NOTICE

I WILL sell my Farm on South River, at Private Sale. It contains upwards of a

THOUSAND ACRES,

and possesses more advantages than most farms. Any information which may be required will be afforded to those who will call upon me at my residence in this city, or on H. H. Harwood, Esq. at the Farmers Bank of Maryland.

RICHARD HARWOOD, of Thos.

Jan. 23.

The Editors of the Baltimore Gazette, and American Farmer, will insert the above once a week until otherwise required.

WALDIE'S

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

NOTICE.—For the sake of combining the old and new series, and making the first volume correspond both in date and number, the subscriber has concluded to print *thirteen* additional numbers to the second volume of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished *gratuitously* to those who commenced with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, or who shall have paid it before the 26th No. of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unsettled at the publication of that No. will be struck off the list, and charged six dollars, as they have been announced.

To those who have really [illegible] "Library," by prompt payment [illegible] subscription, very sincere acknowledgements are tendered, and a continuance of their patronage respectfully requested.

ADAM WALDIE.

WILLIAM BRYAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

TAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general, for the liberal patronage they have heretofore bestowed upon him, and begleave to inform them, that he has been compelled from the heavy calamity which befell him on the 29th October, to remove his shop to the brick building owned by Washington G. Ford, Esq. one door below the Store of Messrs. Hall & Franklin, and nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Dennis Claude; where he intends carrying on his business in his usual manner, and where he will be happy to accommodate his friends in the line of his profession. He was, by the aid of his fellow-citizens, enabled in the morning of the above calamity, to save a portion of his Stock in hand, and hopes, in a short time, to be enabled to replenish his stock. He therefore confidently solicits a continuance of his former patronage of his friends, together with that of the public at large.

Nov. 7.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

ON application to the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans Court of said county, by petition, in writing, of John T. Larmer of said county, stating that he is now in custody for debts he is unable to pay, praying for the benefit of the act of the general assembly of Maryland passed at November session 1805, and the several supplements thereto, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, so far as he can ascertain them, being annexed thereto, and the said John T. Larmer having satisfied me that he has resided two years within this state of Maryland preceding the time of this application, and the said John T. Larmer having taken the oath for giving up his property as stated in his schedule, and having given security for his appearance at court, I do hereby order and adjudge that the said John T. Larmer be discharged from custody for the debts mentioned in his petition; and that he give notice to his creditors, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in the Maryland Gazette once a week for three months before the fourth Monday in October next, to appear before the county court for the purpose of recommending a trustee for their benefit, and to shew cause, if any they have, why the said John T. Larmer should not have the benefit of said act and supplements, and be discharged. Given under my hand this 14th day of March 1834.

GIDEON WHITE.

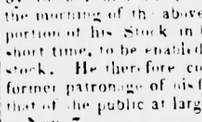
April 3.

From the above it will be seen that the undersigned has been compelled to resort to the provisions of the Insolvent Laws of this state; and in order to prevent misrepresentation, he will give the cause which led him to adopt this disagreeable alternative. He became security for an individual of Anne-Arundel county court for a considerable sum of money, at a time when the individual alluded to has left the state of Maryland, and the person to whom the debt was due has sued for and obtained judgment against him. The undersigned, therefore, feeling himself really unable to pay the debt, has been compelled to resort to the above.

J. T. LARMER.

April 3.

FOR ANNAPOLIS CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.



The Steam Boat MARYLAND, commences her route on TUESDAY the 9th inst. leaving the lower end of Dugan's Wharf, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis (Cambridge by Castle Haven,) and Easton, on return from the Eastern Shore on every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Easton at 7 A. M. by Castle Haven and Annapolis. She will commence her Chestertown Trip on Monday 22d April, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, and return the same day, leaving Chestertown at 6 o'clock, calling at Corsica wharf, for the Centreville passengers.

N. B. All baggage at the owners risk.

Passage to or from Easton or Cambridge, $2.25
Passage to or from Annapolis, 1.50
Passage to Chestertown or Corsica, 1.00
Children under 12 years of age half price.

LEM'L. G. TAYLOR, Master.

May 2

CASH IN MARKET.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of Slaves of both sexes, for which he will pay the Cash a higher price than any other purchaser in the market. Persons having them to dispose of, will communicate with him at Mr. James Hunter's Tavern.

