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 E. BEATTY.

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HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

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No subscription will be taken for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrearages 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.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

Susquehanna Line,

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE DAILY.

THE proprietors of the *Susquehanna Line* will run their Cars and Boats as usual to Philadelphia and Baltimore during the present season. Their friends will please apply to Noble, Flinn & Herr, Broad st. and Hart, Andrews & McKeever, first wharf above Race street on the Delaware Philadelphia, and Joseph E. Elder, Baltimore.

Until further notice, the following prices will be adhered to between this place and the above ports.

	Between Harrisburg and Philadelphia.	Between Harrisburg and Baltimore.	Via Rail road between Harrisburg & Philadelphia.	
Ale per 100	22cts.	15		$1 per bbl
Dry Goods, Drugs, and Medicines,	26	23	40c	
Furniture,	28	25	43	
Wheat, Rye & Corn per bushel	11	10		
Oats do	7	6		
Groceries,	23	20	40	
Lumber per 1000 feet	$3 50	$2 75		
Shingles per 1000	1 50	2 00		
Flour per bbl.	34	30	47	
Shad & Mackerel do	50	37		
Herring do.	44	31¼	100	
Salt per sack,	32	28		
Pitch, Tar and Rosin per 100,	15	20		
Plaster gross ton,	$2 50	$2 25		
Hemp per 100,	22	16		
Hides,	25	20		
Pig Metal, gross ton	3 50	2 50		
Blooms & Castings,	4 00	3 12½		
Bar Iron,	4 50	3 50		
Nails per keg,	20	17		
Leather per 100,	25	20		
Whiskey per bbl	53	47		
Burr Blocks per 100,	20	15		
Curb Stone, du		12½		
Tin, do	25	20	40	

J. & P. MARTIN.

Harrisburg, April 12, 1843. tf-2

ATTENTION TO LAST NOTICE.

THE subscriber having concluded a sale and transfer of his former Stock of Merchandize to Charles Barnitz & Co. desires a speedy settlement of all his outstanding accounts, and requests all those indebted to come forward and discharge their accounts without delay, as the Books will be put into other hands for collection *very shortly*.

GEO. W. HUTNER.

April 5, 1843. tf-23

Small Profits & quick Sales.

THE subscriber has just opened his new GOODS, which he will sell low for Cash, composed of Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, drillings, restings, 6-4 sheetings for 12½, 5-4 do. 10, beautiful 4-4 Bleached Muslins for 12½, 12-4 Bleached sheeting, handsome new style 6, 8, 10, 12½ chintzes, gloves, stockings, Irish linens, sun shades and parasols, beautiful 4-4 hair cord muslins, and lawns, cheap Mus de Lains, with a variety of other goods which he invites the good folks of Carlisle to call and examine for themselves. Also, Braid, straw and lawn Bonnets, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Morocco and kid slippers. Best Rio Coffee, best black, imperial and other Teas. Superior Cavendish Tobacco, so pronounced by the best judges, all of which he will sell at prices in accordance with the times.

S. M. HARRIS.

Carlisle, May 3, 1843. tf-27

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs,

PAINTS, &c. together with

Stationary, Fine Cap Paper, by the Ream, Letter do Slates by the dozen, Silver Pencils, Drawing do Sable heir do., Drawing Paper, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Penknives, of a fine quality, Painting brushes, Graving do. Shaving do. Teeth do. Flesh do., Shaving and Toilet Soaps in great variety, Varnish,

Spices Ground nd Unground,

Together with every other article in the Drug line, the attention of Physicians, Country Merchants and Dyers, is solicited as I am determine to sell at very low prices for Cash.

Carlisle, March 15, 1843. tf

CHEAP BLINDS.

B. J. WILLIAMS,

No. 12, North Sixth street, above Market, Phila.

CHEAP House and Sign Painter and Glazier, and Venitian Blind Manufacturer, has a large and handsome assortment of BLINDS, always on hand, which for variety, beauty and style of workmanship, will excel those of any other establishment in Philadelphia, which will be sold at the very lowest prices.

Country Merchants supplied with any quantity at the shortest notice.

OLD BLINDS repaired and trimmed. SIGNS painting at $1 50 to $5.

