

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. 6--NO. 6.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MAY 11, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 266.]

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CONDITIONS:
I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two DOLLARS per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till ordered to be discontinued.
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, to be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
JOSEPH DUKEHART & CO.'S
Basket, Wooden-ware and Fishing-tackle
WARE-HOUSES
No. 101 1/2, Baltimore, between Calvert and South streets.
Baltimore, 4th Month 20, 1835. 3t-3

HIDES, LEATHER & OIL.
2500 La Plata
700 Rio Grande
1000 Lagura
600 Perambuco
1500 Chili
2000 prime heavy green salted Kips, first quality
1000 do. do. do. 2d quality
1000 do. dry do.
50 Barrels of Straits Oil
100 do. Bank's do.
Also Tanners Tools of all kinds for sale on the most reasonable terms, for cash or on approved paper, or exchanged for Leather of all kinds by
JOHN W. PATTEN & Co.
Corner 3d & Vine streets, Philadelphia.
March 10, 1835. 2m-49

NEW GOODS.
JUST received and for sale by the subscriber, a very large stock of
FRESH GOODS,
Comprising almost every article in the DRY GOODS line—Among which is a complete ASSORTMENT OF
FANCY GOODS,
to which the LADIES' attention is particularly invited.

—ALSO—
LEGHORN, TUSCAN STRAW & GIMP BONNETS and HATS.
WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF
CLOTHS & STUFFS,
FOR GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER WEAR.
—ALSO—A VERY LARGE STOCK OF
HARD-WARE,
Embracing almost every article in the way of building.
A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
PLAINS & EDGE-TOOLS,
BAR IRON, hammered and rolled;
SHEET-IRON, STEEL, HOLLOW-WARE & CASTINGS;
FENDERS & BRASS ANDIRONS.
Persons engaged in building and going to house-keeping, would do well to call.

—ALSO—
QUEENSWARE, CHINA SETS,
Mantle and other LOOKING GLASSES,
WOODEN WARE, &c. &c.
TOGETHER WITH A FINE STOCK OF
Groceries.
All of which will be sold on the most pleasing terms.
The Public are invited to call and judge for themselves.
GEORGE ARNOLD.
Gettysburg, April 13, 1835. 1f-2
N. B. Accounts of an old standing would be thankfully received. G. A.

GABINET-WAREHOUSE,
Chambersburg Street.
Where there is constantly on hand
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
FURNITURE,
Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce.
Orders for **COFFINS** punctually attended to.
DAVID HEAGY.
Gettysburg, Oct. 21, 1834. 1f-29

REMOVAL.
I WILL remove my shop on the first day of April to that owned by Mrs. Chamberlain, on South Baltimore street, two doors South of Mr. David McCreary's Saddle and Harness Factory.
WHERE ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY
CHAIRS
will be made and sold at reduced prices, of superior finish and warranted best quality.
—ALSO—
House and Sign Painting.
All kind of House and Sign Painting and Turning attended to as formerly.
HUGH DENWIDDIE.
Gettysburg, March 24, 1835. 1f-51

THE GARLAND.
"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE.
THE HISTORY OF LIFE.
I saw an infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping;
Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms
In sorrow weeping.
Years passed—I saw a mother with her child,
And o'er it languish;
Years brought me back—yet thro' her tears she smiled,
In deeper anguish.
I left her—years had vanished—I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.
In tears I found her whom I left in tears,
On God relying;
And I returned again in after years,
And found her dying.
An infant first, and then a maiden fair—
A wife—a mother—
And then a childless widow in despair—
Thus met a brother.
And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part,
To meet, oh never!
'Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live forever.

