Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVIII. CARLISLE, JANUARY 19, 1848. NUM. XX

Cards.

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 a the residence of his father in S. Hanover street, directly opposite Morrett's (late Roberts) Hotel and the Second Presbyterian church.

Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

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 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.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few door 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, opposit 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 West Main Street, opposite the Depot.

Carlisle, April 28, 1847.

SURVEYOR AND SCRIVENER.

JOHN C. MITCHELL,

WILL be found at his Office in the rear of the Court House, ready at all times—unless engaged in the business of his profession—to make Surveys of lands, roads, etc. He will also prepare deeds of conveyance and any other instrument of writing.

Carlisle, June 23, 1847

Dickinson Classical Academy,

Four miles west of Carlisle, between the New-ville State Road and Cumberland Valley Rail Road.

THE third session (five months) will commence on MONDAY, Nov. 1st, 1847.

The number of students is limited, and every effort made to secure their moral and mental improvement, as well as their comfort and health. During the past year upwards of forty students have been connected with the institution.

The studies embrace all that are requisite for College or any business or profession.—Every effort will be made to secure a continuance of patronage from the friends of education.

References, Terms, &c., made known by Application personally, or by letter undressed

R. K. BURNS.

October 6, 1847.—3mo

Morrett's Hotel!

THE subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that has taken the well known Tavern Stand

On the corner of South Hanover and Pomfret Sts.,

formerly kept by Mr. Andrew Roberts, where he will endeavor to serve those who may call upon him in the most satisfactory manner.—The house is pleasantly situated, and is furnished throughout with good bedding, and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as will make it a convenient and desirable stopping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.

BOARDERS will be taken by the week month, or year, at the usual prices.

SAMUEL MORRET.

April 14, 1847.

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. Orders in his line respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, September 2, 1846.

Highland Plaids, &c.

JUST received, a further supply of Highland Plaids and Plaid Cashmeres, in great variety, by

G. W. HITNER.

Carlisle, November 10, 1847.

New style Calicoes & Ginghams

NOW opening at the store of the subscriber, a great variety of new style Calicoes and Ginghams, at low prices

GEO. W. HITNER

November 10, 1847

MCALISTER'S All-Healing Ointment, at Mrs. Rives and for sale by

R. W. FLEMING

Habit Cloth.

JUST received, in Black Habit Cloth suitable for Ladies' Cloaks with a variety of other

G. W. HITNER

September 1—1847

FURNITURE ROOMS.

D. F. & A. C. FETTER,

WOULD respectfully call the attention of Housekeepers and the public to the extensive stock of splendid Furniture, including Sofas, Wardrobes, Centre and other Tables, Dressing and Plain Bureaus, and every variety of

Cabinet-ware and Chairs,

which they have just opened at their new rooms, on the corner of North Hanover and Louther Streets, Carlisle.

They are confident that the superior finish of the workmanship, and elegance of style, in which their articles are got up, together with their CHEAPNESS, will recommend them to every person wanting Furniture. They have also made arrangements for manufacturing and keeping a constant supply of every article in their line, both plain and ornamental, elegant and useful, at prices which they cannot fail to suit purchasers. They would earnestly invite persons who are about to commence housekeeping to call and examine their present elegant stock, to which they will constantly make additions of the newest and most modern styles.

COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice, for town and country.

April 21, 1847.

NEW AND CHEAP

Family Grocery!

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his friends, and the public in general that he has just opened in the house lately occupied by Dr John Armstrong and three doors east of J & D Rhoads' Warehouse a large and general assortment of Family Groceries, such as Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate and Spices of every description. Also, a large and well select

QUEENSWARE,

Willow-ware, Brushes, Buckets, &c. &c. Tobacco of every description, from the common smoking tobacco, up to Woodward's best honey Dew cavendish.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine his stock before buying elsewhere, as he flatters himself that he cannot fail to please them both in price and quality.

N. B.—His friends from the country will find it to their advantage to give him a call; the store is conveniently situated, just a few steps from Mr. Rhoads' tavern.

JOS. D. HALBERT.

Carlisle, June 2, 1847.

A FRESH ARRIVAL.

