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 14, 1849. VOLUME I.—NO. 11

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

Doctor Ad. Lippe,

HOMŒOPATHIC 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 set. ☞ Office on Pitt street, a few doors south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. L. is also sent 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 26 '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. 6th, 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, this Academy can effectually guard its members 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, ap 22, 1x 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, 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, C'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.

W. S. COBEAN, Cashier.

Carlisle Deposite Bank, 2

aug 4, 1849—6m

Dyeing, and Scouring.

WILLIAM BLAIR, in Louther Street, near the College, dyes Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited. sep 5 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.

sept 18 W. BY 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, an extra article, just opened, is a splendid article for summer use—for sale low by

H. ELLIOTT.

Rags Wanted.

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

CAMPHINE OIL.—A fresh supply at the Store of (aug22) H A STURGEON

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 Cirlisle 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 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 Corman's tavern stand, now kept by H. Glase, 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 CAPITIES, (Sould Heads,) and thus far with the happiest effect. I think from the experiments I have made with it to 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 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 beating 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, Drops, Swelled or Broken Breast, Tooth ache, Ague in the face, &c. &c.

If MOTHERS and NURSES know its value in cases of "swollen" or Sore Breast, they would always apply it. In such cases, if properly 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 the agents in all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

JAS. McALISTER,

Sole Proprietor of the above Medicines.

Principal Office REMOVED to 48 N. Tenth St. Philadelphia.

AGENTS

S. Elliott and S. W. Haverstick, Carlisle.

J. & L. Reigel, Mechanicsburg.

G. W. Singiser, Churchtown.

Rhoad & Wherry, Newburg.

Joseph H. Heron, Newville.

J. M. Lutz, & Geo. W. Bell, Harrisburg.

Queensware & Glass.

A LARGE and general selection of these articles is every where to be found at the establishment. Also, a lot of Cedar Ware, embracing Tubs Churns, Buckets, Pails, &c. at unusually 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. Rawine's Drug Store West Main Street, Carlisle.

LARD OIL.—An excellent article, always 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

Poetry.

THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar,
Our heart's deep flower-cup yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we speed each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before His throne:
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight by day or night,
No magic powers can stay.

So teach me Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

Miscellaneous.

FAITH AND FIRMNESS.

A Story of Self-Education.

BY ANDREW DUNCAN.

When I was a lad of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, there lived about half a mile from my father's a man by the name of Saunders. He was a poor man, very poor—had been so all his life. At the age of 18 he could neither read nor write; and I think I have heard it said that there was not a book of any description in his father's house.—Saunders was remarkable for nothing but his ignorance and personal appearance—large boned, and over six feet high; but it could hardly be said that his bones were clothed with flesh; he was something of a Calvin Edson, with a head that appeared disproportionately large. He was looked upon as a very unsocial boor, from the fact that he seldom mingled in the sports of young men of his own age. He seemed to love and seek retirement. Between the age of eighteen and twenty, he had, by himself, without a particle of assistance, learned to read and write some. An event that happened about this time, proved that Saunders was not so very unsocial in his nature as was generally supposed. This was nothing less than his union in marriage to a young woman equally poor and lonely as himself. The good neighbors began to prophecy that the county would soon have some children to maintain; not that Saunders was an idler, or intemperate, but the business to which he had been brought up was overdone, and the very best workmen could earn but a bare subsistence. However, there was no law to prevent poor young men from getting married; the neighbors must therefore content themselves by hoping that Saunders' children might be few and far between. In this matter, they were sorely disappointed. For ten long years, Saunders toiled with praiseworthy perseverance; and, although in that time eight mouths had been added to his family, yet strange to say, he had managed to keep the day and the way alike. We cannot say that he and his children were so well fed and clothed as were those around them, but we can say that a complaint was never heard from the lips of Saunders, or any of his family. I have seen them often sit down with faces of cheerfulness, to a meal composed of a few potatoes and salt. Let it not be supposed, however, that Saunders was satisfied with either himself or the circumstances in which he was bringing up, for the stage of action, and the business of life, a numerous family. He was not satisfied.—Thirsting after material improvement himself—desirous of preparing his children by a suitable education, for the duties and responsibilities of life, yet crushed down in a state of hopeless poverty, how could he be satisfied? doomed to incessant toil, without the means of procuring books or helps of any description. Many men in similar circumstances would have become discontented, careless or intemperate; suffering the prediction of the neighbors to be fulfilled by their families becoming a county charge.

