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BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.] "OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG." [AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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DR. HUNT'S
BOTANIC PILLS,
INTERESTING & APPLICABLE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH
Diseases of the Stomach, or Nerves;
Such a Dyspepsia, either Chronic or Casual, under the worst symptoms of restlessness; Lowness of Spirits, and General Emaciation; Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver; Liver Affections; Jaundice, both Biliary & Spasmodic; Costiveness; Worms of every variety; Rheumatism; whether Acute or Chronic; together with Gout, Scrofula, Pains in the Head, Back, Limbs, and Side, Typhus Fever, Scarlet Fever, Putrid Sore Throat, Fever & Ague, Spasmodic Palpitation of the Heart and Arteries, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Weakness, Hysterics, Tic Douloureux, Cramps, Female Obstructions, Heartburn, Headache, Cough the Common or Humid, and the Dry or the Whooping; Asthma, Gravel, and Dropsy.

The *Blood* has hitherto been considered by Empirics and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and such is the devoted of the adherents to that erroneous doctrine, that they content themselves with the simple possession of this fallacious opinion, without enquiring into the primary sources from whence Life, Health, and Vigor emanate, and, *vice versa*, pain, sickness, disease and death. Not so with DR. HUNT, whose extensive research and practical experience so eminently qualify him for the profession of which he has been one of the most useful members. He contends—and a moment's reflection will convince any reasoning mind of the correctness of his views—that the stomach, liver, and the associated organs are the primary and great regulators of health, and that the blood in very many instances is dependent on these organs, and that unless medicine reaches THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE, the *superficial anodynes* usually prescribed, serve but as foils to cover the ravages of deep-rooted maladies.—Under these convictions, at the expense of years of close application, the doctor has discovered a medicine whose searching powers are irresistible, and in prescribing, it is with a knowledge of its being a radical cure in the various diseases already enumerated, even if applied in the most critical cases, but he does not pretend to ascribe to

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS
a supernatural agency, although from positive proofs within the knowledge of hundreds he is prepared to shew, that when every other earthly remedy has been given up,

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS
have never been known to fail in effecting two very gratifying results, that of raising from the bed of sickness and disease those who have tested their efficacy, and thus amply rewarding Dr. Hunt for his long and anxious study to attain this *perfection* in the HEALING ART.

The extraordinary success which has attended the use of HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS, is the best criterion of their superior virtues. They have been the means of raising a host of languishing patients from the bed of affliction, as it is clearly evinced in the following

CERTIFICATES.

FEVER AND AGUE CURED.
To Dr. Hunt:
Dear Sir—Believing it a duty I owe you as a successful practitioner, as well as those who may be similarly afflicted, I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have derived from the use of your valuable medicine.

HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS.
After much suffering from Fever and Ague, during the spring and fall, for the last four years, and the pecuniary injuries attendant on the indisposition of one on whose exertions a large family was dependant for support, and having without success tested the skill of many medical advisers, at an expense I could not well afford. In the fall of 1838, finding the premonitory symptoms of the disease approaching, I was induced by a friend who had tried your medicine, to purchase a package of your Botanic Pills, and now have the happiness to inform you—and through you, those who may be similarly afflicted—that they counteracted the disease, nor have I been troubled with it since and my confidence continues to uphold me in the belief that your Botanic Pills are the most safe, the cheapest, most efficacious, and radical cure for that distressing disease Fever and Ague All I can for the present offer you for the blessing you have been instrumental in conferring on me, is my assurance of unceasing gratitude and esteem.
P. M. McCORMICK.
Newark, N. J., July 31, 1839.

Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Effectually Cured.
Mr. Wm. Tucker, having lately been restored to a sound state of health, through the efficacy of *Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills*, thinks it an indispensable duty to state certain facts relative to the disease under which he had so long suffered. The symptoms were a painful obstruction, with a constant rejection of food, head-ache, palpitation of the heart, lowness of spirits, a troublesome dry cough, dizziness, tightness at the chest and difficulty of breathing, almost constant pain in the side, loins, and shoulders, accompanied with much languor and debility. These afflictions, together with an unusual degree of flatulence, brought on such a state of extreme weakness, as to prevent him from attending to his business, and his health appeared lost beyond recovery. His friends and relatives became alarmed at the melancholy prospect, and strongly recommended Hunt's Botanic Pills—they were administered, and in a few days produced astonishing relief, and finally realized a perfect restoration to sound health.
WILLIAM TUCKER.
Beware of Counterfei's.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And the likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS'
CAMOMILE PILLS.
☞*A severe case of Piles cured at 100 Chatham street.*—Mr. Dan'l Spinning of Shrewsbury, Eden Town, New Jersey, was severely afflicted with Piles for more than 20 years. Had had recourse to medicines of almost every description, also the advice of several emminent Physicians, but never found the slightest relief from any source whatsoever, until he called on Dr. Evans, of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., and procured some medicine from him, from which he found immediate relief, and subsequently a perfect cure.
Beware of Counterfeits.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And the likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. GOODE'S CELEBRATED
FEMALE PILLS.
These Pills are strongly recommended to the notice of the ladies as a safe and efficient remedy in removing those complaints peculiar to their sex, from want of exercise, or general Debility of the system, Obstructions, Suppressions, and Irregularity of the Menses; at the same time strengthening, cleansing, and giving tone to the Stomach and Bowels, and producing a new and healthy action throughout the system generally. They create Appetite, correct Indigestion, remove Giddiness, and Nervous Headache, and are eminently useful in those flatulent complaints which distress Females so much at the "TURN OF LIFE." They obviate costiveness, and counteract all Hysterical and Nervous Affections, likewise afford soothing and permanent relief in Fluor Albus, or Whites, and in the most obstinate cases of Chlorosis, or Green Sickness, they invariably restore the pallid and delicate female to health and vigor.
These Pills have gained the sanction and approbation of the most eminent Physicians in the United States, and many mothers can likewise testify to their extraordinary efficacy. To married females, whose expectations of the tenderest pledges of connubial happiness have been defeated, these Pills may be truly esteemed a blissful boon. They soon renovate all functional debility, and if taken (according to directions,) obviate all morbid action. They dispel that fulsome and disagreeable sensation common to females at each monthly return, likewise the attendant pains in the back, side, or loins; they generally counteract the nausea, vomiting, and other nervous affections in chlorosis, or green sickness, in a few days, (and if continued according to directions,) soon effect a perfect cure.—Nothing is so signally efficacious in recruiting the pallid and sickly female (who has been during her life irregular and sensitive) as the FEMALE PILLS.
Beware of Counterfeits.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this Medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents.
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS'
SOOTHING SYRUP,
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
To Mothers and Nurses.
The passage of the teeth through the gums produces troublesome and dangerous symptoms. It is known by mothers that there is great irritation in the mouth and gums during this process. The gums swell, the secretion of the saliva is increased, the child is seized with frequent and sudden fits of crying, watching, starting in its sleep, and spasms of peculiar parts; the child shrieks with extreme violence, and thrusts its fingers into its mouth. If these precursary symptoms are not speedily alleviated, spasmodic convulsions universally supervene, and soon cause the dissolution of the infant. If mothers who have their little babes afflicted with these distressing symptoms would apply the celebrated American Soothing Syrup, which has preserved hundreds of infants when thought past recovery, from being suddenly attacked with that fatal malady convulsions.
This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds when thought past recovery, from convulsions. As soon as the Syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant, that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it.—When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of the syrup should be used on the gums to open the pores. Parents should never be without the syrup in the nursery where there are young children, for if a child wakes in the night with pain in the gums, the Syrup immediately gives ease, by opening the pores and healing the gums; thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.
Beware of Counterfeits.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS'
Camomile & Aperient Pills.
Another very severe case of Inflammatory Rheumatism cured by Dr. Evans' Medicine.—Mr. John A. Carroll, of the county of Westchester, town of North Castle, New York, had been severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for fourteen months with violent pains in his limbs, great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of skin, limbs much swollen, was not able without assistance to turn in bed for six weeks. Had tried various remedies to no effect. Was advised by a friend of his to procure some of Dr. W. Evans' medicines of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., which he immediately sent for; and after taking the first dose found great relief, and in continuing its use according to the directions for ten days, was perfectly cured. Allows me to refer any person to him for the truth of the above statement.
Beware of Counterfeits.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.
Oct. 10, 1839.

