

# 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 MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS

VOL. 7--NO. 4.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 316.]

Office of the Star & Banner:  
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of  
the Court-House.

### CONDITIONS.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears 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 forbid and charged accordingly.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### NEW & CHEAP GOODS

**SAMUEL WITHEROW,**  
INFORMS his Friends and the Public,  
that he has commenced business at the  
old stand of MILLER & WITHEROW, and has  
just returned from the city with

A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF  
**GOODS,**  
SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,  
CONSISTING OF EVERY VARIETY OF  
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hard-  
ware, Queensware, &c. &c.**  
All of which he is determined to sell cheap  
for **CASH or Country Produce.**  
April 4, 1836. (f-1)

### New Goods!

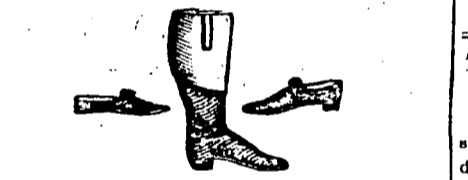
**GEORGE ARNOLD**  
HAS just received, and now offers for  
Sale, on the most pleasing terms,  
AS LARGE A STOCK OF  
**GOODS**

as has ever been offered to the Public in this place  
CONSISTING OF  
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hard-  
ware, Edge Tools, Queens-  
ware, Bar Iron, Hol-  
low-ware, &c. &c.**  
WITH ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE IN HIS LINE OF  
BUSINESS.

The public are invited to call and ex-  
amine—and having a LARGE STOCK OF  
**FANCY GOODS,**  
Ladies, particularly, are invited to call.  
April 11, 1836. (3-2)

P. S. All accounts of an old standing  
would be thankfully received, as I am in  
want of money. G. A.

### BOOTS & SHOES.



A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
**BOOTS  
AND  
SHOES**

Just received and for sale by  
**J. GILBERT, Gettysburg.**  
Having made arrangements at home  
for that purpose, **BOOTS and SHOES**  
can be made to order in a workmanlike  
manner and at the shortest notice.  
April 4, 1836. (f-1)

### Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed  
by **DAVID ECKER** his Trustees,  
under a voluntary assignment for the benefit  
of his Creditors, hereby give notice to  
all persons indebted to his Estate, to call  
and make payment, and all persons having  
claims, to present them properly authenti-  
cated for settlement on or before the 1st  
day of July next, to **SAMUEL S. FORNEY**, in  
the Borough of Gettysburg.  
The HOUSE and FRONT SHOP, to-  
gether with the GARDEN, will be rented  
for a time, on reasonable terms.  
**SAMUEL S. FORNEY, Trustee.**  
**JOSEPH LATSHAW, Trustee.**  
April 11, 1836. (3-2)

### Take Notice Creditors,

THAT we, the undersigned, Trustees of  
**JOHN FICKES**, an habitual drunkard, of  
Huntington township, Adams County, have  
appointed to meet said Fickes' Creditors on  
Saturday the 7th day of May next, in the  
afternoon, at the house of Moses Myers, in  
Petersburg, York Springs, for the purpose  
of distributing the moneys remaining in our  
hands of said Fickes' Estate among his  
Creditors in proportion to their demands.  
Witness our hands, this fourth day of April,  
1836.

**JOHN WOLFORD, Trustee.**  
**HARMAN WIERMAN, Trustee.**  
April 11, 1836. (3-2)

### HORSE-POWDER.

THIS Powder is celebrated for improv-  
ing the wind, strength and appetite of  
horses; it gives them a fine smooth glossy  
skin, and greatly improves the appearance  
of the animal. It operates by purifying the  
blood, strengthening the stomach, and invigor-  
ating the whole system. It seldom fails  
to cure the following diseases, viz.—Disten-  
per. Yellow Water, Founder, &c.  
For sale at the Drug Store of  
**Dr. J. GILBERT.**  
Gettysburg, Feb. 29, 1836. (f-4)