But it was not so with Saunders; he was not discouraged, or faint hearted, although his iron frame began to bend before he had reached his thirtieth year. About this age he seemed to retire more within himself than ever; he did not become a gloomy misanthrope, or sullen recluse; he was still the kind and cheerful father—the obliging neighbor; but he loved more than ever to be alone, and it was evident from the occasional gleamings of his fine expressive eye, that the communings of the inner man were of a lofty nature—big with high resolves.

One morning on his way to the work shop, Saunders was overtaken by a little aristocratic master, (the son of a wealthy neighbor,) on his way to school with his Lexicon under his arm; he wished Saunders to do a small job for him in the way of his business.

'Let me look at your book,' said Saunders.

The lad complied, and after a short examination, drawing himself up to his full length, and fixing on the boy a look of deep earnestness, Saunders said:

'I will do your job and do it well too, upon one condition—which is this: you shall bring and leave with me every night as many of your school books as you can spare, calling and receiving them in the morning on your way to school; if you will agree to this I will do all the little jobs you may want me to do, for one year.'

The boy very readily agreed to this thinking it a good bargain, and resolved to make the most of it by always having something for Saunders to do. By means of this arrangement, it was not long before the elements of Latin and Greek were mastered by Saunders; besides making no little progress in mathematics. He was now brought to a stand, the boy's books could carry him no farther; he was in fact more unhappy than he had ever been before; he had just learned enough to see more clearly than ever the real value of learning—just enough to stir within him all lofty aspirations connected with his being, without a solitary hope to cheer his pathway.

Such was the sad condition of the laborious Saunders, when a distant relation from the city of G——, paid him a visit. The relative was in good circumstances, and, seeing the dismal state of poverty in which Saunders and his family were plunged, very kindly asked him if he could do anything for him.

'Yes, you can do much for me,' was the reply; 'you can make me a happy and a useful man—enable me to bring up my family as rational beings ought to be brought up, so as to secure their own happiness, and be beneficial to the world in which they live.—You can do all this, at a small expense.'

His friend begged he would explain.

'You can,' said Saunders, 'procure me a few second hand books, such as I shall name; they will cost but little in the city; let them be sent to me by stage; I will try to pay the freight myself.'

After the school books were named, one by one and a memorandum made out, his friend looked around the room, on the backless chairs, broken table, and the two apologies for beds; then casting a searching glance at Saunders, as if he doubted his sanity, said—

'Would not a barrel of flour and some clothing be more useful, in the meantime?'

'*No!*' was the emphatic reply; 'flour and clothing will come in good time; Man cannot live by bread alone,—it is mental food we need at present—and if you will send the books, you will feed and clothe us.'

His city friend soon took his leave, not much prepossessed in favor of Saunders' good sense, but resolved to humor him, especially as it would cost but a trifle.

Week after week, however, passed away, without bringing the books, or any intelligence from the city. Saunders' heart, generally strong, was ready to sink.

At last, one evening, as he sat sorrowfully enough, a boy called to inform him that there was a box at the stage office addressed to 'Mr. J. Saunders;' he said the stage owner wished to see him—thought there must be some mistake—the box appeared to contain something valuable, as it was marked 'with care.'

Saulders jumped from his seat, said "the box is mine," and thrusting his hand into his pocket, the sad conviction forced itself upon him, that he had not the wherewith to pay the freight. What was to be done? 'I will ascertain the amount,' said he, 'and then I will finish the job I have on hand by morning, which will bring me four and sixpence; but we are out of meal and potatoes—the children cannot eat books!—What shall I do?' he cried in perfect agony. Saunders measured the ground lying between his cottage and the stage office, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion as to his future conduct, and found himself in the office, confronting clerk and owner.

