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, NOVEMBER 7, 1849. VOLUME L.—NO. 10.

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

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 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 set. ☞ 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 byL. 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.

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, thi 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 HUSTON,
Newville, avg 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 Foreignand Domestic Hardware, Paint, Oil, Glass, Varnish, &c. at the old stand in N 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 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. WM. RILEY, Cl'k.
Attest

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.
W S COBEAN, Cashier.
Carlisle Deposite Bank,
july 4, 1849—6m

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.
ap13-tf 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 cask of Lard Oil, entirely colorless, just opened, it is a splendid article for summer use—for sale low by
S. ELLIOTT.

Rags Wanted.

THE subscriber will pay the highest price in CASH for RAGS in any quantity delivered at his store in Carlisle. C BARNITZ.

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 i 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 Watts' Best Bar Iron, also 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 kept 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 TINEA CAPITINE, (Scald Heads,) and thus far with the happiest effect. I think from the experiments I have made with ite 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, 1847.

To James McAllister—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 boiling in my wife's breast, which has given her incalculable 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, Chiblain, 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 TWENT-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.
G. W. Singiser, Churchtown.
Rhead & 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 Tubs Churns, Buckets, Pails, &c., at usual low prices, at the Grocery Store of
March 14. J W EBY.

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.

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

Deeds and Mortgages.

A FRESH supply just received at the Cheap Book Store, next door to the Post Office. [oct17

Miscellaneous.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY PARK BENJAMIN

The frost-touched Autumn leaves begin to fall
On the cold ground—leaves that were late so green
And beautiful, whether with raindrops seen
Waving in sunlight, or beneath Night's pall
Of shadows. They will be withered all
And trod uncared-for by the feet of men;
No more adorning bower, or porch, or wall,
Making no music more in grove or glen,
Emblems of hopes and destinies, which Time
Yields to the calm and contemplating soul—
How green are all things in Youth's Summer time!
How sear beneath Old Age's wintry stole!
But Spring shall come with leaves of freshest bloom:
Thus joys of Heaven succeed our earthly doom.

The Light Literature of the Day.

What a quantity of sickly novel-reading for the million is daily poured into our cities, and scattered the length and breadth of this the most *enlightened nation* on the globe!—Amid all classes, from those who make no pretensions to name of *readers*, to those who appropriate the title to themselves—in the dram shop and gaming room, and at every other depot on the highway to the gallows—in rail-car and steamboat, in the chamber of the puny school-boy, and beneath the pillow of the languid boarding-school miss—do we find this infected literature, poisoning every breath of spiritual life within its malignant influence. Drunkards, gamblers, murderers and seducers, are the foul reptiles engendered by this horrible and noxious atmosphere. Is there no way to prevent the spread of this direful pestilence?

The affectionate and conscientious mother teaches her boy to lisp his evening prayer, reveals to him the Divine beauties of the Sermon on the Mount, and unfolds to his expanding mind the decalogue of Jehovah his God. As soon as he walks abroad, these yellow-visaged pamphlets of the Ainsworth and Lippard school, with "Outlaw's Bride," or "Lady Ellen, a Moral Tale," or "Blanche, the Victim of Misguided Affection," inscribed on their brazen faces, meet his eye at every corner, or are put into his hands by some *unfortunate* boy, whose *Ma* uses them as murderous weapons to kill time.

Every holy influence from the nursery to the pulpit is thus, step by step, obliterated by tales whose heroes have "one virtue and a thousand crimes," and whose heroines are draped in the imposing and sombre hues of mourning for vices they have *not* renounced, or in the wanton and fantastic trappings of gilded licentiousness.

Unpractised youth, dazzled by the gorgeous pageantry of an Italian palace, and the magnificent beauty of a Princess whose diamonds flash and sparkle upon every line—or subdued to dreamy restlessness by the influences of a moonlight scene on the Arno or the Tiber—or lulled to his midnight slumbers by the distant notes of the Venetian gondolier's song—sees not the voluptuous monsters this drapery is intended to canonize! It is Satan in regal attire!—the serpent whose brilliant tints fascinate and lure him to his embraces, while he is blind to the slimy and deadly coils of the Python which is poisoning and crushing his soul.

