Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, MAY 5, 1847. NUM. XXXV

Cards.

CARD.

DR. JOHN J. MYERS

HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE and DWELLING to the two story brick house adjoining his Drug Store, on West Main Street.

April 14, 1847.

DOCTOR GEO. WILLIS FOULKE,

(*Graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.*)

RESPECTFULLY offers to the public his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery.

OFFICE at the residence of his father, in S. Hanover street, directly opposite Morrets' (late Robinson's) Hotel, and the Second Presbyterian Church.

Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

DOCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, Mr. J. R. 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 I. G. LOOMIS,

DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filling, 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, 1846.—y.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,

Attorney at Law.

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

July 16, 1845.

JAMES E. SMITH,

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.

A. A. LAMBERTON,

Attorney at Law,

HARRISBURG, PA.

April 28, 1848.—1y.

GEO. FLEMING,

Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.

OFFICE in South Hanover Street, opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, April 28, 1847.

GIESE & SON

FLOUR and Produce Commission Merchants No. 48 Commerce Street Wharf Baltimore.

☞ Cash advances made

PLAINFIELD CLASSICAL ACADEMY,

On the Cumberland Valley Rail Roatt, four miles west of Carlisle.

THE SECOND SESSION (5 months) will commence on MONDAY, May 3. The branches taught are Latin, Greek, French, German, Mathematics, including Practical Surveying, together with all English Branches required for College, Counting House, &c.

Every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction to those who may place their sons in the institution, by unwearied attention to their moral as well as mental improvement.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, (which are moderate,) references, &c., can be had by addressing

R. K. BURNS

April 7, 1847.—t. *Philadelphia*

HARRIS, JUNKIN, & 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.

Dealers, Country Merchants and Physicians supplied with the above articles on the most favorable terms. Strict and prompt attention paid to orders.

JAMES HARRIS, JOHN K. JUNKIN, THOMAS J. IRVIN.

Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1846.—y.

WM. M. LAMBERTON,

SURVEYOR,

OFFERS his services to the public. Having had several years experience in 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.

WM. RAMSAY & BRAZIER,

INFORM their friends and the public generally, that they still continue the Dyeing and Scouring business, at the old stand in Louther street, opposite Mr. Peter Sheafer's residence, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Carlisle, September 3, 1846.

A SPLENDID assortment of Barege, Cashmere and Mohair Lustrings, do do Figured Lustrings, just opened and for sale by

April 14, 1847. D. H. ARNOLD.

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 in erring 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 their 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 Trust 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 8½ per cent. 7½ 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:

Policy, No.	Sum ins'd	Amount of Policy and Bonus or addition.	Bonus payable at the Party's dec.
58	1,000	100	1,100
89	2,500	250	2,750
204	4,000	400	4,400
276	2,000	175	2,175
339	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 51	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.

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 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 hereby solicits a share of public patronage.

Carlisle, April 8, 1846.

CHRISTIAN S. PONIX, [Late of Mill Creek, Hunterdon Co. N. J.]

SUSQUEHANNA LINE.

FUNK & MILLER,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 110 HARRISBURG, PA.

HAVE purchased the establishment of M. P. Martin, where they will continue the Forwarding and Commission business. They have added several new Fire Water Cars to their Line, and will be fully prepared to ship the Canal Season to Pittsburgh, Produce and Merchandise, shipped from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pottsville, &c. at greater prices, and with the utmost dispatch.

AGENTS FOR BALTIMORE.

J. Wright and Neptune, Pine St. Wharf.

Philadelphia, J. Miller, No. 70 Dock st.

Pittsburgh, Wm. Nelson, Liberty street.

AGENTS FOR CARL.

Thomas Walsh, Jr. St. Market st. Phil'da.

Wm. Nelson, Liberty street, Philadelphia.

February 24, 1847.—3mo.

HONEY.—A prime article just received and for sale by

April 7, 1847. ROB'T IRVINE.

Miscellaneous.

For the Herald and Expositor.

MR. EDITOR:—The following verses are respectfully submitted to you to be published if you see proper. Should they not be of sufficient worth to warrant their publication, the author has some apology in the fact that they were written by a COUNTRY SCHOOL BOY.

LINES

Addressed to a friend, suggested by the death of a near relative.