'There is a box here,' said the stage owner, 'and—

'And it is mine,' said Saunders, 'it is my books.'

'Your books!'

'Yes sir, my books; my Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. What is the freight?'

'Nothing, nothing, you big-boned fool, it is prepaid.'

Without taking any notice of the man's uncourteous answer, Saunders shouldered the box and in a few minutes it was placed in triumph upon the old rickety table.

Excitement is no evidence of a great mind; yet great minds, under peculiar circumstances have been greatly excited. So it was with Mr. Saunders on this occasion. The children gathered around, expecting, no doubt, to see a live monster burst from its confinements on the opening of the box. The lid was quickly removed, when to the astonishment and inexpressible delight of the Father, nine large volumes, not second hand, but new, presented themselves. They were drawn out, one by one, and last of all came a small case of mathematical instruments.

The next three years of Saunders' life almost prostrated the strength of the high-minded and resolute man. Poor and scanty fare, excessive labor and nightly study, began to make rapid inroads upon a naturally strong constitution; but the time of his reward was near at hand.

A mathematical problem had been put forth in a scientific journal, a copy of which, his city friend had sent him; for the solution of this problem a reward of one hundred dollars was offered. Thirty-five competitors appeared—and among the rest, Saunders, with the greatest possible modesty, ventured a solution. In ten days he received a letter by mail, containing a draft for one hundred dollars, and announcing the altogether unexpected but joyful news of his successful effort.

We will not follow him through the next seven years of his life. He was successful in almost every branch of learning to which he addressed himself; and the man who, at thirty years of age, was the renter of a miserable cabin, worn with toil and crushed with poverty, was seen at forty, the owner of a comfortable and elegant mansion in the great and commercial city of G——. For twenty-five years Saunders acted as foreign correspondent to the principal business establishments in the city, being perfectly familiar with the modern languages of Europe. He was also distinguished as a mathematician, and geologist, and indeed in almost every department of learning. The real greatness and glory of the man, however, consisted in the purity of his character. A firm believer in religion, his warm, deep-toned, practical Christianity, making him eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. He visited the widows and sustained the fatherless, and the blessings of many ready to perish descended upon him. His departure was such as might have been expected—calm, triumphant and glorious?

'I have been,' said he, when near his end, confined for many years in a dark prison house, where the lightest and brightest moments I enjoyed, only served to show how deep the darkness was in which I walked. The prison door will soon be opened; the fetters struck off and the captive spirit set forever at liberty, will rejoice in the fulness of power. 'I have tho't,' he continued, 'that the most perfect state attainable by man, while tied to mortality, is to acquire an ability to discover between the right and the wrong. In this broken, impotent state, how grand, how glorious are the hopes of immortality! how desirable to be clothed with light!' 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'all of life begins at death.' While the words trembled o nhis lips the spirit was emancipated.

Thus lived and died a man of true nobility. A strong faith and firmness of purpose was the secret of his success.

LIKE WHAT.

A, is like the meridian—it is in the middle of day.

B, is like a hot fire—it makes oil boil.

C, is like an old maid's wish—it puts age into a 'cage.'

D, is like a fallen angel—add to it evil, and it makes 'devil.'

E, is like the end of time—it begins eternity.

G, is like wisdom—it is the beginning of greatness and 'goodness.'

H, is like the dying words of Adams—it is the end of earth.

J, is like the end of Spring—it is the beginning of June.

K, is like the end of a pig's tail—it is the last end of pork.

