Carlisle Herald.

A Family Newspaper,— Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, Business and General Intelligence.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS, SAITH LORD BACON, WHICH MAKE A NATION GREAT AND PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS.—TO WHICH, LET ME ADD, KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—*Bishop Hall.*

BY E. BEATTY. CARLISLE, OCTOBER 24, 1849. VOLUME I—NO. 8.

Cards.

A Card.

DR. JAS. McCULLOUGH will give his attendance in the various branches of his profession, in town or country, to all that may favor him with a call. *OFFICE opposite the* 2d Presbyterian Church and Wert's Hotel, lately occupied by Dr. Foulke.
Carlisle, sept 5, tf

Dr. John J. Myers,

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

Doctor Ad. Lippe,

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician. Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by P. B. Lechler. ap 9 '46

Dr. I. C. Loomis,

DENTIST. WILL perform all 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.

John B. Parker,

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

Carson C. Moore,

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

Wm. M. Penrose,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. OFFICE, in Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by L. G. Brandebury, Esq.

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 8'49.

Plainfield Classical Academy,

FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE, BETWEEN THE NEWVILLE STATE ROAD AND CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAIL ROAD.

SEVENTH SESSION.

THE Seventh Session will commence on MONDAY, Nov. 5th, 1849. The number of students is limited, and they are carefully prepared for College, counting house, &c. &c.

The situation precludes the possibility of students associating with the vicious or depraved, being remote from town or village, though easily accessible by State Road or Cumberland Valley Railroad, both of which pass through lands attached to the institution.

TERMS.

Boarding, washing, tuition, &c., (per session.)	$50,00
Latin or Greek	5,00
Instrumental Music	10,00
French or German	5,00

Circulars with references, &c. furnished by
Sep 12. R. K. BURNS, *Principal.*

CHLORIDE OF LIME just received at Dr. Rawlins' Drug Store. 1je20

Newville Academy.

SELECT CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL—NEWVILLE, CUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.

IT is confidently believed that few Institutions *offer greater inducements to students* than the above. Located in the midst of a community proverbial for their intelligence, morality and regard for the interests of religion, this Academy can effectually guard its member from evil and immoral influences. Advantages are also offered to those desiring to pursue the study of the physical sciences, surpassing those of most similar institutions.

Those having sons or wards and wishing to send them to a seminary of learning, are respectfully solicited to visit Newville, and judge of the advantages for themselves, or, at least, procure a circular, containing full particulars, by addressing JAMES RUSTON,
Newville, aug 22 1y Principal.

Drug and Variety Store.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the public that he has taken that well known stand lately occupied by James Fleming, on the corner of Pitt and high streets, directly opposite the Mansion House, where he will keep constantly on hand an assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Perfumery and fancy articles, which he is determined to sell low. Having engaged the services of an Experienced Druggist he flatters himself to be able to give general satisfaction to all. Physicians and Country Merchants supplied at reduced prices. H A STURGEON
aug15.

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 P. Lyne

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Paint, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in N. Hanover street, arlisle, 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 lower than any other house in town. apr19

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 Messrs J. & D Rhoads's Warehouse, where he now has 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 he will sell low for cash.
July 18 SAMUEL SIPE.

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.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made at the next Session of the Legislature, of Pennsylvania, for an alteration in the Charter of the Carlisle Deposite Bank, so as to confer upon the Institution *the rights* and privileges of a Bank of Issue. By order of the Board of Directors.
WM S COBEAN, Cashier.
Carlisle Deposite Bank, }
july 4, 1849—6m }

Dyeing and Scouring.

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 Rheam, in Carlisle.
sep13 W. B MULLEN

Table Oil.

A Lot of very Superior Fresh Salad Oil just received and for sale by J W EBY.
July 11

LARD OIL.—A desk of Lard Oil, entirely colorless, just opened, it is a splendid article for summer use—for sale low by
16 n S. ELLIOTT.

Stores & Shops.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION IN THE Price of Hardware.

