Jenks can tell how one whale would now share among the Nantucketers, and what would be an editor's lay.

From the New York Star.

Niagara.—We have been permitted to print the following letter from a lady. Many writers have essayed their powers in giving a description of this wonder of nature, and our fair correspondent has acquitted herself very handsomely, even when compared with the most successful of them.

NIAGARA FALLS, Sept. 2d, 1836.

We have seen, heard and felt the wonder! We have witnessed the grandeur, and heard the voice of many waters, and felt the power of Niagara. No language can possibly give an adequate idea of this sublime scene. Painting alone can represent its magnificence and beauty; but to feel and comprehend the effect of this mighty flood—the overpowering eloquence of nature—this immense mass of moving waters pouring their torrent irresistibly and solemnly over a precipice, whose verge seems to border on the sky, and then descending as if to make the earth tremble, and all the wide world acknowledge its supremacy of power. To know and realize the effect of this you must be upon the spot. You must be transported in a little boat across the heaving swell of the launched cataract—feel the spray wetting you like a shower—see the volumes of it rising to the top of the Fall, and occasionally, as the sun reflects upon it, a sudden and bright bow, spanning the white foam beneath, a seraph smile, softening and perfecting this starting and terrific world! This commingling of the heavens and the waters of the earth—this deliberate, moving and tumultuous sea, pouring itself into the abyss of adamant, and then rushing far, far in their onward course in their everlasting pathway. I gasped for breath, wept and sighed from the oppressive fullness of this transcendent scene. Niagara has so taken hold of my mind and thoughts for these two days, that it seems to me I have lived a year in that time. That time itself is eternity when the mind is so rapt with emotion. The house shakes with the rumbling of the Falls. If I were to raise my window I should feel its spray. We are at the Clifton House, on the English side of the river, but nothing that I have seen reminds me that I am in his majesty's dominions.

During our walks to-day on the American side of the river, we ascended a tower, built upon a bridge extending out some distance above the Falls; we were looking down upon the waters, and on the bridge, a part of which was broken, stood N. P. Willis, his head completely encircled by a splendid rainbow, emblematic of the poet, thought I, whose genius rises bright and beautiful out of the noisy elements of strife, and encircling his own head with a halo surprising, glorious, and self-created!

A lady applied at a metropolitan police-office one day last week, to be allowed to make an affidavit of *eternal constancy* to her husband, who she stated was going on the continent for a short time! The magistrate however refused to be a party to so interesting a document, much to the disappointment of the lady.

Here is a humorous little story, too good to be withheld merely because it may have lost its novelty with some of our readers :

[From the Nantucket Enquirer.]

JOHNNY BEEDLE'S THANKSGIVING.

"I say," says I, "Hannah, sposen we keep thanksgiving to home this year," says I, "and invite all our hull grist o'cousins and aunts and things, and go the hull figure, and do the thing genteel."

"Well, agreed," says she, "its just what I was a thinkin', only I consate we'd better not kalkulate too far ahead, for I didn't never know it to mis' of somethin' happenin' so sure as I laid out for the leastest thin'. Though its as good a time now, for 'si know, as any—for I've just weaned Moses, and tend to take comfort a spell, 'cause a troublesomer and cryiner critter never came into life."

"Exactly so," says I, "and if I'd a known every thing afore I was married that I do now,"—says I :

"Hold your tongue for a gony, Johnny Beedle," says she, "and mind your thanksgivin'."

"Poh," says I, "Hannah, don't be miffy, I was only jestin'—and you jis put on a kittle o' water, and I'll go out and stick a pig for you ; two, if you like."—so away I went and murdered the pigs out o'love and good will to Hannah. I rather guess the critters wished I warnt so good natured.

Well—things went on swimmingly, and what was best of all ; we had the luck to invite the minister and deacon before any body else got a chance for the very day proklamation was read, and I watched for 'em comin' out o' meentins' and nailed 'em both. But, as I was tellin' Hannah she went at it—she got some of her gals to help her, and they made all smoke. In the first place she went to work reglar, and turned the house inside out, and then, tother side in again, all the same as darmin' a stockin'. Hannah is a smart willin gal—and a raal worker—and prime cook into the bargain ; let her alone in the doughnut line, and for pumpkin pies—lick !

So the day afore thanksgiving, she called me in the tother room that marm Peabody christended the parlor, to see what a lot o' pies, and cakes and sassage meat, and doughnuts she'd got made up, and charged me not to lay the weight of my finget upon one on 'em. I tell'd her I guess'd she kalkulated to call in the whole parish, paupers and all, to eat up such a sight ov vittles, so I grabbed a handful of doughnuts and went out to feed the hogs and see to things in the field. I was gone all the forepart o' the day, and when I went home, I found Hannah all hoity toity in a lying pucker, cryin' and takin' on to killy, and poor little Moses totling arter her and cryin' too. I declares, if I didn't feel streaked.

"What in the name o' natur," says I, "is the matter ? Who's dead, and what's to pay now ?"

With that she fetched a new screech, and down she whopt into a cheer—"Johnny Beedle, Johnny," says she—and with that she boohoo'd agin.

"What ails the woman," says I "are you pos-sest, or what ?"

"The child is ruined," says she, "Moses Beedle is ruined."

I kitched up the child and turned him eend for eend every which way, but I couldn't see nothin' extraordinary, I begun to think the woman was bewitched, and by this time was a good mind to feel mad. I do n't know of nothin' that 'll raise a feller's dander quicker, than to skeer him out of his seven senses. So I gin Hannah a reglar brezin' for actin' so like a ravin' distracted bed-bug ; and with what jorrin' a spell and coaxin' aspell ; at last I got the whole on 't out of her.

It appears that about an hour or thereabout arter I'd gone out, there was a man rid up to the door a horse back, got down and come in and asked for a drink o'water or beer, I ain't sartin which ; but any how, he was a raal dandified lookin' chap, and dreadful civil spoken withal.—So my wife and I soon got into a chat about the weather sich. Well while he set the young one squalled in the bed-room, he'd been a sleep you know with his mornin's nap, my wife went and fetched him into the room, and observed that the man looked considerable hard at him as if he see somethin' queer : tho' she didn't think nothin' at the time, but recollected afterwards. She was quite tickled to see the man take him and set him on his nee ; but while he was playin' with him, for Moses is a raal peeler, he ain't afraid of the biggest stranger that ever was, but directly he full a pawin' about his head in such a comical style and talkin' to himself, and withal acted so curious, that Hannah got skeery and went to take

him away, but he would n't let her take him jis then he said, "he wanted to examine his head."

"His head," says Hannah, "nothin' ails his head."

"Nothin' ails it?" says he, "why it 's the most remmarckable head that I've ever seen," and then he went on with sich a string o' long words there was no remeinbrin' or understandin' half ; then he clapt his hand on one side of the little feller's sconce-box, "there," says he "do you see that *diveelopment*?" or some sich word that sounded awful. "That what?" says Hannah, "Vulgarly called bump," continued he.

"It ain't a bump too nyther," says his mother, "it's his natural shape."

"No doubt of that," said the villin.

"Well now if ever I heard the beat o'that," says she "that bumps came natural."

So then he told her that they were only called bumps, 'cause they look like 'em—and the bigger they were and the more there was o' them—the more different sorts o' capacities and ideas folks had,—and so on. At first she thought the man was stark mad—but he seemed entirely harmless and so she let him go on with his stuff, and some-how, he once most persuaded her that it was all gospel. He said little Moses had got the bump of destruction to an alfred degree, though it was in his mother's power to help it considerably, But when Hannah asked him if she must sow up his head, he snorted right out—and then went to say that Moses had got just such a shaped head as the man had, that was hung down to Boston last September. He finally talked her into a livin figit—polite as a stage driver, all the time, too, and so firm, besides, that Hannah could n't do nothing but hear him paraphrase. So arter he 'd drink'd a quart o' beer, and Hannah out a mince pie for him, he cleared—leaving Hannah in such a stew, that kept workin' up and workin' up, till she heard me comin' into the house, and then it burst out all at once. A tempestical time there was I tell you.

Now by the time Hannah had concluded her lock-rum, you may depend I was in an almighty passion—and it was mazin' lucky for the feller that he was out of arm's length jest that minit.—But then I understood it all better than she, for I'd seen in the prints pieces about Franology or Cranology, or some such truck that seemed to explain to my mind what the feller meant. But poor Hannah don't get much time to read the newspapers, so that she hadn't hearn a word. No wonder she took the man for a crazy critter. ¶ Yet, somehow, when I looked at Moses, I could n't kinder help consatin' that his head did look sort er queer, though I wouldn't say nothin' nyther ; but says I, "Hannah look here, that feller that's been treatin' you to such a rigmarole for nonesense is a rotten fool, and you're another.—If iver I should light upon him, I guess I'd give him a bump that would save him from the gallows. All is, if you think anything is the matter with the young one, why I'll go arter the doctor, & that 'll settle it." "Do John," says she. And so off I started for Dr. Eldrich—but by the time I'd got to the house, I began to think what a darnation fool I was to go on such a tom-fool's errand. By good luck, howsoever, the doctor was out ; so I jist left word for him to come to our house in the course of the day, if he'd nothing else to do.

Thinks I, as I trudged back, here's an eend to thanksgivin'. Well, to rights comes Dr. Hosannae Eldridge he's deacon of our church, and sings through his nose a few. I declare when I see him riding up the lane, I could n't help feelin' like a thunderin' calf—so I jist made excuse to split up some kindlin', and left Hannah to give the chapter and verse. Our wood-house is short of a mile from the house, but I could hear the doctor haw-haw out there. So I dropped axe, and in I went. Sn 'iver the doctor see me, he gives me a hunch. "Aint you a pretty considerable of a queer chap," says he, "to send for me on such a beautiful business as this." With that he haw-haw'd again, and my wife she laughed till she cried, jist to see the figure the doctor cut, and the rest on 'em couldn't stan' for laughin'. Then I laughed too, till the house rung ; luckily our nearest neighbor lives half a mile off, and is stone deaf into the bargain. So I tipped the wink to Hannah, and told Hosannah 'twas all a joke of ours to send him, (for I thought I should want to look corner-ways and skywoniky.) If he should tell the company about us next day. Besides I know'd the deacon liked a joke pretty well even if he got rubbed himself sometimes. So says I, "how did Hannah carry out?" Consarn it, if he didn't jump right into the t rap.

"Cap'tal, capital," said he. "Botheration! if I didn't think she was in earnest!"

VARIETY.

What next?—The New York Mercantile Advertiser says that agents are said to have arrived in Liverpool, and commenced buying up wheat for the American market!

Wills.—The editor of the Boston Mercantile Journal very justly observes that "every man who possesses any worldly wealth should at all times have his will correctly made, and deposited in some safe place, or in the hands of some honest individual, who has no personal interest in the disposition of the property. Were these precautions taken, a great deal of discord, litigation and consequent misery might be prevented. The man who has property and neglects to make his will, is guilty of a very culpable omission, and is often restrained from taking this prudent step by *conardice*. He dares not admit that he is liable to be called at any moment by the grim king of terrors. But a wise and a good man, and therefore brave man, will always be prepared for death.

A very simple but very efficacious remedy—A gentleman was coming to this city from New York, some days ago, when he happened to get a spark from the locomotive into his eye. He tried various means to remove it, but all to no purpose ; the spark remained in his eye. Coming on board the steamboat at Burlington, such was the pain he suffered that the accident became known to the passengers generally, and finally reached the ears of the engineer of the boat, who taking a horse hair with him went to the cabin and sought the sufferer. "Are you the gentleman," said he, "who has got a spark in your eye?" being answered in the affirmative, "well I am the man that can take it out," whereupon he simply formed a kind of loop of the horse hair by bending it around and bringing the two ends together, when raising the eyelid and inserting the loop between it and the ball, and then letting the lid fall again, he drew the hair out, and with it the little cause of the pain. The gentleman was at once relieved. This is a very simple way of removing whatever may have got into the eye, and it will be well for every body to remember it.—*Phil. paper.*

To extract Oil from Linen or Cotton.—As soon as possible after the oil has been spilt, take the article on which it fell and immerse it in clean cold water. After soaking awhile the oil will begin to float upon the surface, when this takes place, change the water. By thus renewing the water for a few hours, the oil will be gradually and completely removed without rubbing or washing, and when dry, iron it, and no vestige of the oil will remain, nor any change of the color be visible.—*N. Eng. Far.*

Tight Sleeves and Long Waists.—The balloon sleeves are about to be blown up; the tight sleeves and long waists have been adopted by some of our ladies of town. They made their "first appearance" at the gay assemblage collected to witness the exhibition of archery on Wednesday, and attracted much notice. An unmarried gentleman who is himself an artist and whose taste in all matters relating to the fine arts is well known, speaks in glowing and impassioned terms of the beauty of the long, slender waists, the delicate and well turned arms and the heightened beauty of those who appeared in this new fashioned, or rather old fashioned dress.—*Philadelphia Her.*

Why and Because.—"Marm, I don't want to go to school to-day," said a little chap one morning, as he was poking his knuckles into his eyes to get them open. "Don't want to go to school, sonny," reiterated the good mother, "what's the reason?" "O, 'cause I don't." "Cause what; give your reason." "Why mother—'cause for, if I must tell."

The title of "Speaker."—The question is often asked why the title of speaker, in the house of representatives, is given to the only member who has no right to speak. The answer is found by tracing its title to its origin. It is stated in the "random recollections in the house of commons," that "the title is given to him, (the chief officer of that house) because he alone has the right to speak or to address the king in the name or behalf of the House." It seems then, that this title, in our legislative assemblies, is but an unmeaning imitation of the English one. Should not the more significant title of the president, be substituted for it?

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 1, 1836.

THE COMMON SCHOOL LIBRARY.—

We are requested to inform the citizens of the western counties of the State of New York, that specimens of Harper's Common School Library have been left at the Book Store of Hoyt & Porter, Rochester, who will receive and supply orders for the whole or any part of the volumes, in such binding as may be preferred.

The books comprising the library, are to be furnished at various prices, from 50 cents to 75 a volume, according to the binding; for the latter price, to be bound with Torrey's patent improved double binding; a specimen of which may be seen also at the Book Store, of Messrs. Hoyt & Porter.

These books will be found to be highly interesting and useful to adults as well as to children; and therefore ought to be universally adopted as a family library as well as for schools, in every family that is able to purchase them without depriving themselves of the absolute necessities of life.

The good effects of school libraries, apprentices libraries, and other well selected social libraries, have been already so fully exemplified, in promoting the love of knowledge and virtue, and both gratifying and producing an appetite for mental improvement, that no reflecting parent needs any argument to convince him of their immense importance. But as some evidence of the merits of the books now proposed, may be requisite to induce those who are unacquainted with their contents, to leave orders for them at the bookstore mentioned, the following remarks from the Albany Evening Journal are annexed:

Soon after the passage of the law in relation to Common School Libraries throughout the State, the Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, of New-York, announced their determination of publishing a series of works designed to facilitate and carry out the objects which that enlightened legislative enactment contemplated. In the discharge of this duty, these enterprising publishers have been eminently successful. Volume after volume has fallen from their press, until the series has extended into a LIBRARY which must be esteemed a treasure of no ordinary character. These works, though various and diversified, are all excellent in their department, and all come from sources of established authority. Every volume is what it professes to be, and contains USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

The works published are divided into two classes, the first series being adapted to juveniles and the second designed to interest and instruct those of every age.

FIRST SERIES.

- No. I. Uncle Philip's Conversations on Natural History.
No. II. Uncle Philip's History of Virginia.
No. III. and IV. Uncle Philip's History of New York.
No. V. and VI. Thatcher's Indian Traits and Customs.
No. VII. and VIII. Uncle Philip on the Whale Fishery. Several additional numbers are now in preparation.

SECOND SERIES.

- No. I. and II. Paulding's Life of Washington.
No. III. and IV. History of insects—illustrated.
No. V. History of the Polar Seas and Regions.
No. VI. Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton.
No. VII. and VIII. Thatcher's Indian Biography.

No. IX. Abercrombie on the Intellectual powers.

No. X. Abercrombie on the Moral Feelings.

No. XI. The Life of Josephine, by Dr. Memes.

No. XII. Maudie's Guide to the Study of Nature.

No. XIII. and XIV. Lander's Travels in Africa.

No. XV. Combe's Principles of Physiology.

No. XVI. Dick on the Improvement of Society.

No. XVII. Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.

No. XVIII. James's History of Chivalry and the Crusades.

No. XIX. and XX. The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We earnestly recommend this LIBRARY to the attention of parents and guardians; to tutors and teachers; to Common School Inspectors and Commissioners; and to the friends of learning and virtue universally. They cannot, in any way, do so much to diffuse intelligence among the rising generation, as to place this Library in every school district in this State. Nor can they in any manner confer a greater blessing upon posterity, or render a higher service to their country.

The Louisiana Journal computes the number of murders in that state at six per month. The Grand Gulf Advertiser, remarking on the same, says:

This is ever the case in new countries, where the ties of early association are weak, and new comers, of consequence, care not much for each other, beyond the interest which too many worship as a god.

It is a fact not to be disputed, that most of the murders of this state are owing to the influence of spirituous liquors, often in connexion with money matters. Notwithstanding our indifference to life in this state, Ohio, and the rest of the calumniated states far surpass ours in the meaner crimes.

The remark on Ohio we believe to be an unjust aspersion. Where the blood is colder, as in the north, there may be fewer desperate personal conflicts, and there may be, and no doubt is, more subtlety and stratagem than chivalry. Men accomplish their designs by deep-plotting fraud rather than force. But then if there be not such fiery impulses as in the climate of the sun, there are certainly as many instances, if not more, of cool, deliberate, moral bravery, which is the highest species of courage.

Had not the author of the following poetic (?) effusion made *personal* application for its publication, the world might forever have remained in ignorance of the existence of a disciple of the muses of such transcendent talent as Mr. S. S. S. clearly is, Lest our untutored pen might mar its beauty, we give it *verbatim et literatim*.

Written for a young Lady who has concluded that single blessedness was not for her, therefore took to her self a man:

By S. S*****

Oh! yea shades of celibacy;
Where art thou gone:
Time hath exchanged thee?
For Bliss—and Renown—

Oh! yea hours of devotion;
Long sought for in vain;
I seize thee; I grasp thee;
Its Love all divine.

A heart ever true;
Ever ready to bless:
I have sought for, I've found it;
Its here, in my breast.—

Come Ladies take pattern;
A dart from your quiver:
Hurl'd straight at his heart;
And he's wounded forever—

Sept 29, 1836

S. S. S.

Early Winter!—On sallying out at early light yesterday morning, we were astonished to find our steps and the roofs of houses covered with a coat of snow, or sleet, an inch in depth. We have had an unparalleled cold summer, but we were not prepared for such an early winter.—*Dem. Sept. 29.*

At the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Arago announced that a celebrated Danish watchmaker had invented a watch, which at the end of the day, indicates the mean temperature of the twenty-four hours.

A new daily morning paper is about to be established in New York, called the New Era, and conducted by Messrs. Locke and Price.

Advice may always be had for the asking, and oftentimes without. It is a marketable article, and yet is seldom quoted. The fact is, that when a man or woman has common sense, he or she is much more likely to be the proper judge of his or her actions than any other person can be; at least they think themselves so. Gen. Washington, when once applied to for matrimonial advice, wrote in part as follows: 'I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall give advice to a woman who is about setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first, because I never would advise one to marry without her consent; and secondly, because I know it is of no purpose to advise her to refrain when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion, or requires advice on such a subject, till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up in these words: 'I wish you to think as I do; but if, unhappily, you do differ from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far to retract.'

MARRIED.

At St. Luke's Church, in this city, on the 22nd inst., by Rev. Dr. WHITEHOUSE, ERASMUS P. SMITH, Esq. to ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of the late William Beatty, of Washington Co., Md.

In this city, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Orange Clark, Col. JOHN WINDER, of Detroit, to Miss MARTHA CORNELIA, daughter of Elisha B. Strong, Esq.

In Berlin, Conn. by Rev. Wm. A. Stickney, on the 8th inst., SIDNEY S. A. SCOTT, Esq. of Marshall, Calhoun Co., Michigan, to Miss JULIA M. BECKLEY, of Berlin, Conn.

In Pittsford, on the 22d inst., by the Rev. Orange Clark, Mr. GEORGE B. JONES, of Lockport, to Miss ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

In Grove, Allegany co., on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Mr. KEURICK, Mr. WILBUR D. MARVIN, to Miss ISABELLA JANE PRESTON, of the former place.

In Ridgeway, Orleans co., on the 7th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hammond, Mr. E. W. HAMMOND, merchant of Yates, to Miss HANNAH COCHRANE, of the former place.

In Covington, on the 14th inst. by Elder Joseph Elliot, Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH, of Wyoming, to Miss HARRIET TICKNOR, of the former place. On the same day, and by the same Elder, Mr. WILLIAM HOLLENBACK, of Eaton, to Miss SARAH DEAN, of the former place. On the 18th inst. by the same, Mr. STEPHEN DAVIS, to Miss MARIA SCOTT, both of that place.

In Chili, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Lewis Cheeseman, Mr. J. P. SILL, merchant of Scottsville, to Miss MIRIAM T. COULT, of the former place.

On the 11th inst. at Perry Centre, by Rev. Orin Brown, Mr. GEORGE TAYLOR, to Miss MARRIETT RIGGS. At the same time, Mr. GEORGE W. GOODALE, to Miss SALLY SILVER.

In Niagara, U. C., on the 10th ult., by the Rev. Thomas Green, Mr. REUBEN PARKINSON, to Miss AMELIA CLINDINNING, both of the city of Toronto.

In Brighton, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Alvan Ingersoll, Mr. JOHN SMITH, to Miss PAULINA BROWN, both of Rochester.

In Pembroke, on the 13th inst. Mr. ELIJAH LOOMIS, of Conesus, to Miss JULIA A. FOOT, of Pembroke.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. LEWIS, Mr. SAMUEL B. WYCKOFF, of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of New York, to Miss ELIZA HARRISON, of Orange, N. J. both deaf and dumb.

In Hadley, (Ill.) on the 11th inst. Mr. ALFRED HALE, to Miss ELIZABETH BEACH.

On the evening of the 28th inst. by Ald. Packard, Mr. ELISHA MILLER, to Miss PHEBE BURL, both of this city.

At Fowlerville, Livingston co. by the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, Mr. MOSES N. FERRIN, to Miss MARTHA M'NEIL, both of that place.

ARRANGED AS A DUETT FOR TWO FLUTES.

Allegro.

[From the London Metropolitan.]

STANZAS.

THE LOVED ONE THAT SLEEPS FAR AWAY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

When the golden sun shines to his rest,
And the night breeze around me is springing;
When the white tombs in moonlight are drest,
And the sweet bird of sorrow is singing;
Sad fancy beguiles me to stray
To the loved one, that sleeps far away.

No friend ever wept o'er the sod,
Where thine ashes, my brother! are lying;
No footsteps of kindred have trod
On the green sward that pillow'd thee dying;
Nor holy lips prayed o'er the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Albuera! thou field of the dead!
Dark, dark is the page of thy story:
More tears at thy shrine have been shed,
Than e'er washed the red laurels of glory!
They were martyrs who fell on that day,
With the loved one, that sleeps far away.

They dug him a grave—his own bands,
And slowly and tenderly bore him
As if in fond woman's soft hands;
And the tears of the heroes fell o'er him,
As they laid the last sod on the clay
Of the loved one, that sleeps far away.

Oh! when I last stood in the room,
Where his sweet voice so often had sounded,
And saw the bright sunshine illumine,
Those woods, where in boyhood he bounded,
I wept, though all faces look'd gay,
For the loved one, that sleeps far away.

For freshly he rose to my view,—
Our beautiful, brave, and light-hearted;
With those smiles that a tallman threw
Over spirits, that are departed,—
Fond bosoms, since gone to decay,
Like the loved one, that sleeps far away.

[From Miss Twamley's Romance of Nature.]

LOVE AND THE THISTLE.

As Cupid was flying about one day
With the flowers and zephyrs in wanton play,
He 'spied in the air,
Floating here and there,
A winged seed of the Thistle flower,
And merrily chased it from bower to bower.

And young Love cried to his playmates, "See,
I've found the true emblem flower for me,
For I am as light
In my wavering flight
As this feathery flower of soft Thistle-down,
Which by each of you zephyrs about is blown.

See how from a Rose's soft warm blush
It flies to be caught in a bramble-bush;
And of us do I,
In my wanderings, he
From beauty to those who have none I trow;
Reckless as Thistle-down on I go."

So the sly little god still flits away,
'Mid Earth's loveliest flow'rets day by day;
And oh! maiden's fair,
Ne'er weep nor care
When his light wings waft beyond your power.
Think—'tis only the dawn of the thistle-flower!

[From the Boston Pearl.]

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MISS CATHARINE BOWLES.

Tread softly! Bow the head—
In reverend silence bow.
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter—no crowds attend—
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone—
A sob suppressed—again
That short, deep gasp and then
The parting groan.

O change! O wond'rous change!
Burst are the prison bars—
This moment *there*, so low—
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks—
The soul immortal wakes—
Wakes with his god.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE MEETING,

We've met again!—this very place
Witnessed our parting tears!
'Twas hallowed by our fond embrace,
In well remembered years.
Here the young wild birds sweetly sung,
And Spring's first leaves were green;
Ours were the only clouds that hung
Upon the sunbright scene.

We've met again!—but changed is all
That then was fresh and fair;
Fallen is Spring's rich coronal—
The trees stand scathed and bare.
And we ourselves are changed—for now,
When nature looks so drear,
My happy heart, thy smiling brow
Are all the bright things here.

We've met again!—but we know not
How quickly we may part:
How soon, e'en on this very spot,
The bitter tear may start.
But though from hence we may be driven,
Still we will not despair;
We'll meet again, my love, in Heaven,
And ne'er be parted there!

B.

[From the Life of Heber.]

The following beautiful lines addressed by Bishop Heber to Mrs. Heber in his journal, express the affection with which, in the midst of new and delightful scenes, he looked back to his beloved family.

If thou wert by my side my love!
How fast would evening fall
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening to the nightingale.

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee
How gaily wou'd our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.

I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy neck, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er leak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western plain.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright they say
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee.

FOR THE GEM.

My residence is in this state,
Being composed of one and eight:
To my two first you add one third of shower,
You have the name of a very odorous flower.
With my next four ninths you mix one half of
beer,
Some well known dairy food will then appear,
Three fourths of wind with my last three together
Will make the time for cold and frosty weather.
Pray gentle reader, tell me if you can,
Whether I am a city, mountain, lake or man.

A.

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard Strong & Dawson.

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

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1836.

No. 21.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY ON THE DEATH OF THE ONLY CHILD OF DAVID HOYT,

Who died at Mechanicville, N. Y., July 23, 1836, aged eighteen months.

There was an infant, fair as light,
With eye of heavenly blue,—
But sudden clouds involv'd the scene,
And paleness o'er his placid mien,
Diffus'd a death-like hue.—

The aëd forms that o'er him bent,
Their idol strove to save,—
The absent mother rush'd to fold
Her babe,—but found him marble-cold,
And shrouded for the grave.—

And now, no more his tuneful ear
That mother's harp shall bless.
Nor to its music's measur'd chime,
His tiny hand keep perfect time,
In playful tenderness.—

But higher music's raptur'd tide,
And flowers forever fair,
And cherub-ban is with pinions bright,
Are in the eternal realm of light,—
Mother!—behold him there.

MISCELLANY.

From the Providence Journal.

AN ELOPEMENT.

'Frank, I am going to be married.'
'To be what, Bob?'
'Married.'
'Married, Bob!'
'Ay! married, why not? and to-morrow evening.'
'Who can be such a fool?'
I spoke rather thoughtlessly, to be sure, but it was so natural. Bob was a clever fellow—one of that class of people who lend umbrellas and pen knives; a very good natured fellow was Bob. And every body called him a good natured fellow—but every body said as they called him so, 'what a pity he had not a little more sense.' He would do any thing for them, and as for his being offended, it was something he never dreamed of, and in fact people said he did not know enough to be offended—a very malicious observation undoubtedly; but one that some how gained wondrous credit. I was at a loss to imagine who Bob could have imposed upon so much as to become his wife, and ran through the whole of nursery maids and milliners' apprentices that I have ever seen, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. I spoke therefore my thoughts when I said, 'Who can be such a fool?'
'Fool,' said Bob, without comprehending that my remark was other than a general one, 'You don't think a lady a fool for being married, do you?'
'Only under particular circumstances,' I replied.
'But there are difficulties in the way.'
'I should think there might be.'
'And I rely upon you to assist me.'
'Rely, my dear Bob, I would do almost any thing to oblige you: but I don't think I could persuade a lady to marry you. I am not eloquent. Besides I have a conscience'—
'Oh, she has consented,—but her father—these fathers you know, are always in the way—I have not asked him, but she says it will be of no use, and so we must elope. To-morrow evening is the appointed time, and you, I am sure, will not refuse us your assistance.'

I concluded that if any lady was foolish enough to run away with Bob, I should not be to blame for assisting them to do the thing handsomely. I also quieted my conscience by thinking that if things looked very bad, I could carry the fair innamorata to the insane hospital and send for her friends. So I consented.

'I will assist you, Bob.'
'Thank you; I will call and arrange matters with you in the morning. Good evening.'
'Good evening, but stop one moment; who is the lady?'

'Didn't I tell you? Marianna F.—'
I was glad that it was evening, and Bob could not see my face. I think it must have turned all colors. I leaned against the house for support. Could it be possible! Marianna F.—, my Marianna; she whose devoted slave I had been for six mortal weeks—to whom I had written whole reams of red hot letters—(there is the true secret of the surplus revenue)—for whose sake I had given up smoking, and gone to church with the regularity of the sexton, merely to look upon her pretty face—to whom I had sworn more vows than I could ever perform, should I live to the age of Methuselah—whom for six weeks, I had flirted with all the morning, danced with all the evening, and serenaded half the night. She, of all others, to jilt me—to elope—to run away, and with such a fellow as Bob,—a fool, an idiot,—Alas! They say

'Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries.'

The old fellow must keep up a terrible gigling. I went home melancholy, as may well be imagined; it is no slight thing to a sensitive man, like me, to be jilted, after six weeks honest and faithful courtship. I doubted in what way to commit suicide. Arsenic is very disagreeable; hanging is so abominably vulgar; and as for stabbing and sticking, that is too much like the way they kill calves and sheep.

At ten o'clock, I stood with George F., Marianna's brother, and my most particular friend.

'George, I am going to kill myself.'
'You had better not. Frank—take a glass of wine.'

'Before this night closes, I shall be a dead man.'

'Then you'll be sorry for it, before morning, my word for it—capital wine this—imported it myself.'

'George, you are my most particular friend.'

'Can't deny that, Frank, but I don't see what that has to do with your killing yourself; unless indeed you want me for an executor, or a bearer—I will serve with all my heart, in either capacity!'

'George, was you ever serious?'

'Yes, when my horses ran away, and left me to walk nine miles in the rain. I can put on a long face now, if you particularly desire it. There—see what a dolorous expression; I should do credit to the deaconship. Quick—out with your tale of tribulation, for I can't keep my face screwed up in this manner long.'

'You are aware, George, of the particular situation in which I stand, in relation to Marianna—Circumstances have occurred which convince me that I have been most cruelly deceived; life is no longer desirable, or even endurable.'

'Fudge! find another girl, I can show you one worth a dozen of her. You allude, I suppose, to the affair with Bob.'

'I do; but I was not aware that you knew any thing about it.'

'Yes; they have made me their *confidante*.—I am to provide the horses. Bob says you promised to be groomsmen—I would have taken the office myself, but it will not do for me to be known in the affair. It would be deemed uncivil for you to kill yourself just before the wedding, Frank.'

'And is it possible that Marianna has confided this to you? Did she say nothing of me?'

'Oh yes! she said something about you—wished you much happiness—very sorry to disappoint you—and really hoped and valued your friendship—and all that you know. I told her you would not care a cent, would be glad to get rid of her—and really, Frank, I did not think you would be so much troubled, by so very trifling an affair: I have a dozen lady-loves, and you shall have your choice of them.'

I thanked my friend for his generosity, but he evidently did not understand my feelings.

'To bear is to cover fate.' Strange as it may seem, I resolved to accept the invitation of Bob to be present at his wedding, to reproach the faithless fair one for her inconstancy, even before the altar—and after having shown my generosity and magnanimity by giving her up, when I couldn't help it, I would commit suicide—at my leisure.

The clock struck nine, and I stood at the appointed place, two squares off—we did not dare to go nearer on account of the noise. Bob had gone for the lady; he soon appeared with her leaning on his arm. She was closely muffled in her cloak, and her veil was down. She passed me without recognition, though the street lamp shone full upon my face, and I was so near that I touched her dress. I thought she seemed taller than she ever did before, and that her step was unusually heavy. "Dreadfully agitated," whispered Bob, as she entered the carriage, "hasn't spoken a word since she left the house." I closed the door, and mounted the box with the driver, for the double purpose of pointing out the way, and of leaving the lovers to an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete*. We dashed over the pavement at a killing pace, the hoofs of our noble horses struck fire at every bound. I pulled out a box of loco focoes and lighted a cigar. There is nothing in this world for a broken heart, like tobacco. I grew easier with every puff, and my heart lightened with every whiff of smoke that rose gracefully over my head. In a couple of hours we arrived at our place of destination.—"Still agitated," whispered Bob, as he descended the steps, "she has not said a word while we have been in the coach, and considering what a talker she is, it is wonderful."

We were too early by near an hour, and after some consultation, Bob concluded to go for the clergyman, and leave the bride elect in my charge, having first conducted her into the house. I walked beneath her window, tossed by a thousand emotions. At one time I resolved to conduct myself with stoic indifference, and see her given to another; then I half determined to rush into the room where she was, and claim her as my own. I heard her bell ring and in a few minutes I saw a servant enter the room with something on a waiter. I continued walking to and fro before her windows, till at last I could restrain myself no longer—she might have fainted, I thought. I entered the house and put a trembling hand upon the latch of the door; it yielded to the pressure, and I stood in the presence of the "lost love of mine." Good Heavens! as I live, there sat a lady with her feet on the table, a cigar in her mouth, and a glass of smoking hot whiskey punch beside her.

"What in the name of wonder does this mean?"

"Ah! Frank, I thought you had committed suicide,"—answered the familiar voice of my friend George E. Escaping through a wilderness of bonnets, caps and tabs.

"George explain yourself!"

"I think my situation explains itself; you see that your friend Bob has eloped with me, we shall in all probability be married in an hour."

"I wish him joy of his bride, with all my heart, but I do not understand; will the fair lady condescend to give an explanation?"

"Why the truth is, Frank, some one persuaded Bob—who you know is the greatest fool alive—that Marianna was very much taken with his pretty face. In consequence he wrote her a note—I saw the note; I frequently peeped into Maria's letters—(don't look so grave Frank: I never read yours—too abominably long—too dull and silly)—I answered it in her name, and in the prettiest crow-quill you ever saw. That brought a reply from the gallant Bo. In a few days, we had an elopement regularly contrived. The poor fellow never suspected any thing, for although Maria refused to see him whenever he called, and scarcely nodded to him in the street, I explained all in my letters and he was perfectly satisfied. The rest you know, and here I am; and now Frank," taking the cigar out, and finishing his glass of punch at a draught, "don't you think I made an excellent lady? Rather too tall for Maria's dress to be sure, but short frocks are all the fashion."

I did not wait for the ardent lover to return, but hastened homewards. "If you conclude to commit suicide," said George as I turned away, "leave me your watch."

OLLAPOD'S VISIT TO THE FALLS.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

At the distance of five miles from Niagara Falls, you catch the first distinct view. Is it sublime? No—for distance softens and deceives, that you cannot appreciate it. You strain your onward-looking eyes, till the retina aches with gazing. What do you see? A cloud of apparent smoke, along the northern border, the *nil ultra* of the lake you are ploughing; and on either side all is apparently a wide shore of rocks and woods—and beyond a terrible gulf, of which you see nothing but the ceaseless cloud that rises at its dim and dismal edge.

"And that is *Niagara*!" said I, as the mountainous spray, volume after volume, swelled upward in the sun. "Well I seem disappointed."

"Do you?" said my friend, the legislator, with a triumphant accent on the first branch of the interrogation. "You see the cataract is as yet afar off; just put your hand to your ear, guarding it from the tumult of the machinery, and tell me if you do not hear something?"

I did so; and sonorous, full, and replete with a sense of awe, the voice of the cataract swelled in my ear.

All was now expectancy and enthusiasm. I could scarcely stand still. Before me, like the pillar of fire to the host of Israelites, rose that eternal column of snowy mist, tinted and garnished by the sunbeam—and I had caught the sound of *Niagara*!

I scarcely know how I left Chippewa. I am aware that all my travelling movements and precautions were executed with habitual discretion; but I cannot explain to any one the *new* sensations I experienced on our way to the Falls.—When at the distance of some two miles from the cataract, there seemed to be an increasing shadow, like that of an eclipse, in the atmosphere. The dimness increased; and on passing a lapse of woods, and emerging again in sight of the river, I felt assured that a storm was coming on. I ordered our postillion to stop.

"Is there no house," I inquired, "between this and *Niagara*? There is a thunder shower coming on; I hear it growling."

It would have done your heart good, to have heard the laugh of that driver. It was loud and long; it bubbled up from his heart, as if what he had just heard was the best joke he had listened to for years.

"Bless your soul, friend, it's not going to rain. What you see, is the cloudy mist, and what you hear is the roar of them Falls, yender. Jest wait a minute—and then—"

"Stop!" said I, rising in our barouche, while, gilded by the westering sun. I caught, as we wheeled around a clump of trees, the first view of the vast green gulf and circle of the *Horse Shoe Fall*.

My good reader, you must excuse my enthusiasm. It has been said that *Niagara* cannot be described. I think it can be. Cannot one record on paper the thoughts provoked by the ab-

jects of grandeur and magnificence that have met his eye? Verily, I trow so; and I will try. The first mistake corrected by an approach to *Niagara*, is as to its width. You have supposed it an outlet from the lake to another, pressed in to narrow boundaries, and urged onward by irresistible impulses. You were deceived by fancy. The river is like some bay of an ocean; as if indeed the Atlantic and Pacific, one far below the other, should meet, by the former being narrowed to the width of one or two miles, and falling to the depth of more than two hundred feet with rocks and islands on the edge of the vast gulf, frowning and waving between.

Very soon we reached the Pavillion. The selection of an apartment, visitation to the barber, and the donning of a cool summer dress, were all speedily accomplished. The ceaseless hum of the Falls was in my hearing—it shook the windows of the Pavillion, from which I gazed. Below, at a few rods' distance, the mighty *Niagara* plunged into its misty abyss: above, to the south, it seemed as if an ocean, fierce as that tide which 'keeps due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont,' was rushing madly down to some undiscovered cavern, where its fury was lost and suspended for ever.

Descending through the garden and the open common which intervene between the Pavillion and the distant river to the eastward, we struck the road, and observed the sign which pointed 'TO THE FALLS.' Here let me say a word, which I think will give the idea of *Niagara* vividly to one who has never seen it. It seemed to me, as I looked from the window of the Pavillion, that the river was very nearly on a level with the house. Well, I passed over the places I have mentioned; and at the guide-post aforesaid, we began to make a most precipitous descent, over rude stair-cases, bedded in miry clay. In a few moments we were nearly on a level with the river, which was in full view, and close at hand. At that instant, the first impression of the vast power of *Niagara* struck my mind; but it was faint and feeble compared with those that succeeded. For miles, looking upward at the stream, it resembled a foaming ocean, vexed by the storms of the equinox. We proceeded to the house which heads the perpendicular descent to the bed of the river, at the foot of the Falls. Those who dress for deeds of aquatic daring with more deliberation than myself, would have changed their ordinary attire for those simple and coarse habiliments usually adopted by those adventurous spirits who get their drenched certificates for going under the sheet—but for my part, I had not the patience. Endowing myself with an oilcloth *surtout*, I began to descend the stair-case, leading to the base of the cataract.

The descent seemed interminable. I thought I had travelled an hour, still moving round and round—in darkness and alone. It was a solemn probation, during which I had time to nerve my spirit for the grandeur and the awe with which it was soon to be impressed. At last I made my egress from the stair-case into the presence of the Wonder.

My first idea was that a tremendous storm had brewed since I began to descend. Several rods to the south, the falls dimly seen, boomed and thundered with a noise so stunning that I was almost distracted. At my feet there rolled what seemed a *lake of milk*—having about it nothing dark—not even a glimpse of water-color. I saw near by, a tall black figure, smiling graciously like some good-natured Charon ready to transport his customers across the river of Death. He announced himself as the conductor of gentlemen under the Falls. Taking his hand I approached them. At a certain point as we drew nigh I begged him to stop.

The mist had surged upward from my vision, and before me *broke down*, as it were, the *Atlantic*, from a height, so dizzy that it made the eye shrink from gazing; the distant side of the vast semicircle hid from view by a rainbow, and the awful mass of green, mad waters, rushing to the abyss, with a noise like the breaking up of chaos! *What is like that scene?* It is itself alone; to depict it comparisons fail. You must describe itself.

I know not how it was, but such a sense of awe and majesty descended at that moment on my spirit, that I burst into tears, and shivered through every nerve. What an awful hum and

moaning pierced the hearing sense! Above me, hideous rocks rose for hundreds of feet; dark shelves, wet with the eternal tempest around them; and at every moment a stormy gust would drive a deluge of water in my face, taking my breath, and chilling me, as it were in the depth of the solstice even to the bone. As we shouldered the dark ledges which extended under the sheet, I almost shrank from the desperate undertaking; and never did lover howsoever skilled in 'holy psalmistry,' press the jeweled hand of his mistress with such affection as that wherewith Ollapod grasped the sable fingers of his African conductor. His splay feet and amphibious looking heels, seemed to stamp him some creature of the elements; a Caliban, schooled to generous offices by some supernatural master.

When you approach within ten feet or so of that tremendous launch of waters, then is the time to saturate the soul with one preeminent and grand remembrance. For me, if millions of human beings had been around me, I should have felt alone—and as one, who having passed beyond the dominions of mortality, stood presented before the marvels of his God! It is a place for the silent adoration of the heart for Him

'Who made the world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountain.'

Whence came those ceaseless and resounding floods? From the 'hollow hand' of Omnipotence! Fancy stretches and plumes her adventurous pinions from this point, she goes onward to the *Upper Lakes*, and their peopled shores; she pursues her voyage to the dark streams and inland seas of the west; and returning finds their delegated waters pouring heavily and with eternal thunder down that dizzy steep! Tho't, preying upon itself, is lost in one deep and profound sense of awe—of recollection—of prospect. I may change one word from Byron to express my meaning:

'By those that deepest feel, is ill expressed
The indistinctness of the laboring breast:
Where thousand thoughts begin, to end in one,
Which seek from all the refuge found in none.'

From the spot of which I speak, you can easily imagine that there has come upon you the deluge or day of doom. The voices of eternity seem to deaden the air; look up, and the dark rocks, like the confines of the Phlegethon, seemed tottering to their fall; where you stand, the whirlwind, which bears upon its pinions drops heavier than those of the most dismal tempest that ever rent the wilderness or land or wrecked an armament at sea, is moaning and howling. Casting a glance at the upper verge of the Falls, you see the turbulent rapids, thick, green, and high, shrinking back, as it were, from their perilous descent until a mass of waves behind urges them, resistless, onward; to speak in thunder and to rise in mist and foam, the children of strife, yet parents of the rainbow, that emblem of peace.

I once asked an elderly friend, in whose domicil I was a favorite inmate, and who suffered much from the gout, whether there might be any pain, known to myself, which would compare with it. "No!" he replied: "I never met any thing of the sort in my life: there is nothing on earth like it; and I am destitute of any descriptive comparison. I am not dead at present; I haven't been as yet to *Tophet*; and therefore can't tell whether the gout is like that, or purgatory; but I believe it to be as near that as any thing."—It is thus with *Niagara*. There is no emblem: it has no rival—it is like no rival. Its multitudinous waves have a glory and a grandeur of their own, to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away.

It has been said, that the tremors or presentiments of those who march to battle, are dissipated by the bustling of caparisoned horses, the rolling of the war drum, the clangor of the trumpet, the clink and fall of swords—'the noise of the captains and the shouting.' Some such kind of inspiration is given to the thoughtful and observant man, who goes under the Great fall of *Niagara*. As I moved along behind my sable guide, holding on to his dexter,

'Even as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings closer and closer to its mother's breast;'

while the waters dashed fiercer and more fiercely around about me, methought I had, in an evil hour, surrendered myself to perdition, and was now being dragged thither by the ebon paw of Satan. Shortly, however, the stormy music

of Niagara took possession of my soul; and had Abaddon himself been there, I could have followed him home. For one moment, only, I faltered. The edge of the sheet nearest the Canada side, from its rude and fretting contact with the shore above, comes down with a stain of reddish brown. Near termination Rock, you pass by that dim border of the Fall, and exchanging recent darkness for the green and spectral light struggling through the thick water, you are enabled to discern where you are.—My God! It is enough to make an earth-tried angel shudder, familiar though he may be with the wonder-workings of the Eternal. Look upward! There, forming a dismal curve over your head, and looming in the deceptive and unearthly light, to a seeming distance of many hundred feet, moaning with that ceaseless anthem which trembles at their base, the rocks arise toward Heaven—covered with the green ooze of centuries—hanging in horrid shelves, and apparently on the very point of breaking with the weight of that accumulated sea which tumbles and howls over their upper verge! There is no scene of sublimity on earth comparable to this. You stand beneath the rushing tributes from a hundred lakes; you seem to hear the wailings of imprisoned spirits, until, fraught and filled with the spirit of the scene, you exclaim—"There is a God!"—and this vast cataclysm, awful, overpowering as it is, is but a plaything of his hand!"

There is one dreadful illusion to which the untrained eye is subject, under this water-avalanche. You know, travelled reader, that when you journey swiftly on a rail-road car, the landscape seems moving past you with the speed of lightning. You see distant trees and fields, apparently out of compliment to the locomotives wheeling off obsequiously to the right and left. Every grove seems engaged in a rigadon. This *illuso visus* is particularly discernable on the face of Niagara, when you are beneath the Falls. Look at the sheet but for one moment, and you find yourself rising upward with the swiftness of thought. Turning your eye to the rocky wall which bounds you, for a moment you give a side-long glance at its dizzy extent. Heavens!—what was that noise? Did not a portion of the rock above—some massy mountain of stone—then fall? No—it was only the thunder of commingled rapids, which united at the edge of the precipice, and rushed impetuously into the abyss together. It is this which makes such heavy music—such solemn tones—in the distant voice of Niagara. * * * *

For the rest—as touching the sound of Niagara—our wanderings over Goat Island—the fair friends we met perambulating there; with divers other peregrinations—the journey toward orient—the scenes of Lewiston, Queenston, Rochester—that lovely and most hospitable city—shall they not be presented to thee, kind reader, in the next subsections of

Think, heartily, and to serve,

OLLAPOD.

STAGE COACH CONVERSATION.

Among the passages we have marked in Mr. Dewey's Journal is the following:

As I took my place on the top of the coach at Glasgow for Edinburgh, I found a handsome young man seated opposite to me—a boy of 12 years and a modest looking Scotch girl, with eyes sparkling like diamonds and a freckled cheek which colored and changed at every turn; and to whom the young gallant was evidently attempting to make himself agreeable. On the fore part of the coach sat a young fellow, who I soon saw was much given to ranting sentiment. We took up on the way a sturdy looking middle aged man, dressed in coarse but substantial broadcloth, who said to my surprise, as he took his seat, "This is the first time I ever was on a coach." What American that ever was dressed at all, could say that? However, this made up our dramatic personæ; for we had a dialogue on the way, in which I took so much interest that I shall record it.

I forget how the conversation began, but I soon observed some sharp sparring between the gallant and the sentimentalist, in which the former was expressing some ideas of the strongest skeptical taint, and especially insisting that there was no life beyond the present.

"Aye," said the sentimentalist, "I know what you are; I have seen such as you before; you be-

lieve in nothing, and destroy everything. Do you believe there is a God?"

"Oh! certainly I don't deny that," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "you'll find there is a God yet, and you'll find what it is to die yet, and you'll see that after death cometh the judgment;" and he then, without much delicacy, warned the Scotch girl to beware of such a fellow.

"You may talk," said the gallant, "but you know nothing about it. I know as much as you do, and that is nothing. There is a man dying! Now look at him. His speech dies, his thoughts die; the man dies, and there is the end of him."

It was easy to see that our rustic fellow traveler was very much shocked. He seemed never to have heard any thing like this before. He was evidently a representative of the true homebred Scotch faith, who had daily learned his catechism in childhood, and duly attended upon the kirk ever since, and never thought there was any thing to be mentioned in religion, but the kirk and catechism. He looked this way and that way, and shifted from side to side on his seat, and at length said, without addressing any one in particular, "I am sure this man does not know what he says; he is demented, I'm thinking." He then adverted to the little boy sitting by, and said that "he ought not to hear such things."

I have more than I wish I had of the English aversion to taking part in conversation with strangers in a coach; but as I saw both our rustic and ranter were failing and sinking before the firm assurance of the young skeptic, I tho't I ought to speak. So I said to him, "You seem, from your confident assertions, to know much about death—what is death?"

"Why, death," said he—"what is death?—Why every body knows that; it is when a man dies—ceases to live; and there is an end of him!"

"But this," said I, "is no definition. You should at least define what you talk about so confidently. Else you attempt to argue from—you know not what; to draw a certainty from an uncertainty. Is not death?" said I, "the dissolution of the body? Is not that what you mean by death?"

"Yes," said he "that is it; it is the dissolution of the body."

"Well then," said I, "are the body and the soul the same thing? Is the principle of thought the same thing with the hand or foot or head?"

"To be sure it is not, and what then?" he rejoined.

"Why then," said I, "it follows that the dissolution of the body has nothing to do with the soul. The soul does not consist of materials that can be dissolved. Therefore death, while it passes over the body, does not, you see as we define it—does not touch the soul."

He seemed something at a stand with this; but like many others in the same circumstances, he only began to repeat what he had already said, with more vehement assertions and a louder tone. Meanwhile there was a little by-play, in which he endeavored to reassure the Scotch girl with whom he had evidently ingratiated himself by every marked attention, telling her as she rather drew off from him, that it was all nothing and whatever he said it was no matter, and that he was just like all the rest of us. I was determined that the warning which had been given in that quarter, should not want what aid I could give it; and as I saw that the metaphysical argument was thrown away, I had recourse to a more practical one.

Resuming the conversation, therefore I said, "You believe there is a God; I thing you have admitted this?"

"Yes—I do."

"And you believe that God made the world, do you not?"

"To be sure—I do."

"And you believe that he made man?"

"Certainly—of course."

"And you believe that he made man a social being, do you not?—that he constituted man, and made and meant him to dwell in families and in societies?"

"It would seem so: he was willing to admit it."

"Now then," said I "answer me one question. Do you believe that men could live either safely or happily in society, without any expectation of a future life? If this life were all, do you think that you and most men around you, would give yourself up to the pleasures that you could find here—to pleasures that it would cost you the least of effort and self-denial to obtain? Is it

not evident and inevitable, taking men as they are, that all virtue, all self-discipline and restraint, all domestic purity, and all correct and temperate living, would fall with the doctrine of a future life?"

Somewhat to my surprise, he frankly confessed that he thought it would.