### THE GARLAND.

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

### THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang—the massive anvils ring;  
Clang, clang—a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply,  
Clang, clang.  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your steepest aims for now?  
Clang, clang—we forge the couler now,  
The couler of the kindly plough;  
Sweet Mother, bless our toil,  
May its broad furrow strew the soil  
To great rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant kind.  
Clang, clang, our couler's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide,  
Amidst the song of morning birds,  
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide spread glory clothes the land,  
When to the valleys from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope is roused  
A ruddy sea of living gold.  
We bless, we bless the PLOUGH,  
Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clang, clang—we forge the giant chain  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides:  
Secured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.  
Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests, though far away,  
In bounteous climes his vessels lay,  
Reliant on our skill.  
Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Faintly beneath the soft moon's gleam:  
By Africa's pestilential shore,  
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,  
By many a palmy Western isle,  
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile,  
By stormy Labrador?  
Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's dreadful peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply,  
As Marston or a Hancock burns,  
Or amid great or bursting mills,  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills,  
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleams above the stormy tide;  
While for the land the battle-word  
Is Liberty, where men do stand,  
For justice and their native land,  
Then Heaven bless the SWORD!

### THE REPOSITORY.

#### The Heiress with the Pretty Foot.

"By-the-by, Fred, are you a marrying man?"  
said Charles Russell to his bachelor friend, Frederick Somerville, as they discussed a cool bot-  
tle together at the Star and Gatter, at Richmond.  
"By-the-by, Fred, are you a marrying man?"  
"My dear Charles, with a patrimony of one  
hundred a year, and an allowance from my aunt  
of a second, for gloves and shoe-strings, how can  
I entertain such an idea? But why do you ask?"  
"Because I have just heard a strange whim  
which my cousin Ellen has taken into her head;  
and, 'pon my soul, if she perseveres in it, I should  
like some good fellow like yourself, who will take  
care of her and her couple of thousands a year, to  
be the eccentric partner."  
Fred's curiosity was now raised. He entreated  
to be made acquainted with this strange whim;  
and a fresh bottle having been placed before the  
friends, it was not long before the generous  
operation of the wine, and our friend Fred's in-  
quiries, prevented Russell from burthening himself any  
longer with the secret.

And the secret was this—Ellen Cameron, a  
high-spirited and self-willed girl of two-and-twenty  
years of age, and an unincumbered income of  
as many hundreds, having been disgusted at the  
treatment which a fair relative had received from  
one whom, after an attachment of some years, she  
had made her husband, vowed that, if ever she  
married, it should be to a man to whom she should  
be introduced, for the first time at the altar where  
she was to become his bride.

It was a strange idea, doubtless; but young  
girls, who are mistresses both of themselves and  
their fortunes, are apt to have strange notions.—  
Ellen was one of these. With a good heart, an  
excellent understanding, and a cultivated, taste,  
she had just so much of oddity in her disposition  
as prompted her to make, and enabled her to per-  
severe in, this extraordinary determination.  
The strangeness of the notion seemed to possess  
charms for the somewhat romantic mind of  
Somerville, who, having inquired as narrowly into  
the state of the case, as Russell's relationship to  
the lady would admit, expressed himself willing,  
could she be prevailed on to accept him, to undergo  
the ceremonies of introduction and marriage at  
the same moment.

"But tell me, my dear Russell, do you know  
any thing objectionable in her temper or dispo-  
sition?"  
"Nothing, upon my word, Fred. No woman is  
perfect; and Ellen has her failings; but do be-  
lieve you would live very happily together."  
"But, my dear Russell, I always vowed I never  
would marry even an angel, if she exhibited a  
superabundance of foot and ankle. Tell me, has  
my fair incognita a pretty foot?"  
"On my word, she has—there is not the fellow  
to it, I can assure you. But I tell you what, al-  
though it is almost unfair to Ellen, yet I will let  
you into a secret. she will be at the Opera to-mor-  
row night—you may get a peep at her there."

Full particulars of what box she was to occupy,  
together with other means of identifying her, were  
asked and given.

The following night saw Fred, at the Opera,  
before Spagnoletti's magic tap had given the sig-  
nal for the commencement of the overture. His  
eyes were instantly turned upon the box that was  
destined to contain the object of his search; but  
that, of course, was empty. During the whole of  
the first act of the Opera, his attention was rivet-  
ed to that spot, but not a soul broke in upon its  
solitude.

