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## The Parterre.

FOR THE PANTHER.

MARY'S ANSWER.

O canst thou, Edwin, bid adieu,  
And from thy Mary sever;  
O she could not thus part from you,  
And say Farewell—no never!

How can you quit those peaceful scenes  
Which we've enjoyed together,  
Along Bohemia's limpid streams,  
And say Farewell forever!

Reclin'd upon a grassy seat,  
The grateful willow bending over,  
I've listened to thy converse sweet,  
And thought thee no inconstant lover!

But now to distant climes thou'lt wander,  
Far from Mary's home and thine,  
And on Bohemia stay no longer,  
Though you around this heart entwined!

'Tis heart that bleeds at every pore  
To think that thou wilt from me sever;  
To think thou'lt leave thy native shore,  
And say Farewell—perhaps forever!

MARY.

Bohemia, May 15, 1824.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Yule—Catharine Ogilvie.

Ye banks and braes and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, & fair your flow'rs,  
Your waters never drunke!

There summer first unfurled her robes,  
And there thy longest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel's wings,  
Flew o'er me and my deary—  
For dear to me as lig' and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wit' money a' weel, and lock'd i' embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging a' to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder—

But oh! death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower so early!  
Now green's the sod and quail's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
I left her kiss'd so fondly;  
And clod's for aye the sparkling glance,  
That dwelt on me so kindly.

And moulder now in dust,  
That heart that lov'd me dearly;  
But still within my bosom's core,  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

DEFENCE OF THE TYROLE.

After the battle of Aspern, Bonaparte despatched a force of nearly 46,000 men under the command of Gen. Leferbre, to subjugate the Tyrolese who, headed by the brave and intrepid Andrew Hofer, had opposed a desperate resistance to all their attacks. The account of this expedition, as related by a Saxon major who escaped from the destruction of those terrible days, presents one of the most striking instances of national and individual heroism that history records.

"We had penetrated to Inspruck (says the officer) without great resistance. Our entrance into the passes of the Brenner, was only opposed by a small corps which continued falling back, after an obstinate, though short resistance. Among others, I perceived a man full 80 years old, posted against the side of a rock, and sending death among our ranks at every shot. Upon the Bavarians descending from behind, to make him prisoner, he shouted huzza! struck the first man to the ground with a ball, seized hold of the second, and with the ejaculation, in God's name! precipitated himself with his enemy into the abyss below.

"Marching onward, we heard resound from the summit of a high rock, Stephen shall I chop it off yet? to which a loud nay, reverberated from the opposite. This was told to the Duke of Dantick, who notwithstanding, ordered us to advance—at the same time he suddenly withdrew from the centre of the rear. The van, consisting of 4000 Bavarians, had just stormed a deep ravine, when we again heard hallooing over our heads Huzza for the Holy Trinity! Our terror was completed by the discovery that immediately followed. In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all and behold! and ere a minute was elapsed, thousands of my comrades in arms were crucified, buried and overwhelmed, by an incredible heap of broken rocks, stones and trees, hurled down upon us. We were all petrified—every one said that could, but a shower of balls from the Tyrolese, who now rushed from the surrounding mountains in immense numbers, and among them boys and girls of ten and twelve years of age, killed and wounded a great number of us. It was not till we had got these fatal mountain-side leagues behind us that we were reassembled by the duke, and formed into six columns. Soon after the Tyrolese appeared, headed by Hofer the monk. After a short address

from him, they gave a general fire, then flung their rifles aside, and rushed upon our bayonets. Nothing could withstand their impetuosity. They dashed at our feet, threw or pulled us down, strangled us, wrenched the arms from our hands and like enraged lions, killed all French, Bavarians and Saxons, that did not cry for quarters. By doing so, I, with 500 men, was spared, and set at liberty.

"When all lay dead around, and the victory was completed, the Tyrolese, as if moved by one impulse fell upon their knees and poured forth the emotions of their hearts in prayer, under the canopy of heaven a scene so actually solemn, that it will be ever present in my remembrance—I joined in the devotion, and never in my life did I pray more fervently."

