Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &C. &C.

Edited and Published for the Proprietor, by George W. Crabb, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 18. WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.—NO. 6.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS.

Having added a large assortment of goods to my former stock, I will sell off the same at greatly reduced prices for cash.

Persons wishing to supply themselves with *very cheap* Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassinetts, Flannels, Vestings, Merinoes, Beaverteens, Calicoes, Bombazines, &c. &c. &c. will do well to call, as I am determined to sell as low, if not lower, than any establishment in the borough.

At the old stand, opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.

Dec. 23, 1840. CHAS. OGILBY.

LOOK HERE!

SELLING OFF!

The Subscribers offer their present Stock of Merchandize at *reduced prices*, and will continue at such prices until all is sold. A large portion of their Stock is offered at Cost.

HITNER & MULVANY.

Carlisle, Dec. 30, 1840.

NEW GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the city and is now opening some very desirable seasonable GOODS, consisting in part of Invisible Green, Brown, Diamond, Pilot, Beaver, Black Wool dyed, Blue, Adilade, Cadet and Olive

CLOTHS,

Wool dyed Black, Blue, and figured *Cassimeres*; Sattinetts of all descriptions; Cords and Beaverteens; Ticks and Checks; imported Stair and figured Carpetings; Saxony, Prince and Mouse de Laines; Bombazines, Merinoes, blue black, black, Mantua, Fawn, Brown, Figured and Plain *Silks*; Figured and Plain Swiss and Jaconet *Muslins*; Green Baize and Flannels of different colours; Gloves and Hosiery; Cloth and Fur Caps; Brushe and Merino *Shawls*; Mackinaw, Rose and Point Blankets; Leghorn and Straw Bonnets; together with an assortment of

Groceries & Queensware.

All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. Person are invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

ANDREW RICHARDS.

Carlisle, Dec. 23, 1840.

Estate of Dr. John Geddis, deceased.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of *John Geddis*, late of Newville, Cumberland County, deceased, having issued to the subscribers in due form of law,—Notice is hereby given to those having claims against the estate of said deceased to present for settlement without delay—and, to those indebted to make immediate payment.

WILLIAM BRATTON, Newville,
ROBERT LAIRD, Frankford.
Executors.

December 16, 1840.—6t

NOTICE.

Estate of Archibald Peck, deceased.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Archibald Peck, late of the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber residing in the borough of Carlisle aforesaid: Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CYRUS RICHARDSON, *Executor.*

Dec. 23, 1840.—6t

Insurance Against Fire

BY THE

North America Insurance Company, Philadelphia:

CAPITAL $600,000.

THE above company through their 'Agency in Carlisle," still continues to insure all kinds of property in this and the adjoining counties at the lowest rates, the usual risk on stone or brick houses averages about $4 per annum on each thousand insured, and a stock of merchandize consisting of dry goods, groceries, and the usual assortment of country store, will be insured at the same rate.

Property holders, and merchants generally throughout this and the adjoining counties, will please give the above notice attention. Application can be made either by letter or in person to the subscriber in Carlisle.

JOHN J. MYERS.

Dec. 3, 1840.—3m.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Water Proof Boots, Ladies and Gentlemen's Overshoes, Children's Gum and Leather Shoes, and every other description of Boots and Shoes, for sale unusually low at the Hat and Shoe store opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 23, 1840.

Splendid Capitals

FOR JANUARY.

MARYLAND

Consolidated Lottery.

ALL PRIZES.

4 Prizes of $10,000!

Class No. 2 for 1841.—To be drawn at Baltimore, Md. on Saturday, Jan. 23, 1841.

GRAND SCHEME!

Four Prizes of

10,000 Dollars!

$5,000, 4,478, 2 of 3,000, 3 of 2,500, 45 of 500, &c.

The tickets having one drawn No. $10.
The tickets having no drawn No 3 Net.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50.
Certificates of Packages of 22 Whole Tickets $100
Do. do. 23 Half do. 50
Do. do. 24 Quarter do 25

Virginia Leesburg Lottery.

Class A for 1841.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, the 30th of Jan. 1841.

GRAND CAPITALS.

$30,000—$10,000.

