STAR & REPUBLICAN B.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

CBTTYSBURGH, PA. TUBSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1989.

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THE GARLAND.

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

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PERSON.

Who are these? a peaceful band, Meekly moving through the land; With hand unwearied, foot untir'd, And heart with humble fervour fir'd; With heavenward eye, and placid check, Where no resentment dares to speak, Even when derided and revited, Or met by passions fierce and wild. And when from falsehood's burning lips The cankering stream of malice drips, Although the heart may writhe with pain, It sends a blessing back again; And anger lives not in the eye Though on its lid the tear drops lie.

Patiently they trace the road To penury's obscure abode, And seek for precious treasures in The vile and loathsome haunts of sin. Who are these so mild and meek? What rich treasures do they seek? Are they in quest of high renown? Or would they win a regal crown? Or do they seek the airy bays That float upon the poet's lays? Or is It gold, or worldly gain For which they feel contempt, and pain

Ah! these are worthless in their eyes,, They seek a nobler, holier prize. They are followers of Him Whose eyes with tears were often dim. As o'er life's rugged ways he cross'd Intent to seek, and save the lost.

They seek the young immortal mind, The uncultured germs of human kind; The precious gems whose radiant light Lies hid in ignorance's friged night. They seek the wretched widow's sons. The untaught laborer's little ones; The loathesome drunkard's wretched child Whose haggard brow, and features wild, And shrinking form, and timid eye, Betrays wild fear, and misery. Whose tatter'd garb, and naked feet, As stealthily it tracks the street, Betray the parent's sin and shame. And stamp it on the poor child's name

Of all the black and baleful clouds That wrap life's morn in mourning shrouds, The parent of inchriate thirst Entails upon his child the worst. For though its guileless bosom feel The keen contempt like barbed steel; Though it resolve to shun the fire That tortures the infuriate sire; Though Genius' germs are in the mind And the young nature warm and kind Though oft the little bosom ache As if the swelling heart would break; Still, still, in visitation dread Upon the drooping helpless head, In scorn, contempt, derision, lies The burden of iniquities.

Some who have hearts to feel for grief, Whose hands are prompt to give relief, Pass such as vile, polluted things Who merit all their sufferings: While happy children, from their play Will drive the ragged one away. And if in after life their name Ring from the brazen trump of Fame Detraction in her hissing tone Will answer, Ah! The drunkard's son!

· Ye who are bartering all for drink Pause I beseech you! Pause and think, Look at your child, and think how deep The guilt for which you ought to weep. Its heart is crush'd, its name is soiled. It is that drunken----child. Its freeborn spirit is bent down, Debas'd by thine unnatural frown; Like guilty slave it walks the streets, Shunning the eyes of all its meets; Black guilt pollutes its tender years, Profanity is in its cars: Its face is pale for lack of bread. And hopeless torrs its young eyes shed. Alas! for such, the orphan state

Wore better than their cruel fate.

These the kind friends of Mercy seek, With hand so strong, and heart so meek, To lead them from their native night Into the dawn of science's light. To place their little timid feet Within her gate, where brightly meet The toilsome paths, so steep, and bright, So glorious to young Genius' sight; Which lead to Wisdom's reverend mount, To Pocsy's enchanted fount, To glorious Fame's resplendent gate. And all that life has rich or great. To point them to the narrow road That leads the humble soul to God; To teach the spirit how to trace The path of happiness and peace. Fondly the infant soul to bear Unon the breast of ardent pray'r. To Him who bids the little one Come fearlessly before his throne, And ask the grace which freely given Sheds o'er the earth the light of heaven: Enabling e'en the drunkard's child To bear its lot with spirit mild. And when revil'd with words profane Give no reviling word again, But cheerfully obedient still Seek to perform a parent's will; Touching the heart of all who see Such patience, and humility; And haply from destruction's road Winning a parent back to God.

Who are these, again I ask, Who thus perform this blessed task? The toil, the burden, lies on those Who leave the bosom of repose, While early morning in the East Proclaims the holy day of rest; Whose rich instructions gently given, Fall like the balmy dews of heaven,

Which come with still, but life fraught pow'r, Waking to bloom each embryo flow'r. The laurel wreath, and voice of fame, Confer no honors on their name, No shining coin their toil repays Nor wear they yet poetic bays. It is enough for them to know They follow Jesus' steps below; And they receive a rich reward In the approval of the Lord, And the bright hope that many a coul Will ever bless the Sabbath School. LIBRATY, Tioga County, Pa.

