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TERMS.

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☞ All COMMUNICATIONS addressed to the Editor, must be *post paid*, otherwise they will not receive attention.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

———"*From heaven descends*
The flame of genius to the chosen heart,
And beauty with poetic wonder joined,
And inspiration."

For the Elkton Press.

STANZAS.

Should I on some sad future day,
Look back with anxious eye,
To chace deep sorrows tear away
With retrospections sigh.

Let me remember those by whom
My earliest years were blest,
Who shielding from corroding gloom,
My tender youth caressed.

Ah can I murmur tho' my lot
To deepest ill extends,
These days shall never be forgot,
Blest by the best of friends.

And what if fortune frowns severe,
Should I her frowns regard?
When those we fondly love are near,
They soothe a lot that's hard.

Ne'er from my heart shall be erase'd
The forms that hover near,
For from my breast they're often chas'd
The mist of care.

EUGENIA.

Delaware, Oct 8th.

Selected for the El

[illegible]
They whom their country choose for such a trust,
Upon whose verdict, as on fate, depend
Our properties, our lives, our liberties,
Should to the awful seat of justice bring
An oath that's red unto the dye
A breast unblanted, and a [illegible]
And he that lifts [illegible] sen
tence
On the accused, but [illegible] circumstance
Tell not a single doubt's left in the scale;
Then judge with reason, and decree with truth

A BEE.

Bohemia Manor, Oct 15th.

HIGHLAND HOMES.

Old mountains inaccessible,
Glance down their scorn forever on the toil,
That load with harvests new the humbler hills
Now shorn of all their heather bloom, and green
Or yellow as the gleam of lowland fields.
And bold seats in broad bosoms still are there
Living and dying peacefully, the huts
Abodes are still of high soul'd Poverty;
And underneath their lintels Beauty stoops
Her silken snooded head, when singing goes
The maiden to her father at his work
Among the weeds, or joins the scanty line
Of barefoot reapers on their narrow ridge
In some small field, among the pastoral braes
Still lingments this of ancient poetry
In melancholy music down the glens
Go floating; and from shining roof'd with boughs
And turf wall'd, high up in some lonely place,
Where flocks of sheep are nibbling the sweet grass
Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants
On the mosses a few goats are seen
Among their kids you hear sweet melodies
Attuned to some traditionary tale
By young wife sitting all alone, aware
From shadow on the mountain horologe
Of the glad hour that brings her husband home
Before the gloaming from the far off moor
Where the black cattle feed—there all alone
She sits and sings, except that on her knee
Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves.

