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THE GARLAND

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

## Mass.

The human mind-that lofty thing ! The palace and the throne, Where reason sits a spectred king, And breathes the judgment tone. Oh! who with silent step shall trace The borders of that haunted place; Nor in his weakness own That mystery and marvel-bind That lofty thing-the human mind !

The human heart-that restless thing! The tempter and the tried; The tempter and the tried; The joyous, yet the suffering— The source of pain and pride; The gorgeous throng'd—the desolate, The seat of love, the lair of hate— Self-stung, self-denied t Yet do we bless thee as thou art. That restless thing-the human heart !

The human soul-that stariling thing ! Mysterious and sublime ! Mysterious and sublime! The angel sleeping on the wing Worn by the scoffs of time— The beautiful, the veil'd, the bound, The carth enslav'd, the glory crown'd

The stricken in its prime From heaven in tears to earth it stole. That startling thing- the human soul

And this is man-Oh ! ask of him. The gifted and forgiven--While o'er his vision, drear and dim, The wrecks of time are driven; If pride or passion in their power, Can chain the tide or charm the hour, Or stand in place of Heaven? He bends the brow, he bows the knee-"Creator, Father! none but thee!"

THE BEPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK. THE PEASANT BRIDE.

BY MISS M. MILES.

"Without one tie of kindred or of love To bind her to the carth." "To that soft and pleading eye Who is there could suit deny."

"And Selim to his heart has caught, In blushes, more than ever bright, His Nommahal."----

'Twas a sweet summer sunset, and the lingering beams fell soft upon an English cottage with its clustering roses, and grass plat in front, so pleas. ant and green. It seemed fitted for the abode of peace and happiness, yet the stillness around it. the carefully closed casement, and neglected garden, bespoke it the abode of sickness or sorrow. The sunset hues faded, and the shadows of even. ing fell deeper, and, as a dim light appeared in one window of that homely cottage, two travellers dismounted at the inn opposite, and having refreshed themselves strolled through the village,

"Well !" exclaimed the older of the two, in a tone that plainly denoted vexation, "of all your wildgoose vagaries, this is the most outre ! What

"No !" was the immediate response of his friend. | a cloud dimmed her brow, and the some that had ! "Remain, Roscoe," he added, "and I will go for

some one to assist this poor girl." The young Earl did not think his dignity lowtake you to my own proud home. ere many weeks cred as he stopped to raise the bereaved child from are over, whose sunshine you will make. I long to present my beautiful bride to my Lindred." her painful position beside the corpse. He seated "But will not those kindred despise me?" she her beside him, and used every argument to soo:he sked in a low, sud voice. "Will they not look and console. Her convulsive sobbings gradually down on the persont girl with scorp ? Better became stilled, and by the time that Capt. Beau. had it been that we never had met." And Rosmont arrived with the landlady of the inn, she was cor, even whilst he fondly soothed her, could not restored to a state of culinness; but with an ex. but acknowledge to himself that her fears were pression of such utter forfornness imprinted upon not wholly groundless. But she was now has own, and the solemn tie could only be broken by her lovely face, as powerfolly affected the two death young men, and putting a purse into her hand,

Some wooks passed on, and Jeannette saw with nathe berweld sumediately proposed remaining in the quick-sightedness of woman, that her has ber own avertments until the lady lett. Her they hastily left the cottage to conceal their eno. the quick-sightedness of woman, that her hus-band, although tender and kind as ever, was ill tions.