SECTION SET SET

FROM THE VIRGINIA FREE PRESS. TO MY MOTHER.

Nonne jussus est filius amare matrem? Where yet the native forest-son*
Roams the dark wood and verdant lawn. Where now the rays of autumn noon Cast forth their melancholy dawn:

'Tis there an age-worn mother dwells Whose locks are silver'd o'er with care: There, too, her tender bosom swells—
From there ascends her watchful pray'r.

But where's that Son she once caress'd-Beyond the azure mountain's verge, With orient step so far he's press'd His home lies near the sea's gray surge.

Still yet his nightly pray'rs ascend Up to the scraph's mercy-seat— hat, when the dreams of time shall end, In Heaven may son and mother meet.

Mournful, indeed, is the retrospect of child nood's employment, youthful simplicity and innocence. But yesterday, my bosom glowed in the tender embraces of a youthful liberty, upon condition that they would join have refused no earthly sacrifice. Then I was a stranger to the world's practical move- and his career seemed to bid defiance to the ments-my home friends, my school fellows and college mates constituted the bourn of my acquaintance-these I found candid, honest and liberal, suspecting no evil and in flicting none.

But to day, how changed is the scene!am severed from the presence and the home almost on the sandy verge of the salt Atlantic, whilst here is beyond the region where rolls the Mississippi-far, over mountains, forests and prairies, toward the Pacific's beach. Beside, I am thrown a lone adthose tender youthful feelings which swelled my bosom once have mouldered down to nonentity, or vanished into forgetfulness bethey dwell with "things that were." Man -ingratum hominen! whom once I supposed to possess the same uncontaminated feelings with myself, I am now, the painfully gladiators, and recking up to heaven like and reluctantly, forced to regard as a more a grateful sacrifice. He recollected the ss or the tinkling cymbal.

changes and these reflections, to retrace the his only sister Marcia, whose unaccounta paths of boyhood and the period of maternal ble absence and prolonged stay added much care! Those silver days have vanished and to his painful solicitude. those golden moments are "with years bethe major member of a bright constellation, exclaiming "Lost! lost!—all is lost!" now faintly radiates as a dim exhalation in the evening-her damask cheek which features more of the Grecian mould than glowed like the vegetation of a vernal morn, Roman. As she entered, her golden locks shed the broad light of noonday over the assumes the mournful aspect of verdure's streamed over her ears, and fell down on decline in autumn-all is "passing away" as the vesper's knel, and soon will her relic 'sleep in the dull cold marble."

Many degrees of longitude separate me prnyer to Heaven for her-long may she last respiration be-"Farewell vain world, I'm going home."

Her affectionate Son.

ISAAC. Charlestown, Va., Oct. 1838.

*Indian warrior.

FROM THE PREDERICK VISITER. Union Prayer Meeting.

A prayer meeting has lately been estab lished in the city of Frederick, in which German Reformed, Lutherans, Methodists Episcopalians, and Presbyterians have broken down "the middle wall of partion" that separates them, and, in the same house, bow his sister had been seized by a pander of the down the knee together, and lift up their tyrant and dragged through a secret avenue voices as one voice, and their hearts as one heart to one God and Father, through the The horrible truth flushed upon his mind merits and intercessions of one Lord and Saviour, and by the influence and assistance of one Holy Spirit for blessings upon their souls. Ayo, and we believe that their object and aim is one. They have "agreed endeavors to preserve their child from the removed to heaven, man has found no music God shall graciously revive his work, not was alone! in any one, but in all the congregrations in town, until He shall "rend the heavens and the raging fires of deep smothered vencome down," and make such a display of his geance kindling afresh, and bursting forth power and grace as has never been witnesed in this part of the country. All the broad chest began to heave like an undulat-Protestant Ministers in town have entered into the matter with a good understanding, a cordiality, a warmth and ardor which we would fain hope is the precursor of successnately in the several Protestant churches globe of fire. in town, on Saturday evening, and have thus far, considering the excitement that prevails as he rose upon his feet, and stood in majes. the proudest must be brought low, in the buildings, such as those to which we have in the political world, been unusually well ty, like a distended lion at bay. As he presence of those, of whom "such is the attended and exceedingly interesting. The stood drawn up in this fearful attitude, one kingdom of heaven."

that glorious results may follow.

