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, in Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

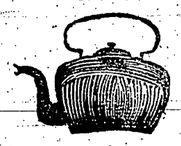
VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 19. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5,—NO. 12.

U. S. Bank Notes

Taken at par by the subscribers for Merchandize, who are selling off their stock at *reduced prices* to close up their business. Bargains may be had by calling soon.

HITNER & MULVANY.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL
Copper, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware



Manufactory

THE SUBSCRIBER, thankful for past favors, would inform the public, that he continues to manufacture at his old stand in North Hanover street, Carlisle, opposite Cornman's hotel, every article in the line of his business, such as

COPPER STILLS,
Wash Kettles, Dye Kettles, Hatters' Kettles, House Spouting, and every variety of
Tin-Ware,

Drums, Stove Pipe, Dripping Pans, &c.
He also offers for sale
Cooking, Parlour, Chamber and Office
Stoves,
for wood or coal, of every variety and pattern—all of which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

JACOB FRIDLEY.

N. B. He also has for sale the improved Rotary Cooking Stoves, which are superior to any ever offered in this place. J. F.

Carlisle, Feb. 3, 1841.—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.

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.

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.

CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 23, 1840.

SPLENDID LOTTERY.
CAPITAL PRIZES.

50,000 Dollars. | **15,000** Dollars.
25,000 Dollars. | **10,000** Dollars.

UNION LOTTERY.

Class No. 1, for 1841.—To be positively drawn at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, March 6, 1841.

D. S. GREGORY & CO., Managers.

BRILLIANT SCHEME:

1 prize of		$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	25,000	"	25,000
1	"	15,000	"	15,000
1	"	10,000	"	10,000
1	"	9,000	"	9,000
1	"	8,000	"	8,000
1	"	7,000	"	7,000
1	"	5,172	"	5,172
2 prizes of		4,000	are	8,000
4	"	2,500	"	5,000
20	"	2,000	"	40,000
20	"	1,000	"	20,000
20	"	600	"	12,000
40	"	500	"	20,000
50	"	250	"	12,500
100	"	200	"	20,000
100	"	150	"	15,000
128	"	100	"	12,800
128	"	80	"	10,240
128	"	70	"	8,960
128	"	60	"	7,680
128	"	50	"	6,400
128	"	40	"	5,120
5056	"	30	"	151,680
22224	"	15	"	333,360
34,412 prizes.				$912,912

Whole Tickets $15—Halves $7 50—
Quarters $3 75—Eighths $1 87

Certificates of Packages of	26 Whole Tickets	$200.	
Do. do	26 Half do	100	
Do. do	26 Quarter do	50	
Do. do	26 Eighths do	25	

It is seldom so rare a chance is offered to the Public as the above magnificent Scheme presents; those, therefore, who desire to avail themselves of the opportunity of adventuring in it, will do well to send their orders early.

*** Orders for Tickets and Shares and Certificates of Packages will be promptly attended to, and as soon as the drawing is over an account of it will be forwarded to all who order from us. Address

D. S. GREGORY & CO. Managers,
Washington City, D. C.

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. Paris' Soothing Syrup for Children Cutting Teeth. This medicine is 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.

THE PEACE OF THE VALLEY IS FLED.

A FAVORITE SONG.

The peace of the valley is fled;
The calm of its once happy hours
Disturb'd by the rude soldiers' tread;
While the gore of the brave stains its flowers.
The young heart which beat but to love,
Is blighted, forsaken—and dead;
The song of the shepherd is hushed in the grove,
The peace of the valley is fled!

The vine round the cottage door strays,
Its wild boughs neglected, and stern
From the door sunshine wind long gaze,
For the form that can never return!
He sleeps far away, 'mid the slain,
His broken shield pillows his head;
The smiles of his children await him in vain—
The peace of the valley is fled!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

The following letter was received by the Columbia. Though a long time in reaching its destination, it is none the less interesting. Its accomplished author will be easily recognized as a professional person of celebrity.—New York Signal.

A Letter from Scotland.

Burns' Highland Mary—Her Grave—The Birth place of Burns—Alloway Kirk—Burns' Monument—The Brig o' Doon.

GREENOCK, 8th November, 1840.

