

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, Pa., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1836.

[VOL. 7--NO. 25.]

PUBLIC SALES.

PUBLIC SALE.

IN pursuance of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, will be exposed to sale, by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on **Saturday the 24th of September next**, at 12 o'clock, M., as part of the real estate of JOHN COWNOVER, dec'd.

A Tract of Patented Land, situate in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, adjoining lands of John Hornberger, Abraham Spangler, George Wolford, the heirs of Cornelius Lott and others, containing **160 ACRES**, or thereabouts, with a ONE-STORY LOG

HOUSE, a never failing Spring of good water near the door, a STABLE, an ORCHARD, a large quantity of MEADOW, and about **20 Acres of WOOD-LAND**.

To be sold on the terms of one third of the purchase money to be paid on the 1st of April next, and the residue in three equal annual payments. An undisputable title will be given.

WILLIAM COWNOVER, Administrator of John Cownover, dec'd.

By the Court,
James A. Thompson, Clerk.
August 29, 1836. ts-22

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at public sale, on **Saturday the 24th of September next**, on the premises, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

A FARM, situate in Latimore township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of Wm. F. Bonner, Nicholas Wierman, Geo. Myers, Sen., and others, containing about **112 Acres**.

The improvements are a TWO-STORY LOG

HOUSE, with a KITCHEN attached—a new LOG BARN, SPRING-HOUSE, a SPRING of excellent water near the house; an ORCHARD, a large proportion of good MEADOW, with a sufficient quantity of TIMBER-LAND.

The above property is in good order, and will be sold as the Estate of **JACOB HERSHEY**.

Terms made known on the day of sale, and attendance given by

GEORGE DEARDORFF, Assignees
GEORGE ROBINETTE, }
August 29, 1836. ts-22

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be exposed to public sale on **Saturday the 8th of October next**, on the premises, at 1 o'clock P. M.

A FARM, late the Estate of SAM'L LATSHAW, dec'd. situate in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., containing **160 Acres**, more or less—about **20 Acres** in excellent TIMBER, and about **25 Acres** of good MEADOW.

The improvements are, a GOOD TWO-STORY

HOUSE, with a LOO KITCHEN attached; a well of good water at the door, a LOO BARN, and a thriving young ORCHARD.

—ALSO—
A TANNERY in complete order, with a sufficiency of water; and a TWO-STORY TENANT

HOUSE, with a LARGE LOG BANK BARN. This property adjoins Joseph Dull, Simon Becker and others.

—ALSO—
A Tract of Wood-land, containing **6 Acres**, more or less, situate one mile west of Whitestown.

Any person wishing to purchase the property before the day of Sale, can call on either of the Executors. Terms of Sale will be made known by

SAM'L SLOTHOWER, } Ex'rs.
JOHN DULL, Jr., }
August 29, 1836. ts-22

If the above property is not sold on said day, it will be rented to the highest bidder.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale, that **finely situated FARM**, belonging to the heirs of STEPHEN HENDRICKS, deceased, situate in Menallen township, Adams county, on Conowago, 6 miles from Gettysburg, containing **150 or 60 Acres**, adjoining lands of Wm. Galbreath, Henry Bender and others.

The improvements are a large TWO-STORY

HOUSE, (weather-boarded) and STONE BACK BUILDING; and LARGE BRICK BARN, and an excellent ORCHARD; a good well of water, and one spring on the place.

The land is of a good quality and under good fence—containing a sufficiency of good MEADOW and about **40 Acres** of WOOD-LAND.

For Terms, apply to the subscriber living on the premises.

JOEL HENDRICKS, for himself and the other Heirs.
August 29, 1836. ts-21

SCOTT'S RINGWORM OINTMENT FOR the cure of Ringworm, there is said to be nothing equal to this Ointment—many having been cured by its use.

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

THE GAZETTE.



