Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, APRIL 21 1847. NUM. XXXIII.

Cards.

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.

DOCTOR AD LIPPE,
Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.

Carlisle, April 9, 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 ten days, in each month.

June 11, 1846.

JOSEPH KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Pittsburg, Pa,

HAS returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pittsburg, Allegheny county, Pa.

Feb. 10, 1847.

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, 846.—y.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few door below J. H. Graham, Esq.

July 16, 1845.

JAMES R. SAMPLE,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE with S. D. Adair, Esq., in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office.

March 31, 1847.

CARSON C. MOORE.
Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in the rear of the Court House, in the room lately occupied by Dr. FOSTER, dec'd.

March 31, 1847.

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. Gold 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 on 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 hereby solicits a share of public patronage.

Carlisle, April 8, 846.

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, 846.—y.

THE MANSION HOUSE HOTEL
Fronting on the Cumberland Valley Rail Ro
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 visitors 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.

J. P. HARPER,
SURVEYOR.

OFFERS his services to the public. Having had several years experience with his father, and having in his possession the valuable collection of papers made by him, he hopes by care and punctuality to obtain a share of public patronage.

☞ Office in the public square, immediately in the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, Oct 21

DYEING & SCOURING.

WILLIAM BLAIR,

IN LOUTHER STREET, near the College, dyes Ladies and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work. He satisfactory dyed, in his line respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, September 2, 1846

Jayne's Family Medicines.

An additional supply of the above valuable Medicines, consisting of—

Jayne's Expectorant,
" Tonic Vermifuge,
" Hair Tonic,
" Sanative Pills,
" Carminative Balsam,

Expectorant for sale by

S. ELLIOTT,
Agent for Carlisle

VALUABLE remedy for weak Eyes, inflammation of the Eyelids, soreness and other affections of the eyes. For sale by

S. ELLIOTT.

Dec. 30, 1846.

Insurance Companies.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company.

Office No. 11, Wall Street, New York.

THIS institution is distinguished from other Life Insurance Companies, by all or most of the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premiums are over $50, one fourth may be paid in cash, and three fourths in a secured note, at 12 months bearing interest; or the premium may be paid in monthly or quarterly instalments.

2nd. No risk is taken on a single life exceeding the amount of $5000.

3rd. The assured are not liable beyond the amount of their premiums.

4th. Applicants are not reckoned a year older than they are, but are taken at the age of the nearest birthday. The rates of premiums are as low as those of any other Company.

5th. No Director can borrow any of the funds of the Company.

6th. There is no nominal capital to pay interest upon, and there are no stockholders among whom to devide the profits, other than the assured.

7th. Profits are declared annually, the assured having the option either to withdraw the profits, or leave them to accumulate.

8th. Scrip will be issued annually (to those not indebted to the Company) for the estimated profits, and the scrip will be redeemed, when the profits amount to $200,000.

9th. Six per cent interest will be paid upon the scrip, annually in cash.

10th. Every precaution will be taken to prevent a forfeiture of policies.

The business of this Company has exceeded that of any other during the period of its existence. Since its commencement there have been issued upwards of 2800 policies; the premiums upon the same exceeding $250,000.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, Prest.

The subscriber is agent for the above Company, for Carlisle and its vicinity; and he has associated with himself, as Medical Examiner, J. J. Myers, M. D.—Application for insurance, whether by letter or in person, will be promptly attended to; and pamphlets containing tables of rates, &c., can be had by application, at the Drug Store of Dr. Myers, or of the subscriber.

M. CALDWELL.

Carlisle, December 23 1846.

Life Insurance with Prospective Bonus.

THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY & TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Capital $300,000—Charter Perpetual.

Office No. 159 Chesnut Street.

CONTINUE to make Insurance on Lives, grant Annuities and Endowments, and to accept Trusts from Individuals, Corporate Bodies, and Courts of Justice, and executive them agreeably to the desire of the Parties; and receive Deposits of Money in Trust and on interest.

The Company add a Bonus at stated periods to the Insurance for Life. The first Bonus was appropriated in December, 1844, amounting to 10 per cent. on the sum insured under the oldest policies, to 83 per cent. 74 per cent. &c. on every $1,000 originally insured.

