



FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### A Spring Morning Walk.

I wander'd alone, by the side of the hill—  
'Twas just as the sun ting'd the trees;  
Soft nature display'd in each flower such skill,  
And sweet scents blew mild in the breeze.

The valley itself seem'd joyous to view,  
And the birds that sang on each tree,  
Proclaim'd, in sweet notes, their comforts anew,  
But their joys were sorrow to me:

For I stood in the place, where oft I have stray'd,  
With the dear, loving friends of my youth;  
When Pleasure & Mirth, all their pow'r display'd,  
And Friendship was sanction'd by Truth.

When the scenes of my childhood seem'd happily  
With those of my schoolmates so kind; [blended  
But ah! those dear scenes have long since been  
ended,  
And the remembrance harrows my mind:

For I faint those delights would often recall,  
To cheer and revive my sad heart;  
But they are faded—they are gone, one and all,  
And I with their pleasures must part.

O Memory! where are those joys I tho't thee to  
To soothe my sad breast of despair, [bring,  
When with thee I oft sported, in childhood's gay  
And tho't thou wert lovedly and fair. [Spring.

Alas! those colours, with which I had painted thy  
Were lavish'd on a subject most vain; [scenes,  
For instead of thy pleasures, so calm and serene,  
Thou hast brought me but sorrow and pain.

HERMIA.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### La Fayette.

WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF HIS PASSING  
THROUGH THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY.

"Welcome the aged chief—the hero of other times,"  
Let the maidens in loveliness twine a wreath,  
And perfume its fresh blooms with the morning's  
breath.  
Let them place it, in joy, on the hero's brow,  
And rejoice that he's come to visit us now.

Let mirth, joy and gladness be heard in the hall,  
And the sound of the dance join the festival;  
Let the youth and the maidens, in anthems of glee,  
Greet him who fought bravely that we might be  
free.

Let the strains of the cymbal & sweet-ton'd guitar  
Be heard in the place of the music of war;  
Let the sound of the flute and the flageolet,  
Strike up to the welcome of good LA FAYETTE.

Let those who in youth were led on by his voice,  
Now greet the brave warrior, and with him re-  
joice;

Let them tell of each conquest gain'd 'o'er the foe,  
And rejoice that at length were the tyrants laid  
low.

Let them tell of each friend who has mouldering  
lain;  
'Twill bring to his mind old companions again;  
And tho' life's rough storms have pass'd over his  
brow,  
He'll let fall a tear o'er the slumbering now.

Let the children in innocence welcome their sire,  
In lips of affection which ne'er can expire,  
Till the last spark of liberty ceases to burn,  
And gratitude sinks in its funeral urn.

UNKNOWN.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### Eliza B.

I've seen her in her youth, a joyful girl,  
The sport of beauty and belle, the pride  
Of father, mother, all; all were her friends.  
And I have seen, ere many days were pass'd,  
The roses faded on her vermeil'd cheek,  
And that sweet lip, where bees might gaily riot,  
As chang'd as chang'd could be.

Need I hesitate to own  
I lov'd the maid! Ah no! for she is gone,  
And she can't hear me now!  
Not from the stage of action, but from friends—  
From all that felt affection's kindling flame;  
And yet methinks I could forgive,  
And trust again my heart to angel keeping.

Eliza! do you feel the flame of love  
From him who lures you from my fond embrace?  
Ah! no: another has your heart, an cruel fate,  
Mistaken pride, now robs me of thy smiles;  
But go—I am resign'd—farewell!

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### Sympathy.

Sweet is the health-bearing breeze of the morning,  
Blown from a valley of sweet-scented flowers;  
Dear is the dark waving twilight returning,  
To moisten the breath of the day's fever'd hours;  
But sweeter the bright tear of Sympathy flowing,  
From love that expands on the shadows of woe,  
Dearer the sigh of the breast ever glowing  
With tenderness, pure as the bosom of snow.

No flower of the garden, no gem of the ocean,  
Nor the magic of beauty, that charms to betray,  
Touch the strings of the heart, with so lively emo-  
tion,  
As a beam from Affection's soft, heavenly ray.  
Let the rich gems of life lose the light of their  
splendour,  
And the laurels of glory all fade in my view;  
But grant, generous Heaven, one blessing to reader,  
A heart that's affectionate, tender and true.