FROM THE LYCOMING FREE PRESS.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

God of the wretched! Forever glorious and free thou art. Oh! hear my cry! 'Tis from a broken heart—Here in this glorious, free and happy land, I lift to thee my soul and shackled hand.

Friend of the wretched! Oh, to whom shall I complain—but to thee? The friend is sold away that wept with me; Ah, horror! when the lord and owner is a slave, How the soul nuddens that we cannot save.

Friend of the wretched! My invocation is not mockery—'Tis the deep spirit's agonizing cry, That wafts these accents of despair to thee; Oh, break the gates of life, or set me free.

Friend of the wretched! Can thy pure eye and holy ear attend? When in this holy place slave-holders bend? Or when they raise to thee the iron hand, That gripe the fetters of our wretched bands.

Friend of the wretched! Oh, how can'st thou endure to hear them cry, "Huzzah for Equal Rights and Liberty!" While the proud hand that they exulting wave Is sprinkled with the life-blood of the slave.

Friend of the wretched! Why am I manacled and groaning here? What is the crime that meets this doom severe? Thy highest virtue wrought this quilt in me, My bosom burns and pants to be set free.

Friend of the wretched! Are not our wrongs before thee when they pray, For their continuance in prosperity? Do not the groans which our souls are given Rise with the offerings they present to Heaven?

Friend of the wretched! They call Thee Just, should they not tremble then? While thus they agonize their fellow men? Lest Slavery's blood, and tears, should fill the cup, And Justice make the oppressors drink it up.

Friend of the wretched! When Thou shalt rove thee to avenge our woe, And bring these proud, exact monsters low; Then shall this sentence tingle in their ears: "Vengeance for Slavery's blood, and groans & tears!"

ORIGINAL.

The Revival of Letters.

HAVING in my last communication offered some remarks and reflections on the Dark Ages, and the universal predominance of ignorance, vice and immorality in Europe during that period, let us now turn our attention, for a short time, to that brighter and more glorious period, when the cause of letters was revived. It was made to appear, as I trust, that altho' there had been a period in the annals of history, pre-existent to the dark ages, when liberty found an advocate in every arm, truth a consecrated temple in many hearts, and science an altar in almost every mind, throughout the then civilized and refined world. In those days had passed, that the palmy age of principle had gone by, and corruption and truckling subserviency had succeeded to its place. But that all-directing Being, who endowed man with a living soul, gave it to him to cultivate and improve, that its capacities for happiness might be increased; and therefore He would no longer permit all its noble powers and faculties to be prostrated, degraded and debased. The human mind is at length emancipated from the fetters which bound it for ages. The chaotic mass is restored to order—Reason re-ascends her throne, and Truth springs into light. A civil resurrection takes place—genius is resuscitated—a moral earthquake is felt—the world is turned "vice versa." Man steps forth under the heavens. He traces the exquisite beauty and harmony of nature. He admires and wonders at the nice adaptation of every part to some specific purpose. To use the poetic and beautiful language of Pope, man now

—through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compacted on universes;
Observe how system into other systems runs;
What varied beings people every star,
And tell why God has made us as we are.

The noble-minded Charlemagne and Alfred (the great) in their respective ages, devoted much of their time, talents and attention to the promotion of literature and science, and their efforts were succeeded by some little temporary success. But the schools they established, were not conducted on the best plan, nor by the most suitable persons. Additional rays of mental and moral illumination were requisite in order to render the circumambient wretchedness and degradation fully apparent to the darkened vision. This additional light was furnished by the glorious Reformation. The Reformation has been justly esteemed hitherto as the resurrection of genius and liberty, and the dawn of returning intellectual light. I think I do not attribute too much to it, when I say that its influence must be ascribed some of the most important and useful inventions of art, and some of the most extraordinary discoveries in science; and that from it alone originated the invention of paper, printing, telescopes and time-pieces. To expatiate upon the utility of each of the first three inventions as vehicles for disseminating truth and intelligence, would require more time than I have at present to dispose of, besides it would draw out this essay to an immoderate length.

