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ortion of the publisher. RITES OF ADVERTISING.—For a square of 16 lines, 1st insertion, \$100; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents; larger ones in proportion. Advertisement sent to the office for publication, without designating the number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

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COOPERING.

W.M. BEVARD of Mount Arrarat, Louisa Co would inform the citizens of the surround g thing in his line on the shortest notice, and will surfant all his work. Hrving furnished several es-

surrant all his work. Hrving furnished several establishments in Bloomington with barrels, the following gentlemen testifying to the good workmaning thereon, from knowledge and experience. Connects for any quanty of work are solicited.

We the undersigned, Merchants and packers of Pork and Beef, in Bloomington, having used barrels ade at the manufactory of Wm. Bevard, of Louisa searly, have no hesitation in saying that we have ignal them, without exception good and tight, and derfully recommend those of his manufacture to be a gragged in that business. hose engaged in that business.

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April 5, 1844-22-1f.

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WAIMS Panacea Houcks Panacea, Orris WAIMS Panacea Houcks Panacea, Orris toth wash, Chlotine tooth wash, Sappingtons at, Kershaws ague pills, Lees pills, Morrisons at, Kershaws ague pills, Lees pills, Morrisons at, Brandreths pills, Sias' pills, Tomato pills, Brandreths pills, Sias' pills, Tomato pills, Brandreths pills, Robert of Sarsaparilla, nerve and bone Linament furdners Linament, Hays Linament, red Linament, Otatile Linament, Opodeldoc, Godfreys Corda, Stemuns Drops, Balsom of Life, Dalbys Carsinire golden tincture, Oil Spike, British Oil, Burlem Oil, Lemon Acid, No. Six, Thompsons water, Tooth ache drops, Tooth powders, pile ment, Davidsons magnesia, Essences of all kinds afters eruptive ointment, Clevelands vegetable at drops an infallible cure for fever and ague, to. as drops an infallible cure for fever and ague, to ar with a variety of medicines of a similar kind. May 31st;1844

SCOTT RICHMAN, Attorney at Law

W. RICHMAN, wholesale and retail gro cer, and forwarding and commission merand, Bloomington, Iowa.

MED. HUTCHISON & CO., Boot and Shoe M makers, would respectfully inform the inhabatthey are now prepared to execute all orders in earline in a neat and subctantial manner, at a reution in price proportioned to the state of the

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Wheat, Dry Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc. taken NB. Shoemakers and others can be supplied

Bloomington, Nov. 3. Ald & HOLMES, Marble Cutters, contin-Due to furnish, on the shortest notice, and at too prices, all descriptions of MONUMENTAL ORK, executed in the neatest modern style. Orfrom a distance, if accompanied with the cash,

responsible reference given, will be promptly lowa City, Oct. 1843. 49ay HARLES MATTOON, Attorney at Law and Mary Public, Bloomington, Iowa. Will, prompt attention to all professional business which he may be favored. He has "full powauthority to administer oaths and take ac-

gments, or proofs of deeds, mortgages, powrney, and other instruments of writing." Office in the Court House. March 17, '43 R.B. COVELL, Surgeon and Physician

Silem, Iowa. Having well supplied himself medicine is ready to attend to all calls. He is hiful for past patronage.

8. PARVIN, Attorney at Law, Blooming

UBLIC HOUSE. B. Covell, respectfully in forms the public that he continues to keep a ethe best accommodations can be had, between raington and Davenport. Private rooms to be had with all kinds of provender. He invites at of these statements. Several comfortable at or ent. Salem, Iowa, Jan. 28, '42 14tf

SWAN'S HOTEL HE subscriber begs leave to inform his old friends and customers, and the public in gene-tat he has refitted and repaired at much exand trouble, his large and commodious Hotel accommodation of members of the legislature dothers who may favor him with a call. His are well furnished and warm and he has proervants who he guarantees shall be attentive commodating. His table will be furnished be best the market will afford, and his terms a will be satisfactory to any gentleman who save him with a call. In connection with the same him with a call. In connection with the same, the has a large, commodious and stable, which will be furnished with horses, we sleighs, &c. &c.

good pavement connecting the two—ar

of coor from the Post Office—and he flatters if that he will be able to accommodate his and the public in a style of convenience and set, equal if not superior to any hotlel in the He therefore, respectfull solicits a share being patronage in his line of business.

