

# Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WEITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1937.

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## THE GARDEN.

With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens enrich'd,  
From various gardens enrich'd.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY CHRONICLE.

### The Spirit of Poesy.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

A scry of the highest heaven,  
Who dar'd to touch forbidden fire;  
From her bright home an exile driven,  
Bore away her burning lire.  
Among the spheres she wandered long,  
And sought to join the hymns they pour;  
But wept to find her sin too strong,  
Would e'er with touch of soul's no more.

Yet still her treasure was her lyre;  
For tho' its sweetest chord was given,  
And strange, and wild, its living fire,  
'Twas all she now retain'd of Heaven.  
And all thro' space the lost one rove,  
With fall seraphic, fiftal strain,  
And eye turn'd toward that home of love,  
To which she might not fly again.

Her bitter tears fell on the strings,  
And quench'd in part their ardent fire;  
Then sweetly mournful murmurs  
Came thrilling from the angel lyre.  
Weary and wild, she came to earth—  
And plac'd the seraph's feet, to find  
Among the souls of lower birth,  
Some traces of seraphic mind.

Some spirits wrapt in "sentient clay,"  
That seem'd close kindred to her lyre;  
Whom adden'd at his fatal lay,  
And kindled with her rosiest fire.  
O'er those she spread her flashing wings,  
And catching the seraph's feet,  
Wild, wandering, incantant things,  
Restless and weary they became.

Enchained to earth by powerful ties,  
Round its fond love they madly twined;  
And wail'd that holy sympathies,  
Dwelt not in the sin tainted mind.  
Far, far from heaven, unfit for earth,  
The wandering seraph's tuncful train,  
Have ever felt their heavenly birth,  
And sought for heavenly bliss in vain.

Woe! that this spirit e'er came,  
To spread her music o'er our mind;  
That her wild notes, and fiftal flame,  
Should e'er inspire the human kind.  
That who are enchained to earth,  
Who strongly feel its clinging love,  
Should madly seek its heavenly birth,  
The pur unchanging bliss above.

Should feel our kindred with the fire,  
That thrills thro' heaven's ecstatic train;  
And think to tune an earth string lyre,  
In chorus with the holy strain.  
Then disappointed, sad, and lone,  
Weary and weeping o'er the strings,  
For the subdued and sobbing moan,  
In deep and dying murmurs.

Woe! that this seraph e'er came,  
With her wild wings and radiating glance;  
Ah, woe! that Poesy's wandering flame,  
Should wrap a mortal in its trance.

## THE REPOSITORY.

### A WESTERN STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

The state of Georgia is one of those warm cotton-planting regions where negroes live and labor. The white population, of course, fill the offices of Church and state, and attend to the merchandise of the land. Mr. Henry Loxley, was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was raised in the general custom of raising children among the Southern planters; he received a tolerable education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months in the house of N—, in the town of A—. In the nineteenth year of his age, he formed an attachment for Miss Mary Lansing, a lady of some accomplishments and personal beauty—but her patrimony was small. Mr. Loxley and Miss Lansing were frequently in each other's company, and every time they met their mutual attachment increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify their connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, till, at length, finding it impossible to be happy unless in each other's society, they determined to cast their lots together and if they should not be able to move through the world in the style they could wish, at all events, they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most sacred and endearing that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not seem sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by their actual labor; and it was also certain that in Georgia they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence, and at last in old age, he without any settled home to which they did not seem willing to submit. It was thought best that Mr. Loxley should travel into some new country, get a piece of land, and make some little improvement on it, and then return to carry on his companion.

Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their bosoms—the husband had his fears lest he should fail in obtaining a pleasant home for his beloved one, whom he was about to leave behind; and the wife already began to count the weeks, and even the days, she should be left as it were, alone in the world—while, on the other hand, they both looked forward with pleasure on the time, when, in a new country, growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr. Loxley, after embracing the best of all earthly friends gave the parting hand, took his journey not knowing certainly whether he was going. He travelled to the state of Kentucky, and was about to contract for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H— is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his beloved one, in order to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended, but fell into the hands of one, whose name shall be revealed on that day. Suffice it to say, that there was one with whom Mr. Loxley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs. Loxley, but apparently from her father, with whom he had left her during his absence. O! horrid letter, never shall I forget its language.

