

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Sheriff's Sales.

BY virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, and to me directed, I will expose to sale, on the premises, on Saturday the
15th DAY OF JULY NEXT,
at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, late the estate of William Ingram, dec'd, situate in Franklin township, in said county, viz:

About thirty five acres of land, be the same more or less, purchased from Samuel Gray, David Elder, and others, commonly called "Owl's Hollow," and bounded by lands of James Davis, Lyon, Sherb & Co., and others, together with the machinery and fixtures thereon erected, (now in the possession of William Curry.)
The terms of sale will be cash.

ALSO.

BY virtue of a *testamentum* writ of *condemnation* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Perry county, and to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, the following described property, seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas Patterson (Tinner), on Thursday the 20th day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., viz:

"All that lot of ground situate on the northern side of Mulberry street in the town of Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon county, fronting on said street and extending back at right angles to said street 180 feet to Strawberry Alley, being lot No. 46 in the plan of the said town, thereon erected a two story plastered dwelling house. Also, lot No. 3 in the old town of the said town of Hollidaysburg, being 60 feet in front on Allegheny street, extending back 180 feet to Strawberry Alley, thereon erected a two story brick tavern house, a large frame stable and back buildings. Also, lot No. 20 in the said town of Hollidaysburg, fronting 60 feet on Walnut street, and extending back 180 feet to Cherry alley, being the lot of ground purchased by defendant [Thomas Patterson] by articles of agreement, from James Lindsay, adjoining a lot of John James, and having a two story frame house, and a two story plastered dwelling house. Also, a lot of ground situate on the corner of Blair and Montgomery street, in the town of Hollidaysburg, being 55 feet more or less, on each street, being part of lot No. — in said town plot, having thereon erected a large three story brick house and a two story frame house."
The terms of sale will be cash.

JOHN SHAVER, Sheriff,
Sheriff's Office, Huntingdon,
Jan. 28, 1843.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby notified that I, the subscriber, purchased at Sheriff's Sale on the 6th day of May inst. as the property of Thomas Cooper of Henderson township, Huntingdon county, the following property which I have left in the possession of the said Thomas Cooper, to be taken care of, it not being convenient to remove the same to wit: 1 bay horse, 1 black horse, 2 sets gears, 1 cutting box, 1 hay fork, 1 wind mill, 1 iron wedge, 1 lot straw, 12 acres wheat, 4 acres rye, 1 shovl plough, 1 horse, 1 harrow, 7 hogs, 1 side hill plough, 2 calves, 12 saw logs at Hampson's saw mill, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 25 saw logs Lane's saw mill, 1 clock, 1 saddle and bridle.
And also a cow, bought at Constable's Sale as the property of said Cooper, on 29th inst.
Also, the undersigned purchased an assignment of the lease of the land on which Thomas Cooper lives, on the 27th April 1845, which lease is from David Hare to Thomas Cooper, and expires on the 12th April 1849.
All persons are therefore hereby cautioned and forewarned against intermeddling with the above mentioned property, as the same belongs to me, and I will proceed according to law against any person intermeddling with the same or any part thereof.
WILLIAM HARE.
May 31, 1843.—3t.

CAUTION.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with, selling, disturbing or removing the following described property, which I this day purchased at Sheriff's Sale, as the property of Thomas Ewing, in West tp., Huntingdon county, and left in his possession until I see proper to remove the same, viz:—2 bay mares and 1 sucking colt. All persons are therefore cautioned and forewarned against intermeddling with the above mentioned property, as the same belongs to me, and I will proceed according to law against any person intermeddling with the same or any part thereof.
JAMES EWING.
May 15, 1843.—3t. p.d.

Executors Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters Testamentary on the last will and testament of Samuel Finlay, late of Dublin township, Huntingdon county, dec'd., have been granted to the subscribers. All persons are therefore indebted to the estate of said dec'd., are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to
JOHN WALKER,
JAMES CREP, Jr.
Executors.
June 21, 1843.—6t.

POETRY.

