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 Proprietors, at Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.

VOLUME XLIV.—NO. 6. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1841. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5,—NO. 51.

Trustees' Notice.

WHEREAS George Logue, by his last will and testament, dated the 7th March, 1811, did devise to three trustees, to be appointed by the will of his widow Jane Logue, to be sold upon the death of his said wife; and the proceeds thereof, after the payment of certain specific legacies, "to be divided among his brothers and sisters' children as tenants in common share and share alike," and the said Jane Logue by her will dated the 31st August, 1822, appointed John Proctor, William Irvine and Andrew Blair, who sold the said real estate and settled their account of the trust which was confirmed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county on the 9th August, 1841, and the said Court did decree that the balance in their hands should be distributed according to the will of the said George Logue, deceased.

Now 20th Nov. 1841, on motion of Fred'k. Watts, Esq., the Court do hereby order and decree that the said Trustees do give public notice in the Carlisle Herald and American Volunteer until the 1st January next, to all persons interested in the distribution of the said fund, that they appear on the second Monday of January next, at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Carlisle, and make their claims to their portion of the said fund, and shew cause why the said Court should not then make a distribution thereof according to the will of the said George Logue, dec'd.

By the Court.

Nov. 24, 1841.—6t.

Shoe Dealers,

Call and see the large lot of Boots and Shoes I bought at auction, which I intend to sell by the case or dozen, cheaper than ever.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Tannery for Rent.

The subscriber offers for rent the superior Tanning establishment, recently the property of David S. Forney, dec'd, situated on the corner of East and Louther streets, in the borough of Carlisle Pa.

It is the most complete property of the kind in the place of its location—having a large

Two Story Stone Dwelling HOUSE,

fine garden and all other buildings &c. necessary to carry on the tanning business.

Possession given on the 1st of April 1841. Terms made known on application to

P. F. EGE.

Opposite the Carlisle Bank.

November, 24, 1841.

WINTER GOODS.

I have just returned from the city with a second supply of Winter goods; such as Cloths, Cassimeres, Sattinetts, Flannels, Blankets, Shawls, &c. &c., which have been selected with care, and which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper, than at any other establishment in the borough.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

NOTICE.

Estate of Abraham Keckler, dec'd.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Abraham Keckler, late of Dickinson township, dec'd, have been issued in due form of law to the subscriber residing in said township: Notice is here by 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 subscriber.

JOHN KECKLER, Adm'r.

November 10, 1841.—6t.

NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Hays, dec'd.

LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of Joseph Hays, late of the borough of Carlisle, dec'd., have been issued in due form of law to the subscriber residing in said borough. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them for settlement, and those indebted are requested to make payment on or before the first of January next, to

JOHN HAYS, Exr.

Carlisle, Nov. 10, 1841.—6t.

Boots and Shoes.

50 Cases of boots and shoes received from auction, which I have purchased at prices that will enable me to sell cheaper than any other establishment in the county.

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

HATS & CAPS.

I have just returned from the city with the latest style of Fur, Cloth and Glazed Men's and Boys' Caps. Also, Brush Hats, for sale cheap, by

CHAS. BARNITZ.

Carlisle, Nov. 24, 1841.

Orphans' Court Sale.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cumberland county, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on Saturday the 11th of December, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described

TRACT OF LAND,

part of the real estate of Elizabeth Cornman, dec'd., situate and lying in the township of North Middleton, county aforesaid, bounded by lands of Henry Crall, George Keihl, David Brecht and the Conodoguinet creek, containing

145 Acres and 90 Perches,

strict measure. The improvements are a

Two Story Brick HOUSE,

& Double Log Barn,

The land is all cleared, except about 40 acres. There are about 12 acres of first rate meadow. There is a good Apple Orchard, and a first rate well of water. Said land is of the finest quality of slate land, and is about 2½ miles from Carlisle.

The terms of sale are as follows: One half of the purchase money to be paid on the first of April next, when possession will be given to the purchaser, the balance of the purchase money to be paid in two equal annual payments thereafter without interest, the purchaser to give approved security in the Orphans' Court by recognizance on the confirmation of the sale for the payment of said purchase money.

JACOB ZEIGLER, Trustee.