From the Liverpool Kaleidoscope.

THE DIVING BELL—A FRAGMENT.

The strains of music grew fainter and fainter, as the bell descended through the green fluid which surrounded me, and I now began to experience that variety and intensity of feeling which I have so often seen described by divers. The first sensation was painful pressure upon my ears as if a body of considerable power and magnitude had been endeavoring to enter my brain through these apertures. After a while the cavities became expanded and the pain was relieved; but as the bell sank it was frequently again renewed, and as often exchanged for ease. I had scarcely descended 3 or 4 fathoms, when I felt the amazing weight of the ocean pressing upon me and girding round my head like an iron crown riveted fast to my skull, the force of which was so tremendous that it was with difficulty my senses were preserved. This painful feeling was then exchanged for a species of restless agitation and excitement, which might not entirely be the effect of my situation and extraordinary voyage, but might partly arise from some recollection of the imminent danger in which I was placed.—A kind of languor, which increased almost to fainting, now overcame me: the blood left my face and my limbs grew cold; and indeed, although I was well supplied with air by a continual exchange of the barrels from above, life seemed on the point of departing.—In the course of my voyage I frequently looked out on the water, which, of themselves, presented nothing but a clear green fluid; but frequently there came rushing by the bell, fishes of extraordinary forms and magnitude, some of the most beautiful colors and appearance, and others armed with dreadful teeth, stings and fangs, with scales and eyes of a fiery lustre.—I felt a constant dread, which perhaps tended to keep off other fears, that some of them might enter through the lower part of the diving bell, and attack me in my strong hold where escape and opposition would be equally vain. Occasionally I passed some marine production, between a fish and a plant, which spread out into branches filled with innumerable mouths and never-ceasing motion. Now and then methought I heard a noise like music in the deep, but the continual rustling, roaring, washing of the current against the sides of the bell, prevented any thing like a distinct hearing; only from this I am convinced that the ocean is not a silent world. Sometimes the waters would seem deserted and vacant—and then again there would rush by such shoals of living beings, pursuing their course so too rapid for me to discern their forms. Once or twice I decided, I thought there appeared some what like a human figure covered with scales of silvery green, but the image was too swiftly gone for to speak with certainty; added to which the optical illusion, occasioned by the waters might have deceived me. At length, at the depth of seventy fathoms the bell rested on the bed of the sea—and it may be imagined only what were my feelings at that moment. I was more than four hundred feet below the ocean! in a frail machine of wood, depending on a few ropes—and in a world which seems to be the principal abode of the most terrific monsters! I cannot, however, even at this distant period, but my recollection of the maddening subject at hand, has hastened forward with my tale. The bed of the deep is of itself a fair and beautiful sand, on which are placed rocks which seem to glow with a metallic lustre of various colors, on which is to be seen many a fair and living tree of silvery whiteness, in constant motion, while shells of all kinds and hues are scattered over them. The view is indeed a landscape, the most wild and magical that can be imagined; and although they really want the artificial erections of man, yet are the rocks diversified and hollowed out, into the form of temples, domes, pinnacles, minarets, and palaces upon which there is a continual movement of the sea. When I arrived at this place the painful sensations which I had experienced in my voyage had left me; I could breathe freely, and upon viewing the beautiful objects around me I began to think that the ocean world was indeed as delightful as the poets and water spirits had described it to be. But after emerging from the bell I saw many a sight that filled me with terror. The rocks were interspersed with the wreck, on which the fishes were still feeding—while thousands of whitening bones and skeletons lay scattered about upon resting on the outstretched arms of the giant pines which had fed on

them, and others in the dreadful open sea made by the shell of the enormous clam fish. The packages, jewels, gold, anchors and fragments of wrecks which appeared strewn about, were innumerable—but my respiration now becoming difficult from the agitation produced by so terrible yet sublime a spectacle, I turned from it to search for the body of my friend. After a long, dangerous and almost hopeless examination, I discovered it in a cave some distance from the diving bell, still dressed as when I last saw him, but blue, swollen and livid.

