Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BRATTY.

VOLUME XV. CARLISLE, MAY 12, 1847. NUM. XXXVI

Cards.

DR. JOHN [illegible]

HAS REMOVED [illegible] DWELLING [illegible] house adjoining his Drug [illegible] Main Street.

April 14, 1847.

DOCTOR GEO. WHITE [illegible]

(Graduate of the Jefferson [illegible] Philadelphia

RESPECTFULLY offers to [illegible] fessional services in the [illegible] cine, Surgery, and Midwifery.

OFFICE a the residence [illegible] Hanover street, directly [illegible] Roberts) Hotel and the [illegible] Church.

Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

DOCTOR MYERS has [illegible] nephew, Mr. J. E. JAMESON [illegible] Drug and Book Business.

By this arrangement, Dr. [illegible] enabled to give his undivided [illegible] ties of his Profession.

Carlisle, September 30, 1846.

DOCTOR A[illegible]

Homeopathic Ph[illegible]

OFFICE: Main street [illegible] merly occupied by Dr. Fred[illegible]

Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR I. C. L[illegible]

DENTIST.

WILL perform all [illegible] Teeth that are requi[illegible] vation, such as *Scaling, Fil*[illegible] or will restore the loss of th[illegible] ficial Teeth, from a sing[illegible] sett. Office on Pittstre[illegible] of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be [illegible] tisle the last ten days, in ea[illegible]

June 11, 1846.

JOSEPH KN[illegible]

ATTORNEY AT [illegible]

Pittsburg, Pa.

HAS returned from Carlisle, to [illegible] of his profession in Pittsburg [illegible] county, Pa.

Feb. 10, 1847.

HENRY EDGAR KEEN[illegible]

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice in the several Courts of Cum[illegible] berland and the adjoining counties [illegible] and to all professional business entrusted [illegible] care with promptness and fidelity.

Office in South Hanover Street, in Graham's [illegible] ew building, opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, August 26, 1846-[illegible]

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doo[illegible] below J. H. Graham, Esq.

July 16, 1845.

JAMES R. 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 Road, 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.—tf. *Principal*

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—y.

D. 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. Satisfactory. Orders in the line respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, September 2, 1846

A SPLENDID assortment of Barage Scarfs and Shawls, Herzani do, Azure long Shawls, just opened and will be sold cheap at the store of

April 14, 184[illegible] D. H. ARNOLD.

HAMS AND DRIED BEEF, for sale by

April 7, 1847. GEO. R. CROOKS.

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 on 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 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 [illegible] same exceeding $250,000.

[illegible] L. PATTERSON, Prest.

[illegible] is agent for the above Company in Carlisle and its vicinity; and he has associated himself, as Medical Examiner, with [illegible] M.D.—Application for insurance, by letter or in person, will be promptly attended to; and pamphlets containing [illegible] 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.

[illegible] Company add a Bonus at stated periods [illegible] The first Bonus [illegible] December, 1844, amounting [illegible] sum insured under [illegible] per cent. 7½ per cent [illegible] originally insured.

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

Policy,	Sum ass'd	Bonus or addition.	Amount of Policy and Bonus payable at the Party's dec.
No. 58	1,000	100	1,100
89	2500	250	2750
204	4000	400	4400
276	2000	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.	For Life, annually
20	$0 [illegible]	$0 [illegible]	$1 77
30	[illegible]	[illegible]	2 36
40	[illegible]	[illegible]	3 20
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4 60
60	[illegible]	[illegible]	7 00

Example. [illegible] years next birth-day by [illegible] $1 31, would secure to his [illegible] should he die in one year. [illegible] secures to them $1,000; [illegible] for seven years, he secures [illegible] should he die in seven years [illegible] annually during life, he pays [illegible] whenever he dies; for $65 50 [illegible] receive $5 000 should he die in one [illegible]

Further particulars [illegible] Life Insurances, Trusts, &c. [illegible] office.

B. W[illegible] President.

J[illegible] Secretary.