During the *disertisement*, which followed, and  
exhibited attractions so powerful as to seduce the  
eyes of our hero from the object on which they  
had so long been fixed, the box was filled; and  
when Fred turned his eyes again in that direction  
he felt convinced that the most prominent person-  
age which it contained was the eccentric Ellen!

His glass was now directed for some moment-  
ary minutes to the box; and when he removed it  
to return the valuation of his friend Russell, who  
now approached him, he was muttering to himself,  
"By heavens! she is certainly a fine girl!" Nor  
did he exhibit any selfishness with regard to this  
feeling: he never attempted to keep it to himself,  
but instantly confessed as much to Russell.

"She is certainly a very fine girl. Can't you  
introduce me to your cousin, my dear friend?"  
said he.  
"Then the two thousand a-year have no charms  
for you, Fred," was the reply.  
"Fah! but they have though, and so has your  
cousin; therefore, the sooner you say a good word  
for me the better."

Whether or not Charles, who adjourned to his  
cousin's, introduced the subject of his friend's  
admiration of her that evening, we cannot take  
upon ourselves to assert; but certain it is, that  
Ellen's Opera glass was, for the remainder of the  
night, much more frequently directed to the part  
of the pit which was occupied by her aspirant,  
than to any other.

The subject was introduced, however, at some  
period, and, after sundry blushing and hesita-  
tions, Russell's wailing in his friend's name, sped  
favorably; and six weeks after the eventful dinner  
at Richmond, saw a travelling chariot, with four  
of Newman's quickest, draw up at St. George's  
Square, and deposit at the snug and sly  
vestry-door, the bridegroom expectant of Ellen  
Cameron and her twenty-two hundred pounds per  
annum.

Here he was met by his friend Russell, whose  
obvious confusion and anxiety could not escape  
the notice of Fred. Somerville. He was about to  
inquire into the cause which produced this effect,  
when he was prevented by the arrival of the bride.  
He would have flown to assist her from her car-  
riage; but Russell seized him, and, motioning him  
to withdraw, succeeded in leading him into the  
body of the church—not, however, before he had  
discovered that his intended had a very pretty foot,  
which was certainly without its fellow—for he  
saw she had but one!

He was at first bitterly enraged at the decep-  
tion which had been practised upon him; but Rus-  
sell soon calmed his irritation by a very satisfac-  
tory explanation of his conduct.  
Well assured of Fred's worth, and his cousin's  
amability, he had felt convinced in his own mind  
that their union would prove a happy one; but the  
circumstance of Ellen having unfortunately been  
deprived of one of her legs, he feared, would pre-  
judice Fred against her. His anxiety for the  
happiness of both parties had tempted him, there-  
fore, to conceal this fact—for, knowing as he did,  
Fred's devotion to a pretty foot, he feared least  
this enthusiastic admiration of the extreme of  
feminine beauty should lose him an amiable and  
wealthy woman, had he been told at once, that  
although she had a singularly pretty foot, she had  
but one!

That this explanation was satisfactory, we have  
asserted already; and it was made evident by the  
fact of the worthy clergyman being called upon  
immediately to perform the matrimonial service,  
to say nothing of the worthy clerk receiving triple  
fees upon the occasion.  
The marriage created a good deal of attention  
at the time, and many ill-natured jokes were cut  
upon the parties; but they heeded them not, and  
have been rewarded for it by a succession of many  
happy years. One of these malicious witticisms  
only will we record.  
"So, Fred, Somerville has married a woman of  
property, I hear—old, of course?" said a young  
guardsman at Brooks's.  
"Not exactly old," was the answer, from a  
quondam rival of Fred's—"not exactly old, but  
with one foot in the grave."

### BREVITY.

A wine merchant (says the New York Mirror) re-  
ceived the following note the day after the great fire:  
"My Dear L.—I am sorry to tell you that your  
store was last night burned to the ground, and your  
Wine is all gone to the Devil! Yours truly, &c."  
He replied as follows:  
"Dear M.—I am glad my wine has gone where  
my friends will be the most likely to drink it."  
"Yours truly, &c."