The citizens of Cumberland County are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere.

April 5, 1843. 3m-23

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

CHEAP GOODS.

GILLPINGER & CAREY, near the Rail Road, Shippensburg, have just received from Philadelphia a splendid assortment of new fashionable and

CHEAP GOODS,

to which they invite the attention of purchasers; they are prepared to offer Goods at the lowest Cash prices, and those desirous of purchasing Cheap and fashionable Goods, will find it to their advantage to give them a call.

April 5, 1843.

JUST received and for sale 50 hhds. Sugar, 50 do Molasses, 200 Sacks Salt, 100 Bags Coffee, 400 bbls. No 3 Mackerel.

May 31, 1843. JNO. H. BRANT.

Spring & Summer Shawls.

GILLPINGER & CAREY, Shippensburg, have just received an extensive assortment of Silk, Cashmere, and De Laine Shawls, of the newest style, and at reduced prices.

April 26, 1843.

Palm Leaf Hats.

THIRTY dozen PALM LEAF HATS of various sizes color and quality lower than they have ever been sold here wholesale and retail.

WM. M. MATEER.

DR. TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT,

From 375, Bowery, N. York.

FOR nine years this medicine has stood unrivaled for the cure of Coughs, Pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, Bronchitis, and all those affection s of the Throat, Lungs and Liver, which are a source of so much suffering and which unarrested so often terminate in Consumption. So extensively has this remedy been used and in so many cures has it proved successful, the proprietor feels no hesitancy in recommending it to all who unfortunately have occasion to resort to some means of recovery. Multitudes who have experienced its happy effects, can testify to its utility, and very many rescued from a premature death, point to it as the means of their restoration.

The originator of this remedy was well versed in the science of medicine, and a skilful practicioner. Physicians familiar with its effects not unfrequently prescribe it in their practice, and with the Medical Faculty generally it has met with a larger share of approbation than is common with exclusive preparations.

☞CONSUMPTION—The following remarkl were taken from the last number of the Medica Magazine:

"The surprising effect produced by the genuine Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, made at 375 Bowery, in consumptive cases, cannot fail exciting a deep and thrilling interest throughout the world. We have so long believed this disease (consumption) incurable, that it is difficult to credit our senses when we see persons, evidently consumptive, restored to health. Yet it is a fact of daily occurrence.

LIVER COMPLAINT and General Debility—I do consider my cure almost miraculous. I was given up by two physicians and told to prepare for death. I was in this low state when a friend sent me a bottle of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery, and before I had used up the bottle I was able to sit up in bed, by the further use I have completely regained my health. All should use it.

GEO. WELLS, 23 John st.

☞VIOLENT PAIN IN THE SIDE.—I have been cured of a violent pain in the side, extending through to the shoulder, indigestion, dizziness, loss of appetite and general debility, by the use of two bottles of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort.

J. A. H. ALLEN, 7 Merchant's Row.

For sale by STEVENSON & DINKLE, sole agents for Carlisle and vicinity.

October 26, 1842. 1y-52

BURKHOLDER'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber has taken that well known tavern stand in South Hanover street, formerly occupied by Wm. S. Allen, and more recently by Michel McClellan, where he is prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, in the best style, and on the most reasonable terms.

His BAR will always be supplied with the choicest liquors—and his TABLE with the best the markets can afford.

His STABLING is ample, and a careful Ostler will be kept always in attendance. DROVERS will find it to their advantage to give him a call.

BOARDERS will be taken by the week, month, or year.

Nothing shall be left undone on the part of the subscriber to please those who may pay his house a visit—he therefore solicits a share of public patronage.

H. L. BURKHOLDER.

Carlisle, April 12, 1843. 6m-24

WHOLESALE

DY GOODS STORE.

No. 77½ Market st.—North Side—above Second

☞Goods for Cash—at Auction prices.☜

THE subscribers have determined to conduct their business upon the CASH System, and will sell their Goods as low, if not at a lower grade of profit, than has heretofore been done in Philadelphia—not one article reduced very low, in the expectation of making it up on other Goods,—but their prices shall be all corresponding low. Their prices will be governed by the Auction rates—selling at the same prices, net Cash, as the Auctions do on time—contenting themselves with the interest for the time as their Profit. This cannot but present a strong inducement for buyers, especially from the Country, to call on them in preference to purchasing at Auction, where persons do not get the time discount, unless their bills reach a certain amount, to which amount it is not always convenient for Country Buyers to purchase; and it will also avoid the disadvantage of large lots, and afford more time to select.

