

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.-NO. 8.]

UNIONSBURG, WEDNESDAY MAY 21, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 476.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, at the ensuing election.

Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.

The Public's Humble Servant,  
WILLIAM KING.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 20, 1839. te-49

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, and Recorder (under such combination as may be adopted by the Legislature) at the ensuing election.

Under a knowledge acquired from attending to several of the duties appertaining to said offices, and practical skill as a conveyancer, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to execute the duties thereof personally, in a prompt and correct manner.

Yours, respectfully,  
JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.  
March 12, 1839. te-50

### To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:  
I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court: And pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.

JACOB LEFEVER.  
March 10, 1839. te-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

FREDERICK DIEHL.  
Franklin township, }  
March 10, 1839. te-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
Through the encouragement of many of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff, at the ensuing Election, should I receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket, and be elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of that Office promptly and impartially.

JACOB KELLER.  
Mountjoy township, }  
April 23, 1839. te-4

### SHERIFFALTY.

### GEORGE W. MCLELLAN.

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.

March 19, 1839. te-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

### To the free and Independent voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:  
I offer myself again to your consideration as a Candidate for the Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election. (If I receive the nomination of our next General County Delegation) I would then warmly solicit your suffrages. And should I be so fortunate as to become the Honored Candidate of your choice, I would evince my gratitude to you all, by a faithful discharge of the duties of said Office, and by adhering to punctuality, and to impartial, humane, and social feeling.

The Public's Humble Servant,  
WM. ALBRIGHT.  
Conowago Township, April 23. te-4

### To the Voters of Adams County.

THE Subscriber, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens of Adams county, as a candidate for the office of Probationary of said County, (provided he shall receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket.) And respectfully solicits their support.

B. GILBERT.  
Gettysburg, Feb. 20, 1839. te-48

### Office of the Star & Banner:

Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbidden and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.



—“With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens cull'd with care.”

### Trying to Please Everybody.

One reader cries, your strain's too grave,  
Too much morality you have,  
Too much about religion;  
Give us some witch and wizard tales,  
Of slipshod ghosts with fins and scales,  
And feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,  
Those monstrous, fashionable lies—  
In other words, those novels,  
Composed of kings, and priests, and lords,  
Of border wars, and Gothic borders,  
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough  
Of such confounded love-stick stuff  
To fraze the fair creation;  
Give us some recent foreign news  
Of Russians, Turks, the Poles or Jews,  
Or any other nation.

The man of Jull scoldastic lore  
Would like to see a little more  
Of first-rate scraps of Latin:  
The grocer fain would learn the price  
Of tea and sugar, fruit and rice;  
The draper, silk and suttin.

Another cries, I want more fun,  
A witty anecdote or pun,  
A riddle or a riddle:  
Some wish for Parliamentary news,  
And some perhaps of wiser views,  
Would rather hear the fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,  
Must dip in gall his gambol quill—  
And scrawl against the paper:  
Of all our literary foils,  
Bred in our colleges and schools,  
He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see  
A jumbled-up variety—  
Variety in all things;  
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,  
Composed, (I only give the hint),  
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,  
It constitutes my highest bliss  
To hear of weddings plenty;  
For in a time of general rain,  
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,  
At least, not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,  
Of people totally undone,  
By losses, fire, or favor;  
Another answers, full as wise,  
I'd rather have the fall and rise  
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish  
For now and then a favorite dish  
Of politics to suit them.  
But here we rest at perfect ease,  
For, should they swear the moon was cheese,  
We never should confute them.

Or grave or hum'rous, wild or tame,  
Lofly or low, 'tis all the same,  
Too haughty or too humble;  
So, brother editors, pursue  
The path that seems the best to you,  
And let the gamblers grumble.

THE REPOSITORY.

### Battle of the Brandywine.

BY AN OFFICER.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth.

We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses, about four hundred in number, standing as patiently as so many marble statues; until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate; and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot.

