Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BRATTY.

VOLUME XLVIII. CARLISE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1847. NUM. II.

Cards.

CARD.

DR. JOHN J. MYERS

HAS REMOVED HIS OFFICE and DWELLING to the two story brick house adjoining his Drug Store, on West Main Street.

April 14, 1847.

DOCTOR GEO. WILLIS FOULKE

(Graduate of the Jefferson Medical College o Philadelphia.)

RESPECTFULLY offers to the public his professional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery.

OFFICE a the residence of his father in S. Hanover street, directly opposite Morrets' (late Roberts') Hotel and the Second Presbyterian Church.

Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

New Arrangement.

DOCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, MR. J. E. JACKSON, in his Drug and Book Business.

By this arrangement, Doctor MYERS will be enabled to give his undivided attention to the duties of his Profession.

Carlisle, September 30, 1846.—3ms.

DOCTOR AD. LIPPE,
Homoeopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.

Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR I. C. LOOMIS,
DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filling, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.

June 14, 1846.

JOSEPH KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Pittsburg, Pa,

HAS returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pittsburg, Allegheny county, Pa.

Feb. 10, 1847.

HENRY EDGAR KEENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice in the several Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties, and attend to all professional business [illegible] care with promptness and fidelity.

Office in South Hanover [illegible] opposite the [illegible]

Carlisle, August 25, 1847.

DUTLAP [illegible]
Attorney at L[illegible]

[illegible] in South Hanover [illegible] of Dr. J. M. Graham, Esq

July 16 1845.

JAMES B. S[illegible]
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE with S. D. Adams [illegible] Graham's new building, opposite [illegible] office.

March 31, 1847.

CARSON C. MOORE.
Attorney at Law,

OFFICE in the rear of the Court House, in the room lately occupied by Dr. FESTER, dec'd.

March 31, 1847.

A. A. LAMBERTON,
Attorney at Law,
HARRISBURG, PA.

April 28, 1848.—1y.

GEO. ELLIOTT,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.

OFFICE in South Hanover Street, opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, April 28, 1847.

SURVEYOR AND SCRIVENER.
JOHN C. MITCHELL,

WILL be found at his Office in the rear of the Court House, ready at all times—unless engaged in the business of his profession—to make Surveys of lands, roads, etc He will also prepare deeds of conveyance and any other instrument of writing.

Carlisle, June 23, 1847.

PLAINFIELD CLASSICAL ACADEMY,
On the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, four miles west of Carlisle.

THE SECOND SESSION (5 months) will commence on MONDAY, May 3. The branches taught are Latin, Greek, French, German, Mathematics, including Practical Surveying, together with all English Branches required for College, Counting House, &c.

Every effort will be made to give entire satisfaction to those who may place their sons in the institution, by unwearied attention to their moral as well as mental improvement.

Prospectuses, containing Terms, (which are moderate), references, &c., can be had by addressing the Principal.

R. K. BURNS.

April 7, 1847.—4t. *Principal.*

HARRIS, TURNER, & IRVIN
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 201 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA
Importers and Wholesale Dealers

IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical and Obstetrical Instruments, Druggists Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils Dyes, Perfumery, &c. &c.

Druggists, Country Merchants, and Physicians supplied with the above articles on the most favorable terms. Strict and prompt attention paid to orders. Every article warranted.

JOHN HARRIS, M. D. JAMES A. TURNER, lately of Virginia. WILLIAM IRVIN, M. D. M.

Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1846.—y.

J. P. HARPER,
SURVEYOR,

OFFERS his services to the public. Having had several years experience within Father, and having in his possession the valuable collection of papers made by him, he hopes by fair and punctuality to obtain a share of public patronage.

Office in the public square, immediately in the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, ot 21

DYEING & SCOURING.
WILLIAM BLAIR,

IN LUTHER STREET, near the College, gives Ladies and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work. He solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit the same.

Carlisle, September 9, 1846.

GUM SHELLAC, Dutch, Metal and Brass, for sale at the Drug store of

June 9 1847. U. S. & W. D. FLEMING.

