# Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BRATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, NOVEMBER 11, 1846. NUM X.



## Cards.

**HENRY EDGAR KEENE,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice in the several Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties, and attend to all professional business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.
Office in South Hanover street, in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office.
Carlisle, August 26, 1846.—1y.

**S. DUNLAP ADAIR,**
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doors below J. H. Graham, Esq.
July 16, 1845.

**New Arrangement.**

DOCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, MR. J. E. JACKSON, in his Drug and Book Business.

By this arrangement, Doctor MYERS will be enabled to give his undivided attention to the duties of his Profession.
Carlisle, September 30, 1846.—3ms.

**CARD.**

**Doctors J. & W. L. Creigh,**

HAVING entered into co-partnership, respectfully tender their professional services to the citizens of CARLISLE and its vicinity, with the assurance, that all those entrusted to their care will receive every necessary attention. They solicit a portion of public patronage.
OFFICE,—High Street, opposite Ogilby's Store, and 2d door West of Martin's Hotel.
Carlisle, September 16, 1846.

**DR. L. C. LOOMIS,**
DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as—*Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.
N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last two days, in each month.
June 11, 1846.

**DOCTOR A. D. LIPPE,**
Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE; Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.
Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

**DENTISTRY, &C.**

**JOHN W. HENDEL,**

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that having opened an office in South Hanover street, nearly opposite the Post Office, he is prepared to practice DENTISTRY in all its branches. Good Teeth are essential to health, besides natural or artificial ones are not only useful but ornamental, and add materially to the comfort of the wearer. It need not be stated what can be done to the teeth, suffice it to say that *every defect* can be *remedied*, and *new* Teeth furnished from a single one to an entire set. Having had considerable practice for a number of years, good references will be given to such as require them, but the best proof is the *operation*, which will in all cases be performed in the most careful manner and at prices to suit the occasion and the times. Persons waited on at their residences, either in town or country, without extra charge. He may always be found at his office, as above, or at his residence in Pitt street, one door north of Hendel's livery stable.
He will also promptly attend to the repairing of Watches and Jewelry, at his office in South Hanover street. Also, ENGRAVING neatly executed. By attention and skilful execution of his work, he hopes to receive and thereby solicits a share of public patronage.
Carlisle, April 8, 1846.

HARRIS, TURNER, & IRVIN,
**WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,**
*No. 201 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA,*
**Importers and Wholesale Dealers**

IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical and Obstetrical Instruments; Druggists Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils Dyes, Perfumery, &c. &c.
Druggists, Country Merchants, and Physicians supplied with the above articles on the most favorable terms. Strict and prompt attention paid to orders. Every article warranted.
JOHN HARRIS, M. D. JAMES A. TURNER, lately of Virginia. WILLIAM IRVIN, M. D.
Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1846.—1y.

**THE MANSION HOUSE HOTEL**
*Fronting on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road,*
**CARLISLE, PA.**

LATELY kept by Gen. Willis Foulk, has just been taken by the subscriber. It is newly furnished and has been thoroughly repaired. Passengers in the cars, strangers, travellers and visiters to Carlisle, are invited to call.
Terms moderate, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the establishment.
J. A. WINROTT.
Carlisle, April 16, 1845.

**MEDICINES**
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, & DYE-STUFFS.

DR. MYERS has just received at his store in West High Street, his full supply of Drugs and Medicines; embracing every article in the Drug Business.
Physicians, Pedlars, and small dealers supplied at city prices.
Carlisle, September 2, 1846.

**SMITH COAL.**

FOR Blacksmiths' use, together with Pine Grove and Lyken's Valley Coal, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at the lowest possible price for Cash, at the Warehouse of
Nov. 5, 1845. WM. B. MURRAY.

**FARMERS LOOK HERE!**

I HAVE just received a lot of Pouty and Myers' celebrated centre draught
**Self-Sharpening PLOUGHS,**
which I will sell at Philadelphia prices, with the addition of the freight.
April 30. WM. B. MURRAY.

**RINGGOLD CAPS.**

A LOT OF RINGGOLD CAPS, just received at the new and cheap store of
D. & M. ARNOLD.
Carlisle October 7, 1846.