They design to avail themselves of every facility, in both the New York as well as the Philadelphia Auctions, in procuring their goods at the lowest possible rates,

We now respectfully invite our friends and the public to the Test of Experience in this matter, being the best way to convince them of the truth of our promise. JOHNSTON, BURK & CO.

Phila. March 8, 1843. 1y.

Hogs vs. Whales!

ARCHE'S LARD LAMPS

The cheapest Light in the World.

Merchants supplied by the dozen, at Manufacturers Prices.

ARCHER'S PATENT LARD LAMP for burning Lard without any preparation, for sale by the subscriber. The light is equal to the best sperm-oil, is entirely free from smoke or smell, and costs less than half the price. The apparatus for heating the lard is neat and simple, does not detract from the appearance, is not liable to get out of repair, and may be applied at a small expense to those kinds now in use. Confident that this article requires only to be known to come into general use, I respectfully invite the public to call and see them in operation.

Merchants, Hotel keepers and others, are invite to call at the store of the subscriber and examine NEW LIGHT, adapted to Stores, Bar-rooms, &c.

S. M. HARRIS.

Carlisle, May 3, 1843. tf-2

THOMAS J. BEEL,

House Painter and Glazier

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has commenced the HOUSE PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER HANGING, in all their various branches, and hopes by strict attention to business and moderate charges to merit and receive a share of public patronage. His shop is in Pitt street, directly in the rear of Stevenson & Dinkle's Drug store.

Carlisle, Oct. 12, 1842 1y 5

WALL PAPER.

JUST received and for sale at the store of S. CLARK, South Hanover street, 3000 pieces Wall Paper at the following prices:

Super Satin finished Glazed 44 cents a piece.

Second quality 25 cents a piece.

Also, Bordering and fine scenes at very low prices.

June 7, 1843. tf-52

JOHN W. HENDEL, DENTIST.

RESPECTFULLY tenders his services to the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that he will attend to and perform all dental operations such as *Cleaning, Plugging and Extracting natural Teeth*, and inserting incorruptable artificial teeth from a single tooth to an entire set.

☞Office opposite M'Farland's Hotel.

GROCERIES.

A LARGE and full supply of prime GROCERIES, at very reduced prices, at the store of the subscriber, in South Hanover st. in the store room formerly kept by Charles Barnitz.

WM. M. MATEER.

Carlisle, May 10, 1843. tf-26

POETRY.

THE WARNING.

BY REV. E. S. ANDROS.

It shall not always be!
The air breathes where it will; the wind
Is chainless, and the storm is free;
Shall chains enthral the mind?
Creation owns no slave; and man,
Shall MAN bend low to scourge and ban,
And quake and suffer, *and be still?*
It shall not always be—
Arise he must—and will!

It shall not always be!
A while he yet may wear the chain
In silence, like the northern sea
Mid winter's sunless reign;
Awhile he yet may bow him down
To power's red scourge and Pride's dark frown,
And toil and weep, and be a slave;
It shall not always be—
The *storm* unchains the wave!

It shall not always be!
The lightning smoulders in its mine,
The thunder sleeps as yet—but see!
Is there no tempest-sign?
Ha! tyrant, see! and sheathe thy brand;
Strike fetter off, from heart and hand!
Nor crush God's image in thy path.
It shall not always be—
He JUST—or brave his wrath!

FLOWERS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer!

MISCELLANY.

LAZY BILL SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

I don't say that Bill Smith was the laziest man that ever lived, but he was desidedly the lazyest ever I saw. And I will venture to say, further, that his match could not be found in all Pepperelboro. There was where he lived—there he lives now.

Well, Bill was a toper—for that man never existed who was too lazy to drink.—Of course he was not one of the real tear down and drag out sort; but then he drank hard, and was generally boozy *toward evening*; for he was too lazy to get drunk very early in the day.

