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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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

LAW NOTICE.

JOHN 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. Ely; and also at the residence of John Reed, opposite the College.

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

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-25

J. 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

S. ELLIOTT

OFFERS for sale, at very reduced prices, a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye-Stuffs

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

Spices Ground and Unground,

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

Carlisle, March 15, 1844.

DRUGS, PAINTS & DYE-STUFFS.

MYERS & HAVERSTICK have just opened an extensive assortment of DRUGS, selected with great care and 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, Hatters 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 added 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 at this place—together with the most fashionable PERFUMERY and *Fancy Notions*.

Carlisle, June 19, 1844. tf-34

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.

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 Bleaum on South Hanover street, to the sign of "Signs of Washington and Jackson." Where he will at all ways 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

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-20 Carlisle, 2, 1844. 21tf

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 Swaim's Panacea,
" " " ointment,
Dr Howes' American Tea,

Together with a general assortment of the most approved patent medicines and patent Pills

MYERS & HAVERSTICK

tf-5

FOR RENT.

One or Two comfortable houses will be rented heap if applied for soon. Possession given April 1, 1845. CHAS. OGILBY.

Dec. 11, 1844.

GROCERIES.

NOW opening a fresh lot of Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, Teas, Chocolate, Cheese, &c. Also Spices of all kinds, as cheap if not cheaper than can be had in the borough. Recollect I have good Sugar and Coffee for a 6c.

CHAS. OGILBY.

December 4, 1844.

LIST OF JURORS

Grand Jury.

Allen—Robert Bryson.

Carlisle—John M. Gregg, James Postlethwaite.

Dickinson—Jacob Beetem.

East Pennsborough—Abraham May, Sam'l. Shupp.

Frankford—Wm. Gracy.

Hopewell—Joseph Runsha, John F. Isenhower.

Monroe—Levi Beelman, Christian Lohmer.

Newton—Wm. C. McClure, James C. Kilgore.

Newville—Robert Crawford.

N. Middleton—George Furst, Adam Hocker, Joseph Clark.

N. Cumberland—James K. Boak.

Silver Spring—Wm. Adams, George H. Bucher, Peter Fought.

Shippensburg Borough—Wm. Hoover.

Do. Tp.—Wm. Trill, Adam Duke.

TRAVERSE JURY.

First Week.

Allen—Alexander Cathcart, William M. Eckels, Adam Eichelberger.

Carlisle—Renick Angney, Wm. Gould.

Dickinson—Frederick Fisher, Joshua Sadler.

E. Pennsborough—Saml. George, David Hume, Wm. Stukemiller, senr.

Frankford—Michael Calvert, Wm. F. Swigert, Wm. Strohme.

Hopewell—John Eliott.

Mifflin—Thompson A. Mathers.

Monroe—Nicholas Bear, Samuel N. Divin, Samuel Gibler, Stewart McGowan.

Mechanicsburg—Wm. Quigley, Snider Rupley.

Newton—David Brandt, Wm. Y. Boyd, Wm. Davidson, Andrew Sharp, A. W. Sterret.

Newville—Samuel Ferguson, James R. Irvine, John Wagoner, Wm. H. Woodburn, Jacob Kinsley, senr.

N. Middleton—Alex'r. Cornman, Thomas J. Stevens.

New Cumberland—Rudolph Martin.

Silver Spring—George Duey, Pinothy Fleming, David Orris.

South Middleton—Wilson Fleming, Tho's. Green, Hugh Stuart.

Southampton—Henry B. Hock, Jacob Kleet, Abraham Mooney, George Strohme, Esq., George Walter.

Shippensburg Tp.—Hugh Craig.

W. Pennsborough—George G. Davidson, M. C. Davis.

Second Week.

Allen—Michael Darr, Levi Merkle, Jacob Sheely.

Carlisle—John D. Gorges, Samuel Ensminger, John Good.

Dickinson—William Creiglow, George Dillinger, Robert Linn, Charles McCulloch, Samuel Spangler.

East Pennsborough—Samuel Bashore, Samuel Copper, Jacob Moltz, Joseph Rife, Michael Dill.

