Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

PUBLICATION TOVIDIBLE TO THE TO THE TOP TO

VOLUMB XIV.

Caruste, Pa. Bebroary 22, 1042.

HERALD & EXPOSITOR. Office, Centre Square, S. W.

Corner, at the Old Stand. TERMS OF PUBLICATION: The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on adouble royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS, per annum, payable within three months from the time of subscribing; on Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, at the end of the year. months, and no paper discontinued until all ar

No subscription will be taken for less than six rearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher, and a failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement. Advertising will be done on the usual terms. Letjers to insure attention must be post paid.

United States Court, EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA In Bankruptcu.

DOTICE.

DETITIONS for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law, has been filed by DAVID FREE, Farmer and Carpenter,

Cumberland to

ANDREW BARRICK, late Distiller, now JOHN SOURBECK, late Merchant, now

JOHN SOURBECK, late Merchant, now lankeeper, do. JEREMIAH MYERS, Farmer, do. MICHAFL M. EGE, late Manager & Clerk Mount Holly Iron Works, and SATURDAY the 29th day of APRIL next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptey, at the District Court Room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitionery, who have proved their Debts, and all persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharges and Certificates should not be granted.

FRAS_HOPKINSON. granted. FRAS_HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court,
Phila. Feb. 15, 1843. 10-16

NOTICE. Law, have been filed the 4th Feb. 1843, by
JOHN STOUGH, late Merchant of the firm
of Stough and Brewster, now Innkeeper,
Cumberland co.

ISAAC MITTEN, Shocmaker, and FRIDAY the 3d day of MARCH next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptey, at the District Court Room in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Cieditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their debts, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Petitions should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

Phil. Feb. 8, 1843.

worred. DE PIPIONS for Discharge and Certi-

I6th Jan. 1813, by
JOSEPH OTTO, Carpenter and Cabinet
maker,
SAMUEL DAVIDSON, Tanner & Currier;
and as a Butcher in Company with John nad as a Butcher in Company was not as a Butcher in Company of Davidson, EDWARD HELFENSTEIN, formerly of Dayfon, Ohio, merchant, now Clerk, WILLIAM H. WOODBURN, Late Merchand Farmer. with LIAM II. WOOD.

chant and Farmer,
GAMUEL SMITH, (individually and, as a
Member of the firm of Smith and Quigley,)
Merchant, Miller, and Distiller and ForCumberland co. warding Merchant. Cumberle GEORGE FLEMING, formerly printer and

publisher, late contractor on Public Works, do and FRIDAY the 31st day of MARCH, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, hefore the said Court, sitting in Bankrupicy, at the District Court room in the City of Philadelphia, when a d where the creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their debts, and all persons interested, may appear and show cause, if my they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not constant.

Clerk of the District Co. Phila. Jan. 18, 1848.

NOTICE. ETITIONS for Discharge and Certi-

ficate under the ed by
CONRAD HAD, Farmer, Cumberland co.
JOHN McCORMICK, Trader, ...do.
JOHN M. WOODBURN, late Merchant &
Iron Master of the firm of John M. Woodburn & Co., Joseph Laughlin and Co. and.
James Wilson, Agent, do.
JOSEPH W. PATTON, late Iron Master, do.
JOSEPH W. PATTON, late Iron Master, do.
MICHAEL P. EGE, Partners of the firm
of M. P. & J. A. Ege,
late Iron Masters, do. ficate under the Bankrupt Law, have been fil-

JAMES COLE, Tailor, de FREDERICK A. KENNEDY, late Coach Maker, do. and FRIDAY the 31st day of MARGH next, at Ho'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptey, at the of, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptey, at the District Courtroom in the City of Philadelphin, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debts, and all other persons in inhave proved their Leons, and an one, if any they have, terest/may appear and show cause, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,

ranted. FRAS. HOPKINSON, Clerk of the District Court. Phila. Jan. 4, 1843.

NOTICE. PETITION for Discharge and Certi-A PETITION for Discharge and Certificate under the Bankrupt Law has been filed by WILLIAM DEAN, Saddler, Cumberland.co. WILLIAM B. MILLEGAN, Coach Maker, do. and FRIDAY the 24th day of FEBRUARY next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said. Court, sitting in Bankruptcy, at the District Court Reom, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debis, and all other persons in interest, may appear and show cause/if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court.
Phila. Dec. 14, 1842.