Nov. 10, 1841.—ts.

Six Cents Reward.

Ran away from the subscriber, residing in Lees' X Roads, Southampton township, Cumberland county, on the 15th of October last, an indented apprentice girl, named Martha McGuire: she is about 17 years of age, stout built, and is fair complected. She had on when she went away a calico frock and other clothing not recollected. Any person apprehending said girl shall receive the above reward, but no expenses. I hereby forwarn all persons from harboring her, as I am determined to prosecute according to law.

WILLIAM MAXWELL.

November 17, 1841.—3t.

NOTICE.

Estate of Alexander Anderson, dec'd.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Alexander Anderson, late of Allen township, dec'd., have been issued in due form of law to the subscriber residing in said township. 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 subscriber.

JAMES ANDERSON, Adm'r.

October 20, 1841.—6t.*

Agricultural.

KEEP YOUR LAND DRY.

The importance of draining is not duly appreciated, nor its practices well understood among us. Although water is indispensable to vegetation, too much of it is as hurtful as too little. It is necessary to the germination of the seed, to the decomposition of the vegetable matter in the soil—to the transmission of the food from the soil to the plant—to its circulation there—and to the maturity of the product. All these useful purposes are defeated, where water remains in the soil to excess—the seed rots, the vegetable matter which should serve as the food of the crop, remains unsoluble, in consequence of the absence of heat and air, which the water excludes; or if the seed grows, the plant is sickly, for want of its proper food, and there is consequently a virtual failure in the harvest. It is not from the surface only that we are to determine whether land is sufficiently dry to support a healthy vegetation; but we are to examine the surface stratum, into which the roots of the plant penetrate, and from which they draw their food. If this is habitually wet—if it grows marshy plants—if water will collect in a hole sunk fifteen inches below the surface, the land is too wet for cultivated crops, and means should be adopted to render it more dry. From my partial acquaintance with this country, I feel assured that much of your best land is rendered unfit for tillage, or the growth of the finer grasses, by reason of the excess of water, which passes or repose upon the sub-soil unnoticed by the cultivator. These lands are denominated cold and sour, they truly are so. Cold, sour lands are invariably wet lands below, if not upon the surface. But if the superfluous water were judiciously conducted by efficient under drains, (for the construction of which you possess the best materials in abundance,) these lands would be rendered warm and sweet, and highly productive, and the outlay would be repaid by the increased value of two or three of the first crops. Wet lands are generally rich lands abounding in vegetable matters, which water has preserved from decomposition, but which readily become the food of plants, when the water is drawn off. Let me imagine a case, which I am sure will be found to exist in many parts of your country.—There is a slope of a little hill, half a mile in extent, terminating in a flat forty rods wide, through which a brook meanders.—The soil on this slope and in this flat is of a light, porous quality, six to twelve inches deep, reposing on a sub-soil impervious to water, as clak, rock, or hardpan. By soil, I mean the upper stratum, in which vegetable matters are blended with earthy materials, and which constitutes the true pasture of plants. Near the top of this slope, all along in a horizontal level, or perhaps lower down, spouts or springs burst through the sub-soil, a thing very common in hilly districts, the waters from which, finding an easy passage *through* the loose soil, spread and run down the slope, and *upon the sub-soil*, and through the flat, till they find their level in the brook. A thermometer plunged down to the sub-soil, will indicate, at midsummer, a temperature probably not greater than 60 degrees, whereas to grow and mature many of our best farm crops, we require a heat in the soil of seventy or eighty degrees. How shall we remedy this evil, and render this land profitable to the occupant? Simply by making an underdrain or drains, in a gently inclining direction; a little below those spouts or springs, and, if practicable, somewhat under the sub-soil. Those will catch and conduct off the spouting waters, and by laying the lower plane dry and permeable to heat and air, develope all its natural powers of fertility.

