

Cards.

Dr. John J. Myers, HAS REMOVED his Office and dwelling to the house adjoining his Drug Store on West High street.

Dr. W. L. Orleigh, (Successor of Dr. John Orleigh, deceased.) WILL attend all Medical calls in town or country, by day or night, and give every attention to patients entrusted to his care. OFFICE on East High street, opposite Ogilby's store.

J. Windsor Rawlins, M. D. GRADUATE of Jefferson Medical College, successfully 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, on Sabbath.

Doctor Ad. Lippe, HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. F. Ehrmann.

Dr. J. O. Loomis, DENTIST, Will perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c., or will restore the teeth by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth to a full set. Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Royal Hotel. Dr. L. is absent at the last ten days of every month.

Wm. M. Pentose, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. OFFICE opposite the jail in the room with W. T. Brown, Esq.

John B. Parker, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in North Hanover Street, in the room formerly occupied by the Hon. F. Watts.

Carson G. Moore, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foster.

EDWARD CLARKSON, ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 803 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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 Herald.

James R. Smith, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Has REMOVED his office to Beeson's Row, two doors from Burkholder's Hotel.

GEORGE AGE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel.

WRIGHT & SAXTON, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE.

John P. Lyne, WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paints, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c., at the corner of N. Front street, in the building lately occupied by the former stock, to which the attention of buyers is requested.

Look this Way, THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL YARD in West High street, a few doors east of Mead & D Rhoads's Warehouse.

WALTERS & HARVEY, (Late Hazell's & Walters,) PRODUCE and General Commission Merchants, No. 15 and 16, Spruce Street, BALTIMORE.

Notice, THE Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it their duty 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 person having business with said Board, will meet them at their office in Carlisle.

Dyeing and Sewing, WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louthier Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory.

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 Rhein, in Carlisle.

Watts' Bar Iron, ALL sizes, for sale at D. RHODES'S.

California Money Belts, ALL persons going to California, would do well by calling at the store of the subscriber, and procuring one of these safe depositors, which will be found to be most reliable.

Gold Pens, JUST received and for sale at Dr. R. W. HARRIS'S Drug & Fancy store, W. Main Street, Carlisle.

Linen Sheeting, &c. SA GENBLES, Pillow Cases, Linens, and Muslins. A new assortment of various kinds just opened by SA GENBLES.

Wrapping Paper, THE subscriber has entered into arrangements with a house in Philadelphia, by which he will be constantly supplied with the best articles of Wrapping Paper, Country Manufacture, and others wishing to save twenty per cent, on the above articles can do so by calling at the store of

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 sanction of the Whig County Convention, and respectfully solicit your support. JOSE A. EGE, Shippenburg, May 23, 1849.

SHERIFF AT LAW. A. ROBERTS offers himself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF, and solicits from the Democratic Delegates the nomination, pledging himself, if elected, to discharge the duties to the best of his ability. june 20

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. LEVI DIEHL, Hopewell, May 9, 1849.

SHERIFF AT LAW. 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. R. M. McCARTNEY, Carlisle, April 11, 1849.

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 pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with impartiality and fidelity. DAVID CRISWELL, Shippenburg, April 11, 1849.

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 and fidelity. JOSEPH McDARMOND, Newville, April 27, 1849.

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 and fidelity. DAVID CRISWELL, Shippenburg, April 11, 1849.

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 ensuing 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 and fidelity. DAVID CRISWELL, Shippenburg, April 11, 1849.

To the Voters of Cumberland County. 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 our support. Should I be elected, I hereby promise to perform the duties of said office faithfully. JOHN F. HUNTER, April 4, 1849.

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. I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with impartiality and fidelity. MONTGOMERY DONALDSON, West Pennington, April 11, 1849.

WERTZ'S HOTEL. THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has taken the large and commodious public house situated on the corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets, in the borough of Carlisle, lately occupied by Samuel Morris, where he will endeavor to serve those who may call on him in the most satisfactory manner.

Pattern Shoulder Braces. THE subscriber has just received an assortment of Dr. PORTER'S SHOULDER BRACES, which he has found to be invaluable to those who are afflicted with crick in the back, pains in the side and breast, spitting of blood, &c.

Watt & Paterson's Tuss, A SUPPLY of the above truly valuable TRUSS received and kept for sale at the store of S. ELLIOTT (aug 23)

Carlisle Sulphur Springs. THE Proprietor respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to accommodate comfortably a large number of visitors and boarders.

THE DUBLIN GALVANIC SULPHUR SPRINGS, situated in Cumberland county, Pa., in a picturesque portion of the mountains, eight miles north of Newville, has been fitted up with new and commodious buildings.

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Poetry.

Discussing a Custard. Delicious custard, and delicious Mary Who baked it—made with the raven hair, And face and hands just the contrary— In either works a madman's passion.

