Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

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RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A friend has recently placed in our hands a number of letters and other papers, relative to the early settlement of the Province of Pennsylvania, and the military operations for the defence of the frontier, from which we purpose making occasional extracts. We this week present our readers with an original letter from Horatio Gates to Colonel James Burd. Colonel Burd, at that time, commanded the 2d Battalion of the Pennsylvania Provincial Regiment. General Gates, as is well known, became celebrated afterwards in the war of the Revolution, as the conqueror of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

ED. HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

The letter is endorsed, in the hand writing of Colonel Burd, "Horatio Gates, answered 25 May, 1760," and is directed as follows:

"For His Majestys Service,

To

Colonel Burd,
Or Officer commanding The
Pennsylvania Regiment at
Lancaster.

Philadelphia, 22d: May, 1760.

Sir:

I am instructed by General Monckton to acquaint you, that Orders are gone to Mr. [illegible] forwarding [illegible] Tents, Arms and Accoutrements, as are wanted to Arm The Effectives of the two Battalions of the Pennsylvania Regiment, now under your command at Lancaster, for which you will give a Receipt.

I am further commanded by the General to acquaint you, it is his Orders, you march with that part of the Pennsylvania Regiment now at Lancaster, on the 3d of June next, for Carlisle, where the Storekeeper of the Artillery, will deliver to your order, as many Tents, as are there necessary for the Effectives of the Battalion under your command, upon your arrival at Carlisle. The General would have you encamp your Battalion until further orders, and whatever arms and accoutrements are wanting for the rest of the Pennsylvania Regiment, will be provided at Carlisle. The General desires you will order all Recruiting, and out partys, and all officers, and men, who are absent from your Battalion (those upon duty at the Posts on the Communication only excepted) to be at Carlisle on the 10th of June next. Mr. Peters will send these orders to all your Recruiting Partys, on this side the Province.

Major Jammeson is also ordered to march from York to Carlisle on the 3d of June.

I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

H. GATES, M. B.

The following, we believe, was intended for blank verse, but as it makes much better prose, we have concluded to publish it as such:

For the Herald & Expositor.

Lines to —— A. E.

Fair as the flower that blooms on yon hill, or the rose, that from its envelope just bursts to spread its fine fragrance around, is she, to whom these simple lines tell the breathings of fancy—sweet reveller.—Think not, like the deep-crimsoned flower—thy beauty is fated to wither; at least hope, that ever present goddess, has wreathed for thee a rich garland of the rose and the ivy; fair emblems of maidens' chastity and rightful love, to deck thy fair brow at that moment of joy, when the long given vow shall be fulfilled at Hymen's pure altar. May fortune's silvery path lead thee onward to the goal of the blest and the free, where innocence basks in the sunshine of truth, reflected from virtue's great mirror; then will honors immortal create a halo of glory around thy snow-white brow, so envied and yet so admired. Go on in the road that will direct to the highest, purest, and holiest good; but be careful in making your choice, that some idle, oft-fancied, creation of the brain, just heated by humorous jest, does not veil the true good and true bliss. 'Tis virtue, the hand-maid of truth, I would have thee pursue and make it thy gain; for it is the great central point around which all other virtues cluster and twine.

J.

Carlisle, July, 1841.

For the Herald & Expositor.

Reminiscences of a Campaign in the fall of 1836.

A Militia General's Rally to his Troops.

Friends and feller citizen sodgers:—We are met for the purpose of excussing the subject of hospitalities lately concocted against our peaceful and blooming frontier by the condacious red skins. I say, we are met here for the purpose of instigating whether we shall set still in our shanties and see the spoiler whet his deadly and murderiferous knife against the innocent bosoms of our friends and feller squatters.

Them 'ere successful and infegatible sperits who have ventured out to the confines of civilization, amid the relenting and heartless savages of the far west, with strong arms and bold hearts, to dig the ditches and drain the swamps, and whom we must look upon as emphatically and reverentially the friends of a new world. I say, whether we shall sit still and see their corn fields ramsacked and their wives and little prattling brats used up in the most howdacious and vorboracious manner; or whether we shall gather up our shooting irons, march to the scene of depredations, and by the untimely interference of our formidable band, drive them from a state of habitation, and at the same time extinguish ourselves in the flames of eternal glory and oblivion. But oh, my friends and feller citizen sodgers—I fully lepreciate the sympionizing feelings of your hearts; I need but remind you of your duty to your suffering and distressful and conflicted brethren, whose woes and sufferings cries aloud for redress, and are heard, even now, perhaps, in the retiracy of our firesides and chimley-corners.

