

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLV.

CARLISLE, PA. JULY 4, 1843.

NUMBER 3337.

## SELECT SEMINARY AND PRIVATE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

**CHAMBERSBURG, PA.**  
This Institution is intended to furnish a thorough and elegant Education, equal to the best that can be obtained in the Eastern Cities or in any part of the Union.  
MR. & MESSRS. BURNS are now prepared to receive pupils and to give instruction in all the branches of a liberal education. The present time is a most auspicious one for the education of the young ladies of our country. It is a time of great excitement and progress in all respects. The young ladies of our country are no longer content with a mere domestic education. They are anxious to acquire a liberal education, and to be fitted for the most useful and honorable professions. The present time is a most auspicious one for the education of the young ladies of our country. It is a time of great excitement and progress in all respects.

**THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**CHEMISTRY** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**AUTHENTIC** and the higher branches of the Mathematics will receive particular attention. This department will include Book-keeping, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.  
**ARITHMETIC** will be taught in a course of Lectures—Anatomy, experiments, dissections, painting, &c. &c.

## POETRY.

**SONNETS.**  
BY D. HALECK.  
Colors and the forest appear to feel  
That they have been responsive to our eye;  
The dew-drops that upon the leaf reveal  
Gleams and luster as the sun is by,  
Of life's rough journey with woman's love,  
And woman's truth, jewels of priceless worth,  
That tremble on her lips, as if to prove,  
To stand with her beside the shrine where lie,  
Our household gods—to feel her true and free,  
Our own in silence, while within her eye  
Gleams the love of holy teachers,  
To listen to the voice whose every tone  
Tells us, that 'twere earth are not alone!

To see the worm feed on the pallid cheek;  
Where shines the star pressing swift decay;  
To tremble with a frown we may not speak;  
To bid adieu to love and love's true maid die,  
Even in the opening of her spirit's dream—  
That the deep love that flashes from her eye,  
Is doubly bright with life's last hectic gleam;  
To stand beside that loved one's grave and feel  
Life's utter loneliness; to silent shed  
Tears, bitter tears, o'er memory's waste—no need  
Beside the dwelling of our cherished dead—  
Sending the bruis'd spirit forth to trace,  
Beyond the sky, her peaceful resting place.

To stand upon life's desert and to know  
The love-lit radiance of woman's eye  
Is not for us to watch the flower bloom,  
That on another's breast most blushing lie;  
To cast affection on one shrine and feel  
There's no divinity that feeds the flame;  
To feel the brain throbbing and the senses reel,  
When'er we hear the loved and cherished name  
Of one whose heart can give us such a glow  
Upon the voices of our burning prayer;  
Where crush'd to earth, love perishes in gloom  
And memory weeps in pleasure's living tomb.

These are the lights and shadows of man's life,  
The first-work woe by the hand of fate  
With the mid of his existence—life  
With grief or gladness; yet around him wait  
A thousand ministrants, to dry the tears  
Of deepest sorrow or exultant joy  
From love's first thraldom, breathing in his ears  
Spells more enchanting than he leaves behind;  
A thousand streamers glow to sweep away  
The dim memorials of joy and grief;  
Beneath whose wings, warm, unmoored, lay  
Affection's garlands, sweetest flowers and leaf;  
While other gods, Ambition, Wealth, or Fame,  
From his changed heart a festering homage claim;

But love, first love, woman's life—to her  
No second flame its deep oblivion brings;  
At one lone sigh a trembling worshipper,  
A fearful, yet trusting, long young spirit clings,  
Unchanged, unchanged, that other gods  
Through weal or woe—through glory, grief or shame,  
Till death whose hand alone can quench the flame  
O'er the crushed heart appear and the living lyre  
Of young affection, that but once upon  
Forth from the heart its melody and fire,  
She drops the heart strings in sadness o'er,  
And like the faded lily of Southern skies,  
Emmure'd of its own sweet music, with it dies!

## REMOVAL.

**CHARLES F. RATHBON'S**  
Practical Hat and Cap MANUFACTURER.  
WOULD inform his friends and the public, that he has removed his Hat and Cap Manufactory, from No. 85, Chesnut Street, to No. 129, Chestnut Street, one door below 4th Street, North Side, under the Auction Rooms of Messrs. Lloyd and Hart, where he will continue to finish his usual assortment.