O Lord Jesus, thou great Head of thy Church and Shepherd and Bishop of souls, who didst pray-"That they all may be one; WORLD MAY BELIEVE THAT THOU HAST city?" SENT ME," most mercifully grant, that we may be one in heart, love, faith, prayer, and effort, for the salvation of immortal souls!

FROM THE NEW YORK WHIG. Maternus, the Roman Bandit

A SKETCH.

Maternus, a Roman of obscure origin, and a private soldier, with abilities far above his station, deserted the ranks of the army agreed upon by all present, except Verus, and proclaimed himself chief of a band of who suggested that they lay down their among the numerous fugitives that perva-ded the provinces. The rich cities of Guul and Spain he plundered with impunity - and ous heard from the lips of Verus these huslaves to join him, by offering them the inestimable boon of freedom. He set open the prison doors also, and gave the convicts mother-my greatest care was her comfort his standard against the corrupt minions of and her happiness-to attain these I could a Roman tyrant. . With this army he had collected together the riches of a prince, provincial governors, who were either powerless beneath his sway, or partners and abettors to his crimes. He lay encamped on the eastern frontier

of Gaul, in a large open plain, and had his tent. There he reclined on his pallet, smiles of a tender and devoted mother—my and gave himself up to deep musings and reflections on the vicissitudes of fortune. He recalled to mind the many scenes of vio lence and bloodshed he had witnessed in the midst of the rank stream and hot belching of the imperial city. He remembered the venturer on the bosom of a cold, cold world horrid massacres of Senators and nobles on that fatal morn which succeeded the night in which the tyrant turned aside the assassin's knife, and triumphed over an arm the seraglio, and their sons, in blooming fore the frigid blast of the world's ingratitude; nerved with the virtuous impulse of the first youth, the horrible victims of insane lust? Brutus. He thought upon the butcheries of the amphitheatre; the blood-stained arena, smoking with the gore of dying fearful enemy than the sanguinary beast of fall of his only brother by an arrow from the forest, the poisonous reptile that lurks the royal murderer, who to add to the sports in concealment, or the angry elements that of the ring, let fly a wanton shaft among the howl around me. And those principles of spectators. As it quivered in his heart, he philosophy, which once smiled with such fell dead into his arms, amid the loud laugh theoretic beauty, have proved themselves to of a brutal populace. He shouldered the be, practically, vain and hollow as the "sound- warm corpse and staggered home with the and arranged the enterprise agreeably to burthen, and there sat watching the body How melancholy then, is it, under these in moody loneliness, waiting the return of set they were divided into small parties and

It was past midnight, and yet she came yond the flood." The quick and steady step not, and he was still by the side of his murof that tender Mother, whose vital spark soon dered brother-murdered in sport! Gods, must associate with spirits beyond the dark what a thought! At length, as morning and silent sepulchre, now is changed to a drew nigh, he heard a faint rustling of a slow and tremulous motion—her brownish robe, and a hand feeling for the latch of the ringlets are varnished o'er with silvery door with nervous excitement. He turned, whiteness—her eye which once beamed like and his sister entered, wild and disordered,

She was about sixteen years of age, with be forgotten. her back, disclosing a high transparent nus filled the streets of Rome. The valbrow, as deadly pale as sculptured marble; liant leader hastened on towards the temple from this dear mother, yet the pillow never which the finger of grief had drawn a dark there. He knew that he had been betraywitnesses my slumber but it first attests my streak, that gave her lovely face the melancholy shade of despair. She wrung her the palace. All was confusion; the guards live; and when the cold minister of death hands with emotions of bitter anguish, and of the palace had revolted under their præshall come to summon her away, may her prayed for death to release her from the torian perfect, and the gates were thrown knowledge of her shame.

less in silence. Her features gradually reand sank down on the floor. Soon she sprung upon her feet, and bounded thro' the oor, and vanished from his sight, and probably died a raving maniac, as he never heard from her more.

