The provision in the will of Mr. *Girard*,—for the education of *Orphans* in the College endowed therein,—has given rise to discussions about the meaning of the term. The phrase in the will is "poor male white *orphan* children," and the question is, what description of children are embraced in these terms of the bequest. Those who have neither father nor mother, are unquestionably *orphans* in the sense of the will—but does it also apply to those who have lost the father only—or those who have lost either parent, without distinction as to which? The opinion has been expressed in Philadelphia that this last is the proper construction, and that every boy, otherwise properly qualified, who shall be destitute of father or mother, or both, may be deemed admissible into the Girard College. "By this latitude of construction," says the National Gazette, "the whole benefit of the bequest would be secured to Philadelphia or Pennsylvania." This is a very strong reason, undoubtedly, for inclining the Philadelphians to that opinion; but at the same time, it might be supposed to disqualify them—in a legal sense—for being impartial in the matter. For this reason they have done wisely in fortifying themselves with the opinions of distinguished men, out of the state. Judge Hopkinson and Ex-President Adams have had a correspondence on the subject, which is published in the National Gazette of Monday evening.

Judge Hopkinson in his first letter, after a close examination of the question, "without coming to a result absolutely satisfactory," as he states, is inclined to the opinion that "an orphan is a child deprived of both parents, or of the father." In the investigation he confined himself chiefly to the "legal acceptation of the term," which is in fact the only one applicable to the construction of the will. From the authorities which he cites from the law books, he infers with considerable certainty, though not conclusively, that in a legal sense the loss of a father is to be deemed to make the child an orphan, although the mother remain, "but not *e converso*," and the reason of the rule of law he takes to be, that "as to the purpose of maintenance, provision and preferment, the father is the parent looked to and depended upon."

Mr. Adams in reply examines the question with greater minuteness and goes back to the original language for illustrations.—He ascertains that the classical sense of the word has been always indefinite. He concludes with the opinion that "the death of either parent constitutes an orphan for every purpose that can entitle the individual so designated to receive any benefit or advantage."

We have read over Mr. Adams' arguments very carefully, without being convinced of the correctness of the conclusion he has drawn from his own premises. On the contrary they seem to establish more strongly than any thing else, the limitation of the sense of the word to persons who have lost both parents or the father only, to the exclusion of those who have lost the mother.—Two quotations only are given in support of the widest construction. One is from the Hippolytus of Euripides, where Theseus exclaims, on hearing of the death of his wife, in language of which Mr. Adams gives the translation by Potter,

"But my all is lost,
My house is desolate, my children *orphans*."

It should be noticed, that the original is a verb, *my children are orphaned*, which in poetry may be considered as simply a very strong expression for bereavement, not as a precise expression of the exact extent of the bereavement sustained. The Greek word translated *desolate* has a similar intensity of meaning; its strict sense being *deserted*—the noun from which it is derived signifying a *desert*, a *waste*,—*my house is made a desert*.—Poetical uses of words are not always authorities for their classical meaning, much less for the strict meaning of the words from which they are derived. The general sense of the Greek word from which we derive *orphan*, is not that of the deprivation of parents, but of deprivation in general—*bereavement*. The quotation from Hippolytus does not therefore strengthen Mr. Adams' case.

The only other reference of Mr. Adams for sustaining his liberal construction, is not stronger. He says that

"In the French language the Greek word has also been adopted, but has undergone some mutation. From "orphenin," as it was first used, it has been changed to *orphelin*, which the dictionary of the French Academy defines, 'Enfant en bas age, qui a perdu son pere et sa mere ou l'un des deux," with this further observation: 'Il est a remarquer que dans l'usage ordinaire on ne se sert guere de mot d'*orphelin*, en parlant d'un enfant qui n'a perdu que sa mere."

This "further" observation settles the general use of the word to be opposite to Mr. Adams' inferences. The Dictionary gives notice, that in the *ordinary* understaning of the term, the word "*orphan*" is scarcely used for a child that has only lost the mother.

Judge Hopkinson seems to have understood Mr. Adams' reasonings as we do, adverse to his conclusion, and says in his concluding letter, that, independent of the case of Thesus, "the weight of his (Mr. A's.) authorities *rather inclines* to the interpretation which requires a child to be *fatherless* to become an orphan."