Delicious custard, what uncommon eggs— Fresh as your face, my dear, those must have been, No chicken therein had, with short legs, Waiting to enter on this outdoor scene, And very humbly your admirer begs.

Another hint—yes—thank you, I would say; You milk has been delicious, almost cream; White as your forehead—never like the brown, And white as heaven is look quivering.

How the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in 'Sir Roger's Cove,' or merrier opponent in the game of 'Maritimony' could be found in the entire county.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK. It is said of Dr. Franklin, that during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity.

According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation.

Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer; as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellence, which he had just happened to call in with one of the city book stores; and as 'they had pleased to make a donation to his 'library' character of the Bible perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize.

'That is precisely,' said one. 'That is sublimity,' said another. 'It has not its superior in the world,' was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

'Certainly, gentlemen,' said the doctor, smiling at their triumph, 'my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I expect to see the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk.

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And here's our Sal must have her comb, when I need to tie up my hair. And would you believe it, she wanted a silk gown the other day—Lord! what would my mother have said, if I had asked her for a silk gown!

The estate which bounded his, had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who, having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to 'Coventry,' but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword.

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis's lawn, which the latter wished to have annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell him the piece of ground in question.

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follow is a regular assassin, and if he had his dagger, would long since have gained prominence at the hangman's hand. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play and have satisfaction from him for your death.

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors.

On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the commons to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks, at the late which he died; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentleman testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist.

Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid bloodhorse; a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly lot would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his friends (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible.

With his left hand he shook the bride, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Fooks's costume, his melted horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject, for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to pace in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expellative too forcible for transcription, 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me like a man!'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thud it looked in the eyes of Holyfyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he leaped bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common.

After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, 'Come back, Mr. Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and child's rattle!'

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inexhaustible laughter which hailed his defeat, and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the meretricious ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of his property, and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

BETTER THAN OUR FEARS.—A writer in the N. Y. Observer, from a comparison of 1840 and 1848, has drawn an inference most decidedly in favor of religious progress in our country. In the former year, there were, according to published statistics, connected with the churches of nine specific denominations, one million and thirty thousand members. In the churches of the same denominations, the present year, there are two millions eight hundred and forty-five thousand members. The proportion, as professors in the former year was about one-twelfth of the whole population; the present year it is more than one-eighth.

The gain of professors of the whole population he makes to be more than 58 per cent. in 20 years. If the increase should continue in the same ratio, the proportion of professors at the end of the next 20 years will be more than one-fifth; at the end of 40 years it will exceed one-third; at 60, one-half; at the end of 80 years it will include the whole population, young children excepted. And he thinks, considering the largeness of God's promises, that this is not too much to expect.

A Down East Solon.—A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, at the late session, offered a bill which provided that the lady should be married except in the town where she resided. Another member knocked it in the head by offering an amendment, requiring people to die in the town where they were born.

THE TRADE FAMILY.

Who has not heard of John Teazle and his family? They are all remarkable for the reverence with which they adhere to what they call "the good old-fashioned way." They are the best hearted people in the world, and, as old John would say, "have mad out to scrape together a little," but they are most doggedly opposed to all modern improvements. "New fashions and inventions are their abomination. Most of their neighbors had given up to the spirit of the times, and taken advantage of such suggestions as would enable them to turn two pence where formerly they turned but a single penny, but the Teazles have held out against them all—keeping on in the old way, and looking with a jealous eye at the strides which improvement is making around them. They regard every movement of this kind, whether relating to agriculture, manufactures or the arts, as a downright intrusion, or some idle scheme which is to enrich others and impoverish themselves. Old John Teazle places more value on his old coat, made and fashioned some ten or fifteen years ago, by an aunt Deborah Teazle, than upon all the fine productions of American industry put together.

'Neighbor Jones wants to buy some of our land on the river to put up a factory. Talk about their factories and such sort of things. Now, wife, I like the good old-fashioned hum of the spinning wheel. It keeps the gals busy, it don't take such an ocean of water, and was always such a favorite with the Teazle family. I like the old way—these factories are all sizzle, sizzle!'

'Lord, yes! I don't know what is coming of us all. We shant get nowhere, bimety, work as hard as we can—people will get such strange notions into their heads. Why, they are beginning to make stockings with their new-fangled machines. And then to talk of doctors—why, I'd give more for a good pot of herb tea, than all the physicans of the doctors. My grandmother never thought of having a doctor until her death—and she, poor soul, died before he got to her, and he didn't do her any good!'

Nothing could induce old Teazle to dispense with that hairy appendage, his queue. It was a relic of old times, and as precious in his eyes as though it dangled continually before them, instead of behind them in the rear of his head. And then he felt so nice, he averred, as his wife tastefully arranged it on Sunday morning, with a piece of black ribbon, which she had done for nearly forty years. He would as soon part with his eye tooth as with the old razor, a sort of heir-loom in the family, which he had used so long, that it would shave about as well on one side as on the other. He, of course, turned up his nose to barbers, tailors and such ways, as interfering with "the good old people." You might walk over his grounds with him, and he would take delight in directing your notice to the old stoncs, fences and bushes, which he had carefully kept from being moved or altered in the least.