Dr. John J. Myers

Has just returned from the city with a large and carefully selected assortment of

Drugs, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,

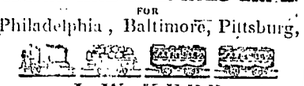
and PATENT MEDICINES, including all the new preparations of the day, together with a general assortment of choice PERFUMES, FANCY ARTICLES, &c., which makes his stock full and complete, all of which he will sell LOWER THAN EVER! Call and see for yourselves.

July 7, 1847.

CANAL AND RAIL ROAD LINE

FOR

Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg,



J. W. KERR,

FORWARDING & COMMIS'N MERCHANT

HARRISBURG, PA.

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has again the liberal patronage extended to him during the past year, he has been encouraged to make more extensive arrangements for the ensuing season, and has added two new, large and splendid Boats to his LINE, and will be fully prepared after the opening of the Canal to forward Produce and Merchandize of all kinds to and from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, &c., at the lowest rates of freight and with the utmost despatch.

Agents for Boats,

Messrs. CARLISLE & GASKELL, Race street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Messrs. GIESE & SON, No. 48 Commerce st. Wharf, Baltimore.

Messrs. CLARK & THAW, J. McFADDEN & CO., Pittsburg.

Agents for Cars,

Messrs. WUNDERLICH & GRIER, No 272 Market st. Philada.

Messrs. CHALORER & REYNOLDS, No. 423 Market st. Philada

Messrs. SITER, JAMES & Co., Broad street, Philadelphia

Pennsylvania and Ohio Line, N st. Baltimore

March 17, 1847—tf.

New Supply.

THE subscriber has just returned from the c with a lot of NEW GOODS, consisting part of the following articles:

Chambry, Plain Ginghams, Plaid Ginghams, New Style Calicoes, a large lot, White and brown Muslins, White and brown 4-4 and 5-4 Sheetings, Ticklings and Checks. Also

25 doz. Cotton Hosiery, all kinds, 200 lbs. white and colored Cotton Yarn, Irish Linens, from 37½ to $1,00, Plain Swiss, Book, Striped and Victoria Muslins,

White and Fancy Linens for Gentlemen, Summer Cloth and Cashmerettes, Cassimeres and Vestings, Carpets, &c., &c.

The above new articles united with the old will make my stock complete. Call at the New Store in North Hanover street and examine.

S. A. COYLE.

Carlisle, July 7, 1847.

Superior Old Wines and Brandies,

For Medicinal Purposes.

DR. MYERS has just selected to the city an assortment of the most choice old Wines and Brandies, for medicinal and table purposes. Those purchasing may depend upon them as being pure. Also Champaign, Port, Claret and other summer wines.

July 28, 1847.

20 Hhds. Hams, Shoulders and Sides for sale by

FUNK & MILLER.

Harrisburg, June 9, 1847.

CLOVE ANODYNE.

AN intelligible and perfect cure for that most excruciating disease the TOOTH-ACHE, is to be found at

ELLIOTT'S

Drug & Chemical Store.

Dec. 30, 1846.

Frenela Merinoes,

A Few pieces of superior French Merinoes Mode and other colors, now opening by

G. W. HITNER.

Carlisle, September 15, 1847.

TIE 40 bbls. new 3001 R. DRY YELLOW PINE BOARDS 1 2 4 inch, for sale.

S. A. COYLE.

Carlisle, Nov. 5, 1847.

Poetry.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LITTLE.

"The rights of woman"—what are they?
The right to labor and to pray.
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right to o'er others' woes to weep,
The right to succor in distress;
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love when others scorn;
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth,
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path the Saviour trod—
The path of meekness and of love;
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such Woman's right, and God will bless
And crown their champions with success.

Miscellaneous.

From the Opal, for 1848.

MIND AND HEART.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

'Twas a brilliant festival, where England's nobles gathered round their Queen. *Beauty*, at whose toilet wealth and fashion had been skilful handmaids—*Bravery*, with laurel leaf and victor's crown—and *Blood*, the oldest and best throughout the realm, were assembled there to offer homage to the young sovreign of a mighty isle. Ambassadors from foreign courts, accustomed to the glare of regal pomp, looked round admirably on the magnificence, while wondering envoys from our young Republic gazed half bewildered by the dazzling scene.

'Your eyes are doing homage to my fair country women,' exclaimed Lord Rochfort to an American official who had been scrutinizing the bright faces around him.

