

Star for Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.

GETTYSBURGH, Pa., MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1836.

VOL. 7--NO. 22.



THE GARDEN.

FROM THE NEW-YORKER.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

SLEEP on! sleep on! thou'rt beautiful,
This city of the dead's shadowy earth,
Her sable wings both spread;
A voice from thy old tombs comes near,
And whispers to thy heart,
When summer winds and flowers have passed,
That I, too, must depart
And I would rest, sweet city,
With those who have passed away,
At the time of summer days and flowers,
In childhood's sunny day,
I would rest beneath thy summer vines,
Or by yon oak tree,
Where the night wind's breath could only come,
With its whispering melody.

I would pass away with sunshine,
With the Summer's laughing train,
As yonze flowers bloom from the sunny earth,
Ere Autumn's chilly reign;
I would go when misty vine-leaf dunes,
The early flowers appear,
That the laughing sunshine long might rest
Upon my lovely bier.

Gently, sweet city! gently,
The dewy daisies fall,
Upon thy marble monuments,
And thy old ivied wall,
And faintly 'neath those beams I trace,
Some name to memory dear,
And the spirit sleeper whispers me,
"Thine must be written here!"

Tread lightly! tread lightly,
The quiet dead!
Crush not a vine nor tender flower,
Beneath thy angry tread!
Breathe not a low discordant tone,
Upon the night wind's breath,
Hark and pure, and like the dew,
Who sleep the sleep of death.

Hillsboro, Pa. 1836.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

This indeed is the age of the world, in which the human mind makes those long ranges of thought (as admitted by all) which have introduced it into those philosophic regions, where, far removed from the ordinary routine of its operations, it delights in the investigation of those subjects which are not within the mind's usual range, and which attain its final destination, and amidst occupying those retired regions of mental supremacy and glory, how comfortable is the thought to an inferior intellect, that it deigns at occasional intervals, to look back through the dim vista of space, experiencing all those unutterable sensations of sorrow which extreme moral turpitude is calculated to excite in the virtuous mind.

Such is the elevating and refining influence of philosophy, that much, if not all, of the mental and moral dress has been purged from some individuals of this community.

That they are now philanthropically engaged in promulgating their disquisitions upon the rights of society, which doubtless are the very quintessence of profound, comprehensive and protracted cogitation; which, if they had not published, would have been a dereliction from moral duty that would have smote and withered their souls in after days and sapped the foundations of their peace. This indeed, would have been conduct ill-becoming the intrepidity of modern Stoics, who, in imitation of their predecessors, assume a sober austerity of manner, and show of virtue far above their age—regarding public applause in the light which philosophy inspires, not circumscribed by the sinister and grovelling motives which actuate those who are not philosophers in their estimate of the good opinion of mankind—in virtue of this, they arrogate to themselves a great degree of "mental respectability," and "moral integrity," which the irreversible decision of an instructed and grateful community has even now accorded, notwithstanding the "pitiable" scowls of the morally corrupt.

Such is the power of the mind expanded, mental intrepidity has become vigorous, and moral sensitiveness so delicate, that one, half-forgotten in his Alma mater edis a system of philosophy to correct the follies of his fellow-travelers, and that whilst his practice most fully betrays his doctrine—then Protius like, he retires (at least for a while) having obtained "glory enough" for once, covering his retreat most ably, by the mellifluous eloquence of "Zeno!"

Zeno, do not apprehend any danger that your classification will be among the "coquettes," your character, as Cupid's easy victim, is too well known by the fair ones of this community, for you even to harbor such a suspicion!

Agreeing, as you do, with the opinions of "Condorcet" in the main, where you speak those pure and unalloyed moments of your life with some "congenial spirits" of the fair, must have been another place than this. For here, although you are not at this time a Student of College, yet you are admitted into no higher circles of society than they—the influence of which, according to Condorcet, with your sanction, is fraught with most disastrous consequences.

Therefore, if your heart be not pure, the antidote for its purification is not in this community. If your manners be not sufficiently refined to admit you especially into any society, then you must retire to another place than this. If you suspect your social affections are in a state of decay, and your mental progress remain stationary, as far as association with intellectual and virtuous females is concerned—it you cannot relinquish this source of improvement according to your own philosophy, you will be under the necessity of making your exit.