CHAUNCEY SWAN.

The City, Nov. 24, 1843—3-tf.

From Goudy's Lady's Book.

THE BROKEN VOW. BY MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY. Authoress of ' The Conspirator,' Wilful One,' etc. 'Twas murmured not in festive halls,

Where mirth is light around; It echoed not from stately walls Blent with the music's sound. 'Twas sighed not forth in bower or delf Amid the op'ning flowers,

Of these long vanished hours. 'Twas uttered o'er a dying bed, Asked by a dying prayer-The voice of the departed shed A ghastly blessing there.

The woodland hath no tale to tell

An earnest soul was flitting fast When those deep words were said-The ling'ring tones her lips that passed Thrilled hollwed o'er the dead.

Twilight was darkening into night, the first faint star of evening gleamed from the far blue heavens, and the hush and repose of nature seemed too holy to be broken by the strife of human passions; -yet how painful did the quiet of that evening scene contrast with the passionate grief of a young heart mourning over its first sor-

Ellen Sinclair was a newly wedded bride. She was but seventeen; the youngest daughter of her father's house, and the spoiled pet of the whole family, her life had passed as one long bright day of sunshine and flowers. She had been woced by one she had known from child hood, and with the consent of their mutu al friends they were united.

The day after their marriage the bridal pair lest her father's house for the residence of Mr. Sinclair in one of the interis or counties of Virginia. A few happy weeks passed, when Sinclair proposed to his bride to visit a gorge in the neighboring mountains, from which the rising sun frequently presents the singular speciacle of the looming of the mountain-the same phenomenon which is witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and known by the more poetic name of Futa Morgana, or the castle of the fair Morgana. Ellen was delighted with the proposed excursion, and searched every book in the house which afforded any information on the subject.

The excursion, which promised so much pleasure, ended in despair and death. They reached the destined spot in safety. The morning was favorable to their wishes; the ascending vapors caught the rays of the rising sun, and formed themselves into the most gorgeous and fantastic scenes. Ellen was so much absorbed in this wonderful and magnificent spectacle, that she forgot the caution Sinclair had given her at the moment of mounting her spirited steed. He turned from her side an instant to speak to the servant who followed them; the move ment startled her horse;-the reins was lying loose on his neck, and feeling himself free from a guiding hand, he dashed off at full speed. Sinclair and the servant both followed, but were unable to overtake her Fortunately she met a gentleman who succeded in stopping her perilous career. Sinclair checked his horse too suddenly, that he might express his thanks to her preserver. The animal reared, and threw him with great violence. He was conveyed home in a senseless state, and surgical assistance hastily summoned, but the force of the fall had inflicted some internal injury which baffed the skill of the physicians.

It was beside his bed in that calm twi light, that the young wife knelt with scarce a hue of life upon her features.

Oh Ellen, my beloved, calm yourself -this sorrow unmans me,' murmured the dying man passing his hands carelessly over the head which was bowed upon his pillow.

A deep suffocated sob was the only re-

ply to his word. It is hard to die,' he continued, 'when was looking forward to years of such tranquil happiness with you, my sweet Ellen; but 'tis the will of tleaven, my best beloved, and we must submit.'