"Well then," said I, "here is a very plain case; and I am willing to trust this boy with the argument. He can decide, and every one here can decide, between a belief that would consequently destroy the happiness and improvement of the world, and the only belief that can sustain it. If God made society, he established the principles that are necessary to its welfare; and to assail these principles, is hostile at once to heaven and earth. It is as if a man would spread blight and mildew over those harvest fields, and starve the world to death?"

A bridge four thousand feet long, is now being erected over the Susquehanna river at Harrisburgh. The piers are of rough stone, and the superstructure wood. It is built by the Cumberland Valley Rail Road Company.

For the Gem.

AUTUMN PLEASURES.

Amply, indeed, will nature repay him who, in this mellow season, walks into the country which surrounds our city. The foliage now becomes bronzed by the autumn, or assumes a thousand varieties of color, all rich and beautiful. There is a pleasing melancholy in here beholding the quiet resignation (so to speak) of nature to the season's laws. It, not unforcibly, reminds us of "the downhill of life," when that life has been directed through a creditable path; and like the year, leaves the fruit of its operations, and the memory of its endearments, to bless and enrich those who are to follow us. There is not, around our city, a section where this salutary thought may not be called up; but, if there be one, which more effectively than another can bring meditative and soul-stirring feelings into existence, it is that which stretches along the banks of the alternately beautiful and romantic Genesee. Upon those waters, when the sun is about to set, to glide along the richly wooded banks, when day has all the silence and sacredness of midnight—when the green and the golden leaves are seen together, like separating generations—while contemplating these beautiful scenes, there is scarcely an enjoyment like that of there communing with nature, and receiving into your soul her voiceless replies. If the evil inclinations of mankind required not the existence of a Christian code, what a glorious medium, for the admiration and worship of creative wisdom, would nature—even alone, be for the soul of the enthusiast.

Indeed, to a person of high feelings of reverence for the wonders of the universe, no temple is more solemn, no truths more powerful than those of nature. The mystery of its operations—the magnificence of its productions—its caters with their eternal thunder—its mountains with their unchanging antiquity—its lakes, and rivers, and birds, and trees, and flowers; and all the vast and innumerable existences, each a separate glory; all—all would—even as before observed—elevate the soul to the source and the hope which it cannot comprehend. Turning from nature to art, the improvements arising and extending along the banks of the Genesee, both north and south, are rapidly progressing. Extensive buildings of all kinds are daily ascending; the canal is busy with boats, arriving or departing with every kind of produce which the country yields. Rail-roads, aqueducts, and avenues, are either in progress, or projection: while the ceaseless clatter of the accommodating omnibus gives promise of the growing prosperity of one of the most delightful sections which the universe can boast.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MARY M., ON THE DEATH OF
HER MOTHER.

I see thee, Mary, and thy tear dimm'd eye
Respeaks thine anguish; and the deep drawn sigh
Declares its depth. Mary! well may'st thou weep—
Thy precious Mother low in dust doth sleep;
But not forgotten, 'though above her head
The heedless stranger thoughtlessly may tread;
The winds around her sigh, the flowers bloom
And shed their verdure oft upon her tomb.

But say, thou lonely one, of friends bereft
'Till neither of thy parents thee is left,
Whose sisters all have perished from thy side,
Whose only brother braves the ocean's tide,
Hast thou no friend thy lonely hours to cheer?
The *Sorrow* is thy friend! His voice I hear;
To thee he speaks in words of tender love,
Inviting thee to meet thy friends above.

TELEMACHUS.

VARIETY.

Form the N. Y. Star.

WHY AM I NOT A RICH MAN?

"Why am I not a rich man?" said a very intelligent person to us, while looking at a splendid equipage which rattled down Broadway. It was the equipage of a man of wealth—a man of yesterday, a *parvenu* in the more fashionable phrase, who made a fortune suddenly by buying farms and selling them out in lots, and who was determined by the splendor of his house, the magnificence of his entertainments, the richness and variety of his liveries, his loud talk and consequential air, to show that he did not belong to the quiet families of some hundred years of distinction and wealth, who never offend by ostentation or exhibit a heraldry to which they are not entitled. We gazed at several of similar growth—the riches which sprung up over night like Jonah's Gourd—some by speculation, others by succession; some by fortunate marriages, and some more creditably by mechanical labor and ingenuity. "Why am I not a rich man?" said my friend. "I must purchase land somewhere in the west, or in the moon,—no matter; where I must plunge in the current of speculation, and swim out to fortune and eminence. I must be rich—every body tries to be rich; why shall not I be rich? I am liberal in my dispositions, hospitable and free. I should like to have such a coach and pair—a house of corresponding magnificence. I should like to throw it open several times yearly, for the gay and fashionable throng—I should like you to dine twice a week with me, and punish a few bottles of old, very old, Maderia. Why am I not rich? I deserve to be rich; I must be rich," said he, musing, and at intervals dropping his voice, as he slowly withdrew his eyes from the long cavalcade of coaches and phaetons and whiskered footmen.

Hundreds, no doubt, thought as he did; hundreds expressed the same feeling and felt the same desires, and all under the delusion that money is wealth—that sheer, palpable gold and silver constitute riches, and it is under this delusion that thousands of our citizens are racking their brains by night, their thoughts by day, toiling and sweating, and managing, and twisting, and turning out of the common, settled and regular order of things, to get gold and silver, under the impression that with their possession they will be rich. Statesmen, politicians, nay the government itself, is included with the same mania, and if all could succeed, we should be compelled to blacken our own boots, and wait upon ourselves at table. The delusion, however, consists simply in this—in considering a piece of gold the *only* representative of wealth, and disregarding what we in ourselves possess, which is an equivalent to wealth.—We are for the most part rich without exactly knowing it. The anvil of the blacksmith is to him, with his handicraft, a valuable weighty lump of gold—he lives by it, and to his mind, habits and wishes, as well as he lives who pays out his eagles and half eagles in the market. So with the painter—so with the professional man, the musician, the man of talent, all who possess the *means* of acquiring wealth are actually wealthy; for, if temperate and industrious, all their faculties are convertible materials into wealth—nay, are more valuable and durable and available, than the mere man of gold and silver. Let such a man swim to the shore from his shipwrecked vessel,

with the mechanic and the man of mind, and see who can succeed in earning that morsel of bread necessary to sustain life.—What does the man of princely income do, which gives to him so many supposed advantages, and opens the door to so much mooted happiness? He rises late—turns day into night—dawdles his time away in trifling finklin employments—drives his horses and dogs—gives grand dinners for ostentation, and large parties for fashion, and is at best a poor, discontented, dyspeptic patrician, respected only for his gold and silver, and of no possible use to the community. Take the man of moderate means, and he employs life, as life ought to be employed—a mixture of employment and recreation, of rational pleasure and discreet hospitality; go down to what is called the poor classes, but which we call the substantially rich—the hardy mechanic, and see how he enjoys life. Rising with the sun, his labor does not cease until the sun sinks into the west. He returns to his little family and snug tenant at night, and finds an ample board spread by a frugal wife; the smoking steak, the good cup of coffee, the white bread and butter, and an appetite sharpened by labor. His repast is over, he takes the chubby boy on his knee, pinches his dirty, rosy cheeks, and runs his fingers thro' his matted hair—talks with his wife on household affairs, reads the paper, or converses with his neighbor on the best means of saving the common-wealth, and when the hour of rest arrives, he stretches himself on his hard, but healthy bed, and soon his senses are steeped into forgetfulness, and his sleep is sweet and sound, until the shrill clarion of the cock awakens him on the morrow to renewed labor.

But he has no coach. Has he not? He has only to go into the street and hold up his finger, and a splendid omnibus and four elegant horses drives up to the sidewalk and he jumps in—it is his coach while he occupies it, and he leaves it when and where he pleases. Can the man of gold and silver do more? It is all an error, a misconception, a delusion. We are all rich when we possess within ourselves the means of acquiring wealth. We have no poor except the idler and the drunkard.

London Fog.—Reader, has it ever been thy misfortune to encounter a London November fog? If not, thou canst form no adequate idea of its exquisite discomfort. Depict it to the eye of thy imagination. An unwholesome, sulphurous vapor, about the same color and almost as palpable as pea soup, is above and around you, forming a most delectable horizon to your field of vision—a semi-opaque circle, six feet in diameter. The trottoir is smeared with a greasy, tenacious mud, and so slippery that the foot glides six inches backward from the spot whereon you plant it, at each advancing step, with the same pleasing facility as if you were perambulating a pavement of eels. Your ears are saluted with every imaginable variety of discordant sounds, the occasion of which,—probably all trifling—you magnify into something horrible, merely from inability to investigate them; and when at length led by instinct more than any other guide, you reach the door of your hotel, felicitating yourself on the prospective creature comforts of a good dinner and a bottle of Maderia, it is an even chance that some dexterous pickpocket has 'boarded you in the smoke,' and appropriated all your available resources.—*Knickerbocker.*

Swift Business.—By and by, as soon perhaps as next spring, should our subscription list increase as well for the coming time as it has for the past, we intend to have a pigeon post office of our own, where letters shall be deposited in New Orleans, say in the morning and reach us in season for our evening edition. We also mean to have another pigeon post office which shall leave the Provinces at noon, and reach us in the evening. Our communication from London and Paris shall reach us, say, in three or four days, and perhaps we shall be a week in receiving news from Rome and Vienna. To do all this, we only intend to send an order to the French Society called *Pomme de Grande* who upon a Sabbath lately despatched fifty-six pigeons from Paris, the first of which arrived at Antwerp in five hours and forty minutes; the others came shortly after. A second departure was to take place the next Sunday, at six in the morning, from the *Place de Lavalotte*. These new aerial travellers belong to the Society des *Arbalétriers*, and are destined to put our steam engines far behind the age.—*Express.*

The Drunkard's Son.—"Mother, this bread is very hard—why don't we have cake and nice things as we used when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a pretty house, mamma—and I do love to live there so; you made sweet music, there, mamma, with your fingers, when pa would sing; pa used to laugh then, and take me on his knee, and said I was his own dear boy. What makes pa sick, ma? I wish he wasn't sick—for it makes me 'traid when he stamps upon the floor and says so loud, George go off to bed. Say, when will he get well, and take me on his knee, and love me as he used?—But, ma, there is a tear in your eye; let me wipe it; but, there, there, another comes; oh, another! did I make you cry these tears, mamma?"

Hush, little innocent, you cannot stop your mother's tears, for they are the overflowings of a fountain filled with blighted hopes, anguish, and misery. She cannot tell you when your father will love you, for, alas! he is a——

I heard a beautiful boy, scarcely four years old, hissing this to his mother—and I pitied him from my inmost soul. His name was George Elwin. His father was once rich and happy, and nearly idolized his little son; but in an evil hour he began to sip the intoxicating cup; the habit had grown upon him, until the peace of his family was destroyed; and he became a tyrant. The beautiful house in which they had lived was now exchanged for a miserable cottage in the suburbs of the city, and little George doomed to be the companion of the indelent and vicious.—*Com. Herald.*

Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton.—Mrs. Norton has left her brother's seat, Frampton, in Dorsetshire. He married the only daughter of the late Sir Colquhoun Grant, who was reconciled to the match a short time before his death, and left to Mr. Sheidan and his wife the bulk of his fortune—amounting to some thousands annually, with the seat in Dorset. The late deplorable event, we regret to learn, has preyed deeply on the mind and health of the unfortunate lady. The expose and details of the trial were kept from her, we understand, as much as possible; but the whole could not be concealed and violent hysteric fits succeeded, during which she called wildly upon her husband and her children. To the former she is said to have written both before and subsequent to the trial, declaring in the most solemn manner, the falsehood of the charges made against her—alluding, with touching tenderness, to their early love and subsequent affection, and avowing her unabated attachment and fidelity to him to the last hour when she left his roof. She reproaches herself, it is added, and acknowledges her error, however late, for suffering the continued visits that provoked so much calamity; but implores him, by his regard for his own honor—his love for their children, and in mercy and feeling to herself, to disabuse his mind of the foul impressions created by interested menials; and if he will not see her, at least to write and give some distant hope of fondness and reconciliation.

A letter from her to the noble defendant is also mentioned, in which she reproaches him, it is said, most bitterly, for his protracted visits, and their melancholy disastrous results! She paints the misery and ruin entailed upon her, while he had passed the ordeal unscathed. Separated from her husband, bereft of her children, blasted before the world, and dependent, even for a home and shelter, upon the affection of her brother, she contrasts his years and experience with her youth, and asks what atonement can he make her? This letter, written in a paroxysm of despair, is said to be full of mournful recollections of lost domestic happiness and peace, with the fondest affection for her husband and children. What his answer has been, we do not know; but there is no human heart such an appeal must not penetrate.

Commentators alias common tators.—An English paper says that as a clergyman in Devonshire the other day, after having endeavored to explain some difficult text, said, "I know that commentators do not agree with me." The next day a farmer in his village brought him a basket of potatoes, and said that as "*common tators*" did not agree with him, he had brought him a basket of his best kidneys, which he hoped would be more wholesome.—*Express.*

"*Licking, Ohio Gazette*," is the fearful cognomen of a political newspaper in a state adjoining the one where a man can "lick his weight in wildcats."

From the Boston Pearl.

THE EMPEROR'S PAGE.

OR A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

I saw the lover wandering by,
With wan, cold cheek and nerveless air.
He pressed her heart, I heard him sigh,
O! what wild thoughts were gathering there.

It was past midnight, as an individual, closely muffled in a dark military cloak, was rapidly passing through one of the most unfrequented streets of Paris. It was a black night, not a star being visible in the clouded heavens, a circumstance which seemed suited to the purpose of the pedestrian, whose concealed person, and hasty movement, pretty plainly indicated his wish to gain his destination unobserved. Suddenly, however, his progress was arrested by the hand of a youth, who emerged from the obscurity of a portal, and held a pistol to the pedestrian's head, and demanded 'money.'

'Psha,' cried the pedestrian, endeavoring to shake off his new acquaintance, 'Away, and don't detain me!'

'I must have gold!' cried the phrensied youth.—'My miseries have maddened me! Refuse me, and this pistol sends a bullet through your head.'

The other, perceiving his danger, suddenly disencumbered his right arm of his cloak, and with the velocity of lightning, laid the assailant prostrate. He then passed on: but suddenly retracing his steps toward the prostrate robber, he raised him from the ground, and dragging him for some paces toward a lamp, which cast a 'dim religious light' over a brief part of the scene, he exclaimed, 'Aha! Louis Boncœur!'

'Am I discovered!' exclaimed the youth, and falling at the feet of the other, who again drew his cloak over the lower part of his face, he ejaculated, 'Do not, do not betray me!'

'Sir,' replied the other, 'my duty to the Emperor will compel me to disclose this atrocity.'

'You will ruin me by so doing forever! Hear me, sir, hear my melancholy tale, and then say if I am not deserving of your pity. Since I have had the honor to be in the Emperor's service, the whole of my salary has been dedicated to the support of my poor and aged mother.—For three years I have been the sole prop of her weary life; she has no other hope but me and Heaven. I have brought comfort and joy again into her humble dwelling; she was reduced to penury and wretchedness; my father had died in insolvent circumstances, and my dear mother was too aged to work for her subsistence. I endeavored to gain work, but in vain. Day after day I trod the streets of Paris, and with all the earnestness of ruin, besought—implored employment; but there was no cordial drop in my cup of misery, and at length, I sat down in the garden of the Tuilleries, hopeless and despairing. I contemplated suicide; the thought of leaving my dear parent desolate, alone chained me to life; but even that thought was becoming overwhelmed by my despair, when our good Emperor passed me. He was struck with my haggard looks; he questioned me—inquired into the truth of my story, and then, in the benevolence of his good heart, took me into his suite. He saved me from despair, and brought smiling joy again into the widow's humble home.'

'And you have repaid his kindness,' observed the stranger, 'by becoming a midnight robber.'

'No—no,' hurriedly exclaimed the youth, 'I am no common robber. Heaven is my witness that until this night—but hear my story out. Among the tradesmen who supply the palace, there is one having a daughter, whose charms made an impression upon my heart, which reason could not dispel. Long did I strive to master love, but in vain. I struggled against the rising passion of my heart, but the more I strove to master the bewildering passion, the fiercer did it burn. We met. I told my love—I found it was returned—and disdaining any concealment, I openly avowed to the maiden's father my attachment to his daughter; but he, in all the pride and insolence of wealth, spurned my humble suit, and told me that till the Emperor made me worth having, his daughter should not think of me! Seeing that his child's inclinations turned toward me, he introduced a wealthy suitor, and insisted upon her wedding him. I cannot vie with my rival; he lavishes gold and gems upon the lovely Adeline—I have only a humble heart to offer. But that she deemed preferable to all the wealth of the gross man of her father's choice; and till this night I dreamed that I was still beloved. But this night I have seen her at his side—her hand in his—her

ear turned to his whispering lips—and the love-tributes of gold and gems dazzling before her! I was maddened at the sight. I had clung to the hope that Adeline was constant; that hope was my solace by day, and gave the inspiration to my dreams at night. I fancied the Emperor might one day promote me, when I could demand the hand of Adeline in marriage, in the confidence of being able to support her without detriment to the comforts and enjoyments of my aged mother. This hope is destroyed—my dreams are all vanished—and I only see the despairing certainty of Adeline's affection turning to my rich rival! O, sir, if you have ever loved—if you have ever known the agony of a situation like mine, your heart may form some excuse for me, when I tell you that in my desperation I purchased this pistol, and determined upon laying contributions upon the public that I too might throw jewels into Adeline's lap, and rival the favored one even in his splendor. I saw no other way of recovering Adeline's lost affection—I could not desert my poor mother—the result is as you see. Will you betray me?'

The pedestrian was silent. The youth with passionate emotion caught his arm, and exclaimed convulsively, 'Will you—will you betray me?' and again he sunk at his feet.

'I will think upon it,' said the pedestrian coldly. 'Give me that pistol.'

'No! cold hearted man!' exclaimed the youth, suddenly starting upon his feet. 'No—nor shall it be yours till life is out of this wretched body!' and he put the muzzle to his forehead.

'For Heaven's sake hold!' cried the stranger.

The trigger, however, was pulled. The priming flashed in the pan. The pedestrian then seized upon the weapon, and after a short struggle wrested it from the youth's grasp.

'*Mon Dieu!*' cried the pedestrian, 'your blood boils!'

'Go,' rejoined the youth, 'disclose all you know. I am ready to go out to the scaffold. I am tired of life. Death will be welcome.'

'Then come with me.' Thus saying, the stranger took him fast by the arm, and hurried him through the dark and narrow thoroughfare.

They proceeded along various obscure streets until they suddenly stopped before a door-way in a high and extended wall, and the stranger touching a secret spring, the door flew open, and they entered, the stranger closing the door after them. In a few moments they were in a neat and comfortable apartment, wherein two servants were sitting, who arose on the stranger entering, and the stranger taking one of them aside, addressed a few words to him and abruptly left the room.

It was soon evident to the youth that the servants had been commanded to keep a strict silence; he was not in the mood for conversation, and this was, therefore to him a matter of more pleasure than grief: his spirits were broken and he looked upon death as the only refuge he could fly to for relief.

Soon afterwards the servants intimated to the youth that he was to sleep there, and that his bed was ready. He followed them, and as he passed out of the room, he found that two gendarms had been stationed outside of the door. They followed him up stairs, and when he was ushered into a small narrow bedchamber, and the door shut upon him, he heard the heavy tread of the gendarms pacing to and fro on the outside. Here, in his loneliness, the thought of self-destruction again occurred to him. 'O that I could die at once he inwardly exclaimed. 'Tis horrible to be brought upon a scaffold, to public execution, before a gazing million. Mother! Mother!' he frantically exclaimed, 'to the protection of heaven I must leave you! This world is done with me. O, Adeline, this—this is thy work.'

He searched the apartment with insane curiosity to discover some instrument of death, but the department was bare of furniture, save the bed and its clothes. With the latter he busied himself, and tearing some of the sheets into strips, he was rapidly fastening them together, when a man suddenly entered the room, and sat down upon the bed-side. Louis as suddenly leaped into the bed, and the man remaining in the position he had taken up, the youth insensibly fell into a deep slumber, wherein he remained during the night.

It was mid-day when he awoke, the man was still in the chamber. Louis was calm and refreshed, and when the man asked him if he would arise and accompany him to the gentleman with whom he had become acquainted the previous

night, Louis cheerfully assented. Soon afterwards, the youth stood again in the presence of the cloaked man, whose life he had threatened. It was a dark unique chamber, and the gentleman had taken his place in a recess, in the depth of which his person was barely visible. Louis entered pale and trembling, and with downcast, tearful eyes he approached the man whom he had in his moment of frenzy assailed. A chair was pointed to him, into which he felt and buried his face in his hands.

'Young man,' said the stranger, 'you show a becoming sorrow, but what avails it? Suppose you had sent a bullet through my head, last night, would your penitence awaken me to life again? Yours is the old story. Every villain is a penitent, when the guillotine stares him in the face.'

'O sir, spare me, spare me, I implore,' cried the youth.

'Why should I? You should have thought of the consequences of the crime you meditated. But you were headstrong—a fool—and you must suffer for your folly.'

'Sir, I am ready to meet my punishment. Do not aggravate it by reproof.'

'I will—it is a satisfaction that is due to me. I would show you the extent of your folly, and your crime. I have made enquiries respecting your story, and find it, in its main points, correct enough; but *mon Dieu!* you were a fool. You adventured in the field of love, and could not read the woman you adventured with! I would be revenged for the outrage of last night, and am revenged in telling you, imprisoned as you now are, and in a fair way to the scaffold, that your conclusion respecting your mistress was a false one!'

'False!' echoed the youth.

'Ay, hot-brained boy, false! Your rival, pleased with your devotion, and your attentions to your poor mother, became your friend, abandoned his suit, and even pleaded for you with Adeline's father. He succeeded: the old man had given his consent to your marriage with his daughter, for your rival—the man whom you saw whispering in the eager ear of Adeline—had bestowed upon you a marriage portion of five thousand francs. What think you now, rash boy?'

'O, Heavens!' exclaimed the distracted youth, 'it is impossible.'

'Not so, you shall hear the story from the girl's own lips; for justice allows one more meeting. See, see, rash youth, what your hot blood has driven you to! Fine love yours must be, truly, to doubt a lovely girl who has been constant to you for so many months, and resisted parent's frowns, rival's gold, merely because you saw something which your jealous imagination tortured into a crime.'

'O, forbear; for Heaven's sake forbear!' cried the youth. 'If you would not see me fall dead at your feet, forbear!'

'You would have laid me dead at yours, last night,' rejoined the stranger. 'How can you ask for mercy?'

'I knew not what I did. Love, despair, a friendless, aged parent, all—all presented themselves before me. I was distracted—I was mad! You know not—you cannot judge of my feelings then—pray spare them now!'

'Ah, there's your mother, too; when the mad fit was on you, you cared little for her; you thought not that when the guillotine had done its office, she would be left to starve and die—'

'O, no; the Emperor or Napoleon is the father of all his people, and he will not let the desolate widow perish.'

'Hum!' responded the stranger. 'I believe you may make yourself happy on that score; the Emperor will protect her. Are you not prepared to take your trial?'

'I am.'

'Are you prepared to meet the girl you love? To hear from her own lips the story of her innocence, and the generosity of him you hated?'

An inward struggle was evident in the looks of Louis, but after a pause, he faltered, 'I am.'

'Tis well,' replied the other. 'Be firm, young man; the scene that is about to ensue is no common one. You will look upon the face of Adeline, as you never looked upon it before. You will take her hand but not as the poor and humble but innocent lover. She will not mingle her tears with yours over the story of your poverty and constant worship. Yours will not be the language of passionate hope, nor hers of encouragement and expectation. You have sev-

ered the Gordian knot of your fate, and must endure the issue. Come—she is ready.'

With these words, solemnly and impressively delivered, the stranger pushed open the door, and beckoned the youth to follow him. They entered a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which there was a door. They paused.

'She is within this room!' remarked the stranger. 'You tremble.'

'O Heaven support me!' murmured the youth.

'Give me your hand,' replied the other, and as he took the youth's hand within his, he exclaimed—'Be not a craven, Louis, at a moment like this, for the honor of manhood!' And at this instant the doors were thrown open, suddenly.

The blaze of light which illuminated the apartment into which they entered, dazzled the eyes of the youth, for it was so different from the gloom and obscurity of the chambers and passages they had previously been in. The stranger hurried him along to the top of the apartment. A warm hand was then placed within his, a woman's face was buried in his bosom. It was Adeline.

'They stood before a nuptial altar! They were not alone. The father of Adeline and the rival of Louis, were there; the minister was at the altar, and beside the entranced pair stood the stranger, gazing with delight upon the ecstasy. Louis gazed at the strange scene before him in wonder and apprehension. His eyes wandered from one to another; but they rested upon the stranger, who looked on the scene with a smile. Upon him the eyes of Louis rested, and the stranger, perceiving his amazement gradually allowed the cloak to fall from his person, and Louis involuntarily dropped upon his knees, as he beheld in the person of the stranger, his sovereign, Napoleon, the Emperor of France.

'Louis!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'you have said that the Emperor is the father of his people. Is your father's mode of punishing the hot-brained folly of his son satisfactory?'

'My sovereign!' cried Louis, 'I may not—cannot speak—'

'You must, Louis,' continued the Emperor, 'for I have given my word that Adeline shall become a bride this day; and you must fulfil my promise.—Come boy, no tears; your reward of virtue now commences. The Emperor Napoleon will not desert young Frenchmen who gild the declining days of aged parents with filial love, and scatter joy upon their gray hairs. Now let the service begin.'

The ceremony was performed. Adeline became the bride of her beloved, and the Emperor Napoleon was the constant friend of the widow's son.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generation. Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burg of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the windows of our inn, which was opposite to the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had but just passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the rammer, struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure. 'This work seems to be very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the Honorable company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man and resumed his discourse.

'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—the captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, that is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you.' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempted to speak, and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying—'Where is he then? where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother.' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witness of this tender meeting with your family; we request the favor of you and yours to dinner at the inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit for idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of industry and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first one, of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I trusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.'

After dinner the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers. Beside, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.

What two letters make a county in Massachusetts?—S. X. (Essex.)

Why are your teeth like verbs?—Regular, irregular and defective.

If the alphabet were invited out to dine, what time would U, V, W, X, Y and Z go?—After tea (T)

FOR THE GEM.

GATHERINGS OF FANCY—No. 1.

'E'en all mankind to some lov'd ills incline :
Great men choose greater sins, ambition 's mine.'

Mr. Editor—Having a predilection for notoriety, and withal somewhat studious in being deemed literary, I have presumed upon your indulgence by submitting to your "table," a few casual gleanings from established authors of merit, alike ancient and modern, together with occasional glimpses consequent upon general reading, and an ordinary acquaintance with men and manners. Although some would pronounce these flights and "perpetrations," as vain aspirings, yet to the more liberal minded, they will, (it is hoped,) afford a momentary relief, from the dull, monotonous epistles so rife and insipid at the moment of an impending political contest. W.

Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims; she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force, but there's danger in it: while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseen.

To triumph o'er ourselves is the only conquest where fortune makes no claim. In battle, chance may snatch the laurel from thee, or place it upon thy brow; but in a contest with thyself, be resolute, and the virtuous impulse must be the victor. KOTZBUE.

A promise made, admits not of release,
Save by consent or forfeiture of those
Who hold it—so it should be ponder'd well
Before we let it go.

Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just :
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. SHAKESPEARE.

Let them fly that fear.
Fly! why the evil doer flies, not he
That putteth down a wrong. Miss MITFORD.

Our love of life is in the very instinct
Of mere material-action! when we do
Even so slight a thing, as wink an eye
Against the wind. Place me a soulless dog
Upon the bare edge of a height, and he
Shall shudder and shrink back, tho' none have proved
To his capacity that the fall were dangerous. SHIEL.

Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and starts at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. ADDISON.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear :
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. SHAKESPEARE.

From the London Metropolitan.

LOVE IN ADVERSITY.

BY L. M. MONTAGU.

Though the last hope we cherished
Is faded and gone,
Yet love, ever faithful,
To death, will live on;
And the frowns of the cold world
We fly from, shall be
But as seals to the bond
Of affection to thee.

Though we fly to the desert,
Like Eden's lost pair,
Yet green spots will rise
When thy footsteps are there;
And the waterless sands
Yield their fountains of life,
To the cares, the devotion,
The tears of a wife.

Oh! it was not when fortune
And friendship were thine,
Thou couldst judge of a heart
So devoted as mine;
When joy hung its light
On each garland I wove;
Ah! where was the test
Or the trial of love?

From the darkness and depth
Of the waters of wo,
Like the pearl that is cradled
In the ocean below,
Love rises above

The dark breakers that roll,
To shine as a gem
In the crown of the soul.

Then say not rude fate, love,
Has stript us of all,
Nor lament that I wed thee;—
I would not recall
The vow that I plighted,
For aught 'neath the skies;
The fortune I wedded
Is still in those eyes.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 15, 1836.

Mr. RUSSELL, who has charge of the Musical department of the Gem, being absent, delighting the citizens of New York and Albany, with "sweet sounds," it is unavoidably neglected in the present number.

Our friend RUSSELL is reaping laurels in New York. His "Wind of the Winter Night," was received at the Oratorio on Thursday night last, with tremendous applause. He eclipsed the whole corps. We knew he would, for who can sing like RUSSELL?

The Knickerbocker for October.—There is no native Magazine that we take up with greater pleasure than this favorite Monthly. We are always sure to find in it something new and amusing, as well as sedate and instructive. Although the present is, in our humble opinion, less like itself than many of the former numbers, it is, nevertheless, comparatively rich in variety and full of interest.

The article entitled "*Organic Remains*," is the first in order. The speculative mind, and those fond of mysterious investigations, will be interested with the manner in which the writer of these papers treats his subject; for although he is perhaps occasionally unnecessarily prolix and abstruse, he evidently understands his theme, and is desirous to have it understood by others. Of the justness of his views we will be able to express an opinion better when they are more fully developed.

"*Our Village*" is an amusing sketch, tolerably written.

"*The Eclectic*" is written by a scholar for scholars. It is nevertheless interesting to the common reader. The subject appears to be an investigation into the peculiar prejudices of the human mind.

"*Loferiana*," is a large article upon a small subject. Cunning lexicographers have spent more wit upon the derivation of the word "*loafer*," than either the word itself, or those whom it represents, deserves. It comes neither from the Greek, English, French, Dutch, Latin or Hebrew. It originated in the State of New York, and on the Erie Canal, thus:—When the canal was first constructed, as now, it was the practice of many who travelled upon it, to "board themselves," while others partook of the more sumptuous viands furnished by the commandant of the boat. In "settling their fare," it was found necessary to employ some term to distinguish between these two classes of travellers; and as the most prominent part of the eatables of the former was a loaf of bread, some "*Bob-short*" Captain very wittily applied to them the very significant appellation of "*loafers*." This term was so musical and expressive that it was very soon diverted from its original use, and made a term of the general application in which it is now used. This is the simple history of this famous word. We hope Mr. P. in his next number will give us more of the characteristics of *loafers*, and less of the derivations of the word.

"*New York and New England*." The writer of this article attempts to create a distinction between these two portions of the Union. His argument is more ingenious than profitable.

"*The Portico*, No. 2," is well written; but we read it with very little interest. It appeared to us like new words to an old tune. The progress of the arts in this country has been dwelt on enough already.

"*The Secret History of Tasso*," will be found peculiarly interesting.

"*Ollapodiana*, No. 16," We give, in another place, an ample extract from this No. of Ollapod. It describes his visit to the Falls, and is beautifully descriptive.

The poetry is good—speaking of poetry as now written; while the literary notices evince talent and discrimination. So long as the Knickerbocker retains its present correspondents and its present editors, it must flourish.

The Cabinet Miscellany.—FOSTER, of New York, the enterprising publisher of the Foreign Quarterlies, &c. has commenced a new work under this title, to be published weekly, at \$5 per annum. It is very neatly got up, and is intended to be filled with the writings of eminent European and American authors. The three numbers already published, contain an interesting volume, entitled "*St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Napoli di Romania*." It is from the pen of an eminent Prussian Ambassador, whose official character gave him uncommon opportunities to gratify the curiosity of an inquiring mind. Although rather too profusely tintured with admiration for Kings, Emperors and Sultans, to suit a Republican reader, it nevertheless contains much that will interest and instruct.

GIRARD COLLEGE.—The edifices intended for the use of this institution will be the most splendid of any in our country. No wood-work is allowed in the construction—they are built of marble, and the pillars are superb, costing about fifteen thousand dollars each. Description would beggar the richness of the architecture. Philadelphia will become richer in all that is lovely, than any of our cities, when the college is finished. Her Fair-Mount Water-Works were her pride, but they will be shaded by the towering walls of this stupendous congregation of marble.

The western *literati* are on "tip toe" of expectation for the appearance of a new novel, now ready for publication by the popular and talented author of "*Clinton Bradshaw*," F. W. Thomas, Esq. of Cincinnati.

Oct. 4th we had a tedious storm of snow and rain—Wind from the north and very piercing.

We understand that a letter has been received in this city, stating that on Wednesday the snow was *twelve inches deep* in Peterboro, Madison county.

Deep Snow!—A gentleman just from the east gives the information that the snow was so deep between Schenectady and Utica on Wednesday, that an extra steam engine was necessary to propel the cars!

Mr. HENRY WELLS, Principal of the Institution in New York for the cure of *Stammerers*, is now in this city. We understand that Mr. WELLS has been extremely successful in this useful department of physical experiment. We have heard of many who have been materially relieved, and as many who have been permanently cured. We heartily wish him success in a work so benevolent and important, and cannot but hope that none who are thus afflicted will suffer Mr. W.'s brief visit to pass away without calling upon him. He may be found at the Eagle Tavern.

A tall 'un—not to be beaten.—Mr. Michael Null, of Pilesgrove township in this county, took from his field, a day or two since, a stalk of corn, which measured 14 feet 11 inches in height. Hurrah for Jersey! "Tall corn and long squashes."—*Freeman's* (N. J. Banner).

For the Gem.

ANSWER TO AN ENIGMA IN THE GEM,
Page 160.

From the name of this our city, which every one must know,
Please take the first two letters, of course the R & o,
The first and fifth of Shower, as I really do suppose,
All added into one, will spell the pretty Rose.
Again, the third and fourth of which, and middle half of beer,
With the sixth and eighth spell cheese, as quickly doth appear,
Of wind the first three letters, and Rochester three last,
Spells surely, deear 'Winter,' of which we've had a taste.
Rochester, Oct. 1836. W.

Mr. Editor:—Interested, as the lovers of music are, in the success that attends Mr. Russell, (the *chef d'auveur* in that delightful science,) and as corroborative testimony of our own opinions, it may be well to give a little place to the following endorsement of the New York Press. A more able, impartial critic does not breathe that Mr. J. Porter, and his opinions may be taken as bona fide evidences to all matters pertaining to music or the stage. After indulging in an agreeable vein of criticism upon the manner that such entertainments should be conducted, he says:—

"In the vocal department, however, the "*great feature*" of the evening was the first appearance of Mr. RUSSELL, a Baritone singer of the first class, who made an impression on his hearers which will not soon be removed. We were surprised and delighted—surprised, because we had never before heard of him—delighted, because it is seldom, indeed, we have an opportunity of listening to such singing. His reception, we think, must have satisfied him that it was duly appreciated. The applause which followed each of his songs after each had been *encored* (the only instance of the evening) was the loudest we ever heard in this room."

Such are the encomiums of the New York Press, and let that serve (if we are incapable ourselves) as an estimate of the high attributes with which Mr. RUSSELL is eminently endowed.
W.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

New Music—We have on our table three pretty songs sent us by Firth and Hall. The first is a sacred melody, called, "*Resignation*," the poetry by Charles Mackay, and the music by Henry Russell. The second is entitled "*Wind of the winter night whence comest thou?*" the words and adaption by the same author and composer—but the third, we like better than either, although emanating from the same source as the two preceding. The words are in a fine, jocund, buoyant, and exulting strain, and we copy them as an evidence of our approval. Mr. Russell, the composer, was the musical preceptor of the Princess Victoria, and is now very successful as a teacher of music at Rochester, in this state.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free;
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me.
When morning beams o'er the mountain streams
Oh! merrily forth we go
To follow the stag to his slippery crag,
And chase the bounding roe.

The deer we mark through the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track,
And for right good cheer in the wild woods here,
Oh why should a hunter lack?
For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts, that fear no foe,
To the darksome glade in the forest shade,
Oh merrily forth we go.

The first visit to a Married Child.—Generally speaking, if there is a moment of unmixed happiness, it is that in which parents pay their first visit to a married child, and in which children receive their first visit from their parents. The pretty, half childish, half matronly pride with which the young wife does the honors of her domestic arrangements; the tearful joy of the mother as she inspects and admires; the honest happiness of the father; and the modest exultation of the bridegroom, who has installed the creature he loves in all the comforts with which she is surrounded—render the moment one of pleasing interest to the most careless bystander.—*Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry.*

SELECT POETRY.

From the Token for 1837.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

BY R. F. GOULD.

Jewel most precious thy mother to deck,
Clinging so fast by the chain on my neck,
Locking thy little white fingers to hold
Closer and closer the circle of gold—
Stronger than these are the links that confine
Near my fond bosom this treasure of mine!
Gift from my Maker, so pure and so dear,
Almost I hold thee with trembling and fear!

Whence is this gladness so holy and new,
Felt as I clasp thee, or have thee in view?
What is the noose that slips over my mind,
Drawing me back if I leave thee behind?
Soft is the bondage, but strong is the knot—
O! when the mother her babe has forgot,
Ceasing from joy in so sacred a trust,
Dark should her eye be, and closed for the dust.

Spirit immortal with light from above,
Over this new opened fountain of love,
Forth from my heart as it gushes so free,
Sparkling, and playing, and leaping to thee,
Painting the rainbow of hopes till they seem
Brighter than reason—too true for a dream!
What shall I call thee? My glory? My son?
These cannot name thee, thou beautiful one!

Brilliant celestial! so priceless in worth,
How shall I keep thee unspotted from earth?
How shall I save thee from ruin by crime,
Dimmed by sorrow, untarnished by time?
Where, from the thief and the robber who stray
Over life's path, shall I hide thee away?
Fair is the setting; but richer the gem,
Oh! thou'lt be coveted—sought for by them!

I must devote thee to One who is pure,
Touched by his brightness thine own will be sure.
Borne in his bosom, no vapor can dim,
Nothing can win or can pluck thee from him.
Seamless and holy the garment he folds
Over his jewels, that closely he holds.
Hence unto Him be my little one given!
Yea, 'for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

SELECT MISCELLANY.

Internal heat.—An unsuccessful attempt has been made at the Barrier des Marters in Paris to find water by digging to the depth of 1000 feet. The experiment, however has been made subservient to some investigations on subterranean temperature made by M. Arago who by means of a register thermometer, has satisfied himself that temperature increases from the surface of the earth towards its centre, so that at the depth of 400 miles, all known substances must exist in a state of fusion. According to this view, water, if found 1000 feet, would be sufficiently heated to serve for supplying warm baths, washing, cooking, and various domestic uses. The experiment is a very important one to science, and the wonder is that it has never been made before. If M. Arago is correct, we need no farther solution of the phenomena of volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and the like, which have carried so much terror, and wrought so much devastation in the world. This whole earth is a mere boiling tar-kettle.

The extraordinary discoveries which have been made within few years, going to show the probable identity of heat, light, galvanism, electricity, and magnetism, threaten to overturn the pre-existing speculations of science on those subtle fluids, and to effect as great a revolution as the successful application of steam has in the mechanical world.—France appears to be now taking the lead in scientific as this world is in mechanical improvements.

It is rendered almost certain by the late experiments of M. Faraday that the magnetic pole and all its influences are caused by the operation of the sun's light upon the diurnal revolution of the earth's surface at the equator. The learned and distinguished M. Biot promises still the other important discoveries. He has lately delivered some remarkable lectures in the College de France, by which he has proved, that by means of polarised rays, it is possible to ascertain the chemical action which takes place between bodies held in solution in various liquids, in action which has not been discovered by less delicate means. This is a new branch of science, says the Athenaeum, created as it were, by this great natural philosopher, from which the most important and curious results may be anticipated.—*Boston Dai. Times.*

Marriage.—We see in the New Hampshire papers a marriage announced between Mr. Benjamin Bean, aged 77, and Miss Jane Clark, aged 37. The disparity of years is nothing, but the lady repudiated the Shakers and abandoned celibacy, for such a piece of frail mortality as 77.—*Star.*

The Changes in the Bed of the Lower Mississippi.—The total number of decarations, or cut-offs which have been made in the direction of the serpentine course of the Mississippi by the shifting of its alluvial bed, at various times since 1699, are computed at no less than 180 miles. The channel is estimated, in the Grand Gulf Advertiser, for to have been regularly changed for ages at the rate of two miles per year. It has probably thus traversed the whole alluvial surface of the states of Louisiana and Mississippi, particularly the delta of the former, which is so low. The tendency has been towards the East, probably from the diurnal motion of the sun. By a direct route from Red River, leaving New Orleans 100 miles to east, the Mississippi might reach the Gulf 150 miles nearer than it does. The Grand Gulf Advertiser, from which the above facts are taken, adds:

By cutting about ten miles, at an expense not exceeding \$50,000, the river between New Orleans and the mouth of the Arkansas, which is 160 miles above, may be shortened more than 100 miles.

A line of 360 miles, drawn due north of New Orleans, will pass within six miles of Jackson in this state, and Memphis in Tennessee. From the latter town it is 720 miles, by water, to New Orleans.

Many of the Bends alluded to, are some dozen or 20 miles around, and only a mile or two, and sometimes only a few rods across. Thus the editor says:

Grand Gulf Bend in which our town is situated, is 9 miles round and 2 across; which gives the advantage of being aware of the approach of steamboats an hour before the arrival here.

Palmyra Bend ends above the one just named, is 17 miles round, and only a mile across, through which a sluice passes in high water. It is but 16 miles from Grand Gulf to Warrenton, by a road passable ten months in the year; yet it is 40 by the course of the river.

Vicksburgh Bend, commencing 4 miles above, and ending 8 below, is 12 around, and but 400 rods across, which was passed over by a ferry-boat, in 1828.

Warland's Bend is 14 miles round, and 50 rods across.

Succory Coffee.—Succory root, cut, dried, torrifed, and ground to powder, is most extensively employed as a substitute for coffee, or rather, I ought to say, to adulterate coffee. A full account of the preparation of it will be found in the Annales de Chymie, lix., p. 307. Its consumption is so great, that some fear has been expressed of its seriously injuring the trade in, and cultivation of, coffee; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed to lay a tax on it.—I am told that it is employed very largely by grocers to adulterate their coffee, by coffee-house keepers, and by economical house-keepers. It yields a perfectly wholesome and agreeable beverage, but wants that fine aromatic flavor peculiar to coffee, and for which the latter is so celebrated.—Mr. Pereir's Lectures in the Medical Gazette.

Negro Wit.—"Jake," said a gentleman to an old negro, who was rather lazily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises, "Jake, my old boy, you don't get along with this job very fast." "Wy massa," replied Jake, scratching his wool, "pretty considerable for an old man, I guess; and I conceit myself, dat I can clare more snow away in dese 'ere short days, den de spryest nigga in de city could do in de longest summer day as eber was."

Road to Ruin.—The Cincinnati Mirror says that a man who was hanged lately in a neighboring state for burglary and murder, confessed under the gallows that his career of crime commenced by stopping a newspaper, without paying for it. It is certain that he entered the road to ruin by the right gate.

☞ The new locomotive George Washington ascended the inclined plane on the rail road at Columbia (Pa.) some few days since, drawing two cars with some fifty or sixty passengers—a thing never before accomplished in this country. The length of the plane is 2800 feet, with an ascent in that distance of 396 feet to the mile, or 1 foot to every 13.

In 1680 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law that none of its members should come to the session barefooted, nor eat their bread and butter on the steps!

A Curious piece of Antiquity.—In the church yard of Hamel Hampstead, (where the first church was built as long ago as the seventh century,) the sexton who was lately engaged in digging a vault for a young lady, when he had excavated the earth about 4 feet below the surface of the ground, struck his spade against something solid, which upon inspection, he found a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein, on being exposed to the air, crumbled into dust. On the lid of the coffin is an inscription, partly effaced by time, yet still sufficiently legible to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who rebuilt the Abbey of St. Alban's and died in the 8th century. The coffin is very curiously carved, and altogether unique of the kind.

A man in North Canaan, Ct. recently broke open and robbed his trunk, made a hole in his hat, which he covered with blood, and placing both in a retired spot, eloped with a pretty girl, leaving his wife behind, to suppose him murdered, if she chose.

Gorham in Maine.—Few towns have produced more aged people than Gorham. Of 23 persons who have died within the last 40 years, but one of them was under 90, and the eldest 102 years old: the average of their ages is 94: while there were several others between 80 and 100.

Conundrums.—Why is a tallow chandler the most vicious and unfortunate of men? *Ans.* All his words are *wick-ed*, and all his *wick-ed* works are brought to *light*.

Why is a tattler unlike a mirror?—One speaks without reflecting, the other reflects without speaking.

Why is a lady walking before a gentleman like the latest news?—Because she's in advance of the male.

Why is a man getting his pockets picked, very complaisant?—Because a fellow *feeling* makes him wondrous kind.

MARRIED.

At Waldoboro, Me., on the 21st ult., by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, EVERARD PECK, Esq. of this city, to Miss MARTHA FARLEY, of the former place.

On the 6th inst., at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. O. Clarke, Mr. IRA CARPENTER, to Miss DEBA COOK.

In Geneva, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Hay, the Rev. PHILEMON H. FOWLER, of Albany, to Miss JANETTE S. HOPKINS, niece and adopted daughter of the Hon. Samuel M. Hopkins.

In Pittsford, on the 4th inst. by Rev. I. B. Richardson, Mr. BRADLEY M. PIERSONS of East Avon, to Miss CATHERINE M. WHITEHEAD, of the former place.

At Wheatland, on the 5th inst., by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. BENJAMIN ESTES, Jr. of Caledonia, to Miss PROBAX WICKS of Wheatland.

In Fabius, Onondaga co., on Thursday 29th, by the Rev. W. Judd, Mr. HENRY B. JUDD, to Miss ALMIRA BARDEEN, both of Fabius.

On Tuesday the 4th inst., by the Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. James Boarden to Miss Christine Riddell, both of this city.

In Mendon, on the 27th ult., by E. J. Bell Esq. Mr. Leeman Van Valkenburgh, to Miss Lucy Matthews, both of Mendon.

In Parma, on the 2d inst., by Elder Stephen Bathrick, Mr. E. F. Brown of Ogden, to Miss Lydia Ann Dingman, of Parma. Likewise, on the same day, by the same, Mr. Darius C. Holmes, of Parma, to Miss Louisa M. Prosser, of Clarkson.

On the 24th inst., by the Rev. J. C. Lord, at the United States Hotel, in Buffalo, Mr. D. Smith, of Hudson, and Miss Clark, of Pittsford, N. Y.

At the Pearl st. church, Buffalo, immediately after divine service, on Sabbath, the 2d inst., by the Rev. J. C. Lord, Mr. James Gay, of Rochester, and Miss Jane Ann Stevens, of Buffalo.

In Riga, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. Mr. De Forest, Mr. MILO THOMSON to Miss JANE FREEMAN, both of Rochester.

In Riga, on the 6th inst., by the same, Mr. D. SCOFIELD of Chili, to Miss ELECTA FOX, of Riga.

For the Gen.

EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR MR. P. D. ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

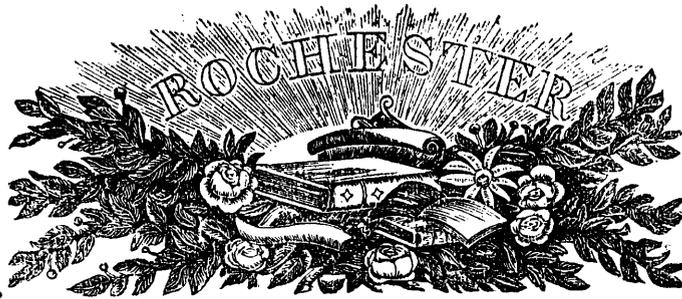
Companion of my youth, beloved! tell
How long shall be thy sad and last farewell—
Thou dost not answer, thou hast flown to God,
Though sleeps thy dust beneath the silent sod.

I would not call thee back, Amelia! stay
Where sorrow, pain and death are done away;
With me, soon will the storm of life be o'er,
Then shall I meet with thee to part no more.

TELEMACHUS.

OFFICE OF THE GEM,
Exchange-street, 2d door South of the Bank
of Rochester....up stairs.

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson.

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

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1836.

No. 22.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A MODERN BRUTUS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was in the summer of 1819 that the accident occurred which I am about to relate, and which agitated all that part of France which was the scene of its enactment. I was studying the antiquities of Rome, that beautiful city, on which the characters of the middle ages are so deeply imprinted. I had already surveyed and admired its wonderful cathedral, its castles, its fountains, and its venerable crosses, when I found myself one morning before the hall of Justice. Crowds were flocking to it from every quarter, the expression of whose eager faces seemed to announce the expectation of some deeply interesting judicial drama. The doors were not yet opened, and I awaited patiently the movement which should give entrance to the multitude, and leave me to the uninterrupted enjoyment of my antiquarian researches and of the reflections on the past which they should naturally call up in my mind.

It came at length, and I was left in solitude.—Hours were passed in wandering from one interesting relic to another—examining, verifying and comparing—recalling the scenes and incidents of ancient days and contrasting them with what now existed around me, when my attention was arrested by the animated looks and gestures of two advocates who had just halted at the foot of the great staircase, and from time to time directed their eyes toward the hall of Justice as if anxiously awaiting the result of some important trial. They approached me, and the loud tone of their conversation acquainted me involuntarily with its subject; it was the judgment of a father, the murderer of his only son. My curiosity was aroused, and yielding to the impulse, I drew near the speakers, who saluted me with courtesy, and readily obliged me with the following narration.

Arnaud Magnier, who is at this moment under trial, is a retired veteran, who was true to justice and true to honor as his temper was quick and violent. He had an only son, a young man of about nineteen, who, inheriting the energetic character without the rectitude of his father, early became the slave of corrupt and degrading passions. Frequent complaints had been laid before the old man of his son's excesses, and more than once he had inflicted upon him severe punishments, which, so far from working reformation, only seemed to harden the incorrigible spirit of the offender. One evening, Magnier received a visit from an old and valued friend, M. Duval, the proprietor of an extensive manufactory at some distance from the city, who had accepted the polite invitation of his ancient comrade, with the intention of returning the same night.

Edward, the son, who had for some time renounced his dissipated and licentious habits, cheerfully aided his father in fulfilling the duties of hospitality. The cheerful glass and merry jest went round, and the flight of time was unheeded, until at length the eyes of M. Duval chanced to fall on the mantle clock, which indicated the hour of eleven. He rose hastily, and resisting the entreaties of his friend to pass the night under his roof, he fastened on his belt from which the clink of gold was distinctly heard, mounted his horse and started for home.