I HAVE just received the largest and Cheapest stock of HARDWARE, Glass, Paints, Oils Varnishes, Saddlery, Carpenter's and Cabinet Maker's Tools, Mahogany Veniers and all kinds of Building Materials ever brought to Carlisle consisting of Locks, Hinges, Screws, Nails and Spikes. Persons about to build will find it greatly to their advantage to look at my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Come and see the Goods and hear the price and you will be convinced that this is really the Cheap Hardware Store. Also, in store anvils, vices, files and rasps, and a complete assortment of Wain' Best Bar Iron, Steel Rolled and Hoop Iron of all sizes. I have also the Thermometer Churn made by Mr George Spangler, the best article now in use.

SCYTHES.—I have just received my Spring stock of Grain and Grass Scythes, manufactured expressly for my own sales, and warranted to be a superior article. Cradle makers and others will find these Scythes to be the best article in the market and at the lowest price wholesale and retail at the old stand in North Hanover street. JOHN P LYNE.

New & Cheap Hardware Store.

NOW opening by JACOB SENER, who respectfully calls the attention of his friends and the public generally and all dealers in HARDWARE, to his new and splendid assortment of all kinds of Hardware, such as Saddler's Tools and Saddlery Ware of every description and style, all kinds of Carpenter's tools, and building materials of all kinds and new style, all kinds of material used by Cabinet makers. Also, Shoe Findings of all kinds, a *good assortment of Men's morocco, kid, French* straits, lining and binding skins for shoe-makers, all articles used by shoe makers constantly kep on hand. Blacksmiths can be supplied with the very best of hammered iron, warranted good, also all kinds of rolled, slit, round, band, and strap iron, cast, shear, spring English and American blister steel, warranted good, also a lot of sheet iron for tinners. Housekeepers can also be supplied with every article necessary for housekeeping in the Hardware Line.

Ethereal and *Pine Oil Lamps* of every description just received, also ethereal and pine oil for sale. just fresh, all kinds of paints, oils, varnishes, turpentine, also, a first rate article to preserve leather shoes, and keep the feet dry.—Look out and bear in mind.

Farmers, Mechanics and Housekeepers and all who use the article of HARDWARE, call at the old well known new arranged HARDWARE STAND, formerly kept by Lewis Harlan, in North Hanover street, next door to *John Cornman's tavern stand*, now kept by H. Glass, and also next door to George Keller's Fancy Hat and Cap Store. Call and examine for yourselves, and save money, as we are determined to sell all articles at the very smallest profit for CASH and we think we shall be able to sell a little lower than any other Hardware Store in town, as our goods are well selected and are purchased right in order to sell low at the new arranged Hardware Store, well-known as Lewis Harlan's old stand, where you may *find a good assortment of every article in the* Hardware Trade. Don't forget the Stand, as quick sales and small profits is the order of the day.

JACOB SENER.

McAllister's all Healing Ointment.

OR THE WORLD'S SALVE, *contains no* Mercury.—The following Certificate is from a regular Physician, of extensive practice in Philadelphia:

JAMES McALLISTER—Sir: I have for the last two years been in the habit of using your Ointment in cases of Rheumatism Chilblains, and in Tenia Capitis, (Scald Heads,) and thus far with the happiest effect. I think from the experiments I have made with it, that it richly deserves to be adopted as an article of every day use by the profession at large
Yours truly, S. Bell, . D. Phila.

READ THIS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1843.

To James cAllister—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in making known to you the great benefit I have received by using your Vegetable Ointment, or the World's Salve, I had an ulcer, or running sore, on the ear, of many years standing; I have applied to several physicians, but all to no purpose; but by using your Ointment a few days it was completely *dried up and well. I have used it for burns*, for which I find it an excellent article; also in all cases inflamation. Ed. Thorn.

I certify the above statement is true.
T. C. CADMUS
No. 90 Market street, Phila.

CERTIFICATE.

I do certify that I have used McAllister's all Healing Vegetable Ointment for coldness of *my feet; also for Rheumatism in my limbs* and Corns on my feet, and have been entirely relieved. Believing it to be a good Medicine, I do not hesitate to recommend it in the above complaints. LEONARD VAILE,
Norris tp. Washington Pa. Aug. 21, 1847.

