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 M. BEATTY.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

Pro bona publico! Call and save a Dollar!

HATS! HATS!

All ye who wish to suit yourselves in in first rate HATS of every kind, just give a call at the new Hat Manufactory of the subscriber, No. 3, Harper's Row, two doors north of Augney and Anderson's store, where he intends keeping constantly on hand, and will manufacture to order of the best materials and at the very shortest notice,

BEAVER, NUTRIA, BRUSH AND FUR HATS

of every description, in the neatest and most fashionable style, warranted to have as good and permanent a color as any of the Hats manufactured in the cities. Also,

Chapeaus and Military Caps,

of every description made in the best style, and at very moderate prices.

For Cash, he will sell lower than ever Hats have been sold in this Borough—and, indeed, his prices generally will be such as to suit the depression of the times. Although he prefers selling for Cash—yet he will, as usual, be willing to take Country produce at the market prices in exchange for Hats.

The subscriber returns his sincere thanks to a generous public for the encouragement he has received since he first commenced business about three years ago, in the old shop in Loudon street and hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a continuance of their patronage.

Call and judge for yourselves.

WILLIAM H. TROUT.

Carlisle, May 24, 1843. tf-30

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, vestings, 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, new shades and parasols, beautiful 4-4 hair cord muslins, and lawns, cheap Mous 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

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

Spices Ground and 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

Forwarding & Commission BUSINESS!

GEORGE FLEMING

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he is prepared to receive, forward and dispose of **Produce of every description,**

either at the Philadelphia or Baltimore Markets, or at any other point accessible by Rail Road. As he will attend in person to the delivery and sale of all articles entrusted to his care, the most satisfactory and speedy returns may at all times be expected, and the utmost promptitude in the transaction of all business entrusted to him.

Farmers and others having any article which they wish disposed of, will do well to call on him, immediately opposite the Mansion House, and Rail Road Depot, West High street, Carlisle.

G. F. is authorized to purchase several hundred bushels of Grain, for which the highest price will be given.

Carlisle, May 17, 1843. tf-29

Selling off at Cost,

WITHOUT RESERVE.

THE subscriber, determined to close her Business, will sell her entire stock of Goods *AT COST.* Persons wishing to purchase may rely on getting goods pretisely at cost; her stock consists of a large assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, China, Glass and Queensware, Shoes and Boots of every kind, Paints and Dye Stuffs.

Country Merchants and others are invited to call and examine for themselves, as she will sell her whole stock or any part of it to suit purchasers.

Store in South Hanover street, Carlisle. If the entire stock is purchased the Room, Warehouse and cellar can be had with it.

S. CLARK.

August 16, 1843. tf-32

FARMERS' HOTEL.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the

PUBLIC HOUSE,

lately kept by Mr. Simon Wonderlich, in East High Street, a few doors east of the Court House, where he will at all times take pleasure in administering to the comforts of those who may favor him with their custom.

His BAR shall be constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and his TABLE with the best the market can furnish. A careful OSTLER always kept in attendance—and nothing shall be left undone to please all who call with him.

BOARDERS taken by the week, month or year.

WILLIAM BROWN.

Carlisle, April 12, 1843. tf-2

JOHN W. HENDLE, 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, Fluging and Extracting natural Teeth*, and inserting incorruptable artificial teeth from a single tooth to an entire set

☞ Office opposite M'Farlane's Hotel.

Jayne's Family Medicines.

AN additional supply of the above valuable Medicines, consisting of

Jayne's Expectorant,
" Tonic Vermifuge,
" Hair Tonic,
" Sedative Pills,
" Carminative Balsam.

Just received and for sale by S. ELLIOTT,

Agent for Carlisle.

FIRE INSURANCE!

North America Insurance Co.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN J. MYERS, Agent, Carlisle.

THIS company continues to make Insurances against loss or damage by Fire, on the most reasonable terms. They also take

PERPETUAL RISKS,

on stone or brick buildings at $25 on $1000, the premium subject to be drawn any time by the party insuring, at a deduction of five per cent. on the amount of premium paid.