He had proceeded near half a mile, and was about entering a little wood, through which the road was carried, when suddenly at the termination of the glade, conspicuously lighted by the moonbeams, he saw approaching him a man whose face was blackened, and whose movements indicated a hostile purpose. The merchant drew a pistol from his holster, and giving his steed the spur, quickly found himself confronted by the

'If you would save your life, give up your purse!' exclaimed the latter, in a hoarse and apparently assumed voice, presenting a pistol in each hand. M. Duval had his finger upon the trigger of his own, and was on the point of firing, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he dropped his hand. 'My purse,' he replied, 'take it—there it is;' and he detached it from his belt and placed it in the hands of the robber. The unknown turned, and was quickly out of sight—while the merchant resumed his journey, buried in thought and allowing the bridle to hang loose upon the neck of his horse, whose pace gradually dwindled to a walk, without appearing to attract the notice of the rider.

Thus he continued to proceed for nearly half an hour, when at length he raised his head, like one who has arrived at a conclusion. M. Duval suddenly checked his horse, and turning the rein, set off at full gallop on his way back to the place from whence he had come. He drew up in the suburbs of this city near the house of his friend, left the horse at the inn and proceeded to the gate which opened upon the garden in the back of Magnier's dwelling. He entered, and advancing with cautious steps to the window of the veteran's sleeping apartment, which was upon the ground floor, tapped gently against the glass.—The signal was heard, and M. Duval was speedily admitted. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have been robbed—the voice, the figure so far as I could distinguish them under the disguise, the features of the robber struck me—they have given rise to a strange thought. I may be deceived, but my conviction is strong—the honor of your house—'

'What do your words portend? For heaven's sake explain.'

'Listen—heavy charges are brought against your son, I hope that my suspicions may be wrong—forgive me, it is my friendship for you—'

'In mercy speak out at once, what would you say?'

'Alas my poor friend, I am forced to suspect—'

'Whom? What? that it was he?'

'Calm yourself, let us examine quietly, and if possible convince ourselves that it was nothing more than a resemblance.'

'Come,' exclaimed the old soldier taking up the lamp, and leading the way to the chamber of his son. They entered cautiously and found him buried in profound slumber. The old man, whose hand trembled violently, passed the light before his eyes to assure himself that the sleep was real, and then turned to his friend with a deep sigh, like one who is relieved from a terrible suspense. The merchant bent down over the sleeper, and doubt and fear resumed their sway in the mind of the unhappy father, whose eyes roamed fearfully around the apartment—they rested at length upon a blackened cloth, a pair of pistols and a leathern belt which the robber had imperfectly concealed beneath his pillow.

'Still this proves nothing,' exclaimed the merchant, who shuddered at beholding the ghastly workiug of the old man's face—'besides I was on horseback, and how could he overtake me on foot?'

'There is a foot path that is much shorter,' answered the father with a dreadful look,—'and if proof were wanting it is here,' he continued, pointing to the shoes and gaiters of the young man, which were covered with damp mud. M. Duval cast down his eyes without saying a word.

'And he sleeps,' the old man muttered, while his eyes glowed with fearful light—then with a desperate hand he grasped one of the pistols, and before the merchant could even move to interrupt his purpose, he lodged the contents in the brain of his guilty son.

This is the crime upon which the court is now anxiously engaged in passing judgment, and it

is the result of the trial that we and the crowd whom you have seen entering the hall, are so anxiously awaiting.

Just then a multitude of people hurried down the staircase, and amidst the confusion of voices that broke upon my ear, I heard frequently repeated the words, 'banished for life!'

From the Philadelphia Saturday News.

ICHABOD LOOKINS.

OR—DOMESTIC UNEASINESS.

It was past the noon of night, and the greater part of those who had beds to go to, had retired to rest. Light after light had ceased to flash from the windows, and every house was in darkness, save where a faintly burning candle in the attic, told that Sambo or Dinah had just finished labor, and were about enjoying the sweets of repose, or where a fitful flashing through the fan light of an entry door, hinted at the fact that young Hopeful was still abroad at his revels. It seemed that the whole city and liberties were in bed, and the active imagination of the solitary stroller through the streets could not avoid painting the scene. He figured to himself the two hundred thousand human creatures who dwell within those precincts, lying prone upon their couches—couches varied as their fortunes, and in attitudes more varied than either—some, who are careless of making a figure in the world, with their knees drawn up to their chins; the haughty and ostentatious stretched out to their full extent; the ambitious, the sleeping would-be Cæsars, spread abroad like the eagle on a sign, or a chicken split for the gridiron, each hand and each foot reaching towards a different point of the compass; the timid rolled up into little balls, with their noses just peeping from under the clothes; and the valiant with clenched fists and bosoms bare, for character manifests itself by outward signs, both in our sleeping and waking moments—and if the imagination of the speculative watcher has ears as well as eyes, the varied music proceeding from these two hundred thousand somnolent bodies, will vibrate upon his tympanum, the dulcet-flute-like snoring which melodiously exhales from the Phidian nose of the sleeping beauty; the querulous whining of the nervous papa; the war-like, startling snort of mature manhood; ringing like a trumpet call, and rattling the window glass with vigorous fury; the whistling, squeaking, and grunting of the eccentric; and in fine, all the diversified sounds with which our race chose to accompany their sacrifices to Morpheus.

But although so many were in bed, there was at least one who should have been in bed, who was not there. The obscure rays of a corporation lamp faintly defined the outlines of a dark mass, which lay coiled up like a boa constrictor after supper, in the angle formed by a flight of steps and the wall. It was evidently a man, for near it lay the remnant of a hat, and a little bundle of a suspicious color; and its pantaloons were mapped with patches, so that a school boy might have studied geography on the globular projection, by referring to the nether integuments of the sleeper. Had the bricks been a patent elastic hair mattress, and the scraper upon which his head reposed, a pillow of eider down the slumbers of Ichabod Lookins—for it was no less a personage—could not have been more profound.

Several dogs had approached to ascertain whether he was an acquaintance, and Lookins had borne the survey without a murmur. A drove of ordinance-breaking swine had rooted about his ribs, and champooned him with their snouts, preparatory to revenging the wrongs of their race by chewing up his mortal part, without meeting a more angry rebuke than a somnolent,

'don't tickle,' spoken as if it formed a part of a dream, and had no reference to the exterior world. But at last when both pigs and dogs were gone, Lookins started up wildly!

'What! come to breakfast?' exclaimed he, with hungry eagerness. 'Breakfast, indeed?—no such luck. I wish there was; but breakfasts are a sort of thing that I remember oftner than I see. There must be enough in this world for us all, or else we wouldn't be here; but I spose some greedy rascal gets my share of breakfast, and other such elegant luxuries. It's just the way of the world; there's plenty of shares of every thing, but somehow or other, there are folks that lay their fingers on two or three shares, and sometimes more, according as they get a chance, and the real owners, like me, may go whistle. They've fixed it so, that if you try to bone what belongs to you, they pack you right off to jail, 'cause you can't prove property. Empty stummicks and old clothes, ain't good evidence in court.'

'What the deuce is to become of me? Something must—and I wish it would be quick, and hurry about it. My clothes are getting to be too much of the summer house order for the October fashions. People will soon see too much of me—not that I care much about looks, myself, but boys is boys, and all boys is sassy. Since the weather's been chilly, and when I turn the corner to go up town, I feel as if the house had too many windows and doors, and I'm almost blowed out of my coat and pants. The fact is, I don't get enough to eat to serve for ballast.'

'This here city,' continued Lookins, as he gruntingly arose to his feet, an operation which he performed as if his joints were rusty—'this here city is big enough to hold me, and feed me, too, which is all that a man wants, when he comes to look at things properly. I find it so; for I've walked off from Mrs. Lookins and the little 'uns, and you may say I don't want 'em.—When a man gets experience, he learns that the valley of wives and other extras is tantamount to nothing. It's only essentials he cares about; now I'm as hungry as a poor box, and as thirsty as a cart load of sand—not for water, though; that's said to be good for navigation, and internal improvements, but it always hurts my whole-some, and I'm principled against using the raw material—it's bad for trade.'

The watchman now requested him to shin it like a white head.

'Which way would you like to see me do it?' was the obliging response.

'I'm no way peticklar; only cut stick off my beat.'

'Watchy, you're an event—you're a ripple in the river of my life—a sort of new chapter to my story book. I'll begin with you over leaf.—Let's sit down; I haven't had my supper to lean on, and the old woman used my stick for kindlings.'

'Don't talk like a spooney, my son. If you don't go, you are all the same as hazed on to, which means cotched for a vagroom.'

'How can I be a vagroom, when I'm standing here. How can I be a spooney, when I have nothing to eat? The fact is, when the old woman ain't by, and I'm not hungry, there's few pootier boys than me.'

'You're married, hey? You ought to be ashamed of loafing about in this style: go home to your family.'

'Watchy, your trade must make you a man choek full of sensibilities, and I'll tell you a secret. Home's a fool to this—and yet, perhaps you may think this is bad enough. But the fact is, there's always a good deal more of domestic uneasiness where my wife is, than there is of eatables and drinkables. Now I don't like uneasiness myself, so once upon a time I left the most of it behind me. The old woman and little 'uns was too much for my tender feelings, and I walked Spanish one morning. You see I had a way of mollifying myself with smallers, and as soon as I was mollified, Mrs. Lookins used to unmollify me with a big stick. She lambasted me regularly into a sense of my forlorn condition, and that's what I call domestic uneasiness.'

'You're took up, then. I'm a married man myself, and know it is your duty to submit to be corrected. This 'ere is one of them 'ere pints of law what grabs you strait—these husbands as cut stick must be made examples on. If they wasn't all the he-biddies in town would be cutting stick. To allow such cuttings and such goins on, is taking the mortar out of society and letting the bricks tumble down. You're a gone gosling.'

'Well, we won't dispute—you're just like the rest of the world: you're wife crows over you and you crows over me. I'll go to the watch house. Heighho!—Give us a quid.'

'I don't chaw.'

'There it is—any feller that don't chaw, can't expect to have a conscience. It won't grow in him. Now, my old woman don't chaw—she has no occupation for her chops, but jawing. We didn't do much eating, and the drinking was my business, and jaw she could, in a way that was truly cautionry.'

'Come along, and don't talk nonsense about quids.'

'A pocket full of cavendish, dandy's twist, lady's twist, Lorrillard, nigger head, or wood sawyer, is the sign of a tender heart. Smoking makes a man savage; but to chaw! It brings tears into my eyes to think of the numerous old soldiers I've made, and discharged from the service.'

'If you won't come, I must call assistance.'

'The more the merrier. As for you, you're too little to go against the wind with a long nine in your teeth; it would turn you over on your back, and you'd look like a one legged stool, or a little steam boat.'

'Do you mean to affront the corporation?'' asked Charley, indignantly springing his rattle.'

'I'm off!' shouted Ichabod Lookins, turning to go. But, alas! cruel fate! he was surrounded and committed as a vagrant.

From the *Jersyman*.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN IDLER.

A NIGHT BY THE POCONO.

The road leading from the Wyconing valley on the Susquehanna, to Easton on the Delaware, crosses one of the most wild, rugged, and gloomy mountains in Pennsylvania, and is called the Pocono. There is even at this day few inhabitants upon it; and they live a life of solitude, hunting and trapping forming their principal occupations. Wild and ferocious beasts of every nature roam the forests, and fix their habitations in the huge rocks and caves with which the mountain abounds. For thirty or forty miles along the turnpike road, the traveller's eyes is greeted with but two or three dwellings which have the appearance of human habitations.

It was in the autumn of 1820 that I was passing over this dreary mountain alone, and on horseback—the roads at that time being almost impassable for carriages. The sun had just peeped over the tall pines of the Susquehanna, as I found myself at the foot of the Pocono, on my way to Philadelphia, intending to reach a house kept by William Sox, where the traveller sometimes found accommodations. I rode all day without falling in with any company, and endeavored to chase away the feelings of solitude which were occasionally creeping over me, by talking to my horse, whistling or singing some favorite tune of by-gone days.

The curtains of night began to fall around me, and my horse appeared restive and impatient to attain the end of his journey. Now and then the distant howl of the wolf fell harshly upon my ear and caused the horse to prick up his ears, snort and press forward with renewed vigor. All at once I fancied I heard a human voice. I looked round and listened, but all was silent. Again a low, plaintive wail, like unto that of a person in distress, would reach my listening ear. Could it be a human voice? or was it the counterfeit of the panther to allure the traveller into his jaws.

It must be that robbers infest these thickets, and assume the cry of distress for the purpose of decoying the unsuspecting, and give the whole gang an opportunity for plunder.—But hark! It surely is a human voice. Such were the thoughts that presented themselves to my imagination, as I rode slowly along catching at every sound. Now a cry half hoarse and gurgling, like some one strangling, then another, slow and suppliant, and pitiful, would rise upon the breeze, and fall upon my anxious ear, and so tantalize me that I was unable to form any opinion whatever. At length I resolved to dismount and reconnoitre a thicket which stood a few hundred paces from the road. I tied my horse to a tree, and commenced the task. At one time, the sound appeared at an immense distance, and I almost despaired of finding out from whence it proceeded. Then again it would seem so near me, and so like a human voice, that I pushed forward, and soon arrived at a

thick clump of saplings, where there was a small open space. Here I halted and stood listening to catch the sound again, when a sharp piercing yell issued from a thick copse of wood some further on. I now felt sure it was a panther, and vexed at being decoyed into greater danger, turned to retrace my steps as fast as possible. Just at that moment, I felt something pull me by the pantaloons, and a voice proceeded by a deep sigh, and a sob, in plain English said "Pa, is it you? Why did you not come sooner? Ma is calling out yonder, why dont she come." To stoop and pick up the little fellow, a boy of about four years old, was but the work of an instant, and just as I left the scene, another howl or scream burst upon our ears. I was now conscious of our danger, and pressed the boy still closer to my bosom. "That ain't Ma," said he, after a death-like pause, and clung close to my neck. I did not stop to ask how he came there or where he lived, but pressed forwards towards the road as fast as fear and anxiety could urge me on. I found the horse pawing and neighing furiously, the sweat rolled from his sides in great drops, and he trembled like an aspen leaf. He too was conscious of danger. Mounting him, and placing the boy before me on the saddle, with my feet firmly fixed in the stirrups, I gave the horse a loose rein, and he darted off with the rapidity of the wind. He had taken but a few leaps when I heard the dry brush crack but a short distance behind me, and a scream, such an one as I never wish to hear again came ringing in my ears, and caused my hair to raise my hat clear off my head. The panther was in full pursuit, and the yell just uttered was that of disappointment. My horse needed no urging, indeed it seemed as though we were riding over a chain of lightning, so fast did we fly over the ground. At length I heard a faint half uttered cry, which assured me our enemy had given over the chase, and just at that moment I discovered a glimmering light thro' the trees, a short distance from us. As soon as my little friend saw it, he exclaimed, "There—Ma is up yet, and we'll have our supper after all." The poor little wanderer was evidently very hungry, and had almost despaired of relief. But—Good God—what a supper would the panther have made, had I not heard the little sufferer's cries. We neared the light, and my horse dashed into the door of the house before he dared to stop. His sudden approach greatly alarmed the inmates at first, but as soon as they recognized the boy, a number of voices cried "little George, little George—Ma, George has come," and tears and prayers flowed from their eyes and lips, as the little children gathered round me, and the mother clasped the little truant to her bosom, so choaked with grief that she could not utter a word, and tears chased one another down her bosom in rapid succession. When she became a little composed, she informed me that George had followed the larger children into the fields to pick berries, and had wandered from the others and got lost. The family were in search of him, fearing lest he should be devoured by the wild beasts. The horn was immediately blown and they soon returned to the house, when I informed them of the circumstances that led to his rescue. Their joy and gratitude I cannot describe.

My horse was amply repaid for his services and fright, and never did I offer up more sincere thanks to the Almighty than for being an instrument in his hands to rescue a little innocent from the jaws of a ferocious animal. Years have passed away since that time, but I never look upon a bright little boy without remembering a night on the Pocono.

ADOLESCENS.

True dignity.—Little minds endeavor to support a consequence by distance and hauteur. But this is a mistake. True dignity arises from condescension, and is supported by noble actions. Supercilliousness is almost a certain mark of low birth and ill breeding. People who have just emerged into greatness think it necessary to maintain their superiority by a proud look and a high stomach. The consequence is, general hatred and contempt. In fact, this proud, high bearing reserve, is a great crime.

If you wish to be as happy as any living, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it.

MARIA MARNET.

'Ephraim,' said my uncle to me one night—when the wind was blowing its November gusts with the utmost violence, and dashing the rain in sheets against the windows, that shook at their blustrious greeting, 'I wish you would step down to Marnet's and see how that poor girl and the old man fare; and take Philip with you, and let him carry down a couple of bottles of wine, and any thing there is in the house. This is a sad night for the poor, Ephraim, and doubly so for the poor and afflicted. Thanks be to God, we know but little of the physical sufferings. I hardly like sending you out—but with your capote—and you know, my dear boy, it is on an errand of mercy.'

'Say no more my dear uncle,' said I, 'a worse night than this has seen me on my way to pleasure, and shall not stop me in the execution of the more creditable task you allot me now.'

Old Marnet, who had seen better days, received me with tears of gratitude, and sought many blessings on my head, and that of my uncle. His daughter, a fair and gentle girl, of much beauty, and an amiable, and somewhat cultivated mind, was in the last stage of decline, induced by the too fatal success of the insidious schemes of that scourge and disgrace of the civilized world—an amiable villain.

'And how is Maria?' said I.

'Oh sir,' said the poor old man, 'she is very ill, but her sufferings will soon be at an end. Eternal curses on the scoundrel that robs me of my poor girl—a thousand curses on him! I would have pardoned him with my dying breath if he had taken my life, but if I forgive him this, may God never forgive me!'

'Hush, hush, Marnet,' said I, 'all may be well yet—subdue your just rage, you are a father, but remember also you are a Christian. There is a God above who will avenge you more terribly and more justly than you can avenge yourself.'

'Ay, sir, but he looked not to heaven for his enjoyments when my poor, lost girl fell—nor can I for my revenge now she has fallen. Can I think of the joyful day that gave her dear, excellent departed mother to me? or of the happy moment that first gave me, in my poor Maria, a father's title? or of the happy hours when I used to dandle her little innocent form on my knee, and gather joy from her smiles and prattle, and her playful gambols?—and can I recollect the rude glee, when she tottered to me with outstretched arms, on my return from my daily labor?—or can I think of her poor mother in her grave, (the Lord be praised who took her to his bosom ere this,) and of her last words, when, in tears and agony, she gave her to my arms, and bade me keep her from the world, and ever watch over her? and then her grown beauty, and her kind and affectionate, and confiding, open heart, and all my hopes and expectations of her in my old and lone age? can I think of these and forgive him? Ah, sir, you are not a father; you are kind, very kind, but you are not a father! The bitterest curse of God light on him! He thought not of God, when he cast his gloating eyes on my poor, guileless girl; let him, however, think on him, and call on him before he looks on her father, or it will go worse with him than with thee, my poor Maria!'

'Comperé,' cried an old woman, who had been watching Maria, hastily entering the room we were in, 'it is right your daughter, should have the offices of religion, for she is very low, and I fear me but too near that time when they are most wanted.'

'Oh!' said the old man, beating his forehead, 'my girl, my darling girl! Well, I will go.'

'Haste then,' rejoined the old woman, 'lest it be too late.'

'Stay,' said I, 'I am younger and better fit to meet such a night as this, and I shall lose less time on the errand, Stay you here, and I will toon be back.'

'Yes, I will go,' said the cure, 'and Marguerite hear'st thou, reach me my cloak, and my slouched hat, for I fear it is a dismal night.'

'It is indeed, father,' said I, 'but heaven will bless you for this exercise of your charity.'

In a quarter of an hour we reached Marnet's house, and the cure immediately proceeded to administer the last consolations to the dying girl; while this was doing, the father remained below with myself and the old woman. The poor old man was mad with despair, and occupied the interval in striding hastily across and across the room with a frightful impetuosity; invoking imprecations on the head of the author of his grief—swearing solemn vows of vengeance, and shedding many and bitter tears for his daughter.

When the cure's task was completed, he was again summoned up stairs; alas! only to receive his daughter's dying breath, and to accord to her frantic entreaties his pardon and blessing; then she bowed her beautiful head, and slept with her heart broken.

'This is a sad tale, Ephraim,' said my uncle, when I returned; 'a sad, sad tale! And so the old man cursed him—and who would not?'

'Yes sir,' I answered, 'but I expostulated with him.'

'You did!' said my uncle, 'well then I curse him. Nothing has been made in vain, and it was for such scoundrels curses were made—I curse him too!'

Poor Maria had been dead about a month, and the talk of her untimely end had begun to subside, when my uncle and myself were roused one evening, as we sat over our quiet bottle, by the report of a pistol and a sudden scuffle under our window. I instantly rushed down into the street, and found old Marnet, cool, collected and unsuspecting, in the hands of the *gens d'armes*. He recognized me immediately. 'Good God!' I cried, 'what is this?'

'I have kept my word, sir,' he answered, 'blood for blood is Scripture. Did I not say, that if I forgave him, or avenged not my poor Maria, I hoped God might never forgive me? See, sir,' he said, pointing to a corpse round which the people were gathering, 'he will never lacerate another father's breast, or bring another Maria to the grave.'

I was horror struck; I drew near the dead body, and found it was all that remained of the handsome and depraved Aguste Bertrand.

Marnet was put on his trial; great interest was made for him; his judges even strained at every point that seemed to favor him, and the very *huissiers* wept, but the law sternly demanded, and obtained his conviction, he alone was unmoved: and when his sentence was passed, he fell upon his knees, and thanked God that he had been permitted to be the instrument of its vengeance.

The night before his execution, I saw him when he placed in my hand a small miniature of Maria, which was surrounded by a braid of her hair. 'Keep that,' said he, 'in remembrance of two whose prayers often ascended for you. I have nothing else, and if I had, that is what I most prize and therefore would give you. You are a young man—keep it: and if ever passion struggles in you against your better feelings, remember there are other such fathers as old Marnet. And if ever, as a father, the same misfortune overtakes your child that overtook his, remember that old Marnet, a poor old man, but yet with a father's heart, set an example which, if he were yet to live, he would think it doubly criminal in him not to follow.'

The next day Marnet died, wept by all. Even his executioner turned aside the old man's grey hairs from the axe with a kindly air. He was buried in disgrace; but a pompous *cortège* had ere then followed the remains of Bertrand to the grave, and a costly monument of marble yet covers the earth he polluted and pollutes.

Religious Festival in California.—A gentleman who has been lately traveling in California, has given us an account of a curious religious festival observed every year by its inhabitants. A figure is dressed to represent Judas Iscariot, and a bag is attached thereto. Judas, in consequence of having the bag, is considered a thief, and this is a kind of their festival. But the Californians are not content with Mr. Iscariot alone, but Mrs. Iscariot and a little Iscariot, in the shape of a child, are attached to the betrayer of his master. These three figures are elevated upon poles and carried through the streets—and the populace throw stones and every available missile at them, venting, at the same time, curses and execrations. So passes the first day. At night every one must look out for number one, and secure his property—for liberal permission is given to all to steal just what they can lay their hands on. While one is away hooking his neighbor's articles, the neighbor would be rendering tit for tat. All stolen articles taken only for the amusement of the thing, are deposited by the figures of Mr. Mrs. and little Iscariot, and there the owners may recover them—but whatever is of use to the thief, is not seen on the pile, and Judas Iscariot is pronounced as the thief. A recurrence of the stoning takes place on the second day, and then Mr. Mrs. and the little Iscariot are decapitated for their crimes.—*Boston Her.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEAR GENTS—Being chilled by the autumn wind, I strove to warm myself by recalling "blue-eyed" May.— Writing of vernal days while the leaf is falling, is like an artist painting the features of the dead from recollection. The original not being before me, the portrait must necessarily be imperfect. Yours truly.

May Carol.

The birds, more joyous grown
Catch once again their silver summer tone,
And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
And seem to sing of winter overthrow.

Harry Cornwall.

Mingled with her tresses, wearing
Garlands wet with gentle showers,
In her hand a sceptre bearing,
Wreathed with radiant flowers,
Pleasant May hath come, bestowing
Soft, blue robes upon the sky,
On broad vale and upland throwing
Gifts of verdant dye.

Lulling winds of Heaven are stealing
Blossom-odor from the bough—
Every moment is revealing
Some new beauty now:
Housewife bees are swiftly flying
Round young flowers in airy rings—
Insects, newly born, are trying
In the sun their wings.

Welcome May! yon elm is waving
Regally his leafy crest—
Tinkling streams are lightly laving
Banks in verdure drest.
While the robbin plaits his dwelling
In the green depths of the wood
Buds are in the sunlight swelling
Fresh, and many-hued.

Airless room and sofa leaving
I will roam with idle tread,
Where the stirring grove is weaving
Broad roofs overhead;
Or, beneath some tall beach sitting
Rooted in the virgin mould,
Read, while birds are near me fitting,
Thrilling tales of old. W. H. C. H.

Song.

BY E. D. KINNICOTT.

Bring not—bring not—that rosy wreath,
To deck this glossy hair,
For 'tis not meet such lovely flow'rs,
Should waste their sweetness there;—
They are too gay—they are too gay,
For this lone heart of mine,
That long hath been of sorrowing,
A crush'd and bleeding shrine.

Pass on—pass on—the golden cup,
I will not taste it now,
It brings no gladness to my heart—
No sunshine o'er my brow;—
Though once I lov'd the rosy draught,
When Alvo pass'd it near,
Yet now, 'tis bitter to this lip,
For Alvo is not here.

I meet the gay in lighted halls,
Where once I lov'd to meet,
I listen to the viol's tone,
The sound of dancing feet;—
I meet them, where the voice of song,
Makes each lov'd bosom glad,
And in the spring-day sunny walks,
But yet, my heart is sad.

There is a cloud upon my brow,
That pales the cheek below,
There is a fount of grief within
That will not cease to flow;—
I cannot love this fading world,
As I have done before,
For Alvo's look—and word—and smile,
Can glad my heart no more.

Heat without Fire or Fuel.—There will be exhibited this evening only at the Franklin Hall, a newly constructed Cooking Stove, which, strange as it may seem, will heat a room and perform the cooking of the various dishes for a dinner or breakfast, without steam, fire, flame, smoke, gas, or oil, without chemical preparation and without any dangerous substance whatever, at the expense of comparatively nothing.—*Providence Journal.*

MISCELLANY.

From the London Metropolitan.

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

Most men agree that gaming is a vice which demoralizes mankind: but cannot, or will not see, that a very large portion of the trading community wholly subsists by the practice. In the sporting world at the west end of the town, the many bring their money to the table, for the few to win, and aggrandize themselves: it is the same at the Stock and Royal Exchange in the City, only the name of the game at which the play differs.

The winners in St. James's, as they retire from the table with their money, mount their blood horses, gallop over the turf, and range themselves beside the members of our aristocracy, among whom they forthwith claim a place; and are as regularly admitted, if rumor has been sufficiently active in circulating the amount of their winnings. The citizen, who has been playing the game of speculation, and inveighing against *rouge et noir*, after cheating, and taking unfair advantage of all the novices which came in his way—breaking his faith with two hundred intimate friends, to enrich himself—shaking hands, and professing eternal friendship with two hundred new acquaintances, and having ten times been on the verge of bankruptcy—effected four compositions with his creditors—and fifty-five of his nearest intimates into the walls of a prison, and been three times within an ace of being discovered in his practice of raising money upon fictitious or forged acceptances—decorates himself in an aldermanic gown—visits Newgate, pathetically mourns over the prevailing vices of the town—eats his turtle, and after swallowing a due proportion of wine, drives home to his suburban villa, after the fatigues of the day, to lecture his children in what he calls a knowledge of the world, and what a wonderful man he himself has been in it.

This is no overcharged picture of nine-tenths of those who live in the gambling speculative market of London, where all the worst passions of man are called into play, "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"London! opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London," although first in science and in arts, contains much to make the life of man wretched, and to pollute his soul: there is no defining the social state of its inhabitants.—Squalor and splendour are alternately, as you thread your way through the streets, predominant. The teacher of morals to-day, is at the bar of the Old Bailey to-morrow; and the culprit liberated from the Penitentiary last week, is a theological teacher to hundreds the next.

The motions of those who consider themselves superior bodies, would be in excellent order and perfection, did not the putrid exhalations from the gross matter of ambition in some, the envy of others, and the wickedness of all, become precursors of prodigious mischief: the girdle of *hate* invests the metropolis; happy are those who reside out of it—"God made the country, but man made the town." In such a place as London, where nineteen twentieths of the people are trading to the extreme of their capital, and more than one half upon a fictitious one, the only surprise is, that there should be so few cases of forgery; I mean detected cases, for the actual number is beyond all calculation: there are few who have had hard struggles to avoid the rocks, and to sail round the gulf of trade, that do not know how correctly I am informed, when I say some few years since, forgery to a great extent among regular tradesmen, was an everyday practice, while, perhaps, none intended a fraud. This emanated from the struggles of drowning men, who, in the false system of trade carried on at the time, having made a few steps up the ladder, were unwilling to be thrust down again. If a steady, regular trade be a benefit to a country, nothing can be more detrimental or hurtful to its interests, than having in it a body of traders, who are permitted with empty pockets to occupy the position of wealthy capitalists. Such men it is who divert and impede the regular current of trade, by projecting specious, but Utopian schemes for shortening the road to the temple of riches: to convert the town into a large gaming arena, where only a few can win, but all must be unsettled and demoralized in principle.

The knowledge that where adventurous speculations abound, a small sum of money may lead to fortune, must, in its very nature, lead to

crime: had not Fauntleroy known that the gambling money market was open to him, and flattered himself that some day he might make, as others had done, a hit by *speculation*, (to express the term elegantly, vulgarly by *gambling*), he would not, in all probability, have ventured on so dangerous an expedient, to prop the falling walls of his own and his partner's house.

In the year of the panic (1826) a gentleman in the North of England, who had lived in good style, died, leaving two grown up sons, part of a large family, behind him: contrary to the expectations of his children, when his affairs were examined, there was found to be little more property than was sufficient to satisfy the demands against the estate.

Some gentlemen in the neighborhood, feeling for their situation and disappointment, advised both of the young men to repair to London and endeavor to obtain situations; and further to facilitate these objects, and assist them, he wrote a letter of introduction to an eminent citizen, directing them to present it immediately on their arrival in the metropolis.

When the person to whom the letter was addressed read its contents he commiserated their situation, invited them to dinner the same day, and immediately commenced his inquiries among his friends for situations which he judged might suit them, and, within a few hours, obtained the late Sir William Curtis's consent, to admit the eldest into his banking house as a clerk. While the good man, who resided in the neighborhood of the India House, was thus engaged, the young northerners took a walk to survey the modern Babylon, and we may judge of their patron's surprise, when three weeks elapsed before either of them again made their appearance at his house. The reader must be informed, that both the young men had brought in their pockets to town, the money which came to their share upon the division of the father's property, amounting to about three hundred and fifty pounds each.

After an absence of three weeks from the time they delivered their introductory letter to the citizen, one of them entered his counting-house, and said, "Sir, I know not how sufficiently to apologise to you for my conduct; I have been now three weeks in town, the whole of which time has passed like a dream to me. No! not like a dream neither, it is reality, for I have all the money in my pocket," slapping his hand upon his thigh.

"What money?" hastily inquired the citizen.

"Fourteen thousand pounds, which I have made since I saw you—nothing shall keep me another day in such a place, for I have just recollected, that when so much can be in a short time obtained, the same may be lost; and although the adage, which tells us 'Money is like manure, of no use until it be spread,' may be good, yet I mean to take my leisure in determining how I shall dispose of mine."

"Well, well!" cried the incredulous, and astonished citizen; "but tell me how all this has happened. What has become of your brother—why didn't he call and explain it?"

"My brother! rejoined the fortunate young man; he has been as busy as I have, and means to stay two or three days longer in town to get in his money. I believe he has made more than I; but I'll be off, there's witchery in the place, and I'll keep my hands fast hold of the money all the way until I reach home."

"Zounds why don't you explain? why so mystical and cabalistical? Say, what have you been doing? How did you get the money?" again inquired the impatient Londoner.

"That, sir, is precisely what I came to tell you," answered the young man. "On the morning we left your office, we strolled out into the town, with a view of whiling away the time until dinner hour. Passing down a lane by the Bank, which I now know to be Bartholomew Lane, we met a gentleman who was formerly a school-fellow with us in the north; he was coming out from this Stock Exchange, in a great hurry and bustle; so much so, that we could hardly induce him to stop while we inquired after his health, and whether he was settled in London. 'London,' cried he; 'why I am here every day upon the Exchange, and I think I shall almost go mad; if I had had money, I could have made my fortune within these last ten days, and now I am running to a friend to acquaint him of the peculiar state of the market regarding—(here he mentioned some newly-formed company:) any man who lays his money out to-day, will double it to-morrow; ay, those

shares may in twenty-four hours from this time, bear two hundred per cent profit to purchasers to-day, that is, within the present hour.' So saying, he inquired where he might call upon us and was about to dart off: my brother Robert looked me hard in the face, and thinking he discovered thoughts passing similar to his own, he laid hold of the broker's arm and held him, while he inquired how much money would be required to make a purchase. 'Any sum, from fifty to a thousand pounds,' was the reply.—'Well, sir, not to be prolix,' continued the young man, 'my brother and myself, laid out our money in some one or more companys' shares, which, under the management and direction of our friend, sure enough, realized us cent per cent and something more; thus we were possessed of upwards of \$700 each. As we were now in the alchemist's shop, it needed but little persuasion to induce us to put our money again into the crucible, and thus we did during the period of three weeks, turning and twisting it about by the skill or conjuration of our guide) aided I most strongly suspect, by the notorious gullibility of some cockneys,) so judiciously, that the result is as before told, viz., the making of my fortune; for I mean to be satisfied with what I have got—no risk for me. As we say of matrimony, two prizes are rarely found in one lottery. I have no 'itching palm,' beyond security from poverty."

The worthy citizen highly applauded his prudence and moderation, saying, "That when enough is granted, it is folly to covet more; it has been remarked by an ingenious writer, 'that every animal except man keeps to one dish; but man falls upon every thing that comes in his way.'"

"Besides," continued the good man, "you have hitherto wholly been a winner; your principles have not been polluted; alternate success in a few short months makes a shuffling character. I never knew one in it whom any sensible man estimated otherwise than as we do metals, viz, by weight, those that are successful are like fowls that choke themselves by over-eating. Did you not, when on the spot, observe that all the man's worst passions were brought upon that city stage? Did you not, note the actors?—mark the eager eye, the over-anxious look, the cunning grin, the screwed form of those employed in thought, or in making their calculations, the contortions of the disappointed losers, and the gesticulations of the Jews who were engaged in bringing over others to their views of the prospects of the market?"

"That Stock Exchange is the grave of the soul of men; all the finer spiritual essences of their nature fly off as they enter, leaving them mere creatures of sensuality; they cannot even enjoy their money, it becomes their master. I will tell you an anecdote I heard this morning of one of our great Hebrew contractors and dealers in funds, from which you may judge of the principle of them all; the bulk in this case answers the sample,

"The Hebrew and another house had for a long time been violently opposed to each other in the money market; they were both such considerable stockholders, that the movement of either party in selling out or buying in generally had an effect upon the market. A short time since, their positions as holders was such that they were every day becoming losers by their obstinacy, neither party feeling willing to succumb or give way to the plans of the other; the enmity and acrimony of the parties ran so high that they passed each other unnoticed when they met in the street or avenues which lead to the resort of the bulls and bears. Thus stood matters at a time when things were thought to be at a crisis in the money market: the Jew being the largest holder was the most annoyed from the policy adopted by his adversary, and was the first to break ground in the manner following:—one morning, he purposely put himself in the way to meet one of the partners in the opposing firm: going directly up to him he said, 'Vot for ve so foolish?—ve cut von others throats; people will laugh at us—ve, should laugh at de peoples. Come come, let us be wise and put monish in both our pockets!' 'Ah, sir, replied the other, 'you talk a little like a reasonable man now; we can together give the market almost any turn; but your obstinacy made us despair.' 'Vell! vell!' hastily retorted the Jew, 'let us not speak of that now: vat shall ve say about business? Oh, I will tell you vat ve must do:—let me see how much you hold?' The fundholder told him. Not to make a long

story, subsequently it was arranged that as the Jew had double the stock of the other, the latter should make such a move in the market, as would, it was known, inevitably occasion a considerable loss, but then, at the same time, it was calculated that the jobbing evolution would occasion the Hebrew a gain of treble the amount of the other's loss. This being mutually agreed on, it was finally settled that, on a certain day, the Christian should call upon the Jew, and receive his moiety of the balance of winnings on the entirety of the transaction.

It all fell out as the stockholders had anticipated; I am afraid to speak upon report, but it was a very large sum. When the day of settlement arrived, the party in the losing house was punctual in waiting on the Jew, but when he called at his house, he was shown into the back room, where he saw several persons transacting business, upon which he said, 'I see, sir, you are engaged; I will call again.' 'Vot should you call again for?' said the Jew; you can tell your business now—you may speak out—I never have business vich I am ashamed of; addressing the party as if he had never before seen him. Thunderstruck, and afraid of showing how much he was disconcerted at the reception, he again said, 'No sir, I will call to-morrow; perhaps you will be alone.' 'Me alone—I dont know ven that will be,' roughly answered the Jew: 'I do my businshall openly; I have no secrets with nobody.' Upon the second and third call he experienced the same treatment, and it was very apparent that the Jew had from the beginning contemplated a cheat; but the impudent manner in which he treated the question exceeded all parallel in the history of knavery.

"At length, when the certainty of the loss was established beyond a doubt, the swindled man became so enraged with the swindler, that he determined, at least, in revenge, to expose the affair; but the more frequently the Jew was told of it, the more he enjoyed and laughed at it. One day, however, when the Jew had a party at his private house to dinner, among the visitors being several great personages from the west end of the town, the dupe thought he would take signal revenge, by forcing his way up stairs, and relating before the company how he had been served by their host. With this view he arrived at the Jew's door accompanied by a friend, just as the party had seated themselves to eat their dinner: instead, however, of meeting any difficulty, on his name being announced by the servant, he and his friend were desired to walk up to the dinner-room, where sat the Jew at the head of the table with his knife and fork in hand.

"When this consummate and hardened wretch saw his opponent at the door, he very coolly laid down his knife and fork, and exclaimed, 'Vot, you come to tell me something, hey! vot every body knows. I got de monish, and you a great fool. Vell, you are to be pitied—you come to call me something—some bad names: vell, go on—we can wait dinner a little—come, go on! Come, say, you rogue, you cheat, you villain and Jew, and all that, then spit in my ace:—I shall not be angry, because I have got de monish,' placing his hand upon his thigh, 'and you poor fellow have lost yours. Vell, vy are you not quick, the good people vant their dinner—as I told you at first, I have no secrets.' 'You hardened, you villain,' exclaimed the visitor, biting his lips with vexation, while as he left the room, the Jew broke out into a coarse vulgar laugh of exultation, at the end of which he called out, 'Poor gentleman?—Aaron—see that he dont commit suicide on the premises.'

"Such a man ought not to be suffered to live," said the young countryman when the story was finished. "Live," answered the citizen, "why he is the greatest man in the nation; all this and much more is known; and yet he is honored, nay, worshipped by some persons; to such a sordid state of mind are the people of England brought that they can see no object but money."

After many thanks on the part of the young man, saying his brother would call also to make his acknowledgements and congratulations on the part of the worthy citizen, they took a farewell of each other.

Death of Jefferson's daughter.—Mrs. Randolph, wife of the late Governor Thomas Mann Randolph, of Virginia, and only daughter of Thomas Jefferson, we perceive by the papers, is dead.

From the N. Y. Mirror.
PASSAGE FROM DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY MRS. JANE K. EMMERSON.

THE SEPARATION.

"Young love, which on their bridal eve
Had promised long to stay;
Forgot his promise, took French leave,
And bore his lamp away."

"It is in the power of woman to alienate the affections of the most adoring husband, to poison his feelings, to embitter the kindest emotions of his heart, and, in short, to make him hate her," said Charles Proctor, as he rose to leave his once quiet and comfortable home.

"You no longer love me, Charles," said his wife, with much asperity of tone, as a flush passed over her beautiful and expressive face.

"Not so," said he, "it has not yet arrived at that point, and I dread to think there is a possibility that it may."

"Why what have I done to bring about such a change in your feelings?" and she burst into tears. Charles was about to reply, but the sobs of his once dear and beautiful Kate quite unmanned him, and he sank into the chair he was on the point of quitting, without uttering a syllable.

They sat long and silently apart without speaking, each occupied in different reflections, although tending to the same result—he, wondering what demon could have implanted the ever-fretting thorn of discontent in a heart which he had fondly anticipated would always swell with no other sensations than those of love and domestic peace—and she, repining that her hard fate should have linked her indissolubly to such a monster.

Why was this? Charles Proctor was a noble generous fellow; he was endowed with qualities that elevated him above his fellow men in the scale of intellect, and to a prepossessing and attractive person were united the blandest and most engaging manners. Every body admired him, and envied his easy temper, and the equanimity with which he endured the inevitable cares and disappointment from which the most fortunate lot is not exempt, and Kate, too, before her marriage, was a bright and buoyant being, singing like a lark from very lightness of heart, and with features, form, and motion, giving evidence of a disposition mild, gentle and affectionate as that of the sweet bird she tended with so much care. For beauty, grace, and accomplishments, both natural and acquired, she had but few rivals, and she was thought to be an angel by all who knew her.

Then why was this, I repeat? Let me answer gentle and courteous reader, and be not vexed with me for telling you the secrets of my friends. Kate never loved her husband. She married him because it was the best offer she had; and, as a woman's heart is an enigma, Charles was not aware of the fact until their hands were united. It is true, that her friends opposed the match, but that was an incentive rather than an impediment to its conclusion. The gentleman, however, persevered, and as the lady had made up her mind to the matter, all objections were waved, and the most favorable auguries were entertained at the prospective felicity of the wedded pair. The honey-moon passed as most honey-moons do—sweet and joyous at its rise, rapturous at its full, and verging to insipidity at its decline. But happiness, to be enduring, must proceed from a mutual attachment; and, and as in a mercantile concern, its prosperity cannot be permanent when one partner is constantly drawing upon the resources of the other without supplying his fair portion of the capital, and promoting the interests of the firm: so in the matrimonial venture, the house must stop payment if divided against itself. Charles was a merchant, thence our metaphor.

They had been married three years. Had they been happy ones? No, to neither. At the first they went tolerably well. To be sure the lady was generally in an ill-humor; little bickerings ensued petulant remarks were bandied, and smart answers returned; a keen encounter of wits would ever and anon arise; domestic neglects would be magnified into grievances, and occasional disputes degenerate into habitual; a quarrel succeed them, and at length an open rupture was the position of the belligerent parties, which led to the remarks recorded at the commencement of this veritable story.

Need we go on through all the changes, vexations, annoyances, recriminations, and squabbles that ensued? how mutual dissatisfactions took possession of their minds; how they sepa-

rated; and how the meddling world blamed, first one and then the other, and how they turned almost heart broken away from what they once valued so highly.

THE RE-UNION

"Oh Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
But when affliction wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

It was autumn, the foliage had put on its variegated mantle, like the patriarch's coat of many colors; and hill, grove, field and plain, flashed back upon the declining beams of the sun, the thousand reflections his splendors had lent them. It was that gentle season of quiet melancholy, that tender and saddened time of the year when the heart is in unison with the gorgeous mourning of nature; when the sensibilities are the most vivid in their emotion, and the wailing breeze sweeps a chord in every soft and suffering bosom.

Proctor was in his library and alone, a book was in his hand, but its contents could not banish the busy thoughts that possessed a counter-spell to the poet's imaginings. His retrospective glance traveled back through the pensive vista of twelve solitary years, since the gordian knot of his nuptial chord had been severed by the relentless hand of destiny, whose shears had been sharpened by human passions, and the wretched cavillings of fallible and yet unforgiving creatures. His mind was dwelling upon the days of his youth: he recalled the hour, the scene, when he first saw Kate; and all the fresh feelings of that hour, and the associations of that spot, were renewed within him. He dwelt upon all the fond endearments that then agitated his bosom; and, he knew not wherefore, a flush came upon his cheek, a pang shot thro' his heart, his lip trembled, and why he knew not, but he could have wept like a child! It is true, he was no longer young; but the world had gone prosperously with him, and wealth had crowned his exertions; he had outlived all the slanders and ill-will of those who had misjudged his feelings, and knew nothing of his motives; and all his early impressions had been mellowed by the soothing hand of time. Solitude was uncongenial to his nature, and although it gave quiet to his mind, yet it did not bring happiness to his heart.

A knock disturbed his reverie, and announced a visiter. He was glad to be interrupted, and the door was immediately opened, when his daughter, now a blooming, light-hearted, joyous and lovely girl, between that uncertain, but interesting age, of girl and womanhood, bounded into his arms like a fawn, and, as she covered him with her kisses, the words "dear father" broke from her rosy lips.

She had just returned from school for the season, and had come to spend a few weeks with her father, whom she loved with all the fondness of her innocent heart.

In Kate's character there was one conspicuous feature, she had educated her child to love and respect her father, and, notwithstanding the obloquy that was heaped upon him by her own relations, she never gave vent to one single remark that implied a censure of his conduct, nor allowed any one to do it in her presence, and least of all, in her daughter's hearing. Her husband had been very liberal to her, she had never known a want since her separation from him, and her days of reflection, which had glided on in tranquility, had the effect of showing her the folly of her former rash undertakings, while her present lonely condition daily demonstrated its discomfort.

What all who knew them had in vain endeavored to effect, their mutual reconciliation, which they both proudly and steadily declined, accident at length brought about. Proctor was suddenly seized with a malignant fever, and when the hirings of his establishment shrunk from the performance of their duty, the daughter perceiving her parent's imminent peril, made her mother acquainted with the fact.

Strange and inscrutable feeling of the female bosom, which opposition prompts, and which difficulties excite to the noblest and most devoted efforts! This woman, who in the very wantonness of prosperity, when the swelling waves of happiness had invited her to launch her bark of life upon their tide, had madly dashed it upon the rocks and quicksands of adversity, now that the withering blast was raging and the sirocco breathing poison around, discovered in the recesses of her heart, a fibre which now first vibrated to love and all the fond endearments of

our nature, and came, like a ministering angel, bringing balm and comfort to the disturbed and restless couch. Her long and assiduous vigils were at length recompensed by the restoration to perception and consciousness of the chastened and afflicted father of her child, the being to whom she ever afterwards clung with a devotion no foes could alienate, no misconception impair, no time could change.

They had each discovered that, as in all similar cases, both had been in error, and had learned that most important of all secrets, that mutual forbearance is the talisman of human content, and that a desire to promote the happiness of another is the surest way of securing our own.

PRINCIPLE AND FEELING.

Let us suppose, that one evening Feeling and Principle were walking in the road upon the outskirts of a country town. They had been to attend an evening service in a schoolhouse, half a mile from their homes. It was a cold winter evening, and as they passed by the door of a small cabin, with boarded windows, and broken roof, they saw a child sitting at the door, weeping and sobbing most bitterly.

Feeling looked anxious and concerned.

"What's the matter, my little fellow?" said Principle with a pleasing countenance.

The boy sobbed on.

"What a house," said Feeling, "for human beings to live in! But I do not think any thing serious in this matter—let us go on."

"What is the matter, my boy," said Principle again kindly, "can you not tell us what is the matter?"

"My father is sick," said the boy, "and I do not know what is the matter with him."

"Hark!" said Feeling.

They listened and heard the sounds of moaning and muttering within the house.

"Let us go on," said Feeling, pulling upon Principle's arm, "and we will send somebody to see what is the matter."

"We had better go and see ourselves," said Principle to her companion.

Feeling shrunk back from the proposal, and Principle herself—with female timidity—paused for a moment, from an undefined sense of danger.

"There can be no danger," thought she—"Besides, if there is, my Savior exposed himself to danger in doing good. Why should not I?—Savior," she whispered, "aid and guide me."

"Where is your mother, my boy?" said she.

"She is in there," said the boy, "trying to take care of him."

"O come," said Feeling, "let us go. Here my boy, here is some money for for you to carry to your mother." Saying this, she tossed some change down by his side.

The boy was wiping his eyes and did not notice it. He looked anxiously into Principle's face and said,

"I wish you would go in and see my mother."

Principle advanced towards the door, and Feeling, afraid to stay out or go home alone, followed.

They walked in.

Lying upon a bed of straw, and covered with miserable and tattered blankets, was a sick man, moaning and muttering, and snatching, at the bed clothes with his fingers. He was evidently, not sane.

His wife was sitting on the end of a bench by the chimney corner, with her elbows on her knees and her face upon her hands.

As her visitors entered, she looked up to them, the very picture of wretchedness and despair.—Principle was glad, but Feeling was sorry that they had come.

Feeling began to talk to some small children who were shivering over the embers upon the hearth, and Principle accosted the mother—they both soon learned the true state of the case; it was one of common misery, resulting from the common cause.

Feeling was overwhelmed with painful emotion at witnessing such suffering. Principle began to think what could be done to relieve it, and prevent its return.

"Let us give her some money, to send and buy some wood and some bread," whispered Feeling, "and go away—I cannot bear to stay."

"She wants kind words and sympathy, more than food and fuel, for her present relief," said Principle, "let us stay with her a little while."

The poor sufferer was cheered and encouraged by their presence. A little hope broke in.

Her strength revived under the influence of a cordial more powerful than any medicated bevo-

rage, and when, after half an hour, they went away, promising future relief, the spirits and strength of the wretched wife and mother had been a little restored. She had smoothed her husband's wretched couch, and quieted the crying children, and shut her doors, and was preparing to enjoy the relief when it should come. In a word she had been revived from the stupor of despair.

As they walked away, Feeling said it was a most heart rending scene, and that she should not forget it as long as she lived. Principle said nothing, but guided their way to a house where they found one whom they could employ to carry food and fuel to the cabin, and take care of the sick man while the wife and her children should sleep. They then returned home. Feeling retired to rest, shuddering lest the terrible scene should haunt her in her dreams, and praying that she would not witness such a scene again for all the world. Principle knelt down at her bedside with a mind at peace. She commended the sufferers to God's care, and prayed that her Savior would give her every day some such work to do.

Such, in a very simple case, is the difference between Feeling and Principle. The one obeys God, the other her own impulses, and relieves misery, because she cannot bear to see it.—*The way to do good.*

"LOVELY WOMAN!"

"Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'Prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!"—*Burns*

So sung the bard of Caledon, and never did poet love woman better than he. Man was but a rude attempt, a kind of fancy fashioning, by the Divine hand; a something incomplete, a rough design, the gray granite of the quarry; but woman! gentle-eyed woman! was the achievement of a master hand, the production of an inspired moment, formed, doubtless, by the Omnipotent, just as his all-seeing eye had been pleased with the passing form of some silver-voiced seraph who swept by the golden clouded glory with streaming wings. The graceful figure vanished over the flowery vallies of Zion; its shadow was just seen mirrored for a moment in the celestial river, softened as a summer cloud, a dreaming, floating beauty. It left its delicate outline upon the Creator's mind, and, filled with the real and ideal loveliness it had inspired, he then created woman!

