The Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

VESUVIUS, HERCULANEUM, AND POMPEII, IN 1839.

Whoever sojurns at Naples, were it only but a day, experiences the irresistable desire of going to see what is passing at the bottom of that crater which perpetually smokes. It is, especially towards evening when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapors of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and decks its summit with a boquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina, you find horses, donkeys, and conductors, who convey travellers half way up the mountain to the spot called the "Hermitage." This first ride is not an uninteresting one. Here Nature is not yet dead. You pass through vineyards, planted in ashes, which yield the celebrated *Lachryma Chrysta* wine, two sorts of which there are, much inferior to their fame; then come some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegitation, which the next eruption will devour; and lastly to the Hermitage, surrounded on all sides, save one, by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1813, and 1822. Here you alight, and enter a region of chaos.—No more trees, vegitation, birds or insects are to be seen. Every thing is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurous smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano, halting on your way to cast a glance at a latteral plateau, called La Somma, which was, no doubt, at one time the main focus of Vesuvius.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried lava, you will reach the top of the volcanno in three quarters of an hour. Here the sight begins—a terrible original, an unexpected one, notwithstanding all the descriptions given of it.—Imagine a tunnel five hundred *metres* deep, whose upper edges present innumerable *crevices, whilst from the lower* part rise clouds of sulphorous vapor, which escape by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange color. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever smoking crater, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and your guide will urge you to walk, in order to avoid accidents. The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and fattish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits, a long chesnut-tree stick, fresh cut, and covered with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before those infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive within hand reach the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and also limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphuric acid gas, which excite a cough, and soon compels the observer to quit the spot. The ground, if such a name can be given to the dangerous floor which covers the orifice of the volcano, is strewed with gray lava, ashes, melting sulphur, and pyrite substances, whence escape, at intervals, a white smoke, which effects your eyes and lungs, and yet you cannot retire without reluctance from that awful scene. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava, large enough to form a mountain four times as bulky as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, small pebbles, and masses of boiling water which the wind has sometimes carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be easily approached even when its eruptions take place. The lava whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness. One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if they be combustible, and envelops and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculaneum has been sealed into a semi-metalic mass, and, as it were, cast in the lava which now covers it. Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius, under a shower of ashes and little stones which have gradually though rapidly covered it; just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow, in our severe winters. Such is the reason why so much money has been expended in uncovering but a few small parts of Herculaneum, namely, its theatre, which continues hid in utter darkness; whilst a third part of Pompeii has been cleared, exhibits itself to the open sky, and renders us contemporary with its inhabitants. Let us, therefore, hasten down the Vesuvius and view its ravages, which have been miraculously preserved for us in its whole splendor, a city of thirty thousand souls buried for eighteen hundred years past.

Herculaneum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius.—They are now separated from it by inhabitants and cultivated spaces which have been conquered from the lava and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built upon the *roofs* of the first of those two cities, which was petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one descends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre where, it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1706 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738 with admirable success. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place since that period.—The theatre is of Greek architecture; it is ornamented with a fine front, and with marble columns standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied twenty-one rows of steps, with a gallery above embellished with bronze statues.

One can still distinguish the place allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveller mingled astonishment and emotion. There are also at Herculaneum a forum surrounded with porticoes and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a gaol with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisoners were chained—a melancholy picture of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of human society at all periods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici, you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond a doubt that Herculaneum was *drowned* in repeated eruptions of Vesuvius.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth, and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculaneum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest. At Herculaneum there are only catacombs.—At Pompeii the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings; the cellars are stocked as well as the tables; in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, and the skeletons of the guests round it; and then you enter everywhere on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few *metres* thick upon the adjacent buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries. You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs, and walk over a Roman pavement, worn out by Roman vehicles; you may enter the inn; were are the stables, with the rings to fasten the horses; close by is the farrier with his sign over his door. If you penetrate into one of those tombs, you will find urns, containing ashes, hair, and calcined bones. Everywhere are displayed inscriptions, unaffected, dignified, and touching, such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband: "*Servilia, to the friend of her soul.*" Let us advance; we are in the town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry box cut into the stone. Take the footway, for there are footways at Pompeii, Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides, footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheel ruts, made eighteen hundred years ago.

