Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVIII. CARLISLE, MAY 24, 1848. NUM. XXXVIII

Cards.

Dr. John J. Myers,

HAS REMOVED his Office and dwelling to the house adjoining his Drug Store on West High street. april 1.

Dr. Geo. Willis Fonike,

GRADUATE of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, respectfully offers his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

OFFICE at the residence of his father in Hanover street, directly opposite Morrett's Hotel and the 2d Presbyterian church. apr 17.

Doctor Ad. Lippe,

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. F. Ehrman. ap 9 '46

Dr. I. 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. Dr. L. is absent the last ten days of every month.

Wm. T. Brown,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. Office in Main street, nearly opposite the county jail, Carlisle. feb 9

Joseph Knox,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Pittsburg, Pa., has returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pittsburg, Allegheny county, Pa. feb 10 '47.

Henry Edgar Keene,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland and adjoining counties, and attend to all professional business entrusted to his care with fidelity and promptness. Office in South Hanover street, in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office. august 26

James R. Smith,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with S. D. Adair, Esq. in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office. mar 31 '47

Carson C. Moore,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster, deceased. mar 31 '47

R. A. Lamberton,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Harrisburg, Pa. ap 28 '48

WRIGHT & SAXTON,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE, Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nails &c. would invite the attention of persons wanting goods in their line, to the large assortment they have just opened, and which they offer at the very lowest cash prices. feb 23

Dyeing and Scouring.

WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louther Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparrel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited. sep 2 '46

WM. T. WALTERS. CHARLES HARVEY

WALTERS & HARVEY,

(Late Hazlehurst & Walters,)

PRODUCE and General Commission Merchants, Nos. 15 and 16 Spear's Wharf, Baltimore. Liberal cash advances made on consignments of all kinds of produce. feb 9 3m

Magistrate's Office Removed.

THE Office of the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, has been removed to the house adjoining the store of Mrs. Weakley, in High street, Carlisle, immediately opposite the Railroad Depot and Winrott's Hotell. My residence being there, I will always be found at home, ready to attend to the business of the public. In addition to the duties of a Magistrate, I will attend to all kinds of Writing, such as Deeds, Mortgages, Bonds, Indentures, Articles of Agreement, Notes &c. which will be executed in a neat manner and according to the most approved forms.

The Office lately occupied by me, in Mr. Graham's building is for rent, and possession had immediately. The rent is low and the location good. jan 12 1848 GEO. FLEEMING.

Cumberland and Perry Hotel.

THE subscriber desires to inform his friends and the travelling public that he has REMOVED from the old stand, known as Weibly's Hotel, to the public house recently occupied by John Corneman, on North Hanover street, near the public square, where he will be glad to see his old acquaintances from Perry and Cumberland, and as many new ones as possible. His house is large and in good order, containing a sufficient number of well furnished chambers and every other facility for the most comfortable accommodation of travellers and boarders. His table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies of the markets, and his bar with the best of liquors. There is no nuisance of a bowling alley attached to the house, and a careful Ostler will always be in attendance.—He respectfully invites a call from travellers and others, confident of his ability to give satisfaction. march 23—m6 HENRY GLASS

Napoleon Le Grande of the Tonsorial Tribe,

RICHARD JOHNSON—not the hero of the Thames, but the Knight of the Razor—respectfully informs those requiring his professional services, that he may always be found at the old stand in Louther street, one door west of North Hanover street, immediately in the rear of Inhoff's grocery store, and although he will neither brag nor boast yet for clean and neat SHAVING, fashionable HAIR CUTTING and taste in laying out and cultivating either Whisker or Mustache he does defy the country. Mr. J. is the sole inventor and manufacturer of the celebrated and never failing remedy for baldness, JOHNSON'S APPILIATORY, which he is so certain of its restoring the hair, that should it fail he will return one-half the purchase money. Price $1 per bottle. apr 12 1848

J. P. Lyne,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in North Hanover street, Carlisle, has just received from New York and Philadelphia a large addition to his former stock, to which the attention of buyers is requested, as he is determined to sell cheaper than any other house in town. apr 10

Bar Iron and Steel.

10 TONS Hammered and Rolled Iron, 10 do. Cast Steel, Blister & Spring Steel, 1 Barrel Tin Plate, just received and for sale at the Sharp Hardware Store of WRIGHT & SAXTON.