For the Elkton Press.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE

'Twas a summer's evening, scarce a breeze stirred, the leathery branches of the lofty elm and poplars, the bending willow waved not; the fragrant flowers that sprung around the clear, broad and motionless bow waters which lay expanded before us, and reflected the shadows of the numerous trees that adorned its banks, presented to the eye of the lover of nature, a beautiful, and tranquil scene, alone;—but when the lofty spire of the village church arose beyond, and the white walls peered here and there, through the surrounding trees, and gilded by the lovely rays of declining day, 'twas then indeed inexpressively beautiful—the trees glittered and quivered in the sunbeams, presenting a thousand lights, and shades—the pensive dove cooed from the adjoining woods—the clear, full notes of the partridge and "mocking bird, of wild and wondrous notes," enlivened the hour—the rose was nought wanting—'twas as fair and lovely a scene as mortal eyes would wish to gaze upon: but see what mournful troop is yon arrayed in robes of grief, slowly approaching through the trees—a noble looking man, with two sweet and blooming little children, who appeared scarce four years old, led the way, then followed a long array of weeping friends, slowly wending through the church yard—a funeral: the burial of a mother!—what a melancholy scene! the bier is lowered into the narrow house prepared; they have had a long, a last farewell to her they loved—not to the little innocents, gazing expusitively around on the pitying faces of their friends—then fixing their eyes on the visage of their retreaming parent, and their infant penetration discovering nought there to elucidate the strange scene—their attention became fixed on the venerable sexton, who now commenced his melancholy task; just as the first spade full of earth descended, the little boy caught the handle, exclaiming "you shall not hide Henry's mama;" and at the same time endeavouring to draw his father nearer the spot, who, burying his agonized countenance in his hands, remained motionless as a statue—a friend caught the sweet infant in his arms, and bore it away—the grave was closed—a few words addressed by the minister to those around, and all was over. Suffice it to say, that her who lay beneath died in the bloom, in the spring time of life, with the dews of morn yet glittering on her brow, beloved—lamented by all who knew her; amiable, beautiful, accomplished and benevolent, her loss to her husband and children, was irreparable; but she left to her inconsolable friends, the hope to support them, that she had reached far happier climes, though cut off in the bloom of life, surrounded by every blessing that a kind providence, and munificent friends could afford, and endeared to all contendly satisfied that he who had been her guide, and support, would still keep a watchful eye over her husband and infant children, she died in blissful hopes of immortality. Thus much the pious minister stated; the closing prayer then rose upon the breath of evening and ascended to the portals of heaven, whose blue arch smiled benignantly upon them—the solemn Amen fell clearly upon the ear—the mourners turned and with noiseless steps left the spot. I stood beside the new made grave till every one had left the church-yard. The sun was just sinking beyond the western hills, an emblem of the brilliant prospect before the dying christian. I turned to retrace my steps, but to the impartial eye infinitely more beautiful than before; but alas! how different were the feelings with which I now viewed it—the joyous lightness—the ecstatic mirth—that floated around me, was changed into deep melancholy; the aspect of the mind changes all things; 'tis it is sun within the breast, that gilds all things, and changes even scenes and seasons to our moral mental view. I wandered among the Tombs until the sun had sunk, and the moon stood high in the heavens, the white marble of the grave-stones shone like the avalanches of the Alps, but to my depressed spirits they appeared as the ghosts of the departed. The expanse of water before us sparkled like a sea of diamonds, in the lovely light of the moon; but to me it appeared as the tide of time, and the brilliant particles of light, as they floated on, and was lost in the shade, appeared as the follies and vanities of life, first brilliantly glowing, and then growing fainter and fainter, until lost in the dark, deep, and endless shades of the grave. I leaned on a lofty marblet and contemplated the scene; unconsciously my mind assumed a calmer hue, the morbid melancholy gave way to a soft pensiveness, lulled by the tranquil beauty of the hour, suddenly my meditations were interrupted by the joyous voice of my companion, exclaiming "where are you?" We had lost each other shortly after setting out, and becoming fatigued he had thrown himself beneath a tree and slept, leaving me to amuse myself with my sketch book; he now sought me upon awakening; & the moon shining brightly, thinking it high time for us to end our rambles, I joined him and a few steps brought us again to our boarding house, where we found our good old landlady anxiously watching for our return. She chided me for staying so late, and risking my health, observing "that sketch book and your love of rambling will be the death of you." We shortly after left the place (my brother and self,) and a twelvemonth elapsed before our return—Many changes had passed since we left here. Our first visit was to the church yard. I again sought the spot where I had witnessed the above interesting scene; a plain white marble slab covered the verdant sod. I had before enquired for the interesting children; their existence was almost forgotten; some one did remember that the family had moved away shortly after the funeral, but no one knew whither. Upon the marble slab in the church yard was engraved simply—"Lucy De Lancy, aged 24, an excellent wife, a devoted mother, and a pious and humble christian

"Calm on the bosom of thy God
Fair Spirit rest thee now!
Ere while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

EUGENIA.

Delaware.

From the Illinois Patriot, Sept. 16.

THE MORMONITES

A preacher of this sect visited us last Saturday. We heard a part of his lecture, which occupied more than two hours. From his account the sect came into existence a little more than a year since, in the following manner: A young man about 23 years of age, somewhere in Ontario county, N. Y. was visited by an *angel!* (here the preacher looked around him, apparently to see if the credulity of the people, in this enlightened age, could be thus imposed on;) who informed him, three times in one night, that, by visiting a certain place in this town, he would have revealed to him something of importance. The young man was disturbed, but did not obey the summons until the following day, when the angel again visited him. At the place appointed he found in the earth a box, which contained a set of thin plates resembling gold, with Arabic characters inscribed on them—The plates were minutely described as being connected with rings in the shape of the letter D, which facilitated the opening and shutting of the book. The preacher said he found in the same place two stones, with which he was enabled, by placing them over his eyes and putting his head in a dark corner, to decypher the hieroglyphics on the plates! This we are told was performed to admiration, and now, as the result we have a book which the speaker informed was the Mormon Bible—a book second to no other—without which the holy Bible, he seemed to think, would be of little use.