I certify that I have used McAllister's all Healing Vegetable Ointment, or the World's Salve, for a beeling in my wife's breast, which has given her inestimable benefit; also on one of my children, for sore eyes, which give immediate relief. I, therefore, recommend it as a good medicine. PARKER REED,
Hopewell tp. Washington Co. Pa. Aug. 21, '47.

Around the box are directions for using McAllister's Ointment, for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Eyresipelas, Tetter, Chilblain, Scald Head, Sore eyes, Quincy, Sore throat, Bronchitas, Nervous affections, Pains, Head ache, Asthma, Deafness, Ear ache, Burns, Corns, all diseases of the skin, Sore Lips, Pimples, &c. Swelling of the Limbs, Sores, Rheumatism, Piles, Cold feet, Croup, Swelled or Broken Breast, Tooth ache, Ague in the face, &c., &c.

If MOTHERS and NURSES knew its value in cases of "swollen" or Sore Breast, they would always apply it. In such cases, if freely used, and according to the directions around each box, it gives relief in a very few hours.

BURNS—*It is one of the best things in the world for Burns.* (See directions for using it.)

PILES—Thousands are yearly cured by this Ointment. It never fails in giving relief for the Piles.

☞ This Ointment is good for any part of the body or limbs when inflamed. In some cases it should be applied often.

CAUTION—No Ointment will be genuine unless the name of JAMES McALISTER is written with a pen on every label.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

For sale by my agents in all the principal cities and towns in the United States,

JAS. McALISTER,
Sole Proprietor of the above Medicines.
Principal Office removed to 28 N. Third St. Philadelphia.

AGENTS.

S. Elliott, and S. W. Haverstick, Carlisle.
J. & L. Reigel, Mechanicsburg.
C. W. Singiser, Churchtown.
Rhoad & Wherry, Newburg.
Joseph H. Herron, Newville.
J. M. Lutz, & Geo. W. Bell, Harrisburg.

Queensware & Glass.

A LARGE and general selection of, these articles in every variety has been added to our assortment. Also, a lot of Cedar Ware, embracing Tube Churns, Backs, Pails, &c., at unusually low prices, at the Grocery Store of
March 14. WEBY.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

FOR sale at the Drug Store of
[aug22] H A STURGEON

Collodion.

JUST received at Dr. Rawlins' Drug Store West Main Street, Carlisle.

☞ Lancaster Examiner insert four times and send bill to this office.

LARD OIL.—An excellent article, always on hand H A STURGEON

Poetry.

I WOULD IF I COULD.

I would if I could,
Though much it's in use,
In but a fallacious
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person,
Who could it he would
Is often heard saying,
'I would if I could.'

Come John,' said a school boy,
'I wish you would try
To solve this hard problem
Now don't you deny.'
But John at this moment,
Was not in the *mood*:
And yawningly answered,
'I would if I could.'

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rage clad,
Stood a poor woman, begging
A morsel of bread;
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood;
And answered her coldly,
'I would if I could.'

The scholar *receiving*
His teacher's advice;
The swearer admonished
To shun such a vice;
The child when requested
To try and be good;
Oft gives the same answer,
'I would if I could.'

But if we may credit
What good people say,
That where a strong will is
There's always a way;
And whatever ought to be,
Can be and should—
We never need utter,
'I would if I could.'

THE SEASON.

Summer's gone and over!
Fogs are falling down!
And with russet tinges
Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the busy thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
Swallows as they flit,
Give yearly tenants,
Notices to quit.

Skies of fickle temper,
Weep by turns, and laugh—
Night and day together,
Taking half-and-half.

So October endeth—
Cold and most perverse—
But the months that follow,
Sure will pinch us worse!

Miscellaneous.

Warning to Mothers.

I remember to have once been acquainted with a Virginia planter, of the best old stamp. He was rich, hospitable, kindhearted, and better than all, truly pious. When he heard the Gospel his whole soul seemed to be laid open to the impression of the truth; and so *susceptible* was *he*, that often while the man of God described the love of a Saviour, the large and not unmanly tear would trickle down his cheeks: and you might always know where to find him. But I was grieved and surprised to find his sons were all profligate. By drinking and gambling and other vices, they soon ruined their reputation, wasted their estates, and injured their health, and threatened their lives.

