

From the Zanesville Aurora.

THE HAND OF GOD.

There is a hand that paints the sky With everlasting flowers, That scatters life upon the earth, And clothes its living bowers;

There is a hand that holds the storm Within its grasp of might— A hand that rules the earthquake's shock And lightning's burning light—

There is a hand that wipes the tear From sorrow's weeping eye, That binds the mourner's broken heart, And checks the heaving sigh—

That hand will burst the gloomy grave And wake the sleeping dead; And wake the crown of glory's life Will place upon our head:

From the Irish Citizen.

FREDERICK HELMOUTH.

When as a boy I capered noisily about the house, drumming at every door or window-pane, my sedate brother would scold me from behind his books, and exile me behind his hearing—my sister Liza would harshly reprimand an insupportable boisterer.

I had just admired my fine appearance in the glass, when the daughter of the house entered with the tea-things. On seeing me, she burst into such a fit of laughter that it needed all the aid of the father to prevent the whole apparatus from destruction, I laughed too—and an acquaintance was formed with the best understanding in the world.

Precisely at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon I stood by the town gate, where waited the stately equipage at my service. In the shafts of an old dearborn stood the shadow of a bay horse, and this substanceless shadow might have been drawn by means of stright lines, terminating in acute angles.

I seated myself in the wagon, without uttering a word. My conductor mounted and placed himself before me on a coop filled with fowls. Slowly we proceeded—and so slowly, that, in addition to being able to count the stones on the road, I made several important discoveries. One of these was that my horse was lame in his hind leg.

At a farm-house on the road side, my sedate driver stopped, and gave me new company in the shape of a young cow, a bargain of his own, which he tied behind the wagon. We started, and looking up I perceived a heavy cloud over the nearest mountain, and at that moment a rush of wind enveloped me in a bath of dust.

The sexton at length turned his face to me, saying, 'it will rain.' So it did on the word. Down it came in heavy torrents, and we plodded on slowly as before.

At last we arrived at the outskirts of the village of destination. There we saw a streamlet which we must cross and which had been swollen by the rainfall it became of some depth and importance. We entered to ford it, and entered safely, but just in the middle, the beast of a horse stood still, and neither words, strokes nor kicks would induce him to stir a step.

Whist dinner was preparing, I walked with the old lady over the grounds. Everything in the garden and barn was shown me. I rendered praise to everything, and forgot not to display all my agricultural knowledge. She

complimented me on this, and I returned to the house as well pleased with the good heart of the mother as I was with the beauty of the daughter. At dinner, Nanette was seated opposite. At first my eyes fell whenever she raised hers, but I soon began to take courage, and entered into a conversation. This was continued during the meal, and was only interrupted by the voice of the father, who, having appeased the demand of his appetite, leaned back in the chair, and began to talk. "Don't," said he, "rely upon your genius and good looks, and mount the pulpit without study. Don't attempt to entertain your hearer with the first subject that offers itself, instead of a well digested discourse. I have been officiating for nearly forty years, and have written all my sermons. There they are in that huge chest."

"What! thought I, not cash then, but sermons. The navigator had lost his best anchor. But no matter! Nanette is amiable and an only child—and the house and gardens are valuable. "True," continued the old man, "my children, when I am dead won't draw much advantage from my sermons.—What of that? They will all be provided for. One is settled as a carpenter in Leipzig, another a locksmith, is travelling, the third I have —" Here I hurried down a glass of wine, it made me cough, and when I recovered, I found he had just come to the twelfth son, who was an apprentice to a tailor. She was not an only child then, and her portion nothing but the chest with the sermons, perhaps not that. But Nanette's sweet face came to my aid. I thought with Solomon, riches was not all, and I knew I should be more likely to obtain her if she had no money. So I turned to the mother and told her, I was glad she was mother to so numerous a family. "Yes answered she, "thanks to Providence, our sons are in a way to do well, if they do not inherit a fortune, and the betrothed of our daughter is a wealthy and excellent man." This time I was completely paralysed, a cold shiver ran through me, and I made a sudden vertigo, an excuse to seek the open air. It seemed as if all the clouds had tumbled on my head. I tried in vain to gather my reason together. I searched in mind for precedents; but the search was useless. Horace abandoned me, Ovid would not suit my case, and Seneca, I did not believe, had ever felt the tender passion. I was near crying like a whipt school boy. In this unenviable disposition of mind, I strayed about without well knowing where I went. Presently I found myself before the barn door, on which I saw—drawn by some mischievous boy, with chalk—an exaggerated human face, with a most prodigious nose. I started at the figure, which, something whispered was a caricature of myself, and the more I stared, the broader became the smile with which I regarded it. Finally I burst into a roar of laughter.