MY DEAR J. I am approaching classic ground—the land of Burns. I know from your admiration of the great poet of Nature, that you will be pleased to look, even through my dim eyes, upon the cottage where first he saw the light of this world; upon the monument that has been raised by his admirers to his genius; upon the two Brigs of Ayr; upon Alloway Kirk, of Tam O'Shanter notoriety; upon the Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon, &c. And first, you remember my mentioning, in one of my Lectures on Scottish Song, that Burns' Highland Mary had died in Greenock, on her return from a visit to her friends previous to her marriage with the poet, and that her remains, her mortal remains, had been laid in an obscure nook in the Greenock churchyard—yes, you do, and also of my repeating the exquisite lines "To Mary in Heaven"—which a few of your countrymen, whose praise was no mean compliment, professed themselves not displeased with—I might add, your country women too: at least two of them.

Well, I yesterday paid a visit to the grave of Highland Mary, in company with the Misses Smith, whom I have before mentioned to you, nieces of the dowager Countess of Essex, and whom I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing in New York on some occasion when days are brighter than they have been. The grave was pointed out to us by the old grave-digger, a curious looking old fish, who looked as black as if he had just been spouted forth from the nether regions—he had a right eye, and an apology for a left one, but that is not saying much for all that is left of it—and rather a humorous expression in his countenance. There is no stone to tell Mary's story, as one would naturally expect there might be—but there is a general one of her family, pointing out the "bit of ground" where her father's bairns are laid. I asked old Vulcan if he was certain that was the spot.

"Ay," said he, "this is it I'm standing on—she lies just under this—there's her head, and there's her feet—I buried her mysel."

I have no doubt as to its being the grave, but I think he must be mistaken as to his having buried her, for he cannot have been a digger of graves since Mary was buried. He said, "They did not use to think any more of her than ither folk till about twenty years ago, when they began to mak an uneo wark about her—and they're speaking o' pittin up a monument till her the noo."

I could not help recalling to memory the sorrowful parting of Mary and Burns, when they were doomed ne'er to meet again.—I saw them before my eyes, swearing eternal faith to each other, on each side of the gurgling stream—I saw him give her the Bible—I saw them part—I repeated the exquisite lines—"Thou lingering star,"—a tear trickled down his cheek—a tribute to such sad sweet memories. "We turned and left the spot," and wended our way among the little hillocks, each containing dust dear to fame—the heavy gate closed, and we were once more in the busy streets, where one would suppose death never walks.

9th Nov.—Yesterday I arrived in Ayr, which Burns says "ilk ither town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses," and to day I and the rest of the party went to view those places in the neighborhood which have been rendered classic by the magic pen of Robert Burns. Our first visit was to the cottage about two miles and a half from Ayr—the auld clay biggin, where the poet first saw the light. It is kept by an honest old couple, John Gowdie and his wife, who have been in it for the last thirty-nine years; previous to which they kept a small public house at Doonsidedale, in the vicinity, John being the miller of Doonside, and a crony of the poet's. He told me it was in this house he last saw Burns—he met him, he said, at some distance from the mill, and the poet returned with him to his own house, where they drank "three gills o'whiskey the gither; but "we were a good while about it, amaist twa hours, and folk could get fou, if they liket, at little expense in thae days."

I asked him if Burns often got fou.—"No," he said "I never saw him the worse of drink—he was unco fond of meeting a few chields and haeing a crack, but he did not drink much—he used to sit rather dull, with his hands upon his knees till something excited him, and then he would speak away like a pen-gun." John said, if Burns were alive, he wad just be twa years aulder than himself. I asked the gudewife if she had ever seen Burn's Bonne Jean.

"Deed sir," she said,"—I'll no tell you a lee—I never saw her—she cam to the cottage one day wi' the post, and I'm sorry to say I was in the toon that day, and miss'd seeing her—but," she said, as if to make her not having seen her of as little consequence as possible, "I believe she was no very bonny, for a' that—she had a nice leg and ankle, and a fine pair o'black e'en, and a very gude figure, but the folk tould me she was na very bonny.

