# Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. BEATTY.

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## Cards.

**Doctor Ad. Lippe,**

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. F. Ehrman. apr 9 '46

**Dr. I. C. Loomis,**

DENTIST. WILL perform al operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full sett. ☞Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is absent the last ten days of every month.

**Dr. John J. Myers,**

HAS REMOVED his Office and dwelling to the house adjoining his Drug Store on West High street. april 1

**Dr. W. L. Creigh,**

(*Successor of Dr. John Creigh, deceased.*)

WILL attend all Medical calls in town or country, by DAY or NIGHT, and will give every attention to patients entrusted to his care. OFFICE on East High street, opposite Ogilby's store. [nov22–6m

**J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D.**

GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College, respectfully offers his services to the public. Dr. Rawlins having had eight years experience in the Practice of his profession in Maryland and Pennsylvania, flatters himself that he can give general satisfaction to those requiring his aid. Office in Pitt street opposite the Mansion House Hotel and first door south of the Methodist church.
February 7th, 1849.

**Wm. M. Penose,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county.—OFFICE opposite the jail in the room with W. T. Brown, Esq. [may2

**John B. Parker,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE in North Hanover Street, in the room formerly occupied by the Hon. F Watts.
March 21, 1849

**Wm. T. Brown,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county: Office in Main street, nearly opposite the county jail, Carlisle. feb 9

**Carson C. Moore,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster, deceased. mar 31 '47

**EDWRD CLARKSON,**

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 80½ Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
☞Orders may be sent by mail.
Dec. 20 1848.–6m

**Conveyancing.**

DEEDS, BONDS, Mortgages, Agreements and other instruments of writing neatly and accurately drawn by the subscriber, who may be found at the office of the Carlisle Bank.
dec20tf A. HENDEL.

**James R. Smith,**

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Has REMOVED his office to Beetem's Row, two doors from Burkholder's Hotel. [apr 1

**GEORGE EGE,**

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, bonds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c.
Carlisle, ap 26 49.

**WRIGHT & SAXTON,**

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE, Glass, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Oil, Iron, Steel, Nails &c. would invite the attention of persons wanting goods in their line, to the large assortment they have just opened, and which they offer at the very lowest cash prices. feb23

**John F. Lyne,**

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in North Hanover street, Carlisle, has just received from New York and Philadelphia a large addition to his former stock, to which the attention of buyers is requested, as he is determined to sell cheaper than any other house in town. apr19

**WALTERS & HARVEY,**

(Late Hazelhurst & Walters,)

PRODUCE and General Commission Merchants, Nos. 15 and 16, Spear's Wharf, BALTIMORE. Liberal cash advances made on consignments of all kinds of Produce.
mar22

**Notice.**

THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the stated meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month, at which time any persons having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle.
Attest WM. RILEY, Cl'k.

**Dyeing and Scouing.**

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

**Rags Wanted.**

THE highest price will be paid (in cash or in paper) by the subscriber for good RAGS. The rags may be delivered at the Paper Mill, five miles from Carlisle or at the Warehouse of Mr. Jacob Rheem, in Carlisle.
ap13tf W. B. MULLEN.

**Watts' Bar Iron**

OF all sizes, for sale at the Warehouse of
J. & D RHOADS.
D ec 8 tf

**California Money Belts.**

All persons going to California would do well by calling at the store of the subscriber and procure one of these safe depositories for any extra change they may have to carry with them. They will also hold a heap of gold dust Call and see them. G. W. HITNER.

**Gold Pens.**

JUST received and for sale at Dr. RAWL'N'S Drug & Fancy store W. Main Street, Car.

**Look this Way.**

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD in West High street a few doors east of Messrs J & D Rhoade's Warehouse, where they now have and will keep constantly on hand a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned pine boards and plank and all other kinds of stuff, all of which they will sell low for cash.
March 14 HARN & SIPE.

**Linen Sheetings, &c.**

A GENERAL assortment of Linen and Muslin Sheetings, Pillow Case Linens, and Muslins Toweling of various kinds just opened by [may2 GEO W HITNER.

**Rags Wanted.**

THE subscribe will pay the highest price in CASH for RAGS in any quantity delivered at his stores in Carlisle. C BARNITZ.
May 9 '49


## Candidates.

**To the Voters of Cumberland Co'ty**

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the approaching election, subject to the action of the Whig County Convention, and respectfully solicit your support.
JOS A EGE.
Shippensburg, may 23,'49.