"Dear Son—Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance upon her and came to see her, 'Henry!' 'A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one de-

sire to live, which was to see you! and her last sentence was, 'Oh, my dear Henry! and shall I never see him more in this life!' and breathed her last."

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Loxley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land strangers—he had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the face and lovely form of his lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, save his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better, when traveling, than in any other way, he wandered off without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the lead mines in Missouri. But he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest; so he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night, which was agreed to be taken by turns—yet, for some time, Loxley volunteered his services every night, so that when his companions were asleep, he would look upon the moon and stars, which once shown on him, when he, with his fair one hanging on his arm, used to take their little evening excursions. The scream of panthers did not interrupt him, while for the lamentations of the owl, he had a particular fondness, and rarely for months, did he take his departure from a camping place, without leaving the letters, "M. L." on some of the hitherto undisturbed trees of the forest.

He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardship he endured—the dangers through which he passed—all had a tendency to call off his mind from former sorrows, and the females which he sometimes looked upon, were so unlike his Mary, that by the time he had returned to Missouri he had in some degree, obtained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the former settlements where he again beheld the fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed Mary returned. But the roll of years at length wore away his grief, and finding at last an object of which he could place his affections, he again entered into a married connection: From the time that he left his companion in Georgia, till he married his second wife, it was about five years! But what shall we say about Mrs. Loxley—for strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months, and years passed by, but had brought her no tidings of her absent husband. Post offices were examined—but no letter came. His name was looked for in the public prints—but could not be found. Travelers were inquired of—but of no avail! not a word could she hear of him. As length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways; at one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream, in which he had been drowned, by attempting to cross; again she would see him in some lonely spot—murdered by robbers, or destroyed by Indian violence; and at other times, she would fancy she saw him languish on some foreign bed, and after a long and lingering illness, fall into the grave among strangers!

A thousand times she looked out the way she saw him depart, and mourned him dead till time dried up her tears.

After a lapse of seven long years and more since the departure of Mr. Loxley, Mr. Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs. Loxley; and—as it was firmly believed by herself and friends that he was dead—Mr. Starks being a gentleman worthy of her, she accepted the offer, and they were married.

At this time Mr. Loxley was living with his second wife, in the State of Missouri, where he continued to live for something like eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage, his second wife died—and he was left with two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest and took charge of her father's house—but little more than three years, after the death of her mother, she married and moved to North Alabama, and her father and brother went with her.

In the mean time Mrs. Starks had lost her husband and father, and having but one child, and that a little daughter, she removed to North Alabama also, to live with an aged uncle, who was living in that part of the country—so that Mr. Loxley became neighbors—and they became acquainted with each other as Col. Loxley (this title he had obtained when among the fur traders) and Mrs. Starks. They formed an attachment for each other, and Mr. Loxley eventually offered his hand in marriage which she accepted. It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they took great care never to mention any circumstance connecting itself with their first marriage, and both passed as having been married but once—they had both been so very cautious on this subject that the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was not discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized. Perhaps the sacred fount of their former sorrows was sealed too deep to be readily broken up again by either of them.

The night before marriage, as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be a little agitated the next evening while attending the ceremonies of the wedding—"for," said he, "when I married the first time I was not so much embarrassed as when I married the last!"—to which Mrs. Starks replied, "You have been married twice, then, it seems?" The Colonel at first, tried to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do—and knowing it would have to come out sooner or later, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage, giving names and dates. This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. He remarked that his long lost Mary was never out of his mind for one hour at a time; owing to that fact, he had often spoke of her to those who had never heard of her, and could not enter into the conversation with him. He went on to state that she was his Rachel—his first choice—the companion of his youth; having taken hold of his feelings at such an early age, the impression was indelible, a recollection of her name could never

be erased from his mind, "and though," said he, "I have passed through the town and the country, the dreary wilderness; through winter, through summer; amid friends and foes; through health and affliction; through smiles and frowns—yet I have borne pointed upon my imagination the image of my beloved Mary."