'Oh Henry, my own Henry, you must go down to the cold, cold grave, where I can see you no more-never more here the tones of your dear voice. Oh, it will break my heart!' was the almost inarticu-

late reply. ' My poor Ellen, this is a hard trial for you, but you are too young to grieve always. The thought is torture to me, but -even you may love again-may wed another !' and his voice was nearly stifled

with painful emotions. Never, never! Oh, Henry, how can you harrow my soul at this awful moment with such a supposition! Wed another! Give the wreck of my buried affections to another! Oh, no, no !- the tho't would

· I doubt not you think so now, love but time works strange change in this world of ours. We know not what we may do. I wish to exact no promise from me, but should your present views change not help acknowledging that she was far happier than when in her mountain soliyou. The thought is bitterly painful to

'Henry, hear me,' said Ellen, in a sol-emn tone. 'Should I ever so far forget my faith to your ashes as to lend my ear to the language of love, my heart to the voice of affection for another, may your form on my bridal evening come to me and reproached me for my faithlessness.' A bright smile passed over the face of the dying man. He murmured—

Repeat those words again, my Ellen -they take from death its sting-in heaven you will be all my own. Forgive my selfishness, dearest; but I have so loved you, I cannot think another shall win -

His voice ceased to articulate, and again the deep tones of the young mourner thrilled the air with the repetition of those awful words. As they passed her lips, she felt the hand that clasped her relax its grasp—a faint fluttering consciousness seemed to hover a moment on his features. and in an instant they wore the calm and passionles repose of death.

Ellen Sinclair buried herself in the seclusion of her own heart. A calm and gentle melancholy succeed the first vioence of her grief, but she betrayed no desire to mingle in the world. Clad in the deepest mourning, she was seen nowhere but at church; and those who looked on her felt deep sympathy for one so young and so bitterly bereaved. Vainly had her own parents sought to draw her from her solitude. Two years passed, and after many fruitless efforts they at length suceeeded in obtaining a promise of a visit from her at the annual re-union of their family on Chistmas, for that season is still held as a festival in many parts of Virgin-

Ellen was once more beneath the roof of her father, and many and painful were the emotions which struggled in he bosom when she looked around and remembered that the last time she stood beside her native hearth, she was a gay and happy

Those who looked on her could not avoid remarking the change which two years had wrought in her appearance .-The girl just budding into maturity had expanded into the beautiful and self-possessed woman, with a quiet grace of manner, and an air of pensive reserve which

was extremely captivating.
Her parents were worldly-minded people who could not bear that their fair daughter should pass her life in solitude to surrounded her with agreeable company, sought to amuse her mind and draw it appeared to add to its fervor. from the contemplation of the terrible But ere long a new hope dawned upon calamity which had destroyed her dawn him. Ellen was surrounded by the gay calamity which had destroyed her dawn ing hopes of happiness, and they succeeded to implant in her mind a distaste for the idea of returning to her late abode.

Week after week passed until months were numbered, and she began to think it her duty to remain with her parents .-She was their youngest child, and the only one without ties which served them in a measure from the paternal roof.

· Ellen, my darling,' said her father, when she spoke of returning home, 'you will not again forsake us? We are old, and you are the only child who is free to remain with us. You must live here-I cannot think of permitting you to return

to that lonely home of yours.' 'It is lonely,' replied Ellen ; and I fear that after breaking through my usual habits, I shal! find it difficult and wearisome to resume them .- Yet, my dear father, if I censent to remain, there is one request I must make.'

. What is it, my daughter? Are we not ever mindful of your wishes?

'Ah yes, dear father, more mindful than I deserve. But'-and her voice sank to a low agitated whisper-there must be no looking forward to a marriage for me -no attempt to alier my views on that subject. I have made a vow to the dead,

and it must be held sacred.' . What !' exclaimed her father. ' was Sinclair ungenerous enough to exact from you a promise not to marry again ?young and inexperienced as you were,

'Ah no, father, wrong him not. He was too kind, noble. He asked no promise-I made it voluntarily; and as the words left my lips his spirit departed .-Oh no, my father, never ask me to break that vow-it is a hallowed one."

Well, my darling, let it be as you wish, I shall prefer keeping you with us; but at the same time, if you should ever meet with one you can love, and who is worthy of you, it will be very silly to suffer a few words unered when, you was scarcely conscious of their meaning, to prevent you from making the home of an honorable man happy. Why, child, you are only nineteen. Do you suppose that the death of one person, however dear, can chill your feelings into ice at that age!