**To the Independent Voters of Cumberland County.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, subject to the decision of the Whig County Convention, and very respectfully solicit your support.
Hopewell tp. LEVI DIEHL.
May 9,'49

**SHERIFFALTY.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS of Cumberland co., I offer myself to your consideration for the office of SHERIFF, subject to the nomination of the Whig County Convention. Should I be fortunate enough to be elected, I will discharge the duties of the office with impartiality and fidelity. ROB'T. McCARTNEY.
Carlisle, April 11, '49–te

**To the Voters of Cumberland County.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—At the solicitation of many friends I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for SHERIFF, at the ensuing general election, subject to the decision of the Whig County Convention. Should I be nominated and elected, I promise to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and humanity. I therefore respectfully solicit your support. JOSEPH McDARMOND.
Newville, April 4th, '49–te

**To the Voters of Cumberland County**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Encouraged by numerous friends, I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of Cumberland county, at the ensuing general election, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with impartiality
DAVID CRISWELL.
Shippensburg, april 11 '49–te*

**To the Voters of Cumberland County.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, of Cumberland county, at the next general election, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention Should I be nominated and elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity
Carlisle, April 11— DAVID SMITH

**Sheriffalty.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Being solicited by a number of my friends. I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, at the ensuing election, and will be thankful for your suffrages. Should I be elected, I hereby promise to perform the duties of said office faithfully. Respectfully,
April 4–te JOHN F HUNTER.

**To the Voters of Cumberland County.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS—I hereby offer myself to your consideration for the office of SHERIFF of Cumberland County, and respectfully solicit your support, pledging myself, if elected to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity. Yours, respectfully,
MONTGOMERY DONALDSON.
West Pennsboro tp.
April —'49–te

**BRIGADE INSPECTOR.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—At the solicitation of a number of a number of my friends I offer myself as a candidate for the office of Brigade Inspector, at the ensuing June election and will be thankful for your support.
JOHN WYNKOOP.
Newville, ap25'49te

**Brigade Inspector.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I hereby offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election, and respectfully solicit your support. Should I be elected, I pledge myself to discharge its duties with fidelity.
DAVID WHERRY.
Newburg, April 11, 1849.

**BRIGADE INSPECTOR.**

TO THE VOTERS OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.—Having been encouraged by a number of my friends I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election, I therefore respectfully solicit your suffrages for said office. (ap'14 te) WM A KELSO.

**BRIGADE INSPECTOR.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS of the county of Cumberland, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR at the ensuing election. I respectfully solicit your suffrages for the same.
J. EMMINGER.
Kingstown, April 4 te

**BRIGADE INSPECTOR.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE-INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election, in June next, and shall be thankful for your support. H W McCULLOUGH.
Dickinson, April 4,–te.

**Brigade Inspector.**

Fellow Soldiers—At the request of many of my friends I beg leave to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election in June next, and shall feel grateful to you for your support. JOHN CLENDENIN, jr
Hogestown, Silver Spring tp. Mar28

**Brigade Inspector.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Being solicited by a number of my friends to serve as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, I hereby offer myself to the consideration of your support, and respectfully solicit your suffrage. SAMUEL CROP.
March 2–te

**Brigade Inspector.**

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election in June and will be thankful for your support. HENRY WOLF.
March 2–te of South Middleton tp.

**To the Gallant Volunteers,**

OF Cumberland, who take pride in wearing a military button, and in the rattling of ordnance, musketry and small arms!
GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned most respectfully offers himself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of Brigade General for the term of five years, commencing at the expiration of my present term of service.—Agreeably to the late military laws of Pennsylvania, the elections for Brigadier-Generals will be held at the several armories of the Volunteers, and those officers will be elected by the Volunteers only, on the first Monday of June next, or as the Brigade Inspector may direct.—Having served in my gallant Brigade faithfully for the last thirty seven years, the undersigned would be most pleased to be retained by his gallant volunteers, while present rank of a Brigadier. Should the undersigned be so fortunate as to be elected, he will accede cheerfully to all and to the various duties of the office equal to any brother officer in the service of his Brigade. Having given taught the military code to a soldier for the nine years ago, the undersigned will want but little instruction to fill the office of a Brigadier General.
I am with very mark of respect and esteem
Your most ob't servant,
EDWARD ARMOR.
Gen'l Com. 1st Brig. 11th D. P. M.
Head Quarters, Carlisle.
bp25 49te

## Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker for May.

