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 XLVI. CARLISLE, PA. NOVEMBER 8, 1843. NUMBER 22.

HERALD & EXPOSITOR.

Office, Centre Square, S. W. Corner, at the Old Stand.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

The HERALD & EXPOSITOR is published weekly, on a double royal sheet, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable within three months from the time of subscribing; or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, at the end of the year.

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.

Pro bono publico! Call and save a Dollar!

HATS! HATS!

ALL ye who wish to suit yourselves 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 Angney 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 every moderate prices.

For CASH, I 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 Louther 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, 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. Super fine 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 hair 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 and Unground;

Together with every other article in the Drug line, the attention of Physicians, Country Merchants and Dyers, is solicited as I am determined 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 precisely 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-42

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, Plugging 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,
" Sanative Pills,
" Carminative Balsam,

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 MORTGAGES 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 Hose, 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 stile. 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 & MONYER,

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they have just received at their store on High street, next door to Beetem's Hotel, Carlisle, a large, fresh, and elegant assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, nuts 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, rifaid, curls, quies, spear mint, mint plat, cakes and rolls, cinnamon, sassafras, lemon, horehound, 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. PEIFER,

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---MOROCCOS:

Comprising Men's Morocco, Women's undressed and black straits, French kid of different colors. Red roans, 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 PRICE!

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, Envelope, Wrapping and Hardware papers, &c. &c.

Phila. July 19, 1843. 6m-38

House Painter, Glazier & Paper hanging.

S. J. N. SMITH,

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Carlisle and the public in general, that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes that by strict attention to business and with a desire to please, to merit and receive a share of public patronage. He may be found at the corner of South Hanover street, in Chapel alley, opposite D. E. Blair's Chair manufactory.

Carlisle, July 19, 1843. 3m-38

POETRY.

EARTH'S VOICES.

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice."

To him who has an ear for melody,
Who loves earth's natural music, where no harp
Of curious make, by man's device is framed
To measure sounds by arbitrary laws—
How manifold the minstrelsy that swells
From her voiced instruments—he walks abroad,
And nature is attuned to harmony.
Earth caught her music when the morning stars
Welcomed the stranger to their galaxy.
And ever since there's not a thing that lives
But hath an utterance, though inaudible
To him whose ear is wedded to the wire,
And to the viol's smooth, voluptuous trills;
The stream that through the untrodden desert flows,
Impregnates with its cadences the air;
The first white snow-drop and the last brown flower,
That leans its withered cheek on winter's breast,
Hold eloquent converse with the changing year.

Spring has a joyful tone—
There's a glad murmer through the forest trees;
And budding boughs, stirred by the southern breeze
As if their maker's hand were o'er them thrown,
Give forth a voice peculiarly their own.

Summer, a careless song,
When birds pursue their mates upon the wing,
And hold their revels round the shaded spring,
Or perch upon some branch, the whole day long
Echo each other's numbers clear and strong.

Autumn, too, has a tongue
Of varied melody; oft-times she grieves,
And o'er her faded sheen a requiem weaves;
All whites her garners with ripe spoils are hung,
And the loud harvest home is gaily sung.

Stern winter goes not by
With silent footsteps: there's a crashing sound
Where the hewn cedar topples to the ground;
And the pure snow, when from the frosty sky
Its flakes come down, yields delicate minstrelsy.

And childhood's early day—
It is all music; with the blush of light
Its hymn commences; with the shut of night
Only the tune is changed—a gentler lay
Steals from its sleeping lips to heaven away.

And where is he? Oh, where?
Who hath not known a mother's voice, and felt
Its power to sway, to move, to soothe, to melt!
And when for those she loves that voice is prayer,
Angels aloft its supplications bear.

Love breathes a fitful strain
Of broken melody; when love is young,
Like mingled pearls that have not yet been strung,
It hath some rapturous numbers; but 'tis pain,
When warbled once, to sing them o'er again.

Pale sorrow bears a part
In this unceasing concert; and her wail
Is like the mourning of November's gale,
Or as the plant of the death-stricken heart,
Pierced by the forest ranger's bearded dart.

Religion's anthem swells
From holy lips, unchanged by years or clime,
Still soaring heavenward with a note sublime,
Or whispering inwardly, its utterance tells
Of peace, drawn from salvation's living wells.

Oh, Faith is never dumb!
Hark to the blast of triumph from yon bed—
Her thrilling chant—"Death, thou art conquered!
From this low earth, my temporary home
To take my high reward, I come, I come!"

☞ We comply with the request of "a Subscriber," by publishing the following:

THE EVENING GUN.

Oft have I sat on grassy plat,
As sank the evening sun,
And waited for the opening roar
From mouth of evening gun.

And as it struck with sudden break
Upon my waiting ear,
A tremor came upon upon my frame
That ended in a tear.