Miscellaneous.

M'ALLISTER'S OINTMENT.

IT has now r to cause all external SORES, SCROFULOUS humors, SKIN DISEASES, POISONOUS WOUNDS, to discharge their putrid matters, and then heals them.

It is truly termed All-healing, for there is scarcely a disease, external or internal, that it will not benefit. I have used it for the last fourteen years for all diseases of the chest, consumption and liver, involving the utmost danger and responsibility, and I declare before heaven and man, that not one single case has it failed to benefit when the patient was within the reach of mortal means.

I have had physicians learned in the profession. I have had ministers of the Gospel, Judges of the bench, Aldermen, Lawyers, gentlemen of the highest erudition, and multitudes of the poor use it in every variety of way and there has been but one voice—one universal voice—saying, "McAllister, your Ointment is GOOD."

CONSUMPTION.—It can hardly be credited that a salve can have any effect upon the lungs seated as they are within the system. But, if placed upon the chest, it penetrates to the lungs separates the poisonous particles that are consuming them, and expels them from the system.—It is curing persons of Consumption continually.

HEADACHE.—The salve has cured persons of the headache of 12 years's standing, and who had it regular every week so that vomiting often took place.

Deafness and Ear Ache are helped with like success.

RHEUMATISM—It removes almost immediately the inflamation and swelling when the pain ceases. Read the direction around the box.

COLD FEET.—Consumption, Liver Complaint, pain in the chest or side, falling off of the hair one or the other always accompanies cold feet. (This ointment is the true remedy.) It is a sure sign of disease to have cold feet.

In scrofula, old sores, erysipelas, saltrheum, liver complaint, sore eyes, quinsy, sore throat, bronchitis, broken or sore breast, piles, all chest diseases such as asthma, oppression, pain—also: sore lips, chapped hands, tumors, cutaneous eruptions, nervous diseases and of the spine, there is no medicine now known as good.

SCALD HEAD.—We have cured cases that actually defied every thing known, as well as the ability of 15 or 20 doctors. One man told us he had spent $500 on his children without any benefit, when a few boxes of ointment cured them.

BALDNESS.—It will restore the hair sooner than any other thing.

BURNS.—It is the best thing in the world for Burns. (Read the directions around the box.

WORMS.—It will drive every vestige of them away.

There is probably no medicine on the face of the earth at once so sure and so safe in the expulsion of worms.

COSTIVENESS.—Occasional use of the Ointment will always keep costiveness from growing. People need never be troubled with them if they will use it.

PILES.—Thousands are yearly cured by this Ointment.

JAMES McALLISTER & Co.

Sole proprietors of the above medicine.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.—No OINTMENT will be genuine unless the names of James McAllister or James McAllister & Co, are written with a pen on every label.

Sold by Samuel Ellis, S. W. Corner 6th & Market, Philadelphia, K. T. Bryan, Mechanicsburg, Sigler & Paul Chambersburg, and by Druggists everywhere.

LOW PRICE HARDWARE STORE

TO THE PUBLIC!

THE subscribers having purchased the entire stock of Jacob Sener, invite the attention of the public to their assortment. With all the boasting, puffing and humbugging made by other establishments, we are able to sell Hardware as low if not a little lower than any other Hardware Store in the county. Try us and prove us, at the old and well-known stand on North Hanover Street, between Cornman's Tavern and the Hat and Cap Store of Geo. Keller. We have just received a full and general assortment of Hardware and Building Materials, among which may be enumerated the following.

500 pounds American Blister Steel 7c. per lb;
200 do English do 12½ per lb;
500 do Cast and Steel Steel 12½ per lb.
500 do Spring Steel 7½ cts per pound;
50 doz of Corn and Grass Scythes,
100 kegs of Nails and spikes at $4 50 per keg,
50 boxes of assorted Glass,
2000 lbs. Ground White Lead from $1 75 to $2 per keg;
200 lbs best quality of Grind-stones at 1½ to 2 lb
200 gallons of Linseed Oil,
100 do Spirits Turpentine,
20 Tons Bar and Horse Shoe Iron—

With a full assortment of Building Hardware such as Locks Latches, Bolts, Hinges, Screws, Oils, Paints, Glass and Putty, Nails and spikes, &c., too numerous to mention, at the Low priced Hardware Store of

FORTNEY & FISHER.

