

OFFICE OF THE STAR,  
CHAMBERSBURG STREET, A FEW DOORS  
WEST OF MR. FORRY'S TAVERN.

ADVERTISEMENTS  
Conspicuously inserted four times for one  
DOLLAR per square—over four times, TWENTY-FIVE  
CENTS per square will be charged.

# The Star.

TERMS OF THIS PAPER—Two Dollars  
per annum—payable half yearly in advance. No  
subscriptions taken for less than six months, and  
none discontinued until all arrears are paid,  
unless at the option of the Editor—and a failure  
to notify a discontinuance will be considered a  
new engagement, and the paper forwarded ac-  
cordingly.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ PRODESSE CIVIBUS—"THE LOVE OF MY COUNTRY LEADS ME TO BE OF ADVANTAGE TO MY FELLOW-CITIZENS."

Printed and Published, at GETTYSBURG, PA.,  
BY ROBERT W. MIDDLETON.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1831.

TERMS—\$2 PER ANNUM.  
VOL. 2.—NO. 2.

## Advertisements.

### THE EAGLE HOTEL.

THE undersigned respectfully informs  
his old friends and customers, and the  
public in general, that he has taken that  
well known



Situate on the corner of Baltimore and Mid-  
dle streets, formerly occupied by Mr. B.  
Gilbert. The house is large and conven-  
ient. His Bar is well stocked with the  
best of Liquors, and his Table will always  
be furnished with the best the market can  
afford. The stabling is good and roomy,  
and attended by an attentive Hostler.

Travellers and others are assured, that  
he will use every exertion in his power to  
render both Man and Horse comfortable.

PHILIP HEAGY.

April 6, 1831. —t—52

### MARYLAND STATE LOTTERY.

NO. 2, to be drawn in Baltimore, on the  
25th April, 1831—on the terminating  
system, five Tickets secure TWO PRIZES,  
and may draw SEVEN.

HIGHEST PRIZES,  
2 of \$5000, 2 of \$1000.

Tickets \$1 50—No Shares.

SCHEME.  
2 Prizes of \$5,000 8 prizes of \$50  
2 1,000 20 20  
2 500 40 10  
2 300 200 2  
2 200 2000 1  
4 100

\$282 Prizes amounting to \$24,000.  
1178—20,000 Tickets.

Tickets for sale, in the greatest variety of Nos. at

### J. CLARK'S,

N. W. Corner of Calvert and Baltimore-sts. N. E.  
Corner of Charles and Baltimore-sts. and N. W.  
Corner of Gay and Baltimore-sts.

Where the highest prize in the recent State  
Lotteries has been often sold than at any other  
office!!!

Orders from a distance, enclosing the Cash,  
will be punctually attended to  
Baltimore, April 13, 1831. —t—2-1

### LIST OF LETTERS,

Remaining in the Post-Office at Gettysburg,  
Pa. April 1st, 1831.