Behold, they lay over night with ruby lips and blooming cheeks, and in the morning they wake up and find themselves dead. But oh, my friends and feller citzen sodgers: I cannot dwell upon this orful, heart-straining, horrifying and tremendous subject, when horrors rise fornent the imagination, I may say the soul, without (stranger, I'll trouble you for a gourd of water, with a little of the critter in it—just a sprinkle,) without, I say, feeling an unquenchable thirst for (a little more of the critter, if you please—stranger,) that wengence which all the Gods of War, Pluto and Wulcan, can claim as their high and exclusive prerogative; but which, friends, and feller citizen sodgers, I would showe beams of unextinguishable wrath upon the devoted heads of the invineeble and exommunicated salvages, who roams abut by day, seeking a chance to rob us of our dear-bought pledges of defections, and by night pour down on our corn fiels and tater patches.

I know you are rale grit, eller sodgers and friends. I, myself, am a particular caution. Now prepare youselves to fight them in their own way—for as Major Jim [illegible] and I are amongst the wolves we must howl with them.—Come on, I'll lead you were a small chance of a fight is certain to hit against. I'll flank you into a solemn column; and receding by a retrogade dance, we'll away to the fields of glory and destruction. Yes, feller sodgers, we'll begin upon them in their own diggins, and the way we'll use them up will be a sin.

Crockett.

THE FARMER'S SON.—The time is not far distant, in our humble opinion, when the farmer's son will be the man among the well educated of his country. Already has the spirit gone abroad. The feelings of all are becoming to be listed deeply in this honorable cause. No longer is this profession viewed, by atlas fit only for the *poor* and *ignorant*, but is beginning to claim the rank to which its so justly entitled. Men of learning ad talents have turned their attention to its investigation, without the least compunction of conscience for having acted below their *dignity*. They have learned that the occupation of a farmer, humble as it may have been considered, can call into action most of the powers of the mind, and, whatever may be the amount of his knowledge if useful, it can be brought to bear either directly or indirectly; hence, the erroneous opinion that farmers need not be *educated*, is fast passing away, and 'ere long popular sentiment will consign it to its legitimate abode, the shades of oblivion. No occupation is better calculated to call forth the learning of the man of science than that of the farmer, and none in which he can engage with more honor, or to which more honor should be attached. We belive that, in time, instead of having the *poor and ignorant* to fill the profession of arming, we shall see young men turning from practical institutions of learning, to that of the plough handle, fired with a laudable spirit to gain honor and amass wealth from their occupation. When such a state of things shall take place, agriculture will be added as another of "the learned professions," considered as honorable as any of them, and will prove as profitable. Hills that are now barren and neglected wastes, will be brought into active and profitable cultivation, waving with beautiful harvests, or set with the heavy eared corn—then gladdening smiles of plenty will cheer our domestic circles, and bloated purses fill our pockets.

PLUM PUDDING.—If you wish to make a really nice soft custard—like plum pudding, pound six crackers, or dried crusts of light bread, fine, and soak them over night in milk enough to cover them, put them in about three pints of milk, beat up six eggs, put in lemon, brandy, a whole nutmeg, and about three quarters of a pound of raisins which have been rubbed in flour. Bake it two hours, or perhaps a little short of that. It is easy to judge from the appearance whether it is done.

The surest way of making a light, rich plum pudding, is to spread slices of sweet light bread plentifully with butter; on each side of the slices spread abundantly raisins, or currants, nicely prepared; when they are all heaped in a dish, cover them with milk, eggs, sugar, and spice, well beat up, and prepared just as you do custards. Let it bake about an hour.

One sauce answers for common use for all sorts of puddings. Flour and water stirred into boiling water, sweetened to your taste with molasses or sugar, according to your ideas of economy; a great spoonful of rose water, if you have it; butter half as big as a hen's egg. If you want to make it very nice, put in a glass of wine, and grate a nutmeg on the top.

