Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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TERMS.

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The Garland.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

From the Madisonian.

LOCHABER NO MORE!

There are few, we believe, who are aware that the exquisitely beautiful and touching ballad of the above name, was composed by the brave and generous *Earl of Derwentwater*, who fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of the rebellion of 1715. The avowed object of that rebellion, as is well known to every reader of English history, was the establishment of the son of James the Second, (commonly called the Pretender,) on the throne of England. For there were many of the most powerful and influential of the Scottish nobility inflexibly opposed to that change in the order of succession which excluded the line of the Stuarts. Louis the Fourteenth, (who strenuously promoted the views of the malcontents) immediately on the death of Queen Anne, despatched the pretender to Scotland, where, with the powerful assistance of his adherents in that kingdom, he was crowned at Perth. The rebellion, however, was ill-concerted, and in a short time completely failed. Many of the rebels assembled at Preston, were compelled, by superior numbers, to surrender themselves prisoners at discretion.

Among them were the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale, the latter of whom escaped from prison, through the ingenious stratagem of his young and devoted wife, while the former was executed on Tower Hill. "Thus fell the chief of the noble house of Derwentwater, at the age of only twenty-eight years, leaving a young and beautiful widow, and two infant children," to lament his early and melancholy doom.

The tender and heroic lines to which we have alluded, were composed by the Earl and addressed to his Lady on the eve of his departure to join the rebels:—

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have my days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more;
These tears that I shed, they are all for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on war:
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained:
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honor commands me how can I refuse,
Without it I ne'er can have merit from thee,
And without thy favor, I'd better not be—
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously home,
A heart I'll bring to thee with love running o'er:
And then, I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more!

This ballad has received an enthusiastic encomium from the glowing pen of the authoress of CORINNE, in that most elegant of her imaginary productions. The air to which it is sung is said to be inexpressibly soft and plaintive, and in the weary hours of the Caledonian exile's heart, where he may wander, it can never fail to recall to his pensive and tearful recollection the beetling braes and brawling burns of the home he may visit no more."

OSCAR.

"O, the exile's heart hath weary hours!"
HEMANS.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

A Milliner's Card.

When lovely woman longs to marry,
And snatch a victim from the beaux,
What charm the soft design will carry?
What art will make the men propose?
The only art; her schemes to cover,
To give her wishes sure success;
To gain, to fix a captive lover,
And "wring his bosom," is—TO DRESS;

SELECT TALE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

The Perils of Passion.

BY HORATIO KING.

"Your sorrows are self-bought, and you may reap
"The iron harvest that your hand hath sown."

'We have strange news to-night Julia,' said Henry Lee, one evening, addressing his wife.

Henry had just returned from the village; and his countenance betokened that something unusual had occurred.

'What—what news, Henry?' inquired Julia, with some surprise.

'The death of our friend Adams.'

'Adams! is James Adams dead? I saw him in apparent good health this morning: what can have caused his death so suddenly?—a fit—a fall—or a duel, perhaps.'

'No, neither,' replied Henry; 'he put an end to his own existence immediately after dinner. His body was found suspended in the chamber of his store at four o'clock.'

'Poor man! yesterday his goods were attached; is not his failure in business the supposed cause of this dreadful act?'

'Yes; he left a note, in which he said that he had lost all, and preferred death rather than a life of poverty and disgrace.'

'But the fortune promised him by his uncle at Hartford, would have made him independent. Was he not sure of that large estate, at the demise of Mr. Harwood?'

'He was. But he was this morning informed of the death of his uncle. With this intelligence came also the report that the property had all been willed to his uncle's attorney and particular friend, Mr. Lawson. It was too much—he gave way to the feelings of despair, and committed the fatal deed; without once reflecting that the sun of prosperity might again shine upon him. Had he waited even until now, he would never have been guilty of the awful crime of self murder; for a letter from his agent in Hartford, received this evening, contradicts the unfavorable report of this morning, and states that Mr. Harwood is recovering from a severe attack of the fever, which had threatened to prove fatal. His uncle had willed him the sum of two hundred thousand dollars.'

'We are then left to our own meagre resources,' said Julia; 'Adams' promised aid will never be realized.'

'What aid?' asked Henry, hesitatingly—for he saw in the countenance of Julia a look of disappointment.