North Hanover Street, Carlisle, May 5,

B. E. MOORE. I. N. RISDON.

MOORE & RISDON,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 70, South Third Street, nearly opposite the Exchange, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public that they are constantly prepared to make to order, of the finest and best materials, and at moderate prices, every article of Fashionable Clothing constituting a Gentleman's Wardrobe, for which their complete stock of choice and carefully selected Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the latest and most fashionable patterns, are particularly designed.

Their own practical knowledge of the business and a personal attention to every garment, enables them to give entire satisfaction, and to both old and new customers they respectfully tender an invitation to give them a call.

Having been for years connected with some of the best and most fashionable establishments in this country, employing none but first rate workmen, and being in the constant receipt of the latest fashions and best styles of goods, they are fully prepared to accommodate customers in the best manner.

Philadelphia August 18, 1847—6mo

CHEAP CLOTHING STORE!

THE Subscriber, of the late firm of Buck & Moore, takes this method of informing his friends and the public in general, that he has bought out the interest of S. L. Buck, at the old established CLOTHING STAND, No. 244 Market Street, Philadelphia, and is now prepared to furnish all kinds of ready made CLOTHING, at prices which cannot but secure to him the patronage of all who wish to purchase cheap clothing. I have splendid French Cloth Dress and Frock Coats, from $5,50 to $18; do Pants from 75 cents to $3; Vests from 62½ cents to $4; suit of Summer Clothing for $2.25. Also all kinds of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods at extremely low prices.

Wholesale dealers in Clothing would do well to call at the store of

JOSEPH T. MOORE.

254 Market street, Philadelphia

August 18, 1847

DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS.

At the Philadelphia Daguerreotype Establishment, Exchange, Third Story Rooms,

No. 24 and 27.

THE proprietors continue to take the above Portraits in any size and style, and are happy to announce that they have made a great improvement which add very much to the delicacy and beauty of the portraits taken at their establishment.

An examination of specimens at their rooms is respectfully solicited and every exertion will be made to give entire satisfaction.

W. & F. LANGENHEIM,

Sole agents for the sale of Voigtlaender's Apparatus, and importers of plates, chemicals, &c.

Philadelphia August 18, 1847

Miscellaneous.

From the N.Y. Knickerbocker.

THE ONEIDAS—RAIL ROADS.

When we stopped to water the ironhorse at Oneida, it was painfully interesting to see the fair Indian girl (whose father's feet had for centuries traced on their own ground the trails of the Iroquois from Albany to Buffalo) handing refreshments to dirty white men, ravenous as hungry anacondas. We thought of the touching words of the Oneida chief Shenandoah, uttered in council within almost a stone's throw of the place where we stood, on ascertaining that the lands of the Oneidas were to be sold to the State:

"This is a dark day. The clouds are black and heavy over the Oneida nation; and a strong man is pressing on us, and our hearts are groaning under it. The graves of our fathers are destroyed, and our children are driven away. Our fires put out, and our beds removed from under us. The Almighty is angry with us, for we have been very wicked, and therefore it is that his arm does not keep us. Where are the chiefs of the Rising Sun? White chiefs now kindle their ancient fires. There are no Indians but those who are sleeping in their graves. My house will soon be like theirs, soon will a white chief kindle his fire upon the Oneida. All our children's hearts are sick, and our eyes rain like the black clouds that roar on the tops of the trees in the wilderness. Long did the loud voice of Shenandoah cry 'children, take care, be wise, be straight.' His feet were then like the deer's, and his arm like the bear's. He can now only moan out a few words and be silent, and his voice will soon be heard no more in Oneida. But certainly he will be long in the minds of his children. In white men's land his name has gone far and will not die."