**BEAVER HATS.**  
At the low price of Four Dollars and Twenty-five Cents, equal in all respects, to any sold in the City at \$5.00 and upwards. His Hat

goes into company fashionably disguised, believes herself to be quite as beautiful as if she were really so. Neither can I see that we are not bound to study how to make the best of our manners, our furniture and our food.

Fashion, however, never takes this into account. According to her arbitrary law, the woman of sallow complexion must wear the same color as the Hebe; the contracted or misshapen forehead must be lain bare as that which displays the fairest page of beauty: the form with square and awkward shoulders, must wear the same costume as that which boasts the contour of the Graces; and oh! most pitiful of all, old age must be "branked up" in the light drapery, the flowers, and the gauzes of youth! In addition to all this, each one, as an indispensable requisite, must possess a waist considerably below the dimensions which are consistent either with symmetry or health.

It will be an auspicious era in the experience of the daughters of England, when they shall be convinced, that the Grecians had a higher standard of taste in female beauty, than that of the shopkeepers and dressmakers in London. They will then be willing to believe, that to be within the exact rule of proportion, is as important a deviation from perfect beauty as to be young; & that nothing which destroys the grace of easy and natural movement, which deprives any bodily function of its necessary exercise, which robs the youthful cheek of its bloom, or, in short, which ungratefully throws back from our possession the invaluable blessing of health, can be consistent with good taste or right feeling of an amiable, intelligent, or rational woman.

These remarks are applicable, in their fullest force, to every deviation which is sanctioned by fashion, from the strict and holy law of modesty and decorum. And of this most injurious tendency of fashion, how insidious is every encroachment, yet how certain its effect upon the female mind! It is no uncommon thing to hear women express the utmost abhorrence of the costume of some old portrait, who, in the course of a few years, perhaps months, are induced by fashion to adopt, with unobtrusive satisfaction, an equally, or more objectionable dress.

The young girl cannot too scrupulously shroud her modest feelings from the unsparing test of fashion. The bloom of modesty is soon rubbed off by vulgar contact; but this is thus lost to the young female can never be restored. And let her look to the risk she incurs. What is it? Is there any comparison between the two? Or is there one of the daughters of England, who would not rather be known to choose the former?

It possessed of any genuine feeling on these important points, a young woman will know by a kind of instinct, that a bare shoulder protruding into sight is neither a delicate nor a lovely object; that dress, either so made, or so put on, as not to look secure and neat, is, to say the least of it, a bad taste, and the highest standard at which a rightly minded woman can aim with regard to dress, is, that it should be becoming, and not conspicuous. In order to secure this point of excellence, it is unquestionably necessary to conform in some measure to the fashion of the times in which we live, and the circle of society in which we move; yet, surely this may be done to an extent sufficient to avoid the charge of singularity, without the sacrifice either of modesty or good taste.

Whatever may be the beneficial influence of fashion upon the interests of the country at large, its effects upon individual happiness are injurious in proportion to their extent; and in what region of the world, or among what grade of humanity, has not this idol of the gilded shrine, this divinity of lace and ribbons, wielded the sceptre of a sovereign, and asserted her dominion over mankind? All bow before her, though many of her subjects disclaim her title, and profess to despise her dictatorship. Nor is her territory less extensive, because her empire is one of trifles. From the ermine of the monarch to the sandal of the itinerant's cravat; from the hero's mantle, which regulates the form, the quality and the cost.

most disguise our grief; and that we cannot stand before the altar, and pronounce that solemn vow, which the deep heart of woman alone can fully comprehend, but fashion must be especially consulted there.

**BEAUTY IN AMERICA.**  
We ent the following, by Willis, from "The New York Mirror."  
Are you beautiful, Madam?  
I think I see a slight inclination of the head.

Quite between ourselves, then—quite out of hearing of any plain person of your own sex—I wish to say a word to you about your beauty—what it is worth, here and elsewhere—how adorable it is, and in some places—how more than others—and how your leaf of life (you being born in America)

But beauty in America is a very differently prized commodity from beauty in England. Let us keep clear of making an essay of this, and show what we mean by parallel examples. Take two beautiful girls, of the same comparative station; Miss Smith of London, daughter of a master in chancery, and Miss Brown of New York, daughter of a master-carpenter, for the former gentleman is about as far below an eunuch as the latter is below any aristocrat of New York, supposed or acknowledged.