The boarding-school girl *finishes* her education with Jane Eyre or Lady Alice under her pillow, and returns to her home disgusted with life and all its real charms and duties, and sighs only for the bewitching and romantic persecution of some pet heroine, that her deified hero may come to her aid, and pray to her on his knees, to *half* reform him, that he may be worthy to protect her immaculate and transcendent little self. The beauties of nature and art, of genius, and of that angelic harmony of soul, which elevates woman above the world's *enchanting* nonsense and vice, and makes her cheerful and happy where there is so much love, has no charms for *her*. Her imagination has become corrupted by an unhealthy excitment; her heart's blood stagnant by poison; so that all the uses of *this* existence seem dull, stale, and unprofitable. The remainder of her life is one continued "Oh Dear!" useless and disgusting, if not disgraceful.

There is no department of literature, by which ennobling views of the capabilities of man, lofty aims, exalted motives of action, and a purifying love for moral beauty, may be so easily and thoroughly inculcated in the mass, as by romance. Its pages are open to every eye; to high and low, rich and poor; to those who never pass beyond the threshold of lecture-room or church; to those whom essay, tract or sermon never reach. In no department, then, is there so much necessity for thorough regeneration.

We are happy to see that one of our authors, whose prolific pen has for so many years manufactured "to order," knights, pirates, and heroines to match, is preparing for the pulpit. We trust that he may live to do much good in his new profession, though it is to be feared that he is too late to reclaim one tenth of those whom his pen has aided in injuring, even should his years be protracted to three score and ten.—*Yankee Blade.*

DEATH.—What woes are caused by death in this world! They are seen every where. The earth is "strewed with graves." In almost every dwelling death has been doing its work of misery. The palace cannot exclude him, and he comes unbidden into the cottage. He finds his way to the dwellings of ice, in which the Greenlander and Esquimaux live; to the tents of the Bedouin Arabs and the wandering Tartar; to the wigwam of the Indian, and to the harem of the Turk; to the splendid mansion of the rich as well as the abode of the poor. The reign of death has now extended near six thousand years—meeting each generation, and consigning the young the vigorous, the lovely, and the pure, to dust. Shall that gloomy reign continue forever? Is there no place where death can be excluded? Yes—Heaven; and the object of the Redeemer is to bring us there.—*A. Barnes.*

A bright and beautiful bird is Hope.

OUR QUALITY COUSIN.

Madam Peabody has got a proper sight of relations scattered about here and there, and some of them hold their heads up pretty high in the world. There is Mrs. Joel Gibbons, of Portland, and her husband is one of the first gentlemen there, for he is a merchant, and lives in a fine house, and has made a glorious spec in lands down east.—She paid us a visit this summer, and liked us so well that she staid a fortnight; and I don't know how much longer she would have staid, if it hadn't been for a north-east storm that come up and drove her away.—She is a sort of a cousin, in a round about way, of Marm Peabody's, being akin to the Smiths and Jourdons, up about Umbagog.—And they are cousins enough to come three miles out of their way, every time they go to market at Portland, just to see how we do and put up with us bag and baggage.

Well, no matter how she came by it, Mrs. Gibbins is marm's cousin, and so by that means cousin to the whole family. And that ain't all—she is one of your first chop ladies. There is no mistake about it; she is the top of the pot at Portland, real superfine upper-crust, and up to all munner of gentility. I tell ye what, we had to mind our p's when she first came here, or we should have disgraced ourselves directly. Hannah, my wife, was scared out of a year's growth at the first sight of her, all dressed out in her silks and satins, and shirt sleeves as big as meal bags. It was something just about a hair finer than she ever seen before. And even I was put to all I knew, to get along through the ceremonies on the grand occasion. But I am an old hand at your compliments, and I gave her some samples that she did not expect to see.

Good Lordy! just to see me at the table, setting up so prim, mincing, and taking small mouthfuls. Hannah was ready to split, and had to look tother way to save laughing right out. She declared that I took two bites at a bean. But I minded well what I was about, and didn't make a slip. Catch *me* wiping my chops upon the table cloth, or picking my teeth with a fork in such company. Then such apologizing and poking the victuals at her! Hannah says, if she didn't get enough to eat, it wasn't my fault. And whenever the lady said—'Mr. Beedle, I'll *trouble* you for this thing or that'—I always spoke right up with—'O, marm, that trouble is a pleasure.'

Finally our cousin had to come out and say that she was surprised 'to find so civilized a being so far up the country,' and she couldn't invent how nor where. I picked up so much politeness, as I had never been to Portland.

Well, my lady had hardly been in the house two hours, before she began to ask me about the *prospects* here in the country. 'O,' says I, 'pretty fair, considering. Hay will come in short, owing to the drowth in the spring; but the potatoes look well, and corn is to turn out a grand crop.'

