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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county, letters testamentary on the Personal Estate of Robert Lusby, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are requested to produce them properly authenticated, and those indebted are required to make payment.
ELIE LUSBY, Ex'r.
Oct. 27.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of Anne Dorsey, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are requested to produce them properly authenticated, and those indebted are desired to make payment.
MORTIMER DORSEY, Adm'r.
Oct. 27.

PUBLIC SALE.
BY virtue of an order from the Orphans court of Anne-Arundel county, the subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on Friday the 11th day of November next, at the late residence of Henry E. Mayer, deceased, on Sandy Point,
THE PERSONAL ESTATE
Of said deceased, consisting of Negroes, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Household and Kitchen Furniture, &c. Terms of Sale—For all sums of twenty dollars or upwards, six months credit, the purchaser giving bond, with security, with interest from the day of sale; under that sum the cash to be paid. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.
JNO. A. GRAMMER, Adm'r.
Oct. 26.

AUCTION ROOM.
THE Subscriber having determined to open, for the accommodation of those who may be disposed to contribute to its advancement, an
AUCTION ROOM
in the Front Room of his Dwelling, announces it open for the reception of
Furniture, Books,
And such other articles as are usually disposed of at VENDUE. Persons sending articles to his Room, may be assured of their having the greatest care taken of them, and every exertion used to dispose of them to the best advantage. Sales at a distance and in the city, attended to as usual. Also—Goods received on Commission.
N. B.—All kinds of JOB PRINTING executed on the shortest notice. He will be grateful for the patronage of his friends and the public.
WILLIAM McNEIR.
Annapolis, Oct. 20.

A CARD.
MISS A. M. SCHAFER,
RESPECTFULLY informs the Citizens of Annapolis, that she intends opening a
SCHOOL
On *Monday the 5th of September*, for the instruction of Young Ladies. The different Branches embraced in her course of Instruction are—
Reading, Writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Lace, and Bead Work.
MISS SCHAFER still continues to teach Painting on Velvet, Chinese and Ebony Painting, Crystalizing and Wax Work—Also, Shell, Rice, and Embossed Work.
Thankful for past favours, she begs a continuance. Her residence is in Corn-Hill street, three doors below the State-House.
Sept. 1, 1831. 3w.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY virtue of two writs of Fieri Facias, issued out of Anne-Arundel county court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Alexander Duvall, at the suit of Robert B. Beltzand Thomas H. Simmons, for the use of Mommy and Meredith, and Robert H. McPherson for the use of Shaw, Tiffany and Company. I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest, of said Duvall, in and to all that tract of land whereon he resides containing two hundred and twelve acres of land more or less, called
PIG POINT,
or whatsoever name the same may be called; And I hereby give notice, that on Friday the 11th day of November next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the Court House Door, in the city of Annapolis, I shall offer to the highest bidder for cash, the above described property, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid. All persons interested are requested to attend on the day of Sale.
BUSHROD W. MARRIOTT, She'ff.
Oct. 20.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY virtue of three writs of Venditioni Exponas issued out of Anne Arundel County Court and to me directed, at the suit of William E. Bartlett, and Lewis Sutton, and two writs of Fieri Facias issued out of the same court at the suit of the Planters' Bank of Prince George's County, and Robert H. M'Pherson for the use of Shaw, Tiffany and Company, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Dr. James Tongue, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title and interest, of said Tongue, in and to all that tract of land called
ELKTON HEAD MANOR,
Whereon the said Tongue resides; Also the following Negroes, one Negro Man named Dick, one ditto named Abraham, one ditto named Anthony, and one ditto named James; and I hereby give notice, that on Friday the 11th day of November next, at the court house door in the city of Annapolis, at 12 o'clock M. I shall offer to the highest bidder for cash, the above described property, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid. All persons interested are requested to attend on the day of sale, & protect their interest.
BUSHROD W. MARRIOTT, She'ff.
Oct. 20.

The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVI. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1831. NO. 45

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
Church-Street, Annapolis.
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London British Magazine.