Fresh Fine Oil.

THE subscriber has just received a fresh supply of Fresh Fine Oil. E. W. HITNER.

Insurance Companies.

The Franklin Fire Insurance Company of philadelphia.

OFFICE, No. 163½ Chestnut street, near Fifth street.

DIRECTORS.

Charles N. Bancker, George W. Richards, Thomas Hart, Mordecai D. Lewis, Robins Wagner, Adolphe E. Borie, Samuel Grant, David S. Brown, Jacob R. Smith, Morris Patterson.

Continue to make insurance perpetual or limited, on every description of property in town and country, at rates as low as are consistent with security. The company have reserved a large contingent fund, which with their capital and premiums, safely invested, afford ample protection to the insured.

The assets of the company on January 1st 1848, as published agreeably to an act of Assembly, were as follows, viz:

Mortgages	$890,558 65
Real Estate	108,358 90
Temporary Loans	124,459 00
Stocks	51,563 25
Cash on hand and in hands of agents,	35,373 28
	$1,220,097 67

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of ONE MILLION, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, losses by fire, thereby affording evidence of the advantages of insurance, as well as the ability and disposition to meet with promptness all liabilities.

CHARLES N. BANCKER, Pres't.
CHAS. G. BANCKER, Sec'y. feb 2

The subscriber is agent for the above company for Carlisle and the vicinity. All applications for insurance either by mail or personally, will be promptly attended to. W. D. SEYMOUR.

Fire Insurance.

THE ALLEN AND E. PENNSBOROUGH Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Cumberland county, incorporated by an act of Assembly, is now fully organized and in operation, under the management of the following commissioners, viz:

Chr. Stayman, Jacob Shelly, Wm. R. Gorgas, Lewis Hyer, Christian Titzel, Robert Sterrett, Henry Logan, Michael Cocklin, Benjamin H. Musser, Levi Merkel, Jacob Kirk, Saml. Prowell, sr. and Melchoir Breneman, who respectfully call the attention of citizens of Cumberland and York counties to the advantages which the company hold out.

The rates of insurance are as low and favorable as any company of the kind in the State. Persons wishing to become members are invited to make application to the agents of the company, who are willing to wait upon them at any time.

JACOB SHELLY, President.
HENRY LOGAN, V. Pres't.

LEWIS HYER, Secretary.
MICHAEL COCKLIN, Treasurer.

AGENTS—Rudolph Martin, New Cumberland; Christian Titzel and John C. Dunlop, Allen; C. R. Harmon, Kingstown; Henry Zearing, Shiremanstown; Simon Oyster, Wormleysburg; Robert Moore, Carlisle.

Agents for York County—Jacob Kirk, general agent; John Sherrick, John Rankin, J. Bowman, Peter Wolford.

Agents for Harrisburg—Houser & Lochman. feb 9

THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY

Mutual Protection Com'y.

THE CUMBERLAND VARLEY MUTUAL PROTECTION COMPANY, will be under the direction of the following board of Managers for the ensuing year, viz:—Thos. C. Miller, President; Samuel Galbraith, Vice President; David W. McCullough, Treasurer; A. G. Miller, Secretary, James Weakley, John T. Green, John Zug, Abraham King, Richard Woods, Samuel Hutes, William Teal, Scott Coyle, Alexander Davidson. There are also a number of Agents appointed in the adjacent counties, who will receive applications for insurance and forward them immediately for approval to the office of the Company, when the policy will be issued without delay. For further information see the by-laws of the Company.

THOS. C. MILLER Prest.

A. G. MILLER, Sec'y.

The following gentlemen have been appointed AGENTS:

L. H. Williams, Esq., Westpennsboro, General Agent.
S. A. Coyle, Carlisle,
Dr. Ira Day, Mechanicsburg.
George Brindle, Esq., Monroe.
Jos. M. Means, Esq., Newburg.
John Clendenin, Esq. Hogestown.
Stephen Culbertson, Shippensburg.

September 29, 1847

Premium Plaster.

