BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."-SHAKS

VOL. 5--NO. 42.1

obttioburg, pa., tuboday, jawuary 90, 1995.

[WHOLE NO. 250.

Advertisements.

Mudlic Sale.

WILL be sold at public sale, on the premises, on Monday the 26th iust. at 12 o'clock M.

The one-third of 54 Acres of Unpatented Land,

Situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Hugh Scott, William M'Clellan and others-to be sold as the Estate of Isaac Peoples, deceased. The im-

provements on said property are a one and a half story LOG HOUSE, Stable, &c. with water quite convenient .-

JOSIÁH FERREE, Adm'r. January 6, 1835.

tendance given by

Terms made known on day of sale, and at-

Mublic Sale.

N pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, to me directed, I will expose to public sale, at the Courthouse, in the Borough of Gettysburg, on That purify and save. Tuesday the 27th day of January inst. at 1 o'clock P. M., a certain

TRACT OF LAND,

excellent orchard—late the Estate of John Hath never spoken. W. HAGEN, deceased. WILLIAM LAUB, Adm'r.

January 6, 1835.

GARDEN SEEDS.

Blood Beet, Sugar do. White Onion, Yellow do. do. Red Orange Carrot, Early Horn do. Red do. Long Cucumber,

Early curled do. do. Specied do. do. Long Scarlet Rudish, Savoy Cabbage, Early York do. Cayenne Pepper, Double Peppergrass, Summer Savory, Early Washington Peas.

White Head Lettuce,

For sale at the Drug store of Dr. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg. January 6, 1835.

LIL persons indebted to the Estate of stood, as it were, between two flowers of very op-Estate of Thomas Griest, dec'd. IAS GRIEST, late of Latimore township, Adams county, deceased, delay. And all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to make known the same to the subscribers without delay.

The Executors both reside in Latimore township, Adams county. ISAAC TUDOR,

GIDEON GRIEST, Ex'rs.

December 16, 1834.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of PETER MARSHALL, late of Berwick township, Adams county, deceased will make payment to the subscriber without delay. And all persons having claims or demands against the Estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to make known the same to the subscriber, without delay.

The Administrator resides in Conowago township, Adams County, Pa. JOHN MARSHALL, Adm'r.

Dec. 9, 1834.

ROWAND'S TONIC MIXTURE. OR VEGETABLE FEBRIFUGE. A Cure for the Fever and Ague. HIS article is offered by the proprietor

as a certain and lasting cure for the Fever and Ague, having been thoroughly tested in the cure of that harassing disease. It contains neither Arsenic, Barks, or Mercury, or any article unfriendly to the human constitution. It acts as a gentle laxative, useful also in cases of debility of stomach and bowels, &c. For further particulars see bills and certificates accompanying each bottle.

For sale at the Drug Store of Dr. J. GILBERT.

Gettysburg, Nov. 25, 1834. WAIM'S PANACEA—For the cure of scrofula, or king's evil, syphilitic and sores, white swellings, diseases of the liver and skin, general debility, &c. Also, SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE—an excellent article for worms.

DR. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg. December 9, 1834.

TACASSAR OIL.—Rowland's Macassar Oil to beautify and promote the growth of the hair. For sale at the Drug Dr. J. GILBERT. Store of Gettysburg, Dec. 9, 1834.

ORM TEA-For sale at the Drug store of DR. J. GILBERT. Gettysburg, Dec. 9, 1834.

SAL ÆRATUS-A large quantity received and for sale at the Drug store of DR. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.

DOB PRUSPULSOR

THE GARLAND. "With sweetest flowers enrich'd,

From various gardens cull'd with care."

The following lines, from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney are eminently beautiful. The "toil worn mind" o some portions of the community, may, at this scason, "refit for time's voyage,"—but the poor wight who is doomed to an Editor's desk, must go the whole voyage, calm or stormy, without calculating upon time to refit, or scarcely even to heave the lead.— Read these lines, however-catch the ideas of the charming poeters, and enjoy the scenes upon which she so beautifully touches:

WINTER.