CORRYDON.

FROM THE PORTLAND GAZETTE.

### Hast thou felt.

Hast thou felt that magic power,  
That stills the bosom's restless swell?  
The calmness of that passive hour,  
When day-light bids the world farewell?  
When frolic fancy holds her sway,  
As life last light fades fast away?

It is kind Memory—that tells  
Of days and years long since gone by;  
And on the scenes of childhood dwells,  
With sweet and lively ecstasy—  
With kindling warmth the breast inspires,  
And rouses all its slumbering fires.

CLAUDIAN.

## AMUSING TALES, &c.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### THE MANIAC.

[CONCLUDED.]

A LIGHT breath of wind, through the  
half raised window, gently wafted aside  
the curtain, and a stronger light fell upon  
that part of the sofa where I was sitting;  
her eye caught mine, and she instantly a-  
rose from her chair and advanced towards  
me. I met her, and Helen, placing my  
hand in that of the lovely unfortunate,  
was in the act of pronouncing my name,  
when Emma drew her hand across her  
brow as if awaking to recollection, and  
said, "Helen when you forget Montgome-  
ry, then shall I forget Edwin."

The unexpected manner in which this  
declaration was made, suffused Helen's  
check with the richest crimson glow, and  
a gentle pressure of her hand, which I  
still retained, convinced her that it was not  
unnoticed.

"Then, my kind Emma," said I, "you  
have not forgotten me; I was apprehen-  
sive that my long absence would have ob-  
literated every trace of me, from the  
recollections of my best and earliest  
friends."

"You are mistaken," said she with  
earnestness, "early friendship, and early  
love, are not made of such perishable  
materials; they will survive, even when  
the object of their attachment sleeps in  
the deep, cold grave. Montgomey, what  
would be your feelings if you should see  
the green turf growing above where Hel-  
en lay?"

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, as I in-  
voluntarily drew Helen's arm within  
mine; for the abrupt manner in which the  
question had been put, had completely  
thrown me off my guard.

"Well," continued she, in a subdued  
tone of voice, and without noticing the a-  
gitation of my manner, "I have lost a  
friend who loved me as well as you can  
love Helen. Some say that I am crazed,  
—perhaps it is so,—for I can think of  
nothing else,—and none but those who  
have loved, can know what I have suf-  
fered."

There was a simplicity, a deep feeling  
in the tones with which these words were  
uttered, that completely deprived me of  
the power of replying.—She stood be-  
fore me the wreck of loveliness, yet still  
beautiful, still interesting, but the all-  
informing mind had lost its controlling  
power, and as I looked upon her, a tear drop-  
ped upon her hand. She saw it, and with  
almost frantick eagerness exclaimed—

"Then you pity me,—I knew you  
would—O! Montgomey!" continued  
she, throwing her arms around my neck,  
"you will let me see the place where  
Edwin lies—you will accompany me!"

I looked at Helen, hardly knowing how  
to act; Emma perceived me irresolute,  
and pursued her entreaties with the most  
impassioned earnestness—"O! let me go  
with you! I will show you the wild-rose  
I planted on his grave, the first time I vi-  
sited the place where Edwin sleeps—it  
was taken from the very bowet where he  
loved to sit with me, when the moon shone  
with splendour, and the stars were the on-  
ly witnesses of our vows of eternal love.  
Come," said she, "you look like Ed-  
win, you think like Edwin, and you pity me  
as Edwin would; let us be going." She  
released me from her embrace—took my  
hand, and gently drew me towards the  
door.

"My dear Emma," said Helen, "it is  
too late at this time to visit Edwin's grave;  
we will call to-morrow, and you shall ac-  
company us."

Emma looked at her irresolutely; the  
tears were dropping from her mild blue  
eyes, which had lost all that wildness they  
had exhibited during the preceding con-  
versation—her fine dishevelled hair had  
been thrown back, and displayed a bosom  
white and pure as the lily, but underneath  
whose lovely exterior was concealed a  
bleeding and broken heart.

"Helen," said she, "you have never  
failed me,—others have proved false—  
Edwin and you never."