Here the mist began to gather in the eyes of the Colonel, and for a few moments a death-like silence prevailed. At length looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the relation he had been making. He then broke the silence by saying, "you must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth." While he was uttering this sentence Mr. Starks swooned away, and would have fallen from her seat, had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this death-like state, many were the reflections which passed through the mind of Col. Loxley. First, supposing as he had for a time kept this secret to do so, it might have a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or cause her to fear that his affections were so much pledged on the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to love her as he ought; these and many other thoughts of a like kind rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the power of utterance on the part of Mrs. Starks to hear her renounce him for ever. But, oh! how mistaken were his fears! No sooner was she roused from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child crying out, "Oh, my husband! my husband!" The Colonel being much astonished, inquired rather hastily what she meant! With her hands still resting on his shoulders, with a countenance beaming with joy and suffused with tears—she exclaimed, with a half-choked utterance, "I am your Mary! your long lost Mary, and you are my Henry, whom I journeyed as dead for these twenty years."

The joy then became mutual. That night and the next day was spent in relating circumstances which had transpired with them during their separation, and admiring the providence that brought them together. On the next evening those hidden to the marriage, attended. The Parson came—but there was no service for him to render. The transported couple informed the assembly that they had been married upwards of twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history, and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them both.

FROM THE MORNING GAZETTE.

## LIFE.

Yon slumbering babe!  
In the still beauty of its rest it lies,  
No cloud of sadness dims its gentle brow,  
But softly sleep rears its shadow'd eyes,  
Fair child! thou knowest naught of sorrow now.

Yet look again,  
It smiles, as when the sun's last gentle beams  
Pass o'er still waters, being perchance are near  
Unseen by mortal eye, and in the land of dreams  
Sweet harmonies may gladden the cherub's ear.

And yet once more,  
The smile she has, and the low fiftal sigh,  
Tells that some phantom form has broke its rest;  
Wake, gentle trembler, 'tis affection's eye  
That beams upon thee—wake thee, and be blest.

And such is life!  
Where, to the weary wanderer of the wild,  
Delusive fancy paints the 'light of streams,'  
Welling in some far distant desertisle,  
Mocking his pain with hope's deceitful beams.

Even youth's fair morn,  
Is but a winged dream, affection's bonds,  
Youth's dreams of love, the glory of the brave,  
All, all are written on the ocean-sands,  
To be effaced by dark oblivion's wave.

And when youth's rosy light  
Shall change to manhood's staidier, brighter ray,  
E'en then, fame, learning's gifts, and worldly gain,  
Are but bright bubbles that must pass away  
Without a trace; how empty, and how vain!

Of then at that hour  
When death shall break this feverish dream of life,  
May the freed soul awake in the abode  
Of its eternal Parent, where no grief  
Nor care can enter, in the bosom of its God! I. B.

## DISCONTENT.

A little girl her trinkets found,  
And chins, dolls, and books lay round  
Upon the nursery floor;  
Her m' ther kindly furnished all,  
Yet every now and then she'd call—  
"I want, Ma, something more."

She plays with each article by turns;  
A new one takes—an old one spurns;  
But soon half sad, half vexed,  
She throws her playthings all aside,  
And with imploring look she cries—  
"What do I want, Ma, next?"

And thus it is with nearly all  
Whom children we no longer call,  
And thus with some grown gray;  
In more imposing sports they dip,  
From one thing to another slip,  
In bustling, serious play.

Though untold favours may abound,  
Their lives with goodness still be crown'd  
With plenty e'en perplexed;  
They never know when they are blessed,  
But each one feels within his breast—  
"What do I want, pray, next?"

ROMAN TOASTS.—When the Romans toasted their mistresses, they drank as many glasses as the beauty had letters in her name. Hence, the line in Martial—"Six cups to Nœvia, to Justina seven."—Mirror

DAISY.—Campbell says that the word Daisy is a thousand times pronounced without adverting to the beauty of its etymology—the eye of a day.

HOPE.  
Illusive Hope, no more deceive,  
Unless your spell is stronger!  
If you can force me to believe,  
In pity cheat me longer.  
The fraud is sweet; but bitter pain  
And keen despair confounds us,  
To wake and find thy broken chain,  
In glittering fragments round us.  
The heart that trusts thy siren smile,  
Drinks copious draughts of pleasure;  
In dreams of innocence the while,  
It grasps its soul-sought treasure:  
But let the mystic gleam depart,  
Which caused our dreamy blindness!  
Too coldly sinks the breaking heart,  
Amidst the world's unkindness. FRAGUS.