'Mr. Beedle,' says she, 'I have heard before that you was a funny man; I am going to see for myself.' With that she claps on old Marm Peabody's sun-bonnet, and out she goes, dragging wife and me after her through the fields. And away she streaked it, through brush and briar, and over stone wall; 'twas neck or nothing, and her tongue was running all the time, as fast as her legs, every mite and grain. Sometimes I understood what she said and sometimes I didn't. But when I didn't understand, I made as if I did, and she was none the wiser.

'Mr. Beedle,' says she, 'don't you admire the *beauties* of the country.'

'I used to, marm,' says I, 'before I was married, but now, you know that wont do at all.'

'O, you are a queer little man, always thinking of the girls—I am speaking of the beauties of nature.'

'O ho—you mean the beauties of nature. Sartin, I admire the beauties of nature, and always did.'

By and by we got to the top of Bareback hill, and all at once she began to play such antics that I thought she was stung by a bumble bee. 'My stars,' says she, 'what a charming prospect! beautiful, delightful, picturistick! Come here, good folks. This is the spot to look from. Isn't that enchanting?'

At this Hannah stretched her neck and stared all around, without saying a word, for she could make nothing out, and she didn't know how to hide her ignorance. But I blurted rite out. 'Oh-o-o-oh! sniggers!' says I, 'if that don't take the rag off the bush.—That bangs everything! It's equal to cash.'

'I don't see nothing, John,' says Hannah; what is it?'

'Why look,' says I, 'can't you see with your eyes?'

'Where, where?'

'There, there,' says I, and gave a sort of a jump with my head; for I could'nt point anywhere particular. I had both hands in my pocket, but Hannah wouldn't be quiet. 'Show me what it is, John, this minute,' and so she kept teasing and worrying me, till our cousin spoke up, and says she, 'is it possible, Mrs. Beedle, that you have lived here all your life time and never found out the beauties of this spot.'

'Yes,' says I, 'is it possible?'

Hannah now begun to get ryled, as I seed plain enough. When her under lips begun to curl over downward, there's no joke in it.

But Mrs. Gibbins took her by the hand, and spoke so kind and smart that she soon brot her to reason. And while she was pointing out and showing her how many hills and hollows, and woods it took to make a prospect, I had a chance to breathe a little. But I hardly had time to think how nicely I had walked over that pole, before the lady burst out again—and this time she fairly screamed. Faith, I'd a good will to cut and run; for, thinks I, 'I shall never be able to hoe my row through another prospect as long as I live.'

But it was nothing after all—great cry and little wool. It was only the sun setting. It come out of a cloud and showed a great red face about two minutes and then went down behind the White Mountains. Our cousin made as great a towse as if heaven and earth was coming together.

However, our cousin is a right down clever nice woman, anyhow. Hannah got more than one while she staid. She learnt her to sing and wanted to learn her to play the pyanny, but hadn't the means. O, she sets everything by Hannah, but she didn't like our calling one another 'John and Hannah.' Says she, 'you should say my dear and my love.' But the first time we tried to practice dearing and loving, we burst right out a laughing in each other's faces, and there was an end on't. Says marm, says she—'they'll never swallow that, no how. It won't go down.'

When she was going away, she insisted upon it that we must come down to Portland and pay back her visit. She says I shall be a lion when I get there. But she is always joking and jesting with me, and I don't know half the time whether she means what she says or no. Anyhow, I mean to let my whiskers grow [I cut them off last year at sheering] and see what will turn up next winter, when the sleighing comes round. Who knows.

What has he been?

What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years, to know what a person is, you should inquire, "What is he now?" What is his present character? If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him by the hand and bid him good speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices, to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back in the paths of vice, who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition, too common among men, to rake up and drag to light, long-forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, "Do you know where he comes from?" "No," replied the girl, "I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going and I wish to go with him." That is right. If we see a person on the right track exerting a good influence, it is sufficient, without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire? and what benefit will it be to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he is heartily ashamed, and of which he has repented in dust and ashes?

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—We find in the Utica Gazette facts showing that it is not necessary to select small trees for transplanting in order to ensure their growth. Large trees may be successfully planted as small ones. The mode and result of an experiment, made by Messrs. Pomeroy and Dutton, of Utica, are thus given:

Those gentlemen transplanted trees, comprising maples, elms, beech, &c., some thirty feet in height, which were transplanted without being shorn of any of any of their branches. The process of removal was as follows—In the fall, before the frost, a trench was dug around the trees selected, from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, and the roots severed. In the winter, when the ground had become solid from freezing, the trees pulled out by the aid of oxen and levers, with the mass of earth firmly attached to the roots. They were then transplanted erect on a strong sled, built for the purpose, and set out.

