From the Rochester Gem.

TO THE CLAYTONIA.

["Beauty of Spring."]

We greet thee with a welcome warm, thou harbinger of Spring—
Of all its bright and blooming things, the earliest offering;
The first and fairest of the forms waked by the south wind's breath,
The earliest and the sweetest flower of Flora's vernal wreath!
Thou'rt welcome to our clime again, thou loveliest of flowers,
Thou'rt welcome to our woodland glens, and to our forest bowers;
Thou tellest that the wintry storm hath ceased to scourge the earth,
And speakest of the opening Spring warbling her song of mirth.
Thou didst not come till Winter's wail heard no more on high,
Nor till the tempest's clarion notes were silent in the sky;
Thou didst not rise till th' early birds had tuned this joyous song,
Till blue bird's glee and lark's wild lay were poured the air along;
And then amidst the festive scene, roused from thy cold, dark bed,
By whispers low of new born Spring, and incense round thee shed,
Thou rear'd'st in beauty's confidence, thy fair and fragile form,
Unfearful of the tempest's power, unmindful of the storm.

And who, thou peerless flower, hath called thee from the dead,
And reared with guardian watchfulness, thy young and tender head?
Whose voice, heard in each passing breeze, hath called thee into birth.
When Spring her mantling spreads on high, and o'er the fresh'ning earth?
And who with more than artist's skill hath clad and decked thee o'er
In garb more exquisitely rich than Israel's monarch wore?
Ah! who in nature's earliest green, thy slender stem hath dressed,
And tinged with sunset's blushing hues, thy modest little crest?
And who hath stilled the tempest's roar, and Winter's sullen wail,
And give'n to fan thee into life the south wind's incense gale?
And canst thou tell, thou senseless, thing, of the Omniscient One.
Whose praise thou hast no tongue to speak, whose name thou hast not known?
Ah! yes; in voiceless eloquence, thou speakest of the power.
That called thee forth to bud and bloom, Spring's earliest, sweetest flower.
Thou tell'st of the creating God, whose kind, parental care,
Prepared for thee thy forest home, and reared thee brightly there.

And art thou still within his hand? Will his almighty arm,
Still with a parent's tenderness protect thee from the storm?
And will his eye look on thee still, through clouds that o'er thee rise,
When night her sable drapery has hung upon the skies?
And will he still bend over thee, when tempests gather fast,
And demons of the storm career upon the rushing blast,
While skies are rent and earth is rocked by bursting thunder's power—
Then will he not forget to shield the humble little flower?
And when the hurricane hath passed, upon its wreck-strewn path.
Shall not thy ravished form be found, a trophy of its wrath,
All scathed and torn and trampled down, all faded crushed and dead,
And left to blacken back to dust, far from its native bed?

In nature's voice thou answerest, that He who reigns on high.
Who notices the sparrow's falls, and hears the raven's cry,
Will still protect the humble flower, though storms heaven's arch way rend.
Though wing of whirlwind circles wide, and strong oaks 'neath it bend;
That He will still watch over thee, though night's enfolding cloud
Is spread upon the earth and sky like nature's funeral shroud.
And to his throne thou seem'st to look with an abiding trust,
That he will ne'er desert the flower he cherished from the dust;
While for his kindness and his care, methinks I hear thee raise,
To Him, the High and Holy One, a grateful song of praise. J. B. C.

Rochester, April, 1840.

Truth Beautifully Expressed.

The following passage, beautiful in its truth and in the expression of that truth, is from the editor of the Baltimore American. It will be felt and appreciated by every parent, and most heartily do we commended it to the attention of children.

"If children could only be made aware of the heart felt delight with which parents behold the developpement of talent and noble sentiment in their offspring, with what avidity would they seek the means of expanding the sphere of their intelligence, and cherishing the moral sentiments that impart dignity to the human character.—From infancy to manhood the welfare and happiness of the child is the sole object of the parent's solicitude. Under all circumstances, thro' good or evil fortune, the present and future condition of those whom they may have rocked in the cradle, or dandled on the knee, is the polar star to which their affections point with undeviating constancy. Should their path through life be prosperous, the possession of wealth and distinction is only precious in their eyes, as affording the means of conferring on those who are, in future years, to be their representatives, the honors that attend riches and exalted character; and should adversity be their lot, and difficulties beset them, they are forgotten in the hope that circumstances may ensure a better fate to their children. The child may be affectionate and tender, but the filial relation is not susceptible of affection which belongs to the paternal tie. It is this depth of love that enables the old to pass from the stage of life without regret.

They feel that in their children they will continue to live, and that however this world and its concerns may be lost to them, succeeding generations will recognize in their offspring portions of themselves.

With what unspeakable delight does a father behold the first manifestations of exalted intelligence in a son, and how does he dwell upon actions that bespeak nobleness of purpose & soundness of integrity. If these feelings of gratification are inexpressibly delightful, so on the other hand the emotion with which he views indications of an opposite character are unutterably painful. To see the object of his paternal solicitude, over whom he has watched day after day, and year after year, falling off from the path of virtue, and deaf to the appeals of honorable motives, is to have a source of bitterness of regret, to which no temporal blessing can furnish an antidote. Honors may await, and the confidence and love of his fellow beings, for a moment, cheer his path through life, but when he reflects that his honor and his love are to be changed into contempt and dislike in the person of his own child, he feels as if it were better to be deprived of all, than to witness so heart-rending a contrast. If there be reserved for human life a joy more exalted than all others, it is that of beholding its last moments cheered by the fondness and affection of a virtuous progeny, and if there be a pang more agonizing than any other, it is that of a dying parent, whose last thought rests upon the crimes of a depraved but fondly loved child."

Bridge across the Mississippi.

The people of St. Louis have for a long time been thinking of building a bridge across the Mississippi at that city. The city council sometime since authorized Mr. Ellet to examine into the practicability and expense of such a structure. He has made a report, of which the Gazette gives the following as the essence:

"The bridge is to be three thousand feet long, from bank to bank, to be supported by wire cables, to have only two piers and three arches, and to be elevated above low watermark seventy feet, and above high water mark forty-five feet, so as to admit of a free passage under the arches for the tallest steamboat. The cables are to be suspended over the two piers from towers that, from the bed of the river, rise to an elevation of two hundred feet. The central arch is to be one thousand three hundered feet long. The entire cost is set down at seven hundred and thirty seven thousand five hundred and sixty-six dollars.