BARON VON HUTCHELER
HERB PILLS.
These Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heart, give an impulse or strength to the arterial system; the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulations through all the vessels, whether of the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities, and as all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood, there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalent, or discharging vessels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected, all obstructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthful state.
Beware of Counterfeits.
☞Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to Act of Congress.*—And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

Of whom may be had,
Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile & Aperient Pills.
Do. Soothing Syrup.
Dr. Hunts Botanic Pills.
Dr. Goode's Female Pills.
Do. Fever and Ague Pills.
October 10, 1839.

POETRY.

THE LITTLE FOOT.
BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart a quivering,
For ah! I think what chart can show
The ways through which this foot must go.

Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills—
Bathe in the dews of distant hills—
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out
When riper years would pause and doubt;
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink,
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.

But what, when manhood tints thy cheeks,
Will be the ways thy foot may seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck?
To helpless slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow!

Or is it for the battle plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain,
Till there its final step be taken?
There sleep thine eyes, no more to waken?
Is it to glory or to shame,
To sully or to gild thy name,
Is it to happiness or to wo
This little foot is made to go?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in a cottage or a hall;
Oh! may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot hath not been found,
Who on his path below hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly step, and none
E'er dash the foot against the stone.

Yet if thy way is mark'd by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate—
If thou must float by vice and crime
A wreck upon the stream of time,
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot in lightsome play,
Would bound with guiltless infant glee
Upon the clod that shelters me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Southern Rose.

Misfortune and Exile Ennobled.
BY MADAME D'ABRAETES.

In 1793, M. de Talleyrand was in Boston,—one day whilst crossing the market place he was compelled to stop, by a long row of wagons all loaded with vegetables.—The wily courtier generally so dead to emotion, could not look with a kind of pleasure at these wagoners, who, by the by, were young and pretty country women. Suddenly the vehicles came to a stand, and the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women who appeared more lovely than the others. An exclamation escaped from his lips—it attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market, as she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes indeed, it is I. But you, what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman, "I am waiting for my turn to pass on * * * * * I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At this moment the wagons began to move along; she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her, disappeared, and left him as rivetted on the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market woman?—Madame la Comtesse de la Tour-du-Pin, (Mademoisille de Dillon*) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis the sixteenth, King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with so dazzling a lustre in the society of her numerous friends and admirers. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like all the ladies who held a rank at the court, had only time to attend to such duties as belong to her high, fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings and agony of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfume, under the gilded ceiling of the Royal Palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband, and her infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France.—It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death.—Alas! in those times of terror the poor children themselves abandoned with joy the paternal roof for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eye of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, pretty and fashionable lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continued praises of her beauty and talents.†

Mons. de la Tour-du-Fin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of admiration; indeed her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now in a foreign land, & among unsophisticated republicans, (1793) what was the use of courtly refinements? A thorough knowledge of 'La Bonne Fermere' of Parmentier seemed to him far preferable to a rondeau of Clementi,‡ or 'La Coquette' of Herman.§

Happy as she was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom.—However, with the foresight of a good father and kind husband, he nerved himself against despair and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants who were starving when the little money they had brought over with them was exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's a good natured notable woman, who on every occasion evinced the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder; yet M. de la Tour-du-Pin was in constant dread least the conversation of that good, plain and well meaning woman might be the cause of great ennui to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Talleyrand, and the high-minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever he was thinking of this sad transaction (particularly when absent from his wife, and tilling the garden of the cottage which they were going to inhabit) he felt such pangs and heart-throbbings as to make him apprehensive on his return to Mrs. Muller to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile his good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband."