DR. W. P. IRLAND now offers to the public his Indian Vegetable Premium Plaster, the qualities of which after long and tried experience have been satisfactorily established. To all women who may be afflicted with the affection of PROLAPSUS URENI, or the Fallen Womb, he now recommends his plaster, guaranteeing a sure and speedy cure in the short space of time of from to three weeks, if applied with care and rest, discarding all the countless instruments and expensive bandages so long in use. This he feels justified in stating, inasmuch as he has not failed in one instance out of three hundred and fifty cases. Price ONE DOLLAR per box. Sold in Carlisle by S. ELLIOT and Dr. J. J. MYERS. feb23—1y

Daguerreotype Likenesses!

J. C. NEFF respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Carlisle and vicinity, that he has taken rooms on the corner of Hanover and Louther streets, in the house now occupied by Humer & Reed as a grocery, and directly opposite William Leonard's store, where he is fully prepared to execute DAGUERREOTYPE LIKENESSES in a style not to be surpassed by any other artist in the country. He therefore would invite all who wish a correct miniature to honor him with a visit, and he flatters himself in every instance to give satisfaction.

☞ Single Pictures, medium size, colored true to life, and warranted not to fade, for $1.50, including a fine Morocco case. mar 29

Extensive Furniture Rooms.

D. F. & A. C. FETTER WOULD respectfully call the attention of House-keepers 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 cannot fail to suit purchasers. They would earnestly invite persons who are about to commence house-keeping 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.

Carlisle, April 21, 1847.

☞ The subscriber desires to inform the public that he has removed his entire stock, embracing a large and elegant display of FURNITURE, to the above establishment, where he will be glad to see his old friends and customers. march 3 JACOB FETTER

Poetry.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," said the poet of Windermere. Flowers, Spring Flowers, are things of beauty, and the joy they give is for ever; for it springs up with them at the opening of every Spring-tide, and flows forth from their dazzling tints, and their thousand scents, to that inner sense of appreciation of the beautiful, which has no organ of conveyance but thought,—delighting, satisfying, joy-giving forever. Poetry wells up naturally, spontaneously, from the calyx of every one,—from the humblest violet by the wayside to the most gorgeous queen-flower in the conservatory. And who that has written aught, has not written of flowers? Yet "much remains unsung." How do our readers like the following?

The Flowers! the lovely flowers,
They are springing forth again!
And opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain.
They cluster round the ancient stems
And twine roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees!

The flowers! the lovely flowers,
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor and small,
Unseen by God; the meanest things,
He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers,
The fairest type are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With Winter's snow above,
The glorious Spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light and warmth bad sunny smile,
And harmony and song!
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot!

Miscellaneous.

From the Knickerbocker.

A CHAPTER ON EATING.

"Hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied."

Mr. Leonidas Boyd had partaken of a plentiful breakfast; he had read the morning papers through; he had stood directly in front of the fire, with his hands clasped tightly under his coat skirts, and was thoroughly warm; he had kicked off his slippers, and drawn on his nicely polished boots; he had muffled up in his sack, neck-cloth, and gloves, put on his hat, and was passing down the door-steps, when a voice from behind arrested his progress; for Mrs. Leonidas Boyd exclaimed—

"Don't forget the salt, my dear!" and a moment after "nor the saleratus nor the starch!"

As men go, Mr. Leonidas Boyd was a good man, a kind husband, and an indulgent father. Not a day passed but his handkerchief was tied into half a dozen knots, to remind him of things he never would remember; not a day in which he did not say "Yes, my child," and "I will my dear," to requests he was sure to forget. The butcher's bill, the flour-man's bill, the house-rent, were all settled, and cheerfully he bought cotton cloth, new dresses, bonnets, and school-books; but there was ever a mystery to his masculine understanding. He could not comprehend what became of the minor groceries that went into his house; and as he paced with hasty steps into the road leading to his place of business, his meditations ran thus:

"'Don't forget the salt, my dear!' No! I won't forget the salt; but I wonder what has become of the last I bought! Starch and saleratus too. I never taste saleratus in any thing; the cook must throw that away; and starch—let me see, that goes into my shirts; but it can't take a pound for a shirt. There's 'soap' too, and 'a few more eggs, my dear.' Last week it was some indigo, and a new mop; a little sand, some soda; to-morrow it will be 'Bristol brick and a pound of ginger.' What women want with so many things I cannot imagine; but my wife shall have what she wants, if she is rational about what she calls house-keeping.'"