Oh! what happiness to have a gay disposition, it was true that my hopes had melted away—it was true that my sweet dream was over—it was true that the large chest of money and the only daughter were lost to me forever; but what of that I had saved my good spirits. I returned to the house where they were preparing to seek me. They inquired by looks what ailed me, and the good mother offered all her store of medicine. I refused them—they could do me no good. I looked at Nanette. A bitter sigh escaped me, but as I thought of the nose on the barn door, it turned to a smile. Nanette appeared to be more serious than before. I fancied that she pitied me, and wished but could not relieve my trouble. She invited me to visit her flour garden, and I willingly complied; for I wished to secure her friendship, if I could not win her love.

We walked at first among the flowers for my heart was full. By degrees we spoke, and when we had got to some distance from the house, I took her hand in mine—looked timidly in her fine eyes, and said, "God bless you, and your betrothed husband." She blushed; her hand trembled in mine, and she answered with a smile, "I am not betrothed to any one."—"How," said I, "seizing the other hand of the dear girl; "Your mother spoke of an intended son-in-law." "Yes but I am not the daughter." "Not the daughter," said I as I drew her nearer softly.

"Only the niece, who an orphan from early life, gives the name of parents to the good relations who have filled the parent's place." "If so; I might then," I hesitated, "my eyes met, my full heart ran over—I would my arm around her, and imprinted a warm kiss on her ripe lips. The following year Nanette became my wife, and this day, fourteen years after our marriage, I can say, the man is to be envied to whom God gives for a wife, a virtuous and noble-hearted woman.

YOUNG PUMRY.

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EXHIBIT OF THE RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

Of Monroe County, from the 5th day of June 1843, to the 3rd day of June 1844.

Table with columns for Receipts and Expenditures. Receipts include Revenue collected on Duplicate of 1843, Revenue arising from sale of Section 16, etc. Expenditures include Paid State Treasurer State Revenue for 1843, Paid State Treasurer Canal revenue for 1843, etc.

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AMOUNT OF COUNTY DEBT. Small balance due from Public Building

Debt not included County Scrip \$8,520,000 County orders, unredeemed June 1844 3,274,307

Am't of County debt June 3, 1844 \$11,794,307

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Woodsfield, O. June 21, 1844.

I HEREBY certify, that the foregoing is a correct statement of the Receipts and Expenditures of Monroe County, for the year commencing June 5th 1843, and ending June 3rd 1844, and that the statement of indebtedness is truly taken from the books of this office.

JNO. M. KIRKBRIDE, Auditor M. C. O.

THE COLUMBIAN LADY AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Could not content himself with a mere republication or compilation. He has therefore prevailed upon ROBERT W. WEIR, whose reputation as an Artist is already identified with that of his country, to contribute a series of Oriental Designs, together with such advice and assistance in other details of art, as his taste may suggest, for the illustration and embellishment of this publication.

THE COLUMBIAN LADY AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, edited by JOHN INMAN, and filled with contributions from the most eminent and accomplished writers of the country. The motives which have led to the commencement of this undertaking may be briefly stated. It is believed by the proprietor that there is in the United States an immense provision of literary ability, for which as yet there is no adequate encouragement, or field of display; that besides the numbers of clever and successful writers, whose productions are weekly, and monthly, and annually read with delight by thousands; there are yet greater numbers constantly arriving at maturity of power, who have only to appear on the stage of publication to receive a brilliant award of fame, and that the power of those whose names are already pronounced with respect by lips of wisest counsel, are capable of more and still higher exertions than has yet been called forth.

It is believed, too, that the demand for literary production in this country, especially in the periodical channel, exceeds the supply in a very large proportion, and the new supplies have only to be presented of the right quality, and in the right way to insure a hearty welcome and profitable reception. No doubt is entertained of the American mind's ability to sustain itself—certainly on its own ground, if not abroad—against all the competition that the intellect of other lands can bring to the encounter; and full assurance is felt that among the millions of American readers there can be, and is, a cordial welcome for all that American writers can produce of excellent and interesting.