The usual rates for one year on

Stone and Brick Buildings,	$4 to $5 on $1000
Log and Frame, "	$6 to $7 on $1000
Merchandize, about	$5 on $1000

Application in person or by letter will have immediate attention.

The Spring Garden Insurance Co.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

MAKE INSURANCE, either temporary or perpetual, against loss or damage by FIRE, in *Town or Country*, on Houses, Barns and Buildings of all kinds; on Household Furniture, Merchandize, Horses, Cattle, Agricultural, Commercial and Manufacturing Stock, and Utensils of every description, as well as MORTAGES and GROUND RENT, upon the most favorable terms.

The following are the usual rates, viz:

On Stone and brick buildings, from 35 to 40 cts. on $100

"Log and frame "	60 to 70 cts. on 100
"Merchandize and furniture in brick or stone buildings, from	40 to 50 cts. on 100
"Do. in log or frame,	60 to 70 cts. on 100
"Horses, cattle, farming utensils and sundries, at about	60 cts. on 100

Application may be made to

JOHN J. MYERS, Agent.

Carlisle, Dec. 21, 1842. 1y

MERCHANT TAILORS.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the public, that they have purchased the entire stock of Goods of Thomas H. Skiles, consisting of

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Gloves, Stocks, Handkerchiefs, Linen Collars,

Gentlemens Dress, Cravats, Caps, &c. &c., all of which they offer for sale at the old stand of Thomas H. Skiles, in West Main Street. They assure the public that their work will be done in the best manner and most fashionable style. Gentlemen furnishing Cloth, may rely upon having it made up with equal care.

WM. A. LINTHURST,
WM. SKILES.

N. B. Thomas H. Skiles will be continued in the establishment as Cutter.

L. & S.

Carlisle, June 20, 1843. tf-34

CONFECTIONARY, FRUITS, &C.

LINE & MOYER,

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they have just received at their store on High street, next door to Bretem's Hotel, Carlisle, a large, fresh, and elegant assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, and other articles in their line, which they are ready to dispose of, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. Their assortment comprises the following varieties, all of which are of the choicest quality:

CANDIES.—Mint, ribnad, curls, quics, spear mint, mint plat, cakes and rolls, cinnamon, sassafras, lemon, hoarhound, clove, cream and bird-eye, Thompsonian or pepper candies; Jackson and Clay balls, lemon balls, French and common Nenga; French, common, and exploding secrets; mint drops rock and vanilla candy; sugar and burnt almonds; candy toys, liquorice, &c.

NUTS—Almonds, filberts, English walnuts, shellbarks, chesnuts, and Brazil, cream, cocoa and ground nuts

FRUITS—Oranges, lemons, raisins, figs, prunes, dates and citron. Also the best

Cavendish Tobacco and Segars:

such as Regalia, Principe, Havana, Trabucas and American segars, of the finest quality.

Their assortment is kept constantly supplied by fresh additions. Country merchants are invited to call, as they can be supplied on terms as advantageous as city prices. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, April 26, 1843.

Leather, Morocco and Finding STORE.

WM. L. PEIPER,

MOST respectfully informs the citizens of Harrisburg, and the public in general, that he has removed his Leather, Morocco and Finding Store, to North Second street, a few doors above Henry Buehler's Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of the following named articles, viz:

Spanish & Slaughter, Sole, Skirting,

Harness, fair and black bridle, wax and grain upper, whip and collar leather, wax and grain Calf Skins, Spanish and country Kips, top and lining leather, bellows Leather for Furnaces and Blacksmiths, and Bark Tanned Sheep Skins.

ALSO—MOROCCO:

Comprising Men's Morocco, Women's undressed red and black straits, French kid of different colors. Bed-rooms, Bindings, Linings of all colors, Bookbinder's leather, Chamois' leather and Buck skins.