Too prophetic, majestic old chief! He himself stood an aged, hemlock, through whose branches the winds of an hundred winters had whistled, till he was dead at the top," when he sank from the recollection of what his great people had been, and the humiliating consciousness of what they are to become. * * * The ensuing lines are quite in the style of Thackeray's—"Peg of Limavady," yet they are perfectly original, and do not even verge upon parody. The reader will observe how completely the measure chimes with rail road motion:

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

Men of different stations
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together.

Gentlemen in shorts
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray
Looking rather green.

Gentlemen quite old
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in snuff
Dreadfully in liquor;

Strangers on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith! he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine!

Strangers on the left
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers!
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From 'Association!'

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
Among so many sparks;
Roughish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger.

Woman with her baby
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me!—this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

J. S. O.

A TOUGH STORY.—Our uncle Ezra is in the habit sometimes of stretching the truth a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest are singular free. We heard him tell Snooks a rather severe tale one day last which we have concluded to give to the world.

"When I lived in Maine, said he, I helped to *break up* a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter and early in the spring we began to think of ploughin' on't. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held the plough for more than a week—I thought I should die. It's enough most killed me, I tan. Why! one day I was holdin', and the plough hit a stump, which tilted red just like *that* and a half through it—hard and solid white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, which he pinted to think it might snap together again, so I just threw my feet out, and I had no sooner done this than it snapped together, takin a firm hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held out to the plough handles, and though the leaders did all they could that team of eighty oxen could not tear my pantaloons—nor cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe they gave another strong pull together, and the old stump came out about the quickest it had ever travelled its roots too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I hain't worn any other kind since."

The only reply Snooks made to this was—"I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders."—Toledo Blade.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE WILL.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told in her youth, by no means as a fiction, but as a real occurrence. She even once knew the name of the old Northern family concerned in it, but that, with the exact dates, she has now forgotten, if she ever knew the latter, and having never written down the story, she has no means of recovering them. However, from her express mention of a tight wig, worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last century.

Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1830, a lady of the temple was sitting reading, when the opening of the door, and his servant's announcement of a 'gentleman,' interrupted her. He rose to receive his visiter, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of a very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a grave colored suit, of antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious, and even solemn, phisiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe-buckles of gold; a cane headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and un-cocked hat, completed his equipment which was in the fashion of the last years of William the Third, or the first of his successor. Having stiffly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquite of the era to to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered him by his host, and, after a preparatory ahem, thus began, in a slow and serious manner:

'I think sir, you are the lawyer employed by the S——family, whose property in Yorkshire, you are therefore aware, is about to be sold.

'I have, sir,' answered the barrister, 'full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which though a painful duty to me must be performed.'

'It is a duty you may dispense with,' said the visitier waving his hand; 'the property need not be sold.'

'May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation to the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond the sea, who, as heir-at law is naturally possessor of the estate in default of a will to the contrary, and who desires its value in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it and must therefore depart.'

'You are mistaken,' replied the old gentleman rather testily 'you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S——'s great grandfather, by which he not only left that his estate, to his favorite grandson, the gentleman's father, but even entailed it on his great-great-grandson.'

'Such a will, sir, said the barrister, 'was indeed, supposed, for many years, to exist; and, in virtue of it, Mr. S—— has, until now, peaceably enjoyed the property; but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proves unfounded, or it has been lost, or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S—— has now given up all hope of finding it, the sale is to be completed in the course of next week; and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers.'

'You are mistaken once again, young man,' said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; 'I say, sir, the will exists. Go, immediately,' continued he in an authoritative tone; travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end-room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall.'

'We have looked there,' interrupted the barrister.

Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say. In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed. I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper deposited there no matter when or by whom. Go; you will find it worth your trouble.—My name, sir, is Hugh ——; I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S—— Hall; but I am his relation and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice.'

So saying the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion which would have enchanted an elegant of Queen Anne's day; and sliding the little silken string of his cane on the little finger of his hand, on which the lawyer had marked a very brilliant ring, he descended the stairs, and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first, he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax; then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was, he could not but believe him to be sincere.

