

# THE CARLISLE HERALD

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1851.

VOLUME LII, No. 2

### Cards.

**DR. H. H. HENRY,**  
Physician and Surgeon, Office—  
Main street, near the Post Office. Dr. H. H. Henry will give his particular attention to Surgical Diseases, and diseases of women and children. He will also give his attention every Saturday morning, in his office, gratis, from 11 to 12 o'clock, to surgical cases among the poor. January 29, 1851.

**DR. J. C. LOOMIS,**  
Operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c., or will remove 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.

**DR. F. MILLER,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, having succeeded Dr. Rippe, formerly practicing physician of this place, solicits the patronage of his friends of his pre-decessor, and shall be happy to wait upon all who may favor him with a call. nov19, 1m F. MILLER, M.D.

**HOMOEOPATHIC Practice of Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.**

**DR. A. M. & J. TAYMAN,** respectfully announce to the citizens of Carlisle and vicinity that they have taken the office recently occupied by Dr. Smith in Stoddess's Row, and will be happy to attend to all who may favor them with a call in the various branches of their profession. They are prepared to visit patients in the country at any distance. Charges moderate. [signed]

**DR. GEORGE E. BRITZ,**  
Operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to an entire set, on the most scientific principles. Diseases of the mouth and irregularities carefully treated. Office in the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carlisle. [signed]

**A CARD.**  
I inform my former patrons that I have returned to Carlisle and will be glad to attend to all calls in the line of my profession. [signed]

**DR. S. S. HENNER,**  
Office in North Hancock street adjoining Mr. Wolf's Store, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. H. H. Henry, from 5 to 7 o'clock, P.M. [signed]

**Wm. H. PENROSE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. Office in the room formerly occupied by Dr. H. H. Henry, East.

**GEORGE EGGE,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend all kinds of legal business, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carlisle, on 8/49.

**Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.**  
I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine now in use together with Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stomachy, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, &c. &c. of almost every description that may be desired, and at the very lowest prices. All Physicians, Gentlemen, Merchants, and others, are respectfully requested to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be sold of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms. S. ELLIOTT, Main street, Carlisle. May 30

**Plainfield Classical Academy,**  
FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.  
The Twelfth Session will commence on MONDAY, MAY 5th, 1851.

THIS Institution has been established nearly five years, during which time such additions and improvements have been made as to render it one of the most commodious and convenient in the State.  
In regard to healthiness it may be mentioned that no cases of serious sickness have occurred in the institution since it was founded. Its moral purity is attested by the fact that no depraved associates, scenes of vice, and resorts for dissipation have any existence in the neighborhood.  
The course of instruction comprises all the branches required by the merchant, professional man or collegian. Also, modern languages, vocal and instrumental music, &c.  
It is the determination of the Proprietor that the institution shall sustain the reputation it has already acquired for preparing thorough instruction, and inculcating and establishing virtuous principles in the minds of the youth submitted to its charge. Five Months \$50.00  
For catalogue containing references, &c., address  
P. O. Cumberland County, Pa. April 2, 1851

**WHITE HALL ACADEMY.**  
Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.  
THIS Institution will be open for the reception of students on MONDAY, the 5th of May next. The course of instruction will embrace the various branches of a thorough English Education, together with the Latin, Greek, French, German, Languages, and Vocal and Instrumental Music.  
TERMS:  
Boarding, Washing and tuition in the English branches per session \$50 00  
Latin or Greek " 5 00  
French or German " 5 00  
Instrumental Music " 10 00  
For further information address  
D. DENLINGER,  
Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

**BIG SPRING ACADEMY.**  
THIS Institution will be open for the reception of students on MONDAY, the 5th of May next. The course of instruction will embrace the various branches of a thorough English Education, together with the Latin, Greek, French, German, Languages, and Vocal and Instrumental Music.  
TERMS:  
Boarding, Washing and tuition in the English branches per session \$50 00  
Latin or Greek " 5 00  
French or German " 5 00  
Instrumental Music " 10 00  
For further information address  
D. DENLINGER,  
Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

**NOTICE.**  
THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the 14th and 15th meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the 20th and 21st of November, 1851, to hold on the Board, and on the 20th of each month, at which time any persons having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle. WM. RILEY, C/Pk.