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| A                    | M                    |
| John Anderson        | Robert A. M'Pherson  |
| J. G. Apsbaugh       | John A. Miller       |
| Henry Auecker        | Nathan Miller 2      |
| B                    | Wm. W. McClellan     |
| David Beyers         | Mary M'Gowan         |
| Mr. Bovio            | Robert M'Creary      |
| Rebecca Bell         | John Mosier          |
| Daniel Burns         | John M'Kesson        |
| Thomas Blocher       | Nancy Menich         |
| Peter Boisel         | Peter Moritz         |
| Rev. H. L. Baugher 2 | Robert M'Ordio       |
| Rensselaer Becker    | Jacob Miller         |
| John Black, Sen.     | Isaac Miller         |
| Darkis H. Boatton    | Jacob M'udford, Sen. |
| Wm. Bailey, Jr.      | John M'Knight        |
| Jacob Bittinger      | Henry Moore          |
| C                    | James Mitchell       |
| Maria Cole           | John Mays or Mr.     |
| John Crawford        | Bukey                |
| John Clapper 2       | James M'Alister      |
| George Cormeny       | N                    |
| Owen Connelly        | John Neely           |
| Henry Coons          | O                    |
| Jacob Clapsdelle     | Henry Ocker          |
| Elizabeth Culp       | Patrick O'Friell     |
| John Cowover         | P                    |
| Rev. Dougherty       | Miss Paxton          |
| Marotte Danbist      | George Peters        |
| John Duncan          | Samuel Patterson     |
| E                    | R                    |
| Joseph England       | Samuel Rontzon       |
| Alexander Edmund     | James Ray            |
| Jacob Eckert         | James Russell        |
| Siris Edwards        | David Reck or        |
| F                    | Samuel Rontzong      |
| Peter Fletcher       | Philip Rahn          |
| David Fletcher       | William Rdy          |
| John Fay             | Joseph Reinhard      |
| G                    | Henry Rupert         |
| James Gault          | Henry Rupp 2         |
| Ann M. Gilbert       | Benjamin Ravenzan    |
| Eliza Guyer          | S                    |
| James Galbraith      | James Stafford       |
| John Gregg           | George Sweny         |
| Mary Grant           | John Sower           |
| Margaret Gadhler     | Casper Schenebruch   |
| H                    | Robert Stewart       |
| Wm. W. Hutcheson     | George Swope         |
| John Hughes          | Richard Scott        |
| George Heck          | Jacob Stallmish      |
| Casper Hencke        | Mr. Snyter           |
| Wm. Holtzworth       | Christian Shriver    |
| Francis Hottel       | Elizabeth Swigart    |
| Peter Hulick         | Margaret E. Snyder   |
| Henry Hako           | Mary Scott           |
| Henry A. Holcomb     | T                    |
| John Hersh           | Joshua Thompson      |
| Henry Hartzel        | Mary Thompson        |
| Philip Hagen         | Samuel Tagert 3      |
| Martha Ann Hays      | Mary Torrence        |
| Alexander Horner     | Abraham Tawney       |
| I                    | W                    |
| Lucrotia M. Johnson  | Wm. Wilson           |
| K                    | Samuel Wright        |
| Robert Kenyon        | Philip Warner        |
| George Knopp         | Wm. Walker           |
| Wm. Kuhn             | Adam Walter, jr.     |
| Andrew Korrigan      | Israel P. Wright 2   |
| Erza Kollong         | David Warren         |
| Rufus Kollogg        | Isaac Warren 2       |
| Peter Koekler        | Vicki Wilson         |
| John Keim            | Wm. & Thos. White    |
| L                    | Rebecca S. Wilson    |
| Peter Little         | Rev. J. V. Wassaman  |
| Peter Linard         | Thomas N. White      |
| Philip Long          | Mary Wookley         |
| Jacob Lansinger      | Y—Z                  |
| Mr. Lian             | Edmund L. Youco      |
| Wm. Lian             | Henry Yeag           |
|                      | Michael Yow, Sen.    |
|                      | George Ziegler       |

## POETRY.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd  
From various gardens call'd with care."

From the Evening Post.  
SPRING

"Tis now the season when the earth unspring  
From slumber; as a shepherd angel's child,  
Shedding its eyes with green and golden rings."

Shelley.

Welcome, heaven-descended power!  
Whose spell the earth surroundeth;  
My heart attests the genial hour—  
Like a wave it boundeth!

Bride-maid of the earth and sky!  
That meet with fond caresses,  
Virgin of the radiant eye,  
And dew be-sprinkled tresses!

Pleasures numberless and dear  
To the world thou bringest;  
On the dead seasons gloomy bier;  
Fairest flowers thou flingest.

Thou causest o'er the sleeping earth  
A still, but mighty stir—  
A starting into life—a birth  
From its cold sepulchre.

Sweetest of blooms by night dews wet,  
Or courted by the gale,  
The lily and the violet  
Are opening in the vale.

To light, and glorious life unsprings  
The beauty hid in gloom;  
The butterfly leaves on bright wings  
His antenatal tomb!

The waterfalls are 'mong the hills,  
The winds have gone to play;  
And hid by leaves the murmuring rills  
Wind joyously away.

In the brook the trout is leaping,  
O'er the tiny pebbled falls—  
The blue bird sings on the willow weeping  
By the old garden walls.

Gentle Spring! what power of gladness  
Disembodied, round thee keeps,  
Still to kiss the tear of sadness  
From the eye of him who weeps!

And to teach his heart communion  
With the winds and babbling springs,  
"Till his spirit feels a union  
With the earth's insensate things:

"Till mute thoughts his thanks expressing  
(In a flood his bosom move,  
To the Power who gives the blessing,  
To the source of life and love.