At length after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure, and arrived on the evening of the fourth day, at S—— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through, within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his rights, as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal met his eye. Packages filled the hall, servants with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.

Mr. T—— greeted his friend with surprise which changed to incredulity when the barrister requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.

'It cannot be,' said he, 'is it likely that no one should ever have heard of the finding of the deed, but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am only sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose.'

The barrister mentioned the name his visitor.

'Hugh S——!' exclaimed the gentleman smiling. 'I have not a relation in the world by that name.'

'This is worth the trying, however, said the lawyer; and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure.'

Mr. S—— seeing his friend so determined at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they passed one of the rooms in their way, he hastily stopped before a large full-length picture. 'For heaven's sake, cried he, who is this?'

'My great uncle, returned Mr. S——. 'A good old fellow as ever lived. I wish with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years.'

'What was his name?'

'Hugh S——.' The only one of our family or that name.'

'This is the man who called upon me.—His dress, his hat, his very ring are there!'

They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and found the deed.

The kind old uncle was never seen again.

From the New Orleans Delta.

MISTAKE OF A MORNING!

Or, Burying the Wrong Body.

A scene, serious in itself, though at the same time laughably ludicrous, came off in this city. There lived in Baronne street, and indeed there lives there still, a poor but industrious couple—Frank Farrel and his wife Mary. If Frank were to die, his excessive wealth, at least, would not preclude the possibility of his admittance into the place reserved for the elect. Frank is poor, but he has a wife whom he loves—one who loves him; a home where contentment is a permanent lodger, and habits of industry, which secure health and afford him the means to supply his wants, which are but few. He follows the business of dyeing—renovating old garments—or in other words, like a practical moralist, improving the habits of the current generation; in fact, he dyes to live. Though a man of known veracity, he gives a coloring to almost every thing he touches; and although of strictly abstemious habits, he is frequently seen blue.

The early part of last week, Mary took the yellow fever, and Frank being strongly advised to send her to one of the pay-wards of the Charity Hospital, where she would have the best advice and medical attendance, he did so. For two days, on each of which he called to see her several times, her case continued to be a dangerous one; and Frank remained in a state of the most exciting suspense, lest her whom he so dearly loved should pass out of existence. On the night of the second day, the physician thought he saw symptoms of improvement, as if the crisis of the case had been past; and this was an announcement which Frank hailed with all the gratification, inspired by sincere affection. He went home to his humble residence, and that night had pleasurable and bright dreams of Mary, happy days and a better fortune.

Early in the morning, a message came to him from the hospital that Mary was dead—that she died at one o'clock in the morning—that her corpse was in the dead-house, and that it was not taken away before the doctors came, they would dissect it. The sad news froze for a moment life's current in Frank's heart, but the idea of her body, instead of being buried where he could make periodical pilgrimages to it, and plant flowers around it, being subjected to the scalpel of the unfeeling surgeon, again set it in rapid motion. He hurried out to the undertaker's, procured a hearse and coffin, went directly to the dead-house, where he found the corpse of a female called Mrs. Farrel, which he quickly took and interred.

Immediately after sundown on Tuesday evening, while yet the reflection of its light lingered in the western horizon, as Frank sat solitary and alone in his little shop, chewing the cud of bitter reflection, a female form darkened the door and entered. As she did so, she said a feeble voice and reproachful tone—

'Ah! Frank, *a-cushla*, its little I thought you'd sarve me so. You never called for the last four days to see if I was dead or alive.'

'O the crass o' Christ about us!' said Frank; 'the Lord betune us and harm!' What are you? or are you Mary's ghost? If you are, I command you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to do me neither hurt nor harm, for its' neither I'd do you, if you wor alive to-morrow.'

'And Frank, avic,' said Mary, for it was Mary, and nobody else—'sure I am alive, though for both it seems that it's dead I might be, for all you care about me.'

'You're not alive, Mary,' said Frank.—'How could you be when I buried you on Friday last? You know the love I always had for you when you were alive; tut don't think it's traytin' me dayceint, to be appearin to me now that you're dead. It anything troubles your sowl, say so, and I'll get as many masses sed as 'll remove it.'