$5,000, 3,000, 2,500, 1,017\$.

☞ 100 Prizes of 1,000 Dollars. ☜

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50.
Certificates of Packages of 25 Whole Tickets $130
Do. do. 25 Half do 65
Do. do. 25 Quarter do 32 50

☞ Orders for Tickets and Shares or Certificates of Packages in the above Lottery will be promptly attended to and the drawing sent immediately after it is over. Address,

D. S. GREGORY, & Co., *Managers.*
Washington City, D. C.

Dec. 23, 1840.

WORMS! *WORMS!! WORMS!!!*

To remove these troublesome and dangerous inhabitants of the stomach and bowels, which so often impair the health and destroys the lives of children, use Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, a certain and safe preparation for the removal of the various kinds of worms, dyspepsia, sour stomach, want of appetite, infantile fever and ague, and debility of the stomach and bowels, and organs of digestion. To be had at No. 20 South Third street Philadelphia.

Also to be had of Samuel Elliott and Stevenson & Dinkle Carlisle, Pa. [may 13 1840

DR. WISTAR'S

BALSAM OF WILD-CHERRY

THE CELEBRATED REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

NUMEROUS remedies have been offered and puffed into notice for diseases of the Lungs, some of which has undoubtedly been found very useful, but of all that have hitherto been known, it must be universally acknowledged there is none that has ever proved as successful as the "BALSOM OF WILD CHERRY."

Such indeed are the astonishing restorative and healing properties of this "Balsam," that even in the worst forms of Consumption, when the patient has suffered with the most distressing cough, violent pains in the chest, difficulty of breathing, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, &c. and when the most esteemed remedies of our Pharmacopias had failed to afford any relief, and even when Botanic, Homœpathic, and numerous other remedies, had been used for many months in vain, this invaluable remedy has checked every symptom, and been productive of the most astonishing relief. In the early stages of the disease, proceeding from neglected colds, termed Catarrhal Consumption, it has been used with undeviating success, and in many instances, when this disease seemed to have marked its victim for an early grave, the use of this medicine has arrested every symptom, and restored the lungs to a state of perfect health.

In that form of Consumption, so prevalent amongst delicate young females, commonly termed *debility*, or "going into a decline," a complaint with which thousands are lingering, it has also been used with surprising success, and not only possesses the power of checking the progress of this alarming disease, but at the same time strengthens and invigorates the whole system more effectually than any remedy we have ever possessed.

☞ LIVER COMPLAINT.—In diseases of the *Liver*, particularly when attended with a cough, indigestion or wandering pains in the side, it has also proved very efficacious, and cured many cases of this kind after the most powerful remedies had failed.

☞ ASTHMA.—In this complaint it has also been used in numerous instances with the most singular success. It opens the chest, rendering the breathing perfectly free, arrests the cough, and will seldom fail to give permanent relief.

☞ BRONCHITIS.—As a remedy in all Bronichial affections of the throat, attended with a hoarseness, cough or sore in the throat, it will also be found a very effectual remedy, and will mostly afford immediate relief if used at the commencement of its attack.

☞ COUGHS & COLDS.—In common coughs and colds, that prevail so extensively throughout the winter, it will be found much more effectual than any remedy in use, and when colds settle upon the lungs, causing an inflammation with pains in the breast, difficulty or shortness of breathing, &c., the use of this Balsam will suppress such symptoms immediately, and at the same time prevent the lungs from becoming more seriously diseased.

☞ CROUP AND WHOOPING COUGH.—In these complaints, so common to young children, this Balsam will be found much superior to the Paregoric Elixir Syrup of Squills, and the various cough mixtures in common use, as it is entirely free from any thing the least injurious, and may at all times be given to children with perfect safety, and with the certainty of its affording them speedy relief.

☞ AS A FAMILY MEDICINE for many other complaints, this Balsam will also be found particularly useful. Besides having proved an invaluable remedy in all Pulmonary affections, it exerts a powerful influence over many diseases depending on a depraved condition of the system, and those who have suffered from the indiscriminate use of Mercury, or other deleterious drugs, that are often compounded in different quack nostrums, will find it a remedy of great value, possessing the power of strengthening and invigorating the whole system more effectually than any other medicine we possess.