When you wish better sauce than common take a quarter of a pound of butter and the same of sugar, mould them together with your hand, add a little wine if you choose. Make it into a lump, set it away to cool, and grate nutmeg over it.

When we see a fellow cheat all the week and preach on sunday, we guess he has a contract to serve the lord one day in the week, and the devil the other six.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOLOMON SWALLOW,
The Woman Hater.

"Rule a wife, and have a wife."

Solomon Swallow was a bachelor, and somewhat rusty too; but nevertheless he had made up his mind to one thing—that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the sublime art of taking care of a wife. 'All the married men were dolts,' was Solomon's constant asseveration. 'There, for instance, is my neighbor Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of a three legged stool of him; she shoves him in one corner and then in another, and sits on him, and walks on him, and in short treats him like nobody in the house; while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Now, were I only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial rules; and if Mrs. T. did not abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and a padlock; and mayhaps brighten her ideas, touching her conjugal duties, by the application of a good cowhide—and there again are Everard Easy—and Dick Snooks—and a host more of them, in the same condition;—but I'm the boy that will set them all right if they'll only follow my example, after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow.'

'Well, Solomon,' said a neighbor to him one morning, 'as you are always boasting of your skill in managing your wife, how comes it that you are not married?'

'Why because I have not quite perfected my system.' *You poked your head into the noose* without making any preparation, and hence Mrs. Everclack makes what she likes of your!' But I go to work logically. I began by studying the erudite works of Zengubrazo, 'On the philosophy of making a woman hold her tongue.' I then read several treatises 'On the effect of Bread and Water discipline in the making of good wives.' Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew' furnished me with a few excellent practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all their systems into one which shall carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so,' added Solomon, 'my rules for the regulation of women, (I intend to publish it) will be completed, and then I shall take unto me a wife.'

And Solomon was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty-five, (feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of the Amazons,) he got married. At this important period, Solomon was a puffy, comfortable looking little fellow as you'd meet in a day's walk. For all that the crown of his head never stood full five feet two from the heels of his boots; he had a corporation that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a lord mayor; and his gait (especially when walking with any thing in the likeness of a woman,) was as pompous as a Sultan's; while at such times, his countenance always assumed an expression of female familiarity.

The lady whom Solomon had chosen for his worser half, was apparently a modest, lamb like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife but that Mr. Swallow would need no help from his system to make her so. Now Solomon had the forbearance not to interfere with the lady's sayings and doings on her wedding-day, nor is it recorded that he assumed any special authority on the first night either; but about six o'clock the next morning he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner that it was time to get up. "And when breakfast is ready call me, but be sure you don't burn the toast."

'Breakfast and toast,' said Mrs. Swallow, 'why what do you mean?'

'Why my dear—I mean, madam—that I have begun my system.'

'And won't you get up too?'

'Yes, when breakfast is ready, and my stockings aired!'

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply but she checked herself, as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six in the morning and prepare breakfast.

At 8 o'clock, every thing being ready, Mrs. S. called to Mr. S.—

'Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow.'

'Is the toast made?'

'Yes.'

'And not burned?'

'No.'

'Are my stockings aired?'

'Yes.'

'You'll do,' quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went, having first received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow to help him into his inexpressibles.

The breakfast however, did not turn out to be the thing it was cracked up to be. The toast was done a little too much and the tea was'nt done quite enough; the slop bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.

'These things call for improvement,' observed Mr. Swallow.'

'The servant hasn't been here this morning,' answered his wife.

'Servant!' retorted Mr. S., 'I discharged him yesterday. You don't suppose that I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too?'

The lady was again posed, and said nothing, but the day had worn to a close before she could bring herself to believe that Mr. S. had actually made use of the words 'servant' and 'wife' in the same sentence.

The next morning at six o'clock Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, coupling his remarks with the suggestion that in future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefitted nothing by this soft insinuation, for at that moment she either was, or pretended to be fast locked in the arms of Morpheus.

'Dont you hear, Mrs. Swallow,' quoth Mr. S.