'You know it was not for love that I married you, Henry. You have not forgotten that James Adams influenced me to accept your hand. He promised, when he should be possessed of his uncle's immense estate, to furnish me with the means of living in affluence, notwithstanding your poverty. *That* alone overcame my objections to be your wife,' said Julia, peevishly.

Henry was struck with astonishment. It is true, he had not always lived on the happiest terms with his wife—having before frequently discovered in her signs of dissatisfaction. Attributing this misfortune, however, more to poverty than the want of affection, which he supposed was only overclouded in consequence of his unsuccessful endeavors to acquire an easy competency, he suffered it in silence.—But, to be thus saluted by a wife he sincerely loved, and at such a time too, was calculated to produce in his mind most disagreeable reflections; it was as the funeral knell of his earthly happiness.—What—thought he—has it come to this? In two short years, have I thus been brought to experience what, but yesterday, I confidently believed could never be my lot to suffer.

'Julia,' said he sternly, 'I am astonished! What means this sudden outbreak against your husband? Have I deserved this treatment from you? Do you thus requite my kindness and love?'

'Poverty! poverty! poverty!' responded Julia, with a contemptuous look; 'we are doomed to live in poverty. Had you the spirit of a man, there would be some reason to hope that the time might come, when we should not be pointed at as the poorest family in the neighborhood.'

'Julia,' said the husband, 'I have heard enough. You have inflicted a wound on my feelings that I fear never will be healed. This moment would I give worlds, could the scenes of this day prove to be but a dream! I can bear the buffetings and the frowns of a cold and selfish world without; but domestic bickerings and quarrels are too much for me. How often have you heard me declare, that I never would permit this destroying spirit to enter the circle of my domestic life. Alas! it even now threatens to drive me mad! me—a father, too! Behold that innocent one—she, who has scarcely reached the age of one year—dependent upon us for protection—for life! And shall we suffer ourselves to be torn asunder, and disgraced forever, by our own folly—nay, crimes! Julia, it cannot be. Talk of poverty!—but for me, long since would you have been a beggar in the streets.'

'Say what you will, Henry, you are the cause of all my unhappiness,' continued Julia, covering her face; 'and were I free from you, with my own hands would I obtain the means of securing to myself the pleasures of society. Enough have I seen of your incapacity, and of your want of interest in all that renders life agreeable. I will bear it no longer. Would to Heaven that the scenes, not only of to-day, but of the last two years of my life, were a dream! Widowhood were preferable to my present condition!'——

Julia stopped suddenly—for on casting her eyes around, she perceived herself no longer in the hearing of her husband. He had taken his hat and overcoat, and left the house precipitately, with a determination never to enter its walls again.

The night was an unhappy one to Julia; for it required but little reflection to convince her that her conduct was most unbecoming and cruel toward her husband—though it afforded him no sufficient apology for hastily abandoning her, as he did. She knew also, that his disposition would not allow him readily to grant her forgiveness, even were it in her power to ask it.

On the following morning, a hat, supposed to be Henry Lee's, was found near the margin of the river, in the town of ——, in which he resided, at the distance of about twenty miles from Hartford, Connecticut. Search was now immediately made for him; every part of the river in the vicinity was closely examined, and persons were despatched to the neighboring towns, in the hope that possibly he might yet be among the living. This hope was cherished with the more confidence, from the fact that he had always appeared to view the act of self-murder with great horror. Julia, though suffering severely for her own ill-conduct, and filled with fear, could not believe that he had committed suicide. The conclusion, however, in the public mind, was, that Henry Lee was dead; and his death, accompanied with the supposed circumstances attending it, was announced in the papers.

Time passed on. Julia, for several weeks, still entertained hopes that her husband would return to her. She felt, indeed, that she could not leave this world, without first hearing, from his own lips, the word of pardon. But hope finally ceased to administer to her any relief; and she was compelled not only to look upon herself as a widow, but almost as the murderess of her husband! What remorse—what sorrow did she feel! She awoke from disturbed and frightful slumbers, in the morning, only to realize the depth of her grief, in sensible and sober reflection. She could now see what happiness was, from experiencing the extremes of misery. Bitterly did she repent that she had reproached her husband for his poverty, when in comparatively happy circumstances—for she saw before her a scene only of want—a life of wretchedness.

We pass over a few years in the life of this unhappy woman, without detailing the many instances of pain which she experienced: Her path was beset with troubles and sorrow, and the messenger of death often seemed about to deliver her to the last summons.