The point, however, if made under Mr. Girard's will, must be settled in the mode selected by Judge Hopkinson, without reference to classic poets, first by the legal meaning of the word, and if that be not absolute, by further comparison with its accepted use in the language of the day.—*Balt. Amer.*

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

Washington's Opinion.—It has been well said that all the mischiefs of nullification have grown out of the strange assumptions of State Sovereignty which have been put forth, first by Mr. Jefferson and since by the nullifiers of the South. In 1787, Gen. Washington, in a letter to Mr. Jay, thus speaks of the MONSTER State Sovereignty. He is writing about the difficulty of abolishing the old confederacy and establishing the present constitution.

"My opinion is, that this country has yet to *feel* and *see* a little more before it can be accomplished. A thirst for power, and the bantling—I had liked to have said MONSTER—sovereignty, which have taken such fast hold of the States individually, will, when joined by the many whose personal consequence, in the line of state polities, will in a manner be annihilated, from a strong phalanx against it; and when to these, the few who can hold posts of honor or profit in the national government, are compared with the many who will see but little prospect of being noticed, and the discontents of others who may look for appointments, the opposition would be altogether irresistible, till the mass as well as the more discerning part of the community shall see the necessity."

The following extract is from the pen of Mr. Graham, the celebrated Lecturer on the science of human life. It accompanies (as a note) an interesting little work, entitled "Cornaro's Discourses on a Temperate Life."

"Gentle reader! art thou still in early life, and dost thou sometimes contemplate old age as necessarily a state of feebleness and decrepitude and gloom? Or art thou already what the young call old, and dost thou feel thyself entering into the dreary winter of thy bodily existence? Seest thou nothing but weakness and infirmities, and the fast waning of life's flickering light, in the cheerless prospect before thee? Seems thy unjoyous way downward into the vale of death, covered with a mist whose destiny increases as thou descendest, wrapping thee in deeper and yet deeper gloom, and blearing thy vision, and taking away the other senses by slow, but yet too painfully perceptible degrees; and shutting thee up to the solitary consciousness of exhausted powers and approaching death? and with such a prospect before thee, or in such a state, art thou incredulous when the venerable Cornaro tells of the comforts and the cheerfulnees of his green old age? Does it seem to thee impossible that at the age of ninety or a hundred years, a man should have that health and vigor and vivacity and cheerfulness, and increased enjoyment of which Cornaro speaks! Doubt not, beloved reader! but be assured, if thou wilt live the life of the righteous, thou shalt reap his reward! Obey the laws of life! Wrong not thy body nor thy soul! Live as thou shouldst, in harmony with the universal and inflexible government of God, established constitutionally in the great system of nature's laws, and thou shalt experience the health, the serenity, the peace, the cheerfulness, the happiness, and even the raptures of Cornaro. And when thy life is spent, and thou art called to make thy exit from this changing scene, thou shalt walk erect in patriarchal manliness, like Moses to the Mountain top, with vision unimpaired, and scarce diminished strength, and there in the glorious prospect of a better world, thy God himself will spread thy death bed for thee, and take thee to himself, without a pain!"

PRINTERS' ENTERPRIZE.

The New York papers state that the Harpers, of that city, have 17 presses in their Printing establishment—one of which working by horse power, equals the work of 6 or 7 common presses; that they have 140 persons directly in their employ; that their printing costs 100 and their paper 200 dollars a day; and that they turn out on an average, every day of the year, a book of the size of the "Family Library." Their postage bill is said to amount to 1,000 dollars, annually.

In reference to the prosperous condition of these publishers, the Editor of the Albany Evening Journal states a fact in their previous career, with a view of teaching young mechanics, what may be accomplished by industry, intelligence and enterprize:—

It is (says the Journal) but a few years since the Harpers were Journeymen Printers. In 1816, the editor of this Journal was a Press mate of James Harper, in the office of Alderman Jonathan Seymour, of New-York, a man that honors our Craft, and who is remembered with esteem and affection by all who ever held situations in his office.—At that day, Harper was known as a "*driver*," and well we remember the many long and hard *pulls* he gave us at the *Bar*. Nothing short of 12 tokens a day would satisfy him. His brother John worked at a Press in the same room, and was a chip of the same block. *Dead horses* were never found upon their *Banks*. It required no gift of prophecy to see, from these young men's manner of taking time by the fore-lock, that they were destined to "*make a spoon or spoil a horn*." We are happy to learn that they *have* made a "*Spoon*," with which they are diligently employed in extracting honey from the "*Horn of Plenty*.