Life—what art art thou?—thy varying scenes,
Thy pretty flowers and evergreens,
Thy pleasures gay, that seem so bright
(Ever changing with time's flight)
Are but as snow-drops in a river
"A moment seen, then gone forever!"

Thy sunlit joys, how soon they fall!
Thy high-flown hopes! how soon they fall!
Thy towering genius, that e'en scorns
The sky that night's blue arch adorns,
How soon it sinks beneath the stroke
Of DEATH—which no control doth brook.

Yes, life thou art indeed a scene,
Of wearying cares and anguish keen—
Thy dearest joys will soon decay,
Thy manhood's prime will waste away,
And then the stern destroyer—Death
Doth take thy last, expiring breath.

But we will not forever brood
In sad and melancholy mood,
Upon thy dark and dreary side,
Where flowers never do abide;
We'll turn from these to other themes
Where many a cheering sun-ray gleams.

The CHRISTIAN still some joy doth find
In travelling onward with mankind;
He can rejoice when loved friends die
And laugh to scorn Death's victory!
He can rejoice when it is given
To dearest friends to soar to Heaven!

To him the glorious pomp of day,
The radiant sun-beam's genial ray,
The sparkling diadems of night
That mock us in their far-off height,
Are as sure earnestes that he
Shall soon 'mid Heaven's pleasures be.

O man! why waste thy few short years
In pleasures that produce but tears!
Say, why not seek in faith and prayer
A remedy for every care!
And thus prepare thyself to see
A glorious immortality!

Yes, "live to God," the Preacher saith,
And so you shall prepare for death—
Live but to Him, and you shall find
Some REAL pleasure with mankind;
Live but to Him, and blessed you'll be
'Till TIME shall bring ETERNITY.

NEWVILLE, April, 1847. J.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE ISRAELITISH MAIDEN.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

"But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen:
But the mind that shines in every grace,
And chiefly, in her sparklin' e'en."—BURNS.

On a low divan, in an apartment of a princely dwelling in the environs of D——, sat two maidens, young and fair. In those two words how much are comprised of love, of joy, of hope, of grace!

"Oh precious hours, oh golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!"

A book was in the hand of one, and her cheek was flushed. Its dark hue, and the whole contour of the countenance, proclaimed clearly her descent from the house of Abraham. The face of the maiden who sat by her side no less plainly revealed her origin; a beautiful scion of the Saxon race.

"Oh, Bertha, my cheek burns, and my blood is fevered, to read the wrongs suffered by my forefathers! Though but a work of fiction, the history of the past, my own limited experience, and their present condition, all tell me that the picture is life like and true. Old Isaac and his noble daughter rise no less living personages than weak King John and his unworthy satellites; than the worshipped knight of the tourhament and the proud lady of the ring!"

"But Adah, you cannot admire old Isaac."

"No, but I pity, and believe that oppression, wrong, reviling and contempt crushing him to the earth, so exasperated and embittered his spirit, that he became, as did his suffering progenitor, 'a worm and no man!' I know, Bertha, that my people were then, and are now, a proverb for meanness, extortion and cupidity: but I know too that the name of Gentile and Christian cannot soon be dissevered in their minds from hatred, cruelty and oppression!"

"Yes, Adah, the ancient glory of the people *has* long since departed. And I have been taught to honor and to mourn for them. Into their hands were committed the oracles of God. Patriarchs, prophets, priests and kings were Israelites, as were the Holy Apostles. Jewish blood was shed upon the cross and they were our Lord's kinsmen in the flesh. Yet the times are changing, Adah. A sympathy and interest is dawning for your people. Judea will yet lift up her head among the nations. Graver heads than mine predict it, to say nothing of the inspired penmen. But in the mean while grieve not if you could but know some dear ones I could name, I think you would be softened a little towards us. The past would be forgiven, you would not stop to inquire whether Jew or Gentile, but rather sigh:

"I know that I love thee, whatever thou art!"

"Thou knowest that I love *thee*, Bertha."

"Nay, give me, not thy whole heart; reserve a little space for my beloved brother; neither let him crowd me quite out."

"Never fear, Bertha, thy brother will scarce deem it worth his while to win a smile from a daughter of the proscribed race."

"Go smooth your raven hair and donnon brightest looks. He *will* love you, for my sake if not for your own."