**HUSBANDRY.**  
Why should all girls, a wit exclaimed,  
Surprising farmers be?  
Because they're always studying  
The art of husbandry.

**INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.**—Do women of-  
ten seriously reflect that they influence the  
destinies of the whole world for good or for  
evil? That their teachings are heard in the  
heart when men have grown into old age,  
and when their characters are fixed immu-  
tably? The earlier lessons of childhood are  
never forgotten, and they mingle intimately  
with the whole texture of the man's later  
impressions, and are a light to his feet to  
guide him in the true way, or are as a lamp  
upon a stormy shore to lead him to destruc-  
tion.

### TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

#### EXTRACTS

From an ADDRESS delivered before the  
"Apprentices' Temperance Society," of  
Gettysburg, on the 9th of April, 1836,  
By **Elihu Samuel Rilev.**

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.]

MY REPECTED HEARERS:—  
I have come here this Evening to address you,  
through the kindness of the Committee who have  
chosen me as their speaker; and to them I return  
my sincere thanks of gratitude for the honor and  
kind partiality which they have conferred upon  
me, although knowing it to be an arduous task for  
one so young as myself to perform; but under the  
conviction that I will be excused whom I am  
dificient, I beg leave to call your attention to a  
few remarks.

Apprentices, a noble cause like that of Tem-  
perance, you should advocate; for assuredly your  
mechanical business, your future happiness, your  
Creator's language and your country call you  
to the battle-field, to fight the malignant enemy  
whose actions tend to overthrow our free institu-  
tions and trample down the liberties which were  
purchased by the blood of our forefathers, in order  
that succeeding generations may enjoy freedom  
of thought and action; that they may live in a land  
of liberty, of equal rights and equal privileges to  
all.

And why, young Americans, should you hesi-  
tate a moment in assisting, by your example, to  
free your country from such an atrocious and per-  
nicious evil as that of Intemperance? For its  
very foundation is connected with ruin and in-  
famy! Free your country from this great evil, and  
then much property and many lives will be saved  
from this dreadful assassin, whose aim is sure,  
whose blow is death, and whose intention is de-  
struction! Yes, accomplish this, and then we may  
exclaim we are truly a free people.

Sirs, you must know that temperance can in no  
manner be useless or unnecessary. It truly ren-  
ders people happy in themselves and useful to their  
fellows-creatures. It gives them peace and happi-  
ness, and pleasantly shows them the path which  
leads to "honor & renown." And if we view intem-  
perance where ever it exists, we will find it to be the  
reverse; we will find those who are subject to drunk-  
enness, committing crimes of the blackest dye! For-  
bid it Heaven, that it shall exist any longer in Co-  
lumbia's dear and happy land. And will you not  
turn your back to this unholly and unsanctified  
cause, and enlist under the sacred and brilliant  
banner of temperance? Or are you like the drunk-  
ard lost to all shame and the dictates of reason?  
The cause of temperance is spreading far and  
wide, and my fervent wish is, that it may soon, if  
it has not yet, cross the long and wide sea and ex-  
tend its influence to Ireland, Germany & other  
foreign places which are subject to wretched drunk-  
enness, and the deserts of Arabia, for it has al-  
ready taken a permanent stand in the wilds of  
America.