SELECT TALE.
FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.
The Blacksmith of Clommel.
[By James Sheridan Knowles
CHAPTER THE SECOND.
"There will be murder, ma'am!" exclaimed Mick Quinlan, the next morning, most unceremoniously throwing open the parlour door. "There will be murder to-day! Phil Brennan ran off last night with Jerry Lynch's daughter. She slept at his mother's in town, and this morning he is coming to take her to chapel with him and marry her. His uncle, Father O'Hanlon, approves of the match; but William M'Mullin, and his friends, are there surrounding the house; and, as sure as you live, there will be murder. For the love of the blessed virgin, come and see it, ma'am."
"My mother stared at Mick, and then at me.
"Why, see, Mick! see how you have frightened the child!" she exclaimed. "She has turned as white as a sheet. Indeed, Mick Flynn, you are a great big fool, to come and ask me to go and see such sights. You had better attend to your horse and car, Mick Flynn."
I felt as if I was turning sick; and, quitting the parlour, went up to my bed-room and threw myself into a chair. "Go to Phil Brennan's mother's and be married to him to-morrow!" repeated I to myself, as though I alone were answerable for what had happened, and, of course, for all the consequences that might ensue. My shawl and bonnet were lying before me on the bed. Acting from an impulse which I could neither define nor resist, I snatched them up, put them on, and stealing down stairs, opened the street-door without making any noise, and was presently half-way down the street.
"That's a fine, bould girl!" exclaimed a voice behind me, before I got to the second corner. "Come along with me and see the sight." It was Mick. He caught me by the hand, and, in less than three minutes, we were standing among a crowd of people—men, women and children—collected in the front of Mrs. Brennan's door, on the opposite side of the way.
Right before the door stood William M'Mullin, with upward of a score of friends, all of whom were armed with sticks, ready for the reception of Phil Brennan—looking this way and that way, in momentary expectation of his approach—but with more of anxiety, as I thought, than of determination painted in their looks.
"He is a match for the whole of them!" whispered Mick to one that stood near him. "Have you all your sprigs with you?" inquired he. The other affirmatively glanced down at his cloak. Mick, I now perceived, had his own cloak on, and from the way in which he held his arm under it, I perceived he was also provided. "That's right," continued Mick. "A pity that sun should be going on and we not have a share in it. Who'll stand by Phil Brennan?" he cried, aloud. "I will, for one!" he added. "Hurrah! boys; he's coming!"
Every countenance was now turned in one direction. William M'Mullin and his friends drew close together. Here and there an ear was turned toward a mouth; my heart began to beat violently.
"Stand close to the wall, my fine, bould girl," cried Mick Flynn.
Phil Brennan approached. He was now within a dozen strides of his mother's door, which was completely surrounded by his unlooked-for adversaries. Yet he stinted not his pace an inch. By his side swung a sprig of oak, which no man in Munster, except himself, could brandish; but which he carried as if he were taking an ordinary walk, meditating neither resistance nor attack. His head as erect as a grenadier's, and his face as clear and bright as a boy's upon the morning of a sunny holiday. Still he strode forward, as if nobody stood in his way—and nobody did stand in it, at last. The hostile party stood firm till he came within two paces and a half of them; but before he could lift his foot again, the foremost stepped aside, the others promptly followed his example, and Phil Brennan stood without opposition upon the step of his mother's door.
"The top—" he murmured to you, William M'Mullin cried he, as he smilingly stopped and turned round. "The top of the morn-