**SAVE YOUR PROPERTY FOR A TRIFLE.**  
All persons wishing to insure their property from fire without the aid of insurance companies, should have their roofs covered with **Blake's Patent Insulation Stone, or Fire and Water Proof Patent.** A roof well covered with this article will last much longer than a roof of shingles, and will render it cheap and safe. Hardware Store of  
JOHN P. LYNE.

### Poetry.

#### "WHY, BLESS HER, LET HER GO!"

Some time ago I fell in love  
With pretty Mary Jane;  
And I did love her by and by  
She'd love me back again;  
Alas! my hopes, a dawning bright,  
Were all at once made dim;  
She saw a chap, I don't know where,  
And fell in love with him!  
Next time I went—(Now how it was  
I don't pretend to say)—  
But when my chair moved up to hers,  
Why, hers were moved away.  
Before, I always got a kiss,  
(O, how, with some small fuss,  
But now, forsooth, for love nor fun,  
'T was soon come-out-of-hand.)  
Well, then you see—and when we spoke,  
Our conversation dwelt  
On everything beneath the sun,  
Except what we were felt.  
Enjoying this delightful mood,  
Who, then, should just step in,  
And be of all the world whom I  
Had rather see than him.  
And he would sit down by her side,  
And she could smile all the while,  
He pressed her hand within his arm—  
Upon him sweetly smile;  
And she could place a wreath of roses,  
Which he would take with a sigh,  
And gave me one which hours ago  
Was shrunk, and pale, and dead.  
And she could freely, gladly sing,  
The songs he did request;  
The ones I asked were just the ones  
She always did select.  
I love to leave—and 't should be glad  
To have me linger stay!  
No doubt of it! No doubt they wept  
To see me go away!  
I sat me down, I thought profound,  
This man was I drew;  
It's easier far to like a girl  
Than to like a fellow true;  
But after all, I don't believe  
My heart will break with you;  
If she's a maid to love "that chap,"  
Why, bless her, let her go!

### Miscellaneous.

#### LAST TENANTS OF IVY COTTAGE.

BY CLARA MORTON.

"If ye love not a tale of sorrow,  
I pray ye, turn from this."  
I was but a child when the Douglas family came to Glenwood, and took possession of Ivy Cottage; but I well remember how every one in the village was pleased that the house was again tenanted. It had looked so desolate since the widow Percy's death, that it made one sad to look at it. Its quaint lattices overbarred, the doorway nettled across with the spider's silken web, and the shrubs and vines, once so carefully trained, running riot in their exuberance.

Once more the windows were thrown wide open, and snowy muslin curtains fluttered in the morning breeze; once more the plant vines wreathed the pillars of the porch, where of late they had stretched their arms far out, embracing nothing; and once again the old elm-dung its soft shadows over gay and graceful children, who sported on the greensward at its feet.

A brave old elm was that—in all the village there was not another so noble. For scores of years had it stood the blast and the tempest, yielding not, even to the fiercest lightning that had twice riven its trunk. The same scars in the gnarled gray bark, which the only remaining traces of the thunder-bolts, were now hidden from sight by the ivy, that, fold upon fold, wrapped itself around the rugged trunk.

On the mock, pale face of Mrs. Douglas, the stranger tenant of Ivy Cottage, there seemed to dwell the shadow of some terrible grief; but although the good old pastor of the church faithfully attended, strove with kind words to win her confidence, he found his well-meaning efforts unavailing; and day by day the shadow deepened, instead of fading, as the usual course of sorrow.

One day, in the solemn, mournful autumn time, the first autumn of her residence in Glenwood, Mrs. Douglas left the village suddenly, as she had done twice before, leaving her children with the faithful woman who had been the widow Percy's housekeeper, and who had resumed her situation at the cottage immediately after the arrival of Mrs. Douglas in the previous spring. By her recent busy hands the wretched vines had been trained, the luscious strawberries pruned with judgment, and the velvet turf kept free from weeds and scurfed leaves. In her tender embrace, the children would cease to call after their mother, when her door would frequently pass, and from her locked room no sound would come, save now and then a pleading tone as of one in prayer, wrestling in deep anguish.