The period of the revival of literature, when intelligence once more darted into the benighted understanding, constitutes one of the brightest and most momentous epochs in the history of the world. An auxiliary impulse was then given to the intellectual and moral part of man, which, I trust, will continue to propel him onward in the pursuit of every thing that adorns and dignifies human nature, until knowledge, with its legitimate progeny, virtue and liberty, shall have extended its benignant reign, and diffused its salutary benefits to all that dwell upon the earth.—After the long lapse of a thousand years, genius designs again to smile propitiously on man, and in return sanctions the justice of her claims to attention, and takes pride and delight in doing her honor. The human character might now once more be seen in its spotless purity. Man is once more elevated to the dignity of a rational and thinking being; and entertains a high sense of

honor. Fine talents, highly cultivated, are once more exhibited; the mind is stored with useful knowledge, is trained to thoughtfulness by education, is divested of its superstition, in a great measure, and is rendered reflecting and sagacious. The soil of sterility, by a careful cultivation, springs forth in all the beauties of vegetation. The damp clouds which pervade the human intellect are dispelled, and it shines forth like the meridian sun.

Man obtains a more accurate and profound knowledge of human nature; and examines, with scrupulous fidelity, into the mechanism of his own curiously, fearfully and wonderfully wrought frame. He watches with more rigid circumspection over "the operations of his hands" and the workings of his heart. He begins to have clearer perceptions of the true nature and principles of government. The noble principle of "amor patriam," which the migratory savage neither feels nor knows, glows in his fond bosom. The immortal mind, which had been seduced, through the agency of universal corruption and superstition, to the most flagrant deeds of daring wickedness, now soars above the clouds and mists that are collected in the dark and gloomy vale of superstition, error and idolatry.

Turn, for a moment, to the unlettered savage, who wildly roamed the forest wide, and tell me, is not education, (mental and moral culture) to a being constituted like man, the *non plus ultra* of earthly good? He casts his eyes abroad upon the stupendous works of creation; but he can form no conception how they ever came into being; nor does his undisciplined mind attempt to penetrate the *arcana* in order to make the discovery. He perceives the regular succession of days and nights. He perhaps notices the change of seasons—the ever-varying phases of the moon, and various other phenomena of nature; but he never thinks of inquiring into the causes of these things. When darkness comes over the earth, he seeks his hut or cave, where he lies down, and the stealing hours of darkness insensibly woo him to repose. There he remains till the twilight of morn and the enchanting songs of the woody choristers call him forth to pursue the chase. The universe is to him "a mighty maze without a plan." His mind scarcely rises above the brutes that perish, which are objects of terror to him, and sometimes the instruments of his death. True, he feels the effects of hunger and thirst—of pain and sorrow. True, he is skilled full well in handling the deadly weapon; he knows full well how to hunt the acute and seldom erring dart. Not only do wild beasts feel the cruelty of his hand, but man if perchance he come in his way. His heart delights in torture. The sighs and groans—the tears and entreaties of the dying sufferer excite no sensations of pity in his bosom.

What real happiness there can be to a mind thus circumscribed, is easily imagined. Such is a brief though imperfect outline of uncultivated life. History, I think, will justify the assertion, that in almost as deplorable a condition as that of the uncultured savage, was the condition of mankind in Europe during the middle ages; in which case the human mind had relapsed into the darkness of ignorance and superstition. They indeed had more mental illumination, but practically they were nearly as rude and inhuman; they evidently were more corrupt and immoral. Thus, though the light of truth glimmered, it was as a taper emitting its feeble rays afar off; sometimes appearing, at other times invisible—like the glimmering of the Ignis Fatuus, calculated to confound and mislead the mind, rather than guide it to worthy objects of pursuit and enterprise; until a flood of light suddenly burst in upon the soul, arrayed, as it were, in all the splendors of the noon-day sun.