L, is like the giving away a sweet heart—it makes over a lover.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF DISEASE AND DEATH.—The remarkable illness and recent death of Mrs. W. G. Dehle, of Washington City, aged 54, is thus described in a letter to the Baltimore Sun:—"Twelve years ago she was suddenly attacked with a pain in one of her feet. It grew worse. The usual remedies failing, the skillful services of the late Dr. Thomas Sewall were obtained.—Months and years rolled on. Her physician invited additional medical talent. The case assumed a singular character. Many members of the faculty of this city, and occasionally distinguished members from other places, were afforded opportunities to examine the case. But, notwithstanding all, the disease gradually and unceasingly penetrated the entire system; bone after bone left its position and worked out through the flesh;—while some parts of her body seemed to undergo quite a transformation. Dr. Sewall styled it 'bone cancer.' It was literally such. He also stated to the writer that during his tour of observation through Europe, (a short time previous to the conversation,) he had found but one single, solitary parallel case to this. Within the last few months all eruption had disappeared, but it was apparent that the disease had taken deep hold on the vitals. She gradually lost her appetite—then it became impossible for her to partake of any kind of diet without extreme suffering. Thus, under excruciating pain, unprecedented in the annals of medicine, did Mrs. D. linger without a favorable symptom from the first moment of attack. It is remarkable however, that she retained almost uninterrupted possession of her faculties, and with a clear, intelligent mind, would distinctly describe her sufferings, and complacently exhibit to her friends, her mutilated form.—But Mrs. D. was a Christian, and seldom a murmur was heard from her lips.

AMERICAN LABOR.—Blackwood's Magazine, which has so long maintained the tory side of every question, has come round in a most essential point. Instead of declaiming as *in former time, against the American protective system*, it now freely confesses the great wisdom and inestimable benefits of that policy, and ascribes to it, with perfect truth, the unparalelled advancement of the United States, in wealth, population, independent spirit, social improvement, individual and collective enterprise, and elements of national greatness. Blackwood quotes the following passage of Mr. Webster's speech in 1818, as equally remarkable for truth and eloquence:

'I have spoken of labor as one of the great elements of our society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand.—Not feudal service, not predial toil, not the irksome drudgery of one race of mankind, subjected, on account of color, to the control of another race of mankind; but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating its own wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the State! THAT IS AMERICAN LABOR, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice, until I am dumb will be for it.'

CORNERS.—Corners have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hours of existence. The corner cupboard! What stores of sweet things has it contained for us in youth! What luxuries have it since yielded us! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the temple of fame! Arrive at that and you become immortal. But a word of caution to the corner loafers. It is said by a good natured contemporary that young men who hang around the corners of our streets, very often hang in a different manner when they grow up—that of a prison yard.

From the American Union.

ONE OF THE WEDDINGS.

A Connubial Sketch.

A few days ago, there arrived, at a hotel in Boston, a couple from Rhode Island, who came to get joined, quietly, in the bonds of matrimony. As soon as they were fairly domiciliated, the would-be bride groom—who was a rough but apparently honest specimen of the country Yankee—sent for the proprietor of the hotel, who quickly answered his summons.

'Say landlord,' proposed the stranger, pointing to his modest duloinea, in the corner of the parlor, 'this is my young woman. Naow we've cum all the way from R'ode Island, and we want to be spliced. Send for a minister, will yer? Want it dun up, rite strait off.'

The landlord smiled and went out, and half an hour afterward a licensed minister made his appearance, and the obliging host with one or two waggish friends, were called in, as witnesses to the 'scene.'

'Naow, Mr. Siggins,' said the Yankee, 'deu it up brown, and yure money's ready;' and forthwith the reverend gentleman commenced by directing the parties to join their hands. The Yankee stood up to his blushing lady love, like a sick kitten hugging a hot brick, seized her hand, and was as much pleased as a raccoon might be supposed to be with two tails.'

'You promise, Mr. A.,' said the parson, 'to take this woman—'

'Yaas,' said the Yankee at once.

'To be your lawful and wedded wife.'

'Yaas—yaas.'

'That you will love and honor her, in all things.'

'Yaas.'

'That you will cling to her, and her only, so long as you both shall live.'

