

the excitement of some unusually pleasing news, he approached his daughter, and gently patting her on the cheek, said, "Come, come, Helen, dear, cheer up; Charles, our own dear Charles, has returned, is in the city, and will be here in half an hour—cheer up my dear!" and began to pace the floor.

"See here," he continued, as a splendid equipage, with servants in livery, drove up to the door, from which a young German man alighted, "here is Mr. Thompson too; how glad I shall be to introduce you to one another."

"I don't see why you should be," said his wife, "although, perhaps, you Charles, as you call him, may be as rich now as Mr. Thompson. You know he left word that he was going to seek his fortune," and she pronounced the last word with a sneer.

"And he hopes he has found it, madam!" exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment, "thanks be to an all-wise Providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you!"

With a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept tears of joy upon his bosom; while the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet and his lips quivered, tho' not with grief.

When they had become somewhat composed, Charles related to them what had occurred since he left them. The joy that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl, as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by the tenderness with which he returned her look of affection. How deep was the bliss of that moment, making amends by its delight, for the long years of doubt and absence. It was not long before Charles renewed again the boyish vows he had pledged to Helen, and the blushing girl listened, smiling and weeping by turns. Need it be added, that in a short time Helen and Charles were united at the altar, and that even the aristocratic mother smiled upon the union of her daughter with the *ci devant* Charles Elliston.

From the Richmond Compiler.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DAVIS.—It is with pain that we announce the death of this esteemed gentleman, the able and accomplished Professor of Law of the University of Virginia. He died on Saturday morning from a wound inflicted by a pistol shot on the Thursday night previous, under the following circumstances: Thursday night was the anniversary of a riot which occurred a few years since at the College, and which has been regularly observed by some act of disobedience to the College regulations among those who cherish the recollection of the scene, or who sympathise in the factious spirit of the rioters. About nine o'clock there was much disorder in the lawn, and especial indignity was offered the Professor by noises near his door; he went out to suppress the disturbance, and came up to two or three individuals who were masked. He reached forward to raise the mask of one of them, when he retreated, and the Professor following him up received from him a pistol shot which took effect—fatal it has turned out to be, but at the time it was not considered mortal. The ball entered just below the navel and is said to have passed around the abdomen down to the fleshy part of the thigh, whence it was extracted. The Professor lingered in great agony until Saturday morning about eight o'clock, when he was relieved by death.

Two students have been arrested and were examined on Saturday, and the examination was to have been continued yesterday. One of them had previously absconded, but returned and gave himself up.

The tragic event has robbed society of an ornament; and our principal Literary Institution of a profound scholar and jurist, who has done much to raise it to its present elevated position.

The Compiler informs us that the students of the University have had a meeting, at which they passed among others, the following resolution:

Resolved, That we will use every possible exertion to find out the perpetrator of the act, that he may receive his merited punishment.

A PHENOMENON.—The Cincinnati Ledger of the 11th says:

Yesterday morning, as we were returning home from our office, about 2 o'clock, we were suddenly startled by an explosion immediately over our head, similar to a cannon. On looking up we discovered, in the air, large fragments of fire, flying in different directions—each of which looked to us as if they were particles of a star that had burst asunder. The moon became black as ink, and the stars all seemed as if they had dwindled away, and naught could be seen but the fiery fragments flying about the sky. These burnt for a few moments, and then gradually died away, until they could be seen no more. A few moments after the explosion took place, the earth shook like an aspen, and the moon when she again shone forth, seemed trembling from the effects of the shock. What could have been the cause of this wonderful occurrence? Can any of our great astrologers throw any light on the subject?

The Governor has appointed Christain Myers and Charles Evans, Esqs., to be Associate Judges for the county of Clinton.

From the Health Journal.

DEATH FROM TIGHT LACING.