An astonishing affair has indeed occurred! A certain individual had the temerity to take upon himself the name of "Moses!" Impious wretch! and under that appellation, assailed a philosophical publication over the signature of "Condorcet"—the premises of which, according to good authority, were considered well founded and the deductions of astronomical, &c. should not have been a matter of Stoical school teach an entire indifference to every thing external, &c. moreover that nature is the efficient agent which impels man in whatever course he pursues, and that self-preservation and defence is the first law of nature. What ground, therefore, had you for astonishment?

We wish you to understand, that another Moses than the ancient Lawgiver was had in view when we selected that signature—a modern compound that drifts through this community was thought of—but this is a matter of small account only, that we committed an immoral act! Of three tortures, the worst of this borough, and, in its magnitude, those who are placed under your personal supervision, in having such an egregious philosopher to point out the follies of human nature, and to warn them through this organ, in which we ever console of the most "hideous mien," the pilot, for their unnumbered victims—with such a sort for their helm they have nothing to

fear—if they do your bidding, you will certainly find them unimpaired upon the delightful shore on which you now occupy such an imposing and enviable position—looking down from your dizzy heights upon the troubled waves toiling beneath your feet, fashing with their tremendous surges, those shipwrecked youths, who were launched upon the purple sea with buoyant hopes and brightening prospects—but alas! imagine all the gloomy hours of that less than a voyage over life's tempestuous sea, before Zeno's philosophical chart had marked its shoals and quicksands. Old who would not be a student of this description? Who would not have his name and his doctrines emblazoned upon the historic page, and transmitted to posterity as a proud memorial of the philosophy of the nineteenth century?

In the next place, he says that he did not intend to "notice this burlesque critic quite so much," for, continues he, "it must be obvious to all who but superficially inspect his production, that he is either destitute of respectable intellectual ability and discrimination, or void of moral integrity." We are of opinion that it is great consideration on the part of so distinguished a philosopher as "Zeno," to notice the production of one whom he considers to be so much his inferior in point of "intellectual ability" and "moral integrity." Should we have been noticed by the first champion, who took the field to teach the youth of this place to "walk in the way they should go," would have been honor enough; but when we reflect that he did not feel disposed to answer our "pitiable production," but, on the contrary, prevailed upon his superior to undertake the task, we are surprised that such a great writer should descend to notice a piece so much beneath the dignity of men deeply versed in the philosophy of every age!

In the next sentence, however, he gives his reason for thus handling himself. It was to inform us and the public that we had not penetrated enough to discern the "legitimate bearing" of his pupil's views, or else we "designedly and maliciously perverted them to answer our own contracted and ignoble purposes."

Of that nature had been less partial in bestowing her gift: that she had given us a little of that "penetration" and "magnanimity of soul" which she so profusely lavished upon Zeno and his disciple!

Were she not thus partial, we too, like "Zeno" and Condorcet, might be issuing forth recommendations of the most wholesome character for the government of society. We regret that we were so stupid as not to understand the "legitimate mode" of reasoning, but since it has been explained by his worthy preceptor, we perceive that his logic like his doctrine is entirely new.

It is averred that nothing "disrespectful" was said of ladies. Let us for a moment examine the truth of this assertion: Condorcet took the field to prove that Students should visit the Ladies, because some of them are "coquettes." Now, as neither of these writers has pointed out the "coquettes" from the virtuous part of the female community, and as all the students are not possessed of the penetration of Zeno and Condorcet, they will be just as ignorant as before, with whom they should associate, and will be under the necessity of denouncing them all as "coquettes" or regarding the risk of coming in collision with those whom (according to Zeno) they should shun.

It is again asserted that the production of Moses is a "mere scismatical or quixotic writing." Now, if their designs were as laudable as those of Don Quixote, we know of no exploit which would so richly deserve to be called "quixotic" as their manly and chivalrous attack upon the female character. The assault upon the ladies of this place is parallel with that of Don Quixote upon the windmills, nor can it be a matter of doubt that the imaginations of these two knights must have been in the same mood, that they have when he made that wonderful and extravagant scily which terminated in about as much glory to him, as the scally of those modern philosophic "Dons" will eventually in.

Zeno, as might be expected, contends that coquettes have it in their power to deprive the Church, State and Literature of some of "their brightest ornaments." In reply to this, we would only suggest to these "Stoics" the propriety of resisting temptation with a delicate that they have themselves, since report declares that they have violated the fundamental principles of their doctrine, by attending divers parties, where the "pettifarious" crew held triumphant sway, in consequence of which should they chance to fall, then in truth would the Church and Literature be deprived of their most brilliant and shining lights!