In one of the apartments of the cottage is the famous portrait by Nasmyth, which John assured me was very like the poet—there are also two tables, as completely covered over with names and initials of persons from all quarters of the globe, as if they were specimens of carved work.—We had a very long chat with John and his wife—the latter much excelled her husband in volubility of tongue, but John excelled us all in the relish with which he swallowed glass after glass of his own Cambellton whiskey with which we regaled him. His good dame said, "Puir body, he couldna live without it. We partook of some Scotch cake made from oats raised by themselves on the farm that was once Burns' father's; and with the adieus and good wishes of John and his wife ringing in our ears, we hied us on to see the monument. I must not forget to tell you, though, that as we were within hearing of the gushing of the Doon, the Misses Smith warbled forth "Ye banks and braes o'bonny Doon," and I gave "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw," with which the old couple seemed not a little pleased.

On our way to the Monument, we stopped at Alloway Kirk, of which nothing now remains but the bare walls, which are in tolerable preservation: at the east end the old bell still hangs, with a piece of chain attached to it, by which, in days of old it was tolled. I was surprised to find the Kirk so small, and could not help fancying that Auld Clootie, sitting in the "winnock bunker in the east," and the witches about him, had but little room for their midnight revelries. Its style of architecture is that usually yclept *barn*, being nothing but four plain bare walls. Burns, however, has rendered it more famous by his genius than the most splendid architectural design could have done. Its little churchyard is studded with tombstones, among which is one over the remains of Burn's father William Burns, and containing the tribute to his memory which is found in the works of the bard. At the distance of a very few yards, we entered upon the grounds surrounding the Monument, which are most tastefully laid out. The Monument is very elegant, and beautifully situated, and commands from its summit a most extensive view, embracing many of the spots rendered classic by the poet. I need not attempt to describe it to you, as I think you have seen it your own house in some of your books of views. In the monument there is a copy of Nasmyth's picture of the poet, and in a grotto close by are the two statues—by the self-taught sculptor Thom, now in America—of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnie.

I went on a litle farther to the auld brig o' Doon, where Tam o' Shanters gude grey mare Meg was deprived of her tail by Cutty Sark, and I possessed myself with some difficulty of a stone from the famous brig, and I now have it among other curiosities. The situation is romantic and beautiful, deriving, of course, additional romance and beauty from its connection with Burns; for it is impossible to listen to the meanderings of the bonny Doon, as it gurgles on, without fancying to one's self that there Burns wandered in propria persona, and called into existence some of his most exquisite lyrics; and when standing on the Auld Brig o' Doon, it does not require a great stretch of imagination to see Tam spurring on his mare, and looking over his shoulder, at the witch, as she docked the tail of poor Meg. There is now a new brig over the Doon, some hundred yards below the old one, and at the end of which, next the Monument, an excellent inn has been erected, having a view from its windows of all the noted places—the cottage where he was born—Alloway Kirk—the Monument—the Auld brig o' Doon—the auld house at Doonside, where he used to meet his cronies sometimes—the tree—the last of a cluster where was

The cairn
Where hunters found the murdered bairn,

and also the well, which trickles down and gushes into the door, where, it is said in Tam o' Shanter, "Mungo's mother hanged herself."

The public are indebted for this inn, and for the beauty with which the grounds around the inn and monument are laid out, to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. David Auld, who first encouraged Thom to commence his well-known statues, and supplied him with the means to finish them. He has erected a cottage for himself, on the banks of the Doon, just opposite the river, which is laid out with great taste, having beautiful and romantic walks on the river's side. An old quarry-hole he has transmogrified into an elegant pond, overshadowed by birks and pines, and tenanted by a pair of fine, majestic-looking swans, by ducks, &c., and at the one end of it there is a magnificent grotto, covered with shells of all descriptions, very tastefully displayed. The walls inside are also covered with shell, and so are the seats; and to add to its beauty, there are mirrors in every corner. It is the place of all others, where, on a summer's day, one might puff away time with Havana or Principe segars, with a mint julep or a sherry cobbler to give them a zest, and a good friend like yourself to talk of the cares, cankers, troubles, turmoils, pleasures and pains of the busy world without.