I will suppose another case—that of a flat surface, underlaid by an impervious sub-soil. This is rendered unproductive or difficult to manage, by *stagnant* waters. The rain and snow waters, penetrating the soil, are arrested in their downward passage, by the sub-soil, which not having slope to pass them off, they remain and stagnate, and putrify, alike prejudicial to vegetable and animal health. The mode of draining such grounds and rendering them easy of management, is first, to surround the field with a good underdrain, and to construct a sufficient open drain to carry off the waters. Then with the plough, throw the land into ridges of twenty to thirty feet in breadth, according to the tenacity of the soil, in the direction of the slope, and sink an underdrain in each of the furrows between the ridges, terminating them in the lower cross drain. The materials of the underdrain, which are generally stones, should be laid so low as to admit of the free passage of the plough over them. The superfluous water, by the laws of gravitation, settle into these drains, and pass off, and the soil becomes dry, manageable and productive. An acquaintance called upon a Scotch farmer, whose farm had been underdrained in this way, and being informed that the improvement cost 16 dollars an acre, tile having been used, remarked that it was a costly improvement. "Yes," was the farmer's reply; "but it cost a deal mair *not to do it*," which he illustrated by pointing to an adjoining farm, like situated, which had not been drained, and was overgrown with rushes and sedge-grass, and then to his own fields teeming with luxuriance and rich in the indications of an abundant harvest.

I have dwelt upon the subject of draining with more detail, because I have personally realized its benefits, and am sure it may be extensively gone into with certain prospect of reward.—Judge Buel.

MY BIRTH DAY.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

"My birth day!—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful years,
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our sanity years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
'That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man; and false as vain,
Who said, 'were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done.'
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth days speak to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely—carelessly;
Of council mock'd—of talents made
Happly for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after love too far,
And taking every meteor-fire
That cross'd my pathway for his star.
All this it tells; and could I trace
Th' imperfect figure o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades—the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all would melt away—
All but that freedom the Mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me:
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly:
And that dear home and saving ark
Where Love's true light at once I've found;
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round."

"I GANNA BID HIM GANG, MITHER"

BY ANDREW MCMAKIN, ESQ.

I canna bid him gang, mither,
I cannot bid him gae,
Indeed 'twud break my heart, mither,
Gin he should chance obey.
He's ae sae kind and winsome
As we walk on the lea,
An' though the pride of fifty maids,
He ae returns to me.

Be sure he loe's the well, mither,
An' feyther too, I trow—
Then doo not bid him gang, mither,
And prayers will ever flow;
For he's ae sae kind and winsome,
An' brave I'm sure wad be
As ony lad on Scotia's heather,
Or e'en in Christendee.

Then do not bid him gang, mither,
An' steep my heart in woe—
Indeed 'twill break in twain, mither,
To bid dear Willie go:
For he's ae sae kind and winsome,
As we walk on the lea—
An' though the pried of fifty maids
He ae returns to me.

Miscellaneous.

LUCY WENDAL,
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going round by Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendal."

"Lucy Wendal! Who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been outbargained and outwitted till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, a pretty fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to ——— street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the goddess of wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say, it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust.

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop every afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang on the crabbed, bare stem of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misplaced, and I felt it to be so, when I looked into her serene and sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed.

"It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you; and not to waste your strength in seeking to do good, or obtain pleasures beyond your sphere. This is true wisdom, and this was Lucy Wendal's. At last there came to this obscure family what comes to all—death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city.

"The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go the house. She received me gratefully and as an old friend; for though we never exchanged a word, there had been occasionally an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiring into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but that a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the art and craft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman, and on the warm recommendation of Lucy's friends, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for labor.

"In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor, I have been intending for some time to call at Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop—'John Ross, glove manufacturer.'—This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! you might know such a man would succeed in the world. He would have been a resolute general, a safe statesman; but here he is, an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; 'nothing truer than the old couplet,

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the merit lies."

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from this trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out.—Now we have a clear field, let us go in.

"*Mr. Ross, I believe?*"

"The same, ma'am."

"I call, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmass."

"I have a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

The old man's humor required me to be explicit. "Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendal."

"Ay, Lucy Wendal did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name that I did not clearly comprehend. It might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you."