## THE REPOSITORY.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.  
A TALE, BUT NO FICTION.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

After remaining a few weeks in the city, the  
happy couple made the fashionable tour of the se-  
veral watering places in this state, visited the ro-  
mantic regions of Lake George, listened to the  
deafening roar of Niagara, and then returned.—  
And having resigned his situation in the army,  
and obtained an appointment in a distant territory,  
in the autumn of 182—, after taking leave of his  
friends, and parting with great reluctance from his  
still more endeared friend and companion B—,  
he departed with his wife for the station where  
his new duties required his residence. Hitherto  
their matrimonial path had been strewn with  
flowers, and not a cloud had for a moment obscur-  
ed the sun of their happiness. The brightest  
mornings, however, sometimes lead on the darkest  
days, and it is but too true that—

"Life's fairest views are but an airy dream,  
Fruit as the transient cloud, or bubble on the  
stream."

An epidemical fever, so often fatal to strangers  
in that climate, arrested his progress at Natchez,  
which baffled the skill of his physicians. He re-  
ceived every attention from the strangers among  
whom he was cast, and all the endearing attach-  
ments of his wife—but in vain. It was decreed  
that the cup of bliss, which had but just been  
tasted, was to be dashed suddenly from her lips—  
and so rapid was the progress of the disease, that  
in five short days from the commencement of his  
illness, she found herself a widow in a strange  
land—desolate—alone. But the measure of her  
affliction being not yet full, she in turn was seized  
by the dire contagion; and it was not until after  
the lapse of several months that she was able to  
return with the messenger sent to conduct her  
back to her friends, and the scenes of her recent  
enjoyments.

Many of her husband's affairs were left in an  
unsettled state; and after the poignancy of her grief  
had somewhat subsided, it became necessary for  
her to look after them. Fortunately B— was  
a professional man, and to whom could she better  
apply for assistance in her forlorn situation, than  
to her husband's most intimate and confidential  
friend? She did so; & he attended to her requests  
with all the readiness and kindness that she could  
have expected. A year rolled away, and the af-  
fairs, though not yet settled, were in a train of ad-  
justment. Mean time another year passed away  
with these beyond the flood, during which his  
visits had gradually become more and more fre-  
quent, and his attentions to her more marked and  
particular. He was her husband's dearest friend,  
and she therefore the more readily confided in  
him. During this intercourse with her, his con-  
duct was uniformly marked by the most scrupu-  
lous propriety and delicacy. And when, with hon-  
orable frankness, he formally avowed himself as  
a suitor for her heart and hand, he was accepted.  
An engagement for marriage soon succeeded, and  
the time fixed for the wedding was not remote.—  
The engagement was known and approved by her  
friends; but ere the time for the celebration of the  
nuptials arrived, it was postponed—again, again,  
and again—by various plausible pretences, so art-  
fully devised, as to leave nothing to excite any  
well-grounded suspicions as to his faith, and the

rectitude of his intentions. He was a grave and  
an honorable man, not likely to be fickle in his  
mind, or flexible in his purposes.

In this situation affairs stood until a few months  
since, when, as it was supposed, an irrevocable  
determination was made that the wedding should  
take place during the present spring; and the lady  
went upon a winter's visit to her friends in the  
country—to the dear delightful spot of her infancy  
—where she first dreamed of love—and where  
those bright visions of happiness first danced in  
her youthful imagination,—the reality of which  
had, as it were, but just dawned upon her for a  
moment, as if to render the storm of adversity  
which followed still more gloomy and afflictive—  
but which now bid fair to return again soon, if not  
with their primitive brightness, at least with a  
mellow light which promised to cheer her through  
the remainder of her life. A constant correspon-  
dence was kept up between herself and B—,  
and he continued his visits to the family of her  
sister, with whom she had resided while in this  
city. And our tale must begin to unfold itself. A  
few weeks since the bell rang feebly at the door of  
this lady's residence, the initial of whose hus-  
band's name we omit; and the servant ushered in  
a lady whose fragile form, pallid cheek, & sunken,  
lustreless eyes, bore ample testimony to decaying  
health; and there was a deep-settled melancholy  
upon her countenance, yet so handsome as to pro-  
claim that her features had once been beautiful,  
which told but too plainly that her heart-strings  
had been torn with anguish, and that there was  
a canker in her bosom "eating into her soul," and  
wasting away her thin light form, which had ap-  
parently been formed in the finest mould. She  
hesitatingly and timidly inquired for Mrs. M—,  
but on learning that she was in the country, and  
that the lady of the house was her sister, she  
pulled from her bosom the miniature of the de-  
ceased Major M—, avowing herself to have been  
his sister. She said at the same time that it was  
a treasure which she had highly prized, though on  
his last visit to the city, of which she was un-  
apprized until by accident she had received the  
sad tidings of his death, he had treated her with  
a degree of neglect, which had grieved her to the  
soul, but for which she could never account. And  
as she believed now that she could not long sur-  
vive, she thought her brother's widow had the best  
claim to the picture, and she had inquired her out  
and brought it. Mrs. —, having never be-  
fore heard that her deceased brother-in-law had  
a sister living in the city, was incredulous to the  
story of the relationship, but took the picture and  
promised to write to her sister. The stranger then  
departed, reaffirming with earnestness, and  
a gleam of woman's pride, her near consanguinity  
with the deceased, and promising shortly to return.