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.—As this medicine has already acquired great celebrity, there may probably be some attempts to imitate it, and deceive the public with a spurious mixture, to prevent which I would wish all purchasers to observe the following marks of the genuine Balsam. It is put up in bottles of two sizes each, having the words WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, PHILADELPHIA, blown in the glass, and a label on the front with the signature of HENRY WISTAR, M. D. without which none is genuine.

Prepared for the proprietor by WILLIAMS & CO., Chemists, No. 22 Commerce street, Philadelphia, and sold by the most respectable Druggists and other appointed agents in all the principal towns throughout the United States.

☞ The Genuine Balsam sold in Carlisle, by SAMUEL ELLIOTT, appointed Agent.

Price $1:00 a bottle.

December 16, 1840.—1y

To Mothers—Children Teething.

At this period, we are aware that these little ones, which are near and dear to us, suffer very much. I therefore take this opportunity of informing the public of the great benefit derived from the use of Dr. Piris' Soothing Syrup for Children Cutting Teeth. This medicine I found to produce relief as soon as applied to the Gums, it is pleasant and effectual. I feel happy in recommending it to the public, as I am certain it will save many nights of sweet repose to parents and nurses, besides preventing those dangerous symptoms which slay thousands annually.

WM. JONES,
Ninth street, above Willow.

For sale by Dr. J. J. Myers & Co., Carlisle; and Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa.

MORE POSITIVE PROOFS,

Of the efficacy of Dr. Harlich's Compound Strengthening and German Aperient Pills.

ALLEGHANY, Jan. 8, 1840.

To Dr. Harlich's Agent—Sir: I wish to state for the benefit of those who may be afflicted, that Dr. Harlich's Pills have entirely cured me of Dyspepsia, of which I have been afflicted for many years. I used both kinds, the Aperient and Strengthening, and I am constrained to say, that they are a valuable discovery, and act upon the system mildly, but very effectually. I found the Tonic Pills to quicken the circulation and cause a determination to the surface, and to strengthen the weak stomach and increase its powers. The Aperient Pills are the best cathartic I ever used. I am confident all Dyspeptics would do well to make immediate trial and be relieved. Any one can call at my house and be satisfied of the above at pleasure.

DAVID R. POPE.

N. B. The original certificate may be seen at the office of the "Spirit of the Times." For sale at No. 19, North Eighth street.

Also for sale by J. J. MYERS & CO., Carlisle and Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa. [Dec. 23, 1840

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR COLDS.

Many people are so very apt to consider a cold but a trifling matter, and to think that it will go away of *itself* in a day or two," that they give themselves no trouble about it. But to such we would say, "be careful of your colds"—do not tamper with your constitutions. If you desire to live to "a good old age," be careful to take such remedies, as will effect an easy and a speedy cure. Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of "Prunus Virginiana or Wild Cherry," has cured more colds than any other medicine offered for sale in this country. The certificates of cures effected by this invaluable medicine, which the proprietor is daily receiving, are of the most gratifying character, and tend to show its curative properties, and the high rank it holds in public estimation.

The above medicine can be had at the Drug Store of J. J. Myers & Co. Carlisle; and of Wm. Peal, Shippensburg, Pa.

FIRST RATE QUALITY OF BEAVER CLOTH, Just received at the New Store in Shippensburg, by

ARNOLD & ABRAMS.

SELECT TALE.

THE SECOND BEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAMILY PORTRAITS."

"I wonder," Mr. St. John said, one day, to me, "that you have not yet put any question to me concerning a picture towards the extremity of the gallery, to the right."

"I know which you mean," I answered, interrupting him,—"it is that of a lady no longer young—but whose mild, kind, sensible countenance amply repays the absence of youth, and of strictly regular beauty.—Yet of this last there is a substitute that may almost be considered superior to that which it supplies, namely, the expression of a mind and heart equally noble; the former strong, clear and cultivated, and the latter running over with the milk of human kindness."

"Ah!" exclaimed St. John, with a long aspiration,—"I am now still more surprised that you never spoke on the subject of this admirable woman; for you certainly are more closely right in your primary guesses of her character than in any we have yet discussed."