STANZAS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders! His Kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation.—DANIEL

I marked the Spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest;
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth to the scented sky;
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

I looked upon Summer;—the golden sun
Poured joy over all that he looked upon;
His glance was cast like a gift abroad
Like the boundless smile of a perfect God!
The stream shone glad in his magic ray—
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed, It was Autumn's hour.
A frost had discoloured the summer bower;
The blast wailed and 'midst the cankered leaves,
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves,
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain,
That winter drew near, with storms, again!

I stood by the Ocean; its waters rolled
In their cheerful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles;
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze:
Their prows rushed on 'midst the parted foam;
While the wanderer was wing't in a dream of home!

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,
While its shadow lay sleeping in vale below;
The mist, like a garland of garland of glory lay,
Where its proud heights soared in the sky away;
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,
And his shriek went up like an offering;
And he seemed in his soaring and flight, to raise
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I looked the arch of the midnight skies;
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries:
The noon, 'midst an eloquent multitude,
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued;
A charm of sleep on the city fell,
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell—
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,
And the wild-bird dreamed sweet on his downy nest.

I stood where the deep'ning tempest passed;
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,
The clouds overshadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side
And hills to the thunder peal replied—
And lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath man the power, with his pride and his skill,
To rouse all Nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to colour the summer cloud—
To allay the tempest when the hills are bowed?
Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath?
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again, when death's vale is trod?
Who then shall dare murmur "*There is no God.*

A STRANGE STORY.

Lord Prudhoe and Major Felix being at Cairo last autumn, on their return from Abyssinia, where they picked up much of that information which has been worked up so well by captain Bond Head in his Life of Bruce, found the town in a state of extraordinary excitement, in consequence of the recent arrival in those parts of a celebrated Magician from the centre of Africa, somewhere in the vicinity of the Mountains of the Moon. It was universally said, and generally believed, that this character possessed and exercised the power of showing to any visiter who chose to comply with his terms, any person, dead, or living, whom the same visiter pleased to name. The English travellers, after abundant inquiries and some scruples, repaired to his residence, paid their fees, and were admitted to his *Sanctum*. They found themselves in the presence of a very handsome young Moor, with a very long black beard, a crimson caften, a snow-white turban, eighteen inches high, blue trowsers and yellow slippers, sitting crossed-legged on a Turkey-Carpet, three feet square, with a cherry stalk in his mouth, a cup of coffee at his left elbow, a diamond-hefted dagger in his girdle, and in his right hand a large volume clasped with brazen clasps. On hearing their errand, he arose and kindled some spices on a sort of small altar in the middle of the room. He then walked round and round the altar for half an hour or so, muttering words to them unintelligible; and having at length drawn three lines of chalk about the altar, and placed himself upright beside the flame, desired them to go seek a *Seer*, and he was ready to gratify them in all their desires. There were in the old days, whole schools of magicians here in Europe, who could do nothing in this line without the intervention of a *pure Seer*—to wits a Maiden's eye. This African belongs to the same fraternity—he made them understand that nothing could be done until a virgin eye was placed at his disposal. He bade them go out in the streets of Cairo, and fetch up any child they fancied, under ten years of age. They did so; and after walking a-bout for half an hour, selected an Arab boy, not apparently above eight, whom they found playing at marbles. They bribed him with a few halfpence, and took him with them to the studio of the African, Roger Bacon. The child was much frightened at the smoke, and the smell, and the chatter, and the muttering—but by-and-by he sucked his sugar candy, and recovered his tranquility, and the magician made him seat himself under a window—the only one that had not been darkened, and poured about a table-spoonful of some black liquid into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bade him hold the hand steady, and keep his eye fixed upon the surface of the liquid; and then resuming his old station by the brazier, sung out for several minutes on end—What do you see? Allah bismilla! What do you see? Illalla Resoul Allah! What do you see? All the while the smoke curled up faster and faster. Presently the lad said.—"*Bismillah!* I see a horse—a horseman—I see two horsemen—I see three—I see four—five—six—I see seven horsemen, and the seventh is a *Sultan*."—"Has he a flag?" cries the magician.—"He has three," answered the boy. "'Tis well," says the other, "now hait!" and with that he laid his stick right across the fire, and, standing up addressed the travellers in these words:—"Name your name—be it of those that are upon the earth, or of those that are beneath it: be it Frank, Moor, Turk or Indian, prince or beggar, living and breathing, or resolved into the dust of Adam, 3,000 years ago—speak, and this boy shall behold and describe. The first name was William Shakespeare. The magician made three reverenses towards the window, waved his wand nine times, sung out something beyond their interpretation, and at length called out, 'Boy, what do you behold?' "The Sultan, alone remains," said the child, "and beside him I see a pale faced Frank—but not dressed like these Franks—with large eyes, a pointed beard, a tall hat, roses on his shoes, and a short mantle!" The other asked for *Francis Arouet de Voltaire*, and the boy immediately described a lean, old, yellow-faced Frank, with a huge brown wig, a nutcracker profile, spindle shanks, buckled shoes, and a gold snuff box! Lo! Prudhoe, now named *Archdeacon Wrangham*; and the Arab boy made answer, and said, "I perceive a tall gray-haired Frank, with a black silk petticoat, walking in a garden with a little book in his hand. He is reading on the book—his eyes are bright and gleaming—his teeth are white—he is the happiest looking Frank I ever beheld." Major Felix now named a brother of his, who is in the cavalry of the East India Company, in the presidency of Madras. The magician signed and the boy again answered "I see a red-haired Frank, with a short red jacket, and white trowsers. He is standing by the sea shore, and behind him there is a black man, in a turban, holding a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned." "God in Heaven!" cried Felix. "Nay," the boy resumed, "This is an odd Frank—he has turned round while you are speaking, and by Allah! he has but one arm!" Upon this, the Major swooned away. His brother lost his left arm in the campaign of Ava! *Verbum non amplius.*

