WHIG REPUBLICAN

AMOS B. CORWINE,] "LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER—ONE, AND INSEPARABLE." [EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

WOMAN—A Fragment.

BY THE LATE REV. C. WOLFE.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, tho' no longer fair.

And the spirit that sat in her soft blue eye
Is sunk in cold mortality;
And the smile that played on her lips is fled,
And every grace has left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowd that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her parting sigh—
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone with a firmer heart
Can see all those idols of life depart,
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his utter wretchedness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hebrew form of Marriage.

Major Noah of the New York Evening Star, gives the following as the form of marriage, observed in the Hebrew Church. It is given at the request of a fair correspondent, who had examined the Old Testament without success. The Editor says:

The "form" of marriage in the Hebrew Church she will find in the Old Testament, although the institution of marriage is there noted as an affirmative precept. In ancient days it is probable that the mere consent of parents and parties were alone necessary, something after our Quaker fashion, 'I'll take thee to be my wedded wife,' and there ended the ceremony: but after laws and governments were instituted, it was deemed proper to have some legal document to certify the marriage. Accordingly we find, in the Babylonian Talmud the following copy of a dowry or marriage contract—which is used to this day:

'Upon the sixth day of the week in the fourth of the month Sivan, in the year five thousand two hundred and fifty-four of the creation of the world, according to the computation which we use here at Massilia, a city situated near the shore, the bridegroom ———, son of ———, said unto the bridewife ———, daughter of ———, be unto me a wife according to the laws of Moses and Israel, and I according to the word of GOD, will worship, honor, maintain and govern thee, according to the manner of the husband among the Jews, which do worship, honor, maintain and govern their wives faithfully. I also bestow upon thee the dowry of thy virginity two hundred deniers of silver, which belong unto thee by law; and moreover, thy food, thy apparel, and sufficient necessaries: thus ——— rested and became the bride of ———, the bridegroom.'

Our fair correspondent will perceive, that this form had much more gallantry than the Christian Cannons—there the lady swears to love, honor and obey, but in the Jewish Church the bridegroom pledges himself to 'worship, honor, maintain and govern'—he does all the protesting and the lady signs nothing, but the contract is confided to her, she keeps the evidence in her own possession. In very old times the bride and bridegroom were crowned prior to the ceremony. He wore a crown composed of crystal salt and sulphur, to remind him how the sins of the city of Sodom were punished, and to teach him to cleave unto his —the bride wore a golden crown in the form of a Tower. We read of this in the Scripture, 'Go forth O ye daughters of Zion! and behold King Solomon with the crown, wherewith his mother crowned him on the day of his espousals.' 'He has put a mitre on my head as on a bridegroom." We cannot conclude without informing our fair correspondent of one fact related in the Talmud. *Celibacy* was in such bad repute among the Hebrews, that it was not deemed immodest in the Jewish maidens, when dancing in the vineyards on the days of the expiation, to declare publicly, 'O young men lift up your eyes and see which of us you like best. Look not upon beauty for that is deceitful, nor upon riches, for they make themselves wings and fly away: but approve of such among us as fear God. Our ladies could not be brought to follow this invocation—but there were few old maids in Israel.

Curious Law Case.

A case was tried recently at New Orleans, as we learn from the American, involving the question of the ownership of six geese. So contradictory was the evidence, that the venerable judge, in order to settle the question, ordered the geese to be turned into the street, and appointed two officers of the Court to watch their motions, if the geese went to the house of plaintiff he was to be considered the owner; if to the defendant, then the case was to be decided in the defendant's favor. The geese on bei[illegible] let out, made their way to a nei[illegible] dle where they regaled [illegible] intelligence [illegible] ched the [illegible]

The Young Bride.

Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and with downcast looks and a heavy heart turns her face 'from home,' and all its associations which have for years been growing, and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step as she moves towards the carriage, how eloquent those tears which rushed unbidden from their fountain!

She has just bid adieu to her HOME! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she has pronounced the FAREWELL! and oh, how fond and yet mournful a spell this word breathes! and perhaps, a LAST FAREWELL to father, mother, brother, sister.

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new—a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—*uncertainty*, assuming that where all was happiness—where home, sweet home, was all in all unto her. But these ties, these associations, these endearments, she has yielded, one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder. She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him for whom all these have been exchanged.