EEDIFOUZ. DETITIONS for Discharge and Certi-

JACOB A. RAUM, Innkeeper, Cumberland co.
WILLIAM NOAKER, Saddler & Distiller, do.
JOHN DAVIDSON, Millwright and late Butcher in Company with Samuel Davidson, do. and FRIDAY the 10th day of MARCH next, at 11 and FRIDAY the 10th day of MARCH next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. is appointed for the hearing thereof, before the said Court, sitting in Bankruptey, at the District Court room, in the City of Philadelphia, when and where the Creditors of the said Petitioners, who have proved their Debtz and all other persons in interest, may appear and show enuse, if any they have, why such Discharge and Certificate should not be granted.

FRAS. HOPKINSON,
Clerk of the District Court.
Phila. Dec. 28, 1842.

Ladies Cap Strings. UST opening a supply of Steel Cap Springs, for Ladles Caps, Snaps for Cloak Pastenings, Shawl Hair Pins, Metal Eylets by the gross or dozen Eviet Punches, Purse Trim GEO. W. HITNER. November 9, 1842.

DWELLING HOUSES FOR RENT.

WILL be rented from the 1st of April next, that
two story Stone HOUSE and lot of Ground,
in East Main street, in this borough, now occupied
by Rev, Mr. Moore.
Also the two adjoining Houses, both of which are
at present being handsomely repaired.
Persons desirous of renting may know the terms
by calling on the understoned. by calling on the undersigned.
EUWARD ARMOR, or
SARAH ARMOR.
Carlisle, Dec. 14, 1842.

TETEO & The following beautiful lines by Mrs. Sigour ney, are in the London "Forget Me Not for 1843." and are also contained in "Pleasant Memories o

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

FROM ST. HELENA. Ho! City of the gay! Paris! what festal rite Doth all thy thronging million forth-All eager from the sight? Thy soldiers line the streets In fixed and stern array With buckled helm and bayonet, As on the battle-day,

By square, and fountain side, Heads in dense masses rise, And tower and battlement, and tree, Are studded thick with eyes. Comes there some conqueror home. In triumph from the fight, With spoil and captives in his train, The trophies of his might ?

The "Arc de Triomphe" glows! A martial host are nigh, France pours in long succession forth Her pomp of chivalry. No clarion marks their way No victor triump is blown; Why march they on so silently, Told by their tread alone?

Behold! in glittering show, A gorgeous car of state! The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of go Bow down beneath its weight; And the noble war-horse, led Caparisoned along, Seems fiercely for his lord to ask, As his red eye seans the throng.

Who rideth on you car? The incense flameth high. Comes there some demi-god of, old? No answer!-No reply! Who rideth on you car? No shouts his minions raise, But by a lotty chapel dome

A king is standing there. And with uncovered head Receives him in the name of France, Receiveth whom ?-the dead ! Was he not buried deep In island cavern drear, Girt by the sounding ocean surge? How came that sleeper here?

Was there no rest for him Beneath a peaceful pall, That thus he i rake his stony tomb, Ere the strong angel's call? Hark! Hark! the requieff swells, A tleep soul theilling strain! An echo, never to be heard* By-mortal car again.

A requiem for the chief, Whose flat millions slew, The soaring eagle of the Alps, The crushed at Waterloo:-The banished who returned; The dead who rose again; And rode in his shroud the billows, proud, To the sunny banks of Scine.

They laid him there in state. The warrior strong and bold, The imperial crown, with jewels bright, Upon his ashes cold : While round those columns proud The blazoned banners weive, That on a hundred fields be won.

With the hearts-blo al of the brave. And sternly there kept goard His veterans scarred and old, Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge, Or purple Leipsic told. Yes, there, with arms reversed. Slow pacing, night an 1./ ... Close watch, beside the collin kept

Those veterans grim and gray. A cloud is on their brow .-Is it sorrow for the dead? O memory of the fearful strife. Where their country's legions fled ? Of Borodino's blood? Of Beresina's wail? The horrors of that dire retreat.

