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, JULY 24, 1850. VOLUME L.—NO 47

Cards.

John Williamson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—OFFICE, in the house of Miss McGinnis, near the store of A & W Bentz, South Hanover street, Carlisle, Penn'a. jap10 50

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Doct. H. Hinkley.

OFFICE on Main Street, near the Post Office, Dr. H. is prepared to use *Galvanism* as a remedial agent in the treatment of Paralysis, Neuralgia and Rheumatic affections, but *does not* guarantee succes from its application to all or even any of these diseases. Relief has been given and cures effected in a number of instances, and may be in others.
March 27, 1850, 1y.

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,

HOMOEOPATHIC Physician Office in Main street, in the house formerly occupied by P. B. Loeliler. ap 17 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 about the last ten days of every month.

A Card.

DR. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist informs his former patrons that he has returned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend to calls in the line of his profession. [oct31

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.

The Eighth Session will commence on MONDAY, May 6th, 1850.

IN consequence of increasing patronage a large and commodious brick edifice has been erected, rendering this one of the most desirable institutions in the state. The various departments are under the care of competent and faithful instructors, and every endeavor will be made to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of students. The surrounding country is beautiful and healthful, and the institution sufficiently distant from town or village to prevent evil associations.

Terms—$50 *per Session (Five Months.)*

For circulars with full information address
R K BURNS, *Principal*
Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.
ap10 '50

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, avg 22 1y Principal.

Extensive Furniture Rooms.

JAMES R. WEAVER would respectfully call the attention of House Keepers and the public to his extensive stock of ELEGANT FURNITURE, including Sofas, Wardrobes, Centre and other Tables, Dressing and plain Bureaus and every other article in his branch of business. Also, now on hand the largest assortment of CHAIRS in Carlisle, at the lowest prices. ☞ Coffins made at the shortest notice and a Hearse provided for funerals. He solicits a call at his establishment on North Hanover street, near Glass's HOTEL, N. B.—Furniture hired out by the month or year.
Carlisle, March 20, 1850.—1y

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, 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

Lumber-Yard.

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
April 3, 1850. JOHN N. ARMSTRONG

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.

UMBRELLAS, Parasols and Sunshades made, covered and repaired, by the subscriber at his Tin Shop, in East Louther street, Carlisle. Terms cash, but prices low.
WM. FRIDLEY.
Carlisle January, 29, '50.

Iron Iron.

10 Tons Hammered and Rolled Iron, just received at the cheap Hardware store of the subscriber in East High Street. For sale low by
Feb. 13, 1850. HENRY SAXTON.

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

Chimney Board Papers.

JUST opened a variety of Paper for covering chimney boards. Also, for Window Blinds. An entirely new Wheelbarrow fo [ap17] G W HITNER.

Stores & Shops,

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!

Fresh Spring Supply!

I HAVE just received a fresh stock of Medicines, Paints, Glass, Oil, &c., which having been purchased with great care at the best city houses, I can confidently recommend to Families, Physicians, Country Merchants and Dealers, as being fresh and pure.

DRUGS.

Patent Medicines,	Herbs and Extracts,
Fine hemicals,	Spices, ground and whole
Instruments,	Essences,
Pure Essen'l Oils	Perfumery, &c.

Cod Liver Oil—Warranted Genuine.

DYE-STUFFS.

Indigoes,	Log and Cam Woods,
Madders,	Oil Vitriol
Sumac	Copperas,
Alum,	Lac Dye.

PAINTS.

Wetherill & Brother's Pure Lead, Chrome Green and Yellow, Paint and Varnish Brushes, Jersey Window Glass, Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Copal and coach Varnish, and Red Lead. All of which will be sold at the very lowest market price, Also, a fresh and s plendid assortment of

FANCY GOODS, FRUITS,

Confectionary, and innumerable other articles calculated for use and ornament, all of which are offered at the lowest cash prices, at the cheap Drug Book and Fancy Store of the subscriber on North Hanover street.
S. W. HAVERSTICK.
May 22, 1850.

A NEW ASSORTMENT OF
FRESH GROCERIES

JUST RECEIVED by the subscriber, among which is a selection of

RIO COFFEES,

from strictly prime to common, at 10, 11 and 12 cents cents per pound. Also

BROWN SUGARS,

at 5, 6, 7 and 8 cents per pound. Also, a general assortment

FRESH TEAS,

Greens and Blacks, selected at the Tea house of the well known firm of *Jenkins & Co.* Philadelphia, which together with a large assortment of the other articles usually kept by us, is offered to the public in the confident belief that for quality and prices an examination will prove equal and probably superior to any other assortment in this place. J. W. EBY.
Carlisle, May 22, 850.

N W GOODS

AT "BEE" THE HIVE."

ALL persons desirous of seeing the newest and best Goods of the season, let them call at the Bee Hive in North Hanover street.

The subscriber has just returned from the city and has now opened a very large and handsome stock of

SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,

of every style and variety. Such as Barages, and Tissues, Lawns from 10 cents to any price you want, Linen Lustres, from 12 to 31, Linen Lustre Barages, a new article, Foulard Silks, Corn, Blue, Pink and Fig'd Delaines, Calicoes from 3 to 25 cents per yard, Bonnets, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, and many more articles for Ladies which I have not room to insert.

