Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

Printed and Published for the Proprietors, by Wm. S. Cresap, Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIII.—NO. 51. WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 13, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.—NO. 44.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county:

12th August, 1841: Upon the petition of William Blean, one of the assignees of David Blean, the court grant a rule to shew cause why he should not be discharged from the trust confided to him under a voluntary Deed of Assignment, to be argued at next November term, of which all persons interested will take notice. By the Court,

GEO. SANDERSON, Proth'y.

Sept. 22, 1841.—3t

NOTICE.,

Estate of Dr. A. P. Linn, dec'd.

LETTERS Testamentary on the last Will and Testament of Dr. A. P. Linn, late of the borough of Shippensburg, dec'd., have been issued in due form of law to the subscribers. NOTICE, is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and all persons indebted are requested to make payment to the subscribers—

WILLIAM LINN, } Shippensb'g.
ROBERT COCHRAN, }
JOHN BOUVIER, Philadelphia.

September, 22, 1841.—6w. Executors.

BARGAINS. BARGAINS.

CLIPPINGER & CAREY

Have just received at their old stand near the rail road, and directly opposite Mr. R. Cochran's Hotel, a very full and rich assortment of

Fall & Winter Goods,

among which are are both superfine and common Blue, Black, Dahlia, Invisible and Bottle Green—wool dyed blue black, London Brown, Olive and mixed

CLOTHS.

Plain and Diamond Beaver Cloths, Pilot cloths of a variety of colors and qualities. A very full assortment of fancy cassimeres, satinets and cassimerets. A very large assortment of satinets and cassimeres. Merino, broche, Taglioni, McGregor, chene silk and cotton shawls and handkerchiefs. Cotton, worsted, merino, lambs-wool and silk hosiery—buck, beaver, berlin, woolen and worsted lined and unlined gloves. Kid, mohair, silk, chene and cotton gloves and mitts. A very large and splendid assortment of

Fall & Winter Ribbons,

of the very latest style. Thread laces and edgings of all widths and prices—Black, Italian, Lute-string, Gro-de-Rhine, Gro-de-Nap, Gro-de-Swoi and Rept Silks—Chene ribed and plaid Gro-de-Afrique for bonnets—Leghorn, Florence braid and English Bonnets; Seal, Fur and Selet caps; a full assortment of

GROCERIES,
China, Glass, and QUEENSWARE.

Their assortment is now very full, comprising nearly every article usually kept in a Dry Goods' Store, and have been bought on the very best terms; consequently, they are prepared to offer goods at such prices as cannot fail to give satisfaction. They most respectfully ask those wishing to purchase, to give them a call. They feel satisfied they can make it their interest to purchase from them.

Shippensburg, Sept. 15, 1841.—6t.

A Valuable Farm for Sale.

Will be sold on Friday the 15th day of October 1841, on the premises, in Silver Spring township, Cumberland county, adjoining lands of Jacob Forney, William Waugh, and the heirs of Nathaniel Irvine, dec'd., a valuable tract of first rate Limestone Land, in a high state of cultivation, containing 80 acres more or less, about 55 acres of which are cleared and the residue covered with thriving young timber, with a considerable quantity of locust. The improvements are a new two story

FRAME HOUSE,
And a New Frame Barn,

with Wagon Shed and Corn crib attached, and all necessary out buildings. A good well of water with a new pump in it is near to door; there is a stream of running water on the farm, and thriving young orchard.

Possession will be given on the first day of April next.

The sale will be made on payments. Conditions will be made fully known on the day of sale.

DAVID LEHN,
DAVID ORRIS,
Assignees of George Forney.

September 15, 1841.—ts.

New Cooking Stove.

JACOB FRIDLEY, North Hanover street, opposite Cormans' Hotel, is agent for the sale of Hathaways' Patent

Hot Air Cooking Stoves,

which he warrants to be 100 per cent better than any other stove heretofore known.

Farmers, Tavern keepers and others are invited to take those Stoves on trial, and if they are not pleased with the *operation* of the stove, or the *price*, they may be returned.

J. F. still continues to keep on hand

Stoves

of all descriptions, among which are the improved Rotary Cooking stoves so universally approved; stove furniture, stove pipe, and a general assortment of Tin, Sheet iron and Copper ware, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

Orders in Town and Country, for House Spouting or other work promptly attended to.

Carlisle, Sept. 15, 1841.—1y.

NOTICE.