* * * * * *

We turn to a more pleasant part of the picture. It was in the year 17—, when a gentleman, far advanced in years, rode up to the miserable dwelling of Julia Lee in a costly and splendid carriage. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a young Miss, apparently about ten years of age, who invited him to walk in. He accepted the invitation, and at once made known the object of his visit. He had heard of the wretchedness of the poor woman and her daughter, He had come to afford them relief. His first request was, that the mother should allow him to take her daughter, Mary, and call her his own child. His next was, that she should herself accompany them to his residence in Hartford, and consider herself at home in his family during the remaining years of his life.

Julia consented—though not without some hesitancy, and a secret apprehension that all would not prove right. They reached Hartford just at sunset. The evening was enchantingly delightful; and, in spite of all the causes of her unhappiness, Julia felt invigorated from the ride, and a secret joy stole through her heart at witnessing with how much pleasure her daughter relished this, to her, novel mode of exercise and amusement.

'This is my house,' said the old gentleman, as he reigned his horse up to a magnificent mansion on —— street, near the centre of the town.

The truth at once burst upon the mind of Julia. She had seen the house before; it had, in her happier days, been pointed out to her by her friend Adams, as his uncle's. She could not be mistaken; it was even so. She had time only to raise her heart in thanks to God for His goodness, before she and her daughter were welcomed into the house by Mr. Harwood, and his not less kind and benevolent wife.

With that night came more happiness to the bosom of Mrs Lee, than she had experienced for a long; long time before Hunger and want disturbed not her repose—and her pillow was no longer a pillow of straw. But for the unpleasant scenes of the past, she would have been happy indeed. But the past could not be blotted from her mind. Her reflections, however, were those of a repentant heart, and most devoutly and sincerely did she pray to be pardoned for the faults which had already brought upon her so much wretchedness. She felt a secret assurance that she was forgiven. She was awoke in the morning by the voice of her daughter, who, with joyous countenance, was eagerly calling her attention to the ornaments of the room, and the happy contrast between their present and former condition. 'Oh, how happy should we be, mother,' said she, 'if my dear father were here! Would he not come, mother, if he knew we lived in so pretty a place? I am sure he would. Can you not send for him, mother?'

Mrs. Lee could not repress her tears. 'Do not you know, my daughter, that your father is dead? We can never see him again,' answered the mother.'

'But we will be happy now, mother. I am sure I would not weep—for you have wept enough. I will work for you, and be a good girl, mother. This kind old gentleman will take care of us.'

The little girl was correct in the belief that the old gentleman would provide for them; for he proved a guardian to them, indeed. They all soon became warmly attached to each other, and Mr. Harwood was every day strengthened in the opinion that he had extended the aiding hand in the right direction. He immediately placed Mary at school, where she made great progress. Mrs. Lee had not neglected the moral and intellectual improvement of her daughter; and the superior advantages now secured to her for acquiring a finished education, were highly appreciated by both. In the course of a few years, during which time nothing unusual transpired in the history of the family, Mary found herself esteemed one of the most accomplished young ladies in the circle of her acquaintance. She was particularly partial to the study of the French, and frequently expressed the wish that she might become a perfect scholar in that language. Mr. Harwood narrowly watched the disposition and inclination of his daughter. He saw with peculiar pleasure her love of knowledge, and witnessed her extreme anxiety to become mistress of her favorite study. He soon determined to place her in a situation where her wishes could not fail to be gratified. He had a brother-in-law, named Jeffreys, who resided in France, having married a French lady and adopted that country as his permanent residence. In choosing France for his home, he chose its language also, and soon nearly ceased to speak his own. Mr. Harwood at once made arrangements to place Mary under his protection. She had now reached the age of seventeen, when he communicated to her the object he had in view. She received the proposition with much joy. Though warmly attached to home, she nevertheless entertained the idea that it would be a very pleasant thing to visit France, aside from the advantages afforded of perfecting herself in the French language.

Arrangements being completed, Mary took her departure for Paris. On the voyage, which was a long and tedious one, she more than once wished herself safely in the arms of her mother. Her courage, however, did not entirely forsake her; and she finally reached the end of her journey without experiencing any serious difficulties. She was kindly received by Mr. Jeffreys, who had been apprised of her intended visit.