"Emma," said Helen, wishing to divert  
her mind from the recollections which al-  
most overwhelmed her, "have you finish-  
ed those lines of which you spoke to me  
the other day? you remember you prom-  
ised them to me."

"I have," she replied, returning to the  
desk at which she had been seated, and  
taking up a paper, handed it to Helen.

We now, after renewing our promise to  
call on the next day, took our leave of this  
interesting girl. Never have I seen such  
a picture of the fatal effect of love and  
affection; and as we retraced our steps to  
our home, I clasped my adored Helen to  
my bosom, and implored heaven to avert  
such a catastrophe as we had just witness-  
ed. The following were the lines which  
Helen received from Emma:

"The sun shines not for me!  
I love the gloomy, gathering cloud,  
Which hides the radiant king of day,  
And forms a thick, impervious shroud.  
On whose dark edge the quivering lightning plays  
—When from the upper skies he slowly sinks to  
rest,  
Where seas and bliss are bright,—sweet islands of

The spring comes not for me!  
I love the frowning, cold, October storms,  
When dreary winter, where the whirlwind flies,  
His stores of hail and flaky treasure forms. [skies,  
To scatter o'er the earth, and load the inclement  
Dear is the hour when storm, and clouds & gloom,  
Freezes and chills the soul, till earth can find no  
room.

The rose blooms not for me!  
I love the dark green cyprus shade,—  
Or through the bleak and leafless grove,  
Where once I cheerful, happy stray'd  
Mid fading flowers, and falling leaves to rove;  
When clouds are sitting, dark, across the arch of  
heaven,  
And gloom and solemn silence wrap the hour of

There are no joys for me!  
The pleasure of this world and all its charm  
Is but a meteor from the grave of love; [harm,  
Here hopes are chill'd, our bliss is fraught with  
But joy that's blighted here is ever fresh above!  
These friendship blooms immortal—in those hea-  
venly skies. [dies,  
Love burns with holy flame, and pleasure never

This world is not for me!  
I love to cast my anxious rising thoughts  
Beyond the gloomy grave, to worlds above,  
Where sorrow, care and pain are all forgot,  
In scenes of rapturous bliss, and life, and love:  
Transporting thought, that Edwin, brightest of the  
through, [sweetest song,  
Shall welcome me to bliss, with heaven's own

In conformity with our promise, we, the  
next day, called on Emma, for the pur-  
pose of permitting her to visit the grave  
of Edwin. From the parents of that  
lovely girl, who had now returned, and  
welcomed me with the affectionate remem-  
brance of former days, we received a wil-  
ling consent that their daughter should be  
gratified, and we entered the room for the  
purpose of informing her that we had ar-  
rived. Every thing remained precisely  
as it had been the day before, Emma her-  
self excepted. She was traversing the ap-  
artment with an easy and composed man-  
ner, and instead of the deep mourning  
dress in which she was then arrayed, she  
was now dressed in a beautiful white robe  
—her hair richly decorated—a carcanet of  
pearls was thrown around her neck, and  
lay on her snowy bosom—in short her  
whole appearance denoted the change  
which had taken place in the current of  
her thoughts since we saw her.

"How happy am I to see you," said  
Emma, kindly embracing Helen, "to-day  
is fixed for my wedding day—to-day I am  
to make my Edwin happy!" She paused a  
moment, and added, "but he is happy al-  
ready, and I soon shall be so myself.—  
you may think it strange that the burial-  
ground should have been selected for the  
place of the nuptial ceremony, but it was  
Edwin's wish, and the time appointed has  
arrived,—shall we go?"

Emma and Helen, accompanied by the  
young lady, her attendant, and myself,  
now seated ourselves in the carriage, and  
we were driven to the gate of the burial  
place. Away from the bustle of the  
world—at the opening of a romantic  
dell—washed on one side by a brook  
whose murmurs spoke to the listening ear,  
"sweet is the repose of the dead," and  
embosomed by a range of lofty pines, a-  
mong whose branches the wind was  
mournfully sighing, slept those whose  
spirits had taken their flight from the val-  
ley of Ellendale. We alighted and en-  
tered the gate of this "city of the dead."