Philada. March 17[illegible]

DENTIS[illegible]

JOHN W[illegible]

RESPECTFULLY informs [illegible] having opened an office [illegible] street, nearly opposite the [illegible] pared to practice DENTI[illegible] ches. Good Teeth are [illegible] ostural or artificial ones [illegible] ornamental, and add much [illegible] the wearer. If need[illegible] can be *remedied*, and a T[illegible] single one in an entire [illegible] dable practice for a [illegible] ences will be given to [illegible] the best proof is the [illegible] ses be performed [illegible] and at prices to suit [illegible] Persons waited on [illegible] town or country. [illegible] always be found at [illegible] residence in Pitt street [illegible] Livery stable.

He will also [illegible] Watches and Jewelry [illegible] ver streets. Also, ENGRAVING [illegible] hd. By attention and [illegible] work, he hopes [illegible] share of public [illegible]

Carlisle, April 8, 184[illegible]

CHESTNUT S. Pa.

SUSQUEHANN[illegible]

FUR & MI[illegible]

FORWARDING AND COMMISS[illegible]

ARRISBURG.

HAVE pursued the est[illegible] P. March, will [illegible] Forwarding and Commission [illegible] They have added several new [illegible] nal Boats to their line, and will [illegible] pared when the Canal is open, [illegible] and Merchandize [illegible] and from [illegible] Delphia, Pittsburgh, at mod[illegible] with the utmost dispatch.

[illegible] & Co.

A. Wright & Nephew, [illegible] Philadelphia.

[illegible] Miller, Brother & Co. [illegible] Wharf, Baltimore.

[illegible] Thomas, Son & Co. [illegible] Noble, Broad street [illegible] Delphia.

February 17, 1847.-6mo.

HOG[illegible]—A prime article [illegible] for sale by

April [illegible] 1847. ROB[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

From the Democratic Review.

LITERARY MOSAIC.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
In every clime, from Lapland to Japan;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
The proper study of mankind is man.

"Tell! for you can, what is it to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain?
The man of Ross! each lisping babe replies,
And drags at each remove, the legth'ning chain.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk or milky way?
Procrastination is the thief of time
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

"'Tis education forms the common mind,
The seat of reason and the flow of soul;
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

"Syphax! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see;
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

"Farewell! and wheresoe'r thy voice be tried,
Why to yon mountain turns the gazing eye,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
Man never is, but always to be blest."

From the Boston Olive Branch.

THE STAR OF THE HAREM.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

It was twilight in the East, and its golden hues glanced athwart the sky that arched above the glossy sea of Marmora, while the rising moon just tipping the gilded crescents of the mosques, silvered the light waves of the Bosphorus. Near its banks at this hour sat a couple of turbaned youths dressed in the loose mal-attire of the Armenian people. On a near approach it was easy to discover that one was a female evidently seeking to disguise her sex, the youth by her side being her lover, to meet whom alone she hazarded this exposure by the water's side.

'Ah, dearest Zillah, would that we had been born far beyond the sea whence comes yonder noble ship with those stars floating her azure flag, for in America, I am told that religious belief is no bar to the union of hearts.'

'Nor should it be here, Al Hassan,' replied the gentle girl by his side, 'did our noble Sultan understand the best good of his people; may the prophet open his eyes.'

'Though I love thee Zillah, far beyond all else on earth, yet I cannot abjure my religion for thy sake, for at best we can live a short time only, and if I was unfaithful in my holy creed, then I could no longer hope as I do now to met thee, let what may befide us, in paradise.'

'And thus, Al Hassan, are you doubly true to me, for though my father has educated me in the liberal rules of Mussleman faith, yet I am far from heeding such minutia as would cause me to bear the name of a bigot; no no! I love you the more that you are true to your religion.'

Zillah was a child in years; sixteen summers had not yet developed their powers in her slight but but beautiful form, and yet it was rounded so nearly to perfection, so slightly and gracefully full, as to captivate the most fastidious eye. Her face was classically beautiful, with a Grecian cast of features, and eyes that were almost too large and too brilliant. The acknowledged children of the Turks can hardly escape being lovely in personal attractions, for their parent who becomes the favorite, is the chosen beauty of the harem, selected out a host of Georgian or Circassian slaves, any one of whom would form a worthy subject for the artists model. And such was Zillah's mother—a Circassian by birth, she had been brought by a Trebizond slave ship to Constantinople, and purchased by her father, the richest Bey in the Turkish Metropolis.