'You see what a good old-fashioned look every thing has. Neighbor Jones has been repairing and building, taking down trees, putting up a white cottage, with green blinds, and all that, but I have let things stand as I found them, and I hope some how or other—though I donno—I'll be able to scrape together a little against a wet day. They say neighbor Jones is rich—but riches don't come from these improvements, as they call it, depend upon it.

A railroad was projected through the village. Now, of all modern improvements, railroads were regarded by the Teazles as little better than the inventions of the devil. "Now, wife, I do hate these railroad contrivances. Give me the good old-fashioned way of going to market, with the old mare, just as my father did. Besides, the railroad will run right through my land—'

'Lord!' quoth Hannah Teazle, lifting up her glasses, and gazing from the bottom of her heart. 'Right through our land?—Mary on us!—What are we coming to?'

'Yes, neighbor Jones says, right through our land—so that I can't drive the cattle to market. What would the old Teazles have said to railroads! Shouldn't wonder if they started out of their graves, if they ever heard the injun when it comes across our ground. Their bones'll ache some!'

That the railroad should pass through his land, and prevent his driving his cattle to the brook, was with old John Teazle an unanswerable argument against it. A hint from neighbor Jones that it would double the value of his ground, was too ridiculous for a moment's consideration. "Double the price of his land by taking away half of it!"

'Why, yes,' said old Hannah; 'they didn't use to do so in old times when I was a gal! There's cousin Thompson, says he wouldn't for the five hundred silver dollars which she has got in her old stockings, near a bushel full too, have the railroad pass through their farm—and who knows better than cousin Thompson, I'd like to know?'

This all comes of examining our children full of school learning. They get mighty notions into their heads, which will get them into mischief. I never went to school but two winters myself, and now our gals must be going all the time!

'And here's our Sal must have her comb, when I need to tie up my hair. And would you believe it, she wanted a silk gown the other day—Lord! what would my mother have said, if I had asked her for a silk gown!

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And she says when the railroad gets here, it will bring all Boston close to us, and she can go a shopping before breakfast in the morning—the forog she's a Teazle. A Teazle in a gown!—Boston coming to our very doors, and on a railroad too! Who ever thought of such a thing? And then the saucy jade says how Jim Clipper will come a courting on a railroad! Ha! ha! ha! Courting on a railroad! I heard when I was a gal, of Si Parker and his sweetheart courting on a mare once—but courting on a railroad! ha! ha! And, the old woman laughed till her sides shook and she let fall her snuff-box. Then she sneezed. Yes, how she did sneeze!

'Wife, wife! this is no laughing matter! It smit to be sneezed at. These improvements are raising the old boy with us. Everybody is turning from the good old way—They don't talk dress, and live now as they used to do in old times. These inventions made folks frisky, and deviate about. They will want a rail-road from their plates to their mouths—because they can't eat fast enough. I am determined to stand up for old ways. Yes the good old ways.

'Guess how people won't want rail-roads to drink liquor,' said the old lady, looking round after her spectacles, which she found, as she cast her eyes at the glass, astride of her nose. 'But it does concern me to see the rising generation so taken with new whims. Our boys are forgetting the homespun ways of their father, and our girls are penman-ashamed to be in their bombazines and lincey woolseys, but are all for rings and such nickery nackery, while their heads are filled with factories, railroad and such inventions. Oh! how flighty things are in my day!

Old Teazle and his wife, though the best natured people in the world, had rather peculiar notions. They were industrious enough, plodding from morning till night, but had a mortal aversion to adopt anything which looked like an innovation upon the old-fashioned ways of the Teazle family—Improvements that were going on, around had no effect upon them. The younger members of the family had imbibed many of the "flighty notions" of the days and introduced some little changes in their intercourse with the world; and they will no doubt in good time give the old homestead a very different appearance, both within and without, from its present one, so manage, that the railroad may pass over the ground, and the cattle be driven to the brook into the bargain.

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According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation.

Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer; as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellence, which he had just happened to call in with one of the city book stores; and as 'they had pleased to make a donation to his 'library' character of the Bible perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize.

'That is precisely,' said one. 'That is sublimity,' said another. 'It has not its superior in the world,' was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

'Certainly, gentlemen,' said the doctor, smiling at their triumph, 'my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I expect to see the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk.

'Let every reader learn wisdom from this collection, and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.

And here's our Sal must have her comb, when I need to tie up my hair. And would you believe it, she wanted a silk gown the other day—Lord! what would my mother have said, if I had asked her for a silk gown!