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ROBERT G. HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of your Government, however specious the pretexts.—Washington.

VOL. XXVII. GETTYSBURG, PA. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1840. NO. 7.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE,

AND THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

World of Literature and Fashion.

[*The Casket & the Gentlemen's united.*]

A NEW VOLUME, under the above title, of the well established and fashionable Magazine, the Philadelphia Casket, in conjunction with the Gentleman's Magazine, which has been every where pronounced the most readable and popular of the day, will be opened on the first of January, 1841, with an array of contributors secured by the union of talent and fame, which no periodical in the country can boast or pretend to rival.—The December number will, however, be a specimen of the new volume. The volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, the finest white paper, and with the first of a series of embellishments unsurpassed by any which have yet appeared in any magazine. The style of elegance, the beauty and finish of these illustrations, and the extensive improvements which will be made in its typographical appearance, and above all the tone of its literary department, by the brilliant array of contributors, whose articles have enriched the pages of each number, will give it a character second to no Magazine in the Union. The character of the articles which shall appear in its pages, will be equally removed from a sickly sentimentality, and from an affectation of morality, but while a true delineation of human nature in every variety of passion is aimed at, nothing shall be found in its pages to cause a blush on the cheek of the most pure.

The Literary Character will be sufficiently guarantied by the reputation of both Magazines thus united, for years past. Writers of the first rank have been regular contributors to their pages, and the tales and sketches published in them have been widely copied and read, and the firm and independent tone of the criticisms upon the current literature of the day, has been every where approved and commended.

The List of Contributors embraces the names of most of the principal writers in America, with a respectable number of English authors. In addition to the brilliant array of names known to fame, the distinguished services of a host of anonymous writers of no ordinary abilities, have given worth and character to the pages of the Magazine. The series of well known nautical papers, entitled 'Cruizing in the Last War,' have had a run unequalled by any series published in any Magazine for years. The author has promised to open the first of a new series of Tales of the Sea, and from his known abilities as a depicter of sea scenes and life, much may be relied upon from him in maintaining the popularity of the magazine. Papers may be expected during the volume also from the author of the well known article 'The Log of Old Ironsides.' The author of 'Syrian letters,' will also lend his powerful and graceful pen to sustain and increase the reputation of the work. The valuable aid of the author of 'Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio,' has also been secured—and we may expect something still more thrilling from the capacious stores which a long life in the profession has enabled him to amass. An occasional chit-chat with 'Jeremy Short' and 'Oliver Oldfellow,' is also promised—with a variety of choice articles in prose and verse from various writers of celebrity, as contributors to the prominent magazines of the country. The editors of both magazines continue their services under the new arrangement. With such an array of talent a magazine of unrivalled attractions, may safely be promised in the coming volume.

Fashions and Engravings.—In compliance with the almost unanimous wish of our lady subscribers, we shall, the ensuing volume furnish them with a beautiful and correct plate of Fashions, Monthly, a feature it is believed that will neither be unwelcome nor unpopular. These fashion plates shall be drawn from original designs from Paris and London, and may always be depended upon as the prevailing style in Philadelphia and New York. These, however, shall in no wise interfere with the regular choice engravings and music which accompany each number of the work. The splendid mezzotint engravings from the burin of Sartain, which have been so justly admired, will be followed during the volume by several from the same hand, while the steel engravings in the best style of art, from interesting scenes, shall still enrich the magazine. The choicest pieces of music for the piano & guitar shall accompany each number of the work.

Time of Publication.—The work will be published on the first of the month in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscribers will consequently receive it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia. In all the principal cities agents have been appointed, to whom the Magazine is forwarded prior to the time of issuing it, so that they may be delivered to resident subscribers by the first of the month. This is an important arrangement to distant subscribers, who become tired, importunate, and eventually discontinue many works, in consequence of the great delay by publishers.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum, or two copies for five dollars, invariably in advance, post paid. No new subscriber received without the money, or the name of a responsible agent. For the accommodation of those who may wish to subscribe for either of the following Philadelphia periodicals, this liberal proposal is made. *Five dollars* current money, free of postage, will pay for *Graham's Magazine*, and *Godey's Lady's Book*, for one year.