Simple were the monuments erected, and  
simple were the inscriptions which per-  
petuated the memory of those who slum-  
bered beneath the green hillocks which  
rose around. Leaning on my arm, Emma  
advanced to the sacred spot where her  
Edwin slept. The wild rose retained a  
few of its blossoms, but they had mostly  
fallen, and lay scattered and fading around  
—striking memento to the lovely and the  
fair, of the fate which must inevitably o-  
vertake them.

"See," said Emma, kneeling beside the  
green turf which covered the grave of her  
lover, "no weeds have dared to pollute  
with their presence this holy spot. This  
is the altar where vows of love are bind-  
ing, and where fate itself loses the power  
of making wretched."

There was a silence of a few minutes,  
when Emma continued—

"Oh! Edwin, I throw myself on thy bos-  
om! I haste to join thee! I fly to lose  
myself in thy loved embraces, from which  
death can never separate me—Edwin, I  
come! I come!"

As she pronounced the last words, her  
countenance grew deadly pale—she sunk  
upon the grave beside which she had been  
kneeling, and a deep sigh alone denoted  
that the tie which bound her spirits to  
earth, had been severed, and that the  
throbbings of her aching heart had for ever  
ceased.

### YOUNG NAPOLEON.

A letter from a person of rank in Vienna,  
gives the following particulars relative to  
the ex-king of Rome, who is now fourteen  
years of age. It is not true, as has been  
said, that his education is neglected, or  
merely such as would fit him for the ec-  
clesiastical state. On the contrary, it is  
on a much more liberal plan, and more  
likely to render him a military character.  
Besides reading books of general instruc-  
tion, great care is taken to perfect him in  
all manly and robust exercises. His  
countenance, though handsomer than his  
father's, has still that character of expres-  
sion. His constitution is strong, and his  
health uninterrupted; he possesses for  
his age, a rare degree of sagacity. The  
emperor sees him frequently, and seems  
to take much delight in him; he indulges  
him in all his boyish fantasies. He has  
already, though so young, read the greater  
number of the memoirs relative to his fa-  
ther, but through the fineness of tact, ex-  
traordinary at his age, he never mentions  
the name of his father. Lately, the em-  
peror made him a present of a little horse,  
which happened to resemble a favourite  
Arabian horse, of Napoleon, called Le Vi-  
sir. The emperor asked him what name  
he should give to his horse. "I wish to

call him," said the child, with great ani-  
mation, "Le Visir, because"—here he  
hesitated for a moment, and then added,  
"because somebody that I love very much,  
had a horse of the same name."

An innkeeper at Ashley Chapel, once  
sent as a present by a carrier, to a friend  
at Warrington, a dog and cat tied up in a  
bag, who had been companions more than  
ten months. A short time after, the dog  
and cat took their departure for Warring-  
ton, a distance of thirteen miles. They  
jogged along the road, side by side, and on  
one occasion, the dog gallantly defended  
his fellow traveller from the attack of a-  
nother dog they met.

## HUMOUR.

DR. SYDENHAM.

Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he  
had long prescribed for; but his prescrip-  
tions were inefficient, and, at last, Syden-  
ham acknowledged that his skill was ex-  
hausted—that he could not pretend to ad-  
vise him any farther. "But," said he,  
"there is a Dr. Robinson, who lives at  
Inverness, who is much more skilled in  
complaints of this kind than I am; you  
had better consult him. I will provide  
you a letter of introduction, and I hope  
you will return much better." The pa-  
tient was a man of fortune, and soon took  
the road; but travelling was a very differ-  
ent undertaking then, from what it is now,  
and a journey from London to Inverness  
was not a trifling one. He arrived, how-  
ever, at the place of destination; but no  
Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had  
any one of that name ever been in the  
town. This, of course, enraged the gen-  
tleman very much; and he took the road  
back to London, raging, and vowing ven-  
geance on the doctor. On his arrival he  
vented all his rage on the latter, and a-  
bused him for sending him a journey of  
so many miles for nothing. When his  
fury was a little abated—"Well, now,"  
said Sydenham, "after all, is your health  
any better?" "Better?" said he; "yes,  
sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as ever  
I was in my life; but no thanks to you for  
that." "Well," said Sydenham, "you  
have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson.  
I wanted to send you a journey, with an  
object in view. I knew it would do you  
good: In going, you had Dr. Robinson in  
contemplation, and, in returning, you were  
equally busy in thinking of scolding me.