'And my tongue must act nowledge that I am *almost* tempted to turn traitor to my own,' was the smiling reply.

'Nay, now,' rejoined the nobleman, 'I have heard too much of American loveliness to credit your courteous words. I have been told that the women of your land are pre-eminently beautiful.'

'Beauty is not a native of any clime, I believe,' said George Linden, 'but dispenses her favors to every land, and I assure you she has not forgotten mine. It is hardly fair,' he continued, 'to institute comparisons between the beauty of different countries, as each cultivates a style peculiarly its own—The soft langor of the Italian belle is very unlike the glowing animation of our Yankee girls; yet each are charming in their way For a fair specimen of *English* beauty, I would direct your attention to the lady on the right of the Duchess of D———.'

'The Lady Annot Clive?'

'The same. Her features, rounded as Hebe's might have been—the delicate bloom which suffuses her countenance and deepens on her cheek, and the profusion of golden curls surrounding her fair face like a halo, are characteristic of her country.'

'Yet her chief beauty is her expression,' suggested Lord Rochfort.

'Which has nothing national in it,' resumed the Republican, 'but is peculiar to herself. Certain *expressions* accompany certain *dispositions*, and can only become national as those traits which they represent are so.—Lady Annot Clive is a woman of much character, as her face betrays.'

'You seem a skilful physiognomist, and I would have you interpret the expression of her eye,' said Lord Rochfort, with interest; 'at one moment it seems glowing with feeling, and the next it appears lighted with a purely intellectual fire.'

'One is not incompatible with the other—I would say it bermed with *both*. Her full ripe lip has a curve, one would think, of *scorn*, did not the gentleness of the rest of her countenance belie it; the same contradiction is apparent in her manner: she bears herself with the dignity of a queen and the grace of a flower, and one feels now that she is simply an English maiden, and anon that she is a scion of the house of Clive.'

'You say that beauty is not a native of any clime; perhaps you fancy it would bear transplanting,' said Lord Rochford, with some bitterness, but more sadness in his tone.' The American turned his piercing eyes upon the speaker as though he would read the thoughts suggestive of this remark, and then replied,

'Beauty might, but nobility will not.' I admire Lady Annot as a *critic*—not as a *lover*.'

'Yes,' said Rochfort to himself as they separated, 'my own heart might have told me that such cold praise was not the language of love. Sweet cousin Annot, not in measured words like these could I discourse of thee. And yet,' he continued, 'how truly does he read thee. Knowing thee as he does, how can he fail to love thee?'

Lady Annot Clive, when left an orphan at an early age, was consigned to the guardianship of her aunt, Lord Rochfort's mother, and their childhood passed under the same roof until a separation became necessary for the purposes of education. After the lapse of years, chequered by casual meetings, he was restored to his home, and the intimate intercourse of early years was resumed by the cousins.

As the young nobleman passed day after day in the presence of the fair Annot, he learned to regard her as the guiding star of his existence. To be near her, to listen to the elevated outpourings of her intellectual nature, to be the recipient of a thousand tokens of innocent affection, to gaze upon her perfect beauty, he felt would constitute the happiness of his life. Happy in her presence, made certain by a thousand trifles of her love, he had never ventured to declare his passion, but revelled in the present.

And she *did* love her cousin, but her affection was so frankly avowed, so much a thing of course, that it would scarcely have satisfied a more exacting lover—it was a pure sisterly feeling, unlike the sentiment which maidens muse upon in secret and blush to discover even to its owner.

Shortly after the conversation recorded, she became acquainted with the American, George Linden, and then began a new era in her existence. The vigor of his intellect, assisted by cultivation, observation, and extraordinary conversational powers, possessed a magical charm for the gifted young creature so fitted to appreciate his superiority. At first she listened to his conversation with that keen relish of enjoyment which a young mind always experiences when for the first time a *companion* furnishes it with the food it has heretofore only found in books. Through the delightful medium of conversation, every thing was made real to her thoughts which before could only be acquired by the mechanical process of reading, and there was an accompanying *sympathy*, such as books could never give. Glowing descriptions of the western world, amusing anecdotes illustrative of national character, critical commentaries upon her favorite authors followed each other in graceful eloquence, and Annot felt, as she listened, that an unfathomed mine of wit and knowledge was pouring out its treasures. As these delightful interviews were repeated, admiration and reverence gave place to a warmer feeling, and the high-born lady loved the unskilled stranger with all the devotion and humility of a true-hearted woman.

