Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

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LAW NOTICE

JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,

HAVING entered into partnership for the practice of the Law, will attend to all business entrusted them.

OFFICE in West Main street, a few doors west the Court House and next to the Store of Jason W. Eby; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1843. 3m-3

ALEXANDER & TODD,

Attorneys at Law.

THE undersigned have associated as partners in the practice of Law, in Cumberland and Perry counties. [illegible] may always found and consulted at the office heretofore occupied by S. Alexander, next door to the Carlisle Bank. Strict attention will be given to all business placed in their care.

SAMUEL ALEXANDER,
LEMUEL TODD.

WILLIAM H. MILLER,

Attorney at Law,

OFFICE REMOVED to Beetem's Row, in the room formerly occupied by S. D. Adair, Esq.

Carlisle, April 3, 1844. tf-23

S. COLWELL. R. P. McCLURE.

COLWELL & M'CLURE,

Attorneys at Law,

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to them in the counties of Cumberland and Franklin. Offices, one door west of the Jail, East High street, Carlisle, and next door to Stumbaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.

April 24, 1844. tf-26

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &C.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has lately replenished his stock and is now offering at the old stand in North Hanover Street, a splendid assortment *Hardware, Cutlery, &c.* consisting in part of Locks, hinges, screws, nails and spikes, of all kinds and sizes. Grain, Canal and other kinds of Shovels. Carpenters' Tools, such as planes, saws, chisels, &c. Bar Iron, blister, cast and shear Steels. Saddle and bridle mountings in sets; Saddle Trees, girting and other Webbing. Shoe Findings of every description. Mahogany and Glass knobs of the latest styles. Also,

Oils, Paints and Varnishes,

such as white lead, spirits of Turpentine, Copal and Japan Varnish, GLASS of all sizes, from 8 by 10 upward. Also, an assortment of Archer's Patent Lard Lamps, together with other articles too numerous to mention.

All of which will be sold twenty-five per cent lower than they have ever been sold before, for cash and good money. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, and if the articles and prices are not found as stated you need not purchase. Call at any rate. JACOB SENER.

Carlisle, November 22, 1843. tf-4

PREMIUMS REDUCED!

North American Insurance Company of Philadelphia.—Capital $600,000.

CARLISLE AGENCY.

THE directors of this company in order to suit the times, have determined to reduce the rates of premiums, on Frame and Log Buildings, to give an opportunity to all property holders, to avail themselves of its advantages.

On Frame or Log Buildings 50 cts. on $100
On Brick and Stone 40 cts. " $100
On Merchandize or Furniture in Stone or Brick Buildings, 40 cts. " $100
Ditto in Frame, 50 cts. " $100

PERPETUAL RISKS,

On Stone or Brick Buildings, will be taken at $25 on $1,000, the prices to be returned to the party insuring upon demand, deducting five per cent on the amount of premium paid.

Application either in person or by letter will receive immediate attention.

JOHN J. MYERS.

February 14, 1844. 1y-16

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, 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, riband, curls, quies, 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, Neuga; French, common, and exploding secrets; mint drop, rock and vanilla candy; sugar and burnt almonds, candy toys, liquorice, &c.

NUTS.—Almonds, filberts, English walnuts, shell barks, 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, 1844.

Washington Hotel,

CORNER OF MARKET STREET & MARKET SQUARE

HARRISBURG, PA.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has leased this well known House, which has recently undergone a thorough repair, and has furnished it anew with the best of Bedding and other Furniture, and is now prepared to accommodate Members of the Legislature and Travellers in the very best style, and upon such terms as cannot fail to please.

W. T. SANDERS.

Dec. 9, 1843.

Lamp Oil.

250 GALLONS of the finest quality white Winter-bleached Sperm Oil, (warranted as represented) at $1.12½ per gallon. Also, one [illegible] bleached Whale Oil at 50 cents [illegible]

CANDLES. Pure Sperm at 37½, Mould at 12½ [illegible]

April [illegible] 1844. [illegible] W. EBY.

[illegible] Lawns, [illegible] at the store of [illegible] T. RICHARDS & CO.

Carlisle, May 17, 1844.

POETRY.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. C. EDGARTON.