Whom do you wish to be taken to? You have but to speak—the names are written on the door of every house in large red letters. Here is an apothecary's shop with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments and balsams still yielding a smell. Here are far different things, by my faith! Enter, you have nothing to fear; but I dare not tell you where you are, unless you have perceived the sign over the door.—What think you of it?—and yet facing one of those houses stands a temple of Vesta!

Let us, then, pay a few visits; we are in a baker's shop, and here is the flour-grindstone—suppose a stone sugor loof, covered with an extinguisher, also of stone—rub the one against the other, after throwing some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. But I have reserved a surprise for you; here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hallowed out of that carbonized pancake? take and break it. Open that cupboard; you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintels and eatables of all descriptions. A saucepan has been carried to the Naples museum, containing a piece of meat, as well preserved as by Mr. Appert's process. What a number of meals Vesuvius interrupted on that woful day!

I, nevertheless, do not think that the Romans were great eaters. I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining-rooms at Pompeii, and I have found even in the richest houses, but very trifling cooking apparatus, and miniature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one dish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth century, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman domestic life. One must see the Candelabras, lamps, vases, of all sizes, those charming little bronze calefactors, (for every thing was of bronze,) these tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields which fill up whole rooms at the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies; their combs, toothpicks, curling-irons, and the pots of vegitable and mineral rogue found in a boudoir. Thus the Roman ladies used rogue and decieved people, just as is practiced now-a-days; they wore, like our ladies, those necklaces, rings, and ridiculous ear-rings, which add nothing to beauty and diminish not ugliness. How times resemble one another, in spite of the space that separates them.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient enclosure have been recognized; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. The street stairs by which the priests of those times slily crept to prompt the oracles, have been detected. On beholding so many monuments which display in so lively a manner the importance of public and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold, along that fall of earth, the vestage of the breast of a woman who was buried alive and stiffened by death—behold the stones of that well, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine that guard-house, covered with carricatures of soldiers;—one might suppose that the Roman people still existed, and that we were but strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins! Murat employed upon them 2,000 men every year. Only 60 men and £1,000 are now employed upon them.—The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success. It is not to Rome—devastated and disfigured Rome—that one must go to study the Romans—it is to Pompeii. Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

A NEGRO BOY IN THE W. INDIES.

The negro boys there are the most cunning imps I have ever had to do with. I recollect on my last voyage to Jamaica, while my vessel was lying in S. Anne's bay, I had to go to Port Maria to look for some cargo; and on my way thither, near Ora Cabeca, I came to one of the numerous small rivers that empty themselves into the little bays along the coast—I think it was the Salt Gut. When at some distance, I had observed a negro boy belaboring a mule most heartily; but before I got up he had left off his thumping and dismounted, and now appeared in earnest talk with his beast, which, with fore-legs streched out firm, and ears laid down seemed proof against all argument to induce him to enter the water. Quashie was all animation, and his eyes flashed like fire-flies.

"Who—o! you no go ober? Berry well—me bet you fippenny me make you go—No! Why for you no bet?—why for you no go ober?" Here the mule shook his ears to drive of the flies, which almost devours the poor animals in that climate.—

'Oh! you do bet—berry well den me try.'

The young rascal (he was not more than ten years old) disappeared in the bush, and returned in a few seconds with some strips of fan-weed, a few small pebbles, and a branch of cactus plant. To three or four pebbles in each of the mule's ears, and tie them up with a fan-weed, was but the work of a minute. He then jumped on the animal's back, turned round, put the plant to his tail, and off they went as a negro himself would say, "like mad massa." Into the water they plunged—the little fellow grinning and showing his teeth in perfect ecstacy. But they got on the other side—head and ears down— tails and heels up, and the boys arms flying about as if they did not belong to him; and I lost sight of him as he went over the rocky steep at full gallop, where one false step would have precipitated them into the sea beneath, from whence there would have been but small chance of escape. No, no, a butchers boy is nothing to a negro boy—the one may ride like the deuce, but the other is the very deuce himself riding.

"Did you see any more of him, sir?" inquired a young lady opposite.

