Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. BEATTY.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

LAW NOTICE

JOHN AND J. HENRY REED,

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

OFFICE in West Main street, a few doors west of 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. One or both of them may be 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 Stambaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.

April 24, 1844. tf-26

DRUGS, PAINTS & DYE-STUFFS.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK have just opened an extensive assortment of DRUGS, selected with great care and all warranted genuine and Pure. Physicians and Country Merchants are requested to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO,

A large assortment of Paints and Dye-Stuffs, every article warranted pure and of the best quality, or no sale. Dyers, Painters and Fullers are requested to call, as we are determined to sell the cheapest and best articles of this line in the market.

Books and Stationary.

We have at hand to our usual stock, a choice selection of Books and Stationary, which we can sell at a very reduced price.

ALSO,

The largest assortment of CUTLERY ever offered in this place—together with the most fashionable PERFUMERY and *Fancy Notions*.

Carlisle, June 19, 1844. tf-51

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale at very reduced prices, an assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs

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

Spices Ground and Unground,

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

Carlisle, March 15, 1844.

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.

6m-29 Carlisle, 2, 1844. 29-

ROBERTS' HOTEL.

SIGN OF WASHINGTON AND JACKSON.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has removed from his old stand on West High street, to the public house lately kept by David Bleam, in South Hanover street, in this borough, sign of Washington and Jackson. Where he will be always glad to see his friends from the Country and Travellers, and accommodate them in the best and most comfortable manner.

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.

ANDREW ROBERTS.

April 17, 1844. tf-25

Washington Hotel.

(LATE 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. 20, 1843.

Patent Medicines.

JUST received, a large assortment of the following *Patent Medicines*, which we offer for sale wholesale and retail at a very reduced price:

Hays' Liniment, for cure of Piles,
Dr Howes' Bone and Nerve Liniment,
Dr Spohn's cure for Sick Headache,
Dr Swayne's Syrup of Wild Cherry,
Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,
Dr Swain's Panacea,
Vermifuge,
Dr Houck's Panacea or
Together with a general assortment of the most approved cathartic and patent Pills.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK.

June 1 tf-3

POETRY.

From the N. Y. Evening Mirror.

A SUPERB WAR POEM!

BY REV. G. CROLY.

The Turkman lay beside the river,
The wind play'd loose through bow and quiver;
The charger on the bank fed free,
The shield hung glittering from the tree,
The trumpet, shawm and atabal
Were hid from dew by cloak and pall,
For long and weary was the way
The hordes had march'd that burning day.

Above them, on the sky of June,
Broad as a buckler glow'd the moon—
Flooding with glory, vale and hill.
In silver sprang the mountain rill,
The shrub in glittering silver bent,
A pile of silver stood the tent;
All soundless, sweet tranquility—
All beauty, hill, and tent and tree.

There came a sound—'t was like the gush
When night winds shake the rose's bush!
There came a sound—'t was like the tread
Of wolves along the valley's bed!
There came a sound—'t was like the roar
Of Ocean on its wintry shore!

DEATH TO THE TURK!" up rose the yell—
On roll'd the charge—a thunder peal!"
The Tartar arrows fell like rain—
They clank'd on helm, and mail, and chain—
In blood, in hate, in death, were joined
Savage and Greek,—mad—bleeding—blind—
And still, on flank, and front, and rear
Raged, Constantine! thy thirstiest spear!

Brassy and pale—a type of doom—
Labor'd the moon through deepning gloom!
Down plunged her orb—'t was pitchy night!
Now, Turkman, turn thy reins for flight!
On rush'd their thousands through the dark!
But in the camp a ruddy spark
Like an uncertain meteor reel'd—
Thy hand, brave king, *that* fire-brand wheel'd!

Wild burst the burning element,
O'er man and courser, flag and tent!
And through the blaze the Greeks outsprang,
Like tigers, bloody,—foot and fang!—
With dagger, stab, and falchion's sweep,
Delving the stunn'd and staggering heap—
Till lay the slave, by chief and khan—
And all was gone that once was gay.

A wailing on the Euxine shore—
Her chivalry shall ride no more!
There's wailing on thy hills, Altai!
For chiefs, the Grecian sabre's prey—
But, Bosphorus! thy silver wave
Bears alongs for the returning brave—
The highest of her kingly line—
FOR THERE COMES GLORIOUS CONSTANTINE!

MISCELLANY.