Estate of David Bender, dec'd.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of David Bender, late of Allen township, Cumberland county, dec'd., have been granted to the subscriber residing in the same township: NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them for settlement.

CHRISTIAN ZUOK, Ex'r.

Sept. 15, 1841.—6t

NOTICE.

Estate of John Johnson, dec'd.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of John Johnson, late of Newville, Cumberland county, dec'd., have been granted to the subscribers: NOTICE is hereby given to all persons indebted to the above estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them for settlement:

ROBT. LAIRD, of Frankford tp.,
JAMES R. IRVINE, of Newville,
Ex'rs. of John Johnson, dec'd.

Sept. 15, 1841.—6t

DR. WILLIAM IRVIN,

Office and dwelling in High street, next door to Rev. J. V. E. Thorn.

Carlisle, August 4, 1841.—tf.

Printing Establishment FOR SALE.

The "Herald & Expositor" is offered for sale. It is the only Whig paper in this county, has a large subscription list, a fair amount of advertising and job custom, with ample and good materials for publishing a weekly paper.

Letters (*post paid*) addressed to the Editor, will meet with prompt attention.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The Subscriber offers for sale a splendid LIMESTONE FARM; it contains about

165 ACRES,

is close to the edge of the borough of Carlisle, in the heart of the Cumberland Valley—that magnificent expanse than which the sun in heaven shineth not on its superior. The title indisputable and the land patented.

Improvements and Local Advantages.

A GOOD AND LARGE

LOG HOUSE,
New Bank Barn,

(first rate,) a well of never failing pure water—proximity to gushing spring water—an Orchard of about 100 young Apple trees. About 50 acres of the land carries a crop of timber worth a large sum of money—a good portion is well set in clover and timothy grass—fencing good. The limestone is the slab or shelving, easily procured, takes less fuel to make lime, and of all kinds is the most valuable; the north or slate land side of the valley will give a constant demand for this stone forever. It is close to the great Cumberland Valley Rail-road.

If not sold before Friday the 15th of October, it will on that day be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

For terms apply to

A. M'DOWELL.

Sept. 8, 1841.—ts* Carlisle, Pa.

☞ Lebanon Courier insert 3t and send bill to this office for collection.

Public Sale of REAL ESTATE.

WILL be sold, at Public Sale, in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, on Friday the 15th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, the following described real estate, late the property of Jacob High, dec'd., to wit:

No. 1. A Tract of LAND,

situate in Mifflin township, Cumberland county, bounded by lands of Isaac Christleib, Geo. North's heirs, John High, and land of the heirs of said decedent herein after described as No. 2, containing

227 Acres,

and 81 perches neat measure, having thereon erected a

Two Story Log

HOUSE,

Kitchen, Double Log Barn, Wagon-Shed, Corn-Crib, and Cider-Press, a well of never failing water convenient to the house, and an excellent

APPLE ORCHARD.

About 70 acres of the above farm are first rate timber land, and the residue in a good state of cultivation, of which about 30 acres are good meadow, the greater part of which is suitable for tillage.

No. 2. A Tract of Land adjoining

the above described farm and land of Henry Miller, Abm. Whisler, Moses Whisler, Daniel McLaughlin, Jacob Kitner, George Hoon and others, containing

184 Acres and 113 Perches,

neat measure, having thereon erected a

Two Story Log

HOUSE,

Kitchen, Double Log Barn, Wagon-Shed and Corn-Crib, an Apple Orchard and a never failing well of water near the door; about 50 acres of the above farm are first rate timber land, and the residue in a good state of cultivation, of which about 20 acres are good meadow.

The above Tracts will be sold separately or together, to suit purchasers, on the following terms:—the costs of sale to be paid by the purchaser or purchasers on the confirmation of the sale by the Court, at which time he or they will be required to enter into recognizance in the Orphans' Court with approved security, to secure the residue of the purchase money, to be paid as follows—one third to remain in the hands of the purchaser during the life of the widow of said decedent, the interest to be paid her annually, commencing on the 1st of April next, during her life, and at her death the principal to be paid to the heirs of said decedent, one other third to be paid on the 1st of April next, when possession will be given and a deed made to the purchaser; the remaining third to be paid in two equal annual payments thereafter without interest.

The landlords share of the grain growing at the time of sale will pass to the purchasers. Any person wishing to view said farms before the day of sale are requested to call on David High residing on the premises, or on the subscriber who lives one mile west of Newville.