"Yes, madam, about two hours afterwards I reached Port Maria, and in an open space near the stores, there sat, or rather lay young Quashie eating cakes; and there also stood the mule eating guinea grass, and looking much more cheerful than when I first saw him at the Salt Gut. 'Well, Quashie,' I said, 'you have got here I see, but which of you won?'—'Quashie win, massa—Quashie never lose.'—'But will he pay?' I inquired,—'Quashie pay himself, massa. You see, Massa Buccra, massa give Quashie ten-penny-bit for grass for mule. Quashie bet fip-penny him make him go ober de Gut—Quashie win—Quashie hab fippenny for cake, and mule have fippenny for grass.'"—*Omnibus.*

A YANKEE GOVERNOR.

A late number of the London Courier contains the following extract of a letter from an English gentleman travelling in America. It is a fair compliment to the independence of Vermont, and the exemplary habits of the Governor. What a contrast must such a state of things, both among the rulers and people, have exhibited to the Englishman's mind, when he remembered how large a portion of the people of England are beggars, and their rulers too lordly to work.

"I am travelling in Vermont for pleasure and information. I have journied five hundred miles in my own carriage by easy stages, and have not seen a single person in my progress, to whom I should have dared to offer alms! As I was detained an hour or two a few days since, I saw a sturdy looking farmer pass the inn, driving a one horse cart loaded with wool, on which he was seated. He drove to a store, shouldered his bales of wool, one after another, and placed them in a merchant's shop. Who do you think he was? Palmer, the present Governor of Vermont!"

Obey Orders.—A brave veteran officer reconnoitering a battery which was considered impregnable, and which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers who were dissuading him from the attempt.—"Gentlemen, you may think what you please, all I know is that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, *for I have the orders in my pocket.*"

CUBA.—By the subjoined extract from the New Orleans Bulletin of the 5th, we have rumors of the design of Great Britain to gain possession of Cuba. Cuba will be a very pretty position for Great Britain to occupy on the south flank of the United States, with the slave holding portion of citizens under her eye. But let us to the extract:—

"A commercial gentleman who has spent, some weeks in Havanna, informs his correspondent in this city, that he has become satisfied, from information he has obtained in the best quarters, that England is negotiating with Spain for a cession of Cuba. Some of the steps he has learned the British government have taken in the matter he states thus:—The English demand the liberation of the negroes introduced here since the treaty of 1820, as being called for by the spirit of that document. The government at Madrid referred the question to the Governor here, who called a junto of rich people—they answered (with one exception) we cannot allow it. Now, England has said it *must* be done, if the Regent of Spain says to Cuba do it; and the people of Cuba persist in saying no—what will be the result? Submission to such a demand seems to me to be out of the question. A proud Spaniard asked me the other day, if I thought that the United States would accept of the Island? I answered, I believe the Island would be received, but you must first achieve your own Independence—then she will acknowledge you, and take you in as a partner. But the grand question is, will Uncle Sam allow *Bully* Bull to take possession here, even if old Spain consents? If he does, adieu to peace—our southern institutions will at least be jeoparded, and a valuable trade closed against us."

STATE OF IOWA.—We notice that the papers in Iowa are discussing the question of the formation of a State Government, and of application to the next Congress for admission into the Union. It is said that the population of the Territory will be so much increased by the next spring as to make it exceed 60,000—a number sufficient, in any event, to entitle her to a Representative in Congress.

STEAMERS ON THE PACIFIC.

Our esteemed correspondent on the western coast of South America has several times alluded to the subject of steam communication between the several ports on the western coast of South America, as worthy the attention of American capitalists; and some time since he sent to us a large pamphlet, containing a detailed report of a committee appointed to examine into the practicability of such a scheme, with a view to the employment of British merchants, and steamboats are now plying.

In looking over the tables of their report, we find the article of coal set down at 2,333 tons a year for one boat, which is to be delivered on the coast at eight dollars per ton; consequently the annual expense of each boat for fuel would be $18,665—a pretty good sum for a single item.