Scarcely had she departed, when a friend of Maternus entered, and informed him that into the imperial chambers of the palace. that the arch tyrant had added violation to murder, and he beheld himself the only survivor of the family, for the father and moth- ubs in the garden of innocence. er had perished six months before in their

As he pondered over these things, he felt ing sea, his hand instinctively grasped the the laboring impulse of his panting sides,

churches have generally been pretty well of his favorite followers entered the tent, crowded. The exercises are singing, pray- and informed him that he had learned from believe, and hope, and expect, and pray, were already on the march to join the imperial standard.

"I cannot die yet," said the intrepid Maternus, as he turned and gazed on the favorite with a wild stare. Summon the coun-

As soon as the council was convened, he proposed—as there was no hope of success in standing on the defensive—that the army should immediately break up and separate into small parties, and under various disguithe festival of Cybele, beneath the temple of Jupiter. This measure was instantly upon their love of letters truly. outlaws and robbers, whom he had collected arms at the feet of the Roman general, and submit to the mercy of the senate, as it was in vain to contend further. When Mater. in the midst of his ravages, he induced the miliating sentiments, he looked thunderstruck, and drew his hand across his forehead, then cast his eyes down his sides like one unconscious of his own identity. At length he slowly raised his head and breathed out, with gasping utterance and faltering

"By all the gods! thou talkest as if we Roman people, were still on the throne, and ster, Commodus!

"Go, and proclaim to the soldiers, that all are free to depart, and seek their safety himself retired to the innermost recess of by a timely submission; but as for Maternus, he seeks the imperial palace!

"What, shall the tyrant still feast on the groans of orphans, and revel amid the shrieks of violation, whilst blood pours down stay its progress?

"Shall the wild beasts of the arena have perpetual holiday in devouring Roman fathers and Roman Mothers? Must parents live only to see their daughters thrust into Go! go!-let all go and submit!

"But Maternus seeks the Emperor Commodus, to try the strength of a single arm." During the deliberations in the tent, the tidings of the approaching legions had been communicated to the soldiers without, who were now gathered around the tent, and as Maternus closed his speech, shouted aloud-"Down with the tyrant, and up with Maternus-Maternus shall be Emperor!"

They immediately broke up the council. the first suggestion, and an hour after sunon their way towards Rome. Verus submitted in sullen silence and undisguised fear-

Fifteen days from that memorable eve just named, riot and tumult reigned with unbridled license in the streets of Rome. It was the festival of Cybele. A hundred lions had been let loose from the dens of the amphitheatre; a hundred arrows from the imperial archer laid them dead in the arena. children, Russians and Prussians, carriages Every tongue was busy with the exploits of the son of Marcus, and amidst the general lying one upon another to the height of a in uniform, with their bundles, having just

Bonefires blazoned on the seven hills, and thrown into the fire. hazle eyes, like melted diamonds, beneath an armed band of prætorians gathering ed, and he turned on his heel and sought open. He ascended the corridor, and paced At that instant, her eyes rested on the the long halls amid flying domestics, until corpse of her brother, and she raised her he found himself at the door of the imperial finger towards him, as if she would inquire | bed-chamber. Here in a transverse directhe means of such a sight, and stood motion. Ition, he met Verus, who seemed to be unconscious of the revolt, as he exclaimed, laxed from their expression, and settled into | "Now for the reward!" and buried his daga stony calmness-the hand dropped careless | ger in the breast of Maternus. He stagat her side, and she burst into an idiot laugh, gered and fell as the doors flew open, and beheld his sister Marcia approaching. When she saw him, she uttered one wild shrick, and felt upon his bying body, say. ing, "the tyrant is dead! we are revenged!"

> CHILDHOOD.—The following sound thoughts, beautifully expressed, the sports and influences of happy childhood, are from the "Bachelors Death Bed," in a late number of the Southern Literary Messenger:

> "The balmy breath of spring was laden with their perfume, and groups of children were sporting under their shade, like cher-

"Since the harp of the shepherd king was from the dark caverns of his soul. His world above our own. Like the topmost of with a view to the accommodation of our "Is not the time at hand," he muttered, melt—the most profigate must be abashed—

Never too Old to Learn.

learn:

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt o play on musical instruments. This would as thou Father, art in me, and I in Thee; - cil-there is no time to be lost-we must lady's window, which Socrates did not do, that they may be one in us; THAT THE strike a blow at the head of the imperial but only learnt to play some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language ses penetrate the most secret passes of the the knowledge of which was necessary to Alps, and meet at Rome on the evening of enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young Lawyers, not thirty years of ago, think that nisi prius, scire facias, &c., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of the more respectable in their profession; they learning Latin.