'O Frank, agra,' says Mary, 'you're lesin' your sinses. I'd rather you'd get me a cup I say now, to rouse me poor wake heart, than anythin' else. You see there's not an ounce of flesh on me poor bones.'

'Why,' says Frank, 'have you any bones at all? Be gor, I thought you wor a sperit that came to haunt me. Let me see,'—he feels her hand—'be gonty, you're not a sperit, but Mary sure enough. I believe. But stay till I light the candle.' [Lights it, and is satisfied of her identity.] 'Well, how in the world did you get out of the grave, Mary? Will you tell me that? for I listened you down well for fear of them thievin' suck 'em ups.'

'Why, you're draymin, Frank,' said Mary; 'I wasn't in the grave at all. I have just left the charity hospital and——'

The entrance of two men prevented her proceeding—one of them passionately inquired—

'Is your name Farrell?'

'Yes,' said Frank, 'it is, summer and winter. May I be so bowld as to ask what's your business with me?'

'I want to know,' said the man, 'what you did with my wife. If you've sold her to the doctors, or did anything of that kind, I'll make it worse business to you.'

'Your wife!' said Frank, in suspense, 'what wife?'

'Why, my wife,' said the stranger, 'whose body you took from the Charity Hospital on Friday morning; as I am told you did.'

'And was that your wife!' said Frank.

'She wasn't any body else's,' said the stranger.

'Be gor, then I buried her decent for you,' said Frank. 'And it wasn't you, Mary, shure enough, he added.

'Indeed, then it wasn't,' said Mary.

'And you're no ghost!' said Frank.

'Well I see it all now. I mistook a dayint woman—this gentleman's wife—for you, because they could me you wor dead.

'Sure he was,' said the stranger, 'and my wife, not your's.'

Our readers by this time know the origin of his bulletin of blunders. There were two afra Fartels as yellow fever patients in the hospital; Frank buried one of them, believing it was his own Mary. It proved to be the mistake of a morning.

During the last twenty years thirty-three medical students have died in Paris, from the effect of punctures received whilst dissecting dead bodies.

The testimony of a Democrat against the War with Mexico.

In "Brownson's Quarterly Review," for the the month of July, 1847, the editor appears to have conclusively proved that the war with Mexico is "uncalled for, impolitic, and unjust." Mr. Brownson is known to wield a powerful pen; he has been for many years considered as no mean champion of Democracy, in support of which he obtained considerable celebrity while editor of the 'Democratic Review.'—He is still the political friend of the President, and an adherent of the party by whom he was elected. It was therefore, certainly not to be expected that such a man, in such a position, would so completely demolish every argument advanced by Mr. Polk and his friends in support of the present war, as Mr. Brownson has done. He has thus, voluntarily, rendered a service to truth, for which the Democrats will never forgive him. But we will allow him to speak for himself:

"For ourselves, we have regarded the Mexican war from the first as uncalled for, impolitic, and unjust. We have examined the documents published by order of the government, we have read the official defence of the war in the last annual Message of the President to Congress, and with every disposition to find our own government in the right, but we are bound to say, that our original impressions have been strengthened rather than weakened. The President, undoubtedly, makes it clear that we had many just causes of complaint against Mexico, which at the time of their occurrence might have justified reprisals, perhaps even war—but he cannot plead these in justification of the present war, for they were not the ground on which he professed to engage in it. The official announcement of the President to Congress was that war already existed between the two republics, by the act of Mexico herself, and whatever use we may make of old grievances in adjusting the terms of peace, we can make no use of them in defending the war. We can plead in its defence only the fact on which we grounded it, namely, war exists by the act of Mexico herself. But unhappily, at the time of the official announcement, war *did not exist* between the two republics at all, for neither republic had declared war against the other. There had been a collision of their forces, but this was not war, as the President would probably have conceded, had he known or recollected the distinction between war and hostilities. By placing the war on the ground that it existed by the act of Mexico, and that ground being false, he has left it wholly indefensible, whatever the old grievances we may have to allege against Mexico.

