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FOETAL.

THE PROPHECY OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.
"And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days."
"Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken to Israel your father."—GENESIS XLIX. 1, 2, 3.

The patriarch sat upon his bed—
His cheek was pale, his eye was dim;
Long years of woe had bowed his head,
And feeble was the giant limb;
And his twelve mighty sons stood round;
In grief—to see their father die!

But sudden as the thunder fell,
A new-born child within his frame,
His fainting visage flushed with soul—
His lip was touched with living flame;
And burst, with more than prophetic fire,
The stream of Judgment, Love and Ire.

"Rebuen," thou speakest in my side,
Thy father's first-born, and his shame;
Unstable as the rolling tide,
A night has fallen upon thy name.
Deeds shall follow thee and thine;
Get outcast of a hall—'d line!

"Simeon and Levi," sons of blood,
That still hangs heavy on the land;
Your flocks shall be the shepherd's brand,
Your folds shall lie beneath his hand.
In swamp and forest shall ye dwell;
Be scattered among Israel!

"Judah," all hail, thou priest, thou king!
The crown, the glory, shall be thine;
Thine, in the fight, the eagle's wing—
Thine, on the hill, the citadel's line,
Thou lion, nations shall turn pale,
When such thy ramparts on the gate.

"Zebulun," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Issachar," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Dan," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Nephtali," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Gad," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Asher," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Naphtali," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Dan," my son, ascend the throne,
Thou comes from even the unborn King—
The prophetic, the man of vision,
Whom hee shall crush the serpent's sting.
Thou eagle is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURTSHIP AND HONEY MOON.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"To keep one sacred flame
Through life unquenched, unmov'd,
To love in wintry age the same
As first in youth we loved."
"This is love—faithful love—
Such as man's mightiest feel above."

If we were constantly to bear in mind, in our passage through life, that 'tis trifles make the sum of human things, how much of the misery into which many of us now heedlessly plunge might be entirely avoided. Unhappily, there are but few in the married state, who, in their remembrances, are enabled to look back upon the unbroken chain of bliss so beautifully depicted in the lines above quoted; and it is only the reason that we can imagine why it is not often realized is—next to the natural depravity of our race—the want of proper attention to the thousand little occurrences and unpleasant passages confessedly trifling in themselves, but which in the aggregate "make up in number what they want in weight."

It is not, however, our intention, even were we equal to the task, to digress into a dissertation upon the various ills which afflict humanity, or the causes which produce them; but merely to present the reader with a brief sketch, which will perhaps serve in some respect, to illustrate, as well the cause with which the seeds of unhappiness may be incautiously sown in the hearts of those who love us, as also what may be considered in the infant or incipient state of that bright existence, warmed by that "sacred flame," which can only qualify us

"To love in wintry age the same
As first in youth we loved."

A festival was given by a young married lady—one of a numerous circle of acquaintances on the return of her birthday, which was likewise the first anniversary of her marriage. A large party of her young friends, the greater part of whom had knelt at the hymeneal altar at about the same time with herself, were present to enliven the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Mayland (for such shall be the name of our host and hostess) presented a most felicitous union, and were noted for their tender regard for each other; which partook more of the romantic fondness which characterizes the young and hopeful lover, than of what is usually observable in the staid realities of married life of even less than a year's standing. Happy with themselves, they neglected no opportunity to administer to the joy and comfort of their friends, whom they gathered about them, and possessing the most agreeable and winning manners, it was rarely that their efforts to please were unsuccessful.

With such beings to entertain, it is easy to imagine that their visitors at such times would be under very little restraint in pursuing the pleasures of the hour, and restraint in such cases, all know, is a great bar to enjoyment. The conversations were animated, and for a time were participated in by all. Glowing with warmth and animation, after a number of other topics had been exhausted, the subject of matrimony was brought upon the tapis. This in some respects was perhaps peculiarly appropriate to the exigence of the occasion, but, unfortunately, it was suffered to take a turn, the only result of which, if left unchecked, would be likely, in time, to grow into an unconquerable evil.