CHILDREN.—Send two children into the street; let one be a bare-headed, bare-footed ragamuffin, with a face which perhaps never had more than one thorough washing, hair that never heard of any comb, and nobody would think of giving him a hand to help him through any mud-puddle or over any gutter; or if he should get run over in the street, you would hear no other remark than that he was a dirty dog, and might have got out of the way. On the other hand, send a sweet little girl into the street, looking like a new blown rose, with the glistening dew drops hanging from its leaves, and above all her face as clean as air, as transparent as you know her untainted mind is under all this, and there is not a chimney-sweep so low that he would not give her the side-walk, nor a clown even among the most clownish, who would not if he dare touch her, wipe his hands upon his clothes, and with delight carry her over the crossings, rather than that she should soil even the sole of her slipper.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.—Many of the men, most prominent in the councils of the nation, have filled the humble, but benevolent office of Sabbath School Teacher. President Harrison taught in Sunday School, and the Sabbath before he left home for Washington, met his class as usual. The late Chief Justice Marshall and the late Judge Washington of the Supreme Court of the United States, were both active in the Sabbath School cause. At the age of seventy, the Chief Justice regarded it as his highest honor to walk through the city of Richmond at the head of a Sunday School procession. The present Chancellor of the University of New York city, (Mr. Frelinghuysen,) was a Sunday School Teacher, of New Jersey, and afterwards while a Senator in Congress; and he may still be seen cheerfully associating with the humblest teachers. The Hon. B. F. Butler was a Sabbath School teacher while holding the office of Attorney General of the United States; and has, at the present time, his Bible Class for young men. The Chancellor of the State of New York, was a Sunday School teacher.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.—We find in the Journal of Health the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of almost agony at the bedside of loved children will treasure it up as an invaluable piece of information. If a child is taken with croup, instantly apply cold water, ice water if possible, suddenly and freely to the neck and chest, with a sponge. The breathing will almost instantly be relieved. So soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety and load the heart in thankfulness to the power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.

DESPERATION.

The following is a passage from the laughable tale of "Desperation," one of the rich articles which are embraced in the 'literary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clarke.' It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who, after a stolen fortnight amid the gayeties of a Washington 'season,' finds himself (through the remissness of a chum) at Baltimore on his way home, without a penny in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel nevertheless, where after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the heels of a grand dinner, 'omnes solus' in the private apartment, flanked with abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant he said:

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill.'

He clatters down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared.—He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for 'the best the house afforded,' and that, just then, was credit.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of private expectancy.

'Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present, I am out of money; but I know by your philanthropic looks that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure.

'But you see, my not having the change by me is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where do you live, any how?'

'In Washing——, I should say Philadelphia.'

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is, Master; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is; you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia; you must pay your bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me tight.'

'Scoundrel!' said I, rising bolt-upright, 'do it if you dare! do it! and leave the rest to me!'

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my hat, and my inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements cannot exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away almost immediately the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed upon the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy "*sans culottes*" in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared me. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntily over my forehead, and flung my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodging, I entered, record some name on the books and bespoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat; and every servant attentive; all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked; puffed a cigar and retired to bed to mature my plot.

'Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow,' said I, in the morning as he entered my room. 'Mind the pantaloons; dont spill any thing from the pockets; there is money in both.'

'I don't see no pantaloons.'

'The devil you don't! Where are they?'

'Can't tell, I'm sure, I don't know, s'elp me God.'

'Go down sir, and tell your master to come here immediately.' The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion.

'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house—robbed, sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is this the way that you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and as a stranger I find myself taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray, keep your temper,' said the agitated publican, 'I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run, would you fain tie reputation for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to day I shall be satisfied; for time is more precious than money. You may keep the other if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you gave me, their contents are yours.

The next evening with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave me it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

A HERO UNPLUMED.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce—which, in respect to the Dorr rebellion has been sound in sentiment—gives these anecdotes of this Martyr of Liberty, whom the Vice President elect of the United States, Mr. Dallas, in a speech since his election has been ascertained, has eulogised as a Patriot and a Martyr, and one destined to the highest honors of his country:

We happened the other evening to fall into a conversation on board a steamboat, in which we spoke in condemnation of Mr. Dorr. One of the gentlemen related the story of Dorr and the rebellion in Cambridge in 1823, if we remember right.—The relator was then a member of the College. No boy, he said, was louder than Dorr in his denunciations of the faculty, and in his declaration to perish or leave justice done. But when the superior power of the faculty appeared, Dorr was one of the very first to ask for forgiveness, and was actually one of the four who thus escaped, while the whole class stood out and were expelled. After the circle broke up, one of the gentleman accosted us, saying he was pleased with the manner in which spoke of Dorr. "I," said he, "was one of Dorr's head-men;" and he went on to tell the ridiculous and painful story, himself agitated with the alternate laughter and regret. "I went with Dorr," said he, "until the Constitution was framed, but I was opposed to its adoption, for I perceived that it brought about a condition of things which seemed to me dangerous. Dorr, however, proclaimed the Constitution, and the officers and legislature were chosen. Fushed Mr. Dorr, in this attitude of affairs, what his plan was. Here were two governments over the same territory. The landlord's government would not withdraw, and if we should go on, collision would be inevitable. Dorr's reply was, 'All we have to do is, to go ahead.' Others who saw the difficulty went to him with the same inquiry. His common reply was, 'When you shall hear the bell ring, then clear the tracks.' I perceived, and we all perceived, that we had a leader who had no plan.

On one occasion I said to him, 'Mr. Dorr, the new constitution of the Law and Order party is, for any thing I see, as good as ours, and in some respects better.—Why should not we proclaim our approval of it, and so put an end to the trouble?—You issue your proclamation, advising all your friends to vote for it, and in my judgment we can make you the first Governor under it without difficulty." 'I would not care,' said Dorr, 'if it were ever so much better than ours; I will accept nothing that comes from the other side.' After this, I in a great measure withdrew from him, as did most of his leading [illegible]. On the night of the attack upon the arsenal, I visited that post, and found it full of picked men, well armed, with several of Dorr's relatives among the leaders. I went thence to Dorr's head quarters. As I passed along, six cannons were discharged in succession, directly armed men were running by me. I inquired of some of them what they were going to do. They replied that they knew only that the cannon were the signal for muster. At Dorr's quarters there were soon assembled about seven hundred men. By conversing with Dorr and one or two of the leaders, I perceived there was absolutely, in this critical moment, no plan.

At length Dorr mustered his men into line. It was rainy and uncomfortable. I inquired of one or two of the leaders what they were going to do. No one could answer. I said to them, are you sure that you have any object in view, worthy of the hazards you are running. The object upon which we started is accomplished in the formation of a good Constitution. Is ours so much better, as to compensate for all the hazards you are about to encounter?—Some replied: 'We do not feel like submitting to the land holders.' But you must recollect, said I, that there are other feelings besides that, which are awakened at this hour. There are mothers, sisters, children, who are feeling now, and let me tell you that I have examined the armament of the arsenal, and that if you attack it many of you will feel the pangs of death the next moment. So you see there are other feelings up, and to come up, besides hatred of the landholders. I think these feelings have influenced our leaders; for only one or two of them are here! I called their names one after another, and inquired if they were present. The Members of the Senate and House, the officers of the government—are they here? My opinion is that they are at home, and I shall go home. The principal man on the ground except Dorr, said to me, 'When you go I will take your arms.'

By and by Dorr ordered the troops to march, when about three hundred went towards the Arsenal, and four hundred toward their homes. Dorr halted before the Arsenal, where the thought of home drew off his men pretty rapidly, one after another. The next morning Dorr was not to be found! He had probably heard the bell ring and 'cleared the track.' The Chepachet affair our informant had nothing to do with. There also Dorr heard the bell.—Now he is secure. His life is safe; he never hears the bell ring, and so his stubbornness is no more overthrown by his cowardice. But let only the sound of the bell echo in his cell, and he would be on his knees swearing allegiance in a moment. This is the poor creature whom some men in high place, we are sorry to say, are so weak as to extol!

FALLS OF NIAGARA.—The editor of the Woodstock Herald, in noticing the frightful death of the young lady who recently lost her life by falling from Table Rock at the Falls of Niagara, in an attempt to pluck a wild flower, relates the following interesting particulars:

"We happen to know something of leaning over this Table Rock, and it is right that people should be made aware of the danger they incur in trying the experiment. It is not mere losing the balance that constitutes the danger. There is irresistible fascination. We tried the experiment some years ago. Having heard that such fascination did exist, we determined to ascertain whether it was so or not. Accordingly, having laid flat down on Table Rock, with a strong man holding each foot, we looked over the fearful precipice into the boiling surge below, and before many minutes we felt an overwhelming impulse, which, but for the physical force with which we were restrained would have induced us to plunge at once into that unfathomable "hell of waters." It was a moment of exquisite pleasurable sensation, but a moment the bare recollection of which strikes every chord of our soul with inexpressible horror.