From these premises it is undoubtedly inferred that there is abundant room for another Magazine, notwithstanding the merit and success of those already in being; that there can be no lack of ability to fill its pages acceptably within the reach of capital and liberal enterprise; and that such a periodical will not fail to be greeted as a welcome visitor by thousands upon thousands, who as yet have done little or nothing toward the support and development of American periodical literature.

Another and strong motive has been the feeling that New York, the first city of the Union, should be the home of a periodical owning no superior in either merit or success. The Columbian Magazine will be published on the first day of every month. Its mechanical arrangements will comprise the best paper, type, and workmanship that money can procure.

The contributors will be sought for among the ablest and most popular writers in the country; and no efforts will be spared to secure the aid of the most distinguished, such as John L. Stephens, J. F. Cooper, F. G. Halleck, H. W. Herbert, H. T. Tucker, J. R. Chandler, T. C. Grattan, J. C. Neal, Geo. P. Morris, S. B. Smith, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. Saba Smith, Mrs. H. E. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, Mrs. C. W. H. Estlin, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, Miss Hannah F. Gould, Miss E. A. Dupuy, Miss Lucy Austin, W. G. Simms, E. S. Sargent, Theodore S. Fay, Nathaniel Hawthorne, H. W. Longfellow, C. F. Hoffman, T. S. Arthur, F. H. Harrington, H. H. Weld, Miss Sarah Hewitt, Miss M. A. Fajman, Miss E. S. Norton, Miss Margaret Cox, Miss Maud H. Rand, Miss Eliza Leslie, Miss C. M. Sedgwick, Miss Juliet H. Lewis, Miss Mary Davenport, Miss Emily Francis, W. C. Bryant, J. K. Paulding, N. P. Willis, John Neal, Park Benjamin, R. H. Dana, Rufus Dawes, R. W. Griswold, R. M. Bird, Mrs. "Mary Claver," Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Mrs. E. F. Elliot, Mrs. Volney E. Howard, Mrs. M. St. Louis, Mrs. A. M. E. Arnold, Miss Maria M. Duncan, Miss Virginia De Forest, Miss A. S. Lindsay, Miss C. M. Kettles.

With many of these, arrangements have already been made, as well as with others whose reputation is sure, though yet to be established in the public regard. The proprietor entertains sanguine hopes of accomplishing an object to which he looks forward with pride—the secure operation of regular and occasional contributors, forming a list unequalled in this country.

In each number there will be two or more engravings from original paintings, from such artists as Chapman, Ingham, Inman, Osgood, etc. engaged in mezzotint, line, and stipple, by H. S. Sudd, W. L. Ormsby, &c., besides a plate of fashions colored, and occasionally other illustrations; so that every subscriber will receive, in the course of the year, at least twenty-four elegant productions of the graphic art, which could not be otherwise procured at three or four times the annual cost of the whole magazine.

dition, combine with the highest merits of art and taste, such a learned and minute instruction as to scenery, costume, architecture and antiquity, as to make them a perpetual and most instructive commentary upon the Poet's text. It is now proposed to embody in an AMERICAN EDITION, the admirable illustrations of both these editions, engraved with equal excellence of mechanical execution, to add to these, other engravings from eminent artists, as Reynolds, Fuseli, S. Newton, &c., and to accompany them with a beautifully printed and correct text.

But the publisher anxious that his country should part some part of the homage due from her to the greatest of Poets, as to one who belongs not solely to England, but to all

Who speak the tongue That Shakespeare speaks, Could not content himself with a mere republication or compilation. He has therefore prevailed upon ROBERT W. WEIR, whose reputation as an Artist is already identified with that of his country, to contribute a series of Oriental Designs, together with such advice and assistance in other details of art, as his taste may suggest, for the illustration and embellishment of this publication.

From the same reason, the publisher, instead of reprinting the text and commentary of any popular English impression, was desirous that his Edition should have the supervision of an American Editor. This task has been undertaken by GULLAN C. VERPLANCK.