WILLIAM HOOFF.

Annapolis Oct. 24—tf.

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIX. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1834. NO. 28.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS,

At the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner.

The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole, who fell in the attack on Savannah, during the American Revolution, was consecrated, embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Flickering, glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head,
And the censer's burning swung,
While before the altar hung
This proud banner, which with prayer,
Have we consecrated there;
And the vesper hymn was heard the while,
Sighing in the deep mysterious aisle
To the banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's direst wrath
Breaks on the darkened path of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
The hearts of those who fill its hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Lady banner, and beneath
Thine Ethiopia's encircling wreath,
Guard well our homes are free,
Guardian! God will prosper thee!
Jesus look on thy loving hour,
Jesus, strengthen with thy power,
Jesus, protect steeds and men,
Hear our fervent prayer then.
Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If thine vanquished warrior bow,
Spurning thy sacred vow,
Rent asunder and in my heart,
Let memory that endears,
Something to love (oh! much more than)
Something to hope, which is not spared,
Take thy banner and if e'er
This, thy child, leads the soldier's hair,
And the midst of them should beat
Thy dear form of mournful feet,
Then, this crimson flag shall be
Her a cloak and shroud for thee.
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LOVE ADVENTURES.

"When comes on my fancy again, I had else seen yet o'.
Beneath marble, founded as the rock,
Free and general as the casting air,
Bated, fettered, cribbed, and then confined."

The smiles of youth were now checked, the fair colours of futurity, rainbow like, faded. I had been dashed from the gaudy car of imagination and found myself at last compelled to travel along the beaten track of common life. For a time I was melancholy, both at my own downfall and the downfall of my hopes. I had fondly nourished so many clear visions—I had gazed in perspective on so many delicious scenes, that when I fell time dragged his gloomy brush across the picture, stealing grace from the figures, and overshading the brightness of the scene. I may be excused for pausing over this sad desolation, like Caius Marius contemplative, amid the ruins of Carthage. The illusion of youth is to create expectations which it is the delight of old age to destroy. Our little span of life is but the play of a child who carefully erects his temple of cards and weeps when his own breath levels it with the earth. The lovely Minerva who came so near affording me as to direct her servants to take me out of doors, had taught me the emptiness of my desires. Determining to possess more than other people, I had acquired less—and like the dog and his shadow, wishing to snatch all, I gained nothing. I had once adored woman as the highest of God's creation. I now despised her as the lowest. Before my defeat, I believed her mind to be like the summer heavens without a cloud, pure, adorned with glittering beauties, and everlasting—after, it was as the cloud without the stars, changeful, gloomy, with neither solidity, beauty, or use. From one extreme I sprang round to the other, and like the compass when disturbed, pointing many ways before I became fixed in the right.

I was now friendless and poor—and poverty, while it lessened my importance, swelled my pride. I felt a gradual change in my mind as if I were undergoing a chymical operation, and in the fall from luxury to want can preserve the same serenity as it regards outward objects. From the seat of a carriage or deck of a boat, the surrounding landscape, like a moving picture, arrests the attention and entertains the mind—but when we descend to traverse its distance with our own weary steps, we find the romantic road rough with pebbles, and the fragrant rose guarded with thorns. The verdant mountain that charms the painter who reclines at its base, holds out tender allurements to the pedler whom it separates from home—and the ocean of moonlight fire, with not an envious cloud upon its heaving bosom, though it may delight the expansive eye of beauty, who amid the perfume of woodbine and honeysuckle, leans her cheek upon her hand and gazes from her latticed window, sheds nothing but chilling dews upon the tired soldier, who tosses beneath its sheltering canopy, and smarts with unhealed wounds.

I was now the poor traveller whose fate it was to learn misfortune—and, though to mock the world's notice, I assumed eccentricities foreign to my nature, yet still nourished emotions in the concealed depths of my heart, whose soft influence misery could not destroy. Memories of what I had hoped, and dreams of what I might have been, were now treasured as the only valuable remnants of youth's expectation, and like stars whose brilliancy increases in proportion to the shadows around, these sentiments grew stronger as I was more deeply plunged in obscurity and sorrow.