I prayed for Beauty—for the magic spell
That binds the wisest with its potent thrall,
That I within fond human hearts might dwell,
And shine the fairest in the festal hall.
I would have seen the lordliest bend the knee,
The loveliest bow, o'erdazzled by my charms;
While he I long had vainly loved—ah *he*,
Subdued, should clasp me fondly in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit waved her wing,
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;
And passing years but darker shadows fling
Upon the cheek where care hath left its trace.
My prayer, if heard in heaven, hath been denied;
No heart bows humbly 'neath my beauty's sway;
And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for Riches—Oh! for lavish wealth,
To pour in golden showers on those I loved
I would have gladly spent my youth and health,
Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.
I prayed for Riches, that before God's shrine
I might with gifts and costly tributes kneel;
And thought the treasures of Golconda's mine
Too poor to show the favor of my zeal.

Alas! wealth came not; and the liberal deeds
My heart devised, my hand must fail to do;
And thought o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.
The poor may plead to me for daily food,
And those I love in lowly want may pine;
I will pour out for them my heart's warm blood,
But other gifts than this can ne'er be mine.

I prayed for Genius—for the power to move
Hard hearts and reckless minds and stubborn wills,
To execute the holy deeds of love,
And light Truth's fires upon a thousand hills.
I prayed for Eloquence to plead the cause,
Of human rights, and God's eternal grace;
To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws,
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain.—My feeble tongue can breathe
No portion of the fire that burns within;
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may wreathe,
In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.
Powerless my words upon the air float by,
And wrong and crime, disdain the weak crusade;
While vice gleams on me its exultant eye,
And bids me show the conquests I have made.

I prayed for *Peace*—for a strong mind to bear
The keen privations of my humble fate;
For patient faith to struggle with despair,
And shed a brightness o'er my low estate.
I prayed to be content with humble deeds,
With "window's mites," and scanty charities,
To follow meekly where my duty leads,
Though through the lowliest vale of life it lies.

This prayer was answered; for a peace divine
Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart;
I felt that that same blessed lot was mine
Which fell on her who chose the better part.
What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name?
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?
It is a happier lot than wealth or fame
To do my duty with a willing mind!

THE PRIDE OF WORTH.

There is a joy in worth,
A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm;
Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm,
Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth;
Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm.
It asks, it needs no aid;
It makes the proud and lofty soul its throne;
There, in its self-created heavens alone,
No fear to shake, no memory to upbraid,
It sits a lesser God;—Life, life is all its own!
The stoic was not wrong;
There is no evil to the virtuous brave;
Or in the battle's rift, or on the wave,
Worshipped or scorned, alone, or mid the throng,
He is himself—a man! Not life's nor fortune's slave.
Power and wealth and fame
Are but as weeds upon life's troubled tide;
Give me but these, a spirit tempest tried,
A brow unshrinking and a soul of flame,
The joy of conscious worth, its courage and its pride!

MISCELLANY.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

THREE SABBATH MORNINGS.

The Eastern sky is just blushing in the beams of the rising sun.

"As first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient rays on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew,"

beautiful is that sky, and beautiful the beams of that rising sun.

Every honey-dropping flower and every blade of grass sparkle, as if hung with diamonds. The air is ladened with the richest odors, which come up from the enamelled earth like early incense—fit tribute to Him who spread abroad such beauty and enchantment.

Nature rejoices in the light; every grove echoes with the music of birds, and every tangled nook with the humming sound of insects.

The animal tribes come gambolling forth, exulting in the fullness of renovated strength. They come not to prowl and plunder; for all is innocence.

The lamb and the tawney wolf sport together; and the hawk and the dove, wash their wings at the same ripple.

The earth seems sanctified, the very air holy; the sky, the deep blue sky, seems to grow more soft and beautiful, as the moon advances; the light clouds that float so gently over its surface are of such snowy whiteness, that they seem like a resting-place for angel-gazers. And well I know that angels are gazing down, for never was world wrapt in robes of richer beauty.

How tranquil is the bosom of the sinless man, who now comes forth from his slumbers! He is passing on to the place where he would pour out [illegible] row, nor darkened by guilt; he is yet in the image of his Creator, and the destroyer hath not yet set his seal upon his brow.

His meek partner keeps her way by his side; the same holy thrill of quiet rapture pervading her bosom. On she passes with her lord, with equal step, save when her snowy fingers stay a moment, to dally in the mane of the majestic lion; or she stoops to sleek the glossy coat of the spotted leopard, which has come near to give its greeting to the passing pair.