ALSO—SHOEMAKERS' KIT AND FINDINGS,

Such as boot keys and breakers shoe keys, hammers, pincers, rolets, stamps, size sticks, punches, knives, rubbers, files, rasps, thread, boot webbing, sparables, boot cord, pegs, awls, &c. &c. All of which he will sell at the very LOWEST CASH PRICES!

W. L. P. returns his sincere thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to him, and respectfully solicits a continuance of their favors.

Harrisburg, May 17, 1843. tf-29

N. S. LAWRENCE

Agent for the sale of Southworth Manufacturing Company's

SUPERIOR WRITING PAPERS,

Warehouse, No. 3, Minor street, Phila.

The following kinds constantly on hand, and for sale to the Trade at the lowest market prices

Fine thick Flat Caps, 12, 14, and 16 lbs. blue and white.
Extra super and superfine Folio Posts, Blue & white.
Extra super Packet and commercial posts, blue and white.
Extra super Linen Note papers.
Superfine and fine Bill papers, (Long.)
Do do do (Broad.)
Do do Counting house Caps, blue & white.
Extra super Congress Caps and Letters, plain and ruled blue and white.
Superfine French Post plain and ruled.
Do Sermon Caps and Posts.
Superfine and fine Caps and Posts, ruled and plain, blue and white, various qualities and prices.
Also, Bonnet Boards, Tissue, Envelopes, Wrapping and Hardware papers, &c. &c.

Phila. July 19, 1843. 6m-38

A good Chance for a Bargain.

To a person wishing to commence business in Carlisle, a good opportunity is afforded of purchasing a Stock of Goods nearly new, and which were all bought for Cash, as the present proprietor in consequence of other engagements, is desirous of selling off, which he will do, on such terms, as must please a purchaser. Enquire at the Office of the Herald & Expositor.

May 17, 1843

POETRY.

☞ The following beautiful Stanzas, are from the Knickerbocker for April:—

TO MY MOTHER.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

My Mother! manhood's anxious brow
And sterner cares, have long been mine,
Yet turn I fondly to thee now,
As when, upon thy bosom's shrine,
My infant griefs were gently hushed to rest,
And thy low whispered prayers my slumbers blest.

I never call that gentle name,
My Mother! but I am again
E'en as a child; the very same
That prattled at thy knee, and fain
Would I forget, in momentary joy,
That I no more can be thy boy.

Thine artless Boy, to whom thy smile
Was sunshine, and thy frown sad night,
(Though rare that frown, and brief the while,
It veiled from me thy loving light.)
For well-conn'd task, ambition's highest bliss,
To win from thy approving lips a kiss.

I've lived through foreign lands to roam,
And gazed on many a classic scene,
But oft the thought of that dear home,
Which once was ours, would intervene,
And bid me close again my languid eye,
To think of thee, and those sweet days gone by:

That pleasant home of fruits and flowers,
When by the Hudson's verdant side,
My sisters wove their jasmine bowers,
And HE we loved, at eventide,
Would hastening come, from distant toil, to bless
Thing and his children's radiant happiness!

Those scenes are fled; the rattling car
O'er flint paved streets profanes the spot,
Where o'er the sod we sowed "The Star
Of Bethlehem" and "Forget me-not."
O, wo to Mammon's desolating reign,
We ne'er shall find on earth a home again!

I've pored o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
Perchance, a scholar's name; yet sage
On poet ne'er have taught thy son
Lessons so pure, so fraught with holy truth
As those his mother's faith shed o'er his youth.

If e'er, through grace, my God shall own
The offerings of my life and love,
Methinks, when bending close before His throne,
Amid the ransom'd hosts above,
Thy name on my rejoicing lips shall be,
And I will bless that grace for heaven and thee!

For thee and heaven: for thou didst tread
The way that leads to that blest land;
My often wayward footsteps led,
By thy kind words and patient hand,
And when I wandered far, thy faithful call
Restored my soul from sin's deceitful thrall!