There was a sweet girl who rescued her sex from my scorn, and convinced me that as yet I had met only with the foolish among the fair.—She was young, beautiful and innocent—but her youth was without folly—her beauty without affectation—and her innocence without pride. Unaccomplished in the tricks of fashion, she might by virtue of grace to the belle who dazzles all Beauty—unwinded in the mazes of polite education, her ideas possessed the poetry of Shakespeare without his metre—and the moral sublimity of Pope without his rhyme. The flow—the flow—the glowing sky, inspired her young fancy long before she had dwelt upon the pages of her favourite Thompson—and her soul grew into emptiness of vice and folly, though unschooled in the philosophy of Fergusson, Watts or Locke. She was the child of nature, which art may imitate, but cannot rival. Her step untrained by the artist, was light and airy as the mountain deer—her voice untuned by the master, was sweeter than the ancient music of Italy or Greece. The rose only might teach the painter to imitate her cheek—the nightingale tell the poet the melody of her song. I saw her at the theatre, and a friend gave me the foregoing particulars. She was indeed a delicious object for the eye to rest upon, and I fancied her image was engraven on my heart in colours as vivid, and I thought as lasting as those of a portrait. But why, thought I, should it be that being, when poverty must prove an insurmountable barrier to worldly rank, she must have friends—proud, haughty, and unfeeling like the rest of the world—why should I seek the joys of heaven, while I have a body on earth? My friend, however, became mortified when she received a night fairly some opportunity. He said to myself, she loves such a man as he has described, and could he induce her to love me, my situation could at least not a moment's hesitation, and why was it not possible she should love me as well as any other? Yes, I would try—and through the influence of my friend, I was introduced. I was delighted with her conversation, which more than set my hopes, and felt that she was exactly one of those angels for whom I had dreamed my life been on the search. At first I thought I had been knee deep in love—but every look of her eye sent me yet deeper—and a few weeks plunged me still more over head and ears. I did not perceive a single fault in her or my mind. She was full of tenderness and wit, and I soon became certain that she turned a feeling looks towards me, and sent two or three things which had a tender signification. She often spoke what I was sure she intended for a double entendre, and once when our eyes met, I was convinced she blushed. I was in raptures. Astonished at my fortune, blindness in doubting my triumph—yet almost ready to believe myself fast asleep in a dream—I intended to seize some opportunity to make love to her, and would have done it already, but was excessively annoyed by a little gentleman of the party, who kept stretching his disagreeable neck over my lap and talking to my lovely girl, (whose name in the delight of the introduction I had not noticed,) in the most familiar style imaginable. My bosom swelled with indignation, and two or three times, I was on the point of knocking him into the pit. I, however, restrained myself, and turned from his nauseous politeness to the adorable being whom, in my own mind, I had determined to marry in less than a month. So passed the evening till the play was over; and then I thought, would be my time to unbosom my heart. I made many attempts which she did not seem exactly to understand, till once I popped a broad question, and awaited in breathless anxiety the answer that was to elevate me to the highest pinnacle of triumph, or sink me to the lowest depths of despair. At this interesting moment, the little gentleman above said, who I found was a Frenchman, struck his large nose immediately before me, within two inches of the lady's face. I saw she looked displeased, and not considering whether it was at me or him, was on the point of demanding from him an apology for his rudeness to a female, when to my boiling indignation he exclaimed in a voice so loud that it must have been heard by every one in the box—'Here are one orange, vil you have some my dear?' Insolence intolerable—I could no longer restrain myself, to call the object of my adoration, 'my dear!' I looked at him for a moment, with as much fierceness as furious hate could supply, and thought I saw an approving smile on her angelic face. It was enough. I seized his unwieldly proboscis between my middle and forefingers, and tweaked it, as if it was the only hold I had on existence. The man roared—the lady screamed—the audience rose and shouted, 'hustle'm out, hustle'em out,'—a strong arm dragged me from the box, and ere my delirium of love and courage had subsided, I found myself before the captain of the watch, in the form of a culprit, with about fifty ragged little boys peeping at me through the windows and doors. Among the crowd who had escorted me to this place of refuge, I soon observed the identical nose which had been the unlucky cause of my present situation, and upon looking a little more narrowly, discovered that there was a mouth under it—and a mouth too which was no ways backward in a complishing one of the causes of its creation, viz. speaking.