## CHURCH MATTERS.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Presbyterian General Assembly.

PHILADELPHIA, May 29.

The members assembled on Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, and after the proceedings had been opened with prayer, the Rev. R. J. Breckenridge called up a resolution as notified by him for introduction at the previous evening's adjournment. After some little discussion, the resolution was amended and carried to the following effect:—"That a committee of ten—five from the majority and five from the minority of the vote passed on Friday evening, be appointed to devise some plan, if they can agree, for a voluntary division of the Presbyterian Church."

Several bills, petitions, and memorials, in the hands of the committee of Bills and Overtures, were committed to special committees. A passage in the memorial under the head "Method of Reform," was then brought forward; and thereupon Dr. Cuyler offered several resolutions, which were intended to carry out the following articles in the printed memorial.

"3. We believe that every Church, Presbyterian, or Synod now in nominal connection with this Assembly, but which is not organized on Presbyterian principles, should be immediately brought into order, dissolved, or disconnected from the Presbyterian Church.

"4. We believe that it is highly important, that, at the present time, Presbyteries should be directed to examine henceforward all licentiates and ministers applying for admission from other denominations on the subjects of theology and church government, as well as personal piety and ministerial qualifications, and to require of them an explicit adoption of the Confession of Faith, and Form of Government."

After a few remarks from different individuals, the meeting was adjourned.

MAY 31.

The Assembly met yesterday morning, at nine o'clock, and opened the proceedings with prayer.

The minutes of Saturday were read, corrected and accepted.

On motion of Dr. Cuyler, the further consideration of the memorial was postponed for the present, to give the committee of ten on the State of the Church (who are devising a plan of division) leave to sit during the session of the Assembly—in order that they may, as speedily as possible, prepare and report a plan to the Assembly. The committee accordingly retired; after which, for the remainder of the day, various bills, petitions, complaints, &c., were reported, and either entered on the docket, or referred to committees.

Among other business brought before the Assembly, was an appeal case of Mr. Smith, from the Synod of Cincinnati, the particulars of which we shall probably be enabled to give in a future number.

MAY 31.

The Assembly met yesterday morning at the usual hour, and prayers having been offered up, the "Committee of ten on the State of the Church," reported their proceedings.

In this report, the portion of the committee (five) from the majority, and the five of the minority, read attentively, (through the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge representing the former, and Mr. Jessup the latter) the several papers that were interchanged between the two portions of the committee; after which a motion to discharge the committee was passed. Another motion was made to have the Report entered upon the minutes and printed, but being objected to, the indefinite postponement of this motion was moved, put, and lost.

Thereupon Mr. Jessup spoke to a considerable length in opposition to the indefinite postponement, going somewhat into the merits of the whole subject. He was replied to by the Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, who, in closing his speech, moved that the whole subject be laid on the table, for the purpose of introducing another resolution. As this motion excluded all further debates, though much desired, the motion "to lay on the table," was immediately put and carried.

Yes, 139  
Nays, 107

Immediately the Rev. Mr. Pulmire then moved a resolution to the following effect: "That in pursuance of the act of abrogation, of the plan of union between the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, already passed by the Assembly, the Synod of the Western Reserve is, and is hereby declared to be no longer a part of the Presbyterian Church."

This motion was sustained by Dr. Baxter, the Rev. Mr. Plummer, and opposed by Mr. Jessup, Dr. Macauley, and the Rev. Mr. Cleaveland. The speeches were animated, and listened to with attention by a numerous audience.

JUNE 1.

The Assembly met yesterday morning at nine o'clock, and after prayers had been offered up, the discussion was resumed on the question of the previous day's adjournment, as reported in our paper of yesterday.

## HISTORY OF THE TIMES.

A BAD SIGN.—An owner of two fine coppered brigs offered them in exchange for real estate or goods. Our wharves are beginning to look as they did during the embargo. We shall not have one-third the ships afloat this year that we had the last.—N. Y. Star.