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

Whence are your glorious goings forth
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk above in brightness still—
Oh, glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp in Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago;
On Persia's hill the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;
And long the heaven sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;
But ye watch o'er wandering Israel yet,
Oh, changeless stars of night!

Long have you looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
And gild their ruins now;
Ye beam upon the cottage home,
The conqueror's path of might,
And shed your light alike on all,
Oh, priceless stars of night!

But where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid this desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight;
And shine where bark hath never been,
Oh, lovely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears,
Of human hope and love;
And fearful deeds of darkness too,
Ye witness above!
Say, will that blackening record live
Forever in your sight;
Watching for judgment on the earth,
Oh, sleepless stars of night!

Yet glorious was the song that rose
With the fresh morning's dawn;
And still amid our summer sky
Its echo lingers on;
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early birth,
Ye fill of hope and glory still,
Oh, deathless stars of night!

From Graham's Magazine.

I met him in the crowd to-night.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I met him mid the crowd to-night—
"They told me I would meet him there—
My lip was gay, mine eyes were bright,
As I knew no thought of care;
I touched his hand amid the dance
And passed him as a stranger by,
I trembled 'neath his searching glance
And changed to smiling aching sigh."

It was a weary part to play,
Yet I deceived the thoughtless throng,
I mingled with the fair and gay,
I breathed the blithest jest in song,
My smiling mouth the crowd to hear,
And he too paused my words to hear,
But only smiled when others smiled—
He did not think my joy sincere.

For when I chanced to meet his gaze,
There was a softness in his eye
That spoke to me of other days
And woke a dream of memory;
A look, half-sadness half regret,
That probed the weakness of my breast,
Though brief the space our glances met,
Within that space the truth he guessed.

I turned with clouded brow aside,
He had no right to look to see,
When near him stood his lovely bride,
His chosen when his choice was free;
Yet her that I had deemed so blest
Won not his fickle worship now,
Soon wearied of a love possess'd
He thought not of his plighted vow.

And when I saw he strove to wake
In me a feeling of the past,
I scorned him for my rival's sake
And from my soul his image cast;
The love long nursed in lonely tears
Fled from me like a dream of pain,
My heart may mourn o'er wasted years,
But never beat for him again.

Our eyes in parting met once more,
My pale cheek caught no deeper shade,
My eyes no hidden sorrow wore,
Nor pensive tenderness betrayed;
What bitter pain it seemed to me
When first again he met my sight,
But now my heart, though cold is free,
Fre'd with the gaze I met to-night.

THE BETROTHED.

Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand was free,
When no other claimed the duty
Which my soul would yield to thee;
Had I wooed thee—had I won thee—
Oh! how blest had been my fate!
But thy sweetness hath undone me—
I have found thee—but too late!

For to one my vows were plighted
With a faltering lip and pale;
Hands our cruel souls united—
Hearts were deemed of slight avail!
Thus my youth's bright morn' o'ershadow'd,
Thus betroth'd to wealth and State,
All love's own sweet prospect faded—
I have found thee—but too late!

Like the fawn that finds the fountain
With the arrow in his breast;
Or like light upon the mountain
Where the snow must ever rest—
Thou hast known me, but forget me,
For I feel what ill await;
Oh! 'tis madness to have met thee—
To have found thee—but too late!

☞ Pickpockets—on the increase in New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE POOR LAWYER.

I had taken my breakfast, and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck with female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigham, or any other of my leather dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should approach her without dread; nay had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks quite daunted while they fascinated. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up.—I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback galloping homeward, my heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures Ringwood attempts the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Ky., where he delves night and day.—Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally arguing at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found her the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance, except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heaven and earth! what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the deepest dell of the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former roguery. I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at once tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bait from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed,
"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me and help me out of it?"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played up on the blushes of her cheek.—She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment, all went on well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceeded to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.
That very Autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, I not above twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons—every thing by half dozens, a little delph ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a country town, about twenty-five miles. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we would have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd, and get business. The public room was thronged with all idlers of the country, who gather together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with great noise and little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike

an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose a counsel from the lawyers present, and he ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I, a heedless youngster, unpracticed at the bar, perfectly unknown. I felt delighted, yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