'Well,' said the captain, 'what have you to allege against this gentleman? Has he done any thing to you?'

'A-ha,' said the little Frenchman, who was red all over the face, and fidgetted about as if he were standing on hot iron, 'A-ha! you can ask that question, you know nothing about it, sure—I never was so insult in all my life—I tell you, sare de whole story. Dis gentleman—I don't know who he is—he was introduce to my poetry. He was very polite I thought he was very fine fellow, and he act very like one gentleman, only when I ask my wife if she would have some orange—he down, and she comes up to my very great surprise and pull my nose.'

My wonder diverted me to the spot, and my amanuensis was a married woman! I immediately perceived that I was in a scrape of a scrape, but knowing the poetic fire and generosity of the nation by one of whom I had now the honour to be imprisoned, I made him a low bow—put my hands on my heart—and his doubts—I assuring him I was fa ther from my most to insult any one in the world, (I—for poetry's sweet sake,) and last of all, the Frenchman, (who, to be sure) that I had the first and last time taken confidence in his generosity, [illegible] and expected him to receive my explanation of a trifle which had occasioned—(pinch of snuff.) From my [illegible] I had seen or yet to [illegible] which I conceive myself to be falling through the immensity of space—frosty astonishment expressed in every countenance, and the captain who had been half asleep now opened one eye, and pulled his cap off one ear to listen at his ease. Naturally in such dreadful things I catch hold of the nearest object to prevent my fall, and in the worst instances of this madness I have sometimes seized the bedpost so as almost to break it in two.—'My poor gracion,—poor fellow—you must have been dem bad this time,' said the little Frenchman, in a tone of compassion.

'Yes—I was—and in the confusion of the moment I confess—not knowing what I was—it is possible that I might have pressed the hand of this gentleman's nose—for which I must humbly beg pardon and promise never to repeat the offence.' The kind beaten fraternity [illegible] my excuse and permitted my discharge. I went home in a hurry and in my sitting darkness of my own conceit [illegible] nothing—to know that the wife had got me into the airy labyrinths of love—and joy that the bushwhacks had extricated me from the actual confinement of the watch-house.——I dreamed confusedly of noses, angels, and little boys, and awoke the next morning more than ever convinced that the course of true love never did run smooth.'

EASY WAY TO PRESERVE FRESH FLOWERS.

How may flowers be kept fresh in the house? This is an interesting question at this season. How strange it is that the public have not learnt one simple fact familiar to Botanists! I will tell it to you, Mr. Editor, that you may tell it to the world.

Flowers soon wither after plucking, chiefly because their moisture evaporates; and this cannot be effectually supplied by immersing the stems in water. Sprinkle them with water, and cover them closely with a glass, saucer or vessel, and they will keep perfectly fresh for several days. They may stand in a dry place. Let this be tried by your readers—they will be gratified at the result.

The cover should not be much larger than the flowers, or the moisture will be exhaled. A covered vase may be thus beautified with fresh natural flowers. The cover, however, is apt to be covered with moisture within: therefore, when company is expected, it may be temporarily removed, and replaced afterwards. The flowers should then be sprinkled anew.

If greens, and even vegetables were wet and covered quite closely, they might be brought to market in much better condition, and from a greater distance, especially if sheltered from heat. Spinnage, asparagus, cucumbers, &c. if put into light boxes and moistened, might probably come by canals, vessels, &c. in good order from a great distance.—*N. Y. Daily Adv.*

From the New York Mirror.

CORNELIA.

'*En mea ornamenta!*'—'Behold my jewels!'