Frankford—Benjamin Alter, Martin Mowry, William Snider.

Hopewell—Aaron Kunkle.

Monroe—Peter Ahl, John Brandt, James Clark, Matthew Loudon, Peter Myers, Rudolph Miller.

Newville—Samuel Ahl.

North Middleton—Jacob Hurtman, William Cameron.

Mifflin—Joseph Weaver.

New Cumberland—John Hickernell. sr.

Newton—James Kyle, Robert C. McCulloch, Thomas McCulloch.

Silver Spring—Geo. Beltzhoover, Abraham Bosler, Jacob Greve, William Miley.

South Middleton—Robert Giffin, George Spangler.

Southampton—Moses Hemphill, John Hellum, Thomas Sibbetts, Johnston Williamson.

West Pennsborough—Josiah Carothers, William Kerr, jr.

Shippensburg township—Jacob Raum.

Mechanicsburg—Daniel Reamer.

Trial List for April Term, 1845.

First Week.

Snavely for use	*vs.*	Poorman and Sheely.
Berlih	*vs.*	Green.
Goodhart	*vs.*	Bitzer.
Ban for use	*vs.*	McKeehan.
Ege Assee	*vs.*	Alexander.
Thompson	*vs.*	Hudson.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Shunk for use	*vs.*	Alexander.
	Second Week.	
Allen	*vs.*	Wolf.
Fertig	*vs.*	Alexander.
Ege	*vs.*	The Bank.
Craighead	*vs.*	Paxton.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Ege Assee	*vs.*	Rupley.
Kepler & Lechler	*vs.*	Porter and others.
Leiby	*vs.*	Gladwell.
Kosiet	*vs.*	Culbertson's Exr.
Sites	*vs.*	McFarlane.
Bank	*vs.*	Ege and others.
McFarlane	*vs.*	Sites and Louk.
Goodhart	*vs.*	Jacobs.
Ahl	*vs.*	Mateer.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Lindsay	*vs.*	Russle.
Meishler	*vs.*	McElhanyi.
Biddle	*vs.*	Moore and others.
Stambaugh & others	*vs.*	Alexander.
Beny and others	*vs.*	Mundorf and others.
Leudwig & Knoedler	*vs.*	Leonard.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Same	*vs.*	same.
Moore	*vs.*	Sponsler.
Spahr	*vs.*	Moore.
Claudy	*vs.*	Kissinger.
Barr for us	*vs.*	Duck's Adm.
Creamer	*vs.*	McElhare.
Shamberger	*vs.*	Fridly & Robinson.
Camps Adm.	*vs.*	Egel.
Himes	*vs.*	Holcomb.
Nogle	*vs.*	Mumper.
Smith	*vs.*	Stuart.
Keys & others	*vs.*	Grist.
McClelland Indit.	*vs.*	Penrose & Waldo.
Myers	*vs.*	Henroad.
Severs	*vs.*	Piper.
Ege assee	*vs.*	Sponsler.
Taylor for use	*vs.*	Harlan's Ext.
Shamberger	*vs.*	Grub.
Bank	*vs.*	Harper and others.
Hays	*vs.*	Noble.
Alexander	*vs.*	same.
McGee	*vs.*	Hume.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

BY JOHN SHOOBRIDGE.

"Oh did ye ne'er hear of the Blarney,
'Tis found near the banks of Killarney,
Believe it from me, no girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney."
LOVER.

'I tell you, Mike agra! it's no manner o' use, for do it I can't, and that's the long and the short of it.'

'Listen at him; why it isn't bashful that you are, eh, Ned avic?'

'Faix, and I'm afeard it is.'

'*Gog's bleakey!* why, they'll put you in the museyum along wid the marmaids and the ratlin' sneaks; a bashful Irishman, why, a four leaved shamrogue 'ud be a mutton chop to that, man alive.'

'So they say, but I've cotch the complaint any way.'

'Well, *Tear and aigers*, I never heerd the likes; it makes me mighty unhappy, for if modesty gets a footin' amongst us it'll be the ruin of us altogether. I should'nt wonder but some of them vetirin cockneys has inoculated us with the affection the affection, as they thravelled through the country. Well, and tell us, how d' feel whin you're blushing, Ned?'