The lady wrote to her sister the particulars of  
this interview, with her belief that the stranger  
was an impostor. The return of the mail brought  
a reply, in which Mrs. M— for the first time  
imparted to her sister the melancholy tale respect-  
ing her deceased husband's sister, which we have  
given above, & which he had communicated to her  
only after they had left Philadelphia for the west.  
Shortly after the receipt of this letter, the strange  
lady called again, apparently, as before, oppressed  
by the bitterness of grief, and pining away under  
the pangs of her burthened bosom. But the lady  
now shrunk from her as from the touch of pollution.  
The stranger perceived this alteration in her de-  
meanor, and truly apprehended the cause. The  
color which had long been a stranger to her cheek  
again partially returned, and her dark blue eyes  
were for the moment lighted up, as she exclaimed  
with sudden and unwonted energy—"Yes! I am  
his sister, and your suspicions, which I will un-  
derstand, are groundless: I am an unfortunate, an  
injured, but an innocent woman! I am the lawful  
wife of"—but checking herself, she proceeded in  
a subdued tone, "alas! I cannot speak further."

For a time.

"Her lips moved not, but quivering,  
Nor would they aught betray;  
Yet more there spoke, her flashing eye,  
'Than words could ever say;  
Yes, there was meaning in her glance."

Having in a manner composed her troubled feel-  
ings, some further conversation ensued, in which  
the blighted fair one renewed her protestations of  
innocence, and intimated that while she had been  
deserted by her former friends, though lawfully  
married, and the mother of several children, yet  
she had been compelled silently to bear the re-  
proaches that had been cast upon her—in the daily  
hope that all the mystery in which her case was  
involved would soon be cleared up. But her heart  
was now fast withering under the disappointments  
of hope long deferred. Indeed she had hoped un-  
til no hope was left; and she was now determined  
ere she dropped into the tomb, which must soon  
open for her reception, to retrace her fame and vir-  
tue from the cruel imputations under which she  
was suffering. She then informed the lady, that  
if her husband would call at No. —, in —,  
on a certain day, she would convince him of  
the truth of her assertions. Yet she gave not the  
remotest intimation as to who was the husband  
who had thus contrived to keep her in seclusion,  
with but a doubtful reputation. The doubts of the  
lady and her husband were not removed, but their  
interest and curiosity to penetrate the veil which  
appeared to hang over the fate of the unhappy fe-  
male, were powerfully awakened.

Meanwhile, and before the appointed time for  
the promised explanation had arrived, B— called  
as usual, to inquire after the family, and the health  
of his intended bride. He had never been more  
cheerful, nor talked with his wonted frankness  
and seeming sincerity, of his approaching nuptials.  
While the evening was passing thus pleasantly  
away, the lady handed him the miniature of his

deceased friend, to inquire of him whether it was  
a good likeness. He took the picture, but had no  
sooner cast his eyes upon it, than it dropped from  
his hands. For an instant his countenance was pale  
as ashes. Every drop of blood seemed to have  
rushed back upon his heart. His lips quivered,  
and he trembled in every joint. But he recovered  
his self-possession in a moment, picked up the pic-  
ture, as though it had fallen by a common accident  
and after a few common-place remarks upon it,  
left the house, earlier, and more abruptly than u-  
sual.

