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THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.—By H. F. Gould. 'This midnight—all is peace profound! But lo! upon the murmuring ground, The lonely, swelling, hurrying sound, Of distant wheels is heard!

Perhaps thy treasure's in the deep— Thy lover in a dreamless sleep— Thy brother where thou canst not weep— Upon his distant grave!

THE ANGEL'S CALL. BY MRS. HEMANS. "Hark! thy whisper! angels say, Sister spirit, come away!"

ST. MARK'S EVE. "The devil choke thee with un!"—As Master Giles the yeoman said this, he banded down a hand, in size and colour like a ham, on the old fashioned oak table.

days that if a person should keep watch towards midnight beside the church, the apparition taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemingly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the eve was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was to be one of those that bear fruit.

forbode without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was the faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, that it was imperative on her, as a Christian, to warn the unimpaired totality adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a memento mori face, she broached the matter in the following question:—"Master, how best'st? As hearty, dame, as a buck,—the dame shook her head,—and I wish thee the like,—at which she shook her head herself. A dead silence ensued—the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently, an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China.—The dame felt this, and thinking it better to throw the news on her husband at once she told him in as many words, that he was a dead man.

It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, and delivered. Conscious instantly pointed out the oracle from which he had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as the pale society—the colourless complexion of late hours. St. Mark had numbered his years; and the remaining days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife.—"Thee hast watched dame at the church porch, then?—Ay, Master. 'And thee didst see me spirituously?' In the brown wrap, with the boot hose. They were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holy Hedge.—For a minute the farmer paused—but the next he burst into a fit of laughter,—peal after peal—and each higher than the last, according to the hysterical rant of the hyena. The poor old woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought of a delirium—a lightning before death, and was beginning to wring her hands and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman.—"Dame thee be'ta fool. It was I myself thee seed at the church porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face—but, thanks to God, thee be'ta a-iving, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten month! The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she shared in a sentimental and from that hour, her appearance, they became the most united couple in the country—but, it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other in safety over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.

of a coincidence which will be here stated. On the 9th September 1826, the writer having been but a few weeks a resident of this place, Bishop Hobart held Confirmation in the church here. Towards evening of that day he was taken suddenly ill while alone in his room; a young man who has attended him in his last illness being in an adjoining apartment, heard him fall; the writer was alarmed and ran to his assistance and found him lying on his face, faint, and somewhat convulsed. Orders were instantly given to call a physician, and Dr. Morgan, then an entire stranger to all concerned, was providentially found in the street and in a few minutes was with the Bishop.—By a timely prescription and careful attention the threatened illness passed over, and the next day found our prelate consecrating a church at Moravia, nearly twenty miles from this place. Whenever the Bishop has subsequently made any stay in this village the Dr. called upon him. The Bishop was from the first much pleased with this gentleman, and, as will be seen, grew fond of him, and placed the utmost confidence in him to the last. We now return to the narrative. The medicine given as above stated took a happy effect, and the prospect was, that after a few hours of repose, and some further medicine the Bishop would be relieved. He rested well for the greater part of the night of Friday the 9th; and though during most of the following day, Saturday the 10th, he suffered considerably, he found himself much better and more comfortable on Sunday the 11th, and it was supposed that he would be soon wholly relieved. It was evident, however, that under the most favorable circumstances, he could not in safety attend to his appointments for the two following weeks. During the middle of the day, a letter dictated by himself was addressed to his son, Mr. William H. Hobart, in the city of New York, expressing the opinion of the Bishop himself that he was convalescent; but as he concluded that he should not have sufficient strength to perform the duties of his visitation appointments, it would be advisable for him to return home as soon as he should be able to travel, and he wished his son to come on for the purpose of attending him on the way. On Monday the 6th, the Editor of the Gospel Messenger suggested to the Bishop the propriety of issuing in the form of an extra, the notice which has been seen generally by the readers of this paper. In that extra which was read to the Bishop, he requested the alterations of the original expression of the writer, substituted for it "this disease is now yielding to judicious treatment." On Tuesday the 7th, the symptoms were more unfavorable, but there was nothing by any means alarming either to the physician or himself.—During Wednesday the 8th, the Bishop's disorder assumed a severe character, but he was evidently much more comfortable through a large portion of Thursday the 9th, but on Friday the 10th, the symptoms became seriously alarming, and towards the evening of that day assumed a fatal aspect. About nine the Bishop's son arrived. His introduction into the room of his venerated father, produced emotions better imagined than described, which will not be soon forgotten by those present. The Bishop's mind was clear, and his powers of mind and voice. The enquiries he made after his family, the pious counsels he addressed to his child, the fervour of his religious feelings, the ardour of his affectionate language produced, for a time, a most thrilling and overwhelming effect. Painfully interesting as this interview was, it was truly gratifying to those who had hitherto surrounded the Bishop's bed, that Dr. Hobart should hear from his father's mouth, not only his last admissions and affectionate entreaties to make the Saviour of his soul the supreme object of his love, but that he might have from it an assurance that the father had the fullest confidence in what his physicians had done for him. This sentiment was very frequently expressed during the whole of his sickness. Though he had the advantage of the counsel of several of the most distinguished and able medical gentlemen from other villages, and though he still more gratefully by their visits, and still more gratefully by their attending physician, that he had the most entire confidence in the latter. To him he often addressed the most grateful, pious, and tender remarks. Again and again he would say, "My dear Doctor, give me your hand, it soothes me; you have been very kind and faithful to me; you have been most judicious in your treatment of me; you will not lose your reward, for whether I live or die, you have done your duty. To his other attendants he was continually addressing the most warm acknowledgments, imploring upon them the richest blessings. On receiving the slightest refreshments or relief, his first expression was, "God be praised," and then he would tenderly and gratefully thank the immediate agent.—"I will not permit any thing like a narrative of his conversations and remarks to those around his bed, until his sickness was none in his room. Throughout his sickness none were admitted who were not necessary to his comfort. Though Bishop Hobart did not consider himself alarmingly ill till the latter part of his sickness, still he frequently observed, even in the earlier part of it, that it was the third attack of the kind, and one such, he had no doubt, would some day be his end. "Perhaps," says he, "this may be that one—if I, God will be done.—O pray for me, that I may not only say this, but feel it, feel it as a man, for bear me witness, I have no merit of my own; as a guilty sinner would I go to my Saviour, casting up my blood. He is my only Redeemer, my Sanctifier, my God, my Judge." Such was the tenor of much of his conversation; and it is most earnestly wished that the writer had the ability as well as time to record in the glowing language of departed prelate, the evidence he gave of his humility, of lively faith, of animating hope of the joys of heaven. On Sunday the 5th he requested the writer to perform in his room the office of visitation of the sick; in which, with his prayer-book lying on his bed before him, he joined with the delightful fervour for which his manner has been so often admired. Frequently through the day and night he would request either the writer, or the Rev. brother who was with him, altho time from Tuesday P. M. till he died, to say some short prayer. This practice was continued till he became too much exhausted to be benefited by it. He often asked for some portion of Bishop Andrews' Litany to be read in his own repetition of them there was a thrilling effect upon the present. In Saturday morning the indications were wholly discouraging, that his physicians stated that he should be informed that it