But in looking into a letter from an esteemed young friend who visited almost every port on that coast, and evidently with the eye of a man of business, we find that coal is found in abundance at Guayaquil, and the veins are so situated that the coal taken therefrom may be slid on board the steamer in sacks on a halser, without the trouble or expense of mule or car carriage. Judging from the cost of mining in this country, we may suppose thet the price of fuel will be now reduced much below that in the estimate of the committee, and consequently the price of passage, or the profits of a voyage, sustain a correspondent change—perhaps both may be effected.—*United States Gazette.*

We clip the following sensible and true paragraph from a late money article of the Philadelphia Daily Chronicle. When shall we cease to be made fools of by foreigners?

"As a new country, fond of indulging in every species of foreign luxury, we have, as a nation, long been the subject of speculative enterprise to all the countries of Europe, that possess the skill and ingenuity to minister to this craven appetite.—Every manufacturing town or commercial depot of Europe, possesses its scores of agents among us, to cram the markets with their commodities. Every change of our capricious tastes, every fantastic popular whim is studied, and orders despatched to manufacture the article to suit American fashions. Instead of exercising a wary caution towards our foreign dealers, to limit our consumption, we rush upon them with greedy competition, and thus add to the evil by enhancing prices. Being a new country, conscious of our resources, we thus fall a victim to prodigality, and suffer inconvenience and embarrassment."

Mr. Webster happened to be passing through Worcerster at the time of the Cattle Show, in that county, a few days since. He was invited to attend, and favored the company with a short and appropriate speech, which is highly spoken of by the farmers who were present. Mr. Webster maintained that the high lands of New England should be appropriated to stock—to beef—to wool—and the dairy. That it is better for us to exchange these articles at the South for grain, than to become very extensively a grain-growing people. History shows that the grain-growing countries are poor and their soils deteriorate. In England the great agricultural wealth is on the hoof, and their stock is the great source of improvement.

From the Cultivator.

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

Messrs. Gaylord & Tucker: In the last Cultivator, I notice an inquiry concerning diseased bees from Mr. QUIMBY of Coxsackie, in answer to which I propose to give the public some part of my experience and practice on the subject. It is no uncommon thing for bees to be troubled with disease in the months of April and May when improperly managed during the winter and spring. For these diseases I shall only give a preventive. Bees when exposed to the severe storms of winter, and the damp east winds of spring, are most liable to disease, especially if the hives are too *open* or too *close*. If too open in spring, after the combs are filled with brood, the bees are obliged to retire during a cold storm to the upper part of the hive and cluster together to raise animal heat sufficient for their safety, leaving the brood to the fury of a northeaster unprotected.—Death to the brood is the natural consequence,—the young soon become putrid, and before this loathsome brood of thousands can be removed by the bees, the greater part of them usually sicken and die, and if the colony is not entirely destroyed, it is rendered unprofitable for the season. If the hive is too close at the bottom, (and this is the only place that the air should be suffered to enter a bee-hive during the spring months,) a dampness is collected in the hive from the breath of the bees which is equally fatal to the brood with cold.

It is well known to every apiarian of much experience, that bees die from every hive more or less during winter. Now if these dead bees are suffered to remain under the hive and mould and putrify, it cannot be expected that the live bees will long remain in a healthy condition. But for the remedy.—Bees should be kept dry and clean at all seasons; and to accomplish this it is necessary to use artificial means to some extent. Every hive should be of the best of workmanship, and made perpendicular, and if this rule is ever deviated from, it should never be smallest at the bottom, as this would allow much of the filth to lodge in descending, to the great injury as well as annoyance of the bees. I have used the Self-Protecting Hive with perfect success; it is also used by almost every apiarian in this part of the State, and receives the unqualified approbation of all. I place my hives in my apiary after having received the swarms, and suspend them by cleats on the sides of the hives. I then open the double inclined planes about 5-8ths of an inch to admit the free passage of the bees, and also to ventilate the hive and discharge worms and other filth when disengaged by the bees. This is undoubtedly the best possible plan for discharging filth, and at the same time preserving the bees. My bees hang in this situation through the year. My apiary is furnished with doors to be closed during the winter, and also a false bottom, making it perfectly dark and dry. The planes being open, and the hive perpendicular, every bee that dies fall to the planes and is discharged, keeping the hives at all times perfectly clean and healthy. About the first of March I unclose the south side of my apiary, and also withdraw the false bottom. I keep the north side closed until about the twentieth of May, when I remove it and give the bees an opportunity to range at pleasure from either side of the hive, making the apiary as open as possible except the roof. In this manner the bees are secured from cold storms during the winter and spring months, so prejudicial to their health and economy, and have their full liberty during the season of collecting honey. I have never known a hive of bees diseased when thus treated. And if your correspondent and other subscribers will use the Patent Self-Protecting Hive, and manage it as described above, I presume you will hear no more about diseased bees.