'Yaas, 'indeed—nothin' else!' continued the Yankee, in the most delighted and earnest manner; but here the reverend clergyman halted, much to the surprise of all present, and most especially to the annoyance and discomfiture of the intended bridegroom.

'Yaas—yaas, I said,' answered the Yankee.

'One moment, my friend,' responded the minister, slowly, for it suddenly occurred to him that the law of Massachusetts did not permit of this performance without the observance of a "publishment," etc., for a certain length of time.

'Wot 'n thunder's the matter, mister?—Doan't stop—go on—put 'er threu. Nothin's spilt, eh? Aint sick, mister, be yer?'

'Just at this moment, my friend I have thought that you can't be married in Massachusetts—'

'Can't! wot 'n nature's the reason? I like her, she likes me; wot's to hinder?'

'You haven't been published, sir, I think.'

'Haint a goin' to be, nurther! 'at's wot we cum 'ere for. On the sly, go on—go on, old feller.'

'I really, sir—' said the parson.

'Really! Wal, go ahead! Taint fair, you see, taint, I swaow, you've married me, and haint teched her. Go on—don't stop 'ere! 'at aint jes' the thing, naow, by grashus 'taint!'

'I will consult—'

'No you wunt—no you don't—consult nothin, 'nor nobody, till this 'ere business is done, naow mind I tell ye!' said Jonathan resolutely—and in an instant he had turned the key in, and out of the lock, amid the titterings of the 'witnesses,' who were nearly choked with merriment!

'Naow say, mister, as we ware—' continued the Yankee, seizing his trembling intended by the hand again—'go on, rite strait from ware you left off, you can't cum nun o' this haaway bis'ness with this child; so put 'er threu, and no dodging. It'll all be right—go it!'

The parson reflected a moment, and concluding to risk, continued—

'You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?'

'Yaas,' said the Yankee, as the lady bowed.

'That you will love, honor and *obey*—'

'Them's 'um!' said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

'And that you will cling to him, so long as you both shall live?'

'*That's* the talk!' said Jonathan; and the lady said 'yes,' again.

'Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife—'

'Hoorah!' shouted Jonathan, leaping nearly to the ceiling, with joy.

'And what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

'Hoorah!' continued John. 'Wot's the price?—how much?—spit it out—don't be afeered—you did it jes' like a book, old feller!—here's a V—never mind the change—sen' for a hack, landlord—give us your bill—I've got her!—Hail Columby, happy land!' roared the poor fellow, entirely unable to control his joy; and in ten minutes afterward, he was on his way again to Providence depot with his wife, the happiest man out of jail.

We heard the details of the above scene from an eye witness of the ceremony, and we could not avoid putting it down as one of the weddings.

☞ An editor off towards sunset has fallen into the hands of the Philistines, and breaks forth in the following heart-moving appeals:

Sheriff spare that press,
Touch not a single type,
Don't put me in distress,
To stick to me through life!
'Tis all in all to me—
If lost what shall I do?
Tush, why not let it be!
Oh, Sheriff,—boo hoo! hoo!

INDISPOSED.—The following reply to that everlasting inquiry, 'How do you do?' was made, by an original the other day:—Rather slim, thank'e, I've got the rheumatism in one leg, and a white swelling on t'other knee, besides havin' a leetle touch on the dyentery, and aint very well myself neither!'

☞ Our ancestors' virtues will not honor us unless we imitate them.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

From the Address of the Hon. Horace Mann, at the National Common School Convention in Phil'a.