I have seen and am much pleased with your paper, and doubt not it will do much good. I hope for it an extensive circulation. In one of the late numbers you call on facts, whether communicated in elegant language or not. I have recently learnt one to which I gave all possible publicity, and have told it in almost every circle of the young in which I have since found myself. Two weeks since, while on a visit to the house of a respectable, and long experienced physician, in one of the southern boundary towns in New Hampshire, he gave me in substance the following account, as near as I can recollect.

He was called a week or two previous, to visit a young female, I think, over 20 years of age, who was distressingly ill of a complaint of the lungs, laboring under great difficulty of breathing, which his discrimination led him at once to impute to a long continued practice of *tight lacing*—a practice which is slaying its thousands and ten thousands in our enlightened land. There was, in his opinion, an adhesion of the lungs to the chest, and a consequent inflammation which had proceeded to such a height that death was inevitable. Little or nothing could be done. The poor girl, after a few days of acute suffering, fell a victim to—(what shall I say! I am unwilling to wound the feelings of her friends)—her own folly and vanity. It could not be *suicide*, because no such result was contemplated, though the deed was done by her own hand. We can call it by no softer name than *self-slaughter*, for such even an external examination of the body proved it to have been.

The shoulder blades were found to be literally lapped one over the other, the false ribs had been so compressed that the space of only about an inch and a half remained between them; and so great was the curvature of the spine which had been girded in by the cords of death, that after the corpse was laid out for interment, two pillows were put under the arch thereby formed, while the shoulders rested on the board. She was a large healthy person, and was ignorantly led by the desire to please, to sacrifice her life at the shrine of fashion, and the prevailing false ideas of beauty of form. She was said to be of amiable disposition, and correct moral habits, otherwise.

My own mind was so impressed with the recital of this story, that I could hardly forbear weeping over the folly, weakness, ignorance, and wickedness of my sex. I inwardly wished for the ability to ring this case of suffering and death in the ears of every female in our land, until their voluntarily assumed "straight-jackets," that indicate nothing better than mental aberration in the wearers, should be voluntarily thrown aside.

Ingenious French Swindling.

An elegantly dressed lady presented herself, a few days since, at an extensive shop in the Rue des Fosses Montmartre, at Paris, and asked to see one of their handsome shawls. She was waited upon with the utmost politeness, and after making a most careful choice of one of the most elegant articles in the magasin, requested the clerk who waited upon her to carry the shawl to the house of her husband, M. Desirabode, the eminent dentist in the Palais Royal. The lady then withdrew, with a most gracious salutation. The young man shortly afterwards proceeded to the dentist's house, and was shown into an antechamber, when he was told M. Desirabode was engaged. Presently the fair lady made her appearance: "Ah, you are there, sir," she said, "I was just going out, despairing of your arrival. Give me the shawl, that I may show it to my husband; he will come and pay you for it presently."

The lady took the shawl, re-entering the adjoining apartment, of which she left the door open, and the clerk heard her make use of these words:—"Here is the young man about whom I spoke to you. May I beg that you will not keep him long, for he wants to return to his shop?" The lady then made her appearance at the door, pointed the clerk to M. Desirabode with her finger, and took her departure with a familiar nod of the head to the dentist. "I am at your service, sir," said Desirabode, and arranging his instruments, he put some casual questions to the young man. Presently the conversation turned upon dental surgery, and, in answer to a question from Desirabode, the young man confessed that he sometimes suffered from a tooth on the left side. The dentist approached, and more rapidly than thought, removed at once both tooth and twinge.

The clerk was thunderstruck, and the dentist said, with a smile,—"Your sister informed me where the troublesome tooth lay." It will readily be believed that these words increased, instead of diminishing, the clerk's astonishment. A long and provoking explanation ensued, from which it transpired that the seductive stranger had waited upon M. Desirabode, and entreated him to remove by surprise an unsound tooth from her brother's left jaw, she having brought him to the dentist's house under the pretext of showing a shawl to his wife. The poor clerk returned to his shop in a state of the utmost confusion, minus both shawl and money, and also with a tooth less in his head.—The authorities have instituted a search after the ingenious culprit, but hitherto without success.