One evening, just about two years and three months ago, he was very drunk.—The night was cold, the wind blew fiercely, and the light snow swept wildly over the ground, and added terror to the howlings of old Boreas. That night, Bill was full two miles from his own miserable hovel, snugly ensconsed behind some old boxes and barrels, in one corner of a filthy rum shop. How he came there, so far from home, I do not know, but will guess, that he happened on board some farmer's wagon or sleigh that passed his house, and was too lazy to get out till the vehicle stopped at a little grocery. But at any rate, Bill was there, two full miles from home; the night was wild, and the rum-seller wanted to shut up his groggery.

'Bill, you must clear out', said the rum-seller.

Bill made no answer.

'I say Bill, you must clear out—go home.'

Bill began to snore; he was sleepy, and tired to boot; he always was.

'Hallo, Bill—I say, come, crawl out and go home; 'tis most nine o'clock.'

'Wait a while,' said Bill, 'don't be in a hurry—there's nothing gained by hurrying.'

But I must shut up, Bill, and go home, There's nothing doing here, and I can't afford the fire-wood,'

Bill roused up a little—not much, but a little, and winked. Perhaps he would have said something, but just then the door opened, and a stranger walked in,—He had rode a long distance, and seeing a light in the 'rummy,' had called to enquire how much farther it was to a public house.

'Just two miles and a half,' said old boozle, the rumseller; 'and here's a chap that's going o'enamost there—lives right on the road.'

Bill roused up a little more; perhaps there was a chance to ride, and it would not do to lose it. After a little more ceremony, that may be imagined, and with a little assistance that Bill actually needed, the two got into the sleigh and rode off.

'I s'pose I live here,' said Bill when the sleigh had got a few rods past his house. The stranger reigned up his nag, and Bill got out. He had begun to get sober, and would have thanked the gentleman for his ride, but he was really too lazy, and so he plodded back slowly to his own door, raised the latch and went in.

CHAPTER II.

There was quite a stir in Pepperelboro the next day. A stranger had come to town, and it was pretty generally rumored that he was to deliver a temperance lecture in the village school-house. Here and there little groups were gathered together, talking the matter over; for it was indeed something new to have a temperance lecture there; the oldest inhabitant could not remember the like of it. Bill's appetite and an itching to ascertain who and what the stranger was, urged him as far as the tavern, where he arrived about noon. Of course he made one of the group there, who talked about the stranger and his business, though precious little did he do towards making up the conversation.

'Are you going to jine the new Pledge, Bill?' asked an old covy, as he entered the bar-room.

Bill didn't know exactly what answer to make, and so, true to his nature, he made none at all.

'How is it, uncle Simon,' continued the same voice, addressing another of the loungers, 'are you goin' to jine the Thomsonians to-night?—they say it's all the go, down the city.'

'The *Thomsonians?* said uncle Simon; 'I don't know—they allow *steaming it*, I suppose.'

Old Simon was the wit of the town, and of course this sally produced a laugh.

'Not a devil a bit,' answered a square-rigged, bouble-breasted fellow, who had stood in a corner of the room all the while. 'I've seen 'em and hearn 'em lecture too; but they don't hold to steamin' any way, as I know; nor they aint Thompsonians neither.'

'What are they, Sam?' asked uncle Simon.

'They are *Washingtonians*,' said Sam, 'and they don't hold to drinkin' a drop of liquor—'

'*Afore folks*,' added Simon, with emphasis; and here was another laugh.

The lecturer was there, and in good time began his discourse. He dwelt long on the evil consequences of intemperance, and among other things showed that it uniformly produced laziness—the worst kind of laziness—even a disregard of duties, on the performance of which depend cleanliness, health, and happiness.

Bill heard the whole, and winked. The others heard, and looked knowingly at Bill.

Presently the Pledge went round, beginning with Uncle Simon, who was the oldest man and the biggest toper in the house.

'I'll sign if Bill Smith will, said Simon.

'And I too,' said the next, and the next, and—

'But who is Bill Smith?' asked the stranger.

'There he sits,' answered one, pointing to a seat near the door; for Bill had not got far into the house; he was too lazy.

The Pledge was carried to him, and he was requested to sign it. 'I can't,' said Bill; 'I'm tired.'