And why thus feel at cannon's peal?
I know not—'tis my mood
O'er slightest thing that chance might bring
In reverie deep to brood.

* * * * * * *

And when its sound had passed the mound
Whereon my frame reclined,
My spirit struck into its wake
To follow with the wind.

And as we two with swiftness flew
O'er hill and vale to steer,
Oh it was sweet with wraps to greet
Each heedless careless ear.

And if we struck by chance or luck
Upon a hillock's face,
We struck a blow that sure would go
Back to our starting place.

MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Christian Advertiser.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

'It must be, my child,' said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks.—'There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brothers starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be better.—Go, Henry, my dear—I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done.'

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it.

It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the side walk, he looked first at one person then at another as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three cornered hat, and a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow when he looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him.—His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair face of the boy, and saw the deep blush that overspread his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

'You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread,' said he kindly laying his hand on the boys shoulder; 'what has driven you to this step?'

'Indeed,' answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, 'Indeed I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now.'

'Who is your father?' inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

'My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My beloved mother has until now, managed to support her self and my little brother, by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shoveling snow, and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that'—here the tears poured faster than ever—'I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had some need of charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. Oh, sir, do pity my poor mother.'

The tears and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

'Where does your mother live, my boy?' said he in a husky voice, 'is it far from here?'

'She lives in the last house in this street, sir, replied Henry. 'You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side.'

'Have you sent for a physician?'

'No sir,' said the boy sorrowfully shaking his head. 'I had no money to pay neither for a physician nor for the medicine.'

'Here,' said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, 'here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician.'

Henry's eye flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow.—He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, and on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow with a deep sigh, added, 'Oh sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper in misery and in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows: but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if—' Here emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consoling to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

'Do not despair,' said the benevolent stranger, 'think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?'

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hand of her child who sat with her on the bed, and tearing out a blank leaf, 'I have no other paper,' said she, 'but you can write with it.'

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

'This prescription,' said he, 'you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery.'

He laid the paper on the table and went away.

Scarcely had he gone when the elder son returned.

'Cheer up, my dear mother,' said he, going to the bedside and affectionately kissing her. 'See what a kind and benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself now, dear mother, and take courage.'

'Come nearer my son,' answered the mother looking with pride and affection on her child. 'Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may he still watch over you in all your paths! A physician was just here. He was a stranger, but he spake to me with kindness and a compassion that was a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table, see if you can read it.'

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read through, again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

'What is it, my son?' exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension she knew not what.

'Ah, read, read mother! God has heard us.'

The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than—'my God!' she exclaimed, 'it is WASHINGTON!' and fell back, fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprize, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her constant and profitable employment, and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, they placed in proper situations, where they were not only able to support themselves, but to render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story, remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

The Mississippi valley is known by such very crude and indefinite names as the West, the Western country, the Lake country, the Southwest, the Far West; by some it is called the Land of Pigs, and, since the election of 1840, it is sometimes styled the Coonskin regions. Its boundaries on the West, are the Rocky Mountains, Mexico and Texas; on the south the Gulf of Mexico, on the East the Allegheny mountains; and on the north the Lakes and British possessions. It contains nearly as many square miles as continental Europe, and if populated as densely as England, would sustain a population of *five hundred millions* of human beings—more than half of the present population of the earth. Stretching from the 29th to the 49th degrees of latitude, it possesses great variety of climate. In richness of soil, and extent of tillable land, it is not it is not surpassed by any country of the same extent. Its surface is almost unbroken by a mountain or hill of a sufficient size to impede cultivation. Geographically viewed it is pre-eminently a commercial country, and is particularly eligible for FOREIGN commerce. To see, reader, for yourself, what the Mississippi valley is, suppose you go on board of one of those steamboats lying at the wharf in New Orleans, and about to start for the Upper Mississippi river. Leaving the orange groves and sugar plantations of the South, in about ten days the boat will land you at the Falls of Saint Anthony, *twenty-five hundred* miles up the Mississippi river; if you think you are not far enough north, you can walk round the Falls, and taking another boat, ascend *eight hundred or a thousand* miles farther. On your way up you will have passed through many climates, and seen the production of each under cultivation, and over a vast mining region, abounding in coal, lead, iron, and copper ore, all found in being of wonderful richness. As your return, should you wish to take a peep at the West, you will take a boat at St. Louis bound up the Missouri river.