"My reason is, I have not been able to make out any outline, even, of the *story*—and I wanted to find something that seemed to me plausible before I asked you for the truth. Let us go and look at the picture again—for I am as much at a loss as ever, and I should like to form some guess."

We went up stairs. Sir Edward chanced to be in the gallery with one or two others. "Ah ha!" he exclaimed, when he saw which portrait we went up to,—"is that your subject of inquiry to day? Harry," he added, turning to me, "I will bet you five hundred to one that you don't guess the *sobriquet*, which St. John has given to that lady, upon whom you are gazing so intently."

"Those are such long odds," I answered, "that it must be quite certain that any man who holds them must win.—What is it?"

"You are quite right not to bet said St. John, and yet did betting become my cloth, I might venture equal odds that you will own the name to be quite wrong from the mere intensity of its being right. I call her "*the Second Best.*"

"That, most certainly I should never have guessed, but how will your last paradoxical statement be proved true?"

"You shall judge for yourself, I put into your hands original letters, of which a large collection was gathered by a lady of the same blood, but of a later date of existence, and a very different order of character. And yet, I, of all men, ought not to sneer at the good humored, bustling, fidgety gatherer of Meynell manuscripts, for they have been of great use to me, in my similar researches, however little they may resemble hers in origin and spirit."

St. John brought the letters in the evening; they were written by different persons, and spread through nearly twenty years of time. But they were all with reference to Mistress Eveline Meynell, as he had selected them with that view. The first was from her father, Sir John, to his lady-wife. He was with the army in Germany during the seven years' war; it was as follows:—

"I fear, my worthy love, there is but distant prospects of my being able to return to you. Would that I had left the army in the last peace! I had done enough that I should not have feared having anything wrong said of me; and I feel that however campaigning may suit a bachelor, there is no place for an honest married man but his own dear home, with its fireside, and the wife and children of his heart around it; and whilst I am plodding on in our marches in these deep roads, and behold the family groups crowding to their doors to see us pass, and the little faces of the young ones turned up, to ask explanation of their mothers, or the lad climbing up to his father's shoulders to have a better view, my heart has yearned for Arlescot, and for those who are there gathered together, and I have scarcely kept from weeping. And yet, I have now and then, reasons for thanks and gratitude to Heaven. When (and it happens not seldom) the people are plundered and put to sufferings, of which I cannot and will not speak, my heart has swelled with joy that such things do not take place in our Island.

I shall never forget the features of despair I saw yesterday on the face of a man, his wife, and two daughters, about the age of our own, who were by the roadside, gazing on a house, over which the fire had gained full mastery and which I found was theirs. I exchanged a few words with the father, and his voice was that of one whose soul despair possesses. He stood like a statue—the words he spake to me were almost as, it is scarce a figure to say, a statue might utter. I asked him if that were his house? He only said "mine, mine, mine!" He seemed not to have been rich before, and now he was totally ruined. I put some gold into his hand—but he was quite unconscious of it, and he let it fall. His wife had sunken exhausted on the bank, and the two girls were assisting her.

"My own dear, Margaret, I thought of you, of Eveline, and Mary; and my heart blessed the Almighty that such things were far from you. Yet I dreamed last night that Arlescot was pillaged and on fire, and that you were under the large firs in front of the entrance, when a soldier came up who was drunk, as well as brutal, and who was about to discharge his pistol at you, when Eveline, who till then had been trembling gained sudden courage for the moment, and convulsively snatched hold of the piece, which turned the muzzle towards the man himself, and the shock causing the discharge, the ball struck him and he fell.

"I should not tell you foolish dreams, were it not that this serves to show how much you all live in my mind; and besides this dream spoke truth of Eveline; it is just as she would have acted, delicate as she is, had you been in danger. Pray write me long accounts of yourself and all of you; and above all, let me hear how Eveline gets on in all her curious studies. They would have been whims, and I should have forbidden them in any one else; but in her they are real and sound, and will bring forth good fruit hereafter. Henry writes to me himself constantly, but for the others, I must trust to you. Tell me of Mary—tell me of Eveline—tell me of yourself,—and in the order in which I have placed them—much, more, most. To no love, indeed, but that for you, can my affection for Eveline be second. Blessed is the man who has such a daughter as she is, when her mother is such as you! Only once let me get back to you, and it shall not be my fault if we are ever thus separated again."