The operation of the Bonus will be seen by the following examples from the Life Insurance Register of the Company, thus:

	Amount of Policy and Bonus	Bonus or addition.	Bonus payable at the Party's dec.
Policy, No. 58	Sum ins'd 1,000	100	1,100
89	2,500	250	2,750
204	4,000	400	4,400
276	2,000	175	2,175
333	5,000	437 50	5,437 50

Rates for Insuring $100 on a Single Life.

Age	For 1 year.	For 7 years. annually	For Life, annually
20	$0 91	$0 95	$1 77
30	1 31	1 36	2 36
40	1 69	1 83	3 20
50	1 95	2 09	4 60
60	4 35	4 91	7 00

Example:—A person aged 30 years next birth-day, by paying the Company $1 31, would secure to his family or heirs $100, should he die in one year; or for $13 10 he secures to them $1,000; or for $13 60 annually for seven years, he secures to them $1,000 should he die in seven years; or for $23 60 paid annually during life, he provides $1 000 whenever he dies; for $65 50 they would receive $5 000 should he die in one year.

Further particulars respecting Life Insurance, Trusts, &c. may be had at the office.

B. W. RICHARDS, President.
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.

Philada. March 17, 1847.

NEW YEAR & ENW ARRIVAL OF
New Goods.
J. A. CLIPPINGER,

HAS just received an additionable supply to his stock, and is prepared to give bargains Of Cloths, all colours and qualities,
Casimeres, plain & fancy,
Casinet, do do
Beaver & Pilot Cloths,
Vestings & Cravats,
Cash mere na de Lanes,
do do Robes
Calicoes a large assortment from 4 to 25 cts,
Alpacas and Moriennes,
Ribbons & Artificials,
Shawls & Ties,
Fur Muffs,
Mens & Boys Caps, &c., &c.

Shippensburg, Jan. 13, 1847.

GREAT BLINDS.

B. J. WILLIAMS,
VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURER,

No 12 North Sixth Street, a few doors above MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA

HAS now on hand the largest and most fashionable assortment of Narrow Slat and other Venetian Blinds of any establishment in the United States, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest prices.

The citizens of Cumberland county, are respectfully solicited to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident of giving entire satisfaction, to all who may thus favor him with a call.

Old Blinds repainted and trimmed, so as to look equal to new.

Orders punctually attended to, and the Blinds forwarded with despatch.

B. J. WILLIAMS.

March 10, 1847.

Notice to all Concerned!

THE books and accounts of JOHN GRAY & SON, and of JOHN GRAY & Co. have been placed in the hands of the subscriber *for collection and settlement*; all persons knowing themselves indebted will do well to call and make settlement immediately, otherwise the accounts will be left in the hands of the proper officer for suit.

JAS. R. SMITH.

March 17, 1847.—4t.

HAMS AND DRIED BEEF, for sale by

GEO. R. CROOKS.

April 7, 1847.

Miscellaneous.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman!
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother!
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has never foresworn it;
Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of that fair blue-vein'd maiden!
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer,
Give me the hand that is true as a brother!
Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another!
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

From the Golden Rule.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

MY READER: I have sat some minutes, with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point—I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forester's exquisite sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."

Now it happens that the *real name* of the heroine of the "lower true tale" which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright—compel her to wear a *nom de guerre*, because my sister authoress accidentally gave the true name to one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice truth to delicacy? that's the question. "No?" You said no, did you not? Then Lucy, Lucy Dutton, let it be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly, rather than strikingly beautiful.—Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and a nun-like serenity, were concealed impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipodes of her sister; a "born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things, and at all times An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the firs remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman?

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well reared New Englanders she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of their station in that then half settled portion of the country. In those days, many engaged in school teaching, from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side circle, to take charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while, her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting good. But anon there came a change, then were these records for home characterized by fitful gaiety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy *loved*; but scarcely acknowedged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so, for a time, that beautiful second birth of a woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one—a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been woed and won, and she but waited her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of young Edwin W——, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star-shower upon life! If there is a season when an angel may look with intense, and fearful interest upon mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivals awaited them. Mr. W. gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home, until after her marriage, which at the request of the ardent lover was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birth-day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. —— to M——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal birth-day had come. It had been ushered in by a May-morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had worn away, and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom, nor Ellen the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet, in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright eyed, affectionate hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wreath of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied,

"Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile—we heard from them the other day, and all was well. They will be here by-and-by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled, and yet the "bridegroom tarried."—There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride-elect. At last, a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. "They are come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W. muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to a sideboard, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride."