Al Hassan was a young Armenian merchant of rich parents and good family. By some chance he had met Zillah, and done her an important service at imminent risk to himself, by saving her from the deep river that encircles the city. A caique in which she was crossing, having by some mischance overturned while he was near the spot, he sprung into the water and swam with her to the shore. With the suddeness of oriental passion, they loved at once, but their after intercourse was necessarily in secret, since they knew full well that the Bey would at once punish them both if he discovered them for how could a Mussulman tolerate an Armenian!

Al Hassan was well calculated to captivate the fancy of Zillah. He was four years her senior, well formed, and bearing a face [illegible] besides being remarkably handsome was [illegible] intellectual in its expression.—Though young, he seemed to possess many years of experience and an unflinching steadiness of purpose, which formed a character that Zillah not only loved most dearly, but deeply respected. Al Hassan had already travelled much in his business, and had improved opportunities for acquiring knowledge which rendered him in advance of many of those who were about him; besides which he seemed to avoid by instinct the vices of the people and the Mussulmen.

Zillah and Al Hassan had often met as we have described, but always with the utmost caution, for the close watch and restraint enforced upon the women of Constantinople, is proverbial even with us in America, and indeed, the females themselves seem fully to approve of the veiled customs, inasmuch as it is rarely the case that they voluntarily depart from them. But this was an instance where heart claimed sway, and breaking through all the restraint or forms, sought the object of its devotion; nearly heedless of the [illegible] detection. But at last Zillah was discovered by her father, the Bey, to [illegible] the harem. No one knew [illegible] had gone, or how she had escaped [illegible] father's suspicion was aroused [illegible] she found it impossible [illegible] moment, and of course [illegible] with the young Armenian [illegible] was out of the question.—[illegible] The Sar of the [illegible] called, grew sick and [illegible] day, until the old Bey [illegible] was extremely anxious [illegible] be taken away. The [illegible] be found, were summoned [illegible] attended the drooping [illegible] avail; their art [illegible] to discover the true [illegible] tell it, but knowing the [illegible] nursed it [illegible] sadly, for the sufferer [illegible] young breast [illegible] Bey never dreamed [illegible] pass. True, he [illegible] unguarded in her [illegible] upon her as [illegible] permitted for her [illegible] married the female.

The Armenian commenced his defence in a bold and manly strain. He announced at once his deep, unchanging love for the beautiful Zillah, and acknowledged the charge preferred against him, of being found in the harem. But he showed also how he came there; that it was by treachery and design on the part of the Bey himself, which could be easily proven by his own child and by the slaves that conducted him thither.

These were sent for and examined, and the Turkish tribunal were forced to acknowledge in their own hearts that Al Hassan was innocent. But he was found in the harem; no matter how he came there; he was a Christian, and the law provided for such cases was imperative. The judges all joined in advising Al Hassan to embrace the true faith as they termed the Mahometan creed but he steadily rejected all persuasion, and they were forced to pronounce his sentence. He was condemned to be beheaded.

"Is there no hope," cried the half-distracted Zillah to the judges—"must he die because he is a Christian."

"There is no alternative for us, my child" said the chief judge, "we are but the agents of the law, its humble servants!"

"The sultan! the sultan!" cried Zillah as if a new thought had possessed her, at the same time leaving the hall of justice.

She sought the palace of the "brother of the sun," and regardless of ceremony, threw herself at his feet. She related in most eloquent terms the true state of the affair that so nearly affected her. She told the sultan, too, of the part her father had acted, but with all delicacy and consideration, and with her earnest but simple and true tale, engaged and interested the monarch. He sent at once for the judges, and listened attentively to their version of the affair, also receiving from them a recommendation of mercy.—The sultan turned his face towards the east, and for a moment seemed lost in prayer.—Then Al Hassan was ordered before him.