But alas! a slightly conscious snore was the only audible response vouchsafed by Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it—'What says my system on this head?' said he to himself, musingly. 'It says that a lazy wife who lays abed in the morning, may be very profitably reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a needle.' And this magnificent idea scarcely crossed the threshhold of his brain pan, than he inserted the point of a needle into his drowsy helpmate's *propria persona*. As may be expected the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprang from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! but alas, her agility was even too strikingly manifested, for she not only all but annihilated poor Mr. Solomon in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever from a nail which suspended it to the wall, and broke the dial into a thousand pieces.

'What a dreadful dream,' ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her hand on her wounded proportions.

'What a dreadful reality,' shouted Mr. Swallow, contemplating the fragile mass of his broken timepiece.

'Now, Mrs. Swallow,' said Solomon, seeing that 'I can't always be awake to call you up in the morning, or eat burnt toast, or drink raw tea, &c., it is time that I should begin to instruct you in your duties.'

'And what are they?'

'Be silent madam, if you please. Not to talk, but to listen, is one of the most important of them.'

'Proceed, sir.'

And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at his beloved for this second interruption, proceeded as follows—

'From six to eight you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance—light fire—air shirts and stockings—sweep room, prepare breakfast and announce the perfection thereof. Eight till ten, wash dishes, make beds, rub furniture and clean windows. Ten to twelve, to market and prepare dinner. Twelve till two devoted to dish washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two till six, spinning, mending shirts and darning stocking. Seven tea. From that till nine a second course of mending and darning—and then to bed.' And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow.'

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end and then mildly enquired, "And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?"

'To be sure I do,' responded her spouse.

'Then you'll be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing.'

'No?'

'No!'

'I've a way to make you.'

'How?'

'Spoon diet—locks—chains—and cowhide.'

'Mr. Swallow.'

'What!'

'You brute.'

And Mrs. Swallow threw herself back and looked desperate.

Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of a system of Matrimonial Observations called a brute by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was astounded at such open manifestations of rebellion to his royal will that he could only look aghast; but when he came to himself, he saw that something must be done at once or the field was lost forever.

'You called me a brute Mrs. Swallow.'

'I did Mr. Swallow.'

'A brute?'

'A brute!'

'I'll go mad and break things Mrs. Swallow.'

'As you like, Mr. Swallow.'

And Mr. Swallow did go mad but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table, (and plate with a crack in it) and dashed it into a thousand pieces upon the hearth, as if he was in a terrible passion.

'How do you like that Mrs. Swallow.'

'Vastly Mr. Swallow—try again.'

And again he did try it, for he had become desperate, and demolished the crockery.

'Now,' said the lady, 'it's my turn,' and jumping up she sent the slop bowl to the company with its two unfortunate tea table companions.'

This of course was too much for Solomon, it snapped asunder the only remaining chord of the little reason he had left, and he shot his helpmate—we use the word in its most positive term—on her right cheek, but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame had seized the tea-pot and shivered it into atoms against the devoted head of the devoted Solomon. Nor was this all, for as he was reeling heels over head from the effects of that awful collision, she plied him with the remainder of the tea-traps, until there is scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed the shocks of cups and saucers, and rounds of cold toast.

Unable to carry the war any longer for that day, Solomon gathered himself as well as he could, and vowing all sorts of vengeance, stuck his pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pocket;—and then setting a chair in the centre of the room, he planked himself on it, and commenced whistling a jig to the tune the old cow died of, looking the while as if he could bite a piece out of a griddle without setting his teeth in edge.

His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matters besides delf breaking, placed another chair back to back with Solomon's, and after providing herself with a novel, sat herself down and began reading as if there were no such thing as beds to make, or stockings to mend in all Christendom.

Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent upon sitting the other down and ruminating the while upon the pleasures of their relative positions. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent of Solomon's mangled head and parboiled neck and shoulders, he was mad that the watch dial and crockery must be replaced; and that the reducing of the first chapter of this voluminous system to practice must be attended with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This being the case may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he rose from the chair—stole softly out of the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

The turning of the key made her aware of his intention when she rushed to the door, but it was too late.

'Open the door this instant Mr. Swallow.'

'Not until I have kept you for seven days upon bread and water,' returned the victorious Solomon, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But, alas! how evanescent is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters went on, but had scarcely put his eye to the key hole than he began roaring like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts—(that on his back excepted)—into pieces, to make a rope to let herself down from the window: nor was this all, for upon further examination, he discovers that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions—bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard to make her descent safe and comfortable.

The Archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of this eventful day;—but on the very next morning about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popp'd his head from under the blankets and said to Mrs. Swallow, in the most soothing and imploring tones possible, 'Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?'

'Yes,' returned the lady, 'and you may call me when you have lit up the fire and put on the kettle.'

Poor Solomon! There was no alternative, so he even set about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of broken heads and demolished body linen running in his memory. In short Solomon was a conquered man. That day he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, &c. The next, his assistance was required in the rubbing of furniture and making of beds; and before the week was out he was initiated into the mystery of washing coarse towels!

Degenerate Solomon Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the little Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his better half (she was now his better half) used to employ him as yet occasionally in coarse washing.

But for this we have no proof other than the fact that he was the only nurse that Mrs. Swallow would trust with the children.

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.

'You must go with me to the theatre, Swallow,' said the friend.

'He shan't,' said Mrs. Swallow.

'But he must,' returned the friend, 'and so must you.'

'I may, but he can't,' replied the dame, 'for one must stay and mind the children.'

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the theatre, and Solomon Swallow stopped at home [illegible] when I visited that evening, I found him [illegible] ing his three children.

The moral of this authentic tale is, that bachelor's wives, and [illegible] maid's children are always excellent [illegible], but as bad as can be in practice—and that in [illegible] managed wife is worse than no wife at all. Had Solomon only treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end; but as it was, he compelled her to be a Tartar in her own defence, and to take the consequence.

DEATH.—Stern Death! pale monarch of the sightless dead, whence art thou? What dost thou in our pleasant homes, haunting the mirthful fireside, gazing upon the fair and beautiful, till mingling thy unhallowed breath with the "wholesome current" of their blood, like the deadly air of the destroying Upas, it dries up their life founts, and sinks them in the arms of pale yet sure decay.

Mighty and mysterious visitant! in the lone midnight, when patient watchers hover around the loved one's couch, thou comest, thine icy seal is placed upon the sleeper's brow, and the restless spirit leaps into eternity; whilst they, the hoping watchers around the silent couch, deem not that deep and eternal rest is brooding there. Plague spot of nations! weeks, months, years, and cycles, mere vapory nothings in the chronicles of hoary Time, have passed since men first heard of thee. Of ries, which are but mists floating on each ocean of eternity, have rolled within the other's destiny! ages have [illegible] with trembled to tomb of ages! our sphere [illegible] ead-of earthquakes! its centre with the iron [illegible] the unchanged, and yet here art thou [illegible] One fear attends, one the unchanging: [illegible] the past, the present, robe enshrines thee; the past, the present, ALL, know thee as the dread, unpitying, griping phantasm, Death!

From the tender child of play amid the sunny flowers, to the hardy peasant, whose infancy was cradled amid the harsh winds of the bearded Alps, all are alike to thee. Thou spakest, and thrones, crowns, and sceptres, were abandoned; thou didst but whisper, and the flashing blade fell from the conqueror's nerveless arm. Beauty sprang up within our summer bowers, thy glance fell on her, and her brow of light was laid beneath the withered turf and scattered leaves of autumn. All are alike to thee; kings, conquerors, and infants; warriors, statesmen, and peasants; all sleep within the shadowy empire of the viewless dead.

A Queer Tee-totaler.—To be sure I am no advocate for drinking—unless when a man is dry; but the case is altered when a man has a constitutional tooth ache, hereditary in the family, which is my unfortunate case. If you had the heart of a gun-flint, you would pity me; to see a fellow creature, with an old stocking wrapped round his chops, and a short pipe stuck in his jaw, and a bottle of whiskey, together with a can of beer upon the table. Surely never was a poor rascal so completely predestined to insobriety. The tooth-ache makes me smoke; the smoke makes me swill at the beer; and as beer never agreed with me, I am forced, in spite of Father Mathew, to qualify the stout with the stiff; in short, to mix a tumbler. As I was always of an active disposition, and can't bear to be idle, I keep smoking while I am mixing the materials. By this light! the more I drink, the drier I am; and the drier I am, the more I drink. And do you know, such a scurvy world we live in, for imputing bad motives where there is no occasion, that I hear reports are abroad that I am a sad drunken fellow, as if any man can help constitutional tooth-ache, hereditary by the mother's side!