See how she moves on, the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled up with life's loveliest pencillings, or perhaps, with incidents of eventful interest—of startling fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil, even of 'three-score years and ten,' for her, and record the happy and sun-bright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full her cup of life that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness; that which sweetens social intercourse, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society! Or, who, with firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching? Who pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the confiding heart—the deep corroding cares of the mind, when neglected and forgotten as it were, by him who is dearer to her than life—when all around is sere and desolate —when the garnered stores are wasted, and the wells dried up, and the flickering blaze upon the hearth wanes and goes out! and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears! But her affections wane not, slumber not, die not!

The brilliant skies may shed down all their gladdening beauties; nature array herself in gay flowers, bright hopes and friends, kind friends may greet with laughing countenances and glad hearts, but all avail nought. One kind look—one soft and affectionate accent, unequivocal evidence of remaining love: one *smile* like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than heaven with all its splendor, and earth with its beauties, and gay associations.

Oh! young man, ever be to the young bride what thou seemest now to be: disappoint her not! What sweet ties that bound heart to heart, hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee! Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure as now to cling with confiding joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Hers is an enduring—an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness. Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then wilt thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion! for thou wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch!—When thine own are failing, she will cling unto thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind voice will be like music to thy falling heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yes! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if any less than an angel's arm can do it!—

MORTALITY AND SENTIMENT.

UNION OF NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.—A report has just reached us that a proposition for the union of these provinces has been made, and that inquiries will immediately be instituted to ascertain the best means of doing so. St. John is named as the capital of the united provinces. The late hour at which the information reached us prevents our making any comment, but we hasten to lay the important news before our readers.

St. John Courier.

An extraordinary machine, called the Electric Telegraph, has been tried on the Great Western railroad with complete success. Intelligence is conveyed through it at the incredible rate of 200,000 miles per second, and 8,000 times quicker than light travels during the same period!

England.

An American writing from Liverpool, says: the principal things which struck me in England in the way of improvement since my last visit, were the Rail Roads, the Galvanic Telegraph, the Bude Light (truly a new one,) and the glass and silk manufacture for curtains and drapery. Of the first, the rail-roads—they may be said, I think, to approach perfection as nearly as possible. They are built for ages, remarkable for their massiveness and magnificence architecturally, for the taste, comfort, and solidity of the cars and locomotive. I travelled on all that are yet opened: the Liverpool and Birmingham, the Birmingham and London, the London and Southampton, and as far as finished, the Great Western, which is much superior, in every point of view, to any yet constructed. I travelled at the rate of forty miles an hour upon it, breakfasting in Reading, Berkshire, at half past eight, and walked the streets of London before ten! It was not without interest to me that, on a branch road from Birmingham to Cheltenham, just opened, I was whirled along by a locomotive made by Norris in Philadelphia.

The Galvanic Telegraph is in use on the London and Blackwell railway—the cars on which are worked with a rope—and when full, a galvanic wire is touched, and successively rapid as two ticks on a watch is the signal and motion of the cars. The distance is four miles and were it four thousand, I am assured, the signal would be as instantaneous and faithful. They are laying one down to Windsor for state purposes, and it is expected they will be in use all over England. Do we not live in an age of necromancy, and are not the men of science the only pure and lawful aristocracy of human nature?

The Bude Light is a beautiful thing in its way. It produces an atmosphere of light, concealing the means by which it is done. Passing by the Horse Guards, I exclaimed: 'How brightly the moon shines! You can read the clock by it.' 'Oh!' replied my friend, as cool as moonshine, 'that's the Bude Light.' I begged an explanation, and, apparently astonished at my ignorance, he gave it.

Lime and gas are brought into some peculiar contact, and the effect, as it struck me, was that of intensely bright moonlight. The House of Lords and Commons are lit in this [illegible] theatres. It is very beautiful—and do not think me 'moonstruck' when I tell you that the chillness and repose of moonshine reminded me sensibly while regarding it, that Juliet's apostrophe, 'Come thou day in night,' is now realized. Alas! for the imaginative race, if matter of fact people upset every thing in this manner.

The new manufacture for curtains and other draperies is a very gorgeous affair. The rich damask pattern is woven in glass and silk, producing a dazzling effect, beyond silver or gold in richness of display.

A capital invention is used for the foundation of houses, an invention, too, the more valuable on account of its simplicity. The clay that is dug out of the foundation is mixed with a preparation of lime on the very ground of the building, and thus hardened or 'calcined' into a strong substance, makes the best and certainly the cheapest materials for foundations yet discovered. It is now universally used in England.

Homes and Graves.