**Prime Segars.**

5,000 OLD SPANISH CIGARS received and for sale Wholesale and Retail by the subscriber. Also, **20,000 HALF-SPANISH CIGARS**, for sale at the reduced price of $3,00 per thousand, at his cigar factory, West High Street, Carlisle.
T. H. CRISWELL.
October 14, 1846.

**DYEING & SCOURING.**
**WILLIAM BRANDT,**

IN LOUTHER STREET, 2d door from the College, dyes Ladies and Gentlemen's Apparel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited.
Carlisle, September 9, 1846.—1y.



## Herald & Expositor

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

*OFFICE in the South West angle of the public Square, back of the Court-House*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Fifty cents a year IN ADVANCE.
Two Dollars, if paid within the year.
One Dollar for six months.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements, making fifteen lines or less, will be charged at the rate of Fifty cents for one insertion,—three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| One Column, with the paper, for one year, | $25 |
| Half a column, do. | $13 |
| Two Squares, with quarterly changes, | $10 |
| Business Cards, with the paper, | $5. |

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Such as Handbills, Blanks, Circulars and every other description of Printing, executed humanely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.


## Miscellaneous.

### THE SHOUT AND THE MOAN.

"Victory! Victory!"—the shout is in our ears, and its re-echoings almost maddden us! But there are two sides to the picture of war and victory—its lights and shadows—its glory and its groans—its pomp and its despair. We daily see its first features in the gazettes, which chronicle the victorious march of our brave Taylor and his gallant army, and our hearts swell to the light, glory and pomp of victory. But amid the general rejoicings, if any one could raise the curtain from before the sanctity of desolated homes, he would see in all its horrors the shadow, groans, and despair, which follow the track of war, as the vulture, the wolf, and the hyena do the battle field. While the nation shouts for the glories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, individual hearts are breaking, and the eyes of love are weeping at the sad fates of Ringgold, Brown, Cochrane, Watson, and others.—Proud bulletins, general orders, and exulting despatches chronicle the glories of war; the shout of a nation is sent forth in thunder peals of exultation, and the loud huzza drowns the low, feeble wail of bereavement, or the piercing shriek of the widowed heart!—The rattling drum—the cannon peal, fill with startling clamor beside the desolate hearth, and—mighty magic of national glory—turn death and despair to cause of rejoicing! Turn we from the official despatch, reeking with glory, blood, gore and mangled limbs, to the following picture from Douglass Jerrold's Magazine, and contrast the public and private effect of

A VICTORY.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
Along the evening air;
The crackling bonfires turn the sky
All crimson with their glare;
Bold music fills the startled streets
With air-inspiring sound;
The gurling cannon's reddening breath
Wakes thunder-shouts around.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!

A little girl stood at the door,
And with her kitten played;
Less wild and frolicsome than she,
That rosy prattling maid.
Sudden her cheek turns ghastly white;
Her eye with fear is filled,
And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—
"My brother Willie's killed!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
A-knitting by the fire,
Plying the needle's thrifty task
With hands that never tire.
She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked
"My joy on earth is done!
Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
Oh, God! my son! my son!"
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
With matron's treasure blessed;
A smiling infant nestling lay
In slumber at her breast.
She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
The widow's tale to tell;
But like a statue, all white and stiff,
Upon the earth floor fell.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
*Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"*

An old, weak man, with head of snow,
And years three score and ten,
Looked in upon his cabin-home,
And anguish seized him then.
He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
Matron nor little maid,
One scalding tear, one choking sob—
He knelt him down, and pray'd.
And thousand joyful voices cry,
"Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

For the Herald & Expositor.

Mr Editor:—By inserting the following lines in your paper you will much oblige the author.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

I ne'er could my lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me?
When a glance aversion hints,
I always think the lady squints,
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
No pearly teeth rejoice my view
Unless a "yes" displays their hue—
The prudish lip that mocks me back,
Convinces me the teeth are black.
To me the cheek displays no roses,
Like that the assenting blush discloses;
But when with proud disdain 'tis spread,
To me 'tis but a scurvy red.
Would she have me praise her hair?
Let her place my garland there,
Is her hand so white and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
Nor can I yet be certain then,
Till it grateful press again.
Must I praise her melody?
Let her sing of love and me.
If she chose another theme,
I'd rather hear a peacock scream!
Must I with attentive eye,
Watch her beaming bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see,
That bounding bosom sigh for me.
None but bigots will be vain,
Adore a heaven they cannot gain:
Nor will I, with humble speech,
*Adore* one whom I cannot reach.