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding house of Mrs. Muller, to go and inhabit their little cottage, when they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro and kind of Jack-of-all trades, viz: gardner, footman and cook. The last function M. de la Tour-du-Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his little garden to gather some fruits, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home, his wife was absent, looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young country-woman, who, with her back to the door was kneading the dough; her arms of a snowy whiteness, were bare to the elbows. M. de la Tour-du-Pin started; the young woman turned round. It was his beloved wife who had changed her muslins and silk for a country dress, not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined her hands in a supplicating manner. 'Oh! my love,' said she, 'do not laugh at me. * * * I am as expert as Mrs. Muller.

Too full of emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries he learned that when he thought her given up to despair she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants—and after six months had become skilful in the culinary art, a thorough housekeeper, discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is. We, in a moment, understand what it would cost country women one or two years. Now we shall be happy—you will no longer be afraid of ennui for me, nor I of your doubt about my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile at him. 'Come, come, you promised us a sallad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow, the oven is hot. To-day the bread of the town will do—but oh! henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment, Madame de la Tour-du-Pin kept her word; moreover she insisted in going herself to Boston, to sell her vegetables and cream cheese. It was on such an errand in town that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he went to pay her a visit and met her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chickens and pigeons. Truly might have said of her

"Aux pesits des oiseaux tu donnes la pature,
Et ta bontes' etend sur toute la nature."

From the, unfledg'd birds receive their food,
And all that live know well that thou art good.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides her health had been so benefitted that she seemed less fatigued by the house work than if she had attended the balls of a winter. Her beauty,‖ which had been remarkably in the georgeous palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the new world. M. de Talleyrand said to her.

"Indeed!" replied she, with narvette, indeed do you think so? I am delighted to hear it. A woman is always and every where proud of her personal attractions.

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing room, holding in his hand his jacket with a long rent in the back.—"Misses, him jacket torn; please mend him." She immediately took a needle, repaired Gullah's jacket, and continued the conversation with charming simplicity.

This little adventure left a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice peculiar to his narrations.

*She returned to France under the Consulate—her husband was Perfect of a Department.

†She was an excellent performer, and played admirably on the Piano.

‡A celebrated composer.

§Professor of music to to the Queen.

‖She was perfectly well made, tall, fair, and her complexion of uncommon purity.

From Mr. Stephen's new 'Incident of Travel.'

The Battle of Grokow.
The battle of Grokow, the greatest in Europe since that of Waterloo, was fought on the twenty-fifth of February, 1831, and the place where I stood commanded a view of the whole ground. The Russian army was under the command of Diebitsch, and consisted of one hundred and forty-two thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry, and three hundred and twelve pieces of cannon. This enormous force was arranged in two lines of combitants and a third in reserve—Its left wing, between Wavre and the marshes of the Vistula, consisted of four divisions of infantry of forty-seven thousand men, three of cavalry of ten thousands five hundred, and one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon; the right consisted of three and a half divisions of infantry of thirty-one thousand men, four divisions of cavalry of fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty men, and fifty-two pieces of cannon. Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki.

At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and colums of infantry, charged the Polish left with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with six thousand five hundred men and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succor, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officer, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerliz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack on the right wing—but foiled in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed the strength of his army against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and 50 battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead that the infantry marched directly over their bodies.—The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

At three o'clock, the generals many of whom were wounded, and the most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved on a retrogade movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain, Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, "Well, then, it appears that after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace." The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head advanced to the attack. Col. Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sang froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces.—The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated that, of a regiment of curirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the "invincibles," not a man escaped! The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers carried along in its flight the columns of infantry. A general retreat commenced, and the city of Poland forever, reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer, who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two thirds of the officers, and perhaps the soldiers had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewed with dead bodies that it received from that day the name of the "Forest of the dead." The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balken had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

All day my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of volumns of smoke showed when the Russians or Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible; their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armour shattered and broken, and all, even dying men were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished himself in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their hemlets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves on the saddle.—Above the stern chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle field. My companion told me that he was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother extorted from him a promise that he would not attempt it.