"The groves were God's first temples;" there it is, that Adam, sole priest of nature, offers up his first mornings' devotions; his consort, with mild blue eye uplifted, making the responsive Amen.

What a prayer! It is not penitence; it is the gushing words of love; it comes up from the deep wells of two hearts, as yet unpoisoned by sin. It is adoration; the adoration of souls, whose master passion absorption in the divine image; it is the pure tribute of the affections; affections as yet unsullied by a single stain, unruffled by a single fear of the Being on whom they rest; it is the giving of thanks for the countless blessings; the giving of glory, and praise, and power, to the ever living God—the "Father in Heaven."

The tribute is accepted! It goes up like the fragrance of Heaven's golden censer, or the hallowed flame of the proto-martyr!

On! it is a moving, but beauteous sight, to mark the holy pair, presenting this their first morning's tribute! Every sound lulled, save the sound of thanks; every breath hushed, save the breath of praise. All is still—beast bird and bee; e'en the breeze hath folded its wings; "nor leaf nor flower stirs"—nature herself keeps quiet, for her only minister waits at the altar! It is *Earth's first Sabbath Morning.* It is the first and last Sabbath of Adam in Paradise, for ere next, sin had dashed its gall into the cup of human life, and the hapless pair had,

"Hand in hand, with wandering step and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

Time passed on. More than forty centuries had filled their cycles. Messiah had descended from on high; and his feet had trodden the streets of the sacred city. He had labored. He had wept. He had prayed. He had groaned. He had bled. He had died. And they had done unto the King of Glory as they listed. Darkness had settled over Salem; and Silence, her "sister-twin," had stretched her leaden sceptre over all her hills. Earth was prostrate in slumber—

"And Nature, as a meek and peaceful child,
Slept sweetly on the bosom of her God."

The queen of the night had shot out her bark upon the ethereal sea, and now looked calmly down, with her pure rays, upon the quiet city, as though guilt had never disturbed the passions of its sleeping people.

The breeze from Olivet, and the purling sound of "Kedron's lonely brook, or Siloa's sweeter font," sent their murmurs on the quiet air, like magic music on moonlit waters.

All, all, were slumbering—the skeptical Scribe, the canting Pharisee, the scowling Priest, and the sycophantic Governor, repose softly upon their pillows; for the innocent object of their malignity has become their prey. "The man of sorrow," the meek Jesus, has yielded a victim to the combined hatred of his persecutors—the sepulchre *was made sure,* the stone was sealed, the watch set!

But let us stay a while—the night has advanced almost into morning. The city still sleeps. All is quiet, save, now and then, the howling of the watch-dog, or the twittering sound of the bat, seeking its retreat.

Not far beyond the western wall may be heard the slow and heavy tread of a few brazen-footed soldiers, or the jarring of lances against the mailed corslets of these veteran Romans. They are at the side of that sealed tomb. They are watching the remains of the despised Nazarene!

The last star of the night is now dying out upon its high tower; and the gay gleams of light, as they shoot up from the East, reveal the hazy outlines of the surrounding hills. But lo, the earth trembles and quakes! These veteran warriors turn pale and become as dead men. The heavens open! and light, more brilliant than the sun at noon-tide, bursts around them. The sound of angel voices fills the air; and from amid the coral throng, a white-robed seraph descends; his face is like the sun, and his raiment as the lightning.

The sealed stone is rolled away from the mouth of the guarded tomb. The dead shakes off his cerements, and comes forth, beautiful in his majesty!

Again the sounds of golden harps sweep through the high air, and the angel throng, with loud hallelujahs, repass the portals of heaven. The rapturous intelligence of a risen Saviour fills its high vaults with shouts of glory, and songs of praise. Death is vanquished; the grave has been robbed of its prey [illegible]

Ages and Empires had passed away—Change had followed change. States, cities and temples had crumbled before the corroding influence of years.

Other states, other cities and other temples, excelling in magnitude and grandeur, had taken their places. Science had long since reached its zenith; art its most perfect accomplishment; and the golden age of divine prophecy blessed the world.

The brightness of the millennial glory had risen, beamed its moontide, and passed away.

The church had been robed in her "beauteous garments," had been "the joy of the whole earth," had been "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners." "The wolf had dwelt with the lamb; the leopard had laid down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together" had been led in sportive triumph by a little child; the infant had played upon the hole of the asp, and the weaned child put its hand upon the cockatrice's den—for there "was none to hurt in all God's holy mountain."