"Sol diffusing genial rays,
Thy power, oh! Literature, display;
With light and heat by him we're blest;
Whilist 'er our minds thy charms confess'd."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," says the great poet of nature, "which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Directly previous to the revival of letters, all things seemed to conspire to bring about a change. The tree was planted whose leaves were to be "for the healing of nations." A universal Panacea was preparing, the extraordinary and unparalleled virtues of which, were to heal the diseased mind.

The Vandalic seizure of Constantinople by the Asiatic Turks, which was at the time, regarded as a dire and signal calamity, resulted in actual good to the cause of literature, science and civilization. The learned men, who had collected into that city from different parts, and who constituted the almost entire literati of the age, were dislodged, dispersed and forced to seek refuge in other regions. These men carried out with them, and afterwards imparted to others a knowledge of the ancient Greek and Roman authors, which, we are told, were for a thousand years confined to the libraries of Constantinople. Soon after this event transpired, the art of printing was discovered, divulged and put into successful operation. This art exerted a most beneficial influence upon navigation, which was as yet circumscribed and imperfect. Nearly two hundred years before the remarkable event just named above, the mariner's compass was generally introduced into European vessels—although, according to some writers, the Normans were acquainted with, and made use of it, as early as the ninth century.

These causes, in conjunction with several others, and particularly the Reformation of Religion, which was then going forward in Germany, to which the attention of all Europe was directed—all united to effect doubtless the most radical change in human affairs, in religion, customs and manners, (if we except the deluge,) that ever has, and perhaps ever will, transpire in our world till the end of time.

The press soon became a most powerful instrument for tearing down the strong holds of ignorance, immorality and error, and of erecting on their ruins the throne of intelligence, virtue and truth. It has already accomplished wonders—youth, apparent impossibilities. And although it is frequently prostituted to the basest and worst of purposes, yet, it is confidently hoped, that if its existence be perpetuated, many great and beneficial vicissitudes in human society and affairs will yet be effected through its instrumentality. To

disown the influence of the press, would, in truth be, to contradict the evidence of our senses, to nullify the cool and deliberate conclusions of the understanding, and avowedly to deny the existence of a fact which is manifest to all. To destroy it, would be to destroy free government, to annihilate the altars of justice, to dissipate the temple of reason, to mutilate the fair tree of knowledge, and to wrest from man the precious boon of liberty!

Navigation was soon materially improved and extended. In a short time, the seaman had learned how to accommodate himself to quiet and tempest—to each caprice of wave and wind, whether "the foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind." The unloof canvass soon floated in every wind of heaven, and commerce was extended, in course of time, as far as the waters of the Ocean flow.

By the sure magnetic needle guided,
O'er the Ocean's waves Columbus glided
To a hemisphere by man then unknown—
To a land with milk and honey o'erflow'd—
To a land, by Heaven decreed, in time,
In the prospect rank to stand sublime.

Of the nations whose mighty deeds of old,
On the scroll of Fame, have been enrolled,
He pursued the untraced western course,
Till at length the sailors were mutinous,
"As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,
The glad morning dawns—'I, land—all is well."

A new field opens to our vision. But who shall portray in fit colors the prospects of our own happy land in a literary and scientific point of view? They are indeed flattering, and afford matter of felicitation. But I must scribble on, and terminate, at length, my scrawl.

Science has unlocked the avenues of truth. She holds out her allurements to all. Here the giddy sons of ambition may toil with good hopes of success. Here they may win more unfading laurels, than the blood-thirsty general could possibly ever obtain by military triumph on the field of battle.