The corporation of the village of Auburn have issued small exchange checks to the amount of \$8,000; some of the checks are for one, two and three dollars. The fund realized from the disposal of these checks is to be at all times retained expressly for their redemption. The property of the village is responsible for this.

It was resolved at a late meeting in Philadelphia, that ten thousand minute men, all brave and true, and all ready for action should be organized to sustain their proceedings. Doubtless they would be as fearless and invincible as Jack Falstaff's battalion.—Pittsburgh Times.

The attention of the country ought, at a crisis like the present, to be called to the fact, that almost, if not quite, all of our importations of tea and other articles from China, are paid for in the precious metals, and that, in our commercial intercourse with the "celestial empire," some system of financial policy should be adopted to prevent in future such a constant drain of silver and gold to that quarter.—Ibid.

In the midst of the distress which pervades the country throughout all its borders, it is gratifying to witness the good order and respect for the law, everywhere maintained. This speaks volumes for the efficiency of our institutions, and the political virtue of the American community. No where has discontent broken out in violence, in no place, have disappointment and despair vented themselves in disorder and anarchy. We venture to say that there is no other country in the world, where people could bear so great a burden of calamity with equal patience and submission to inevitable necessity. It is the triumph of common sense over passion, of patriotism over discontent; the former teaching that violence and outrage would but aggravate the evil, while the latter suggests, that, though misfortune may assail, and misgovernment prostrate the country, all is not lost while liberty and character are preserved, to lead to a brighter moment and a happier destiny.—Ibid.

LOOK AT THIS!

From the National Intelligencer, Washington City.

It may be of use to distant readers to state that, in this city, Specie is at a premium of about ten per cent. over District Bank Notes; that Bank Notes of the South and West, even of South Carolina banks, are at a discount of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in comparison with District Bank paper—that is, from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. below Specie. We know that this is monstrous, and deplorable, the paper of those Banks being as good as that of any Banks in the Union. But such is the catastrophe of "Experiment." The paper of our Banks is, we suppose, depreciated, in a correspondent degree, in remote parts of the country. There is, in fact, no circulating medium.

The Constitutional Currency. Merely a typographical error. The General intended to promise us the restoration of the Constitutional Currency. We are fast coming to it.

ST. LOUIS AND BELLEVUE RAIL ROAD.—We learn from the St. Louis Bulletin that this road, which has been so much talked of in the St. Louis papers, and which was to open to the world unbounded sources of mineral wealth, exists as yet only in embryo. The charter is said to be wise and liberal, and the importance of the road to St. Louis immense, yet on the opening of the books of subscription, only fifteen hundred dollars of the stock was taken!

THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.—Some very correct and plausible reasons are assigned in the proclamation of Governor Ritner, for refusing to convene the legislature at the present crisis, which will doubtless commend themselves to the good sense of the candid and discerning of all parties.—His course will save the State an expense of a few thousand dollars, which would be needlessly incurred, without the legislature would consent forthwith, like the wise Mississippians to create a large batch of new Banks without a dollar in specie in their vaults.

Whatever may be the causes or the combination of causes, which has produced the present pressure, there is no doubt that it will require the action of congress and the executive, before permanent relief can be obtained. If in the meantime, the Banks pursue a proper course, and it can be so ascertained by their accounts through the medium of the auditor, the people will, no doubt sustain them and confirm their charters.—Pittsburgh Times.

OVERTRADING.—We hear it stated continually that our present difficulties are all owing to overtrading; but no cause is assigned for this overtrading. It seems to be an effect without a cause. This is giving the earth a turtle's back to rest upon, but leaving the poor turtle entirely unsupported. What, then, is the cause of this overtrading. The following simple statement will make that perfectly intelligible.

"A fact to ponder upon.—When General Jackson came into office, there were three hundred and twenty banks in the United States. While he was in office, three hun-

drated and fifty-seven new banks were created. The 320 banks were the product of 40 years—the 357 were made in less than eight years. These 357 new banks were made at the same time that the people were humbugged with the promise of a gold currency."

The New York Era, a neutral paper, says: "Joseph Ritner, the clear headed and patriotic Governor of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation to the people of that state, that does credit to his head and heart."