'Arrah! now don't be laughin' at me, Mike, sure we can't help our wakeness—it's only before her, that the heart of me melts away intirely.'

'Never mind avic, shure it's a good man's case any way; and so purty Nelly has put the *comether* over your simsibilities?'

'You may say that, Mike *aroon*. The divil a bit of sinse have I left, if it's a thing that I ever happened to have any; and now, Mike, without jokin', isn't it mighty quare that I can't get the cowardly tongue to wag a word out of my head when her eye is upon me,—did you iver see Nelly's eye, Mike?'

'Scores o' times.'

'May be that isn't an eye!'

'May be there isn't a pair of thim, since you come to that.'

'The divil such wicked lookin' innocence iver peeped out of the head of a Christian afore, to my thinkin'.'

'It's nothin' but right that you should think so, Ned.'

'Oh, Mike! to me the laugh that bames out of thim, whin she's happy, is as good to a boy's feelin's as the softest sun ray that iver made the world smile—but whin she's sad—oh murdher, murdher, Mike, when thim wathery diamonds flutters about her silky eye-lashes or hangs upon her downy cheek, like dew upon a rose-lafe, who the divil could endure it. Bedad, it's as much as I can do to stale up agin them merry glances, but when her eye takes to the wather, by the powers of war it bothers the navigation of my heart out and out.'

'Thrue, for you, Ned.'

'An thin her mouth! Did you iver observe Nelly's mouth, Mike?'

'At a distance, Ned.'

'Now that's what I call a rale mouth, Mike; it don't look like some, only a place to ate with, but a soft talkin', sweet lovin' mouth, wid the lisses growin' in clusthers about it that nobody dare have the impudence to pluck off, eh, Mike?'

'Howld your tongue, Ned.'

'If Nelly's heart isn't the very bed of love, why thin Cupid's a jackass, that's all. An thin her teeth, did you notice thim teeth? Why pearls is pavin stones to thim; how they do flash as her beautiful round red lips open to let out a voice that's jist for all the world like talking honey, every word she says slipping into a fellow's soul whether he likes it or not. Oh! Mike, Mike, there's no use in talking, if she isn't an angel, why she ought to be, that's all.'

'You're mighty far gone, Ned, an that's a fact. It's wonderful what a janius a boy has for talking nonsense when the soft emotions is stirring up his brains. Did you ever spake to her?'

'How the divil could I? I was too busy listenin', an more betoken, between you an me, the rale thruth of the matter is, I could n't do it. Whether it was bewitched I was, or that my sinses got dhround wid dhrinking in her charms, making a sort of mouth of my eye, I don't know, but every time I attempted to say something, my tongue, bad luck to it, staggered about as if it was corned, an the divil a word it would say for itself, bad or good.'

'Well now, only to think. Let me give you a word of advice, Ned, the next time you see her, take it say, put a big stone upon your feelings an' say about the weather, you see you want to bowlt out all you have to say at once, an your throat is too little to let it out.'

'*Be the mortial* an that's a good advice, Mick, if I can but folly it. This love is a mighty quare affection, isn't it?'

'Tremendous! I had it once, myself.'

'How did you ketch it?'

'I did'nt ketch it at all, I took it natural.'

'And did you ever get cured, Mike?—Tell us.'

'Completely.'

'Haw!'

'I got married.'

'Oh! let us go to work!'

From the foregoing characteristic conversation between Mick Riley and his friend, Ned Flynn, it would appear pretty evident that the blind boy's shaft, though feathered with pleasure and tipped with pain, was fast embedded in the heart of the latter, or in plainer and not less expressive phrase, he was bothered entirely by Miss Nelly Malone.