All day he stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively, as every peal of the cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed she sprang from his side as she recognized in the drooping figure of an officer, with his spear broken in his hand, the figure of her gallant boy. He was then reeling on his saddle his eye was glazed and vacant, and he died that night in her arms.

JOSEPH RITNER'S DEFALCATION.
We have repeatedly adverted to the undeniable fact that the Ex-Governor of this State, now in his retirement on a farm in Cumberland County, *purchased since his ejection from the executive chair*, is *by his own admission*, taken in connection with other documentary evidence, a defaulter to the Commonwealth in the enormous sum of SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!! We have published and re-published the evidence upon which this imputation against the late Executive is predicated, and challenged those, who may be supposed to feel an interest in the posthumous fame of the ex-administration, to adduce any fact or testimony that may be in their possession, in order to explain the mystery of these transactions, and save their ex-patron from the stain which otherwise attaches to him.—Alien from us is the disposition to pursue *Joseph Ritner* into the sanctity of his retirement. As a private citizen we wish him the enjoyment of every temporal blessing, and it is only because the whole Commonwealth—every tax-payer within her extended limits—is immediately interested in the explanation demanded, that we have been induced to insist upon its being given us by the adherents of the late executive. We again adduce the evidence upon which we rest the imputation, that Joseph Ritner, Ex-Governor of this Commonwealth, now a resident of Cumberland County, is a DEFAULTER to the State, in the sum of SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS! and renew our call upon his adherents to proffer the demanded explanation. What sayest thou, Joseph, guilty or not guilty?

In his last message communicated to the legislature of this State, bearing date December 27, 1838, Gov. Ritner remarks:—

"The whole work (the repair of the Huntingdon breach,) will cost, when completed, three hundred and eighty thousand dollars, of which THREE HUNDRED & THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED from the Bank of the United States, and FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, from the Harrisburg Bank."

This sum of three hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which Gov. Ritner thus publicly acknowledges to have RECEIVED, he expresses the hope in the same message, will be promptly re-paid to the banks by legislative provision!

Now mark, how plain a tale shall put him down!" James Steel, of the borough of Huntingdon, was appointed by the Ritner Canal Commissioners, disbursing officer on the break, to pay out the Commonwealth's moneys to those legally entitled to it, upon duly certified vouchers. In his testimony, solemnly attested before the Auditor General, during the investigation had at Huntingdon, on the 10th of August last, Mr. Steel says:

"I was the disbursing officer on the canal from Huntingdon to Hollidaysburg, appointed by the late board of canal commissioners. The object as I understand it, in my appointment by the Canal Commissioners, was to pay out the money on duly certified vouchers. All the moneys I received on account of this break, I received on warrants drawn by Gov. Ritner, on the U. States and Harrisburg Banks, except fourteen thousand dollars, *which I received personally from Gov. Ritner.* Three hundred and fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, is *ALL THE MONEY I drew or received on account of the break.*"

The difference between $880,000 "received" by Ritner, and $315,750 "disbursed" by Steel, can be readily calculated.—The balance remaining, according to all the rules of arithmetic now extant, is $564,250!!!

We reiterate our inquiry, thrice made and still *unanswered*, what has become of the sixty-four thousand two hundred and fifty dollars? Ritner *acknowledges* that he "received" it—Steel, the disbursing officer *swears*, that he did not disburse it. Shall Joseph Ritner, the "honest Washington county farmer," be also written down *defaulter*. The studied silence of the federal organs, under our repeated calls upon them, to "come to the rescue," would indeed seem to imply it. Let an explanation be forthcoming, if one can be given.—*Keystone.*

"Mike, and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice cramps?"

"In troth I can—do they not bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure?"

Time consumes steel and iron, but no incessant talker does more yet, for he consumes time itself.