at ease. The time was drawing near when he From the idlers round the inn, they learnt the must present his young bride to his family, as he history of Jeannette Gray, the "Village Flower," could not remain longer from his home. Innoas she was called by the peasantry round. Her cent and lovely as was the being who looked up father had removed there about two years before, to him with such confiding tenderness, he felt that she was incapable of appreciating the powand had neither held communication with the inhabitants or suffered his young and beautiful ers of his mind. The magic touch of education daughter to mingle in the village sports-and exhe was sitting buried in reverse, unmindful of the cepting the old gray-headed school-master-who presence of his wife, who was standing by a disloved the child, and occasionally gave her instruclant window. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh ! tion, none entered the cottage. The farher was a that she possessed the knowledge, the accoun-cold stern man, and it was rumored that many a plishment of others !" Jeannette's quick ear cold stern man, and it was rumored that many a caught the words, and her trembling limbs aldark act had compelled him to seek the shelter of most rofused their support ; but she succeeded in that quict spot-and at last he became a thing for leaving the room unobserved. What a world of the finger of scorn to point at; seeking in deep misery was opened to her view. She threw herinebriating draughts an oblivion for memory. self upon the bed and wept long and bitterly. A few of the peasants assembled to pay the last But though lowly born, she was possessed of a more lotty spirit than one would have deemed could dwell in that timid girl. She felt that she dutics to the old man, from a feeling of pity for the child; and as the grave was filled up, turned was not litted for the wife of one so gifted. "IIcarelessly away---whilst she flung herself upon the is ashamed of his choice." was her thought, and small mound weeping passionately, notwithstandeven amidst those passionate tears was her reso ing the efforts of the kind landlady to console: lution taken. She knelt down to ask aid from above, for when her father in her childish days "Law, now, don't grieve so, you shall come sternly forbade hor to pray, she would wander nome with me, and every one will do you a kind forth, & in some lonely place, with only the canopy act-do not grieve so-poor girl"-and she drew of the deep blue sky above, pour forth the orisons her from the church yard to her own dwelling. of her innocent heart. She arose from that pray or, sad indeed, hy, calm and collected; and sought her husbs... He raised his eyes upon her entrance, and putting out his hand drew her Days passed on, and Roscoe and his friend pent their time in rambling over "hill and vale," but evening invariably brought them back to the endly towards him, and kissed her cheek. village inn. Capt. Beaumont began to feel unca-'You have been weeping, dearest," he said, as he

Why was Clarendon so unwillingly to leave? gazed anxiously in her pale face. "Have you any Why almost petulantly tell him that he might resorrow unshared by me !" turn to the Castle when he pleased, if he was tired s to screen her face, and for one moment her re of ruralizing ? He knew his friend well, and that, solution wavered; but she soon nerved herself to with all his great and good qualities, he was ro- speak-and with all the artlessnoss of her charactor told him that she had heard his exclamation mantic and enthusiastic in the extreme---and Jeannette was one to realize a poet's dreamand long read his thoughts.

but

our fate is one.

"Not the face of heaven In its screnest colors, nor earth in all It garniture of flowers, nor all that live In the bright world of dreams, nor all that live Of a creative spirit meets in air, Could in the smile and sunshipe of her charms, Not feel itself o'ermaster'd by such rare And perfect beauty :---yet she bore herself So greatly, that the lily on its stalk, Beads not so easily its dewy head?"

Weil might he fear for him-for the haughty spirit of the young noble had indeed bowed low to the innocence and holy purity enshrined in the bosom of the lowly peasant girl.

"This is worse than madness," exclaimed Beaunont at the close of a long argument, "what can cannette be to you, but a passing dream. Con-

sider your long line of ancestors—your rank in society—the prejudices of all your titled connex. ions; and last, not least, her utter want of educa-

Mrs. Everard often intrested her to desist, fearbefore wreathed her lip faded. "Do you repent ing such unremitting attention might underinine deep tone of strong affection. "Dearest, I shull as she remained ber protectress that in a fer ar health; but a playful smile was her answer, menths her husband would return. Dearly did the lady love the sweet girl, and she gazed upon her with a feeling of reverence, as she left the beamy of her character, and the holiness of her rorms fore. Their days passed peacefully on, interrupted only by frequent letters of encourage. ment and affectare from Clarendon, when a mes sage from Lady Clarendon, announcing her intention of wasting her sister, threw Mrs. Everard into a state of perplexity. To refuse the visit was impossible, and to expose Jeannetie to the scruti my of this women of the world equily so. Jean

> heart grea heave, she know not why, at the idea of being under the same roof with Roscoo's mother, and then she first caught a tone of her where as she grassed at a distance, she wept with out bring shie to give a reason for her tears.