During an interval of rest from moving, the dialogue took place; that over, they resumed their labor, the convalescent "married man" humming a sprightly air, which kept time to the stroke of his scythe, while the poor wounded deer, Ned, came in now and then with an accompaniment of strictly orthodox sighs. It certainly was a most extensive smite on the part of pretty Nell; and a nobler heart never beat under crimson and gold, than the honest, manly one which now throbbed with the first ardor of a passion pure and unselfish. A short time, longer, and they rested again. Ned was sad and silent; and the never forgotten respect, which makes suffering sacred in the eyes of an Irish peasant, kept Mike mute also; at last Ned, with a half downcast, whole sheepish expression, said, the ghost of a smile creeping over his features,

'Mike, do you know what I'?

'What I' said Mike.

'I've writ a song about Nelly.'

'No,' rejoined his friend, with that ambiguous emphasis which might as well mean yes.

'Is it a song?'—adding, with dexterous tact.

'And why the mischief shouldn't you; sure and havn't you as illigant a heart to fish songs up out of as anybody else. Sing us it.'

'I'm afeard that you will laugh if I do, Mike.'

'Is it me?' replied Mike so reproachfully that Ned was completely softened. After the making-your-mind-up a minute or two, with a fine clear voice, he sang,

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

All ye sportin' young heroes, with hearts light and free,
Take care how you come near the town of Tralee;
For the witch of all witches that ever wove spell
In the town of Tralee, at this moment does dwell.
Oh, then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For the divil all-out is the rose of Tralee.

She's as soft and as bright as a young summer morn,
Her breath's like the breeze from the fresh blossom'd thorn,
Her cheek has the sea shell's pale delicate hue,
And her lips are like rose leaves just bathed in the dew;
So then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For she's mighty destructive, this Rose of Tralee.

Oh! her eyes of dark blue, they so heavenly are
Like the night sky of summer, and each holds a star;
Were her tongue mute as silence, man's *life* they'd control;
But eyes and tongue both are too much for one's *soul*.
Young men, stay at home, then, and leave her to me,
For I'd die with delight for the Rose of Tralee.

And now, after this toplostical illustration of Ned's feelings, and inasmuch as they are about to resume their labor, let us leave them to their mowing, and see after Miss Nelly Malone, for love of whom poor Ned had *tasted* of the Pierian spring.

In a neat little chamber, bearing about it the unmistakable evidence of a tidy woman's care, sits the individual herself, her little fingers busily employed in knitting a very small stocking—her own; no trace of wealth is to be seen in this humble abode, but of its more than equivalent comfort, it is redolent. At the open casement there peep in the blossoms of the honeysuckle and the sweet pea, filling the air with a perfume, more grateful than art could ever obtain; sundry *artless* prints, and here and there a ballad on some heart-breaking subject, probably amongst them the highwayman's autoballadography, wherein he heroically observes,

"I robbed Lord Mansfield, I do declare,
And Lady Somebody in Grosvernor Squnre."

are fastened to the walls, decorated with festoons of cut paper, of most dazzling variety of color, a fine plump contented lark, in an open cage, which he scorns to leave, returns his mistress's caress with a wild grateful song, whilst tutored into friendliness a beautiful sleek puss, whose furry coat glances like satin in the sun ray, dozes quietly upon the window sill, indulging in that low purr, which is the sure indication of a happy cat. It is the home of innocence and beauty, fitly tenanted.

And what are pretty Nelly's thoughts, I wonder; a shade of something, which may be anxiety or doubt, but scarcely sorrow, softens the brightness of her lovely face. She speaks, 'twill be no treason to listen. You will perceive that the cat is her confidante—a discreet one it must be confessed.

'Is foolishness, so it is; isn't it puss?'

Puss does n't condescend to notice the remark.

'Now Minny is n't it. I ask you, is n't it folly, the worst of folly to be thinkin' of one who does n't think of me? I won't do it any more, that I won't. Heigh ho! I wonder if he loves me. I somehow fancy he does, and yet again if he did, why could n't he say so, there's one thing certain and that is, I don't love *him*, that is to say I *won't* love him, a pretty thing indeed, to give my heart to one who would not give me his in return. That *would* be a bad bargain, would n't it puss?'

