Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLIX. CARLISLE, JUNE 7, 1848. NUM. XL

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 Fonlke,

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 S. Hanover street, directly opposite Morrets' Hotel and the 2d Presbyterican church. ap 7 '47

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 sett. ☞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. august26

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. feb23

Dyeing and Scouring.

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

Plainfield Classical Academy,

(FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.)

FOURTH SESSION.

THE Fourth Session will commence on MONDAY, May 1st, 1848. The number of students is limited, and they are carefully prepared for College, counting house. &c., &c.

The situation precludes the possibility of students associating with the vicious or depraved, being remote from town or village, though easily accessible by State Road or Cumberland Valley Railroad, both of which pass through lands attached to the institution.

TERMS.

Boarding, washing, tuition, &c, (per ses.)	$50 00
Latin or Greek	5 00
Instrumental Music	10 00
French or German	5 00

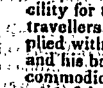
Circulars with references, &c. furnished by apr 5 R. K. BURNS, Principal.

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. FLEMING.

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 Welbly's Hotel, to the public house recently occupied by John Cornman, 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 delicucies of the markets, and his bar with the best of liquors. There is commodious Stabling 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. march29—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 Moustache, he does defy the county.

He is also sole inventor and manufacturer of the celebrated and never-failing remedy for baldness, JOHNSON'S APPILATORY, 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. 12 1848

J. P. Lyne,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in N. 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 lower than any other house in town. apr19

Insurance Companies.

The Franklin Fire Insurance Company of philadelphia.

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

DIRECTORS.

Charles N. Bancker	George W. Richards
Thomas Hart	Mordecai D. Lewis
Tobias 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 agen.s,	35,373 28
	$1,220,097 67

Since their incorporation, a period of eighteen years, they have paid upwards of ONE MILLION, TWO HUNERED 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'. feb 2

The subscriber is agent for the above company for Carlisle and its 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. Dunlap, Allen; C. B. 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 Managres 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 Huston, William Peal, 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 PROLAPSIS UTERI, 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 Funiture 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 8 JACOB FETTER.

Poetry.

[Original]

The Sailor-Boy's Funeral.

The sun's last ray has ting'd the clouds
With hues of crimson, and of burnished gold,
And the azure sky seems of a purer blue,
As it bursts between each richly tinted fold.
The waves—the rippling, curling waves!
They too have caught bright fairy dyes;
And, with their mystic music, seem as if
They fain would cheer our hearts—our weary eyes.
Cease, cease your play—ye waves! ye soon shall bear
Down to the hidden deep, the young—the fair.

Gaily our ship skips o'er the dimpled waves,
Unconscious of the bitter tears we shed—
Unconscious that her starry pennon floats
Above the brow—the pale brow of the dead:
Alas, proud ship! the sailor-boy who loved
To climb thy shrouds when waves ran high,—
To hoist thy sails, to mark thy foamy track—
Now lies with pulseless heart, and rayless eye.
But hark! they call us to our loved, our dead.
How can we lower him to his watery bed!

The muffled bell of the ship has toll'd,
The wreck of beauty is before us now;
See how the winds lift up the rich dark curls,
As if they'd woo them from the marble brow.
The snowy lids with their fringe of silken black,
Hides from our gaze the once bright laughing eyes;
And the pale hands that grasped the helm so oft,
Are folded on the breast,—a burden lies.
Tears, bitter tears are our only offering now;
Receive them sailor-boy, upon thy brow.

Gently we lower our mate to you, ye waves,
Bear, bear him softly to the coral cells—
And tell the genii of the deep to strew
Around our boy, bright music-haunted shells,
Bid them cull the pale sea-weed's flowers,
And wreathe them round the brow of the fair dead;
And from the rocks of the dark blue sea,
Tell them to gather moss for the Sailor's bed.
Down with our dead! hide, hide him in the deep,—
We are resigned—we know our mate doth sleep.

June 2, 1848. M. C. W.

Miscellaneous.

ORIGIN OF THE

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

It had been a remarkable fine day, but a sudden tempest, such as only exists in wild mountainous districts, had arisen, and I was reluctantly compelled to give up my geological researches, and fly into a cabin which stood some hundred paces off, in order to escape the fury of the storm, or, as a sailor would express it, the squall, for its duriation was not above half an hour, ceasing as suddenly as it had unexpectedly begun.