AMATOR.

—BORROWING BABIES.—An amusing incident occurred lately in Boston. A gentleman and lady in that city were blessed with a beautiful child, of about a year old, which attracted so much attention from the neighbors, that the young ladies opposite frequently sent over to 'borrow the baby.' After being obliged to send for the child several times, Mr.——, on coming home to dinner, got out of temper on finding it gone as usual. 'Here Jane,' said he, addressing the nurse, go over to the Misses ——, and get the baby! give them my compliments, and tell them I wish they'd get a 'baby of their own,' and not be obliged to borrow!'—*Col's Advertiser.*

NEW ENGLAND SALUTATIONS.—"Good morning, Neighbor A——; how do you do to-day?"

"Well, *I'm much as one*, I thank you; how is it with you?"

"Why, I'm pretty much *the old sort, 'tween three and one*; how is your woman this morning?"

"Well, she's *pretty much thu' for her*, considerin'; how's yourn?"

"*She's to be trabbling*, I thank you. Good morning."

MATRIMONIAL.—Gentlemen advertising for wives in London, hang out their daguerreotype miniatures in a window of some fashionable shop, with this label:

"Wanted—a female companion to the above. Apply personally."

### The Talk of the Quadrille.

'Would you like to know an incarnation of fact?' said the pretty Mrs. Roseberry to the writer, as a quadrille was forming in one of Lady Mercington's beautiful rooms.

'Anything,' said we gloomily, having just lost eleven guineas at whist.

'Then stand near me while I dance this time.'

'As your partner, may I?'

'No, no; here is my partner, Mr. Elkington Polkington, and,' added Mrs. Roseberry in a lower voice, as she turned to take her place, 'he is a professor, and a *savant*, and a F. R. S., and all sorts of things. Come and profit by his wisdom.'

The quadrille was arranged, and, in obedience to orders, we contrived to attain the place in question. Leaning against one of the columns of fluted muslin (placed where a door had been) with our wig in its capitil of roses, we listened to another of the bad talkers against whom we promised to caution our readers.

'That is a very fine cluster of diamonds, Mrs. Roseberry,' observed Mr. Elkington Polkington.

'I believe they are good—a husband's present.'

'Worthy husband. By the way, did you ever see the diamond burnt?'

'Does not Faraday——'

'Yes—yes—but he was not the person who discovered its combustibility. Sir Isaac Newton was the first who asserted that, and the Academy del Cimeto burned it in the focus of a lens. Macquer, Darcet, and Ronelle did the same in a crucible, and Lavoisier in close vessels, hence demonstrating, you see, its analogy with the charcoal.'

'Ah! how delicately cool Lady Merrington keeps her rooms.'

'Yes, the atmospheric air is totally pure.—Apropos of air—of course you know that it is not a simple body—Scheele and Priestley proved its compound nature; but do you know its composition.'

'Not exides, or something of that sort. I suppose Dr. Reid has the patent. Could he give one the receipt?'

'You do not interest yourself much about natural philosophy?'

'I like to see the experiments at a lecture, when they put a light into a jar of gass, and all the sparkles drop down like fairy fire works.'

'Very well; now listen. If I were to evolve nitrous gas from nitric acid, and were again to form nitric acid when nitrous gas was mixed with oxygen——'

'But that is only crossing to come back again, which it is our turn to do now.'

'I was saying,' resumed the professor, 'when the figure interrupted us——'

'Like Hamlet's father when Horatio and Marcellus were talking. Just get me my *boquet* from that couch or somebody will sit upon it.'

While the Professor was executing orders, Mrs. Roseberry asked——

'Are you improving?'

'Of course. I wonder you don't like it.'

'Oh, when I was a child I used to be dreadfully ill used about Magnall's Questions.'

The Professor returned with the boquet.