The day was remarkably fine, and although the trees were reft of their summer clothing, which was scattered around in myriads of withered leaves, yet the sky was clear, and the sun shone brightly, the air was balmy, and as pleasant as a day in November could well be in this northern region—every thing, in fact, tended to make our first visit to the land of Burns, one of unqualified delight.

We returned to Ayr in great spirits, full of Burns, of whose eventful life every particular epoch seemed to start up before me with peculiar freshness. We ended the day at the festive board of Dr. Memes, the Rector of the Academy in Ayr, a first rate scholar and gentleman, an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, and the husband of the sister of one of my eldest chums.

J. W.

From Harris' Intelligencer.

Decay of the Magnificent.

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling as o'er the walls he sped
'Another year has gone!'
The ruined spire—the crumbling tower,
Nodding, obeyed his awful power,
As Time flew swiftly on.

SELLECK OSBORN.

Impartial fate has inscribed '*mutability*' in letters of living light on all earthly power. The least visible particle of matter to the most gorgeous orb of the universe, the modest pebble up through the teeming laboratories of Nature, discourse to the heart, the unstability of human greatness, and the vanity of immortality upon earth. Since the commencement of this world, the crushing foot of time has entombed myriads of the human race in the long undreaming stillness of an endless night. Like the troubled bed of the mighty deep, where wave following wave in quick succession, each destined in its turn to become the grave of that which succeeds, so one generation springs into being, flits for a moment on the breast of time, then descends to the silent tomb. The proudest warrior that ever rent the dazzling pinnacles of starry thrones, and burst the mighty basis of some rock-built city, has soon fallen, and his memory lives only in the mysterious legend of other days. Nations scornful of decay, whose thunderbolts of power, and whose fame has echoed and re-echoed from side to side of the azure arched vault of heaven, have heaved a sigh over the tomb of fallen grandeur. The sculptured marble and crumbling obelisk, by their fragments, are shorn by untimely decay of their ancient splendor. Man's institutions manifest that decay which characterize his own strange, fitful existence. True, he can mount the blazoned arch of Fame, and inscribe there the letters of his immortality—he can fire the torch of his renown which beams for ages, a beacon light to the universe; but "the storied urn or animated bust, cannot back to its mansion call the fleeting breath." Bid humanity unroll her parchment and read this melancholy truth. Antiquity boasts her Carthage and Palmyra, but the blighting storm of adverse fortune has poured its long sullen howl through their ivied towers and battered walls, speaking in loud and mournful accents, that they have fallen to rise no more. Thebes, 400, "the city of Jove," with her hundred gates of brass, her thousand armed chariots, and her millions of warriors—

"Ah! there in destruction cold
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where the grass o'er grows each mouldering stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grow,
Are gray and death-like old."

Look at far-famed Babylon, once rolled in all the splendor of an eastern bride, but she stands a slumbering chaos—her glory has departed like the early dew on the banks of the Ganges; and the mournful express embowers the spot, when memory strays to weep. Let Egypt point to her countless cities, her temples of the sun, and her hallowed fountain; there the sun now shines on a dreary waste, the voice of the oracle has been hushed for ages, and the tall weed has long waved in the bed of its fountain! Let Macedon produce trophies, and recite the brilliant achievements of her conquering son. Let Persia show the diamond of Cyrus and the spear of Cambyses; they are enveloped by the oblivious pall, and the mournful voice of history tells only that they have been.—Greece, ill-fated Greece, presents a melancholy example of human glory. Humanity weeps and science deplores, the untimely fate of beloved Greece. Her warriors start no more at the stirring peal of the shrill clarion, or hail with joyous pæans the longed for victory. No more does the sacred fire and the bright torch of liberty dazzle with an enchanting gloss.—She was the immortal land of genius and of letters. She beamed athwart the gloom of Gothic night, the glooming rays of immortal splendor—the morning star that arose upon a night of darkness, and ushered in the rising glories of the orb of science, upon the monuments of her fallen pride, and the plains of deathless Marathon, the passing stranger will ever love to muse in reverential awe, and as he dwells on the frail memorial of the past, feel that he treads on hallowed soil, and quail at the sound of his steps, fearing lest some too incautious movement might perchance arouse the slumbering spirits of the mighty dead. Thus has it ever proved to man and the works of man, born of doubt and danger, the spectre of uncertainty haunts his cradled slumber; and bends over the evening of his decline. He moves in the proud force of his majesty, the image of God, and the primal lord of creation. His park is the stormy deep—his tread is on the lofty mountain; he stands on his proud eminence—

Lord of the lion port and eagle eye
Whose steps he follows with his bosom bare,
Nor heeds the storm that howls along the sky—
Look again, and where is he?