Boccacio, was thirty-five years old when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Pehad a senate, and Marcus, the father of the trarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than not the blood-stained and ferocious mon- Boccacio who are dying of ennui, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are too old.

An Actual scene after Battle. The battle of Soldin, between the Russians and the King of Prussia, was warmly

the streets like water, and no arm raised to went upon the ground, and afterwards wrote the following account of what he saw: "At one o'clock the cannonading/ceased,

and I went out on foot to Soldin to Jearn in

whose favor the battle had turned. Towards evening, seven hundred Russian fugitives came to Soldin. It was a pitiful sight; some holding up their hands cursing and swearng; others praying and praising the King of Prussia, without hats or clothes, some on foot, others two on a horse, with their heads and arms tied up; some dragging along by the stirrups, and others by the tails of the horses.

"When the battle was decided, and vicfory shouted for the Prussian army, I ventured to the place where the cannonading had been. After walking some way,a Cossack's horse came running full speed towards ernment the only source of permanent secume. I mounted him; and on my way, for rity is the intelligence of the people. It is seven miles and a half on this side of the field of battle, I found the dead and wounded lying on the ground, and sadly cut in pieces. The further I advanced the more these poor creatures lay heaped one upon

"That scene I shall never forget. The Cossocks, as soon as they saw me, cried out - Water! dear sir, water! water!' Gracious God! what a sight!-men, women, and and horses, oxen, chests and baggage, all man; seven villages all around me in flames, and the inhabitants either massacred or

another.

"The poor wounded soldiers were still tion, at once confessed their purpose. eternal city, when the followers of Mater- firing at one another in the greatest exasperation. The field of battle was a plain the tears streamed down from her large of Jupiter, and to his surprise he discovered with dead and wounded! There was not two and a half miles long, entirely covered room to set my foot without treading on some of them. Several brooks were so filled up with Russians, that they lay heaped one upon another as high as ten or twelve feet, and appeared like hills to the even ground. I could hardly recover myself from the fright occasioned by the great and miserable outcry of the wounded. A noble Prussian officer, who had lost both his legs, cried out to me-Sir, you are a priest, and preach mercy; ley of the West. pray show me some compassion, and despatch me at once.

From the lowa Ter. Gazette.

Our Town. We took occasion, some time during the

spring, to speak of the great number of improvements then going on in our town, and of others in contemplation; and we again revert to the subject, for the purpose of showing people abroad how we do things here west of the Mississippi. We are wholly at a loss to say what number of houses have been put up during the present season, but it is difficult to turn the eye in any direction without resting on one. The buildings, too, are of a far better class than any heretofore put up. Last year, we could boast of but two brick buildings: now we is one dollar and a quarter." can point to eight or ten. Those of Mesars. Rorer, Lamson and Ladd, on Water street, together" to wrestle, like Jacob of old, until imperial grasp. She had now fallen and he like the laugh of childhood, to calm the nearly finished will really be an ornament whirl winds of the soul. Its silvery echoes to the town. They are three stories high, break upon us amid the clouds of life, and with very deep rooms, intended for stores. we almost fancy a voice above us saying Besides these, there is our large brick church "come up hither." Its world is, indeed, a which will be finished in three or four weeks, been for many years." Babylon's serenest blue. The bright sun | legislature, and our market house, the walls beams dance on its foliage, and play upon of which have been up for sometime. hilt of his dagger, and his eyes flashed liv- the brow of its sylph-like inhabitants-light. There is only one quarter which seems to vettes, four large and one small brig, 3 steaming fire—his checks seemed to swell with ing them to enjoyment, us to toil. Never have felt the paralyzing influence of the boats, 13 gun boats, each carrying 5 guns, is a man so happy as when he can leave the times. We allude to the burnt square-The people, too, seem to unite heart and while the full round veins rose up and laced would below him, join their innocent revels, unquestionably one of the best business sit- by 4,703 men. Not in commission, 3 ships his blazing brow like blue trellis work on a and fancy himself a denizen of their world untions in Burlington. In the course of of the line, 13 frigates, 7 corvettes, 9 large in a miniature. The most hardened must another year, however, we expect to see and 3 small brigs, I steamboat, and a great the whole of this square covered with brick number of gun-boats. alluded at the foot of town.