Washington in 1772.—We have received a beautiful engraved portrait of Washington as he was at the age of forty, from a copy, by Anson Dickinson, Esq. of the orignal picture by Peale. The latter is the only original portrait of Washington, executed prior to the Revolution; and Mr. Custis of Arlington, has given a certificate of the exactness of this copy by Mr. Dickinson, whose talents as a Miniature Painter are well known.—The face of Washington in this portrait is quite youthful—indicating the most vigorous health and a mind completely at ease—with a clear, unclouded brow, and a mild, steady gaze. The change which must have taken place in his features, within a few years, is easily accounted for by the toils, cares and responsibilities which weighed upon him as the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army, and one upon whom all the hopes of his fellow-countrymen rested. This likeness represents him in the uniform of Colonel Commandant of the Provincial Forces of his Britannic Majesty, in the Colony of Virginia. It is engraved by a first rate Artist, on steel.—*Balt. Gaz.*

The Hunters of New Hampshire.—On the 22d ult. a party of 300 men, belonging to Andover, N. H. and the neighboring towns, armed and equipped, assembled around Ragged Mountain for the purpose of destroying the bears that have for some time past been making great ravages among the numerous flocks that feed thereon. While proceeding from the base to the summit, seven bears were discovered, and only one killed; the remaining six escaped for want of more men and better order, (says the Concord Statesman.) Bruin was carried off in triumph, followed by the hunters in long procession, to the Franklin House in Andover, where it was voted to make a second attempt *on the ensuing Fourth of July*, and that the citizens of the neighboring towns be invited to attend with guns, horns, &c. to form a line about said mountain, and assist in the chase.—Twelve officers, sixty scouts, and a color-bearer were chosen. This is the best plan, without exception, for the celebration of the Fourth, that we have ever heard of.

There is something most extraordinary in the following editorial paragraph, and we confess beyond our comprehension.

How in a trial conducted with so much respectability and talent on both sides, as was that of Ephraim K. Avery, such a difference of names could have been overlooked, and the character of Maria Snow Cornell could have been accepted as that of Sarah M. Cornell, we cannot possibly conceive. Surely there must be some mistake in the statement.

The bare suspicion of such an attempt, is revolting to every feeling of justice, and will of course cause the proper inquiry, which we trust will result in proving it to be without foundation.—*N. Y. Mer. Adv.*

From the Fall River Monitor, of Saturday.

WHAT NEXT.—We have been informed within a few days past, on good authority, that there is now living in the town of Providence a female by the name of Maria Snow Cornell. Of her character we say nothing, further than to state what ought to be known, viz: that there is now no doubt that this is the identical girl spoken of by the witnesses on the stand in the trial of Avery, as Maria Snow at one place, as Maria Cornell at another, and as Maria S. Cornell at a third. Thus has the character of Sarah M. Cornell, the unfortunate deceased, been loaded down with the singularities, the frailties and the crimes of another whose name bore a resemblance to hers. Why has this been done? Let those answer who best know. We do hope this affair will be thoroughly investigated and publicly exposed, and the authors of it made to feel the full weight of their merited punishment. Lives there on earth a fiend, a devil in human form, that would or could resort to such measures for any purposes whatever? If there be such beings, let them be known that they may be shunned.

The Mormons.—We have the last number of the "Evening and Morning Star," printed at Mount Zion, by the Mormons, before us. It represents the society as flourishing abundantly "in these last days." It gives several commandments recently revealed to the prophets. Its style is affectedly ancient and scriptural. It commences a brief notice of worldly matters, or foreign news, with this pretty exordium—"Lo! there are great things near; and while one nation rises to rejoice, behold another sits down to weep!"—*U. S. Gaz.*

A new method of preserving Iron from rust—communicated by M. Payen to the French Institute—consists in plunging the pieces to be preserved into a mixture of one part concentrated solution of impure soda, (soda of commerce,) and three parts of water. Pieces of iron left for three months in this liquid had lost neither weight nor polish, whilst similar pieces immersed for five days in the simple water were covered with rust.—*Recueil Industriel.*

From the Delaware Gazette.