"Deem thee not unlovely—though thou com'st
With a stern visage. To the tuncless bird—
The tender floweret—the rejoicing stream,
Thy discipline is harsh. But unto man,
Methinks thou hast a kindlier ministry—
Thy lengthen'd eye is full of fire-side joys
And d-athless linking of warm heart to heart;
So that the hoarse stream passes by unheard.
Earth, rob'd in white, a peaceful sabbath holds
And keepeth silence at her Maker's feet,
She ceaseth from the harrowing of the plough She ecaseth from the harrowing of the plough And from the harvest shouting.

"Man should rest "Man should rest
Thus from his revered passions—and exhale
The unbreathed carben of his festering thought,
And drink in holy health. As the toss'd bark
Doth seek the shelter of some quiet bay,
To trim its shattered cordage, and repair ts riven sails—so should the toil-w Its riven sails—so should the toil-worn mind Refit for time's rough voyage. Man, perchance, Sour'd by the world's sharp commerce, or inpaired By the wild wanderings of his summer way, Turns like a truant scholar toward his home, And yields his nature to sweet influences

"The ruddy boy Comes with his shouting school-mates from their spor On the smooth frozen lake, as the first star TRACT OF LAND,
Containing 10 Acres, more or less, adjoinHangs pure and cold, its silver cresset forth—
And, throws off his skates, with boisterous glee,
Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand ing land of James M'Allister, Peter Frey, and others—on which are erected a two-story WEATHER-BOARDED

Hastes to his mother's side. Her tender hand Doth shake the snow-flakes from his glossy curls, And draw him nearer, and with gentle voice Asks of his lessons—while her lifted heart Solicits silently the Sire of Heaven

To bless the lad.

"The timid infant learn Better to love its father—longer sits Upon his knee, and with a velvet lip Prints on his brow such language as tongue

With dove-eyed meckness and bland charity— And thou shalt find even winter's rugged blast The minstrel-teacher of the well-tuned soul; And, when the last drop of its cup is drained, Arising with a song of praise, go up To the eternal banquet."

A POPULAR TALE.

THE BROKEN MINIATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two Young Officens belonging to the same regiment, aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads, or took more undaunted hearts into the field, or purer forms, or a nore polished address, into the drawing room. Yet there was a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly,

and one of them at least concealed his vices so be

comingly also, that the maiden, who saw them both posite colors & perfumes,& each of equal beauty. ter before. Horace, who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiwill make payment to the subscribers without | ful in his features than, Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. If Horace made the most agreeable companion, Albert made the better friend. Horace did not claim the praise being sentimental, nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the more with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace

was the more nobly born, yet Albert had the better

fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the cir-

cumspection that could preserve one. Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes, she had a secret, and undefined preference, yet did her inclination walk so sisterly hand in hand with her duties, that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace, yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reason for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but,as he by no means wished to lose to himself and to his daughter the valued friendship of a man of probity and of honor, he took a delicate method of letting Albert understand that every thing that he possessed, his grounds, his house, and all that belonged to him were at his service. He excepted only his

daughter. When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver had always some improvement to show Albert, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript for him to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room, or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark in a ocular tone, to the effect that Horace was fit only o dance attendance upon the ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality,to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who would enter the temple of beauty, and under pretence of worshipping at the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done so, but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O! that he suffered and suffered acutey, his altered looks, his heroic silence, and, at times is forced guiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recess of his heart,like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which light ed up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter Sir Oliver spoke more explicit. mercurial diseases, rheumatism, ulcerous ly. Her affections had not been engaged and the light preference that she began to into her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that he could not aprove her as a lover, she found to spring up for hin For sale at the Drug in her bosom a regard as sisterly, and as ardent, as if the same cradle had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew, that Albert's was a cha racter that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a

The only point upon which Matilda different with her father, was as to the degree of encour-agement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us,my dear father," she would entreating ly say, "be free, at least for one year. Let us, for that period, stand committed by no engagement we are both young, myself extremely so. A peas ant maiden would lay a longer probation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not right." The appeal that she made to Albert, which

her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion o lurking affection having crept into her bosom. Affairs were at this crisis when Napolcon returned from Elba, and burst like the demon of war

After many entreaties from her father, the exultation and rapture of Horace complete .- in oblivion. Something like a hope had returned

He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstand. to Albert's bosom. He was graciously received ing Matilda's stipulation, as an exrnest of his hap- by the father, and diffidently, by Matilda. She iness. He had the picture set most estentatious. y in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enomics say that he showed it with more freedom than the delicacy of his situation, with respect to Matilda, should have warranted. Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merit of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalship was suspected.