"Was you a friend to Lucy Wendal, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were lying on the counter, and tied up the bundle, and laid it on the shelf. "You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiries. I am afraid some misfortune has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about beginning a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendal came to me she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely and tidy, that she was a pretty resting place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop as white to black. She just sat quiet in one corner, and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You must know what a parcel of girls is, ma'am, dinging from morning to night like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different. She made herself neat and trig in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon, when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to have their jokes about her, and call her the little parson: but she only preached in her actions, and this is what I call practical preaching, ma'am. She was a little master workman with her needle. I never had a match for her since I first began business; but (you know, ma'am, there is always a but in this life,) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could not bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin, Amy Bunce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folk's love is like an unbroken colt, that will neither mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that any thing was going wrong till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat—and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted the money for, he looked rather sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own it; but it is young folk's business to mind; and 'Children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John. I had not any suspicion about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin was what he could have no reasonable objection to, what I had long fixed upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked cast down; but he saw I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time, and I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door is set with glass—I saw Lucy was finishing off a pair of gloves: my son was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him, and he insisted on her trying them on her hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met *without gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service at once. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say that he stood by her like a man. He said this was a matter in which he could not obey me. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my having hitherto been a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of doing a wrong to be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this; but you know that anger is said to be a short madness, and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the stinging sense that we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried and was too much frightened to speak, and it ended with my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

"The next morning, they had both cleared out, and every body thought they had gone off to be married; and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain—that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her, and when I answered 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but hear me out. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if *he* only had been wrong. He begged my pardon, and promised to obey me in every thing except marrying Amy Bunce. 'I have given up Lucy, father,' he said, 'but I cannot marry any body else.' I forgave him—from the bottom of my heart I forgave him—and I longed to ask him to forgive me, but I had not come quite to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak so to the heart, there would be no sin left in the world. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers and the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed a parent—said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again.—The paper was blistered with tears from top to bottom: but, saving and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it. My heart melted within me. I found her that night, and without loss of time, brought her back to my house, and then," he added, walking hastily to the farther extremity of the shop, and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and short of it."

And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend, had become a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness, when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

ALARIC, GENSERIC, & ATTILA,
Who overran ancient Rome with their Goths and Vandals.

First, Alaric, at the head of the Goths; overran Italy, impelled by the breath of Jehovah, as a vessel is driven by the tempest. He goes not in his own strength merely; but seems urged and sustained by a mighty, yet invisible power. A monk met him in the midst of his career and conjured him to turn back. "It is not in my power," replied the barbarian; "an irresistible impulse forces me onward to the overthrow of Rome." Three times he surrounded the eternal city with his sea of soldiers: and three times, like the ebbing tide, he retired from it. An embassy of citizens was at length despatched to his camp, recommending him to abandon his enterprize, and assuring him that he would else encounter an army thrice as numerous as his own. "So much the better," replied this reaper of men; "the thicker the grass, the more easily it is mown."

At length, however, he acceded to their request, on condition of receiving, as a recompense for his clemency, all the gold, silver, precious stones and barbarian slaves that the city contained. "What, then, will remain to the inhabitants?" demanded the ambassadors. "Life!" replied Alaric.

The Romans, of necessity, submitted to the severe terms of the conqueror, and delivered to him five thousand pounds weight of gold; thirty thousand pounds of silver; four thousand tuntes of silk; three thousand scarlet skins; and three thousand pounds of pepper. The vanquished inhabitants, for their ransom, had melted the golden statute of Courage, which they called the Martial Virtue.

Genseric, at the head of the Vandals, passed into Africa, and marched toward Carthage, where the wrecks of Rome had taken refuge. He arrived before the city; and while his troops were mounting the ramparts, the people were descending to the circus. Without, was the tumult of arms; and within, the resounding echoes of the games; at the foot of the walls were the shrieks and curses of those who had slipped in gore and fell in the melee; on the steps of the amphitheatre, were the songs of musicians and the sound of accompanying flutes.

After taking full possession of the city, Genseric presented himself at the circus, and commanded its guards to open the gates. "To whom?" said they: "To the king of the earth and the sea," replied the conqueror.

Not content with the subjugation of Carthage, Genseric now prepared for further victories. He did not know what people dwelt on the earth, but he panted to destroy them. He embarked his army on the sea, and when the pilot demanded what course he should steer, his answer was, "Where God pleases to send me."

"Against what nation do you make war?"

"Against that which God wills to punish."