A sight or two before the intended departure of the Licy, Jeannette felt more than usually op pressed. She threw open her window, and gazed was wanting to render her perfect. One evening finth apon the beauty of the scene It was calm and clear, and the blossens that clustered beneath it, whose fragrance was "borne upon the night wind," were gluttering in the mounbeams. It was medanght, and although so late, she felt no inclustes to retire. Her thoughts were after with the wanderer, and she thought of all his love, and the state of lowly dependence from which to had rescued her, with a feeling of ven eration and gratifude, blended with the deep strong desitions of woman, till tears mingled with the consersion murmured for his safety. A light slumber surgraved her even where she Bat. long sie remained she was incapable of telling, but she mand from an uneasy dream in wonder at the custom in which she had fallen asleep Her harr was damp with the night dew, and gathering an its rich folds she was preparing to seck her bed, when a distant grating sound fell on her ear. She listened, and again she hoard it, as if some mas allempting to force a window She cauteansly approached one from which she had a voew of the front entrance, and plainly distingueshed a ladder planted against the house. Throwing a shawl over her head she stolo gently from the room to that part of the house where the servants slept. Not a feeling of self intruded, and though her tace was a shade paler, her step was tirm. Opening the door of the room of an old servant of Mrs. Everard's, she wont directly up. Jeannette laid her head upon his shoulder, so to the bed, and rousing him gently, whispered in deep concentrated accents-

"Hagh ! your mistress is in danger-there are persons even nor attempting to force an entrance life, but wake the men servants, and come quick

"I am not worthy of you, dear Roscoe," she to the street door." said in conclusion - "and you ought to have She had no time She had no time for more, for a loud scream burst apen her ear-she spring from the room sought a bride amongst those in your own rank-Send me from you awhile, mto the passage -another and louder shrick made and I will try and learn those accomplishments, her heart must suck within her, but rallying all and gain the knowledge you prize so much. I her energies she ran swittly along in the direcalready bless the good old schoolmaster who did tran trees which it proceeded, and paused almost not let me grow up in utter ignorance;" and over- breathless beside the door of lady Clarondon. A come by her feelings, she covered her face and stiffed sound as of distress, left her not a moment

wept. Clarendon was both affected and pleased, affor reflection, and burging open the door she re-Chrondon was both affected and pleased al. though his heart sunk at the prospect of separa-tion; but he had been communing with himself, and felt all the disadvantages to which he had subjected her. He knew with her natural ability subjected her. He knew with her natural abilithes, that a fow months would model the tinged from by merk and rate the landkerchief to the intellectual woman-and he was child into the intellectual woman-and he was come hands granged tightly, and a gluttering weapon touched to the heart with the generous sacrifice marshed abuve ber bead. She did not seream-she

uncasy. The sound of distant music tett on his car, and there was something in it that soothed his har-rassed spirits, and he drew near the room from which floated such bewitching harmony. The lady sat with here has towards him, but his mother, and Beaumont, her back towards him, but his mother, and Beaumont

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.

who was one of the few who surrounded her, beckon-ed him in. A veil hung in loose folds around her person, and concealed her features. She rose from her seat, and at the same moment, lady Clarendon traising the veil said. raising the yeil, said : "It is in this way that I punish the want of confi-

dence in my son," and rich in beauty, and warned into life by the Promethean touch of mind, he clasped to his bosom his own Jeannette. to his become his own Jeannette. "What think you of my peasant bride !" asked Roscoe of his friend, as she gracefully returned the greeting of her husband's kindred and acquaistances to whom his stately mother presented her—"Is she

t lovely?" "Lovely indeed, and good too withal," replied his Levely indeed, and good too withal," replied his friend in a melancholly tone, as he glanced toward his own gay and thoughtless wife, the once courted Miss Leston. "I would that Maria possessed but a grain of you fair girl's gentleness. Her jealous whims em-bitter every moment of my life." bitter every moment of my life." "Jeannette shall try her influence over her," was

Roscoe's reply-"Perhaps her magic wand may transform her."