"Thou lovest the Bey's daughter as truly as she doth love thee?" demanded the sultan, when both were before him."

"I have long loved her thus truly, noble sultan, replied Al Hassan.

"And thou, Zillah, dost love the Armenian, and would'st thou become his wife?"

"Oh! noble sultan: it is the only wish of my heart ungratified."

"If I err, the Prophet forgive me," said the monarch, bowing towards the east, "rise and go hence; you are from this hour married to each other and may the Prophet open the eyes of all unbelievers."

Under such countenance as this, none dared to complain, and the happy Zillah and Al Hassan, would not have changed their lot for an accepted Peri's place in Mahomet's Paradise.

(The reader may have seen in the last foreign journals that the Sultan of Turkey had, for the first time, sanctioned a *mixed* marriage, and also, that the English papers are still discussing the political bearings of the movement. The marriage referred to is that between Zillah, the rich Bey's daughter, and Al Hassan, the young Armenian merchant, and this, therefore, gentle reader, is a *true* story.—*Home Journal.*

From the Democratic Review.

Last Words of Great Characters.

Mozart seems to have suffered, like Johnson, from prevailing fears of death. There is something strikingly beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. "His sweetest song was the last he sung"—the *Requiem*. He had been employed upon this exquisite piece for several weeks—his soul filled with inspiration of richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time as his 'swan-nean strain,' he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the Requiem—my Requiem is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing."—"Do not deceive yourself, my love,' said the dying father; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these, my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones, which have so long been my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sung the following stanzas—

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er!
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the unrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

"Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

"Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wilful bars power to molest;
There the weary, like these—the wretched, shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

"Spirit! how bright is the road
From which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still, passionless smile which the wrapt child joyous spirit had left, with the seal of death upon those features.

We turn again, for a moment, to the closing scenes of some of the earliest poets,—citing a few cases at random.—The two we commence with are melancholy enough.

Otway, the dramatist, died at the early age of thirty-four; though, in the manner of his death, his biographers somewhat differ. It is said that having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted by [illegible] of the law, he retired to a public [illegible] on Tower Hill, where he died of want; [illegible] is related by one of his biographers, [illegible] swallowing a piece of bread which charity had supplied after a long fast. He went, [illegible] is reported, almost [illegible] state, and [illegible] rage of hunger, [illegible] a gentleman in [illegible] neighboring [illegible] house, he asked him for [illegible] shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, when Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful. Pope says that Otway died of a fever, caught by the violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might have brought him to the grave.

Philip Massinger, the immediate successor of Shakespeare, and second only to him as a dramatic poet, often as majestic and generally more elegant than his master—was as powerful a ruler of the understanding as the Bard of Avon was of the passions. And yet with such rare talents, Massinger appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity, and to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine. Life was to him one long wintry day and shadows, clouds and darkness" sat upon it. Even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life. It simply states: "20th of March, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, *a stranger*."

The last lines penned by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the night previous to his execution, may be familiar to the reader; they commence:

"Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The Truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

"Go, tell the Court it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good and doth no good,
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

When on the scaffold, he desired to see the axe; and feeling the edge of it, said to the Sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils." Being asked which way he chose to place himself on the block, he replied, 'So the heart be right it is no matter which way the head lies," and giving the signal he received the stroke with the most perfect composure. Such was the end of this great and illustrious man, of whom the age was not worthy.

When the poet Goethe, after more than the usually allotted term of human existence was met by the summons, it found him still busy with the pen, the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sank as a child, who, with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy, folds himself to sleep. "*Let the light enter*," were his last words, echoed, we may suppose, says his biographer, from a region where all is light.

We gather from the interesting memoirs of that surprising woman, Mad. de Stael, that her last expressions made to Chateubriand, were, "I have loved God, my father and liberty;" and on quoting the memorable words of Fontenelle. "I am a Frenchman, four-score years old, yet I never ridiculed the slightest virtue;" she added, with strong emphasis. "I can say as much of the slightest suffering"—a noble confession, worthy of all imitation.