A few points in the previous history of the two maidens may here be told. Their friendship had been formed at school, taken root there, and ripened since. Adah's parents were not living; she was the adopted daughter of an uncle, a man of uncounted wealth, a Jew of high descent, nurtured in all the prejudices of his nation. His image could be traced from a generation to generation almost to palmy days of the Holy city. Yet in the place where he dwelt he lived apart; he associated only with his own people.—Though mingling with men in the busy mart and crowded thoroughfare, he was to them social as strangers, and as aliens to the qualities of his own heart and to the ties and emotions of his kindred, they were the outcast strangers. Especially did he feel this in his own family. There was a cold, haughty, and cynical spirit, there were neither sympathies nor desires nor affections in common to bind them over. Oh! wonderful fulfilment of prophecy! their very name is a proverb of reproach!

Little Bertha Linton was the only one to break the spell, and take up her abode on the threshold of that desolate heart, the temple of old Solomon without the Cherubim of love. The children of the Christians for her sake.—Sweet Bertha, gentle and meek! Were there more like thee, the world would soon be a Paradise!

Though often wearied and sickened by the exact attention to forms, rites and observances, the clinging to a lifeless body from which the spirit has long since departed, no look of disgust nor smile of ridicule ever crossed her face.

As the lengthened shadows betokened the approach of evening, Adah and Bertha would take their accustomed stroll through the shaded avenues and beautiful gardens, whose bright flowers lent perfume to the air.—There would they hold sweet converse, linked together arm in arm, as heart to heart.—And as Bertha discoursed of the great world of its glittering pleasures, the bright scenes she had passed through, her descriptions sent a thrill of delight through Adah's frame, and a longing possessed her soul to participate in those fascinations, so brightened to her view by the youthful imagination of her friend, in such a mournful contrast with her own secluded and monotonous life. And then a look of sadness crossed her face, as she said in mournful accents,

"Bertha, such joys are not for me, a despised Jewish maiden."

All the efforts of the light-hearted Bertha were at such times required to dissipate the sad memories of the past and forebodings of the future, that came crowding on her view, and they were generally triumphant. By her mild demeanor and gentle sweetness, and by some coaxing and pleading too, Bertha obtained the old man's consent that Adah should return her visit and spend a month at Riverside.

One week had passed since Adah came to Riverside. It was a charming rural place, the lawn of the deepest green, flowers the most fragrant, songsters the sweetest; its surrounding willows the most graceful, to which the bright oriole never failed to return each spring, to build her nest, springs the clearest and softest, meadows the most luxuriant; shadows at sundown the most beautiful, and noonday quiet the most dreamy.

To Adah, time flew on swift pinions. The days were passed differently in walks and drives and pic-nics. With many of Bertha's friends she sympathized and assimilated, as though one faith, one hope, animated them. They no longer eyed her with reserve and mistrust, but gazed with looks of admiration and approval on her beautiful countenance, which hitherto saddened and thoughtful now beamed with content and happiness.

CHAPTER II.

"All men honor the skilful leech; from land to land he goes.
Save in his privileze; the sword of war
Spares him; kings welcome him with costly gifts
And he whole, had from the couch of pain
Lifted a languid look to him for aid,
Views him with brightened eyes, and blesses him
In his first thankful prayer."—SOUTHEY'S THALABA.

Adah had once before met Edward Linton; she now saw him every day. His life was devoted to the "healing art," and his attachment to his vocation was romantic, nay, even chivalric. An universal benevolence, a missionary spirit, seemed to have animated him in the choice of a profession. Never was being more endowed by nature to win confidence and affection, and to diffuse peace and repose by his presence. Gentle, his gentle voice, quiet demeanor and truthful words, made the sufferer to feel that if there was help in arm of flesh the cunning of *his* hand would be blessed. A conscientious mind, illumed understanding and sympathizing heart would insure the blessing. The mild spirit and tone of Bertha and her brother, as they conversed with Adah on the Religion of the Cross, awakened interest and inspired confidence, if it did not bring immediate conviction to her mind. Day by day her prejudices grew fainter, and by and by a consciousness, full of peace and joy and hope, pervaded her spirit, and the faith must be a holy one which wrought such blessed effects.