White-robed Innocence had descended from heaven, and Peace had extended her olive wand over all the earth.

But this age, too, had passed away.

Satan was again unchained; and again went forth to deceive all people. The earth had again grown old in crime, and the cup of her iniquity was mantling to the brim! More! The last hour of Time has come; the last vial of the wrath of the Almighty is opened, and ready to be poured out; the heavens are rolled together as a scroll; the elements melt away in fervent heat! the sun is in sackcloth; the moon is blood-like; and the stars have fallen from their spheres!

The great white throne of the Judge is set, and the myriads upon myriads of earth's dwellers, and all the risen dead, are gathered in his presence!

What a strange hour!

The deserted globe whirls with irregular and convulsed motion around the mighty convocation, flaming up as if one vast volcano. Lightnings, with their lurid and fitful fires, gleam around the solemnities of the last awful assize!

The books are opened, and the dead are judged.

The righteous hear their awards; the unrepentant their doom.

There is a pause!—the last unsentenced sinner stands before the bar! The words of condemnation pass with awful distinctness through the crowded ranks of breathless millions, and as they die away silence again reigns.

The earth once more throws up its sheeted flames with increased intensity; it is its last burning; and by its fitful flare is seen him who stood "with one foot upon the land and the other upon the sea," the Apocalyptic Angel. Now, standing by the mighty throne, he swears by Him who lives and reigns forever, that Time *is* no more! * * * * *

Darkness, the darkness of a black and starless night, shrouds the universe—the wicked are driven away, and nought is heard, save the moaning of these banished ones, as they enter upon their long exile, and the door of Hope closes forever!

Then bursts around the light of the seventh heaven; the portals of glory are thrown back; the morning stars again shout together; and amid the loud harping of cherubic millions, the long train of the redeemed are welcomed to their home.

Time's last Saturday night is passed away—the unending day has come, the day of the redeemed—the SABBATH MORNING OF ETERNITY is ushered in!

DUELLING.—Two musquetoes, one morning, met on a leaf in a garden. Both were filled with the blood drawn during their last nocturnal depredations. They were silent and "dumpy," cross and savage. One of them ran out his sting, and pointed towards the first musquetoe. This was considered an insult. And so the offended musquetoe steps up to the other and says:

'Did you turn your sting to me!'

The answer was—'I ran out my sting; you can apply it as you choose.'

'Sir,' says the first, 'you are impertinent.'

Answer: 'Sir your remark savors of rascality.'

'Hah!' exclaimed the other, 'a downright insult! No gentlemanly musquetoe will submit to such treatment without demanding satisfaction! Draw, villain, and defend yourself!' They rushed together, and running one another through the body, died 'honorable' deaths.

Captain Marryatt relates that there were two lawyers in partnership in New York, with the peculiarly happy names of Catchem and Chetum. People having laughed to see these two names in juxtaposition over the door, the two lawyers thought it advisable to separate them by the insertion of their Christian names, Isaac and Uriah. The painter, however, finding the board too short to admit the Christian [illegible]

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE AFFAIR.

BY WM. BURNS.

I believe the admission general that no boy passes his nineteenth year without having experienced at least one tender and *eternal* (of course) passion, and that very few girls get fairly through their sixteenth year scathless of a romantic love. The tender sentiment is peculiar to the teens, and is something like the mumps and the measles—it comes only once in a life-time.

Just as I was entering the last half of my nineteenth year, (it matters not how long ago that was) and beginning to think of whiskers, tobacco and other modern evidences of manhood, I fell most desperately in love. I knew at the time that it was the maddest thing in the world to voluntarily yield myself up to a passion, which is very cleverly caricatured by French cooks, when they put a live fowl before a slow fire and roast it gradually, for the purpose of swelling the heart; but show me a youth who listens to reason—if he has any—when his head, heart and other *fixins* are in a broil of tenderness, devotion and romance, and I will confess that I was a greater fool than the majority of my sex and age.

The 'course of my love' ran smoothly enough for some time—but this did not deceive me—I knew I should get to the rapids and whirlpools too soon for my own comfort. I was like the drunken Indian in the canoe above the Falls of Niagara—I just took long draughts of delicious nectar, and allowed the little shallop of my fate to take its own way, and make the best bargain it could with the treacherous waves. My gentle resignation, however, did not make my sufferings the lighter; the crisis came—I stood on the edge of the precipice—I looked piteously around for help—I shrieked in the most pathetic and romantic tones—but it wouldn't do, over I went into the maddening flood. I felt for an instant it was *all up* with me—and then there was a blank.