"Pray heaven it may, for there is but little happiess for either And she did transform the proud and haughty girl, And she did transform the proud and haughty giri, into a being gentle as herself; for her sweetness and pursuasion made her to see her own folly, and in the renewed confidence and happiness of his married life, George Beaumont acknowledged that he blessed the

our in which his friend wedded his peasant bride. Hingham, August, 1838.

Popular Errors. 1. That a contract, made on Sunday, is not

inding 2. That those who are loudest or most unceasing in their professions of regard for the People,

are the People's truest friends. 3. That genuine courage is shown by vaporing

or bravado. 4. That it is consistent with the character of a entleman, to smoke in a stage-coach.

5. That green, or unseasoned wood, is as good r making fires, as dry, or seasoned wood.

in his father's estate, the father's will must give him something, however small; or mention him, in any manner.

7. That hot bread, or any bread less than tweny-four hours old, is wholesome.

8. That excessive familiarity is not dangerous o friendship. When I hear two men, whose inumacy does not date from childhood, calling each other "Tom," and "Nat," I look for a speedy, and perhaps a violent death to their friendship. True the farmer have the original Venus de riendship is not only shown, but strengthened, by Medicis placed in his kitchen," snid the ornnutual respect.

9. That a lawyer, to succeed in his profession, is obliged to utter falschoods. 10. That those who are constantly talking of the

shonesty of other people, are themselves honest. 11. That the citation of many books, or the use learned words, is a sign of learning.

12. That persons who clamor for practice as beter than theory, and are celebrated by themselves and their friends as practical men, are always more trustworthy than those whom they deride os "theorists." The former have usually no guide but their own (often narrow) experience: the latter ometimes have the lights gathered by a thousand clear and active minds, during ages of diligent and theory is the methodized, the digested result, of cessor to fill his place .- Prentice.

The following eloquent and beautiful extract is rom the "Village Gravevard," written by the Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD, of Boston:

"I never shun a graveyard-the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful rather than disagreeable to me; it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon-and I often wander from choice to a place where there is neither solitude nor society; something human is there -but the folly, the bustle, the vanities; the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity are gone-men are there, but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still-malevolence has lost its power of harm ing-appetite is sated; ambition hes low and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb, and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence, for the trump of the Archangel, and the voice of God."

## "LOT'S WIFE."

Mr. Colman, in his agricultural address last week, illustrated the folly of modern female education by an anecdote. A young man who had for n lo. g. while remained in the useless state segnated by "a half pair of scissors," at the seriously determined he would proche him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and tashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a poteto, or reast a bit of beef, he 6. That, in order to exclude a child from a share returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might tor, "as some of the modern fashionable women." "Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing here, for she might inswer one useful pur-D030-----she might salt his bacon!"

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE .--- A girl dvertises in a New York paper, that she wants a husband, and, that she would "prefor a subtreasurer." The object of that girl is variety, she means to have at least a dozen husbands before she dies. She intends to select a sub-treasurer each time, knowing that he will probably run away in enlarged observation. A properly constructed a mouth and leave her free to choose a suc-

on earth tempted you, Roscoe, to leave Castle Clarendon, and set forth like some doubty knight without your retinue, upon an unfrequented road, merely because your lady mother informed you of the approach of the beautiful Miss Leston, the heiress !"

A smile passed over the handsome features of the Earl of Clarendon, one of the most popular young noblemen of the day, who had just come into possession of a large unincumbered estate, but he vouchsafed no reply to the petulant inquiry of his friend, who continued in the same tone :

"Now, Roscoe, I really believe you were afraid of the arrows tipped with gold, or you would nev. er have made so precipithte a retreat merely because she was expected upon a visit at the Castle. She is reported to be young and pretty."

"She may be all these," answered the young nobleman, with something of a curl upon his hand. some lip, "and withal not suited to fill the station of Lady Clarendon, for which my lady mother designs her, without a thought that her only son may choose to please myself in this momentous casenow clear that brow, George, and let us for one month lay aside the 'pomp and ceromony' of our rank, and wonder where

"There is no sound of festival Echoing from the lighted Hall."