I have been blest with other ties,
Fond ties and true, yet never deem
That I the less thy fondness prize:
No, MOTHER! in the warmest dream
Of answered passion, through this heart of mine,
One chord will vibrate to no name but THINE!

Mother! thy name is widow, well
I know no love of mine can fill
The waste place of my heart, nor dwell
Within one sacred recess, still
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,
My parent!—thou art more—my ONLY one!

[From the Family Christian Almanac.]

THE REASON WHY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I saw a little girl
With half uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus
Amid the winter storm.
They said her mother drank of that
Which took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude, and punishment,
And toil divide the time;
And as they forced him through the gate
Unwillingly along,
They told him 'twas intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take.
I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave,
They said no tear had fallen there,
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all
The risks the intemperate run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone.
Since water, then, is pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

MISCELLANY.

Correspondence of the Albany Evening Journal.

LETTER FROM MR. WEED.

GLASGOW, August 9, 1843.

We have just returned from a visit to the birth-place of Robert Burns. We lingered for hours around objects made classic by his genius. This true poet of nature has invested everything that surrounds Ayr and Alloway with an interest that can never die. Every brook and brae and craig and "Brig," are the self-erected monuments to his memory and his muse.

The Glasgow and Ayr Railway enables visiters to go to Alloway in three hours and a half. The cottage in which the poet was born is about two and a half miles from Ayr. It is and has been occupied by a Mrs. Goudie, an intelligent and communicative old lady, who was acquainted with Burns for forty-two years. The cottage, as constructed by the poet's father, on seven acres of ground, for which he bought a perpetual lease, is small and humble, consisting of a single room and kitchen.—When the poet's father rented Mount Oliphant, a farm near the cottage, he sold his seven acres to the Shoemaker's Corporation of Ayr, for 60*l.* to whom Mrs. Goudie pays an annual rent of 45*l.*

From the cottage we proceeded to the "Burns monument," a very tasteful, poetic structure, erected on the banks of the "Bonny Doun," at an expense of 3,300*l.* raised by subscription. The grounds around it are handsomely laid out and adorned with many varieties of shrub and flower. Within the monument, upon the ground floor, is an apartment lighted from a cupola, with stained glass, in the centre of which stands a table with relics of Burns enclosed in a glass case. Among these mementoes are the two Bibles presented by the Poet to his "Highland Mary." In the fly-leaf of each volume; "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," as written by himself, is seen; and in the first book, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely," and in the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thy oaths," appear in his hand-writing. With these sacred volumes is a lock of "Highland Mary's" hair. After the death of Mary Campbell, these Bibles were given by her mother to Mrs. Anderson, another daughter, who subsequently gave one to each of her daughters. A son of Mrs. Anderson, who resides in Canada, came afterwards into possession of both these volumes, but was compelled by pecuniary misfortunes to part with them. They were purchased for 25*l.* by some Scotch gentlemen at Montreal, and returned to Scotland for preservation in the monument, where they were deposited on the 25th (the poet's birth-day) of January, 1841. The view from the monument is one of surpassing beauty, every bright feature of which has its poetic associations. From the monument we passed over to

"Alloway's auld haunted Kirk,"

the walls and bell of which alone are preserved, the woodwork having long since been transformed into snuff boxes. Near the kirk yard gate are the remains of the poet's father, distinguished by a slab on which these lines, written by Burns, are inscribed:

"Oh ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
The friend of man—to sin alone a foe,
For e'en his failing leaned to virtue's side."

The tomb of the Lord of Alloway is in the area of the kirk, and at the west corner of the cemetry is a handsome modern inoonument to the memory of General Hughes. A few yards farther west, and by the side of the door, is the

"——well
Where Mungo's mither hanged herael."

Going south a few hundred yards, you come to "Auld Brig," over which "Tam O'Shanter" was pursued by the witches; and still farther on you see

"——the meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane."