The scene must now change. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before the break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troop to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert, and not he, is at its head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sunbright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy cowl in the rear. The orders to charged are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foaming, jaded, breathless courser of Horace, strains forward as if with a last offort, and seems to have but enough strength to wheel with Oliver. his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the roop welcomed their leader. On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the battle join. The scream-the showt—the groun, and the volleying thunder of artillery,mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind has passed. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood wells away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Water-

loo,Matilda and Sir Oliver were alone in the drawing-room. Sir Oliver had read to his daughter, who was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading down slowly and silently the list of the dead and the maimed "Can you, my dear girl," said he tremulously

"bear to hear very bad news?" the almost inaudible word—"read." "Horace is montioned as having been seen car.

ly in the action badly wounded, and is returned "Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and

embraced her father more closely. "And our poor friend Albert, is dangerously

wounded too," said the father. Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her tather's arms insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had felt quite enough for her lov-er, but too much for her friend.

A few days after, a Belgian officer was introutely she entered the room the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing upon her intently, when he thought himself unobserved. At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular, that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daugh-

mistress. The first impression of both father and daughcer, by the dying lover; but he quickly undeceived them, by informing them that he was lying until life shall desert me." desperately, but not dangerously, wounded at a farm house on the continent, and that in fact he had suffered a severe amputation.

came you by the miniature?" exclaimed Sir

Oliver. "O, he had lost it to a notorious sharper, at a gaming house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me, as he said that he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet, as I admired the painting, and saw that the jowels were worth more than the rascal asked for them I purchased it, really with the hope of returning t to its proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had an opportunity

of meeting with him." "What an insult!" thought Sir Oliver. "What an escape!" exclaimed Matilda, when

the officer had finished his relation. I need not say that Sir Oliver immediately reourchased the picture, and that he had no further houghts of marrying his daughter to a gamester.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer. a very extraordinary occurrence has just taken olace.

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and is the second in command; nigh fellow that same Albert."

Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particuars," said Sir Oliver; and Matilda looked gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, I do not know them minutely," said he "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his bosom as a sort of breast plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The thing was much talked of for a day or two and some joking took place on the subject; but when it was seen that these railleries gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was drop-Shortly after the officer took his leave.

The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been infamously lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, have been her lover was, even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote to him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge-spoke of was so humble, so desponding, and so dispirited that even the insulted Matilda was softened and py peasantry. Here, thought he, secure must do Horaco the justice to say, that the minia pught to have assured her father of the purity of ture was merely left in the hands of the winner he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem, though it rent from him a limb, and left him as one dead upon the battle

tle. The regiment of our rivals was ordered to have been saved, and his love have been preserved. A year had now clapsed, and at length Albert Matilda at length consented to sit for her minia. was announced. He had heard that all intimacy ture to an eminent artist; but upon the express had been broken off between Horace and Matilda stipulation, when it should be given to Horaco, that but nothing more. The story of the lost miniathey were still to hold themselves free. The min- ture was confined to the few whom it concerned iature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and and those few wished all memory of it to be burjed

remembered "the broken miniature," and sup-

posed him to have been long and ardently attack ed to another. It was on a summer's evening, there was no other company, the sun was setting in glorious splendour. After dinner, Matilda had retired only to the window to enjoy, she said, that prospect that the drawing-room could not afford. She spoke truly, for Albert was not there. Her eyes were upon the declining sun; but her soul was

still in the dining-room. At length Sir Oliver and Albert arose from the table, and came and seated themselves near Matilda.

"Come, Albert, the story of the miniature," said Sir Oliver. "What? fully, truly, and unreservedly," sai Albert, looking anxiously at Matilda.