W—— strode hastily across the room, placed himself by *Ellen*, and took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said:

"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that *I am already married*. The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife!"

Then, turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I told that I had never loved, until I knew my *second* daughter!"

And Lucy? She heard all with strange calmness, then walked steadily forward and confronted her betrayers! Terrible as the Nemisis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen, cold blade to their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it rude down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek, the dilated nostril—the quivering lip and the intensely mournful eye, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young bride, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath, and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy, clasping her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which bold but ring forever through the souls of the guilty pair, and fell in a death like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W., but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the pitied beauty and spoiled child, at last soothed somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentlemen affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he he had been held in check by *honor*, and never told his love, until when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment he had revealed it, and he avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgement from Ellen.

They had thought it best in order to save pain to Lucy, and prevent opposition from her—and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours When she revived and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—*she was hopelessly insane!* But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow she which could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years, must recollect—this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of unrest. She could not, and would not be confined, but was continually escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care, and unwearying efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity, but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy summers, and golden autumns, and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage As my father and my elder brother were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy" often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl, or mantel worn and torn, until it was *all* open work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods, or by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no, her meek mind child-like *piety* still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the dim chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not "afraid." Her Bible went with her every where—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now laying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," and with gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked of him his name. "William Edwin," he replied, with a timid upward glance.—She caught away her hand, and signing heavily said, as though thinking aloud, "I knew an Edwin once, and he made me a broken-hearted."

This was the only instance in which she was ever know to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of ——. It stopped at the inn house—an alien unnoticed form was lifted out, and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. *This was as Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.*

She had been in a decline for some months and the marvellous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West;—so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alms-house.

But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearying devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne adown the tide of time it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it were a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time slept tranquilly until morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own—but she smiled and bade the invalid 'good morning.' Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to re-assure her, and she exclaimed,

"Oh, what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added,

"Where am I?—and who are you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron—*the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned!* But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly,

"Why you are among your friends, and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen," rejoined the invalid. "Have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream. I dreamed that they were married! Only think, *Ellen* married to Edwin!—'t is strange I should dream *that*."

"My poor Lucy," said the matron, with a gush of tears, "that was not a dream; 'twas all true."

"All true!" cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be *untrue*—and that cannot be, for he loved me!—we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them—I will go to them!"

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

"Why, what does this mean?" said she, "what makes me so weak?"

Just then, her eye fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said, smiling faintly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron, gently, "and so is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid!"

I can no more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to inexpressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were all as though they had never been. Of all a blank, not an incident, not the slightest remembrance, since the night when the recreant lover and the traitoress sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "go on, go on," tho' the beaded drops of agony stood thick upon his forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied,

"She has gone before you, and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy' her face lit with a sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for *twenty years*."

Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying!—Oh God, my cup of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud.

Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately,

"But you know who drank that cup before you."

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added,

"The Lord Jesus, you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear, irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied,

"Oh, yes, I knew him and loved Him *before I fell asleep*."

"The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential wondering, and some weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first, her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal—then they grew still and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her grey-haired youth!

But those who gazed upon that placid face and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her NIGHT OF YEARS.

A MEXICAN FUNERAL—We have been favored with an extract of a letter from an officer of the army, which says: "On the evening of the 8th of January, I attended the funeral of a very pretty young girl, whom the Sunday before I had seen with a blooming cheek and sparkling eye at the church. The ceremony was to me quite singular. The corpse was calm and beautiful, and was borne on a litter covered with pure white, having at its head a canopy decorated in the gayest and most beautiful manner with ribbons, a variety of artificial roses, white and many gracefully hung in festoons. She lay upon this, without a coffin, her dress being white, and with her luxuriant black hair smoothed back from her brow, and floating loosely on either side. In this manner she was borne to the church preceded by a band of music, and followed by a mixed crowd of all sizes, ballots and classes. In the church she was placed in front of the altar, with light burning on either side, and the services of the church took place, mingled with the swelling sounds of the organ. She was then borne to the grave yard, her coffin was handsomely decorated with strips of ribbon of different colors, being carried behind—while in front marched the band playing not as with us, dead marches, but lively airs.

The woman thus early left a widow, husband's gentle love, who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labors of the day, who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful fireside! There is but one way in the land who is so unyielding as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

From the Cincinnati Atlas.

"ROUGH AND READY."

Thy country hails thee, Hero Chief,
There's victory in thy tramp,
No foe can meet thy eagle eye,
Thy patriot ardor damp.