"I am weary of being the lion' of the hour, and for the ensuing four weeks am plain Mr. Wilmot"

"That aristocratic bearing will betray thee friend," exclaimed Capt, Beaumont, "and as I am a younger son with nothing but my good sword to rccommend mo, I will retain my own cognizance, it being one but little known in these barbarous regions."

The young men sauntered by the banks of the pretty stream that ran meandering through the vil. lage till the moon was high in the blue vault; and then turned towards the sun. In passing the cottage which was retired from the road, they stopped a moment to admire its lonely beauty, and were thousand radient colors from the beautiful sunset standing within the pretty yard when the house door was thrown open, and a girl apparently about filteen, of surpassing beauty, stood in the moonlight, the rich curls flung back from her brow, as she gazed upon the intruders with a hewildered look. Buddenly she sprung towards Roscoe, and known it. He caught the look, and smiling sadgrasping his arm, cried in imploring accents :

"Oh! my father is dying, do come with me, for he is so wild"- and she wrung her hands in agony.

The beauty and artlessness of the gir!, joined to his own kindly feelings, induced him to comply, and with Beaumont he entered the low door-way. Upon a bed was extended the corpse of the fa-

ther, evidently the victim of intemperance, and the death-pang no doubt terrified his child in her lonely watch till she rushed forth for assistance. The life had but just departed; and it was long ere they dtrembled violently, and even her neck was stained could pursuade the desolute girl that he was no more. When the dreadful truth rushed upon her mind, she buried her head in the clothes of the bed sobbing convulsively, and muttering to herhappiness. self-

"All ! all ! alone ! I wish that I could die too-Jeannette has now no home !"

Every feeling of compassion and pity was aroused in Roscoc's mind, as he gazed upon the sad and beautiful being thus cast upon a rude world, depri ved of all natural protectors,

"Can we leave her thus ?" burst involuntarily from his lip.

tion, of accomplishments to fit her for such a high station, and then whether your proud name would not be tarnished by such an alliance." "And look abroad into the world, Beaumont

and see amidst its tinsel glare if you know of one heart as pure from corrupting passions as hers, beauty as perfect without a touch of woman's vanity to mar it. Seems she not more like a guileless child, free from a taint of worldliness or sin ?"

"When the whisper of adulation is on her ear when crowds bow and offer up incense at the shrine of the new bcauty, and she is surrounded by splendor and wealth, think you she will retain this simplicity, this purity !- You are fascinated now, Roscoe, but with all your intellectual gifts. you will find that mind as well as beauty will be wanting to constitute happiness. But I have warned you, and shall leave you to yourself." "Not without giving me your word as a man ionor not to betray my confidence." replied Ros. coe, with something of pique in his tone.

"On this you may rely," said Beaumont, and hey separated.

Beaumont was obliged to leave his friend and rejuin his regiment; and, dearly as he had loved him from his boyhood, Roscoe was glad to be relieved from the restraint his presence imposed. Jeannette was his constant companion in his rambles, by the side of the river and over the

leasant meadows. Her sadness had worn off. and there was a sweet playfulness in her manners, ioined to her entire dependence upon him, that ompleted the conquest of his heart. He saw in her, indications of native talent, and the milduess and beauty of many of her ideas just suited his romantic turn of mind. And she, that beautiful eing, whose every look betrayed his influence her affections, whose eye so timidly turned

to his for approval, was she to bow as some sweet flower, because the storm-cloud was near. Her destiny remains yet to be told. They were wandering one evening by the riv

er's banks, and after watching the waves reflect a Clarendon drew her towards a rustic seat in silence. He left the time was drawing near when he must leave her, and many contending emotion were swelling in his proud heart. She gazed into his face with something of fear, for the expres-sion of it was different from what she had ever ly said:

"Do not be frightened, Jeannette, I am per fectly well."

"Then why do you look so, Mr. Wilmot ?" for so she had been accustomed to call him, "Have I offended you?" and a tear started to her eye. "Offended," he repeated-"Blest angel as you are, you could not offend." Then seizing her hand he added impetuously-"Jeannette will you unite your fate with mine? Will you give me a husband's right to protect you ?"