There was an ancient tyrant once, who, as a punishment, linked a live man to a corpse, where he remained until dead from disgust and horror. It is possible that some experience of his own life was at the bottom of this detestable act—we mean so far as the conception of the idea was concerned. We all bear about us the dark moral of his act, for we, warm, fresh and living, have all some cold, pale form *lying dead upon our hearts*. The chill of the grave is over us and our cherished homes—homes, made perhaps even more dear by corpses of the loved ones, tied to our memory. Boyhood has hope—and manhood fears, and we too soon learn that every joyous spot is but a musing place for anguish, and a cradle for the tomb. Childhood looks at home, glorious with present forms of life; but age turns to that same home, and loves it because there are the graves of those cherished in *his* youth.

"Thus graves and homes are sadly blent,
Wherever spreads the firmament."

A few short years—and then, the boy
Sha'l miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth;
A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And *one* dear name, he vainly calls,
Be written on the tomb—
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first, dread, bitter taste of death!
And years glide on, till Manhood's come:
And where the young, glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright, happy home
Hath many a vacant chair;
A darkness, from the chuchyard shed,
Hath fall'n on each familiar room,
And much of all Home's light hath fled,
And household gifts that Memory saves
But help to count the household graves.

CRESCENT CITY.

PUBLIC LANDS.

The statistics below, in reference to the public lands, are from the New Orleans Bulletin, and are very interesting. The interest of the vast fund, that might be obtained from their sale would be sufficient for government expenses.

'PUBLIC LANDS.—It was Jefferson, we think, who declared that our public lands, if judiciously managed, would constitute a fund sufficient to support the general & state government throughout all time.—The idea can scarcely be deemed extravagant, when the vast extent of this domain is taken into consideration. From a report of the Secretary of the Treasury, made last year in obedience to a call from congress, it appears that the whole amount of the lands of the United States, to which the Indian title has been extinguished, is 319,536,232 acres. The deduction of the quantity sold and granted away leaves 229,811,000 acres now owned by the government of the United States, which would at the minimum price of $1 25 per acre, amount to $287,133,000—upwards of two hundred and eighty-seven millions of dollars. The fact must also be kept in view, that the domain of the United States to which the Indian title has not been extinguished, is vastly larger than the above estimate. The Indian title is not yet obtained to all within the states and territories; but beside these, the Commissioner in the General Land office in 1827 estimated the amount beyond the new states and territories at 750,000,000 of acres.

The cost of these lands in our government has been $123,359,272. The revenue paid into the treasury as the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, is set down at $97,900,000, The cost of these lands therefore exceed the receipts from their sale more than $25,000,000; but to meet this balance, we have nearly a thousand million of land unincumbered, and worth more than that number of dollars. From these facts a correct opinion may be formed of the immense and incalculable value of the public domain. Judiciously managed and husbanded, it will prove a productive fund for the people, and an ample patrimony that will not fail for ages.

"Life! Life!"—This was the almost dying exclamation of the voluptuous novelist, Hoffman. Such was his love of life—of what he called 'the sweet habitude of being. He died at Berlin by piecemeal—dictating his wild stories to the last. Strange stories they were indeed for a dying man to write. The closing scene was striking and instructive. His feet and hands, his legs and arms had for months become perfectly paralysed and motionless. At length he lost all sensation—though his fancy retained its creative power. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician, (thinking he was about to recover) 'I feel no more pain, it will soon be over.' 'Yes,' said the medical man, giving another and more impressively solemn meaning to his words, '*it will soon be over!*' When made fully aware that he was dying he called his wife to his bed side and begging her to fold his motionless hands together said, lifting his eyes to heaven, *we must then think of God also!*' Shortly after the expiring flame of life glared up again within him,—and fancying he might still postpone intrusive thoughts of God and eternity—he said, 'I shall be well enough in the evening to go on with the tale I have been inditing.' He asked for the reading of the last sentence, and just as it was finished, expired. Thus passed to its solemn account a human soul, richly, gloriously gifted, but utterly faithless to the high trusts of the stewardship of genius. 'It is worth a student's while,' says a popular writer, 'to observe how tobacco, wine and midnight, did their work upon the delicate frame of Hoffman.' It is worth one's while also to observe how a profound indifference to the concerns of the soul is strengthened by habits of sinful indulgence, and the postponement of all serious thoughts of the claims of religion, till even the 'death-bed' fails to be 'a detector of the heart,' and the infatuated spirit departs to its high audit, amidst the appalling gloom of an impenitent and reprobate state.—*Gambier Observer.*

Ancient Books.