"The act of Mexico in crossing the Rio Grande, and engaging our troops, on territory which she had possessed and still claimed as hers, but which we asserted had, by a recent act against which she had protested become ours,—the act which the President chose to inform Congress and the world was war—may or may not have been a just cause for declaring war against her, but it assuredly was not war itself. We have no intention to justify Mexico. She may have been decidedly in the wrong; she may have had no valid title to the territory of which the President had just taken military occupation; that territory may have been rightfully ours, and it may even have been the duty of the President to occupy and defend it;—but it cannot be denied she once had possession of it; that it was still a part of one of her states or provinces, that she still claimed it, and had continued to exercise jurisdiction over it, till driven from it by our army of occupation; that she invaded it with an armed force, if invasion it can be called, not as territory belonging to us, but as territory belonging to her; and that she attacked our troops not for the reason, as she held,—and she had as good a right to be judge in her own case as we had in ours,—that they were intruders, trespassers on her soil.—The motive of her act was not war against the United States but the expulsion of intruders from her own territory. No sophistry can make her act war,—certainly not without conceding that our act in taking military possession of that territory was also war; and if that was war, then the war, if it existed at all, existed by our act, and not by hers, for her act was consequent upon ours. The most that the President was at liberty to say, without condemning his own government, was, that there had been a collision of the forces of the two republics on a territory claimed by each; but this collision he had no right to term war, for everybody knows that it takes something more than a collision of their respective forces on a disputed territory to constitute a war between two civilized nations. In no possible point of view was the announcement of the President that war existed between the two republics, and existed by the act of Mexico, correct. It did not exist at all, or if it did, it existed not by the act of Mexico, but by our act. In either case the official announcement was false, and cannot be defended.

"The President may have been governed by patriotic motives; he may have felt that prompt and energetic action was required; he may have believed that in great emergencies the chief magistrate of a powerful republic, having to deal with a weak and distracted state, should rise superior to mere technical forms, and the niceties of truth and honor, but it strikes us that he would have done better, proved himself even more patriotic, and sufficiently prompt, and energetic, if he had confined himself to the ordinary rules of morality, and the well defined principles of international law. By aspiring to rise above these and to appear original, he has placed his country in a false position, and debarred himself, whatever the just causes of war with Mexico may have given us, from pleading one of them in justification of the actual war. We must be permitted to regret that he did not reflect beforehand, that, if he placed the defence of the war on the ground that it already existed and existed by the act of Mexico herself, and on the ground demanded of Congress the means of prosecuting it, he would in case that ground proved to be untenable, as he must have known it would, have nothing whatever to allege in fact or his own justification. He should have been lawyer enough to have known that he could not plead anew, after having failed on the first issue. It is often hazardous in our pleadings to plead what is not true, and in doing so in the present case the President has not only offended morality, which he may regard as a small matter, but has even committed a blunder.

"The course the President should have pursued is plain and obvious. On learning the state of things on the frontier, the critical condition of our army of occupation, he should have demanded of Congress the reinforcements and supplies necessary to relieve it and secure the purpose for which it was avowedly sent to the Rio Grande; and, if he believed it proper or necessary, to have in addition, laid before Congress a full and truthful statement of our relations with Mexico, including all the unadjusted complaints, past and present, we had against her, accompanied by the recommendation of a declaration of war. He would then have kept within the limits of his duty, proved himself a plain Constitutional President, and left the responsibility of war or no war to Congress, the only war-making power known to our laws.—Congess after mature deliberation, might, or might not, have declared war—most likely would not; but, whether so or not, the responsibility would have rested with it, and no blame would have attached to the President.