Lord Rochfort was roused from his delicious dreams by an application from an American for permission to address his kinswoman. 'You were pleased, my lord,' said Linden, 'to jest with me upon the feasibility of transplanting British beauty, before I had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Lady Annot, and the recollection of your pleasantry encourages me to hope that you will not regard my suit with disfavor.'

Such an unexpected request, touching so nearly his dearest hopes, was answered with as much embarrassment by the lord as it could have been by the maiden, and with the tremor of a criminal about to meet his judge, he sought to lay before her his own and his rival's claims, and hear from her own lips an announcement of her choice. He knocked hurriedly at her boudoir, and receiving no answer, entered; she was not there, but a faint sound of music lured him to the garden beyond, and as he advanced he distinguished the following words—

My spirit bows before the light
Of thine, as to some star;
Burning like an immortal thing,
And leading me afar
From earth and all earth's wretchedness
To holy thoughts on high,
That lift my very being up
To greater purity.

Yet though I proudly sacrifice
Before thy holy shrine,
I dare not more to win the love
Of such a heart as thine;
'Twere easier far to bind the breath
Of heaven into my brow,
Than throw my feeble chains o'er one
As glorious as thou.

Thine eagle spirit proudly soars,
And such a timid mate
Would only check its lofty flight,
Or linger desolate.
I only ask, yet scarce may hope,
Thou'lt pitying think of me;
Nor chide the deep idolatry
With which I worship thee!

'Annot! Annot! even *thus* do I love thee,' murmured Lord Rochfort, as the song ceased, and with an effort at composure he joined her.

'Your song bespeaks much humility, fair cousin, and is better suited, methinks, to some love lorn damsel than to Annot Clive.'

'Annot Clive is—but a woman,' she answered, with a sad smile, 'and woman ever loves above herself, and with humility.'

'Annot Clive boasts of the best blood of England, and therefore cannot love above herself,' said he with warmth, forgetting for a moment his passion and his *pride*.

'Birth is not the standard by which the heart measures men,' said Annot; 'I have learned that nature has instituted a nobility of her own, which scoffs at ours; the man who claims for his heritage the soul's lofty gifts may scorn the imbecile who succeeds to his father's state and title.'

'This is a new creed, Annot; tell me, is it taught you by your humility, or by your *love*?'

'I have avowed no love,' she answered quickly, plucking a lily of the valley, and stripping its bells from the slender stalk.

'Heaven grant you do not cherish that which you blush to avow,' said Lord Rochfort, as the terrible conviction that Linden was beloved forced itself upon his mind.

She raised her eyes, and as she marked his look of anguish, the indignant reply died upon her lips.

'Dear Horace,' said she soothingly, 'I shall cherish no feeling of which I shall be ashamed. My love will be fed by my pride, and my pride will glory in the superiority of the man I love.'

'Annot,' he exclaimed earnestly, clasping her small hands in his, 'there is but *one* man who can have won a love like thine, and he, (his voice became thick and low) has sought thee at my hands; tell me, can you sacrifice rank, title, fortune, friends and country, to follow the footsteps of this *American*?'

The enthusiastic expression of joy which mantled her face told how gladly, for his sake she would relinquish all.

'He is cold, Annot—he cannot love as thou dost; he cannot repay thee for this.—Stay, Annot—listen to me,' but she was gone, and the strong man, thwarted in his master passion, *wept*.

After the first wild burst of anguish, Lord Rochfort became an altered man, and it seemed as though the wreck of his own happiness had taught him to be doubly watchful to preserve the object of his love from one unnecessary pang. Her father's will enjoined her to marry Lord Rochfort, who, succeeded to the titles of the family, and in case of noncompliance, her fortune was to revert to him. This he obviated by executing an instrument settling it upon herself. Since she had failed to discover his unfortunate love, he buried it in his own bosom, and Annot parted from the home and friends of her youth with the sorrow natural to the occasion, but unconscious of the pain she had inflicted upon the most devoted of them all.