A gentleman from Boston, on a visit to  
his friend in the country, speaking of the  
times, observed that his wife had lately  
expended fifty dollars for a habit; his  
friend replied, "here in the country, we  
do not allow our wives to get into such ha-  
bits."

Some time ago, in the court of common  
pleas, Mr. Shiel, in an argument relative  
to a matter of account, addressing the  
court, said, "my lord, I shall demonstrate  
this point by a numerical"—"Mr. Shiel,"  
said the learned and facetious lord who  
presided, "let us have no more new mira-  
cles."

"Why did you not admire my daugh-  
ter?" said the late Lady Archer to a gen-  
tleman. "Because," said he, "I am ac-  
tually no judge of painting." "But  
surely," rejoined her ladyship, not in the  
least disconcerted "you never saw an an-  
gel that was not painted."

A witness at New-York, to support the  
testimony given by his sisters, said—"Our  
girls wont lie; for mother has whipped  
them a hundred times for lying."

A negro's definition of drunkards.—  
"I drinky for drinky—Massa drinky for  
drunky!"

## AUBURN ACADEMY.

THE Trustees of the Auburn Academy  
announce to the publick that their  
school, which has been taught for two  
years past by the Rev. Noble D. Strong,  
is removed from the Theological Seminary,  
and will be opened on Monday the 22d  
inst. at their Academy Rooms, situate on  
the west side of North-street, opposite the  
dwelling-house of Mr. E. Williams.—  
Their school will be placed under the  
immediate care and superintendence of  
MR. JOHN A. SAVAGE, A. B. late Principal  
of the Academy at Delhi, in the county of  
Delaware. From the well established re-  
putation of Mr. Savage as a preceptor, the  
trustees entertain the highest confidence  
that perfect satisfaction will be given to  
all who may place their children under his  
tuition.

Terms of tuition—Three dollars for  
English, and four for classical studies.  
Boarding, at a moderate price, may be  
procured in respectable families for schol-  
ars coming from a distance. Application  
for admittance may be made to either of  
the trustees or preceptor.

By order of the Board,  
DAVID HORNER, Sec'y.  
Auburn, November 16, 1824.—25 ff.

In addition to the above, the principal  
would inform the publick, that he has em-  
ployed a gentleman well skilled in the art  
of PENMANSHIP, who will attend steadily  
at the Academy room, so that all the stu-  
dents in the Institution who wish, may at-  
tend to this useful branch of education more  
systematically & profitably than heretofore.  
The price of tuition in consequence  
of this arrangement, will not be increased.

## AUBURN ASSOCIATE ACADEMY.

THE inhabitants of the village of Au-  
burn, sensible of the importance of  
establishing and maintaining in the centre  
of the county, a literary establishment,  
founded on the basis of morals and reli-  
gion, and conducted on correct and liberal  
principles, have associated themselves  
together for that purpose.

On the 13th of September last they adop-  
ted a constitution, and chose the following  
gentlemen trustees of the Academy, to wit:  
John H. Beach, Eleazar Hills, Horace Hills,  
Samuel Cumpston, John H. Hordence Hill,  
James S. Seymour & William Brown.

The Board of Trustees have appointed  
the Rev. NOBLE D. STRONG, Principal  
of the said Academy. They are happy  
to state their entire confidence in his qual-  
ifications for the office; and they trust  
they have made such arrangements as to  
protect and secure, as far as possible, the  
morals of the youth intrusted to their care.  
For this purpose they have appointed the  
following gentlemen a visiting and examin-  
ing committee, to wit:—Rev. James Rich-  
ards, D. D. Rev. Professor Henry Mills, Rev.  
D. C. Lansing, Rev. C. P. Wyckoff, and Con-  
rad Ten Eyck and Ebenezer Hoskins,  
Esqrs.

The first term commences on the 20th  
of October instant. Terms of tuition \$3—  
\$4 per quarter.

Board can be obtained in good families  
on very reasonable terms.

By order of the Board of Trustees,  
M. L. R. PERRINE, Pres't.

SAMUEL CUMPTON, Sec'y  
Auburn Oct. 18, 1824.

N. B. The school is taught in the building  
of the Theological Seminary, where Mr.  
Strong has been teaching for two years  
past.