Before leaving the court he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not jury or judge. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case, from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment, I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room.—All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life, was I more wide awake.—A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions kept whirling through my mind. I had tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent; in a word, the day dawned on me a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out to breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and to tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my request. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking I am convinced, more like a culprit, than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the case triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and beard the Attorney General in the very onset. The story of my debut at the inn on the previous evening, where I had knocked down a bully, and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my headless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved.—The chance business which occurs at our courts came thronging in upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser glow more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up mounted the borrowed horse on which I had come to court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife; for both of us expected I should spend all the money I had borrowed and return in debt.

Our meeting was joyous as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old-fashioned desk, in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away.—

She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for.
"For myself, to be sure," replied I, with affected coolness; "I made it at court."

She looked at me for a moment incredulously.—I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Doubtless many a pretty Miss expects in this story, to read of a career of glorious conquests; and her blue eyes brighten, and her little heart beats quicker, at the thought of being one day the heroine herself of some legendary prose, and of having her victories recorded. Well, the desire to be beloved may reign in an amiable bosom—may possess a kind and benevolent heart—but power is dangerous; there are many temptations to its abuse. These things I would have my fair readers remember as they go along with me—and it may be we shall be wiser, and therefore better, before we part.

If you should ever go to Alesbury, you will see a sweet little cottage in the meadows towards the river valley, half hid amid a cluster of black alders with its white chimney and snowy palings, peeping through the foliage—and they will tell you that Anette Morton once lived there, for all the villagers remember her. It was one of those terrestrial paradises which the sick heart, weary with the wrongs of men, so often pictures to itself—so often longs for—and she, oh she was a beautiful creature—my heart even now beats quicker as her image rises before me.

She was a gay, lively girl—with the polish of a summer in the city, and a fine education, and whatever her talents might have been, she at least possessed the power of pleasing; the tact of winning hearts in a most copious measure. I never could divine exactly how she did it—but there was a free, frank, friendly air about her that inspired confidence; and gifted thus at all points, she played a most masterly game among the village beaux. Every body was glad to gallant her—was emulous which should pay her the most attention—and every young gentleman in the village who could afford to spare himself up a little once in twenty-four hours, paid heran afternoon or an evening visit.

It would have been amusing to one who went as a mere spectator, to have attended a Saturday evening levee at the Alder Cottage—amusing to see the address practised by the competitors for her smiles in eliciting some distinguished mark of her favor—they gathered round her in the little parlor, and if she spoke there was a strife as to who should most approve what she said; if she dropped her handkerchief two or three heads were trumpeted together in the effort to restore it to her—and if she waived, they were happy who got at her side, and all the rest were miserable. There were to be seen all kinds of faces, and every description of temper—and such a spectator might have been edified; but the principal impression on his mind would probably have been, that courting under such circumstances was a most particularly foolish kind of business.

But Anette sung—"The moon had climbed the highest hill"—and told boarding school stories, and talked eloquently about love and poetry, music and painting—was witty, sentimental and good natured—was invincible always, absolutely always the conqueror. The young ladies of the village saw themselves undeservedly deserted—looked month after month on the success of their general rival—and prayed probably, if young ladies ever pray about such matters, that Anette might speedily make a choice among her worshippers, and leave them the remainder. It was a forlorn hope; she intended to do no such thing; she was the village belle; and the village belle she meant to be.

It so happens, however, that great beauties, like all other great folks, who have to take their common chances in the fortunes of humanity, sometimes in the end outwit themselves. In process of time, one and another, and again another wedding took place in the village; the girls whose names were seldom spoken; whose modest pretensions and retiring habits were perfectly eclipsed by the brilliancy of the reigning star, secured their favorites, were wooed, and won, and married; and still Anette courted with all, and was still admired by all. How many good offers she refused or slighted, were only recorded in her own memory. "Hope deferred," said the proverb, "makes the heart sick." Those who were sincere in their addresses, gradually, one after another, offered themselves, were rejected or put off; and fell into some easier road to matrimony. She was at last left with courtiers as heartless in love matters, as herself; who sought her company because she was agreeable, flirted with her because she was "the belle"—and romped with and kissed her, whenever they had an opportunity, because it is always worth some pains to win such a favor from a beautiful girl. We never, never get to be weary of the bachelor for this. Well might Byron ask—

"Was can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?"