GEO. R. GRAHAM,
South-west Corner of Chesnut and Third streets, Philadelphia.

Nov. 23. 3t

DIVIDEND.

THE Managers of the *Gettysburg & Petersburg Turnpike Company*, have this day declared a dividend of

1 PER CENT.

which will be paid to the Stockholders at the Treasurer's Office, in Gettysburg, *after the first of December next*

R SMITH, *Treas'r.*

Nov. 2. [16.] 3t

POETRY.

A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing;
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh! who can half the fervor tell,
That burns in all she's saying?

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breath of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course has ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—The Boston Transcript talks like a father about educating young ladies. Only hear him:

'This bringing up daughters to think of nothing but dress, and finery, and balls, and parties, and beaux, is not discharging the duties of a mother who wishes the welfare of her children. Send them into the kitchen. Teach them to wash, and to cook, and to scour. It wont hurt them; it will do them good, both mentally and physically. Such duties need not interfere with their lessons in the polite accomplishments of fashionable life, but will make them more active, more healthy, more blooming, more beautiful than ever, apart from the intrinsic value of their qualifications as head of a family in after life.'

From the Connecticut Observer.

CHRISTIAN FARMER'S PRIVILEGES.

The christian farmer ought to regard himself as peculiarly happy in having an employment so favorable to habits of devotion. Either in their own nature, in the circumstances in which they must be pursued, some other occupations impede, if they do not prevent, devotional feeling. Not so of the christian farmer.

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree—
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow thee."

This is the truth, as well as poetry, and it well describes the scenes of agricultural life. The works of God awoke the rapturous devotions, the sweetest as well as the most exalted strains, of ancient saints. These works ought to be contemplated with the same feelings, by the christian farmer. If his heart pants to hold communion with his Maker, he will see the divine image in every plant and flower. He dwells in the magnificent temple of nature, where the sweet incense of praise is continually ascending from a thousand altars. Cold must be his heart, if he does not catch the spirit of the scene, and exclaim, 'The earth, O Lord, is full of thy goodness. All thy works praise thee!' The poet says, 'An undevout astronomer is mad.' He might, with equal force, have said the same of an 'undevout farmer.' How can he be insensible to

"The boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields
And all the dread magnificence of heaven!"

Where, sooner than the daily resorts of the christian farmer, shall we look for evidence of the wisdom of God? Where shall we find proofs of his faithfulness and immutability, if not in the uniform and constant laws of nature, on which all the operations of the farmer depend for success? From year to year he breaks up the soil, and casts the seed into the ground, and looks not in vain for the return of harvest. Seasons come and go in their appointed round. The same kind of crops spring from the same kind of seed—and the same sort of fruit from the same trees; the same modes of cultivation produce similar effects from year to year. But if God were not immutable, would the farmer witness this regularity? The laws of nature are only the fixed modes in which God operates. If he were to change in his power, the sun might cease to send forth beams as bright and as genial. The clouds might cease to pour down their watery treasures in so copious abundance upon the thirsty fields. Were he to change in his plans, the cultivation which, last year, was followed by a plentiful crop, might next year only favor barrenness. The orchards which last year were loaded with apples, might next year bring only poisonous berries. The meadows which, last year, were clothed with grass, and ornamented with flowers, might next year be covered with flints and transformed into marshes—The operations of husbandry proclaim, in tones not to be misapprehended, the immutability of God.

The bible abounds in reference to agricultural scenes, and the christian farmer can have little tact in drawing analogies, who, with the examples of the Bible before him, is not carried forward, and raised upward, in the scenes of the invisible world, by the objects which cluster around his daily path. Poets and prophets and apostles and even the Son of God, he may almost fancy, have been in his fields, and written on every tree, and plant, and flower, some divine lesson. The Bible has consecrated the varied employments of the farmer, to moral purposes—and made the mirrors, in which, as he labors, he can see images of things which 'are eternal.'

HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

This true patriot & distinguished scholar delivered a lecture before the New York City Lyceum on Wednesday evening, to one of the largest and most respectable audiences ever congregated in that city. The Commercial Advertiser says that the reception of the venerable statesman was that of high enthusiasm and deep-felt regard. For upwards of an hour and a half was the attention of the vast audience enchained by a discourse rich in its philosophy, and glowing with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. The following is a brief synopsis of the lecture, prepared to our hands a few days since by the Boston Transcript, where it was first delivered:—

Man, he said, stands alone in the wide Universe. Of all living beings he is *first*—created in the image of his Maker, but endowed with diverse capacities according to his state in various ages. Primarily, man was governed by two laws—self preservation and pro-creation; the first regarded his physical condition solely; the second, the perpetuity of his species.

From the earliest ages down to the present time, mankind had four modes of living. First, as hunters; secondly, as shepherds; thirdly, as tillers of the ground; and, fourthly, as the civilized inhabitants of cities. The first was totally ineffectual toward the moral condition of man; the life was that of individual independence; man cares nothing for his brother man; his time passes in hunting and in war with his fellow man; he knows nothing beyond the illimitable forest, and its wild inhabitants; and only when the successes of the chace have depopulated one spot, does he seek another. To the hunter, all nature is a thicket. He sees nothing in the aspect of nature to move him to meditate.—Through the dark intersections of the forest he catches scarce a glimpse of the starry canopy or azure vault above his head. He lives for himself alone. He is the tyrant of his wife, and in feeling as well as life, a savage.

Far different is the condition of man in the pastoral state. Besides the perils of the chase, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, are his delight and pleasure, and even the insects basking in myriads in the sunbeam, excite his mind to contemplation. Living on plains and vast savannahs, with the cloudless Heavens above him, his mind is led to reflection; he observes the courses of the planets, and is led by them to the computation of time, and thus the pastoral life may be called the father of the science of astronomy. He chooses his favorite animals, chiefly bulls and sheep; and finally pitching a tent on the plain, he takes the first step toward a positive habitation.

The laws of society, by permanence of abode, are multiplied and strengthened; woman ceases to be the slave, and becomes the choicest treasure of man.—The bounties and beauties of nature are now observed with love and admiration; each mountain and river, the bird of the air and the insect hum, inspire him with an idea of the beneficence of a wise Creator—and the pastoral life becomes the golden age of poetry. This is, however, an imperfect state of existence; the life is wandering, and polygamy is carried to excess among the people. Necessity, however, leads to still greater improvements, and we subsequently see man existing in the third state—as a tiller of the ground.

We find him exemplifying the beauty and unity of things: he builds him a house to dwell in; has but one wife; and acknowledges one omnipotent Creator, and God of all. Here we have the unity of a permanent habitation, the unity of conjugal association, and the unity of religious worship; from these proceed the laws of property and the right of inheritance, with that better feeling of patriotism, or love of country. Woman is not now as with the hunter—a slave; or as with the shepherd—a mere possession: she becomes a friend, companion, and solace, and the comforts of life are no longer dependent, but reciprocal.

Attention is now directed to the mechanic arts, and then arises the true principle of divided labor—woman acts in her proper place, and man in his appointed sphere. The destructive evils of polygamy are fully felt, and the grand principle of unity as essential to the designs of the supreme Creator is now carried into beautiful effect. The man is the husband of one wife, and the family is governed by the laws of love & justice.

Civilization, or the congregation of men into cities, is a consequence of agriculture and the arts to which it leads. Art leads to science, & invention to discovery—while navigation and ship building, in extended branches, are the great results. Man's life is now one of action & meditation, and these lead to the progressive improvement of himself & others, of his country and his kind. Self-love and social intercourse are preserved in their beauty and unity. Polygamy is abolished, and man and woman live in pairs, as originally designed by the allwise Governor of the Universe.