Pardon me, ye wingless angels of the earth, if I fail in maintaining your superiority over man. He was a poet and a lover of your sex who first imagined the Mahometan heaven. Who would care to die to be pillowed upon the silver couches of clouds in the purple-aired Paradise, while the dark-eyed daughters of the Garden of Eden bent over him, beauties, with eyes soft as the gazelles, to watch our slumbers and awake us with the bubbling honey of their voices; beings whose long lashes arch like the stem of a wild blossom when it stoops to kiss the river. Oh! let me die and be carried to the pearly abodes of these Peris! When I am wearied, let them lull me to slumber by their murmuring kisses. Let me "sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Nereca's hair." Let me dance with them over beds of undying flowers, to the singing of celestial birds, in a land where the trees wave in music so soft that the sound seems distilled, and but the sweetest borne along the fragrant air, not harsher than the softest notes of the low-voiced Seraphim. Or let me live among you on some flowery island, in a far off ocean, in a land where there is no night—nothing but the waving of roses, and the sound of sweet bells, and the low murmurings of the ocean, and the flapping of white bird's wings, and your own soft words, dropping with gentle cadence at intervals just heard above the stirring flowers. Oh! I would nestle in the midst of you like a bird: you should sit in a circle and form my rest. I would take my food from your lips, for when you had nothing more to give me, I could still feed upon your velvet kisses. I would rest upon the heaving snow of your bosoms, and when one was wearied with me, she should remove me to another—then I could listen and hear how love moved in the heart. I would have no sighing—nothing but a dreamy exchange of looks, a downcast heaviness, the laziness of love—the slow, deep current of indolent delight—the luxury of kisses, that would fall asleep upon the lips they were pressing.

Bitter indeed, was the mood of the Bard's mind, when he said that Frailty was the name of wo-

man! Alas, man is the *ignis fatuus* that leads her astray; it is that very confidence which her unsuspecting nature puts faith in, that leads her into error—the yielding plaster of her heart, that is so easily modelled, to be admired for a time, then dashed into atoms. Woman is the innocent bird, man the charming serpent. Fascinated and blinded, she leaps unsuspectingly into destruction: Though light appear the ripples that dance upon the surface of her nature, yet the depths of her heart are a mine of love, a deep river-bed, which man but rarely fathoms; an under-current, rolling deeply and strongly over the settled sands, that wash not away.

Oh, woman! thou art too often sadly wronged; we magnify thy faults, we look upon the northern side of a beautiful tree—we forget the nipping winds that may there have thinned its verdure—and turn away without examining the full bloom of its summer greenery, the pleasant foliage that, through darkness and solitude, has budded and burst forth, and even hung out its cooling shadow, when there was no one to sit under it. When shall we lay and listen through the long night without a murmur hearkening for the well-known footstep, and feel the heart bound with delight when we catch the sound, thankful that it has come at last, and forgetful of the weary anticipation, clung to the lip with maddened joy, when but an hour ago, perchance, it had been pressed by the—fash! Man, thou art a devil! "Frailty, thy name is man!" The very rocks, and quicksands, and unexplored islands, and creeks, and bays, have a charm for thee, and thou sailest boldly amongst them in quest of change, throwing thyself in the path of temptation, or, when it is concealed, steering onward in quest of it. Not so with woman; she is the lighter bark, gliding steadily along the broad sea of life, bearing up amidst adverse winds, and even stretching her white sails of hope, when the helm is deserted, and the chart lost, making for home without a guide, and only falling a prey to the ruthless pirate, after she has drifted for leagues upon a desolate and unknown sea.

Dear woman! I will cling to thee in prosperity, for thou art a pleasant companion; I will fly to thee in poverty, for there are riches in the wealth of thy kindness; in sorrow I will seek thee, for thy bosom is the home of pity; in sickness, for thou wilt attend me without a murmur. Thy presence has often made light in the deep dungeon, and without thee, a pavillion is dreary. I would be thy slave, for the chains clank not which those wear who serve thee. I would abide thine anger sooner than the smiles of man; for the sunshine of thine heart when it relents, makes even the remembrance of darkness sweet. Man is the brutal, the ambitious, the tyrannous, when in power; women, the gentle, the confiding, the softening principle of human life. From the cradle to the grave we will trace her career, and if we fail in proving her superior, submit to be hooted from her presence forever.—*Thomas Miller, Basket Maker.*

Examination of a Witness.—Judge What is your business sir? What do you follow for a livelihood?

Wit.—Nothing particular?

Judge—You do not appear to be a man of property—how do you get your bread?

Wit.—I sometimes get it of Mr. Humbert, the baker, sir—and sometimes—

Judge—Stop, sir. Understand my question. How do you support yourself?

Wit.—On a chair, sir, in the day time; on a bed at night.

Judge—I do not sit here to trifle. Are you a mechanic? Wit.—No, sir.

Judge—What are you than?

Wit.—Presbyterian, sir.

Judge—If you do not answer me, I will have you taken care of.

Wit.—I would thank your honor to do it; for the times are so hard that I cannot take care of myself.

Judge—You work around the wharves. I suppose?

Wit.—No sir—you can't get around them without a boat, and I don't own one.

Judge—I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Wit.—Your honor is very slow of belief, or you would have found that out before.

Judge—What do you know of the case now before the court? Wit.—Nothing, sir.

Judge—Then why do you stand there?

Wit.—Because I have no chair to sit in.

Judge—Go about your business.—*[Boston Galaxy.]*

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 29, 1836.

Mr. RUSSELL in consequence of the numerous engagements he has to fulfil in Albany, New York and Philadelphia, will not be able to resume his attention to his pupils until about the 7th of November. However much his pupils may regret this absence, they cannot but be gratified that the eminent abilities of their instructor is so gratifyingly appreciated at the east.

New Haven is every where justly celebrated for its beautiful spacious gardens, attached to the no less elegant mansions of the inhabitants. They combine all the picturesque taste of the country, landscape and city scenery. As an evidence of the extent to which the gardens and lawns are cultivated, the New Haven Herald says:

Mr. John S. Dodge, of this town, has raised the present season, in a field on Independent street—(less than three quarters of an acre)—three hundred and fifty bushels of prime potatoes."

Duelling in France.—The French courts have lately pronounced some important sentences, of which the repetition may prove fatal to the system of duelling. They have given damages to the widow or orphan, to be levied on the slayer. The Royal Court of Bordeaux seems to have set the example, by giving the widow of Cheurlet damages against Deuthill, who had killed her husband in a duel. It applied the same principle in another case, and an appeal being made to the Court of Cassation, the sentence was confirmed. The trial of young Sivey for killing M. Durepane in a duel, has occupied the Assize Court of Paris for many days, and it terminated on Sunday, by a verdict of damages in favor of the widow.

The editor of the Boston Transcript relates an occurrence which took place there a few days since, which he says is true to the letter. It is a good specimen of high life below stairs. A gentleman on hearing the front door bell ring; and presuming it was his wife, attended the call himself, but to his disappointment found it was the house maid. "Why Judy," said he, "Where have you been at this time o'day, and I waiting for my dinner—and Mrs. B— gone out?" "Indeed, Mr. B—, it was not my fault. The dancing master ought to have let us out at one, but he had some new scholars, and kept us later than I expected."

The ludicrous effect produced on a body of armed Mexicans who beheld for the first time the movements of a steam boat, is thus described by one of their officers:

"At the time of the Texian campaign, Gen. Goana, from the interior province of Guanajuato, while on the banks of the Brassos with his troops, ordered seven of his men who could swim, to go into the water and stop a steamboat, filled with Texian soldiers, which was approaching at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour! But as she came roaring on, sending forth volumes of smoke, with her sides barricaded with cotton bales, not only did the selected seven retreat, but the whole force—eight hundred men—stood appalled at the "serpent of fire," as they thought her. When opposite the valiant army, the engineer let off a terrific blast of steam, and the cavalry wheeled and fled. The infantry broke their line, dropped their muskets, and followed in the retreat, and the steam boat was miles away before the soldiery could be rallied to fire a gun. Indeed it was with the utmost difficulty they could be prevailed upon to approach the banks of the river at all, and when they did so it was with fear and trembling."

For the Gem.

THE SEASONS.

Autumn has again returned with its nectarious fruits and zephyr winds. The verdure of the forest is fast changing its beautiful livery of green for the soft and mellow shades of autumn. The trees are dropping down their golden glories upon the earth, and the summer warblers have flown with the season. No notes of music break the silence of the wood, save the plaintive cooings of the dove and the rustling of the leaves, that comes over the soul like enrapturing strains of music, falling in soft and gentle accents from the lute of the broken-hearted. It seems like the funeral dirge of the departed glories of other and brighter days. There is a gloomy melancholy associated with the haze and serene days of autumn, that is peculiarly pleasant to those who love to linger about the portels of nature and drink 'sweet waters' from her murmuring streams. In the contemplation of the seasons and their vicissitudes, the mind is delighted with the allegorical lessons written out with graphic characters in the alphabet of nature; of the spring-time of life, and its joyful associations—of the season of mature years—when life is doubly endeared by the reciprocal interchange of thought and feeling—when childish fancy flutters no longer in the sunny world of hope and the embryo buds of intellect are blown in comeliness and beauty, when the cheeks are flushed with the rose of health and the eye sparkles, full of ardor and expectation of our waning years—when the vigor of early life hath passed away—when the ivory brow is wrinkled with age, and the sparkling eye sunken and dimmed; then we see the mutability and uncertainty of man and the vicissitudes of human life.

MORAL.

Yes! nature is the great moral teacher of the universe, speaking in a language more eloquent than the thunderings of Demosthenes, and more impressive than the "tongue of Fuller" abounding in trope and metaphor, full of persuasion, and full of truth. Behold! the wide spreading oak of the mountain that stands in stately majesty, bathing its head in the blue clouds of heaven, and the weeping willow of the stream. Both are alike robbed of their verdure by the desolating frosts of autumn. The oak is mighty, yet it is beaten fiercely by the howling storms of winter. The willow is fragile and tender, but the fury of the elements in its humility break not so fiercely upon it. The sun smiles as propitious upon the one as upon the other, and the bland and balmy breezes of spring fan the tender willow as softly as the sturdy oak. Thus it is with man. The great and the noble in their conspicuous career, though they may revel in the luxuries of life for a season, yet they are like the speckled bird of the forest, a mark against which the poisoned arrows of calumny are oftentimes hurled with most fatal effect, casting them from the summit of their greatness into hopeless degradation and final ruin, while humility, robed in rustic attire and content with the simplicities of the world, passes smoothly down the journey of life without a cloud to obscure its vision, or a storm to break its repose. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the great and the small, all classes and ranks must alike yield to the imperial flight of time. The buds of spring come forth, the flowers of summer appear, the fruits of autumn are ripening, and winter will soon come with his desolating tempests and storms, burying forever the glories of the season in oblivion.—So with youth. Manhood, and old age, with all the interesting circumstances of their different

eras will soon be enshrined beneath the foldings of time, forever blotted out from memory or record, leaving behind not even a sad memento to tell of the vanity of human greatness and glory. J. B.

Graduates.—A correspondent of the Albany Evening Journal gives the following list of the number of young men who have graduated at several of our principal Colleges the present year, as follows:

Waterville College, Ms.	14
Bowdoin College, Me.	22
Dartmouth College, N. H.	44
Burlington University, Vt.	7
Middlebury College, Vt.	32
Harvard University, Mass.	39
Amherst College, Mass.	38
Williams College, Mass.	29
Brown University, R. I.	22
Washington College, Conn.	10
Wesleyan University, Conn.	15
Yale College, Conn.	81
Union College, N. Y.	71
New York University, N. Y.	26
Columbia College, N. Y.	20
Hamilton College, N. Y.	19
Geneva College, N. Y.	2
Princeton College, N. J.	66
Rutgers College, N. J.	21
Total,	578
Total number graduated last year in the same institutions,	499

Newspaper Antiquarian.—We learn from the Portsmouth Journal that Samuel Smith of Peterborough in that State, has, after a labor of many years, formed files of *seventy different American Newspapers* which are all systematically arranged, and as perfect as they can at the present day be made. Among them are files of the Boston Centinel from the time of its commencement to the present time, with only seventy-five papers missing. This collection now consists of about *seven hundred and fifty volumes.*—*Boston Mercantile.*

British Blacks.—Previous to the year 1755, all colliers and other persons employed in coal works, were, by the common law of Scotland, in a state of slavery. They and their wives and children, if they had attended for a certain period at a coal work, became the property of the coal masters, and were transferable with the coal works, in the same manner as the slaves on the West India estates.

TOADS LIVE WITHOUT FOOD.—About 12 months since an experiment was tried by a tradesman's son at Hampstead of immuring a toad in a small flower-pot, sunk deep in a garden, to ascertain the fact of that animal living without food. A few days ago the light of day was allowed to illumine his darksome cell, when the contented inmate popped out with as such careless indifference as if he had only retreated there for an evening's repose. The prisoner was recommitted for further trial.

A gentleman travelling in one of our back towns a few weeks since, observed a red headed urchin hoeing corn near the road side, when the following dialogue ensued:

Gentleman. My boy, your corn looks rather yellow. Boy.—Yes, dad went all the way down to uncle Nat's to get yaller corn to plant.

Gentleman. But it's very small, I think you will not have half a crop. Boy.—We don't expect to have—we planted on shares.

MARRIED.

On the 20th inst., by his honor the Mayor, Mr. SAMUEL B. COLEMAN, Merchant, to Miss MAEY ANN CHASE, all of this city.

In St. Luke's church, yesterday, by the Rev. B. Bruce Mr. ANSEL ROBERTS, merchant, to Miss SARAH J. HATCH, all of this city.

On the 27th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, Doct. MATTHEW BROWN, of this city; to Mrs. CHARLOTTE H. RAWSON, of Mendon, Mass.

On the 27th inst. by Rev. Mr. Mack, Mr. LEONARD WHITE, to Miss WEALTHY COBB.

In Ogden, on the morning of the 11th inst. by Rev. C. P. Wing, Mr. TIMOTHY J. FARR, of the firm of Lyman & Farr, London, U. C., to Miss FANNY W., daughter of Deac. Diodate Lord, of the former place.

In Brighton, on the evening of the 19th, by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, ISAAC M. BARNES to CHARLOTTE L. SQUIRES.

In Geneseo, on the 15th inst. by Rev. W. P. Page, Mr. IRA ALLEN, to Miss MARY E. WRIGHT, of Geneseo.

THE SILVER LAKE.

Allegretto con Grazioso.

Poetry by Percival.

FINE.



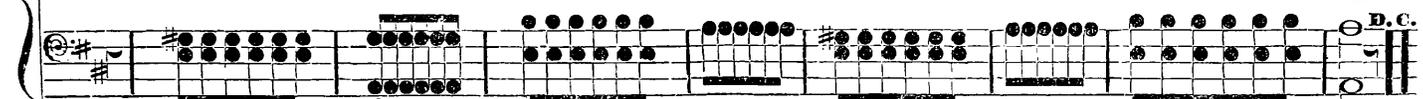
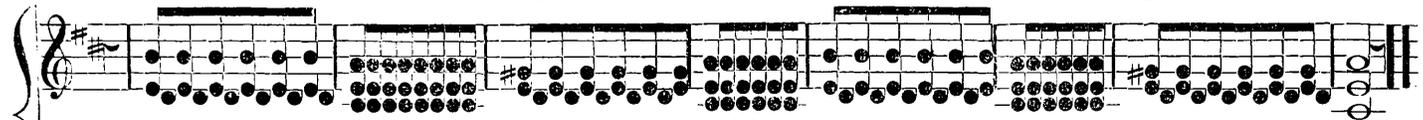
On thy fair bosom, silver lake, The wild his snowy sail, Around his breast the ripples As down before the gale.
swan spreads break, he bears



FINE.



On thy fair bosom, waveless stream, paddle echoes far, And flashes in the moonlight gleam, reflects the polar star.
The dipping And bright



DA CAPO.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, leave the foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds of morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

SELECTED POETRY.

There is touching pathos, and truth to nature in the annexed lines.

The Dying Widow.

[From "A Day in the Woods," by Thomas Miller, Basket Maker.]

Those cold white curtain-folds displace—
That form I would no longer see ;
They have assumed my husband's face ;
And all night long it looked at me :
I wish'd it not to go away,
Yet trembled while 't did remain ;
I closed my eyes, and tried to pray—
Alas ! I tried in vain.

I know my head is very weak,
I've seen what Fancy can create ;
I long have felt too low to speak,
Oh ! I have thought too much of late—
I have a few requests to make :
Just wipe those blinding tears away ;
I know your love, and for my sake
You will them all obey.

My child has scarce a month been dead,
My husband has been dead but five ;
What dreary hours since then have fled !
I wonder I am yet alive.
My child ! through him Death aim'd the blow,
And from that hour I did decline ;
Thy coffin, when my head lies low,
I would have placed on mine.

Those letters which my husband sent
Before he perished on the deep ;
What hours in reading them I've spent,
Whole nights in which I could not sleep.
Oh ! they are worn with many a tear ;
Scarce fit for other eyes to see ;
But oft when sad they did me cheer—
Pray bury them with me.

This little cap my Henry wore,
The very day before he died ;
And shall I never kiss it more—
When dead, you'll place it by my side ;
I know these thoughts are vain, but oh !
What will a vacant heart not crave ?
And as none else can love them so,
I'll bear them to my grave.

The miniature that still I wear,
When dead, I would not have removed :
'Tis on my heart—oh ! leave it there,
To find its way to where I loved ;
My husband threw it round my neck,
Long, long before he called me bride ;
And I was told that midst the wreck,
He kiss'd mine ere he died.

There's little that I care for now,
Except this simple wedding ring ;
I faithfully have kept my vow,
And feel not an accusing sting ;
I never yet have laid it by
A moment since my bridal day ;
Where he first placed it, let it lie :
Oh ! take it not away !

Now wrap me in my wedding gown.
You scarce can think how cold I feel ;
And smooth my ruffled pillow down :
Oh ! how my clouded senses reel !
Great God ! support me to the last !
Oh ! let more air into the room :
The struggle now is nearly past,
Husband and child, I come !

From the Magnolia, for 1837.

The Fisher Boy.

Back to my days of boyhood !—Fresh and fair
Again they spring before my age-dimmed eyes,
With skies of blue, bright earth, and balmy air,
All choral with heaven's sweetest melodies.
My heart is young again !—It leaps to life,—
As leaped the Genesee, to gain the shore
Of his new world—and memories thick and rife
With pleasure, float before me : yet once more
I clasp them in my senses' eager fold,
And deem this heart can never all grow old.

The very sense of being was a joy,
Deep thrilling in its own self-made delight.
The visible world, a fair and painted toy,
Played with all day, and dreamed about all night.
The fresh young world within the breast ; a scene
Peopled with beauty, thronged with shapes of grace,
With hopes all sunshine, and with memories green
That bloomed within their present dwelling place—
No serpent doubt—no fear, nor carking care—
The very Eden of the heart was there.

Then would I roam alone the whole day long,
Companioned by some gay fantastic dream
Listening the free bird's melodious song,
In the deep woods—or by the sunny stream,
In innocent excitement, watch the quill
Dimpling the surface of the water clear
At eager bite of sunfish, perch, or brill,
'Till the broad sun on the mountain-tops did near—
For nought of guilt or gloom had then the power,
With shadowy clouds, to dim one happy hour.

And thou, fair child, who sitt'st—as I of yore,
In those sweet days, that never must return—
A thoughtless angler by the silent shore—
Thou too must feel thy bosom throb, and burn,
With those fierce visitants, that make their nest
In every human heart, love—hate—and wo !
Thou too must gaze, with seared and callous breast.
On all that once seemed beautiful below—
Must pant for bliss, yet panting find it not—
Must live for joy, while grief is still thy lot !

VARIETY.

Astonishing Discoveries.—At the late meeting of the British Association at Bristol, Mr. Cross, of Broomfield, Somerset, stated that he had so far improved the Voltaic power as to keep it in full force by water alone, for 12 months, without the aid of acids. He related some extraordinary experiments, which were the conversion of water procured from a crystalized cave in Holway, into crystals of the

same character as those of the cave, and doubted not that ultimately diamonds and all other precious stones would be thus formed by the ingenuity of man.

Professor Sedgwick said, he had discovered in Mr. Cross, a friend, who some years ago, kindly conducted him over the Quantock Hills, on the way to Taunton. At that time he was engaged in carrying on the most gigantic experiments, attaching voltaic lines to the trees of the forest, and conducting through them, streams of lightning as large as the mast of a seventy-four gun ship, and even turning them through his house with the dexterity of an able charioteer.

Professor Silliman, of Yale, once imagined he could make diamonds from carbon, inasmuch as they are pure carbon. But Mr. Cross, we think has struck upon the more palpable path to reach this desideratum.

A Grave above Ground.—On the bank of the Ohio river, between Maysville and Wheeling, there is a cast iron coffin, supported by pillars, about two feet above the surface of the earth with the following inscription :

"In memory of Andrew Eltison, who departed this life January 24, 1824."

The deceased was an eccentric but fortunate man. He was one of the first settlers in the western country, and hewed down the woods with his own hands. He left about two hundred thousand dollars to his widow, on condition she buried him according to his direction ; she is required to move the coffin to any place in which she may take up her abode. By marrying again she forfeits the whole estate.

The late Earl of ———, of pompous notoriety and parsimonious celebrity, superintended personally the produce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sold the milk to the village children with his own hands. One morning a pretty little girl presented her penny and pitcher to his lordship for milk. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head and gave her a kiss.—"Now" said he, my pretty lass you may tell as long as you live, that you have been kissed by an earl." Ah ! but," replied the child, "you took the penny, though."

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

Vol. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1836.

No. 23.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Consumptive's Prayer.

Stay, winged messenger, oh! why
Dost thou thy withering form display?
Why every watch and guard defy,
And draw still nearer day by day?

Why as the golden beams of joy,
Are breaking round the youthful heart,
Dost thou the vision bright destroy,
By pointing at his breast thy dart?

Friendship has lent her sunny smile,
My way to guide, my course to cheer;
And the sweet scraph, Hope, the while,
In all her charms been smiling near.

And Fame has beckoned on, and wreathed
An humble garland for my brow—
On it with fostering kindness breathed,
To lure me at her shrine to bow.

And I have pressed the sacred cup
Of love to my young lips in bliss—
Oh, I would drink its fulness up,
So grateful in a world like this!

Oh then youth's gay spring is o'er,
And autumn's blasts their blight impart,
Till nature's charms delight no more,
And hope has fled this aching heart—

Till sorrows gather round my head,
And fame's fair wreath is spurned aside;
Till friends I love are cold and dead,
And blighted is affection's tide.

Return—but then thy fearful dart,
I will no longer strive to shun;
Calmly I'll view life's beams depart,
Like Sol's when his bright race is run.

New Haven, Ct.

H.

MISCELLANY.

JACK EASY'S TRIANGULAR DUEL.

A selection from Capt. Marryatt's new novel of "Mr. Midshipman Easy," showing how one Mr. Biggs got a bullet lodged in the thorax, and how the Boatswain lost two of his grind-ers and a quid of tobacco, at a single discharge—the whole demonstrating the soundness of a thesis advanced by the well known philosopher Samuel Patch, that "some things can be done as well as others."

'It's my peculiar hopinion,' said Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, one evening, as he was walking the dog-watches with Biggs, the Boatswain, while Jack Easy sat on the fore-castle. 'It's my peculiar hopinion that a gentleman should behave as a gentleman, and that if a gentleman professes hopinions of hequality, and such liberal sentiments, that he is bound as a gentleman to hact up to them.'

'Very true,' replied the boatswain, 'he is bound to act up to them; and not because a person, who was a gentleman as well as himself, happens not to be on the quarter deck, to insult him because he only has preferred opinions like his own.'

Hereupon Mr. Biggs struck his rattan against the funnel, and looked at Jack.

'Yes,' continued the purser's steward, 'I should like to see the fellow who would have done so on shore; however, the time will come, when I can again pull hon my plain coat, and then the hinsult shall be vashed hout in blood, Mr. Biggs.'

And I'll be cursed if I don't some day teach a lesson to the blackguard who stole my trousers.'

'Was all your money right, Mr. Biggs?' inquired the purser's steward.

'I didn't count,' replied the boatswain, magnificently.

'No—gentlemen are habove that,' replied Easthupp; there are many light fingered gentry habout. The quantity of vatches and harticles of value vich vere lest here ven I walked Bond st. in former times is incredible.'

'I can say this, at all events,' replied the boatswain, that I should be always ready to give satisfaction to any person beneath me in rank, after I had insulted him. I don't stand upon my rank, although I don't talk about equality, dam-me.'

All this was too plain for Jack not to understand, so he walked up to the boatswain, and taking his hat off, with the utmost politeness, said to him, 'If I mistake not, Mr. Biggs, your conversation refers to me.'

'Very likely it does,' replied the boatswain.—'Listners hear no good of themselves.'

'It appears that gentlemen can't converse without being vatched,' continued Mr. Easthupp, pulling up his shirt collar.

'It is not the first time that you have thought proper to make very offensive remarks, Mr. Biggs; and as you appear to consider yourself ill treated in the affair of the trousers, for I tell you at once that it was I who brought them on board, I can only say,' continued Jack, with a very polite bow, that I shall be most happy to give you satisfaction.'

'I am your superior officer, Mr. Easy,' replied the boatswain.

'Yes, by the rules of the service; but you just now asserted you would waive your rank—indeed, I dispute it on this occasion; I am on the quarter deck, and you are not.'

'This is the gentleman whom you have insulted, Mr. Easy,' replied the boatswain, pointing to the purser's steward.

'Yes, Mr. Heasy, quite as good a gentlemen as yourself, though I av ad misfortunes—I ham of as good a family as hany in the country,' replied Mr. Easthupp, now backed by the boatswain; 'many the year did I walk Bond st, and I ave as good blood in my veins as you, Mr. Heasy, hal-though I ave been misfortunate—I've ad hadmirals in my family.'

'You have grossly insulted this gentleman,' said Mr. Biggs, in continuation; 'and notwithstanding all your talk of equality, you are afraid to give him satisfaction: you shelter yourself under your quarter deck.'

'Mr. Biggs,' replied our hero, who was now very wroth, 'I shall go on shore directly when we arrive at Malta. Let you and this fellow put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both—and then I'll show you whether I'm afraid to give you satisfaction.'

'One at a time,' said the boatswain.

'No, Sir; not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight you both, or none. If you are my superior officer, you must descend,' replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, 'to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pick-pocket.'

This accidental hit of Jack's made the purser's steward turn pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look, who then turned round again.

'Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your fore-castle?'

'I am no dodger,' replied the boatswain, 'and we will settle the affair at Malta.'

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second; and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys, who had been latterly very much annoyed by Jack's victories over him in the science of navigation,

and therefore felt ill will towards him, consented; but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that *three* were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of there being two duels, so he went to his cabin and commenced reading. Jack, on the other hand, dared not say a word to Joliffe on the subject; indeed, there was no one in the ship in whom he could confide but Gascoigne; he, therefore went to him; and although Gascoigne thought it was excessively *infra dig;* of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given there was no retracting. He, therefore, consented like all midshipmen—anticipating fun, and quite thoughtless of the consequences.

The second day after they had been anchored in Valette harbor, the boatswain and gunner, Jack and Gascoigne, obtained permission to go on shore. Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, dressed in his best blue coat, with brass buttons and velvet collar, the very one in which he had been taken up when he had been vowing and protesting that he was a gentleman, and at the very time he was abstracting a pocket book, went up on the quarter deck, and requested the same indulgence; but Mr. Sawbridge refused, as he required him to return staves and hoops at the coo-erage. Mesty, also, much to his mortification, was not to be spared.

This was awkward; but it was got over by proposing that the meeting should take place behind the coo-erage at a certain hour, on which Mr. Easthupp might slip out and borrow a portion of the time appropriated to his duty, to heal the breach in his wounded honor. So the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside teasing a monkey.

'Mr. Gascoigne,' said the gunner, 'I have been very much puzzled how thiosduel shuld be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see there are *three* parties to fight; had there been two or four, there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the *triangle* in this.'

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

'Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?'

'Yes,' replied the midshipman, 'it has three equal sides—but what the devil has that to do with the duel?'

'Every thing, Mr. Gascoigne,' replied the gunner; 'it has solved the great difficulty: indeed the duel between three can only be fought on that principle. You observe, said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, 'in this figure we have three points, each equi-distant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three;—Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, and the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right.'

'But then,' replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, 'how are they to fire?'

'It certainly, is not of much consequence, replied the gunner, 'but still as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy; so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another.'

Gascoigne was in ecstacies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

'Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you credit, you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal.'

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied, 'I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favors.'

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of the ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooerage. In the mean time, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces, and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was 'equal angles subtended by equal sides,' declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his; and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

'But, Mr. Tallboys,' said the purser's steward, 'I don't understand this—Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?'

'No,' replied the gunner, 'this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp.'

'But,' said Mr. Easthupp, 'I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs.'

'Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well.'

'If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp, observed Gascoigne, 'you must know something about duelling.'

'Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but—'

'Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honor is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals.'

'Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne; but still I've had no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore Mr. Biggs, of course, will not aim at me.'

'Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing,' replied the boatswain; 'no, no, I'll have my shot any how.'

'But at your friend, Mr. Biggs.'

'All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot and hit the luckiest.'

'Vell, gentlemen I purtest against these proceedings,' replied Easthupp; 'I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs.'

'Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy?' replied the gunner; 'what more would you have?'

'I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me.' 'So you would have a shot without receiving one?' cried Gascoigne; 'the fact is, that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the cooerage again.'

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

'You car these words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonor—I'm a gentleman, damme!'

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

'Cock your locks!—Take good aim at the object!—Fire!—Stop your vents!'

One only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down, the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honor, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone, the Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistol in a rage.

'A pretty business, by God,' sputtered he; 'he's put my pipe out. How the devil am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks?'

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

'Hold your confounded bawling,' cried the gunner, 'or you'll have the guard down here! you're not hurt.'

'Han't hi?' roared the steward; 'oh, let me die, let me die; don't move me!'

'Nonsense,' cried the gunner, 'you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you. You won't? then I'll give you something to halloo for.'

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of 'Oh dear!—such inhumanity—I purtest—oh dear! must I get up? I can't indeed.'

'I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys,' said Gascoigne, 'I should think the best plan would be to call up two of the men from the cooerage, and let them take him at once to the hospital.'

The gunner went down to the cooerage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had the toothache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up with the purser's steward.

'What the devil are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot holes through my figured head, while you have got one in your stern; I wish I could change with you, by heavens, for I could use my whistle then—now, if I attempt to pipe, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his majesty's stores of wind, that I shall never get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy.'

'I really am very sorry,' replied Jack, with a polite bow, 'and I beg to offer my best apology.'

"PRINTZ HALL."

Our readers may recollect a short extract we made some time since from an unpublished manuscript American novel, by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, entitled "Printz Hall." We have now the pleasure to offer a chapter from this work, which has been completed and will shortly go to press. The scene is laid on the banks of the Delaware, in the time of the Swedish colony which settled on the little river Christiana, the present locality of the beautiful city of Wilmington. The subject is one of his- toric interest, which none of our dramatic writers have yet touched. In the following, and also in another chapter which we shall give, it will be perceived that the author has thrown together a variety of interesting personages who figured at that eventful period of our colonial history, and whose peculiarities of character, costume, and customs, mingled up with the more ferocious picture of savage life which was then a prominent and appalling feature of the times, constitute a subject admirably adapted to the pen of the novelist, and are managed with great skill and adroitness.—Star.

CHAP. IV.

"So excellent a youth, so fair and chaste a damsel—both of them so spirited and accomplished—a flower and a willow, that had felt their gentle influence—might have been expected to unite."—ORIENTAL TRANSLATIONS.

"Him steadfastly he marked; and saw to be A goodly youth of amiable grace, Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see Yet seventeen years, yet tall and fair of face, That sure he deemed him born of noble race. All in a woodman's jacket he was clad Of Lincoln Greene, belyed with silver lace, And on his head a hood with aglets spread; And by his side his hunter's horn he hanging had."

Towards sunset, on a narrow path, that led along the banks of the Delaware, and nearly opposite to the island of Tinicum, three Indians, whose naked bodies, hideously painted with broad streaks of red, black and yellow, blood-stained hatchets and tufts of eagle feathers, told that they were of a war party, stood watching eagerly, as for the approach of an expected ene-

my. At length one of the three, putting his ear to the earth for a few moments, raised a finger in silent caution to his comrades. Himself then arose, and exchanging a few words, all three took their stations in ambush, in the thicket, at some distance, one from the other.

As they withdrew to their respective places of ambuscade, a large bushy flaxen head cautiously raised itself from behind the mouldering trunk of an immense sycamore, that had, in its old age, fallen before the fury of some powerful tempest; and the tiger-like, vindictive eyes of the dwarf Argol followed them to their concealment.

As the dwarf slowly drew back to his couching place, he fancied that he heard a distant trampling of horses through the dry leaves—he listened intently, but the sound was lost—it might have been the rustling of the wind through the woods—again! now it came more distinctly on the ear! some horsemen surely were passing through the forest.

A scarcely perceptible movement in the thicket, accompanied by a low but distinct sound, resembling the hissing of a snake, denoted that his concealed neighbors were on the alert.

"The Pagan serpents," muttered Argol to himself, "they will find one in ambush on whom they count not!" With this he silently unsheathed his broad Flemish knife, felt its keen point and trenchant edge, and instinctly bared his teeth with a bitter grin.

Two horsemen now appeared, moving slowly through the glade—the foremost being somewhat more than the length of his steed in advance of the other. He was a gallant-looking young gentleman, handsomely apparelled in doublet and hose of dark green velvet, after the English fashion—a black beaver hat, turned up and fastened with a diamond loop, such as the high-born cavaliers of the day were wont to wear.—He bore at his side a handsome rapier, in the handle of which were set several precious stones, and in his belt a pair of silver mounted pistols, the further to complete his armament. His steed was a noble war-horse, broad chested, slender limbed, lightfooted, with arched neck, flowing mane and tail, a mottled iron-grey, pacing with proud, disdainful step, as if he scorned the earth he touched, and yet obedient to the slightest touch or movement of his noble rider. His housings were of blue cloth, edged with silver lace, and the holsters also bore a pair of larger pistols, to serve in case of need.

The whole appearance of the gentleman, his noble brow, his resolute and piercing eye, his long chestnut locks curling gracefully, if not effeminately upon his neck and shoulders, his bare throat, his Spanish ruff, his youthful beard, trimmed handsomely to a point, and his perfectly graceful carriage, sufficed to indicate that he was an English cavalier of no mean rank; attended by a servant, who (as before stated) rode at a respectful distance after his master, and was in sooth, a stout, well made valet, well armed and equipped, and doubtless as good at a trencher as in a general melee.

The cavalier was humming to himself a little French rondelay, and was warbling "*Esperance! confiance! c'est le refrain d'un vaillant Troubadour!*" when the burthen of his chant was most disagreeably interrupted by the fierce whizzing of a tomahawk past his ear; the traitorous discharge of this missile being instantaneously followed by the appearance of two savages in front and one in the rear, who setting up a simultaneous war-whoop, rushed with uplifted hatchets upon the travellers, ere they had time to put themselves on guard.

The savage, who from behind had well nigh brained the unsuspected cavalier with his hatchet, and who was infuriate with having missed his aim, leaped lightly upon the serving man, and ere the luckless yeoman could think of his pateroster, fetched, with a knotty club, such a convincing stroke upon his skull, that his head piece fairly rang again, and instinctively essaying to draw forth his cutlass, his head swam round with a dizzy swoon—so that with a bitter oath between his teeth, he gradually relaxed his grasp of the reins, swayed for a moment, like a drunken man in the saddle, and fell senseless to the earth.

The cavalier attacked at unawares in this treacherous manner, would in all human probability, have shared the fate of his faithful follower, had not the sudden appearance of the dwarf Argol checked the onset of his enemies. With a deafening and ferocious yell, that might have passed for the war-hoop of Satan, he sprang upon the nearest Indian, a tall muscular savage,

whose hatchet was already raised for the fatal stroke, and plunged his broad knife to the very hilt in his swarthy chest. The warm life-blood gushed in a crimson torrent from the wound, and the stern warrior, haughty in death itself, fell without a groan. The cavalier, to whom the momentary pause in the attack, occasioned by the critical appearance of the dwarf, gave ample time to rally himself, coolly drew a pistol from his holster, and lodged a ball full in the brain of the second Indian, who stood as it were stupified before him.

The whole was the work of a moment; and fortunately for the Adam Bell (thus cleft the fallen yeoman) was it of such an extemporaneous nature, for the savage, who had so unmercifully felled him, had taken off his cap, twisted his fingers in Adam's short crisp hair, and had marked the precise amount of scalp that could be most conveniently abstracted, when a pair of large horny hands slowly met around his neck, and with equal deliberation pressed him back, despite his energetic resistance, until his head fairly touched the ground. The savage looked up, and beheld the merciless grin of the dwarf monster Argol—around his throat that fearful grasp, slowly yet surely, grew tighter and tighter. With powerful yet unavailing efforts he desperately struggled to unclasp those suffocating hands. As well might the tiger essay to escape from the crushing folds of the great Asiatic serpent. Presently his death struggles ceased altogether—his chest heaved and swelled, as if it must needs burst its bony casement—his eyes were fixed in a stony unearthly glare, protruding horribly—his rigid swollen tongue appeared from between his teeth—a dark venous suffusion passed over his swarthy features; and when Argol removed his grim and fatal grasp, the neck was fearfully marked with the deep crushing dents of his relentless fingers.

The first care of the cavalier was to ascertain whether life yet remained in the body of his trusty servant; and as he dismounted for that purpose, he had the infinite satisfaction of hearing the supposed defunct utter a heavy well breathed groan. Adam Bell then stretched himself as one awaking reluctantly from a deep slumber, and rose to his feet, gazing around him with a stupified and troubled expression of countenance, in nowise diminished as he passed his hand to his head, and found his hair stiffened with coagulated blood.

"For that thou hast escaped greater scathe," said the cavalier, addressing himself to Adam, who slowly brought himself to a conception of the nature of his late perilous situation, "thou mayest thank our good friend here, to whose timely aid and gallant succor," added he, bowing gracefully to the dwarf as he spoke, "am I ever deeply indebted for my life, which else were in extremest peril."

"I have but saved one," replied Argol, in a sweet musical tone, that caused the heart of the cavalier to thrill with a peculiarly pleasing emotion, contrasting strangely enough with the unpleasant sensations, involuntarily excited by his hideous countenance and misshapen form, "who, one day, may do for me, what I have this day done for him—but you are journeying," continued the dwarf suddenly, as if desirous of waiving the subject, "towards Printz Hall."

"Even so," quoth the cavalier, casting a glance, betraying both doubt and surprise, at his mysterious rescuer. "But how thou hast become aware of my intention, I confess I am at a loss to conjecture."

"John Printz," continued the dwarf abruptly, and without appearing to notice the hint thrown out by the cavalier, "hath a fair daughter—beware that she entangle thee not in her subtle toils!"

"Is she handsome?" quoth the cavalier, who felt, under the circumstances, an interest in this unknown being, against whose influence, as some threatened and anticipated danger, he was receiving from a friendly although strange and inexplicable source, this abrupt unaccountable warning.

"Men liken her to an angel for beauty," replied Argol, with a bitter sarcastic grin. "But why do I warn thee?" exclaimed he, with mournful energy; "her voice hath a mystic power, and must needs enthrall thee!"

As the dwarf spoke thus, the cavalier felt, he knew not what, of a singular bewildering fascination; the clear musical tones, that rang through his ears he could have listened to, it seemed to him, forever; and when Argol ceased speaking, he was ashamed to acknowledge to himself that his mind was powerfully affected

with a dim gloomy presentiment of some coming yet inevitable danger.

Lost in uncertainty and filled with perplexing conjectures, he wist not what to reply, when he was suddenly aware of the stranger approaching with a light active step, along the path, on which he stood.

It was a youth of apparently some sixteen summers; by his dress and accoutrements a hunter in the forest; he bore in his hand a light fowling piece, richly mounted in silver; and suspended over his shoulders he carried on one side a leathern pouch, and the other a powder horn prettily pictured with devices of the chase. His dress was sufficiently picturesque—consisting of a tightly fitting frock of prepared deer-skin, fringed with stained porcupine quills—bright scarlet leggings, yellow moccasins, and a light cap of otter skins; around his slim waist also was girt a belt, inlaid with particolored beads, in which was sheathed a knife, of which the ebony handle and silver cross alone were visible. His features were extremely beautiful, and would have been deemed effeminate, but for the fearless piercing expression of his dark brilliant eye; and the cavalier inwardly admired the calm resolute and confidential demeanor of the youthful stranger, who manifested no emotion, save that of surprise, as his quick eye roved over the slaughtered Indians, and then turned its steady scrutiny upon the cavalier himself.

"Right manfully have you dealt with your enemies, noble sir," exclaimed the stranger, as the cavalier for a moment bent his eyes musingly towards the earth—and happily have you redeemed yourself from the torments of a painful death."

The cavalier listened, and was sure that Argol addressed him—he turned to reply, and to his infinite surprise the dwarf had utterly disappeared. His amazement was such that he was inclined to discredit the evidence of his own senses, and turning to the stranger youth, whose voice thus seemed to mock his reason, he fancied that he detected a triumphant smile lurking in the corner of his rosy mouth.

"Passing strange!" muttered the cavalier to himself; then regarding the young stranger, who bore his gaze with unembarrassed ease—"Fair youth," said he, "mine ears have deceived me, and thou spakest not—prithee! *didst* thou speak?"

"My tongue hath deceived me, and I spake not," replied the stranger, with a smile, that partially disclosed a set of ivory teeth—"Nay," continued he, noticing the dubious and inquiring look of the cavalier, you doubt that I speak even now!"

"Such things have been told of," murmured the cavalier to himself musingly, "but this well nigh passeth belief—tell me my pretty youth," said he, "hast thou a brother?"

"I have no kindred," replied the youth, mournfully shaking his head.

"And thou dwellest—" continued the cavalier.

"Alone, in the forest."

"Couldst thou guide me," inquired the cavalier, "to Printz Hall?"

"To Printz Hall!" cried the youth, starting back with either real or affected surprise. "Go not thither, Sir Knight! or if thou must needs go," added he, raising his finger with an impressive gesture of warning—"Beware thy heart!"

This was the second caution, that the cavalier had received touching that dangerous beauty, the daughter of Johan Printz; and coming in rather a singular and spontaneous manner from perfect strangers, his curiosity was strongly excited to behold her. He inwardly congratulated himself at the same time that being thus forewarned, he could easily shun all danger, to which he otherwise might possibly have been exposed, by the perilous fascination of her charms. Willing, however, to obtain some further explanation on this interesting subject, he bethought him of addressing a query or two to the stranger.

"This daughter of Governor Printz is deemed handsome then?"

"A very Cleopatra!"

"Her complexion—is it fair or otherwise?"

"A dark gipsy tint."

"Her name, I believe, is—"

"Christiana!"

"She hath wit, most undoubtedly?"

"Aye, and ever ready."

"She is learned perhaps?" continued the cavalier. "Quoteth poetry, and readeth the constellations!" (Here he smiled at the extravagance of his fancy.)

"She has," resumed the strange youth, with

an arch expression of countenance, "Spenser and Sidney at her finger's end, and many is the time that she hath counted star for star with Gassendi."

"Thou art in a right merry mood, my pretty youth!" exclaimed the cavalier, "and my romance might be entitled *The Marvellous History of Lady Christina*—but since thy knowledge seemingly exceeds thy years, tell me the name and condition of a certain ill-favored dwarf, who after saving my life from these traitor Indians, vanished just as thou didst make thy appearance."

"His name," returned the youth, is "Argol—by birth a Fin, by condition a slave."

"He also," continued the cavalier, "warned me against your Swedish Syren."

"You have met him to-day in his mood of mercy, Sir Knight—at times he is cold and cruel as the Polar Bear."

"His voice," said the cavalier, "contrasts strangely with his ugliness, and what is still more marvellous, continued he, with a slight hesitation of manner, "it favoreth thine exceedingly, my pretty youth!"

"There be not a few," replied the boy gravely. "who have thereupon deemed us brethren—yet save the voice, I would disclaim all resemblance to that Pagan Monster."

"But my sweet youth," exclaimed the cavalier, who felt disposed to push forward on his journey. "Prithee, lead on towards this said Printz Hall!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed the youth, "that I, of all men, should accompany you! Alas!" continued he, with affected sadness, "too long have I known the syren. Heaven forefend that she and I ever breathe together under one roof-tree!"

"If ever mortal was forewarned, methinks I am," cried the cavalier, nevertheless must I still go forward—and now, my boy, tell me, ere I leave thee, thine own name, and where one may find thee again, for by the Royal Martyr, I have taken a fancy to thee!"

"I am Christian, son of Christian," replied the youth composedly.

"Alexander ab Alexandro," muttered the cavalier to himself.

"And I dwell," continued the young hunter, whereso'er it listeth me—sometimes on the banks of the Sweedland stream—sometimes in the woods of Manunk—I have also tarried somewhat in Christina; but chiefly do I delight in the forest."

As the Cavalier was preparing to depart, he noticed that Adam Bell had not been misemploying his leisure time. That worthy yeoman, by way of solacing himself under his late grievous discomfiture, had betaken himself to his wallet, from which he had produced a fair allowance of bread and cheese, together with sundry fragments of ham, and a huge cantele of cold pie.

After a diligent application to these viands, Adam had extracted from the same convenient receptacle, a black leathern jack of goodly size, from which he carefully unscrewed the top, and applying the aperture thereof to his lips, was in the act of taking a long steady potation, when his master cast his eyes upon him—

"As he rode he somewhat still did eat;
And in his hand did bear a housing can,
Of which he sipt ———"

exclaimed the young hunter: and his eyes meeting the mirthful glance of the cavalier, they both laughed heartily at this evidence of Adam's practical propensities.

"Why, Adam," cried his master, "didst thou not refresh thyself, as thou termost it, just before we met these Indians, on that grassy knoll, some way back?"

"True, noble sir," replied Adam with habitual deference, and articulating with some difficulty, "I did hurry through a slight repast yonder; but I would venture to call to your honorable remembrance that we have exceedingly bestirred ourselves since then."

"A slight repast!" exclaimed the cavalier, "verily I deemed that thou hadst laid in a supply for something like a fortnight! By my troth! never had unfortunate cavalier a servingman so unconscionably hungry, so insatiably athirst as thou Adam Bell ever art! But mend thy draft, and we will move onward."

The yeoman obeyed instructions, by taking a long lingering pull at the leathern jack; and putting the *debris* of his repast into the wallet, he was in a few moments prepared to follow his master.

"Fare thee well, my pretty youth!" said the Cavalier.

"Beware thy heart, noble Sir!" exclaimed Christian.

With such adieu the knight and his man rode on.

The pretty boy, who called himself Christian son of Christian, leaned against a tree, resting his hands carelessly on the muzzle of his fowling piece, and for some time after the Cavalier had departed, seemed to be absorbed in meditation.

"It can be none other!" said he, at length, giving utterance to his thoughts: "That ingenious countenance—that noble port betrays him! It must be Sir William! But for a surety I will summon Argol."

With this he raised to his lips a small ebony whistle, and sounded a clear prolonged note. Hardly had the echo of it ceased, when rustling through the underwood rushed that hideous dwarfish being, who had at one time so alarmed the worthy Uncle Bengstone, and, upon a more recent occasion, so well befriended Adam Bell and his master.

When he perceived that Christian was alone, he slackened his pace; and replacing his Flinckish knife in its sheath, approached with a demeanor of most profound deference, and humility.

"Resolve me, Argol, whether that gallant cavalier were Sir William Berkeley."

"Even so, most noble Mistress!"

"Thou hast not forgotten thy instructions then?" inquired the so-distant christian.

"I have obeyed your commands," replied the dwarf humbly, "although thereby I needfully spoke in disparagement of your noble self."

"Thou hast done well, Argol," returned the disguised lady, "And now mayest thou bury these Pagans—after which be within hearing of Printz-Hall! I may have other work for thee anon."

Argol bowed his huge head in obedience, and the venturesome Christina, with light, active step, pursued the nearest route homeward.

Sir William Berkeley, had whilome been Governor of Virginia; but being a full-blooded cavalier, and devoted partisan of the Royal Martyr, he became of course highly obnoxious to the crafty Cromwell; and when that daring soldier caused himself to be styled Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, he cast an eye upon the Colonies, complimented the puritanic zeal of New England and by way of reprehending the contumacious loyalty of Virginia, gave orders to supersede Sir Wm. Berkeley.

The chivalric Governor made preparations to resist the proposed alteration, but an overwhelming display of force rendered his measures nugatory, and much to the regret of his fellow cavaliers, he perforce retired from office.

During his retirement, however, he was not idle; endowed with persevering courage, an agreeable address and the most persuasive eloquence, he kept alive the fire of loyalty, that lay purdue in the colony—ever ready, on the first favorable occasion to fan it into a steady flame—travelling privately in various directions, plotting, planning, intriguing, and gaining adherents to his darling scheme of shaking off the Protector's yoke and of restoring the Royal authority.

Sir William had been on to the Dutch settlements on Manhattan—had been well received by the gallant Stuyvesant, a kindred spirit, who not only smoked and drank with his guest, but volunteered a choice collection of Dutch curses on the head of "bloody Nell." Farther than this, however, history hath not recorded evidence of his favorable disposition towards the Royal cause.

From Manhattan, Sir William Berkeley was proceeding towards the Swedish Plantations, when his progress was interrupted, as above detailed,—and so completely was his imagination filled with what had just occurred; so much was he puzzled with that exquisite voice, that in the pretty youth and the ugly dwarf was one and the same; and so did he long to behold that beauteous creature, whom prophetic foreboding warned him in vain to shun, that his plans, his plots and intrigues were forgotten in new and exciting impressions.

IMPROMPTU.

Is there a heart that never sighed?
Is there a tongue that never lied?
Is there an eye that never blink'd?
Is there a man that never drink'd?
If so, then heart and tongue and eye
Must tell's most confounded lie.

[Mississippi Tuscahoman.

Translated from the French for the New-Yorker.

GETHSEMANE; OR THE DEATH OF JULIA.

BY ALPHONSE DE LA MARTINE.

(The following passage has been superadded to the second edition of Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land &c. at present publishing at Paris in weekly numbers, beautifully illustrated with engravings on steel, woodcuts, *culs de lampes*, &c. It is a tribute of the illustrious bard to the memory of his only daughter Julia, the promise of whose glorious Spring was ultimately blighted by Death.)

Even from my mother's breast, I have been a man of wo; my heart, in lieu of blood, sends forth but tears—or, rather, God from those tears hath ravished the charms, and petrified them as they flow. Bitterness is my honey,—sadness my joy; a fraternal instinct binds me to each grave, and no path can stay me if on its track I see not ruin and gloom. If I behold green fields nursed by the blue smiling sky of summer,—sweet valleys opening to embrace the sea—I pass and say, with a smile of bitterness, 'Place for happiness—alas, not for mine!' My soul hath no echo but where groans are heard; where'er the pale mourner weeps, there is its native land; an earth of ashes and tears petrified is the couch whereon I love to repose.

Ask you then why?—alas I cannot tell. I shall stir the waves of this abyss of bitterness—my lips shall give utterance in sobs; but tear this heart if you would read it well. Death into each fibre hath plunged his knife; its beatings are but sluggish agonies; it is full of deaths as of groans; all my soul is in one mighty tomb!