When I awoke again I found myself in bed—very weak and very wretched. The doctor told me I had been threatened with inflammation of the brain, but that a rheumatic fever had stepped in instead. What a cold bath to romance! I who was dying of broken heart to be laeblled *rheumatic*—I hated the man from the moment and swore to be revenged, and I kept my oath—his bill is unreceipted yet.

My young readers—and I am writing now especially to them—will know what the foregoing means, without further explanation; but least some sour, crabbed old maid, or fussy old bachelor should accuse me of putting nonsense in type, I will just add in plain terms, that after a most tender season of love, which commenced in the warm months and lasted till the cold, I was very politely informed by a very polite mother, that I was a *wild rake*, an *unprincipled libertine*, and that she looked upon my attentions to her daughter with displeasure. Here was a damper! I a rake! who had never dared to read certain chapters in the old testament for fear of knowing more than a modest young man should! I a libertine who had never looked in a lady's face without blushing! The charge astonished me—the virtuous Surface, with less reason, was not more indignant—but astonishment and indignation did no good—both ended, as I said before, in rheumatism.

When I recovered, a most devoted friend of *the parties* handed me a pretty three cornered note, the seal of which, white wax, of course, represented two hearts very barbarously run through with an ugly looking skewer. It (the note, not the skewer) was from my *own one*, and was full of tender terms—'broken hearts,' 'crushed affections,' 'blighted hopes,' 'poignant regrets,' 'undying love,' &c. &c. &c., every body knows how these strong expressions are sprinkled in. The P. S. put new life in me. It ran thus—

"Love laughs at locksmiths. Come to my window that looks into the little garden, at 10 to night. In scaling the wall look out for the broken glass that is embedded on the top, and don't forget to put a beef-steak in your pockets to pacify the dog with if he should attack you. He is very ferocious, and Ma had his teeth filed yesterday."

I was in raptures. What did I care for the wall! I would eat through it glass and all—and as for the dog, with his filed teeth, why, my account at the butcher's should answer for the faithfulness with which that job had been performed.

Ten o'clock came and I was off at the rendezvous. The wall I got over at the expense of a rent in my coat and a slight scratch on my person—I cared for neither. Holding three or four huge slices of beef in my hand, for I did not half like the prospect of an encounter with the dog, I threaded the narrow walks and gained the designated spot beneath the window. The night was very dark—but two bright eyes shining from the casement, told me all that I was anxious to learn. How I managed to clamber up to the window and enter, it is of no particular importance—I did get up and in, and found myself in her arms [illegible]

"My own love," (a pretty appellation isn't it?) was in raptures, and so was I; she wept and I sung to her—

"Oh why is the girl of my soul still in tears,"

(do I quote correctly) until she wiped her eyes and began to talk. Then I knew she had regained her composure, for I have always observed that a woman never talks when she is excited—it is a yell, or a smile and either is not very pleasant.

We laid great plans that night. Elopement, hasty marriage, prayer for Ma's pardon—everything was fixed upon. In the small hours of the morning I prepared to leave. I approached the window and looked out—it was unusually dark. There is an especial proverb against jumping in the dark, but I did not think of it at that moment—more's the pity.

The farewell kiss was burning on my lips, the soft adieu ringing in my ears, as I took the jump. Powers above! what a transition! I found myself immersed to the lips in—in—a hogshead of warm meal slush—a compound which, however good for fattening hogs, is not exactly calculated for a hot bath. How it got there, or how I got into it, I had no time to ascertain, for the loud baying of the dog called my attention to a new danger. The beef I held in my hand, as I leaped from the window fell into the hogshead, and I now contrived to draw it out of the meal, with the hope of silencing the dog ere I attempted to extricate myself from the unpleasant position in which I was placed. But dogs though they like beef very well are not particularly fond of Indian meal—hot—as I soon found to my cost. The enemy came on with a fierce yell—as I held out the beef, a sudden flood of light exposed to me, and two or three grinning servants and a host of 'family friends,' the ridiculous scene in which I was figuring. I attempted to rise and explain, as Mr. Wise did some time ago in Congress; but the dog decided that I was out of order, and compelled me to *duck* my head quite under, to avoid his spring. I arose but to hear peals of laughter, and dodge again in the same way the vile animal, who continued to leap over me with the agility of a cat and the ferocity of a tiger. I thought my time had come, and was about to resign myself to my fate with as much dignity as it was possible for me to exhibit in a hogshead, when my persecutor relented and called the dog off. I was then taken out, scraped and allowed to depart—but the story of my mishap became known and I was greeted with laughs of derision at every corner.