A sister of Burns resides about three-quarters of a mile from the cottage, upon whom we intended to call; but, just as we had terminated our view of external objects, the rain descended in such torrents that we were compelled to forego the visit. Mrs. Goudie informed us that this sister is a widow lady upwards of seventy, but enjoying good health.

We returned to Ayr, (an ancient town of much historical interest,) through which—the rain having abated—we wandered for an hour. Ayrshire contained a population of 145,000 in 1831, and boasts of having given birth to Bruce, Wallace and Burns. Ayrshire was also the scene of the great Eglintoun tournament in 1839. The river Ayr abounds in trout and salmon. The salmon, by the way, have never been so plentiful at this season. Immense quantities are daily taken from Ireland and Scotland to England. They have been sold, where they are taken most abundantly, for three cents a pound.

The Ayr "folk" have erected a noble tower in honor of Sir William Wallace, which is adorned with a statue of the Scottish chief by Thom. There is another statue of Wallace in a niche of an ancient stone building, in which he once took refuge when hard pressed by a superior force.

The tower of St. John's church, erected in the 12th century, but converted into an armory and fortification by Oliver Cromwell in 1642, is a venerable relic. The Rev. John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer, John Knox, was pastor of St. John's church in 1650.

But I passed these objects with a cursory glance, for the purpose of seeing and crossing "The Brigs of Ayr," whose relative claims to consideration were so glowingly sung by

"The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough;
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough."

While standing upon the "Auld Brig," looking towards its gay rival, it required but a slight effort of the imagination to endow it with the powers of speech, and to suppose it exclaiming:

'Conceited gowk! puffed up wi' windy pride!
This many a year I've stood the wind and tide;
An' thro' wi' 't crazy ell I'm air forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're are shapeless cairn."

And having imagined this, the supercilious reply of the "New Brig" was of course heard:

"Fike, *Architecture!* trowth, I need not say o't;
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gat of o't!
Gaunt, ghastly ghaist alluring edifices,
Hanging with cheatening jut, like precipices;
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile bird, or beast."

It is a little singular that the poetic prophecy of Burns, that the old brig would be a brig when the new one became a "shapeless cairn," is about to be realized. The new brig, since the construction of the Ayr railway, which terminates near it, is found too narrow for the increase of business, and is to be taken down. This bridge was built in 1778. The "old bridge" was erected in 1285, and looks as if it might stand as much longer.

Before the "brig" my attention was arrested by what (with us) would have been regarded, if not patented, as an "improved washing machine." At least a dozen washtubs were placed along the shore of the river Ayr, in which as many females—some old and ugly some young and pretty—were "pounding clothes" with their feet! I have heard that the Scotch lasses, who have large "bakings" knead their bread in the same manner. The truth of this, however, I cannot vouch; but that I saw them dancing in washtubs, without stockings or garters is certain.

Within a mile of the river Tarbolton, near the river Ayr, is the scene of Burns' last and truly affectionate interview with Mary Campbell. It was of a Sunday, in May. Their mutual faith was plighted, first by laving their hands in the pure stream and then crossing them upon Mary's Bible. Preparatory to their marriage, Mary visited her friends in Argyleshire, and, in returning, fell sick and died at Greenock.—Burns retained through life a most devoted remembrance of this early attachment.—Mr. Lockhart, (who, from frequent interviews with the widow of the poet, derived many very interesting facts in relation to Burns) states, among other things, that many years after his marriage, and on the anniversary of the death of "Highland Mary," after working hard all day in the fields, though out of health, he wandered into the barn-yard, where he remained so long that Mrs. B., alarmed at his absence, went repeatedly and begged him to come in; which he promised to do, but remained stretched upon a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed upon a beautiful planet, that shone like another moon, until a late hour. On entering the house, he called for his desk, and immediately wrote the following sublime and pathetic lines:

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn;
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

Oh, Mary! dear departed shade,
Where e'e is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity can ne'er efface
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

William Burns, the poet's father, is remembered as an intelligent, worthy, pious farmer, but on whom fortune bestowed more of her frowns than her smiles. At his death, the family were left entirely destitute; but soon removed (in 1784) from Alloway to Mossgeil, where the poet found in Gavin Hamilton (from whom his mother leased a farm) an early and generous friend. Most of his poems, during the three years he resided here, from his 25th year, were written.