When Sir Walter Scott was near his end, he expressed a wish to Lockhart, his son-in-law, that he would read to him: and when asked from what book; he replied, "Need you ask? there is but one!" Lockhart then read the 14th chapter of John's Gospel, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc to which, adds his biographer. Sir Walter listened with mild devotion, and then replied—"Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I *were yet to be myself again!*" The last words of Mr. Jefferson, who died just half a century after the passage of his immortal Declaration of Independence were. "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country!" The dying words of John Adams, the same day were still more characteristic of the man. A few minutes before he died, being roused by the firing of cannon, and told that his neighbours were rejoicing for the 4th of July. he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day," and expired with the words "Independence forever!" on his lips. It is refreshing to find some evidence of deep consciousness of the vast solemnity befitting a dying hour, among men endowed beyond the average of their race with intellectual strength: as in the case of Grotius, who on being asked for his dying admonition, exclaimed. "*Be serious.*" All his vast learning did not allow him to think lightly of the paramount claims of those matters which make for our eternal peace.

Sir William Jones, one of the most brilliant geniuses that ever lived, affords similar evidence of the right estimate of human learning, compared with the more important concerns of the future world. "It matters not," says Johnson "how a man dies, but how he lives." And even the sceptical Rousseau observes: "The great error is, allowing too much importance to life, as if our own being depended on it, and we were nothing after death." To attach ourselves but slightly to human affairs, is the best method of learning to die. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house and gardens, at Hampton Court, instead of his replying in the language of flattery he exclaimed, "Ah! David, David, these are the things which make a death bed terrible." And at the dying couch of one of the ancient philosophers, when some attendants were softly speaking upon some metaphysical topic, he eagerly opened his eyes, and said, "Let me understand what you are discoursing about, that then I may die." Alas! how little, after all their toil and assiduity, can even the greatest men attain! Newton confessed, to this, when he compared his vast scientific acquisitions in the view of the boundless regions of unexplored knowledge, to a child picking up pebbles by the sea side. To thinking minds, time is never so impressively marked, as by the successive exit of the great men of an age The constellation which ushered in the present epoch is going out one by one. Goethe, Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, have departed; and the able and enchanting melody of L. E. L. and Felicia Hemans, we hear no longer in new outgushings of their muse.

The closing scenes of Mrs. Hemans' life display her affection in a high and rich degree. The recurrences to childhood show how quiet her conscience, and how mellowed her memory; her conversations with her sister all breathe a hope of immortality; the anxious yearning of a mind free from the impurities of earth, and ready to participate in that pleasure which is shared in a land her own pen has so touchingly depicted:

"Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time doth not breath on its fadeless bloom."

She has been portrayed to us as of most exquisite mould, her features transcendantly beautiful—"a fitting shrine for so pure a mind!" As is the case with most, if not all who write, day after day, for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease, with all its distressing accompaniments, harrassed her mind; and wore away her frame, which, we are told, became, towards the last, almost ethereal. At the comparatively early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath, her spirit passed away, to enter on the Sabbath of eternal rest, earth having scarcely profaned what was born for the skies." On her tomb which, as stated in a previous paper, is in St. Ann's Church, Dublin, is inscribed one of her own beautiful verses—her most appropriate epitaph:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow home beneath;
Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

There is something, we repeat, singularly sad and solemn in these departures. Its great ones seem the essential features of an age; and when they are removed, "a chill comes over us," to use the expressive words of an elegant author, "the ground seems taken from under our feet; we feel as though a change of dispensation were at hand—and an untried and unknown future were about to open up before us."