Jeannette covered her face with her hands, and with the deep crimson. He needed no other reply, and folding her to his heart, whispered mine forever." Then it was that her tears burst forth, and she wept on his bosom from excess of

They were wedded in the village church, and then for the first time did the astonished girl learn that instead of Mr. Wilmot, she had wedded the wealthy and powerful Earl of Clarendon, whose name had reached even that secluded spot. All were glad for the "Village Flower," and blessed her as she passed through the church-yard, where her as she passed through the church-yard, where | -- for her voice and ear were both fine, and when | been a mourner, a young and after passing hours at either the harp or plane, smile she left him.

own, and called her by the sacred name of wife, not be ashamed of his wife !"

Joannotte, and then my kindred shall be proud of my bouutiful bride. "Till then no one shall even have a glimpse of that sweet face"-playfully kussing uway her tears.

. The curtains in the small but pretty drawing

oom of Mrs. Everard, (a widowed sister of the Dowager Lady Clarendon, who was a rare and superior character, and having early known sor row, had withdrawn from the world upon a limit ted income) were closely drawn, for it was

damp and droury evening. The candles were lighted, and a good fire in the grate, sithough is was early in the fall She was busily engaged in reading, when a ring, somewhat low usual, roused her attention, and her servant ash ered the Earl of Clarendon accompanied by a te male into her presence. She started from her seat to welcome her favorite nephew, and after warmly embracing him, turned a look of inquiry towards his companion. With one hand he put aside the veil that shaded the surpassing beauty of his Jeannette, and leading her to the lady, said with a look of pride and love-

"My wife ! my dear aunt, and to your care and kindness I must commit her." There was an expression of innocence and pu-

rity in the countenance of the young creature be re her, that won her heart, and she kissed her fair brow and bid her welcome as warmly as it she had known her for years; without a single inquiry for the solution of what seemed to her a strange mystery. But soon was the romance of the past weeks confided to her, and in a moment she felt how all important it was for Jeannette to be other than she was, ere she could be presented

to his ambitious and aristocratical family, whose pride would at best meet with a severe blow, and, hough she lamented her nephew's imprudence she would for his sake save his sweet brule from the chilling influence of his titled connexions. "I will not betray your confidence," said the to him, when they had discussed many plans-Jeannotte 18 but a child yet. Leave her one year with me, and go abroad, and when you re turn, she shall be all you wish. Till then, she shall pass a prolegee of my own; and that look

of love tells how she will for the husband's sake employ the hours of absence." Captuin Beaumout remained with his friend a

ew weaks at the castle bofore the latter went abroad, and laughingly told him, that as he chose o give up the heiress, he would win her himselt. Maria Leston was one calculated to please himlively and affectionate, with a warm heart, but a mind wholly undisciplined; this, however, was not perceptible in every day intercourse, and he 800n became one of her most devoted admirers. 'Take care," said Roscoe, who had studied her

character with more attention from the time he I leave my cause in your hands. Use your influence with my mother, and remove her prejudices against unequal alliances, ere 1 return ; for I have expressly told her I should not select a bride from the ranks of tashionable society." And they parted to meet again, under what different circumstances.

\* \* \* Month sfler month passed away, and Mrs. Everard saw with surprise and delight the facilito occupy. She studied early and late, and though her cheek was a shade palor, yet her countenance bore an expression of intellect that

greatly added to its charm. She seemed to rouse the fountain of knowledge. Of music, Roscoe, was fond, and had delighted to hear her warble simple airs she had caught from the village girls

happy bride. But when Roscoe folded her to his heart as his ness-the thought was constantly, "Roscoe shall

ness, or hick of angelic purity that intuin aire the ruffin she kasw not, but the kafe glanced aside, and tical men."