SOMETHING OF THE MARVELOUS.

Considerable excitement, as we learn from the Philadelphia Gazette, has prevailed in the neighborhood of Reckless and Church streets, in the district of Southwark, for two or three days past, on account of a young lady having been in a state of unconsciousness, since Friday night, as report says, lying in a trance from that time until Monday morning. During Sunday the house was visited by hundreds of persons curious to witness a scene of such a novel character. It seems the young lady was formerly a professor of religion, and from some cause or other fell from that state of mind which an enjoyment of religion affords. Recently her heart became seriously affected, and the whole week, prior to the Friday evening alluded to, she attended church, and earnestly gave herself up to devotional duties, in the hope of regaining her former peaceful state of mind.

On Friday evening she professed to have found comfort, and from that time until Monday morning continued to lie in a state of stupor, but occasionally making some exclamation indicative of a communion with unearthly objects. The case has excited much curious conversation, and various and curious speculations in the minds of those who have been eye and ear witnesses to the affair.

MODE OF MAKING SHEET LEAD IN CHINA.

The Chinese, in manufacturing the thin sheet lead in which their teas are imported into this country, conduct their operation in an exceeding simple manner. The mine is not rolled, as, from their extreme thinness, might be supposed; not even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate, but actually cast at once into the state in which we see them. Two men are employed; one of them seated on the floor, with a large flat stone standing at his side; his fellow workman stands beside him with a crucible containing the melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the movable stone and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured out in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed—the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plate are then cut off, and they are afterwards soldered together for use. Mr. Waddle, a Scotch gentleman who witnessed the operation in China applied a similar method with great success in the formation of thin plates of zinc, for galvanic purposes.

What shall be done next?

There is no period so much fraught with danger to a party as that following a signal triumph. Single individuals, as well as parties and whole states, can bear adversity better than an excess of good fortune; the former redoubles their efforts the latter is apt to relax them. This ought not to be lost sight of by the Harrison Democracy of the present day. The Swiss were never so near their complete disorganization as after the triumphant close of the Burgundian war, when they commenced to quarrel with one another. Let the Harrison party remain united and organized throughout the Union. Let them remember that the whole battle thus far has only been one for position that the real conquest is yet to follow. We have now gained "possession of the hill, we have no longer to fight up; we may now fight down; but fight we must, or the victory will depart from our standard.

If our friends want to know the secret of the apparent boldness of our antagonists we can inform them that it is not from the proud hopes of success in this struggle; but from a belief that they can bear a defeat without being conquered. Their leaders are still inflated with the idea that their efforts will be rewarded at some future period, and that that period is to follow, not to precede the election of General Harrison. Democrats, therefore, be organized, let us stand a solid and invincible phalanx after the election, as we have stood a true and faithful band of patriots before; let us strengthen our strength by firmness, wisdom and forbearance; let us hold out the olive branch to all who even at this late hour ask forgiveness of their sins; but at the same time, assume that dignified attitude which shall convince them that it is in vain for them to attempt to drive us from position we now occupy. Let us continue to shed light on the erroneous and wicked measures of our had almost said the late administration of Martin Van Buren, and let us prove to the people by every means in our power, that the change was for the general good, and that carrying out the principles we profess to maintain, we have but a view to the general benefit of the country.—Phila. Standard.

QUEER BREECHES.

The American of last evening, tells the following humorous story—

"A locofoco the other evening, bragging of a pair of pantaloons, said they were made of real democratic hard times. A whig standing by, who observed that they were made part of wool and part of cotton, observed, he supposed they must be northern pantaloons with southern principles!"