I raised the body in my arms, and taking one hand, drew from it a seal ring, with an aqua-marine stone, which well preserves the memory of my friend's death, and my own hazards in obtaining it; and since I first put it on, neither force nor any other method will draw it off. When I had done this, I looked the corpse steadily in the face, and still holding it by the right hand said, "George Harvey, the pledge of Raymond Mortlake is redeemed; when, to my surprise yet not to my terror, methought the eyes opened and gaz'd fervently upon me, while a smile seemed to play around the mouth, and the hand I fancied returned my pressure. At this moment I discovered that a serpent, consisting of a huge misshapen mass of scaly flesh, so what resembling a man, had fastened its long teeth on the body of my friend. I caught up a large piece of wreck that lay near me, and with one blow laid him level and powerless—while I hastened to secure a burial for the corpse of my friend, by dropping it into one of the many springs which gush from the bottom of the sea: whose strength is such as to terrify all the inhabitants of the deep. This was scarcely effected, when I bade farewell, when the monster having recovered, returned and fixed his tusk on my right arm. With a rapidity of motion that I have often since wondered and shuddered at, I regained the bell, and with my terrific companion entered it and gave the signal to be drawn up.—Whether it were the loss of blood from the deep wound given me by this water fiend, or the effect of rising, I know not, but my senses seemed to be leaving me, and my head to be going upwards from my body. I soon became senseless, and recovered not until I found myself in a hammock on board the Sea-gull. It was then that I learned that my extraordinary stay had greatly alarmed them; and that their terror was wonderfully increased upon drawing up the bell, and finding my aquatic comrade, who leaped again into the sea, and the vessel's bells so that they could scarcely discern his form. A long and dangerous illness, the effect of my wound and voyage, followed—and when I recovered, my first care was to visit the church of Lerwick, at once to offer thanks for my own preservation, and to erect a stone to the memory of Harvey. The marks of the sea monster's teeth yet remain upon my arm, though the wound is healed, and is like the impression which this adventurer has made upon my memory—they will never be effaced!"

SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

A French merchant, having some money due on a correspondence, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, to receive it. Having finished his business to his satisfaction, he took a bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting forgot it. The dog, perceiving his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and, by crying, barking, and howling, endeavoring to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, & at length, by stopping the horse, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but, waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad, a brook of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The poor animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad! what must I do?—I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! Oh! could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me; but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired.—But his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded; and, wailing in his own blood, still endeavoring to crawl towards his master as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight, he sprang on his horse and rode off, leaving the poor dog to die.

and he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear.—But still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opinion to his wounded spirit was ineffectual:—"I am most unfortunate," said he to himself, "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found.—In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly.—Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen upon the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what was his sensation? His heart was ready to bleed; he cursed himself in the madness of despair. His head was unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could say no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the carcases of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue, he lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seek forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes forever.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the highest in the United States, except, perhaps, the Rocky Mountains, are beginning to attract the attention of travellers, and measures are about being taken to open the road to Mount Washington, which is said to exceed the highest part of the Alleghanies and the Green Mountains, in Vermont, 2,500 feet.—Mount Washington is more than 2,000 feet higher than Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, more than 2,500 higher than Snowden, and of about equal altitude with Mount Olympus, of classic fame. The name by which I have mentioned it is now pretty well established by custom, and will doubtless supersede its rather nominal Indian title of Agiocoocook. It is surrounded by five lower peaks, bearing the names of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Pleasant. The last name seems to be a sort of locum tenens till another presidential election. The highest point of Mount W. is nearly 2,000 feet below the limit of perpetual snow, which in our climate is 8000 feet. There is, however, a quantity of snow remaining till the month of July, and in dry seasons small portions might be found in shady crevices throughout the year, but as this summer had been rainy, we found none in any place. The proper time for ascending the White Mountains, is early in June. In August scarcely a day passes in which the summits are not enveloped by a dense fog, & travellers are sometimes obliged to wait more than a week for weather sufficiently clear to discover the path."