Every town has its Mr. Leonidas Boyds; men whose perceptions are obtuse on the subject of small domestic needs; men to whom little wants are no wants at all, and to whose minds what they do not see used is sure to be wasted; men who wonder where the salt goes, men who think women make too much ado about house-keeping; men in short, who are great connoisseurs of the culinary art in general, but have no conception of its multiplicity of details. And who buy butter, sugar, lard, pepper and spice and verily think that they are doing their wives a great favor. Eating is on the whole a serious business. When we take into consideration the sustaining of vital energies and the consequent actions, the office of cook becomes one of solemn interest; and the incessant demands made by that orifice with which the "human face divine" is garnished, seem but reasonable. The republican sometimes wonders if royality condescends to roast potatoes and bread and butter, and thinks that Victoria should, like the fairies, be fed on broiled rose-leaves; or, if mortal, on pound-cake and custard; at the farthest, should Her majesty chose a bit of flesh, let it be a 'squab-angel' or some cherub oysters; Prince Albert might have four and twenty black birds baked in a pie," and have high precedent therefor; and Montezuma, we read, relished his stew of carcases of tender little children; a dish difficult to be furnished often in a private family. But common people with common appetites will submit to coarse fare; and ever since our great grand-mother Eve got into the foolish habit of waiting upon Adam and handing him apples, it has fallen to woman's lot to be a cooking animal. Ages ago it was established as a fact that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. The Irishman, sitting by his peat-fire, begrimmed with smoke, thinks

"The very best comfort under the sun
Is to sit by the fire, till the taters is done."

A Dutchman smiles when he sees suits and scralls and lastes sourkraut. The southern negro will dance after eating his poke-greens and bacon. The city loafer is only happy when

"Some faithful she
Is frying sausages for he."

The city merchant cries

"A fine leg of mutton, by dearie,
Let them have ready at three,
Have it smoking and juicy
And what better dish can there be?"

The city 'merchant lord' must have his many courses; the fisherman his "lobscouse," and the back-woods-man his "chicken-fixins" and "shanty cake;" the careful house-wife taught by experience, soon discerns what pleases, what offends; and with this experience before her eyes, what wonder that her heart was often in a greater tumult than the pots boiling tempestuously over the fire, and that her spirits wall rise and fall with the bread in the oven? A kitchen, what is it? In the words of another, "It is not a warehouse, nor a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an in-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling house. No, 'tis absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen; or as the law more classically expresses it, 'a kitchen is camera necessaria pro pots, cookar cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, coal-holo, stovis, smoke-jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum pudding mixandum, pro turtle soupus, calve-head-nashibus, cum calipee et calibashibus.' And to be captain of this establishment, keep each boiler from bursting, and make three regular trips daily, and round from thence to the family table, requires some skill, fortitude and patience, yes! and 'sugar and spice, that's very nice.'"

A man's theory of cooking consists in "stirring up something" and baking it until it is done; carried into practice it would be worse than the French olla podrida, where a dish of anything you have got, is put into a pot half full of water, boiled an hour, seasoned with salt and pepper, and served up hot," or on a festival-day it might amount to the Spanish recipe of the same dish: "take a little of *every thing* you have got, boil it hard for an hour, season it to your taste, and garnish it with parsley." There is little romance about a kitchen fire-place. The beautiful theory of living upon the fruits of the earth is charming to the young maiden on the eve of matrimony and house-keeping. She will regale herself and her husband on apples, peaches and pears for breakfast. She will never become a drudge in her own house—not she! No doubt but a turnip field and a good well of water would sustain life; but we opine that our lord of creation would find his way to a cook-shop and our lady fair seek consolation where the Duchess of Orleans said she could always find it in her time of affliction; in eating ham and sausages. Yet, after all, there is a satisfaction in having "got up one's victuals" nicely, apart from the mere eating of them. A trifle, a stick of green wood, a falling of a little soot from the chimney, a grain of salt or pepper too much or too little, and alas for the dinner. Or if the house-keeper has done all by means of her independent proxy, viz, help, then the trifle of a soft or hard word, and the whole family circle must be happy or unhappy. Happy it is, and she rejoices over dinner, and feels thankful when it is over. Had Madam Nature, (a pretty good world-keeper we think!) hung dinners on apple trees and made vines bear good cooked breakfasts, caused the earth to send up bubbling streams of good hot soup, and made turkeys to run about roasted, and chickens to issue dressed from the white houses of their infancy, we doubt whether man or woman-kind would have been as well satisfied. Did not Pat Tigg enjoy himself hugely when he thought

"To-morrow I'll kill my fat pig,
For I'm sure he'll make illegant mutton;"
So then he goes into the hovel,
And hangs the pig up by the heel,
Cut his throat so nate with the shovel,
And cries "This is the way to dress veal!"