'But you must,' said the stranger; 'here are three more waiting for you to sign.'

'Don't you see I can't?' answered Bill.

'And besides, 'tisn't best to hurry; there's nothing got by hurrying. I'm tired.'

'Sign, Bill,' said uncle Simon; 'sign, Bill, and then make a speech.'

The audience laughed; Bill looked sober; he was evidently *thinking* of something; and this required an effort. I suspect he was thinking of the lecture, and his own laziness. Presently he spoke.

'I s'pose I might sign it, and make a speech too,' he said; 'for though I'm a little lazy now-a-days, seeing there's nothing to do, I *used to be* as smart as any fellow in Pepperelboro.'

'So you was,' said Simon; 'now sign the Thompsonian Society, Bill, and make a speech.'

'I guess, on the whole, I had better wait,' said Bill; 'perhaps some other time will do as well.'

But the stranger insisted, for full half an hour, and strange to say, Bill finally signed the Pledge.

'And now make a speech,' was the cry from every part of the house. But Bill wouldn't make a speech that night, and the other topers wouldn't sign the Pledge till the speech had been made.

'I'll come here next Tuesday night and make a good speech,' said Bill, with more energy than he had displayed for months before; 'if uncle Simon and the rest of you will come and hear me.'

'Agreed, agreed,' was heard from all parts of the house, And then the audience dispersed.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis strange what havoc intemperance will make of intellect and ambition. When William Smith was twenty-five years of age, he was considered the most industrious, intelligent, and noble hearted of all the young men in his native town. He was the pride of all the circle in which he moved, and bid fair to shine a bright ornament in the most respectable society. He married a wife, and for a while lived happy. But the seeds of intemperance had been planted within him, and in ten years from that time he had become 'Lazy Bill.'

Bill Smith went home that night, after the temperance meeting, and told his wife what he had done.

'I've signed the total abstinence pledge, by thunder, Kate, hit or mies; and next Tuesday night I am going to preach on temperance.'

At first his wife would not believe one word of it; but the next day, the indications of a change for the better were too strong to go unnoticed, and she admitted that 'something must be in the wind.'

The signing of the Pledge dated from Wednesday, and on Friday Bill did what he had not done before for two years; he worked all day, mended his windows, put new shingles on his roof, hauled firewood on his hand sled, &c. Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, were similarly spent; and when the temperance meeting came, on Tuesday evening, he brushed up his old coat, took his wife by the arm, and trudged silently to the old school-house.

The audience had got there before him, for every one was anxious to hear what Lazy Bill could say on the subject of temperance. Old Simon had seated himself close to the desk, that he might have the better opportunity to play his pranks, and exercise his powers of ridicule. But when Smith entered, looking so changed, so noble, so dignified, comparatively, the old man crept away abashed, and apparently astonished. 'Can this be Lazy Bill?' he mentally asked; and the more he asked the question, the more he was puzzled to answer it. Soon Smith commenced,

'Ten years ago I was respectable, industrious and happy. I came into this neighborhood, bought me a few acres of land, built me a small house, got married, and went to work. We used to have social parties in those times, and Sarah there, (pointing to his wife,) and I used to attend them. Sarah learned to knit edging and tell stories, and I learned to drink wine.—Very soon I began to find myself occasionally impatient for the time of the next party to arrive; and when it came, I was equally impatient to see the wine go round.

'Finally I drank to excess—even to intoxication—at one of these parties; and from that time, though for a while heartily ashamed of my conduct, I had less of self-respect and more of the appetite for liquor. I began to visit the tavern, and the little rum shop down there at the other village, and with others of like inclinations and appetites, I spent my time lounging about these groggeries—sitting now in the sun, now in the shade, but never engaged in any more active business than whittling a pine stick, or tipping a decanter of New England rum. I lost all my ambition, by degrees—became lazy and indolent, and you called me Lazy Bill. At first my wife scolded and fretted at my changed conduct, but this only made it worse. Then she cried and entreated; but this had the same effect—producing 'trouble,' and I drank more rum to drown it.—Drunkards are sure to find trouble enough when rum has become its only antidote.—I drank, lost the little property I had accumulated, broke the heart of my wife, and finally became heedless of everything.