"Of course." "Offence, or no offence," said Albert, with a ook of arch meaning.
"Whom could the tale possibly offend," said Sir

"That I am yet to learn. Listen." As far as regarded Matilda, the last word was

wholly superfluous. She seemed to have lost eve

ry faculty but hearing. Albert in a low, yet huried tone, commenced thus. "I loved, but was not loved. I had a rival tha was seductive. I saw that he was preferred by the father, and not indifferent to the daughter. My love I could not - I would not attempt to con quer: but my actions, honor bade me control; and The friend was admitted where the lover would have been banished. My successful rival obtained the miniature of his mistress. O, then, then I envied, and, impelled by unconquerable passion, I obtained clandestinely from the ar tist a fac simile of that which I so much envied him. It was my heart's silent companion, and, She could reply in no other way than by laying when at last, duty called me away from the origi-her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out nul, not often did I venture to gaze upon the resemblance. To prevent my secret being discov ered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double locket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the ma-

> "I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbbed proudly under its pressure I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if over I felt as heroes feel, it was then-it was

"On, on I dashed through the roaring stream of slaughter. Sabres flashed over and around me—what cared I? I had this on my heart, and a brave man's sword in my hand-and come the worst, better I could not have died than on that duced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine noble field. The showers of fated balls hissed aby Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the bat. round me. What cared 1? I looked around-to tle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent my fellow soldiers I trusted for victory, and my her meeting him at her father's table. Immedi- soul I entrusted to God, and-shall I own 11? for a lew tears to my memory I trusted to the original of this, my bosom companion.'

> "She must have had a heart of ice, had she refused them," said Matilda, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

r before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly her resem the very centre of the struggle, a ball struck at blance," said he, and he im:nediately produced my heart—but the guardian angel was there, and the miniature that Horace had obtained from his it was protected: the miniature, the double case, even my flesh were penetrated, and my blood soiled the image of that beauty, for whose protection ter was, that Horace was no more, and that the it would have enjoyed to flow. The shattered token had been entrusted to the hands of the officese, the broken, the blood stained miniature, are now dearer to me than ever, and so will remain

"May I look upon those happy features that in spired and preserved a heart so noble?" said Matilda, in a low distinct voice, that seemed unnatu-"Then, in the name of all that is honorable, how ral to her from the excess of emotion.

Albert dropped upon one knee before her, touched the spring, and placed the miniature in the trembling hand of Matilda. In an instant she ecognised her own resemblance. She was above the affectation of a false modesty—her eyes filled with grateful tears-she kissed the encrimsoned painting, and sobbed aloud-"Albert, this shall never leave my bosom. O, my well-my long

In a moment she was in the arms of the happy oldier, whilst one hung over them with unspeakable rapture, bestowing that hest boon upon daughter's-"A father's heart-felt blessing!"

THE REPOSITORY,

CLOSET THOUGHTS.

What a paradise might this world be, man were but disposed, and woman too, to make it so; and yet for the want of that disposition, what a waste of thorns and briars it is. A traveller is wending his way thro' A miniature has actually saved the life of a romantic country, where mountains sepaa gallant young officer of the same regiment as rate vallies, and vallies alternate with moun-Horaco's, as fine a fellow as ever betrode a charg- tains-ascending one he looks down with peaceful prospect presented to his view in cannot think are sweeter than his ownthe other:-"Here," he exclaims, "here, shut out from the noisy, bustling, deceitful world, must be the abode of peace, joy, comfort and happiness: and here too, in this secluded spot, is a village, inhabited no doubt, by a pure and unsophisticated people, who neither know the cares, feel the anxieties, nor bitious and restless sons of the world-who live in harmony and concord with each other; who harbor no feelings of envy, pride and uncharitableness and who are ever employed either in useful or healthful labor, acts of benevolence and piety, or indulging in innocent recreations and social converse and gaiety, with friends and neighbors."

Charmed with the placid picturesque beauty of the little village as it lies like a slumbering child beneath him, the traveller descends into the valley, resolved on spending the remainder of his life, now arrived at that point from whence 'tis said,

"Cool age advances, soberly wise," in this beautiful valley, and among its hap from the strife, and turmoil and bustle of the tree, with none to molest or make afraid, and "from the loop holes of my retreat," look upon the world as upon a cosmoramic scene.

He took up his abode in the happy valley.

and sordid feelings, and tired of the discon- friend of liberty. tents, repinings and impertinent curiosity of a people whom he hoped to find contented, pious and happy, the traveller again resumes his journey, and wends his way through the to the following effect:world, regretting that "but for man, man

LOVE'S GIFTS.

might be happy.