"Unhapily, this course did not occur to the President, or was too plain and simple to meet his approbation. As if fearful, if Congress deliberated, it might refuse to declare war, and as if determined to have war at any rate, he presented to Congress, not the true issue, whether war should or should not be declared, but the false issue, whether Congress would grant him the means of prosecuting a war, waged against us by a foreign power. In the true issue, Congress might have hesitated—in the one actually presented there was no room to hesitate, if the official announcement of the President was to be credited, and hesitation would have been criminal. By declaring that the war already existed, and by the act of Mexico herself, the President relieved Congress of the responsibility of the war, by throwing it all on Mexico. But since he cannot fasten it on Mexico—for war did not already exist, or if so, by our act, and not hers—it necessarily recoils upon himself, and he must bear the responsibility of doing what the Constitution forbids him to do—of making war without the intervention of Congress. In effect therefore, he has trampled the Constitution under his feet, set a dangerous precedent, and by the official publication of a palpable falsehood, sullied the national honor. It is with no pleasure that we speak thus of the chief magistrate of the Union, for whose elevation to his high and responsible office we ourselves voted. But whatever may be our attachment to party, or the respect we hold to be due from all good citizens to the civil magistrate, we cannot see the Constitution violated, and the national honor sacrificed, whether by friend or foe, from good motives or bad, without entering, feebly though it be, our stern and indignant protest.

TRANCE.—A young girl of the Creek Nation, aged 15, living near Fort Gibson, is causing a great sensation, in all that region of country. She is described by the Cherokee Advocate, as not being remarkable in former days for any qualities of mind that would distinguish her above many of her country women.—What she does will be learned by the following extract. Such phenomena have been observed before in different individuals.

About three months ago while engaged in some household duties she uttered a scream and fell senseless. Her friend supposed that she was dead and made ready to bury her, but after remaining in that state for several hours she gradually gave signs of life and continued regaining her strength. She had been in a *Trance*, and when revived gave a lucid account of her intercourse with the spirits of the upper world—of all that she saw of all that was told her, and of certain things which should come to pass. She has been in the same state, once or twice since and professes to have had communion with the Savior of men, whose wounds open and bleed afresh upon the perpetration of every wicked act committed here below t and who has taught her the words of a swee; song which she sings with great beauty and effect. She has predicted one or two deaths which have come to pass, and told from her own feeling of a murder at the very time it was committed at a distance of several miles from her home. She has also purchased her burial clothes, foretold at what time her death would take place and certain signs which would then be seen, and from which the world could judge of the sincerity of her professions and the truth of her revelations.

People from all sections are flocking to see her and as she goes off again to day, for the last time but one, it is said that an immense crowd will visit her. There are many who consider her cause a remarkable one and who, believing in her inspiration, have become alarmed and forsook the errors of their ways.

The House-Wife.

Washing Flannel—If white, it should be done in as hot water as possible, with hard soap.

Shrinking of Flannel—Enclose new flannel in a bag; put it into a boiler with cold water, heat and boil it. It will never shrink any more after this operation, and should then be made up into garments.

Preserves—If fermenting, boil them, and add a little powder saleratus, say size of a pea for a quart or two, but more it much fermented.

Suet and *Mince-Pie Meat*, if boiled and chopped, may be kept a year, in a stone jar, under molasses.

Vials, with medicines, should be kept constantly and very distinctly labelled—it would prevent some fatal accidents.

Feather Beds, should be aired once a week but do not hang them out of the front windows unless you wish to add a striking feature in the picturesque expression of your dwelling.

Moths—Camphor (not tobacco) will repel moths. Flannels well wrapped in linen are safe from moths. But they should be first well brushed about first day of summer, as the moths begin to increase.

Indian Meal—must be kept cool in summer and stirred, to prevent fermenting.

Molasses—used for cooking, is immensely improved by previous boiling and skimming.

Straw-Beds—are generally improved by being boxed at the sides, or stitched through like mattrases.

Marble Fire-Places should never be washed with soap suds, but with a nice oiled cloth, and rubbed dry with a soft rag.

Sausages—The best proportions are 3 lbs of salt, to oz pepper, to every 100 lbs of chopped meat.

Eggs, wholly embedded in salt, the small end downwards, will keep one to three years perfectly fresh.

Cellars, should all have a tiny floor of water-lime, and be kept as clean as a parlor, and free from all rubbish.