And did not the cobbler's wife bustle about and feel consequentially happy when her lame-legged spouse hung out his little shingle?

"Hear Kake and Pieg and Bier I sell,
And Oysters stew'd and in the shell,
And fried nis tew for them that chews,
And with despatch mends Butes and Shews!"

Then hear how like a connoisseur the black man tells us the best way to cook the pearly grains of rice: "Wash him well, much wash in cold water; rice flour make him stick wash all quite away. Water boil very fast; throw rice in, boil quarter hour, rub one rice between thumb and finger; if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in cullender, hot water go away; pour water on him; put him back in sarce pan; keep him covered by fire, then he all ready. Eat him up—he very good?" Yes, Mr. Pompey, Cato, or Plenty, whatever your name be, "the very good," and you love to cook him.

Who wants buckwheat cakes on a hot summer morning! chicken pie when they are ill; or gruel when they are well? The man who desires green peas in December, and relishes cucumbers in January, is one who would turn the world upside down, and ought himself to be put under a forcing glass until better tastes and aims are developed. We like a dinner in style, with a bit of biscuit and a napkin, its silver fork and finger-glass, its soup, its fish, its salad, its fruits, its wines; but deliver us from it on Thanksgiving day.

HARD OF HEARING.—'I have a small bill against you,' said a pertinacious looking collector as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

'Yes, sir, a very fine day, indeed,' was the reply.

'I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill,' replied Peter in a louder key.

'It would be better if we had a little rain.'

'Darn the rain,' continued the collector and raising his voice he bawled, 'have you any money on your bill?'

'Beg your pardon, sir, I'm a little hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan my cash to strangers—and I really don't recognize you.'

'I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and have a bill against you,' persisted the collector, at the top of his voice, producing the bill and throwing it into the face of the debtor.

'I've determined to endorse for no one, you put your note back in your pocket book—I really connot endorse it.'

'Confound your endorsement—will you pay it?'

'You'll pay it, no doubt, sir—but there is always some risk about these matters, you know—but I must decline it, sir.'

☞ A prudent and well disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have a little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty cents, and she was worth sixty-two cents; and never since that time has there been a cent difference between us, she has always been the richer of the two."

Fifty-five duels occurred in New York during the month of April.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

SPEECHES OF MR. RUSH AND M. LAMARTINE, UPON THE FORMAL RECOGNITION OF FRANCE BY THE U. STATES.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing under date of April 27th, says; Mr. Rush appeared at the Hotel de Ville yesterday to deliver to the Provisional Government the definite recognizance of the French Republic by the American Government, and present his new credentials as Extraordinary Ambassador.

He was received with the higest demonstration of honor and respect. The Guards all presented arms and the grand march was played by the band. A deputation met the Minister and accompanied him to the Hall of the Throne, where he found all the Members of the Provisional Government assembled. He then addressed them as follows: (I send you the address entire for the *Tribune.*)

"MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: I have the honor to deliver you the letter of the President of the United States, in which I am appointed Extraordinary Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary of our Republic, to the Republic of France. While I place these credentials in your hands, I am commissioned at the same time, to express the sincere sympathy of the President in the welfare and success of France, and to communicate his earnest wish to carry on with zeal and sincerity the the most friendly relations between the two Republics, whose dearest interests mutually bind them together. I am also empowered to declare to you that the President has expressed his entire approval of my act, in acknowledging the French Republic, at the moment when its existence was first proclaimed to the world, in February, through the Provisional Government. This took place on the third day after its birth; it is now already in the third month of its existence.—During this period, while the whole of Europe has been violently agitated, and France exposed to the severest trials and hindrances, the Provisional Government has succeeded in preserving the highest benefits of quiet on her own soil, and peace with foreign nations. History will record in its true glory, this enormous work.