The mysterious fire of his existence is quenched—the gorged worm banquets on that brow, where once sparkled genius and beauty; and the grave clad shroud wraps that form, where once glowed the star of honor and the purple of dominion! So it has ever been—the rock of power, that adamant of genius has crumbled; the finger of cold oblivion has traced the deep, lasting characters of its scorn over palace, temple, and cottage. The steam of pestilence and the miasma of luxury have leagued for destruction. The storied obelisk, the triumphal arch, the swelling dome shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion, shall vanish before their own duration is accomplished.

He grasped a hero's antique bust,
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk beneath the shade.

THE LAST PRAYER.

One afternoon in 18—, several carriages were seen gathering around an elegant mansion in the town of P——. A clergyman and several physicians were assembled in a darkened chamber, around the accomplished Mrs. L——. The anxious countenances, the light tread, the half-suppressed breathing of the attendants, the solemn stillness that pervaded the whole group, told too plainly the fearful apprehension that the disease of Mrs. L. would baffle all human skill, and prove fatal to the sufferer. She had been suddenly arrested in the vigor of womanhood and the full flow of health, by a disease that had locked up all her senses in a lethargic stupor, from which the skill of faithful physicians, and the assiduous efforts of sympathizing friends could not arouse her. The loss of such a friend under any circumstances could not but be severely felt; but the affliction would seem greatly increased, were she to pass into the world of spirits, without any communication with those who might still linger behind. For several years she had been an ornament to the church; and her friends earnestly desired to know whether her religion proved an unfailing support, when passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and when in the course of his prayer, the clergyman entreated the Lord that her consciousness and power of speech might, if consistent with the divine will, be restored, most earnestly did every heart join in the request.

When all the means which affection and professional sagacity could suggest had been tried in vain, her little son, who had just learned to articulate a few words, was accidentally brought into the room. With mingled fear and wonder he gazed upon his mother, and upon the attendants, watching in silence the issue of the disease.—"Mamma, mamma," exclaimed the little prattler after a few moments silence.—Those words effected, as if by some mysterious power, what other appliances had failed to accomplish;—the mother opened her eyes, and slowly stretching out her hand, beckoned for her son. He was placed in her arms; in a low voice she commended her offspring to God, and prayed that he might meet her in heaven. That was her last prayer; in a few hours that son was motherless.

The scene now changes: We pass over an interval of twenty years, and find that son in College. The noble and commanding form of Wm. L., his urbanity of manners, and diligence in study, soon won him the esteem of both faculty and students. During the first year he held a high rank in his class, and gave promise of eminent usefulness. But College life puts a young man's principles to the test—it is a state of exposure and trial in which no youth is safe without devoted piety, a security which William L. did not possess. He formed unfortunate connexions with several idle students, the effects of which were soon apparent in his recitations. He was admonished of his danger, but seemed as if spell-bound by some fascination from which he could not escape. It has justly been said, that idleness is the parent of many vices: so it proved in the present instance—idleness led on to dissipation; and after repeated admonition and fruitless efforts to reclaim him, William L. was expelled from College as a drunkard!—Small indeed did the probability seem that his mother's last prayer would be answered.

William returned to his home. The report of his expulsion from College, and the cause of it, blasted the high raised expectations of his friends, and sounded in their ears like the knell of all his prospects and hopes. Still they endeavored to throw around him such influences and associations as would restore his self-respect; and with all the eloquence of pure affection, they besought him to abandon at once and forever the intoxicating bowl. Their earnest entreaties led him to moderate, in some degree, his excesses, but produced no radical reformation; and his friends, wearied with unavailing efforts, were beginning to conclude that they must give up his case as hopeless.