After a couple of weeks or so of good hard running, she will land you at the Great Falls, in the country of the Blackfoot Indians, about *thirty-nine hundred* miles above St. Louis, and FIVE THOUSAND from New Orleans. Returning, you would of course wish to see some of the tributaries of the Missouri—for this purpose you would make a little excursion of *eleven hundred* miles up the Yellow Stone, of sixteen hundred up the Platte, and of twelve hundred up the Kozas, and so back to St. Louis, on the Mississippi river twelve hundred miles from New Orleans. There you would take a boat for the beautiful Ohio, and run up that stream to Pittsburg one thousand miles from the mouth of the Ohio, and two thousand from New Orleans. You would see the flourishing towns of Louisville, Cincinnatti, and Pittsburg; the most luxuriant crops of grain and grasses; fine and numerous flocks and herds of every kind; you would smile to see the primitive contrivances wafted on the bosom of the Ohio, bearing the products of the Ohio valley to its distant market in New Orleans; and more than all, you would rejoice to see the healthy, happy, smiling faces of the people. Before you again embark on the Mississippi, you would no doubt run three or four hundred miles up the Cumberland, six or seven hundred up the Tennessee river, to see what were the first cotton regions of the valley, and now highly cultivated and improved. Once more on the Mississippi, on your way downward, you would be prompted to shoot *fifteen hundred or two thousand* miles up the Arkansas river, just to see where all those hides and furs come from. You would no doubt run two or three miles up the Yazoo, and two hundred or so up the Big Black, both in the state of Mississippi, to see the country that sends out those stupendous steamboat loads of cotton that you meet on your way up; and just before you reached New Orleans you would be sorely tempted to pop a *thousand or fifteen hundred* miles up Red river, to see the splendid cotton plantations of Louisiana, and give a finish to your excursions.

When you got back to New Oleans, you would have a tolerably accurate idea of what the Mississippi valley is; and by putting the distances together, you will find that you travelled very comfortably by steamboat *sixteen thousand* miles, and, in going and returning, double that distance. Should curiosity lead you to investigate, you will find that in the Mississippi and its tributaries, the Mississippi valley possesses a steamboat navigation of from twenty five to thirty thousand miles. Such is a brief but true geographical glance at the valley. To the mind of an Atlantic or European reader it may appear more of a "fancy sketch" than a true discription. Let them not suppose that truth is violated *because our rivers are large;* we did not make them, and are not responsible for that.—We have, however, plenty of such little streams as the Hudson, the Delaware, the Potomac, the Santee, the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, the Humber; but we do not dignify them with the name of *rivers;* we call them creeks or bayous. With us IT TAKES a river to make a river.

In 1790, no State had been erected in this valley. Not including the population of the western section of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, its population was then only 108,868; not equal to that of Bedfordshire in England. 1800 it contained two States—population 375,647; nearly equal to that of Cheshire in England.—In 1810 it contained three States, population 1,099,160; nearly equal to the West Riding of Yorkshire. In 1820 it contained six States, population 2,217,304; nearly equal to that of Scotland. In 1830 it contained nine States, population 3,672,470 more than that of Scotland and Wales. In 1840 it contained eleven States, population including that of the western sections of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 8,434,749; being more than that of Scotland, Wales, both of the Canadas, all of the British West India Islands, Australia, and the West Riding of Yorkshire!

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

Of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking—of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most systematically troublesome that ever I heard of was Mungo Mackay, of the town of Boston on Massachusetts Bay.—Others follow the sport as most men follow the hounds or cultivate music for a recreation, but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the by play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquility of his neighborhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's, leaving him a comfortable independence; and from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitish wit; for truly "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him;" and the hand of every woman too, from the Charles River to South Boston, and for many miles around the villages, by a semicircle of which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to church betimes, took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright with his arms extended with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the church was full to overflowing. The psalm was sung, the prayer was said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precepts of brotherly love, upon the beauty of benevolence; on the pleasure which arises not only from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny paths are softened and adorned.—In the language of the critics in such matters, 'there was not a dry eye in the place;' the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each others down his cheeks.—But while every one was busy with their handkerchiefs, wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had, by the strokes of his eloquence, caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mack held his arms still and straight while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. He wriggled, figeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no handkerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress. At length a young widow lady, who sat, beside him remarked that he was ill at ease, and (Heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow) after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone.

'Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell.

'Ah, madam,' breathed Mackay, in a whisper, 'I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away.'

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes. The fair Samaritan seemed to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, Mackay looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of, the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed, and to a person who had done one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and still whiter handkerchief, were raised to Mackay's cut water, but the moment it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter, and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackey and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convice them that a successful *hoax* had been played for their amusement. A general titter ran round the place, 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles' were the order of the day. Men held down their heads and laughed outright; and the laidies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling fonts above.

At length something like order was restored—the hymn sung, the blessing given amid stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow up to this point, feeling strong in the conciousness of having performed a virtuous action on a good looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious nor the smiles of the mirthful, but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat pocket for his gloves! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come, for Mackey having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, turned, and put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear,

'Is it not madam, a much great pleasure to operate upon a fine looking Roman nose like mine than upon such a queer snub as you have?'