It appears from this statement, that three of the off-springs of Joseph, by his youngest son Ephraim, whose names were Laman, Nephi and Lehigh, as near as we could understand, were the persons from whom sprang Mormon. Laman and Nephi rather declined from walking in the right way, but Lehigh was firm in the faith. Mormon was a prophet, and led them eastward until they came to the sea, as we suppose, where they built a ship and came to this western world. To prove this, the preacher referred us to Genesis, 49th chapter and 22d verse, and said the branches running over the wall were neither more nor less than the progeny of Joseph, leaving their own and coming to this country! He went into a detail of the reasons which induced him to join himself to this people—that on account of so many sects being in the world, and the discrepancies in their opinions, he became sceptical—that, hearing of these people in July last, he joined himself to them, believing them to constitute the true church; and that he came this way to meet a convocation of elders in Jackson county, Missouri, which is to be their New Jerusalem, but was disappointed in not seeing Joe Smith. He insisted on the Bible being proved with his book, by quoting the 19th and 17th verses of the 37th chapter of Ezekiel, and comparing the Bible and Mormon's book to the two sticks there spoken of. We thought this part of his subject too ludicrous to be refuted by any man in his right mind. We cannot now enter into the merits of his discourse, nor should we have given this hastily written sketch, had we not been requested to say something on the subject. Some of these men may be sincere, but does this prove they are in the right? The worshippers of Juggernaut are sincere, or they would not sacrifice their lives by throwing themselves under the wheels of its life destroying car. As far as we are acquainted with the bible we now have, we are satisfied that the Mormonites are a deluded set of men whose doctrines are not only dangerous, but, notwithstanding all their professions, they are calling down the curse of God on their own heads.

THE PEDANT AND THE SAILOR

A man of learning lived upon the banks of a river: he was not one of those venerable sages who enjoy in solitude the fruits of their studies, but a real pedant, overflowing with Greek and Latin, who incessantly tormented every body he met, with quotations, metaphors, &c. If he had but contented himself with addressing those who were able to understand him—but he was surrounded by poor peasants, who knew little beyond their field and plough, and yet he accompanied them into their huts with Homer, Horace, and Sophocles, without even translating his quotations. "Sir," said the peasants to him, let us till our fields, and plant our cabbages—if we spend our time filling our head with things we do not understand, your cook would find no vegetables in market, and you would not have such fine fruit upon the table." But instead of seeing the truth of this observation he exclaimed, with much self-satisfaction, "Labor improbus omnia vincit."

Not far from this pedant lived a sailor, a droll fellow, who was always merry and happy constantly singing, and was considered very skilful in his profession. One day the Pedant had occasion to go to the other side of the river, and went on board the sailor's boat, who immediately took his oars and pushed off. On the way the following dialogue took place between them:

"Friend," said the passenger to the boatman, "you seem to be very cheerful and happy, and I suppose you are very well satisfied with yourself."

"And why should I not be satisfied?" said the boatman; "I make good use of my time, and have no cause of sorrow."

"Ah you make good use of your time! truly I should be glad to know whether you deserve to be so happy. Can you read?"

"No, sir, not a letter."

"Poor wretch! you cannot read, and yet you sing! Why you have lost a quarter of your life!"

The boatman did not answer but continued to sing. Soon after the pedant continued—

"Can you write?"

"Why to be sure not! I told you I could not read, so how should I write?"

"What you cannot write, and yet so cheerful? You have lost another quarter of your life!"

The boatman shrugged his shoulders, but did not seem less cheerful than before. Presently the Pedant began again—

"Boatman do you understand mineralogy, ornithology, zoolology, astrology, physiology, phychology, &c,"

"The deuce take all your foolish long names! What do I want with them?"

"How! You know nothing of these fine things, and yet you fancy yourself happy!—Why you have again lost a quarter of your life!"

During this conversation, a storm had suddenly arisen, the waves tossed the light boat and at length drove it on a rock, on which it could not but perish.

"Sir," said the boatman to his companion at this critical moment, "can you swim?"

"No indeed, I cannot; I have had more important matters to attend to."

"Well, then; I fear you have lost your *whole life.*"

Thus saying he leaped into the waves and swam on shore. He suffered the pedant to struggle a while in the water, and pretended not to hear his cries for assistance. At length he took compassion on him, helped him out of the the water, and took him home half dead with fear, dripping wet, and trembling with cold. Since that time the pedant is said to have lost most of his pride.

Thrice Happy Man.—It is astonishing to perceive says the editor of the Philadelphia Gazette how much matrimony is perpetrated about the present period. Ever and anon, wedding cake flows in upon us in a perfect inundation, and we find sundry peaceful looking and sugared loaves lying on our table of a morning, apparently just published by the connectioner,—begirt by political pamphlets annuals, newspapers, free trade documents; and arguments, on contrairs, in favor of domestic industry. Of course, our first selections, are drawn from the first mentioned articles. We admire to be made the recipients of those convivial tributes; they indicate the complacent influence of the brooding Spirit of Love! and prove incontestibly, that over all other excitements the blind little god will have sway; still wave his purple wings feed his undying lamp, and chaunt his dulcet song. When so many of these solemn casualties are transpiring, it behoves all young single gentlemen to contemplate their own apathy and delusion, and to show some signs of repentance.