Pussy condescended for silence they say, is synonymous. 'But oh!' resumed Nelly, 'if I thought he *did* love me—there now, I've dropped a stitch,—what *am* I thinkin' of—I mus'nt give way to such foolishness. Why, the bird is done singin', and Minny is looking angry at me out of her big eyes —don't be jealous puss, you shall always have your saucer of milk whatever happens, and—hark! that's his step, it is! he's comin'! I wonder how I look,' and running to her little glass, Nelly, with very pardonable vanity, thought those features could not well be improved, and the most curious part of the matter, she was right.

'He's a long time coming,' thought she, as stealing a glance through the white window curtain she saw Ned slowly approach the garden gate; gladly would she have flown to meet him, but maidenly modesty restrained her; now he hesitates a moment, takes a full gulph of breath and nears the house; at every approaching step Nelly's pulse beat higher, at last she bethought herself that it would be more prudent to be employed; so, hastily taking up her netting which was twisted and ravelled into inextricable confusion, with a seeming calm face she mechanically plied her needles, her heart giving one little shiver as Ned rapped a small chicken-livered rap at the door. Nelly opened it with a most disingenuous, 'Ah! Ned, is that you, who *would* have thought it.—Come in, do.'

The thermometer of Nelly's feelings was about fevor heat, yet she forced the index to remain at freezing point. 'Take a chair won't you?'

And there sat those two beings, whose hearts yearned for each other, looking as frigid as a pair of icicles, gazing on the wall, the floor, pussy or the lark. Ned suddenly discovered something that wanted a deal of attending to in the band of his hat; whilst Nelly at the same time evinced an extraordinary increase of affection for the cat. To say the truth, they were both very far from comfortable. Ned had thoroughly made up his mind to speak this time if ruin followed, and had even gone so far as to have settled upon his opening speech, but Nelly's cold and indifferent 'take a chair,' frightened every word out of his head; it was essentially necessary that he should try to recover himself, and he seemed to think that twisting his hat into every possible form and tugging at the band were the only means by which it could be accomplished. Once more all was arranged, and he had just cleared his throat to begin, when the rascally cat turned sharply round and stared him straight in the face, and in all his life he thought he never saw the countenance of a dumb creature express such thorough contempt.

'It well becomes me,' thought he, 'to be demeanin' myself before the cat,' and away flew his thoughts again.

Of course all this was very perplexing to Nelly, who, in the expectation of hearing something interesting, remained patiently silent. There was another considerable pause; at last, remembering his friend Mike's advice, and moreover, cheered by a most encouraging smile from the rapidly thawing Nell, Ned wound up his feelings for one desperate effort, and bolted out—

'Isn't it a fine day, Miss Malone?'

Breaking the silence so suddenly, that Nelly started from her chair, the lark fluttered in the cage, and puss made one jump bang into the garden.

Amazed and terrified, by the result of his first essay, fast to the root of his mouth Ned's tongue stuck once more, and finding it of no earthly use trying to overcome his embarrassment, that he floundered about the deeper he got into the mud, he gathered himself up, made one dash through the door, and was off like lightning. Nelly sighed as she resumed her knitting, and this time she was sad in earnest.

'Well, what luck?' said Mike, as nearly out of breath from running, Ned rejoined him, in the meadow. 'Have you broke the ice?'

'Bedad I have,' said Ned, 'and more betoken, we fell into the wather through the hole.'

'Why, would'nt she listen to you?'

'Yes, fast enough, but I did'nt give her a chance, myould complaint came strong upon me. Ora! what's the use in having a tongue at all, if it won't wag the words out of a fellow's head. I am a speciment of an omadhaun there she sot, Mike, looking out of the corners of her eyes at me, as much as to say, spake out, like a man, with a soft smile runnin about all over her face and playin among her beautiful dimples, like the merry moon bame dancin on the lake. Oh! murdher! Mike, what the mischief am I to do. I can't live without her, an I've n't the heart to tell her so.—Well it is disgraceful,' replied Mike, 'to see a good looking man disparage his country by flinching from a purty girl; maybe it might do you good to go my kiss the BLARNEY STONE.'

'That's it,' exclaimed Ned, joyously clapping his hands together and cutting an instinctive caper, 'that's it; I wonder I never thought of it before. I'll walk every inch of the way, though my legs should drop off before I get that; there, do you think it would do me good to kiss it?'