Which turned old History pale? A cloud is on their brow .-Is it sorrow for the dead ? Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft By Russian tempests sped? Where countless mounds of snow Marked the poor conscripts' grave, And pierced by frost and famine sank The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps The gathered darkness mock, And velvet drapes his hearse, who died On bare Helena's rock; And from the altar near, A never ceasing hyum Is lifted by the chanting priests Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one, and proud! In the land where shadows reign, Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those Who at thy nod were slain? Oh, when the cry of that spectral host. Like a rushing blast shall be, What will thine answer be to them? And what thy God's to thee? Paris, Dec. 15, 1840.

The music of the grand and elaborate requiem, performed at these obsequies, was immediately destroyed, to preclude its repetition on any other occa-

LINES TO A LADY.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N. As soft as falls the silken shade: Let every sorrow be Which grief, or care, or hope delayed.

May ever tast on thee. And sweetly glide thine hours away, As music from the string Of woodland lyre, while o'er it stray The fragrant airs of spring.

And let each joy be pure and bright Some tender theme of new delight To cheer thy pensive hours. And as a soft melodious lay Dies on the still of even

May thy rapt spirit pass away,

And mingle into Heaven.

TAOTIZOLEA BUT From Godey's Lady's Book for Feb. BACHELOR BOB'S DISCOVERIES.

DY N. P. WILLIS.

Sad were the lays of merry days, And sweet the songs of sadness."

"Come !" said bachelor Bob, as he hitched his chair closer to the table, "quite alone, half-past twelve, and two tumblers of toddy for heart-openers, what say you to a little friendly inquisition into your mortal felicity? You were the gayest man of my acquaintance ten years ago; you are the gravest now ! Yet you swear by your Lares and Penstes, that, (up to the lips as you are in care and trouble,) you never were so happy as in these latter days. Do you swear this to me from a 'way you have, "of hanging out trap for the world, or are you under a little innocent delusion?"

Bob's hobby is the theory of happiness! Riches and poverty, matrimony and celibacy, youth and age, are objects of contemplation to Bob, solely with reference to their comparitive capacity for bliss. He speculates and talks about little else, indeed, and his intercourse with his friends seems to have no other end or aim than to collect evidence us to their happiness and its caus-

es. On this occasion he was addressing a friend of mine, Smith, who had been a its back after reading these lines. "You gay man in his youth, (a merry man, truth feel that way ! credat Judgus! But there to say, for he was in a perpetual breeze are some other poetical lies here-what do of high spirits,) but who had married, you mean by we met but yesterday, and and fallen behind-hand in his worldly af- we part to morrow,' when I know you fairs and so grown care-worn and thought- dangled after that widow a whole season ful. Smith was rather a poet, in a quiet at the Baths?" way, though he only used poetry as a sort ": Why," said Smith, with one of his of longer plummet when his heart got off old laughs, "there was a supplement to soundings. I am indebted to Bob for such an outpouring, of course. The rethe specimens of his verse-making which ply to my verses, was an invitation to join.

of it. Let me see, what proof can I ses of my more soher days, you may like are. visage ?"'

Smith mused a moment, and reaching same hallucination." over to a desk near his elbow, drew from its private drawer a book with locked covers. It was a well filled manuscript volume, and seemed a collection of prose and verse intermixed. The last page was still covered with blotting paper, and seemed recently written.

"I am no poet," said Smith, coloring slightly. "but it has been a habit of mine ever since my callow days, to record in verse all feelings that were too warm for prose; sometimes in the fashion of a soliloquy, (scripta verba,) sometimes in verses to the dame or damsal to whom I was indebted for my ignition. Let me see, Bob! we met in Florence, I think ?"

" For the first time abroad, yes!" "Well, perhaps that was the gayest time; certainly I do not remember to have been any where more gay or reckless .-Florence, 1832, um-here are some lines written that summer; do you remember the beautiful Irish widow you saw at one of the casino balls? addressed to her flirt that she was! Butshe began all her flirtations with all her sorrows, and if she tried you on, at all-"

"She didn't!" interrupted Bob. "Well, if she had, you would have been humbugged with her tender melancholy, as I was. 'Here are the verses, and if ever I 'turned out my lining to the moon,' they are true to my inner soul in those days of frolic. Read these, and then turn to the last page and you will find as true a daguerrootype of the inner light of my mop-

ing days, written only yesterday." Tis late-San Mare is beating three As I look-forth upon the night; The stars are shining tranquilly, And Heaven is full of silver light; The air blows freshly on my brow-Yet why should I be waking now !