The sun was verging to the horizon, and the ruddy Tiber, glowing with the reflected radiance of the god of day, as it rippled gently by the Campus Martius, broke upon its borders in tiny waves of liquid fire. The Campus itself was sprinkled with groups of Roman citizens, who had repaired to this favourite promenade, to catch the earliest breath of the evening breeze, after the intolerable heat of the mid-summer's day. As the sun approached nearer and nearer to his setting, the throng was increased by thousands pouring in from every quarter of the city; and when his rays became blended with the prismatic twilight, behind the hills bounding the immense plain, the moderns term the Campagna, it seemed as if all Rome had assembled in that loved resort. Here a knot of young patricians were conversing with animation upon the respective merits of two famous gladiators, who were to fight on the morrow, and were betting against each other upon their favourites. There the grave looks and dress of the speakers showed them to be senators, engaged in devising some plan to repress the audacity of the popular faction, which, at the period of which we are treating, immediately subsequent to the last Punic war, had just begun to encroach upon the privileges of the patricians, and to show symptoms of that spirit which, soon after, convulsed Italy with civil war. Thousands upon thousands swept along, wrapt in the pursuit of amusement or the concerns of business; while the vacant laugh, or the low, earnest tones, betokening absorbing interest, with the diverse languages of Greeks and barbarians, mixed with the majestic Latin, fell constantly upon the ear. In that moving panorama—that concentration of physical and intellectual energies—might be clearly imaged forth, in bold outline, Rome, the mistress of the world.

In the spacious balcony of a house overlooking the Campus, and commanding a prospect of the country beyond, sate a group of Roman matrons. Their dress and bearing showed them patrician; but the gathering crowd beneath, and the gorgeous splendour of the setting sun, seemed alike unregarded. They were engaged in earnest discussion and while their voices grew loud their countenances became flushed with excitement.

'What! Metella! do you seriously compare your Carthaginian ornaments with mine? Did not Mummius select mine from the spoils of Corinth, the acknowledged mistress of Greece and the centre of taste and refinement? To our Corinth on a level with Carthage—those frowzy Africans with the elegant Greek.'

'If the quaestor did bring you home jewels, selected with good taste, it is no merit of his, as one one better acquainted than himself with the value chose them, for Mummius has no more taste, with all his and your pretensions, than an Ostian burgeman; witness his barbarous destruction of what age cannot replace—for one fine specimen of art, brought by chance to Rome, he destroyed thousands in the captured city, through sheer stupitity, and lack of appreciation! Faugh!'

The wife of Mummius overpowered with choler, could at first hardly command herself to speak. At length she burst forth passionately:—'Show your Punic rubies, your Mauritanian emeralds. Let us see what you wear at your country festivals to astonish the rustics around your Campanian villa. I challenge you to the trial. Come is my Grecian necklace; can't matron's? —and here a studded concubine will out do this?—and this circlet for the head?'

While thus uttering a torrent of volubility, she opened a casket and displayed the glittering stones in their varied forms upon her extended knee. Having exhausted her well-filled repository, she gazed with prodigious satisfaction upon the gleaming ornaments—then looked with triumphant spite upon her discomfited rival, who, overpowered by the unexpected display of the wife of Mummius, evinced by her silence and looks the mortification felt at her superiority.

Metella, more to show that she indeed possessed jewels than to offer them in competition, produced a frontlet of rubies set in gold, of curious workmanship and antique pattern.

'This can at least boast an owner whose name were worth all the gems of Corinth or Carthage—this was given by Hamilcar to his young son Hannibal, and when he fled from Carthage, the deputies from the city brought it to Scipio; thence it came to me. Such names might render priceless a meaner ornament.'

'A marvellous way to atone for its inferiority, by adducing the name of its owner,' replied the wife of Mummius; however, my end is gained—I knew my jewels excelled not only thine, but those of every other Roman matron. 'Twere pity if it were not so, since 'tis not every one has the luck to sack a city, and that city Corinth.'

And the matron, swelling with the vulgar pride of little minds, began to replace the idols of her affection in the open casket.

But Metella, though defeated, could not repress her irritation; it broke out afresh at this last display of vanity:

'I am but one—there may be others in the company more able than you or I to astonish with the show of jewelry. There is Marcia, the wife of a consular who had Spain, and there, too, is Quintilla—her husband conquered the Tyrrhene pirates, who were reported to have the wealth of cities on board their triremes. But still further: Cornelia—she certainly can outvie you, for her family has given Rome magistrates for years. Lo! there she comes along the colonnade, with her two children—I'll ask her myself.'