'I must then in the sincerity of my soul pray to be delivered from temptation, said the young widow, with a faint smile for I shall never marry again.

As time passed on, Mrs. Sinclair could

ken promise should mar your peace of tude. Her spirits were no longer wearied; she no longer felt that life was a burthen she would gladly lay down. She needed the excitement of society, and the social and highly cultivated neighborhood on which her father's residence was situated, afforded every facility for its enjoy.

> The third year of her widowhood was drawing to a close, when she received an invitation to the marriage of a favorite cousin, who would take no refusal. El-len replied that if the bride would excuse her sombre dress and pensive face she would attend, and the consession was hailed as an omen of future success in drawing her into that world she was so peculiarly fitted to adorn.

There was a motive for these efforts of which Ellen little dreamed. She regularly attended the church near her father's residence, and her mother had several times called her attention to a remarkably bandsome man who sat in a pew nearly opposite to them; but she had not remarked that his eyes frequently wandered from his prayer book to her own fair face.— His height, and the turn of his head reminded her of Sinclair, but there the resemblance ceased. The broad brow, finely chiselled features, and clear dark eye of the stranger, were all unlike the youthful bloom of him who had won her young affections. She frequently heard Mr. Peyton spoken of as a man of distinguished endowments, who had spent several years in the South of Europe with an ony and beloved sister, for the benefit of whose health the journey had been vainly undertaken. These circumstances had nearly passed from her mind when she was introduced to him at the wedding as the intimate friend of the groom.

Peyton had fallen in love with her from his casual view of her at church, and the eulogiums of his friend's affianced bride, who looked on Mrs. Sinclair as a ' bright particular star,' had deepened the impression. The circumstances of her marriage threw a romantic interest around her history, and when he looked on the youthful brow with a shade of placid pensiveness that seemed to breathe a hallowed charm over her beauty, he felt that she was the only woman he had ever known, before whom his heart could bow with the homage of affection.

Yet how speak of love to one who still wore the deepest mourning-who never joined in the mirth of the light-hearted? It would seem almost like sacrilege to which she had doomed herself. They breathe into her ear the wild passion that filled his heart, yet its very hopelessness

and joyous of her age. Her disposition was naturally buoyant; her spirits rose; the chord she had believed forever snapped, again thrilled to the touch of joy.—
When the bonds of grief were once sevhaunts of wretchedness hid from the human ered, the reaction was complete. She still reverenced the memory of her first love, and if her heart had whispered that she could ever be faithless to his ashes, she breaking that solemn promise had never occurred to her-but time teaches many strange lessons.

Peyton lingered in the neighborhood, a constant visitor at Wycombe. but his attentions were not sufficiently marked to attract the observation of others. Her own family were too desirous of the match to hazard the final success of the lover by alluding in any manner to his passion for

Peyton won his way slowly but surely. The fair widow began unconsciously to regret the vow which had ascended to Heaven with the spirit of her dead husband. At length he spoke of love, and she listened with trembling awe to the out-pouring of a spirit which was too no-ble to be trifled with, and too highly appreciated to be given up without a pang.

He drew from her quivering lips the history of her vow, and divested of every feelings of superstition himself, he could not conceive that a few words uttered in a moment of excited and agonized feeling should stand between him and his hopes of happiness. He did not understand the impressible and imaginative temperament of the being who listened to his reasoning, willing, nay, anxious to be con-vinced against the evidence of her own

Her parents agreed with the lover in his views of the case - and urged on all sides, her own heart a traitor, Ellen yielded to their wishes and betrothed herself to Pey-

As the day appointed for her marriage drew near, the words of her vow appeared to be ever ringing in her ears. With a restless and fearful spirit she saw the hour approach which was to witness her second espousal.