The last of this trio of conquerors was Attila, whose destination was Gaul.—Wherever he encamped, his army covered the space of three cities. A captive King mounted guard at the tent of each of his generals; and at his tent one of his own generals stood sentinel. He disdained the gold and silver vessels of Greece, and feasted on raw flesh served in dishes of wood. As he passed with his army on the banks of the Danube, arrested for the moment by its deep and turbulent current, a shepherd led the way to a ford across the Palus Mæotides, and disappeared. Having surmounted this obstacle, he swept like a torrent over the Eastern Empire, making Leo the Second and Zeno Isauricus his tributaries. He strode with disdain through Rome, already ruined by Alaric, and at length planted his foot on that portion of the earth which is now called France.—Here his devastating progress left but two cities standing, Troyes and Paris. By day, the earth was crimsoned with blood: and at night, the blazing homes of the slaughtered inhabitants illuminated and reddened the firmament: Children were suspended by the leg to trees, and abandoned, alive, to birds of prey. Maidens were crushed under chariot wheels. Old men were fastened to the necks of goaded horses that rushed with them to destruction. Five hundred blazing cities designated the march of the King of the Huns across the world, and a desolate wilderness occupied the intervals between them.

"The grass itself will not grow," said the exterminator, "after the steed of Attila has trampled it!"

Every thing concerning these envoys of celestial vengeance is extraordinary.

Alaric, when about to embark for Sicily, died at Cosentia. His soldiers, aided by their army of prisoners, turned the course of the Busento, and dug a deep trench for his corpse in the midst of the channel.—They then heaped over the body gold and jewels and precious stuffs, turned back the current of the river to its original bed, and massacred the slaves who had aided in the task, that the secret of the sepulture might remain untold.

Attila expired in the arms of his bride, Ildico: and the Huns made incision beneath their eyes with the points of their swords, that with the blood of men, and not the tears of women, they might bewail the loss of their conquering chieftain. The flower of his soldiers kept watch during the day over his body, chanting warlike songs. At night, they enclosed the corpse in three coffins—one of gold, another of silver, and the last of iron—and buried it privately on a bed of arms, flags, and precious stones; and, as in the case of Alaric, to prevent the secret of this sepulchral wealth from transpiring, the grave diggers were pushed into the tomb and interred alive with the dead.

Mexico.—There has been a new revolution in this country, of which the following articles afford a view of the prominent particulars.

The Movement of Santa Anna.—Santa Anna, it is said, has declared himself Dictator of Mexico, and has promised to restore the Constitution of 1824. Other accounts say that he was in treaty with Bustamente, but that his real object was to assume all power. "He arrived at the capital with his troops, on the night of the 2d September, about three o'clock, captured by assault the fort of San Francisco, one of the strongest holds of Bustamente, and also the fort of St. Geronimo.—Most of the officers and men captured, immediately enrolled themselves among St. Anna's party. On the 2d, Bustamente, with 1500 infantry, and 500 cavalry, attacked one of the posts of Santa Anna, but being resisted by 500 men of the corps of Peubla and Largas was repulsed with great loss, and retired, leaving on the ground his killed and wounded.—Gen. Galindo, on the same day, with 700 men, abandoned the cause of Bustamente and joined Santa Anna.—The Censor says, that at the last accounts General Santa Anna had completed the beseiging line around the Capital, with the prospect of its early surrender.

Letters from Vera Cruz state that all was confusion, and that it was impossible to predict the result, although it was hoped that a compromise would be effected between the parties. General Victoria had been called in as a mediator.

Crowning the Wisest.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly.—Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which those devotees of pleasure resorted, in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn-out fashionists in the party.—His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American.—They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping, by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies, who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After a few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the wisest." This is played by selecting a judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling, required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure, treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air most ineffable condescention put his question.

"If I understand rightly the government of your country, you acknowledge no distinction of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman, you will favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American smiling, "I would reccommend the Falls of Niagara—a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humiliation to the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler and arouses the most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God is only Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether applause or censure, the American could not determine; as he did not choose to betray anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew, were bent on him.

The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachoed and whiskered like a diplomist, which station he had been coveting. His voice was bland, but his emphasis was very insignificant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people, and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation.

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government, which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countrymen are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and