ing to your friends, who have so kindly come along with you to receive me at my mother's house upon my wedding day. Good luck to you all," he added, "and good luck to the honest boys of Clommel."
He was answered by a cheer from the side of the street where we stood, which acknowledging with a wave of his hat, he entered the house, without so much as shutting the door after him.
Hitherto the crowd, on our side of the way, had contented themselves with merely looking on; but now that Phil Brennan had shown himself, they began to take a more active part, and to jeer William M'Mullin and his party. The women led the way. One asked them, if they wanted a tongue to thank Phil Brennan for his civility.
"Och!" cried another, "are you blind? Can't you see that they are perfectly overpowered with it?"
"Why did you come without your sticks, boys?" retorted her neighbour; "but they are ashamed to show them beside Phil Brennan, it is so handsome a one."
"O! is that the case?" exclaimed another. "Feggs I thought they had never a stick nor a hand among them, or they never would allowed Phil Brennan to enter his mother's door, seeing they themselves had taken such a fancy to it."
"Why don't you walk in, William M'Mullin?" resumed she who had first spoken. "And how could you, jewel?" she added, "when the door is shut? I declare I thought Phil Brennan had left it wide open."
"And so he did," remarked an old gossip, who had not yet spoken; "and would not William M'Mullin go in only that he does not know how Jerry Lynch's handsome daughter is there? Heaven save you! William M'Mullin," she continued, in a louder key, "and is it Jerry Lynch's daughter you want? She's within there, at Phil Brennan's mother's, and nobody with her but Phil. Sure you have only to walk in and hand her out and take her to the chapel wid yez. Is it Phil Brennan you are afraid of? Och! if I were a fine young man and had a sweetheart, would I let Phil Brennan take her away from me, with twenty stout gossips to back me, and each a shilleagh in his hand! Bad luck to me, if it would not puzzle my great grandmother to find out what you are stopping there for, William M'Mullin!"
The object of all this ridicule, and his companions, effected to treat it with a laugh; but, in spite of themselves, their flushed cheeks and kindling eyes, betrayed the no small degree in which they were galled by it. Now came the turn of the men, which speedily changed the scene: anger threw off the mask; gibes and laughter were followed by shouting looks, fierce words and threatening gesticulations. There wanted but one man to step into the middle of the street, and a general fight would have commenced, but, at this critical juncture, Phil Brennan appeared at the door.
"Behave yourselves, boys!" he cried, addressing the crowd on the opposite side of the street. "Whoever is for me will hold his tongue, and leave William M'Mullin and his friends alone!" Then, addressing the latter party, "William M'Mullin," said he, "what cause have you and your friends to plant yourselves at my mother's door? Is it my wedding that you are anxious to see? Then see it you shall; for, by the crown of the blessed Mary! this morning will I be married to Jerry Lynch's daughter, or this evening ye shall sit at my wake! Come forth, Margaret Lynch," he added, advancing a pace into the street.
The bride appeared. Quick and agitated she was her steps. She wore the same dress she had on the night before; but her full hazel eyes, that glanced rapidly from side to side, as she took the bridegroom's arm, and her cheek, which was faintly flushed, indicated that her heart was the seat of anxiety and alarm. The smile which Phil Brennan wore, when he entered his mother's house, was still upon his manly open countenance. He looked slowly and calmly round him for a moment or two, then crossing the street, proceeded leisurely in the direction of the chapel. I know not how it happened, but I found myself again by the side of Margaret Lynch, and holding her by the hand. On we went, the crowd surrounding us, and William M'Mullin and his friends bringing up the rear. All was peace and quietness for a time—but presently signs of bad blood began to manifest themselves.
"Who did that?" cried one.
"Ask your mother!" replied a second.
"Keep back!" vociferated another.
"Go on!" roared out a fourth.
M'Mullin and his friends were evidently pressing upon those immediately behind us—pushing them and otherwise molesting them. Oaths now began to be interchanged. I looked back and saw nothing but cheeks as white as ashes, or red as fire, and eyes starting from their sockets. At last I heard a blow struck, and in a moment upward of fifty cudgels were rattling in the air.
"Go on to the chapel," whispered Phil Brennan to the bride. "Go on, and stop not. Hurry a little. I shall be there as soon as you. Go on, Margaret Lynch, and pay no heed to what is passing. Do not once look back. Give yourself no care about me. I shall merely take care that neither William M'Mullin nor any of his friends follow you. Go on, as you love me."
Margaret Lynch obeyed him implicitly; but, for my part, I could not help looking back. There was the bridegroom in the centre of the street, right between us and the combatants, walking backward. His frame seemed dilated to twice its former dimensions. High above his head was raised