I've listened, lady, to thy tone, Till in my car it will not die; I've felt for sorrows not my own, Till now I cannot put them by ; And those sad words and thoughts of thine Have breathed their sadness into mine.

Fis long-though reckoned not by years-Since, with affections chilled and shocked, I dried a boy's impassioned tears, And from the world my feelings locked-The work of but one bitter day, In which were crowded years of pain;

And then I was as gay, again, And thought that I should be, for aye! The world lay open wide and bright. And I became its lightest minion, And flew the worldling's giddy hight With reckless and impetuous pinion-Life's tide, with me, had turned from shore

Ere yet my summers told a score.

And years have passed, and I have seemed Happy to every eye but thine, And they whom most I loved have deemed There was no lighter heart than mine; And, save when some wild passioned tone Of music reached the sleeping nerve, Or when, in illness and alone, My spirit from its bent would swerve, My heart was light, my thoughts were free, I was the thing I seemed to be.

I came to this bright land, and here. Where I had thought to nerve my wings To soar to a more lofty sphere, And train myself for sterner things-The land where I had thought to find No spell but beauty breathed in stone-To learn idolatries of mind,

And leave the heart to slumber on-The sad, dumb angel of my breast; And, as the long, long silence breaks Of a strong inward lip suppressed,

It seems to me as if a madness Had been apon my brain alway-As if 'twere frenzy to be gay,
And life were only sweet in sadness! Words from my lips to-night have come. That have for years been scaled and dumb.

It was but yesterday we met, We part to-morrow. I would fain With thy departing voice forget Its low, deep tone, and seal again My feelings from the light of thay To be to-morrow only gay 1 But days will pass, and nights will creep. And I shall hear that voice of sadness With dreams, as now, w touched by sleep, And spirits out of tune weigladness; And time must wear, and lame spur on, Before that victory is re-won!

And so forewell! I would not be Forgotten by the only heart To which my own breathefealm and free, And let us not asstrangers part! And we shall meet again, perhaps, More gaily than we're parting now; For time has, in its briefest lapse, A something which clears up the brow, And makes the spirits calm and bright --And now to my sad dreams !- Good night!

"What a precious hypocrite you were r the merriest dog in Florence!" exclaimed Bob, as he laid the book open on

I am about to give, as well as for the their party the next morning, in a pilgriconversation which brought them to light. mage to Vallombrosa, and once attached to "Why," said Smith, " you have stated that lady's suite, va pour tonjours! or as a dilemma with two such inevitable horns. long as she chose to keep you. Turn to give you that I am a happier man than I to read one more flourish like the last. used to be, spite of my chapfallen Those were addressed to the same belle dame, and under a conditionice of the

Bob gravely read :-

My hearts a heavy one to-night, Dear Mary, thinking upon thee-I know not if my brain is right, But Wery thing locks shik to me . I parted from thy side but now, I listened to thy mornful tone, I gazed by starlight on thy brow, And we were there unseen-alone

I caimot set my héart at rest! Thou lov stme. Thanks, oh, God, for this? If I should never sleep again-If hope is all a mock of bliss-I shall not now have lived in vain ! I care not that my eyes are aching With this dull fever in my lids-I care not that my heart is breaking For happiness that Fate forbids-

The one sweet word that thou hast spoken, The one sweet look I met and blessed, Would cheer me if my beart were broken-Would put my wildest thoughts to rest! d know that I have pressed thy fingers Upon my warm lins unforbid --

I know that in thy memory lingers A thought of me, like treasure.hid--Though to my breast I may not press thee, Though I may never call the mine, I know-and, God, I therefore bless thee !--No other fills that heart of thine And this shall light my shadowed track!

-I take my words of satiness! B. What had that flirting widow to de with the gentle name of Mary?" exclaimed Bob, after laughing very heartily at the point blank take-in confessed in these very solemn verses. "Enough of love-melancholy, however my dear Smith! Let's have a look at the poetical side of care and trouble. What do you call it?"

THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAP-PINESS.