The children, when questioned by the curious neighbors, as to the cause of their mother's repeated journeys, replied that this time she had said that she was going for their father, and perhaps she should find him dead. They were too young to feel anxiety or grief, and although their little faces lengthened as they spoke, their childish voices soon resounded in bursts of merry laughter.  
Helen, the oldest of the three, was seven years old, a fairy-like little creature, flitting here and there like a gleam of sunshine, and calling forth kind words and smiles wherever her winsome face appeared. The twins, Harold and Herbert, were two years younger. Noble boys they were; but how often had their mother's tears rained heavily upon them! In agony of fondness, she would look upon her children; but never, never was there a gleam of pride and maternal joy in her intense, but most mournful gaze.  
Mrs. Douglas returned to Ivy Cottage, but she came not alone. The heavy burden which was borne in through the gate in the doorway with her, was her coffin and husband.

But too surely to the death of her brave young brother, had it not been for the quick grasp of Maurice Graham, who rushed after her and held her tightly in his arms, striving to bear her struggling form beyond the reach of danger. They are near the air hole,—the ice crackles under his feet,—he totters with his burden,—and while the group upon the shore stand in breathless suspense, the treacherous ice gives way, and they sink down to the dark, cold water. But Maurice Graham was a strong arm to struggle with death. Love, too, added its almost supernatural power, and grasping again and again the ice which under his numbed fingers repeatedly gave way; he succeeded at last in reaching the shore with the now unconscious Helen.—Wrapping her in warm blankets from a cottage near, they bore her to her mother's home.—And now broke from that stricken heart the cry, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me!" It needed but that. Ten long years had also in her heart denied the one that she called upon thus earnestly;—but with that anguished cry, returned the faith which alone can support earth's pilgrims through their sorrows.

She knew her boys were that night pillowed on a colder breast than they had ever known. She knew that the arms of the pitiless waters had lulled them to their sleep; yet they who stood around her, no murmurs from her lips, as she made at first to spring to their rescue, but that burst forth her overflowing heart, "God forgive me, and in his merciful pity let this one child." The prayer was answered.—Breath came to the sculptured marble, and light to the eye so nearly glazed; and dropping on her knees, the mother wept such tears as a softened heart alone can know.

Days passed before the bodies of Herbert and Harold were rescued from the water, and laid beside their father, beneath the frozen sod of the churchyard. Oh, it was a sad burial! But so earnestly she wished her buried children, of the joys of Heaven, of the sorrows and troubles of earth, that the weeping mother bowed her head, and said in her heart, "It is well with my children."

For a long time Helen was very feeble; but as spring came on, Mrs. Douglas marked the glow upon her cheeks, and heralded it with thanksgiving, as the first dawn of returning health.

There were others who saw in that deep hectic flush, a radiance cast from the death angel's wing. But Maurice Graham was not one of these. Day after day, he sat by Helen's side, until his deep love woke an answer in the fair young girl's heart.

One bright morning he sought Mrs. Douglas in her garden to tell her of his love for Helen, and to urge her consent to a speedy union. She listened in surprise. Maurice was so young, Helen but seventeen, and she had not thought of them as other than children.—Maurice said as a brave and noble boy, who had saved her child from death—of Helen as a frail young girl, who repaid with a sister's affection, the gratitude her deliverer deserved. Now, as this came upon her, the quick pain in her side, which of late she had so often felt, caused her to press her hands tightly above it, while from her warm and parted lips these came neither word of consent or denial.

At length grasping Maurice's hand firmly, she drew him to the house. Helen was sitting in the window seat, her thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens, and over her over transparent brow, and on her golden hair, fell heavily the shadow of the one branch of the blasted elm.

Close by her side, the mother sat, retaining in her grasp the hand of Maurice, and clasping Helen's full as close; and there she told him the one fearful secret of her life, which had so tempted her to deny an over-ruling Providence—a loving and merciful God.

A few words will suffice for me to repeat it. Her husband had been arrested for the murder of a man to whom he was considerably indebted. The circumstantial evidence had been from the first so strong, that he was hopeless of being able to establish his innocence; and he had required her to take his young children to a distant town, where, in case that his worst fears should be realized, they could be educated in ignorance of their father's fate. Even as he had feared, his wife's faithful wife listened to him when she recalled the things, and remained near him, seeing his daily toil all in vain. In her eyes, alone, was his guiltless; so convincing had been the evidence; and—wondering all-but tottering in its throne, she had returned to fulfill his last wishes. This, with many an agonizing detail that I have not time to give, she repeated to the children whose hands she so tightly clasped.

"Could you marry the daughter of an alleged murderer? of one who died by the hands of an honest man?" she said to Maurice. He answered yes. He was of a proud family; he bore an old and unblemished name; and he hesitated not Mrs. Douglas's last words rang in his ears.