From the National Gazette.

Julia Brace—Deaf, Dumb, Blind Girl—At the Hartford Asylum.

By far the most interesting subject at present in the institution, is the poor deaf, dumb and blind girl, whose situation has been described in so beautiful and affecting a manner by Mrs. Sigourney. A charity box, the proceeds of which are designed exclusively for her support, is placed at the main entrance, which it is certain no stranger can pass, after viewing the utter desolation in which she has been left by nature, without dropping his mite. Her name is Julia Brace, and she is a native of the immediate neighbourhood of the asylum. She is the only instance of so great a misfortune, of which any record is extant, except one European boy, by the name of Jas. Mitchell. He was so irritable, that few experiments could be tried for his benefit; but Julia Brace, it is said has been mild and docile from her childhood; although when I saw her, from some temporary vexation or indisposition, she was evidently somewhat out of temper. She was seated at table, her needle work in her lap.—"There is nothing disagreeable in her countenance, but her eyes, forever closed, create a deficiency of expression. Her complexion is fair, her smile gentle and sweet, though of rare occurrence; and her person somewhat bent, when sitting, from her habits of fixed attention to her work. Many strangers have waited a long time to see her thread her needle, which is quite a mysterious process, and never accomplished without the aid of the tongue."

She was the daughter of exceedingly poor parents, who had several young children, to whom she was in the habit of showing such offices of kindness as her own afflicted state admitted. Notwithstanding her blindness, she early evinced a close observation with regard to articles of dress, preferring among those which were presented her as gifts, such as were of the finest texture. When the weather became cold, she would occasionally kneel on the floor of their humble dwelling, to feel whether the other children of the family were furnished with shoes and stockings, while she was without, and would express uneasiness at the contrast.