**FOOT-PRINTS.**

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Here now is a young man and a young writer, who will soon make himself favorably known to a wide circle of readers. In the first place, we cannot help thinking that he writes because he cannot help it. His effusions seem to us to be the outpouring of natural thoughts in spontaneous verse. He observes well, moreover, and is really a faithful limner of nature. We would ask the reader's attention to the following lines, descriptive of several of the writer's family pets:—

BESS.

"A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to herself,
Through the live-long summer day,
In nooks and places far away,
Now in the forest, up the trees,
Rocking, swinging in the breeze,
Scattering dew from off the spray,
On her face—anon away,
In a race with barking Tray;
Shouting, scampering o'er the plain;
Through the wavy meadow grass,
Up the hill and down again,
In the green-edged garden walks,
With a wreath of roses crowned,
Scaring from the flowers the bold,
Angry bees with belts of gold,
Chasing butterflies around;
Tired of this in the house she'll lurk,
And busy herself with knitting work;
And hide away in a quiet nook,
And sit for hours with a picture book;
Nodding, falling asleep at last,
Murmuring in her sleep
Of past delight; as'a red-lipped shell,
On shore, of the sounding deep.

A pleasant thing, a spirit bright,
Full of gladness and delight;
A little angel—strayed away
From the walls of Heaven—at play;
Flying through its pearly gate
After morning's pomp and state!
Wandering to a world of care,
Sin, and sorrow, and despair;
Making, with her angel face,
A sunshine in a shady place."

JOE.

A little youngster, five years old,
A roguish mad cap, free and bold,
Tricksy, frolicsome and gay,
Plotting mischief all the day,
Stealing Granny's spectacles,
Looking as his can were dim,
And the ivory headed cane
And the wig of Uncle Tim;
Strutting with a manly stride,
Mocking, imitating him;
Romping in the shady nooks,
With our darling little Bess;
Peering over Willy's books,
Feigning deepest studiousness,
Grave as a master in his school—
Sitting on his little stool
By our stately Biel, be sure.
Stealthy color and demure,
Making faces unaware,
Climbing Ruth's or mother's chair,
Tickling, letting down their hair,
Dropping with a merry shout
Laughing, chasing Kate about—
Scampering from room to room,
Hiding in the curtained gloom—
In the corners dim and dark,
Huddling, crouling in the shade,
By his shuffling feet at last
And his smothered laugh betrayed.

## Miscellaneous.

**Slavery Among Insects.**

The following singular facts are from "Newman's History of Insects." They show that even among creeping things, might subverts right, and the strong tyrannise over the weak:—"The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants is the propensity possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers of other species, and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, thus using them completely as slaves; and, as far as we yet know, the kidnappers are red, or pale-colored ants, and the slaves, like the captured natives of Africa, are of a jet black. The time for taking slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the male and female are about emerging from the pupa state; and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This instinct seems specially provided; for, were the slave ants created for no other end than to fill the station of slavery, to which they appear to be doomed, still, even that office must fail, were the attacks to be made on their nest before the winged myriads have departed or are departing, charged with the duty of continuing their kind. When the red ants are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search return to the nest and report their success. Shortly afterwards the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard, which is perpetually changing; the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before, the main body halt falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hunting about, as aware of the propinquity of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement; and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues, which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful mandibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hills, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians. The red ants return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burdens. On reaching their nest the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good will. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvæ take the pupæ in to the sunshine; and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destination.

**THE NATURAL BRIDGE:**

**Or, One Niche the Highest.**

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting abutment "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday.—It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutment. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do," is their watch-word, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above his predecessor. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and clinging to a jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands, he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure, but as he puts his feet and hands into those grains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again.—The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment, would have been the last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the hilt. He can hear voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no tracing his steps. It is impossible to keep his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly see this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their own blood." He is too high, too faint to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon the father's heath stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down!" Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eyes are fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that removes him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses the wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in the vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each niche he cuts. His every motion is watched from below.—There stand his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone. The sun is low down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and singing along the precipice falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God.—'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over to eternity!—Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within the reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity. E. D.

**LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.**

We take the subjoined extract from one of Mrs. Swisshelm's Letters to Country Girls, in the Pittsburg Visiter:

And now I have a word to say to you country girls about curtains. Not one in five hundred of you have any taste about a curtain! You get a stiff paper blind with big posies on it, and fasten it against your window, then roll it half way up and put a short white curtain, as stiff as starch can make it, with a prim ruffle on it, across the lower part; and I never could tell what the window looked like, unless it is another of the same. It is, if possible, stuffier and uglier than the bare venetian blinds, with which city folks are wont to decorate their parlors. I do wish you would get into the habit of looking at the clouds until you get some taste for drapery. Get a curtain for your window always, that will reach from the top to the floor.—Gather it full, so that it will hang in folds, and for mercy's sake, never starch it! If you use a paper blind, let it be for a blind, just to darken the room, and put a curtain over it. If you cannot afford to buy a curtain, take an old muslin sheet, net a fringe for it, and put it up. One pretty cheap summer dressing for a window is a nankeen blind.—You can get muslin for a fip a yard, then color it with ley, you know the sun cannot fade that. Put a blind of this, made to roll up, against the window, and put a long white curtain over it. The light coming through the buff muslin has a pretty effect; and a clean room, with the windows dressed in this way, has a pleasant, cool look that is very inviting. A very pretty, rich looking winter curtain can be made with cheap red calico—without any figure is the prettiest—then take old muslin that is too thin and weak for other use, and color it with ley and copperas, line your red curtain with it, and you would scarcely believe what a soft, rich warm look it has; or how much such curtains will add to the appearance of a room! Another way of making home look homelike is, putting a cushion on a settee, a chair and stool. A room without a cushion on anything has a miserable, uncomfortable look. If I had a settee and could not get a cushion for it, I would fold a coverlet, or a dark quilt, and lay on—make a pillow of hay, and put a calico cover on it, for one end when any one comes in tired or weak, he can lean down and rest so nicely and it makes a room look comfortable. I can tell no reason why rich folks who do not work should have *all* the comforts of life to themselves, when and one who pleases might have a good share of them, if they would just think of it! I have many a time gone into the houses of rich farmer, when I thought their best room was not half so comfortable looking as their *barn*. Here one could find a nice place to loll and rest on the hay or straw; but there, there was nothing but bare benches and chairs to set on, bolt upright. This is the fault of you girls. You could get cloth and hay enough to make a few cushions, if you liked; but you don't like, for you are a regular sex of chaliee boxes; and you will not be good and do as I want you to.

☞A butcher let a sailor have a shoulder of mutton on trust, but finding, in a day or two after, that he had gone to a foreign land, said, my word! but if I had known he never intended paying, I would have charged him a cent a pound more for it!'

**The Immortality of the Soul.**

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than that of the perpetual progress of the soul towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on in strength, to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity, that she will be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior.—That cherubim, which now appears as a God to the human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection!—We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it enter inter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to one another, for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!—*Addison.*

**DOCTOR'S BILLS.**

THE lolly of dabbling in medicine is very pleasantly hit off in the following humorous piece:

"About four years ago, I was happily married to a very prudent lady, and being of the same disposition myself, we made a very prudent couple. Some time after our marriage, my wife told me that doctors' bills were very high, and that we could not expect to be free from disease, so she thought it best to purchase some doctors' books, 'and thus,' said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once.' This I agreed to, and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical books at the lowest rate. In fine, in less than twelve months, I had bought a couple of 'Dispensatories,' 'Buchan's Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving health, by different authors; seven treaties on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note. My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household, in studying them, and as soon as my store was shut up in the evening, I edified myself with a few receipts from my Dispensatory.

As soon as spring arrived, my dear wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers, that we must swallow a large dose of cream of tartar and brimstone, to be taken every evening for three weeks, in molasses; this the whole family complied with, first I myself, who being the head of the family, I reckon first, my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me, my son, and my daughter, my negro boy, and the servant maid. This cure we all went through with to the entire satisfaction of my wife, who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect.