I am surprised in finding upon the register kept for visiters at the birth-place of Burns, the names of but very few Americans. In looking back for the last four months, I noticed the names of three of my countrymen—one of which was that of Professor Mussey of Boston.

The Glasgow and Ayr railway, though undertaken with serious doubts of its answering the hopes of stockholders, proves a most profitable investment. It is fifty miles in length, and runs through Paisley, Johnstone, Lochwinnock, Beith, Killbur, nie, Dalry, Saltcoats, Killwinning, etc., which are manufacturing towns, and through Irvine, (a beautiful place,) Troon, Monkton, Prestwick, Ayr, etc., which are upon the sea coast, and commercial in their pursuits. The capital stock was 520.000 pounds, most of which was subscribed by the merchants of Glasgow. Forty per cent. only had been called when the railway was completed. Its stock is at or above par. I allude more particularly to this subject now for the purpose of remarking, that, but for the circumstance that this rail-way was to approach the birth-place of Burns, the stock would not have been taken, nor would the way have been constructed. This circumstance *popularized* the enterprise. Many capitalists ventured to take stock, who, but for the charm which Burns has thrown around Ayr and Alloway, would have held their hands.—Nor was this view of the question too poetical. A considerable item in the receipts of the company is derived from visiters to the birth-place of Burns.

☞ Digby says he never sees an unsocial person but what he thinks of Swift's remarks "that there are some solitary wretches, who seem to have left the rest of mankind, only as Eve left Adam—to meet the devil in private."

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF AN OLD DRUNKARD.

Here is a picture painted by the hand of a master, (Professor Wilson,) that is worth a thousand sermons or lectures against the sin of drunkenness:

"Look at that grey-headed man of threescore and upwards, sitting by the way-side. He was once an elder of the kirk; and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned the temples—'the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare'—of a Scottish peasant.—What eye beheld the many hundred steps that, one by one, with imperceptible graduation, led him down, down, to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin? For years before it was bruited about that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping in the spence, when her sons and daughters were at work in the fields! and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw spirits kept causelessly, raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by loud voices of anger and reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife, except with a sullen scowl or fiery wrath; but, when they did look on her with kindness, there was also a rueful self-upbraiding in their expression, on account of his cruelty; and, at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart would overflow with forgiving affection, and her eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and ears of men and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a by-word in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character, seemed to him in desperation, beyond the power of man and against the decree of God. So he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two sisters went to take a farewell of him, but never returned; one it is said, having died of a fever in the infirmary, just as if she had been a pauper; and the other, for the thought of sin and sorrow and shame, and suffering is ruinous to the soul—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agony, and is now at peace.

The rest of the family dropped down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations, in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did a favorable report ever come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the wo, remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland is peasantry! image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at eventide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old wayside tree, he seems some religious missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word God and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite; for he cannot help that noble, that venerable, that apostolic aspect, dignified figure, as if bent gently by time, loath to touch it with too heavy a hand, that holy sprinkling over his temples of the silver-soft and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts of gracious Nature all, and Nature will not reclaim them but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason, the drunkard! And in an hour, you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying; stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till taking refuge in the smithy, or the poorhouse, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount a table, and urged perhaps by reckless folly, to give out a text from the bible, which is nearly engraven on his memory; so much and so many other things effaced forever, and there like a wild itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and falling down he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room, and left to sleep; better far for such a wretch were it to be death."—*Scottish Temperance Intelligencer.*

☞ It is said that the Chinese are the most admirable gardeners and trainers of plants, for each of which they know how to prepare and apply the best adapted manure, and that their agriculture is the most perfect in the world!