JACOB HIGH,
Adm'r. of Jacob High, sr. dec'd.

Sept. 8, 1841.—tds.

☞ Lancaster Old Guard publish the above to the amount of $5 and charge this office.

Farm and House for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the FARM on which he resides, two miles west of Shippensburg, being in Southampton township, Franklin county, Pa. containing

106 Acres

of first rate Limestone Land, not inferior to any in the neighborhood; the improvements are a dwelling

HOUSE,

Barn, Tenant House and such other buildings as are necessary to carry on farming; also a good Orchard and well of water.

Also, a two story Brick House,

with a lot and a half of ground thereto attached, in the borough of Shippensburg, Cumberland county—this property is in good repair, and is situated in the business part of the town; the improvements are a STONE STABLE fronting two alleys, smoke-house and other necessary out buildings.

The undersigned deems it unnecessary to give a minute description of the above property, as persons wishing to purchase can view the premises by calling on Mr. P. S. Artz, Shippensburg, or on

JOHN EBERLEY,
living on the farm.

Shippensburg, Sept. 8, 1841.—6t

☞ Lancaster Old Guard publish 6t and charge this office.

NOTICE.

Estate of Adams Nimmon, dec'd.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION in due form of law upon the estate of Adams Nimmon, dec'd., lately of Shippensburg, have been granted to John Skinner and James Walker; all persons having claims against the estate will present them for settlement, and those indebted will make payment to them.

The administrators will attend at the late residence of the deceased on Friday and Saturday the 17th and 18th of September to attend to business of the estate.

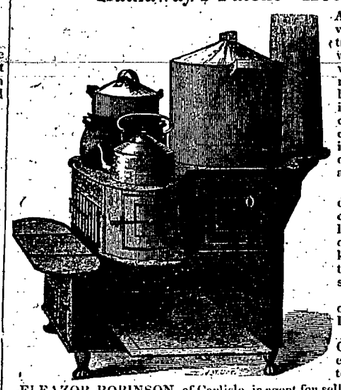
JOHN SKINNER, } Adm'rs.
JAMES WALKER, }

Sept. 8, 1841.—6t*

E. ROBINSON & CO.

Have located in Carlisle for the purpose of manufacturing and selling

Hathaway's Patent "Hot Air Cooking Stoves."



ELEAZOR ROBINSON, of Carlisle, is agent for selling the right to make and vend the HOT AIR STOVE, and will dispose of Counties in this and the adjoining States.

We publish the following recommendations from some of those who are using the stove, to encourage others to try it.

Carlisle, Sept. 12, 1841.

I have in use in my kitchen one of Hathaways patent Hot Air Cooking Stoves, and can recommend it as a very superior article. The one I have is No. 3. It has a boiler and are sufficiently large to bake six loaves of bread. The baking, roasting and broiling can all be done at the same time and will under less wood than required for any stove which we have used.

This size appears to be peculiarly calculated for Farmers, and for their benefit I invite them to call and see this stove in use, as I shall take pleasure in showing the stove to all whom interest or curiosity may induce to examine it.

SIMON WUNDERLICH.

Carlisle, Sept. 11, 1841.

Messrs. E. Robinson & Co.—GENTLEMEN; I have during the few days I have had your Hathaway's Hot Air Stove in use, become convinced of its great superiority overall other stoves I have used or seen. I find by the trial that boiling, roasting, baking and broiling may all be done at the same time, in a most perfect manner, and with less than one fourth the fuel I have ordinarily used for the same purposes. I have heretofore been of the opinion bread could not be well baked in a cooking stove,

Carlisle, September 15. 1841.—y

And being aware that the people in this place and vicinity, have been much imposed upon by the introduction of new and highly recommended articles which they have been induced to purchase, and which have been so slightly made, and of such bad material, that in a short time they have failed and become useless: We, therefore, do not intend offering stoves for sale until they are fairly tried in this community, and pronounced more durable in their construction, better adapted to the purposes of boiling, baking and all the varieties of cooking than any other stove; also, that they are a great saving of fuel as well as labour.

☞ We earnestly invite farmers as well as residents of this place and the neighboring villages, to call on us at S. Wonderlich's hotel, or notify us by letter (postage unpaid) that they are willing to try our stove—and the stove shall be placed in the kitchen of every person giving us such notice, and taken away after trial, without any expense to persons making the trial.