Seated on her little block, weaving strips of thin bark with pieces of leather and thread, which her father in his processes of making of shoes rejected, she amused herself with constructing for her cat bonnets and vandykes, not wholly discorded with the principles of taste. Notwithstanding her peculiar helplessness, she was occasionally left with the care of the young children, while her mother went out to the occupation of washing. It was on such occasions, that little Julia evinced not only a maternal solicitude, but a skill in domestic legislation, which could not have been rationally expected. On one occasion she discovered that her sister had broken a piece of crockery, and imitating what she supposed would be the discipline of her mother, gave the offender a blow. But placing her hand upon the eyes of the little girl, and ascertaining that she wept, she immediately took her in her arms, and with the most persevering tenderness, soothed her into good humour and confidence. Her parents were at length relieved from the burden of her maintenance, by some charitable individuals, who paid the expenses of her board with an elderly matron, who kept a school for small children. Here her sagacity was continually on the stretch to comprehend the nature of their employment, and as far as possible to imitate them. Observing that a great part of their time was occupied with books, she often held one before her sightless eyes with long patience. She would also spread a newspaper for her favourite kitten, and putting her finger on its mouth, and perceiving that it did not move like those of the scholars would shake the animal to express displeasure at its indolence and obstinacy. These circumstances, though trifling in themselves, reveal a mind active and all the obstacles which nature had interposed. But her principal solace was the employment of needle work and knitting, which she had learned at an early age to practise. She would thus sit absorbed for hours, until it became necessary to urge her to that exercise, which is requisite to health. Counterpanes beautifully made by her, of small pieces of calico, were repeatedly disposed of, to aid in the purchase of her wardrobe. And small portions of her work were sent by her benefactors as presents into various parts of the Union, to show of what neatness of execution a blind girl was capable.

It was occasionally the practice of gentlemen who from pity or curiosity visited her, to make trial of her sagacity, by giving her their watches, and employing her to restore them to the right owner.

They would change their position with regard to her, and each strive to take the watch which did not belong to him—but though she might at the same time hold two or three, neither stratagem nor persuasion would induce her to yield either of them, except to the person from whom she had received it. There seemed to be a principle in the tenacity with which she adhered to this system to give every one his own, which may probably be resolved into that moral honesty which has ever formed a conspicuous part of her character. Though nurtured in extreme poverty and after her removal from the parental roof, in the constant habit of being in contact with articles of dress or food, which constantly tempted her desires, she has never been known to appropriate to herself, without permission, the most trifling object. In a well educated child this would be no remarkable virtue; but in one who has had the benefit of no moral training to teach her to respect the right of property, and whose perfect blindness must often render it difficult even to define them, the incorruptible firmness of this innate principle is truly laudable. There is also connected with it a delicacy of feeling or scrupulousness of conscience, which renders it necessary in presenting her any gift, to assure her repeatedly by a sign which she understands, that it is for her, 'ere she will consent to accept it.

Continuing to become an object of increased attention, and her more remote situation not being convenient for the access of strangers, application was made for her admission into the asylum, and permission was granted by the directors in the summer of 1825. After her reception into that peaceful refuge, some attempts were made by a benevolent instructor to teach her the alphabet by means of letters both raised above and indented beneath a smooth surface. But it was in vain that she punctually repaired to the school room, and daily devoted hour after hour to copying their forms with pins upon a cushion. However accurate her delineations sometimes were, they conveyed no idea to the mind sitting in darkness. It was, therefore, deemed wiser to confine her attention to those few attainments which were within her sphere, than to open a warfare with nature in those avenues which she had so decidedly sealed.

It has been observed of persons who are deprived of a particular sense, that additional quickness or vigour is bestowed on those which remain. Thus blind persons are often distinguished by particular exquisiteness of touch, and the deaf and dumb, who gain all their knowledge through the eye, concentrate, as it were, their whole soul in that channel of observation. With *her*, whose eyes, ears, and tongue are alike dead, the capabilities both of touch and smell are exceedingly heightened. Especially the latter seems almost to have acquired the properties of a new sense, and to transcend even the sagacity of a spaniel. Yet keeping in view all the aid which these limited facilities have, the power of imparting some of the discoveries and exercises of her intellect are still, in a measure, unaccountable.