HINTS TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

1. If you love comfort and safety, never travel by night.
2. Always arrive at the depot at least twenty minutes before the time. You can then choose your seat, and make at leisure any other arrangements as may be necessary.
3. Occupy the seat near the centre of the centre division of the centre car of the train. The motion is less in that situation; and you cannot thrust your head or arms out of the window. Be-ides, if the car is capsized, or otherwise demolished, you will not be so liable to be cut by the glass—and it is not quite certain that you will be "literally smashed to pieces."
4. Never go by the first morning train, when there is a second. If there is any obstruction—or if any embarkment has been washed away in the night, the first train will discover it, perhaps to its sorrow.
5. Never quit your seat, or car, when making a temporary stop, unless it is absolutely necessary—for the engineer waits for no man—and a person seldom looks so awkward, or feels so foolish, as when chasing a railroad train.
6. Never get in or out of the cars while the train is in motion, however slow.
7. Neyer smoke, or chew tobacco, or sleep in the cars.
8. At the first notice you have of the train's running off the track, or coming into a collision with another train of cars, throw yourself suddenly in a heap, resembling as much as possible a sphere—curl your legs and arms, instead of extending them, as is too often the case, and await with patience and philosophy the result. It is, however often the case that the effect treads so closely on the cause, that no time is left to assume an attitude, therefore it may be advisable to be prepared for the worst the whole time, altho' the posture may be somewhat inconvenient.

From the Pittsburg Daily American.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE TIMES.—We will tell an original anecdote of as much interest as any murder in a Philadelphia Literary Weekly—more, for ours is true. Some hardy roughskins, from the pine knots up the Allegheny, were sauntering up town, and had their wild unpractised ears arrested by the sounds of a piano. They could not make it out; it was neither jewsharp nor fiddle, yet it was "first rate"—and being overcome with curiosity, they all entered (three of them) through an open door. In a handsome furnished room, one of our Whig girls was playing and singing a Tippecanoe song. The mountain boys hoped no offence, but wanted to her play "on that thing." "O, yes," said our young belle, with great humor and archness, "but I can play nothing but Harrison tunes. Are you for Harrison?" "Yes, all of us," said they. And away she went—rattling off and singing some of her more favorite Harrison songs. The lads appeared delighted. "If Jim only heard that, do you think he would vote for Mr. Van Buren?" said one to the others. "What is Jim?" said our heroine. He is a comrade of ours, and a loco foco democrat, but I think if he heard that song, it would turn him." "Go fetch him," said she, no way daunted, and the three started off and directly returned with their stubborn and incredulous comrade. The young lady had now her ambition roused, and the young man being seated, she played and sang some of the most lively and popular Harrison airs, while Jim himself had joined in chorus, thanking the lady and said he was no longer a Van Buren man, but would go the "whole figure" for Tippecanoe from this out.—They all departed highly pleased. So much for a Pittsburg Whig girl.

An infamous outrage against the Jews.

A Viennese correspondent of the Debates gives the subjoined account of an infamous imputation upon the Jews, similar to the affair at Demascus, which has been lately made at Lemberg, in Austrin Galicia:

"A young woman, who had lived as nursery maid in the family of a wealthy Jew named Lumberger, at Tarnow, went to Lemberg, and made a declaration before the magistrates that she had been kept by her master in close confinement for three weeks, during which time she was bled every other day by a Jewish surgeon and her blood used in making unleavened bread. A police officer was sent to arrest M. Lumberger, but knowing the excellent character of the accused, he took the precaution of securing also the denoucer.

When the accusation came to be investigated, it was proved that the girl having one day, while out on her master's service received a wound on the head with a stone which fell upon her from a house which was building, her master and mistress, instead of sending her to a hospital, had her taken care of in their house treating her as if she had been their own child, calling in a Catholic physician, who bled her twice, but no more, as absolutely necessary to save her life. The servants of the family swore that when she left her place, she went down on her knees to Mr. and Mme. Lumberger to thank them. The ungrateful girl, on being closely interrogated, confessed the falsehood of her denunciation, and declared that she had been overcome by the persuasions of her lover, who had an implacable hatred against all Jews. This young man has been taken into custody, and, with the girl, will be brought to trial for the false accusation."