tunion she water whole but the knile glanced aside, and fast need securacity in the floor. Ere he could draw it both, the roune was filled with the servants and Mrs. Everant, and he was secured. All necessity for ex-ertions wals over, and she fainted. When she recov-ered, she bound herself upon a sofa in her own room, and provided the grant of the sofa in her own room, "Where an 12" she exclamed, starting up with

the impress ou of horror fresh on her mind. "Winh friends, my dear girl," said Mrs. Everard, bilding her to ber heart, "and free from danger, but how match do we all owe you?" From the contensions of the man, they gathered

that he had beard of the arrival of the countess at Mrs. Everands, and knowing her to be wealthy, had left a gang to which the belonged at a little distance 'till be had secured an entrance; but her screams ex-asperated hum, and fearful of detection, he resorted

the most effectual mode of silencing her. In consequence of the fright and agitation she had malergome, the lady was confined for a few days to her roum; and Jeannette again resumed her employ. ments. The thand evening after, she was pla sweet and glamine air, when the counters suddenly entered. She rose hastily, and stood blushing and ing beneath the carnest gaze of the mother of ber hashand. The promi lady stooped and kissed her brows. "Young and beautiful maden," said she, "you have saved my life, I know not who you are,

it whatever boom you ask of the lady of Clarendo it shall not be draied yon." Jeamette's forchead was stained with crimson one

"Methanks ri were easy to love such a one as there is the set of the set of the set of the set."

thus," said the lady with a smile, "but I must know who it is man whom I must bestow this blessing." "Upon the wate of your absent son, lady." she re-red, rising with an air of gentle dignity, "and the andy hown she craves is the blessing of his parent." The last started back in as onishment, and looked at Mrs. Everand, who had entered the room, for an Explanation. In a few words, simple, but full of fee-ing, she tild the excuts of the past months Lady Unreachen was a woman of the world, and few deem-ed her to proseess arate feelings-but she had a warm heart, that early sorrow had somewhat chilled. Thoughts of ether 'ays came over her, and she re-membried, that is given mo he who had loved her wenthered, that in giving up ohe who had loved her well, to think a lather's stern command, and wedding the each she had passed through life with blighter affections. Her poide was fulled to rest, as she

thought of the high-minded girl who had risked so much in her "Shall I condemn them to a life of sor ruw?" was her garston to herself "No!" and while buth her sister and Jeannette waited tremblingly his ber ment words, she laid her hand un the clustering ranglets of the latter, as she solemnly

"Bless yea my sweet and noble child, and may you be blest in your young love," and amidst many tears doew her to her bosom.

A year had gone by, and again the young Earl of Clarendan set fact upon has native shores. His hear boanded with delight as he came in view of Mrs. Eserand's pleasant dwelling; but it sonk within him had seen his friend's predilection. "Remember as he saw, that excepting is the servants' rooms, the -- I in turn warn you. But now dear beaumont, shatters were closed. With a forrboding of something wring, he rung, and old Hugh presented himsel

"Where is your mistress ?" was his hurried question." "At the castle with your mother, my lord," sa.d

the man, as he looked in surprise upon his agitated "And-my wile," he was about to say, but recol-

beeting himseld, turned hashily away, and throwing himself may his carriage, he told them to drive on to the castle, where he was roccived with open arms by his mitteer and sunt. The next day was his birthty with which Jeannette acquired those accome day, and great preparations having been made to cel-plishments necessary to the high station she was chracit, his appearance was halled with every dem-

Mrs. Excrand drew her nephew aside, and told him that as she was chired to visit his mother, that she had carried Jeannetic to pass the time with her husband's sister. "So you see my dear Roscoe 1 ag from a dream, and her mind drank deeply at have placed your treasure in safe hands, and as you most clear your brow, and do honor to your guests by imple airs she had caught from the village girls amusing threa. I am not so certain Jeannette would -for her voice and ear were both fine, and when the a anarcas to run to you," and with an arch

> The balls of Claren lon Castle resounded with minta and revely-but there was no smile upon the Dodge, the Canadar lip of its master. He mandered about restless and York prison for debt.

an elic purity that intini ated the what has been seen and done by hundreds of "prac-13. That a first love is necessarily purer, o

tronger, than a second, or third, or fourth love. 14. That keeping the door open in cold weather conductive to health.

15. That other people have not as many, or a reat causes of unhappiness, as ourselves. 16. That any simpleton will do for a legislator

17. That a man, whom his neighbors would not trust with a hundred dollars of their own money, is fit to be trusted with the most important public interests.