Adah could not choose but admire the character of the young physician, for she was of a kindred mind and heart, and could appreciate his noble virtues. Love is founded on admiration, it begins with it. Some hold that "Pity is akin to Love," I am sure that Appreciation is a near relative, at least with superior beings, where love is inseperable from respect and esteem; those names so despised by lovers.

A friend once said to me; "I hate the word *esteem*!" "Why?" I asked. "Because," said he, "it is the word women use when they reject the addresses of a lover: "I esteem, but cannot love;" "I shall ever *esteem* you."

"They may esteem without loving, but be assured," said I, "those whose love is worth the possessing cannot love without esteeming."

Pity may have preceded young Linton's love for Adah, for he did most deeply sympathize with her in the isolated position in which she lived, and her shrinking sensitiveness to the contumely heaped upon her people. Let us analyze no more, but simply say:

"He loved her for the wrongs that she had suffered,
And she loved him that he did pity her."

The same great poet hath it:

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth,"

and my story forms no exception to the general rule. Uncle Solomon was inexorable. In vain did even Bertha plead. Adah thought that nothing short of a miracle could move him, and the day of miracles was passed.—Yet over the spirit, if not over matter, they are wrought daily. Stubborn wills subdued, inveterate habits overcome, tastes, desires and opinions changed. God in his providence is hourly bringing mighty things to pass, which man in his blindness attributeth to chance, time—anything but His power working in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure." Adah meekly and patiently resigned herself to what she deemed inevitable. She rarely saw Bertha, "in vain her brother persuaded to disobedience. Gratitude, affection, and maiden reserve, all forbade. Yet they sometimes met; and hope did not altogether give place to despair.

CHAPTER III.

"Watchman, tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are.
Traveller, O'er yon mountain's height
See that dark and frowning cloud
Slowly upward creeping;
Watchman doth its mien portend
A gleam of peace or joy to send?
Traveller, yes, it brings the rain.
The promised day of Israel."—MONTGOMERY.

[illegible]

the labor which he labored to do under the sun."

Little David Solomon was a bright boy; his eyes sparkled, and his dark locks curled in rich redundance about his faithful cheek. He had numbered four summers, when one autumn evening his father missed the sound of his little pattering feet in the hall, as he was wont nightly to come in to greet him, on his return from the city. On entering the house he saw nothing of his little favorite; but hastening to his sleeping room, he found him lying on his low pallet, and Adah seated by his side, with anxiety and fear imprinted on her face, for she loved the little one with somewhat of the love of a mother for her child. He tossed restless from side to side, parched with fever, and mind wandering and unquiet.

The old man took him in his arms; the little boy knew him not. Wild and incoherent, he screamed with terror as he gazed.—The strong man was bowed. He lifted up his voice and wept. Never had Adah seen him so moved before. He said at length, in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Adah, it is a sickness unto death! Something in my heart tells me there is no hope.

"Be not so soon disheartened, my dear uncle. Little David has doubtless caught the malignant fever we have so much dreaded, but it may, by the blessing of Heaven, be allayed."

The physician who had long attended the family, and his father before him, was summoned. He came, endeavored to look wise and shook his empty head. He prescribed remedies, but without avail. Though more peaceful and quiet, the little boy's mind still wandered and his pulse was quick and wiry. Yet it was touching to hear from his lips, in his delirious ness, words which sweetly showed forth his innocence and affection.—Once he clapped his little hands together with a sad glee, and spake of "bright birds," and "gay flowers," and of his "sweet cousin Adah."

The medical man came again. He gave them little hope. Adah sat by the side of the sufferer during the long night watches.—The foot steps of the sorrow-stricken parent, as he paced the floor of the ante-room, (for he could not stay beside his child, to whom he was a stranger,) fell upon her. A thought flashed upon her mind; "If we could but have young Linton's counsel!" She stole silently to the side of her uncle and named her wish. He gave instant consent, ray caught at her proposal as a drowning man clutches the last plank.

Before the day dawned a messenger was on his way to the young physician, with a note from Adah beseeching him to come instantly and save, if it might be then little David.