When I roamed on the mournful shores where Christ willed to be born, I did not ask to see the sanctified places where the poor cast palm branches under his feet—where the word of his voice made Him known, and the hosanna followed his triumphant march—where his hand, which holy women watered with their tears, wiping the sweat and heat from his brow, caressed little children. Conduct me, father, to the place where they weep—to the funeral garden where the Man of Salvation, abandoned by his Father, and by men, willed to pour forth that blood and water which men sweat before they die. Leave me alone—go! I also would feel how much grief may be contained in an infinite hour. Man of despair, my worship is agony—my altar, it is here! at the dusty feet of the Garden of Olives, under the shade of the mouldering battlements of Sion, in a place where the sunbeam of noon sickly expires, where parched Kedron filters between its dreary banks. Josaphat hollowed these slopes into a sepulchre, where, instead of herbage and flowers, the earth teems with but ruins, and where the gnarled wandering roots of the ancient oaks cleave the hoary tombstones!

There, between two rocks, is the sombre grotto where the Man of Wo came to taste of death, when, thrice awakening the friendship which slept, he said to his friends, "Watch and pray, for dark is the hour"—where his quivering life though yet to staunch the drops of the chalice on the bloody pavement, and where the heavy sweat of that fatal sacrifice yet exudes from the pores of the rock!

With brow pillowed on my hands, I sat me down on the stone, thinking on all that Divine forehead must have then thought of, and revolving in my mind, from their source to their termination, those tears whose channel has formed my path. I took to me again my burthens, and raised them; I counted my sorrows, death by death, life by life; then my soul was shadowed by a dream.

What a dream, Great God, I dreamed? I had left not far behind me, under the maternal wing, my daughter—my child—my care—my treasure; each Spring her brow yet budded forth, but her soul was of that age when Heaven loves to recall it to itself. She was the sole remnant of my long tempest—sole fruit of so much bloom—sole relic of love—my tear at parting—my kiss on return—for my wandering steps an eternal festival—a sun-ray that sported at my window—a morning bird which quaffed from my lips—a harmonious breath by my couch at the dead of night—a caress on my awaking. She was more—she was the image of her mother—her sorrowful smiles seemed to beam on me once more through her soft blue eyes. Through her, my Past was Future; my happiness had but changed its countenance. Her voice was the sweet echo of ten years of felicity; her step in my dwelling filled it with happiness; her look made the tears swell in my eye; her smile light-

ed my heart. Her brow would darken at my slightest thought, and her fair blue eye ever reflected mine in its purity. I beheld my cares shadow and moisten hers, as in a clear lake of limpid water a shadow is clearly defined. Every thing which rose from her heart was sweet,—and her lip never had a severe expression, save when joining her two hands in her mother's she prayed to God at the parent knee.

I dreamed that I had borne her into these places, and that she sat in her beauty upon my knee—one of my arms beneath her feet, the other around her neck, and my head tenderly inclined on her fair brow; her forehead falling on the paternal arm, shook the soft-browned gold of her glossy silken tresses; her white teeth gleamed under the chiseled lips, which were wreathed with an eternal smile of joy! To dart into mine her heart, and to exhaust my soul, she lifted her glances ever on mine,—and in the sweet ray with which my eyes covered her, God alone can measure the warmth. And I said unto my God in my heart which she had rejoiced, 'My God! while these eyes shine upon my path, I will have but prayers and holy songs for Thee; in this life of flowers, it is enough to breathe. Go, give her my part of thy gifts so precious, and scatter beneath her footsteps the blossoms of all hope!'

And thus rejoicing my heart with hope and with prayer, my looks and my heart did not perceive that that fair brow grew heavier on my arm, and that her feet became frozen in my hands cold as stone: "Julia! Julia, why hast thou grown so pale?" I exclaimed, "why that damp brow and that changing hue? Speak—speak—smile upon! sport not with my heart, my angel! open on me thy fair eyes, that I may read therein!"

But the purple of death gathered around those lips of rose,—the smile fitfully passed ere begun—her shortened breath became still, like the beatings of a wing which flutters to repose—my ear heard the last throb of her heart—and when her latest breath bore her soul from earth, my heart died within me, as the fruit which a mother bears cold and dead in her womb! And on my stiffened limbs, bearing more than my life, I rose like a man who staggers beneath a fatal blow; and I reached the altar, and stretched my child on the warm stone, and my lips clung to her eyes closed forever in the black sleep of death—and her brow, now marble, was yet warm, like the nest whence the bird of morning has just flown!

And I felt, in an eternal hour, ages of horror and seas of anguish pass over me,—and grief filled up the place where late my heart beat in joy,—and I said to my God, 'My God, I had but her; all my loves were drowned in this love; she it was who replaced those loved ones whom Death hath taken away; she was the only fruit which remained on the branch, beaten by the winds of an evil day. She was the master-link of my broken chain—the only pure blue corner of my horizon; that her name should sound more sweet in our dwelling, we baptized her with a melodious one. She was my universe, my joy—the voice which charmed me wherever I wandered—the charm and care of my eyes, my hours, my morning, my evening, and my night. The mirror in which I loved to behold its image in the purest of my days resting on that brow, a permanent ray of my felicity. All thy gifts, Lord, assembled in her fair countenance—sweet burthen which her mother placed in my arms!—eyes, wherein shone mine—soul, ravished from my bosom—voice, in which vibrated mine—life, wherein dwelt and was wrapped up my own—the living sky which smiled upon me. Take, take all, implacable justice! I stretch her on thy funereal altar. If I have drunk it to the lees, break the chalice! My child! my daughter! my breath!—behold her! behold her! I have stripped but two locks with which she chained me yesterday in her caresses: I have preserved but these!'

A sob choked my utterance, and I awoke; in my cold hand froze my brow as it passed over it, and I fled from the spot, swifter than the eagle flies. Smothered sighs and groans rose from my dwelling; love alone, had suspended for me her last hour—she waited for me, to die! How all is dead and lone in my sombre dwelling! Two weeping eyes were before me—I go, I know not where—I listen to, I know not what—I open my arms for nought, and shut them upon emptiness. All my days and my nights wear the same funereal hue. Prayer and hope in my bosom are dead; but 'tis God who hath smitten thee, my soul: Be strong—~~but~~ his chastening hand in thy sorrow;

W. F.

MEN OF GENIUS.

BY D'ISRAEL.

The student who may, perhaps, shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in the pages of his volume, is found, not rarely, to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse.

If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacy of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquility his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence, more fervid than the labors of polished composition.

The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had so lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even *speaking* correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say,—“I am not the less Peter Corneille!”

Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company: and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature, in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, by comparing himself to a banker, who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port Royal Society, who said of a scintilian wit—“He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the stair-case.” Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute—“I can not fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.”

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He presented a rigid silence amongst strangers; but if he were silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often, at that moment, he labored at some future Spectator.

Mediocrity can talk: but it is for genius to observe.

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to “a silent person in a tie wig.” It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen: but when he wrote he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit, or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is only to be found in him.—This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the countess of Pembroke, used to rally him, by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the whet-stone, which will not cut, but enables other things to do this; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vaucanson was said to be as much a machine, as any he had made.

Dryden says of himself—“My conversation is slow and dull, my humor Saturnine and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees.”

History of Telegraphs.—Bryant P. Tilden, Esq., an intelligent navigator and merchant of Boston, whose authority as a practical man gives great weight to his statements and opinions, publishes the following:

“The first time—by way of illustration—I experienced the advantage of flag conversation was in the year 1815. We saw five big ships spread in line by signal orders, to prevent our passing them. Having proper documents to inform of peace, we ran up colors and stood for the centre ship. The boarding officer on being satisfied said, “run up your ensign in the fore rigging: that is our signal agreed upon to inform the squadron, that peace between our nation has been made: and it will save you the trouble of being overhauled and detention.”

“After informing the officer of Bonaparte's escape from the Island of Elba, he directed to hoist the ensign in the main rigging, saying, “that is the signal to inform of news.” The seventy-four, and four frigates, were at the time sailing in a lazy cruising manner, but immediately on seeing our last signal, the Admiral began conversation with the fleet; and, as if by magic, up went top gallants, yards and booms, and in twenty-four minutes they were under a crowd of canvass. The officer seeing the signals from the Admiral, said, “That is for me to go on board, and for all hands to get to Old England as soon as we can.” Without these talking flags, it would have taken hours to have communicated three such important points by means of boats or otherwise.

“One more instance happened a year before the last, when I was going in company with several English captains from Macoa, to Whampoa in an English schooner packet. When in sight of the shipping, tide turned down river, and it being calm we came to an anchor. Fortunately the packet had conversation flags, and signal being made, down came four boats to take us up to Canton, where otherwise we should not have reached until the next tide.

“Sometimes a boat cannot live upon the sea, and it may blow a gale, which prevents speaking. Our *Conversation Flags* in such cases, obviate all difficulties.”

Explosion Extraordinary.—The Liverpool Albion of Sept. 26th, contains the annexed account of a strange incident which occurred in the Post Office of that city, on the night of the 24th of that month:

On Saturday night, about 9 o'clock, a circumstance occurred at our Post Office which had nearly proved fatal to one individual, and might have been productive of severe injury to many, if the full intention of the contriver of the wickedness had taken effect, though who were the intended victims it is impossible to say. We need not inform our commercial readers, that letters for foreign countries require that the postage should be paid, or they are never forwarded, but, instead, are sent to the Dead-letter-office, in London, there to be stamped, opened and returned, if practicable, to the writers. On Saturday night, a number of letters of this description, which had remained in the Post Office beyond the regular period, were handed over to a man, named Barnard, for the purpose of being stamped, previously to being forwarded to London by the mail. Amongst these was a bundle containing seven letters, all directed in the same hand, and in the Spanish Language, to official personages at Havanna. The stamp is a heavy steel implement, with which the letter is struck with some violence. He had got through all the letters but this particular bundle, and they had been removed as he operated upon them. He had also got safely through the first four of these, but in striking the fifth, the percussion produced an explosion which shook the whole building. Every clerk in the office, even those at the greatest distance, were stunned, and one who stood within a few yards of the spot was thrown violently to the ground. When they recovered, in some measure, from the shock, they looked round for the poor man Barnard. The floor around him was completely covered with the tattered fragments of the letters, for all the remaining three had exploded, and he lay upon the floor bleeding and insensible. He was found to have been shockingly injured; his hands being torn almost asunder, and portions of the flesh and skin peeled from them. His face was completely denuded of the skin, and one of his eyes was forced backward with such violence that its use as an organ of vision is lost irrecoverably. The thumb-nail of the left hand was torn off, and, what is more extraordinary, was shot through the left cheek. The poor man is in a very dangerous state, though hopes are entertained of his recovery. The bag which contained the other four letters, having already been made up, it was despatched by the mail during the consternation incident to the disaster. Mr. Banning instantly forwarded an express to the General Post Office, informing the parties there of what had occurred, and warning them to be careful how they opened these letters. It is to be hoped that they may be found to contain some clue which will lead to the discovery of the contrivers of a scheme so diabolical. The explosion was so violent that it put out all the lights and blew out five panes of glass.

The Token.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

'Twill remind you of me—though the token
Is neither of silver or gold,
'Twill remind you of words we have spoken.
How fond now must never be told;
Of the days when I thought your affection
Like mine, everlasting would be;
Yet though you may fly from reflection,
That still must remind you of me!

'Twill remind you of me though you shun it,
And throw it aside in disdain,
You will one day look sadly upon it,
And sigh for your first love again;
That gift will be seen among many,
And mine the least worthy may be,
And yet, perchance dearer than any,
Because 'twill remind you of me.

'Twill remind you of me—when I'm sleeping
Far off where my forefathers sleep;
When past is my season of weeping,
It grieves me to think you will weep;
You will press to your heart the last token
Of one you can never more see;
'Twill remind you of vows you have broken,
Ah, yes, 'twill remind you of me!

From the American Monthly.

TO E. B.

Years have passed,
My sweetest, since I heard thy voice's tone,
Saying thou would'st be mine, and mine alone;
Dark years have cast
Their shadows on me, and my brow no more
Smiles with the happy light that once it wore.

My heart is ere,
As a leaf tossed upon the autumnal gale;
The early rose hues of my life are pale,
Its garden drear,
Its bower deserted; for my singing bird
Among its dim retreats no more is heard.

Oh, trust them not—
Who say that I have long forgotten thee,
Or even now thou art not dear to me!

Though far my lot
From thine, and though Time's onward rolling tide
May never bear me, dearest, to thy side.

I would forget!
Alas! I strive in vain—in dreams, in dreams,
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams:—
No star has met
My gaze for years whose beauty doth not shine,
Whose look or speechless love is not like thine!

The Evening air—
Soft witness of the flow'ret's fragrant death—
Stray's not so sweetly to me as thy breath;
The Moonlight fair
On snowy waste sleeps not with sweeter ray,
Than thy clear memory on my heart's decay.

I love thee still—
And I shall love the ever, and above
All earthly object with undying love.
The mountain rill
Seeks, with no surer flow, the far, bright sea,
Than my unchanged affection turns to thee!

HEMION.

An introduction to conversation.—Mr. B.—Remarkable fine weather this, sir?

Mr. N.—It would be more remarkable if there were none.

Mr. B.—If there were none! Did you ever know a time, sir, when there was no weather?

Mr. N.—Not to my recollection.

Mr. B.—I think not. That would be the strangest thing that ever happened.

Mr. N.—Humph!

Mr. B.—Do you think we shall have a change of weather soon?

Mr. N.—I think it will change when it gets ready.

Mr. B.—When do you think that will be?

Mr. N.—When God pleases.

Mr. B.—I never saw such weather since I was born.

Mr. N.—Did you before?

Mr. B.—Before I was born! How could I?

Mr. N.—That's a question of your own asking.

Mr. B.—To be sure it is. Well, if I ever saw such weather as this! Do you think it will rain soon?

Mr. N.—Yes, as soon as the dry weather's over.

Mr. B.—When do you think that'll be?

Mr. N.—Humph! about the time it begins to rain.

Mr. B.—Well, you're the strangest man I ever undertook to talk with. I can't get you started any way. You won't sail upon either tack.

Mr. N.—Humph!

Mr. B.—I can't make any thing out of you—and so I'll leave you.

Mr. N.—That's what I've wished from the beginning.

An alarming number of suicides among the French officers in a garrison has led to an inquiry, which resulted in ascertaining that they were chiefly the most exemplary persons, distinguished by their professional attainments, and without any pecuniary embarrassments.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Dreams of Youth.

Delusive Childhood! are thy radiant dreams,
When fancy sports amid Elysian bowers,
Through which meander gold-reflecting streams
With margin fringed, and beautiful with flowers:
The world is lovely to the young in years,
And quickly follow smiles, the gush of tears.

When fade in night the rosy beams of youth,
We rove no more beneath unclouded skies,
And sober thought unveils the chilling truth,
That dreams of bliss are not realities:
Our bark flies on before a warring gale,
And victor Time, of whiteness robs the sail.

We sadly find by retrospective glance
How few are living whom in youth we knew!
The voiceless tomb! their dark inheritance,
Shuts out loved forms forever from our view:
Then early hopes like sand-clouds are effaced,
Shaped by the Siro: of the desert waste.
W. H. C. H.

MISCELLANY.

Adams' Eulogy on Madison.—We have had a copy of John Quincy Adams' Eulogy on the life and character of James Madison, fourth President of the United States, delivered at the request of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Boston, Sept. 27, 1836. Published by John H. Eastburn, Boston. It is a noble performance, and makes a pamphlet of 87 pages large 8 vo. We annex the concluding paragraphs.

"This Constitution, my countrymen, is the great result of the North American Revolution. This is the great stride in the improvement of the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—of the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the federal and national Constitution of Government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all was he to honor whose memory we are here assembled at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king—we look back on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of Patriots and heroes under whose guidance the revolution of American Independence was begun and continued and completed. We look around in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life, in all its stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty and the grey hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is human life! But then, then, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day. From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they were, and our hearts leap for joy, that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them fearless in their fortitude, and confident of the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves independent States. We see them, waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural stepmother, the mistress of the seas, till under the sign manual of their king their Independence was acknowledged—and last and best of all, we see them toiling in war and in peace to form and perpetuate an union, under forms of Government intricately but skilfully adjusted so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseparable Liberty and Law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. Their portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed—and transmitted to us their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered, not by our tears—saddened, not by the shedding of any blood of

ours. The gift of heaven through their suffering and their achievements—but not without a charge of correspondent duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow citizens, what is that duty of our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a king beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the restoration of violated rights. No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood with the people from whom we sprang: To cast away the precious name of Britons and be no more the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton, of Newton and Locke—of Chatham and Burke? Or more and worse, is it to meet their countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven year's war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundations of the fairest Government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No! These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty?

Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to improve the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens—far be from us; far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitudes of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—Not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and that fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace—of harmony—of union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children "to the last syllable of recorded time," fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of JAMES MADISON.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.

We find in our late Paris papers the following particulars of a painful disaster which occurred near Lyons. The result of the efforts to relieve the sufferer was not known at the date of the latest paper.

LYONS, Sept. 6.—Last Sunday a tragical event happened on an estate situated at Champver. Some workmen employed in digging a well, in a sandy and loose soil, had reached a depth of 63 feet, when they thought they perceived the drums, which are used to prevent the sand from breaking in, bending, and feared that they were just ready to yield to the pressure of the weight around them. The workmen made haste to re-ascend—but in their haste they left at the bottom of the well some of their valuable tools.

The contractor, wishing to repair this forgetfulness, went down himself to bring up the tools, but on arriving at about three quarters the depth, a part of the drum gave way, the ground crumbled in and shut out all retreat from the imprudent man, to whom there remained no means of communication with the outside, except from the crevices left in the wood work which had served to form the drum. In this position he still remains. He can speak, and is able to receive food and drink, which is sent down to him to support him until his deliverance can be effected. The efforts which have been made for this purpose during the whole of yesterday have been fruitless, and the unfortunate man has passed the whole night in this horrible position. This morning they have continued their exertions. As it is manifestly impossible to save him by clearing out the well, it has been determined to dig another by the side of the first.

Some workmen of the school of civil engineers have entered on this labor, which cannot be finished till to-morrow.

September 8.—Dufavel—this is the name of the unfortunate man—shows great coolness and courage. He can communicate verbally with men who descend into the upper part of the well, which remains undisturbed; and in this way he has received a visit, at his own request, from M. Thevenet, the vicar of the parish of St. Just, who did not hesitate, notwithstanding the danger of the attempt, to descend into the neighborhood of this unfortunate man, and bestow on him the consolations of his sacred office. Dufavel has sent up all the valuables he had about him, such as his watch, his silver money, ear rings, &c. He kept nothing but his knife, to use, as he says, to put a period to his miseries, if all efforts for his deliverance should prove fruitless. He recommends them not to work over his head, and has pointed out, as the only means for his rescue, that they should dig a well parallel with the first, with which they can open a communication by means of a subterranean gallery. The public authorities have displayed a praiseworthy zeal on this occasion. M. Chinard, a physician, and one of the city government of Lyons, has not quitted the spot since the disaster, and is accompanied by other members of the government. They encourage the workmen, who, to the number of eight, work day and night, with the soldiers of the engineer department, under the orders of an officer and of the head engineer.

September 9.—The unfortunate Dufavel is not yet released from the well where he was buried alive several days since. Yesterday evening the workmen of the Croix Rouse had dug a well parallel to that in which the crumbling took place, and had reached a depth equal to that of the first, and were employed in digging a horizontal passage to free their unfortunate companion, when a sudden crumbling forced them to ascend in haste, and abandon entirely the work they had begun. There remains now no hope except from the well undertaken by the workmen of the civil engineers, which cannot be finished until to-morrow.

September 10.—The unfortunate Dufavel is not yet released from his horrible prison, but the engineers who are laboring to deliver him, hope to reach him in the course of the day. This evening he will be saved or lost. His courage keeps up, he has not for a moment been delirious, and he gives directions as to the method of working most likely to succeed in giving him relief. He eats with good appetite and asks for food. His limbs are less pressed than for some days past. He has cut away with his knife a hoop of the cask which pressed upon him. Tho' seated on the sand, and bent down, he is able to change his position, in some measure.

September 11.—In the course of the day, yesterday, Dufavel became indisposed, his voice was changed, and he found difficulty in speaking—he is most incommoded by the pressure on one of his legs on which he is seated and which he can scarcely move. During the night he cut away with his knife some of the wood which embarrassed him. I worked so hard, said he, that I moistened my shirt with perspiration, but as I could not sleep, it was well to work. This morning he is better, he breakfasted with a good appetite. One of his cousins, a well digger, like himself, descended to speak to him. He expressed a desire not to be deceived as to his situation, and said, you see I do not lose courage. On being told that they hoped to get him out on Saturday—'That will be more than eight days, but I can wait until then.' He afterward spoke of his wife; tell her, said he to his cousin, that I have good courage, and that she must not be distressed. The interest that the whole city takes in the horrible position of Dufavel increases every day. Last night the civil engineers who are at work on the gallery, were on the point of reaching the place where he is buried, when a considerable quantity of an almost fluid sand crumbled in suddenly, and made ten or twelve hours of labor necessary to bring them to the point they had before reached. They are now very near the unfortunate man, but they must advance with infinite precaution, and very slowly.

P. S. They announce that the deliverance of Dufavel is momentarily expected.

A Lyons paper says—yesterday morning Dufavel asked again for the Vicar Thevenet, and received a visit from him. M. Chinard sent down to him a double portion of hot wine. One

of our richest and most charitable ladies has visited Dufaval and promised to take on herself the care of providing for all his wants when he is relieved.

Extraordinary Preservation.—Dufaval, a workman was shut up in a cavity of a well, by the falling in of the earth on the 2d instant. It was on the 15th, a quarter to two in the morning, that the soldiers of the engineers, who had worked without intermission by means of a parallel shaft and a horizontal gallery, succeeded in piercing the wooden casing of the well behind which Dufaval was confined. The operations carried on had been all along of the most dangerous description, on account of the continual falling in of the sandy soil; and such was the caution obliged to be observed, that for the few days preceding his deliverance, the sappers could only advance at the rate of two inches in the hour, expecting every moment that the earth might fall in and completely destroy the object of their labors. When the sappers broke through the planks, the prisoner aided them as far as his weakness would permit; but, feeling his legs failing him, he took hold of a sergeant of the engineers by the neck, and was by this means drawn into the gallery. Immediately after the earth fell in and filled the cavity where he had been cooped up. He was laid on a blanket in the horizontal gallery; and M. Chimard, the deputy mayor of Lyons, who is also a physician, came down to visit him, and gave orders for hauling him up. M. Chimard then mounted himself, and addressed the sappers on the part of Dufaval, thanking them in very expressive terms for their unwearied exertions. A few minutes afterwards the poor fellow himself was brought up, and the sappers would not leave him until they had carried him on a litter to a house where a warm bed was prepared for him. He is now going on in a most satisfactory manner. The zeal of the officers and soldiers employed in this most difficult service, and the anxiety of the municipality to give all the assistance in their power, cannot be too highly praised.—*Courier de Lyon.*

Beauty.

By MRS. CRAWFORD.

Oh! tell me not of cheeks that wear
The rosy freshness of the morn,—
Of Hebe lips and flowing hair;
True love is not of such things born.
They have their value but to me,
As flowers, if nothing more I see.

I could as soon bow soul and knees
To some bright shade of Titan's art,
Or statue of praxiteles,
As beauty, without mind or heart:
For why? because it seems to me,
Like casket without jewelry.

I care not what the color be
Of beauty's eye—if jet or blue,
So every glance speak sympathy,
With what is kind, and good, and true;
Eyes have their value but to me,
As in their light a soul I see.

I heed not if the cheeks be pale
As monumental marble, so
A modest blush doth there prevail,
When fit occasion bids it glow:
Cheeks have their value but to me
As types of inward purity.

I mind not if the lips be red,
And full as infant buds of rose,
So gay good temper round them shed
The sunshine of the mind's repose:
Lips have their value but to me
When clothed with sweet amenity.

Yet neither lips, nor cheeks nor eyes,
Though all that I have now portrayed,
Could shake my peace or wake my sighs,
Unless thy love for me displayed:
Their chiefest beauty still must be,
To breathe of love, and love for me.

But if I see in beauty's eye,
Affection's glance when I appear,
And on her cheek and lip, espie
The tokens of a love sincere
Then eyes and cheeks and lips, to me
Do wear their true divinity.

New England.—By J. G. WHITTIER.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land forever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some warrior dream!
Oh, never may a son of thine
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 29, 1836.

An Apology.—The delay in the publication of the present number of the GEM has been unavoidable. We shall hereafter be more punctual.

THE SOUTH SEA EXPEDITION.

A late Washington paper says, the vessels destined for this interesting service are all launched, and will doubtless be soon equipped for the voyage. The frigate *Macedonian*, the flag ship of the expedition, has been rebuilt at Norfolk on a portion of her original timbers, and was launched on Tuesday last; and the two brigs ordered to be built at the Boston navy yard have also been launched within the last ten days, and one of them is already sparred and rigged. They are represented as very strong vessels, of about one hundred and forty tons burthen, and have been built in seventy working days.

The Annuals.—The annuals advertised by Messrs. PRATT & NICHOLS, are extremely rich, as well in their embellishments as in their matter. When we have more leisure, we shall interest our readers with some of the choice gems which they contain. Meanwhile, those who propose to please their favorites with substantial New Year gifts, should take a peep at these splendid works.

Telegraphs on Railroads.—It is in contemplation to establish a system of telegraphic communication, both by day and night, on the great railroads now in formation in England, more particularly on the London and Birmingham and Grand Junction lines. This, at times, may be very useful, not only for the transmission of mercantile and political intelligence, but in announcing the position of the different trains—hours of departure—or any accident on the line. As it is, persons are constantly employed along the lines to warn travellers of the approach of trains, and otherwise to watch over the safety of those who use this mode of conveyance; and it would add little to the expense, and greatly both to the safety and advantage of railroads that these persons should have the means of telegraphic communication along the whole route.

A noble Elephant.—"The half reasoning brute," as he is somewhat disparagingly characterised, was on board the Royal Tar steambot, and when the flames approached him, jumped overboard, and swam two miles to a neighboring island, where he comfortably and quietly installed himself in a barn. He was followed by a little pony, also belonging to the *Menagerie*. It is said in the letter to the Express, whence we derive these facts, that the Elephant, after being in the water, "made a sign with his trunk, to his keeper, to come to him." We can readily believe it. Unfortunately it was not heeded, and the man, after securing round his person several hundred dollars in specie, finally sprang into the water, and was seen no more—the faithful Elephant would have saved him.—*American.*

Remarkable Circumstance.—A swarm of Bees was found hived in a small thorn bush, on the farm of Mr. John Brooks, in this county, about the first of last month. The bees had made something like half a bushel of rich well-filled comb when discovered. Mr. Brooks has cut up the bush, and removed them to his garret, where they continue at work. This is one of the most remarkable freaks we ever heard of—the bees must have lost their usual instinct. Some gentlemen, we understand, attempt to account for it by supposing the Queen bee had received an injury, which rendered her unable to proceed farther.

Firing into a Flock.—A shoemaker in Bangor by the name of McCarthy fired into a gang of boys who were making merry with his sign; and wounded one of them severely in the knee with a shot. The shoemaker fled.

A Good Turn.—We have heard the history of a transaction upon which we suppose one of the charges in the late obnoxious but silly article in the New Orleans Bee was founded. A gentleman living either at Vicksburg or in one of the towns back of the city, we are not sure which, had the audacity to import goods direct from New York, instead of paying 15 to 25 per cent more for them in New Orleans. A house in the latter city held his note, and being instigated by an insane notion of forcing him to trade with them, made a seizure (we know not and perhaps it is none of our business how they got over the necessary affidavits) of certain goods and chattels of the gentleman's in a vessel bound up, when she touched at New Orleans. All quite legal (if not so very decent) provided the note had happened to be due—a little, trifling, inconsiderable circumstance which was wanting. But the best of the joke is that just as this tremendous seizure, which was to strangle our infant commerce in the bud, was nicely completed, the cash to pay the (immature) note was received by mail. In return for their kindness, we understand said house has been, or shortly will be waited on with a suit for damages to the lively tune of \$10,000.

A Female Equestrian.—Miss Pond rode one thousand miles in one thousand hours, at Newmarket, in 1758. She was a relative of the publisher of the Sporting Calendar, in Oxton street, and she was backed to perform this feat by the Duke of Queensbury, then Lord March. She was, however allowed to do the thousand miles on as many horses as she chose without regarding time. She did the match in twenty-eight days, two thirds of the time on one favorite horse. The lady took her rest regularly at night and rode in the day time forty miles.—*Sportsman.*

Mustaches.—The famous dye for the hair has been analysed and found to be a spurious infusion of the shell of green walnuts, made aromatic by lavender, and perfectly harmless.

Shooting Parsons.—In the published list of game certifies for the county of Derby, there are twenty two names with *Reverend* attached to them; and in the Yorkshire list there are ninety one!

Dr. Johnson observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

"Be asey, my honey," said Paddy O'Rafferty one day to a yankee from Nantucket. "Aint I as big a native as yourself, ye blackguard? Aint Nantucket separated by a narrow neck of wather from the states, and aint ould Ireland separated only by a larger bit of the same, ay?"

A Relic.—We saw a few days since, the crucifix and ribbon attached, belonging to the Frenchman murdered in this region by his nephew some 45 years since, and which has been buried with him during this long period. They were discovered in removing the remains from their resting place in the old burying ground. The ribbon is in a remarkably state of preservation.—*Bangor Whig.*

There is an Arab near the French camp at Bona (Africa) who has perfectly astonished the officers by suffering himself to be bitten by scorpions, which it appears produce no injurious effects upon him.

There is a horse in France which is said devours mutton and other flesh with the same gusto as other quadrupeds of that description do grain.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, at Brighton House, Perth Amboy, by the Right Rev. Dr. Onderdonk, HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE, D. D. to HARRIET, daughter of M. Bruen, Esq.

By the Rev. D. N. Merritt, Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, to Miss ISABEL SMITH, both of this city.

In Hamilton, on the 7th inst., by Eld. A. Perkins, Rev. ALONZO WHITELOCK, late resident graduate of the Ham. Lit. and Theo. Inst., to Miss ELIZABETH M., daughter of Rufus Bacon, Esq. of Hamilton.

By the same, at the same time and place, Mr. GEORGE W. BEARDSLEE, of Avon, to Miss SOPHIA H., daughter of the late Dr. Sherman Bartholomew, of Waterville.

In Pike, on the 3d inst. by Mr. Hystop, Esq., Mr. ROBERT HUNTINGTON, of West Bloomfield, to Miss FRANCIS MARIA, daughter of Ephraim Tucker, Esq. of the former place.

THE PILOT.

A BALLAD—Written by Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq.

Composed by S. Nelson.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

Oh, pi-lot ! 'tis a fear-ful dan-ger on the deep, I'll come
night, There's and pace the

deck with thee, to sleep. Go down ! the sailor cried, go down, no place for thee, Fear not! Where
I do not dare This is but trust in Providence,

e-ver thou may'st be.

2
Ah ! pilot, dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might :
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me ;
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Where ever thou may'st be.

3
On such a night the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form ;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm :
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,—
But still I say to thee
Fear not ! but trust in Providence,
Where ever thou may'st be.

VARIETY.

From the Irish National Magazine.

ALL HOLLOW, HOLLOW, HOLLOW !

I stood beneath a hollow tree,
The blast it hollow blew ;
I mused upon the hollow world,
And all its hollow crew ;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow,
Imaginations hollow dreams ;
All hollow, hollow, hollow !

A crown it is a hollow thing ;
A hollow head oft wears it ;
The hollow title of a king
What hollow hearts oft bear it !
No hollow wiles, no hollow smiles,
No hollow hopes I follow,
Since great and small are hollow all—
All hollow, hollow, hollow !

The hollow patriot but betrays,
The hollow dupes who heed him :
The hollow courtier vends his praise
To hollow dupes who feed him :
The hollow friend may rasp your hand
The hollow crowd may follow :
But hollow still is human will—
All hollow, hollow, hollow !

Wife lost—Scene in a Steamboat.—An actual occurrence.—"Which is the captain of this boat?" inquired a tall, athletic man, as he came up from the gentleman's cabin with great precipitancy.

"That gentleman yonder," said a bystander.
"Are you the captain, sir ?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where is my wife ?"

"Indeed, I don't know, sir—I've not seen her, that I know."

"No, captain, this is too bad. I came on board this boat last night, and paid you six dollars passage for myself and wife—and I should like to know where my wife has been put ?"

"Have you been in the ladies' cabin ?"

"Yes—but she's not there."

"Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name, sir ?"

"Mrs. Mirah Smith, the wife of Jerome V. Smith, your humble servant."

"Mary, (to the chambermaid,) is Mrs. Mirah Smith in the ladies' cabin ?"

"No, sir—I've inquired and she's not there."

"There—I told you so," said Mr. Smith, in much uneasiness.

"Captain," said a wag standing by, "suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat, and say—Mrs. Mirah Smith, who came on board last night, cannot be found ?"

"That's a good idea," echoed a hundred voices at once.

So John—a cream colored Leon, with an eye like Iago's—set his bell agoing, crying aloud at every interim—"Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith. Any person who knows where she is, will please hand her up to the captain's office, for the benefit of her disconsolate husband.

John bawled through the boat, some what to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when, in passing the state-rooms, in a sort of desperation for his want of

success, he raised his voice to the Stentorian pitch of a Knox,—"*Lost Mrs. Mirah Smith*"—when the fair lady rushed out of K., evidently disturbed in her slumbers, with—"Who says I'm lost ?—Here I am—where's Jerome ?"

It is needless to say that this gave a very pleasing turn to the whole affair—and the captain (good soul) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.—*Sat. Courier.*

Nobody will steal years.—Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, took a Hungarian battalian prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c.—concluded by saying, "that he had fought in the army of Maria Theresa, in Germany, when battles used to be won in a regular systematic way." "You must be old?" said Napoleon. "Yes; I am either sixty or seventy." "Why colonel you have certainly lived long enough to count years a little more closely." "General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and shall not lose one of them !"

Man traps.—A fellow tried to break into a house in New York the other night, when, as he put his leg through a window, a lady caught hold of it and kept him stationary until some men came along to "relieve the guard."

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No. 24.

MISCELLANY.

From the London United Service Journal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNSYLVANIAN-KENTUCKY RIFLE.

My dear Mr. Editor,—As it is the fashion to have a *considerable* some of biography, auto-dit-to, lives, and memoirs, I do not see why I should not let you into my short history, particularly as I have made some *noise* in the world, and done quite a mint of mischief.

There is much dispute about my parentage.—whether I originally sprang from Sweden with a cross of Manchester, or an *obolus obolus*, a *genuine* Pennsylvanian. I am indifferent as to my daddy; but this I know, that I first saw the light at Pittsburg on the Ohio, where, like young bears, I was licked into shape, and afterwards put to nurse, and raised by Gilbert of Rochester, State of New York. I was an uncommon sharp chap from the first, when put into the hands of Silas Cornstalk, by the Old Mill, just above the Genesee Falls.

I shan't talk much of myself, but of my masters, even up to this day; yet I won't leave you in the dark as to my person and disposition. I am just quite thirty inches long in my barrel or body, with one leg, one eye, and one mouth, which is so small that I only take a ball of 80 to the pound. Though I have been wormed like any young puppy, yet I only got a turn and a half. Being thus so small in the bore and of immense weight, I always "go the whole hog," as they say in my country, and can pitch into a dollar at two hundred yards without straining or hurting my feelings, or any one's feelings, in the least;—but it ain't often I am sent into a dollar, owing to the clumsiness of most of my many masters, who won't let me follow my own inclinations, which are straight forward and peaceable enough; so that when I have hurt the feelings of man or beast, I was forced to it. This fact will speak much for my natural disposition, when I'm not overloaded or made too hot to keep my tongue still; but then I will allow, some of the men I have served have made me play the very devil—and, I may say, in such moments I'm a pretty severe colt.

As to my outward looks,—I have many dresses, mostly a rich fall-o'-the-leaf brown, with gold garters and red belt; my one leg on which I stand (when I'm not carried) is of curled maple, with an audacious suit of filigree silver inlaid round my trouser pocket, where I always carry my tooth pick and cork screw, and square bits of oiled linen to coax my balls down with, as they are a very tight fit; but I have various suits of leggings in gold, silver, and brass, according to the means of my employers: my grandest dress of all is a silver spread eagle, and twenty-two stars radiating round the head; but since I have come to England I'm done up in a *sad negligee* of mercbrass; not that I care much for my outward trappings. It is the trunk, Sir, the body of me, that is of the right sort, though for some years past I have been shut up in a vile case in the dark, utterly idle—I have not seen a red man, nor a red oak, nor a blue mountain deer, nor smelt the aromatic breath of the Virginian pine woods, where I have so often whistled as I went—no, not for a long year.

But it's of no use growling—I was talking of my first master, young Silas. I was young and giddy like himself—I was always on his shoulder—old Silas was for putting me in a corner of his corn store—over *rough*—and often d—d me (though he was a quaker) as the cause of his son's absence from behind the counter. Now the young 'un cared no more for the old 'un than he did for the buffalo hide hung at the door—no true republican does (in the back woods in particular, it's quite against the grain and unnatur-

al);—so when the wheat, and rye, and Indian corn, and grey squirrel skins were brought to our store by the farmers, to be swapped for our *dry goods*—that is, whiskey, cloth, rum, sugar, tobacco, and the like—old Silas had to work double tides, and was worse puzzled than seven fools with a philosopher!—while the young 'un and I cut down the river below the falls, squirrel hunting, or beside the mill race, on the left bank, with a parcel of other chaps of his own age, all putting in balls, out of sport (at only a hundred yard's distance) into the trunks of the old hemlocks that still hang over and shade the centre of the Genesee Falls. This was long before Sam Patch jumped his last—and I may say those were our innocent days. I never then hurt the feelings of any thing, but black and grey squirrels and the bark and outer circles of the maple or hickory tree. Yes, I once kicked old Silas, who crammed me with a double load, in a hurry to do the business of a Yankee who had stuck it into him for a matter of 500 dollars—but he mizzled round the corner before I whistled after him—(I always whistle for fun when I go after any thing.)

As for young Silas, he was in the same state of primitive innocence, and did nothing from sun rise to sun down (when he hadn't me in the woods), but dangle his legs at the door of his dad's store, seated on a bale of dry goods, which we always kept on the pavement, right in the way of the passers by—being independent.—There he would loll on one elbow and chew good two ounces of Virginia shag, and smoke seven or eight segars. I was in a corner, and saw how he looked after the store this way, when the old man had mounted the roan mare (lame of the near fore leg) to collect what hard cash he could about; but I will say, we saw very few hard dollars coming in, and we never allowed one to go out. Our plan was this—dry goods—dry goods, I say, sir, was our cash, and paid for corn, and skins, and linsey woolsey (good stuff, spun by farmers' wives and daughters, by big hickory fires, on long winter nights)—aye, and apple butter, and cow's butter, and hog's flesh—do not think me more tedious, mister, than I can be—were I twice as tedious in my circumstance I could 'bestow it on you'—for, without your circumstance, what is *my* life?—what is *adventure*?—my adventures are all chock full of circumstance. Now about our store, where I stood a good deal in the corner, I say I saw much and said nothing—I only spoke out of doors in the fields and woods, as I have said, and whistled.

Well, young Silas was as innocent as myself in those days, except in the matter of patience Patchwork, a farmer's daughter, at the Three-Mile Run, a branch of Muddy Creek, two miles out of town. Many's the time I've stood in a corner there, when the old people have been in bed, by moon-light, one, two, three in the morning, before Silas took hold of me to foot it home. Then I saw a thing or two in the big kitchen—it was at an apple butter stirring, in the fall of the year, but no matter, it was moon-light and bitter cold—I forget where they got acquainted, if not at—at a husking frolic at Asa Pumpkin's, this side of Possum-hollow. Near Rochester they didn't *bundle* quite so *stuck* as in Pennsylvania and Vermont, no harm comes of it—only now and then. That night, I mind, I lay down in the *sleigh* (sledge), under a shed near the pigpen. The snow lay on the ground four feet thick, and ten feet in the drifts, about the worm-fences. I saw nothing, and shall say nothing, against young Silas nor Patience—a likely girl, Sir—very comely to look at. The old people jawed a good deal, backward and forward: but young Silas was forced to marry the young lady—though he wanted to back out, because old Patchwork wouldn't give her more

than what she stood up in and the *muly* cow—but she was a good milker, or else Silas, it's my belief, would 'a bolted. This match was no good to me anyhow; for he swapped me away to Captain Cody, of the 'Walk-in-the-Water' canal passage boat,—the primest shot (except Swan) in all those parts,—he traffick'd me away, I say, for a half bale of prime bandanas—the old man had set him up in a store.

There came a great change now on me, as I set out on my travels the same day; and I may say, though I began to do no good, still I shook off the dirt and obscurity of this nor-west country village—though it is a place of all-mighty trade, and 15,000 souls, and thriving withal. I had been used in my young days to use flint, but now Cody claps me on percussion, and I had to hammer at copper caps. I was a great pet with Cody, and only for the mischief I did, I should have liked my time well enough. We were going along among the stumps on the long level—it was a handsome day, and we had an elegant band of prime musicians, with handsome music—delighting no less than 100 ladies, travellers from Detroit, York, Buffalo, and down by our lakes—when Swan, who was a clever, elegant young store keeper of Athens, lay Cody three hard dollars and a half; that he'd hit a potatoe first, on top of a boat hook at the stern of the boat—a matter of 35 yards. I'm not positive it wasn't a small onion, no matter—Swan took his *long snake* (36 inches) out, he carried a ball of 125 to the pound, and was a 'tarnel cross of the alligator and wild cat, that counted six white scaps, and six Britishers in the war of '14, made to bite the gin-sing root.

I feared my rival in hard hitting in the hands of such a genius. Yes, Sir, Swan was a genius—cute as a copper-head; he had been down the mighty Hudson three times—to that paradise of stars and stores in our western hemisphere, New York. Sir, he primed with *mustard seed* detonators, fabricated only on Lake Ontario, and good for the eyes, as copper caps *fly* occasionally; but my master, the magnanimous Cody, disdained the tinypill, and put me a span new cap on from *Brummigem*. They tossed for the first crack—the boat was winding about like any sea-serpent—Swan had it; a killing crack, that made the epidermis of the onion fly like chaff before the *fan*; but the bulb held on—Cody brought me to his unerring eye, and the root flew into immortal smash—my ball passed right through its equator; but, as Satan would have it, a log-shanty was now right on, two fields off—an old woman was milking her cow at the door,—the missile whistled the parabola of 800 yards and buried itself, not, as would have been well-advised, in ground, and be hanged,—no, Sir, right in the *round* of the cow,—an old brindle, destined for beef that *fall*. The old woman swore in good Irish, and, dropping her pail, chased us a matter of two miles. But the skipper Cody commanded the Walk-in-the-Water—it was no go; but it was awkward, unlucky; the cow didn't like it, nor the old woman; but I have been told the beef, after considerable salt, was none the worse.

This, Sir, was my first mistake, in hurting the feeling of the poor beast; but what I'm going to tell you I did was no mistake; so it's no use looking after the old woman, who, I do assure you, had as good a Milesian brogue as you'd wish to hear on our virgin soil. Before we got to Utica I clipped the wing of a bald eagle on a scorched pitch pine, by computation 250 yards; and I'd have had him down, but skipper Cody's mouth was full of egg and toast, being at that instant at the head of his long breakfast table, when informed that the eagle was watching our movements,—so snatching me up in a hurry—I did no more damage—two hairs diameter too high.

Well, Sir, I must progress. I was not sorry when that elegant genius in the store line, Mr. Samuel Swan, cut his stick at Utica, and took his long snake with him. 'Tis always best for two geniuses to keep asunder, though he was of my own breed, and our masters' particular friends; but he (the black snake hair-trigger) was old and vicious. In those days I did not like the story of the Britishers and the six real citizen scalps; little thinking it would be my lot soon to finish up any man well to do in the world.

On board our boat there was a small sample of a Cockney going down to Albany; he was always handling me, and trying my patience in whistling through the woods as we went along. I was uneasy, for I knew I was likely to do no good in this way; but the skipper, my master, had grown gentlemanly and fantastical with his almighty fame, and swore that it was my fault that he had not the bald eagle nailed against the afterpart of the boat's "gentleman's wash house;" he never missed, he said, a wooden nutmeg at 200 yards flying. I was indignant—I knew it was his fault, not mine—but said nothing, and was less hurt than concerned to find myself made over on such false pretence to the under sized Londoner. The fact was, sir, (why should I spare citizen Cody?) he could not resist 20 golden sovereigns the stranger counted out for me, and put right under the skipper's nose, on the Spanish mahogany table, after the seventh glass of brandy sling.

But, Sir, when the citizen took up the gold and put me down, he lost no independence, nor compromised no principle. It was a fair bargain, I value myself at three times the 20 pieces of precious metal; though, to be sure, I only cost 25 dollars worth of handkerchiefs; but "the intrinsic value of any thing is,"—you understand, Sir; Cody was, and is, a man that scorns to undervalue anything, and though he swore (his oath was long and engrafted particular) I was not good enough for him, yet was I much too good for a mere Cockney Liverpooler, travelling with ten tray patterns;—besides, Sir, I will do the Captain the justice to observe that gold is scarce on the canal track, it fascinates the unaccustomed eye, and dazzles the senses. I do solemnly assure you that I think almost, that he would have down right refused 150 dollars, in the dirty notes of Geneva (on our country lake,) even allowing the pretty considerable discount there would be on them at Schenectady! The rule in our country is 5 per cent discount every 40 miles distance, on account of the perishable and fragile nature of papyrus, or paper—it is right and natural, and on strict immutable principles.

I will only further add of my late master, Sir, that in person he was well set, not tall, (a matter of five feet five) of commanding and lofty aspect, and bright deep seated twinklers, his whiskers of the largest, in his dress no way particular, except in his hat, which he relished uncommon in redundancy of cat's fur or beaver, unbrushed, and nobly wild as his native woods. You'll always tell a gentleman *stranger*, in our land, by his extra effeminate brushing and combing, and high heeled boots; the black steward of the "Walk-in-the-Water" knows him to a man, when he towels, comb *fivepenny bits* for boot cleaning, towels, comb and soap in the morning, and no mistake. But I feel I trifle with the dignity of history in descending to speak of a nigger, though a smart clean chap, smart as a bull frog; and, talking of combing his wool, combed out big as half a bushel measure; that's why our most independent citizens disdain the arts the niggers are so fond of—polishing, combing, brushing, to smarten their ebony nature, poor devils!

Sir, I shall not relate all the pranks this vulgar, know-nothing chap of the old country made me play all the way down the Hudson (He was obliged to give some rest in New York and Philadelphia.) It was well the "North America" steamer was going about seventeen knots and a half sloop along, with a tail of fire like the comet, or Dr. Hossack, of Hyde Park (not very far above the Pellisades,) would have sued him in the county court for damages, for frightening his daughter, by my whistling so loud close to her ear, as she was taking a walk in his elegant grounds below the house; and yet, Sir, the man meant no harm—he pointed me to hit a canvass back straggler, instead of which I passed right through the canvass of a Troy sloop loaded with shingles and hay, and buried my ball ignobly in one of the few trees left stand-

ing in the good doctor's plantation, near a quarter of a mile the other side of his Hyde Park—Oh! that Cody had been there and seen my degradation, it would have made him particular mad, by gosh!

I will not stop to describe the great city of New York, after so many books of travels, nor any other town, city, or river, nor cornfield—no, Sir—I will only observe that one Cooper, an Englisher in Broadway, trades in my relative rifles, but they are chiefly of a middling breed, and some bad, quite bad, and good for nothing but in the excellence of Peter Pindar's razors—verbum sat!—and yet I cannot be wholly silent on my transit to various parts of our vast Union, to see the oyster-fisheries about Amboy, and the eighteen stages, each with four bloods and nigger driver, drawn up at the head of the muddy Raritan, at that progressing city of New Brunswick. I was shocked at the alarm visible in these excellent citizen's faces, on account of the rail road just finished at South Amboy, by which their elegant turnpike all the way to Trenton, (over twenty-eight miles!) laid down, broke up, and completed, with two gates, which had occupied their patriotic minds for so many years, in bringing to the very perfection of locomotion or exquisite jolting, is now entirely left for their own exclusive cart, and wagon-track, and benefit, without diffusing its effects throughout the bodies and bones of their fellow citizens and Britishers who explore these sandy Jersey flats, from steamboat to steamboat—it is a melancholy dispensation; but they have too much magnanimity not to be resigned to the malignant spirit of their enemies on the Delaware at Bordentown; they have done their duty to their country by every possible effort, aided by the patriotic spirit of the Trenton worthies and those learned in the law, to stop this iron innovation. There is one consolation—it brings their latent powers of beneficence into play, and all the mighty energy of charity, in comfortably and otherwise employing the two dozen stages and the two dozen niggers to as little loss as the nature of the calamity will admit. I only mention it to account for receiving material damage on this salubrious road—my trigger being broken, and filigree-worked legging scrubbed to annihilation by the compound friction I underwent, strapped on the back of one of the above stages.

Sir, I am now approaching the scenes of my engrossing and appalling incidents, I am about to part from the paws of a pragmatist puppy, and resume my stern native bearings in the "far west." I will not, then, incompletely jumble these thrilling moments in the fag-end of your valuable spare pages, but resume my tale, such as it is, for a fresh start. No—on second thoughts, it's not worth while making two bites of a cherry, so I'll finish it at once.

We (I and my small cockney master) arrived at Philadelphia; and though I travelled in a case, yet the Jersey turnpike (the best in the Union) had shook and smashed it, as I have said, that there was plenty of cracks to peep out at, and make my observations on man, brick, and beast, which compose this great city, which Sir, has never as yet been described properly, nor have I time to do it, as I am in a hurry; but neither Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, Mrs. Butler, nor Paddy Power, know anything of the *northern liberties*, nor Spruce street wharf, where the boys catch *cat-fish*, nor the Washington Association, "what have 'em officers and 'em 'tabishment in Pine street—ten or twelve thousand "gentlemen ob colour" did I see marching round these new brick pavements two and two, in blue silk sashes and gilt banners; when the head of the column reached the debtors' jail, 't'other side the Centre water works, the tail coiled along Sassafras and Front streets!

I was fretting at my confinement in a little bed-room at Judd's hotel, in Second street, when one night, to my joy, one of these sable patriots picked me up, and ran off with me, while my little man was grinning at Miss Clara Fisher, in the Chesnut street theatre. My new master (on compulsion) was a wood sawyer, and having no use for me beyond what I could fetch, he took me to Market street early on the following day, and offered me to a Germantown Dutch farmer, of the second generation, who was selling his butter, eggs, and turkeys in that enormous market. I was offered as low as ten dollars, but these Dutch Pennsylvania boors are a close-fisted tribe; he said "Nein." Mas-sa black mistook this negative for *nine*, and readily assented, but the German still shook his head. I was next offered to a Conostoga wag-

goner, whose eight powerful horses were quietly feeding on Indian corn meal and cut straw wetted, out of their trough, placed on the pole of his waggon, beside the pavement; after a world of haggling I became his slave for a bear-skin and a Lancaster five dollar note.