The next letter is dated five or six years later and is from Eveline's brother, Sir Henry, who was then at Paris, shortly after the peace of 1763. Poor Sir John had never again seen that family, for whom his love was so strong and so tender; he was killed at Minden. Sir Henry, then about one-and-twenty, had been on the continent a good deal since, while Lady Meynell and her daughters had lived chiefly at Arlescot. The remainder, as regards that date, the letter itself will speak:

PARIS, June, 1764.

DEAREST EVELINE:—The tone of my few last letters, will, I think to one so clear sighted, prevent any great surprise being called forth by this. You will readily guess that I allude to my approaching marriage with Madimoiselle de Villebois, and hearty and fervent, I am confident, will be your wishes, that that marriage may be to me the source of the degree of happiness which a happy marriage alone can produce.

Of course, the marriage once finally determined upon, my heart turned to you; and, now, Eveline, I must speak more at large concerning yourself, than I have yet ever done to yourself—for I am certain, once you have read the grounds on which I found the contrary, I am about to make, you will grant it. There are nearly [illegible] years between our ages, yet such has been the early development of your mind, such its natural powers, and such its peculiar cultivation, that I, bred as idle young gentlemen are, have for a long time looked upon you as more than my equal in the moral advantages of years, if not their number. What my affection has been for you, I feel that yours for me must tell you better than I could. The loss of our poor mother was doubly a blow to me, from its leaving you alone, for the time at least, in the world. Mary's marriage had taken her abroad for a period of some length. I also, was abroad—you were left quite to yourself, I might say, so you have remained; for our excellent old Aunt—who so kindly left her dear whist table at Bath to give you a chaperonage, fitting, though not perhaps strictly necessary, even at Arlescot, must before now have loved both you and herself nearly to death. Moreover it is quite clear she could not permanently live at Arlescot—still less could you at Bath.

What I wish, then, is, that as long as you remain at Meynell, you should make one of your brother's family. You know that that brother is more real attached to you than is any one else in the world;—he knows you better and therefore cannot be otherwise. I am quite well aware of all that is said about the annoyance and danger of a third person being resident in a bridal house, especially when that person is of the bridegroom's kin, instead of the bride's; but this to be true requires that one of the three should have qualities which I hope none of us possess. It argues in particular, bitterness of mind, on the part of one of the female members of the trio;—what yours is I need not tell you—what Adelaide's is, lover, as I am, I *know*.

It would surprise you, indeed, if you were to be aware of the extent to which she is proud of you already—and of the impatience she feels at not being able to love you as I do. Strong and fervent as my passion for Adelaide is, I cannot be blind to the extreme advantage which your society would be to her. She is a year younger than you—and, brilliant as her talents, and expanded as I am convinced her mind will more and more rapidly become; still she has not had your advantages to cultivate her natural gifts to the most sound and productive effect. She has exactly that character of feeling which, so far from being envious at this, will admire, with all her warmth of disposition, the merit itself, and be grateful, with all its generous tenderness, for the benefits it will produce in her. Yes, Eveline, she is worthy ever of being your sister—and I think that, you may be quite sure that there is no fear that any discordancy should arise through her means.

As for the paltry and unintelligible jealousy which I have heard sometimes arises on a sister's part at the brother's love for his wife exceeding that for her, I will not insult by speaking on the subject. You know full well that my affection for you is second only to that which the nature of things must, in every man, make the first; —or probably it is in the character, they differ rather than in degree.

Let me hear from you, dear Eveline, to tell me that you will add to the happiness of our home—till you leave us to make another home less happy only because there will not be such a *third* as at Arlescot.

"Hentie in'a confie le sujet sur leguel il vous ecrivait; je me l'ai fait montrer sa lettre. Tout ce qu'il dit est vrai, hormis les louanges exaggeres dont il m'accable. Je vous prie de croire, ma deja chere sœur qu mon ame partage son desir que vous fassi ez le tiers, de cet hereux tio dont il parle avec une tendresse si aimable et se vraie. "A de V."