The mystery now increased and a dark suspi-  
cion flashed across their minds. His agitation  
had been too obvious not to be perceived; yet  
there was no definable cause for it, only that it  
appeared to be strongly connected with the picture.  
True it might have been occasioned by the sudden  
view of the well-known features of an endeared  
and valuable friend, whose remains had for more  
than three years been mouldering beneath the  
clouds of the valley. But still the curiosity of the  
family was wrought up to a higher degree of in-  
tensity; and although the gentleman had hitherto  
doubted the propriety of attending the appointment  
of the unfortunate female, his resolution was now  
fixed, and he at once determined to visit her at the  
time appointed. He did so; and found her in a re-  
tired dwelling, melancholy and sad as before, but  
surrounded by her little family, and to all appear-  
ance very comfortably situated. She entered in-  
to a history of her life and situation, since her  
brother had entered the army several years ago.—  
A few years after his departure, she had received  
the addresses of a gentleman whom she had known  
as her brother's intimate friend and associate, to  
whom some six or seven years since she was mar-  
ried. And she was induced to consent that their  
union should be kept an inviolable secret, in con-  
sequence of the representations of her husband,  
that this privacy was of the utmost importance to  
his pecuniary interests, as it regarded a large a-  
mount of property in expectancy, which would  
certainly be devised to him if his marriage were  
not known, but of which he would certainly be de-  
prived, were the fact to come to the knowledge of  
his aged relative. Another motive for secrecy,  
he represented to be some heavy losses, which  
would prevent his going to house-keeping in the  
style he wished, until he should have retrieved his  
circumstances, which object would be accomplish-  
ed at no distant day. For a long time, though de-  
serted by the little circle of friends, she bore the  
seclusion cheerfully, and her husband often  
strengthened her resolution, by representing the  
pleasures they would all derive when her brother  
arrived, from the agreeable surprise it would oc-  
casion him, to find his sister the happy wife of his  
early and constant friend. But from the day of  
her marriage she had not heard from her beloved  
brother; nor was it until long after his death that  
by some accident, she came to the knowledge of  
his marriage in this city, and his subsequent de-  
cease. Her heart then sunk within her. But  
although the explanations of her husband were un-  
satisfactory, still he had always been kind and at-  
tentive to her, (only that he never dined at home),  
and fearing that the estate would be lost, she had  
kept the secret within her own bosom. And even  
yet, she said the secret would not have been wrung  
from her, were it not that her own dissolution ap-  
peared to be near, and she was anxious that her  
children should be able to look the world in the  
face without blushing at the imputation of unlaw-  
ful parentage. While giving this account of her-  
self, she at times was almost overcome with emo-  
tion; and when speaking of the doubt and suspicion  
which had been cast upon her character.

"The tears rushed forth from her overclouded brow,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolv'd in rain."  
But she still avoided giving any intimation as to  
the name of her husband, nor could entreaty in-  
duce her to alter her determination, until she had  
further time and another interview. The conver-  
sation having been changed to the affairs of her  
brother and his widow, the gentleman with ap-  
parent carelessness, mentioned as a piece of intelli-  
gence that would naturally interest her, that the  
latter was to be married again in the spring, to  
B—. But had a bolt been hurled upon her  
head from the angry skies, the shock upon her  
feeble frame could hardly have been greater.—  
She clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and  
as soon as her agitation would permit utterance,  
she exclaimed, "Oh, God! he is my husband! Oh!  
(she continued) is it possible!—But I see it all  
now!"—and swooned in convulsions upon the  
floor. The shock was severe upon the gentleman,  
and had it not been for the mysterious incident of  
the picture, would have been much more so; but  
the singular conduct of B— on that occasion  
had in a measure prepared him for some strange  
disclosure. The usual restoratives having been  
applied, the unfortunate lady was so far recovered  
as to speak further upon the subject, and the se-  
cret having been thus divulged, she unburthened  
her heart more freely, and proved the truth of her  
representations, by producing the certificate of her  
marriage from a resident clergyman, who con-  
firmed its genuineness and authenticity.

## VARIETY.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

### JUDGE M'LEAN.

MR. EDITOR.—I see in the Philadelphia Nation-  
al Gazette the following notice of the biographical  
account of Judge M'Lean, which you were so ob-  
liging as to publish in the Baltimore Patriot at my  
request some days ago. I shall be gratified if you  
will likewise give this a place in your useful print.