This principle of living as recorded in history through all ages, can be clearly traced in the Holy Scriptures, and worldly theory is but the cobweb of the brain compared to the truths of the Bible. If there had never been a revelation, what would man know of his true position in life, or of his duty here, in relation to an hereafter? This world is but a great firmament of moral and intellectual light, which should serve to point us toward eternal glory in the life to come.

The above is a hasty and very imperfect abstract of Mr. Adams' lecture, and it is impossible in such a sketch to do justice to the moral or biblical reasoning of the learned and devout lecturer. He inculcated, in energetic forcible language, the virtue of chastity, and the necessity of preserving inviolate the conjugal tie—both as regards individual good and the well being of society.

The audience were transfixed by the eloquence of the venerable orator, while, with the strong reins of commanding words, he enforced the moral of his lecture; and they were gratified in observing that the vigorous powers of the speaker, mental and oral, had not only been preserved through a brilliant meridian of life, but had culminated in strength and activity toward a final close, presenting he sublime spectacle of

"the immortal mind,
Firm as the base of this great world,"

and resting safely on the Rock of Ages, as its sure foundation.

THE STARS.

Now that the nights are getting somewhat cold, the heavens are seen bedecked with their most radiant jewels. The stars! The bright and beautiful stars! The study and the wonder of mankind, appear nightly more and more beauteous, and will do so until in the clear frosty atmosphere they shine out in their greatest glories. We love the stars—they are a volume, sacred as holy writ, and which draws our hearts to the great Creator as nearly and as dearly. It is a magnificent sight—the vault of heaven, in the stilly hour of midnight, bespangled with shining orbs, the suns probably of systems as magnificent as our own, and around which planets as extensive revolve.—Constellation upon constellation now looks down upon us, and Orion, the most glorious of all, supreme in its might and its majesty—the king, as it were, of the heavens. The stars! Who can speak of them in prose?

The Biter Bit.—A good story is told of a chap in North Carolina, who went the entire figure in the way of marrying all the girls who would have him, without waiting for any of them to die off as the law directs. After having married the thirteenth, some of his first loves came down upon him and had him lodged in the jail. But a person so fond of perfect liberty, and who could get into Hymen's noose with such ease, found little difficulty in getting out of the 'jug,' and the next news of him he was running at large with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was shortly recognized by a gentleman, who, anxious to get the reward, invited him to his house, desired him to sit down, called his wife to chat with him as an inducement to detain him there, while he made some excuse for leaving a few moments, and started for a constable to arrest the runaway. What was the poor man's astonishment on returning with the constable, to find that the gay Lothario, taking the advantage of his short absence, *had absconded with his wife!* This makes the fellow's stock on hand fourteen!

Take care of your Feet.—The circumstances in which wet feet and cold feet are most apt to cause diseases, are when a person remains inactive, and where, consequently, there is nothing to counterbalance the unequal flow of blood which then takes place towards the internal parts; for it is well known, that a person in ordinary health may walk about or work in the open air with feet wet for hours together without injury, provided he put on dry stockings and shoes immediately on coming home. It is, therefore, not the mere state of wetness that causes the evil, but the check to perspiration, and the unequal distribution of blood to which the accompanying coldness gives rise.—*Combe.*

The Thirty-six dots.—The following figure contains thirty six dots, counting six from right to left, and from the top to the bottom; it has puzzled many persons to take six of the dots from the figure, and leave the remainder in a position to count an even number each way.

o o o o o o
o o o o o o
o o o o o o
o o o o o o
o o o o o o
o o o o o o

EGYPT.

Below is an extract from a letter to the editor of the Boston Morning Post, from a young Bostonian, which will repay the reader for the time bestowed upon its perusal:

GRAND CAIRO, March 15, 1840.