From the Hartford Courant Chronicles of Andrew and Martin.

FOR MARCH 4TH. A. D. 1841

CHAPTER I.

1. In the reign of Andrew the King, his anger was kindled against the currency of the country, and he waged war against it, and in his wrath he slew the monster with the sword, and he sought to slay commerce also, and manufacturers were in the same peril.

2. And he misapplied the public treasurers without law or authority, taking on himself the responsibility.

3. These were among the principal acts of his reign.

4. When the King was old and stricken in years, he called unto him his cabinet, and his counsellors, and his courtiers and he said unto them, draw near to me and hear.

5. Behold the time of my departure is nigh; I must go the way of all the earth and Martin my best beloved shall reign in my stead.

6. He is pledged to follow in my footsteps—under his reign the public treasury will be filled to overflowing, and gold will be more abundant than the stones in the streets.

7. He will put every enemy under his feet, even the mighty Seminoles will be as grasshoppers before him.

8. He will establish peace within his borders, and he will cause the earth to yield its fourfold increase, even as I have done before him.

9. Then they went into the temple and crowned Martin King of the realm, and Francis the scavenger anointed his head with the oil of adulation, and they all shouted, King Martin live forever.

10. Then Andrew straightly charged Martin concerning the kingdom, saying, be careful, my son, to walk in all my ways, and to follow all my counsels, and thy reign will be glorious, thy end will be peace, and unborn generations will celebrate thy praise.

11. And Andrew died, being old and full of years, and he was gathered unto his fathers.

12. When Martin commenced his reign, he prosecuted the war against the currency which Andrew his father had waged, and he reduced the public treasury to a state of bankruptcy, and he caused distress and ruin throughout the realm.

13. And the merchants in the city of Manhattan chose a deputation even to the number of fifty men, to represent their grievances to the King, and to implore relief.

14. And the merchants journeyed to the capitol, even unto the royal palace; and when they were admitted therein, they prostrated themselves at the footstool of Majesty, and saluted him—Peace be unto thee, O King, we are thy loyal subjects.

15. We have come to represent the distress of our beloved city, and to pray that the King, in the plenitude of his mercy and tender kindness, would grant relief.

16. But the King hearkened not to the supplication of the merchants, neither would he grant relief, for his heart was hardened.

17. Then the merchants arose and said, be it known unto thee, O King, that for this exercise of tyranny and oppression, the sceptre will be rent from thy hand, and it will be given to another.

18. And they departed and returned to their city and reported the answer of the King.

19. At that time the spirit of the King was exalted within him, and in his imagination he was lifted up, and being arrayed in royal apparel, he said unto his court, behold I have become great in the earth, what monument shall I rear to perpetuate my name?

20. And they counselled the King and said unto him, cause an image to be made whose height shall reach unto the heavens, and it will perpetuate thy own great name beyond the remotest bounds of time.

21. And their counsel pleased the King, and he directed that an image should be made, the height whereof should be six score cubits and a span.

22. And he employed his cunning artificers under Silas the master-builder to perform the work, and when the public treasury was exhausted, they were paid by the King's credit.

23. In the fourth year of the King's reign, on the fourth day of the seventh month, the image was finished, and the royal seal was affixed to it, and on the same day the King summoned his cabinet and his counsellors, and his nobles to the dedication of it, and when the ceremonies were ended, they all bowed down and worshipped the image which Martin the King had set up.

24. And they called the name of the image SUBTREASURY.

25. Then the King made a royal decree, and sent heralds to proclaim it to all people within the realm, that at what time they should hear the sound of the cornet, harp, flute, fiddle, drum, trumpet, jewsharp, and all kind of music, they should fall down and worship the image which Martin the King had set up.

26. And if any one should be found who would not obey the decree, in the same day he should be hewn in pieces, and his house should be made a dunghill.