It is the native dialect of love to reveal its its favorite teacher with a fresh flower. It quite fair, but a little brown. hastens to its mother with the first, best rose, from its little garden; and in the kiss to its father, with which it resigns itself to sleep, seasoned with a little repartee-a small gives away its whole heart. The wife modicum of wit, but no learning, I say again trusts to her chosen protector, "her all of and again (either ancient or modern) upon earth-perchance her all of neaven." Why any consideration whatever. should a mother give with such bitter repining her infant to her God?

ful? Love delights in yielding the best gifts | conversant. to the beloved. Would she prefer to have withheld it till it had become less lovely?till, warped by the deceit of the world, the way of darkness chosen, and salvation thro' Christ unsought? it would be an unfit offering for a Being of purity.

Love rejoices its object in the most eligible situations. "Being evil we yet know how to give good gifts to our children."---We are pleased to see them in the pursuit of knowledge, in the path of virtue, in possession of the esteem of the great and good. In sending them from home, we seek to secure for them the advantages of refined society, the superintendence of friends of wisdom and piety. If a nobleman were to adopt them, if they were to have a mansion with princes, should we not be grateful for the honor? Why, then, with such unspeakable reluctance, do we see them go to be angels among angels, and to dwell gloriously Albert bowed low and gratefully, and thus con- in the presence of "God, the Judge of all, nd the spirits of just men made perfect? Mrs. Sigourney.

Memory.—Yes, memory! thou art in deed a blessing and a curse! Sweet is it, when the wings of evening brood over the drowsy hearth, to hear thy gentle whisper, as thou comest on velvet foot, telling of days of by gone pleasure, and scenes, whose little roughness have all been softened down by the nice touch of distance; but bitter, bitter as the sick man's draught, yet full as wholesome-to hear that whisper changed to the harsh voice of upbraiding, when thou chargest us with deeds whose harshness time's finger cannot smoothe. - [Jeremy Levis.

Piety.-We look upon the Piety of old ige as something in ordinary course.-Strange were it indeed, if when the passions that stand between him and his maker are all removed, and the sources of enjoyment in this world chocked up with the draught of time, man should not strike the tent of his wanderings, and make ready for his flight across the desert to where a greener spot is promised him, and springs of ever running

But it is not so with youth! while the passions flutter on their rainbow colored wings between his eyes and heaven, and the fountain of pleasure still bubbles sparkling to the brim, hard is it for man to turn his thoughts to a distant land, of whose beauty delight and extacy upon the rich, varied, he can form no fancy, and whose springs he this quality. hard is it for him to believe as he courses gaily from one green spot to another, and sees many still before, that all these resting places must soon fail him-that soon every blade of grass will be withered, and every running stream exhausted. It is only when the floor, as if in search of something, she his last resource of enjoyment fails, and the covet the wealth and honors of the rich, am- fear of perishing assails him, and he casts his eye abroad upon the desert, and sees nought before him but endless desolation, it is only then that the promise of a brighter country sounds joyful to the ear.

In youth, religion is so rare that our admiration is involuntary .-- [Ibid.

Love. Love, real love, is that one passion within whose vortex all others of the heart are swallowed-these may rule with divided power, or alternately, but love, the moment it enthrones itself in the soul, treads all other feelings in the dust, and sways us with a tyrants sceptre—the source of virtue or of crime, love raises us above our nature or sinks us below the brutes. It is a fire which if it be not quenched, at once consumes every thing within its reach, and world, I can "sit under my own vine and fig | burns until the fuel that maintained it, be exhausted, when nothing is left, save the dead ashes, to mark the spot where it once raged.—[1b.

united force of France rushed with him to the bat- | charge, and, in all probability, his limbs would | habitants have never been corrupted by his | are all becoming convinced by fearful expepoisonous infusions. Alas! his pleasing de- rience. It has been the ignorance of the usion soon vanishes, and gives place to the people which has so long enabled tyrants to sad conviction that he who in an evil hour hold the world in chains; and they have nev found his way into the peaceful abode of our ler failed to burst them asunder whenever irst parents, though guarded by angels, has light has broken in strongly upon them. also lest a foot-print here. To his regret But if they are permitted to relapse into igand mortification, he perceives that instead norance and its natural attendant, groveling of peace, contentment, piety, and concord vice, tyrants will rise again, under the name reigning in the village, and in the breasts of of patriots, and we shall see the world rethe inhabitants, he finds them constantly plunged into Gothic darkness and despotium. engaged in petty strifes and ridiculous rival- It is not in the nature of things, that a popuries; prone to tattle, slander and misrepre- lar government can long subsist, except sent; great devotees in religion, and estenta- mong an enlightened and virtuous people; tiously observant of its forms, though totally nothing else can shield them against the dedestitute of the genuine spirit of christianity; signs of wicked and intriguing politicians, scrupulously observant of the niggardly who always come in the name and garb of maxim that "charity begins at home," and patriotism, and, calling themselves friends of carrying it one step further, and allowing it the people, cheat them to their ruin. Every to end where it begins. Disappointed in his effort, therefore, to enlighten the people, deanticipations, disgusted by the grovelling serves the zealous support of every genuine WM. WIRT.