The first few months of her marriage was a period of delicious happiness. True, she was a stranger in a strange land, but it was *his* home, and *he* was by her side. The beauties of its scenery were enhanced when pointed out by him, the incidents of its history acquired a new interest when he narrated them, and its inhabitants seemed like a better race when he commented upon their characteristics. Although accustomed to distinction, her husband's official station gave her pleasure, and the consideration with which he was treated gratified her innocent pride in him. No hommage to herself would have been half so grateful to her heart as was the respect with which her husband was regarded.

But as time rolled on, and the novelties of her position became familiar things, a vague, unsatisfactory feeling took possession of Annot. She felt that there was something wanting, but she shrank from enquiring what. Her husband was as lonely, loved and as intellectual as heretofore. He reasoned, he moralized, he speculated, he philosophized with as much energy and originality, as ever; but his conversation ceased to charm—it was like offering jewels to appease the hunger of the starving, there was a yearning for affection avoided, which nothing short of affection could satisfy.—Hitherto the young wife had been happy in *loving*, but she now slowly began to doubt if she was *beloved*.

Beloved she certainly was, as far as her husband's nature would permit. But George Linden's powerful intellect was unaccompanied by equally powerful affections, and the history of his love was no stirring tale. In his own language, when he first saw Annot, he "admired her as a critic," and when he conversed with her, her ready apprehension of and response to his thoughts, gratified his self-love and attracted him toward her. He found her a fascinating person, from whom he could not think of parting without regret; and, under the influence of these feelings, he wooed and won."

Once his affianced bride, her appealing tenderness, and passionate homage were most charming in his eyes, and awoke responsive chords in his heart. She was in his eyes the most perfect as well as the most beautiful of womankind, and he regarded her with respect, admiration, and above all, *pride*. His feelings grew warmer and purer under the influence of hers, and he loved her, not with the ardor of Lord Rochfort's nature, nor with the devotion of her own, not even with the fresh enthusiasm of an unhackneyed heart, but better than any thing in the world beside.

Annot sat in her dressing room, her head resting on her hand. There was a brighter light in her eyes, and a deeper glow on her cheek, than had ever been summoned there by the kisses of her native breezes. The eloquent blood obeyed the bidding of a more mighty magician, and her cheek flushed and paled alternately at the dictates of the love which had become to her another and more glorious *life*. She was waiting for her husband, and to her his presence was an *event*, and the expectation, *excitement*. His foot sounded on the stair, and she bounded to meet him as he entered the room.

'I have detained you, and I fear, through my negligence, you will be the last at the levee. Pardon me, and believe that my absence was unavoidable.'

'I forgot how long I had waited, and only know that you are here,' she said, as she twined her arms around him and rested her head on his shoulder.

He kissed the fair forehead and smoothed the sunny curls caressingly, saying—

'You are enthusiastic, Annot, and love me better than I deserve, but do you know that we will be very late at the President's to-night?'

'Let us stay at home,' said she, appealingly; 'it is so long since I have enjoyed a quiet evening with you.'

'I fear you think me negligent, Annot, but I have so many demands upon my time, that I know not how to remedy it; I think you will yield me this evening, when I tell you your husband's interests require it,' said Linden, smiling.

Annot turned away with a sigh, and handed him her cloak to fold around her.

He held it for a moment and looked at her admiringly, exclaiming, 'With what taste you dress, Annot! every thing is in such perfect harmony: your white dress, with its misty, impalpable texture, floats around you gracefully as a fleecy cloud; your sweet face, too, and long golden curls, mingling with its snowy folds, like a seraph's countenance revealed by the parting cloud-wreath. The tiara of diamonds is a crown of glory, but night comes and darkness covers all; and he wrapped the cloak around her.—His pleasantry extorted a smile, which was quickly followed by a sigh, when he added—

'How proud I shall be of my beautiful wife to-night.'

'Ah!' thought she, 'if your love only had less of pride and more of tenderness!'

Linden's praise was an effort of his mind, rather than an impulse of his heart: and although attentive, courteous, and kind, Annot felt that his love was not like her own.

And when is man's love like the love of woman? Love and pride go hand in hand in the heart of each, but the *love of man is born, nursed and nurtured by his* PRIDE, and to his pride it ministers, being at once its child and handmaid: Woman's *pride* is the offspring of her *love*, and glories in its object, with the unquestioning, unrifleising reverence of an infant for its mother.