Never was greater celerity exhibited than in obeying this summons. In a little while Dr. Linton stood before the sick, by the side of Adah and the disheartened father. Though he spoke no word of encouragement as he gazed upon the face of the little sufferer, yet a light beamed from his countenance, and a ray of hope lighted the heart of both father and daughter. And thus vibrating between hope and fear, passed two more weary days. Linton rested not day nor night. All that human skill and foresight could devise, was resorted to. The result neither he nor they nor any man could foretell. They could only fall down on their knees in humble, adoring submission, before Him who "giveth the increase," who is the hearer of prayer. The fervent petition of faith was heard, and it was answered. The little David awoke from a sleep on the morning of the third day, quiet and refreshed although weak. The fever wildness was quiet passed away, and the crimson cheek was now pale and cool!

Oh! the rush of joy and gratitude, the ineffable tenderness, which glowed in the father's heart, as he beheld the little child of his love restored to himself, and once more smiling peacefuly and sweetly in his face!

He turned to his preserver. "The blessing," said he, "of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob, be upon thy head! He has made thee. His instrument in restoring to me my boy. How can I ever thank thee? —how ever repay thee?

"You can more than repay me, a thousand times ten thousand fold!"

"Ask any boon thou will, it is thine."

Electrified with delight, Linton thought only of *one* boon: "Give me your daughter, the daughter of your adoption, the child of your love!"

"It is a high price," said Solomon smiling, "but as thou hast won her, I give her to thee, with my blessing on you both!"

"Were they really married, then?"

"Of course they were, what is better still, by the blessed influence of young Linton's example and the meek and gentle Bertha's, no long time elapsed before Adah cast in her lot with her new family in spiritual as well as temporal things, and his people became her people and his Saviour her Saviour."

[illegible]

AN INCIDENT AT BUENA VISTA.—During the most gloomy hour of the fight, Sergant Joseph Langford, 1st Mississippi regiment, was shot through the thigh. Unable to stand he sat upright and shot dead with his pistol, a lancer as he approached him. While engaged in reloading, another lancer rotted past him and raised his lance to drive it into a wounded lieutenant, a few feet from him. Before the weapon was hurled, however, Langford threw his pistol and struck the lancer a stunning blow on the nape of the neck. The action saved the lieutenant, but proved fatal to the magnanimous Langford, for, staggering, the Mexican turned and drove his lance into the forehead of the wounded man, coming out the back of his ear. Just at this moment four men who were approaching with a horse to carry off their comrade, shot the Mexican at the moment he had disengaged his lance, and he tumbled across the body of the prostrate Mississippian.

ANGELICA CALDWELL JARLAND.—*Letter from Maria Edgeworth.*—A letter from Maria Edgeworth, the well known writer, has been received in this city, and is published in some of the papers. It is addressed to the ladies of America, and is written for the purpose of stating, that the representations of her works are the pictures. She says—"[illegible] death's inexorable [illegible] of this kingdom—and if the [illegible] not *immediately* relieved by supplies of food and enabled by supplies of seed [illegible] and the famine, the most dreadful [illegible] must be [illegible] more dreadful [illegible] year. [illegible] Ireland is more wanted—[illegible] Simply [illegible] from [illegible] to-morrow, he had for money—money will relieve all our wants for the present: but without seed our future is hopeless."

CULTIVATE FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The Oak tree and the Cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth:—

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso teeth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him!

YOUNG LADIES, advises a writer, "*cultivate flowers.* You will find that your interest in them will be so great, that you will be up with the lark to see what progress your buds have made through the night; the morning air will brace and invigorate you—you will find intruders in the shape of spears of grass which your bump of *order* will not tolerate—pulling it out will be good exercise—air and exercise will promote health and cheerfulness—your cheeks will rival your rose from *nature's own pure lake.*