"I am doubly fortunate, in being able to make use of this opportunity to offer you a gain my expressions of sympathy and congratulation, since I do it with the concurrence of my Government and my country. May I also be permitted to add my most ardent desire that, when the Republic shall pass from your hands into those of the National Assembly, that great body may crown its labors by giving institutions to France which shall secure to her the greatest prosperity and the noblest renown."

M. Lamartine answered as follows, in the name of his associates:

"CITIZEN AMBASSADOR: The Provisional Government has appointed me its representative to receive from your hands the first act of the official acknowledgement of the French Republic. France was the first to recognise the independence of the Republic of the United States of America, when she was still young, weak and surrounded with hostile influences, but under the inspiriting influence of the democratic principle, she has grown in half a century to the proportions of a mighty continent. As if by the ministry of Providence, the American Republic, was reserved to be the first, which has acknowledged the Republic of France, and is thus the first witness of the certificate of birth of the French Democracy of Europe. Her signature, Citizen Minister, will bring luck to the Republic. Notwithstanding that in a crisis like the present, the overthrow of a Government and the creation of totally different institutions, great tumults and embarrassments are unavoidable, every thing gives us the assurance—and you may repeat it to your fellow-citizens—that your wishes for the prosperity of France shall be fulfilled, and the Republic shall pass great and powerful from their weak hands, to grow more great and more powerful, in the hands of the whole French nation. We cherish this confidence from the fact, that the French people are now ripe for their institutions.—That which existed fifty-five years ago, only in the heads of great spirits, has now become a part of the thoughts and the actions of the entire people. The Republic, which our people desire at the present day, is the same which they have already established among themselves—a Progressive Republic, with the maintenance of Right, of Property, of Industry, of Trade, of rectitude, of freedom and of the moral and religious sentiments of its citizens. This is a Republic, whose first call was that of generosity and brotherhood, which at once broke in twain the weapon of revenge and of political reaction, and instead of the fatal countersign of robbery and proscription, wrote upon its banners the abolition of the Death Penalty and the fraternization of the people. These principles will, as we trust, be accepted by the National Assembly strengthened by the might of all armed citizens, and concentrated into a powerful Representative Unity of the Government. Thus will the French Republic become the proud and worthy sister of America.

"It can then be said of France and America as once was said of them by a man whose memory is dear to both lands (Lafayette)—they are the Republics of two worlds. As regards the sentiments which the French people thankfully and ardently cherish for the people and Government of the United States, I can give them assurance, Citizen Minister, in few words: *Every Frenchman has for the Americans the heart of Lafayette!*"

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The only notice of Louis Philippe, which we find in the English papers is the following, from the London Times:

"We believe that the reports of the Comte de Neuilly's (Louis Philippe's) investments here are entirely fictitious. He lives at Claremonte in a state of almost penury, denying himself even those small luxuries which had become almost necessaries from use to a man of his time of life, even with the most rigid economy, however, it is said, that his income is still insufficient for his maintenance, and, that in a year or two, if he survives so long, he will be completely destitute. It can however, scarcely be the intention of the French Government to sequestrate the private property not only of the ex-king, but of his whole family. The dowers of his son's wives are said to be almost entirely invested either in French funds or in land in France; and whatever claim the nation may have upon the royal estates, it can by no process that we are aware of, be extended to property thus acquired."

LAMARTINE.—Of this distinguished leader of the new government, a letter from Paris, says—

"The best men in Paris love Lamartine and wish to make him President. He is a great man, and the safety of the French nation; and is, I think taking Washington for his model. He recommends Washington's principles to the people, and is like him in firmness and calmness. Before the chamber closed, he stood unmoved while muskets were aimed at him, and though every thing has been done by the ambitious of the members to crush him, as well as the communists, his honesty has out-stripped them all."

A SERIOUS KISS.