Such is our experience so far, and we believe few know the Falls of Niagara more familiarly than we do. We have stood on the Table Rock in thunder, lightning and in rain,—in sunshine and in moonlight. In all its aspects the scene is terribly beautiful. Nervous people, however, should be careful in the amount of indulgence which they give themselves in investigating the mysteries of Niagara Falls. We remember of a young man having become irrecoverably mad in consequence of his going behind the 'sheet of water;' but but at the same time, we must say that we have seen young ladies come up like Naids in gladness and in glee from the same terrible scene.

THE PRINTER.—"I pity the printer," said my uncle Toby. "He's a poor creature," rejoined Trim. "How so?" said my uncle. "Because, in the first place," continued the Corporal, looking full upon my uncle, "because, he must endeavor to please every body. In the negligence of a moment, perhaps a small paragraph pops upon him: he hastily throws it to the compositor, it is inserted, and he is ruined to all intents and purposes." "Too much the ease, Trim, said my uncle, with a deep sigh: "Too—much—the—case." "And please your honor," continued Trim, elevating his voice, and striking into an imploring attitude, "this is not the whole. Go on Trim," said my uncle, feelingly. "The printer, sometimes," pursued the Corporal, 'hits upon a piece that pleases him mightily; and he thinks that it cannot but go down with his subscribers. But, alas! sir, who can calculate the human mind! He inserts it, and all is over with him! They forgive others, but they cannot forgive the printer. He has a host to print for, and every one sets up for a critic. The pretty Miss exclaims, 'why don't he give us more poetry, marriages, and *bon mots*?—away with these state pieces.' The politician claps his specs over his nose, and reads it over in search of a violent invective; he finds none, takes his specs off, folds them, sticks them in his pocket, declaring the paper good for nothing but to burn. So it goes. Every one thinks it ought to be printed expressly for himself, as he is a subscriber; and yet after all this complaining, would you believe it, sir, said the Corporal, clasping his hands beseechingly, 'would you believe, sir, there are some subscribers who do not hesitate to cheat the printer out of his pay! Our army swore terribly in Flanders, but they never did any thing so bad as that!—'Never!' said my uncle Toby, emphatically.

THE SABBATH.

Hark! the temple's solemn chime!
'Tis the Holy Sabbath time,
'Tis the day forever blest
As the christian's time for rest.
Hark! the gentle invitation
To repose and adoration!
Something in the Sabbath toll
Soothes the mind and wins the soul:
Telling men of Heaven's care,
And attuning hearts to prayer.

Hark! the sounds go up to Heaven,
Whence came down the precious leaven,
E'en as happy earth should try
Songs responding to the sky.
Softer seems the wind to blow,
Calmer seems the earth to grow,
Balmier the breath of day,
Holier the sunny ray,
Brighter seem the arched skies,
As the sounds of prayer arise!

'Tis the rapt and solemn pause
Of the Great First guiding Cause!
Who from mighty labor staid,
When the beauteous world was made.
When the leaf in verdant pride,
Rose the waters to divide,
When the light broke at 'The Word'
And first life in Eden stirred,
Then He spoke as there he stood,
"It is done, and it is good!"

Holy Sabbath! Let us pray
New returnings of the day,
From the ills of carping care,
Saddened thought and dark despair,
Mortal things that fret the soul
Till it sinks in their control,
From the blight of stubborn will,
Holy Sabbath save us still!
Hark! the temple's solemn chime!
'Tis the holy Sabbath time!

THE UNBELIEVER.—I pity the unbeliever—one who can gaze upon the grandeur and glory and beauty of the natural universe and behold not the touches of His finger, who is over and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition.

The unbeliever! one whose intellect the light of revelation never penetrated; who can gaze upon the sun and moon, and stars and upon the unfading and imperishable sky spread out so magnificently above him, and say all is the work of chance. The heart of such a being is a cheerless void. In him, mind—the godlike gift of intellect is debased, destroyed; all is dark—a fearful chaotic labyrinth—rayless, cheerless, hopeless!

No gleam of light from heaven penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the Eternal bids the despairing spirit rejoice. No fancied tones from the harps of seraphims arouse the dull spirit from its lethargy, or allay the consuming fever of the brain. The wreck of mind is utterly remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice, and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect.

I pity the unbeliever. What to him is the revelation from on high, but a sealed book? He sees nothing above or around or beneath him, that evinces the existence of a God; and he denies—yea, while standing on the footstool of Omnipotence, and gazing upon the dazzling throne of Jehovah, he shuts the intellect to the light of reason, and denies there is a God.—*Chalmers.*

THE BRIDAL HOUR.—We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attend a fellow being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of the young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin's brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's ark on the wide flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell within the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and full of blessings diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears, if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being—when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease—even then the people will not think of misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, 'I was just so on my wedding-day—but that passes over with time.' Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh arise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, O, that is the way of the world!'