In search for the cause of this wide departure from the example of a good and affectionate father, I traced it to the injudicious indulgence of a fond mother. Not that she wished her sons to become dissipated; but when they did wrong she carefully concealed their conduct from their father, connived at their vices, and afforded them facilities *for gratifying their corrupt propensities*, by plentifully supplying them with money, and with such care were their vices concealed from the unsuspecting father, that the first knowledge which he obtained was, when *his sons' ruin was completed, and their bad* habits so fixed that all regard to decorum was laid aside, and even the displeasure of a father could be braved.—*Dr. Alexander's Letters.*

Above His Business.

It is a serious evil that *many* a young man has fallen into, to be above his business. A person learns a trade, but he is too proud to work at it, and he must go to shopkeeping, or street-loafing, or turn politician. Fool!—If he cannot make a living at his trade, we are sure he cannot in any other way. And then young men brought up to shopkeeping, must buy farms, or houses, or some other foolish things they know nothing about, and what is the result? Head over heels in debt and certain failure. Multitudes have been ruined by being above their business, and branching out into what they know nothing about.

There is no trouble about young men who do not feel their importance, and who are willing to work at their trades or professions till they get a little beforehand. With a small capital to fall back upon, they can feel like venturing into other business, and by the time they will have formed habits that will be likely to keep them straight.—Those who succeed best in life are men who stick to their business and make money before they buy farms and houses, and commence speculating. Look at our successful men, and you will see where lies the secret of their success. You will find that they were never above their business and never paid for the doing of a job which they could just as well do themselves. We know a man worth from thirty to forty thousand dollars, and no laborer in the city works harder than he. He never hesitates to take off his coat to do any kind of work about his premises. Such a man is not above his business; but we think he is too far in the other extreme. Of this we are sure, if all men will be prompt and punctual—stick to their business and not be too proud—they will eventually succeed, and become independent.—*C. D. Colesworthy.*

OREGON DEMOCRATIC.—A letter writer in the New-York Tribune, from Oregon City, confesses that *the democrats* were triumphant in that territory, at the recent elections.

☞ Miss Leslie tells of a lady who made a morning call upon a friend and stayed eleven years!

From the Bangor (Maine) Whig.

REMARKABLE CHOLERA STORY.

An incident of the cholera occurred in this city a few days since, which for several reasons we think worth recording. Among the households which had been entered and stricken by the fatal disease was that of Mr. Hangley, a worthy Irishman, who has long been employed by the Commissioner of streets. His wife, a warm-hearted, motherly woman, devotedly attached to children and self-sacrificing to promote their welfare and happiness, was taken with the cholera and died, and was buried on Thursday Sept. 20th. Next a lovely little daughter, 7 years of age, was taken sick, and she too died, and her body laid out and her limbs adjusted in the embrace of the king of terrors.—The father applied to Alderman Wingate for a coffin, but for some cause it could not be had immediately, and its delivery was postponed for an hour or two; during this time Mr. Hangley returned home, when the supposed dead child stretched forth her arms, with the exclamation, 'Oh, Father! I have been to heaven and it is a beautiful place!'

After the surprise and the excitement of the girl had subsided, she gave a relation of what she had seen, as she expressed it, 'in heaven.'

She saw her mother in heaven, and she was taking care of little children, many of whom she called by name, among them she said were four children of Uncle Hangley, and three children of Uncle Casey's. 'Aunt Lynch is not there now, but she will be to-morrow; and on Sunday I shall go back again."

'But,' said an older sister, 'it cannot be so, dearest, for there are but two of uncle Casey's children dead!'

'Yes, I saw *three* of them in heaven, and dear mother was taking care of them. All were dressed in white, and all were very happy and the children playing. Oh! it was beautiful there; and I shall go there again next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.'

Mr. Hangley immediately informed Mr. Wingate that his daughter was not dead; when he, in company with Dr. Morrison, visited the house, and the little girl related substantially the same story. It seems, too, that shortly after this relation of the little girl, of what she had seen and heard in heaven, a message came from Mr. Casey in Carmel, giving information of the death of another child, and inviting them to attend the funeral.