I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Polo (Pulaski) bare headed, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, (for the noble carriage of the man, the

martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation.) it might be in the awful employment of devotion, or in a more earthly one, of martial observation. But suddenly he reigned up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off at full gallop, to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved with tremendous steadiness, in a dark solid mass, towards the spot occupied by Gen. Maxwell; the other under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the spot we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting for a whole hour, the sound of conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled along the sky, a few moments passed, and then another followed like a storm of iron upon druin heads. The whole air rung with it; another, and another followed; then gradually increasing, came peal after peal, till it resembled a continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapor. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well, to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty the operations of the enemy in the vapor below.

Meanwhile, several little parties which had been sent out, came in, one after the other, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapor had risen from the green earth below us and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sounds of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jutting ourselves and our horses; and now and then, a quick glimmering in the mist, as some standard raised above it; some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields, for a whole mile in view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game. And Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eye warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with General Greene, who was posting, all on fire to give Knyphausen battle and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march over a distant hill towards the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested, at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death blow to our brilliant hopes of victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat, and foam, fretting in the bit, like chained tigers, and ourselves covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank, and Greene, to whose division we had been attached, was put into motion to support Sullivan whom we had lost some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunderclap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, we supposed, and fallen on our right.

I shall never forget Greene's countenance, when the news came; he was on the road side upon an almost perpendicular bank, but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and called to us to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust and met Sullivan in disorder, nearly a mile from the ground, retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared, by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but at last, Pulaski saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathless fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it, then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes, we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs into his charger, it was a half minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What

could he mean! Gracious heaven! My hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reigned up for a moment when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed?

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and on the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterwards rode into their retrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and having broken over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel, upon the Red Sea. But no! the wall had rolled in upon us; and we were left no alternative, but to continue as we had begun.

The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy! I remember well how he passed me covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But, at last, they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from his saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Success! Success!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way then that, and finally concentrated beyond us.

"One more!" "Once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went, breaking in upon them as they were forming, and trampling down whole platoons, in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; or our aspect as we came thundering round them was sufficient; the enemy fled and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle many an one that made my hair afterwards stand when I dreamed of it;—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, and firing so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

DEATH.—Joseph Dwyer, a Portuguese was killed on the 15th inst. in attempting to jump from the tender attached to one of the locomotives while under full headway. The driving wheel having been thrown off the track, it is supposed that Jose over whelmed with consternation, attempted to leap off, but was thrown on his head, and had his neck broke.—Wilmington (N. C.) Advertiser.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

### The Ivory Hunter of Ceylon.

At the time I resided in Candy, I frequently used to rove about the bases of the neighboring mountains, with my English musket slung over my shoulder, and lose myself in the mighty forests and pathless wastes which skirt that ancient kingdom.

I have slept soundly in the heart of a clump of obony shrubs, wrapped in a leaf of the talipot tree, which encircled my body with as much amplitude as the largest blanket. I have cooled my tired body in the salt lagoons in the quiet of the eternal hills, and quenched my thirst with the rare fruits which grow in luxuriant wildness on the sunny spots upon the mountain side. I hate the confinement in cities as the free air of heaven seems shut out from their close and crowded streets.

I was pondering one bright and glorious morning, in the shade of some venerable and gigantic rhododendra trees, when my attention was aroused by the flight of several huge vultures, which all bent their way to one point, and that point very evidently not far from the place where I was then standing. I knew that the keen scent of these foul things discovered the place of carcasses almost before the vital breath had quitted the body; and I hastened with rapid steps to their point of destination, imagining that it was not unlikely but I might save the remains of some follow-wanderer from violation by these unclean and revolting birds. The ground became swampy and difficult to pass, I had to wade through a path of wild rice—to squeeze between the thick growing and deep-rooted hangings of the banyan tree and its thousand branching sprouts—to clear my sandals from the luxuriant vines of the pipor betel, and keep my musket on the full cock, in case of a sudden encounter with a leopard or a bear, the frequent inhabitants of our jungles.