The stoves will be kept for sale at the Tin Shop of Mr. Jacob Fridley, and at the Foundry of Messrs. Lay and Stouffer, in Carlisle.

Having contracted for *One Hundred Tons* of Castings, we will, in a few days, supply stove dealers with all the different sizes, on the most liberal terms.

We publish the following recommendations from some of those who are using the stove, to encourage others to try it.

Carlisle, Sept. 12, 1841.

I have in use in my kitchen one of Hathaways patent Hot Air-Cooking Stoves, and can recommend it as a very superior article. The one I have is No. 3. It has a boiler and are sufficiently large to bake six loaves of bread. The baking, roasting and broiling can all be done at the same time and will under less wood than required for any stove which we have used.

This size appears to be peculiarly calculated for Farmers, and for their benefit I invite them to call and see this stove in use, as I shall take pleasure in showing the stove to all whom interest or curiosity may induce to examine it.

SIMON WUNDERLICH.

Carlisle, Sept. 11, 1841.

Messrs. E. Robinson & Co.—GENTLEMEN; I have during the few days I have had your Hathaway's Hot Air Stove in use, become convinced of its great superiority overall other stoves I have used or seen. I find by the trial that boiling, roasting, baking and broiling may all be done at the same time, in a most perfect manner, and with less than one fourth the fuel I have ordinarily used for the same purposes. I have heretofore been of the opinion bread could not be well baked in a cooking stove, but I am convinced upon trial that it can be done as well in your stove as in a brick oven.

I believe that the general introduction of your stove into use will be very beneficial to the public, therefore I shall take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM MOORE.

Carlisle, Sept. 10, 1841.

Messrs. E. Robinson & Co.—Gentlemen, I have fairly tested the "Hot Air Stove" which you put up at my house, and can recommend it as possessing principles of economy and convenience far surpassing any other stove which I have ever seen.

The boilers coming in immediate contact with the fire gives it great facilities for boiling, and the oven is heated on such a principle that bread is baked in as fine a manner as in a brick oven. I find it also a great saving of fuel and labour, and would advise all to adopt it.

MITCHEL McLELLAN.

Chambersburg, Sept. 6, 1841.

I do certify that I am now using one of Hathaway's Patent Hot Air Cook Stoves, No. 3, and do recommend it as superior to any stove I have seen, the great saving of fuel, and the variety that can be cooking at the same time, makes it an object to those who wish to facilitate the operations of the kitchen.

JOS. CULBERTSON.

GOLDEN BALL HOTEL
WEST HIGH ST., CARLISLE.

The subscriber, thankful for past favors, hereby notifies the public generally, that he still continues at the old stand, nearly opposite the College Campus, where he will at all times be found ready and willing to accommodate in the best possible manner, those who may favor him with a call. The House is located in the most business part of the town, and is near the stopping place of the Cars on the Rail Road. The ROOMS are large and airy—the TABLE will be supplied with the very best the markets can furnish—and the BAR with the choicest Liquors. His charges are reasonable, and he will endeavor to merit by assiduity and attention a continuance of public patronage.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month, or year. DROVERS and TRAVELERS will find it to their interest to stop with him, as he has plenty of stabling, and a careful OSTLER always at hand.

ANDREW ROBERTS.

Carlisle, Sept. 8, 1841.—tf

Valuable Farms For Sale.

The subscriber intending to remove to the West, offers for sale the farm on which he now resides, situated on the line between Cumberland and Franklin counties, Pa., 2 miles north west of Newburg and about 7 miles from Shippensburg,

Containing 175 Acres,

of first rate slate land, the principal part of which is cleared and in a high state of cultivation. The improvements are,

A Large Two Story LOG HOUSE,

with a well of water at the door, and a never failing stream of water, with a pump in it in the basement; a large BANK BARN; a stone spring house and other necessary outbuildings, and an excellent Ore'hard of choice fruit. There are also a comfortable TENANT HOUSE and Stable on another part of said farm; and an extensive SHOP and MACHINERY for *sawing, slitting, &c*, with VERY VALUABLE WATER POWER.

ALSO,

A tract of land in Cumberland county, within one mile of the farm above described,

Containing 152 Acres;

about 20 acres are cleared, and the residue covered with thriving timber. The improvements are

A LARGE TWO STORY LOG
HOUSE, A LOG STABLE,

and a never failing well of water. The land is patented, and clear of all incumbrances.