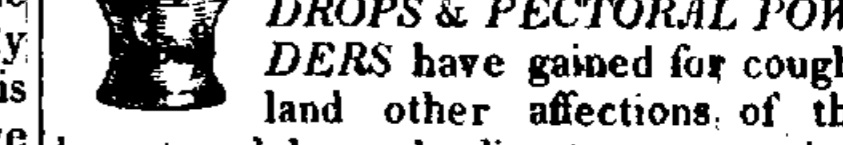
We certify that we have for some time been ac-  
quainted with the Rev. N. D. Strong, and believe  
him to be highly qualified for the business of in-  
struction, and cheerfully recommend him to the  
patronage of the publick.

JAMES RICHARDS,  
D. C. LANSING,  
HENRY MILLS.  
Auburn, Nov. 17th, 1824.—27 ff

## VALUABLE MEDICINE

FOR

### Coughs & Consumptions.



THE high reputation that  
ANDERSON'S COUGH  
DROPS & PECTORAL POW-  
DERS have gained for coughs  
and other affections of the  
breast and lungs leading to consumption,  
renders it unnecessary to say much in re-  
commending them to the publick, as no  
stronger proof of their possessing uncon-  
mon virtues could be given than will be  
found by reading the certificates accom-  
panying each bottle, given by those of the  
first respectability, who have used them in  
cases of long standing; and some of them,  
where the physicians had given them up  
as past recovery, have been entirely re-  
stored by this medicine. The fact that  
they have now been in use six years, and  
that the demand the present season has  
been much greater than at any former pe-  
riod is also a strong argument in their fa-  
vour. Thousands have shortened their  
days by neglecting coughs when first at-  
tacked which have soon terminated in a  
seated consumption, and proved fatal.—  
Scarcely a case of colds, coughs, pain in  
the side, difficulty of breathing, want of  
sleep arising from debility, or even con-  
sumptions but may be relieved by a tim-  
ely use of this healing balsam. Each dol-  
lar bottle of this medicine contains about  
40 doses, which proves them to be a cheap  
medicine, considering their virtues.

For the further satisfaction of the pub-  
lick, the following certificates are offered  
for perusal:

### NEW CERTIFICATES.

MR. J. MCELLEN: SIR—If you think the follow-  
ing statement of my case worth publishing, you  
are at liberty so to do. I, the subscriber, do here-  
by certify, that about the middle of August, 1821,  
I was seized with a violent pain in my breast,  
which terminated in eight or ten days in an ulcer  
or abscess which discharged a vast quantity of mat-  
ter attended with a violent cough and spitting  
blood. This continued until some time in Novem-  
ber following. In the interim new ulcers gather-  
ed and discharged; which reduced me very fast.  
I made application to physicians, but to no effect.  
By the above mentioned time, November, I was  
reduced to the last stage of earthly existence,  
when I heard of "Anderson's Cough Drops." I  
accordingly purchased and made use of them,  
which soon gave me relief, and after taking them  
regularly about 3 months, to the astonishment of  
all my neighbours, I gained my health and sound-  
ness; therefore I feel in duty bound to say that I  
believe said Drops to be the best medicine that  
was ever introduced into the world for complaints  
of the lungs. JOSHUA BLODGET.  
Bartonville, (L. C.) Oct. 1823.

This is to certify that the subscriber was  
brought very low by spitting blood, attended with  
a cough and catarrh, and that nothing afforded me  
real relief until I commenced taking Anderson's  
Cough Drops, the use of which was the means  
in the hand of God of restoring me again to a com-  
fortable state of health. And I do further certify  
that the wife of Mr. Nathan Huntington, living in  
the same place, was afflicted with a very bad  
cough for a number of years, and that in 1823 she  
was reduced so low that it was thought she must  
soon be in her grave, as she was scarcely able to  
walk from her bed to the fire, when she commen-  
ced taking Anderson's Cough Drops, the use of  
which, in a short time so far restored her, that she  
was soon able to do a good day's work. I can  
cheerfully recommend this medicine to the pub-  
lick. PHILEO JUDSON, Pastor  
of the Church in Ashford, (Conn.)  
Ashford, Sept. 25, 1824.

For sale by Messrs. Steel, Cook &  
Co. Druggists, Auburn, 25 ff.