These trees grew in open land, a mile and a half from the city. They put on their foliage last spring, as if wholly unconscious that they were not still in their native soil, and the enterprising gentlemen who undertook this unusual course are rewarded with shade trees which by the old practice would have required twenty years to produce.

BE FIRM.—The wind and the waves may beat against a rock, planted in a troubled sea, but it remains unmoved. Do you like that rock, young man. Vice may entice, and the song and the cup may invite. Beware—stand firmly at your post. Let your principles shine forth unobscured. There is glory in the tho't that you have resisted temptation and conquered. Your bright example will be to the world what the light-house is to the mariner upon the seashore. It will guide hundreds to the point of virtue and safety.

HENRY CLAY ON SOURKROUT.—Henry Clay dined recently with Ex-President Martin Van Buren, at Lindenwald. The dessert consisted of crullers, olecooks, suckethash, owgretchees, &c. Mr. Clay expressed a wish to see that "twelve acres of reclaimed bog land," so much talked of during the election, which Mr. Van Buren took great pleasure in showing him. On their return, a tureen filled to the brim with *sourkrout* was set before him.—Mr. Clay put his handkerchief to his nose, and with a 'whew,' said—'Van, I've lived long, and encountered *as strong opposition* as any other man, but, to be frank with you, I never encountered anything *quite as strong as this.*'

☞ Dr. Raphael, the best Hebrew scholar in the world, is supposed to be on board the Sarah Sands, which vessel left Liverpool on the 4th inst. The Tribune says he is the editor of a new edition of the Hebrew Scriptures, said to be the most correct ever published; it is not yet finished.

☞ The new theory of the cholera fungus is ably discussed in the London Times, which, while it admits the plausibility of the theory, offers counter statements of the inertness of these fungoids, even when they have been swallowed by medical men, for the purpose of testing their effects.

Metrical Grammer.

Three little words we often see,
Are articles, *a, an* and *the.*
A Noun is the name of any thing,
As *school* or *garden, hoop* or *swing.*
Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As *great, small, pretty, white* or *brown.*
Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
John's head, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.
Verbs tell of something being done—
To *read, write, count, sing, jump* or *run.*
How things are done the Adverbs tell—
As *slowly, quickly, ill* or *well.*
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.
The Preposition stands before
A Noun—as *in* or *through* a door.
The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh!* how pretty, *Ah!* how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of Speech.
Which *Reading, Writing, Speaking* teach.

Seeing the Monkey.

A correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser*, writing from Branfield, Conn., gives the following account of the vocal and instrumental music of that place:

Our singers are a caution to all hearers not to *lend* their ears, which Anthony desired to borrow of the Romans; what they lack in skill they make up in volume. This is especially true of our female vocalists. Why, my dear friend, they scream. Having no taste to discriminate in this matter, and unfortunately the directions in their tune books being in an unknown tongue, they attack a psalm as a fort to be carried by storm. And they do carry it. Evidently there is a strife among them who shall sing the loudest, and the palm is not yet conferred. They are getting up a concert now and perhaps the question will be decided when that comes off.—By the way a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the psalms of Watts, a very familiar psalm in which occur these lines:

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"Oh may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so; and the pastor taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner, these lines:

"Oh may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

We have an organ of course. They tell us that every church has an organ if it is anything of a church. Ours is not a very large one, but it is large enough in all conscience for the house and the playing. It is somewhat larger, and makes more solemn, church-like music, than the organs which your strolling music pedlars carry in the streets, grinding penny-worths of sound for their ragged customers. But it does sound very much like those vagabond factories of music murder, I fear from an incident of last Sunday.

A lady from New York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church with her for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight; he looked back to the gallery, he stretched his neck; he got up on the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with strained eyes. "Sit down," said his mother. "I wont," he cried, so as to be heard all around, "*I want to see the monkey!*"

Receipts.

To Render Hard Water Soft.—Add a few ounces of soda to each hogshead. Linen washed in water thus softened possesses a delicate whiteness, and is not injured in the least, neither are the hands.