My fortunes were never at so low an ebb!—The team were shortly after put to, and we rumbled slowly out of the capital across the middle ferry bridge, taking the turnpike road to Harrisburgh, through the Great Valley, when we arrived on the second day, at Fanstock's tavern, just twenty-two miles from the city. I had been jammed in amidst a load of hardware landed from England, consisting of saucepans, shovels, gridirons, candlesticks, pots, kettles, and in short, all sorts of conceivable things in tin and iron. I was now displayed at the bar of this inn, put together, and showed off to the best advantage, though indeed my ornaments in brass were the worse for the scrubbing of my Jersey trajet. Here I passed through the hands of at least a dozen semi-German farmers, natives of this glorious valley, which they cultivate, be it said, with a knowingness and vigor unrivalled throughout the States, and indeed this smiling limestone basin, thick set with the finest farms, would be worth a chapter to itself were I not going farther. There was a world of bad English and bad German, and "mine Cots!" pronounced on my inspection; but tho' they were sensible of my excellence, yet having little time for squirrel shooting, or any other shooting in the forests that skirt this happy valley, and not being at all pugnacious among themselves, they did not like the idea of parting with a single hard dollar. Miss Prudence Fanstock, once a pretty girl, who was handing apple whiskey to her customers, guessed I was so handsome that if her poor father had been alive, she was sure he'd have bought me, for he was a careful man of substance, whose farm was among the first; but he had been gathered to his fathers. While yet she lingered on my filigree work, a native of Madisonville, a true Kentuckian, who was balanced on the two hind legs of his chair, begged her just to hand me over to him, at the same time giving the expectation expetive through a gap in his front row of teeth—I must be particular, as this gentleman, I am proud to say, became my master during a period of my existence that, if not creditable, was at least heroic, and the most exciting I can remember.

He was a tall man, lengthy as a pitch pine; all gristle and bone; a long sallow face, very small eyes, and wide mouth, which always contained half-an ounce of Virginia pigtail, which gave a sort of senna tinge to lips that had otherwise no color at all; he had a few straggling teeth a shade darker: his hair was long, and flowing about a pair of ears that stood out from under his broad brimmed castor, rather prominent. His age was about forty, and his features sharp, the more screwed up from ten thousand wrinkles. His complete suit of Scots-grey broad cloth, of the finest quality, had the air of never having been vexed by any sort of brush, any more than his hat, which had got a kink upwards behind, as if to allow of the collar of his coat having full play. He stooped extremely when standing upright, else he stood in his low-heeled boots six feet two, as it was he reached five feet eleven inches. He was the very *beau ideal* of a marksman, as laying his cigar on the table he took me to the door, and bringing his sharp twinkling eye, he took a careless kind of sight of the fox weather cock on the barn and stables on the opposite side of the road.

"Yes," said he, "that's a clipper.—Now, stranger, I'll bid you at one word, yes or no, fifteen hard dollars, and as much as you can drink to the bargain, before this lady."

The waggoner, though not possessed of an over stock of real English, yet knew the force and quality of the word *hard* when applied to dollars, therefore his cry of "Gif it, dis a bargain!" was almost simultaneous, and almost made my new master repent the generosity of his offer; but there was no backing out though he found great fault with my trigger and breeching. However, from this moment I was stamped "Kentucky." They pledged each other first in two tumbler's of *mint julap*, and the German, not forgetting his bargain, swallowed as much whiskey as would have made any two ordinary men drunk, without any more visible effect than relaxing his features into a grin, they being at all other times in the most imperturbable rigidity of expression.

My western master was travelling back on horseback, having been to order goods and take commissions; nor was he such a fool as to lumber himself with me, but that he had a scheme in his head, and I was pat to his purpose, which was to revenge himself on a fellow who had given him a rather severe *hiding* in a drunken brawl at Downingtown, on the Brandywine, as he was passing this very road, about two weeks before this period.

You Englishmen have heard of the "Brandywine," and the celebrated and sanguinary skirmishes on its banks in the "war of independence." It is a noble creek, which in Europe would be called a river, taking its rise on the skirts of this valley; its clear rushing stream is the delight of many a meadow of many a man and beast far and near. Passing through this post town, it meanders through an almost continuous forest, little broken in on, as it sweeps through Chester county, by imperfectly cleared lands, and those still wild, in blackened trunks of trees and their stumps; the gravestones of their recent sovereignty! Here and there it breaks into these spots of sunshine from its long shaded course—here, stolen from by a mill race along some bank to turn an undershot wheel of a rustic saw mill—there, to grind the neighboring rye and Indian corn, till at length passing the busy West Chester, its bed becomes more and more precipitous till it breaks and lashes itself most beautifully amidst impending and most picturesque rocks, rushing into the Delaware at Wilmington, where it gives life to innumerable and enormous grist mills, whose fine wheat flour reaches the farthest shores in farthest ocean, so that this stream is of no mean note.

My master, after a hard ride, baited at the head inn and post office at Downingtown, at a buxom widow's, and at a store hard by informed himself slyly and minutely, of the by road he was to take to come at the log dwelling of his antagonist,—one of those open spots on the banks of this creek, which I have alluded to,—where, in addition to his patch of Indian corn, and buckwheat, cultivated by himself and his wife and their only child, a boy of about ten or eleven years old, he joined the lucrative business of a saw mill, very rude, but very powerful and affective, and attended at times by the boy alone, who could roll a log on to the frame feeder, clamp it, set the saw, and by a gentle touch raise the flood gate, when the wheel spinning to the gushing torrent, made the saw "discourse" the only music these woods regularly echoed back most eloquent to the owners—how friendly and delightful, too, to some worn pilgrim lost in these gloomy woods! Not so our Kentuckian, who, at a smart racking pace, now got within these peaceful sounds, just as the good woman had blown her consqueshell at the door, for her boy and husband to come in to dinner; the former felling trees a good way off, the sound of his axe just clicking on the ear perceptibly, if you stood still to listen.

Our track lay winding through the woods, only worn as a horse path, with the marks of wheels just perceptible on the leaves of many falls. When we got abreast of the mill—a small meadow full of stumps intervened, and certainly saved the life of this citizen: for my master prudently resolved to take the long shot—at this instant, the man of the mill (whose name I never heard) had stopped the saw, and had just got clear of the roof which covered it, when my master pulled up behind a large *shell bark* tree, and poking my muzzle across a tiny branch, took aim, steady and coolly enough to have sent his unfortunate victim to the other world; but whether the breathing of the horse disturbed my serenity—or whether my ball swerved at a twig across the meadow—certain it is, on drawing the trigger, I only drilled a hole through his right shoulder, instead of hitting him a little lower in a more vital part. It was well; my master seeing him stagger, thought he had done his business, and pushed on double quick—soon shutting out all traces of the job. Quitting our previous path he struck through the thicker wood; and after an hour's hard riding, in which I got many hard knocks against the trees, coming to an opening on the skirts of a farm, he jumped a worm fence (first throwing down the *rider* rail,) and pushing up to the house, halloo'd lustily for a drink of cider! which was presently handed him by a young maiden who left her wheel very obligingly. While he drank, I could observe my master looked more sallow than ever—his hand trembled, and altogether, I could see he was not

quite a chap. When he had handed back the calabash, in which she had drawn the cider from the cellar, the girl said—"Thees't find father in the barn!" but my patron had other fish to fry, and muttering some excuse, he asked the nearest road to the Loadstone Ridge; across the northwest-point of which we soon gained the sessions town of West Chester. Here my man forgot his fears, and talked learnedly of stocks, dry goods, the President, and the United States Bank: for the last theme of France and war was not yet talked into consequence. We were off by sunrise; and coming out at French town, on the Elk, at the head of the Chesapeake (in Maryland,) steamed it away to Baltimore in no time.

This is the most catholic city in the Union, after New Orleans; and here Major Muslin—(such was my owner's name, taking his rank from the second corps of Lexington Volunteer Sharp Shooters)—here, I say, he might have had absolution: but he had made a point of never confessing—and, sooth to say, I never could discover that he belonged to any religion whatever. As he had left my case in the valley, I now stood naked in any corner—in that of his bed room at the Indian Queen, where he put up; but he made no stay, thinking he was not yet quite secure from pursuit. I was told he went to the play house to see Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter act; but as he grinned at fictitious tragedies, with his own so recent on his memory, he contented himself with kicking up a row in the box lobby, and not having me at hand, made use of an inferior machine he always carried in the breast pocket of his coat, called a dirk. However as he got back to his rum sling by midnight, I concluded there was no harm done; a bit of a turn up in the crowd, and a blow or a prick here or there, making, as he observed, 'no odds.'

As they could not entertain 'man and horse' on the new Wheeling rail road, we struck to the left through parts of Virginia, and over the Blue Ridge. Going along, he sent me, for fun, flying into the hind quarters of an unhappy bear, in the act of coming down a tree from the robbery of a wild bee hive. Bruin did not at all relish it, but limped off, and was out of sight in a twinkling. At last we arrived at that paradise of liberty and slavery—Madisonville. If foolish people say they cannot amalgamate, let them go there. Those, too, whose liberty is too much curbed at New York or Liverpool, let them seek this great entrepot of heroic freedom. Tennessee, Ohio, nay, Missouri, are as nothing! Cow-skins, dirks, and an inferior set of my own brethren rifles, are here in constant requisition. Massa Quambo gets the first article gratis—the other two the citizens help each other to on all proper occasions. I cannot say I was honored by this propinquity; to be exchanged from one corner to another seemed to be still my lot; for the Major was never long from behind his counter during the day, except just ten minutes at meal times at the taverns, where half the male part of the town boarded, as is the custom in the Union, and hung out their evenings at their respective bars.

I was getting rusty at this sort of work, when to my surprise one day, about three in the afternoon, the Major suddenly ran up stairs, and, snatching me up, loaded me with great despatch, though with all necessary care and respect—for its well known our race are never to be trifled with. I had hardly reached the street, across his arm, when I perceived the cause of this energy on his part, in the shape of a gentleman, one Col. Wide-awake, similarly armed, who kept a store not far off, between whom and the Major there had, I was told, existed a rivalry and grudge of long standing, concerning two articles very much in request; the one was a fine young girl they were both sparring, who could not for the life of her decide between them, so even balanced were their merits! The other motive was a lot of figured muslins which the Major had got of a more modern pattern, and of the very last cargo from Bristol, selected with the highest judgment from the most dashing samples in Regent street. Now the Colonel's last stock was four months old, and voted quite unfashionable by all the belles of the town. This had occasioned a sneer at the inn after dinner; hard names and complicated oaths ensued, and each surrounded by their respective friends and partizans, it was agreed (who's afraid) to decide the question at once and forever by the duello?

It was first proposed to fight this match with two kegs of gunpowder (out of their own stores)—to be seated thereon close together, and a light-

ed cigar in each right hand—the bung of each keg to be taken out—setting fire to each other's seat to be *ad libitum*. This mode was considered vigorous, and *no mistake!* but was over ruled, as not affording so much fun to the bystanders. Dirks were next proposed, hand in hand, as in the last way, and so work away at each other till one or the other was sick of it; still, that was considered as too quick an operation. Pistols were not thought of, as perfectly antediluvian and childish. Well, the rifle mode, dodge and "tree it," was at last agreed on, and I was forthwith loaded.

The whole party going about a mile outside the town to a thinned wood, clear underfoot, where the combatants could close, take the *tree* (that is, get behind), retreat, fire, load and fire at each other, grey squirrel fashion; happy go lucky!—not but that the principals themselves begged hard to take it out, stand and fire, in an open corn field, at fifty yards—but the seconds (there were eighteen or twenty on a side) cruelly refused to indulge them. Arrived at the wood, trees were selected, and the heroes posted (*treed*, I may say). My master, the Major, got behind a maple; the Colonel was behind a live oak, twenty yards off! we could just see a bit of his hat; both us rifles were down, and on the look out: both men kept shy. The bystanders, who at a little distance had all got *treed* in the same way to avoid the shots, grew impatient. Twenty voices cried out—"Hallo. I say, Colonel—Major come, be lively—*show—show*—the first crack's nothing!" Put on their mettle, they both levelled; we made various *feints*: but the Major could never get more than the eye and ear, and half the nose, of the Colonel outside the bark!—exactly the same with the other. The vociferations were redoubled—they could stand this no longer. The Colonel made a belt to get ou the Major's flank, and to a pine tree, trusting to the intervening trees; the third step, and the Major drew my trigger; but I did no more than graze the Colonel's back bone—who now advanced right on us. There was an immense cheering at this, and I, still smoking and helpless, thought it was all up with my master; but no,—the Colonel still came on—levelled right at him. The Major, who couldn't reload, so hard pressed, hugged his tree, till the muzzle of his foe's piece was within two yards. They were now swearing at each other of the d—dest. The Major made a grab to turn the muzzle, and got the ball partly up his arm and shoulder, making an ugly ploughing piece of work of it—at which he cried "halt!" He tried to reload me—both within two yards of each other—the Colonel was before him—his arm was so disabled, but he was game—my *cap* was in his mouth, and his fingers already on it—when the other shot him like a dog right through the head. I was dropped on the ground, when the Major fell at his feet—but not without a convulsive grasp at his dagger, and an attempt to rush on his enemy; but he was dead. As he fell, the wood rang with a loud hurrah! The more immediate friends of my master, shouldering his dead body, laid him on his own counter. I was picked up by one of the party; and observed that the triumphant Colonel grew very stiff in the back, as they helped him on his horse for a ride into the next State of Tennessee, for a little while, till the thing had blown over—not that there was any stir. His chief mourners were his slaves, who howled a little (to make believe) over his coffin.

I was, at the auction that ensued, sold in a lot by myself, as the rifle that had "crippled Colonel Wide-awake for life" for it seems I had in my passage across his back, hurt the spine—so that the poor devil's lot was even less enviable than the Major's! It was not my fault. Had he moved the least pulsation less fast as he darted from his tree I should have been through his heart! Strange to say, though this town is not in the *far West* quite, I was bought by an English gentleman on his travels, who had got so far on his way back from the Mississippi to New York. I forgot to mention I had now risen in estimation, and was knocked down—as the actioner vouched for my being an out-and-outer that cost one hundred dollars (first chop,) at Gilbert's store at Rochester—I was knocked down dog cheap, at one hundred dollars; the man of the hammer protesting he was hurting the *estate* in letting me go so *very* much under prime cost! I was not displeased at being at last in the hands of a foreign gentleman. He had but one or two faults: he was weak enough to scribble his travels, when he got back

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to England, embellished, after the fashions of some others, with funny lithographs; he was a good fellow, but his book was a very commonplace, heavy affair; he made nothing, for instance, of this grand duel—merely saying "the men shot each other, and one (he believed!) died before the other!" The other fault was, that he never could see the plainest thing, except through a contemptible little *utilitarian* pocket glass! tinged with all sorts of dull colours—with yet not one of the rainbow—so, too, all things appeared at an obtuse angle. This he called the "great happiness principle," which he said he had discovered on the Wabash, where poor Mr. Owen's visions attained the shape of sundry buildings now going to decay.

The muddy optics pervaded his book; but there were a great many astonishing clever fellows who called it seeing things *en couleur de rose*, which to plainer capacities seemed no colour at all. There was one other weakness, hardly worth naming—he fancied he was a good marksman with me in his hand; but he always went as wide of the mark as when he simply took aim with his pen!—however it must be said, he never did any harm (by good luck) with either of us. I was carefully put up at New York, in a splendid curled maple case; and in 20 days reached the old country, and landed at Gravesend, where I could perceive, whatever raptures my master feigned elsewhere, here they were real—which was extremely natural. For my part, I have been so constantly in-doors, except when taken out to show some friend after dinner (in Brook street,) that I have seen nothing worth relating; and yet so strong is the itch on me for scribing, that like a worthy naval character I have heard of, who having described some things he knew well enough, and his yarn being received favorably, he suddenly imagined there was nothing in reality or in fiction beyond his talent! The consequence was, a rare jumble of dullness inflicted on the town, in various ponderous tomes, in which fiction and fact were so dreadfully at loggerheads that nothing could have reconciled them but the heavy load of dullness laid on to keep them quiet, at least! So, too, I fear, though I may describe a passing scene or two before my eyes, across the Atlantic, yet that I should make rare hash of it did I attempt to describe things of pure fiction, or as I have heard of them, in this vast city. I begin to be reconciled to my curled maple case. I was even annoyed at being offered to Admiralty by way of pattern for sea-going rifles—to be fabricated at just as little expense as the clumsy good-for-nothing muskets now in use,—any, even the art of hitting a man at two hundred yards, at sea, was proposed to be taught the tars of the fleet; but happily their Lordships (from humane motives) turned a deaf ear to these dangerous suggestions, and I got off from a very irksome, and, to me, (a free-born American!) ignoble task. Besides, I have the pleasure of knowing that the superiority in our way will remain the longer with the land of the "Star-spangled Banner."—(a fig for their Lordships and humanity!)

N. B.—I can be loaded fifty times with a flask of powder, so small as to be handily carried in a dandy's waistcoat pocket. Gilbert, of Rochester, (New York,) has the highest reputation in the Union for us *Gentlemen Rifles*.

A WRECK AT SEA.
BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

We one day described some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony on the surrounding expanse, attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked, for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for months, clusters of shell and fish had fastened about it, and long sea weeds flanked at its sides. Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion like the waves have crossed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side at home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How

has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one moment shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from the port and was never heard of more.

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of those sudden storms that will sometimes break upon the serenity of summer voyages. As we sat round the dim light in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was struck particularly with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was sailing" said he, "in a fine store ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible to see far ahead even in the day time, but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast head, and a constant watch forward, to look out for fishing smacks which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the thrilling alarm of a 'sail ahead!'—it was scarcely uttered before we went upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidship. The force, the size, and the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves, we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us I had a glimpse of two or three half naked wretches, rushing from her cabin, they just started from their beds to be swallowed by the waves. I heard their drowning cries mingled with the wind, the blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was sometime before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned as nearly as we could guess to the place where the smacks had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors, but all was silent. We never saw or heard any thing of them more."

How a Man Married his Own Sister.—The Dedham Patriot says that a marriage once took place at Canton Massachusetts, under the following curious circumstances. The bridegroom when quite a small boy, ran away from his parents who lived in Lower Canada. In process of time, the father died—the mother married again, and the fruits of this union were several daughters. The daughters grew up and the parents not having the means to support them, they went to work in factories. One strayed to Canton factory, where by a fortuitous circumstance, the runaway happened to be at work. He soon became acquainted with this girl, and before a full history of each other's origin was developed, married her. In a few days it was ascertained that they both had one mother. This of course greatly confused and astonished both parties, from which arose strong conscientious scruples as to the propriety of brother and sister living together in matrimony; and upon mature consideration they resolved mutually to dissolve their unity as man and wife.

Getting ahead.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, in giving a notice of some fur caps exhibited at the fair of the American Institute, by Sheppard Brown, who received the silver medal last year, relates, as worth telling for encouragement to others, his brief history. He is a young man, and first engaged in the manufacture of skins and furs in 1832, with a respectable house in New York, receiving six dollars a month and his board. In 1834, his wages had got up to seven dollars and a half per week; but not content with this, he managed to borrow fifteen dollars, which he laid out in skins. These he dressed and made into caps, in his leisure time, and sold them for one hundred and fifty dollars. Encouraged by this success, he made a great effort and succeeded in borrowing three hundred dollars, and commenced business on his own account. In 1835 he dressed and worked up skins to the amount of seven thousand dollars, and this year his business will probably exceed fifty thousand dollars. So much for enterprise, skill and industry.

Night.

How beautiful, how beautiful thou art,
Star-crested night! I gaze on thy gemmed brow,
Till, with thy glory and immensity,
The o'er-filled spirit reels in giddy joy.
Banner of the Eternal fitting sign!
Infinite mirror of infinity!
How may I speak the majesty that thrills
The voiceless, wordless and absorbing thirst—
The fiery yearning that this being feels,
For that immortal knowledge which may be,
Perchance, our high reward when earth is nought?
Not the smooth brows of green and palmy youth
Can light up thoughts of such intense delight;
Can figure dreams of such unclouded lustre—
Can kindle hopes of such o'ercrest'ring brightness.
As thy mysterious worlds awake.
In silence rolling on their hidden paths.
Science hath stepped beyond the gross and dust,
The weakness and the vanity of Time,
To furnish a reality and life—
A palpable and measured entity—
To truths that seem a mockery of truth.
Aye, darkly tells of homesteads far away,
Held in obedience till the grave unknots
The fearful riddle of futurities.
And ye are worlds, ye sparklets, happy worlds;
And, it may be, among you man shall find,
When he hath bowed him to the rod of death,
His final rest, amid the spiced groves
And blossoms of a purer sphere than this.
While those with whom his earthly hopes were twined
The followers in the cypress wreath of life,
That, as he trod his onward pilgrimage,
Were shaken from their harborage to dust—
There garnered up, renewed and recreate,
To 'bide his advent. Tell me, can this be
Other than truth, so radiantly pure
It bears the eternal impress? In such thoughts,
The losers in the giddy game of years,
The toil-worn and the-sorrowing of time—
Those whom the wheels of death and fortune bruise
In the hot speed of their swift journeying,
Look upward and hope on; nor blench nor bend
One atom from the dignity of right
To purchase present ends, which can but be
Mere dust when weighed against the high estate
That beacons through the tempest clouds about.
Pillar of light to the enduring heart.
Is this a dream? It is a noble one.
What would we more, methinks to wile away
Hour after hour beside of those we love,
Amid the mighty of humanity,
The sages and the warriors of old—
To read all knowledge, present, future past:
To know our Maker—not as now we know,
From the dark outline of necessity,
The one Eternal, as the mystic key
Without which all were darkness—but as man,
Readeth his fellow. Yet, how vast must be
The space that separates thee One—Our God—
From all created things! we are not so
Divided from those lofty essences
That bring the chain of being to His throne
Than they from Thee unspeakable, all good.
And is this death? then why our palling fears—
Away, what! shrink from the rude gate that gives
Admittance to so calm and sure a home?
Oh, dark and fearful as its brow may be
Unto the world-linked and the joyous—
Unto those smitten, withered and alone,
Like to some forest clearings girdled trees,
'Tis more than welcome, for it bringeth back
Repose and Love.

T. H.

A poetical genius.—Recently in Glasgow, a poetical genius was hauled up before a police magistrate for kissing a girl and kicking up a dust, when the following poetical dialogue ensued:

Magistrate—Is your name John Jay?
Prisoner—Yes, your honor, so the people say.
Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?
Pris.—Yes, your honor, but I thought it no harm.
Mag.—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?
Pris.—No, your honor, it will happen so some times.
Mag.—Be off, you scamp; get out of my sight.
Pris.—Thank'e your honor, then I'll bid you good night! [*Scotsman.*]

THE DEVIL'S DOINGS, OR WARM WORK IN WIRTEMBERG.

Under this head Blackwood's Magazine contains a review of a work recently published in Germany, entitled "Revelations concerning the influence of the World of Spirits upon our own." As a specimen of these "Revelations," and the wonderful "doings" so gravely detailed by a learned M. D., we subjoin the following story of the mysterious visits of a most ungentle and turbulent ghost. It will, of course, receive all the credence it deserves.

In November of the year 1806, writes the Hofrath, "after the campaign against the French, Hofrath Hahn of Oehringen was directed by the prince to go to Slavensik, there to await his return from Breslau, of which he was governor.— He found at the castle Karl Kern of Kunzelsau, a cornet in the regiment of Gettkandt Hussars, who, having been taken prisoner by the French, had been liberated on his parole, and was at present, by the permission of the prince, to take up his quarters at Slavensik. Hahn and Kern having been old acquaintances, and occupied one chamber in common. It was a room in the first floor, with no apartments beyond, save a small room filled with lumber, and separated only by a wooden partition from their own. The door which communicated with the lumber room was locked. Neither in this room nor in the larger was any opening or communication with the exterior to be seen, when the doors and windows were closed. The inhabitants of the castle, besides the friends, were only two coachmen of the prince, and Hahn's servant. Neither Hahn nor Kern had the slightest belief in supernatural appearances, but, on the contrary, the utmost contempt for all stories of the kind. Hahn, in particular, had studied Fichte's philosophy till he had become a thorough materialist—a state of mind which, we are glad to find, is since altered.

The friends used to amuse themselves during the long winter evenings by reading Schiller's works, Hahn generally reading aloud. About nine o'clock on the third evening of their residence, as they were seated alone and thus employed at a table in the middle of the room, their reading was interrupted by little pieces of plaster falling into the room. They looked at the ceiling and the walls, but no traces of any crack or injury appeared there. While talking of this unpleasant rain of plaster and its probable cause, larger pieces began to descend, so that they were fain to take shelter in bed, much abusing the rickety state of the walls, to which they attributed this disagreeable visitation.

In the morning they were astonished at the quantity of these pieces with which the floor was strewn, the more so as no part of the wall or ceiling appeared to be in the least injured. Occupied, however, with other business during the day, they thought no more of the affair till next night when the same scene was repeated, with this disagreeable variation, that the plaster, instead of falling as before into the room, was thrown with considerable violence, and one of the pieces struck Hahn. This was accompanied with heavy strokes like the sound of distant cannon shots, sometimes overhead, sometimes under the floor, so loud as to render sleep impossible. Each at first suspected that the noise was made by the other, and it was only when both got out of bed, and the noise continued, that they were satisfied they proceeded from some other quarter. On the third evening, in addition to plaster and blows as before, a sound like that of a drum was faintly perceptible. Annoyed by these disturbances, but without the least idea of ascribing them to any supernatural source, they applied to the housekeeper, Knittel, for the keys of the rooms above and below, of which the upper was an empty room, the lower a kitchen. Hahn remained in the room, while Kern and Knittel, the son of the housekeeper, examined the other apartments. They knocked, but the sound appeared quite different from those which had disturbed their rest the two nights before. When they returned, Hahn jokingly said, "there must be a ghost at the bottom of it;" and although, on going to bed, they heard in the room a rustling as if of slippers on the floor, and sounds as if of a person crossing it, leaning on a stick, they merely laughed at their invisible tormentor, and tried to go to sleep. This, however, they found impossible, for now all the articles of furniture in the apartment, knives, forks, caps, slippers, snuffers, soap, began to fly about as the plaster had done before. The friends called in the coachmen and Knittel, and all of them were witnesses to these extraordinary movements

of the furniture. Tired of this perpetual annoyance, though still persuaded there was nothing supernatural in the case, they tried the effect of shifting their beds to the room above, but without success. The disturbance, the tossing about of the furniture remained as before. Nay, articles were often found flying through the room, which they were positive had been left in the room below. On one occasion, as Hahn was about to shave himself, the razor and soap-box, which were placed on a stand, seemed to spring off and fall at his feet. He poured some water into a basin and began to use his razor-strop. When he looked round, the basin was empty. The water gone.

Hitherto, no shape of any kind had been visible. One evening, however, as Kern was undressing to go to bed, Hahn observed that his eyes were intently fixed upon a mirror which was placed against the side of the room. He stood gazing into it for about ten minutes, and when he left it he trembled, and appeared for a moment deadly pale. He recovered himself, however, immediately, and in reply to Hahn's question, what had agitated him, said, that in looking into the mirror, he had seen the resemblance of a white female figure, which appeared to be looking towards him, and behind whom he distinctly saw his own image in the glass. At first, he had been persuaded that he was deceived; and this was the reason why he stood so long before the glass: but when he saw that the vision continued, and that the eyes of the apparition seemed to stare into his own, a shuddering sensation had come on him, and he left the mirror. Hahn then placed himself before the looking-glass, but saw nothing extraordinary.

To the testimony of Hahn and Kern was now added that of Captain Von Cornet and Lieutenant Magerle of the dragoon regiment of Minuci, who, on their way to join the besieging corps of Korol, passed by the castle. Magerle asked leave to pass the night in the room alone, and Von Cornet, Kern, and Hahn left him there for that purpose. Scarcely, however, had they left the room ten minutes, when they heard the Lieutenant uttering exclamations as if in passion, and were able to distinguish sounds as if some person was laying about him with a sword. They hurried to the haunted apartment; Magerle opened the door, and told them that he had no sooner been left alone than the spirit had begun to pelt him with plaster, and with the articles of furniture in the apartment, at which he had lost patience, and, half in rage and half in terror, had drawn his sword and hewed away on all sides like a madman. The other three determined to remain in the room, and accordingly they passed the remainder of the night in company; the new visitors attentively watching Hahn and Kern, in order to satisfy themselves that this phantasmagoria was not attributable to them. This was soon put beyond a doubt. The snuffers raised itself from the table, at which none of them were sitting, and fell to the ground behind Magerle; a leaden ball struck Hahn on the forehead; a noise was heard as if some one had driven his foot through the window, and on examination, they found a beer-glass dashed to pieces on the floor. The officers were now satisfied both of the reality of the disturbances, and of their being the result of some inexplicable cause; so they left the room for one where they had some better prospect of sound sleep. We must bring to a close the account of the Hofrath which proceeds in a similar style with the details of about a month of these strange noises, after which he ceased to record them; but one incident is too singular to be omitted. One day during Hahn's temporary absence at Breslau, Kern, who, since his adventure with the looking-glass, felt some qualms at the idea of sleeping alone in the room, directed Hahn's servant, John Reich, a man of about forty years of age, a simple but courageous creature, to sleep in his master's bed during his stay. Kern had already gone to bed, and Reich was standing in conversation with him, when both of them distinctly saw a beer-jug, which stood upon the table about five yards off, slowly raise itself from the table, and begin to discharge its contents into a drinking-glass which stood beside it. The drinking-glass was then, in like manner, turned up as if by some invisible person drinking, and the contents vanished, while Reich exclaimed, shuddering, "Oh, Lord! it is swallowing it!" The same sound, as if of some one drinking, had been heard also by Kern. Not a trace was to be found upon the table of any beer having been spilt, and the glass replaced itself upon the table as softly as the jug had done. Besides the ind

viduals already named, Hahn refers to the inspector Knetsch of Koschentin, who on one occasion had spent a night in the chamber along with them, when two table-napkins rose from the table, floated through the air, and took their places again as before, and when a handsome pipe-head of porcelain belonging to Kern had been lifted from the table and dashed to pieces against the wall. After lasting several months, the noises and disturbances suddenly ceased, and no explanation of these singular phenomena has been attempted. "All that I have written," says the Hofrath, in conclusion, "I have seen and heard. During all these events I have possessed perfect composure; I never felt fear, nor any approach to it."

This communication from the Hofrath, which was printed at full length in the first edition of the *Scherin von Prevorst*, naturally produced a sensation, and various attempts to explain matters on natural principles were made. Some ascribed the whole to a plot of Kern, who was supposed to have played off these juggleries for the purpose of terrifying and mystifying Hahn and his companions; others adopted the simpler theory, that the whole party had been drunk every evening as a matter of course, and that the only spirits concerned were of an ardent kind. These criticisms Dr. Kerner communicated to the Hofrath, who appears to be still alive and well, and who in his answer bearing date, Ingelfin, May, 1831, "reprobates the idea" of having been deceived by his friend Kern, who appears, from his account, to have died at Glatz shortly after these phenomena occurred, namely, in the autumn of 1807; and certainly his refutation on this point seems tolerably complete, since the very same disturbances, he maintains, continued after Kern had left the castle. The other theory of intoxication he, of course, repudiates with indignation. The wine, he tells us, was too dear, and the brandy too bad to afford much room or temptation for indulgence; and the ordinary drink of all concerned was nothing more potent than small beer. In regard to a third explanation, to which Kerner alludes, namely, that Hahn himself was the true conjurer, and that his object in playing off this mummery was to obtain a removal to some other residence, he simply answers that there was no other place to which he had any chance of removal; and that if such an idea had occurred to him, he might surely have devised a simpler mode of effecting his end,—a remark in the justice of which we concur.

We might furnish our readers with many such modern instances from Dr. Kerner's book, and from the later work, "The History of the Possessed of our Times," on which we have not yet entered. But there is a great monotony, it must be confessed, in these spiritual manifestations, and the person who has encountered one visitation has a tolerable notion of all the rest. The effect of Frederica's revelations, and of the speculations of Doctors Kerner and Eschenmayer on the subject, it appears, to render the propensity to sceptre-seeing, and the liability to demoniacal possession, absolutely epidemic in Wirtemberg. It seems to spread like a disease.—Monks who had committed rape and murder in 1438—nuns of the fifteenth century who had broken their vows of chastity—millers who had hanged themselves fifteen years before—smiths who had poisoned the mothers of their illegitimate children, and so forth,

"Damned spirits, all,

That in crossways and floods have burial."

come thronging back again into the upper air, taking possession of the bodies of unhappy patients, and through that medium cursing, blaspheming, and screaming in an unprecedented and most unpleasant manner. The volume is filled with the most extraordinary and, in some cases, terrific details of this species of possession, which really seems to bring back the days of the Flagellum Demonum and the Malleus Maleficarum. As we have said already in the outset, all this we most potently believe, and cannot but feel much indebted to the courageous Doctor Meyer, who, in opposition to the vain ridicule of the nineteenth century, has unveiled to us these mysteries of the invisible world. Ridicule, in fact, the good Doctor despises; strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, he simply answers, as in the case of the nine groschen,— "mann lache noch so sehr, es ist dennoch wahr" (Laugh as you please, it is true notwithstanding;) and boldly maintains, that such sceptical objections only prove, as Asmodeus told Don Cleophas when he fell into a mistake as to Beelzebub's patent of precedence, that they "have no true notions of Hell."—*Blackwood's Magazine*

MISCELLANY.

The American Boy.

'Father, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes, they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies.'

It is your Country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

Father—what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds?
Why do the people waive their hate,
And rush along in crowds.

It is the noise of cannonry,
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day to memory dear—
'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

'I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest,
But father, why don't you.'

I'm getting old and weak—but still
My heart is big with joy;
I've witnessed many a day like this,
Shout you aloud, my boy.

'Hurra! for Freedom's Jubilee!
God bless our native land,
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand.'

Well done, my boy—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
And home, where freedom loves to dwell,
Is praised on earth!

'KNOW THYSELF.'

'E cælo descendit gno thi seauton.'—JUVENAL.

The Greeks were the only people who studied wisdom. Among other nations, and in other times, its pursuit has been the monopoly of the few. In the earlier ages of the several republics, their lawgivers and statesmen were also the instructors of those whom they governed. They guided by example and precept, and inculcated moral and political knowledge by daily conversation. From the beginning, and in all ages, the Greeks were imbued with an instinctive love of learning. They were governed, both nationally and individually, by a maxim or an apothegm.—The seeking of wisdom was a part of their religion. In times of doubt or danger, they always courted the interposition of divine direction through the responses of their oracles.

There was a political philosophy, plain, simple and practical, which preceded the metaphysical subtleties of the schools. Traditional and sententious, that wisdom is still popularly in vogue, but how different is its application! The maxims of Solon once governed Athens and enlightened Greece: they now constitute the copy-scrawl of the unthinking school-boy; and if, perchance, in after years he should remember the golden precepts of Grecian wisdom, they are eternally associated with the reminiscence of his painful progress from 'pot hooks' to 'joining-hand!' The 'seven wise men' rank with the seven champions of Christendom, and their learned labors form perhaps a part of the nursery code, but certainly do not constitute an item in the modern education of later years. The human mind is now of the growth of centuries; and the first lessons of lisping infancy are gleaned from the master-pieces of ancient learning. The lessons of the great fabulist were written for the instruction of men, but modern discipline devotes them to the entertainment of children.—And yet it was so, even in the palmy days of Roman education.

The early wisdom of Greece forms a part of our common stock of knowledge, but its apothegms are received rather as abstract truths, than as the practical and practicable lessons of experience. Like virtue, '*laudatur et alget*.' It may not be unpatriotic, even in these times of utility, to regret that the *economical* precepts of Franklin are better suited to the genius of his countrymen, than those more clevate prototypes recorded by Plutarch.

The sententious philosophy of early Greece exercised an important effect upon the manners and morals of the people. Its precepts possessed the efficacy of laws, and were written upon the public mind as well as inscribed upon their temples. Of these one of the most celebrated and familiar is contained in our present motto. Its character of divine origin is supposed to have been derived from the circumstance of its being engraven upon the Temple of Apollo, at Delphos. Dr. Johnson, in one of the numbers of the Rambler, regrets that his history does not inform us whether this celebrated sentence was uttered as a general instruction to mankind, or as a particular caution to some private inquirer;

whether it was applied to some single occasion, or laid down as the universal rule of life. There can be no doubt that in the primitive eyes of the Grecian states, the condensation of wisdom into such brief and popular sentences, was intended for political purposes. It was a part of the patriarchal machinery of a government which strove to enlighten the minds and morals, as well as regulate the conduct of its citizens. The recitation of maxims of political and general wisdom formed a part of the competition of the public games; and the wise were accustomed to assemble together for the purpose of concerting such precepts as should be promulgated for the public benefit, and to these was insured a publicity equal to that given to the laws themselves. Pliny says that his contemporaries granted to Chilo, one of the reputed authors of our motto, a fellowship with the oracles, by the consecration of three of his maxims, in golden letters, to the Temple at Delphos. These considerations would seem to remove all difficulty in regard to the origin and purpose of the precept now in question.

It might be presupposed that in the progress of mental philosophy man would soon learn a proper sense of the importance of self-knowledge. But, alas! even in the present era of improvement, as in the degenerate age of the Satirist, we may equally exclaim;

'Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere: nemo!'

It is the unchanging fate of humanity, that its only teacher shall be experience; and self-knowledge is the last lesson of experience.

The precept 'know thyself' is sufficiently comprehensive to include the whole life, conduct, and pursuits of mankind:

—'Spectandaque rebus

In summis, minimis; etiam cumpiscis emeter.'

But although of such general application, it is only as an individual rule, and when applied to particular cases, that it can be made available and useful. What then is its definite meaning and philosophy? It refers both to our good and evil qualities. It means not simply that we should understand and control our errors and weaknesses; but it also teaches us to ascertain, appreciate and develop the virtues and capacities with which we may be endowed.

Self-knowledge must, necessarily, always be an individual acquisition, and yet it is also the trait of a class. It is an attribute of *genius*, and must accompany its efforts, in whatever sphere they may be exerted. It is, indeed, the very foundation of its success; for however the '*divinus afflatus*' may assist in the progress of a work, still the project, in its inception, must be based upon a correct appreciation of the varied powers which are to be tasked in its accomplishment. What avails imagination, even in the fine arts, unless assisted by knowledge and self-knowledge? The 'prophetic eye of taste,' and the 'learned spirit' in 'human dealings,' are not alone sufficient for the conception and execution of the immortal productions of the poet and the orator. The deep-felt consciousness of power which renders all the faculties of mind subservient to the will, is required. The self-knowledge of genius is not only thus necessary to the effectual action of the intellectual agents, but it is also boastful and prophetic in its anticipations. We frequently hear of the innate modesty, the shrinking sensitiveness, supposed to be uniformly associated with distinguished talents. These qualities may have been exemplified in the *lives* of many, for the true artist forgets himself in his art; but where is the evidence of their existence in the immortal *products* of the mind? They are the attributes of life, not of immortality. The fears of humanity may have affected the man, but they touched not his mind. The soul was all confidence, and exulted in the full consciousness of its destiny. '*The non omnis moriar*' has been echoed and re-echoed by all who share in the fulfillment of its prophecy.

Could our precept but find its way to the consciences of that servile band who live upon the petty larcenies of literature, what a revolution might be accomplished! How many skilful manipulators, the scissor-bearers and filchers of small wares, to whom the corps editorial are too often the guilty receivers, would be transferred from their patch-work operations to the more congenial employments of humble utility! But, alas! this may not be. The troop of jackalls must follow the footsteps of the lion; not feeding upon relinquished garbage, but preying upon the very vitals of the monarch. Man has been defined to be the 'imitative animal;' and

certain it is, that many always have displayed, and ever have exhibited, this generic trait. As of old, there must be modern Fannii who, '*ultra delatis capis et imagine*,' continue to usurp even the chosen seats of the temple, until they are scourged out with many stripes.

But besides the numerous tribe of poetasters who are afflicted with the imitative cacoethes, there is another class to whom self-knowledge would be peculiarly useful. There are many who have the misfortune to possess the feelings of the poet, without the gift of that expressive power which can hallow the recorded miseries of existence, and lend a metricious beauty even to folly and depravity. There are they, of whom some mistake taste for talent, the impression for the impressive power, and others who, under the delusion of excitement, voluntarily

'Sit at the altar which they raise to wo,
And feed the source when tears eternal flow;'

whose only hope is despair; who cultivate Byronic pangs, and die, in print, of 'delicate distress.' How happy, could they but know the unreality of their misery! But this species is the creation of a particular influence, which, in this respect at least, is fortunately on the wane. The clouds and mists have passed away from Parnassus, and gladdening sunshine rests upon its summit. May it be perpetual!

Indolence, that canker of the mind, is not always attributable to the constitutional temperament of the individual. It is sometimes the offspring of ignorance—the effect of a deficiency of self-knowledge and self-appreciation. How often does the full tide of genius pour through the untaught mind, wasting its freshness, and drying up with the fountain whence it springs, undiscovered by the individual, unsuspected by the world! With the eye fixed on vacancy, the dreamer muses idly upon the fairy shapes and hues which glow through the 'wild universe' within; he turns his eye inward to revel on 'thick-coming fancies,' and feels conscious of the beautiful pageantries which glitter in his mental eye; but he understands not the source of their creation; he knows not how to fix the fleeting shadows as they pass; and the gorgeous day-dream vanishes like the dim vision of the night. Knowledge has not entered the fairy microcosm of his fancy: it is yet an Eden, with the fruit of power untasted and untouched. He knows not that his lonely musings are emanations of the creative power of that genius, which of all earthly qualities is 'likest God's,' and which is, indeed, the first attribute of Divinity. He is what the world calls *idle*; but let the rude touch of reality change these dreaming hours, and rouse the spirit into action; let ambition call forth the hidden energies of mind; let the *knowledge* of his untried capacities come in whatever form it may—and he stands forth the image and similitude of intellectual energy; he strikes the Orphean lyre with the full tone of inspiration, or fulmines over the heart with the resistless sway of eloquence.

Mental indolence often arises from the want of a proper self-appreciation. We magnify the power of others, and underrate our own capacities, because self-knowledge has never taught us the mode in which that power is evolved. We have never descended into the mental laboratory; we are too much accustomed to think that the sublime conceptions and brilliant fancies of the orator or the poet are the free and spontaneous effusions of taste and genius. Blinded and dazzled by the brightness of the scintillations, 'we heed not the fervid and ponderous strokes, the *hammering of the mind*, by which they are struck off.

We should look within ourselves, and revolve the answer of Demosthenes to the reproach of Peythus, who told him, tauntingly, that 'all his arguments smelt of the lamp.' We should remember, that if we would become laborers in the rich mine of intellect, we must delve unceasingly by the pale light of the solitary and 'conscious lamp,' ere we may hope to grasp the prize which will reward our toil—the talisman which is to transmute even our own words into the breath and accents of that fame which constitutes the meed of the present and the inspiration of future ages. We must steadily persevere in that long and painful course of previous study and patient thought, which alone can entitle us to join in the triumphant prophecy of Horace, or prepare us for the struggles, and the glories of that hour, when, like Demosthenes, we may be 'invoked by the common voice of our country to speak for her salvation.'

Should such opportunity never be realized, or

should we fail in our high-directed efforts, we will still retain the ennobling consciousness of meritorious exertion, and derive heart-felt comfort and renewed hope from that consolatory reflection, "in magnis voluisse sat est." W. H. R.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 29, 1836.

WINTER.—The approach of winter is calculated to produce conflicting emotions. With many, it is the season of sorrow and suffering; while with others, it is the season of joy. Extreme poverty is most keenly felt, when the bitter blasts of winter beat upon the half clad infant—when its piercing frosts penetrate the shab hovel, and envelope, in its icy mantle, the shivering group who may be gathered around a cheerless hearth. On the other hand, the family group appear most cheerful and happy when encircling the blazing fire, and are listening to the lessons of wisdom or the tale of romance. On such occasions, they wear an impress of sociality, which is at no other time evinced with like distinctness.

Winter should be, if it is not, the welcome season of youth. It has been the birth-period of genius. Its long evenings have developed intellects which, but for them, would, perhaps, have remained forever dormant. It is the season of study; and clerks and apprentices, particularly, should consider it the period for their intellectual improvement. There are none who cannot devote from three to five hours each day to this important object. In that time, how much may be learned!

But for the long evenings of winter, the world would never in all probability, have been illuminated with the writings of Ben Johnson, Benjamin Franklin or Robert Burns. They were, literally, stars of winter evenings. It was only then they could abandon the trowel, the composing stick and the plough; and may there not be other Johnsons, and Franklins and Burns—other embryo stars, who need but the polish of winter evenings to eventually shine as bright as their prototypes?

¶ We commence to day an amusing "autobiography of an American Kentucky Rifle," from the London United Service Journal. Aside from its intrinsic merit, it will be doubly interesting to our readers as the introductory scenes are laid in our own city, and several well known characters are introduced, among whom are our friend EPHRAIM GILBERT and Captain CODY. It is supposed to be from the pen of either Captain Hamilton or Basil Hall—both excellent though impudent writers.

¶ If we may judge from the specimens we have seen, our friend THOMPSON out-shines himself, in his recent importations. Some of his MIRRORS are really splendid, both in dimensions and workmanship. They would beautify the richest domicile in Broadway—to say nothing of the pleasant cottages and stately mansions in our own growing city. Our citizens should drop in and look at them if for nothing more than to see how improved is their appearance when reflected from Thompson's richest Mirrors.

"Diary of a Blasse, by Maryatt."—Books drop from MARYATT'S pen as profusely as meteors in a "star shower." And they are all crammed full of such originality that they are swallowed with voracious avidity. This "Diary" is capital;—equal to his happiest efforts. We observe them advertised by PRATT & NICHOLS.

¶ We improved the privilege given us by M. H., and gave his "Lay" to the flames. It really wanted all the warmth and brilliancy which we gave it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—"*An Essay on the Sin and Evils of Covetousness*, by Thomas Dick, L. L. D. New York. Robinson, Pratt & Co.—This is an excellent work from an excellent author. No writer could show up the evils of Covetousness, and enforce the doctrine of Christian duty, and universal beneficence, with more distinctness than THOMAS DICK. The practical doctrines of Christianity are his element; and from the peculiar manner in which he treats every subject upon which he writes, he has perhaps done more than any other writer now living to advance those doctrines. Every one has admired his Christian Philosopher, his Philosophy of Religion, and his Future State, for their distinctness and sublimity. Every one will commend this Essay for the striking and interesting manner in which its subject is presented. In its perusal, the reader will not be the less struck with the magnitude of the evils which Covetousness has produced, and its extent, than with the magnificent blessings which would flow from the practice of extensive and consistent benevolence.

We make a single extract to show his "plainness of speech," when animadverting upon the inconsistency of a certain class of professing Christians:—

"Another way in which Covetousness operates, even among professed Christians is, in gratifying a desire for ostentatious display, and a spirit of pride and ambition.

"The Creator evidently intended that his creatures should be suitably clothed and accommodated with comfortable habitations; for he has replenished the earth with every thing requisite for those purposes; and were proper arrangements in the social state, and benevolence as frequently displayed as the principle of avarice—all the ranks of mankind would be comfortably clothed, and conveniently accommodated. A spirit of covetousness is not necessarily connected with a desire after decent apparel and comfortable dwellings, nor with those exertions which are requisite to procure them. But when I behold a professed Christian decking himself and family with gaudy attire, replenishing his dwelling with the most expensive furniture, erecting a huge mansion, superior to those of all his neighbors, and sufficient to accommodate three or four families—contenting himself at the same time with subscribing half a guinea a year for a religious or philanthropic institution, and so eagerly engaged in the pursuit of wealth, that time is scarcely left for mental improvement or family religion—I cannot help drawing the conclusion, that covetousness is a principle which rules in such a mind for the purpose of fostering a spirit of vanity and pride, and a desire for worldly ostentation and parade. I have seen in the house of a professor of religion, whose income did not exceed £150 a year, an article of furniture, of no great utility which cost twenty or thirty guineas, while a sixth part of this sum would have been sufficient to have procured a neat article to have answered every purpose for which it was intended. Yet if the individual had been urged to subscribe a guinea for a benevolent institution, it would have been refused as a most extravagant demand. I have seen a single flat of a house furnished, at an expense of seven or eight hundred guineas, where there was scarcely a family to occupy it, and where the proprietor, in all probability, never gave the tenth part of this sum to the purposes of religion or human improvement. * * *

"The money which is wasted in unnecessary decorations in regard to dress and furniture, and other superfluities, even by Christians, were it collected into one sum, would amount to far more than the whole of the funds belonging to all the Religious and Philanthropic institutions of the British Empire, and may be considered as nothing less than a robbery of the Most High of his "tithes and offerings."

The work is for sale at the bookstore of MESSRS. PRATT & NICHOLS, through whom we have been favored with a copy from the publishers. It should be extensively read, as it cannot fail to do good.

Foster's Foreign Reprints.—After a protracted delay in some quarter other than the publisher, we have received additional numbers of the "Metropolitan," "Blackwood's Magazine," and the "London and Westminster Review." Of the Metropolitan, it is sufficient commendation that MARYATT is its editor. The interesting papers commenced in former numbers are continued, and others, of equal interest, commenced. We have room but for a single extract from an amusing article entitled "Progress of Progression," which admirably hits off the "improvements of the age." After considering the vast augmentation which has recently been made to the intellectual machinery of man, and proving that "the mighty giant of rationality is in an apoplectic fit," he says:—

"When we peep into the kaleidoscope of futurity, and descry the magical mutations and transformations there in operation, we are literally dazzled by the consequences of this "Passion of Progression." Such racing—jostling—flying—tumbling—scrambling;—such steaming—smoking—whizzing—hissing—whirling—that our "tight little island" appears positively shaken from its intuitive sense of decorum. Imagine every galloway metamorphosed into a Pegasus—Turpin's historical feat held in esteem of a snail's gallop—the great St. Leger starting-post removed to the Georgium Sidus—people of ton taking a turn round the sphere terrestrial, via the "South Sea Suspension Bridge," prior to luncheon—Hyde Park (site of) a fruitful legacy to antiquarians—desperate engagements thereon. Valetudinarians in small "sparrow wherries," inhaling ether pure in realms ethereal; the "fancy fair," on butterfly pinions, transporting their Lilliputian wares to the bazaar of Constantinople, for the special benefit of superlunary refugees; and, last in order as in merit first, gentlemen of the press on patent "lightning conductors," racing like shadows of a thought with opposition reports of the "universal scientific association," such being convoked at the Half Moon, at the earnest solicitation of philosophers under the influence of that celestial body."

"Blackwood's Magazine" fully sustains its character as the first Magazine in the World.—Its typographical appearance is equal to the original, and its general appearance does honor to the enterprising publisher, Mr. FOSTER.

The "London and Westminster Review," is filled with able and interesting articles. The contributors to this Review are men of eminent talent, ranking with the first writers in Europe. The political papers in the present number cannot fail to interest the American reader.

The Family of Montezuma Extinct.—The N. Orleans Times states that *Marsilla de Ternal*, "Count of Montezuma," died in that city on the 22d of October. He was a Spanish grandee of the first class, and the lineal descendant on the female side of Montezuma, emperor of Mexico, and victim of the cruelty of Cortez. He was, on account of his liberal principles, banished from Spain, and his property was there confiscated by a decree of Ferdinand. From Spain he went to Mexico; but taking part in the politics of that country, he soon found himself obliged to leave it. He nevertheless received a pension from the Mexican government. He selected New Orleans for a residence—had resided there for several years, and was much esteemed for his polite, unassuming demeanor, and social qualities. He left no descendants.

¶ **Large Diamond.**—At the recent coronation of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the large diamond called the "Duke of Tuscany," from its having formerly belonged to the duchy, and now included in the Crown Jewels of Austria, was after an interval of several years, exposed to the view of the public. It is one of the largest in Europe, weighing 139 carats. It is of a bell shape, and of a slight yellow tinge: its value is estimated at 2,627,138 francs.