Soon after this, the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family and scarce a day passed but some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother, Dick, after he had permission to read my books, had acquired a dejected countenance, the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence.—'Brother,' said he, (supposing that I had read more than himself,) 'feel my pulse; I think I have too much blood; had not I better get bled? you know that if too much blood gets into the head it produces apoplexy;—the symptoms of its appearance, says Buchan, are remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me.' I could not but laugh at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education at a country school, had learned to read; she earnestly requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. This reasonable request was granted; but, poor creature! being not of the fairest complexion in the world, she in a little while became quite low spirited and finding my wife and me alone one evening, she came in and ventured to express herself thus: 'La! mistress, I am concerned and afraid I shall get the yellow jaundess, as I begin to look yellow in the face.' Decency prevented my smiling for awhile, but when she left the room, I could not but indulge a laugh. My negro boy is always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night as we were about going to bed, my wife desired me in the most serious manner, that if she should ever be taken with a locked jaw, that I should rub her jaw with musk, as she was convinced, from comparing the argument of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy. I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Dr. Cullen's word for it, that it seldom attacked females; indeed I am convinced that *a lock-jawed lady is rara avis in terris.*

Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that our family, without a Doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year, than my father's family, with a doctor, had consumed in six years.—But, one day, when my wife told me she thought it would be well to weigh our food before we eat it, lest we should eat too much or too little, and that *Sanctorious* advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust to our scheme, that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a rational medical writer, 'one or more things must happen to every human body—to live temperately, to use exercise, to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain that if I and my family presevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last.'

**AN IRISH SERMON.**

From Bernard's Retrospections we copy the following sketch of an amusing, but judicious sermon, preached in a little chapel near Sligo:

"My dear children—You know that I have been your Father and Comforter, these, six and twenty years next Feast of the Virgin; and you all of you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hould of your sowls. Ay, you may well look glum, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam among you, that I have worked hard enough. But will you never lave off your abominable tricks? Will you never grow obedient?—What! you think you may sin as you plase the whole week long, and come to me at the end of the week for absolution. Then, I tell you what, darlings—you won't get it!—Arrah, now, Mr. Pat Mulooney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit, just then? I didn't say I meant you; but now you'll give me lave to suppose so. And you, Mr. Philip O'Shugaessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cowld; wait a bit, darling, I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten conscience to some tune.

"Does any one know Judy Bryant? Oh, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretend to tell me that you never saw or heard of such a crachur in all your born days. Now, could'nt poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry—her ownly blanket, on her own palings, but that the devil must put it into the heads of certain persons, whom I at this moment have in my eye, to take a fancy to the same? Well, Murtock O'Donnel, I didn't say it was you did it, although you do look so fidgety and flustered; nor you Barney McShane; but you remember I said I had the parson in my eye, do you?—And you, Meggy Flanagan,—you can't sit say in your sate either; yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy, one of the best cobblers in the country?" He now deepened his voice, and threw into his tone a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children! Poor Judy Briant lost her blanket! I have the big thale before me that stowl it; and if it is not returned to her before to-morrow morning, I'll excommunicate him and all that belongs to him, and I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next!"

The terrific yell which was now sent forth by the fowldren drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds that the man who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree, of the public esteem, for however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, justice was benefitted by the ends he obtained.

**The Mother's Responsibilities.**

She is responsible for the nursing and rearing of her progeny, for their physical constitution and growth, their exercise and proper sustenance in life. A child left to grow up deformed or meagre, is an object of maternal negligence. She is responsible for a child's habits, including cleanliness, order, conversation, eating, sleeping, and general propriety and behaviour. A child deficient or untaught in these particulars, will prove a living monument of maternal disregard—because, generally speaking, a mother can, if she will, greatly control children in these matters.

She is responsible for their deportment.—She can make them modest or impertinent, ingenious or deceitful, mean or manly, clownish or polite. The germ of all these things is in childhood, and a mother can repress or bring them forth.

She is responsible for the principles which her children entertain in early life. For be it is to say whether those who go forth from her fireside shall be imbued with sentiments of virtue, truth, honesty, benevolence, and morality, or those of a contrary character—vice, fraud, drunkenness, idleness. These will be found to be of the most natural growth, but on her is devolved the daily, hourly task of weeding her little garden, of eradicating those odious productions, and planting the human heart with the lily, the rose and the amaranth, that fadeless flower, emblem of truth.