The cottage which I now entered stood in one of the most romantic crags of the Megillacuddy rocks, overlooking the magnificent lakes of Killarney, on which the sun but a few moments before had been shining brightly, presented one of the most beautiful landscapes in Europe, and contrasting strangely with the rocks around me, and the partial tempest which was bowing down the arbutus shrubs on every side.

As I entered and solicited shelter, I recognised, in the corner of the cabin, one of the boatmen who had often rowed me over to Lord Headley's picturesque Island. It was this man who had, in the natural poetic strain inherent in the breast of every Irish peasant, told me of the cities and villages, the nymphs and gallant knights, whom he had pretended to have seen in clear weather beneath the deep waters. It was this man who had often amused me by the strange local legends of Killarney; I therefore felt no surprise, when after receiving me with the tone and sincere hospitality of a kind Kerryman, he alluded to the raging storm in his usual metaphorical style.

'God presarve your honour, and kape ye from all harm. Sure the O'Donoghue, rest his sowl in glory! is riding fiercely to day.—Would that his horse's hoofs were bare!'

'I don't understand you.'

'Ah, thin wasn't it myself, your honour, who tould you about the O'Donoghue, being the guardian and keeper of these lakes?'

'You did, my friend, but you informed me he lived under the water.'

'Arrah, thin its himself that does. But sure when he rises, he causes the bright lake to swell and toss, and the sea nymphs catch the weeny craft in their silvery arms, they're all lost and gone. It's many a one I've seen them grasp and carry down to the bright city, where the cristal palaces are inhabited by the loveliest daughters of ould Erin.'

'Ah! thin it's just O'Donoghue, great glory to him! that's passing just now, ye see; for though it's not the oour, nor the time he should be on the watch, it's himself that often comes, bar us from all evil! and stirs up the mountains as he looks on the lake, over which he is forced to keep guard.

I smiled incredulously, for this was a duty which I had never before heard ascribed to O'Donoghue. The man read my thoughts at once.

'Ah! thin I'm not a great scholar myself, nor fit to convarse with the likes of your honour; but if you wish to hear the legend it's myself will step out for Father Ryan, who lives hard by, and it's his riv'rance will tell your honour all about it.'

I thanked the poor fellow, and begged of him to call the priest. He did; I beheld a more interesting personage. From his dress, it was somewhat difficult to divine his profession; but his high forehead, his benevolent smile, and his grey locks, at once bespoke the possessor of a master mind, one that only lacked high cultivation to have raised him to the first class of literature. As it was, I found him urbane and intelligent, and very anxious to afford information, a sincere believer in many traditions he had collected and stored up in his mind. The following curious sketch of the origin of the lakes of Killarney, he told me in far better words than those in which I repeat them.

'In the beginning of the world, the beautiful valley before you was the loveliest vale on earth. Where the lake now glitters, a small stream ran, and the spots that now seem as islands, were beautiful hills, which arose here and there. In so lovely a retreat, it was no wonder that many wise and good men, and many fair and beautiful women assembled to dwell in peace, and enjoy rural contentment amid natures richest graces. God prospered their sojourn, and they built cities and villages, the same which may be occasionally seen, even to this day, under the clear waters of the lake, where they dwell in happiness and innocense, adoring in silent gratitude, the great Giver of all blessings.

'One only condition was attached to the tenure by which they held their habitation. There was a well, a deep, clear well, which Providence designed, like the tree in Paradise, as a test of their obedience. For, from the begining of the world, it was ordained that this said well should be guarded for one hour after sunrise, by a maiden the most chaste & beautiful that could be found in the province. And troth it was an easy matter to select her in a country, where all the woman are virtuous and lovely even to this very hour—an old man's blessing on them! The only way of chosing, then, was by lot. So on a certain day in every year, all the young girls of the valley met together, and allowed chance (or some said Providence) to decide. Each colyeen had her name inscribed on a leaf of asbutus, and they were drawn out as in a lottery. It was a great honour to her on whom the lot fell, although the duty was not altogether pleasant, you see; for she had to watch the well from sunrise for a full hour, and during that time, she was not to speak a single word, or indulge in an ungenerous, an unholy, or an envious thought, under pain of ruin to her home and friends. For a pretty maiden to keep silence calmly, you see, was no easy task; yet so great was the honour considered, that all strove to gain the chance.

'Well, sir, year after year passed gently away, and the people of the valley grew happier and happier. The wardership was well and strictly performed, and Donoghue remained cooped up, as it was afterwards discovered, a prisoner at the bottom of the well.