SLEEPING MAGGIE.

WITH SIMPLICITY.

Arranged by HENRY RUSSELL.

FOR THE GEM.

Oh! are ye sleep-ing, Mag-gie? ing, Mag-gie? Let me in, for loud the linn o'er the war-lock crag-gie.
Oh! are ye sleep- Is roar-ing

Mirk and rai-ny is the night, No' a star in a' the ski-ry, Light-nings the stream, drive in
gleam a-thwart And winds we' win-try fu-ry.

2
Fearfu' sighs the boortrees bark,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron gate does clang,
And o' the owlet's cry I'm weary.
Oh! are ye sleeping, &c.

3
Aboon my breath I dar na' speak
For fear I rouse your wankrife daddy;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek---
Oh! rise, rise, my bonne ladie!
Oh! are ye sleeping, &c.

4
She ope'd the door, she let him in,
Ae cast aside his dripping plaidy:---
Blow ye'r warst, ye rain and winds,
Since, Maggie dear, I'm in beside ye.
Oh! are ye, &c.

5
Now, since ye'r waking, Maggie,
Now since ye'r waking, Maggie,
What cares I for owlet's cry,
The boortrees bark, or warlock craggie!
Oh! are ye, &c.

* The melody of this old Scotch Ballad was presented to Mr. RUSSELL by a gentleman of this city, and we are assured by those who are acquainted with it, that it stands unrivalled for simplicity and beauty among the choicest ancient ballads of that nation.

VARIETY.

From the N. Y. American.

Nina to her Lap-Dog.

O Y R U so I C cold,
Dear *Beau* to my caress?
Can you not C I plainly told
Thereby my love's X S?
When e'er I C R A of light,
I plunge U in the C;
Or C Z if U B at night,
With thirst, I give U T!
From your D K of mirth, or rise
Of joy I take my Q;
And Pincher's M T charms despise,
In size though W.
B T or O P might S A
To paint your F E G;
For ne'er from L M N tal clay
Came such an N T T!
Dismiss the P Q O my bird,
He must X Q Z B;
'Twas Jane the maid taught him that word
Of strife and "O B C T."
N V makes puss your N M E,
For when your form is nigh,
Her C D coat can scarcely B
A P' worth in her I.
And should X U V E so good
E'er tempt the dog-thief's snare;
Despite X P E D N C would
I C Q N E where.
Such X L N C merits well
The pencil of H B;
When dead—I'll write to L. E. L.,
To write your L E G.

DOVER, Sept. 20, 1836.

[Found in the office—supposed to have been dropped by one of the assistants. "I printed Grantley Berkeley's "Spirit of the Wye," and thought at the time, some one ought to write the Spirit of the Ex; but I never thought I should have lived to see the spirit extracted from the whole Alphabet.]

TABLE TALK.

Romps.—A romp is naturally a good natured sort of a girl, with little mind and far less taste. She does not understand wit or fancy, for to these she makes no pretensions. When she is the merriest she generally jumps the highest; when she is grave she is a fool, because romps have little intellect.

A country romp is pleased with a ditch, because it gives her a chance to jump across it, she loves apples best in the orchard, because she has the exquisite pleasure of climbing the trees and tearing her new frock. A town romp is a different creature. She is generally a great talker of scandal, when she is not employing her clenched hands upon one's shoulder.

Tit for Tat.—George III. was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one. The late Lord H—k—e was the most punctual person who attended on his Majesty. He had an appointment one day with the King at Windsor, at twelve o'clock; on passing through the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship in his rage at being half a minute too late, raised his cane, and broke the glass of the clock. The King reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At the next audience the King as he entered the Room, exclaimed, "H—k—e! H—k—e! how came you to strike the clock?"—"The clock struck first, your Majesty."

The best joke we have heard in a long time, was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day, in a small room,

and was much annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service was commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience being at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender—"Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in."

A merchant, a few miles from Petersburg, Va., on opening a hogshead of hardware, and comparing its contents with the invoice of it, found a hammer less than was charged therein. This he mentioned to a young Irishman, his assistant, who immediately exclaimed, "och, my honey, don't be bothering your head about that, didn't the negar take it out of the hogshead to open it with?"

Pot calling Kettle black!—A few days ago we overheard two worthless fellows, in front of the Exchange, heating each other soundly for some difference:—

"I knew you of old," said one, "for you had to run away from your country to save your neck!"

"What of that?" was the reply; you couldn't have done that, if the rope hadn't broke!"

Caution to Travellers.—The following notice in a country paper might be usefully applied on board of some of our hurrying steamboats—

"Travellers should be careful to deliver their choice articles to proper persons, as a gentleman a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach entrusted his wife to a stranger, and he has not heard of her since."

THE



GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson

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

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1836.

No. 25.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Christ Walking on the Sea.

FROM MATTHEW CHAP. XIV

Wild roar the waves on Galilee,
And still upon the swelling surge,
Yon bark her lonely way still see
Onward in midst of danger urge.

In bitter grief the pious crew,
Mourn o'er the absence of their Lord;
And still with trembling hearts pursue
Their course from him their hearts adored.

But lo, a form breaks on their sight,
That fills each heart with boding fear;
A spirit—and before his might,
The waves grow calm and disappear.

All nature the blest presence feels;
The winds are hushed that wildly roared;
The tottering bark no longer reels—
Who works such changes but the Lord?

It is the Lord! and to his side,
He doth the anxious Peter call;
Nor calls in vain—soon on the tide,
The faithful servant's footsteps fall.

But see! he sinks! the faith that bore
His form above the waves recedes;
Ildly he cries for aid, and o'er
The billows safe the Saviour leads.

Saviour! as o'er life's stormy sea,
With weak and faltering step I tread,
While winds are roaring angrily
And clouds are gathering round my head;

Should faith forsake my trembling form,
And leave me sinking in despair;
Reach forth as then thy mighty arm,
And o'er the raging billows bear.

Juliet, III.

MISCELLANY

WILL BLOCK—A TRUE TALE.

By the Author of Tough Yarns.

'But the creed of a sailor still further extends;
He believes 'tis his duty likewise
To comfort his poor distress'd messmates and friends
And the girl that is faithful to prize.'

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his, "what cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look.—Indeed that sparkling eye of good humor and pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers, a straw hat bound with black riband thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt, a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the way side where he proposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. 'Never throw hot water and ashes to the windward,' says the old tar, shortening sail: 'I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire

ships than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking.' He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage.

'What money—clothes—all lost, did you say?' exclaimed a rough strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint mill? 'All gone eh?' 'Yes, ma'am—all lost to me,' replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. 'So you think that story will do, eh?' continued the first: 'twon't tho', missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrums, and sich like.' 'Indeed, indeed, 'tis true; the villans robbed me of all, and I have walked many, many weary miles. Oh, but for a piece of bread—a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I've not been used to beg.'—'Why, that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, for sooth! Where do you come from?' 'Oh, ma'am, I'm a wretched girl, yet I was once happy: sorrow has indeed reached me—lost, lost Lucy!'—'Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for nothing!—there, get out of my house, get out I say!' 'Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where—where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it?—Oh remember that mercy—that pity is the attribute of angels!' 'Don't talk to me of angels, hussy! and as for attributes, there's scuses, and taxes, and poors' rates enough—Out, I say!—What you wont, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all! you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this miss, and turn her out.' 'Oh let me implore your pity: here humbly let me beg'—

This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid servant together, were attempting to force her out. 'Yo ho, what's the matter here?' said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trisp that laid him sprawling on the other: 'Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what, grapple a vessel in distress! And you (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a christian country? For shame, old woman!' 'Old woman, forsooth! What, you takes the part of the youngun eh? But she shall budge directly.' 'I say she shan't then.—Come here, pretty one and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage.' 'Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rapsallion, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say.' 'Touch her it you darc,' says old Will, flourishing his stick, 'and I'll—I'll—' Ah, that's right, keep off for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!' Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. 'I am not worthy your notice, sir: only a drop of water for I am very faint.'

'Shall have the best the house affords, while I have a shot in the locker. Go along old Mother Squeeze-lemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?' 'What, give my property to vagrums and wenches!—not I indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?' 'Avast, old Grampus! I think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then?—This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go,

get her a glass of wine.' 'And who's to pay? Wine indeed!—get her some water, Jack,' said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. 'Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house too, d'ye hear? Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, ye old she shark? thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold—'Will this satisfy you?' The landlady's countenance brightened up: 'Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing.—Well, well, I dare say you're a gentleman, after all. Come child, (to Lucy) I am sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear.' 'Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart!' cried Will; 'how it expands at the voice of distress!' shaking his pockets. 'Here's the key will unlock the floodgates of her benevolence at any time, (holding up a guinea), but come, pretty one,' drawing a chair, 'sit down and rest.' 'Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?' said Lucy. 'Wait till I ax you,' replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. 'Here miss,' said the landlady, entering, 'take this nice cake and wine, it will do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go far to hurt a hair of your head?' 'There there, there's enough of it, no more palaver; I arn't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill.' Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. 'Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor,' said old Will: 'refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you, speak as if I was your father.' 'Oh, sir, don't talk of my father; I have fixed a wound in his heart'—

'There, there, don't cry; I can't bear to see a woman's tears—it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I have got to go to old Admiral M—'s by night.' 'O—Grove?' inquired Lucy, much agitated. 'Why, aye, do you know him?' 'No, sir; but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew: and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break.' 'Why ay, I see how it is: knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is; This is some of Master Tommy's doings, eh? Zounds! clenching his fist—but no matter. And where are you come from?' 'From my father's, sir.' 'And who is your father?'—'Oh do not ask me! my name is Lucy B—' 'What, the daughter of old B—that was in the Venerable as first Lieutenant?' 'Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter.'

'Zounds, why,' starting up in a passion—

'why, and has Tom dared?—But don't be frightened. And so you have deserted home and my poor old friend?' 'Spare me sir! spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh succor his poor erring child!' 'Well, well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence and then abandon his victim!—but come, come along.' 'I thought of going to the Admiral's sir.' 'Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh! I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart.' 'A what? a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along, sweet heart! and, discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old admiral M. was the most eccentric.—He had risen solely by merit from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and it was ever his boast that he never had skulked:

great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar bucket. 'I came in at the hawse holes,' he would say, 'and didn't creep in at the cabin windows.' He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments as if he never had quitted it. Not an old sailor that had ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer, and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform (if of good character, but not so successful as himself,) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish *stocks*—yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property.

The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favor, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B—, by a brother officer; and that acquaintance, which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun.— Yet he passionately loved her; but, fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects before him, and equally convinced to thwart his inclinations would be to annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavor to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life according to his own account, had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains, of all she possessed at daybreak, but still continued her journey, till worn with hunger and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn, and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M— and his convoy, left her at a short distance and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom next to Heaven she loved most tenderly. It was now too dark to distinguish objects but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovering, she found herself sitting on a couch; other females sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to sooth her mind, informing her that it was herself who had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her conductor.

'Pray sir,' said the admiral entering the room abruptly, when his nephew was sitting alone and ruminating upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she who occupied his thoughts was at that moment under the same roof, 'pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl, under the flag of affection, turns pirate and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?'—The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant with his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. 'Answer me,' exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice, 'answer me directly!' 'I cannot, sir, I am too deeply sensible of error.' 'Or what does he merit, continued the admiral, 'who, contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her?' 'Infamy, infamy and disgrace!' exclaimed the agonized M—, 'I feel it all—all, and shudder!' 'You have judg-

ed right, sir, your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lt. B— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you, and your own lips have condemned you.' 'Not so much as my heart, sir,' replied M—. 'Pass what sentence you please, but, oh! suffer me to expiate my faults! Do not drive me to desperation!' 'It is well, sir, you are convinced of your error, and ringing the bell violently a servant appeared. 'Order Mr. M's horse to the door,' then turning to the young man, 'This is no longer a home for you; however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser;' and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger.—No culprit ever stood more agitated than M— while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation; but what were his feelings—what his agony when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her, but his uncle caught his arm, and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble, 'No sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? Would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir you have forfeited all pretensions to my favor—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go and never let me see your face again!' This was too much for poor Lucy: she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined when she quitted the house keeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open. How great then was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He was habited in an immense cloak, that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M— at the same moment threw himself by her side, caught her up-raised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petition with her's. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and overcame by the scene, grasped their united hands and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector and guide—even old WILL BLOCK.

From the Passion Flower.

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

'You are romancing, James; what? visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchanging cards?'

'In this family, my dear Amanda, there are no ceremonies of cards,' said James; 'but they will not be the less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see poor people,' said Amanda thoughtfully; 'but,' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you any where.'

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the laboring class. Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the first door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle tap. A common woman opened it and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavored to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bedroom, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She rocked herself incessantly. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavor to close the mouth.

On receiving some nourishment from the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you, Doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer'—she shivered and stopped in an instant. 'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind; what would become of it now? I must leave these, young e-

nough, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *studdiest*.'

She did not weep, she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from the scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied, 'it is my wife.'

'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing? Oh, can she sing 'I would not live always?'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around in the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully that she even looked pretty. A slight hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The little girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice Amanda whispered, 'we will take care of you.'

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every stage, in every shadow of a tint? The rich and poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a Dead Sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as she returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never even imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one who, if he brought to her no addition of the earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it, that will awaken the purest delight.

WILD REVENGE.

On the shores of Mull, a crag is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition: Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbury, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those feudal times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbury, from the hands of the nurse and bounding to the rocks in a moment, stood on the most inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his child, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only terms on which he would consent to restitution was, that Maclean himself should bear his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair, the chief consented, saying he would consent to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man replied with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever merged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawn around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of the Mull.

COLE'S PICTURES.

These splendid pictures, painted by Mr. COLE, for the late LUMAN REED, an eminent and estimable merchant of New York, are now exhibiting at Clinton Hall in that city. We had the pleasure, at an early day, of seeing and admiring these noble efforts of genius and art. They combine, in an eminent degree, the sublime and the beautiful. Mr. COLE, in producing such pictures, has established his own reputation and contributed largely to that of his country. We advise all the lovers of the Fine Arts who visit New York, to call at Clinton Hall and see these paintings.

The following is a description of them :

The subject is completed in a Series of five pictures. No. 8, which may be called the "Savage State," or "the Commencement of Empire," represents a wild scene of rocks, mountains, woods, and a bay of the sea. The sun is rising from the sea, and the stormy clouds of night are dissipating before his rays. On the farthest side of the bay, rises a precipitous hill crowned by a singular isolated rock, which to the mariner, would ever be a striking land mark. As the same locality is represented in each picture of the series, this rock identifies it, although the observer's situation varies in the several pictures. The chase being the most characteristic occupation of savage life, in the foreground, we see a man attired in skins, in pursuit of a deer, which, stricken by his arrow, is bounding down a water course. On the rocks in the middle ground, are to be seen other savages with dogs, also in pursuit of deer. On the water below, may be seen canoes, and on the promontory beyond, are several huts and a number of figures dancing round a fire. In this picture, we have the first rudiments of society. Men are banded together for mutual aid in the chase, &c. The useful arts have commenced in the construction of canoes, huts, and weapons. Two of the fine arts, music and poetry, have their germs, as we may suppose, in the singing which usually accompanies the dance of savages. The Empire is asserted, although to a limited degree, over sea, land and the animal kingdom. The season represented is Spring.

No. 2.—The Simple or Arcadian State, represents the scene after ages have passed. The gradual advancement of society has wrought a change on its aspect. The "untracked and rude" has been tamed and softened. Shepherds are tending their flocks, the ploughman with his oxen, is turning the soil, and commerce begins to stretch her wing. A village is growing by the shore, and on the summit of a hill a rude Temple has been erected, from which the smoke of sacrifice is now ascending. In the fore ground, on the left, is seated an old man, who, by describing lines in the sand, seems to have made some geometrical discovery. On the right of the picture, is a female with a distaff, about to cross a rude stone bridge. On the stone is a boy, who appears to be making a drawing of a man with a sword, and ascending the road, a soldier is partly seen. Under the trees beyond the female figure, may be seen a group of peasants, some are dancing, while one plays on the pipe. In this picture, we have agriculture, commerce, and religion. In the old man, who describes the mathematical figure—in the rude attempt of the boy in drawing—in the female figure with the distaff—in the vessel on the stocks, and in the primitive temple on the hill, it is evident that the useful arts, the fine arts, and the sciences have made considerable progress. The scene is supposed to be viewed a few hours after sunrise, and in the early summer.

In the picture No. 3, we suppose other ages have passed, and the rude village has become a magnificent city. The part seen occupies both sides of the bay, which the observer has now crossed. It has been converted into a capacious harbor, at whose entrance towards the sea stand two phari. From the water on each hand, piles of architecture ascend—temples, colonades, and domes. It is a day of rejoicing. A triumphal procession moves over the bridge, near the fore ground. The conqueror, robed in purple, is mounted in a car drawn by an elephant, and surrounded by captives on foot, and a numerous train of guards, senators, &c.—pictures and golden treasures are carried before him. He is about to pass beneath the triumphal arch, while girls strew flowers around. Gay festoons of dra-

pery hang from the clustered columns. Golden trophies glitter above in the sun, and incense rises from silver censurs. The harbor is alive with numerous vessels. War galleys and barks with silken sails. Before the doric temple on the left, the smoke of incense and of the altar rise, and a multitude of white-robed priests stand around on the marble steps. The statue of Minerva with a victory in her hand, stands above the building of the Caryatides on a columned pedestal, near which is a band with trumpets, cymbals, &c. On the right, near a bronze fountain and in the shadow of lofty buildings, is an imperial personage viewing the procession, surrounded by her children, attendants and guards. In this scene is depicted the summit of human glory. The architecture, the ornamental embellishments, &c. show that wealth, power, knowledge and taste has worked together, and accomplished the highest meed of human achievement and empire. As the triumphal fete would indicate, man has conquered man, nations have been subjugated. This scene is represented as near midday, in the early autumn.

No. 4.—The picture represents the Vicious State, or State of Destruction. Ages may have passed since the scene of Glory—though the decline of nations is generally more rapid than their rise. Luxury has weakened and debased. A savage enemy has entered the city. A fierce tempest is raging. Walls and colonades have been thrown down. Temples and palaces are burning. An arch of the bridge, over which the triumphal procession was passing in the former scene, has been battered down, and the broken pillars, and ruins of war engines, and the temporary bridge that has been thrown over, indicate that this has been the scene of fierce contention. Now there is a mingled multitude battling on the narrow bridge, whose insecurity makes the conflict doubly fearful. Horses and men are precipitated into the foaming waters beneath, war galleys are contending—one vessel is in flames, and another is sinking beneath the prow of a superior foe. In the more distant part of the harbor, the contending vessels are dashed by the furious waves, and some are burning.—Along the battlements among the ruined Caryatides, the contention is fierce; and the combatants fight amid the smoke and flame of prostrate edifices. In the fore ground, are several dead and dying; some bodies have fallen in the basin of a fountain, tingling the waters with their blood. A female is seen sitting in mute despair over the dead body of her son, and a young woman is escaping from the ruffian grasp of a soldier, by leaping over the battlement; another soldier drags a woman by the hair down the steps that form part of the pedestal of a mutilated colossal statue, whose shattered head lies on the pavement below. A barbarous and destroying enemy conquers and sacks the city.—Description of this picture, is perhaps needless; carnage and destruction are its elements.

The fifth picture, is the scene of Desolation. The sun has just set, the moon ascends twilight sky over the ocean, near the place where the sun rose in the first picture. Daylight fades away, and the shades of evening steal over the shattered and ivy-grown ruins of that once proud city. A lonely column stands near the fore ground, on whose capital, which is illumined by the last rays of the departed sun, a heron has built her nest. The doric temple and the triumphal bridge, may still be recognised among the ruins. But, though man and his works have perished, the steep promontory, with its unsaluted rock, still rears against the sky unmoved, unchanged. Violence and time have crumbled the works of man, and art is again resolving into elemental nature. The gorgeous pageant has passed—the roar of battle has ceased—the multitude have sunk in the dust—the empire is extinct.

This series of pictures was painted for the late Luman Reed, Esq. It might have been long before an opportunity offered for the execution of a work of such magnitude, had not the artist been so unfortunate as to mention the subject to Mr. Reed. He gave the commission, and watched the progress of the work with warm interest; but was called away before it was completed.—In him, the artist lost a true friend, the Fine Arts a judicious and munificent encourager, and the community one of its worthiest members. The family of Mr. Reed has kindly permitted the artist to exhibit the pictures to the public.

Definite Information—"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?" "It didn't weigh as much as I expected. I always thought it wouldn't."

THE PORTRAIT OF A REAL FRIEND.

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

"Friends grow thick on every bough."

YOUNG.

"Concerning the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions, for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence when destruction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship.

If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your 'tale of symptoms,' and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but depend on it, he is not your friend."

Visions of Happiness.—Mr. Chorley, in his interesting "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," which have just appeared, tells us that—"Throughout the whole of her last illness she was visited by vivid and delightful dreams, to which, and to the quietness of her slumber, she often thankfully referred; and in answer to the sympathy expressed by the few admitted to her presence, who were distressed to see the melancholy state in which she was lying, she would say that she had no need of pity, that she lived in a fair and happy world of her own, among gentle thoughts and pleasant images, which were sufficient to her cheerfulness."

A Paradox.—"Waiter," said a young fellow, going into a coffee-house one rainy day, "I hope you have got a good fire, for I am confoundedly wet, and let me have something to drink directly, for I am confoundedly dry also."

COLD WINTER IS COMING.

Cold winter is coming—take care of your toes,
Gay zephyr has folded his fan,
His lances are couched in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as fast as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar?
He's shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark! did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown?
The children of Nature all tremble in fear,
For to them is his power made known.

Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flow'r,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!
The lute is removed from the lady's lone bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue south, like a tourist he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream,
And the bane of petrified breath
Will seal up the waters, till in the moonbeam,
They be stirless, as slumber or death!

Cold Winter is coming—and soon shall we see,
On planes, by that genus Jack Frost,
Fine drawing of mountains, stream hower and trees,
Framed and raised too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip;
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unaware
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware—
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain,
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—
It seems I've not much else to say;
Yes, Winter is coming—and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away!

THE LOST HUSBAND.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

A sultry day in August had at length closed, and the exhausted citizens of New York were thronging the Battery and Public Gardens in search of relief from the heated air at home. A stranger landing at the Battery that evening would have startled and fancied himself on a field of battle, for the benches and grass-plats were strewn with outstretched and apparently lifeless beings—poor sufferers who had all day long been struggling against their fierce enemy, the heat—some who might seem wounded survivors of the battle, were sauntering about with heavy steps and slow, or supporting their weary weight on the balustrade, at the water's edge, were inhaling the blessed sea breezes, which, like a healing cordial, was fast restoring vigor to their listless frames. The gentle waves seemed like things of life, to rejoice in the coming of this cooling air, and danced and tumbled as if in gladness at the departure of their fiery tormentor, the sun. By degrees the imaginary dying and wounded seemed to feel its influence, voices began to be heard in all directions, expressing their joy in every tongue, French, German, Spanish, all save English, which of every language spoken in this city, is the least heard in our public promenades, which is of itself a standing proof of what is so often advanced, what that we are conscious we can enjoy at any time, we are very often apt to neglect. The fire-works and music from the cases shed brilliancy and animation o'er this lovely spot. The inland side of the Battery presented a complete contrast to all this gaiety. Here, no sound disturbed the soothing quiet, save the distant notes of music, and the rustling of the trees as they threw their dark shadows over the moonlit paths. In one of these walks, whose deep shades were seldom crossed by streaks of moonlight, a lady and a gentleman were promenading in earnest conversation.

'Oh Robert! I never, never, never, can make up my mind to consent to this,' she exclaimed, and withdrawing from the gentleman's arm, she threw herself on a seat, and covered her face with her hands. Her companion followed, and in great agitation seated himself in silence by her side.

'Ah, Sedley,' the lady sorrowfully said, 'you are angry with me! you think me weak; but how can I give my consent, to marry you when the fate of my husband is so uncertain? He may be alive—and think, oh think! of my dreadful situation, should he return home after our marriage?'

'I am not angry with you, Adelaide, but indeed! indeed! you tax my heart sorely—how often must I tell you that your husband having been absent *seven years*, during which time, no man has heard from, or of him, you are free by our laws. He cannot be alive, or he would have written to you. You are still young, and would you doom yourself to a long and dreary widowhood for a mere scruple of conscience? You love me,' said he taking her hand, 'we have loved each other from childhood, with a sincere and pure affection—is this not so?'

'Tis true!' sighed Adelaide, and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes to force back the rushing tears.

'Our love was unhappy,' he continued, 'and from a sentiment of duty to your dying father, not of gratitude to Charles Audley, you married him, although your heart was mine. He sailed, you know, a few months afterwards, in a ship which was never heard from since, and which was reported to have foundered at sea.—The widows of those who sailed in her, wore black as if for the dead, and many of them have married, and you, you sacrifice me, and long affection; you sacrifice yourself to such idle fears. In a few days I shall sail for a distant land. Adelaide, you must go with me, and should Audley by a miracle be among the living, he cannot disturb us there. But again I say it is utterly impossible he should be alive—think you he would not have written in, eight long years to his beloved Adelaide? and while we are convinced he must be dead, we shall be happy in each other's love, and in the peace of our own consciences.'

Adelaide leaned her head against the tree, beneath which she sat, and wept bitterly. At last she spoke, 'If I go with you, Robert, I well know, it will not be with a heart and conscience at peace—but I can contend no longer. The sight of your wretchedness, and my own misery take from me the power of resisting. I owe

you something for your long and constant affection, and to none but you, Sedley, would I thus make a sacrifice of my feelings—Robert, if we are wrong, may heaven forgive us, but take me, I am yours!'

Robert threw his arms passionately around her, and silence and tears, were the only demonstrations of the sad joy that filled their hearts. The sound of voices and footsteps aroused them, and once more our lovers resumed their walk, and leaning over the railings, gazed out on the broad bay, and lovely islands, and white sails, over all which a soft and brilliant moon was shedding the lights of her beauty. Near Staten Island, a large ship was dimly seen in full sail. Proudly and silently she came on, growing larger and more distinct to the gazer's eye. She passed Governor's Island, and approached the Battery, and now, in the full light of the moon, with all her sails floating like fleecy clouds about her, she presented a magnificent monument of the power of man. Evidently she was from abroad, and some who looked upon her were speculating from what distant port she came, and some on the pleasure now felt by the voyager in arriving at this beautiful land, or on the deeper happiness of those who might be returning to their homes and friends again. To one alone of all who gazed on that gallant ship, the glorious spectacle gave no pleasure.

'Alas!' sighed Adelaide, as she turned her steps homewards, 'how can hopes of peace and happiness come to my heart when I shudder at the sight of a distant sail, lest she bare back him whose return to these shores would now bring me to infamy and despair!'

The clocks of the city and bells of the shipping had struck twelve—every lounge had departed from the Battery. The lights of the castle were out, the music had ceased, and the moon was set. All brightness and gaiety had fled, and left this favorite promenade to darkness and solitude. No sound was heard save the dashing of the waves and the chirping of the catbirds. Even the glorious ship lay motionless, her sails were furled, and she also seemed to be at rest for the night. Soon, however, the sound of oars was heard—a little boat left the side of the foreign vessel, and approached the shore. At the castle's bridge she stopped, and a man sprang hastily up the stairs, passed rapidly over the bridge, and stood on the Battery. His deer-skin pantaloons, embroidered with silver, his rich jacket and scarlet sash, and his large sombrero proclaimed him a Mexican.

'Ha! native shore!' he said in English, 'here then I am again after eight long years of absence, but I returned not for the love of thee, my country—this is no pleasant home for me—no, I come for revenge! Revenge! and on whom? on her I loved? Ah, Audley, how art thou changed? 'tis strange, but the very touch of this soil, this silence and sweet air, and the sight of my native city, bring back all those soft and boyish feelings which I thought had left my breast forever. Oh, Adelaide, my wife! how I could have loved you, had you not thus, by such heartless coldness, spurned my heart from you, and driven me from my home a despairing wanderer.'

The stranger leaned against a tree, he threw his Spanish hat violently on the grass, and lifted the masses of dark hair from his brow, as if by violent movement he could throw from him those deep emotions which were fast overpowering him. But it was in vain—not yet had all his former good feeling departed from his heart, and tears would come—he dashed his embroidered sleeve over his eyes.

'Ha ha!' he laughed wildly, 'what would Guerrero, what would Bravo say, could they see me now? Am I the reckless Mexican warrior? Am I the hero who is to revolutionize a country, and place an Emperor on the throne? No! Iturbe, I am thine again—back to my heart,' he said, striking his breast fiercely, 'down with such unmanly feelings. I am no longer the fool I was when a woman's coldness could drive me from my home; no, eight years of wandering in foreign climes, battles and prisons, have changed me; and now, now, Adelaide! I come for vengeance. Yes, proud one, your heart shall be wrung as mine has been. Let me see,' he added, pacing up and down under the elm trees, 'she must away to Mexico—I need her wealth, and might not obtain it here—once possessed of that, I'll cast her from me, a beggar in that wide land, and then for my brave soldiers, and my Josephine!'

The next day was fixed for the marriage of

Sedley and Adelaide. In the afternoon, Robert sat alone in his piazza: his Maderia was before him—and while slowly puffing a cigar, he was indulging in visions of happy days to come.—A ring at the door, and the entrance of a servant, aroused him. A stranger wishes to see him, and in a few minutes the Mexican stood before him.

'I bring you letters, Senor, from your friends in Alvarado,' he said.

Annoyed at the interruption, Sedley took the letters, and having thanked the stranger, and offered him wine, seemed to expect him to depart. The stranger, however, thought not of going, but seated himself, and sipped his wine in gloomy silence. By degrees his face assumed a troubled expression; and, as if unconscious of the presence of Robert, he sighed profoundly, and leaned his head on his hand, as if buried in some mournful reverie. Once or twice he started up, as if with the intention of addressing his surprised and vexed host, but he again resumed his cigar and glass in silence. The shades of evening began to steal over the garden, and Robert arose.

'You must excuse me,' he said to the singular foreigner; 'but I have business of importance to attend to, and must beg permission to leave you.'

'Oh certainly Senor; but I only wished to inquire of you about certain friends I left many years ago in this city.'

'No, no—another time,' said Sedley. 'I really must leave you. It is past seven, and by eight I must be dressed and away for'—

He stopped blushing, smiled, and seemed confused.

'Ah ha! Senor is to meet some fair lady, but surely will pardon me, if I detain you but a few minutes.'

'I see I must be plain with you, sir. To tell the truth, I am to be married, and you must now see the necessity of my immediate departure, and my excuse for seeming rudeness in thus leaving you.'

'Married! and may I be so bold as to ask the lady's name?'

'Oh certainly—Adelaide Audley.'

'Adelaide Audley,' mused the stranger; 'ha! that's odd. Could there be two? pardon me, Senor, has this lady been married before?'

'Yes.'

'And to Charles Audley, who was lost in the *Scrappina*?'

'Yes, yes—but what is that to you?'

'A great deal, Senor,' replied the stranger with a sneer. 'You are only going to marry my wife, sir!'

'Your wife! Good Heaven! you are not, you cannot be Audley!'

'I am Audley,' the stranger said, while his brow grew dark with passion, and his fierce eyes flashed o'er the trembling form of Sedley. 'I have come to bear my wife to my distant home—and truly am here in time. What! drive me from her side, and marry in my absence? my rival too? Ha! I am glad of this—I wanted but this to arouse me, and make me a man again. I was yielding too much to old remembrance. 'Oh woman!' he cried, furiously striking the table with his closed hand, 'where is your pride now? All awe—all fear of you, which had made me waver, has now fled, and without remorse, I can now force you away!'

After Robert had sank on a seat, a horrid mist seemed around him—from which started out the furious and sneering face of the stranger. He arose, he dashed down a glass of wine, he pressed his hands to his eyes, to shut out the hateful vision, and to bring back his scattered senses.

'And you,' said Audley, with a sneer, turning to Robert, while the red hue of rage faded before the lividness of deeper, deadlier feeling—'Seducer! how have you meanly tried in my absence to supplant me? Could you still hope to triumph over me? Wretch!—how did you dare but look on Adelaide?'

'Come! come!' said Sedley, who had recovered a little from this first stroke, but was still almost frantic at the idea of losing her he so long and fondly loved, 'this is no time or place for raving. She is no longer your wife—by our laws she is free. But how know we that you are him you so boldly proclaim yourself?—Who will take a Spanish bravo for a slender youth of twenty, who left these shores in ill health? No, no! you are an impostor!' he wildly exclaimed. 'Away, quit this place! or, ere an hour's over, your perjury shall meet its due.'

Audley grasped his dagger, he shook with rage in every nerve—the veins in his forehead swelled, and his white lips trembled.

"Yes, kill me!" cried the almost raving Sedley, "and the gallows shall free Adelaide, if indeed you are her hated husband."

"No," said Charles, sheathing his dagger with a fendish smile, "unless you live, my triumph will not be complete."

He left the piazza. The wretched Sedley listened to the jingle of his Spanish stirrups, as he strode through the hall, and down the stone steps, and now when all was again silent, he seemed fully aroused to a sense of his misery.—He dashed his head on a table—then suddenly started up, and rushed down to the garden, and sought to cool his burning brain on the dewy grass, but heavy, heavy was the load of wretchedness which pressed on his heart.

"And can this be?" he exclaimed. "After so many years of sorrow, and so near a haven of peace, must I again be doomed to misery? Is my beautiful, my adored Adelaide, to be again torn from me? Ah! bitterer far is it to give her up now, than when we were first separated! But no! it cannot, shall not be—that ruffian shall not have her; fool, to waste my time thus. I will away to her—she knows not Audley is here, and once married, we will fly this night where he cannot pursue us."

Eager to save Adelaide, Robert did not stop to question the feasibility or justice even of his plans, but, jumping into his carriage, he was soon at the door of his beloved and unhappy Adelaide. The hour of the celebration of the marriage was fast approaching, and Adelaide, in her bridal array, sat alone in her chamber.—"Sweet and bitter fancies" passed alternately thro' her mind; occasionally a blush of triumph lightened over her lovely face, as a glance at the mirrors around her told her that time since her first marriage, had added to instead of taken from her charms. But that first marriage! as the remembrance of that and of her perhaps still living husband came over her, a sense of guilt banished all those pleasing thoughts which had occupied her heart before.

"Oh, if he should return," she exclaimed, starting up and wildly pacing the room, "no, no, I must not think of this now. After this hour he must be as one of the dead, or even with one, whom I so truly love, happiness will fly for ever. In justice for him, who has so suffered for me, I must banish all these uneasy thoughts."

Carriages now began to arrive, and when all the guests were assembled, the bride's-maid led down the trembling Adelaide to her expecting bridegroom. The room was filled with beauty and fashion, but there was none there who rivalled the brilliant loveliness of the bride. Her beauty, however, and her rich attire, failed to attract notice, as all eyes were fixed in surprise on the singular appearance of Sedley. His dress was disordered, his face pale and wild, and, during the ceremony, he started at every sound, and gazed at the door, as if expecting some horrid apparition. They were at last married. All were preparing to seat themselves, when the Mexican stranger strode haughtily into the room. His foreign dress was laid aside, and now, in his usual attire, Charles Audley was recognized by all who knew him before he left his native land. Every heart sank for the fair bride.

"This is well," he exclaimed, bowing, and looking around him; but indeed quite unexpected, to be thus welcomed home by so gay and brilliant an assembly. But where is the mistress of these revels? why does she not come forward to receive her long absent husband? Ah! he added with a sneer, "there she stands, the proud the virtuous, the faithful wife!"

Adelaide, on his first appearance, had thrown herself in Sedley's arms; she now raised her head and gazing, as if in horror, at the fearful spectre, uttered such heart-broken screams, as to draw tears to the eyes of all.

"Oh! take him away! take him away!" she cried, while at his approach she continued to step back. "Do not let him come near me, or I shall go mad!"

The distracted Robert threw his arms around her, and exhausted and almost senseless, she buried her face in his bosom.

"Wretch!" exclaimed Audley, gazing fiercely on Robert: "how dare you appear here, when, but an hour ago, you knew I was in the city? Villain! leave that lady, and quit the room!"

Audley seized the arm of Adelaide, and

would have struck Sedley to the earth, but for the interposition of those around him.

"Woman!" he cried furiously, "leave the arms of your lover, and come with your lawful husband!"

"She is my wife!" cried Robert "Were we not just wedded?—Dare not to touch her—you are not Audley, I can prove it; and, impostor as you are, I command you to leave this house!"

"Mr. Sedley," said the venerable bishop, "calm yourself; and you, who call yourself this lady's husband; there can be no need of all this fierceness. There must be many in this city who knew you, and violence cannot help to right you. Come to-morrow with one who can swear to your identity, and then justice must be done you."

"I want no evidence but hers who stands before you, hiding her guilty face from my sight. Adelaide, look on me, deny it is him, or if him, are you not free? Come, let us away this moment!"

"Adelaide," whispered Sedley wildly, "do not be imposed upon. Deny it is him, or if him, are you not free? Come, let us away this moment!"

"My child," said the bishop, "weep not thus—look up, you are called upon to end this fearful scene."

Adelaide raised her eyes to heaven, as if there alone she might hope for pity, while her beautiful countenance, lately radiant with joy, now but expressed the deepest anguish. She vainly endeavored to speak, her agony almost suffocated her. The bishop pressed her hand tenderly, and Sedley stood looking breathlessly on her, hoping, he knew not what, and waiting as if for the sentence of life or death.

Tears dimmed many a bright eye, and sorrow for the fair bride was felt by all except Audley. Cool and calm he stood opposite his wretched wife, looking quietly down on her agonized face. Adelaide pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes, and at last she spoke.

"It is Charles Audley, it is my husband! alas!"

A deep silence pervaded the room, and even a shade of emotion, at the wretchedness of that lovely being, passed over the countenance of Audley—but it was momentary.

"Come, then," he cried, taking her passive hand, "there is no more to be said, and we must away to-night."

"To-night? and whither?"

"To my ship."

"Oh leave her with us now—she is weak and faint. To-morrow she will go with you."

"No no," he cried with a ruffianly laugh; "she cannot be trusted. In the ship she is safe. To-morrow we sail for Mexico, and I have too many affairs to settle to spend the morning in search of a runaway wife. Good night, ladies and gentlemen."

"Nay, nay," interrupted the bishop, while her friends clung weeping around her; "I must insist!"

"Away, all of you!" cried Audley, furiously "who shall dare prevent a husband from taking away his lawful wife?"

"I dare!" cried a voice—and the Mexican cloak and slouched hat, which had enveloped a form at the door, fell to the ground, and a Mexican woman sprang forward. Her dark snake-like eyes were fixed on Charles, and every feature was expressive of the most malignant passions. At the sight of this fendish apparition, all recoiled, and Audley's cheek was blanched, and his eyes quailed before the fierce glare of hers. He was subdued but for a moment.

"Ha! Josephina!" he cried, "how dare you follow me here?"

"I came for vengeance!" she screamed; "I came to see if they told me the truth, who whispered that you had another wife at home. No! treacherous Pedro, she shall never go to Mexico to trample on the rights of Josephina!"

"Back! back! cursed girl!"

With one bound Josephina sprang towards Adelaide—but Audley, aware of her intention, threw himself before her, and the dagger of the wronged Mexican wife sank to her husband's heart!—Shrieks, death and horror were around Sedley—but wild joy was his only feeling, for Adelaide was free.

A son of the "Isle of Erin," having purchased a new bible, commenced his family record.—He enrolled the name of the first born thus:—"John G——, born August 6, 1836, aged 6 years."

A GOOD JOKE.

"If music be the food of love—play on!"

It was a beautiful star-light night, in the month of May, when a romantic young lady set at her chamber window, counting the stars, and more likely digesting the last novel she had swallowed with all the capacity of a girl of 18, who has nothing to do but to read and believe all the wiley author says. The watchman had just bawled out, "past twelve o'clock!" and the stillness of the night was only interrupted, now and then, by the footsteps of some home-wending spark, who, ready primed with the offerings of the ruddy god, described doubtful curves along the pavement. She had doubted all the mysticries of the spangled heavens, revelled in its blue depth, and traced the pathways of comets, when the soft sounds of a guitar fell upon her ear; three or four harmonious chords aroused her from her reverie, and found corresponding echoes in her heart. She listened—the sounds came from beneath her window, and the easy prelude proclaimed a master hand. The guitar is a romantic instrument, and with a good voice, better calculated for a serenade than any other. "She looked from her lattice," and in the shadow of the house could faintly distinguish the form of a man. Imagination did the rest; his mien was noble, and his figure commanding and martial; he was, perhaps, a foreign count; and loved! After gracefully precluding, he sung; the purport of the words the fair "ladie" could not comprehend, but there was something about love, sleep, music, angels and darts. Pen cannot describe what the fair damsel felt at that moment, the magic spell had so completely woven itself around her, that she fell in love with the noble stranger on account of his heavenly music; every note fell in bliss upon her ear; she scarcely breathed, lest she should lose the smallest sound. The next night the troubadour repeated his serenade—and the next, the fair damsel heard him with a beating heart, and so completely was she wrapt up in his "minstrelsie," that on the fourth night, she removed her seat to the basement parlor, determining to speak to the noble count if an opportunity offered. He came as usual—he struck his "light guitar," and the atmosphere became glad with the melody of his voice. Darkness concealed her and the mysterious minstrel too; but she soon betrayed herself by a truant sigh, which escaped her lips in a moment when "silence was eloquence." The minstrel approached the window; she had not presence of mind, perchance nor inclination, to close the blinds. He took her hand and pressed it fervently to his lips; she did not withdraw it, and the kiss was repeated again and again. After a while it was the unspoken language of lips—kissing without asking.

Such is the power of music; the divine goddess alone inspired them; they had neither seen nor heard each other utter a word. At length the stricken damsel whispered softly: "Prithee gentle stranger, discourse to me through your guitar. We are alone; father and mother are wrapt in the arms of sleep, and you can sing me into elysium."

At this moment a torrent of water tumbled from the garret window upon the devoted head of the gentle troubadour, and a shrill voice at the same time exclaimed.

"Ben, you black varmint! if you come here again with you banjo, sturbing the neighbors, I'll have something bout your ears dat you wont like so well, I tell ye."

It is said the romantic lady made a sudden retreat, not a little chagrined at finding herself the rival of her black house-maid.

An Ancient Ham.—Mrs. Hyam, who died on the 19th ult. aged 80 years, received on the day of her marriage, a present of a ham, with a request that it should not be cut until the birth of her first child. The lady never attained to maternal dignity, and the ham was kept until the day of the funeral, 64 years, when it was dressed, and to the surprise of all present was perfectly good and tender.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

The importance of a single type is illustrated by the following notice in a western paper:—

"The court of fleas (pleas) and quarter sessions is held this week." In such a court we should imagine that there would be brought many suits of slander and back-biting.

The Cornish mines yield, some of them the enormous profit of £2000, per cent.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the London Court Journal.

COME HOME!

The fancy and sentiment of the following composition are alone sufficient to recommend it to poetical readers; and such readers will readily trace the lines to a Lady. But they ought to have an additional interest in English eyes, being addressed by an American lady to a beloved brother who is now staying in the metropolis. They may not unfairly be taken as a specimen of the tone and character of the American poetry of the present day; and however feebly such reflections may strike others, to us there is something of pride and joy in the thought of our own language being used thousands of miles away, to produce numbers so musical, and to express feelings so characteristic of the human heart in every clime.

Come home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep,
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts—to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody:
Brother, come home.

Come home;—

Come to the hearts that love thee—to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come, where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar's shrine.
Brother, come home.

Come home;—

Come to the hearth-stone of thy early days,
Come to the ark like the o'er-earied dove:—
Come with the sun-light of thy heart's warm rays;
Come to the fire-side circle of thy love.
Brother, come home.

Come home,

It is not home without thee—the lone seat
Is still unclaimed where thou wert wont to be,
In every echo of returning feet,
In vain we list for what should herald thee.
Brother, come home

Come home;

We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring,
Watched every germ the full-blown flowrets rear,
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here.
Brother, come home.

Come home.

Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;—
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts—to fill thy sleep
With these unwearied words of melody:
Brother, come home.
C. H. W.

From the Westchester Spy.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

The observation that "truth is stranger than fiction," is finely illustrated by the following story which was related to us some time since by a lady well acquainted with all the parties. At her request we suppress the names of those concerned and substitute others.

Many years ago two friends, Edward Manning and George Belden, resided in the vicinity of Catskill in this state. They had been educated at the same schools, had grown to maturity in the same neighborhood, and at an early age had married and settled on adjoining farms.—Here, however, the parallel between them ceased. The wife of Edward was a sweet, companionable woman, of great personal attractions and a soft and winning address, whilst that of George was old, ugly, unsocial, and though possessed of many amiable qualities of mind, was altogether unsuited to the ardent temperament of her husband. Indeed it may not be amiss to say, that George had probably married her more from a desire to possess himself of her valuable farm than for any other attraction which she might have possessed, and though really a worthy woman, she had never been able to secure his affections.

Notwithstanding this difference, the world prospered with the friends, each of whom experienced the vicissitudes common to married life, and "little cares, little pleasures, little troubles, and little children," multiplied with each succeeding year. The eldest of Mr. Belden's children was a boy, and the first born of Mr. Manning was a girl, who being nearly of an equal age were constantly together, associated alike in their study and in their play. The parents, also, kept up a friendly interchange of kind offices, and a constant intercourse every way agreeable and honorable until the sixth year of their marriage, when Mr. Manning was called from his home on business of importance and detained for some time. On his return, he found to his utter astonishment, that his charming wife, the wife of his bosom and his love, had forsaken his home and gone off with his former friend and companion, George Belden, carrying with them little Lucy, his only living child. His grief may perhaps be imagined but not described. Deceiv-

ed by his friend, forsaken by his wife, and by the same stroke deprived of his child, the agony of the moment was too much for his constitution, he became sick at heart and sunk for a time beneath the load of his sorrows; recovering at length he instituted a diligent search for the fugitives, but every effort to detect them proved in vain.

Meantime Mr. Belden had made good his retreat to the *far west*, with his stolen bride and her charming little daughter, whilst his own family remained, unheeded, behind. He paused at one of the new villages which was then springing up along the banks of the lower Mississippi, where he had scarcely settled himself when he and his paramour were both attacked with the yellow fever which was raging there at the time, and suddenly hurried to their account, leaving little Lucy an orphan and a stranger far from her native home. It so happened, however, that Dr. Elmore, the physician who had attended them in their last moments, was so struck with her beauty and intelligence that he at once determined to take her to his own house and adopt her as his child. Dr. Elmore had no children—we think that he was a bachelor—but however that may be, he became very fond of little Lucy, took great pains to give her the best opportunity for education which the place afforded, cultivated both her mind and her manners, and behaved towards her in all respects like a parent, and she grew up a beautiful, engaging, affectionate girl, the delight of her fostering father and the centre and charm of the little circle in which she moved.

When Lucy was carried away from her home, she was sufficiently old to understand that all was not exactly right between her mother and Mr. Belden, and to recollect the names of several places in the vicinity of the town where she had lived. As she increased in years, these impressions of her infancy were strengthened by a greater degree of knowledge, and from time to time she communicated to her foster-father all that she knew respecting her own history and the place and scenes of her early home. The information thus gleaned was sufficient to awaken a desire for more, and Dr. Elmore requested the member of congress from his district to make further enquiries of the member representing the district in which Lucy had resided.

Now it so happened that the member from New York was acquainted with all the circumstances of the elopement, knew all the parties, and was therefore possessed of all the desired information, which he communicated accordingly, and at the same time wrote to Mr. Manning informing him of the death of his former wife and of his former friend, and of the circumstances and situation of his child.

This information aroused all the tender feelings of the father, and he resolved immediately to take his journey for the great valley of the Mississippi, and see his long lost daughter. He found her every thing that he could wish. The little, gay, frolicsome Lucy had become the admired and beautiful Miss—the light, dancing, thoughtless girl had changed into the full and rounded proportions of a lovely woman. The meeting, too, was affectionate and kind on the part of both. They embraced and kissed each other, and as the bright recollections of other days came rushing o'er his mind, Mr. Manning yielded to the impulse of his gentle nature and wept aloud.

But we cannot pause to give the particulars of the interview. Mr. Manning tarried a few days with Dr. Elmore and then obtained a reluctant consent to take his leave and carry with him his new found treasure. Accordingly Lucy took, as she supposed, a final leave of her kind protector, and her sobs and swollen eyes told how hard it was to part with one who had been to her such a true friend, such an affectionate father. Still they did part, and Mr. Manning and his beautiful daughter were soon wending their way o'er the surface of that mighty stream which sweeps its devious course through the vast and fertile valley that bears its name.

But at that time the progress up the river was slow and toilsome and interrupted by a thousand obstacles. They had been on their way two or three days, and yet had moved but a few miles from the place of starting, when their further advance was entirely checked by a dead calm, and Lucy and her father went on shore to wile away the idle time till the elements should be more propitious. They ascended the bank of the river—the air was mild, the forest green, the sun low in the heavens—the prospect around

was extensive and beautiful, and attracted the admiring eye of the sensitive maiden; and that she might be enabled to take in the whole varied scene at a glance her father placed her upon the limb of a fallen tree where her elevated position commanded a magnificent view. Above was the clear, tranquil sky—around, the vast, interminable forest where nature reigned in her deepest solitudes—beyond, the clear blue of the horizon mingled its softened border with the summer drapery of the undulating hills, and at her feet lay the mighty Father of Waters, sweeping his majestic and ceaseless way amid the deep grandeur of the solitary waste.

Lucy dwelt with the enthusiasm of youth upon the beautiful scene, and her eye was still engaged in tracing the various charms which it presented, when her attention was attracted in another direction, and turning round she saw a carriage winding its way through the thick forest, and on a nearer approach her eye flashed with joy and she exclaimed, "Dr. Elmore, Dr. Elmore!" and springing from her elevated position she ran to meet and embrace her old friend and guardian.

The Doctor had found himself so uncomfortable without the soothing attentions of his adopted daughter that he determined to go after her and make another effort to prevail on Mr. Manning to commit her again to his protection and keeping. With this view, knowing that it would be easy to overtake the boat in its passage against the current, he started in pursuit and was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Manning and his daughter upon the bank of the river. It was, however, no easy matter to persuade a father to relinquish his beautiful, his long lost child. The struggle between his affections and what seemed to him his duty was long and painful, but Dr. Elmore urged such reasons as finally induced him to yield—the arrangement was fully made—Lucy's trunks were brought on shore—Mr. Manning gave her his parting blessing, affectionately kissed her as she sobbed her faint farewell, and was about to return to the boat on his way to New York, when a man from on board the vessel lying at anchor in the river approached the group and inquired where a physician could be found. Dr. Elmore informed him that such was his profession, and the stranger pressed him to go on board his vessel and visit a young man who had been taken violently ill on his passage down the river, and he feared was in a dangerous situation. In complying with this request the Doctor urged Lucy and her father to accompany him, which they did, and the reader can judge of Mr. Manning's surprise when, in the person of the sick patient, he discovered the eldest son of his treacherous friend, George Belden. He was on his way to New Orleans, where he was to join his mother's brother in a lucrative and prosperous business, and in his affliction the joy which he felt on meeting such a friend as Mr. Manning can scarcely be conceived. It was soon arranged that the vessel should drop down the stream as far as Dr. Elmore's residence, where George should remain until his recovery, and that Mr. Manning should attend him there, whilst Lucy and the Doctor should return by land.