Zeno inclines to the belief that we predate many of our views upon the doctrines of Rousseau, Bolingbroke and Hobbes. It is sufficient for us to say, upon this point, that we are alike heterodox in regard to the opinions of Rousseau, Bolingbroke, Hobbes, Condorcet and Zeno.

Here you express your determination to retire from the field, and have nothing further to do with us, and remark that when you last saw us, we entered for the purpose of exposing our misrepresentations. You certainly have been useful once in your life. Moreover it is acknowledged, that you have acted an ingenuous part in attempting to show that we have misconstrued your disciple's philosophy, as the community would not have been able to appreciate his views, and would have been equally incompetent to judge in what manner we erred, had it not been for your timely interference!

We now assure you that it is with infinite sorrow and regret, that we part with you so soon; but persons expect a philosopher to spend time with it of a little sooner, might not the squandered those precious moments employed in penning a valuable article upon small matters! but in this time you might have extended your discoveries into those illimitable regions of science where ignoble things elicit no attention! By one day's pursuit the tyro in science with no such a tissue of glaring inconsistencies, conjured up by an excited imagination, swelled to overflowing with an insane volubility, arising from a consciousness of the untenable ground upon which he has been thrown, by endeavoring to support his friend Condorcet from the just retribution which will inevitably be his fate. A retributive justice let him be assured, which will be as lasting a stigma upon the character of one, who, in virtue of his occupation, professes to train the youthful mind to reason, and to engage in matters of lasting importance to itself, to science, to literature and the religion of our progenitors, to a happy country. In vain will he all his attempts to sustain the production of his pupil Condorcet in its passage through the fiery ordeal of public opinion which has ere this time been pronounced.

Condorcet's van against that helpless part of the human family, whose protection should be the shield of man, raised to ward them from such vile imputations as Zeno and his pupil's combination of fickleness and self-sufficiency. Hopes built in the precarious foundation that by vilifying some, and flattering others, cannot escape the scrutiny of the public, whose acuteness of intellect can easily penetrate the embroidery thrown over the first design, to secure it from its palpable falsehoods and flagrant inconsistencies.

There is not the least shadow of proof in their course of conduct that would excite them from the suspicion of having directed their voices against innocence in all its purity—priding in the full confidence of security from treacherous enemies concealed in an ambuscade—here, uninvited and inaccessible, to gladden themselves with the pleasure, and feast their imaginations on the thoughts of the severe wounds they had inflicted on that tender sex. Had they realized their ardent expectations, "leisure would have proffered its opportunities for them to sate their rapacious minds and poison the deadly arrow," to assail the next innocent creature that might happen to cross their way. But where such horrid and treacherous plots are conceived, "secrecy becomes a friend to the injured," "night's sable clouds will cover the paralyzing light of truth, nor will verify sympathize with them for pursuing, needless, the "wild phantoms only glimmering in the delusive imaginations of disordered brains."

If the sincerity in preserving the youth from breathing the loathing "fluvia" of the "polluted atmosphere," which is supposed to surround coquettes, and which would ruin their very vitals, could be credited, the part which they take, in the gallantry of the day, might create scepticism even in the minds of the most credulous. If modern Cleopatras insinuate themselves into the affections, and seize with irresistible enchantment and witchery their objects, robbing them of reason—the growing youth of our country, and disappointing the flattering hopes of parents and guardians by blasting the future prospects of the state in depriving it of the talents of those upon whose efforts its glory in great measure depends; leaving behind nothing but gow-gaws and charlatans to withe and wither in the sun-beams of intellectual and moral advancement—deplorable would be the condition of our rising generation interspersed with such an innumerable multitude of vile monsters, whose very appearance is pollution to the vision, and whose touch would be a death-like poison to the mental constitution.

Such, however, are not the facts, nor are there the most remote causes to produce those effects. The gay and animating circle of refined society, whence we extract the purest and sweetest of earthly joys, where the drooping spirits may be regaled—retired from the toils and troubles of a busy and deceitful world, "should be graced by their presence for an emotion to soften the feelings and assuage the ambitious designs of restless spirits."

MOSES.
Anti-Slavery.
CHANNING ON SLAVERY.

WE have recently heard absurd, not to say blasphemous, attempts made to prove that Slavery was sanctioned by Scripture! To such as cannot discriminate between a recommendation to submit to a law, while it exists, and an expressiveness of approbation of the principles of such law, we commend the following extract from the excellent work of the Rev. Dr. CHANNING on Slavery:

ATTEMPTS are often made to support slavery by the authority of Revelation. "Slavery," it is said, "is allowed in the Old Testament, and not condemned in the New.—Paul commands slaves to obey. He commands masters, not to release their slaves, but to treat them justly. Therefore slavery is right, is sanctified by God's Word." In this age of the world, and amidst the light which has been thrown on the true interpretation of the Scriptures, such reasoning hardly deserves notice. A few words only will be offered in reply.