From the National Intelligencer.

The Late Rev. Mr. Cookman.

It was a beautiful Sabbath, toward the close of February last, when, with many others, I repaired to the Hall of Representatives to listen to the Farewell Sermon of the eloquent COOKMAN. All who were present will recollect his last impressive words—"Perhaps," he said, "it is the last time, my beloved hearers, that I shall ever address you, or that we shall ever meet again upon earth. I go to my native land, to receive the blessings of an aged father, and to drop a tear upon the grave of a sainted mother." There was something prophetic, solemn, and deeply affecting in the tones and manner of the preacher. Small in stature and slender in body, he stood like the image of St. Paul before Felix.—All who had known him, or who had often listened with rapt attention to the eloquence which gushed from his lips, touched as with a living coal from the altar, were moved to tears, and seemed to feel as if they were taking, in reality, a last farewell of one who had given new ardor to their piety, and thrown an additional interest into the services of the sanctuary. The whole scene was in no ordinary degree grand, imposing, and affecting. The magnificent Hall, a fit temple for the worship of the living God, the crowd that had assembled to hear the last sermon of the Minister whose eloquence they so much admired, with their eyes fixed upon his countenance glowing with feeling, and listening with the profoundest attention to the lessons of piety he inculcated: the noble head of Ex-President Adams just below him; the manner of the preacher, and the solemn and prophetic farewell he uttered, all conspired to excite feelings of the deepest solemnity, of the most intense interest. Yet who of all that crowd of admiring auditors believed for a moment that in a few short weeks he who then stood before them, in the impressive dignity of an apostle, and with the appearance of one inspired of one inspired of Heaven, would be buried in one of the "dark, unfathomed caves" of the ocean, there to repose till the last trumpet shall call him before the throne of that great Being whose cause he loved, and to whose service he had long devoted all the energies of a superior intellect? It would seem most strange, but the ways of Providence are often mysterious and inscrutable. Why, it may be asked, should this be? why should he, so pious, so devoted, so eloquent and talented, be thus suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness, and while successfully occupied in extending the glory of his Maker, and adding to the happiness of his fellow-men? I answer, because he was the will of God, and God is unerring, wise and just. "He," says the poet Cowey, "that marshals all the *vicissitudes*, so accurately arranges the with a vigor of herbs, HE orders alike, with a good-all the changes of her. Rest satisfied, lance that nothing is, by the appointment ness that endures, is best."

then, that we can avoid lamenting over the of Heaven, a melancholy end of one so pious, [illegible] ful, and so highly gifted?

Mr. Cookman was one of the most elo-quent pulpit orators in the country? Many were, perhaps, his superiors in polish and elegance of style, extent of acquirements, and depth of research, but none surpassed him in the power which belongs to the orator of rousing the feelings and passions of the hearer, in the felicity and appropriateness of illustration, the splendor of his rhetorical figures, and the occasional bursts of impassioned eloquence.

Mr. Cookman felt deeply, and endeavored to excite a correspondent feeling in the hearts of his hearers, and but seldom failed to succeed. He was sincere and ardent in his devotion, loving the cause of his Redeemer and the happiness of his fellow beings, which he felt could only be successfully promoted by infusing and begetting in them that undying love of God by which he himself was so powerfully governed and directed. He was imaginative in a high degree, and could call up images of great beauty, when it suited his purpose to captivate the attention. Feeling himself, he knew how to excite feeling in others—how to touch the responsive chord, and to throw a magic charm around the apparent austerities of religion. The effect of his oratory was often dramatic; the scene was wrought up with great skill, both in manner and voice; and, at the proper moment, the whole was made to burst upon the mind with almost magical power. He was, however, unequaled. If the subject chosen did not suit his taste, or his peculiar train of thought, he was but an ordinary man in the pulpit, and those who have been led by his reputation to attend his preaching, have sometimes come away disappointed; but even on those occasions the orator was often apparent. In the midst of the cold and didactic process of reasoning, while all was quiet, philosophical and tame, an unexpected burst was heard, which, like a sudden peal of thunder, startled and electrified the hearer; at other times, when the subject suited him, it was a succession of peals and flashes—the mind was kept up to the highest degree of tension, and seldom permitted to flag; his voice would sometimes grow in power, image would follow image, figure upon figure, in beautiful succession, till the whole produced upon the mind an effect the most thrilling and sublime. I have never heard the *supplosio pedis* used with greater success than by Mr. Cookman. To him it seemed to be natural, and was always employed at the proper moment.—His ordinary tones were low, but distinct; it was only when the feeling or sentiment required it that he became vehement and loud, and rolled on in a voice of thunder. As a preacher, he was very popular wherever he was stationed; and, like Chalmers and Irving, always drew after him large congregations; and those whom he did not convert, he never failed to charm, delight, and edify. He was beloved and admired by all who knew him, both in the pulpit and the social circle. His manner was bland, unassuming, and attractive, and his piety free from that austerity and asceticism which characterize some who make divinity their profession. Such was the lamented Cookman as a minister of God and pulpit orator. He sleeps the long sleep of death in quietude and peace, amid the deep dark waves of the bottomless ocean—no longer to mourn over the vices, or to weep for the miseries of mankind. No man could have been better prepared to take the sudden and awful plunge into eternity that he did; to him it was but a transition from a world of sin and woe to one of eternal purity and happiness. He rests on the bosom of his Saviour, but his widowed relict and her helpless offspring, are left to weep in anguish over their irreparable loss.