FRIEND GREEN:—From this far off place—the capital of the ancient Pharaohs—the city of *Saladin*, the foe of Richard Cœur de Lion—within sight of and almost under the mighty walls of the Pyramids—I send you a hearty shake of the hand. You know something of my former route. The facilities afforded to me in travelling in Russia enabled me to see the country more thoroughly, perhaps, than almost any foreigner who has gone before me; but whether I make any use of the information which I have collected, I have not as yet determined. I was in Turkey and Syria during a most interesting period—just when the death of the Sultan Mahamoud had occurred, and when the disaffected in all parts of the country were rife for rebellion and outrage, and also when the army of Ibrahim Pacha, triumphant over that of the Sultan, was sweeping through those parts of Syria which he had subjugated, and restoring *order* by chopping off the heads of the disaffected! Passing through Syria I went to Damascus, and thence to Nazareth, Samaria, the sea of Galilee, the river Jordan, and thence to Jerusalem. I also visited Bethlehem, Bethany, and all the places of interest mentioned in the life of Christ. I have gone through the whole length and breadth of the Holy Land—that hallowed soil where

——"trod those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our redemption, to the cruel cross."

In one of the rooms of the Latin Monastery at Jerusalem, my heart leapt with joy at seeing THREE COPIES OF THE BOSTON MORNING POST! An English traveller who had been at Jerusalem about three months before me, had brought them with him from Malta, and with most Christian like kindness, had left them behind at the Monastery, to gladden the eyes of some future pilgrim. In looking over these papers I observed an editorial article in which you alluded to my humble self, & return you many thanks for the flattering notice. I have also received here in Cairo a copy of the Post of 15th September, containing my letter to you from the Caucasus. And now to Egypt—here I have travelled thoroughly; I have been through its whole extent, from North to South, and, leaving the Nile, have passed on beyond the frontier of Egypt into Nubia. Egypt now is certainly one of the most interesting countries that a traveller can visit: he there sees before him the evidences that men of all ages have trodden upon that soil. Her mighty temples carry him back to a people from whom the knowledge and art which are now diffused all over Europe and the world originally flowed; he sees there the towers of Roman occupation—the ruins of baths and temples, built under the emperors; he has, then, again, the Saracenic architecture of the middle ages, the memorials of Saladin and his followers. Evidences of the temporary occupation by the French are not wanting; and then again the great works of the *present*, which are going on under Mohamed Ali, are continually before his eyes.

At one moment you meet with an ancient temple, which for more than 3,000 years has defied all the ravages of time, and close by its side you see some modern improvement—a sugar mill or a cotton fabric, placed there by the Pacha, who, by introducing the arts of civilization among a barbarous people, is doing one great thing towards making them happy. In no other place in the world do you see such a mingling of the past and the present; the monument of antiquity seems literally to be shaking hands with the works of our time. I spent many days at *Thebes*, but the glory of the *city of the hundred gates*,' which Homer sung, has long since departed. The *men* of Thebes have gone, but they have left eternal monuments behind, and 'Memnon's statue which at sunrise played,' still stands as firmly on its colossal pedestal as when thousands flocked out from those gates to listen to the music of its morning song. And that other statue of immense size, which was said to throw back the rays of the rising sun from its polished surface, as if it were of molten gold, also remains, though fallen to the ground and broken in its fair proportions. One wanders through the immense temples that still remain, and hears nothing, unless it be that his own voice or footsteps start up the echoes in the hall of a hundred columns. One of these temples has a hall alone in which are a hundred and fifty columns, many of them twelve feet in diameter and of a goodly height. Mohamed Ali has caused two of the largest temples that were nearly filled to the roof with earth, to be entirely cleansed, and they are now as clear as when services were performed in them of old. A decree has recently been issued by the Pacha prohibiting the export of antiquities from the country.