A GIGANTIC ESTABLISHMENT.—A letter writer from England gives the following account of a great London brewery:

Barclay's Brewery, celebrated the world over, is such a curiosity that I have been tempted to visit it. Through statistics are not much in my way you shall have the benefit of the few notes I thought it worth while to make on the spot; as it has been greatly enlarged lately, perhaps it may possess some novelty. The whole establishment covers fifteen acres; we saw one hundred and eighty vats each containing from eleven hundred to three thousand barrels; they are thirty three feet in height; one thirty-six feet across at the top; the bottom forty three, which had in it the enormous amount of three thousand five hundred barrels, the weight of iron in the hoops is seventeen tons, the eight bottom ones weighing no less than one ton four hundred; it is large enough to drive a carriage and six horses into; it will contain four thousand barrels of imperial stout, and its liquid treasure is worth eighty thousand dollars!—Father Matthew's gimblet would lessen its value. There are stables for one hundred and eighty-seven of the enormous horses employed for delivery, each horse worth three hundred dollars; one *little* fellow we measured, and found his height to be full eighteen hands, or six feet; a steam engine finds full employment in breaking up their food.

In one place we saw men in vats handling the hot hops, as nearly naked as savages. In one vat was 1360 bushels of malt one copper boiler is so large that forty-five men have dined in it comfortably! It will contain 4200 barrels of beer. Here are conduits half a mile in length, railroads, hoppers steam engines, &c., enough to confuse one. Thirty tons of coal are consumed daily. The malt-bins will contain sixteen hundred thousand bushels, worth two millions and a quarter of dollars, sixty great cats are kept to destroy the mice. Fifteen hundred barrels of ale are made daily; it is cooled in summer by curious refrigerators. There is even a burial for the men who die, but for this there is no longer room, the space is wanted, the temperance men would say to make poison for others. The brewery was burnt down in 1832, but precautions are now taken so tha the whole can be flooded in a very shor time. To look at the Thames water you would not say it was a desirable article to drink, but the people here seem infatuated with beer; wherever you go you see large signs. "Trueman, Hanbury, and Buxton's entire," and so of other brewers, while the beer is on every dinner table, and beer money is allowed to servants and soldiers, whether they spend it for that purpose or not, it is so settled in the contract.

A SOLDIER'S VIEWS ON WAR.—All the world know of the military achievements of *Winfield Scott*, and of his eminence as a soldier, but there are very few who know that he is fully as eminent as a *thinker*, and possessed of the highest order of states manlike attainments. We quote the following from the Baltimore American as highly illustrative of Gen. Scott's civil eminence.

"GENERAL SCOTT, illustrious by his achievements in the field, is yet noted for his wise and considerate efforts to preserve peace.—His services in this behalf were eminently useful at a critical period of our boundry disputes with England, prior to the Washington treaty. We find some sentiments of his quoted in an exchange paper, which seem worthy of especial consideration at this time.—

"If war be the natural state of savage tribes, says Gen. Scott. "peace is the first want of every civilized community. War, no doubt is, under any circumstances a great calamity; yet submission to outrage would often be a greater calamity. Of the two parties to any war, one at least must be in the wrong, not unfrequently both. An error in such an issue is on the part of chief magistrates, ministers of state, and legislators, having a voice in the question, a crime of infinite magnitude. The murder of an individual is in guilt comparatively, but a drop of blood.

"Hence the highest moral obligation to treat national differences with temper, justness and fairness, to see that the cause of war is not only just but sufficient; to be sure that we do not covet our neighbor's land nor any thing that is his;" that we are is ready to give us to demand explanation, apology, indemnity. In short we should especially remember, "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." This divine precept is of universal obligation. It is applicable to rulers in their transactions with other nations, as to private individuals in their daily intercourse with each other. Power is entrusted to the former, to do good, and to avoid evil. Such clearly is the revealed will of God."

The metropolis of France has been connected with the sea by an iron road, the inauguration of the Paris and Havre rail-road having taken place on the 19th of March.—A train of cars left Paris on the occasion at 7 o'clock, A. M., and arrived at Havre at 1, P. M. After partaking of an entertainment the company took their departure for Paris, where they arrived at half past 10 P. M., having travelled 114 leagues (285 miles) in twelve and a half hours.

☞ "Bless me!" exclaimed an old lady as she threw down the newspaper and wiped her spectables, "here us John Doe and Richard Roe at law again. They've had a suit regular every year or so, for more than thirty years to my certain knowledge."

In the district school at Sandwich, last winter, the master informed a little girl that Sunday is the first day in the week, inquired of her, "What day is Monday?" Washing day, sir," she promptly answered.