considered him in a very dangerous situation. Though the bishop had evidently regarded his case as very doubtful, he might not be aware that his time was so near out as it has proved to have been. The painful office of making the communication fell upon the writer, and it was suggested that if he had any thing to do or say, there should be no delay, and allusion was made to his wishes as to the Lord's Supper. "Oh yes," said he, "the Sacrament—the Sacrament; that is the last thing, that is all, let me have it." There was a firmness and composure in his manner as he uttered the words, "well, God's will be done," which moved every heart, and confirmed all present in the conviction that the pious affliction of this venerated and beloved bishop, could not be shaken by the approaches of death. The Sacrament was soon administered by the writer, and long will that solemn scene be remembered by all who beheld the transaction, as one of the most tender and moving characters. When the person officiating came, in the confession, to the words, "by thought, word and deed," the bishop stopped him, and said, "you know the church expects us to pause over those words—pause now, repeating over those words at a time, till I cease you to go on." This was done, and the pauses in each case was so long, that a fear passed over our minds that he had lost his recollection, or fallen asleep. This, however, proved not to be so, he repeated each word and after the third pause added, "proceed, I will interrupt you no more." At the proper place he requested to hear the 93d hymn; as soon as the reading was ended he sung clearly the 2d and 3d verses. From this time, which was about 9 o'clock in the morning, there was no very important change. During the night he said very little, and for about four hours before he expired, was nearly, if not quite insensible to what was passing around. He sunk into the arms of death without a struggle, and his face soon assumed that engaging expression which has in life so often delighted those who loved him. The most expeditious preparations were made for his removal to the city for interment, the village assembled at the Parsonage house, where, after a few remarks by the writer, he performed that service in the Clergyman's Companion, prepared by the bishop himself for similar occasions. The body being placed in a hearse, (Sunday, 3 o'clock, P. M.) a procession was formed, the writer and some members of his family with the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Peter's Church, with some other members of the congregation, following the corpse in carriages, (Dr. Hobart having preceded the village assembled at the Parsonage house, reached the edge of the village, when the people on foot, and some others, returned, and several carriages proceeded with the body to Woodsport, eight miles, where a canal boat was in readiness, and it was committed to the care of the Reverend F. H. Cuming, who it should be stated, had been the constant attendant of the bishop, night and day, from Tuesday, P. M. The qualification of this gentleman for a most important aid to the writer and his family during those trying days. He was so acceptable to the bishop, that he was unwilling to have him a moment from his room, except now and then he would command him to go and get some rest. The foregoing has been written to meet the supposed expectation of the distant public, and the bishop's more immediate friends, that the writer would make them acquainted with the most prominent facts and incidents in the last days of that eminent man, whose death fills the church with mourning. JOHN C. RUDD.