18. That EDUCATION consists only in being sen school; or in book learning.

19. That political consistency is shown by adtering constantly to the same men, through all

their changes of conduct and opinion.

20. That it is inconsistency, to think with one party on some points, with an opposite party on other points.

## A Noble Sentiment.

Hon. SERGEANT S. PRENTISS, the distinguish ed and eloquent Representative of Mississippi in Congress, in the course of a speech to his fellowcitizens at Vicksburg, made the following just and pertinent remarks on sectional prejudice and true National feeling. Shall they not be read and heeded? The inculcation of such sentiments was never nore necessary.

"I could pity those foolish men, whose patriotism consists in hating every thing beyond the limited horizon of their own par row minds; but contempt and scorn will not allow of the more amiable sentiment. It is feed his horse upon exchange papers. said against me, that I have Northern feellogs. Well, so I have; and Southern, and Eastern, and Western; and trust that I shall ever, as a citizen of this Republic, have liberality enough to embrace within the score of my feeling both its cardinal points and its cardinal interests. I do not accuse those who differ with me, of a desire to dissolve the Union. I know among them as honest and honorable men as belong to any party; but I do most seriously believe that the Union cannot, long survive such kind of argument and feeling as that to which I have alluded. Indeed, if such sentiments are well

founded, it ought not to continue-its objecte and uses have ceased. Still do I most fervently pray that such a catastrophe may be averted-at least, that my eyes may not witness a division of this Republic. Though it may be a day of rejoicing for the demagogue, it will prove a bitter hour for the

good man and the patriot. Sir, there are some things belonging to this Union which you cannot divide: you cannot divide the

nistory of the past, the recollections of Lexington and Bunker Hill; you cannot divide the bones of your Revolutionary sires -- they would not lie still away from the ancient oath to his cierk in the following formbattle-grounds where they have slumbered. "I solemaly swear that I will support the And the portrait of the Father of his Country, which hangs in the Capitol--how much tin Van Buren."∕

of it will fall to your share when both that country and picture shall be dismembered?"

Dodge, the Canadian refugee, is in New

CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUCH .---Take one tea-spoon full of fresh sweet oil. and grate nutmeg on it, merely to cover the oil, then mix together, and administer it morning and night, which, if given in its early stage, generally affords relief in 4 or 5 days.

FOST VS. FACE .- The Editor of the New Orleans Herald says, he 'would rather marry a pretty foot than a pretty face."

The Editor of the Boston Times there. upon asks, 'What is this but saying that he had rather have a pretty kick than a pretty kiss?'

'WHERRY PARTICULAR.'--- A some what noted banker, not a thousand miles off, during the heavy reverses which over took him, sought consolution in his prayer bock every morning. No sooner however, was the sacred volume closed, than he would utter in rapid succession, the most violent and abhorrent oaths, against his ill fortune, and those whom he imagined to be the authors of his reverses. 'My dear,'-said his wife to him one morning after prayers, while he was venting forth his imprecations-'Do for mercy sake leave off praying of swearing, I don't care which."

HARD TIMES .-- The editor of the Vevay Times says, unless some of his subscribers send him some oats, he shall again have to

LOOK OUT .--- We have seen some cun. ningly devised counterfeits of one dollar Delaware notes, altered to twenty dollars. They are so well executed that close scrutiny is necessary to detect the trick.

Goon .- The "Bank of the United States, in New York," redeems all the issues of the "Bank of the United States in Pennsylvania."

BAD.-There is a most unwelcome roport abroad to day; nothing less than the late Collector of this port, Samuel Swartwout, Esq., who is now in Europe, has left his accounts deficient some million & a quarter.

"There is but one thing, this year, to complain of against the administration, and that is, there is no pig corn." N.H. Patriot. If such be the fact, there will be a tromendous squealing in the administration rauks before spring .- W. Times.

CABRYING OUT THE PRINCIPLE .- The Lockport Courier states that a Postmaster at Lewistown, New York, administered the

constitution of the United States, and Mar-

MR. JAMES MONROE, one of the whigh candidates elected to congress, in the city of New York, is a Virginian by birth, and aconew of the late president Monroe.