Of the four children of her uncle Hangley, two died in this city, and two were drowned on their passage from Ireland.

We called on Saturday to see and talk with this little girl, but she was very feeble, and just then in a drowse, for we did not allow her to be disturbed. She is said to *have a very thoughtful and serious* countenance, and to be a very interesting child.—She had no wish to live, but preferred returning to her mother. The father and sisters are seriously, but very happily, impressed with the relations of this sweet child, and joyfully believe the story she tells. Their house is a pattern of neatness, and they all possess hearts overflowing with affection, and are sincerely happy on account of their heavenly messenger.

'I was sorry,' said Mr. H. to Dr. Morrison, in the honest, truthful simplicity of his heart, 'when my good wife died, but I'm not now, but only wish to be with her.' The elder sisters too, live now in joyful hope of meeting at length, and they care not how soon, if it be God's time, their dear mother, in heaven, where she had been seen by their angel sister, who has been permitted to return to the earth, and to make the fact known to them.

Since the above was published there have been a great many inquiries respecting this little girl, some of which we will now answer. Although at the time of the seeming death of this child it was not supposed that her aunt Lynch was dangerously ill, she not having the cholera but attacked with dysentery. But she died the next day as stated.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Daniel Warren a very worthy religious gentleman, who had been much among cholera patients, and feeling, perhaps, a little moved by curiosity, called to see the little girl, and addressed her cheerfully, and told her that she appeared better, and would soon be well, and get out in a day or two.

'But I am going to mother again at four o'clock,' she quietly and softly said.

'When, to-morrow?'

'No, to-day.'

Mr. Warren endeavored to turn her attention to hopeful prospects of recovery; but the little sufferer was fast sinking away—the death-rattle was heard, and she soon ceased to breathe, her pulse stopped, and the fixedness of death was impressed upon her countenance. She was dead!

Mr. Warren looked at the town clock, in the distance, from the window, for there was no clock in the house, and it was four o'clock. While pondering upon, to him, the singular coincidence in this case, about half an hour had passed when new signs of life appeared and again the spirit of the sweet girl returned. She asked for water and said she was tired, and sank away into a quiet sleep.

Since then she has been gradually recovering, but her elder sister who watched her so tenderly, and who, would so willingly, have accompanied her to live with her blessed mother in heaven, was the next day taken with the cholera and the following day died, and was buried.

The father of this girl is ignorant, yet a specimen of a pure warm heart, with all the unsophisticated simplicity and truthfulness of nature. He is poor. He had a large family, and he says that for the whole season he had but two pounds of butter in his house, and that they had only had meat but twice.—They had lived almost wholly upon bread and tea.

Such are the simple facts in the case, which we leave for the present without comment or attempted explanation.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Hood was a victim to the "literary ailment." For many years, towards the close of his life, he was laboring under disease—habitually ill—dying slowly; and yet he wrote on. In one of the last publications to which he gave his name as editor, "Hood's Magazine," he thus humorously pointed out the pains of a literary life, in an imaginary letter from "A Subscriber:"—

"Sir,—By your not coming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up, being rolorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course, like my poor Robert, for I've had a literary branch in my own family, a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, insted of once a munith; and as such, well know what it wos to rite long-winded articles with weekly lungs. Poor fellow! as I often sed, so much hed work, and nothin but hed work, will make a cherubbim of you; and so it did. Nothing but rite, rite, rite; and read, read, read; and as our Doctor says, it's as bad to study till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And werry good advice it is, when it can be followed, which is not always the case; for if *necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of* Litterature, and Authors must write what they must.

"As poor Robert used to say about sed dentery habits, it's very well, says he, to tell me about, like Mrs. Wordsworth's single man as he grew double, sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he there'll be no hatching; and if I do brood too much at my desk, it's because there's a brood expected *from me once a week*.—Oh! its very well, says he, to cry, up with you, and go fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stoffils, and there's a devil waiting for your last proofs, as he did for Dr. Forster's. I know its killin me, says he, but it I die of overwork, its in the way of my vocation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurridge him. Mock Turkey soop and strong slops, and wormy jelly, and island moss; but he could'nt eat. And no wonder; for mental labor, as the doctor said, wears out the stummack as well as the branes; and so he' been spinning out his inside, like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enough; one of that sort with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a body in the middle.