Here is opened a fountain whence flow soul-exalting streams. Here is presented to our view, a mine extensive, precious and inexhaustible.—Where then is the man, who loves his country, who loves his own race, that is unwilling to endure toil and privation and self-denial to promote a cause so noble in itself, and so beneficial to mankind? Where is the man, whose soul is fired with ambition for distinction, who would not prefer the high literary reputation of Sir Walter Scott to all the renown, achieved by the victorious arms of a Cromwell? Where is the man who would surrender the immortal renown of Milton as a poet for that of the demigod of war, Alexander, as a warrior? Of him, whose success the most unparalleled could not satisfy; who, after having wept for more worlds to conquer, retired to Babylon, loaded with all the rich spoils of the east, and then went down to a premature grave, by debauchery. And where is the man who would barter the imperishable fame of Locke, "who examined the human mind, defined its powers and reduced its operations to certain and fixed laws;" or that of a Franklin, to whose over-throwing genius the lightning bolts of heaven submitted, for all the magnificent but transitory honors of a monarch?

But it is needless to multiply examples of literary success and renown; they are indeed scarcely to be enumerated, and could gain no additional need of glory from my humble panegyric.

Thus much for the revival of letters. I have now either directly or indirectly referred to the principal blessings, which have resulted from that event. To mention them all, and remark upon them, would require a volume. I will only observe then, in conclusion, that whilst we, as patriots, must ever desire that our native country may continue to advance in every thing that is good and glorious—there can be no object dearer to our hearts, as philanthropists, than the universal diffusion of the blessings of science and christianity, whose vestal robe is the light of knowledge and truth. And surely in things of benevolence and expanding philanthropy, there will not be found wanting Ashmole, and Caldwell, and Clarksons, and Finleys, and Howards enough, who will be willing to engage in the arduous and self-denying work of carrying the blessings of civilization and religion into every dark and infected region of ignorance, idolatry and superstition; thus, mentally and morally elevating millions of our race from the deepest degradation, and preparing them for the enjoyment of rational happiness.

CONDORCET.

Anti-Slavery.

The Relation of the Pulpit to Slavery.
LETTER TO A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.
To the Rev.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

You remind me, that it is my appropriate business, as a preacher of the gospel, to toil for the salvation of souls. Your admonition I receive with humility and gratitude. Be it my privilege while I live, thus to labor. But may I pause, and dwell upon the meaning of your language? In what must the salvation of souls consist? In such fears, and hopes, and joys, as however they may agitate us, fail to reduce us to our proper places in the moral system, to which we belong? Then were the Scribes and Pharisees saved; for they seem to have no lack of such feelings. Does it consist in maintaining, without reproach, a profession of religion, or in activity in such enterprises, as have the patronage of the church, and which we may be connected? Then were the wretches saved, who the Savior declares devoured widows' houses, and for a pretence made long prayers! They were full of missionary zeal—"compassing sea and land to make a proselyte." To be saved, we must come into conformity with the relations we sustain to God and our neighbor. Short of this we may have our fears, and hopes, and joys, our religious professions and enterprises. Short of this, we may make high pretensions, long prayers, and many proselytes. Short of this we may employ with wonderful success a thousand so-called soul-saving expedients. But short of this, we cannot be saved. Short of this, what could we do in that world of eternal harmony, where every thing finds and keeps its proper place? The devourers of widows' houses

here, must receive damnation hereafter.—Alas! what then must become of those who MAKE WIDOWS, and then DEVOUR THEM AND THEIR CHILDREN in the midst of the American churches? What must become of their apologists, however ingenious and grave they may be? What, my brother! have you a system of soul-saving, which inspires men with the hope of Heaven, while they refuse heartily to own every human creature as a brother? A system of piety, which leaves men below the level of humanity! Can you make saints, who fall short of being men? Out upon such saints. Away with such piety. It makes any creature, who is deceived by its lofty pretensions, "two fold more the child of hell," than it found him. I have heard of some "young converts," who would not join a church that treated men as men, according to their moral worth!—If prejudice, the most insane and cruel, could not be humored, and factitious distinctions maintained; if they must take their place at the communion table, by the side of their poor brother, of another complexion, their offended dignity would turn away, and stand aloof from the Savior's "little ones!" I have heard of a church, which suited its arrangements to such views and feelings, and bowed before the giant prejudices of its young converts; and gloried in its shame, by baptizing its anti-christian expedients by the name of efforts to save souls! Out, I say, upon such notions of salvation, Romance for reality! Animal feeling for christian principle! False philosophy, for "Jesus Christ and Him crucified!"