At that instant a fresh breeze swept from off the lake and past the cottage;—it increased momentarily in violence. "The old elm rattled and creaked; they all shuddered;—a moment more, and the decayed trunk lay prostrate on the earth.

The shadow had gone from Helen's face, and the sunlight by there in unbroken splendor. To Maurice Graham it seemed, in his serene beauty, as the face of an angel. As he marked the closing eyelids,—the strange pallor that chased the rose hue from his cheeks, his heart beat quickly.

"Helen, my Helen, I do chide you!—You shall still be mine; and he best over her fondly. He had lingered too long—the lips he had stooped to kiss were lips of clay.

The horror of his expression at the recital of the fearful tale, the hesitation which his after-silence showed, had not been unnoticed by Helen's watchful eyes; and the shock hastened the death, which could not have been many days delayed, such fatal hurrahs had that insidious disease, consumption, made in her fragile frame.

Another funeral train wound out from Ivy Cottage, and Helen's name was added to the stone that marked her brother's grave.

All through the remainder of the sweet spring and the blossoming summer, Mrs. Douglas

gazed wistfully daily to the beautiful oncology, where the mortal part of those—she had so fondly loved was mouldering back to the dust of which they were created; but ever with a tranquil eye she bent over their graves; for with an eye of faith, she could now pierce the clouds that had encompassed her pathway, and she saw that, in the land whither her loved ones had departed, there was "no more death, neither sorrow, nor weeping, neither any more pain;" and her heart acknowledged "the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," although "His judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out."

When autumn came, her short, quick cough, and feeble, fluttering pulses, kept her from the house of God, as well as from her daily walk. The pastor missed her from her seat, and divined the cause; for he had noticed of late the same hectic glow upon her cheek, which, after that night of exposure, had so surely foretold to him the daughter's early death.

Hereafter, his visits to the cottage were frequent, until death claimed the sorely stricken wife and mother. Then as he looked upon the placid brow of the sleeper, he said, "Savily, for her to die was great gain."

During the last few days of her illness, she learned that her husband's innocence had been declared to the world, and then she confided her soul and secret to the sympathizing pastor. He was the subject of the good old man's funeral discourse, and his dim eyes were dimmer still with tears, as he read from the book of Job the text he had chosen—

"Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the right-hand, where he doth walk, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him."

There were some near of kin to follow the widow Douglas's remains to their last resting place; but few were ever buried in our lovely churchyard over whom were shed more tears, or whose memory will live longer in the hearts of the villagers, than the one whose history I have recorded so briefly.

Side by side are five graves in the churchyard of Glenwood. The inscriptions which the pastor ordered on each stone were so touchingly simple, that they never fail in attracting the attention of the strangers who frequently wander through that sacred spot. To them, the old sexton never wearies of repeating his mournful tale; and few are those who listen to the simple hearted man's recital, without feeling the tears gathering in their eyes—a tribute to "The Last Tenants of Ivy Cottage."

A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH BY HIS MASTER.—The Winchester Virginian gives the particulars of a horrid affair in Clarke county, Va., on Wednesday of last week, which has excited great indignation in that section. The result of it was Col. James C., and his son Stephen, were indicted on Monday last, for having cruelly and unmercifully beaten two slaves the Wednesday previous (causing the death of one of them), belonging to the former. They have been held to bail in the sum of 5000 each. From the evidence of the principal witness, a white laborer, the negro was fastened up for punishment, by having his hands tied, and a chain put around his neck, thrown over a beam, and looked, just leaving a sufficient length for the unfortunate object to stand on the ground. He was then whipped with the tongue strap of a wagon, having a heavy buckle at the end, having been previously stripped, that the blows might be laid on the bare skin. After beating him in the most unmerciful manner for some time, they left him bound in the situation described, for the purpose of whipping his companion. The negroes took place about sunset. A son of Col. C. deposed that, about ten o'clock at night his father came into his house, and announced that the negro was dead. He had been left in the standing position in which he was whipped, and died in that way.