There was a shadow on the fair foreigner's brow when she entered the drawing-room, leaning on her husband's arm; but she beheld the crowd pressing around him with eager adulation, looking upon his animated, intellectual countenance, and listening to his sparkling sallies, her face grew radiant with love and joy.

In the course of the evening, Annot stood near a doorway leading to a conservatory, and glancing down the green vista, her attention was attracted by a japonica of unusual size and beauty. Wishing to observe more closely this beautiful plant, she glided down the path and paused by the flower.—She had supposed herself alone in the conservatory, but the sound of voices in the next avenue, from which she was separated by a wall of flowers, startled her.

'My sweet wife,' said a masculine voice, 'I decoyed you to this spot to tell you how beautiful and how dear you are to me to-night.'

'And so I was told yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that,' was the playful reply.

'It's an old story, love, but never weary of it; again, I love you, and I love you!'

'Weary of my daily food sooner!' said the lady, earnestly. 'Why, Charles, were I as certain of your love as of my own life, my ears would ache to hear you tell me of it.'

'How true,' thought the unwilling listener; my ears and heart have both ached to hear the language of affection, and yet my husband loves me.'

The pair passed out of hearing, but in a moment returned, and Annot found she was the subject of their conversation.

'Linden is not calculated to make a wife happy,' said the lady, 'and the poor creature seems so isolated here.'

'Why, Emily, George Linden is the most brilliant man of his day, and there is not a woman in Washington who would not be proud to be his wife.'

'Brilliant he may be, and so is an icicle, but he is not made for domestic happiness. Pride and ambition are his counsellors, and his own aggrandizement his nearest and dearest.'

Poor Annot! These words were agonizing as a stream of molten lead in her ears, for she had a conviction of their truth.

As time passed on, George Linden became more and more absorbed in his own schemes, and his wife felt more and more the loneliness of her lot. Among the ceremonious visitors who crowded to her mansion, she had found no one who could be to her a dear, familiar friend, and her thoughts too often reverted to the band of friends whose love had encircled her in earlier days.

The birth of an infant was the dawning of a brighter day, and Annot no longer felt lonely or unloved. Her health was restored, and her mind shook off the morbid gloom which had surrounded it. The child grew in interest and beauty; and its smile was sunshine, its presence a perpetual fountain of delight, in the home which had been so desolate. The sweet contagion of an infant's joyousness is irresistible to a mother; and with those roguish eyes dancing in infantile delight, and seeking sympathetic glances from her own, how could she be unhappy!

True she now saw less of her husband than ever, for he had but little taste for the nursery; the emotions which thrilled her with delight were as a "partner of her joys and sorrows." But if she saw less she also thought less of him, for her mind was absorbed in the little creature who claimed her care. Sometimes she would endeavor to win a father's caress for her child, and her failure would revive the old sorrow; but the smile of the little one would speedily dissipate her gloom.

Poor, fond mother! God help you in your coming trial!

After a night of restlessness and apparent suffering on the part of her child, Annot discovered the symptoms of a malignant fever. Medical aid was speedily summoned, but the boy grew rapidly worse. Annot watched the suffering she could not alleviate, through weary days and hopeless nights, until her heart was almost rent by the pangs of her boy; his struggling limbs grew still, she drained to the dregs her cup of agony, and prayed to God to release her child.

Her prayer was heard. He died, and with him died her hopes, her happiness, her all that was precious. No sympathizing friend was near to support her in her hour of desolation; and her husband, awe-struck and anxious as he was felt not one tithe of her sorrow.

Intellect shrinks aghast from the contemplation of the terrible mystery it cannot fathom, and Linden plunged into the whirl of politics again, and strove to forget his boy. But "love is strong as death," and Annot cherished fondly the memory of her departed one. Wherever she went, whatever engaged her time, her buried babe was as vividly before her mind as when endowed with life.—Sometimes she saw him in health and spirits clapping his dimpled hands and shouting in mimic laughter, until her bursting heart would cease its throbbings, under the influence of his immaginary presence; then the reality would cover the vision like a pall, and she would weep as though she had lost him the second time. But her mind dwelt more frequently upon the trying scenes through which she had lately passed. His helpless anguish and parting agony seemed to haunt her like fearful phantoms, until she felt she must go mad, and even that would be a relief.