Preparations were made for a splendid bridal. All the members of the family assembled beneath the paternal roof, and every effort was made to divert her mind from dwelling on the lantasy that possess-

The appointed evening arrived, and the

ceremony which made her the bride of another was performed. Several hours passed in dance and song. It was near midnight when Ellen found herself standing on the portico in the bright moonlight with Peyton beside her. The gay throng within were still dancing, and the sound of merry voices mingled with the bursts of music that swept by on the dewy and fragrant air. Ellen started as Peyton spoke beside her, and for the first time for several hours the recollection of her fatal vow intruded on her mind.

'What a glorious night,' she remarked. I never saw the moon shine with greater spleandor.'

' May it be a happy omen to us, my fair Ellen, replied Peyton-and as he spoke he turned to a white rose bush which had wreathed itself around one of the pillars of the portico, and culled several of its half

blown flowers. While he was thus employed. Ellen was gazing abstractedly on the fantastic shadows made by the trees in the yard .-Suddenly she grapped the railing for sup port, and looked with eyes fascinated with error on a white shade which secmed to rise from an open space on which the moon's radiance was poured without obstruction from the surrounding shrubbery. The shadow arose slowly, and gradually assumed the waving outline of a human form wrapped in the garment of the tomb. It approached the spot on which she stood and the features of Henry Sinclair, wearing a look of sad reproach, were distinct-ly visible to her as the shade glided between herself and her newly wedded lord.

With a faint cry she would have fallen had not Peyton turned and sprang forward in time to receive her senseless form in

Long, long was it before she recovered from her deathlike swoon. She then related what she had seen, and clung to the belief in the spectral visitation with such tenacy that reasoning and soothing failed to calm her mind. Before another day drawn she was raving in the delirium of a brain fever, and in one week from her ill-omened marriage she was laid beside him whose spirit she believed had summond her to join him.

The incidents on which the foregoing ages are founded are literally true. That the supernatural visitation was the offspring of an over-wrought imagination and superstitious mind, a real case of monomania, there can be but little boubt. The vagaries of an excited imaginatiion are producing results on Mormons and Millerites quite as inexplicable to sober reason as the catastrophe of ' The Broken Vow.

MIDNIGHT -- The clock is striking twelve. How finely do the sweet full tones sweep past through the air, as if they would take up your hought and carry it to the friend you are eyes in the depths of human hearts have these old vibrations reached while they are dying so carelessly under our ears! might they tell of secret misery, sickness uncould ever be faithless to his ashes, she watched, and preving sorrow, and fear and would have studdered with superstitious former at the thought. The possibility of and feed at the very heart-strings, beyond the reach of all medicine, perhaps of sympathy. Many a wife sits watching, with a bleeding heart, for her husband's step, many a mother for her child's--- and many a venturons mer chant lies haunted with fears of shipwreck and fire, many an undetected defaulter fancies voices at the door, many a young girl, just finding out that love is only a heaviness and a tear, muses bitterly over the caprice of a moment or an unmeant trifle. And these are the only watchers, for the happy are asleep, save the bride, on her daintily wrought pillow, murmuring a low tone in the ear that will soon-tire of its monotony, or to the poet, building up his dream in the darkness, and his pulse mounting with the leaping freedom of an angel's, forgetting the world will trample out his fiery spirit to ashes, and laugh to scoru the fine work of his towering fancy.

A DISSTRESSED MOTHER .- A widow lady living in Cincinnati, formerly by the name of Earl, but now by the name of Henderson, has heard a flying report that her son James Earl, has been drowned off some steamboat between St. Louis and N. Orleans, on which he travelled in the capacity of cook boy. He was about 18 years of age, long auburn hair, weak eyes and stout built. His mother who is a Scotch laby of respectable standing, says that his father, Mr. Earl, was drowned three weeks after they landed in this country. Any information will be thankfully received bo a distressed mother.