The farms will be sold separate or together, as may best suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the land can do so, and receive every other information by calling on the subscriber, residing as above.

JACOB WHISLER.

August 4, 1841.—tf.

Orphans' Court Sale.

AGREEABLY to a decree of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, I will expose to sale by Public vendue, on the premises, on the *first day of November next*, at 2 o'clock P. M., all that lot of ground, situate in Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, known as Lots No. 53, 54, 55 and 56 and bounded by Eberly and others.

DANIEL COBEL.

September, 15th, 1841.

DAVIES
Family Anti-Bilious Pills.

These valuable pills are very gentle in their operations, causing neither pain, griping nor any nauseous sickness. They exceedingly comfort and strengthe the stomach and bowels, and clearing the sight hearing and memory of aged persons, by carrying off phlegms, watery matter, putrid gross and thick humors from the stomach bowels and blood, which makes them so celebrated for removing coughs, rheumatisms, pains from the body and limbs, gravel, piles, sick stomach, disordered bowels and worms. This medicine is also an infallible cure for fever and ague.

☞ALSO,☜

Davies Panacea Blood Pills,

For the cure of comsumption, diseased wind-pipe, ulcerated sore throat, lungs and liver complaint, night sweats, flushes of heat, burning in the stomach, tightness across the chest, pains in the breast and side, inward cancers, piles, sore eyes, sore legs, ulcers of every description, swellings, rheumatisms; they stop the spitting of blood and heal the part affected. The Panacea Blood pills are prepared expressly for the strengthening of every part of the system and healing all ulcers and sores, purifying and removing all bad humors from the blood, which is often brought on from too much sitting on standing, or by exposure from sudden heat to cold. Weakly debilitated persons are particularly advised to use them, as they strengthen the body in a superior manner; they are not intended to operate on the bowels so much as on the blood, as too much purging will destroy any weakly constitution, and has carried off its thousands to a world unknown to us. Take the advice of one who studies to save life and not to kill; weakly and debilitated persons should not purge more than once a year as it often times brings on costiveness.

ALWAYS BEAR THESE IN MIND.

Stafford county, Va. Sept. 7 1840.

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I am glad.—When I saw you in Fredericksburg, I think I said I had been afflicted with a very acid (sour) stomach, and subject to a violent pain in my head for more than twenty years, for which I took rhubarb and soda three or four times every day for this many years, with little or no relief, and my legs and ankles were so much swelled that I was unable, at times, to attend to my business. But since you made me a present of a box of your Family Pills, I have taken one or two of them at night in going to bed, and now my acid stomach is relieved, the swelling in my legs has nearly disappeared, and I do not think that I have been hindered one day with the pain in my head since I began to take your valuable medicine. I think the Lord directed you to Fredericksburg, to administer to my relief. (Blessed be his holy name, I am greatly relieved.) There is living in my neighborhood a poor old woman who had been sick a long time and could get no relief, at length I purchased a box of your pills and gave them to her, after a while I saw her out and about her business, and she said that the one box had cured her. I have spread the fame of your valuable medicine amongst my acquaintances, and many have purchased. Now, as it respects myself, my friends tell me when I go to town, that they have not seen me look so well for many years, and I say to them, 'I will tell you the secret why; a short time ago I met with a Dr. Davies in town, and he gave me a box of pills, and they have made me look as you now see me.' And now, my friend, I hope that the Lord will continue to be with you, and make you useful to your fellow-creatures, as he has hitherto done. I remain with respect,

CHARLES BRUCE.

Several Females have been cured of the falling of the womb, by taking very small doses at intervals.

Harper's Ferry, August 11, 1840.

DR. WM. DAVIES.—Dear Sir:—I am happy to inform you and the public, that I have been cured of that dreadful disease the Rheumatism, by taking your Family Pills. I have been laboring under that disease for more than a year, during which time I tried the skill of the best physician without effect; at length I was induced to try your medicine; I found relief after taking half a box, I continued to take them until I had taken five boxes; my age is 71 years, and I consider that none but the old and rheumatic persons know how grateful I feel to the medicine that has restored me to health.

Yours, respectfully, JOHN DYE.

WE, the undersigned, are agents at Harper's Ferry for the sale of Dr. Davies' Family Pills, we know our neighbour, Mr. Dye, sold him the pills of which he speaks so highly, and believe his statement to be substantially true.

Respectfully, W. & S. B. ANDERSON.