Cautiously selected—a cousin, an almanac's area.

The sere and yellow leaf reminds us that winter is coming, and the chill northwest convinces us that "summer's away." The invalid and the prudent have long ago called their winter covering into requisition, and even the hardiest of our denizens are looking out for great coats, flannels, &c. House-keepers now deem it necessary to have their grates in order; and look after their supply of water; and many a parlour is already cheered by the blaze of nut wood fire; stoves for the counting room or work shop are now burnished up and pipes put in order to convey the smoke from the apartments "sub die." The lengthened evening remind the fashionable that it is almost time to court the social circle or join in the "splendid squeeze," and the student to light his lonely fire and pore over his ponderous tomes or unpline leaves. Yet while we think of fashion or study, we cannot but turn to the condition of those, who have made no provision to guard them against the inclemency of the coming winter. However much we may caution them to look out betimes, we fear it would avail little; for like the grasshopper in the fable, they would sing on till it be too late to make that provision which the season requires:—*N. Y. Merc. Adv.*

ADVENTURE OF NIMROD WILDFIRE

'I was ridin' along the Mississippi in my wagon, when I come across a feller floatin' down stream, settin' in the stern of his boat fast asleep! Well I had'nt had a fight for ten days—*felt as tho' I should have to kiver myself up in a salt barrel to keep*—so Wolty stout the head and shoulders. So, says I, "hullos, *stranger!* if you dont take keer, your boat will run away with you!" So he looked up at me slantindickler, and I looked down on him slantindickler—he took out a chur o' tobacco, and says he, "I dont value you tuntamount to *that!*" and then the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a cock. I rix up, shook my mane, crooked my neck, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump; head foremost ashore. I stopped my wagon and set my triggers. "Mister," says he, "I can whip my weight in wild cats and ride streight through a crab apple orchard on a flash of lightning. Clear mentax-disposition—the best man, if I an'at, I wish I may be tetocacouslly exfunted!"

The two belligerants join issue, and the Colonel goes on to say—

'He was a pretty severe colt, but no part of a priming to such a feller as me. *I put it to him mighty droll*—in ten minutes he yelled Enough and swore I was a rip staver! Says I, *"Ain't I the yaller fever of the forest!* and I'm all brimstone but the head and that's aequafortis!" Says he, *"Stranger you're a beauty*, and if I only knew'd your name, I'd vote for you next election.' Says I, my name is Nimrod Wildfire—half horse, half alligator and a touch of the airthquake—thats got the pretty 1 sister, fastest horse, and ugliest dog in the district and can outrun, outjump, throw down, drag out and whip any man in all Kaintuck.'

The Stamford Sentinel contains an account of the trial of a man named Miller, who killed his two infant children some weeks since in a fit of insanity, and would have killed his wife, had she not escaped by a singular Providence. The details are shocking; and we see no use in publishing them, unless they are accurately reported. He was raving mad, and supposed he was killing dragons, under which hallucination he still labours. The jury were unquestionably warranted in giving their verdict of acquittal; and he was consigned to the care of his friends, they giving security to prevent his doing further mischief. On all other topics than that of the visions he supposed he saw in his phrenzy, he was quite rational. We presume his disease would be characterised as monomania by the scientific. He had fasted for several days before committing the act, and his mind probably feeble by nature, had been agitated by pondering on questions of religion, which it is not permitted to man to understand, and which Milton represents the fallen angels as discussing in their place of torment.

When the Cherokee missionaries were arraigned before the Judge to receive sentence, and the question was put by the court, why sentence should not be pronounced, Mr. Worcester rose, and replied to the following effect,—it not in the precise words:

"May it please the Court—If I am guilty of the charges which have been made against me in the argument of this case, but not alleged in the indictment, then I have nothing to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against me—But I aver before my God and my country, that I am not guilty of these charges. I therefore say what I have heretofore said; that the state of Georgia has no right of jurisdiction over the territory in which I reside, and therefore this court has no right to pass sentence on me."

We find the following in the New York Journal of Commerce:

"A Catholic gentleman and an Episcopal lady were to be married, lately, in Connecticut. The lady insisted on the forms of her own church, and the gentleman was equally pertinacious in favor of a Catholic ceremony. Whereupon it was mutually agreed that each should be gratified. A clergyman was called, and being married Episcopally, the couple repaired to New York, and were married over again Catholically."