IMPORTANT DISCUSSION.—Mr. Senator Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, a dyed in-the-wool Jackson "democrat," once thanked God "that he had not a drop of Democratic blood in his veins." The gentleman then thought it something to be grateful for—but he has since repented and reformed, though he says that "he has never changed his principles." His friends are now anxious to remove this strain from his character, and at the last accounts they were busy in the Pennsylvania Convention, discussing whether or not Mr. Buchanan had ever made such a declaration. This is much better employment for them than any of the improvements suggested by Mr. Dallas. They had better discuss Mr. Buchanan's claims to Democracy, than the resolution of the "bloody code of Draco," or the "re-establishment of Domestic Slavery"—two of the very interesting reforms mentioned in the Bradford County letter as within the powers of the Convention.—Boston Atlas.

The Probably More So Currency.—The following small change is circulating in Philadelphia:

The President, Directors and Co. of the TINKERS BANK at WASHINGTON, pledge their private fortunes to pay the Bearer TEN CENTS in BRASS, on application within the GOAL LIMITS of the said City.

AMOS KENDALL, President.  
R. M. WHITNEY, Cashier.

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.—Major Greenough and Edward Ferguson, were drowned in consequence of the upsetting of a boat while crossing from Eastport to Lubec, Maine, on Sunday last. The accident was caused by drunkenness.

OHIO AGAINST THE WORLD!!

DOUBLE DEUCE.—The wife of Mr. Eph'm. Knoles of Union town, Pa., Ross county, was lately delivered a few days since, of four daughters at a birth. The children are said to be doing well. Mrs. Knoles is in her forty sixth year, and had previously given birth to thirteen children! Mrs. K. has been visited by most of the married ladies in the neighbourhood, and 'tis thought that her good fortune is likely to create some dissatisfaction among them. Ohio pa.

SOMETHING NEW, ROMANTIC AND SUBLIME.—A Musical concert is to be given June 14th, by Mr. Jacob Mohler, at Weyer's Cave, Virginia. This vast subterranean grotto, one of the greatest curiosities in America, is to be splendidly illuminated, and it is believed that the combined effect of the splendor of the stalactical crystallizations with the reverberations of dulcet sounds, will be enchanting beyond the power of conception.

A TRUE FISH STORY.—We are credibly informed, says the last Cincinnati Whig, by an eye witness, that a large CATFISH, weighing ninety-eight pounds, was caught in the Ohio river, a few weeks since, about a hundred miles below Louisville, which, on being opened, was found to contain a NEGRO CHILD OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE!

STOP THE MURDERER!—The Governor of this State, has issued his proclamation, offering a reward of one hundred dollars for the apprehension of the person or persons who murdered RACHEL BRAWNBACK, in Chester county, on the 18th ult.—an account of which appeared in this paper at the time—if arrested within the limits of the Commonwealth; two hundred dollars, if secured before the said limits—to be paid on conviction of the perpetrator or perpetrators.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE A JUDGE.—The Waynesburgh (Pa.) Messenger of the 16th inst. informs us that about ten days ago, some desperate villain made an attempt on the life of Samuel Nixon, one of the Associate Judges of the neighbouring county of Fayette. The Judge was sitting in his room, reading by candlelight, when an unusual barking of his dog attracted his attention. He rose from his seat, and drew aside the window-blind, holding the candle in his hand, for the purpose of looking out and seeing what excited the dog. Immediately upon his drawing aside the blind, he heard a gun or pistol discharged, the flash of which he saw, but a few yards from him. He hastened to the door, when he saw a horseman, evidently muffled, moving rapidly from the direction of the discharge.—From subsequent examination, there was no doubt but the desperado had been waiting for some time for an opportunity of effecting his diabolical purpose. This was shown from the tracks left by the horse.—The ball struck in the frame of the window, in a line with the person of the Judge, but it fortunately did no injury. We understand that suspicion, as yet, has not centered on any individual, as the heinous perpetrator of this attempted assassination. Judge Nixon is a gentleman with as few enemies, perhaps, as any individual living.

SUBLUNARY BLISS.—The editor of the Northampton [Mass.] Courier has had the "supreme felicity" of wearing the first silk vest manufactured in Northampton.