The untimely interruption of the general harmony which marked their intercourse for a few moments previous, was caused by some of the young husbands present, who were disposed to treat the subject in the most disagreeable light, by inveigling against matrimony, and by ridiculing that condition and its vaunted pleasures, when compared with their former "single blessedness."

"Some of the coarser-minded among them went so far—and that in the presence of their wives—as to discourse eloquently upon the bright fields for various achievements which would be opened to them and upon which they might enter if they were unmarried."

"I would travel," said one.
"I too," said another, "I would explore the old world—and feast on its curiosities and its wonders, ere I became a settled man."

"I would enter the list of Fame at home," said a third. "I would not yield to the blind impulses of Cupid until I had reached the highest seat in the council of state."

"My choice," said a fourth, "were I permitted to re-commence my career, should be the navy instead of a wife."

"And mine the army!"

This they proceeded through their lengthened category; but alas! none said they would endeavor to make themselves and their wives contented and happy in their then present condition! All that they did say, though without any apparent evil or malicious intent broadly enough implied that their wives were burthens to which they were chained, and which kept them from rising.

are hearts whose chords are too exquisitely sensitive to resist the whitening influence of the impious sneer, when coming from those they love, be the motive what it will. It is evident that the words which fell from the lips of some of the party, descended like molten lead upon the hearts of their young and trusting wives, rendering them incapable of continuing their participation in the evening's enjoyments. This, though readily noticed by others, and particularly by Mr. and Mrs. Mayland, was entirely overlooked or unheeded by those who were the cause of it.

Painful, indeed, was the result to all but such as were its active promoters. Mr. Mayland, who had withdrawn his voice and was sitting a silent spectator of what was going forward during this part of the conversation, was justly indignant at the excess of his guests, and longed for an opportunity not only to change the tenor of their unbecoming observations, but to administer at the same time, without involving any breach of hospitality, some suitable and effectual rebuke. They, however, continued their bitter remarks; and at length noticing Mr. Mayland's silence, one of them approached, and tapping him on the shoulder, said—

"Well, Mayland, here you sit as quiet as a mouse. What do you think of the matter—the advantages and disadvantages? What would you do if you were not married?"

His (Mayland's) sweetheart wife was sitting a little distance from him when this question was propounded, she had been highly delighted that her dear husband had abstained from the reckless flow of words that had been passing, but now seeing that he was directly appealed to, her heart leaped, and she riveted her eyes upon him with mingled emotions of hope and fear. It was not at that moment a matter of much difficulty to read her countenance. It seemed to ask—"And am I, too, to be compromised by my husband, as my friends have been by theirs?" But her suspense was of short duration.

"What would I do?" slowly repeated the lover husband, and then turning to meet the glance of his wife, he continued—"I would go immediately in search of Miss—(repeating her maiden name) of her to her heart and hand, be blessed by receiving her's in return, and then get married as soon as possible."

This unexpected reply, so deliberately and frankly expressed, had the effect to produce instant silence. The satirical portion of the young gentlemen understood and appreciated its full force. They were suddenly abashed. It was a contrast with their own conduct too striking not to have its own weight. The young wife who was the object of it was so deeply affected—so filled with gratitude that she had been spared the infliction of a pain she so fervently deprecates—that she sprang from her seat and fell upon his neck, and with a tear of joy glistening in her eye, said in a subdued tone—

"My beloved husband, that answer is in consonance with what, to me, you have ever been—Would that I were more worthy of your most devoted affections."

"More worthy my dear wife," he returned, "more worthy you cannot be. You are to me a jewel of inestimable worth. Deprived of you life would be to me but one unrelieved blank."

He then impressed upon her forehead an impassioned kiss, and seated her gently beside him.

But the scene did not end here. The voices of those who a few moments before were loudest in vain prattle, were now hushed in silence; and that silence needed to be broken by some spirit that could suggest a different and more agreeable pastime than that in which they had just been indulging, but which none now seemed disposed to renew. At this crisis, a married sister of the husband who had so suddenly changed the order of things, which she viewed with much satisfaction, noticed likewise the kiss, and for the purpose of putting an end to the awkward intermission playfully asked, directing attention to her brother—

"Are you not ashamed to be courting here before all the company?"