The efficiency of *soot* in stopping blood proceeding from a fresh wound was lately tested, and proved beyond a doubt, in the case of Nathan Cornish, near Newark, New Castle County, who while in making a fence, by a misstroke of the axe, cut his leg badly to the bone, which bled profusely. Not being at first aware of the injury he had sustained, he continued at work, till perceiving the blood running freely, he pulled off his boot, and was alarmed at finding it drenched with blood. He immediately started for home, the blood from his leg continuing to increase, and after his arrival proceeded to try various remedies for stopping it, without effect. After trying almost every remedy without success, and despairing of stopping the blood, with the loss of which his strength was fast wasting away—*soot* was applied, and to the surprize of every one the bleeding was stopped almost instantly. And what is still more singular, the pain, which was very severe, almost as soon abated, and he is now in a fair way to recover.

The Father of Rattlesnakes.—We saw a letter yesterday to a respectable gentleman, now on a visit to this city, from Arkansas, in which an account is given of the capture and destruction of a Rattlesnake, whose circular dimensions equalled those of a man's thigh—his length is not stated. He carried *fifty-four rattles*, and a button, (the terminating rattle) measuring 12 inches in length.

This father of Rattlesnakes was killed about two miles from Fort Smith, by a soldier.—*Commercial Herald.*

Attempted Escape.—The Morristown (N. J.) Palladium mentions that Antoine La Blanc, the suspected murderer of Mr. Sayre and family, attempted to break prison on Sunday last. He had commenced cutting a hole in the wall about four feet square, with a piece of an iron hoop, when he was detected in the act by the Sheriff, who immediately hand-cuffed and secured him within the strong walls of the dungeon.

A duel was lately fought near Montreal, Canada, and on the second fire Mr. Robert Lyons was shot dead by his antagonist, Mr. Wilson. An inquest was held and the verdict declared the surviving principal and both seconds GUILTY OF WILFUL MURDER.—Wilson and his second are confined in jail. Lyons' second escaped by flight. Measures, however, have been taken to arrest him, which we trust will prove successful.—*Mont. Herald.*

An Elegant Design.—While the Father of his country lived in retirement at Mount Vernon, during the latter years of his life, Mrs. Van Berchel, an intimate friend of the family, presented Mrs. Washington, on her illustrious husband's birth-day, with an elegant Fancy piece, designed and executed by herself. The bust of the hero was well painted, and the likeness tolerably well preserved. Near it were the THREE SISTERS, one of whom appeared to be occupied in spinning the thread of his life—the second in winding it—and the third was withheld by the strong arm of the Genius of Immortality from applying to it the fatal shears—while Fame, from her adamantine rock, snatches the thread and bears it off into eternity. It was a beautiful and appropriate tribute on the President's birth-day. The following lines were inscribed beneath the picture:—

In vain the sisters ply with busy care,
To reel off years from Glory's deathless heir—
Frail things may pass—His fame shall never die,
Rescued from FATE by IMMORTALITY.

From the Turf Register for June, 1833.

ON THE DEATH OF GEN. ROSS.

MR. EDITOR:—In your April number there is a communication from "Leather Stockings," upon rifle shooting, which contains the following remark: "Baltimore owed her safety, during the last war, to the skill and intrepidity of a rifleman." To what he alludes, I do not precisely know. There have been several absurd stories circulated as to the manner in which General Ross was shot; and some one of these appears to have reached the ears of your distant correspondent. One was that a rifleman climbed up into a tree, and sat there concealed amongst the branches until the British troops came along, when he took aim at General Ross and shot him. Another equally ridiculous was, that some one hid himself behind a tree, and was thus enabled to destroy the active leader of the invaders—his own life falling a sacrifice to his hardihood. Now although the tactics of a rifle corps admit, and sometimes require, that the men should lie in ambush, yet there is something not altogether agreeable to the feelings in the idea of an individual thus concealing himself and shooting down a gallant foe. At any rate be this as it may, in the case referred to, General Ross was slain in a fair, open fight; where a little more cover (to use a sportsman's phrase) would have been highly acceptable to us. Although your Register is not exactly the work in which subjects of this serious nature should be discussed, yet I beg permission to use one of its pages, to place upon record a contradiction of all such idle tales as the one alluded to by your correspondent; and will in a few words, relate how the affair happened. You must be aware that my opportunity of knowledge was as good as that of any other person. Thus then the story runs.