One dark and cloudy evening, William was sitting alone in his chamber, musing upon the great changes that had within a few years come over his prospects, when his uncle entered the room, and proposed a walk. William put on his hat and accompanied him. Whether by accident or design, they walked in the direction of a grave-yard, and soon found themselves by the grave of Mrs. L. The white tombstones around, scarcely visible in the darkness, read a silent but impressive lesson on the frailty of man. As they were leaning on the grave-stone of Mrs. L., the uncle gave William a description of her character, and of the circumstances attending her death, particularly her dying prayer, that he might meet her in heaven; "and now," said he, taking William by the hand, "will you meet her in heaven, or will you die a drunkard?" William burst into tears, and sank down upon his mother's grave, overwhelmed with emotion.—The darkness without was but a faint emblem of the darkness and horror within. Guilt, remorse, shame, stung him to an intensity of anguish such as he had never known before. His life passed in rapid review: talents wasted—time misspent—reputation blasted—hopes crushed—the hearts of friends bleeding over his degradation—a mother's last fond desire unheeded—her last prayer unanswered—these and kindred affections came crowding upon his thoughts, and death itself seemed preferable to his present degradation and wretchedness. He retired to his chamber, and a sleepless pillow. The next morning when the family gathered around the breakfast table, they found on it a temperance pledge, drawn up in the strictest form, and signed by William L—from that time may be dated not only a reformation of external character, but also, as is believed, an internal and spiritual renovation of the heart.

He now resolved to resume his studies, and prepare for some useful station; but before he could put his purpose in execution, he was suddenly seized with a fever, which left no hopes of his recovery. He bore his protracted illness without a murmur, and seemed desirous of recovery only that he might counteract in some degree the evil he had already done. On one occasion, when his father told him the physician had recommended a little wine, he said, "Father, if you insist upon it, I will take the wine, though I should greatly prefer not to do it. I must die, and let me die without being polluted by what has well nigh brought my ruin." His request was granted. A few days after, a long and silent procession was seen moving to the church yard preceded by the mortal remains of William L. His body slumbers by the side of his sainted mother—but where is the spirit? We believe the mother's last prayer was answered, and that her son has gone *to meet her in heaven.*—*Cabinet.*

STATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY CROSSING ADOUR DURING THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

At this time the clothing of the army at large, but the Highland brigade in particular, was in a very tattered state. The clothing of the 91st Regiment had been two years in wear; the men were thus under the necessity of repairing their old garments in the best manner they could; some had the elbows of their coats mended with gray cloth, others had the one-half of the sleeve of a different color from the body; and their trousers were in equally as bad a condition as their coats. The 42d, which was the only corps in the brigade that wore the *kilt*, was beginning to lose it by degrees; men falling sick and left in the rear frequently got the kilt made into trousers, and on joining the regiment again no plaid could be furnished to supply the loss; thus a great want of uniformity prevailed, but this was of minor importance compared to the want of shoes. As our march continued daily, no time was to be found to repair them, until completely worn out; this left a number to march with bare feet, or, as we termed it, *to pad the hoof.* These men being occasionally permitted to straggle out of the ranks to select the soft parts of the roads or fields adjoining, others who had not the same reason to offer for this indulgence, followed the example, until each regiment marched regardless of keeping in rank, and sometimes mixed with other corps in front and rear. To put a stop to this irregularity, the men without shoes were formed by themselves, and marched under the command of officers and noncommissioned officers, in rear of the brigade. It is impossible to describe the painful state that some of these shoeless men were in crippling along the way, their feet cut or torn by sharp stones or brambles. To remedy the want of shoes, the raw hides of the newly slaughtered bullocks were given to cut up on purpose to form a sort of buckskins for the barefooted soldiers. This served as a substitute for shoes, and enabled the wearers to march in the ranks of their respective companies. Our knapsacks were also, by this time, beginning to display, from their torn ends, their worthless contents; and as our line of march was in an opposite direction from our expected supplies, our exterior appearance was daily getting worse; but the real spirit of the soldier was improving, and I make little doubt but we would have followed our leaders to the extremity of Europe without grumbling. We were getting hardier and stronger every day in person; the more we suffered, the more confidence we felt in our strength; all in health and no sickness. The man in patched clothes, and a piece of untanned hide about his feet, when he looked around him, saw others, in some respects as ill-appointed as himself, and he almost felt a pride in despising any new-comer, with dangling plumes, plaited or crimped frills, white gloves, and handsome shoes—all good for nothing finery to the hardy, toil-worn soldier, the man of flint, powder and steel, as he thought himself. His was the gloveless hand and shoeless foot that braved alike the cold and the heat, the toil of the field, and the fatigue of the march; nothing came wrong to him; he started in the morning from his hard pillow and his hard bed, required no time to blacken his shoes, but braced up his knapsack, regardless of the state of the road or weather, and was ready to march off.—[*James Anton's Retrospect of a Military Life.*