"Cautiously creeping up a small gaut, leading to a terrace or piece of table rock beside the end of a huge lagoon, I spied several of the vultures perched on the bare limbs of a gaunted and withered palm. Scarcely had I attained the level of the stagnant pool, ere I discovered the carcass of a huge elephant lying on its left side. How the animal came to its death in that place, I never could ascertain; although, from the discovery of its broken leg, which I afterwards made, I suppose that it had escaped, wounded, from the hunter of the plain, and crawled to this desolate spot to die in quiet. The whiteness of its huge tusks attracted my eye; they were of the

soundest ivory, and I resolved to appropriate the prize which fortune had thus thrown in my way.

"An enormous vulture, with terrific talons and hooked beak, was seated on the elephant's head, and busily engaged in tearing the flesh from the animal's eye and ear. Suddenly the waters of the lagoon became agitated, and a crocodile rose from its slimy bed, and crawling over the immense mass of carrion, drove the bird from its prey. He was the largest and most hideous of the species that I had ever seen; and knowing the vindictive nature of the monster when meddled with while feeding, I cowered down behind a small mound of earth, and watched the scene with lively curiosity. The disappointed vulture screamed with anger, and the senly beast roared as he repelled their attacks, and clawed at the tough hide of the carrion bulk with vain endeavors to detach a portion of the flesh. The cries of the combatants seemed to call the savage inhabitant from their various hiding places; jackals rushed down the opposite hill; and the dull lake swarmed with crocodiles. A fierce combat ensued between the original Leviathan and one of the fiercest of the new comers. I had never conceived it possible for such awkward and slow turning quadrupeds to come so swiftly, or deal such terrific blows. Their gigantic claws and frightful looking mouths worked with awful rapidity; the snappings of their jaws exceeded in sound the report of a musket—and their ponderous tails flapped violently with irresistible and dangerous force. Presently the smallest of the crocodiles was knocked on his back by a blow from the first possessor of the carrion; before he could recover his feet, he was ripped down the middle by a dash of his rival's claw and his entrails were dragged forth and cast upon the neighboring rocks. The herd of crocodiles who had stood aloof from the contest between the chiefs or potentates of the lake, now rushed upon the wounded one, and devoured with frightful voracity the panting entrails of the yet living brute. So tenacious of life is the crocodile tribe, that although several hours elapsed before I finally quitted the spot, the half eaten wretch was yet alive, and when I approached him, menaced me with his open jaws.

"The conqueror disdained to touch his fallen enemy, and turned to his nobler prey, the dead elephant, whose huge carcass he mounted, and surveyed with a careful and steadfast gaze. As his frightful head was bent in downward look upon the proboas, as if he meditated commencing his feast, I slowly raised my musket to my shoulder, and taking steady aim sent the ball plashing through the socket of his eye. The report of the gun in those dreary solitudes, drove the rest of the crocodiles to the waters of the lagoon. The timid jackals scampered to the woods, and the vultures sought the highest branches of the surrounding trees. The wounded beast yelled hideously with rage and pain; he rolled from the top of the carcass, and lashed the ground with his scale-bound tail. One of his blows took effect upon the head of the dead elephant, and knocked the tusks asunder from the jaw. He suddenly seemed to think of his assailant, for with a roar of thunder, he darted towards the little mound behind from which I had delivered my fire. Expecting his attack, I had quickly reloaded; but blind and mad, he dashed straight at me, and I had scarcely time to place the muzzle of my musket between his jaws, and sent the ball to his heart. Had my piece missed fire, I had not now been here; as it was he crunched the barrel of my gun between his teeth, and springing forward, rolled over me, down the steep gaut, into the woody fastnesses of the deep and gloomy gorge. I raised my tusks of the dead elephant on my shoulders, and made my shortest way home."