While Metella was speaking, a tall, graceful matron with a front of commanding dignity, and a countenance of serene yet fascinating beauty, approached the party, leading a child by each hand.—Her light complexion, large blue eyes, and hair of that rare glistening brown which the Roman poets, in all ages of the republic and empire, loved to praise under the epithet of 'golden,' composed a style of beauty, in itself unsurpassed, and the more admired since so rarely seen in a country where the opposite characteristics almost universally predominate. A tinge of melancholy and a cast of deep thought had effaced every trace of levity from her countenance, and imparted that intellectual expression which so much enhances the effect of beauty. Yet her address was replete with suavity, and the silver tones of her voice rang like sweet music on the rapt ear of the listener.

How lovely looked that stately mother, advancing between her curly headed children!

The whole party rose respectfully at her approach, and the eager Metella, advancing to meet her, begged her to accept a seat among them and satisfy her curiosity in a matter of no little interest to herself and the company. Cornelia, suffering her boys to play at a short distance, accepted the proffered seat and was immediately questioned by Metella, while the wife of Mummius, though absorbed in a discussion which was to decide the important fact of the splendour of her jewels, or to mortify her with another's superiority, assumed an air of scornful inadvertence.

The wondering Cornelia listened with polite attention. Metella awaited her reply.

'In truth, madam, it may seem strange; but as for jewels, I can please my friends with the sight of none.'

'No jewels!' responded the astonished Metella.—'What! Cornelia—with her long line of noble ancestors, descended from ancestors to consuls, praetors and quaestors, who have had the gathering of the riches of the world for the republic—she have no jewels!' And the incredulous Metella assumed a pettish air.

'Ay! but I have,' replied Cornelia, with a bright mantling blush of [illegible] and with straight presented them. 'Here, Caius, Tiberius—where are ye, boys? Come hither.'

The children ran withal eagerly from the further extremity of the balcony to that loved spot, striving who first should reach their expected mother. The impetuous Caius arrived first.

'She will send them for her casket,' said Metella in an under tone, to the wife of Mummius.

'Hush! she is about to speak.'

Cornelia placed a hand on each curly head of those innocent chubby cheeked cherubs, as they stood in mute attention at her knee; then turning to the group with her face lighted up with an angelic flush of maternal love, and unutterable tenderness, she exclaimed—'Behold my jewels!'

History, amid the relation of crimes innumerable and the thousand mutations which have consigned to oblivion the fame of many who were renowned in their day and generation, has handed down the touching exclamation of Cornelia like an inviolable gem from age to age, and it comes to us with the freshness of a recent saying of some cherished friend. The memory of the haughty and ghostly assassin, before whom the Roman matron spake, from the fullness of an overflowing heart, has sunk in merited oblivion, and fiction must fill the blank by portraying the faults of character common to all nations and times. But while the remembrance of the vain and selfish has been buried, as though they never were, the key to the casket yet remains, and we are enabled to explore its treasures with the same facility and certainty, after the lapse of ages, as though the lovely owner had herself exhibited them to our admiring view, and we had ourselves gazed with unfeigned delight on the glowing face of the exulting mother.

How all powerful, for good or evil, is the influence of a mother! During those hours of infancy passed in unavoidable seclusion, when the affections and mental powers can be moulded into any form by the plastic hand of maternal love, which it is that the most is taken for weal or woe, which a future existence alter. The father, who the world and a public station, like the husband of Cornelia, or, like most in modern times, is in a private capacity, sees but little at instant intervals of his children, and has hardly time to salute them with a hurried embrace and a kiss of tenderness before his avocations summon him again into the great world, to engage once more in its engrossing pursuits. But the mother, for whom domesticity has a charm, to whom her children are company and the world, exercise over their nascent powers an influence proportioned to her own good sense and attachment to the idols of her heart, omnipotent though imperceptible—and it is not too much to say, that all the kindly sympathies and swelling affections of the youth and mature man, can be traced to their rise when lying at a mother's feet, or listening, with head on her knees, to her mild yet awful rebuke.

That the Romans appreciated the worth of Cornelia, is evident from the honours bestowed on her during her life and at her death.

That remarkable people were well aware of the influence of a striking example of virtue, and strove to extend its effect by evidences of public regard.—Statues of Cornelia, erected by order of the senate, stood amid all political convulsions, and she was the model of Roman matrons in her own day, and the succeeding ages of the republic.