Miss Brown, of the Bowery, is a lovely creature. She excites curiosity in Broadway. She hinders devotion, right and left, when she turns round in church. In the best society of New York there is not a prettier girl, and nature has made her elegant in her manners, and education has done as much for her as was at all necessary. Her father delights in her beauty, and her mother is very proud of her, and she carries her heart in her bosom, to do what she pleases with it—but neither Mr. Brown, nor Mrs. Brown, nor Miss Brown, ever dream that her beauty will advance their condition in life one peg. They love her for it—she controls the family by its exercise; she influences as a belle in their own circle of acquaintance; but that is all. She lives a very gay and pleasant life, hears of halls in more fashionable parts of the town, without dreaming that, for her beauty, she should be there—and continues a Bowery belle till she marries a Bowery belle.

Her father, of London is a superb girl. She has a blonde complexion, and her mother has done her daintiest in her dark eyes and radiant skin. At twelve she is considered a beauty past accident. Her sisters, who were either "all father" or "all mother," grimy dark, or parsnip blonde, are married off to such husbands as would undertake them. But for the youngest there is a different destiny—for she is a beauty. The father wishes for advancement and little. The mother wishes to figure in high life before she dies. And Miss Smith, young as she is, is taught the difference between a plain young lord in a cab, and a handsome lawyer's clerk, with a green bag.

Beauty, well managed, may be made to open every door in England. Masters—the best of masters for Miss Smith!—More money is spent in "finishing" her than was given to all her sisters for dowries. She is permitted to form few acquaintances of her own sex, none of the other. And when Miss Smith is sixteen, Mrs. Smith makes her first strong push at Lady Frisby. (For Mr. Smith has put Lord Frisby under obligations, which make it inevitable that the first favor asked should be granted.) And—comes Miss Smith, championed by Lady Frisby, at a mixed subscription ball. It is for the benefit of the Poles, and the liberal nobility are all there; and all the beaux of St. James street, of course, for they like to see what novelty will turn up in such a place. One hour after the ball opens, Miss Smith's beauty has been pronounced upon by half the noble eyes of London; and Lady Frisby is assailed by introductions. The beauty-worship is high. Lord Frisby is surprised, and says to himself, "I wonder what she has done, that she has been so highly spoken of."

It happened one morning that we were called on by a young gentleman and his newly married wife. A little property had been sold in New York, and the deed was not yet registered. So we took the signatures, with the proper witnesses, and having disposed of matters thus far, we begged of the husband to leave us alone with his wife. He looked a little surprised. We read to him the portion of the certificate which he must sign, viz: "I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I have seen the said wife, and have been fully satisfied that she is the person named in the foregoing instrument."

thing in the world, but beauty. She is carefully watched, keeps herself chary; and by and chooses between Lord Frederick and Lord George, and elevates her whole family by an alliance with the peerage—for in England there is no *mesalliance*, if the lady descended to be of great beauty, as well as virtuous, modest and well educated.

But, as we would show by these examples—personal beauty is undervalued, in America. At least, it is less valued than in England and older countries. An eminent English artist, recently returned home, expressed his surprise that he had so few beauties among his sitters. "The motive here has a miniature done," said he, "seems in America, to be *affectation*." In England it is *pride*. Most of my sitters, (and he had a great many at a very large price,) have been old people or invalids, or persons going away; and though they wished their pictures made as good looking as possible, their claim to good looks was no part of the reason for sitting. It was only to perpetuate that which was loved and would soon be lost.

Pray, take notice, madam, that we give no opinion as to the desirableness of the English value of beauty. Whether beauty, and worldly profit should be kept separate, like church and state—whether it is deterred by riding the wave of ambition—whether it should be the load-star of affection or pride—we leave you with an open question. We have an opinion on the subject, but we prefer to pronounce it in a whisper to Miss Brown of the Bowery.

Our esteemed contemporary of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, who writes with so much ability and point on subjects of politics, trade, and general concern, occasionally gives to his numerous readers an editorial in which the "lights and shadows" of every day life are sketched in a graphic and felicitous style. The following article, copied from that paper, is one of the kind to which we have allusion.

**COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS.**  
We always preach patience and forbearance to our friends who lose office, though some of them kick up and halloo about their loss, as bravely as Rodrigo did in the play at his wound, as if nobody ever lost an office but them. The noisy ones get all sympathy, however, while the silent sufferer is passed unnoticed and unmounted.