Mrs. C. Burton, near Locust street, was diseased for seven years with a lump in the left side, bumps all over her skin pains around the small of her back running into her stomach, which prevented her (to use her own words,) from eating one particle of meat; the first dose removed the lump, and two boxes set her at liberty.

I was severely diseased with the blind piles for twenty months, and prostrated from the loss of blood; and one and a half boxes of Davies Family Pills has made an entire cure of me. J. JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C., May 7, 1841.

Manufactured and sold wholesale and retail, at No. 265 South third street Philadelphia, and by Mr. JOHN GRAY, Carlisle, general agent for Cumberland county Penna.

Also, for sale by W. & T. Loudon, Kingstown; Eckels & Fircoviil, Hogestown, M. G. Rupp, Shiremanstown, J. Longnecker, Wormleysburg; H. Brenenan, New Cumberland.

☞ Persons wishing to become agents in the villages in which the pills are not sold in Cumberland county, will be supplied with them by calling on Mr John Gray Carlisle, Pa., who is empowered to appoint agents. Family pills to those who purchase to sell again will be charged $2 per dozen cash, or $2.25 to sell on commission; and the Panacea Blood pills at $4 cash, or $4.50 on commission. Retail price for family pills, 25 cts. per box; Panacea Blood pills 50 cents per box. Full directions for using them accompany each box.

Carlisle, Sept. 15, 1841.—6m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to call immediately and settle their respective accounts, as after the 1st of October next, the books will be placed in the hands of William Irvine, Esq. for collection.

C. FOSTER.

Carlisle, Sept. 22, 1841.—3t.*

Miscellaneous.

From "The Gift" for 1842.

ELEONORA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I am of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Pyrros is my name. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled whether madness be or be not the loftier intelligence—whether much that is glorious—whether all that is profound—do not spring from disease of thought, from moods of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape the dreamers by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awaking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of that mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however, rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the "light ineffable," and, again, like the adventurers of the Nubian geographer, "They are caught in an ocean of difficulties because in that they would adventure a discovery."

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence—the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life; and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore, what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due; or doubt it altogether; or, if doubt it ye dare not, then play unto its riddle the Sphynx.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the "Valley of Many-Colored Grass." No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale; for it lay singularly far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beething around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and to reach our happy home there was need of putting back with force the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley—I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save Eleonora's eyes; and, winding stealthily in mazy courses, it passed away at length through a shadowy gorge among hills still dimmer than those from which it had issued. We called it the "River of Silence;" for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its old station, shining gloriously and for ever.

And the margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, and the spaces that extended from the brinks away down into the depths of the streams, until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom—these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girded it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so besprinkled throughout with the yellow-buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones of the love and of the glory of God.

And here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully toward the light that peered at noonday into the centre of the valley. Their bark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendors of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora—so that but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long tremulous lines, dallying with the zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria, doing homage to their sovereign, the sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years roamed I with Eleonora, before love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the waters of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day; and our words upon the morrow were tremulous and few.

We had drawn the god Eros from that wave; and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery souls of our fathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race, came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delicious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. A change fell upon all things.—Strange brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burst out upon the trees, where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened, and when, one by one, the white daises shrank away, there sprang up in place of them ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay, glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumage before us; and golden and silver fish haunted the river, and out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled at length into a lulling melody more divine than that of the Harp of Æolus, sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a vast and voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and settling in peace above us, sank day by day lower and lower, until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up, as if for ever, within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the seraphim—and here, as in all things referring to this epoch, my memory is vividly distinct. In stature she was tall, and slender even to fragility; the exceeding delicacy of her frame, as well as of the hues of her cheek, speaking faithfully of the feeble tenure by which she held existence. The lilies of the valley were not more fair. With the rose, lips and chin of the Greek Venus, she had the majestic forehead, the naturally-waving auburn hair, and the large luminous eyes of her kindred. Her beauty, nevertheless, was of that nature which leads the heart to wonder not less than to love. The grace of her motion was surely ethereal. Her fantastic step left no impress upon the asphodel—and I could not but dream as I gazed, enrapt, upon her alternate moods of melancholy and of mirth, that two separate souls were enshrined within her. So radical were her changes of countenance, that at one instant I fancied her possessed by some spirit of smiles, at another by some demon of tears.