'You have some good flowers there. We are indebted to the Turks for bringing the taste for flowers from Persia to Constantinople. It was in the sixteenth century that Europe began to cultivate them.'

'So recently?'

'Yes. It was between the reign of Henry VII. and of Elizabeth that the ordinary flowers were introduced into England.'

'Oh, where did the tulips come from?'

'From Vienna, in 1578.'

'And the roses?'

'From various places—the musk rose from Italy—the thornless rose from North America—but the majority came from the Netherlands.'

'I wish they did not die so soon.'

'The art of preserving them in sand was discovered in 1633, there was also a mode of saving them from the frost in winter, invented by George Morris in America, in 1792.'

'I must have some ice as soon as the quadrille is over.'

'Did you ever see it made? The first was made in 1782, by Mr. Walker. We can freeze anything now. Mercury can be frozen.'

'What, the planet, and so near the sun too?'

'No, I mean the metal, by the mixture of five parts of muriate of lime and four of snow. Nay, it can be so solified by sulphuric acid as to bear the stroke of a hammer.'

'How loud they me playing.'

'Rather—you know the doctrines of Pythagoras about the music of the spheres.'

'Yes—it is so loud one can't hear it, I believe. I wish this was like it.'

'Music is a very ancient art. It was first reduced to rules by Jubal, about eighteen hundred years before the Christian era.'

'How the poor boarding school girls ought to hate Jubal. He was the Crevelli of his day, I suppose.'

'Yes. The notes used at present were completed in 1338, by Guido. You like Italian music, I suppose.'

'I like Rossini, and I love Bellini, and I revere Weber, and I worship Mozart.'

'But Handel, who came to England in 1710, and——'

'I always think of Exeter Hall and a headache. That girl's muslin will certainly sweep away these dowagers.'

'Do you know the origin of the word?'

'What word? dowagers—no—is it very deadful? If it is, don't tell me, but what is it?'

'No, Muslin. It is derived from the French, as not being bare but having a downy nap on its surface resembling moss, or *mousse*.'

'Galop all around—now for some ice.'

Mrs. Roseberry took Professor Polkington's arm.

'Do you know,' asked the eternal Elkington, 'that dancing dates so far back as the Curetes, fifteen hundred years before Christ. Eusebius says that——'

But by this time Mrs. Roseberry had dragged the Philosopher out of the room, so we had no means of knowing what Eusebius says about ball-rooms.

MARY.—Who does not love the common yet beautiful name, Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "tear-drop." What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations does not the very name call up in every heart? Who knows aught ill of Mary? Who that does not love the name? If there is any thing gentle and virtuous and womanly, what Mary possesses it not? Was it not Mary who was

"Last at the cross
And earliest at the grave"?

And was not Mary the mother of the Saviour of the world?

From the St. Louis Reveille.

### Catching a Green One.

Linville in the Platte country, has been celebrated, since the first advent of civilization in that region, for the unmarriageable quality of several old maids, who, full of hope, had emigrated to the promising lands of the west. There is for a certainty, a demand for girls in the west, and many ardent young men are eager to throw themselves into the arms of beauty. Sally Clintoe, one of these old maids we speak of, had a certain share of beauty, but it could not well be called young and tender, unless you call thirty a tender age; but, with her increase of years, instead of the fires of true love burning out, they increased in strength; until, with the aid of her mother, Sally resolved to have a husband, if she had to trap him with a fishnet. Ben Ellis was the gudgeon Sally fixed her eye upon, for the very reason it would appear, that he was the opposite to her in general character, and years in particular. He was young, and moreover, tender, and besides, partook strongly of a verdant hue, even to downright *greenness* in his perception of all things, even to women: while on the contrary, Sally had grown into knowing brown, and knew all things without learned spirit, even to the "catching a green one."