'So I lived along till last Wednesday night. You know what we heard then, and I need not say that I was convinced that rum had made me 'Lazy Bill,' and caused all my trouble. I then signed the Pledge, and till now have kept it inviolate; and, God helping me, I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.—Already I begin to feel the fires of ambition again in my breast, and to imagine myself a man. My wife, there, is happier, and looks healthier; and my little boy smiles sweetly when I take him in my arms.

'In short, I am a new man, with new feelings and new hopes, and now I am going to lead a new life—regain, if possible, my character and my property and be happy. And I want my old companions to go with me. Some of you promised to sign the Pledge if I would, and as nothing has befallen me to discourage that resolution, I hope you will come up here and redeem your promises,'

There was a pause for some minutes.—The audience seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Old Simon had been seen to brush away something that had apparently escaped from between his eyelids, and all were looking to him for something that should break the spell of enchantment.—Presently he rose, walked up silently to the desk, took up the pen, and put his name to the Pledge. Now the people seemed to breathe freer; and, one by one, every person in the house followed his example.

CHAPTER IV.

Five or six months ago I was passing through the little town of Pepperelboro, and recollecting some of the incidents related above, bethought me to ascertain whether Bill had kept his Pledge. I could not then recollect his surname, and was obliged to inquire for 'Lazy Bill,' as of old. Nobody knew him, or could tell where he lived. Finally, I called at a house and interrogated the woman industriously for the whereabouts of 'Lazy Bill;' but she knew nothing of him, and turned to go away.—Just then an old gentleman passed the house.

'There's old uncle Simon Leighton,' said the woman, 'and he knows where your man lives, if any body does.'

I hurried into the street, and soon overtaking uncle Simon, put to him the question, 'Where does Lazy Bill live?'

'Lazy Bill?' said he; 'I suppose you mean William Smith, the carriage manufacturer.'

'That's his name,' I replied, 'though I did not know he was a maker of carriages.'

'He lives on the old spot,' said Simon, 'just where he has lived for twelve years; but he don't look much like 'Lazy Bill' now.'

I hurried on, and soon came to the place where, two years before, I had dropped that miserable being called 'Lazy Bill,' whom I had taken from the groggery of the village below to pilot me to a hotel.—The old hovel had been torn down, and on its site stood a pretty white cottage, surrounded with a yard of flowers, just withering from the effects of autumn frost. Beyond it was a large building, which, from the sounds proceeding from it, I judged to be the work shop of William Smith, the carriage-maker. Thither I bent my steps, and, on inquiring for Mr. Smith, was pointed to a noble looking man in the further end of the shop, whose manly bearing and healthy looking countenance were evidence enough that the Pledge had remained unbroken. On my approach he recognized me, shook my hand heartily, and throwing off his apron, invited me into his house.

We walked in together, and there I found one of the prettiest and happiest families I had ever set eyes upon. The wife was all joy and contentment; the children were all animation and beauty. The oldest boy was at work in the shop, but on learning that it was 'the stranger' who had called, he came in, and appeared overjoyed to see me. Our meeting there was a glorious one; and never shall I forget the warm grasp of the hand that the father gave me on taking leave of him.

'Tell my old acquaintance at S——,' said he, 'that Lazy Bill is now one of the happiest fellows in Christendom; that his wife and children are as gay as larks and lively as crickets; that his property and his industry have come back to him; and better than all, that not a drop of liquor is bought, or sold, or drank, in the little town of Pepperelboro.

☞The following is from the Boston Atlas—The first verse we suppose alludes to Legare—the latter to Tyler. There is beauty and force in the lines.

ON A LATE EVENT.

LIFE.

To die, before a single breath
Has blackened manhood's gathered fame,
Unknown that bitterer pang than death,
The anguish of a blighted name;
With patriot hope still burning high,
Amid a nation's tears to die,
While all the glowing fire of youth
Yet warm at manhood's heart of truth,
And honor's uncorrupted mind
Leaves, as it flies, a blaze behind,—
Oh life in death! from earthly night
To perfect Truth's eternal light!

DEATH.