As the abodes which from her earliest recollection she had inhabited, were circumscribed and humble, it was supposed that at her first reception into the Asylum she would justify surprise at the comparative spaciousness of the mansion. But she immediately busied herself in quietly exploring the size of the apartments, and the heights of the staircases; she even knelt and smelled to the thresholds; and now, as if by the union of a mysterious geometry with a powerful memory, never makes a false step upon a flight of stais, or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table.

Among her various excellencies, neatness and love of order are conspicuous. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged, and it is impossible to displace a single article in her drawers, without her perceiving and restoring it. When the large baskets of clean linen are weekly brought from the laundress, she selects her own garments without hesitation, however widely they may be dispersed among the mass. If any part of her dress requires mending, she is prompt and skilful in repairing it, and her perseverance in this branch of economy, greatly diminishes the expense of her clothing.

Since her residence at the asylum, the donations of charitable visitants have been considerable in amount. These are deposited in a box with an inscription, and she has been made to understand that the contents are devoted to her benefit. This box she frequently poises in her hand, and expresses pleasure when it testifies an increase of weight; for she has long since ascertained that money is the medium for the supply of her wants, and attaches to it a proportionate value.

Though her habits are peculiarly regular and consistent, yet occasionally some action occurs which it is difficult to explain. One morning, during the past summer, while employed with her needle, she found herself incommoded by the warmth of the sun. She arose, opened the window, closed the blind, and again resumed her work.

At the tea table with the whole family, on her sending a cup to be replenished, one was accidentally returned to her which had been used by another person. This she perceived at the moment of taking it into her hand, and pushed it from her with some slight appearance of disgust, as if her sense of propriety had not been regarded. There was not the slightest difference in the cups, and in this instance, she seems endowed with a degree of penetration not possessed by those in the full enjoyment of sight.

Persons most intimately acquainted with her habits assert that she constantly regards the recurrence of the Sabbath, and composes herself to unusual quietness as if in meditation. Her needlework, from which she will not be debarred on other days, she never attempts to resort to; and this wholly without influence from those around her.

Julia Brace leads a life of perfect contentment—and is in this respect, both an example and reproof to those who for trifling inconveniences indulge in repining, though surrounded by all the gifts of nature and of fortune.

The genial influences of spring wake her lone heart to gladness—and she gathers the first flowers, and even the young blades of grass, and inhales their freshness with a delight bordering on transport. Sometimes, when apparently in deep thought, she is observed to burst into laughter, as if her associations of ideas were favourable not only to cheerfulness but to mirth. The society of her female companions in the Asylum is soothing to her feelings; and their habitual kind offices, the guiding of their arm in her walks, or the affectionate pressure of their hand, awaken in her demonstrations of gratitude and friendship. Not long since, one of the pupils was sick—but it was not supposed that amid the multitude who surrounded her, the blind girl was conscious of the absence of a single individual. A physician was called, and the superintendant of the female department who had acquired great penetration into the idioms of Julia's character, and her modes of communication, made her understand his profession by pressing a finger on her pulse. She immediately arose, and taking his hand, led him with urgent solicitude of friendship to the side of the invalid, and placing his hand upon her pulse displayed an affecting confidence in his powers of healing. As she has herself never been sick since early childhood, it is the more surprising that she should so readily comprehend the efficacy and benevolence of the medical profession. It would be easy to relate other remarkable circumstances respecting her, but it is not desirable that this article should be so far extended as to fatigue the reader.

[From the Journal of Education.]

JULIA BRACE, THE DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

The privation of hearing, and the consequent loss of speech, is felt to be one of the greatest misfortunes. A few instances are on record, in which the calamity was rendered more distressing by the loss of sight; and the taste, the smell, and the touch, were the only avenues of knowledge left. A being thus deprived of the ordinary means of receiving, as well as of communicating ideas is a highly interesting subject of examination; and Mitchell, the deaf and blind boy of Scotland, was considered worthy of careful observation, by the celebrated metaphysician, Stewart.—Another imperfect being of the same kind, not less worthy of attention, is Julia Brace, who is now an inmate of the American Asylum, at Hartford, in Connecticut.