Pausanias relates that a book by Hesiod was written on leaves of lead, and Herodotus mentions the use of skins by the Ionians, when papyrus was scarce, which seems to show that he wrote on papyrus, or the manufacture of the paper 'reeds of Egypt,' which grew by the brooks. Pliny mentions linen books, and Virgil alludes to books that were made of the inner rind of the elm. The waxen hand tables of the ancients are well known, which were inscribed upon the point of the style, and smoothed with its flat end.

"Let Harrison put up his own Pickles." —The housekeeper at the White House, a few days ago, came to Van Buren to know how many pickles and of what sort he would have put up for family use.—The answer she received was 'let Harrison put up his own pickles.'

Philadelphia Standard.

USEFUL RECIPE.

I send you below, Messrs. Editors, a recipe for making a composition which will render wood entirely incombustible. It is very simply prepared and easy of application, being used the same as paint with an ordinary brush. A good coat of it applied to the floor beneath stoves would be an excellent precaution.

Take a quantity of water, proportioned to the surface of wood you may wish to cover and add to it as much potash as can be dissolved therein. When the water will dissolve no more potash, stir into the solution, 1st, a quantity of flour paste of the consistency of common painter's size; 2nd, a sufficient quantity of pure clay to render it of the consistence of cream.

When the clay is well mixed apply the preparation as before directed, to the wood; it will secure it from the action of both fire and rain. In a most violent fire, wood thus saturated may be carbonated but will never blaze.

If desirable, a most agreeable color can be given to the preparation by adding a small quantity of red or yellow ochre.

It might also be useful for you to mention in your paper, especially at this season of high winds, that a handfull or two of flour of sulphur thrown on the fire, when a chimney is burning out, will almost instantly extinguish the flames. L.

Buffalo Commercial Advertisr.

BOSTON AND St. LOUIS.

The western people probably, are not generally aware that the great enterprise of connecting St. Louis and Boston, by a chain of rail roads, is going forward with prospects of speedy accomplishment. The distance from St Louis to Boston is about twelve hundred and seventy eight miles Of this will be completed next year from Boston to Buffalo, five hundred and thirty-five miles—in Ohio on the shore of lake Erie, sixty-three miles—in Michigan near the south line, sixty-five miles—making more than half the whole distance, embracing two-thirds of the whole expense. The works in the west, are for the present suspended by the want of funds; it is expected that operations will be resumed at an early date. Here is enterprise exhibited on as grand a scale as the wildest fan[illegible] a plan to connect Boston with St. Louis, would have been regarded as visionary as a scheme to bridge the Atlantic ocean.—But a few more years will witness the accomplishment of the project, and the extension of the road, perhaps many miles westward.—WHEELING GAZETTE.

USE OF THE STANDING ARMY.

Mr. John Mann, states over his own signature, in the Susquehanna, (Pa.) Register, of the 22d instant, that during the election in Choconut township, on the 13th inst., a troop of about sixty locofocos, many of them from New York state, marched up to the polls in military array, with drum beating and fife playing, and GUNS ON THEIR SHOULDERS, to overawe the citizens, many of whom were desirous of voting the Harrison ticket, but did not, for fear of *losing their lives*!—This is the purpose to which the 200,000 militiamen of Mr. Van Buren, would doubtless be devoted, if the people had all been frightened out of their choice of a more honest and republican President.—Freemen of the Union! you have made a fortunate escape from Van Buren and a MILITARY DESPOTISM.—MAD'N.

Children are never tired of asking questions; and funny ones they ask too sometimes—hear this little girl now—

'Mother, do horses wear shoes?'

'Yes, child.'

'What kind of shoes are they, mother?'

'Iron shoes, child.'

'How do they put them on, mother?'

'They nail them on with iron nails, my dear.'

'Do horses take off their shoes when they go to bed, mother?'

'O, go away, child—don't you see I'm busy? What a tongue you have got.'

Many of our readers will be able to testify to the truth of the following extract from the Nantucket Inquirer.

"Crowing with Variations.

It was remarked by one of the speakers at the whig meeting on Saturday evening that such was the happy elasticity of spirit manifested, if not felt by the locofocos, at the result of the recent elections, as they are successively disclosed, that the more they are beaten the louder they crow.—This crowing however, has assumed a new tone—it is no longer crowing, but screeching—yelling, howling, like a routed horde of bandits, infuriated at the prospect of being driven forever from their fastnesses, stripped of their spoils and forthwith brought to justice!"

☞ Cork wood cut in small particles has been found an excellent substitute for horse hair, in stuffing sofas, chairs, &c. The invention has been patented in England: it is used at a saving of two hundred per cent.

We suppose that a man who uses a cork leg by day can, if he wishes to be economical make a bolster of it at night.—*Pic.*