The American line of battle was formed early in the morning, and awaited the approach of the British. Hour after hour wore away, and still they came not. The affair was becoming almost as tedious as a dinner party delayed by a backward cook, except that the appetite was not impaired. After more than one unsuccessful effort to know precisely where his approaching visiters were, and what they were about, our general detached Maj. Richard K. Heath, with two companies of infantry, a party of riflemen, a piece of artillery, and some cavalry, with orders to have a personal interview with these unwelcome acquaintances, supposed to be about two miles off. Accordingly, away went the Major with his party. After proceeding about half a mile, he ordered the riflemen to cover the flanks, whilst the other troops kept the road. Whilst this order was in execution, we moved slowly along, having upon the right a wood, and upon the left a large open field first, and then a little patch of green corn. We had just reached the end of the little corn patch, and had the open field again upon our left, when, to our great astonishment, as the head of our column rose the brow of a little ascent, we met our industrious adversaries coming from below. The position of our little detachment at that time was this. The Independent Blues (infantry) in front, marching in platoons, the Mechanical Volunteers (infantry) next, both flanked by the riflemen, who were just commencing to spread out; the piece of artillery and cavalry being still in the rear. The meeting was unexpected upon both sides, and the salutations usual upon such occasions immediately exchanged. The first order issued, upon our part, was to bring forward the piece of artillery, and put it upon the brow of the ascent, where the head of our column was; but before it could be used, it was found that we were in the presence of too strong a force to think of maintaining the position, and the order was countermanded. The Mechanical Volunteers happened to be just in the hollow when the action commenced; but, in a very short time, they discovered a place upon the brow of the hill, and were marched up to occupy it. Just as they came up, it so happened that an officer, with a non-commissioned officer at each stirrup, was distinctly observed to ride round the turn of the road below and come up to the front of the British skirmishers. He was aimed at, I know, by many of the infantry, and was seen to fall from his horse. The riflemen, during all this time, were firing away, doing their duty manfully; but, as the combatants were not more than a hundred yards apart, it is manifest that no one could have been between them; and besides, before we left the ground, the enemy's light troops had taken possession of the wood upon our right, for the messages that they kept sending to us from that quarter were of the most uncomfortable description. According to their general practice, the British flankers had also passed into the open field upon our left; and I amused myself with watching the effect of some shots made by riflemen, with the advantage of a rest upon the fence. But, in all the recorded instance of good shooting, I doubt whether "Leather Stockings" has ever met with a case where a stooping, trotting man was hit with a rifle—the man crossing the line of sight too. Your correspondents N. S. J. or J. S. D. would have brought down a snipe possibly, upon the same ground, at half the distance; but hunting with pointers for snipe, and with North Pointers for men, are quite different things.

After keeping up this contest for a few rounds, it was discovered by our commanding officer, that the place was no longer to be held, and he ordered a retreat. Let me here pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of this gallant officer, now no more. As soon as the retreat commenced, the fine mare that major Heath was riding, was struck in the hind leg, a little above the fetlock joint, by a bullet, and the bone of course was broken. The major finding that something was wrong, dismounted: and to my surprise, began to work away at his equipments, instead of leaving the whole concern for the benefit of the next comer. The poor animal could not be persuaded to stand still on three legs and a half; but this high spirited officer was thinking only of the discredit of losing his arms, and persevered in working at the holsters, as well as the struggles of the restless animal would permit, until he extricated his pistols, which he carried safely away. It was then high time to be off.

You perceive from this narrative, that the story to which your correspondent has alluded, has not the slightest ground to rest upon. Whether it was a rifle or a musket ball that destroyed General Ross, is a matter of no moment. The British Halifax account [Niles' Register, vol. vii. p. 112,] and Admiral Cochrane, in his official report, [same book, p. 199,] say, that he received a mortal wound by a musket ball. Still it may have been by a rifle, because riflemen were there, and firing indiscriminately with the infantry; and by the bye, our muskets carried a ball so much smaller than the British, that they might easily have taken a musket for a rifle ball. Far be it from me to underrate the value of that beautiful weapon, quadrupled in efficiency since the invention of Hall's patent rifle, loading at the breach; but the story that I wish to contradict impresses me with the same feelings that I would have, if I were to see your correspondent, "Leather Stockings," shoot a partridge sitting. N. P.