She is the daughter of John and Rachel Brace, natives of Hartford, and was born in that town, June 13, 1807. At four years of age, she was seized with the Typhus Fever while on a visit to Glastenbury, a few miles from Hartford. She was taken sick on Monday evening, November 29, 1811, and on Saturday morning, following, she became BLIND and DEAF.

Before her illness, she had not only learnt to speak, but to repeat her letters, and to spell words of three or four syllables; and for some time after the loss of her sight and hearing, she was fond of taking a book, and spelling words and the names of her acquaintances. She retained her speech pretty well, for about a year; but gradually lost it, and seems now condemned to perpetual silence. For three years, she could still utter a few words. One of the last of these was '*mother*.'

Julia was at first, unconscious of her misfortune. She seemed to imagine that a long night had come upon the world, and often said, 'it will never be day.' She would call upon the family to 'light the lamp,' and was impatient at their seeming neglect, even to give her an answer. At length, in passing a window, she felt the sun shining warm upon her hand; she immediately held out her hand, and pointed with delight to indicate that the sun shone. From the January after her illness, until the following August, she would sleep during the day, and be awake through the night, and it was not until Autumn, by taking great pains to keep her awake during the day, that she was set right. She is now as regular in this respect as other persons.—From the period of her recovery, she seemed to perceive the return of the Sabbaths and on Sunday morning, would get her own clean clothes, and those of the other children. If her mother was reading, she would find a book, and endeavour to do so. The intervention of a day of fasting, or thanksgiving, will confuse her reckoning, even now; and some time elapses before she 'gets right.'

Unable as she was to lift, or penetrate the veil of darkness and silence which separated her from the world, the privations she endured, without any consciousness of the cause, might very naturally appear to her like a cruel punishment, which those around were inflicting. It was probably from some feeling like this, that during the first winter after her recovery, she seemed irritable almost to madness, and would exhibit the most violent passion, and use the most profane language. The next summer, she became calmer; and her mother could govern her to some extent by shaking her, and stamping on the door in sign of disapprobation; and stroking or patting her head when she conducted well: She is now, habitually mild, and obedient, and affectionate.

During the first summer after her illness, she was very unwilling to wear clothes, and would pull them off violently. At length her mother took one of her frocks and tried it on her sister, with a view of altering it for her. Julia had always been remarkable for her sense of justice in regard to property. This seemed to be awakened, and she took the frock and put it on herself. After this she was willing she was willing to wear clothes, and even cried for new ones. She has ever since been fond of dress. At nine years of age she was taught to sew, and since that time has learned to knit.

Julia is now 25 years of age. She has been resident for several years in the American Asylum, at Hartford, where she is supported in part by the voluntary contributions of visitors, and in part by her own labours, in sewing and knitting. A language of palpable signs was early established, as a means of communication with her friends. This has been much improved by her intercourse with the deaf and dumb, and is now sufficient for all necessary purposes.

Her countenance as she sits at work, exhibits the strongest evidence of an active mind and a feeling heart, within; and thoughts and feeling seem to flit across it, like the clouds in a summer sky. A shade of pensiveness will be followed by a cloud of anxiety or gloom; a peaceful look will, perhaps succeed; and, not unfrequently, a smile lights up her countenance, which seems to make one forget her misfortunes. But no one has yet penetrated the darkness of her prison house, or been able to find an avenue for intellectual or moral light.

Her mind seems thus far inaccessible to all but her *Maker*.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

On Saturday last, at the quarry of Mr. Murray, in Delaware county, where several workmen were employed, an impending mass of rock and earth gave way and buried four men under it. They saw it falling and endeavoured to get out of the reach of it, but in their eagerness they ran against each other, and all of them fell. One of the men was taken out alive, not having received much injury; the other three were crushed to death and mangled in a most shocking manner. Many accidents and deaths have occurred at the quarries this season. The men who have lost their lives were honest and industrious citizens.

Upland Union.