Have enough, oh, God! My heart, to-night, Runs over with the fulness of content; And as I look out on the fragrant stars, And from the beauty of the night take in My priceless portion -yet myself no more Than in the universe a grain of sandfeel ilis glory who could make a world, Yet, in the lost depths of the wilderness, Leave not a flower imperfect!

Rich, though poor ! My low-roofed cottage is, this hour, a Heaven! Music is in it -- and the song she sings, -That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear Of my young child, awake upon her knee: And, with his calm eye on his master's face, My noble hound lies couchant; and all here--All in this little home, yet boundless Heaven--Are, in such love as I have power to give, Blessed to overflowing!

Thou who look'st Upon my brimming heart, this tranquil eye, Knowest its fulness, as Thou dost the dew Sent to the hidden violet by Thee! . And, as that flower from its unseen abode. Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky, Changing its gift to incense -- so, oh, God! May the sweet drops that to my humble cup Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in praye ragrance at thy throne welcome!

but the happiness of Christian resignation, after all." "On the contrary," said Smith, "noth-

ing makes me so wicked as care and trouble. I always had, from childhood, a disrather like a Devil than a Christian."

hat, "Good night, and God prosper you! And as to your happiness?" "Well, what is the secret of my happiiess, think you?"

"Matrimony," replied Bob.

"I never laughs when I tell a lie."

guiling themselves of the lapse of days and hours, and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities: but as a neto rouse their drooping energies, and blamthat argument would scarcely help me out the next page. Before coming to the ver- God, for having placed them where they

Modesty.-Beauty is never so lovely the veil of retiring modesty. The most the clearness, closenesss, simplicity, and attracts and charms the senses, never appears so lovely as when it is beheld sweetly peeping from the midst of its curtain of ing severity with which he enforced them, a plan through the Lancacter Examiner to green leaves, which serves partially to proteet it from the sun and elements, and grandure of his style. Along the swelling of the public debt. After going through which renders its charms doubly interesting and beautiful.

have passed between a venerable old lady self. And what, what was his thome that dollars-just about enough to pay off the and a certain judge supported on the right day? The Constitution, it popular origin, which can be done at fifty per cent. disand on the left by his humble associates; its paramount power, its entire independent of the count. My project therefore is, for the and the old lady was called up to give ev. dence of State control or interference, the ladies to turn all this jewelry into coin-

net, Madam.

Lady,-I would rather not, sir. P. J .- I desire you to put off your bon-

L.—I am informed that in public assemblies the woman should cover the head ._ savage smile that quivered, flickered, and Such is the custom; and, of course I will played around Lis mouth and over his not take off my bonnet.

P. J. Why you are a pretty woman, indeed; I think you had better come and invective, or poured out in mingled mirth take a seat on the Lench.

L .- I thank you kindly, sir; but I real-

remembrance of old age."

To FORM A HEALTHY BODY .- If you since, of the Secretary of State, when the would see the son of your prayers and gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Proflit) had hopes blooming with health, and rejoicing interrupted him in the midst of a sentence. daily in the full and sparkling tide of His mind was then filled with the man; and youthful buoyancy, if you wish him to be he had been thinking what was to be or strong and athletic, and careless of fatigue- could be his fate. His present position be not discomposed at a sight of his, sand was a most unnatural one. Daniel Webhills on the road, his snow forts in Feb ster united with John Tyler, and that on a ruary, and his mud dams in April; nor State-rights principle in a Government when you chance to look out in the midst bank! It was one of the funniest sights of an August shower, and see him wading he had ever witnessed in the whole of his and sailing and sporting along with the life! No. Mr. Webster could not remain watter fowl. If, you would make him there; it was unnatural that he shouldhardy and fearless, let him go abroad as Mr. M. had been saying that Webster was Bob paused a moment after reading often as he pleases, in his early boyhood, a great man; and so he was. He had reand amuse himself by the hour together, marked that people called him cold, but he "They seem in earnest," he said, "and in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks did not think he was cold. He certainly live with you. will sooner believe you were happy when of winter. Instead of keeping him shut had not been cold when Mr. Missaw him. you wrote these, than that you were sad up all day with a stove, and graduating Some said that he stood among men like port yourself? when you wrote the others. But one thing his sleeping room by Fahrenheit, let him Mount Blanc among the mountains. If it I remark, added Bob, "the devout feel- face the keen edge of the north wind, was true that the light that besined around to Then do it is ing in these lines written when you are when the mercury is below cypher; and his browwas without heat-like that corohappier ; for it is commonly thought, that instead of minding a little shivering and nal of beame which evening wreathed atribulation and sadness give the first reli- complaining when he returns, cheer up bout the mountains at mankinds tradesmen make money by them.