one of his legs undiscovered. Without, all was still and quiet except the gentle murmur of the river at the rapids about a mile below. At this moment the Indians softly approached the door of his tent, and slightly removing the curtain contemplated the venerable man, too deeply engaged in the subject of his thoughts to notice either their approach, or the snake which lay extended before him. At a sight like this, even the heart of the savage shrank from the idea of committing so horrid an act, and quitting the spot they hastily returned to the town, and informed their companions that the Great Spirit protected the white man, for they had found him with no floor but a blanket, and had seen a large rattlesnake crawl over his legs without attempting to injure him. This circumstance, together with the arrival soon afterwards of Conrad Weiser, procured Zinzendorf the friendship and confidence of the Indians, and probably contributed essentially towards inducing many of them at a subsequent period to embrace the Christian religion. The Count having spent twenty days at Wyoming, returned to Bethlehem, on the north bank of the Lehigh about eleven miles from its junction with the Delaware. [Chapman's Wyoming.] This circumstance is not published in the Count's memoirs, lest, as he states, the brethren should think the conversion of a part of the Shawnee was attributable to their superstition. The author received the narrative from a companion of Zinzendorf, who afterwards accompanied him to Wyoming. THE GAMBLER. The finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he herds would meet, though the place of rendezvous were the chamber of the dying; they would meet, though it were an apartment in the charnel house. Not even the death of a kindred can affect the Gambler. He would play upon his brother's coffin; he would play upon his father's sepulchre. Younder see that wretch prematurely old in infirmity as well as sin. He is the father of a family. The mother of her children, lovely in her tears, strives with the tenderest assiduity to restore his temperance, his love of home, and long lost charms of domestic life. She pursues him with her kindness and entreaties, to his haunts of vice; she reminds him of her children; she tells him of their virtues, of their sorrows, of their wants, and she adjures him by the love of them, and by the love of God, to repent and return. Vain attempt, she might as well adjure the whirl-wind; she might as well entreat the tiger. The brute has no feeling left. He turns upon her with the spirit of the demons with which he is possessed. He curses his children and her who have them; and as he prosecutes his game, he fills the intervals with imprecations on his maker; imprecations borrowed from the dialect of devils, and uttered with a tone that betrays only the organs of the damned. And yet in this monster there once dwelt the spirit of a man. He had talents, he had honor, he had even faith. He might have honored the senate, the bar, and the altar. But his faith that saved him. The gaming table has robbed him of it, and every thing else that was worth possessing. What a frightful change of character! What a tremendous wreck is the soul of a man in ruin! Return, disconsolate mother, to thy dwelling, and be submissive, thou shalt become a widow, and thy children fatherless. Further efforts will be useless; the reformation of thy partner is impossible. THE SARACEN MAID. MOTHER OF BECKET. Thomas-a-Becket, the hero and martyr of the ecclesiastical party, was the son of a citizen of London, as ancient chroniclers tell us, by a Saracen lady, under circumstances which, however repugnant to the course of ordinary life must have been probably more than once combined in the crusades—Gilbert, his father, made an expedition to the Holy Land, probably not without some views to his calling as a leader. He and his only attendant Richard were made prisoners of a Mussulman emir, whose daughter they were sometimes permitted to see: a permission which loses much of its improbability, if we suppose that he was employed in procuring European ornaments for war, and was allowed to see a lady so exalted above him from a mixture of convenience and contempt. She asked him about his religion, and whether he was ready to risk his life for his God. "To die," he answered,—"I can." "Then," said she, "let us escape together." He could not refuse. Either his course left him, or the attempt failed. He escaped with sister companions. She afterwards broke her prison; and by the repetition of the word "LORD," found her way marvellously by sea and land to that city, where she had no other resource than that of crying through the streets Gilbert the name of him whom she loved; the only European word besides London with which the forlorn damsel of Syria was acquainted. After many adventures she was at length recognized by the faithful Richard, baptized with the royal name of Matilda, married to her Gilbert, and she became the mother of Thomas-a-Becket.—Sir J. Mackintosh. COLUMBUS, (Ohio) August 25.—The Democracy of Ohio is again beginning to arouse. In many of the counties, an active and spirited body of freemen have united in a common cause, and have resolved to stand by the administration, and are prepared to resist with zeal the silly efforts of the disorganizers. The proceedings and resolutions of several recent conventions of the people have reached us, in which a manly independence, and a bold and determined effort to sustain the President, is manifest. The veto will be unflinchingly and firmly sustained by the Republicans of this State. The liberal and candid of the opposition, have, many of them, been compelled to approve and sanction it as sound in principle. All those who are governed by an honest purpose, moral instructions under the influence of pure, moral instructions do not hesitate to admit the policy and expediency of this wise act of the administration. There is a set of political "harpies," who live on COMOTION, who are always ready to ride the whirlwind; and who will yet blow at the match in the vain hope of finding fire. But the sober portion of the people, the virtuous, upright and industrious part of the community, those on whom rest the very pillars of your political fabric—these are the men who respond to the voice of God, Jackson, in rejecting the Kentucky application Bill. Such are the men who will face every hobby, and who, resting in full confidence upon the measures of the government, will cheerfully defend them at the polls. [Quillan.]