"The company," he returned, with an air of triumph which he could not well repress, "will please excuse us. We did not commence our regular courtship until after marriage, and it is not yet ended! We trust that it may continue through the whole course of our natural lives, and that we may spend our 'honey-moon' in Heaven!"

This was enough. The scene was indeed changed. The offending gentlemen immediately became fully convinced of the pernicious tendency of their conduct—frankly acknowledged their error—apologized to their wives—kissed them all round, and soon retired in perfect good humor, all well pleased with the lesson they had learned; and which was perhaps the means of saving them from many after years of discontent, attention and misery. A happier company than when that party again assembled, were never met together. And this assurance, kind reader, is all the moral that need be regarded as

LETTER FROM C. M. CLAY TO ANTI-SLAVERY MEN.

The following letter, says the New York Tribune, from CASSIUS M. CLAY to one of the many who have written to him for an expression of his views respecting the Presidency, has been transmitted to us for publication. We ask all opponents of Slavery to give it that consideration to which the character, ability, and well known Anti-Slavery sentiments of the writer entitle it. He has just given new proof of the sincerity and depth of his conviction by *emancipating all his own slaves*—thus directing himself legally entrenched Rights of Property worth some \$40,000. Let the man who has done more, risked more, sacrificed more, for Emancipation than CASSIUS M. CLAY condemn the decision announced in the following noble declaration.

Lexington, Ky., March 20, 1844.

W. J. McKISSIP, Esq., Mayor of Dayton Ohio.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of February 15th last was in due time received, and I waited thus long with the intention of not answering it at all; because I am a private citizen, not seeking office at the hand of the people, it might seem to place me in the presumptuous attitude of attempting to influence, by mere weight of opinion, the votes of my countrymen in their choice of President; when neither my age, experience, nor fame, warranted the assumption. But since the reception of your letter, I have received many of similar import, from Liberty men and Anti-Slavery Whigs in most of the Northern States, pressing upon me an expression of opinion, in such a manner that I should prove false to that spirit of candor which I proudly cherish as characteristic of the principles which I advocate, did I, through any affectation of humility, remain longer silent.

You ask me, "Will you, if you live and are able to vote at the approaching Presidential election, vote for Henry Clay for President?" If the Third Party, or Liberty men, should have an electoral Ticket in your State, would you vote that ticket in preference? Were you a citizen of Ohio, which of these tickets would you vote? The last two questions are such as would require various other suppositions to be made, before I could give a suitable answer in justice to myself and all the other parties concerned, which would be too voluminous for the space of a single letter; and for all practical purposes, they will be sufficiently answered in my reply to the first question; that, *It is my most decided determination to vote for JESSE CLAY for President.* Men never have and never will, in all cases, think alike; all Governments necessarily a sacrifice, to some extent, of individual will; that is the best Government to each individual which fosters or allows the most of what the individual believes to be conducive to his best interests.

The question then is not, "Can I find some man among seventeen millions who thinks in all respects as myself?" but "Who is the man, all things present and remote considered, that will most probably be able by success to give effectuation to those great measures which I deem conducive to my welfare, and the welfare of my whole country?" This question every voter in the Republic, must determine for himself. For myself, after looking calmly upon all the surrounding circumstances, Conscience, Patriotism, and (if others prefer the term) enlightened self-interest, constrain me to vote for Henry Clay. The Tariff, the Currency, the Lands, Economy, Executive and Ministerial Responsibility, and many other interests, all depend, in my humble judgment, on Mr. Clay's election for beneficial determination. And if he is elected, the decision of 1840 passed by the People, will be confirmed, and the policy of the country settled. Then and (such is the anxiety of the public mind) not till then, shall we have time to look about us, and propose that other great reform, the reduction of American Slavery to its constitutional limits, and to concentrate the united condemnation of the civilized world to its final and utter extinction.