Ardent Spirits, it must be confessed, have peo-  
pled our jails and penitentiaries with thieves and  
murderers; it has filled our poor-houses with poor  
and destitute paupers; it has laid an enormous tax  
upon the people; it has destroyed the tranquillity  
of many families; it has thrown upon the cold  
charity of the world thousands of helpless and in-  
nocent Orphans! And has it not been intem-  
perance that has caused those disgraceful riots in our  
large cities that have violated the laws of God  
and man, that have so often overruled peace and  
justice and threatened the destruction of our lib-  
erties? Yes, these have been the very palpable re-  
sults of the progress of intemperance; and it is but  
natural and proper for you who have been born  
in a land of liberty and nurtured in the cradle of  
freedom, to help to demolish that ignominious and  
demerit-crime of intemperance! And, Appren-  
tices, are you so destitute of principle and honor,  
and so prejudiced against the cause of temper-  
ance, that you will suffer peace, honesty, civiliza-  
tion and freedom to be crushed into oblivion, and  
our National honor forever blasted, rather than  
lend us your support? Ah! I trust that time and  
wisdom will teach you otherwise, and that uniting  
in a good cause is the "better policy." And I en-  
treat you, one and all, for you are not too young  
to discern the danger in which you stand, of be-  
coming at some future day, a habitual, despoised  
and degraded drunkard! To come forth, face and  
fight the dangerous foe, at the hazard of your lives  
—for he that will fight for the prosperity and wel-  
fare of himself and his country, is neither a fool  
nor dastard; and certainly your country's good, and  
your country's honor, bid you aid in the cause  
of Temperance!

I would be presuming largely upon your igno-  
rance were I to go into a full detail of all the evils  
flowing from the use of ardent spirits, to convince you  
who are not already convinced of the necessity of  
temperance. If, sirs, experience has not taught you  
that ardent spirits brutalize man, then I would  
ask if you have not seen a dear relative fall a vic-  
tim to intemperance and thrown upon the world  
a wretched being? Ah! have not some of you who  
are under the sound of my voice, seen a father  
who was once wealthy, and by the use of ardent  
spirits, cast into the vale of poverty—yes penny-  
less? Hark! methinks I hear some one say "they  
have!" Then, sirs, are you willing to walk in the  
dishonorable and polluted path of your father?  
Did you admire his practice and state of humili-  
ation, when you saw him staggering from tavern  
to tavern, and using the most profane language  
any human being could ever conceive? Sirs, you  
have often witnessed the effects of ardent spirits  
in your own town; you have frequently, yes  
daily, seen the habitual drunkard staggering your  
streets in his awful situation—and were you to  
trace his character from early life, you would  
eventually find it to be true, that he was a moder-  
ate drinker—but for all this he was once a respect-  
able citizen and a wealthy young man, but the

vilo monster, Intemperance, at last caught him  
with a powerful grasp and led him into the path  
of mire and destruction, and he was compelled to  
bid adieu to all kind friends and associates! And  
now behold him: he is poor and wretched, he is  
treated as a brute, he is looked upon as a robber  
and a murderer!

"When he himself might all those ills forego  
By drinking water."  
And, sirs, behold what miserable men the use  
of Ardent Spirits has made! See the drunkard  
how weakened in intellect, morosed in temper,  
lost to all principle and honor, and lost to all love  
and fondness toward the wife of his bosom and the  
children of his own body! And behold the drunk-  
ard's countenance, his blood-shot eyes, and his  
palsied hand! And behold his affectionate wife—  
there she sits in the corner of yonder house, cover-  
ed only with a thin and tattered robe, and shiver-  
ing from coldness—see her dim eyes, the tears  
trickling down her cheeks, with her wo-be-gone  
and pallid looks! Cast next a look on those poor  
and suffering children—they receive nothing but  
curses and blows from their worthless father, and  
if it is heard the cry, caused by hunger & cold, but it  
is not in the power of their innocent and disheart-  
ened mother to alleviate their sufferings! And,  
alas! Intemperance has taken the once gay and  
promising young man, the delight of the parent,  
and turned him into a brute; the once highly re-  
spected by all acquaintances, "How fallen, how  
lost!" Intemperance has and will still continue,  
as long as it exists, to destroy the peace and hap-  
piness of many families; and, in the emphatic  
language of the poet, we can sit—

"And hear, down'd in tears, the disconsolate  
mother,  
Lamenting their sad and unhappy condition."  
Can you, my fellow-apprentices, be so regard-  
less of your own welfare as to adopt such a course  
of wretchedness and despair, as the drunkard  
loads, and wring your aged parents' (if any you  
have,) hearts with anguish, and precipitate their  
gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Oh! never  
let it be said of you, that you have with partricial  
insensibility,  
"Sleep'd a mother's couch in tears,  
And ting'd a father's glowing cheek with shame!"