To Cleanse Britannia Ware.—First rub it gently with a soft woolen cloth, dipped in sweet or olive oil; then wash in warm suds, and rub with soft leather and whiting. It may afterward be polished with pulverized indigo.

To Prevent New Earthen-ware from Breaking.—Plunge it in cold water, and heat till the water boils; then remove the vessel from the fire and suffer the water and ware to become cold. The glazing on the brown earthen ware may be preserved by adding a handful of rye or wheat bran while the water is boiling. Glass tumblers, lamps, and other utensils that require frequent washing, should be thus treated before they are used.

To Prevent Woolens from shrinking.—Wash in very hot water, and do not rinse them.—Luke-warm or tepid water causes them to contract or 'shrink.'

To clean a Brass Kettle.—Scour it thoroughly with salt and vinegar. This should be repeated every time it is used.

PORTRAIT OF A LOCOFOCO.—The *Mobile Advertiser* says: The following sketch by a contemporary, of a certain Locofoco in his neighborhood, will answer very well for others of the party elsewhere. He never formed an opinion, nor expressed a sentiment, until he found it in the *Union*, and would never dare to dissent from the administration and its organ on any point, however preposterous it might be. He would believe a whale a humming bird, the Queen of England a black cat, or Tom Benton an Angel, if told so by the 'organ' of his party.

ANECDOTES OF AVARICE.

Avarice, says the author of *Religio Medici*, seems to me not so much a vice as a deplorable piece of madness; and if he had added incurable, his definition would have been perfect; for an avaricious man is never to be cured unless by the same medicine which perhaps may cure a mad dog. The arguments of reason, philosophy, or religion will have little effect upon him; he is born and framed to a solid love of money, which first appears when he is very young, grows up with him, and increases in middle age, and when he is old and all his passions have subsided, wholly engrosses him. The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of an immense treasure, will never prevail against avarice. The great captain, the great Duke of Marlboro', when he was in the last stage of age, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold dark night, to save six-pence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to be inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save six-pence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir; but he would also have saved six-pence.

Sir James Lowther, after exchanging a piece of silver in George's Coffee House, and paying two pence for his dish of coffee; was helped into his chariot (for he was very lame and infirm,) and went home; some time after he returned to the same coffee house to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it.—Sir James had about £40,00 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, and was I think, a commissioner in the Victualling Office; he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key to his cellar, which he had inadvertently left on his table in his parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine. This man died intestate, and left more than £200,000 in the funds, which was shared among five or six day-laborers who were his nearest relations.

Sir William Smith, of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsmen, when he was nearly seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight; he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor the oculist, who by agreement, was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William perceived the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss, as he called it, of his sixty guineas. His contrivance therefore, now, was how to cheat the oculist: he pretended that he had only a glimering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eye was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this time he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept twenty guineas; for a covetous man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money. Sir William was a bachelor, and at the time Taylor couched him, had a fair estate in land, and a large sum of money in the stocks, and not less than £5000 or £6000 in his house.

But to conclude this article; all the dramatic writers, both ancient and modern, as well as the keenest and most elegant satirists, have exhausted their whole stock of wit to expose avarice; this is the chief subject of Horace's satires and epistles; and yet the character of a covetous man hath never yet been fully drawn or sufficiently explained. The *Euclio* of Platus, the *L'Avare* of Moirre, and the *Miser* of Shadwell, have been all exceded by some persons who have existed within our knowledge. If you could bestow upon a man of this disposition the wealth of both the Indies, he would not have enough; because by enough (if such a word is to be found in the vocabulary of avarice) he always means something more than he is possessed of. Crassus, who had a yearly revenue sufficient to maintain a great army, perished, together with his son, in endeavoring to add to his store.—*Dr. King's Anecdotes of his own Times.*

VIRTUE.—We copy the following brief but beautiful passage from the Albany Citizen:—"The creations of the sculptor may mould into dust; the wealth of the bard may wither—thrones of conquerors may be shivered by an opposition power into atoms; the lame of the warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope may be disappointed, but that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace—*virtue*—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth."

THE NEW STATE OF DESERET.—Without doubt, says the Illinois *Quincy Spectator*, the petition of the memorialists will be granted by Congress—perhaps under some constitutional changes—and we shall then have a sister State, stretching along the shores of the great Salt Lake in the "far West," with a name partaking of the political custom of the past. We hope, if they are admitted as a State, the Mormons will honestly live up to the precepts inculcated by the name they have chosen—the State of the Honey Bee—an emblem of industry and its kindred virtues.