I now began to see pretty clearly the sense in which St. John had given to Eveline the title of the Second Best. Her father preferred only the wife of many and affectionate years—the brother had given but slight superiority to the object of his young but perfect love. The next letter however spoke stronger still. It is from the young Lady Meynell, about a year after her marriage, to a young lady with whom she had formed an early intimacy. I have left the little postcript in the original—but this letter is long enough to need translation.

"So you have returned from Italy after your bridal tour of a year—and lo! you express surprise, first at my being married, secondly at my having married an Englishman; and above all at my having consented to live in England. As for the first cause of wonder, you forget marchee that time advances, and that I was only a month younger at the period of my marriage than you were at yours. With regard to my marrying an Englishman—you don't know what an Englishman Sir Henry is. He has all the polish of our most cultivated Parisians, without any of their frivolity of manner, or frequent bitterness of mind.—His delicacy of manners, indeed, arises from his own mind, instead of mincing of others—which in truth prevents the word delicacy being applicable in its strict sense. Besides he has a strength of character, and a reality of purpose, which the difference of position between an English gentleman and one of our petits maitres de cour, must in the mass of instances necessitate. But do not think I am folle d'armour thus to speak; no, every month I live with my husband, my love for him, if it cannot well increase in mere degree, becomes more intensely tender, as well as of a far nobler character.

As to my living in England, I certainly consented at first from its being the country of the man whom I married because I loved him. You know that I am of the religion of this country, indeed, if it had not been for the difference of customs, which to some extent, distinguishes the Protestants at Paris, Sir Henry and I never could have known each other before our marriage sufficiently for our affection to become what it did. It is true, then, I resigned my country for my husband. My parents were dead; but they had not been so long enough for the aunt, with whom I lived, at all to supply their place in my affections. It therefore cost me but little to resign that Paris, you all prize so much, for the sake of one whom I both esteemed and loved beyond the power of words to speak. But now, I would not go back to France, save for an occasional visit, on any account—except it were his wish—and of that there is little to fear. You can have no idea of what a country life is in England. The dull, dismal, *comfortless*—vous ne connaissez pas le terme—vous n'avez pas de mot pour le rendre—je dirai que *le comfort* embrace, dans son meilleur sens, tout ce qui fait passe la vie journaliere avec une jouissance la plus sauve et constante—mais meme ici on abuse de ce mot a' force de s'en servie."

(I could not resist leaving this in the original for it shows to an Englishman how thoroughly Lady Meynell felt what comfort is in its highest signification, and yet how utterly her language was incapable to express what she understood so well.)

"The dull, dismal, comfortless life at a chateau in a distant province in France, can give you no conception of how we live in the country here. Here, at Arlescot, is an admirable house of various dates, though all old—but not like your father's chateau in the champagne (so different from his house in the Fauborg St. Germain) with doors not shutting, and windows not opening, no chair one can sit upon, and no table, on which a dinner can fitly be placed. No—here every thing is excellent and even luxurious,—and the society is delightful—for we choose part of it from the elite of our neighbors and the rest is formed of our London friends who come down for weeks together. But, for nearly all the summer months we were by choice alone. That is, there were no visitors—but our family circle is completed by a sister of Sir Henry's, whom he has prevailed upon to live with us.