She was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. No guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart—and she examined with me its inmost recesses, as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place. At length, having spoken, one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse—as in the songs of the Bard of Shiraz the same images are found occurring again and again in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of death was upon her bosom—that, like the ephemera, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die: but the terrors of the grave, to her, lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me, one still evening at twilight, by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entomed her in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, I would quit for ever its happy recesses, transferring the love which was now so passionately her own, to some maiden of the outer and every-day world.

And then and there I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow to herself and to Heaven that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of earth—that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the mighty Ruler of the universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of Him, and of her, a saint in Elysium, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; but she made acceptance of the vow—for what was she but a child? and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterward, tranquilly dying, that because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit, she would watch over me in that spirit when she departed, and if so it were permitted her, return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but if this thing were indeed beyond the power of the souls in Paradise, that she would at least give me frequent indications of her presence, sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And with these words upon her lips she yielded up her innocent life, putting end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far have I faithfully said; but, as I pass the barrier of Time's path formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed into the second era of my existence, I feel that a vague shadow gathers over my brain, and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on. Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still, with the aged mother of Eleonora, I dwelt within the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. A second change had come upon all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded, and only one by one the ruby-red asphodels withered away, and there sprang up in place of them, ten by ten, dark eye-like violets that quivered uneasily. And life departed from our paths; for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay, glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain, and bedecked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of Æolus, and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora—it died, little by little, away, in murmurs growing lower and lower, until the stream returned at length utterly into the solemnity of its original silence. And then, lastly, the voluminous cloud uprose, and abandoning the tops of the mountain to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels; and streams of a holy perfume floated ever and ever about the valley; and at lone hours when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often the night air; and once—oh, but once only—I was awakened from a slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon mine own.

But the void within my heart refused even thus to be filled. I longed—I madly pined for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley pained me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it for ever for the vanities and turbulent triumphs of the world.

I found myself within a strange Eestern city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamt in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangor of arms, and the radiant loveliness of woman, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. But as yet my soul had proved true to her vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly these manifestations ceased, and the world grew dark before my eyes, and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed, at the terrible temptations which beset me—for there came, from some far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a fair-haired and slender maiden, to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once—at whose footstool I bowed down, without a struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love.

What, indeed, was the passion I had once felt for the young girl of the Valley, in comparison with the madness, and the glow, and the fervor, and the spirit-stirring ecstacy of adoration with which I poured out my soul in tears at the feet of the lady Ermengarde! I looked down into the blue depths of her meaning eyes, and I thought only of them and of her. Oh, lovely was the lady Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other. Oh, glorious was the wavy flow of her auburn tresses! and I clasped them in a transport of joy to my bosom. And I found rapture in the fantastic grace of her step—and there was a wild delirium in the love I bore her when I started to see upon her countenance the radical transition from tears to smiles that I had wondered at in the long-lost Eleonora. I forgot—I despised the horrors of the curse I had so blindly invoked, and I wedded the lady Ermengarde.

I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked, and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And in the silence of the night there came once again through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me, and they modeled themselves into a sweet voice, saying—"Sleep in peace; for the spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth; and in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vow unto Eleonora."

YANKEE TRICK.—A correspondent at New Haven writes that an ingenious trick has been played off upon the passengers in one of the steamboats that plies between that port and New York. It will be recollected that in consequence of an opposition boat being put on the line, the fare in the steamboat New York was reduced to twelve and a half cents. The consequence, as might be expected, was that the boat was crowded with all sorts and ranks of people, from a small jug of Day & Martin, up to a four story dickey. Our correspondent sends us the following incident: "Our city is flooded with loafers from New York, as they come now for a shilling a head. A pretty trick was played on them last Sunday. As Saturday was rainy, the boat did not start till Sunday morning, when she had five or six hundred passengers. A few miles out they were called on for their passage money; and they began to haul out their shillings. But the captain said it was no go. The fare was a dollar and a half. But, said they, you advertised for 12½ cents. We did, said the captain, for week days, but the bills say, *Sundays excepted*. It would be impossible to describe the looks of the loafers as they came on shore."

The following eloquent speech was made not long since, by a young limb of Blackstone, to a court and jury, in one of the eastern counties of this State: "May the court please, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant in this cause, with all the fury of a fiend, emerged from the wilderness like a roaring lion, and in his gigantic strength, he seized my client by the collar, and—*tore his shirt!*"

There is no art, however trivial, that does not require some application at first.