Egypt has been in fact, for the last forty years, overrun by diggers for statues, coins, ephynxes, &c.; but the Pacha now *speculates* upon his stock of columns, obelisks, &c. to ingratiate himself with the European Powers. Cleopatra's Needle, which still stands upon the sea shore near Alexandria, was given to the English, but they hesitated about the *expense of bringing it away*, & there it remains. I think we might make a good speculation by swapping our Bunker Hill Monument for it. On the 13th of November, I 'took to my boat,' over which the 'star spangled banner' had been floating for more than a month, and while

——"My swan-like yacht
Was gliding down the gleaming Nile"—

I watched for the meteoric dance in the heavens. The appearance of an evening sky in Egypt has always something peculiar, and on this night, as well as several succeeding, there were singular appearances in the heavens, though nothing so extraordinary as has occurred with us in the United States. I was disappointed in this, because at Cairo this phenomenon of that day has been noted in former years. My Arab boatmen all looked at me with the most profound veneration whenever they saw me star-gazing. We had an eclipse since they have been with me, and Columbus himself, I fancy, hardly gained greater influence over the poor Indians than I did over these sons of Ishmael, simply by foretelling this event in the heavens. I was looked upon as an astrologer, which, throughout all the East, is still looked upon as the most sacred of characters. Here let me mention that in the military School of the Sultan, at Constantinople, astrology is still one of the sciences taught; while at Cairo, in the Pacha's school, it is dropped altogether, and in its place is studied arithmetic and European astronomy. My next destination is the Ionian Isles, from whence you shall again hear from me, as well as from Italy, Spain, France, Holland and good old England.

Cabinet of President Harrison.—Several distinguished names we observe, have been already mentioned in connection with certain cabinet appointments under the new administration. The difficulty with the President elect, will be, not a want of suitable material, but whom to choose, from the list of worthy and able men, to be found among the friends and supporters of good government in the several States. Assuming, then, as we may safely do, that there is no lack of first rate material for these offices, and confiding as we do in the sound, experienced judgment, and discernment, as well as in the high character of General Harrison, we feel quite at ease in regard to these appointments, and are well disposed to bide the time of the President elect in the making of them. In regard to his cabinet appointments, the New York American has the following sound remark, in which we cordially agree:—In this matter, we trust, and do not indeed doubt, that Gen. Harrison—coming into power as he will, on the swelling surge of popular favor, and pledged to a single term, will surround himself with the ablest men of the country; and making Washington his model, as he was his early friend—that he will administer the Government with a single eye to the general good; and thus, in promoting the happiness and prosperity of his country, bring to a brilliant close his own long and hitherto unsullied public career.—*Patriot.*

It is worthy of remark that, whilst Gen. Harrison has run ahead of his friends in all the local elections, and been stronger than his party. Mr. Van Buren does not keep up with the strength of his. In the New York election, Gen. Harrison's majority will be greater than Seward's, and Mr. Van Buren's vote less than that of the Locofoco candidate for the office of Governor. In the city, the vote for the Van Buren Electoral Ticket, is much less than that cast for the locofoco candidates for Congress. In Kinderhook even, it is the same.

One would think it would be hard to beat John Davis in Massachusetts, who beats Morton 18,000 votes; and yet Harrison's majority in the state is nearly two thousand more. And look at his own State. Corwin's majority over Shannon might suffice as the measure of Harrison's strength. Not so, however. His majority will be at least ten thousand more. The same thing is seen in New Jersey, Maryland, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana.

And what a contrast to all this is presented by the fact that Mr. Van Buren's own State has gone against him by a majority of more than 13,000!—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

Be more careful to offer your salutations to those that are poor, or who may have been in any way distressed, whether in mind, purse or prospects, than you are to your more affluent acquaintance; for rest assured, that they will feel your neglect more acutely than either your equals or superiors.

Good Idea.—Consider no man capable of insulting you who is mean enough to attempt it. In this you have the decided advantage.—For whilst, by this insult, he has acknowledged you worthy of his notice, you, by your neglect, prove him unworthy of yours.

The people of Iowa determined at the late election in that Territory, not to form a State Government.