☞ It is stated that about five hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in the United States for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Of this sum it is computed that sixteen millions are spent for hats, probably about twenty millions for caps and bonnets, and bonnets and for other articles of dress, not less than four hundred millions!

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY J. C. PARCELL.

All lov'd him, and many wept his downfall;
As a summer flower he bloom'd awhile,
And perished.

I knew a youth—a noble generous youth—from out whose heart there flowed a living fount of pure and holy feelings, which spread around and fertalized the soil of friendship, and warm and generous hearts crowded about him and enclosed him in a circle of pure godlike happiness. The eyes of woman brightened at his approach, and wealth and honor smiled to woo him to their circles.

His days sped onward—and as a summer brook sparkles all joyous on its gladsome way—so sped he on blithsome amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. The earth, the sea, the air, and every bright and bubbling stream and fount sent forth their murmuring melody:—and his pure heart unstained by worldly guile, drank in their glowing happiness.

He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms; abeing fair and delicate, and pure, bestowed the harvest of her heart's young love, and earth became a heaven.

The car of time rolled on, and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly bliss. The serpent of inebriation entered into the Eden of his heart. The pure and holy feelings the God of nature had implanted in his soul, became polluted by the influence of the miscalled social cup. The warm and generous aspirations of his soul became frozen and callous within him. The tears of the wretched—the agony of the afflicted found no response within his bosom. The pure and holy fount of universal love within his heart, that once gushed forth at the moanings of misery, and prompted the hand to administer unto the requirements of the wretched, sent forth no more of its pure and benevolent offerings. Its waters had become intermingled with the poisoned ingredients of the wine cup, and the rank weeds of intemperance have sprang up and choaked the source from whence the fountain flowed. The dark spirit of poverty had flapped his wings over his habitation and the burning hand of disease had seared the brightness of his eye, and palsied the elasticity of his frame.

The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fled when the wintry winds of adversity blew harshly round his dwelling.

Pause, gentle reader.

Go to yon lowly burying place, and ask of the rank grass that spreads from its polluted soil, who rests beneath its lowly surface, and the sighing winds will answer—"The mouldering remains of a drunkard." There lie the remains of one who possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness; the days of whose boyhood were hallowed by high and noble aspirations—the hours of whose early manhood were unstained by care and crime—the setting orb of whose destiny was enshrouded in a mist of misery and degradation. He saw the smile of joy sparkling in the brim of the wine cup. He noted the demon of destruction, lurking at the bottom of the goblet. With eager hand he raised the poisoned chalice to his lips, and—he was not!

EATING ONIONS.—The New-York Evening Mirror has "*a Relying Reader*," who says:—"Allow me to ask what is your opinion of the *morality of eating onions?*. If a lady, through some unaccountable lapse of memory, has suffered such things to pass the ivory gates, is a gentleman, in gallantry, bound to dare the infection, before she has undergone a full nine days' quarantine?—and if a gentleman should (being in love and so absent,) have swallowed a duck stuffing, unconsciously, is he to consider that he made the *amende honorable* to his partner, by the offering of a ten dollar boquet, unless he add at least a silver filagree holder? Your decision on the point will much oblige," &c.

The Mirror says:—"By turning to our 'Gardiner's Manuel,' we find that the onion requires a rich and moist soil. Of course the reply to the first part of the query is very simple. In a young lady of good fortune, and not too dry, the objectionable breath would seem highly natural. We are no judges of what money and moisture will make ladies endure from *gentlemen*, however; but we should recommend the filagree holder to make his ten dollar boquet a little longer to keep him off with. Pardon our simplicity—but do those that have any love to make, eat duck stuffing?"

☞ Lord Bacon's views on the consequence to a nation of extending her territory, are worthy of consideration at this time, when there is such an artificial excitement about Texas.

"Look at the kingdom of Persia, which extended from Egypt to Bactia and the borders of the East, and yet was overthrown and conquered by a nation not much bigger than the isle of Britian.—Look, too, at the State of Rome, which, when so extensive, became no better than a carcass, whereupon all the vultures and birds of prey in the world did seize and ravage for many ages, as a perpetual monument of the essential difference between the scale of miles and the scale of forces; and that the natural arms of each province, or the protecting arms of the principal State, may, when the territory is too extensive, be unable to counteract the two dangers incident to every Government—foreign invasion and inward rebellion."