Members of the Society—A few words to you,  
and I have done: For the prosperity of this So-  
ciety and the cause, you must act with moderation  
and forbearance. In your actions, you must be  
temperate—for by foul, harsh and vicious actions,  
a Society cannot prosper. Then members should  
be moderate and also active, energetic and dili-  
gent in this good and glorious cause. Yes, let  
"PERSEVERANCE" be your motto, and you shall be  
successful; and finally you may have the honor to  
say, and the pleasure to see, that you have been in-  
strumental in banishing from your native country,  
that dangerous and desolate evil, INTEMPERANCE.

### VARIETY.

#### FROM THE ERIC GAZETTE.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S TEAR.

The golden tints that skies may wear,  
The roses blush, and all that's fair;  
To sorrow's eye seem not so dear.  
As friendship's sympathizing tear.  
Aurora's beam dispels the night  
With dawns pure of rosy light,  
But sorrows hurt they cannot cheer  
Like friendship's sympathizing tear.  
The glittering drops of dew that shine  
In beauty on the eglantine,  
In sorrows view are not so clear  
As friendship's sympathizing tear.  
The brilliant stars in yonder blue,  
Shine with a lustre bright and true,  
But there's one gem without compare,  
'Tis friendship's sympathizing tear.

A young person once mentioned to Dr.  
Franklin, his surprise, that the possession  
of great riches should ever be attended with  
undue solicitude; and instanced a merchant,  
who, altho' in unbounded wealth, was as  
busy, and much more anxious than the most  
assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The  
Doctor in reply, took an apple from the  
basket, and presented it to a child in the room  
who could scarcely grasp it in his hand.—  
He then gave it a second which filled the  
other hand; and choosing a third, remarka-  
ble for its size and beauty, he presented that  
also. The little fellow, after many vain at-  
tempts to hold the three apples, dropped the  
last on the floor and burst into tears. "See  
there," said the Doctor, "is a little man, with  
more riches in this world than he can en-  
joy."

A NEW ARTICLE OF TRADE.—A trader in  
this town advertises—"Gentleman's ho-  
soms." If he will sell Gentleman's hearts,  
the ladies will patronize him. Perchance  
the b'soms are false—hearts certainly are,  
at least to say the women.

A GOOD SPEEK.—A young lady in Lon-  
don, who was handsome and had a fortune  
of twelve thousand pounds, while she was  
buying some other small things from a  
young shop-keeper, with whom she had  
some trifling acquaintance, took a piece of  
Flander's lace, and, out of mere gait and  
frolic, went hastily out without paying him  
for it. The shop-keeper, who had a good  
head for speculation, followed and seized  
her, and charged her with the theft; and in  
a serious and peremptory manner, said to  
her, "Miss, you may take your choice, either  
to go with me before a magistrate and  
suffer the penalty of the law for stealing my  
lace, or go before a clergyman and marry  
me." After a short pause, (and who could  
blame her?) she chose the latter.

AN EXTRACT.—When I pass by the  
grog shop and hear the idle dispute and the  
obscene song—when I see the cart rolled  
along filled with intoxicated youth, singing  
and shouting as they go—when I discover  
the boat sailing down the river, where you  
can discover the influence of rum by the

noise which it makes—I cannot help but  
ask, were these people taught to read?—  
Was there no social library to which they  
could have access? Did they ever know the  
satisfaction of taking an improving volume  
by a peaceful fireside? Or did they ever  
taste the luxury of improving the mind?—  
You hardly ever knew a young man that  
loved his home and his book, that was vic-  
ious. Knowledge is often the poor man's  
wealth. It is a treasure that no thief can  
steal, no moth nor rust can corrupt. By  
this you turn his cottage to a palace and  
you give a treasure which is always improv-  
ing and never can be lost.

### THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—The fol- lowing is given in the American Temperance Advocate as the pledge of the American and New York State Temperance Societies:—

"We, whose names are hereunto annexed,  
believing that the use of intoxicating liquor,  
as a beverage, is not only needless, but hurt-  
ful to the social, civil, and religious interests  
of men; that it tends to form intemperate  
appetite and habits, and that while it is con-  
tinued, the evils of intemperance can never  
be done away; do therefore agree, that we  
will not use it or traffic in it; that we will  
not provide it as an entertainment or for per-  
sons in our employment; and that in all  
suitable ways, we will discountenance the  
use of it throughout the community."