his arm, while from one side to another he slowly waved his ponderous weapon, ready to prostrate the man that should attempt to pass him.
We were now about fifty paces in advance, and had just reached the chapel, when a simultaneous rush was made upon the bridegroom, by about half a dozen of William M'Mullin's party. I saw that he had enough to do; but that, as yet, he was only defending himself. One of his assailants suddenly bounded past him. He paid for the attempt. He was overtaken by Phil Brennan, and laid prostrate. A second and a third shared the same fate. But I now perceived that those who had taken part with us had been worsted, and that William M'Mullin and his friends were at liberty to direct their whole attention to the bridegroom; and, sure enough, he was surrounded by them just as he came within half a dozen steps of us. With such odds against him, you may suppose his hands were full enough; and, what would have been the issue, it is impossible to say, but, just in the nick of time, Father—, appeared at the chapel-gate, accompanied by Jerry Lynch himself.
"Stop, William M'Mullin!" cried father—, "dare not strike another blow."
"Stop, William M'Mullin!" exclaimed Jerry Lynch. "I am content that my daughter should be married to Phil Brennan."
Every stick, except Phil's was down in a moment. The lion was roused. Iron and powder were the only things of which the bridegroom seemed conscious. His weapon, whirled rapidly to the right and to the left, before him, and behind him, kept whizzing round his head; his eye was in twenty places in a moment. A shriek from Margaret Lynch called him to himself, as the sweet girl, forgetful of every thing else, rushed up to him, and tearing her handkerchief from her breast, applied it to his head, which I just discovered was wounded and bleeding profusely. He just cast a glance about him, caught her to his bosom, and kissed her, and then fixing his eyes upon her father, approached the chapel-gate, encircling her still with his arm.
"Jerry Lynch!" he demanded, "are you come here to make your daughter happy, or miserable—to force her to marry William M'Mullin, or to give her to me?"
No reply made Jerry Lynch, but he turned and walked slowly into the chapel; while Father—, beckoning Phil Brennan to follow him, entered it also. We were presently at the altar; the crowd—friends as well as enemies, a few paces behind us—where they stopped, at a signal from the clergyman.
"Jerry Lynch," said he, to the father of the bride, "you consent to give your daughter to Phil Brennan?"
"She has run away with Phil Brennan! She has slept one night under her father's roof—she may now act as she likes! The affair is her own. I will have nothing to do with it!" said Jerry Lynch.
"Then, you do not forbid the marriage?" rejoined father—.
"I neither forbid it, nor consent to it!" said the other.
"Come here, Margaret Lynch," said Father—.
The girl looked up into Phil Brennan's face, then lifted her eyes to heaven, and slowly withdrawing from the arm that was encircling her, approached the clergyman.
"You hear what your father says!" he resumed. "He will neither consent to your marriage with Phil Brennan, nor forbid it. He leaves you to yourself—he permits you to act for yourself. Are you willing to become the wife of Phil Brennan?"
Not a word uttered Margaret Lynch in reply. She stood like a statue—almost motionless—as silent—almost as lifeless. This lasted upward of two minutes.
"Margaret!" at length breathed the Bridegroom.
"Silence, Phil Brennan!" authoritatively exclaimed Father—."Leave Margaret Lynch to herself. She shall be neither urged, nor entreated, nor advised to give her hand to you. If she marries you, it shall be her own, unbiased and spontaneous act. I command you not to speak to her. Well, Margaret Lynch!" he inquired.
She would have been upon the floor had not Phil Brennan sprung forward, and caught her as she was falling. Upon his knee he seated her—supporting her waist with his arm, from which her head hung back, as if she were dead. I never saw anything like the expression of her sweet face, as it looked up to heaven. Several women, who had now entered the chapel, came up, and her temples and hands being chafed, by their assistance she recovered.
The first object she opened her eyes upon was Phil Brennan. She smiled faintly, and, putting her hand to her head, as if to recollect herself, gently disengaged herself from his support; and, rising from his knee, made an effort, as if she would approach the clergyman—tottered, and sank down upon his knee again. Some water having been brought her, she seemed to be considerably revived, rose again, and approached Father—.
"Well!" said he, inquiringly, again.
She had certainly spoken, had he remained silent; but the question had the effect of paralysing what little strength she had, and she fainted again; Phil Brennan catching her, and supporting her as before.
Her father, all this time, remained immovable. Not the slightest shade of feeling passed over his countenance, nor did he once lift his eyes from the ground.
"Come, come, Jerry Lynch," interposed