Here cloudless regions call the soul,  
And mortal cares be still;  
Calm passions wayward will controul,  
And rectify the will."

The following interesting anecdote of the Beaver, is taken from Franklin's Narrative of a Journey to the shores of the Polar sea, recently published.

"One day, a gentleman, long a resident of this country, espied five young beaver sporting in the water, eeping up on the trunk of a tree, pushing one another off and playing a thousand interesting tricks. He approached softly, under cover of the bushes, and prepared to fire upon the unsuspecting creatures; but a beaver approach, discovered to him such a similitude betwixt their gestures and the infantine carcases of his own children, that he thought better to be envied; but few traders in fur would have acted so feelingly."

Reverent Printer. The editor of small paper to the south, was charged with having, contrary to established custom, taken a compensation for announcing a death in his paper. In vindicating himself he assures his subscribers, that "it will afford him pleasure at all times to insert any notice of the kind gratis, and especially should it concern any of the patrons of his paper."

Reluctant courtier. A clergyman, asked almost to blasphemous, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character in a crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the Patriarch lived to such extreme old age?" To which the apothecary replied—

immediately replied—"For to look no Physic."

## Moral Chron.

The character of a believing Christian.

He praises God for his mercies, and yet fears him for his judgments, and yet fears him for his mercies. He is so ashamed as to dare not open his mouth in prayer, and yet he comes boldly to God, and yet he comes for anything he needs, humbly as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing, and believes that God will do all good. He is often yet always rejoicing, complaining, yet ever thankful. He is one who always, yet is so bold, yet is the most lowly, yet the greatest aspirer, contented, yet ever discontented. He hears a lofty spirit in condition;—when he is he thinks meanest of himself, he is rich in poverty, and in the midst of riches, he believes all the world to be yet dares take nothing as a special leave from God, covenants with God for no yet looks for a great reward. He loseth his life and gains it, and whilst he loseth, he saveth it."

Slander.—Vice hath more object slave; society duces not a more odious nor can the devil receive a more worthy of him, nor is he more welcome to him, a slanderer. The world reprobates this monster with half the horror he deserves; yet, certain, the thief looks upon in the comparison; nay, the derer himself can seldom a in competition with his gull, a slanderer is a more cruel than the sword, as the we which the former gives is ways incurable.

REVELATION.

It is in the bed of sickness, hour of dissolution, that the perior claims of revelation most apparent. Here reason dumb, or only speaks to a vate the mysteries, and render more terrible the horrors of death scene. No relief is to soften the grim visage of king of terrors. As near approaches, how the night comes! Trembling on the edge of the affrighted soul asks the nature of death is; and what are its dominions? treacherous guide darkness are known. That darkness eye penetrates—that profound line measures. It is conjoined to be the entrance to eternal oblivious sleep—the profound which existence alone Beyond that gulph, which swallowed up the dead, and swallowing up the living, foresight nor calculation tell. What follows is unknown, ask not concerning it; the philosophy has guided you out a guide and blindfold must take the last decisive perchance to hell—perhaps non-existence! How the brightens when revelation is pealed to! As the ark testimony is opened, a revelation to say, "I am the reedion and the life; he that liveth in me though he be dead, yet shall he live." the voice of the angel of the covenant. His bow of promise seen arching in the sky, reaching down into the earth, whose dark caverns by his ances are illuminated, and those mists of shades, so terrible to the eye of mortal, mansions rise into spect. Already the age of death is passed. The aged deemed sinner, there is no pang more. Shouting in his endures that pang, while he is enduring it, the cloud vanished from the ment, and the heavens are bright and serene forever.

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# NOVEMBER

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