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TERMS

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Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one collar, and for every subsequent insertion, twenty-vive cents per square will be charged. If no advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

AGENTS.

The Mustingdon Journal.

The Miniting don Joist nat.

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POETRY.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

"Ye cannot tell whence it cometh or whith er it goeth."

Mysterious is its birth,
And viewless as the blast;
Whether hath the spirt fled from earth,
Forever past?

I ask the grave below:

It kee ps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show:
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand, Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers To wanderers o'er the wave; But bears no message from the bowers Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies, From star to star doth roam, But reaches not the shore where lies The Spirit's home.

pervious shadows hide This mystery of heaven; at where all knowledge is denied, To hope is given!

ENIGMA IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

Happy that man must pass his life, Who's free from matrimonial chains, Who is directed by a wife,
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

What tongue is able to unfold, The falsehood that in woman dwell; he worth in woman you behold: Is almost impreceptible.

Adam could find no solid peace, When Eve was given for a m Till he beheld a woman's face: Adam was in a happy state.

See in the female race appear, Hypocrisy, deceit and pride: Truth, darling of a heart sincere: In woman never can reside.

They're always studying to employ,
Their name in malice and in lies,
Their leisure hours in virtuous joy.
To spend, ne'er in their thoughts arise

Destruction take the men I say, Who make the Fair their chief delight

Who no regard to woman pay; Keep reason always in their sight. N. B. The above has three readings; we to one in favor of woman. To find the ue reading, read the first and third, and then the second and fourth lines of each

For the Journal. THE GRAVE.

"Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear My pulse—my brain runs wild,—I rave; Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear? ——"I am the grave!"

THE GRAVE.

"Hark! a strange sound affrights mine carry My pulser—my brain runs with 41—1 are 1 miles."

My pulse—my brain runs with 41—1 mere 1 miles. The miles of the consent of the convention of the conventi times the grave yard is, indeed, dear to us; death seems to loose its imagined sting, and the grave is robbed of its prospective victory. Although we are far from the consecrated spot, yet, unchained thought, with a rapidity that far outstrips lightning, returns to those early scenes. The old church we knew in youth is reached—the lofty poplar is seen, and we hear the wind sigh its mournful notes through the wide spreading branches of the ominous willow. It is the hour of sun set. We stand beside the sacred spot,—what thoughts crowd upon the mind at that moment. Do we envy that repose? Yes. We would fain indulge repose? Yes. We would fain induge in a sleep so calm, so quiet, so uninter-rup:cd. The envenomed tongue of slan-der—the poisoned sting of malevolence shall not invade "the rocky pavement of the tomb." There, the agony of the mind will be over, and the wild and fearmind will be over, and the wild and fearful tumult of human emotions shall be at
rest. But, is this the end of man? Is this
dark and cheerless mansion the goal of
the immortal spirit?—is there no home for
the soul beyond its murky confines? Yes,
thank heaven! the soul has a home, in a
land where storms come not, and where
lightning does not scathe. Though that
land lies far beyond our mortal vision, the sort of the christian shall reach it. In its upward flight, adversity may encircle it—storms may gather o'er it in fearful black, ness, —misfortune may howl around it—troubles and trials may beset it, yet over all, it will—it can—it shall prevail. May that land be our spirits home.

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SACRED TRUTHS.—The fairest production of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and love their fragrancy? but scripture precepts like unlading plants of paradise, become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened, fresh odors to be emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them tenses will relish them best.

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