'About four hundred years before this island was peopled by the Phœnicians, the lot, as watcher, fell on Noreen O'Donnel, one of the ould legitimate line of the O'Donnel's. Noreen was the loveliest girl in the valley.—Her innocence was equal to her beauty, and her discretion and prudence had never been doubted. She had never wandered beyond the mountains which encircled her home.—She knew but one care, that was the absence of Phelim Mac Grath, to whom she was betrothed, and who had been absent for several months.

'She had kept the vigil regularly. No ungenerous thought had ever crossed her mind; no word had ever escaped her lips, while she had performed the mysterious duty assigned her. There she sat every morning like a marble statue, only more beautiful.—keeping guard over the mysterious well, often wondering what was at the bottom of it, but nothing more.

'Her task had come nearly to a conclusion. She was holding her last watch over the clear water; she was thinking of holy things, and forming projects of virtue and benificence, when, suddenly, she heard footsteps behind her. She turned around, when joy to her heart! who should she behold but Phelim, who had unexpectedly returned, and finding her absent, had followed her on the wings of love, his heart beating with true affection the which might be seen in his handsome countenance.

'Noreen avoureen, bloodstring of my heart. May the good powers protect ye!' cried he, from the bottom of his soul, as he pressed her to his breast.

'She smiled, and her eyes told him his feelings were returned; but she was silent.

'Ah, thin, Noreen agrath darlint of my innermost soul! haven't you a word for the boy that loves you so dearly?'

She made a sigh that she was unable to speak.

'Is it—is it—can it be, that the light of my hopes has lost her speech? and he looked as if an arrow had pierced his bosom.

'She made a motion expressing the contrary.

'Ah, thin, God help me! you have ceased to love me. It's during my absence that I lost all I've prized. Is it for this I've risked my life daily, and nightly dreamt of ye.—Sorrow to my sowl! but I'll not outlive it.'

'She vainly endeavoured to make him understand.

'No, no, Noreen, it is not by signs that you'd welcome me, if you loved me as you were wont to do. I see it all; your heart is changed. I'll not reproach you. I'll wish you no harm; for, oh, though you're cold towards Phelim now, it's he that will love you for ever and ever, and longer far than that. But I'll not stay to see your preference for another Good bye! and God bless you!' and he held out his hands, as if about to bid her farewell.

'She made earnest gestures to bid him stay.

'It's more than I can do. Sure it's worse than folly to stay and break my heart; though it's that I do with pleasure to sarve ye, agrath! Nay don't be looking thus bewitched when every word is murthering me. Let me be gone. Don't be trying to hould me. One word would make me stay. Only tell me you love me, and it's death himself that should'nt part us. Not one word? Arrah, thin, Noreen, Noreen, good bye forever!' and he tore himself from her.

'The struggle was too hard, the test was too severe. The ardent feelings of a woman's affection triumphed over every other consideration. She could endure no more.

'I love you, Phelim; stay! by the heavens above us, I love you dearly!' burst from the agitated girl, as she bounded towards him.

'The waters suddenly rose from the well, they were irresistably drawn towards it, as the gushing stream flowed rapidly into the valley. Once more he clasped her to his heart. They reached the brink of the well. Once more they embraced; and in that fond attitude were snatched into it's mysterious depths. The poor girl, Noreen, was never again seen, though her sighs may sometimes be heard as the fierce tempest approaches; and her spirit is said to befriend the storm-tossed mariner, who now sails on the lake, which you see yonder, formed by the overflowing waters of the Holy Well, and beneath which the cities and villages exist just as they did at the hour when the poor girl's love overcame her prudence, and destroyed herself and her best friends.

'As a punishment for thus deluging the happy valley, O'Donoghue is condemned to ride daily round the lake on a snow-white charger, shod with silver shoes. When these shoes are worn out, the mass of waters will again return to their parent well, and the long buried cities will arise, and be peopled by a virtuous and lovely race. Such is the origin of our lakes.'

'But, surely, you do not believe in this strange and fantastic legend about O'Donoghue?'

'Indeed, sir, I do. I have myself seen him, and, praise be to his goodness! the last time he passed me, his horse's shoes were mighty thin!'

☞A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never mary a poor man, but recollect that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

There's no use marm—I've tried them eggs one hour and they wont bile soft.

INVOCATION TO MOTHER EARTH.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Oh Earth! thy face hath not the grace
That smiling Heaven did bless,
When thou wert "good," and blushing stood
In thy young loveliness;
And Mother, dear, the smile and tear,
In thee are strangely met;
Thy joy and woe together flow—
But ah, we love thee yet.