POLITICAL.

Marshall's Eulozy on Daniel Webster.

KEEP YOUR COUNTENANCE.—A very saw and heard him for the first time put should expect old ocean itself to be driven good lady in Boston had in her employ- forth his vast powers in debate. The Dem- from its primeval bed, and poured with all ment a young man from the country. On occatic prints sometimes call him the god- its waves into that flaming, crater. But certain occasions he was instructed to in- like, in derision. To me that day he that he was to be extinguished thus, and form any company, who might ring at the seemed almost divine. He looked the Ol- now, it seemed monstrous! Above all, door, that "Mrs. ---, was not at home." ympian Ion in Council. Had celestial that his fires were to be put out by the gen-One day John made this reply to an inti- wisdom chosen a mortal residence, on that theman from Indiana, (Mr. Proffit,) the genmate friend of the lady, who shortly went majestic brow she might have fixed her theman from Virginia, (Mr. Wise,) and away leaving a card and a promise to call throne. The massive grandure, philosophereven the gentleman from Massachusetts, again. As the card was handed to Mrs. ic cast, and tigorous contour of the head, (Mr. Cushing,) it was like the attempt of -- , she said, "John, what did you say all give infallible indication of the posses- some mischievous little urchins to put out to the lady," "I told her you were not at sion and intense exertion of the higher fac- the mighty Vesuvius with a squirt, Roars home," "Well, John, I hope you did not ulties of reasoning and investigation, con- of laughter.) laugh," "Oh, no ma'am," said John, trasted, yet harmonized, with the wild and There were types enough, even to a man

The following conversation is said to every part the rich perfumes of poetry it- ladies to be eighteen and a half millions of dence:

universality of its powers where they did buy up the State stock and make a present of it to the State. There is one thing.

and scorn upon the peculiar doctrines of the ly think there are old woman enough there | South, scattering sophisms, retorting sar- babble are all smart. casm, and flinging defiance upon the hunters of the South and of the West, who LOVE, according to Napoleon, "is the pressed and swarmed around the lion they occupation of an idle man, the amuse, had roused. And shall he, my master, ment of a basy one, and the shipwreck of come here now to unteach me all, all-

finition of it much better. He says and Mr. Marshall ceased to speak. A day Love is the perpetual dream of youth, or two afterwards, Mr. M. again obtained the recreation of maturer years, and the the floor, and spoke of Mr. Webster as follows:

Mr. M. had been speaking, a day or two

full eruption. The gentleman, his col-

sion made upon my imagination by the by some mighty convulsion of Nature; great Senator from Massachusetts when I nothing clae could avail to put it out. He -

He had studied the history of all nations, Philistines, laugh. These individuals will often tell you, and extracted the universal truths impres- It might be that his glorious power of with an air of affected compassion—for sed upon them all, that he might apply vision would never return; but Mr. M. yet who can believe it real ?-that "poor, dear, them to the peculiar constitution and prac- thought that with him his thick locks would mamma is working herself to death."—
tical affairs of his own. He had bathed in grow ngain; that his strength would come the fountains and quaffed from the genuine back to him; and that, in some one of their should assist her, than they declare that sources of knowledge and of truth, and triamphant holyday feasts, the strong man she is in her element—in short, that she came thence imbued and rocking with the would get between the round and massy would never be happy if she had only half essence of philosophy, while he trampled pillars of their strength, and, if he was mal categories of a tecnical logic. Yet

accuracy of his statement of general propovolume of his speech rolled proud philoso- details of an estimate she thus concludes; phy, seated in the triumphal car, clad in the gorgeous vestments, and breathing from jewelry in the hands of our Pennsylvania Court of the Union of all questions in which debt in the world—and it will certainly be their existance was involved. These no very great hardship, for us to dispense mighty principles were the very burden of with our jewelry for a short time. And his discourse. Heavens, how his lip writh- when we pay off this great-debt for them, while he hurled back the thunders of his body's body. and madness the full torrent of his derision cause she is pretty.

a sovreign." We like Paul de Kock's de- Here Mr. Proffit called the hour rule,

A man sentenced to be hung, prayed for a reprieve, on the ground that he had a very sore throat, which rendered him unfit was hanged in his present condition.

ness-he valued himself as much on being the uglies man in France, as on being the best orator. He was so ugly that the boys used to stop him in the street and ask him if his face didn't hurt him.