This reasoning proves too much. If usages sanctioned in the Old Testament and not forbidden in the New are right, then our moral code will undergo a sad deterioration. Polygamy was allowed to the Israelites, was the practice of the holiest men, and was common and licensed in the age of the Apostles. But the Apostles no where condemn it, nor was the renunciation of it made an essential condition of admission into the Christian church. It is true that in one passage Christ has condemned it by implication. But is not slavery condemned by stronger implication in the many passages, which make the new religion to consist in serving one another, and in doing to others what we would that they should do to ourselves? Why may not Scripture be used to stock our houses with wives as well as with slaves?

Again, Paul is said to sanction slavery. Let us now ask, What was slavery in the age of Paul? It was the slavery, not so much of black as of white men, not merely of barbarians but of Greeks, not merely of the ignorant and debased, but of the virtuous, educated, and refined. Piracy and conquest were the chief means of supplying the slave market, and they heeded neither character nor condition. Sometimes the greater part of the population of a captured city was sold into bondage, sometimes the whole, as in the case of Jerusalem. Noble and royal families, the rich and great, the learned and powerful, the philosopher and poet, the wisest and best men, were condemned to the chain. Such was ancient slavery. And this we are told is allowed and confirmed by the Word of God! Had Napoleon, on capturing Berlin or Vienna, doomed most or the whole of their inhabitants to bondage; had he seized on venerable matrons, the mothers of illustrious men, who were reposing after virtuous lives in the bosom of grateful families; had he seized on the delicate, refined, beautiful young woman, whose education had prepared her to grace the sphere in which God had placed her, whose plighted love had opened before her visions of bliss, and over all whose prospects the freshest hopes and most glowing imaginations of early life were breathed; had he seized on the minister of religion, the man of science, the man of genius, the sage, the guides of

the world; had he scattered these through the slave-markets of the world, and transferred them to the highest bidders at public auction, the men to be converted into instruments of slavish toil, the women into instruments of lust, and both to endure whatever indignities and tortures absolute power can inflict; we should then have had a picture in the present age of slavery as it existed in the time of Paul. Such slavery we are told was sanctioned by the Apostle! Such we are told he pronounced to be morally right!—Had Napoleon sent some cargoes of these victims to these shores, we might have bought them, and degraded the noblest beings to our lowest uses, and might have cited Paul to testify to our innocence! Were an infidel to bring this charge against the Apostle, we should say that he was laboring in his vocation; but that a professed Christian should so insult this sainted philanthropist, this martyr to truth and benevolence, is a sad proof of the power of slavery to blind its supporters to the plainest truth.

Slavery, in the age of the Apostle, had so penetrated society, was so intimately interwoven with it, and the materials of servile war were so abundant, that a religion preaching freedom to its victims, would have shaken the social fabric to its foundation, and would have armed against itself the whole power of the State. Of consequence Paul did not assail it. He satisfied himself with spreading principles, which, however slowly, could not but work its destruction. He commanded Philemon to receive his fugitive slave, Onesimus, "not as a slave, but above a slave, as a brother beloved;" and he commanded masters to give to their slaves that which was "just and equal;" thus asserting for the slave the rights of a Christian and a Man; and how, in his circumstances, he could have done more for the subversion of slavery, I do not see.

Let me offer another remark. The perversion of Scripture to the support of slavery is singularly inexcusable in this country.—Paul not only commanded slaves to obey their masters. He delivered these precepts: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." This passage was written in the time of Nero. It teaches passive obedience to despotism more strongly than any text teaches the lawfulness of slavery. Accordingly, it has been quoted for ages by the supporters of arbitrary power, and made the strong-hold of tyranny. Did our fathers acquiesce in the most obvious interpretation of this text? Because the first Christians were taught to obey despotic rule, did our fathers feel as if Christianity had stripped them of their rights? Did they argue that tyranny was to be excused, because forcible opposition to it is in most cases wrong? Did they argue that absolute power ceases to be unjust, because, as a general rule, it is the duty of subjects to obey? Did they infer that bad institutions ought to be perpetual, because the subversion of them by force will almost always inflict greater evil than it removes? No; they were wise interpreters of God's Word. They believed that despotism was a wrong, notwithstanding the general obligation upon its subjects to obey; and that whenever a whole people should so feel the wrong as to demand its removal, the time for removing it had fully come. Such is the school in which we here have been brought up. To us, it is no mean proof of the divine original of Christianity, that it teaches human brotherhood and favors human rights; and yet, on the ground of two or three passages, which admit different constructions, we make Christianity the minister of slavery, the forger of chains for those whom it came to make free.