The rest of our story is soon told. George recovered from his illness, and smitten with the charms of his youthful playmate, abandoned his expedition to New Orleans, and pressed his suit with the beautiful maid until his love was answered with the hand of our affectionate and amiable friend. Mr. Manning delayed his journey to witness the consummation of his daughter's happiness, when he returned to New-York. George and Lucy remained with Dr. Elmore, and finally settled in that vicinity, where we believe they still remain.

Queer Comparison.—Large bonnets are coming in fashion again. The small, neat, lady-like cottages, which made all the girls look so bewitching, are giving way to the monstrous, flaring, uncouth things, which make such a frightful appearance. There is no beauty or grace about them; and if the ladies only knew how horrid ugly they looked in them, they never would wear them. We laughed outright the other day, on seeing one in a crowd. The wearer looked like an elephant, flapping its huge ears! We beg of the ladies to eschew the frightful things—more especially as it is hinted that a certain notorious character in New York first set them going.—*Portland Times.*

☞ The ladies of the Imperial Seraglio are now in the habit of going out in public, by the express desire of the Sultan himself.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 10, 1836.

History of Rochester.—It is not generally known that our fellow citizen, HENRY O'REILLY, Esqr., proposes to publish a history of our city, so soon as he can collect the necessary materials. We understand that such is his determination, and that he is now actively engaged in the work. His long residence in the place, his intimate acquaintance with its statistics, from its infancy, and his extensive knowledge of all the interesting particulars of its settlement and growth, in addition to his talents as a writer—eminently qualify him for the work.

For the purpose of giving the distant reader a correct idea of the advantages and present prosperity of the place, the work is to be illustrated with numerous engravings. Among them we may mention the upper and lower falls—the rail-road bridge—some of the largest mills, and specimens of the prevailing architecture, as illustrated by the private dwellings erected during the past year.

Some may smile at the idea of a history of a place in which the echo of the woodman's axe may yet be heard, and which still bears in its very heart the stumps of the forest which so recently waved over its soil. Such, however, should remember that it is not *age* but *events* that constitute history. Caspar Hauser's boyhood was more fruitful than the 150 years of the Scotch weaver's life;—the fifty days' siege of Troy was as full of events as an ordinary seven years' war; and Rochester, though she has scarcely emerged from her teens, affords more historic materials than many antiquated matrons. It is true, she has no moss-covered castles—no impregnable bulwarks—no traditionary legends, and few battle-tales—with which to gild the pages of her life; but her early struggles—her advancement—her temples, dedicated to manufactures—her progress in the arts and sciences—her powers and advantages—her present stability; and the causes which have produced it—will prove more interesting to the business reader, and especially to the political economist—than the ten thousand fictions of antiquity.

Mr. O'Reilly will do the work justice, and present to the world a history which will, more than any thing recently issued from the press, develop the enterprising genius of the American character.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—If ever the world is enlightened, it will be mainly through the instrumentality of the Press. It is the great lever by which mind is to be moved. The millions of intellectual meteors which it daily emits, will, ere long, dissipate the darkness in which human nature is enveloped, and give new life to the dormant faculties of man. In our own country, it has already effected a gratifying revolution. It has made the American People as eminent for their intelligence, as for their morality and justice. And nothing has contributed so extensively to produce this result, as PERIODICAL LITERATURE. This mode of diffusing knowledge is of comparative recent date. It is one of the improvements of the age—no less popular for its convenience than for its economy. It has literally opened the flood-gates of knowledge, and suffered the chrysal stream to flow with equal freedom to the poor and the rich. Was knowledge a commercial commodity—valuable according to its scarcity—this breaking down of the barriers which keeps it from the reach of the indigent, might be considered an evil. But as the reverse

is the fact—as the value of knowledge is enhanced by its profusion—to the individual who does most to scatter it abroad, is the world most indebted.

If this be true, then does the world owe much to THEODORE FOSTER. He is emphatically the PERIODICAL LITERATURIST (if we may coin a word) of America. He will be honorably remembered by the deep enquirer and grave politician, for the indefatigable enterprise which he has displayed in the re-publication of the popular and invaluable quarterly and monthly Reviews of Europe; but he will be enthusiastically revered by the more youthful enquirer for his excellent "*Cabinet Miscellany*," the tenth number of which has already been issued.

We have before had occasion to allude to this publication. It was then an experiment. It is now fixed upon a permanent basis. The public have appreciated the merits of the work, and have already given the publisher indubitable evidence of its worth, by an extensive patronage.

The ten numbers issued contain "*St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Nipoli Di Romania, in 1833-34, by M. Von Tietz, Prussian Councillor of Legation*," "*A Steam Voyage Down the Danube, with Sketches of Hungary Wallachia, Servia, Turkey, &c. by M. J. Quinn, author of a Visit to Spain*," and "*the East India Sketch Book, comprising an account of the present State of Society in Calcutta, Bombay, &c.*"

The writers of these truly instructive and amusing works are men of the highest literary acquirements. They are written, not in the ordinary prosing style of travels, but in so lively, descriptive and entertaining a manner as to throw an irresistible charm over the most dull and every day occurrences. They have received the warmest encomiums from both American and European critics, and are well deserving a place in a work which is destined to occupy so prominent a place in the literary world as the "*Cabinet Miscellany*" of Mr. Foster.

As the price of this work is but \$5 per annum—or 12½ cents the number; and as every number contains 72 pages, and as the three works embraced in the ten numbers already issued, would cost, in the usual form, not less than three dollars—we hope our readers will have sufficient regard for their intellectual interests to become subscribers for it. The Messrs. MORSE are agents.

"First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption."

Cole's Pictures of the course of an Empire.—The American Monthly Magazine, in its notice of this series of pictures justly remarks: "These Pictures, as we heard it observed by a distinguished artist, will hereafter mark a new era in the history of painting. They constitute a grand moral epic; each picture in the series being as perfect in itself as a single book of a finished poem: and the whole together comprising a system, which for completeness and grandeur of conception, may be classed with the noblest works of imagination."

Young Freemont, an actor in Philadelphia, whilst in the act of dying in the character of Grampus, in Wreck Ashore, struck against a table, and fractured his skull. He is expected to recover.

Another Yankee Notion.—A Mr. Emmons, in New Jersey, has invented a locomotive to be propelled by *Spring Power*, to move upon a single rail, at the rate of from 70 to 100 miles per hour! The machine is said to be perfectly original, and no doubt is entertained of its feasibility. If it succeeds it will supercede all former locomotive inventions.

The Boston Herald gives the following as the latest instance of "absence of mind:" The latest case is that of a ship carpenter, who bit off the end of a copper spike, and drove a plug of Tobacco into a vessel's bottom.

In England, the present year, there has been more than \$250,000 invested in the publication of Annuals.

Irving is said to have received 700 pounds from the London publishers, for his last entertaining work on *Astoria*. The first English edition was sold in a day.

The annual expense of bread stuffs, for the support of the people of the United States, may be set down, in round numbers, at two hundred millions of dollars.

New Planet.—Further observations laid before the French Academy of Sciences, seem to confirm the suspicion for some time entertained, that there is another planet similar to Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, but the orbit of which is not yet even conjectured.

Suffocation.—As Mrs. Weed, wife of Mr. Henry Weed, of 30 Howard street, was attempting to swallow a piece of beefsteak at breakfast, on Sunday morning, it stuck in her throat and caused death in a few minutes. She previously complained of the steak being tough. Her husband had finished his breakfast and gone into another room; soon after which Mrs. W. came in with a child in her arms, and made signs for him to strike her on the back, as she was choking. He did so, and also attempted to remove the meat with his fingers, but both were ineffectual. She soon expired. She had for some time previous complained of quincy sore throat, and was somewhat afflicted with it when the fatal accident occurred.—*Times.*

Prospectus of Vol. IX,

OF

THE GEM AND LADIES' AMULET.

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
TALES AND MISCELLANÉY;With Plates and Music—At \$1 to Mail, and
\$1 50 to City Subscribers—In advance.

The Ninth Volume of THE GEM, which will be commenced in the first week of January, is designed to exceed its predecessors in beauty, usefulness and interest. The patronage which it has received, has enabled its publishers to procure two new fonts of type, together with a font of beautiful Music Type, at a heavy expense, by which they will be able to give to their readers an increased quantity of matter, and some of the most popular (original and selected) pieces of Music.

The general character of the paper will be improved. We shall aim to make such selections as will prove interesting and amusing; while original articles shall be published *only* when they combine talent and interest.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS will have their papers left at their doors for one dollar and fifty cents—those who call at the office, one dollar and twenty five cents.

MAIL SUBSCRIBERS—One dollar.

These prices are so low, that no loss can be afforded; we therefore insist upon payment in all cases in advance, or the addition of fifty cents if not paid within three months.

AGENTS.—Any person who may obtain five subscribers and remit \$5 free of postage, shall receive six copies; or \$10, twelve copies, and a bound volume at the end of the year.

No subscriptions received for less than a year.

The volume will commence with the first Saturday in January, 1837, and contain 26 numbers, 8 pages each, including title page and index.

SHEPARD, STRONG & DAWSON.

Rochester, Dec. 7, 1836.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. P. Church, Mr. MERWIN S. HAWLEY, merchant, to Miss MARY ANN METCALF, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. John Copeland, Mr. SILAS T. DEAN, to Miss CATHARINE S. ADAMS, all of this city.

In Detroit, on Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, JOHN DALLAS, Esq. Editor St. Clair Republican, to Miss LUCINDA WALTER, of this city.

At Scottsville, on the 8th inst., by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. Delas Gibs to Miss Mary Ann Done.

In Pultneyville, on the 5th Oct. by the Rev. Mr. Kinne, Mr. Amos Preston, jr. to Miss Eliza Ann Wright,

THERE IS AN HOUR.

ARRANGED AS A DUETT FOR TWO VOICES.

AIR.

There is an hour of peace-ful rest To mourn-ing wan-d'ers given; There is a tear for souls dis-tress'd,

Pia.

A balm for ev-ry wound-ed breast, 'Tis found a lone in heav'n.

2
There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv'n;
When, toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav'n.

3
There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects giv'n;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly;
And all serene—in heav'n.

4
There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are giv'n
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heav'n.

VARIETY.

USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requirth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our onward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
When'er his faith is dim,
For whose careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!

Dufavel.—The late Paris papers contain numerous notices concerning Dufavel, whose late misfortune in being imprisoned at the bottom of a well, and his fortunate deliverance, had excited so much interest. A Lyons paper of Sept. 16th, says—

Dufavel feels no bad effect from his accident except some little remaining weakness—and that he will be amply repaid for his protracted suffering by the numerous marks of sympathy which have been lavished upon him, and by the fruits of the subscriptions and collections in his favor, which will probably put him at his ease for the remainder of his days. A minute account, taken from his own mouth, of his feelings and sufferings during his painful imprisonment, has been

drawn up by Dr. Biennu, and made into a pamphlet, which is sold for the benefit of Dufavel. The Lyons theatre gave a representation for his benefit, and the King transmitted to him 200 francs, in testimony of his interest on the occasion; His Majesty also directed the sum of 500 francs to be divided among the engineers employed in his deliverance. A late Paris paper gives a description of a melo drama upon the subject, which had been got up at one of the minor theatres,—in which the abyss was represented, and the poor man covered with mud and sand is brought before the public. The Paris critic condemns this as being in rather bad taste, but excuses it on the ground of the intense interest felt in the affair, and remarks that it was impossible not to be moved by such a spectacle, though the bad taste and style of the piece was enough to stop the tears which were every moment ready to flow. Notwithstanding all faults however, the priest descending to the well was received with most unbounded applause. This venerable priest, as the bill says, is the worthy curate of St. Just, who in his admirable courage and charity was far from expecting a reward of this nature. [* See Gem, pp. 181, 182.]

A Scene at the Gate of Paradise.—A poor tailor being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, went to the Gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been in Purgatory.

'No,' said the Tailor, 'but I have been married.'

'Oh!' said Peter, 'that is all the same.'

The Tailor had scarcely got in, before a fat, Turtle-eating Alderman came puffing and blowing.

'Halloo! you fellow,' said he, 'open the door.'

'Not so fast,' said Peter, 'have you ever been in Purgatory?'

'No,' said the Alderman, 'but what is that to the purpose? You let in that poor, half-starved Tailor, and he had no more been in Purgatory than I.'

'But he has been married,' said Peter.

'Married!' exclaimed the Alderman, 'why I've been married twice.'

'Then pray go back again,' said Peter, 'Paradise is not the place for fools.'

Damages and Repairs.—"Hallo, Sharp," said Pop meeting him the other day in the street, "you hobble my boy, what's the matter with you?"

"O, I had my feet crushed through the carelessness of a conductor the other day, between the railroad cars—that's all."

"And dont you mean to sue for damages?"

"Damages? no, no—I have had damages enough from them already—hadn't I better sue for repairs?"

Served Right.—An independent gentleman was illustrating Mrs. Tuglope after dinner, at the house of a Baltimore restaurateur. He sat pouring over the paper with his understandings on the table. "Waiter, pigs feet," cried a guest—"There they are sir," replied the waiter, pointing to the table of the gentleman with the newspaper.

An eccentric genius stepping into the door of a landlady, observed, "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

Bad is the Best.—A gentleman travelling in a stage coach annoyed his fellow passengers by an incessant cough. "That is a bad cough," at last testily observed one of the "insides."—"Yes," replied the sufferer, "but 'tis the best I have got."

The adjutant of a volunteer corps, doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "all you that are without arms will please to hold up your hands."

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband, "you are always at the public house, getting drunk with hot purl, while I am at home, with nothing to drink but cold water." "Cold, you silly jade!" hiccoughed the husband, "why don't you warm it?"

"You are a crooked fellow," said a wight of four feet, to a tall, round shouldered neighbor.—"And you are a straight one," answered the other, "because there is not length in your body to form a crook."

THE ROCHESTER GEM.

By Shepard, Strong & Dawson

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

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

VOL. VIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1836.

No. 26.

MISCELLANY

A PEEP INTO THE RICH POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

Extract from Miss Sedgewick's late work entitled the Rich Poor Man and the Poor Rich Man.

Seven years had not passed over without those precious accumulations to Aikin that constitute the poor man's wealth; for, save a conscience void of offence, there is no treasure comparable to healthy, bright, well-trained children. Our friend Harry and his wife had kept the even tenor of their way—no uncommon event had happened to them; but as the river of life glides through a varied country, the aspect of theirs now varied from what it was when we last saw them.

The floor of the room was partly covered with a carpet, and the part visible as clean as hands could make it. It was summer, and the blinds were closed, admitting only light enough to enable the persons within to carry on their occupations. Uncle Phil is setting by the half-opened window, with a year old baby on his lap, telling over on its toes that charming lyric "this pig went to market, and that pig stayed at home."—Aunt Lottie was preparing a pot of wholesome soup, which, like a judicious house-wife, having boiled the day before, she was freeing from every particle of fat—a little girl, six years old, was tackling worsted bindings together for Venetian blinds, whereby she got from a manufacturer (working only at odd intervals) half a dollar per week; and at the same time teaching a sister, something more than two years younger, the multiplication table—Susan Aikin sat by, her vigilant eye seeing every thing, and her kind voice interposing, as often as the wants or claims of the children rendered her interference necessary. Her most difficult duty seemed to be to keep in due order a restless, noisy little fellow, William, the twin brother of her eldest girl, whom she was teaching to write; while at the same time she was tailoring and instructing in her art a young girl, who had just set the last stitch in a vest of the most costly material, and was holding it up for inspection; a slight anxiety, till she heard the approving word, tempering her conscious success. Susan scrutinized every part of it, every seam, button-hole and button; and then said—

"There's not a fault in it—I could not do one better, myself, Agnes."

Agnes burst into tears; Anne looked up from her work inquiringly; little Mary exclaimed, "Such a big girl cry?" Willie said, "She is not really crying;" and the baby stretched out its neck, and put its lips to offer a kiss of consolation, which Agnes took, smiling through her tears, and saying, "Oh, I'm only crying because your mother has been so good to me!"

"Well," shouted Willie, "that's a funny thing to cry for!"

"That was not all, Willie," said his mother; "Agnes cried because she has been good herself."

"That's funnier yet; we never cry only when we are naughty."

Mrs. Aikin solved the riddle, and so will we; Agnes was the eldest child of a worthy and very poor neighbor of Mrs. Aikin. Her father had been disabled for some months, by falling from a building, and had recently died; her mother had lost her health from over exertion. Agnes had an idiot sister, and two brothers too young to render the family any assistance. Mrs. Aikin, foreseeing the distress of the family after they should have exhausted the father's earnings, and knowing that Agnes was a diligent and good girl, and had been well taught plain sewing in

public school, offered to instruct her in making vests, a very profitable business to those who are skilled in it, and can command work from the first merchant tailors. There were some obstacles in the way: Agnes could only be spared from home at odd intervals, and often at times very inconvenient to Susan Aikin; but who, as Susan said, would ever do any good in this world if they made mountains of mole-hills?—Those who saw her multiplied cares, her bee-like industry, would rather have said she made mole-hills of mountains. She always received Agnes with a smile, always found a quiet corner for her, and made leisure to attend her.—Agnes, seeing the efforts and sacrifices her kind friend made for her, set the right value upon the good she was obtaining, and performed her part with fidelity.

Many complaints are made of the low rates of women's wages—some just, no doubt; but for the most part they are paid according to their capacity. A well-qualified seamstress, tailoress, or milliner, can, except in very rare cases, obtain certain employment and good pay: a half-taught and careless worker must take her chance for shop-work, at low wages. Susan Aikin could at all times command work from the most respectable houses was sure of the highest wages, and incidental favors that she knew how to turn to account. "Now, Agnes, my child," she had said on the day previous to this on which we have introduced her young friend, "here is a trial vest for you. I have got leave from my employers to put it into your hands; you must set every stitch in it; and, if it is done to their satisfaction, you are to have as much of their best work as you can do, which is as good as a promise of six dollars a week to you—a sure support for your poor mother, and helpless sister, and little brothers. Better, my child, to trust to diligent, skilful hands, than to widows' societies, and assistance societies, and so on; leave those for such as get nothing better, while we use the means of independence which Providence has given us."

"But if I should fail, Mrs. Aikin?"

"Why, then there's one comfort left, we can try again; but you will not fail."

Thus stimulated and encouraged, Agnes set to work, and, as has been seen, accomplished her task, and no wonder that she shed tears of joy when it was done. Which, we would ask, was happiest—which richest; he who paid fifteen dollars for the vest, or she who earned the dollar by making it, and thereby cheered the hearts of the desolate, and brought comfort and light to a dreary home? or, which is happiest—richest; she who is lapped in luxury, and is every day seeking some new and expensive pleasure, or those who, like our friend Mrs. Aikin, in some obscure place, are using their faculties and seizing their opportunities of doing good, never to be known and praised by the world, but certainly recorded in the book of life?

While the vest is passing round to be examined and praised by Aunt Lottie, Uncle Phil, and all, for their joys were in common in this little family, Aikin entered, and had his share in the general pleasure; but his brow soon clouded.—Children are quick readers of faces they love.

"What is the matter, father?" asked Willie: "is that ugly pain in your breast come again?"

"No, something worse, Willie; a pain in my heart."

"What is the matter?" asked Susan, anxiously. Every eye is now turned to Aikin.

"It's poor M'Elroy's troubles again. He called me as I was passing. There lay his wife on the floor, dead drunk. Returning from the Grocer's she slipped down the cellar stairs, and is so black and bruised, her head so swollen you would not know her. The children are crying, and he wringing his hands and saying, 'I can

bear it no longer.' He every week of his life earns more than I do, and this bad woman wastes it. This comes of marrying a poor, ignorant, ill-brought up girl, who had nothing but a pretty face to recommend her. M'Elroy says his children are going to destruction. She makes them play truant, sends them out begging, puts lies in their mouths, and last and worse than all gives them rum to drink."

"Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed Susan, "what can be done for them?"

"He says but one thing—he must turn her adrift; he has forgiven and forgiven till he is tired of it."

"Ah, there is one Being that is never tired of forgiving!"

"The poor fellow has been very patient though; but he says, for his children's sake, he must break up; they are going to ruin. He has engaged places for them all but little Sam; no one is willing to take him for the price M'Elroy can pay."

"Not willing to take Sam, father?" interrupted Mary, "I should think they would be wildest of all to take Sam."

"Why, Mary?"

"Because he wants taking care of most."

"Ah, Mary, that's a rule few go by. It's no joke," continued Aikin to his wife, "for the poor fellow to board out himself and four children, for there's not one of them old enough to earn his own living."

"Sam's a bright boy," said Uncle Phil.

"And a poor sickly little fellow, that's been cruelly neglected," said Aunt Lottie.

"It would be a comfort to see if care and management would not cure him," said Susan Aikin.

"M'Elroy can pay half a dollar a week, which I think will pay for all the poor little fellow can consume in his present state," said Aikin.

"It is an opportunity," said Susan, seeming to think aloud.

"What did you say, Susan?" asked her husband.

"Nothing; I was only thinking it was an opportunity." Her husband smiled. "Well," she added, "I am superstitious about that; the opportunities are given, and it is our business to improve them, and it always makes me feel bad when I let one slip by; the same never offers twice."

"Speak out plain, wife; what do you mean?"

It was now Susan's turn to smile. "You know what I mean, Harry. It would not be right for us to run into any expense for a neighbor's child, but care and kindness we can give—they cost us nothing. Lottie is the best of doctors, and I think, among us, we could cure up little Sam; and that would be a comfort."

"But," asked her husband, "are you not afraid to bring a child that has been in the hands of that bad woman among our children?"

"No, our children all pull one way, and if they see any thing wrong we shall know, for they are true and open as the day. Poor little Sam has not been sent into the streets like the other children: and, if he has caught some of their bad habits, surely they may be cured in one so young. We have no money to give away, husband; but of such as we have we can give, and hope for the Lord's blessing upon the gift."

The whole family, old and young, were of Susan's mind. The little boy was brought into the shelter of their fold: and soon under the kind and judicious management of Lottie and Susan, his unstrung, weak, and dropsical figure, was braced to health and activity; his eye brightened, and his sallow cheek changed to the natural hue of childhood. Good principles and good habits were implanted, and good feeling cherished; and he who must have perished in a miserable childhood, or have dragged on a mischievous

or at best, a worthless existence, held up his head in after life among his fellows, a prosperous, useful, and respected citizen.

Truly did Susan Aikin say "God gives the opportunity;" and well did she improve it!

From the Knickerbocker for December.

THE ORDINARY MAN.

BEING A SERIES OF INCIDENTS INCIDENTAL, OR RATHER INDIGINOUS TO INDIGENCE.

If a man has plenty of money, dresses well, and walks the streets all day, he is denominated a "gentleman;" but if a man, on the contrary, is destitute of cash, attires himself somewhat indifferently, and lounges about, he is at once stigmatized with the inelegant cognomination of "loafer." Such, O reader! are the inscrutable usages of society. Now, some people call me a loafer, merely because I transport bricks for builders, and hold horses sometimes at the races; but I content myself with the knowledge that man is a fallible animal, and too often led away by appearances. One fellow at the theatre, a few evenings since, was preposterous enough to affix that appellation to me, without having had the slightest previous acquaintance. I stepped up to him as he was issuing from the door, and very urbanely requested his check. "Go to—! you d—d loafer!" said he. I was so shocked at the man's reply, that I absolutely wheeled short round, and left him.

I should not take this gentle appellation so much to heart, if I was one of that class of persons who extract sugar from hogsheads on the wharf, by means of a piece of reed fashioned in the form of a scoop, or pitch pennies in public places, or vend, as agents, the daily papers of the city. These occupations have never engaged my attention; yet some are indiscriminate enough to rate me among these professors. During my leisure hours, I saunter about the most respectable and fashionable places of amusement. I frequent the Battery. I do not visit Castle Garden, it is true; a shilling is demanded as entrance money, and being a gentleman of limited means, I cannot afford to disburse that sum. (But as I have said I go very often to the Battery, and yet people call me a loafer.

Last night, Uncle Jake and Mr. Dobbs requested me to accompany them to Maelzel's. I consented, on condition that they would become responsible for the charge of admission, which they jointly agreed to do. My worthy relative was very much astonished with the performance of the chess-player. He looked at it steadily for half an hour, and then turning to Mr. Dobbs, remarked that 'the ingenuity of man was unaccountable to God.' Mr. Dobbs said that 'it was sartainly a great effort of nature, and a good deal previous to any thing he had ever seen;' and his sage companion finished the colloquy by observing that 'it was, to his idea, a most unmitigated complexion of machinism.'

I thought that, after having been seen at Maelzel's, people would cease to use the hateful epithet so unjustly bestowed upon me; but unhappily, the very next day I was pushed against the stall of an apple-woman, overturning her table, and creating a world of havoc among her gingerbread and small beer. The lady, very much incensed, seized the body of a decapitated bottle, and discharged it with a most wonderful accuracy at my head, exclaiming, at the same time, 'Take dat, ye loafer!—ye tafe o' the world, dat ye are—and may the devil send his blessing along wid it!'

I was very sorry at being the cause of the lady's misfortune, and endeavored, as far as possible, to palliate the offence; but this, instead of pacifying the female, only served to exasperate her the more. 'Ye devil incarnate!' shouted she, menacing me at the same time with the largest fragment of another bottle, 'be aff wid ye!' and not caring to receive a second salutation from so effective a missile, I walked on, leaving the wrathful dame to arrange matters with divers bad little boys, who had taken illegal possession of sundry of her apples, after the overthrow of the table.

While in this state of deflection, I was joined by George Edward Fitz-Augustus Seaton, a colored man, who discharged the functions of waiter at the City Hotel. He informed me that he was going to market, 'for de special object,' as he declared, 'of purchasing vegetables and other animal matter, for de immediate consumption of de establishment.' Having nothing bet-

ter to do, I agreed to accompany George Edward Fitz-Augustus, and we accordingly set off for Catherine Market. When we arrived at that depot of natural, animate and inanimate productions, my companion walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and after peering for some time at his stock, inquired, 'if dose were good taters?'

'Yes, Sir,' responded the countryman.

'A tater,' resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, 'is inevitably bad, unless it is invariably good. Dose is no mediocrity in de combination of a tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends de article upon your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man of probability in your transactions, I, without any further circumlocution takes a bushel!'

George Edward now passed to the stall of a dealer in eggs and butter, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his vest pocket, commenced an inspection of the latter commodity. 'You call dat good butter?' demanded he, with a disagreeable expression upon his countenance, as of an ill flavor suddenly inhaled.

'Yes, sir, I do—as good butter as comes to this or any other place.'

'What you tink 'bout axing for dat butter?'

'Twenty-five cents.'

'Twenty-five cents! And do you suppose, for de moment, dat your butter extensifys to such extreme waluation?—nasty, rancid stuff, churned over for de'casion!—old butter renovated!'—said the indignant George Edward, moving off; 'but dat's de kind of negotiation I frequently meets with i' dis market!'

A few days since, a shabby, shoeless, semicoatless biped detained me in the street by thrusting forth his paw, and inquiring how I fared. I regarded the individual for some moments with a stare of mingled astonishment and disgust; and if he had had the smallest share of gentility, he would have perceived at once that I could be not otherwise than happy to dispense with his company.

'Ha! you forgot me already?' said he; 'why I'm the gen'leman that helped you to pile wood last Saturday, at the bad-factory.'

'Are you indeed?'

'Yes,' responded he; 'why you and I is old acquaintances: don't you recollect how we used to ride the porkers together, down to the Fulton market?'

'I cannot say that my memory serves me, in regard to such equestrian incidents,' answered I, shocked at the fellow's vulgarity.

'And you don't remember 'old black,' that used to hustle us off by running between the two post'ses?'

'No, I do not, sir,' said I, indignantly.

'Well, that's redikelus!' rejoined the animal any how, come and drink some brandy with me.'

Although I was startled at his rudeness, and treated him somewhat cavalierly, I nevertheless accepted his invitation, because I made it a point never to refuse a kindness. He conducted me passively to one of the city wharves, from thence up an alley, and finally into a back warehouse, where there were a great many pipes, barrels, and quarter-casks. 'Now,' said he, 'that there tier of pipes is Cogniac; those quarter-casks is Madeira; and them barrels has got whiskey in 'em; so take your choice—and here's a straw to suck it with.'

'Brandy is my selection,' responded I, extracting the bung, and commencing operations. Scarcely had I tasted the beverage, when a third person made his appearance. My companion and I immediately suspended proceedings, for in this person we recognized the features of a notorious police officer.

'Aha! you wagrants!' exclaimed he, flourishing a huge stick, which he carried in his dexter paw, 'I've nabbed ye at last!'

'What have I done, sir?' demanded I, trembling from the toes up.

'Dono? you d—d loafer!' roared out this Polyphemus—(he had but one eye.)—'why, hav'nt ye been compromising the effects of individuals, by drinking their liquor?'

'Sir, I came here by that gentleman's invitation.'

'Then you always accepts invitations. eh?'

'Yes, sir, I do,' said I.

'Then I invites you to come along with this gentleman and I, up to the office of a big fat man that wears spectacles, and is always happy to see individuals like you, 'specially when you're in my company.'

The officer was inexorable in his purpose, and we were compelled to repair to the hall of justice. The constable made a statement of the case to the magistrate, and that stern disciple of the law, after eying us severely through a pair of glasses whose magnitude, to my excited vision, approximated the circumference of a tea-saucer, committed us for trial. I was recommended by the constable to some portion of this functionary's mercy, it being my first of fence; but the unbending limb of the law shook his head 'with a negative,' saying that if I was not a rogue then, I soon *would* be one, and that it was always better to crush an evil in the bud. 'It's a duty,' continued he, 'that I owe my country, and, by the shade of the immortal Draco! I'll perform it to the fullest extent; and as for you, young man,' turning to my companion, 'I know you to be an old offender; and so you may as well make up your mind for Blackwell's Island.'

The day of our trial at length arrived, and we were conducted to the court, and in due season arraigned at the bar. Oh, the horror and despondency that possessed my faculties, as I mounted the prisoner's box! Never shall I forget it. Even now it comes over me, like the memory of some dark transaction to the mind of the departing soul. My charges began. My own counsel and the counsel for the prosecution labored like men whose dearest interests were at stake. At length the jury were charged—they retired, and after the absence of an hour, returned and communicated with the court.

'Prisoner at the bar!' said the judge—and his silvery voice sank like a death knell in my ear—'stand up, and hear your sentence!' I mechanically sprang to my feet, and a deep, still silence succeeded.

'You have been arraigned at this tribunal, upon sundry charges; and after having been allowed the full benefit of the law, you have been by an impartial jury of your own countrymen, found guilty of them all.' The judge paused a moment, and that peculiar solemnity, only by an occasional cough, reined for a terval.

'Young man,' resumed he, 'it is our duty, professional and moral, to suppress vice in every shape; for this courts are instituted—for this punishments are awarded; and it now becomes my painful obligation to impart to you the sentence of the law. It is the judgement of this court that you be fined one dollar—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!'

Eastern Hyperbole.—Redshid Bey, the newly appointed Ottoman Ambassador in England, was previously in the same situation in France. Before leaving Paris, he addressed some poetry to a young lady, whose beauty and singing had enchanted him—which was translated into French by Prof. Desgranges, and which we thus render into English:

In the garden of beauty, many are the prett' roses, but they have not the delicious voice of the nightingale. The nightingale! Its whole charm is in its voice; in its plumage nothing recalls the beauty of the rose. Though each be the delight of lovers, each is powerful by a different attraction. The rose is light itself to the eye of a lover—the nightingale takes captive the ear of the universe. But if each, separately, imparts a varied gratification—one may yet overcome, near each, the melancholy it inspires. While the one is bound to the earth, and the other to a denizen in the skies, could a union of the charms of both in one be looked for? Yet have I met with this delightful union. I have seen grace united with melody, and I wander on and lose myself in my enchantment; for I have seen the rose in a nightingale and the nightingale in a rose. In Paris my eyes beheld a young girl—the rose of the morning was envious of her beauty—the nightingale at the sound of her voice hid himself for shame—and I have called this charmer, *Rose-Nightingale*.

Few Words.—A very good anecdote is related of Frederic the great of Prussia. A soldier who wished to present him a petition for a brevet lieutenantancy addressed him thus; 'Sire one word.' 'If you make it two,' said Frederic, 'I will have you hanged.' 'Sign,' said the soldier. Astonished and pleased at his perseverance, presence of mind and ready answer, the king granted his petition.—*Boston Pearl*.

THE GEM.

ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 31, 1836.

In making out the Index for this volume, we have given a reference to almost every item. This will be convenient, and we hope satisfactory to those who have preserved their numbers for binding; and it will give at a glance, to those who may think of subscribing, a more perfect knowledge of the work than we could give in any other way.

The music department will be continued in the next volume, commencing with an original song by Mr. RUSSELL, entitled: "By the crimson hues of the fair sunset," (or, "I love, I love but you,") arranged expressly for the Gem, copy right M. S.

The Knickerbocker, for December, has been received. Though it does not suit our taste as well as many of its predecessors, it is nevertheless interesting. The next number will be the first of a new volume.

"London Quarterly Review, for September."—This is one of the most valuable of Foster's Re-prints. The most interesting articles in the number before us are "The Fall of Heathenism," "Tocqueville on the state of America," and a Review of "Combe's Outlines of Phrenology." The Science of Phrenology is severely handled, and its real or apparent contradictions most distinctly exposed. The reviewer considers it humiliating to our intellectual pride, that a system so absurd should have ever received any favor or support from men of sense; and is ungenerous enough to suppose that many have assumed a nominal belief in the science (!) merely for that surpassing air of knowledge which it gives to the adept. The reviewer also ridicules the stories of wonderful feats said to have been performed in prisons and mad-houses by discriminating phrenologists; but this, we presume, is entirely owing to his ignorance of actual experiments. The disciples of the science here, could present him with an account of a prison examination which gave such irresistible evidence of the truth of the science as would forever strip him of his scepticism, and convince him of the injustice of the insinuation that the basis upon which the science is built is so fallacious, that no man of distinguished general ability has hitherto announced his adhesion to it.

"Foster's Cabinet Miscellany."—The 14th No. of this publication is the continuation of Germany, 1831, by John Strang, a writer of great power and originality. The chief charm of the work is, that its descriptions are not confined to mountains and rivers, cathedrals and castles—the universal objects of detail and eulogy; but, while he does not entirely forget these, he introduces the reader to the men and manners, the fine arts and literature of the country, and in this way gives an interest to the work absolutely irresistible.

Have our readers looked at this series of Foster's publications? Do they know how much they lose by not acquainting themselves with its merits, and neglecting to transfer it to their libraries? The Messrs. Morse are agents, where specimens may be seen and orders given.

Death from devotion to the fine arts.—The Baltimore papers mention the case of a man named Clark, who lately lost his life in that city in consequence of tattooing himself by the insertion of India ink into the skin. Desirous of having his name punctured into his arm, the part became inflamed by the operation, and the unfortunate man died after lingering for some weeks.

Animal Magnetism.—This science, if it may be dignified by such an appellation, is now flourishing in Providence, Rhode Island, under the fostering care of Professor Poyen, aided by the aptness of his pupil, Miss Charlotte Glendon. Many persons have been anxious to know the method of magnetism. We copy the following directions from a treatise by a Mr. Del ewze entitled "Practical Instruction on Animal Magnetism":—

"Having fixed the person in a commodious posture, you are to place yourself on a seat a little more elevated than his, and directly opposite to him, so that your knees and feet may touch. Then take his thumbs between your fingers, in such a manner that his and your thumbs may be applied to each other; you are to remain in this position till you feel that they have acquired an equal temperature. The hands are then to be placed on the shoulders, and suffered to remain there two or three minutes, and afterwards gently brought down, the arms to the thumbs; this manœuvre is to be repeated three or four times. Then the two hands are to be placed over the pit of the stomach, so that the thumbs are over the solar plexus, and the fingers on the ribs. When you feel an equalization of temperature, the hands are to be gradually lowered to the knees, then carried to the head, and again brought down to the knees, or even to the feet; this process is to be continued for some time, always taking care to turn the palms of the hands outwards whenever they are brought up; this, as well as to never magnetize from the feet to the head, is very essential."

A writer in the Norwich Courier adds:—

Other methods than this are often employed, such as beathing on the person, fixing the eyes on him, &c. The magnetized person must always be of a weaker constitution, and if possible, of a different sex from the magnetizer; and it is indispensable that he should be of a disposition to believe without doubting. The sense of feeling in the magnetized person is metamorphosed, so that of seeing, so that the somnambulist can distinguish by it not merely the most prominent characteristics of an object, but also colors with perfect precision. The region of the stomach becomes the central point of all sensation, and it is chiefly through this region that the sense of sight is supplied. The somnambulist, therefore, can ascertain the time perfectly well by a watch closely held to the pit of the stomach, and also read sealed letters with great facility, when held to the same organ. At the same time the soul becomes so elevated and refined, that the magnetized individual has an instinctive perception of the presence of the impure, and falls into fits on the approach of disbelievers in Animal Magnetism, and those who investigate it by the rules of ordinary reason. Hence, it is necessary to keep sceptics at a distance when it is desired to witness the highest phenomena.

The Bangor Farmer describes the dress of a lady there, during a November rain storm, when she is ankle deep, thus—

"A fur cape, a boa twisted four times round her neck, silk stockings and French kid slippers."

The Bangor Farmer might have described this costume, taken as a whole, by synonyms, somewhat in this wise; "A terrible cold, a racking cough, diseased lungs and a mahogany coffin."—*Com. Adv.*

Mem.—Lady Morgan has taken another step in the march of mind. She has decided that it is decidedly vulgar for a lady to use the expression, "the naked eye;" the undressed organ of vision," is the phrase.

There is a man living down in Maine, whose feet are so large that he pulls his pantaloons on over his head. So says an eastern paper.

Dr. Coulson says bow-legged people walk easier than the straight-limbed. (Doubtful.) He says they save the loss of time straight-limbs have to perform in making the circle we do in walking.

Two Irishmen seeing a small Shetland Pony passing by, one says to the other, Patrick, did you ever see so little a horse before? Indeed, I have, said he, I have seen one as little as two of him.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. P. RITCHER.

Coldness and Coolness.—Not coldness but cooling down, is the true wisdom, and our inward man, like a glowing metal cast in its form, should be allowed to cool only by degrees, that it may form itself into a more smooth and perfect shape; for no other reason has Nature cast our souls in hot bodies, even as the forms of metal are heated before the cast is made.

The Court Atmosphere.—I hate the Simoon wind of a court, which passes innocuous over those who lie on the ground, but dries to powder those who stand upright.

Life.—Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies. But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the head of man, then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.

Sympathy.—Two noble souls discover their relationship first by the like love that they bear to a third.

Memory.—The distance of memory alone can change the drops of time through which we swim into the rainbow of enjoyment.

Memory—Hope.—Two perspective painters lead us, poor bewitched mortals, through the whole theatre of life, and these are Memory and Hope.

Rule of Study.—Never write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it—and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

Existence of God.—To prove the existence of a God, only two things are necessary—two men, of whom one may be dead, and the other may more leisurely peruse and study him.

True Greatness.—Be great to despise the earth—be greater to honor it.

Rule of Life.—Man should carry life like a spirited falcon in his hands, allowing it to mount into the earth, and being able to call it back again to earth whenever it is necessary.

Music.—Holy music reveals to the souls of men a Past which they never have known, and a Futurity which, in this life at least, they never can know.

Life.—Life is an opium, it excites us a little at first, and then leaves us sleepy, weary, and disgusted.

Subordination.—An Englishman made the remark that, in mad-houses, the idea of subordination is very seldom to be found: Bedlam is inhabited only by gods, kings, popes, and philosophers.

The French Nation.—From the French we may expect much political sagacity, especially on a sudden emergency; here lies their strength. This is the point of their character in which they agree with the women. Like the women also they are quite refined, very decorous, and very humane when they are good; but like them they are at the same time very wild, and very reckless when they are exasperated. There is not much difficulty in explaining how, in a war of freedom, they surpass every other people in valor.—This produces a dazzling effect; and yet, after all, there is nothing so rare as a nation of cowards.

Self-Portraiture.—A man never portrays his own character better than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another.

Appropriate Names.—It is somewhat singular that the head keeper of an establishment for insane persons at Hoxton is named Whippem.—A lawyer in Lincoln's Inn-fields rejoices in the name of Settle; and the name of the gaoler of Bow street police office is Shackle.

An Irish gentleman, with much naive re- cently remarked, that such probably would be the expedition of travelling by steam, that one could go from London to Brighton in a shorter time than he could stop at home.

MARRIED.

At Newark, on the 27th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Crabb Mr. HENRY D. PALMER, of Rochester, to Miss MARY B. DEVINNA, of the former place.

By the Rev. Mr. Copeland on the 22d inst. in Henrietta, Mr. Charles Leggot, to Miss Hannah Murray.

In Clarkson, on Tuesday the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bull Mr. Harrison Swift, to Miss Harriet S. Taylor all of Clarkson.

At Scottsville, on the 2d inst., by Caleb Allen, Esq. Mr. Abram Knowlton, to Miss Hannah Eromens' all of that place.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Martyr Student.

WRITTEN IN A GRAVE-YARD.

I love at times to walk among the tombs,
And meditate on death; although the grave,
Arrayed in weeds of woe—the pensive flower
That blooms and fades, emblem of human life—
The weeping willow, bending o'er its charge—
The zephyr's mournful sighing 'mong the tombs,
All, all conspire the mind to fill with gloom.

Here sleeps the mother, and the father there,
And here the parent's pride—the only son—
The child of promise fair. I knew him well;
In early life I knew him, e'er his brow
Had felt the touch of care, before disease,
And disappointed hope his eye had dimmed.
He felt, as others feel, the love of praise:
His soul expanded with enlarged desire,
In visions wrapt, impatient of delay,
Strove like a fettered captive to be free;
Nor thought he that the tie, the tender tie
That bound his soul to earth would e'er be broke;
He toiled, and toiled, when nature wearied craved
Accustomed rest—he watched while others slept.

Had he a wish—it was that hasty time
Would cease to fly—e'er breathed his soul a prayer—
It was to ask new pinions for his flight.
Saw he another with successful reach,
The prize obtain—then he, with ardor fresh,
His toil renewed; his pace, which from the first
Than mortals seemed more fast, now faster grew.

For him no charm had earth: the gurgling rill,
From dell to dell meandering, flowed, or fell
With music heavenly from the low cascade,
Or tutted to meet the bending willow's kiss,
But brought no music to his deafened ear:
Appeared not lovely to his partial eye.
The vivid rainbow spanned the arch unseen;
Unheeded moved the fleecy cloud above;
Majestic rolled the river; ocean heaved,
But could not move his soul.

In vain the flower
Of rarest beauties did expose her store,
In vain around his casket fondly climbed,
As if to beg from him a look of love.
Through sylvan shades, by thousand sweets perfumed,
In vain did zephyrs breathe; for him in vain.
Though beast and bird rejoiced, and tree and flower
Fresh signs of pleasure gave. But none sought he.
None found, except in poring o'er his book.
Though weary oft, he never much would sleep;
And slept e'en then but to renew in dreams
The weary task that occupied the day;
Ne'er paused unless he mourned for moments lost;
Ne'er ate but when necessity compelled.

He at the miser looked, and wondered much,
Yet wondered that he was no more surprised,
His time to see him waste, his precious time,
In gathering to his grasp the glittering dust,
By men called wealth; while he the riches true
Disdained to seek, neglected to secure
The treasures hid in Science' richer mine.
He sickened soon; yet lingered for awhile,
Still hoping to obtain the wreath of fame;
But nature sunk, exhausted sunk, and first,
With all his dear bought wisdom, he did learn
That he was mortal: Soon the tyrant Death
His vitals pierced: the rose fled from his cheek,
Except at times when bright the hectic flush
Was seated there—his eye grew dim—his steps
Once firm, now faltered; while, 'twixt hope and fear,
His soul was kept full many a weary day;
But Death had come! the victim died! and here,
Beneath where rest my truant feet he sleeps.

TELEMACHUS.

VARIETY.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The following article from the Providence Courier, contains a further account of the magnetic experiments of Professor POYEN. *Risum tenentus amici.*

That sitting took place at Dr. Manchester's in Pawtucket a week ago yesterday. I arrived at the house towards half past seven o'clock in the evening. The meeting was numerous. Among the persons present, I found the Rev. Dr. Crocker, Drs. Parsons, Manchester, jr., of Providence and Manchester, of Pawtucket; Mr. Buel Richards, of Central Falls, Mr. Fales, and several other gentlemen and ladies. Miss Cynthia Gleason was also there; she was sitting in a rocking chair, taking a lively part in the general con-

versation that was going on. I approached her, bade her good evening, and told her in a loud voice, that this being a *social party*, I did not intend to magnetize her on that evening.—She answered, "I hope you will not: in all events, I do not mean to go to sleep here." I replied, "you may keep yourself quiet about it; I shall not make any attempt on you." Then I passed into the next parlor, where I sat and began conversing with some five or six persons, among whom were the two Drs. Manchester. At a quarter before eight, I said in a low voice to those gentlemen, that I was going to magnetize Miss Gleason by my will only, and through the partition wall. A watch was held out; I commenced operating; the distance from me to Miss G., was about fifteen feet. At that moment she was busily engaged in talking with the Rev. Dr. Parsons; owing to which circumstance, I feared that she could not be affected by my will. Yet, I put all my moral power into action. In one minute the action began to be felt; in two minutes her drowsiness was so great that she was unable to answer the questions addressed to her; in three minutes her head bent down; she was fast a sleep.—Messrs. Crocker & Parsons were not aware of the operation going on; they were exceedingly surprised at the sudden drowsiness of the person to whom they were speaking. At last, suspecting something about it, they got up and walked into the apartment in which I was, in order to ascertain the cause. Thus, it was "evident, and physically demonstrated to every one present, that I had put Miss Gleason to the magnetic sleep in three minutes, through the ceiling, she being not informed of my operation, and although she was conversing with two other individuals." Having ceased my action, we proceeded to try the somnambulist's external senses in the usual way, viz: by making as much noise as we could; shaking our hands, pulling her nose, &c. All was in vain. Then, recollecting that I had an engagement that required my presence at the Pawtucket Hotel towards 8 o'clock, begged the company to excuse me for a few minutes, and I went out, leaving Miss G. fast asleep. After about a quarter of an hour I returned to Dr. M.'s house, and they announced that the Rev. Mr. Farley and Dr. Arnold, of Providence, were coming. Being desirous that these two gentlemen should witness how the magnetic sleep was produced, I retired the length of the room, and simply by willing it, I awoke the somnambulist. Mr. Farley and Dr. Arnold were introduced. Having informed them in a few words of what had already been done, I approached again Miss G., and laying my right hand on her forehead, caused her to shut her eyes in one minute. Then, to comply with the desires of the company, I went through the usual manipulations for two or three minutes.

I need not Mr. Editor, describe the experiments which were on this occasion, as they were nearly the same as those already related in my two first communications. They were equally successful. I must state, however, that most of those made on purpose to ascertain the somnambulist's power of vision failed completely. I observed to the company, that this faculty in her had proved very fair on three successive evenings, Friday, Saturday and Sunday last; but had become feeble and uncertain since Monday, on which day she had experienced some very severe "mental troubles." Yet, whether she really saw, or guessed right, she was able to tell twice in succession the individuals that were sitting by her. The Rev. Mr. Farley holding out his closed hand over her head, asked her what was in it;—she answered that she saw "something still, something shining!" we urged her to say what it was; she replied, "I cannot tell; I see only that there is some steel about it." Do you see any thing else? I can see also a ring. Can't you tell us what object it is? No. Then Mr. Farley opened his hand and we saw a purse containing some change, with a silver clasp and a small ring attached to it. The company wishing to ascertain whether she could understand me, speaking in a low whisper from the entry, I retired there and put her two or three questions, as low as I could. Nobody else, even the nearest to me, could hear a word.—She answered, in shaking her head negatively:—

"I shall talk about it to-morrow morning." Rev. Dr. Crocker thrust his thumbs into her ears, and I put the same question again, and she made the same reply, with the same motion of the head.—Then she did not reply directly to my question, although she evidently "felt," that I was speaking to her. Did she hear? or was she

not willing to converse? For my part, I should think that she was really affected by my "thot", but could not comprehend it quite plain," and then evaded the question by saying, "that she would talk about it to-morrow." Indeed, I have always noticed that when my brain has been much fatigued by the experiments and become weak, she cannot get hold so distinctly of my "wishes and thoughts," and then always makes the same answer in shaking her head, "I cannot talk about it this evening," &c.—Sometimes, after these mental questions that she has not been able to apprehend, I ask her whether she has heard any thing. She then always answers "I heard a sound, but could not distinguish what you said." (C. P.)

Impudence.—Captain Marryatt, the sea novelist, says that before he went to sea, he had always considered a London cock sparrow to be the truest emblem of consummate impudence; but he afterwards discovered that he was quite modest compared to a midshipman. As a specimen, take the following. The first lieutenant informs the captain that Mr. Malcolm, a young midshipman, had chopped off four inches of his dog's tail at the beef-block. Middy is sent for, and appears. 'Mr. Malcolm,' cried the captain, in great warmth, 'how came you to cut off my dog's tail?' 'Me, sir,' replied the youngster, demurely, 'I did n't cut off his tail, sir; he cut it off himself.' 'What sir,' roared the captain. 'If you please, sir, I was chopping a piece of beef, and the dog, who was standing by, turned short round and put his tail under the chopper.'

Not Bad.—A green, good natured, money-making, up-country Jonathan, who said every thing drily, "got things fixed," and struck up a bargain for matrimony; having no particular regard for appearances, the parties agreed to employ a green-horn country justice to put on the tackling. He commenced the ceremonies by remarking that, "It was customary on such occasions to commence with a prayer, but he believed he would omit that," after tying the knot; he said it was customary to give the married couple some advice, but he believed he would omit that also, "it was customary to kiss the bride, but he believed he would omit that." The ceremony being ended, Jonathan took the squire by the buttonhole, and clapped his finger on his nose, said; "squire, it's customary to give the magistrate five dollars; but I believe I'll omit that." —Balt. Trans.

A friendly call.—A Havana paper tells a story of two persons who had quarrelled at a tavern. One of them took it into his head to go to the residence of the other and write the word 'scoundrel' on the door. The latter repaired to the residence of his antagonist, but the porter informed him that his master was not at home, requesting at the same time that if he had anything of importance to communicate he would do so in writing. 'No,' said the stranger, 'you have only to tell him that I come to return his visit, for that I find he called this morning and left his name at my house.'

An amorous young swain was asked how he liked a pretty young lady to whom he had been paying his respects. He answered—"Egad! she looked so sweet and eatable, that I caught myself saying grace over her when I should have inquired after my sister's family."

Be Careful.—A young lady, a short time since was attacked with convulsions and delirium, brought on by the application of the powder of the Iris Germanica, to the head. Cases of inflammation of the brain have followed the use of nitrate of silver for the purpose of turning on

The deepest mine in Great Britain is that at Monkwearmouth, 1584 feet below the surface. Prof. Phillips, of York, who descended into it, ascertained that the temperature increased in proportion to the depth, confirming the prevailing theory that the centre of the earth is a mass of liquid fire.

Any given quantity.—Did you ever hear the answer of a noble lord made to a person who asked him which could drink most wine, himself, or his noble brother, a good three-bottle man, but also famous for taking especial care of his money? "Oh," said his lordship, "I have no chance with my brother, he will drink any given quantity."