THE MILKMAN.—Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk.—In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks's wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and he poured the milk into the tub, before the maid brought up her jug. Jinks served her, and went on. While he was below the next stair, his first customer's footman looked to him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

### Political.

#### Official Facts to be Remembered.

In 1840, the expenses of the Government for the machinery of officers, were as follows: Expenses of the Senate, (including printing) \$72,827 74  
Do. of House, 224,144 54  
Governor's Department, 16,268 82  
Judiciary, 107,668 00  
Auditor General's, 11,080 76  
Treasury, 6,119 00  
Land 11,035 79  
Miscellaneous expenses, 12,054 82  
TOTAL, \$355,955 39

This was under exclusively Locofoco rule. In the year beginning December 31, 1848, and ending Nov. 30th, 1849, being the first of Gov. Johnston's administration, the expenses of the government were as follows: Expenses of the Senate, \$29,636 64  
Do. House, 68,882 74  
Do. Public Printing, 25,208 52  
Governor's Department, 11,880 76  
Judiciary, 94,968 04  
Auditor General's, 7,454 20  
Treasury, 5,006 63  
Land, 6,870 40  
Miscellaneous expenses, 3,990 44  
Total, \$237,105 33

Or ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS less in one year than in 1840, when the Locofocos had control of all the branches of the government. As soon as the Whig party began to gain strength, they cut down the expenses, until now they are over ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS less than they formerly were!—The Locofoco field their own stealings as long as they could; squandered the people's money as long as they dared, and now have the hardihood to ask the people again to trust them with power! The people see in their FORTY-FIVE MILLION debt the legacy of Locofoco administrations. Do they want any more such legacies? If they do, let them elect Wm. Bieler Governor, and a Locofoco Legislature. If not, let them elect Wm. E. Johnston Governor, John Strohm Canal Commissioner, and a Whig Legislature!

#### MARK THE DIFFERENCE.

During the operation of the Tariff of 1842, which had been brought into existence by the Whig party of the country, we became eminently prosperous, every branch of industry was flourishing, and the laboring man of every section of the Union was in the enjoyment of good wages and comfortable livelihoods. How changed the scene now! The ruinous effects of the present tariff have brightened almost every description of business in Pennsylvania; many of our coal mines are closed, our manufacturers are crippled, and most of those engaged in the iron business broken up. Our farmers have a large crop of grain in their granaries, and no market at remunerating prices for it, and our laboring men are thrown out of employment and deprived of the means whereof to support their families and clothe and educate their children. Nor is this all. A large amount of our gold and silver has been shipped to foreign countries to pay for goods imported, which we should have manufactured ourselves; and as a necessary and inevitable consequence, there is now a storm gathering to the shape of a monetary revolution, which the present stringency in the money market in our commercial cities is but the forerunner.

#### Why Strohm Should not be Elected.

One of the reasons why the Locofoco leaders don't want John Strohm elected Canal Commissioner, is because he would expose and put a stop to such corruption as is detailed in the following extract from the Harrisburg American:

The editor of the York Advocate, Mr. H. F. Thomas, states that a short time ago he was passing over the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad—which is owned by the State—and observed that many of the passengers "paid their way with small strips of paper." His curiosity was naturally excited to discover the contents of these mysterious documents. After some time he was gratified by seeing one which was used by a gentleman who sat immediately in front of him. He then remarked as follows:

"The problem was solved; it was an order from one of the Canal Commissioners to the Collector or State Agent to PASS THE HEARER FREE OVER THE RAIL." We afterwards mentioned this fact to a gentleman whose acquaintance we had accidentally made in the cars; he said that he was not, as he never paid any fare on the State Works. We are satisfied that at least TWENTY PERSONS IN ONE TRAIN OF CARS, PASSED OVER THE ROAD, WHO OUGHT TO HAVE PAID THEIR WAY. Now for a calculation: There are six or seven passenger trains on the road. Now suppose that each train carries twelve free passengers. The fare being \$2 would amount daily to the sum of one hundred and forty-four dollars. This is only a low estimate of the kind of frauds committed on the rail-roads, without calculating the numerous robberies committed on the road and along our canals."

To this subject we ask the serious attention of our readers. The public works of this State were built at a vast cost and by the expenditure of large sums of money wrong from the hard earnings of the People of the State. These improvements should now be yielding a large income to assist the State in paying off her debt, and relieving her citizens from the numerous taxes which now oppress them.