"Annuther bad thing is settin up all nite, as my sun did, but it's all agin natur. Not but what sum must, and particklly the writers of politicks for the papers; but they ruin the constitushun. And besides, even poetry, *is apt to get prosy, after twelve or one*; and some late authors read very sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do, when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And, to be sure, April, June and *September are all short months*, but Febberverry. However, one grate thing is, relaxing, if you can, as the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy? why, being always in the work house, and never at the play-house. So, get out of your gownd and slippers says he, and put on your best things and unbend yourself like a beau. If you're been at your poetic flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel, and if you're tired of bein witty, go and *spend an hour* with the wax wurx. The mind requires a change as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, sir—a mother's advice—and relax a little. You want brassing a change of hair, and more stummack. And you ought to ware flannel and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Baases pail? It's as good as camomile tea. But above all, there's one thing I recommend to you, steal wine; its been a savin to some invalids.

"Hoping you will excuse this liberty from a stranger, but a well-meaning one, I am sir, A SUBSCRIBER."

Thus could Hood play with a subject full of painful import, and inoculate severe truths in quaint and humorous guise. He made the eye dance with laughter, at the same time that he touched the heart to its depth. It was Comus teaching sympathy and human kindness. The laugh passed away, but the stern truth remained.

KENTUCKY CONVENTION.—The Kentucky Reform Convention, now in session at Frankfort, on the 4th inst., refused to admit H. M. McCartney, of the *Louisville Courier*, to occupy a seat as a reporter in the body.—The vote was 70 to 27, and the chief ground of opposition seems to be because the *Courier* is a *strenuous* advocate of the cause of emancipation. The movement is unprecedented, as the *Courier* says, in deliberate bodies, and gives us but a poor idea of the intelligence of the Convention. We had hoped better of Kentucky, but it can only be attributed to the foul spirit of Cocolocoism and pro-slaveryism.

CURE FOR HEADACHES.—A work has recently been published in Paris, by an eminent physician, in which he describes a new remedy for headaches. He uses a mixture of ice and salt, in proportions of one to a half, as a cold mixture, and this he applies, by means of a little purse of silk gauze, with a rim of gutta percha, to limited spots on the forehead or other parts of the scalp, where rheumatic headache is felt. It gives instantaneous relief. The skin is subjected to the process from half a minute to one and a half minutes, and is rendered hard and white. It is good in erysipelas and diseases of the skin.—*Scientific American.*

☞ Fires in the Pines in Burlington and Monmouth counties, N J. have destroyed an immense amount of timber, covering an area of twenty miles long by from three to ten miles wide.

THE VISITED VOTER.

A Story of Boring Candidates for Office.

BY PETER TIMSON.

A correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* furnishes the following clever hit at travelling candidates for office.

One day, just as I was going to sit down to dine on a nice fat capon that my wife had laid upon the table (the capon was just large enough for her and me,) and I had pulled the cork out of a cool bottle of claret, a man walked up the gallery steps, hat in hand, bowing and smirking, and says he, 'Good day, sir—this is Mr. Timson, I believe, sir?'

'Yes, sir, that is my name—take a seat sir.'