Against this, however, I bore up bravely, till I was informed that the fair one, for whom I had encountered all these perils, had played me false by marrying her cousin. Then I solemnly swore never again to dabble in love or meal slush, and thus ended my first and last love affair.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handeled by an old bachelor in Frazer's Magazine.

"Though it is impossible to say anything very much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only, as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual in all cases of refusal for the lady to say she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but feeling only friendship for you, she regrets she cannot accept your proposals, &c. I have heard the words so often that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little,—it is the manner in which they are pronounced that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret at having caused pain which she cannot alleviate—if her voice is soft and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half formed tear, which it requires an effort to subdue—then, I say, you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve, you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretention, for there is evidently good feeling to build upon. Do not, therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself; on receiving your refusal, submit to it with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship to support you under the heart-crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting, kiss it frequently but quietly; no outre conduct of any kind—just a little at the expense of your own failure, without attempting, however, to deprive her of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive her sentence,—let her sorrow be mingled with admiration; and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions you will perceive, are not intended for every one, as they require skill and quickness and feeling in order to be appreciated [illegible] macks to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not succeed, and that is the very class worth having.

"If on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready made and well delivered speech which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you call your excited feelings, and support affliction—if she triumphs in the act, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bologdo's flying Mercury—for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, much as to say 'you are an impudent fellow,'—which may sometimes be true, though it should not exactly be told—then answer her with a stanza of Miss Landon's song—

"There is in southern climes a breeze,
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;
Fixed to one point—oh, faithful gale!
Thou art not for my wandering sail."

"If she bursts out into a loud fit of laughter as I once knew a lady to do—then join her by all means, for you may be sure she is an ill-bred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if, unable to speak, grief, at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her, if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for."

MY FIRST BOY!—Whoop! hurrah!—Light upon the world again! Where are you my fine editor! I say sir, I was an ass, premature, wise before my time, a brute, a blockhead! Did I talk of dust and ashes? Oh! sir, I lied multitudinously. Every nerve, every muscle that didn't try to strangle me in that utterance, 'lied.'—No sir; let me tell you it's a great world; glorious; magnificent; a world that can't be beat! Talk of the stars and a better world, but don't invite me there yet. Make my regrets, my apology to death, but say that I can't come; 'positive engagement; happy some other time, but not now.' Oh, no; this morning is quite too beautiful to leave; and beside, I would rather stay, if only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo my loudest hurrah. And then, my boy—but have not I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy! a boy! I shout it out to you—a boy; fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And I say, Mr. Editor, it's mine! hurrah and hallelujah forever! Oh, sir, such legs, and such arms, and such a head! and oh! he has his mother's lips! I can kiss them forever! And then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his every thing, in fact, so perfectly o. k.! Give me joy, sir; no you needn't either, I am full now; I run over; and they say that I ran over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary shop in the corner; and then didn't I ring the tea bell? Did I not blow the horn? Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry altogether? The women say they had to tie me up. I don't believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at the first mouthful of fresh air—such a burst! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air bath was so sudden, you know.—Think of all his beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of the cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear; and that curious contrivance the eye, looking out wondering and bewildered upon the great world, so glorious and dazzling to his unworn perceptions; his network of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air-pumps and valves, his engines, reservoirs; and, within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth, without stint, or pause—making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen pounds!

"Did I ever talk brown to you," sir, or blue, or any other of the devil's colors!—You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you—are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two. I am duplicate. I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, it is not a block; nor a block-head, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of any thing, however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music, [hear him cry,] mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics, [see him kick] geography, and the use of globes, [see him nurse] and withal, he is a perpetual motion—a time-piece that will never run down! And who wound it up? But words, sir, are but a mouthing and a mockery. * * * When a man is nearly crushed under obligations; it is presumed that he is unable to speak; but he may bend over very gracefully, for fear of falling, and in a small way, and say nothing; and then, if he have sufficient presence of mind to lay his hand upon his heart, and look down at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a motion of the lips [illegible]