A. B.

We have copied into our first page

biographical notice of Judge M'Lean,  
which is highly interesting, and which we  
believe to be accurate. In presenting the  
article to our readers, it is not our purpose  
to exhibit Mr. M'Lean as a candidate for the  
office of President—a character in which he  
is viewed by many. We delight in the sim-  
ple picture of a virtuous man and very useful  
citizen; it refreshes the moral sense; it coun-  
teracts misanthropy; it stimulates noble emu-  
lation; it serves to multiply similar originals.  
When the individual occupies a lofty public  
station, the example throws its beams far  
and wide, with pure light and quickening  
warmth: it is not, however, station that is  
requisite for his dignity or efficiency. No-  
thing is more true than the maxims of the  
philosophical poet, that—"high worth is  
elevated place;" that—"though it commands  
no scepter, 'tis wealth, and though it  
wears no ribbon, it is renown. We cannot  
recollect the lines of Milton, which elevate  
the human spirit more than these—

"This is true glory and repute, when God  
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Hoav'n  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praise."

The thirty or forty succeeding verses of the  
Paradise Regained are magnificent, and a  
most impressive lesson for the seekers or  
admirers of false fame and spurious felicity.

We proclaim no particular individual as a  
candidate for the office of President; we do  
not attach ourselves to the peculiar interests  
or policy of any man: our main object and  
fixed design is to be useful to the country by  
stating the truth and giving sound conclu-  
sions, as far as we can compass them, on every  
topic of public importance. If the truth  
and sound opinion happen to operate in favor  
of any particular individual to whose benefit  
it redounds, we shall rejoice in the effect.  
There is a positive, direct pleasure in paying  
tribute to an upright character, a moral life  
and a patriotic career, which we would not  
forego for any consideration. Private worth  
is to be earnestly celebrated when it is asso-  
ciated with official eminence; it is the best  
public fund, and as it abounds or diminish-  
es, the republic decays or thrives. The old  
observation is good, that he who contributes  
most to the general stock, is most his  
country's friend. We have our doubts  
whether the sovereign people in these states  
are fully aware of the importance, which  
they, for the common weal, for their special  
interests, should ascribe to it in their elec-  
tion of public servants. No popular institu-  
tions can be durable, if domestic virtue, pub-  
lic spirit, and real capacity, are not jointly  
regarded as the principle means of acquiring  
place or profit in or under the government.

It is stated in the Barnstable Patriot that  
the fourteen child of Mr. Ealathiel Nick-  
erson, was lately married by the same cler-  
gymen who had united all the others to their  
different helpmates; and that the fifteenth  
will probably soon be settled in a similar  
manner. All his children are settled around  
him.

Who will bid?—Sheriff Imhoff has hand-  
ed us, for publication in our German paper  
to-morrow his advertisement for the sale of  
the buildings of Lodge No. 84 in this bor-  
ough.—Somerset Herald.

North Eastern Boundary.—In the Lot-  
don Courier of the 18th February, it is in-  
stated, on the authority of a Correspondent of  
that paper, at the Hague, that the decision  
of the King of the Netherlands, so far from  
being against British interests, was consid-  
ered in favor of Great Britain, and that the  
American Minister had expressed his dis-  
satisfaction in unqualified terms. This is  
given as a mere rumour.

Portugal.—A rumour prevailed in Eng-  
land early in February, that an insurrection  
had taken place in Lisbon, as firing had  
been heard in that port, and a supposed con-  
flagration observed. Much to the regret  
of those who wish to see an end put to Mi-  
guel's usurpation, it turned out, according  
to the last reported arrival thence, that the  
appearances were in celebration of a fete.

Latest from Spain.—Captain White, at  
Newburyport from Cadiz, Feb. 20th, in-  
forms the Editor of the Newburyport Her-  
ald, that things remained in a very unsettled  
state when he left; arrests were frequent,  
and so shackled was the liberty of speech,  
that if a man dared to lip the word Consti-  
tution, he was thrown into prison.

Music.—"Whoever despises music," said Mar-  
tin Luther, "I am displeas'd with him. Next to  
theology, I give a place to music; for thereby all  
anger is forgotten, the devil is driven away, and mel-  
ancholy, and many tribulations, and evil thoughts,  
are expelled. It is the best solace for a desponding  
mind."

A Wife.—In the new piece of "Love and  
Reason" old Gen. Dorn is persuading Ad-  
jutant Vincent to marry—"she is an angel,"  
says the General, "I don't want an angel—  
I should not know what to do with one," is  
the reply of the single hearted Adjutant.  
"She is all sweetness," rejoins the General,  
"So is a beehive answers Vincent—but it  
does not follow that I should thrust my head  
into it."