One night she sat in her chamber, where every article of furniture was eloquent of her child; the chairs to which he clung in his efforts to walk; the curtains behind which he used to hide and play "bo-peep" from amid their snowy folds; the work-stand drawers that with childish curiosity he tried to open; and last, and saddest, the corner where his cradle stood, now vacant and cheerless.—From these oppressing associations she longed to free herself, and hastily descended to the garden. As she paced its paths, with the cool, perfuming air playing upon her brow, and the flowers waving like colored shadows in the moon light, her heart grew calm. She raised her eyes to the silent stars, as though she would question them of her babe—then looked to the pale moon and thought of the little lonely fresh-turfed hillock, which lay bathed in its cold beams. Here was no refuge from herself, and she turned to the house and seated herself by a window overlooking the street. The side-walk was filled with pedestrians, and as they hurried past she watched them wistfully, and wondered what hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows vibrated, in the heart of each. There they went, each one endowed with a capacity for suffering or enjoyment, and Annot felt a yearning sympatay for these creatures, moulded like herself.

Time passed on, with wing of healing, and at length the mother's heart grew calm. The memory of her child was cherished as a holy thing, and she felt that she indeed had a treasure in heaven.

"I shall go to him but he shall not return again to me," the language of the inspired psalmist and afflicted parent, sounded with powerful pathos to her heart, and was treasured as a precious promise. In earnest meditation upon the hopes which religion gives, she learned to submit with resignation to the present parting, and with faith to hope for future reunion. With the birth of this hope in heaven, earth lost half its power to wound, and her husband's indifference ceased to pain her sensitive nature as it had done. Satisfied with holding the first place in his affections, weak as those affections were she yielded to her lot.

Woe to the gifted woman who regards *only* the intellectual endowments of her chosen She is right when she resolves that she will not marry one mentally inferior; but is wrong when she supposes the *mind* alone deserves her care. *Life*, however promising is full of trial, and woman, in her hour of sorrow, yearns for sympathy and love. In all after life she will find the cravings of the *heart*, the most insatiate. When in youth, before the affections have asserted their full power she glories most in the intelligence which God has given her, let her remember that the *seraphim* as well as the *cherubim*, inhabit heaven, and we are taught to believe that the angel of *Love is dearest* to the Creator.

WHO DOCTRINE.—We go for labor. The destiny of the country is labor. We are laboring men, we live by labor—by occupation. There is no country under the light of the sun in which there are so few estates—and I thank God, in which there are so few men who have no estate. I desire to see a condition of things when each man shall feel that he has a stake in the community, the result of his labor—when all shall have employment, and when employment shall receive its proper remuneration—for all would then be happy. Labor with us is entitled to something more than the paltry privilege to work all day, to lie down at night to sleep an hour, and rise in the morning hungry.—It is entitled to abundant food, suitable clothing, and a comfortable home, and to every man the means of educating the offspring with which God has favored him. With the proper administration of our affairs we can do this.—My hope and prayer to heaven is, that these results may be so improved, that the great ends so earnestly desired may be accomplished.—*Governor Speech at Phila.*

☞ The N. Y. Courier predicts that the successful candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency in 1848 will be Zachary Taylor and Daniel Webster.

[From the St. Louis Reveille.

"That Last Julep"

BY SOLITAIRE.

Not many years since, in one of our Mississippi river cities, the landlord of a noted hotel, in spite of the good fare served upon his table, took an aversion to his food, and, confining himself to the *fluid* exclusively, drank himself out of existence. He was a jolly specimen of a publican, and had endeared himself in his latter days, to a couple of prodigal young boarders, by frequently inviting them to share in what he called 'a comfortable carouse.' These little reunions, as we before stated, were brought to a close by the principal suddenly dropping out of the set, and being no longer able to 'stand up' to his share of the liquor. The deceased's wife being absent from the city, his friends comfortably packed him in ice for preservation until her return. The feelings of the hopeful young convivialists were sadly shocked at the idea of sojourning in the same house with the inanimate body of their regretted companion. It was all well enough when he was able to stand the liquor, and drink his share of it, but the thought of his being packed away in such cold quarters, made them shiver with a strange apprehension, which even brandy failed to dissipate. They had nightly to pass the room where the body lay, to reach their own, and every time they were forced to do so, the feeling of horror grew stronger, until at length, the sad example of the deceased landlord began to have its effect in winning them to temperance. At length the wife arrived, and the publican was consigned to his long home; but we regret to add, that with his departure the desire for another 'comfortable carouse' begun to manifest itself.