MOTHERS, cultivate flowers, that your children may emulate your good example, that *home* may be the sweetest spot to them. Our first Mother was placed in a garden, as the most appropriate place for one who was to be the partner of him who was formed after the image of his Maker, that her first lessons might be taught from Nature's most beautiful leaves of instruction. If we feel troubled and care worn—for troubles will come—does not a walk amongst the flowers calm and soothe us, by leading our thoughts to more pleasant things, to the manifold kindness of our heavenly father in studding the earth with so many jewels? Our imagination can scarce keep pace with the varieties of color and texture, all His handwork! Are we not taught by the flowers that this is not our abiding place? In autumn they fade, wither and die—in spring they bud forth with renewed splendor and beauty, blossom and send forth their richest perfume as incense meet for the Creator of all good!—Shall we be more ungrateful than the simple violet and not send the incense of our praise for all his mercies? He gave us flowers as ministrators of his love and esteem to our fellow creatures. Who would reduce all things to mere utility! our Creator has set us a better example; flowers are the stars of the earth, her children, and she nurtures them with tears; do they not richly repay her kindness? Are we not told that Solomon in all his *glory* was not clad like one of the simple "lilies of the field?" They are associated with all that is beautiful, elegant and lovely; they deck the bride, the May queen, and the festivities of the burial; they are associated with our earliest and most pleasant recollections of *home*! Who does not remember some favorite flower of "my mother's?" What woman does not remember how often she has been led from Nature "up to Nature's God" by the simple structure of a flower? and what woman of refinement, sensibility and affection but loves flowers? Indeed they bear a close resemblance to her lot, and

"No marvel woman should love flowers, they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history; like herself repaying
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth,
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect."

Men may affect to despise flowers, and ask what is their use; but the most unpoetical looks with pleasure on a handsome garden; or even a log cabin covered with vines and its neatly kept plat in front, and pictures to himself scenes of happiness, and associates it with neatness, order and comfort."

From the Genessee Farmer.

Good Butter.

"Is your butter good?" said I to the farmer.

"Good! my wife has made butter these twenty years and I should think she ought to know how to make good butter by this time!"

He was evidently offended.

"Well, let us examine it!" The cover was taken off the tub; the clean white cloth (which had been wet in brine,) rolled up, and the yellow treasure revealed. It certainly did look good.

"It tastes sweet, but how very salt it is."

"We have always made our butter salt to have it keep at this season."

"Let us see if the buttermilk is as well worked out as the salt is in."

Some of the rolls were pressed down with the ladle.

"Now my friend, if your wife has made butter these twenty years, she does not know how to make it good: for no butter can be good until the buttermilk is worked out. If that is done you need not salt it so much to have it keep well in any place. A very little care and labor would have made this butter excellent; but lacking that little it is only a second quality, as you shall acknowledge when I show you a sample of good butter.

We went in and I took up a roll from a crock of last-rate butter. It was smooth, clear and firm as home; the hand of woman had not been on it, from the time it had left the churn until now—all the work had been done with the ladle.

"If you get a drop of buttermilk from that butter you shall have the whole *free*. Now taste this and your own, and say, honestly, if you would not give a higher price for this than your own." Look at it, see how clear and transparent these minute globules are, and how intimately blended with the mass. Until all these disappear the butter will not keep long when they are ever so slightly colored by the milk."

The farmer simply remarked, that there was a difference in all butter, and left me to find a less critical and more ready customer. It is strange that when every body loves good butter and is willing to pay for it, our farmers' wives and daughters do not take pains to make a better article. It is the woman's fault generally that we have poor butter, and we shall hold her responsible.

It is perfectly easy to make good butter. The only requisite is care. Good butter will always command a good price in the dullest market, while poor butter is a drug at any price.

When any of my lady readers make butter again, let them imagine that I am to have a nice bit of bread and butter with them, and that I shall detect the least particle of milk and that I am not fond of too much salt!

DIVISION OF LABOR.—A preacher was holding forth to an weaned congregation, when he lifted up his eyes to the gallery, and behold a "Little Pickler" peling the pepple below with chesnuts. Dominie was about to admonister a sharp and singling reprimand for this flagrant act of impiety and disrespect, but the youth anticipating him, bawled out at the top of his voice, "You mind your preaching, and I'll keep the dogs awake!" The scene that followed may be safely left to the imagination.

Political.

MR. CLAY, TEXAS AND THE WAR.

We are now in the midst of a war, costly in treasure and blood. This war is a part of the consequences of the election of James K. Polk, one of the evils inflicted on this country by the sad mistake of placing so small a man in a place of such immense power.

During the campaign of 1844, it was foretold to the people that the views of Mr. Polk would throw us into a war which he had no talents to conduct; neither had he the magnanimity to call into council men able and willing to advise. But the monitory cry of the press, and of party orators, reasonable as they were, and truthful as events have proved them to be, were not all, nor the most solemn, of the appeals made to the people.