WM. M. HALL.

Wallingford, Ct.

Temperance Department

PLEDGE OF THE CUMBERLAND COUNTY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE ANY INTOXICATING LIQUORS NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM, AS A BEVERAGE; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, OR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT, IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS, WE WILL DISCOUNTENANCE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

Some go so far as to say that there are no advantages to be obtained from drunkenness, but let us read the following twenty-one attainments which are the invariable offspring of that delectable practice, and say if they are not advantages.

1. If you wish to render yourself unfit for rational enjoyments and rational intercourse become a drunkard, and that will fully accomplish the end.

2. If you wish to become a fool, be a drunkard, for that will soon destroy your understanding.

3. If you wish your prospect in life to become dark and clouded, be a drunkard, and they will become dark and clouded enough.

4. If you would destroy your bodily health, be a drunkard, for drunkenness is the mother of disease.

5. If you would ruin your soul, be a drunkard, for the drunkard shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

6. If you would be a suicide, be a drunkard, for thousands have brought themselves to a premature grave by drunkenness.

7. If you would expose your secrets, as well as your folly, be a drunkard; for they will run out as the brandy runs in.

8. If you are plagued with robust health and a strong bodily constitution, be a drunkard, and you will reduce both to debility and disease.

9. If you would get rid of your money and wealth without the trouble of knowing how, be a drunkard; and they will vanish insensibly from you.

10. If, when unable to labor, you would have no resource but that of a work-house, be a drunkard; and you will be unable to provide any other.

11. If you are anxious to expel all harmony and happiness from your domestic circle, be a drunkard; and discord with all her train of evils will assuredly follow.

12. If you would have yourself always under public suspicion, be a drunkard; for little as you may think it, almost all agree that those who would rob themselves and families would also rob another.

13. If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a drunkard, and you will soon have reason to skulk out of the public ways and betake yourself to by-paths, or remain within doors.

14. If you are found of the amusement a court of conscience, be a drunkard; and ten to one but you shall be fully gratified.

15. If you would be a dead weight on the community—"a cumberer of the ground," be a drunkard; for that will render you useless, helpless, burdensome and expensive.

16. If you would be a nuisance in society, be a drunkard; for the breath of a drunkard is like a pestilential vapor, his appearance slovenly, idiotic and ridiculous, and his example, in word and action, hateful and pernicious.

17. If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard; and you will certainly become so.

18. If you would be a pest to society, be a drunkard; and you will be avoided by every good and virtuous person as if tainted with some deadly infection.

19. If you dread remonstrance, and if you feel a horror of being reclaimed, be a drunkard, and that will render you impervious to every salutary admonition.

20. If you would smash windows and lamps, break the peace of society and your homes also—tumble under carts, off horses, off buildings, out of rail road cars, be locked up in the watch-house dungeons, &c., be a drunkard; and it is strange if you do not succeed.

21. Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed in estate, body and soul, be a drunkard; and you will find that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your end. VIATOR.

SOMETHING.

A respectable old citizen of Baltimore county, living in the village of Townstown, a place notorious for drinking for many years, who had been in the habit of dealing in spirituous liquors, both by wholesale and retail himself—has come to the conclusion to quit; and for fear the public would not believe he was in earnest, he put the following advertisement on his store door:

"Please take notice, that I after mature reflection, have resolved not to sell or deal in, at any time, under any circumstances, by day or night, sabbath or week day, or permit it to be done on my premises, or by any one under my control or influence, any ardent spirit or alcohol, in any shape, and will continue my store as I have done, with the above exception.

JOHN GREEN."

Townstown, 24th Oct. 1841.