27. But Henry and Daniel proclaimed to the people to place no confidence in the image, for mischief was concealed within it.

28. In these days there arose a Proph-

et in the Province of Massachusetta, who was called "honest John."

29. The same was mighty in word and in deed, and he was a strict discern-er of the intrigues of the palace, and also of the true interests of the people.

30. And he said unto the laboring men, if ye fall down and worship the image which the King hath set up, it will bring you to a morsel of bread, and it will clothe your families in rags.

31. And the laboring men hearkened to the words of "honest John."

32. On the day appointed, the King sent forth his musicians with cornets, harps, flutes, fives, fiddles, drums, trumpets, jewsharps, conch shells, and ram's horns, blowing, which was the signal to fall down and worship the image.

30. But the people answered the King, we are not careful to obey thy decree, neither will we fall down and worship the image thou hast set up.

34. Then the King waxed exceedingly wroth, and his anger burned within him and the visage of his countenance was changed, and he stamped upon the rich carpet with his feet, but he could not execute his decree.

35. On the birth day of the King, he made a great feast in the royal palace to his Lords, and to his Counsellors, and to his Judges, and to his high Captains, and to foreign Ambassadors; and when they had feasted many hours on golden plates, and drunk wine from golden goblets, the King described on the plastering of the wall over against him, a hand writing in an unknown language, and he was much moved.

36. Then the King called his magician and his sooth-sayers, and his diviners, and those who had familiar spirits, to read the hand writing, and to declare the interpretation thereof.

37. But they could not read the writing, nor tell the King the interpretation.

38. At length came Amos the sorcerer, for he was more discerning than the rest, and he read the hand writing on the wall with a useful countenance, and he sighed within, and he said O King, the writing contains mourning and lamentation.

39. And the King was greatly astonished, and his knees smote one against the other, and he said unto Amos the sorcerer, declare to me the interpretation; hide nothing from me.

40. Then Amos the sorcerer answered and said unto the King, the interpretation of the writing is this—*Thy reign is short.*

41. An evil spirit troubled Martin.

42. And the people throughout the realm assembled at their ballot boxes, in numbers even liken unto great armies going up to battle, and they chose William for their King—yea, "he came like a whirlwind."

43. Then was fulfilled that which was foretold by the merchants of Manhattan, that the sceptre would be rent from his hand, and it would be given to another.

44. And Martin retired and dwelt in a cave in a mountain in the wilderness of Kinderhook, and William reigned in his stead.

45. Now the rest of the acts of King, Martin, and how he warred with the currency, and with commerce and manufacturers, are they not written in tears of distress throughout the realm?

Hickory. †Politically.

THE FLORIDA WAR.

This foul ulcer will now heal. There is no further use for it. Having furnished the Administration with money to carry on its political war against the people, there is no further occasion to continue the infamous crusade against the Seminoles.

This miserable, atrocious Florida war has cost the Nation more than Forty Millions of dollars. And out of the Florida War Fund, the Administration has abstracted money to carry on its Elections. Yes, the people have been compelled to contend against money stolen from their own Treasury! Of this there are no room to doubt. The enormous amount of money so profusely distributed through this State belong to the people. Precisely how it was obtained we may never know, but the final settlement of Sub-Treasury accounts will probably explain much.—Albany Journal.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to

PUBLIC SALE

on the premises, on Friday the 25th day of next December next, at one o'clock, P. M. "All that certain

TRACT OF LAND,

situate in West township, in the said county of Huntingdon, adjoining lands of William Forster, John Stewart, John Hall and others, containing

100 Acres,
more or less, about 20 acre cleared, thereon erected a cabin house & cabin barn; late the estate of Joseph Cornprobst, dec'd.
TERMS OF SALE.
One half of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale and the residue one year thereafter, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser. Attendance will be given by
HENRY CORNPROBST, Adm'r.
By the Court **JON REED, Clk.**