It is a plain rule of scriptural criticism, that particular texts should be interpreted according to the general tenor and spirit of Christianity. And what is the general, the perpetual teaching of Christianity in regard to social duty? "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." Now does not every man feel that nothing, nothing, could induce him to consent to be a slave? Does he not feel, that if reduced to this abject lot, his whole nature, his reason, conscience, affections, would cry out against it as the greatest of calamities and wrongs! Can he pretend, then, that in holding others in bondage he does to his neighbour what he would that his neighbour should do to him? Of what avail are a few texts, which were designed for local and temporary use, when urged against the vital, essential spirit, and the plainest precepts of our religion?

I close this section with a few extracts from a recent work of one of our most distinguished writers; not that I think additional arguments necessary, but because the authority of Scripture is more successfully used than any thing else to reconcile good minds to slavery.

"The very course, which the Gospel takes on this subject, seems to have been the only one that could have been taken in order to effect the universal abolition of slavery.—The gospel was designed, not for one race or for one time, but for all men and for all times. It looked not at the abolition of this form of evil for that age alone, but for its universal abolition. Hence the important object of its author was to gain it a lodgment in every part of the known world; so that, by its universal diffusion among all classes of society, it might quietly and peacefully modify and subdue the evil passions of men; and thus, without violence work a revolution in the whole mass of mankind. In this manner alone could its object, a universal moral revolution, have been accomplished. For if it had forbidden the evil instead

of subverting the principle, if it had proclaimed the unlawfulness of slavery, and taught slaves to resist the oppression of their masters, it would instantly have arrayed the two parties in deadly hostility throughout the civilized world; its announcement would have been the signal of servile war; and the very name of the Christian religion would have been forgotten amidst the agitations of universal bloodshed. The fact, under these circumstances, that the Gospel does not forbid slavery, affords no reason to suppose that it does not mean to prohibit it; much less does it afford ground for belief that Jesus Christ intended to authorize it."

"It is important to remember that two grounds of moral obligation are distinctly recognised in the Gospel. The first is our duty to man as man; that is, on the ground of the relation which men sustain to each other; the second is our duty to man as a creature of God; that is, on the relation which we all sustain to God. Now, it is to be observed, that it is precisely upon this latter ground that the slave is commanded to obey his master. It is never urged like the duty to obedience to parents, because it is right, but because the cultivation of meanness and forbearance under injury will be well pleasing unto God. The manner in which the duty of servants or slaves is inculcated, therefore, affords no ground for the assertion that the Gospel authorizes one man to hold another in bondage, any more than the command to honor the king, when that king was Nero, authorized the tyranny of the emperor; or that the command to turn the other cheek, when one is smitten, justifies the infliction of violence by an injurious man."

THE DEPOSITORY.
ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—We have just read the eloquent address of Governor Everett, of Mass., delivered at New Bedford in behalf of the Bunker Hill Monument. The following is an extract—
I live at the foot of Bunker Hill, and, endeavouring in other things to shape my life and conduct by the rules of a sober prudence, I own that here I give the reins up to the imagination. Sometimes of a serene and cloudless night, when the moon and stars are keeping watch in their heavenly encampment, or at the gray dawn, while all around is still wrapped in silence, before the mighty heart of the cities beneath has begun to beat with the pulsation of life and passion, I go up to the summit of that sacred hill. I yield myself willingly to the illusions of the place and the hour. The blood-dyed sods seem to heave beneath my feet as I press them, their glorious tenantry start up from their beds of fame, and gather, an awful company, at the foot of that majestic shaft. I read in their radiant faces, that the pious work of their children is grateful to these sainted heroes. I perceive in their benignant countenances, that they behold in what is already done a safe pledge that all will be accomplished!

THE DUTY OF PATRIOTISM.
BY DANIEL WEBSTER.
Let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those are daily dropping from among us, who established our liberty and our government. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is open to us also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great object, which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four states are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, for ever!