A person enquired of Lycurgus, the Spartan  
lawgiver, why he had, by law, forbid-  
den women on their marriage, to have any  
dowry; "that," said he, "none on account of  
poverty may be left unmarried, nor any  
sought on account of wealth; but that every  
man regarding the good accomplishments  
of a lady, may make his selection only from  
virtue."

**BREAKING UP HOUSE-KEEPING.**—The  
mania for boarding appears to be gaining  
strength in New York, as well as amongst  
us. In the former city many wealthy fam-  
ilies are hanging out the red flag, and selling  
off their furniture; considering it less expen-  
sive and troublesome to board in these times.  
The high price of provisions of all kinds,  
will cause many to follow the same example.

The following article is from the Demo-  
cratic Herald, an Anti-Bank paper. Such a  
morsel of candor, in the great waste of anti-  
bank dishonesty, is truly refreshing. The  
whole paragraph is true to the letter.

"We are fully satisfied, that the opposition  
to Banks, by the leading Democrats of this  
section of country, is all humbuggery. They  
care no more, in reality, for the recharter  
of the Bank of the United States, than they  
do for that of the Girard Bank—or, rather,  
in secret, they approve of both! Hence, the  
total inefficiency of all opposition to Banks.  
The Democratic party is rotten to the core,  
and if they use the "Bribery Bank," as an  
electioneering machine, it is only to gull the  
people, and get votes! We are sick of this  
duplicity—and feel bound to expose a fraud,  
which ought to stamp any set of men who  
use it, with merited opprobrium."

### Horrid Murder and Arson.

The New York papers of Monday a week  
contain accounts of the perpetration of a re-  
volving murder in that city. The Journal  
of Commerce recites the circumstance as  
follows:

A young woman, Ellen Jewett, boarding  
with Mrs. Townsend, of No. 41 Thomas  
street, (a house of ill fame) was murdered  
in her bed yesterday morning. The circum-  
stances, as we have heard them, are as  
follows:—Miss Jewett had been for some  
time the kept mistress of Richard P. Robin-  
son, clerk in a respectable mercantile house  
in Maiden Lane, who it appears, from some  
cause, became jealous, and demanded of her  
a miniature likeness of herself, which he  
had presented to her, and also some corre-  
spondence that had passed between them,  
which she refused to give up. Nothing,  
however, occurred to lead to a supposition  
that any violence was intended.

On Saturday night Robinson visited the  
house at the usual hour, and remained with  
her until 3 o'clock on Sunday morning when  
he was heard by those sleeping on the lower  
part of the house to come down stairs, and  
finding the front door locked, he called out  
to the family to let him out; he immediately  
thereafter went to the back door, unlocked  
it, and in the act of climbing over the fence  
his cloak was caught by a nail torn from his  
shoulders, and left on the fence, with a sharp  
hatchet tied to its tassels where it was found  
in the morning.

A short time after he left, the inmates  
were alarmed by a dense smoke which filled  
the house, almost to suffocation. On going  
up stairs, into the room of the unfortunate  
girl, the smoke was found to proceed from  
her bed, which was on fire, and on which  
lay her dead body; her head mangled in a  
shocking manner, three deep wounds having  
been inflicted on her temple and forehead.  
Suspicion immediately rested on Robin-  
son, who was arrested about eight o'clock,  
at his boarding house in Dey street and con-  
ducted by the officers to Thomas street,  
where the murder was committed, and where  
the coroner's jury was sitting over the  
body. The following is the verdict of the  
coroner's jury.  
"It is the opinion of the Jury, from the  
evidence before them, that the said Ellen  
Jewett came to her death by a blow & blows in-  
flicted on the head with a hatchet, by the hand of  
Richard P. Robinson."  
Robinson is a young man, apparently about  
twenty years of age, of good address, and con-  
duct manner.—*Baltimore Chronicle*