Test—A. H. WARE.

The Montreal papers contain a full description of the ceremony of erecting the Cross on the Belœil, or Chambly Mountain, as a memorial of the great and successful exertions of Count Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy, in France, for the advancement of religion and temperance in Canada.—Between twenty five and thirty thousand persons were present. The mountain is about 2,000 feet in height, and mostly covered with natural forest. From whatever spot the eye embraces the beautiful and insulated mountain of Chambly, there will this memorial of the Bishop's labors in Canada and the adjacent countries be visible.—*Nat. Int.*

Indian Temperance.—The Fredericton (N. B.) Sentinel, says that the whole tribe of the Micmac Indians have become converts to the Total Abstinence Reform; thus removing one of the most powerful causes of the constitutional decay, and the deterioration and rapid decrease in the virtue and the numerical strength of those children of the forest.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office at Carlisle, October 31, 1841.

☞ Enquirers will please say advertised.

Anderson Misses	Linn Samuel
Albrecht Jacob	Lahmon Jacob
Andrew Revd S M	Mitchell & Painter
Albert Mary	Mateer William M
Armor Genl Edward	Moore John 2
Barber Margaret	McFate Ann
Barnitz Charles	Myers John
Baggs William	Miller William
Burkholder Margaret A	Mullin Anna
Burkholder Margaret	Miller David
Bosworth Nathaniel	Mifflin Joseph
Brechemacher Philip 2	McColley Joseph O.
Bisurn Samuel	Miller Mrs Nancy
Calvert Michael	Miles Miss Mary
Cook Stephen	Mordorff Abram
Comfort Andrew	Myers C.
Crabb Plunket	Melvin John H.
Duly Eliza Mrs	McCabe George H.
Ditlow David	Matson Peter
Diller Peter	Moyer Daniel
Daulhauser Squier	Mitchell Nancy
Duck Cyrus	Natther George
Dickey O. J.	Ott Henry
Dennison George B.	Phillips Albert
Ege George	Paxton Jane W
Elliott James	Robinson John
Edwards Ivy	Richards Andrew
Evans Edward	Rider Soloman
Eycler Petter	Robinson Nahum
Ernest Adam	Rogers Mathew B.
Fraser Dr John	Robinson Ellen
Forney David	Roush George
Faber Ludwig	Rensalaer Rev Courtlandt Van
Gline Lorance	Randolph William
Gardner Franklin	Rheem John
Given Robert Edmond	Stewart Francis A.
Graham William	Stevens Miss Mary A.
Gipe Jacob	Shirk Isaac Sr.
Gutshall John	Sherbohn Daniel P.
Graham Susan	Sherpheurn Daniel
Gring Daniel	Seibert John F.
Gartside Joseph	Slyder Jacob
Gibbons Michel	Shelly Elias
Gorgas William R. 2	Swanger George
Green John	Shrom David
Hendel Rosannah	Turner Samuel
Heagy Henry B.	Thomas John
Hannan Miss Susan	Trout William H
Harnish Jacob	Underwood William B.
Hardshier James 2	Uhler Mrs Elizabeth
Hoover Samuel M.	Vites Elias
Hamaker David	Walkers John
Harman Christianna Mrs	Wilson James Esq
Horner Henry	Witmor Rachael
Irvin Philip	Whitmore Joseph or Anna
Jenks L.	Eberly, (Widow)
Johnson Miss Maryan	Wilms Henry
Kyle James & John	Wells Moses
Kleinlein Yohanas	Welsh John W.
Kline Peter	Yocum Samuel
Krugar John	Zearing John H
Leehler A G	Zell Peter
Little D R	

CARLISLE BARRACKS.

Holmes Dr R. S.	Champy Edward
Clark Bayard Lieut. 2	Calhoun St Patrick
Kane Lieut E. R.	Powell Edward 2
Walker Timothy 2	Hale Wallace
Gallaway George W	Swanegt David

W. M. PORTER, P. M.

MRS. McMURRAY,

RESPECTFULLY informs the ladies of Carlisle and its vicinity, that she has commenced the

Millinary & Mantuamaking,

in all their various branches, at her residence in Church Alley, opposite "Education Hall." All work entrusted to her care will be done in the latest fashion and on the most reasonable terms.