We believe the practice prevails in England and Ireland, when a Protestant and a Catholic are united, of using both services.—Certainly the Catholic party, believing marriage to be a sacrament, would require the service to be performed by a clergyman of the Catholic church.—*U. S. Gaz.*

ORIENTAL PREDICTION.

The June number of the Asiatic Journal extracts from the Madras Gazette the following translation of a singular Mahratta paper, which it is alleged, was sent from Heaven to one of the churches at Benares.

"In the Hindoostanee year 1838, and Salevahan Sagabdam 1753, answering to the year A. D. 1832, in the month of February, on the fifth day after the full moon, which will be on Saturday, and at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. when the sun enters Capricorn, the present iron age of the world will be turned into a golden age, which will continue for 1000 years, when the general duration of human life will be 125 years; and at the above mentioned date, a rajah will be born at the north pole, about 8 o'clock in the morning, of the race of the moon, and that night will be lengthened to thirteen and a half hours, after the expiration of nine hours of which, an earthquake will take place, when all tyrants and wicked people will be destroyed, but holy and charitable persons will be preserved. Those who receive this account with doubt, will undoubtedly commit a sin, but those who receive and transmit it to other countries, will perform as much charity as if they had presented a thousand cows and horses."

Relative to the rumors of insurrections, invasions in orders &c. in this State, which we observe to be widely circulating in the papers, it may be proper to state that they are entirely without foundation. In the middle and lower parts of this county and in Kent as well as in Sussex, there has been some alarm, and some suspicious circumstances have lead to measures of caution and vigilence; but nothing more.—*Del. Jour.*

Progress of Refinement.—A Philadelphia Editor has modified the vulgar and hacknied expression "*Going the Whole Hog,*" by substituting the following more polite and genteel words:—*Proceeding the whole Pork!*" Another editor—we believe our friend Hill, of the Galaxy—is for "*Going the entire Swine.*" The Boston editor discovers the most taste and refinement.—*Boston Gaz.*

General Summary.

Rising in the world.—A religious society in Cincinnati, in the county of Shelby, one of whose tenets is to salute each other with a holy kiss. One of the female devotees, a young lady of a thousand charms, happened to encounter a young gentleman of whom she was common-acquainted, and from a more cordial and loving salutation was quite in company. The next day she received a message from the high priest of the sect, saying she had been excommunicated for "kissing with an opposite."

Fish and Fashions.—When fishions are worn out in Paris the milliners send them unpopular articles to the North; that is, to Sweden and Russia. A vessel deeply laden with such merchandize, says a London paper, was run down in the channel of St. Petersburg. Next day a salmon was caught in the navy, dressed in a white satin petticoat; and in the same net were found two large codfish, with mason-bricklayers round their necks. The sharks and porposes were observed in pursuit of the latter, and hence was there a fish, that did not deeply some of the hottest Parisian fashions that had ever visited the north!

Fresh Fire Powder.—A meeting has been called in New York, of all young men who are disposed to join a brigade of volunteers to aid the Poles by their personal services. They would be better service in devoting a year's income to the relief of the poor of their own city.—*Saxon Gazette.*

The Siamese twins have lately, each of them, drawn a prize in a lottery in Philadelphia. These young fellows will, by and-one, be enabled to cut a spleen-ticulating-ly-big-ly-wonderful-ly-ridiculous-ly-and-ly-ly-ly

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

(From the Genesee Farmer.)

KEEPING FRUIT.

Unknown only is the best method of preserving fruit for market, is to pack it down in dry sand. Large tubs for this purpose are placed in a cool cellar or in a dry spring house, and filled over the sand, gently shaken down and covered for a week or more to dry, after which it is packed and kept in a cool place, where the temperature the better, provided it is above freezing point, until wanted for use. The sand which is to be used should be exposed to the air where the sun shines, where is warmer, so as to render it perfectly dry. Apples are put down, which are intended to be kept until spring, they should be picked, taken in baskets and be so as to remove them all bright. The best barrel for this purpose is clean beach sand, which is easier than otherwise, which should be rendered perfectly dry by being spread upon boards under cover of the sun. Put in a layer of sand, then a layer of apples, then a layer of sand, and so on, the apples being kept from the sides of the barrel by means of a board, and so on, the sand being kept from the sides of the barrel by means of a board, and so on, the sand being kept from the sides of the barrel by means of a board, and so on, the sand

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