But time rolled on, and the grass at length began to grow in the path that led over the meadows to the cottage; Anette became alarmed at the symptoms, and seizing the only chance that was left, engaged herself to her only remaining beau.—He was at the time going to spend a season in the city; they were to be married on his return. She

accepted him, not because she thought him the best of all her suitors, but because he was the only one left, and always held himself at her service. Her part of the play was ended—she became domestic and studied housewifery.

The time finally arrived; her old beau came back to the village; and a day or two after strolled over to the cottage with his pipe, in appearance quite an antiquated man. But he said nothing about the subject of matrimony. Anette at last took the liberty of reminding him of his engagement. He started; "indeed, madam, you surprise me!"—"Surprise you, why sir?" "Because," said he, "I never dreamed that you could be serious in such a thing as a matrimonial engagement; and meeting with a good opportunity I got married before I left the city."

Fortune had finished the game, and Anette was left to pay the forfeit; she never married because she never had another chance. And here is but the history common to hundreds of those fair creatures, who trifle with the power that beauty gives them over the minds of men, sacrifice every thing at the shrine of ambition; and aim only to enjoy the title, and the triumph that lights for a little while the sphere of the VILLAGE BELLE.

Country Newspapers.

Newspapers that are published in a town or villages are called country papers in opposition to those published in the city.

Some people won't subscribe to a country paper, because they say they see first every thing contained in the country in the city paper. These are very wise people surely, and have very sharp eyes too. If they don't take the country paper how do they know or see what is in it? Do they borrow it; or do they guess what is in it? No city paper can furnish country people with matters in which they are half so much interested as the country papers can—because the country papers narrate what occurs immediately around them; Marriages and deaths of their friends—the advertisements of their neighbors—the sales of personal property near them which they are in need of. These are matters peculiar in their neighborhood papers alone, and most agreeable to them.

The advertisements of a neighborhood paper are the first things to be read. Indeed properly speaking, the advertisements are the most interesting parts usually of all newspapers, to all readers.

A man that does not subscribe to his neighborhood paper is certainly ignorant of one half that passes around him; and if he is a business man often loses the price of subscription in the settlement of an estate, or sale of some property in which he was interested. Besides the paper tells him where to go and get the cheapest goods; to this store or that; for those who advertise usually sell the cheapest—tells him where he can buy what he wants—a house or a farm—a horse or a cow, &c., or where he can sell some superfluous articles he has. Do the city papers do that? Not at all.—They will tell you a great deal of what is going on in the cities, and tell you a great deal of what you feel no entertainment in whatever—but do they tell you that which you are interested in—your neighborhood news?

Another class of people say that country papers are made up of the city papers. This is another mistake. A large portion of our country papers are as well edited as a moiety of the city papers, and often copy a little from them. We know country papers which are nearly filled with original matter written expressly for them.

The right way to have a good neighborhood paper is to encourage it. A liberal subscription will bring forth talent; for if the editor has not got it, the almighty dollar will find it for him somewhere.

Beautiful Extract.

Go out beneath the arched heaven in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce that dread mystery, and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw open its high frontispiece the legible gleanings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of island and main? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attunes amid banners of storms the voice of thunders and unchains the lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in the gloom? Who gave the eagle, the ery, where the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echoes to the minstrelsy of her moan!—Who made thee, oh man, with thy perfect elegance of intellect? Who made the light pleasant to thee, and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee matchless symmetry of sciences and limbs? the regular flowing of blood! the irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love? And yet the thunders of heaven and the waters of the earth are chained. They remain, but the bow of reconciliation hangs above and beneath them; and it were better that the limitless waters and the mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that those very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in eternal gloom, than one single soul should be lost, while mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of intercession.

The worms are again playing havoc with the Linden trees of Philadelphia.