A CAUTION TO FRANK YOUNG LADIES, WITH MODEST LOVERS—*The Good-Natured Kiss.*—An Austrian nobleman, one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men in Vienna, was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lovely and amiable, and treated them with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for the Count, and that preparations were making for their nuptials.—The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility; he loved her for herself alone—for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form. Like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins, that warned him not to invade the sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings, when one night at the house of his intended father-in-law, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival. Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went with the greatest merriment, till the Count was commanded by some wily young lady to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed—trembled—advanced to his mistress—retreated—advanced again—and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre of his frame, with a modest grace he put to his lips the soft ringlets that played upon her cheek, and in evident confusion retired to deposit his redeemed pledge. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, who was of a merry unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits, "as he last treat before he hanged himself," to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows. A lively contest ensued between the lady and the gentleman,—it lasted for a minute, when the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh, and the Count had the mortification, the agony, to see the lips which his delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised.—Without a word, he rose from his chair—left the room, and the house,—and by that GOOD NATURED KISS the fairest boast of Viena lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more.

GREATNESS.—Moral greatness consists not in the office a man fills, or the elevation he has reached by the zeal of his friends. The humblest individual in our neighborhood, may in reality be the greatest man in town. He is unknown by the crowd; but in correct principles, moral habits, unbending integrity, he shows grandeur of character, which no man in power can boast. His talents and exertions are forming and fixing the habits of multitudes who are not sensible of the influence he has upon them. He works silently, judiciously, and constantly. This is moral greatness. Where you find a man leading you along imperceptibly, as by silken cords and silent resistless appeals, you may be sure he possesses in a pre-eminent degree the elements of real greatness. Such an individual's worth to God and humanity a thousand times as much as the man who is elevated in the glare of selfishness and popular applause—who has been fitted up by the hands of others—but who never raised himself an inch by his courage, his steadfastness, his moral power or virtue.

ROUGH GAMBLING.—In some parts of the Mississippi Valley, stealing is designated as "rough gambling." In Northern Alabama the business is followed with great dexterity and success, especially in the matter of stealing trunks from stage coaches. But we doubt whether the most expert man in that region can equal the exploits of a "rough gambler" in Canada. The Canadian tells his own story in a letter to the Spring Chronicle. He says there was a great deal of this kind of business going on in Canada, but nobody could compete with him, and he would have made a fortune had he remained there another year. He says that while other people were only able to steal the saw-logs, he he was smart enough to steal the logs ready sawed!—He concludes his story by relating that things at length come to such a pass that at all of the saw-mills a watch was set to prevent stealing logs; but he had got so wide awake in the business, that he could back a yoke of oxen up to a log with a man sitting on it, and twitch it out clear, leaving the man sitting on the bark!

A HARD CASE.—The Boston Saturday Rambler tells the following good one:—A poor, but jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago, had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who went "off the handle" in England, rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, as he sat *tick-ket-le-clacket* at his loom, he *stopped*, stock still, and exclaimed—

"Well, now I suppose I must spend the money, *straight!*"

The fortune, some twenty odd thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent.—For, two brief years did the job, and he returned to his loom as poor as a church mouse, but merry as a cricket, and worked away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the "good time" he had had, while his fortune lasted. His friends called him *green*, but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder. In a twelve-month's time he popped another rich relative, and the news post haste, came to the jolly weaver, that he was the possessor of a handsome fortune.—Stopping his loom and looking despondingly at the letter, he said—

"Good gracious! is it possible that I must *go through all that again?*"

CURIOUS DEVELOPEMENT.

THE CHESTER COUNTY BANK ROBBERY.—The West Chester Register, of last week, says, our readers will all recollect a statement that has been going the rounds of the newspapers, on the authority of a letter to the Postmaster at Chester, that a man had been arrested in Texas, charged with having been concerned in the robbery of the President of the Chester County Bank, and that in all probability some $40,000 of the stolen money would be recovered.—As the bank here had received no reliable intelligence of such an arrest, we looked upon the letter as a *ruse* of the rogues to divert attention from their operations nearer home. It appears, however, that an arrest was made, under the following circumstances: The Bank at Galveston had been called on, through the writer, to exchange some notes of the Bank of Chester County, for a man who professed to be trading in mules, along the banks of the Rio Grande. The circumstance of his having a large amount of notes of a distant bank in his possession, excited inquiries and suspicion, which he endeavored to allay, by representing himself as a man named Harrison, a son of one of the Directors of the Chester County Bank, and that he was purchasing mules for the New Orleans market. Soon afterwards, news of the robbery of the Bank reached Galveston, and suspicion immediately fastened upon Harrison as being connected with the robbery, and using this means to turn his ill gotten gain to account, with lower chances of detection than would exist nearer the scene of the robbery. Harrison had, by this time, gone up the banks of the Rio Grande, to a place where he had a drove of mules feeding, and was likely to be absent for some time.