Many efforts were made by Sally to attract Ben's attention; but his bashfulness was a bar to these tender essays; until it she succeeded at church, on Sunday, to catch his eye for a moment, it was in vain she watched through the whole service for a second glance—it was not to be had. She had seated herself in the pew before him and behind him, but all to no purpose, he manifested an obstinate adherence to his diffident manner, until at length she determined to "carry the war into Africa," as the politicians say, and resolutely entered the same pew he occupied, and set herself right bang against him. Ben turned pale, quivered slightly, and although brought up all standing, succeeded in gaining his breath after the shock, but look at her he wouldn't. In vain she held the hymn book at him—fruitlessly was her manœuver of going upon her knees during prayer, and directly fronting him, he solidly fixed his eyes on a stripe in his pantaloons, and refuse to see the full blown charms before him. Sally noted his indifference, and grew desperate; Ben noticed her shawl tremble, and he became afflicted with a slight ague fit. Matters were coming to a crisis, and soon they hanged in collision, for at the very moment Ben was preparing to jump into the next pew, Sally dropped light over him in as well executed fainting fit. The poor fellow came nigh falling out of his boots, he was so frightened, but seizing her with a show of courage, he held her up while the women plied her with the salt bottles. After a few preliminary sneezes she revived, and salt, of whose properties we have great faith, had effected another *coup*. The drooping flower which sunk upon our hero now, in a voice soft as the breathings of any instrument you like, implored Ben to take her home to her *ma*—how could he refuse? he couldn't!—Raising her form, which some writers would call fragile, but which I, who wish to be particular, state as weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Ben conducted her from the sanctuary; and by this, *weak* act of his head, which was aided by all the *strength* of his body, he 'put his foot in it.'

When they arrived at the maternal mansion, Ben was about to modestly take his leave, but Sally came the fainting manœuvre over him again, and he was forced to carry her into her ma, where she went through another) reviving process; but as her eyes became lighted by consciousness they *lit* on Ben, and off she went again, to his infinite terror.

'What hev you bin doin' to the gal?' screamed old Mrs. Clintoe, fastening the door at the same time, and seizing the tongs.

'I aint bein doin' nathen!,' says Ben: 'cept helpin' her home from meetin' what she tuck sick.'

'What ails you, Sally, my darter?' inquired the old lady in a symphatic whine; 'has this feller bin trifflin with your feelins, my dear?'

'No, I aint tetched her!' shouted Ben.

'Oh! Benny, Benny,' murmured Sally, 'you know you hev, you deceiver! Hevint you got my feelins in your power so I can't do nuthen with em, and when you know'd I loved you so I couldn't do 'thout you, then did'nt you persist in not lookin at me, till I fainted?—you *know* you did!'

'I'll swear,' says Ben, 'that I never tetched her feelins, and mor'n that, I don't want to, so I reckon that'll satisfy you, and now I'm goin,' saying which he moved for the door.

'No you don't,' said Sally's ma, 'you aint again to trifle with my gal's feelins in that way, and then clear out and leave her!' and seizing Ben by the collar, she snatched him back from the door with one hand, while she shook the tongs over his head with the other, Sally at the time sobbing a symphony, broken every now and then, with the exclamation of—Oh, you *cruel* creature!'

'When you've bin actin' this way with the gal,' said Mrs. C., 'why don't you behave like a gentleman, and gin yourself up to her as a decent husband. You young fellers have no right to be goin round the *settlement* year after year, lookin at the galls and aggravatin' their feelins, and never gittin married to none on 'em. Consarn your pictures, you shant do it with my gal, and thars an end of it—Sally's bin waitin for you long enough, so gin in at onst.'

'What in the yearth do you want me to do?' inquired Ben.

'Promise to marry the gal, the strait, or you'll ketch it,' says the aged matrona, brandishing her tongs.

Ben looked at the daughter as taking in her dimensions—she was tolerable for *thirty* and he thought she might be entered—then taking a step towards her he gently placed his hand upon her arm, took another look at the old lady and her tongs and—*gin in*.

'I'll hev' you, Sall,' 'if you'll only quit a weepin.'—Just stop cryin, now and don't say nuthin more about my deceivin on you, 'cause I didn't, and you can bet me whenever you kin git me.'