Carlisle, November 3, 1841.

Notice.

The principle Assessors of the several townships and boroughs within the county of Cumberland, are requested to meet at the Commissioners' office, in the borough of Carlisle, on Thursday the 4th day of November next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, on business relating to their duties as Assessors, punctual attendance is particularly requested.

ALEX. M. KEER,
MICHAEL MISHLER, } Comm'rs.
JACOB REHRAR,

Attest—JOHN IRWIN, *Clk.*
Commissioners' Office,
Oct. 27, 1841.—2t.

New Goods! New Goods!!

The largest and cheapest stock of **DRY GOODS** ever brought to Carlisle, just received and now opening at the store of the subscriber, in Main street, opposite Simon Wonderlich's Hotel.

Purchasers will do well to call, as they may depend on finding the largest stock, the best assortment and the cheapest goods in the county.

CHARLES OGILBY.

Oct. 27, 1841.

JUST received a supply of Tomato Ketchup and Horse Radish. J. & E. Cornman.
Carlisle, Oct. 20, 1841.

A Valuable Farm at PUBLIC SALE.

The subscribers will offer for sale on Friday the 3d day of December next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A VALUABLE FARM,

situated about two miles from Carlisle, on the Walnut Bottom road, containing about

Three Hundred Acres,

about 200 acres of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation; the balance is covered with thriving timber. The improvements are a large and substantial

STONE HOUSE,

Large Stone Stable,

Log Barn, Corn Crib and Wagon Shed, with other necessary buildings, and two wells of water; there is also a good orchard on the premises. Any information respecting the property can be had of either of the subscribers. The terms will be made known on the day of sale.

SAMUEL GIVIN,
ROBERT GIVIN,
JACOB RITNER,
Ex'rs. of J. Givin, dec'd.

Oct. 27, 1841.—tds.

Brigade Order.

A general Court Martial will convene at the Public House of Mr. John Hoover, in the borough of Mechanicsburg, on Monday the 22d of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, for the trial of William Bigley, Captain of the Mechanicsburg Infantry, attached to the 2d Battalion of Cumberland Volunteers, on charges and specifications preferred against him, by the committee of said company, all of which a copy will be furnished to Captain William Bigley in due time.

The following officers are detailed and will serve on said court martial, viz:

Major William Wallace,	1st Regt. Vol.,	President.
Major Joseph A. Ege,	1st Regt. do	Member.
Major Saml. Alexander,	1st Bat. do	do
Bapt. William G. Reed,	1st Regt. do	do
Capt. George Miller,	1st Bat. 23d Regt.	do
Capt John Hood,	1st Regt. Vol.	do
Capt. John Wallace,	1st Regt. do	do
Capt. Samuel Crop,	1st Bat. do	do
Capt. John Goodyear,	1st Bat. do	do

SUPERNUMERARIES.

Capt. Abraham Lamberton,	1st Bat. Vol.
Capt. Michael Wise,	do.
Capt. Jacob Rehrar,	do.
Adjt. William Moudy,	do.

WILLIAM B. KNOX, Esq., of Carlisle, is appointed and will officiate as Judge Advocate for said court.

Lieut. Col. J. Clendennin will detail two Orderlys from his command for said court martial.

By order of Brigadier General EDWARD ARMOR,
Commandant 1st B. 11th D. P. M.

ALEXANDER W. STERRETT,
Brigade Major.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Carlisle, Oct. 27, 1841.—4t.

BOOTS & SHOES—A very large lot of all descriptions just received, and for sale very low at the store of CHAS. OGILBY.
Oct. 27, 1841.

Splendid Schemes for November.

Virginia Monongalia Lottery.

Class N. for 1841.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va., on Saturday, November 13, 1841.

GRAND CAPITALS.

30,000 Dollars.

$10,000, $5,000, $3,000, $2,500, $1,017, and

100 Prizes of 1,000 Dollars, &c. &c. &c.

Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2 50.
Certificates of Packages of 26 Whole Tickets $130
Do. do 25 Half do 65
Do. do 25 Quarter do 32 50

$50,000 Capital!

Grand Union Lottery.