> QUALIFICATIONS OF A WIFE .- These are set forth in the Worcester Journal, 1761. Great good nature and prudent gener-

> A lively look, and proper spirit, and a cheerful disposition.

A good person, but not perfectly handcomplacence by gifts. The child presents some—a moderate height—complexion net

Young by all means-old by no means. A decent share of common sense, just

In spelling, a little becoming deficiency; and in the doctrine of punctuation [or what Does she say it was unsullied and beauti- is generally called stopping] by no means

A proper knowledge of accounts and arithmetic; but no sort of skill in fractions.

A more than tolerable good voice, and a little ear for music-a capability of singing [in company,] but no peculiar and intimate acquaintance with minims, crotchets, qua-

Ready at her needle, but more devoted to plain work than to fine—no enemy to knitting.

Not always in the parlour, but sometimes in the kitchen-yet more skilled in the theory than in the practice of cookery.

Fonder of country dances than minuets. An acquaintance with domestic news, but no acquaintance with foreign. Not entirely fond of quadrille, but a little

given to whist. In conversation a little of the lisp, but not

of the stammer. VARIOUS MATTERS.

Оню.—The total number of acres of land, in Ohio, returned by the county Auditors, subject to taxation, is 15,708,314. Valued at 853,467,801

Do. of town and personal pro-

perty, Merchants' capital

96.—Blairsville Record.

22,125,511 Making a total valuation of \$75,593,312 The Dayton Herald furnished the following items relative to the single county of Montgomery: Total amount of taxable property \$2,273,379; total amount of taxes \$14,592,23; amount of canal and state tax \$4,520,61; amount of county and school tax \$9,014,22; amount of township tax \$779,-

A countryman reading a newspaper in Randolph, (Tenn.) was asked why he did not subscribe for it, as it was a good paper, 'Why yes," replied the countryman, "I like it, its right fine, but I think it's a little too This is a new name for a newscostive." paper. The horb commonly known by the name

of "Life everlasting," of which our fields are very prolific, we understand has been used by some of our citizens as a substitute for Hops in raising bread; and that it is found to answer the purpose remarkably well. We had heard before that the herb possessed A physician attending a Lady several

times had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was taking his departure for the last time, she gave him but one, at which he was surprised, and looking on asked him what he looked for? "I believe, Madam," said he,"I have dropped a guinea;" 'No, Sir," replied the Lady, "It is I that have dropped it."

SIGN OF A BUTCH MIDWIFE. -- At a small village called Bergen ad Zoon, is the following musical sign: It is a tree bearing fruit, and the branches filled with little naked urchins, seemingly just ripened into life and crying for succor; beneath a woman holds up her apron, looking wishfully at the children, as if entreating them to jump into her lap. It belongs to the house of a sworn midwife, and has this inscription: "Vang my, ik zal zoot zyn." In English, "Catch me, I'll be a sweet boy."

A Parisian author has translated Shakespeare's line "Out brief candle," into the French thus: "Get out you short candle."

"I always think," said a reverend guest, "that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after dinner." "Oh no, sir," re-

December 9, 1834. thunder cloud, upon the plains of France; field. Had he not gamed, his miniature would "Liberty and Learning, lean on each othand for a time faucies he had at length diser for support," is a truth which has long plied the host, "it is the uncertain quantity and all the warlike and the valorous arose and not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to covered a very Eden, into which the tempter march would have found him at his quarters, his walled her in with their veteran breasts. The re-Expeditiously executed at the Star Office- turned hero lifted up his red right hand, and the harassed steed would not have failed him in the has never yet found his way, and whose in- been known to the wise, and of which we that does the mischief."