But let her not weep, her loss has been his gain—he has exchanged a scene of sorrow and suffering for one of eternal happiness and joy. "Wherefore should we weep? can we bring the dead back again? We shall go to them, but they shall not return to us."

W.

THE FIRST METHODIST PREACHERS.—At the commencement of Methodism, they were chosen by Mr. Wesley on account of their knowledge of the scriptures, and powerful, though not often cultivated minds.—Samuel Bradburn, (a man whose life, published, would be one of the most interesting and even amusing books,) was remarkable for his strong mind and unwearied labor. In wit and humor, few men excelled him; and the early annals of Methodism are brightened by the sparkling of his facetiousness. "See (said he on one occasion to one of the first chosen,) pleased see the good that Methodist, pointing "Yes (was the reply) it! why, yes; ideal for us." Sometimes a tinker, and Bradburn, for he was men; but brother to a Mr. Marsden, man before." "You you were a [illegible] called me a cobler (said it has not question;) it would have Marsden civil to have said a boot and shoe shop." "Yes, (added Bradburn,) but I not call myself a tinplate worker, but simply a tinker." Such were the men which Wesley made his first itinerant preachers. The writer of this has seen and conversed with many of them; amongst others, with the three of whom the above story is told; and it must be acknowledged that they were a class of great mental power—rough sometimes, and perhaps a little uncouth, but energetic, self-denying, indomitable. They were often, too, men of great personal strength, and there is current an anecdote of one who was much annoyed on one occasion, by the profanity and impertinence of a gigantic butcher.—For some time he bore patiently with the man's ribaldry; but at last his feelings were outraged, and walking up to the fellow, he took him by the collar and the waistband of his breeches, as though he had been a little child, and hung him up by the latter to one of the meat hooks in his own shop, where he remained dangling till the exhortation was concluded.—*Church of England Review.*

LOCUSTS.—In addition to the human locusts permanently covering Spain, that unfortunate country has this year been visited by immense columns of the insect locust, to such an extent as to threaten the entire destruction of the crops. "It is sufficient," say the accounts, "if these terrible columns stop half an hour on any spot, for every thing growing on it—vines, olive-trees, and corn, to be entirely consumed." In the province of Cuidad Real 70 and 80 sacks per day have been collected.

Personal Appearance.—"You look," said a German-minded and imaginative friend to a pale, haggard smoker, "You look as if you had got out of your grave to light your cigar, and could'nt find your way back again!"

A gentleman in Baltimore has raised a family of ten children, and never whipped nor spoke an unkind word to any one of them. They are said to be a good and promising family.

The greatest feat we have heard of lately, is performed by the circus rider out west, who enters his own eyes and comes out of his horse's ears.

"Hallo, Mr. Engine man, can't ye stop your steamboat a minute or two?" "Stop the boat, what for?" "My wife wants to look at the biler, she's afraid of its bursting."

Extraordinary Cat.—A cat of extraordinary intelligence, says a writer in Bentley, was seen feeding a kitten with starch to make it stand upright!