The London Times furnishes a gloomy picture of the financial condition and credit of the South American States. Their stocks and bonds, negociated in England, are unpaid to a great amount of principal and interest, and are in consequence very much depreciated. The aggregate of the principal due is £15,897,000, of which the annual interest is rather less than a million. The arrearages of unpaid interest amount to £4,597,000. The whole debt therefore is £20,094,000, which is worth in the market only £3,380,000. The principal due from Mexico is £5,280,000, and the interest £110,000; the principal due from Columbia, £6,650,000, and the interest £2,793,000.

To those, who, at this fine season, doze away the most delightful hours of the day "o'er the heated surface of a feather bed," we commend the advice of the old dramatist Massinger—

"Rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast on the morning dew
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar."

A winter morning's walk for health and exercise, may be enjoyed with satisfaction but in the freshness and fragrance of the summer morning, a ramble through the fields imparts health and cheerfulness to the early riser, and traquilizes his spirits for the day. In the appropriate language of exhortation to ye, who, "with eyes yet sealed by the heavy sleep of night," kill the brightest hours of life, get up early, then to the "vineyard, and see if the vine flourish and the tender grape appear;" mark the progress of vegetation, observe the character and habitudes of animals; trace the forest: it has more curious scenery than the town. The love of nature is a sweet and exhilarating passion. He who botanizes on the mountains or explores the latent root in the forest is a healthy and happy man. In the wood and in the field, where the dews of night sparkle like diamonds on the grass, and melt away before the rising sun, and when the feathered songsters, escaping from beds of moss, carol their matin hymn, the picturesque of nature charms more than the tapestry of the palace.—*Newark Adv.*

During the President's visit to Philadelphia, a hale, buxom young widow greeted him with a hearty shake of both hands, at the same instant exclaiming, "My dear General, I am delighted to see you—I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity." To which the President replied, with an air of dignified gallantry, "Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier—I would certainly have walked half way to meet you."

The following was written on the back of a one dollar bill of the Montpelier Bank, Vermont state:

"This is the last dollar I have left out of $15,000, left me by my father; and, O God! how has it gone? Would to Heaven I could say by doing good. But, alas! the theatre and lotteries and the gaming table have consumed it all; and I am now a vagabond upon the earth, and am in fear that I shall soon take up my abode in a gloomy cell.

"June 1, 1832."

The chains of Poland.—The administrative council of Warsaw, by a decree dated March 1st, has regulated the weight of the chains by which Polish prisoners are to be fettered. All male convicts are to drag seven pounds weight of iron—women six.

The force of gratitude in a dog.—Brown, in his Sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and made an effort to crawl across the bed to her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am," says Mr. Blaine, "as convinced that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the amelioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."—*Am. Turf Reg.*

A Powerful Orator.—An English paper states that a reporter in the British House of Commons had the curiosity to *time* the number of thumps, which were inflicted on the table by Mr. Atwood, a debater of the *sledge hammer* school, and it was found that this noble orator made *two hundred* capital *hits* in a quarter of an hour. It is computed that he must have struck the table not less than *three thousand times* in the course of his speech.

Who is a gentleman? The N. Y. Constellation concludes a long and entertaining article in answer to the above query, as follows: "He is a gentleman, in large capitals, who subscribes for ☞*this paper*-☜ and pays *in advance*."

A new comparison of an old adjective.
Hard.—To earn money.
HARDER.—To collect it.
HARDEST.—To keep it, when collected.

A person being asked why a jail, in some parts of the United States, was called a "Stone Jug," answered that it was because it contained *ardent spirits*.

A real genuine Kentuck, thus describes his sweet-heart: "She is a feeler! she killed a bear when she was thirteen, and now she can whip her weight in wild cats; whoop!"

CHRONICLE.

CAMBRIDGE:

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1833.

☞ The Orphans' Court of this County will sit on Monday next.

We received no papers yesterday afternoon by the steam-boat, in consequence of which, the latest intelligence with which we can present our readers to-day is extracted from a Baltimore paper of Tuesday.