'Divil a doubt of it, sure it was niver known to fail yet,' said Mike, oracularly.

'Why then may I never ate a male's vittels, if there's any vartue in the stone if I don't have it out of it.' And that very night, so eager was Ned to get cured of his bashfulness, off he started for Killarney. It was a long and tedious journey, but the thought of being able to speak to Nelly when he returned, was sufficient to drive away fatigue; in due time he reached the far-famed castle,

"On the top of whose wall,
But take care you don't fall,
There's a stone that contains all the Blarney."

Mike climbed with caution, discovered the identical spot, and believing implicitly that his troubles were now at an end, knelt, and with a heart whole prayer for his absent Nelly, reverently kissed *The Blarney Stone*.

True, devoted love, had lent him strength to overcome the difficulties of access, and imagination, that powerful director of circumstance, did the rest. It was with humility and diffidence, he had approached the object of his pilgrimage, but he descended from it with head erect and countenance elated; he could now tell his burning thoughts in *her* ear; he was a changed man; a very pretty girl who officiated as guide, and upon whose panting lips, report says, the efficacy of the charm has been frequently put to the test, met him at the archway of the castle, for no other reason in the world than merely to try if he were sufficiently imbued with the attractive principle. Ned watched an opportunity, and much more to his astonishment than to hers, gave her a hearty kiss, stareing to watch the effect. She frowned not, and did not even blush. Ned was delighted; his end was obtained.

'He could kiss who he plazed with his blarney,' consequently feeling supremely happy, without losing another moment, he retraced his steps homeward.

Meantime Nelly missed her silent swain, whose absence tended materially, to strengthen the feeling of affection which she entertained for him; day after day crept on, he came not; and each long hour of watching rivetted still more closely her heart's fetters. Now for the first time she acknowledged to herself how essential he was to her happiness, and with a fervent prayer that the coming morning might bring him to her side, she closed each day. Her wonder at last at his continued absence quickening into anxiety, and from anxiety into alarm, jealousy, without which there cannot be a perfect love, spread its dark shadow o'er her soul, and she was wretched. In vain she reasoned with herself; the sun of her existence seemed suddenly to be withdrawn and all was gloom, even the bird appearing to share his mistress's mood, drooped his wings, and was silent; so much are externals influenced by the spirit of the hour, that her comely chamber felt comfortless and solitary. Nelly loved with a woman's love, devotedly, intensely, wholly; to lose him would be to her the loss of all that rendered life worth living for; her's was an affection deserving that which was given in lieu, although as yet she knew it not.

Gazing out one day in the faint hope of seeing something of her beloved, her heart gave one sudden and tremendous bound. She saw him—he had returned at last.—But how changed in demeanor. Can her eyes deceive her? No. Her heart tells her it is he, and it could not err. Instead of the downcast look and hesitating step, joy laughed forth from his face and his tread was easy, frolicking and careless; as he came nearer, she thought she heard him sing; he did sing! what could it portend? Had he found one who knew how to break the spell of reserve? 'Twas torture to think so, and yet it was the first image that presented itself to her anxious heart. It was now her turn to be tongueties, dumb from agitation; she could not utter a syllable, but trembling to the very core, sat silently awaiting what she feared was to prove the funeral knell of her departed happiness.

With a merry song upon his lips, Ned lightly bounded over the little paling and in a minute more was in her presence.—Speak or move, she could not, nor did his first salutation place her more at ease.

'Nelly,' said he, 'you drove me to it, but its done! its done!'

What's done, what can he mean, thought Nelly, more agitated than ever.

'Its all over now, to continued for I've kissed it. Don't you hear me, Nelly? I say I've kissed it.'

'In Heaven's name,' cried the pale trembling girl, 'what do you mean, kissed who?'

'No *who* at all,' said Ned laughing, 'but it, I've kissed it.'

'Kissed what?'

'Why the Blarney Stone to be sure,' screamed out Ned, flinging his hat at pussy, and executing an extremely complicated double shuffle in the delight of the moment indeed conducting himself altogether in a manner which would have jeopardized the sanity of any one but a love stricken Irishman.