On Palo Alto's bloody plain,
Resaca's fields of palms,
Thou gave'st new glory to our name,
New lustre to our arms.

Victorious still, at Monterey,
Thou did'st what few would dare,
And foremost in that bloody fray,
Thy form was everywhere.

Though paltry souls may dare assail,
The deeds thine arm hath done,
Black envy's shaft can never dim
The laurels thou hast won.

Go on—go on, old Hero Chief,
There's glory on thy brow,
Thy name is on each patriot tongue,
Thy fame's thy country's now.

From the Burlington, N. J. Gazette.

THE WORKINGMEN OF AMERICA.

MR. EDITOR:—In my last hasty chapter—written to recommend a most delightful and profitable book to my mechanical friends in Burlington—I alluded incidentally to the high position in state and church, which had been awarded to many practical mechanics.—On recurring to this subject afterwards, I was greatly interested in recalling a large number of prominent Americans, who were engaged in various mechanical operations; and as it may be a matter of curiosity, and instruction, to some of your readers, I will enumerate some of the most striking examples.

I have already alluded to ROGER SHERMAN. He was a Connecticut shoemaker—afterwards a member of Congress, and one of the immortal *Signers*. He had but little education, and worked at his trade until he arrived at middle life. It is said that "he used to sit at his bench with a book before him, giving to reading every moment that his eyes could be spared. In later life, men of the most finished education look up to him with reverence." The Hon. Nathaniel Macon once said—"Roger Sherman had more common sense than any man I ever knew." Thomas Jefferson once exclaimed as he pointed to him, "That is Mr. Sherman, who never said a foolish thing in his life." It is further recorded of Mr. Jefferson that after having been absent from his seat when a certain resolution was offered, he entered the house when the vote was going forward. Turning to a friend he said, "how did Sherman vote?" and gave his own vote on the same side. I may add that Roger Sherman was a most exemplary Christian, and an earnest student of the word of God.

JOSEPH RITNER, the late Governor of Pennsylvania, was a teamster, and drove his six "conestogas" over the Alleghanies for many a day in his early life. SENATOR CORWIN of Ohio, too, who made one of the most brilliant speeches, during the last session, that the Senate Chamber had lately listened to, was once a "wagon-boy." One of his predecessors, THOMAS EWING, (Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison) was a soap-boiler. He is now one of the first men beyond the mountains. The Hon. Mr. Severance from Maine was a printer. A distinguished professor of science in this country, who has lately been promoted to an eminent scientific position at Washington, spent a portion of his early life in a watchmaker's shop, and afterwards taught school in a log cabin in the interior of New York. The late President of Lafayette College was a blacksmith, and Bishop Hughes, of N. York,—unquestionably the first Roman Catholic Prelate in America—is often styled to this day "John Hughes, the gardener." I have already spoken of Senator Cameron, of Penna., who once "pulled" a press in a printing office.

Among them all, there is none more worthy of admiration than ELIHU BURRITT, who is now teaching the dignitaries of England what a Yankee blacksmith can do. In writing to Governor Everett, he says—"I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantage of a district school, and the death of my father deprived me at the age of fifteen of even these scanty opportunities. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin.—Through the assistance of my elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my grammar in my hat, and often found a moment when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with the conjugations unperceived by my fellow-apprentices and sometimes with no detrimental effect to my charge in the fire. But I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours of evening study after the arduous labor of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had completed these, I began to devise means for procuring more, and after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as sailor on board of some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works as I found necessary to carry on my studies in modern and oriental languages. I left my forge and travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of one hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what step to take. I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place, visited the hall of the Society, and found such a collection of books—ancient, modern and oriental, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place. Availing myself of the kindness of one of the directors, I spent about three hours daily in the hall, which with an hour at noon and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies—the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with various languages, as now to be able to read more than fifty of them with more or less facility. Honor to such a brave spirit as his! Such a man is of nobler make than if he had inherited the blood of a Duke!—While the history of this country exhibits so many instances of rightful honors paid to the workingman, let no man be cast down in spite of the social injustice—so prevalent in this country—the road is wide open for virtuous industry, and perseverance.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The MAN's the gold for a' that.

Let me say before I close this article, that even those who may have neglected their early opportunities for gaining instruction, may at once begin to repair this loss by improving the time that is left. "Better late than never." On this and many kindred points, they will find scores of admirable precepts in the "American Mechanic."