Mr. Clay is indeed a slave holder—I wish he were not. Yet it does not become me, who have been a slave holder myself, to condemn him. It is not my province to defend Mr. Clay; this he is abundantly able to do himself. It remains with posterity to determine how much shall be due him for the glorious impulse his fervent spirit has given to Liberty throughout the world; and with them also to say, how much shall be subtracted from this appreciation, for his having only failed to do all that could be done in this holy cause. Cyprius, Themistocles, Plato, Cato, Aristides, Demosthenes, Cicero and Cato, sacrificed to base heathen gods; yet no man, because they knew not the true God, will say that they were not religious, great, good and patriotic men. T. B. Macaulay, one of the most acute and enlightened men of this or any era, in his review of the life of Francis Bacon, justly says:

"We should think it unjust to call St. Louis a wicked man, because, in an age in which toleration was generally regarded as

a sin, he persecuted heretics. We should think it unjust to call Cowper's friend, John Newton, a hypocrite and a monster, because, at a time when the slave trade was commonly considered by the most respectable people as an innocent and beneficial traffic, he went, largely provided with hymn books and handbooks, on a Guinea voyage. An immoral action being in a particular society generally considered as innocent, is a good plea for an individual who being one of that society, and having adopted the notions which prevail among his neighbors, commits that action."

I cannot, then, because Mr. Clay is a slave-holder, in a community where the whole Christian Church of all denominations—the only professed teachers of morality among the people, are also slave holders, proscribe him, for that single thing of difference between us.

In stating this much in justification of my course in voting for Mr. Clay, I should be false to my own reputation, ungrateful to that large portion of Anti-Slavery men who have sympathized with me in my feeble efforts in the cause of Universal Liberty, and recedent to that glorious cause itself, if I did not avow my belief that the time is near at hand when public sentiment will not, ought not, and cannot hold the slaveholder guiltless. Yes, I will go yet further, and declare in the name of the Christian Religion and our Republican Institutions, based professedly on the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number," that no man, after the next Presidential Election, when so much light shall have been shed upon this subject, should be deemed fit to rule over a Republican, Christian People, who still violate, by holding Slaves, the only two principles upon which either Christianity or Republicanism can stand the test of philosophical scrutiny for a single moment.

In conclusion, in refutation of the slanders of the Washington Globe, which are ever harmless where that print is known, in justice to Mr. Clay, and in vindication of my own self-respect, you will allow me to say, that my opinions and action upon the subject of Slavery are all my own; that however much I may esteem Mr. Clay as a Man, a Statesman, and a Friend—though I may regard him as one of the most frank, noble, practical, wise, eloquent, and patriotic of those who, in this or any other age have assumed to govern a great Nation, the Editor of the Globe but makes exhibition of his own ignoble spirit, when he insinuates that Henry Clay would play a double part to deceive the American People; by detaching me, or that I, humble as I may be in the estimation of my country, would be used by him, or any other man or set of men, for any dishonorable purpose, or be treated with any other terms than those of absolute equality.

Trusting that your wishes, as well as the purposes of those persons who have done me the honor to address me by letter upon this subject, will be best subserved by making this answer public, I send it at once to the press.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
C. M. CLAY.

THE ECONOMY OF AGRICULTURE.

Liberality constitutes the economy of agriculture; perhaps it is the solitary human obligation, to which the adage, "the more we give the more we shall receive," can be justly applied. Liberality to the earth in manufacturing and culture is the fountain of its bounties to us. Liberality to domestic brutes is the fountain of manure. The good work of a strong team cause a product beyond the bad work of a weak one, after deducting the additional expense of feeding it, and it saves moreover half the labor of the driver, sunk in following a bad one. Liberality in warm houses, produces health strength and comfort; preserves the lives of a multitude of domestic animals to thrive on less food, and secures from danger all kinds of crops. And liberality in the utensils of husbandry, saves labor to a vast extent, by providing the proper tool for doing the work both well and expeditiously.

Foreight is another item in the economy of agriculture. It consists in preparing work for all weather, and doing all work in proper weather, and at proper times. The climate of the United States makes the first easy, and the second less difficult than in most countries. Rainy seasons, violations of this important rule are yet frequent, from temper and impatience. Nothing is more common than a person in ploughing, making hay, cutting wheat, and other works, when a small delay might have escaped a great loss, and the labor employed to destroy, would have been employed to save. Crops of all kinds are planted or sown at improper periods or unseasonably, in relation to the state of the weather; to their detriment or destruction from the want of an arrangement of the work of a farm calculated for doing every species of it precisely at the periods and in the seasons most likely to enhance its profits. *Archer's Essays.*

These are first rate times for getting married. When two persons are made one, of course one half the expense of living is taken away.