This declaration set Sally smiling through her tears, like a widow who has received a *second* offer, and jumping up she threw her arms round Ben's neck, and encouraged his bashfulness by bestowing upon him a fond kiss. He wished to leave now for home, but two full grown men cousins of Sally, either by accident or invitation, dropped in on a visit, and hearing how matters stood, proposed for the fun of the thing, to have the marriage straight way solemnized. Ben was about to object but cousins, old ma and tongs made the odds so strong against him that like *a mutton* he suffered himself to be led to the sacrifice. The Squire of Linville was called in, the knot tied, the bride kissed by the magistrate, and then the bridegroom was permitted to go home for some of his fixins. We would fain stop here but as we are recording Linville history, it is our duty to unflinchingly write the termination of this match. Ben immediately packed up his *duds*, pocketed his spare change, and before the morning sun had shed its golden beams over flower-be-gentle prairies of the west, was far on his way towards the Santa Fe trade, leaving his bride to go to *grass*, or any other kind of widowhood. To a friend whom he afterwards met in Mexico, he remarked that he had become fully convinced that Sally had design's upon him, and hoped to make him a husband under false pretences. Sally persists in wearing black for Ben, because, she says, it is becoming to her *complexion*.

### Wages of Labor.

The laboring men in this country do not reflect on the effect the policy of Walker and Polk is to have on their immediate wages. We are to have (under these wise rulers) the protection taken from our labor, and our laborers are to enter into competition with the pauper laborers of Europe. This is the undeniable consequence of the free trade principles which our locofoco rulers are now carrying out. They say that we must manufacture as cheap as Europe, and therefore our laborers must be placed on the same footing with European laborers. We do not think that many of our working people in this county would be much elated with the idea of being paid and fed as European laborers are.—We happen to have an article from the "Albany Cultivator," on the wages in Europe, copied from the Commissioner of Patents.

From an instructive article on the subject of agricultural labor in different countries, its wages, and the comparatively condition of the laborer in the London Mark Lane Express, we condense the following facts: In our estimates we have called the shilling sterling 22 cents, though its value is a trifle less: and comparison though instituted with English laborer, can be easily made with those in this country.

In England the average rates of agricultural wages for able men with families, is 9 shilling or $1,98 per week. From this is deducted cottage rent at 35 cents per week, leaving $1,63 per week to provide himself with the necessaries of life. In France, a laborer in the same situation receives $1,01 per week: in Holland and Belgium, $1,20, in Italy and the Austrian States $1,15. It will be remembered that these averages are those of the common laborer—shepherds, car-men and mechanics recieving rather more. The food which the wages named above will purchase in the several countries, is stated in the Express as follows:

In England the laborer can obtain for his 153 cents or his week's wages, either 39 lbs of bread or 11½ lbs of meat, 7½ lbs of butter, 12½ lbs of cheese or 175 lbs of potatoes.

In France, with his 101 cents he can buy either 46 lbs of bread, 12½ lbs. of meat, or 251 lbs of potatoes.

In Prussia, with his 60 cents per week the laborer can buy either, 36 lbs. of bread, 16 lbs. of meat, or 84 lbs of butter.

In Germany, with 102 cents he obtains either 43½ lbs. of bread, 18 lbs. of meat, 11½ lbs. of butter, 24 lbs. of cheese or 54 quarts of beer.

In Holland and Belgium, 120 cents will buy either 58 lbs. of of bread, 22 lbs. of beef, or 460 lbs. of potatoes.

In Italy and the Austrian States, the laborer, with his 15 cents, can buy either 50 lbs. of bread 22 lbs. of beef, 8 lbs. of butter 8 lbs. of cheese, or 167 lbs of potatoes.

This table is interesting, as showing not only the prices of labor in the countries named but also the price of bread, meat, butter, cheese, &c. It is true, the bread is stated by the pound instead of grain by the bushel; but as the flour of a bushel of wheat, say 40 lbs. will make from 63 to 65 lbs of bread, an estimate may easily be made of the quantity of wheat flour a man in any of the countries named would receive for a week's work.

The laborer in this country, who receives his bushel of wheat a day or other articles in proportion, will readily conceive the meagre fare, and slender chance of "laying by anything," which must attend the foreign agricultural laborer. In all these countries it will be seen the value of provisions is at least as great as here, and in some instances much greater. It is only by the comparisons which such authentic statements enable them to make that the free laborers, the farmers or mechanic, of this country, can fully appreciate the advantages of their position.