T. L. C.

Sunday Reading.

The kind of Ministry Wanted.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

The ministry should not only be endowed with the genial spirit of the age, but should be able to meet the new questions that are coming up in every generation, and to apply to them, in view of an intelligent community, the great principles of religion. In the time when Antony began to make the monastic system popular in Egypt, and Benedict in Italy, what was needed was a ministry so imbued with sound theology that that question—the great question of the age—could be met and settled by the true principles of the gospel. In the time when an undue respect began to be shown to relics, to consecrated temples, and to burial places, and the church was degenerating into a base superstition, what was demanded was such a ministry as could have met that question, and apply to it the principles of sound philosophy and theology. So in every age, there are new questions that are to be met by the ministry; and unless they show themselves competent to apply to them the principles of their religion, they fall behind their generation, and show themselves incompetent to their work. Never were more such questions started than in this age, and never was there more need of studying profoundly the great principles of religion, by those who take upon themselves to be the guides of the public mind. The true questions which agitate this age are not those of the monastic system of the crusades, or the points mooted by the angelic doctors' Aquinas and Scotus; nor are they the questions about the "three orders" in the ministry, or the apostolic succession, or the inquiries that have been started at Oxford. There has been indeed, and is, an attempt to foist the inquiries of by-gone years upon this generation, and it is well to be prepared to meet them; but those are not the things that are moving the mind of the world in this age. How limited, after all, is the circle which these inquiries can agitate! How few of the race at large can be interested in the question about the "three orders," or the "succession!" There are deeper things moving on the public heart. Great questions of liberty, of government, of education, of freedom of thought, of intemperance, of slavery, of the right to the Bible, of exclusiveness, of war and peace, of social organization, of the adaption of the Christian religion to man, are the points which this age, as such, are looking at; and a man may be an entire master of all the theology that can be made to converge around the questions that have come up at Oxford, and yet never awake to the inquiry whether he is in the eleventh or nineteenth century, and while he is re-arguing the points which have been determined ages ago, society will move on in strides which he will never dream of overtaking, towards the point which it is destined yet to reach, and all they of Oxford, and all who moot similar questions to those agitated there, shall be left behind.

But further. A preacher should not only be able to appreciate his age, and to come up to it in adapting his instructions to the great questions which he lives, but he should be in advance of his age. He should be able intelligently to take positions to which society in its progress. He should be able to throw himself into the future, and taking his stand on the great principles, which are to live in all times, and which are yet to be regarded settled principles, he should be prepared to defend them. There are not a few such in the Bible—in the comparatively unexplored views of divine truth, which are to be brought out, and which are to make the world what it is yet to be. Whether these positions have been held in the past or not; whether his own age adopts and practises on them or not, he who preaches the theology of the Bible should defend them, and should be able to show what important changes the fair application of the principles of the New Testament would make in the world.

The men who have done much for the race have gone in advance of their age; they have maintained positions, often in the midst of much persecution, which society had not yet reached, but to whom it was destined yet to come, and have shown their sagacity, and their acquaintance with the oracles of truth by being able to take such advanced positions, and by holding and defending them in the face of the sneers and frowns of the world. Such men were Luther and Knox; such men were the puritans and pilgrims; such a man, in relation to the rights of conscience, to war, and slavery, was William Penn. Thus, now, we are to take our stations on the watch-towers, and defend not only what has been defended, and maintain not only what has been wrought into the texture of society, but we are to search out and maintain those great principles which will prevail in the world's millennium, and to which, though slowly, yet most certainly, the world is advancing. The theology to be preached is not only that which has been settled as true in past times by experience; not only that which is fitted to the great questions of these times, but that which will be fitted to the state of the world when society shall have made its highest progress, and shall have reached the point on which the eyes of prophets and apostles were fixed.

THE "STUBBORN OLD YANKEE."—The N. Orleans Picayune states that the day after the battle Gen. Santa Anna addressed a letter from Augua Nueva to the Coahuila, in which he said that he had merely fallen back to this point to procure provisions, when he would renew the attack; that he had three times won the battle, but that General Taylor was such a stubborn old Yankee that he did not know when he was whipped.

At Des Moines a silly fellow by the name of Groom, recently committed matrimony one day, and suicide by hanging himself the next. This is an argument against marriage because the fellow did not stop long enough to give it a fair trial.

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail when he is waiting for a bone.