MR. CLAY IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Clay's tour through the South is a triumphal march. Every where he is received with the warmest manifestations of popular regard, from all parties and both sexes. We have not room for the many spirited notices of his reception at different towns, nor of the remarks made by him in reply to the numerous addresses of welcome that he receives. Suffice it to say that no where in the South does Mr. Clay shrink from a free and clear avowal of those political principles which he has unflinchingly held throughout his public life—no where does he hesitate to declare himself in favor of a Tariff which shall give the whole expenses of our government should be paid by the revenues derived from imports, and the proceeds of the sale of the Public Lands be given to the States! This is the true Wilmot doctrine. We append a notice of Mr. Clay's remarks at Montgomery, (Alabama) where he replied to an appropriate address from Col. WILLIAMS:

It is impossible to give Mr. Clay's reply, as it was, like most of his addresses purely an extemporaneous effort, mostly in relation to topics presented in Col. Williams' address, and of course no copy could be procured. To particular subjects named by the Col. in his happiest manner, Mr. Clay replied briefly and in their order. He spoke of the war of 1812, to the declaration of which he yielded his hearty and cordial approval, and to carrying the country honorably through which, he pledged and gave his energetic aid. He spoke of the wrongs we had suffered which brought on that war—of our gallant seamen who had been dragged from beneath the folds of their own stars and stripes to fight in foreign vessels, and for the honor of a country that was not their own. And how deeply and proudly they avenged those wrongs when opportunity was given, on their own element, by tearing down the red cross of England, and nailing their own striped bunting where it had been accustomed to wave. He spoke of the last glorious act of that war, at N. Orleans, and of the pride he felt in it while abroad, as an American citizen, negotiating a peace at Ghent, and of the manner in which that and other victories elevated the American character and fame among the various nations of Europe.

He spoke of the Missouri question which agitated the republic in such an alarming degree in 1820, and of his agency in effecting its satisfactory settlement, as only an humble instrumentality such as he and every good citizen should be ready to employ, when the welfare of that country, and the integrity of the Union called.

He spoke of the tariff compromise of 1820, and thanked Col. W. for having alluded to that act as restoring peace to the country, when it seemed on the eve of a fearful civil and fatal convulsion. Peace, said he, is what we want as a nation—peace—patience—till all our immense resources are fully developed, and then we can stand up—alone—such a people as the sun never before shone upon. And with peace, union—and that union could only be preserved unimpaired by the spirit of compromise—conciliation—a giving up of minor interests and local benefits for the good of the whole.

A great American heart implanted in each citizen where there should be no room for the growth of jealousies or local prejudices, but in every throb of which each should try its glory in glory—and he an American citizen.

But there was one thing, he continued, that had given him more heartfelt gratification than any plaudits which his public acts might have won for him. It was the allusion in Col. Williams' speech to the fact that his course had been an upright one. It was his noblest aspiration to be thought to be, and to merit the appellation of an honest man. Whatever faults I may have had, said Mr. Clay, (placing his hand upon his heart)—"whatever faults I may have had, I have never concealed anything here from my countrymen. They know me. They read me as they would read a book—and I rejoice at it—if it were otherwise, I could not be understood. I should be unworthy of myself, of the country I most love, and of my countrymen, who have now and so often manifested their respect for me."

His speech was conciliatory, respectful to all, no attempt at display, simple, plain, unadorned, and unstudied, coming from a heart full of deep feeling, swelling up with devotion to his country and her peculiar institutions. Thanking the immense concourse, his Democratic as well as his Whig friends, for coming out to greet him, notwithstanding the inclemencies of the day, (as it rained incessantly) pleasantly alluding to the fact that they were no "fair weather friends," he apologized for breaking through his customary purpose of making nothing like a public address, and took his seat amid the reiterated cheers of an delighted and enthusiastic audience as we ever mingled with, or made a part of.