Pa! may I marry Miss -- ? Yes I my son if you think you can sup-

port her..... Why Pa, I can support her if you let us Well my son, do you think you can sup-

"Oh yes!"

Philosophers sport with the follies of gions tinge to the imegination. Yours te his spirits, and send him out sgain, least it had not been so when Mr. M. saw Which is the wiser of the two

league, had spoken of him as a man without genius, but possessed of a mighty cru-In a late speech in the U. S. House of cible, in which he could resolve the thoughts position to fall down on my knees and Representatives, Hon. Thomas F. Man- of other men into their original elements, thank God for every thing which made me BHALL, took occasion to deliver a high- and reproduce them in new forms, as by the happy, while sorrows of all descriptions wrought eulogy upon DANIEL WEBSTER— wand of an alchymist. It was not so stir up my antagonism, and make me feel chiefly to contrast the former high posi- when Mr. M. saw him. He was then a tion of that great man with the humiliating mighty volcano, blazing, flashing, thunder-"In that case," said Bob, taking up his situation he at present occupies. The ex- ing and heaving up inolten masses from tracts below, as reported in the National his own bosom, such as no one else could Intelligencer, are specimens of splendid linve formed but the hand of the Almighty. alone. When a volcano like that was to be Sir, I spoke the other day of the impressextinguished, we might look to see it done

He resembled then a volcano in

dreamy light that streamed from the large of but dull imagination, for the great Sena-IDLE DAUGHTERS.—It is, says Mrs. El. dark and unfathomable eyes, flushing as for from Massachusetts, in the treasurelis, a most painful spectacle in families, they rolled, the very soul of idealism and house of Nature, but not in the history of romance. Never was the appearance of a man. Yet, in the old story of one man, man more in perfect keeping with the true which that Senator and his present condidaughters elegantly dressed, reclining at character of his intellect; never were head tion often brought to Mr. M's mind; it their case, with their drawing, their music, and face more truly the type of the genius was that of the giant of Palestine, the Hetheir fancy work, and their reading; be- which animated them. Never were more brew Samson. His mighty principles varied, wonderful, and to vulgar apprehen- constituted his strength; and he seemed sion, incompatible faculties conferred upon now to have fallen into a nap, and to have any man. Profoundly learned, he exhib- been caught by his caemies in the lap of cessary consequence of the neglect of duty, ited its results rather than its process. No the Southern-Delilah, to-whom he had, in growing weary of their useless lives; layimmense mass of his knowledge; no tedi- was that his strength lay. They had shorn ous detail of the vast range of facts from him of his hair, and had put out his eyes, which he had deduced his principles, load- and now led him about, as in a joyous ed your attention or retarded his argument. holyday, to make the loco focus, alias the

and rejected the trammels of the school- doomed to be ruined early, that he would man's jagron, scorning to employ as the he ruined beneath the demolished temple of instruments of his demonstration the for- that pagan god they had dragged him in

chains to honor PAYMENT OF STATE DEET .- A lady, out sitions, and the intense, rigorous, unspar- stripping the patriotism of our sex submits neither chilled the glow nor curbed the the ladies of Pennsylvania for the payment

"I therefore make the total value of

Popular Errors .- To think that on swart cheek, like lightening o'er a cloud, editor because he is an editor, is every

To think that a Woman is an angel be-To think that politicians, because they

To think that rich ground will produce good crop without labor.

To think that "all is gold that glitters." 'To think that Printers' bills ought to be paid, if paid at all, in the meanest currency, because they are printers' bills.

for going through the operation of hanging; he feared, he said, that the most alarming consequences might cause if he It is no sin to be ugly, but it is rather inconvenient. Still some men like it.-Mirabeau was proud of his extreme ugli-