CLAY'S SOUTHERN FACE - Extract

from Henry Clay's Southern letters:
'I never was in favor of duties being s high as to amount to prohibition of articles on which they were laid. I have thought it best for all interests that there should be competition. The prahibition of the fabrics of foreign countries, would transfer the monopoly to the home manu-facturers in the United States. The true interests of the consumers are best promoted by a competition between the foreign and the national supply. The inevitable tendency of that competition is to reduce prices as all experience has dem-

RESPECT FOR MECHANICS.

It is true that there are those in this country of civil equality, whose social practice proves that they submit to the operation of the political theory only because they cannot help it; but it is also true that they constitute a very small numerical minority, insignificant as compared with the vast number of those having equally good reason to assume to themselves a superiority of worth, and hence to argue their right to special privileges, but whose private feelings and social practices are in exact conformity with that theory of political equality which lies at the base of our national republican fabric, and gives vitality, force, virtue, and efficiency to our system of government. The former reduce the principle to practice only in their political capacity; they do it ex necessitate rei, and of course reluctantly, though they not unfrequently find it necessary as a matter of good temporary policy, to appear to do it willingly, and then they 'put good face upon the matter;' the latter acting in the same civil sphere, do no violence to their feelings. They simply obey the promptings of a cardinal principle in our Republican code of political ethics, and they carry it with them out of the public ways into the walks of private life.

These are to be found in all parties, though not in every clique, or self-constituted 'class;' and they are of that kind who in making up their estimate of the individual man, reject the accidents of birth, as well as those of either wealth or poverty, and make his moral and intelectual worth, as seen in his conduct and developed in his conversation, the chief elements in their calculation. They are also to be found in every walk of life, public and private. Wealth cannot destroy the good principle in some, nor elevated public stations in others. An illustration is before us : Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, recently, it appears, addressed a letter to the editor of the Newark Post, authorizing him to contradict some statement made at that place prejudicial to his character. What was said against him we know not, nor have we seen his letter, but from the following extract, which we find to a contemporary journal, it would appear that he had been charged with saying or doing something disparaging to the character, and prejudicial to the interests, of mechanics. He says:

"So far from having ever said or thot' any thing to the prejudice of mechanics, one of my nearest and dearest relatives, upon my urgent advice, was bound an apprentice to a trade, and is at the present moment a mechanic; and this was a matter of choice, not necessity. I have thus afforded the strongest practical evic of the estimation in which I hold this highly meritorious class of our fellow citizens.

'Good practical evidence' this; undoubted'y as good as any man could give who was too far advanced in life to learn a trade himself. There was no false pride or vanity, but good sense, sound judgment, and correct principle. His young no present necessity to learn a mechanical trade that he might get a living, yet by his advice he is now a practical mechanic, instead of 'studying a profession,' and flattering himself with the delusive idea that therefore the future had in store for him a far higher degree and order of respectability than could possibly be derived from the labors of the workshop. If there be any thing in elevated and honorable public station desirable, as there appears to be, or any thing calculated to premote the true happiness of the incun which is doubtful, it may yet be his, early years in a lawyer's office, reading the perfection of human reason,' and dreaming of his future elevation to the highest office in the gift of the people.'

And why not? Is there any thing in the occupation of the mechanic to disqualify him for political elevation? Nothing. in this country. Or for social elevation? Nothing. The history of the country gives copious evidence that the mechanic may render himself competent to discharge the duties of the highest and most important public stations with credit and honor to himself and benefit to his country; while the annals of privata life most abundantly testify to his competency to make himself equal to any and inferior to none in all the qualities that render the social circle agreeable to the wise and good. The American mechanic ought, therefore, to be proud of his occupation always-never ashamed of it. If he will estimate it is inferior to no other, and so cultivate his mind and his moral system, that he may rise to the honorable level of it, and never fall beneath it, he will not long have to complain of a want of respect on the part of those who have been wont to arrogate to their own spheres a monopoly of respectability, and to look with contempt upon the occupation of the mechanic .- Baltimore Sun.

A judge in Alabama lately decided that it is obtaining goods under false pretences for young ladies to obtain husbands by making use of bustles.