Class No. 10.—To be drawn at Alexandria, D. C. on Saturday, November 20 1841.
15 Drawn Nos. in each Package of 26 Tickets.

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING

GRAND PRIZES,

$50,000—$20,000—$10,000.

$5,000—$4,277—2 prizes of $3,000—50 of $1,000—50 of $500—50 of $400—100 of $250—198 of $200, &c. &c.

Tickets $15—Halves $7 50—Quarters $3 75—Eighths $1 87½
Certificates of Packages of 26 Whole Tickets $190
Do do 26 Half do 95
Do do 26 Quarter do 47 50
Do do 26 Eighth do 23 75

40,000 Dollars.

Virginia Leesburg Lottery.

Class P, for 1841.—To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. on Saturday, November 27th 1841.

GRAND SCHEME.

$40,000—$10,000—$6,737.

2 prizes of $5,000—5 of $2,000—10 of $1,500—20 of $1,000—30 of $500—40 of $300, &c.
Tickets only $10 Halves $5 Quarters $2,50
Certificates of Packages of 26 Whole Tickets $130
Do. do 26 Half do 65
Do. do 26 Quarter do 32 50

For Tickets and Shares or Certificates of Packages in the above Splendid Lotteries, address

J. G. GREGORY & CO. Managers,
Washington City, D. C.

Drawings sent immediately after they are over to all who order as above.

NOTICE.

Estate of Alexander Anderson, dec'd.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of Alexander Anderson, late of Allen township, dec'd., have been issued in due form of law to the subscriber residing in said township. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and all persons indebted are requested to make payment to the subscriber.

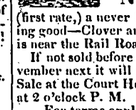
JAMES ANDERSON, Adm'r.

October 20, 1841.—6t.*

FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his **FARM OF LIMESTONE LAND,** containing about **165 ACRES,** close to the borough of Carlisle, and commanding a beautiful view of it. About 50 acres are in Woods. The title is indisputable. The improvements are

A GOOD AND LARGE



LOG HOUSE, New Bank Barn,

(first rate,) a never failing well of pure water, fencing good—Clover and Timothy more than usual—it is near the Rail Road.

If not sold before Wednesday the 10th day of November next it will on that day be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, at 2 o'clock P. M.

For terms apply to

A. McDOWELL.

Carlisle, Oct. 20, 1841.—tds.

NOTICE.

Estate of David Palm, dec'd.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of David Palm, late of Dickinson township, dec'd., have been issued in due form of law to the ssubscriber residing in West pennsboro' township. NOTICE, is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them properly authenticated for settlement, and all persons indebted are requested to make payment to the subscriber,

WILLIAM PALM.

October 20, 1841.—6t.

SALMON just received and for sale by J. & E. Cornman.

MACKEREL and Codfish for sale by J. & E. Cornman.

THE best of bleached Sperm and Whale Oil for sale by J. & E. Cornman.

PICKLING Vinegar for sale by J. & E. Cornman.

SUGAR House and New Orleans Molasses of the best quality for sale by J. & E. Cornman.

LOAF and Lump Sugar. The subscribers have received a large supply of Loaf and Lump Sugar, which they offer for sale, wholesale or retail, at reduced prices. J. & E. Cornman.

SPERM Candles for sale by J. & E. Cornman.
Carlisle, Oct. 20, 1841.

Election of Directors.

CARLISLE BANK,
October 13, 1841.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders in this Institution that an election will be held at the Banking House on the third Monday of November next, (being the 15th day of the month) for thirteen Directors to serve the ensuing year.

WM. S. COBEAN, *Cashier.*

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,

Attorney at Law,

Has removed his office to No. 3. Beetem's Row on the public square.
Carlisle, Oct. 13, 1841.

SPECIAL COURT.

BY virtue of a writ from the Hon. ANSON V. PARSONS, President Judge of the 12th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, bearing date at Harrisburg, the 17th day of July A. D. 1841:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

that a Special Court will be held by the said Hon. Anson V. Parsons and the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, at the Court House in the borough of Carlisle, commencing on *Monday the 29th day of November,* A. D. 1841, to continue one week, for the trial of certain causes depending in the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, in which the Hon. Samuel