Father—."Look at your poor child. See how dreadful is the struggle which you occasion her. She has been tried enough. Save her from further suffering. Give her to Phil Brennan, and bid me proceed with the rites."
Not a word—not a look—not a motion on the part of Jerry Lynch. A second time the bride recovered—again she rose from the bridegroom's knee, and approached the clergyman. This time, she was more successful.
"I will marry Phil Brennan," she faltered out, and fainted the third time. Men and women—all—looked at one another.—There was shaking of heads, and low ejaculations were uttered, as if it were something ominous, and foreboded that misery would result from the union of Phil Brennan with Margaret Lynch.
It was long before the bride recovered this time; when, at last, she was restored to herself, and the ceremony began. Feebly she uttered the responses, supported by the arm of her lover, and encouraged by his entreaties and soothing. Three or four times there was a pause of several minutes. It seemed doubtful whether she would ever get through; but, at length, the last response was uttered, and Phil Brennan and Margaret Lynch were man and wife.
But now ensued a scene which seemed to fill every one with horror, except William M'Mullin, and one or two of his friends.—The moment the knot was tied, down sank Jerry Lynch upon both his knees; his cheek was the hue of the crucifixion; he trembled from head to foot.
"At the altar of God!" he exclaimed; "at the altar of God's Son, Phil Brennan and Margaret Lynch, now Margaret Brennan, I curse you! I curse you! May—"
"Hold, sacrilegious man!" thundered forth the minister of heaven. "Dare not profane this holy place, with words more becoming a fiend than a man, much less a parent. The Lord denies to you the power of cursing your child, or the man to whom, by this sacred ordination, she is now united.—You have long ceased to be the father of your child. You have been an oppressor to her, and not a protector. What you ought to have guarded, you would have betrayed—her happiness—which, on Thursday week, you were determined to immolate, by forcing her into the arms of a man whom she hates, and a bad and incorrigible man! Retire, sir! retire from the chapel! Your curse falls harmless; for you have forfeited the right to curse. You are an unfeeling man, and a wicked man!"
Jerry Lynch slowly withdrew from the altar, and, followed by William M'Mullin and two or three others, approached the entrance of the chapel; and, as soon as he had reached it, turned round.
"Father!" he exclaimed, "God is to judge me, and not you!" raising his voice to its highest pitch, so that the whole edifice rung with it, "Phil Brennan and Margaret Lynch! he reiterated; "I curse you, and my curse be upon you!"
The bride swooned again. Vain was every effort to restore her. She was carried home in a state of insensibility, to the house of Phil Brennan's mother. I cannot describe the impression which this scene made upon me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
VARIOUS MATTERS.
Why are Printers bills like faith?
Because they are the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.
At a public dinner given at Raleigh, one of the regular toasts was—
John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. States.—The talents of Bacon—the learning of Mansfield, and the purity of Hale.
[It is a circumstance worthy of being noticed, that when this toast was announced, without an intimation to that effect, the whole party arose almost simultaneously, and drank the toast standing—an emanation of true gratitude to one who has so exalted his country's name in the eyes of the world.]
"O! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, What makes you do me so?"
We have the melancholy duty to perform this week of informing our readers, that Mr. BENJAMIN BRADY and Miss ELIZABETH HOWELL, whose marriage we published some time since, and who, we had no doubt, were now enjoying the sweet effects of "biling and cooing," ARE NOT MARRIED!!! They were engaged to be married—the license purchased—but alas! she refused to wear the collar!—Pars W. Tennesseean.
PRAISEWORTHY MUNIFICENCE.—1,000 dollars has been bequeathed by Gen. William Wadsworth, of Genesee, for the education of the poor, in that town.
The World.—A map has recently been published by the American Sunday School Union, designed to exhibit the present religious condition of the world. Accompanying it is a small volume containing a statement of the operations of the various missionary societies in this country and in Europe, with other matter, both interesting and valuable.
The following extracts from the work show how large a portion of our fellow beings still remain destitute of the blessing of Christianity.
It will be observed by the map, that there are two principal points of light—the United States in the one hemisphere, and

Great Britain, with a few neighboring countries, in the other.
"But of these the United States are almost the only ones where great efforts are made to extend the pure gospel.
The total population of
The United States is 13 millions.
Of England, 14 millions.
Of Scotland, 2 1/2 millions.
Taking into view the entire world,
The Protestant population is 65 millions.
The Roman Catholic 125 millions.
The Greek Church 40 millions.
Making a total of 230 millions who have nominally the gospel. While there are of Mohammedans, 140 millions.
Pagans, 480 millions.
Making the entire population of the world eight hundred and fifty millions, 820 millions of whom have no trace of evangelical doctrine.
The number of converts from Mohammedanism and Paganism are not subtracted from the general sum, because it is too small, (probably not much above 100,000) to affect the comparison.
When it is said then, that to 230 millions of nominal christians is confined the work of evangelizing the remaining 620 millions of the human family, there are included under the general name of christians, not only persons of all classes, but all who live in nominally christian countries, though they be atheists, sceptics, vicious, and openly opposed or practically indifferent to the truth."
There are 79 incorporated Colleges and Universities in the United States, now in operation. Connected with these institutions, there are 646 presidents, professors, and tutors, and as many as 6,450 students, that is, 10 students on an average, to one instructor. There are also, at least, 351,200 volumes in the libraries of these colleges.
There are 29 theological seminaries in this country. In these seminaries, there are 82 instructors, and 1,230 students, who may have access to as many as 82,600 volumes in libraries, to form their sentiments and mould their characters.
There are 23 medical institutions in the land, having 128 professors and 2,387 students.
There are also probably as many as 2,400 young men studying law, either in public schools or with private attorneys.
Thus there are twice the number of young men in our medical institutions, and twice the number in the study of law, that there are in our theological institutions. There are in the New England States and in the State of New York, nearly as many regularly educated lawyers as there are thousands of people, and there are probably twice as many regularly educated lawyers in the United States as there are regularly educated ministers.
In the 78 colleges in the country, there are about 1400 students who are professors of religion, and more than 5000 who are no professors.
Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler's "Journal of a residence in America," is at last published and for sale at the book-stores. After all the delay for revising, correcting, &c., it is thought to be an indifferent affair. The following brief extracts may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of the work:
"First day of the last month of the year—go it old fellow!"
A little further on, she exclaims—
"Lord! Lord! what fools men and women do make themselves."
In another place, speaking of the streets of New York, on a rainy night, she elegantly observes—
"It rained cats and dogs, and the streets were all grey puddings!"—Balt. Pat.