Burlington must "go ahead"-nothing a fool thinks he knows every thing.

can materially retard its onward marcher and reading a portion of God's word, the spies whom he had sent out, that they which appeared some months since in the ces of the country tributary to i', clearly inwith several short, practical, pungent ex- were encompassed on every side with the Portland Orion, which forcibly illustrates, dicates this; and they are beginning to athortations, and are not continued above an Roman legions; that it was impossible to by a reference to well authenticated facts, tract the attention of the man of enterhour and a half. The minister, in whose fly, and further, that the provincial governing the principle that man is never too old to prise, and the capitalist, who is socking to make profitable investments. Money invested in property in this town and around it, or indeed any place in Des Moines counlook ridiculous for some of the rich old men ty, will double itself in less than five years. in our city, especially if they should take it This is a moderate calculation, not intended into their heads to thrum a guitar under a to deceive, and based on no illusory data. Where, then, can the man of "dollars and cents" use his money to a greater advantage? For ourselves, we are at a loss to

> SUNDAY SCHOOLS .- A Fact for Parents -There is some difficulty in Cincinnati in deciding the question whether or not the common school houses should be allowed to be used for Sunday schools. On one side it is held that the city ordinances forbid the use of these buildings for any other purpose than common schools; while the other maintains that "Sunday Schools are as common as Monday or Saturday schools." In the course of this discussion it was natural that the opinions of the common school teachers should be elicited on the subject. Latin would make them appear a little It appears that a large proportion of the Sunday school children attend the common will reply that they are too old to think of school, and it is given as the opinion of the teachers of the latter, that the children who attend the Sunday schools are the most orderly, and make the most rapid improvement. We have not the least doubt of it; and the fact should be pondered on by all who have the care of children that should, but do not, attend Sunday schools.

> Religious Education .- Parents are bound to employ no instructer, who will not iducate their children religiously. To commit our children to the care of irreligious persons, is to commit lambs to the superintendence of wolves. No sober man can lay his hand upon his breast, when he has placcontested; and after it was over,a clergyman ed his child under the guidance of an irreligious teacher, and say that he has done his duty, or feel himself innocent of the blood of his child. No man will be able, without confusion of face, to recount this part of his conduct before the bar of the final Judge.

> > An article in the Cincinnati Gazette mentions that the Hon. John McLean, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, had delivered before the College of Teachers in that city a lecture on the formation of Society and Government. This distinguished individual took occasion in the course of his address to analyze the social system, it its various forms, pointing out the greater or more limited necessity for education under its different modifications, and showed that under a popular govpeculiarly gratifying to see men in the highest stations thus standing forth as the champions of popular instruction, as through its agency alone can we hope to see the supremacy of the laws maintained and the benign influences of free institutions in full and effective operation.

The Canada papers mention that forty deserters from the United States troops at Plattsburg had found their way to Montreal. The writer recently saw three of our men crossed the line. They were taking matters quite coolly, and, in answer to a ques-

The Montreal Herald states that a wagon, containing two cannons and a large quantity of cutlasses and swords, was lately captured at Missisque Bay, by a party of volunteers. The Herald says that no fewer than ten wagons, similarly loaded, have passed undetected.

The Indiana Journal states that Emigration is pouring into the West its thousands. and that hundreds are seen every day passing in quest of new homes in the great val-

Why, said a country clergyman to one of his flock, do you always snore in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you are all attention to every stranger I invite? Because, sir, when you preach I am sure all's right; but can't trust a stranger without keeping a good look out.

Potatoes.—The Philadelphia Gazette of Saturday says: "We learn that the barge Globe, now at Race street wharf, has on board a very large cargo of Potatoes, amounting to nearly two thousand bushels, which are selling at the comparatively low rate of 62½ cents per bushel. This will be good news to many, for we have heard that the price in market for the same measure,

Corn in Indiana .- The Visiter published at Greencastle, Putram County, Ia., says, -"The corn in this county is truly promising; the ears are generally full and large, and a better turn out is expected than has

THE DUTCH NAVY .- On the 9th July, Holland had in commission 9 frigates, 7 cor-

A wise man knows his own ignorance-