Thou still art fair, when morn's fresh air
Thrills with the lark's sweet song;
When Nature seems to wake from dreams,
And laugh and dance along;
Thou'rt fair at day, when clouds all gray
Fade into glorious blue;
When sunny hours fly o'er the flowers,
And kiss away the dew.

Thou'rt fair at eve, when skies receive
The last smiles of the sun;
When through the shades that twilight spreads,
The stars peep, one by one.
Thou'rt fair at night, when full starlight
Streams down upon the sod;
When moonlight pale, o'er hill and dale
Rests like the smile of God.

And thou art grand where lakes expand,
And mighty rivers roll;
Where Ocean proud, with threatenings loud,
Mocketh at man's control;
And grand thou art, when lightnings dart,
And gleam athwart the sky;
When thunders peal and forests reel,
And storms go sweeping by.

We bless thee now, for gifts that thou
Hast freely on us shed;
For dew and showers, and beauteous flowers,
And blue skies overhead;
For morn's perfume, and mid-day's bloom,
And evening's hours of mirth;
For glorious night, for all things bright,
We bless thee, Mother Earth.

But when long years of care and tears
Have come and passed away,
The time may be, when sadly we
Shall turn to thee and say—
"We are worn with life, its toils and strife,
We long, we pine, for rest;
We come, we come, all wearied home—
Room, Mother, in thy breast!"

THRILLING INCIDENT.

I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was very much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle, until I gained a position where I could have a view of nearly all present.—Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take a lively interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart—doubting not the fair damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself; that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion to truth. I only prayed that I might meet with her where we might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart beat with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit—for we were surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between each other!—Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and thought she evinced some emotion at recognizing me as a stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she actually slacked her's as if to let me come up with her.

'Noble young creature!' thought I; 'her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom!'

I reached within a stone's throw of her.—She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting.—I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

'Are you a peddler?'

'No, my dear, that is not my occupation.'

'Well, I don't know,' continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly: 'I thought, when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the peddler who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me three weeks ago, and so I was determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!'

Reader, did you ever take a shower-bath?

PAYING FOR SEEING A GREAT MAN.—Celebrated men are often much annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at Goethe's house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom consented to be seen, and after the student had waited a short time in the ante-chamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrased by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax-candle in his hand, and walked round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides, then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.

"We praise men for fighting," says a caustic writer; "and punish children for doing the same thing."

Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.

THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH.

Tallulah Falls, Geo., Apr. 29, 1848.

THE subject of my present sketch is ADAM VANDEVER, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving in this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of the Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. VANDVER is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular-built weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the Summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars: When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire-lighting" and "still-hunting." His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his life-time at four thousand.—When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of *"The Devil and Tom Walker."* When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first part of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: "I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he come to this country years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family-likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued; and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect phrenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a summerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced, happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county.—It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood upon the very brow of a steep hill-side.—While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottlish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crash of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself *on the very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vadever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the best game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain-side, and and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattle-snake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation.—The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattle-snake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

REFUSING TO DRINK WINE WITH WASHINGTON.—Towards the close of the Revolutionary war, says Dr. Cox, an officer of the army had occasion to transact some business with General Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the General, which he accepted, and upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. As they were mostly strangers to him and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took a seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was concluded, the General called him by name and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse me General," was the reply, "as I have made it a rule not to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and horror ran around the room. That a person should be so unsocial and so mean as to never drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like that, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable! Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and promptly addressed them:—'Gentlemen,' said he, "Mr. —— is right.—I do not wish any of my guests to partake of any thing against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established *principle* in their social intercourse with me. I honor Mr. —— for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reasons."

CURIOUS LOVE STORY.—A very curious story is told by several ancient writers respecting Egirvard, a Secretary to Charlemagne, and a daughter of that Emperor. The Secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen.—If he left, his footmarks would be observed, and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened however, that from the window of his bed-room the emperor saw the whole affair. In the assembly of the lords, on the following day, when Egirvard and his daughter were present, he asked what ought to be done to a man who compelled a king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders, through frost and snow, in the middle of a winter's night? They answered that he was worthy of death. The lovers were alarmed, but the emperor, addressing Engirvard, said, "Hadst thou loved my daughter, thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair porter in marriage, fear God, and love one another."

☞A writer from California thus describes a young lady of that country:—

"She rides wild horses, throws the lasso adroitly and never misses her aim with a rifle; she carries a hunting-knife in her garter, and understands the anatomy of either stag or buffalo. Knows nothing about corsets, furbelows or flounces, never wears bonnets and speaks no English.