She now pursued her studies under the direction of one of the most popular teachers in Paris—devoting her attention more particularly to the acquisition of the language of the country. She was also much aided in her pursuit, by the son of Mr. Jeffreys, whose qualifications enabled him to be of great service to her. But a few months had passed, before she found herself prepared to speak the language fluently; and the pleasure she derived from conversing with young Jeffreys, and others with whom she became acquainted, tended greatly to relieve her mind from the depression she frequently experienced, in reflecting on the distance which separated her from her home and dearest friends.

About two years had elapsed since her arrival in France, when Mary received a letter from her mother, earnestly desiring her return home. She was sitting at the open window of the parlor, perusing the letter, when a man, miserably clad, and with dejected countenance, came toward her—and, addressing her in broken French, humbly begged a morsel of bread to save himself from starvation.—Her heart was open to the petition, and His request was at once granted. Observing him to be an Englishman, and anxious to learn what misfortune could have reduced him to so miserable a condition, she addressed him in her own tongue, and invited him into the house.

'Sir,' said she, 'you are a stranger in these parts, I presume; what calamity can have brought you to so wretched a condition.'

'I am what the world may well call a son of misfortune,' he replied; 'many a dark cloud has hovered over my path, and many a storm, which has nearly proved my entire destruction, have I encountered. I have sought rest in various undertakings, in which others seemed to have experienced it; but sought in vain. I despair of ever realizing it, until the past shall be irrevocably buried in oblivion.'

'It cannot be that your character is stained by crime, and that you are fleeing from the hand of justice!' exclaimed Mary in surprise. 'If so, we have no protection for you here. Explain yourself,' said she, 'or we shall be obliged to call the police.'

'I am guilty of a great offence,' replied the poor beggar; 'but I flee from no human hand of justice. The upbraidings of my conscience alone, are what most disturb me, and what I would most wish to be relieved of. Would that it were in my power to heal the wound that I, a long time ago, inflicted in the heart of her whom I solemnly swore to protect, defend, and support, before all others! But the deep, dark gulf of death for ever separates us! Poor girl, she sunk in sorrow to the grave, with no one to soothe the aching heart—hastened to her end, it may be, by the very want of the necessaries of life to sustain her!—And her sweet infant, too, must have followed her!—a daughter, who would have been our comfort and solace thro' life! Oh the danger—the fatal results of passion! She reproached me for my poverty—she earnestly affirmed she would be happier without me! With wounded pride, jealous, and filled with passion, I hastily abandoned her. I purposely refused myself time for reflection, before embarking for a distant land, where I well knew I should be beyond the knowledge of all who should seek me! Nay, I took especial pains to create the impression that I had put an end to my existence. But a few months after—having determined to return to her—I heard incidentally that she had died under that awful impression! The circumstances were related in a journal which fell into my hands at the time; and though names were withheld, I was convinced I could not be mistaken. I then dared not return; and sought to banish the recollection of the subject, by constantly searching for new objects to interest and absorb my attention. I have travelled the world over; but life itself has been constantly a burden to me. I have lost all hope of ever bettering my condition. I am indeed far more miserable than even my appearance indicates. No, lady, I flee from the pursuit of no living being; for no punishment can be more severe than that I have already suffered.'

'But where,' eagerly inquired Mary, 'is your native place?'

'I am an American,' he replied; 'and proud am I of my country—though I expect never to return to it.'

'From what part of America are you?' she continued, more and more interested in his history.

'The town of —, in the state of Connecticut. My father was a poor man; and my wife, who before our marriage, was usually designated as the 'accomplished Julia,' died before she attained the age of maturity.'

'And your name is'—

'Henry Lee.'

'My father! my father!' she exclaimed, 'behold your own daughter before you! I am not deceived—it is my father!'

She was on the point of throwing herself into his arms, when he rose to meet her, anxiously inquiring: 'Mary, my child! Can it be possible that you live to witness the sorrow and misery of your wicked father! Oh, I discover in you now the image of your own poor mother! Tell me—how came you here? What breeze of fortune hath borne you onward to so favorable a condition? Oh, my wife! would to Heaven I could call thee to life again!' he exclaimed, weeping and sobbing most bitterly.

'Stay, father! she lives! she lives!' cried Mary. 'My own dear mother still lives to bless you!'