We have before us the practical Teachers;—men who devote themselves to the business of the school-room, who do not exercise a very diffusive influence in a broad sphere; but an intense influence in a narrow sphere;—points of strong light thrown upon a small space, rather than wider radiations of a flame that is weakened by its expansion. *What are the duties of the school teacher?* I have not time to enumerate or define them. I cannot mention even the names in the long catalogue; but I will call your attention to one which comes very near to embracing all. By this one, I mean thoroughness in everything you teach. Thoroughness, *thoroughness*, and again I say, THOROUGHNESS, is the secret of success. You heard some admirable remarks this morning, from a gentleman from Massachusetts, in which he told us that a child, in learning a single lesson, might get not only an idea of the subject matter of that lesson, but an idea how all lessons should be learned,—a general idea, not only how that subject should be studied but how all subjects should be studied. A child, in compassing the simplest subject, may get an idea of perfectness, which is the type and archetype of all excellence, and this idea may modify the action of his mind through his whole course of life. Be thorough, therefore, be complete in every thing you do. Leave no enemy in ambush behind you as you march on, to rise up in the rear and assail you. Leave no unbroken link in the chain you are daily forging. Perfect your work, so that when it is subjected to the trials and experiences of life, it will not be found wanting.

It was within the past year that I saw an account in the public papers, of a terrible gale in one of the Chinese seas. It was one of those *typhoons*, as they are called, which lay prostrate not only the productions of nature, but the structures of men. In this harbor were lying at anchor the vessels of all nations, and among them the United States sloop of-war, Plymouth. Every vessel broke its cable,—but one. The tornado tossed them about, and dashed them against each other, and broke them like egg-shells. But amidst this terrific scene of destruction, our government vessel held fast to its moorings, and escaped unharmed. Who made the links of that cable that, the strength of the tempest could not rend? Yes! *Who made* the links of that cable that *the tempest could not rend?* Who was the workman that worked under oath, and whose work saved property and human life from ruin otherwise inevitable? Could that workman have beheld the spectacle, and heard the raging elements, and seen the other vessels as they were dashed to pieces and scattered abroad, while the violence of the tempest, wrecked itself upon his own work in vain, would he not have had the amplest reward for the fidelity of his labors?

So, in the after periods of your existence, whether it be in this world, or in another world, from which you may be permitted to look back, you may see the consequences of your instruction upon the children whom you have trained. In the crisis of business life, where intellectual accuracy leads to immense good, and intellectual mistakes to immense loss; you may see your pupils distinguishing between error and truth, between false reasoning and sound reasoning; leading all who rely upon them to correct results, establishing the highest reputation for themselves, and for you as well as for themselves, and conferring incalculable good upon the community.

So if you have been wise and successful in your training, you will have prepared them to stand unshaken and unseduced amid temptations; firm where others are swept away; uncorrupt where others are depraved; unconsumed where others are blasted and perish.—You may be able to say, that by the blessing of God you have helped to do this thing. And will not such a day be a day of more exalted and sublime joy, than if you could have looked upon the storm in the eastern seas, and known that it was your handiwork that saved the vessel unharmed amid the wrecks that floated around it? Would not such a sight be a reward great and grand enough to satisfy and fill any heart, *mortal or immortal?*

TEMPTATION.—How beautiful in the Lord's Prayer, is the invocation of 'Lead us not into temptation.' How much it expresses, and what a volume of thought it opens.—'Lead us not into temptation!' The will may be strong but the heart is weak, and in an evil hour the tempted falls before the tempter. Temptation is a little fill which forms first drop by drop—but follow its course, and it swells until it becomes a mountain torrent, which sweeps all before it. 'Lead us not into temptation!'—flee from it as from a pestilence; Avoid it—for hence happiness, all, all will be drawn into its vortex, and become a wreck upon the shores of time. 'Lead us not into temptation!'

TWO HUNDRED ABSCONDED SLAVES!—The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Tribune states that he is informed on the best authority, that not less than two HUNDRED slaves have absconded from their masters, in Maryland, within the past five months. These, at the lowest valuation, were worth $100,000. The estimate as to the number, is we think, too great; though it is true, as the correspondent further says, that of late the absconding slaves have increased three-fold, and their success in eluding the most expert of officers and active agents has been remarkable.

SIGNS OF A HARD WINTER.—The Rangor Whig tells us, that among other prognostications of a hard winter the coming season, it is said the squirrels are migrating south in vast numbers, which is looked upon as an infallible indication of more severe weather than ordinary, by those who have paid attention to the movement of these animals.

☞ Then, why not get in?