'Thank you Mr. Timson,' said he laying his hat oneside, and planting himself in a chair with an air that showed plainly enough that my fat capon was in danger. 'Very warm weather, sir,' said he, 'Very,' said I. 'Shall I trouble you for a drink of water?' said he. 'Oh, no trouble,' said I, 'here Polly,' said I, speaking to a nigger girl, 'here Polly, go set the decanters upon the side board; walk in, sir, and take something to stimulate the system.' 'Well, really, said he, 'I hardly ever drink anything.' 'Oh, it won't hurt you sir,' said I, 'walk in, walk in.' He did walk in, and as he passed the table, he cast an eye upon my capon. Mrs. Timson saw the glance, and turned pale—not that my dear wife begrudged the capon, but she knew that there was not enough for three, and there was no time to cook another. He took a stiff horn, and then turned around and told me that his name was Grimpkin, and that he was a candidate for the Legislature. I told him I was glad to make his acquaintance, and introduced him to Mrs. Timson, who told him that she was very glad to see him, (poor woman, she told a white one that time, but I hope she will be forgiven for it—in fact, I feel certain she will, for she was driven to it, you know,) and I invited him to sit down and take dinner. Mrs. Timson excused herself, with the plea that she had to go out and attend to a negro child that had just been taken very sick, (may the guilty—that that is, the candidate—suffer for that sin, too, as I am confident it will be the case,) and left us to divide the capon between us—she, dear heart, dining on mush and milk! Very little of that capon did I eat, and very little of my cool bottle of claret passed my lips! I had Mr. Grimpkin's horse fed, too, and he kept me up, after dinner, talking about what he meant to do when he got into the Legislature; whilst I would have given more for my after-dinner nap than I would for all his *principles and brains* but *together*. I *didn't* promise to vote for him, but hinted very strongly that way. The fact is, I never heard of him before. Well, he went away, and I lay down on the gallery and went to *sleep*.

I had gone off into a deep and glorious snooze, and was dreaming that a huge monster with forty heads (on each of which was a great brass gimlet a la rhinoceros,) had announced himself as a candidate for all the offices within the gift of the people, when Mrs. Timson (who would no more have dared to disturb my siesta on ordinary occasions, than she would have cut off her little finger,) tickled my nose with a feather and I awoke in very bad humor. 'Curse it all, Mrs. Timson, my dear!' said I, starting up and rubbing my eyes. 'what the devil did you disturb me for, eh Mrs. Timson?' 'Oh don't speak so loud,' said she, in a whisper, 'there's a gentleman sitting in the parlor—another candidate.' I put on a calm countenance and walked in, and there sat an intelligent, bright looking young man, whom I saw at a glance, was a gentleman distinguished as a candidate. He rose up and apologized very gracefully for having disturbed me, and told me that he was a candidate; that inexorable custom compelled him to visit the people, and that he wished to occupy as little of their time and give them as little trouble as possible. 'Sir,' said I with *fervor*, 'you shall have my vote—you are a gentleman, I see that, notwithstanding your disguise, and I'll vote for you, sir!' What are your politics, and for what do you run?' He explained it all, and after I had pressed him to eat a little dinner, and refresh himself at the sideboard, he left. I advised Mrs. Timson to have some capons always dressed, and some claret always cooling—and it was well I did so. That night three candidates slept at my house; one was running for Justice of the Peace, one for Constable, and the other for Congress. They discussed the affairs of the nation with considerable warmth, until after midnight—the constable candidate getting rather the best of it, as Mrs. Timson and I both thought, and then went to bed—the whole three being, as I thought, (and Mrs. Timson remarked the same thing) rather tight.

The next day seven candidates visited my house, and ate with me, and four more slept in my beds, and therefore they slept two in a bed. About five minutes after I had conducted the new comer to the room where the one candidate was a-bed, I heard a tremendous racket—loud voices—a crashing of furniture—a falling of bodies—and such cursing and swearing as I never before heard in my house. I ran to the room, at the door of which stood the two candidates, in their shirts, looking at the scene of destruction.—'Why, Mr. Timson, I said one, 'why did you put those two men to bed together?' 'Why, sir, they are both running for Clerk, and they are just as hostile towards one another as two men can be!' I looked into the room, and there stood Mr. Squirt, with one of Mrs. Timson's beautiful pieces of crockery held aloft in his hand. (Like Jove poising a thunderbolt,) ready to descend upon the head of Mr. Spouts, who held up as a shield, the cover of the same vessel. They had already broken the looking glass bureau, had demolished two chairs, and torn the mosquito bar into shreds. Mr. Squirt brought the capacious mouth of the vessel down accurately upon the top of Mr. Spout's very small head. The bottom flew out, and the milk-white vessel rested upon Mr. Spout's shoulders, encircling his neck and chin like the ruffle of a Spanish Hidalgo, in the time of Cortez. The bridge of Mr. Spout's nose was considerably skinned by the descent of the vessel. I succeeded in stopping the row, and after two hours spent in writing and accepting challenges, and drinking my old rye, the parties shook hands, and went to bed together.