THE GREAT QUESTION.—On the great and absorbing question of the day—the Tariff—we have not met for a long time, any thing which so happily and tr ly represents its operation as the extracts below:

The following argument, by a farmer much trusted for worth, made, as I am informed 25 converts to the ranks of Whigs, in Greene county. "Suppose this county was settled entirely by farmers, would there be any market for produce? No.—That is true for every man would raise his own. You could send your supplies to Pittsburg, paying a freight, or to Europe paying more freight.—But suppose a capitalist came and started a furnace or foundry or factory? all his men must be fed: here is a market without freight. Two factories would be two markets, a few heavy concerns would consume all the produce in county and scatter money; thus the farmer is benefitted." All assented. Now take off the tariff, and bring European goods into market to break down our country works, and you take away our market, and impose freight upon us; besides, the hands discharged will become farmers and compete with us in market. All opened their eyes with wonder at the simplicity of the idea, so easily understood.

Now answer this said one. Would not the Europeans bring us cheap goods? Yes at first, but remember the freight on your produce, and the competition of the hands no longer consumers. Besides if one factory asked too high another would start, and still another until competition would reduce the things as low as they ought to be, while the money would stay in the country, instead of going to Europe. At the conclusion of this sensible discourse twenty five promised to desert the anti tariff party.—*Pittsburg Amer.*

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—One of the large shipping houses in Boston was applied to, a short time since, when lading a ship to China, to take out as freight a quantity of ardent spirits. "No, sir," said they to the applicant, "we don't carry that article to China."—"But we are willing to pay large freight!" "No, sir, we don't carry rum to poison the heathen." The gentleman retired, pondering this unexpected temperance lecture.

### Sorrow for the Dead.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget;—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaity, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctions throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition.—*Washington Irving.*

MODERN ANTIQUITIES.—A writer in the Journal of Commerce offers the following curiosities to the managers of the National Museum:

The tail of an Irish Bull.
Some sand from Time's hour glass.
A torn ruffle from Love's last shift.
The iron from the plane of the eliptic.
A quandary, with a man in it.
Part of the patch with which O'Connell's rent was mended.
A fishing rod and two walking sticks made of hurricane.
A knock-down argument, and the impression made.
The world in miniature; very old copy—faded.
A pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.
The march of mind, arranged for a full orchestra, with Trumpet obligato, by Fame.
Some bristles from the last brush with the Mexicans, and a little of Gen. Arnpudia's dander on them.
A fluke from the anchor of Hope.
Whiskers and noses from a masked battery.
The shadow of the meat that the dog saw in the water.
A pair of sculls from a White Hall boat, and an able professor showing the phrenological developements.
Some ten-penny nails, made from a fragment of the iron duke.
A finger board from the road to ruin.
Music from the spheres, original score.
The cap of a climax.
Musket and powder horn of a shooting star.
A boot made on the last of the Monezans, with one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the heel.
The pearl that Cleopatra drank; and the two diamonds that cut one another.
A silk tassal from the staff of life.
The afternoon of the Dey of Algiers.
Some of the eels that were used to being skinned.
The new leaf that Ned was going to turn over.
The sleeve in which Joe Miller used to laugh.
Tail of the quadruped that originated the horse laugh.
A bag of the ill wind that blew nobody good.
The saddle on which the beggar rode to the devil.
Some of the butter that wouldn't melt in the child's mouth.
The pie in which every body put his finger.
A bottle of fresh water from Salt river.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy took place at an Eastern Post Office

Pat.—I say Mister Post Master, is there any letter for me?

Postmaster.—Who are you, good sir?

I'm myself that's who I am.

Well, but what is your name, sir?

O'niver mind the name.

I must have your name, sir.

An' what do you want with the name?

So that I can find your letter, sir, if there is one.

Well, Patrick Burns, if you must have it.

No sir, there is none for you.

Is there no other way to git in there except this pane of glass?

No sir.

Well for you there isn't. I'd tache ye better manners than to insist upon a gentleman's name; but ye didn't git it aither all so I'm aven with ye!

☞ "Why mother almost every word in John's letter is spelt wrong. You'd not have me marry such a man surely?"

"La! child, I suppose that's the way they spell in the place where he lives. They have different fashions in spelling as well as in other things."