'Only one more, 'Bill,' said the eldest, just by way of a *wake* for the old fellow—he deserves as much from us to his memory—and then it shall be an understood thing that we *quit!*'

The last little party was agreed upon—a few good fellows were invited, and on the night succeeding the burial, they assembled in a room but a few doors from the former apartment of their dead host.

'What say you to *juleps*, boys?' inquired Bill.

'Considering the state of the weather, we *will* go 'juleps,' said a guest—*juleps all round!*'

'Hurrah for *cooling drinks*!' echoed the whole party.

Sam, a negro servant, was summoned, and a positive order issued forthwith, for all the concomitants necessary to make a good julep. The brandy came, then the rum, then the mint—fresh from the earth—then the sugar.

'Now, Sam, the *ice*,' was the next call, and off started their attentive waiter. He soon returned with a towel full of the material broken up fine, and in proper order, and straight the revel begun. The juleps were delicious, and with sleeves rolled up, shirt collars open, and straws in hand, they went into them with a perfect gusto. Song, toast, and sentiment carried them, gloriously into the 'few short hours,' by which time they were all getting rather *comfortable*.

'Here's hoping our old host has, before this, experienced a *comfortable* change from his *ice box*,' roared one of the prodigals.

'A little *more ice*, Sam!' shouted another; 'we want enough to make a parting drink.' Sam vanished.

'Boys, what do you say to holding a little *pow-wow* around the old fellow's last tub? Come, we will wake his cold quarters' with what he used to call a 'comfortable carouse,' just to lay his *spirit*, and keep it from searching about after nocturnal drinks.'

The proposition met with a shout of approval, and, glasses in hand, they proceeded in procession to the ice-box chamber, into which they burst, singing—

'Oh, aint you coming *h-o-m-e*, Stephen?'

What was their affright and horror, on fairly entering the chamber, to see a dark figure, with hammer in hand, seated inside of the recent receptacle of the deceased. A light perched upon one end of the box, cast a glimmer upon the ice inside, which was reflected in numerous pale streaks upon the dark figure and the wall beyond. Of course, the first impulse was to retreat, but a familiar voice arrested their footsteps.

'What de debil is de matter, gemmen?' enquired Sam, from the tub.

There was a pause, and then the inquiry—'What the d—l are you doing here, you black rascal?'

'*Poundin' you some ice for dat last julep!*'

'What? Ah! Oh—o—o—ugh!'

Misses tole me, gemmen, to use dis up last, kase de article is sence dis season!'

A shower of pint tumblers, ice, mixed juleps and all, saluted the darkey on this announcement. He kicked over the light, and with heaving stomachs the revellers hunted for the dark cause of their nausea to use him up; but in the struggle he escaped, and the uncertain movements of the party brought them into several collisions, before they found out they were pounding the wrong customer.

It is almost unnecessary to add that this last 'comfortable carouse' made a few Sons of Temperance since. Bill ever since insists upon taking warm drinks, to avoid even the possibility of there being in his fluids a particle of *second-hand ice!*

GREAT DISCOVERY.—An intelligent friend from the South informs us that there is in Arkansas a doctor who practises upon an entirely new system called the *Te totum system*. He employs an instrument with eight sides, called the tectum only larger in size, and differently lettered. On each side of the octagon is a letter designated to represent a certain thing—as for example, V for Vomit; P for purge; C for Calomel, &c. Whenever called to see a patient, the worthy sets the machine a twirling, and without examining into the symptoms, ascertains with precision the required remedy. If V is turned up a vomit is indispensable; if C, then calomel, &c. The success we are told is astonishing, and the popularity of the man unbounded.—The only improvement which experience has suggested, towards perfecting this new instrument, is the use of Chinese or Arabian hieroglyphics for the plain English Alphabet.—*Medical News.*

The whole present number of ordained missionaries in the world is estimated at about 1200; and of male and female assistant missionaries, at about 2400, making a total of 3600. The Bible has been printed in 138 languages and dialects, and all but thirty of these translations are new, and were begun by missionaries since the institution of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1804. The number of copies of the Bible and Testament which have been issued by the Bible Societies, is about five millions.