'Sure it was all for you, Nelly, macushla, neer-dhas'l did, since it has loosened the string of my tongue, and now I can tell you, how, deeply, your image is burnin' within my very heart of hearts, you bright eyed, beautiful darling!'

What more he said or did, it will be unnecessary for me to relate; suffice it to say that the world-renowned-nostrum, lost none of its efficacy on this particular occasion. One observation of pretty Nell's I think is worthy of record. At the close of a most uninteresting conversation to any but themselves, the affectionate girl whispered to him:

'*Dear Ned, you need'nt have gone so far!*'

The course of true love sometimes does run smooth, a great authority to the contrary nevertheless, for in about three weeks time, the chapel bells rang merrily for the wedding of Edward and Nelly. Aye, and what's more neither of them had ever cause to regret Ned's visit to THE BLARNEY STONE.

THE IRON DISTRICT.—The iron district which spreads through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Western Virginia, traverses regions exuberant with coal, and abounding in water power; and, travelling farther west we find in Ohio, Kentucky, and particularly in Missouri, immense stores of metaliferous wealth, adjacent to the most fertile agricultural districts. It is to Pennsylvania, however, we must chiefly direct our attention, where two fifths of all the iron in the United States is made. The United States contains 80,000 square miles of coal, which is about sixteen times as great as the coal measures of Europe. A single one of these gigantic masses runs from Pennsylvania to Alabama, and must embrace of itself, 50,000 square miles.—Out of fifty counties of Pennsylvania, no less than thirty have coal and iron in them; and out of the 46,000 square miles in Pennsylvania, which form superficies, there are 10,000 miles of coal and iron; while all Great Britain and Ireland have only 2,000; so that Pennsylvania alone has an area of coal and iron five times as large as that of Great Britain. The quality of the coal or iron is as rich as that of Great Britain, and they have the advantage of lying near the water level; while those of the latter country are sometimes more than one thousand feet below the surface, and are excavated through subterranean passages.—*Hunt's Merchants Magazine.*

A GOOD HINT.—Sam Slick, counsels fathers, who have marriageable sons, in the following wise:

If you want a son not to fall in love with any splendiferous gal, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that. The moment the critter sees her, he is a little grain disappointed, and says, "Well, she is handsome, that's a fact; but she is not so *very, very* everlastin' pretty, arter all." Then he criticises her. "Her foot is too thick in the instep; her elbow-bone is sharp; she rouges, is affected;" and so on, and the more you oppose him the more he abuses her, till he swears she is misreported, and aint handsome at all.—Say nothing to him, and he is spooney over head and ears in a minute. He sees all beauties and no defects, and is for walking into her affections at once. Nothin' damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake, like overpraise. A hoss is one of the oniest things in natur, that is helped by it.

GENUINENESS OF THE CHRISTIAN SCRIPTURES.—A writer in the North American Review, evidently a man of extensive learning, in an article on the genuineness of ancient writings, says:—"We should be unfaithful equally to our convictions, principles and feelings, not distinctly to state that, in point of fact, the genuineness and integrity of the Christian Scriptures, estimated on the broad principles here laid down, is substantiated by evidence in a tenfold proportion more various, copious and conclusive, than that which can be advanced in support of any other ancient writings whatsoever. In simple justice, then, the genuineness of these records of our faith cannot so much as be questioned, until the whole body of classical literature has been proved to be spurious.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—The Cincinnati Chronicle states that on Tuesday a young man died in the eastern part of that city. On Wednesday another young man agreed to sit up with the body that night. When night came, he did not come. The family waited until 12 o'clock, and he was not there. He did not come at all. The next morning it was revealed that the absent young man was the one that was drowned on the night of the 4th inst. The dead and the watcher had alike gone to their accounts.

A REGULAR HEROINE.—It is stated that the daughter of Jepthah Sanborn, a judge of one of the new counties of Iowa, has shot two full grown bears the past winter.—The animals came prowling about her father's premises in the absence of any of the men folks, when Miss S. up with a rifle and shot them. Oh Jepthah judge of Iowa what a daughter hast thou.