Oh! Clara, such a woman I never met! —such talents! such knowledge—such exquisite tact!—for it is that which springs from delicate feeling—not the fictitious tinsel of the world; such matchless kindness of manner!—for its source is an incomparable heart. I never shall cease to think of the bursting affection with which she received her brother, on his arrival—still less shall I forget the numberless, and nameless, and indescribable offices of the truest and most considerate friendship, by which she contrived to set meat my case among strangers of whose habits of living I could know nothing—in a foreign land, of every custom of which I was of necessity ignorant. Nay, from what I did see, I am confident that there are a thousand delicate kindnesses, which I never saw at all;—and what makes me certain of this, is, that I have, as my knowledge of England has increased, discovered from time to time *some* actions of this invaluable character, of good nature, at Eveline's hands, of which I had been previously unaware. Figure to yourself, Clara, if you can,—which I doubt exceedingly—a young person, not even now above one-and-twenty, with a face of extreme intellectual beauty,—without some share of which no mere physical regularity of feature deserves the name of beauty at all, and which as in the case of Eveline, can fully compensate for that far lower quality being incomplete. Her features are certainly not regular—but the combination du bon seus et de *l'ame*, I never saw equally combined in any face before, and I had no conception of what that combination could produce, till now. Her countenance, in repose, has a mixture of strong mind and placid thought, with a great benevolent meaning, and unbounded goodness of heart. But to see it brighten with the arousing of her intellect on some subject in which she takes warm interest, —or kindle with intense affection, or soften with sweet tenderness, towards those on whom her feelings are really fixed—this, indeed, must excite any one with admiration who has either head or heart sufficient to deserve to be classed among human beings. Helas! and it is I, who am writing thus! I, whom you recollect so giddy a girl! Yes, but it is impossible to live a year with such persons as Henry and his sisters, without imbibing higher thoughts, and stronger and more amiable feelings. Of him I need not say more.—But I could not have believed it possible that any one could replace him during the few and short absences he has been compelled to make as she has done. I never met a woman who had such information without having the very slightest tinge of a precieuse:—she never *produces* any thing, all comes so naturally, so much of course, that it would seem almost to be affected that she would withhold it. In our evenings, when Henry and I returned from wandering along the sweet gardens together, and pausing on the banks of the stream, and silently enjoying the mere consciousness of being together, we used to find Eveline just come in from some errand of *her* charity in the village—and the hours have passed with such an exquisite charm till bed-time, that even in my bridal year, true, indeed, that she takes care that we shall often be alone; but this is never done as though it were contrived, but seems as if it naturally sprang from her being engaged in her own pursuits. I have used the phrase *her* charity, and well I may! it is indeed no common alms-giving. She knows the history of the wants, the struggles, and the merits of every family in the village. Oh! how I bless her for having shown me by her practice—scarcely at all by direct precept—what heavenly effects a *dame de paroisse* may produce in this country, if she knows the proper means, and is willing to exert herself ever so little, I trust if she should form a connection such alone as she should form—and I have my doubts from certain indications whether she ever will—that my watching and studying her admirable conduct on this point may in some degree soften her loss to the poor.—That it will fully supply it I never can hope—for they have known kind mistress Eveline from her childhood upwards.—They have seen her goodness from its earliest bud of promise to its present full bearing of fruit. Oh! how my admiration and love of my noble and affectionate husband and his incomparable sister, urge me on to this warmth of expression. You will scarcely believe this letter to have been written by your light-hearted, giddy playfellow Adelaide. The giddiness is gone—but the light-heartedness is not—or rather, it is raised to a sensation of happiness, of a degree of delicate and exquisite enjoyment such as I did not know then existed. And this I owe to both my husband and his sister;—for if my love for him be an affection far superior to any of which I had conceived the existence—so is my friendship for her, which ranks second only to *that*, a feeling such as I had no idea that friendship ever could be."

Brave! I exclaimed as I finished this singular letter—this speaks well for more women than one. Here is a girl bred in Paris,—if not from the peculiarity of her position arising from religion, it is worst—namely, its courtly circles, certainly in its worst times; a beauty, nor that only, but distinguished for her liveliness, I might say brilliancy, in society—here is one, thus circumstanced unconsciously becoming of strong and finely fervent feelings, and of sound and *reliable* judgment, from her union with a man of sense and of virtue, and from continued intercourse with such a woman as Eveline Meynell. The progress of this heightening of character, was, as I have said, imperceptible to her, in its progress—but such changes can never long continue to exist unknown to those who have undergone them.

A fourth letter dated nearly eighteen years afterwards, written by a daughter of this Lady Meynell, who herself died when this young person was only nine years old, will complete the portrait of kind mistress Eveline. The writer herself seems to have profited by the rare quality of all among whom she was bred. The letter is addressed to her betrothed:

"You remind me that the period is nearly approaching at which a year will be completed since my poor father died. I know well that it is only the strong impulse of your fondness for me that can have led you to hint at this, for to do you justice, you do no more than hint—for you of all the world, must feel that, neither as to retrospect, nor prospect can I need reminding. The loss of such a father as mine must leave painful sensations of sorrow long after the early violence of grief has passed away—and I feel it would be affectation, and not delicacy, to deny that the hope of being united to one between whom and myself such attachment exists, and has so long existed, as ours, produces to me a full assurance of a life of happiness.