'What, Julia—my wife? still lives?—Gracious Heaven! may I dare to meet her! Oh lead me—yes—lead me before her. I deserve no favor from her; but she knows I was not alone to blame—and she will forgive me—yes, she will forgive me!'

'Oh, I bless the fortune that has bro't us together!' said Mary. 'Compose yourself, my father—and you shall soon know all. Mother still resides in Connecticut. We were wretchedly poor and needy; but a good old gentleman, by the name of Harwood, came one day and took us to his home in Hartford, where she is invited to remain so long as he lives. It is by his kindness and generosity also that I am here pursuing my studies. I was preparing to return—having the moment you accosted me, received a letter from my mother desiring me to embark for home immediately.'

The poor man was nearly overcome at so unexpected a meeting—with intelligence at once so gratifying, and the prospect of being again united to the bosom companion of his early days.

No time was now lost. The next packet that sailed took the father and daughter to the shores of their own native country and home. And here let me remark, that on leaving, Mary failed not to give young Jeffreys a most pressing invitation to visit America at as early a day as his engagements would permit.

I need not describe the meeting of the long separated husband and wife. Suffice to say, it was affecting in the extreme. Each felt to have been most in the wrong—each begged most earnestly to be forgiven by the other. The day was one of mutual congratulation and joy; and that night were their hearts unitedly raised to God in humble and sincere prayer for the pardon of all their misdeeds—for His protection against the unhappy consequences of passion—and for His constant guidance and blessing.

In less than one year from that time, Mr. Harwood and his aged companion were both called to their reward in Heaven; and Mary Lee, his adopted and only child, came into possession of his immense estate, subject only to an annuity to her parents, sufficient to ensure them a comfortable and affluent support while living.

Mary's invitation to young Jeffreys was accepted. His visit was one of unusual interest to him, and not less to her, whose hand he came to solicit. They were united: and blessings ceased not to attend them. They avoided THE PERILS OF PASSION, by attending to the voice of wisdom, 'whose ways,' in the beautiful language of Scripture, 'are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are peace.'

FROM THE KEYSTONE.

How shall Pennsylvania obtain Teachers for her Common Schools.

For how many years the intelligent, public spirited and patriotic citizens of Pennsylvania, felt deeply the necessity of providing the means of education for the great mass of the people. These few noble and liberal spirits, distributed thro' the community have gradually but effectually awakened the public mind, and imbued it with the same feeling. Within the last few years a system of common schools has been devised and improved, and is gradually securing the confidence of the people. Liberal appropriations have been made for the payment of teachers, and for the erection of school houses. These appropriations are wisely based on the principle of calling forth a corresponding sum from the community by voluntary assessment upon its members. By these legislative enactments the necessary funds are provided. And there is a prospect that the necessary school houses will also be provided. Our youthful population, which ought to be brought into the common schools, amounts to at least 300,000, and is annually increasing.—Now if we assign forty pupils to each teacher, the number of teachers necessary to supply these schools will be 7,500. It seems then that all that is necessary to bring our entire youthful population under instruction, is a suitable supply of well qualified teachers. This is the important point towards which the friends of common schools should direct their attention.

Experience in Europe and America has shown that this is of difficult accomplishment. Three plans have been proposed and applied. In Europe Normal schools, or schools for teachers have been relied on. But they have not been as successful as was to have been expected, except in Prussia. They have failed, rather than succeeded in France. Their success in Prussia is owing to the compulsory character of the government, *requiring* their services after they are educated in the Normal schools; and the condition of the country which inclines a sufficient number to seek their support from the government from this source. Employment is scarce. Hence the certain remuneration which the government affords to those who become teachers, though small, yet is sufficient to enlist the proper number of individuals. Now as these conditions do not exist in France, or in other parts of Europe, schools for teachers are comparatively unproductive. The necessary conditions to insure success scarcely exist at all in *this country*. Hence schools expressly for teachers cannot be relied upon for a proper supply. The experiments which have been made show this. If the state pay the expense of educating a young man for a teacher, when he has obtained his education, the state has no means of enforcing its just expectation of his services. Other employments are more agreeable and more productive than teaching school, and the young man feels himself competent to enter into them. He therefore either declines teaching, or teaches but a short time after his education is accomplished. It appears therefore, that the state may expend much money in this way, and derive but little benefit.