CAMPEACHY.—By the Yucatan schooner Atrevida, from Sisal, we have received files of the "El Siglo XIX." of Merida, to the 22d ultimo. The title of the gazette is the *Nineteenth Century;* and really, the specimen before us of the first 17 numbers, published, as the editor states, "in the free State of Yucatan," show that the work, in its matter and manner, is worthy of this enlightened age. Mr. Espinoza will please except our thanks for his kind attention on the occasion.

By a new law, the State of Yucatan is divided into five departments, the capital of each of which is indicated, viz: Merida, of the first, (and is also the capital city of the Republic;) Campeachy, of the 2d; Valladolid, of the 3d; Tekas, of the 4th; and Ivamal, of the 5th. The whole population is nearly a million.

The judiciary of Yucatan is arranged as follows: two judges in Merida, two in Campeachy, and two in each of the other departments—one to try civil, and the other criminal cases.

Don Sebastian Lopez Llergo, has been appointed Inspector General of the Militia of the republic.

We see it announced that a Monthly Magazine is to be issued, devoted to literature and the sciences; and the assurance is given that party politics shall be entirely excluded.

A reading room is about to be established at Merida, to be supplied with various domestic and foreign periodicals.

It is reported in the "Siglo," that the Government of Yucatan intend to appeal to the British Parliament for redress, on account of the outrage committed by the British ship Comus.

It is remarked in this talented journal, that in all the governments of the world, of every variety of form, it has been deemed right and proper to prohibit preachers of the gospel from meddling in party politics. And in accordance with this principle, two Presbyterian clergymen, from Jamaica, who asked permission to preach and to take up contributions to enable them to convert the unbelievers on the banks of the Amazon, were denied the privilege.—It was apparent, from what they confessed, that their object was to convince the natives that their government was wrong, and should be changed.

A post office department has been established, on a plan somewhat similar to that of the United States.

The cultivation of sugar, it is thought might be carried on in Yucatan as advantageously as in the island of Cuba, and a joint stock company was forming for the purpose of opening a large plantation to try the experiment.—*New Orleans Bulletin, Feb. 4th.*

Coal Trade of Pennsylvania.—Scarce three centuries have elapsed since the value of coal was first discovered, and it is now in general use in both England and America, and applied to many highly useful and valuable purposes. It is evident that although the United States possesses almost boundless forests of timber, yet that in certain portions of the country, and in the immediate vicinity of the large seaboard cities there must necessarily be a considerable deficiency of it experienced, and indeed now, although the demand for wood has been much lessened by the extensive use of coal, some owners of forests contiguous to the navigable streams on the Atlantic coasts, have actually refused to fell their trees unless for timber purposes and at an increased recompense, they considering them entirely too valuable to be felled for the mere purpose of fuel, and look forward to the day as not being far distant when their value will increase four-fold. When the timber of a country is used for fuel, there soon becomes a scarcity of it, and especially where it is the interest of the land-holder to clear his ground for the purpose of agriculture, which is the case throughout the inland states. In England and Ireland, turf and peat had been used from time immemorial before the introduction of coal, and its value was so little known for nearly four centuries after its discovery, that it was only used by the poor in the absence of other fuel. The coal trade of England is now said to be 21,000,000 tons, and gives employment to 150,000 colliers.

The inconveniences anticipated from a scarcity of fuel, occasioned by the rapid decrease of woodland in the vicinity of our city, have been dispelled by the coal discoveries in the heart of the state, which will doubtless supply all our wants in that line for centuries to come. Besides their value in the manner just named, they are