Mid sounding pomp and hollow show
To meet the cringe of fawning slaves;
To tread without one generous glow
O'er buried heroes' glorious graves;
To catch no spark of all that burns
With freemen's ashes in their urns;
To grasp the badge of loveless power,
And be the pageant of an hour;
To see the present fade—a dream,—
The future dark without a gleam,—
Oh, spite of flattery's falsest breath,
This were indeed a living death!

INTEGRITY.

The following admirable article is from that excellent print, the Portland Tribune. We invite our young readers, especially to read the extract, and treasure up its precious truths.

Let no man expect to prosper in life, or gain the respect and esteem of others, without an undeviating course of integrity and virtue. He must place his heart upon Truth, and be determined, whatever come to pass, never to yield to vicious influences. It is only by watchfulness and care—by sedulously guarding against what is evil in its tendency—that any individual can overcome the corruptions of the world and the depravity of his nature. A slight tampering with sin—once yielding to a base suggestion—may pave the way for speedy ruin. Those whose good examples have been lost to the world—who have fallen in the glory of their days, were led in an ungarded moment from the firm basis of truth and integrity, and ere they realized their situations, their names were tarnished, and they were lost. Who can tell the power of temptation? Unawares it comes upon us to lead us into error and destroy us. No course can be safe, but a strictly virtuous life—with unbending integrity and continual watchfulness.

Ye who are on the threshold of life, beware! Have an eye to the allurements of the world, and gather strength to resist the first temptation to depart from your integrity. Let not a blight tarnish your fair character, lest darkness and fear, like spectres haunt you forever. It is in your power to become blessings to the world, to exert an influence that will tell nobly for virtue and truth. Will you do it? Or by deviating from the path of integrity, following the bent of your perverse natures, and associating with the vicious and unprincipled, will you prove curses to mankind and perish, covered with infamy? Beware, then, what you do. Examine all the motives that influence your conduct, and if you are not satisfied that they are grounded in truth, stay your hand, seal your lips, and lock the door of your heart. By this course alone will you gain respect—exert a happy influence, and really enjoy the fleeting years of your existence.

USEFUL HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

Start, I beseech you, with a conviction, fixed in your mind, that you have no right to live in this world, being blessed with a hale body and sound mind, without doing work of some sort, or other unless you have an ample fortune whereupon to live clear of debt. Start with this conviction thoroughly implanted in your mind. To wish to live on the labors of others, is besides the folly, of it, to contemplate a fraud—and to resolve to do so, is to meditate robbery.

I suppose you in the middle rank of life. Happiness ought to be your great object, and it is to be found only in virtue and independence—Look not to office for support—look not for success to favor, to partiality, to friendship or what is called interest; write in your own heart, that you will depend solely on your own merit and your own exertions.

The great source of independence, the French express in a precept of three words, 'Vivre de pen,' which I have always much admired. To live upon little,' is the great security against slavery; and this precept extends to dress and other things besides food and drink.

A great misfortune of the present day is that too many are in their own estimate, raised above their real state of life, and strive to win the reputation of 'gentlemen,' by avoiding the appearance of working for their bread. But we cannot all be 'gentlemen' of this sort; (and he is less than man who wishes to be,) there must be a large part of us after all, to make and mend clothes and houses, and carry on agriculture and commerce—and this part are the useful men and the *genuine* gentlemen.

☞Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, pays the following beautiful and merited tribute to the farming interests of our country, of which he was always the ardent and devoted friend:

"Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had any chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire, which otherwise might escape from the earth. Corruption of morals in the mass of the cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example. It is the mark set on those who, *not looking up to Heaven*, to their own soil and industry, *as does the husbandman*, for their subsistence, depend for it on the casualties and caprice of customers. Dependence begets subservience and venality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the danger of ambition. *It is the manners and spirit of a people which preserve a republic in vigor.* A degeneracy in these is a canker which soon eats to the heart of its laws and constitution."

WASHINGTON IRVING has said—"There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, and sickness and despondency, that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood; that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune, and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off she will be all the world to him.

NOT SO BAD.—The Philadelphia Forum gives the reasons of young Tyler's visit to China. It says "he has heard that the locusts will eat up every thing green in the country this year. If this be true, the whole family should leave.

☞Prejudices are said to be more difficult of being combated, because having no real foundation, you cannot oppose them