WEARING FLANNELS.—As the genial sunshine of spring advances, those accustomed to wearing flannel under garments are too much disposed to lay them suddenly aside. This is an error of great magnitude. Keep them on till the east wind is no longer elaborated; till the flowers are blooming in the fields, and a uniform atmospheric temperature established. A multitude annually, are hurried to an early grave, in the very meridian of life, in consequence of not understanding, or by neglecting, this simple though important advice.—Med. Jour.
INDIANA.—LAMENTABLE AND DEGRADING DISCLOSURES.—We have received a copy of a report addressed to the legislature of Indiana by the trustees of a state seminary, incorporated for the express purpose of qualifying teachers for common schools. From this report it appears there is a deplorable deficiency of teachers in the state. "The investigations," says the report, "of the association formed for the promotion of common education in the state, have thrown additional light on this subject: From their inquiries it appears that only about one-quarter of the children of suitable age attended school in 1833-4. Only one in six can read; one in nine write; and one in a hundred study geography, and one in a hundred and forty-five grammar. The universal complaint was "we can get suitable teachers—some are interperate; some profane; some notoriously debauched." And yet the trustees say, "we dare not dismiss them, for there are no others to be had."
The Branch Bank of the United States, at Washington, has commenced the operation of winding up its concerns preparatory to the expiration of its charter.—Alex. Gas.

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There are 29 theological seminaries in this country. In these seminaries, there are 82 instructors, and 1,230 students, who may have access to as many as 82,600 volumes in libraries, to form their sentiments and mould their characters.
There are 23 medical institutions in the land, having 128 professors and 2,387 students.
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Thus there are twice the number of young men in our medical institutions, and twice the number in the study of law, that there are in our theological institutions. There are in the New England States and in the State of New York, nearly as many regularly educated lawyers as there are thousands of people, and there are probably twice as many regularly educated lawyers in the United States as there are regularly educated ministers.
In the 78 colleges in the country, there are about 1400 students who are professors of religion, and more than 5000 who are no professors.
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VARIOUS MATTERS.
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Because they are the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.
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John Marshall, Chief Justice of the U. States.—The talents of Bacon—the learning of Mansfield, and the purity of Hale.
[It is a circumstance worthy of being noticed, that when this toast was announced, without an intimation to that effect, the whole party arose almost simultaneously, and drank the toast standing—an emanation of true gratitude to one who has so exalted his country's name in the eyes of the world.]
"O! cruel, cruel Polly Hopkins, What makes you do me so?"
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The following extracts from the work show how large a portion of our fellow beings still remain destitute of the blessing of Christianity.
It will be observed by the map, that there are two principal points of light—the United States in the one hemisphere, and

Great Britain, with a few neighboring countries, in the other.
"But of these the United States are almost the only ones where great efforts are made to extend the pure gospel.
The total population of
The United States is 13 millions.
Of England, 14 millions.
Of Scotland, 2 1/2 millions.
Taking into view the entire world,
The Protestant population is 65 millions.
The Roman Catholic 125 millions.
The Greek Church 40 millions.
Making a total of 230 millions who have nominally the gospel. While there are of Mohammedans, 140 millions.
Pagans, 480 millions.
Making the entire population of the world eight hundred and fifty millions, 820 millions of whom have no trace of evangelical doctrine.
The number of converts from Mohammedanism and Paganism are not subtracted from the general sum, because it is too small, (probably not much above 100,000) to affect the comparison.
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