Are you the man, my brother, to talk of saving those, whose hearts are too hard and narrow to admit the common sentiments of humanity! Alas, this piety, both unhuman and inhuman, what mischief it is not done wherever it has been countenanced in the church of God! What! Is God our Savior, to be honored with human sacrifices? Human nature to be placed a bleeding victim on the altar of Piety! Men, women, and children to be offered by thousands to Moloch in the midst of the monuments of Christianity, without admonition or rebuke! Nay, ministers, and elders and deacons, "binding the sacrifice with cords unto the horns of the altar!" And we, preachers of the Gospel, in the midst of these abominations, must close eyes, ears, and lips, and keep to our proper business of saving souls! Are we thus to convince gainsayers! and extend the triumphs of the Cross! And bring the whole family of Adam into one dear brother-hood!

Let me entreat you to study your Bible. Mark the course which prophets and apostles, with the Saviour at their head, pursued. Did they throw the mantle of religion over the chain of servitude and scourge of oppression! When? Where? How? That thing they never did. In language the most potent and emphatic, they exposed the hypocrisy of those pretenders, who tried to unite the love of God with hatred of man. They applied the edge of the most cutting irony to the fat hearts of such religionists. They levelled their dreadful blows at the king on his throne and the priest at the altar. Wealth, renown, refinement, furnished no shield for the guilty. And were they not intent on the salvation of souls? Yes; indeed they were; and they employed the only appropriate means. Who, now, is to occupy the places which their ascent to heaven has left vacant? If the ministers of the gospel refuse to catch their mantle on whose shoulders shall it fall? If the pulpit may not be employed in exposing and rebuking popular iniquity, what is it good for? Shall we leave the guilty to work out their own reformation while we,—keep ourselves to the business of soul-saving!

Look again, my brother, to those models, to which every christian minister is bound to conform himself. Did they take the side of the oppressor against the oppressed? Did they court the rich and despise the poor? Did they look on unmoved while the strong crushed the weak. Never. Of the victims of popular prejudice and violence they were the friends and advocates; and at the hazard of reputation and of life. When did they refuse "to consider the poor?" Were they not "eyes to the blind and feet were they not to the lame?" The cause which they knew not, were they not forward and thorough to search out? Did not our Savior appropriate the Gospel especially to the poor—to the poor, to whom His heart and His arms were ever open! And must we see the poor driven from the Cross, robbed of the Bible, plundered—not of their "ewe lambs," but of their wives and children, insulted, polluted, murdered with impunity, and keep our hearts and our tongues still? Must we see churches, built up by fraud and filled with adultery, without uttering a syllable! And religious teachers claiming for American slavery the stability and the sanctity of a christian institution and quoting texts from the Old Testament and the New to justify man-stealing! and spitting their venom in the faces of the friends of human freedom! Must we see all this and much more, and keep as cold and silent as the grave! And why? For the sake of saving souls! Then let us take the priest on his way to Jericho, for our model. He was, probably, intent on making proselytes. Full of missionary zeal, how could he pause to pity and help the poor sufferer, whom the thieves had left "half dead?" He could not come down from the work of saving souls to relieve a wounded, bleeding body! His piety suffocated his humanity! and along he stalks "on the other side." Say, my brother, are we to tread in his footsteps? Certainly we are, if our priestly obligations are inconsistent with "considering the poor!" My brother, have you tasted the "blessedness" of "considering the poor?" Do you recognize in them the form and face of your final judge? Be not deceived. Mistake not sickly sentimentalism for christian principle.