☞ A new illustrated comic paper entitled "Yankee Doodle," in imitation of the London "Punch," has been established in New York. We take the following from it:

*Correspondence between a Taylor and his Employer.*

No. 1.—*The Secretary of War to Gen. Taylor.*

Washington, Sept. 1st.

Dear Zack:—The first of September is come, when you know the old Marshall said that even we might be able to move. But no wagons, no supplies. You must go ahead though, even if the army have to lift themselves by the seats of their breeches—if they tear, charge the mending to the Government. Subsist your men upon the spoils, first paying for them, when you get into the enemy's country.

Faithfully yours,
WM. L. MARCY.

N. B.—Don't do the thing up too brown. We must make this war last, and should you capture a regiment or two, you must let them go again to reinforce Saltillo; a strong hold, out of which we expect to make a great deal of capital. The investment of Monterey ought to last you at least for a session of Congress.

No. 2.—*Gen. Taylor to the Secretary of War.*

Monterey, Sept. 24th.

Sir:—Got your letter. Marched upon and took this place before I read postcript. Finished that while the enemy was talking about capitulation, and admitted him to terms accordingly. Wait further orders.

Respectfully yours,
Z. TAYLOR.

No. 3.—*Secretary of War to Gen. Taylor.*

Washington, Oct. 15th.

Dear Zack:—You're a brick. Captain Eaton has just ponied up your despatch.—You are too quick for us, but we are glad you did not chew up the Mexican army completely. We don't hear a word from Santa Anna, and we fear the snob has chiselled us. Can give no instructions as yet. But you must clasp a stopper on the impatience of your boys till Santa Anna has time to strengthen Saltillo.

Faithfully yours,
WM. L. MARCY.

*Secretary Marcy to General Taylor.*

Washington, Sept. 26, 1846.

Sir:—Your last report has blown the patch from my pantaloons. As this was no part of your business, you will please to hasten and repair breeches as soon as possible.

Yours in haste, WM. L. MARCY.

*General Taylor to Secretary Marcy.*

Monterey, Oct. 18, 1846.

Sir:—My reports are intended for your honor, and if they have caused a breach in the seat of it, I can't help it. I am now above buttons. When I get at Sal Tillo, I will send her on to make the necessary repairs, if so directed.

Yours, &c. Z. TAYLOR.

STRAYED, OR STOLEN, from the premises of the subscriber, on or about the 13th of October last, a likely apprentice named PENNSYLVANIA. Had on at the time of the departure, a complete drab suit of clothes somewhat the worse for wear. There were also in his pockets sundry promises to pay, mostly due in England, of no possible use even to the owner. A reward of 80 per cent in coal and iron will be paid for the return of the delinquent, before April next.

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State.

### The Food of Man.

The potatoe is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru and Monte Video. In its native state the roots are small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and Rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize or Indian Corn is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread fruit tree is a native of South Sea Islands, particularly Otaheite.—Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from which country the world is supplied. The cocoa-nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing and shelter, are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread into both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen millions of pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieti's of the apple are derived from the crab apple, which is found native in most parts of the world. The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately one species has been found in New Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Raleigh. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horse-radish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies; onions and garlics are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar cane is a native of China, and thence is derived the art of making sugar from it.

### Extraordinary Discovery.

GUNPOWDER SUPERSEDED.—A wonderful discovery, destined to supercede the use of gunpowder, has recently been made simultaneously by two European Chemists—Prof. Baltzer, of Basle, in Switzerland, and Prof. Schonbein, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. It is a method of preparing *raw cotton* in such a manner as to impart to it all the explosive properties of gunpowder, and rendering it vastly superior for all purposes. It is more combustible than gunpowder, more powerful in its explosions, and less dangerous to be used—it is also much more efficient and economical, being four times as strong, and costing much less to make it; and it is so simple in its preparation, that it can be manufactured by the most ordinary operative. An European letter in the Washington Union alleges several experiments that were recently made with this important invention, all of which were highly successful, and leave no doubt that it will ere long entirely supercede the use of gunpowder. If this be so, our dependence upon the rest of the world for the article essential for defence or the prosecution of hostilities, ceases, while dependence of other nations upon us, increase in the same proportion.