THE GAY YOUNG WIFE AND SERIOUS HUSBAND.

BY MISS BREMER.

This morning, at five o'clock, I set out on the way to Carlfros, to fetch Ebba. The weather was as fine as I could wish, and at six o'clock I found Ebba at the appointed place ready dressed, full of enthusiasm, and impatiently awaiting me. With the exception of the domestics, nobody was up but she, and so we set out. At first she leaped, and talked, and laughed, and sang; rejoicing in her life, like a bird; but no sooner had we reached a large, beautiful and thick wood which lies almost midway between Carlfors and Rosenvik, than she became suddenly quiet. It was in fact a situation calculated to excite pleasant and serious thoughts at the same time. It was perfectly still. Large dew drops hung on the leaves of the trees; while the golden rays of the sun, breaking through the wood, produced, amid the rich foliage, innumerable beautiful effects of light and shade.—The air was indescribably pure and delicious, and Ebba involuntarily went slower, while I walked silently beside her. A solemn feeling was over me, and now and then I glanced at her. A soft paleness overspread her beautiful young face, a certain new perception might be read there; her eyes, which were filled with tears, looked slowly around, as if full of astonishment; she beheld a new world!

At that moment a bird struck up wonderful enchanting notes. One might have thought him endowed with a thinking soul.

'O, what is that?' asked Ebba, astonished, and standing still.

'It is a nightingale,' I replied, rejoicing no little in the beloved, but so rarely heard song.

Ebba listened long, looked long, as if listening to everything around her. It seemed as if her spiritual ear had now, for the first time, awoke to the high song of life.

'Gracious Heaven!' whispered she, 'how solemn it is, how wonderful, how beautiful!'

I repeated half aloud, the words of Teigner:

"Ah! if so much of beauty pour itself
Into each vein of life, and of creation,
How beautiful must the great Fountain be,
The Bright, the Eternal!"

Ebba threw herself, weeping, into my arms, and I clasped her to me with sisterly affection.

'Ah, Franziska,' said she, 'I know not how to feel! I am happy, and yet I must weep! It is so beautiful around me! Tell me, what is this like?'

'Life,' I replied.

'Life,' repeated she, astonished; 'but life has so many unaccordant, so many adverse scenes.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but what we see, at this moment, resembles the truth of life—which is serious, yet, at the same time, joyful.'

'I do not perfectly understand you,' said Ebba, laying her hand on my forehead; 'but I think, I half guess—thoughts pass through my mind, but I cannot arrange them.'

'In time dear Ebba,' I replied, 'you will understand them better.'

'And if I understand that seriousness of life,' said she 'of which you speak, should I then be joyful as now?'

'O, yes,' I answered, 'then for the first time would you be truly joyful and happy; then you would not as now, have so much ill humor and so many weary moments.'

'I will learn the seriousness of life,' said she cheerfully; "but then who will teach me? Jane Maria cannot do it; you could, but then I shall soon leave you.'

'Do you know, Ebba,' asked I, 'whom this wood scene resembles?'

"Whom?"

"Your husband," I replied.

Ebba looked at me with sparkling eyes, and said, "I believe you are right."

'Yes," I said, "his spirit is both serious and bright; and if you learn the seriousness of life, and its beauty also, live for him Ebba. O, Ebba! be to him like the nightingale to his domestic life; be to him like the sunbeams between the trees; unite yourself inwardly to him, be guided by him, make him happy; and then you will understand the best happiness of life, and will acquire a worth in your eyes, with God and with man.'

MILITARY ANECDOTE.—An Inspector General recently surprised a garrison of United States Troops without giving them time to prepare for a review. One of the soldiers, in his haste to appear on parade, had only time to black the front part of his boots, which, on examination, the eye of the General discovered during his passage in the rear of the rank; and tapping him on the shoulder, said in a rebuking tone of voice—

"Soldier! you have not blacked your boots behind!"

"No doubt you are right, General," was the quick reply; "but a good soldier never *looks behind!*"

He was excused.