It cannot be offensive to party feelings or the views of any political candidate, present or prospective, to recall to the recollection of the friends of temperance, the spirit of those resolutions adopted on the 4th July, 1832.

In this matter, let not our moral influence want for energy—much has heretofore been effected in gratifying the sensual appetite of the ignorant, because of that reluctance which virtue ever feels to come in active conflict with opposing vice. Too often has brute force, with clamorous contention, swayed by designing men, driven from the field of usefulness, those who would leave the fruits of their labor worth preserving.

Two persons have been arrested in Washington, on suspicion of being concerned in the late attempt to rob the mail near that city.

We copy the following paragraph from the Philapelphia Gazette, received by the Rail Road Line of steam-boats. Our western papers received this morning, do not contain any thing relating to the Post Master; those in the neighborhood of the place where the circumstance is reported to have occurred, did not come to hand:—*Balt. Gaz.*

Reported death of the Post Master General, Maj. William T. Barry.

We obtained from the post-office, this morning, the Mount Sterling (Ky.) Herald, of June 17th, which contains this paragraph:

"We learn from two travellers who arrived here last night from Washington, Mason county, that the Post Master General, WM. T. BARRY, while travelling with his family, was taken sick at Mayslick, and that he died at 4 o'clock on Friday last, of cholera."

[Mayslick is a village in Mason county, Ky., situated on a branch of the north fork of Licking river.]

The Louisville (Ky.) Advertiser of June 21, says. The Hon. E. D. WHITE, who was recently wounded by the explosion of of the Lioness, has since died.

THE CHOLERA.

New Orleans.—On the 15th there were 42 deaths, and on the 16th, 36 deaths. The Mercantile Advertiser of the 17th announces that the Cholera had "disappeared."

Natchez.—Accounts from Natchez to the 12th June state that the cholera was raging to an alarming extent in the interior of that country.

Lexington, Ky.—The Observer contains a list of all the inhabitants who have died of cholera. There were 186 whites, 164 blacks, and 25 lunatics—total 375.

Pittsburgh.—The Pittsburgh Gazette of Friday states that no case of Cholera had occurred for several days, up to Thursday morning at ten o'clock.

The Williamsport (Md.) Banner of the 29th ult. says:—There has been some Cholera on the line of the Canal about four miles above this place. The first case occurred about eight days ago, and was followed by three others in the course of the 3 or 4 following days. These were violent and confirmed cases, all terminated fatally, and were all of laborers belonging to the *sam* shantee, which, we learn, was in a most filthy and horrid state. It has since been vacated and burnt down. No other cases have occurred. The health of our citizens, and on the Canal hands generally along the river is good as usual.

General Houston, Ex-Governor of Tennessee, has emigrated to Taxes, and has been elected a member of the convention which was to assemble on the 1st of April for the formation of a State constitution.

Some idea may be formed of the business of our colony at Liberia from the fact, that during March and April, 25 vessels were entered from foreign ports. It indicates a greater extent of commercial business than the city of New York could boast of in near and perhaps more than a half century after its settlement. The Herald says, the rise of property in Monrovia would astonish many across the Atlantic.—*Newark Adv.*

A foreign journal relates the following strange story, at the same time vouching for its authenticity. A short time ago, the King of Naples requested the young Queen (daughter of the late King of Sardinia) to sit down to the piano, at a little Court soiree. The Queen at first declined, but at the King's urgent solicitation, she at length consented. Just as she was about to seat herself at the instrument, the King drew from her chair, and the Queen fell. On rising he reproached his majesty for this ill-manned joke, observing that she thought she had married a King, but that she had only married a *lazzarone*. The King's *reposta* was conveyed in two smart *soufflets*. In consequence of this conjugal misunderstanding, an exchange of couriers has taken place between the courts of Naples and Sardinia. The result has not yet transpired."

John Ormond, of Bangolang, one of the most noted slave-dealers on the Coast of Africa, recently put a period to his existence. He had been instrumental in enslaving hundreds of two thousand negroes. His death was in good keeping with the chief employment of his life.

The wandering Piper, (says the Ohio Journal,) who has been the subject of so many paragraphs in the Eastern papers, now pretty broadly insinuated, is a travelling impostor; and that those who "pay their quarter," under the impression that he bestows their bounty upon charitable institutions, are grossly humbugged.

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