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, BY B. M. CAREY.
—1. If you be so exceptions and pettish, as to question every word you hear said of you, you will have few friends, little sense, and much trouble.
2. Neglect not manners as if they were of little importance. They are frequently what the world judges us by, and by which it decides for or against us. A man may have virtue, capacity and good conduct, and yet by roughness be rendered insupportable.
3. Broach not odd opinions to such as are not fit to hear them. If you do, you will do them no good by it, perhaps hurt; and may very well expect discredit and mischief to yourself. An ill placed paradox, and an ill timed jest have ruined many.
4. To have a graceful behavior, it is necessary to have a proper degree of confidence; and a tolerably good opinion of yourself. Bashfulness is boyish.

5. Think how many times you have been mistaken in your opinions in times past, and let that teach you in future not to be positive or obstinate.

FARRER.—I have seen a lone tree standing on the prairie; have beheld the storms of winter buffet against its trunk, and the gusts of autumn bend its lofty branches to the dust, but when the blast had gone, have viewed its tall form still erect, its limbs still expanded, and I have said such is the Christian amid the riots and tumults of this world's unrighteousness. His trust is in him who gave the tree its unyielding root, in whose right hand there is deliverance. Let Christians, then, learn a lesson from the tree, and amid the conflicts of life remember, that with faith they are like a house built on a rock; that their warfare is but for a limited period, and that the reward of the good soldier of the cross is an inheritance of eternal felicity.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.—The Son of righteousness is arisen, we have only to open our eyes to behold it. The way to our Father's house is opened unto us, we have only to seek and we shall find. The porter standeth at the gate, if we knock it shall be opened unto us.

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED.—Dr. H*** J*** was one of the most able, talented and eccentric Surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The Dr. was one morning sitting in his office poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country, via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him. "Come in," said the Dr. and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

"Dr. I've got a desperate sore foot—can you help it?"
"I will try—let me see it."
The old cren proceeded to divest her understanding of the apology for a hose with which it was covered, and displayed to the astounded Dr. a foot—and such a foot!
"My G—d!" exclaimed the Dr. throwing up both hands in amazement—"what a dirty foot!"
"Lal Dr.—ye needn't be in such a wonderment about it—there's dirtier feet than that in the world—I see warrant—aye, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house as proud as the young ladies, your daughters are—for all that!"—and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the Dr's astonishment.

"Woman! if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing."
"Pon honor!"—said the Beldam.
"Pon honor!"—cried the Dr.
The old woman stripped off the other stocking, and displaying a foot that boggled all description, grinned in the face of the astounded Dr. exclaiming: "Gie'me the guinea! Gie'me the guinea! I know'd it—I know'd it! I wash'd 'tother 'fore I come here!"—
N. H. Gazette.

From the Journal of Commerce.
POLICE OFFICE, Aug. 13.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF A FEMALE HUSBAND.—A paragraph appeared in this paper on Saturday relative to a female who was found intoxicated in the street, on Friday night, dressed in man's clothes. The account she gave of herself turns out to be also false, or at least she has since told a different story, in consequence of a farther and more extraordinary discovery having been made in relation to her. On Saturday morning a decently dressed woman called at the police office, and asked to see James Walker, (the name by which the female called herself before her sex was discovered,) who she said was her husband. This woman was informed of the discovery which had been made, and was permitted to see the person in question, to whom however she declined speaking, and went away. In consequence of this occurrence, James, or rather Jane Walker, was again brought before the magistrate, and underwent another examination, in which she stated that she was a native of Liverpool; that her real name is George Moore Wilson, and that George is a name commonly given to females in England; that both her parents died when she was very young, and that when she was twelve years old, in consequence of being ill treated by her friends, she ran away from them, put on boy's clothes and made her way to Scotland, the native place of her parents.

When she arrived there, she went to work in a factory, still retaining her boy's dress, and remained in it until she had nearly arrived at manhood, when she married a Miss Eliza Cummings with whom she set sail for Quebec two days after their marriage. A few days after her marriage, she imparted the secret of her sex to her wife; but notwithstanding this, the two females have lived together ever since as man and wife. Fifteen years have passed since their union, during which it appears they experienced a great variety of fortune, but kept the secret of the husband's sex so well, that it never before transpired, and remains even unknown to the wife's father, who has resided for some years with them. As the first account which this woman gave of herself appears to be false, this one may be also untrue—but it stands corroborated to a certain extent by the wife having called to see her on Saturday, and by the vexation and rage she evinced on hearing that her husband's sex was discovered; and also by a marriage certificate having been found on the prisoner's person, certifying that the marriage was solemnized at the time and place which she stated in her examination. The magistrate considered the matter altogether so extraordinary, that he has detained her until it can be more fully inquired into.