It pleased Governor Seward, of New York, to transmit to us, as a token of his will and pleasure, that we should be a Commissioner of Deeds, in this State for New York, in the place of our poor brother Clark; and we enjoyed the honors and emoluments for some time, until Governor Bouck got possession of authority, and had satisfied his hungry expectants at home. Then he looked abroad, and forthwith deprived us of office. Think of that! The little solitary lamb of our flock taken to a host of his friends, rioting in the spoils of National and State patronage. The only consolation we have in the matter of the removal is, that it took six Loco Focos to supply our place, and all of them are pretty clever fellows, considering their politics.

But will they discharge the duties of the office as faithfully and solemnly as we did? Can they look as grave as we could, when we tendered the Bible to the deponent, and asked him to kiss the volume? or when, with uplifted arm, called upon the awestricken "deed maker" to tell the truth as he should answer at that great day? Can they imitate the disinterested gravity with which—when we affixed the seal, we intimated that a dollar was the fee? Or will they think, when the clergyman comes, to tell him that the tribe of Levi paid no tithes?

Small as the business of a Commissioner is, it is not without its advantages; which some persons make a deed, is anything to a close observer, but an evidence of good will and free consent.—Sometimes highbald scenes occur.

formal query, we saw the door open, and the eye of the husband peering in upon us, to see how it fared with his young wife and herself. We smiled as we turned round, and saw in the clear unflattering looking-glass behind us, proofs that the peeping gentleman must have been very young, or he would not have been so un- easy.

Of a different character was another acknowledgment. The husband was a hard-featured man, with a closely compressed lip and a slightly broken voice, that told of decision and deception. The wife was young, very young, timid and uneasy. When he had signed the deed, and she was to acknowledge, a single hint sent the man from the room; and he knew to well to peep in at the door. We rose slowly; and so did the lady. "Taking the parchment in our hand, and looking steadily at her, we said with some solemnity:

"Mary, do you solemnly and sincerely declare that you have executed this instrument, which conveys from you your property in Hudson, freely, and without fear or compulsion of your husband?"  
"We paused—there was neither verbal answer, nor token of assent. After a little delay, the lady, with feelings evidently agitated, asked us to repeat the question. We complied.

"Is this an oath you administer to me?" said she. "Or is my answer to be a mere unqualified assent?"  
"It was certainly not an oath, for people need not swear away their own property. We sought to explain, and just as we had succeeded in making her understand something of the nature of the answer, her husband returned.

"The lady," said we, "has not responded to the formal declaration which I put to her."  
"What is it?" asked the husband.  
"It merely whether she executed this instrument freely, and without any fear or compulsion of her husband."  
"Surely she does," said the man, and we saw in the glass a demoniac look that ought to have destroyed any piece of parchment.  
"Answer the question," said he to his wife, "answer the question; it is only one of mere form; my dear."

The look was renewed—it was withering, terrible.  
The poor woman sunk back into a chair. When the man reached the door, she waved her hand to us, and said faintly, "I do, 'I do.'"  
We folded up the parchment, pocketed the fee, and bid our customers farewell, with a consciousness that it could never fare well with the wife, until she was released from that husband.

**THE JEWS.**  
The present physical, moral and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. Had they continued from the commencement of the christian era down to the present hour, in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, and by their selfishness on a national scale, and their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without, in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overbearing national pride forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much miracle interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state; far from it. They are neither united or independent nation, nor a parasitic province.—They are peeled and scattered into fragments; but like broken globules of quick silver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography; arms; genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence; time, and climate, and custom equally fail to unravel it. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have spread over every part of the habitable globe; have lived under the reign of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just-laws; the oppression of cruel ones; and witnessed the rise and progress of both; they have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled, and the suns of Africa, have scorched them.—They have drank of the Nile, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every country and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious, have fallen and buried the men that constructed them, but the Jew has lived among the ruins; a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unheeded the sword and lighted the hog; Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism, have smote them with unsparring ferocity; penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited them with unrighteous chastisement—and notwithstanding all they survive.

Like their own bush on Mount Soreth, Israel has continued in the desert; but not consumed. They are the attorney of Scripture; left of coroners—princes in degradation.—A Babylonian; a Theban; a Spartan, an Athenian; a Roman; are named known in history only by their shadows; alone haunt the world and flicker its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and receives the monetary of the nations of the earth. The race has inherited the hereditary immortality, incapable of extinction or annihilation.—Like Prometheus, bound to some rocky crag, and composed of elements that cannot be destroyed, the Jew survives, although the nations that surround him, have perished.