A second plan is to have departments organized in colleges and academies in which young men shall receive the suitable instruction as teachers of common schools, while they are accomplishing their own education. This plan has two advantages over the first plan. It will enlist a greater number of young men. Because, while they are preparing to teach, they are accomplishing their own education. And it affords them an opportunity of seeing the internal arrangements, and the management of a school in actual operation. To these advantages perhaps may be added, that they might occasionally engage in instructing the lower classes, so as to obtain some practical knowledge of teaching. It must, however, be acknowledged, that this last advantage is attended with some difficulties. Few young men have sufficient talent and address to be at the same time a student in the school, & a teacher in the same school. Hence this plan, though more successful than the first, is not by any means adequate to produce a sufficient number of teachers.

A third plan has been relied on with more success. It is the plan which has built up the common schools of New England and New York, and has produced by reaction a great extension and firm support of the colleges. The plan is, to rely on the colleges and academies for teachers for common schools. But it is to be observed here, that the colleges themselves have furnished, and will continue to furnish directly a large number of teachers of common schools. Indeed in N. England, the colleges are supposed to furnish a vast majority of the teachers of common schools. The cause and process are plain. There are a great many young men who have talents and enterprise, but want money, and perhaps friends. They seek their education in the colleges, which they attend during the sessions, and devote their vacations, and a small part of the sessions to teaching school, by which they obtain funds to pay their way at college during the sessions. Sometimes they intermit a session, and devote themselves to school teaching, and thus realize more money for their college expenses. The process has produced thousands of teachers for common schools, many of whom have risen by this course to eminence and usefulness, and to seats in the councils of their country. They pass through the common schools to more active, or more public life; but others are pressing on after them. In this way, the common schools must be supplied with teachers, if ever supplied.

It remains now to show that Pennsylvania ought to extend the same steady and liberal support to her colleges and academies, as she does to her common schools. They are mutually and equally necessary to each other. Unless the colleges and academies are in good condition, and afford facilities for liberal education equal to those of our sister states, our enterprising young men will go abroad, and obtain their education in other states, and devote their leisure time and talents to teaching the common schools of other commonwealths. This is now the case to an extent beyond all supposition. On the other hand, if our colleges and academies are in good condition, and our common school system not in successful operation, these enterprising young men of our own state will not enter our colleges because they cannot find employment in the common schools to enable them to meet their college expences. Hence they will go into other states where the common schools will enable them to support themselves. To all this may be added: the success of common schools will fill the academies: the success of the academies will fill the colleges: the success of the colleges, as I have shown, will supply our common schools with teachers, which, coming from seminaries of liberal education, will diffuse liberal feelings throughout community; and thus raise the tone and standard of education.

Finally, this plan has another advantage. It accomplishes what has been desired by manual labor schools, i. e. enables the student to support himself. Besides this, it does what the manual labor plan cannot do: i. e. while the student supports himself he instructs the common school, and thus carries forward the great plan of universal education. D.

Burned to Death.—Two children, the elder four, and the younger two years, of Mr. James Rogers, of Boxton, Me. were burned to death during the absence of their mother, a few days since. Will parents who are compelled to leave their children alone never take warning. Had these fair innocents been properly dressed in flannel and worsted garments, their clothes could not have taken fire, and this sad accident could not have occurred. The beggarly pride of bedecking children in gaudy calico has caused the loss of numerous lives. Again we say, mothers, be advised, and take warning.—*New York Era.*

Specie Found.—A tin box, very much decayed, containing several hundred severeigns, and a silk handkerchief containing Spanish dollars, the whole amounting to six or seven thousand dollars, was found by two boys on Thursday afternoon, in Pierfont's Hill, Brooklyn.—*New York Gazette.*

BARBAROUS.—The Emperor of Russia has committed the disgusting atrocity of levying six hundred of the fairest women among the Polish peasantry, and taking them by force from their families to be married to his soldiers in the military forms at Wozessensk. The women fled and resisted, but in vain; they were carried off from their families, and the male relations who aided their attempts to escape, were flogged or banished to Siberia.—*Public Ledger.*

Mississippi.—News has reached this city of the meeting of the Legislature of Mississippi; and (what we were not prepared to hear of) a Whig majority in both branches of the Legislature. As an evidence of which, A. L. Bingaman was chosen President of the Senate and Dr. King of Franklin county, Speaker of the House of Representatives, both these gentlemen being decided Whigs. *Nat. Int.*