[Study the description which, in the 25th of Matthew, our Savior gives of the final judgment. What think you of that stranger, hungry, ragged, oppressed, and exhausted by disease, whom He, there, exhibits as his representative? Can you turn away from his crushed frame and broken heart, under the pretence that this is required by your official obligations! The ministers of Christ, too much engaged in soul-saving to sympathize with their suffering Lord, to vindicate His rights, to relieve His necessities! Hypocrisy, my brother, lurks in every such pretence. I charge you, appropriately yet solemnly, in the light of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," plead the cause of the oppressed. "Cry aloud, and spare not." As thyself in bonds, remember the bound.—Enlist the church in the cause of holy freedom. Give heaven and earth no rest till "every yoke is broken and the oppressed are free." Then shall salvation, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb, gladden the face of all the earth. "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward." Occida County, N. Y., June, 1836.

VARIETY.

A True Story.—The following story of "LOVE AND PRUDENCE," which we accidentally met with as revived in a late Hagerstown paper, is an "o'er true tale."—It is first appended, some time since, in the York (Pa.) Recorder, and the facts which it records occurred in a neighboring county beyond the Susquehanna. The way this beautiful and sprightly heires treated her fortune-hunting lover, should be "a caution" to the whole order:

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.—A young gentleman who was desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony, and who had turned his attention to the "glided" beauties of the day—selected at length, for his particular address, a lady, who was reported rich, as well in the "matter of lucre," as in personal and mental accomplishments. He felt the charms of his fair one, stealing over his senses and casting a "witching spell" upon his faculties. But like a discreet young man, before he was too far gone, he wanted to make assurance doubly sure—and to leave no "loop whereon to hang a doubt" touching the worldly possessions of his beloved.—Fame it is true had spoken her wealthy, but Fame had a cruel fashion of exaggerating in these matters. In a word, if the truth must be told, our lover was not so "madly" in love, but he was able to preserve some "method" in it. And before the glorious passion reached its crisis, he had the singular prudence to examine the records—and so obtain an exact knowledge of the wealth of his charmer! How happy was he to find that her estate was clear; and for once even more valuable than rumor had proclaimed it.

Flying then, on the wings of love, to the dwelling of his fair one—in good set phrase, he declared his affection for her—made a tender of his heart and hand—and besought her to smile upon his passion, and make him happy. But the "flattering tale" of Hope, was not to be realized. The star of our lover's happy fortune, had alas! not yet cast its silver light above the horizon! By some means, it happened, the young lady had been apprized of the extent of her lover's curiosity—and, in the midst of his descent upon flames, and darts, and Cupids—she very comely drew from her reticule a small piece of money, and approaching him, made this reply—"Although I may not profit by your very favorable sentiments towards me, still I cannot think of your being a loser on my account. As you have been at the expense of a search, I must insist upon being allowed to replace the amount so expended." So saying, she put an eighteen penny piece in her lover's hand, and he—went his way.

SNEERING.—Mark closely the conduct of any one who is constantly sneering at this one, and curling his expressive lip at that one and you will see more in his every day conduct to despise and censure than in that of any individual, not decidedly vicious, who falls under his discriminating animadversion. If you wish to try and prove such a one, drop a word of censure for some decidedly wrong action—you will readily find an opportunity—and the bile and turbulence of an gracious temper will be at once apparent.

VIRTUE.—We see in needleworks and embroideries, that it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than it is to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasures of the heart by the pleasures of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed and crushed; for prosperity doth best discover virtue.

BUSINESS.—Business, says a celebrated writer, is the salt of life, which not only give a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrefaction, and drives off all blowing fies that would corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his business, rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest dispatch. All the entailments that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning.

GENIUS.—The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated shoots up into the rank weeds, and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produce to its slothful owner, the most abundant crop of poisons.