Sudden effects of the mind upon the body.—Plato used to say that all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul, says Mr. Weld in his famous report. The expression of the countenance is mind invisible. Bad news weakens the action of the heart, destroys the appetite, oppresses the lungs, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face, fear blanches it, joy illuminates; an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Sorrow spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses giant energy: volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a single stroke. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the Popes died of an emotion on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals and occupying the chair of St. Peter. Mulay Molech was carried upon the field of battle, in the last stages of an incurable disease—upon seeing his army give way, he leaped from the litter, rallied his panic stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory and died. The door keeper of the Congress of the United States expired upon hearing the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion to produce it had suddenly subsided.—The recent case of Hills in this city, is fresh in the memory of all. He was apprehended of stealing goods from his employer, and taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils—he was carried out and died.—N. Y. Star.

A PATRON.—It has long been a question in dispute whether subscribers to newspapers are or are not patrons. Our friend of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, however, has a subscriber who may be set down as a

patron and no dispute. Calling at the office of the Times one morning the following dialogue took place:

"Mr. P., I am something in your debt, am I not?" "A trifle, sir—\$5." "Make out my bill then; and to save trouble, as I hate to be dunned, give me credit for a hundred years in advance!" whereupon, he laid a few hundred dollar bill upon the desk and vanished, leaving the publisher in such a state of blissful petrification that he was unable to thank him.

### TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

### The broken-hearted Wife.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

Visiting the Pawn Broker's shop for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstances attracted my attention.

A middle aged man entered with a bundle on which he asked a small advance, and which on being opened, was found to contain a shawl, and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and as I judged from his appearance a mechanic, but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance and his heavy stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for her own. The pawn broker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke a long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came into the shop, and with the single exclamation, "Oh Robert!" darted rather than ran to that part of the counter where the man was standing.—Words were not wanted to explain her story—her miserable husband, not satisfied with wringing his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had decended to the manness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance, for obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tipping house.

A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face—but it quickly passed away.—The brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently sturred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its debased and insatiated cravings.

"Go home," was his harsh and angry exclamation. "What brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding. Go home, and mind your own business."

"Oh Robert, dear Robert," answered the unhappy wife, don't pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them.—Oh let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go rather than to see my children starve. Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish."

I watched the face of the pawn broker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress and had no sympathy to throw away. Twelve shillings on these, he said tossing them back to the drunkard, with a perfect indifference.

"Only twelve shilling!" murmured the heart broken wife, in a tone of despair. "Oh, Robert, don't let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try somewhere else."

"Nonsense," answered the brute. "It is as much as they're worth, I suppose. Here, Mr. Crimp give us the change."

"The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The woman reached forth her hand towards the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. "There, Mary," he said, giving her half a dollar, "there, go home and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up the street, and perhaps may bring you something from the market when I come home."

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she moekly turned to the door, told plain enough how little she trusted to his ambiguous promise. They went on their way—she to her famishing children and he to squander the dollar he had retained.

Habit of Intemperance.

Intoxication, that most disgusting and fruitful source of crime and misery, is generally the consequence of coarse habits too long indulged, and becomes itself a habit of incurable malignity. What crime may not the senseless, infuriated drunkard commit? Was the habit of inebriety ever cured? The answers of those two questions must, more powerful than any logic, urge every rational mind to shut the smallest hazard of encouraging the intemperance and growth of this guilt and pain dispensing vice.

Whilst practice confirms into habit evil propensities and debasing manners, it ought to be remembered that amiable dispositions, and correct deportment may also by repetition be strengthened into habit. Thus it is a matter of free election, whether the lips shall be accustomed to utter the language of courtesy and truth, and whether the taste shall be led to prefer innocent pleasures and virtuous society; or whether habits of rudeness and deception shall be courted, and criminal indulgence and vicious associates selected. But on the momentous decision be it recollected, much of the dignity of character, and happiness of life, depend. It never can reasonably be asserted, that it is not a matter of choice to which service the beneficial power of habit shall be directed. Surely it depends upon ourselves whether we practice errors and faults until we acquire the habit of almost unconsciously practising them, or whether we repeat graceful and meritorious actions until by repetition they become easy and natural to us.