But the particular object of this letter, dearest Edward, is to give you all the information within my recollection,—both personal, and of what I have heard my father say, sometimes to me, and now and then to others, when my early age prevented his thinking of my presence—concerning my aunt, Eveline. Nothing I have heard said of that beloved being ever escaped my memory. I could not apply all of it then—but the words have remained in my remembrance, and their meaning is clear to me now.

You say that of course she will come and live with us, and that, therefore, you should like to know her character thoroughly. I do not wonder that you should desire to be enlightened on some few points of that character, notwithstanding your strong admiration of the whole. If you had *seen* more of aunt Eveline than chance circumstances have allowed you to do, you would need no information at all. I have seen this often and longed to speak to you about her—as you now own you wished to do to me. Thus has fastidious nicety restrained us both from conversing upon a subject upon which we both desired to come to a thorough understanding. As it is, I will give you all I know concerning her.

You first ask how it is that she has never married—with all her talents and information, and with her peculiar but still admirable beauty, and her warm and affectionate character of heart? I think I know—for I remember what my father thought on the subject—and he was likely to be right.

I recollect hearing him say, that he thought her ideas were pitched so high, as to what men ought to be, that she had never seen one who had in the slightest degree touched her feelings; while, on the other hand, most men found out, in any duration of intercourse with her, that she was far beyond them, both in power and in wisdom of mind, and [illegible] weak in irritation and annoyance. "Poor Eveline!" I recollect his adding "how little does she believe she ever irritated or annoyed any body! how totally her conduct has ever been the reverse of what ought in justice to have done either!" this exclamation is undoubtedly true; and from all I have ever seen, I fully coincide with my father.—I heard him once say—"I do believe that there never were but two men, whom Eveline thought worthy of being loved; one still lives, it is Franklin—and the other was Milton." I agree with him that she might have become attached to such a man as Franklin—Milton strikes me as wanting blandness of disposition—but (you will think me very fantastic, dear Edward, but you recollect, you begged me to be most minute) I think such a being as, it might be supposed could be compounded of the best qualities, Franklin and *Las Casas*, would be nearer the mark than all.

My mother died, as you know, while I was still quite young,—and all the recollections of my mental cultivation apply to aunt Eveline. Slight indeed, and smattering is all I know, when I look at her stores of knowledge, which I have had the opportunity of years to contemplate. She avoided, indeed, purposely, many of the stronger and more abstruse studies, for me, which she had herself pursued. Still, even in what she did lead me to, I had ample means of seeing the qualities of clearness, strength, delicacy and rapidity, by which her mind is distinguished; yet all these powers, and the acquisitions, they had gained for her, where wholly untinged with the slightest pedantry or display.

But what I value far more than all this, is the active excellence of her warm and admirable heart. Oh! Edward, if ever you find one trace of sympathy with suffering, or of desire to leave it, in me, you will owe it all to that invaluable woman. I will not speak of the manner in which she devoted her whole life to my parents and myself—or of the love she bore them, and still, thank heaven, bears me. I allude now to her kindness, active and real, to the poor. Many and many is the bitter day in winter, that I have known this model of practical good feeling, walk out through snow, and go to the cottage of some sick or suffering villager, who was poor. There have I seen her administer the relief and comfort of medicine, food, and religious advice and prayer, or kind and cheerful conversation, as the occasion required.—Nothing could be more beautiful, or tend more, I feel it now, to teach us what real charity is, than to hear aunt Eveline talk with the poor. She did not assume interest in their humble matters as many do, she felt it, she listened to obtain the information she needed, with the utmost patience. She questioned them with clearness, brevity and kindness mingled, she gave them her advice in a manner that almost made the people believe the ideas she suggested had originally arisen in their own minds.

I recollect a remarkable instance of all these qualities. We were caught in a