The plan proposed to himself by the Editor is to furnish the reader with a carefully prepared and accurately printed text, unnumbered by any notes or comments upon the page itself, as however useful they may be elsewhere, they are too apt to divert the mind from the power of the Poet's thought, and to disturb the magic of his scene. Such notes as may be thought useful for the explanation or criticism of the text, will be put into an Appendix to each play.

The text of Shakespeare's dramatic works, drawn from old printed copies in his own age, which had never passed under the author's eye, was consequently disfigured by many errors and absurdities. It passed during the last century through a succession of varying editions, until the revision of Stevens and Malone, whose text, (or rather that of Stevens) has become the standard from which most of the English and American editions have been printed, with various degrees of accuracy. But within the last twenty years, a more minute and familiar acquaintance with old English idioms, habits and modes of thought, guided by an intense and constantly increasing admiration for Shakespeare's genius, has led to the strong conviction that very many of the numerous though slight deviations from the ancient text, appearing in modern editions, are useless or erroneous interpolations, sometimes weakening the sense, and often substituting an arbitrary mawkishness, metrical regularity, to the Poet's own native melody. Accordingly, very many of these emendations have been rejected by the last and best English editors, especially Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, and the readings of the old folio and quarto have been restored, unless where some error of the press or manuscript was undeniably manifest. Yet there are many such passages confessedly corrupt, requiring conjectural emendations; there are also differences of reading between the several old impressions affording grounds for some diversity of text and warm controversy, it due to the more recent editors.

Upon these, the American editor thinks it due to the character of this edition, to decide himself, without implicitly following the text of any one modern edition. As the industry and learning of prior editors have furnished the collation of various readings, and the authorities upon which they may be supported, the task is no longer that of laborious investigation, but as it were, of judicial decision, enlightened by contending arguments.

As many of these variations are of nearly equal probability, and as some of them are doubtless the author's own alterations at different periods, all the more important readings will be presented to the reader in the notes, for his selection. Those notes will also contain so much of commentary as may be useful to explain antiquated words and phrases, obscurely expressed passages and allusions to obsolete opinions, or the various allusions to the history of the whole in as condensed a form as practicable. But any commentary upon Shakespeare, however brief, would be imperfect if it did not present some view of the higher criticism employed, not on the interpretation of his language, but upon his thoughts, his character, his poetry, his philosophy. The only difficulty here arises from the abundance, the magnificence, the variety of the materials collected during the last half century, by the most brilliant minds of Europe. Still it is believed that this duty can be satisfactorily performed, without swelling the edition to an inconvenient bulk.

H. W. HEWETT, Publisher, 281 Broadway, New York.

OHIO STATESMAN. PAPER FOR THE CAMPAIGN. We will furnish the large Weekly Ohio Statesman, from July until after the Presidential election, as follows: For \$ 0,50, - - - - 1 copies. " \$ 3,00, - - - - 7 " " \$ 5,00, - - - - 12 " " \$10,00, - - - - 25 "

This is the cheapest paper ever offered to the people of Ohio, and will be under the necessity, in all cases, of receiving the money in advance. The approaching campaign is of the utmost importance to the safety, liberty, and welfare of this government and people.—The old bargain and bargainers of 1824-5, between Adams and Clay, must all come under review, and the people must again decide that question, and the thousand other questions now connected with that black and corrupt act, such as an assumption of State debts, as decided upon by the Maryland elections, and a resolution just introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature—a U. S. Bank, &c. &c. The times demand that every man should do his duty—that every republican should be at his post—that truth should be scattered wherever error is found. We issue our Campaign Paper to meet the wants of the numerous CLUBS that have desired information on the subject.

Democrats! let us at once go to work.—The honor and salvation of this Union depends upon your exertions—our soil, the soil of Oregon, is in danger if federalism gets power in our Councils. Throw aside all minor questions, and stand forth for your country. Where it is convenient, we should prefer the CLUB papers to one direction. Subscribers received at any time during the month of March, will receive their papers from the time their names are received at this office, unless back numbers should be on hand, when they will be sent. A person forwarding five dollars shall receive six copies. All payments must be made in advance, as the price will not authorize credits. S. MEDARY. February, 1844.

BLANK DEEDS, AND blanks of every description neatly printed and kept constantly on hand at THIS OFFICE.