#### FREE TRADE AND MORE TAXES.

The Locofocos of the country are gradually verging to Free Trade—by which they mean the destruction of even revenue tariffs and the IMPOSITION OF A DIRECT TAX UPON THE PEOPLE FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT! Pennsylvania Locofocos are not satisfied with having created a State debt of over forty millions of dollars. They are not satisfied with having imposed heavy taxes to keep up the State government and pay the interest on the principal of the debt. They wish to go further and levy a DIRECT TAX UPON THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA to support the National Government! Are the people ready for this new and infamous scheme of Locofocoism, as boldly announced by their leaders? If they are, let them throw the whole control of the State into the hands of the Locofoco party.

### READ THESE FACTS FARMERS!

One thing is giving the locofocos great trouble. It is the fact that Gov. Johnston has collected annually, less tax from the Real Estate of the Commonwealth than his locofoco predecessor. Here is the proof taken from the Auditor General's report for last year:

From real estate in 1845	\$1,318,392 03
do do 1846	1,446,112 70
do do 1847	1,380,781 10
do do 1848	1,350,129 49
Total in four years	\$5,495,355 40
Annual average	1,373,688 85

Gov. Johnston received

From real estate in 1849	\$1,290,921 81
do do 1850	1,317,827 65
Total in two years	\$2,608,749 88
Annual average	1,304,374 94

Gov. Johnston has received over SIXTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS less annually from Real Estate, than Gov. Shunk!! Yet with less money from this source, and less clear money from the public works, Gov. Johnston has paid in two years \$538,203 07 of the public debt, whilst Gov. Shunk in four years paid but \$137,794 82!!

The income from the tax on real estate should have been greater now than heretofore, for the Revenue Commissioners of 1848 increased the valuation of property in the State over the valuation in 1845, \$43,477,257 00. The rate of taxation has not been increased, but the same rate on \$43,477,257 increase of valuation, should have produced a large increase of revenue. Instead of an increase, we find in the figures above, that less money was received from this source in 1850, than in 1845!! The fact is there is hold relief. None can contradict it. GOV. JOHNSTON HAS RECEIVED LESS MONEY FROM THE FARMERS, AND YET PAID A MUCH LARGER PROPORTION OF THE STATE DEBT THAN ANY PRECEDING LOCOFOCO ADMINISTRATION! Remember this fact when the time for voting arrives.

#### THE SPANISH BULL CIRCUS.

The amusements in the circus at Madrid, on the 26th ult., were of more usual brutal character. The Queen mother and her family, together with the King, were present. The first fight was between a wolf and several dogs; the dog soon finished him. Next a hyena and several dogs occupied the arena.—Then a huge bear encountered no less than thirteen dogs; the bear came off victorious.—The last scene was that which attracted the crowded audience, viz: a contest between a lion and a bull.

"The first was one of the finest of his species. No sooner was he loosed than he advanced and capied the bull than he made towards him at once, and attacked him with fury. But he only succeeded in seizing the tail of his horned foe, by which he hung on with his claws.—The bull, thus attacked from behind, was unable to defend himself by his horns; but presently, the lion having turned his tail off close to the rump, the bull bitten him on the neck with pain, charged on him with tremendous fury, tossing the lion, notwithstanding his size, into the air, which so damped the pluck of the latter that it became at once clear on which side victory would be declared. The lion sat down dejected and moaning with pain, while the bull charged him several times in succession, instigated by the crowd outside the grating more than by his own will; for, as soon as the lion was hors de combat, the bull would have left him alone but for the stimulation which was applied to him by the spectators.—The lion was killed."

A WESTERN LOVE LETTER.—April the 24 1850 at 00 & 4/10 too.—Mi derisus, tui ducky—I take my pen in 2/2 Tell you as how I am had a spl of the ager and I hope those few lines may find U enjoyin the saint blessing Z. Y don't U wright enjoyin I sweet sign Z tell superhing molly how her sweat hearty. o my sweto heart, how my poor soul is longing 2 here Ure party little voice i think i here U wisseling yankie doodle as i happen 2 B think on U Jim City has Razed a noo hims and sally dux live so snug but. She fits him som Times my dear hearty doo lets U and i keep her. Ure party also so i want ducky zong I am had a spl of the ager and I hope those few lines may find U enjoyin the saint blessing Z. Y don't U wright enjoyin I sweet sign Z tell superhing molly how her sweat hearty. o my sweto heart, how my poor soul is longing 2 here Ure party little voice i think i here U wisseling yankie doodle as i happen 2 B think on U Jim City has Razed a noo hims and sally dux live so snug but. 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