How the Wagon was Broke.

'How is it, John, that you bring the wagon home in such a broken condition?'

'I broke it in driving over a stump, sir.'

'Where?'

'Back in the woods, half a mile or so.'

'But why did you run against a stump?—Could you not see to drive straight?'

'I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason why I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road.'

'Why then did you not go round it?'

'Because, sir, the stump had no right to the middle of the road, and I had a right to it.'

'True, John, the stump ought not to have been there. But I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it was there, and that it was stronger than your wagon.'

'Why, father, do you think that I am going always to yield my rights? Not I. I am determined to stand up to them, come what will.'

'But what is the use, John, of standing up for your rights, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?'

'I shall stand up for them at all hazards!'

'Well, John, all I have to say is this; hereafter you must furnish your own wagons.'

This little dialogue between John and his father recalls to our memory many a difficulty in which we have seen many a man involved, because they would not consider how things are, but how they ought to be.—*My neighbors*, for example, ought all to be kind and accomodating, (we put, of course not our own individual case, but the case of any man) but perhaps one of them is lazy, and of a disobliging temper, and we—I to attempt the work of making him over again, I should have more than my hands full.—Now, though I ought not to do any thing to humor him, which shall involve a sacrifice on my part of principle, yet I shall do well to recollect not only what he should be, but what he is. This will save me from many unpleasant collisions with him in little matters, which would be of no benefit to him, and would greatly injure me. It may be, abstractedly considered, right for me to kill his geese, when I find them trespassing on my fields, if he will not keep them yoked. But I shall probably find that this business of geese-killing will not work well either for his reformation, or for my comfort.

To all who would go through life pleasantly and usefully we would say; consider not *only* what ought to be, but what is.—*Ohio Observer.*

PLEASURES OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE.—A correspondent of the New York Sun, *writing from California*, says, this gold excitement has caused an immense amount of suffering. A gentleman, who has recently arrived overland, informs me that there is at least eight thousand teams, with four persons to each team, on the road—32,000 persons. His company started with eight wagons, only one of which was brought through. It is a 1,—For a distance of one hundred miles it used *hams for fuel*. They started with $20,000 worth of property, but were obliged to throw away $15,000 worth of it in order to get along themselves and save their lives.—They lost nearly all their cattle and mules for want of grass. He thinks that $1,000,000 would be a low estimate for the loss in property, provisions and animals on the overland route alone. *Gold should be* abundant to defray such expenses.

A CALIFORNIA ADVENTURER.—Several months since a young gentleman of New York (not regularly engaged in trade,) had the curiosity to try his hand at the California adventure, and sent out 50 barrels of cider, which cost him $5 a barrel. The freight was $3 more, making $8 a barrel, or a total expenditure of $400. Subsequently he parted with a share to a friend. They have just learned the result. It sold in California for for $120 a barrel, yielding a total of $6000, nine tenths of which is clear profit.

☞ A horrible scene occurred at the burning of the jail of Jackson county, Mississippi, on the night of the 30th ult. Before the fire was discovered, it had so extended as to render it impossible to save a negro slave who was confined in one of the cells. Efforts were made to break in the iron grate of the window, but they proved ineffectual, and the poor fellow perished in the flames, uttering the most piercing cries.

A DANGEROUS PLAYTHING.—The Winchester Republican tells of a little child in the town, which having strayed away from its nurse, was found in the yard, pleasantly engaged in tickling with a switch a very savage-looking snake!

☞ At the Bourbon, (Ky.) Agricultural Fair, held on Tuesday of last week, Mrs. Chapman Coleman, daughter of ex-Gov. Crittenden, received the premium (a cup worth one hundred dollars) for the best silk quilt made with her own hands.

☞ The Minnesota Legislature is said to comprise among its members several Western half-breeds. It also contains one member, who was elected to both the Senate and House of Representatives.

☞ Honor yourself if you wish honor.