"Ma said a young lady of twelve to her mother, 'I should like to get married!'"
"Oh! nonsense, my dear," said her mother, "you are too young yet, what but such an idea into your head?"
"Nothing, ma, only Sophia here, is over sixteen years of age, and says she was married at a wedding!"
"I should like to get married!"
"You are too young yet, what but such an idea into your head?"
"Nothing, ma, only Sophia here, is over sixteen years of age, and says she was married at a wedding!"
"I should like to get married!"
"You are too young yet, what but such an idea into your head?"
"Nothing, ma, only Sophia here, is over sixteen years of age, and says she was married at a wedding!"

THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—Aloph and Beth were brothers. Aloph married a pious woman of a respectable religious family. I met him in his yard, walking around with vigor and speed, an erect, portly, ruddy, robust man. His outbuildings were numerous, and his yard was full of wood, utensils and materials for work. I went into his house. It was large well finished and, well furnished. There were books there, and they seemed to be read and studied. Aloph was a pillar in the church, the parish and the town; for he had a good wife. "A wise woman buildeth her house. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised. Give her the fruits of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Beth had a good disposition. He was industrious, steady and prudent. He was honest and moral, and respected religion; but he had a poor wife. His tall form was bowed down. On his face was the expression of care and despondency and his movements were of the same character. With the companion and family that he had, he possessed neither spirit nor ability to do any thing for the promotion of religion and the public good. He did not prosper. There was the aspect of nakedness about his barn, about his house and within his doors. His family did not grow up in good and respectable habits.

Their character and condition were not such as to cheer him. He drooped at length and died. He made no profession of religion, but he cordially welcomed my visits as a minister, and I indulged some hope that death was gain to him; but as he lived so he died, in a cheerless state of mind. There was considerable intemperance and looseness of principle and practice in other branches of morals. In the sinking condition of the family, the influence of the poor wife was to be seen.—She was not herself vicious; but she had no high moral principles, no cultivation of mind, no interest in the improvement of society, no zeal for neatness and comfort, for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. Her want of the qualities of the virtuous woman described in Proverbs, made her a poor wife, and her husband a poor parishioner. I seem to see his stooping form and care-worn face passing before me. I seem to see his dilapidated buildings. I seem to see the neighborhood presenting all around the blighting influence of a slack woman—a poor wife—upon her children. Talk to me of educating young men, and of training them up to be good citizens, good members of churches, and good supporters of religious societies, and I will tell you to educate young women to be good wives, if you will have men be happy men, good citizens and good parishioners.—*Pastor's Journal.*

THE PHYSICIAN.—"There is scarcely a profession in which the sympathies of its professors are more painfully excited than that of the medical practitioner. How often is he called to the bed of hopeless sickness; and that too, in a family, the members of which are drawn together by the closest bonds of love! How painful to meet the enquiring gaze of attached friends or weeping relatives, directed towards him in quest of consolation; assurances of safety, which he cannot give! And how melancholy is it to behold the last ray of hope which had lingered upon the face of affection, giving place to the dark cloud of despair!"

"And when all is over—when the bitterness of death hath passed from the dead to the living—from the departed to the bereaved—back to that shriek of agony, that convulsive sob, that bitter groan wrung from the heart's core, which bespeak the utter prostration of the spirit beneath the blow!"

"There, cold in the embrace of death, lies the honored husband of a heart-broken wife—her first, her only love! Or it may be, the young wife of a distracted husband, bride of a year, the mother of an hour, and by her perhap the blighted fruits of their love—the bud by the blossom, and both are withered."

THE JEWS.—The condition of this outcast and despised race seems to be rapidly improving. In many countries their civil state is much ameliorated, and they are beginning to enjoy the rights of citizens. The French Chamber of Deputies contains several Jews. The confidence of the sons of Jacob in their Taland and their Rabbinical traditions, is said to be very much shaken, and they begin to regard the Gospel with less dislike. During the last twenty-five years more voluntary conversions to Christianity have taken place among the Jews, than had occurred since the days of the Apostles up to that period. There seems to be a disposition among them to return to the "land of their fathers." About ten thousand Jews are now established at Jerusalem, although a few years since the Turks would allow only three hundred to reside there.