An enterprising citizen of Galveston, a director in the Bank there, started in pursuit, and the next day after his arrival at Matamoras, succeeded in arresting the supposed robber, with $1155 of Chester County Bank notes in his possession. His participation in the robbery seemed clear, and he was confined in the military prison at Matamoras. He, however, protested his innocence, and declared that he had come into the valley of the Rio Grande in November last, a month before the robbery. After a careful examination, his story thus far was found to be correct, and it was also satisfactorily shown that the notes were not of those stolen. It came out, however, in the searching investigation that followed his arrest, that his real name was not Harrison, but *John W. Hitchcock*, and that he had done something wrong at the North, which induced him to leave. He stated that he had received the money from George W. Lefever, of Chatham, Chester county, about the 28th of August last.

Upon inquiry here, this story proves correct, and the party arrested is no doubt the identical drover, about whom so much noise was made in the Philadelphia papers last fall, and whose sudden and mysterious disappearance induced many persons to believe he was murdered.

If we remember right, one or two young men who were last seen with him, on the night before his disappearance from Philadelphia, were arrested and strongly suspected of murder, public opinion setting strongly against them. The cause of his mysterious disappearance is now explained; in the fact that he received the produce of his droves in cash, and suddenly *vamosed*, leaving a number of creditors to make interesting inquiries into his supposed murder, and to wonder what wicked individual was rioting on the proceeds of the droves that were thus mysteriously diverted from their legitimate purpose, the liquidation of the drover's debts. They little dreamed that while they were searching outhouses and and by-places for his mangled corpse, he was quietly wending his way to the sunny banks of Rio Grande, with the hope and expectation of making a fortune from the funds thus dishonestly withheld from his creditors.

We need only further remark, that the notes taken from Hitchcock have been redeemed at the bank, and the amount will of course be returned to him, if not previously attached at Galveston, by his creditors.

Thus vanishes into thin air the story about the arrest of the bank robber and recovery of the stolen money, no part of which has yet been recovered. We may add that the circulation of the old issue of the bank is now reduced to so low a point, that no prudent and careful man should receive any of it, and we feel well satisfied that as it is refused now by the banks, brokers, and mercantile community generally, and its circulation as a currency stopped, that the robbers will not be able to make much by their undertaking.

AWFUL AND BLOODY TRAGEDY—*A Whole Family Butchered!*—An Extra from the Bath (Maine) Times, of the 13th inst. says:—We have just learned a few of the particulars of a most unnatural and shocking affair, which occurred on Thursday night last, in the town of Edgecomb, about five miles from Wiscasset Village. A man named Pinkham—we have not learned his Christian name—about 45 years of age, by occupation a ship-carpenter, with a sharp axe, completely *decapitated his wife, and four children*, the oldest child about twelve years of age, leaving the heads hanging to the bodies only by a small portion of the neck, and then cut his own throat most effectually with a razor. The house standing some distance from other dwellings, the awful deed was not discovered until some time on Friday, when the mother of the man, having occasion to visit the house, found the inmates in the horrible situation described; not a sound being left to tell the tale of blood. But the mangled victims of a father's madness, the fatal axe, the marks of blood upon the floor, the father's throat and the open razor, disclosed an awful tale; while a paper, found on the premises, in the joint hand-writing of the parents, revealed a condition of mind which shows how fearfully appalling are the fruits of religious error.

It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Pinkham had been victims of the Miller delusion; but the full force of its crushing influence upon their spirits seems not to have been suspected by others. The paper to which we have referred, an exact copy of which was seen by our informant, contained a statement in the hand-writing of Mrs. P. followed by another by her husband, setting forth that they had become tired of life—that there was nothing in prospect for them worth living for, and that they had mutually agreed upon the destruction of themselves and their children; requesting that their bodies might be decently interred in some lonely place.

The wife, when found, was in bed, partially undressed, the eyes open as though awake at the moment of decapitation. The children were also in bed, probably sleeping, unconscious of any danger.