In April, 1844, HENRY CLAY was called on to express his opinion of the acquisition of Texas. His letter was published about that time in most of the Whig papers, and we make a few extracts to show how fully that great statesman comprehended the question before the people; how his great mind connected causes and effects.

After giving a history of our connection with Texas, Mr. Clay says;

This narative shows the present actual condition of Texas, so far as I have information about it. If it be correct, Mexico has not abandoned, but perseveres in the assertion of her rights by actual force of arms, which, if suspended, are intended to be renewed. *Under these circumstances if the Government of the United States were to acquire Texas, it would acquire along with it all the incumbrances which Texas is under, and among them the actual or suspended war between Mexico and Texas. Of that consequence there cannot be a doubt.* ANNEXATION AND WAR WITH MEXICO ARE IDENTICAL. Now for one I certainly am not willing to involve this country in a foreign war for the object of acquiring Texas. I know there are those who regard such a war with indifference and as a trifling affair, on account of the weakness of Mexico, and her inability to inflict serious injury upon the country. But I do not look upon it thus lightly. I regard all wars as great calamities, to be avoided, if possible, and honorable peace as the wisest and truest policy of this country. What the United States most need are union, peace, and patience.—Nor do I think that the weakness of a power should form a motive, in any case, for inducing to engage in or to deprecate the evils of war. Honor and good faith and justice are equally due from this country towards the weak as towards the strong. And, if an act of injustice were to be perpetrated towards any power, it would be more compatible with the dignity of the nation, and, in my judgement less dishonorable to inflict it upon a powerful instead of a weak Foreign nation.

Hear the great man again, upon the question of *increasing the area*, for the sake of giving power to one section of the country:

It is useless to disguise that there are those who espouse and those who oppose the annexation of Texas upon the ground of the influence which it would exert, in the balance of political power, between the two great sections of the Union. I conceive that no motive for the acquisition of foreign territory would be more unfortunate, or pregnant with more fatal consequences, than that of obtaining it for the purpose of strengthening one part against another part of the common Confederacy.

Such a principle, put into practical operation would menace the existence, if it did not certainly sow the seeds of a dissolution of the Union. It would be to proclaim to the world an insatiable and unquenchable thirst for Foreign conquest or acquisition of territory. For if to-day Texas be acquired to strengthen one part of the Confederacy, to-morrow Canada may be acquired to add strength to another. And, after that might have been obtained, still other and further acquisition would become necessary to equalize and adjust the balance of political power. Finally, in the progress of this spirit of universal dominion, the part of the Confederacy which is now weakest, would find itself still weaker from the impossibility of securing new theatres for those peculiar institutions which it is charged with being desirous to extend.

The letter thus closes:

Although I have felt compelled, from the nature of the enquiries addressed to me, to extend this communication to a much greater length than I could have wished, I could not do justice to the subject, and fairly and fully expose my own opinions in a shorter space. In conclusion, they may be stated in a few words to be, that I consider the annexation of Texas, at this time, without the assent of Mexico, as a measure compromising the national character, involving us certainly in war with Mexico, probably with other foreign powers, dangerous to the integrity of the Union, inexpedient in the present financial condition of the country, and not called for by any general expression of public opinion.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

SUBSTANCE, TASTE, AND CAPITAL IS NOT TRUE.—The following from the Cincinnati Morning Herald, takes the shine off anything in the "local items" line we have seen for many a day. It is rich, decidedly:

As a gentleman was passing along Fifth street, he passed a place where some boys were playing marbles. One of them, in shooting his marble, cleverly put it under the gentleman's foot. The gentleman slipped and stumbled against a lady, also passing, precipitating her along with himself upon a large hog, who was examining the gutter geologically for *debris*. The hog, frightened out of his propriety, bolted off, and ran between the legs of another gentleman, who in falling drew the sting of a kite from the hands of a boy. The kite of course fell, and in falling frightened a span of horses attached to a wagon in an alley near by. The horses ran down the alley. A man who was building a house in a carpenter shop, by which they passed, started out to see what was the matter, and in so doing dropped his lighted match among the shavings. A fire was the consequence. The engines assembled, and in the hurry and confusion the alarm, a mule fell in the cistern, one of one of them died and his ashes [illegible] the house of accidents for the day.

Query—Is the boy who shot the marble responsible for all the consequent damages?