I have also for Gentlemen all kinds of goods, such as CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS, and all kinds of Goods for Gentlemen's use, and I will take this opportunity of saying to my friends that I keep constantly on hand all kinds of READY-MADE CLOTHING. Mr. *T. Reighter* having his shop in my store, enables me to have made to order, on the shortest notice, any garment that may be wanted. I also keep COFFEE & SUGAR of all kinds, together with every other article necessary for Family use. Please call and examine soon where all attention will be given to please.
ml S A COYLE.

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, Veneers 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 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.
May 29, 1850.

The People's Line.
Clear the Track!

THE undersigned, by the particular request of thousands of their friends, hereby announce to all who seek and love pleasure, that a *Grand Excursion* will take place this and every day throughout the season in the beautiful safety car "*Cheapside*," propelled by the *low pressure* engine "*Fit-sure*," and in which all, both old and young, are invited to participate. The excursion will be conducted upon a plan entirely different from any before got up in this neighborhood, both for cheapness and dispatch; and the pleasure it will afford those who join in it can scarcely be estimated. Tickets will be furnished at *half the usual price*, and the public can start from any point they please, stopping only at the CHEAP AND IMPROVED

Clothing Emporium,

next door to Burkholder's Hotel on West Main street, where the cheapest and most fashionable assortment of CLOTHING can be found—all our own manufacture—and which we can sell as cheap as the can be bought at any of the large city establishments, and 20 per cent. lower than at any other house in this Borough. We respectfully invite the public to take this pleasant trip to our store, and examine our large assortment of

CLOTH, DRESS, FROCK AND SACK COATS

of various colors and Styles, Pants Vests and Roundabouts, Pen Jackets, HATS and CAPS, Shirts and Stockings, Suspenders, Cravats, and all the different articles necessary to constitute a Gentleman's Wardrobe. Don't forget the place—next door to Burkholder's Hotel, to where we have just removed. Having a large assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings on hand, we are prepared to make up to order all kinds of Clothing at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.
ap10 M & L STEINER.

Great Bargains!

CAN be expected from the subscriber, as he has just received a new and splendid assortment of WINTER GOODS, which he offers to his customers and others who may favor him with a call at great Bargains!

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,

satinets, velvet cords, Ky. jeans, scarlet, yellow, white and Canton Flannels, tickings, muslins, calico, cashmeres, de lanes, alpacas, Coburg cloths, gloves; hosiery, Irish linen, comforts, &c,

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!!

A large and splendid assortment of Long and Square Shawls, at all prices to suit the times.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Also, Boots and Shoes, which he is determined to sell low, at his stand, in North Hanover street, below Haverstick's Drug Store.
J. G. CARMONY.

SEGARS.—A fine lot just received and for sale, by box or retail at HUBBARD'
feb.13—50 Drug & Variety Store

Poetry.

SONNET.

BY MISS JANE ROSCOE.

How oft beneath His bleat and healing wings
He would have gathered me,—and I would not!
Like a weak bird, all heedless of my lot,
Perverse and idle in my wanderings.
Now would my soul return, and trembling bring
The wearied pinion to its wonted rest:
And faint with its short flights and flutterings
Would seek a refuge in its parent nest.
O! Father! in Thy mercy shelter me,
For I am worn with mortal miseries:
My dark and earth-entangled spirit, free,
And plume it, to ascend its native skies!
With loosened wing, to Thy high rest to soar,
And never to desert its mansion more!

Miscellaneous.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ADVENTURE WITH A GHOST.

A STORY WHICH PROVES TO BE TRUE.

About four-and-thirty years ago I was travelling through Denbighshire upon a mission which needed despatch. I had, in fact, in my charge, some papers which were required for legal preliminaries to a marriage, which was about to take place in a family of consideration upon the borders of that county.

The season was winter, but the weather delightful—that is to say, clear and frosty; and, even without foliage, the country through which I posted was beautiful. The subject of my journey was a pleasant one. I anticipated an agreeable visit, and a cordial welcome; and the weather and scenery were precisely of the sort to second the cheerful associations with which my excursion had been undertaken. Let no one, therefore, suggest that I was predisposed for the reception of gloomy or horrible impressions. When the sun set, we had a splendid moon, at once soft and brilliant; and I pleased myself with watching the altered, and, if possible, more beautiful effects of the scenery through which we were smoothly rolling. I was to put up for the night at the little town of ——; and on reaching the hill—over which the approach to it is conducted, about a short mile from its quaint little street—I dismounted, and directing the postillion to walk his jaded horses leisurely up the winding road, I trod on before him in the pleasant moonlight, and sharp, bracing air. A little by-path led directly up the steep acclivity, while the carriage road more gradually ascended by a wide sweep—this little path, leading through fields and hedgerows, I followed, intending to anticipate the arrival of my conveyance at the summit of the hill.

I had not proceeded very far when I found myself close to a pretty old church, whose ivied tower and countless diamond window panes, were glittering in the moonbeams—a high, irregular hedge, overtopped by tall and ancient trees enclosed it; and rows of funereal yews showed black and mournful among the wan array of headstones that kept watch over the village dead. I was so struck with the glimpse I had caught of the old churchyard, that I could not forbear mounting the little stile that commanded it—no scene could be imagined more still and solitary. Not a human habitation was near—every sign and sound of life was reverently remote; and this old church, with its silent congregation of the dead marshaled under its walls, seemed to have spread round it a circle of stillness and desertion that pleased, while it thrilled me.

No sound was here audible but the softened rush of waters, and that sweet note of home and safety, the distant baying of the watch dog, now and then broken by the sharper rattle of the carriage wheels upon the dry road. But while I looked upon the sad and solemn scene before me, these sounds were interrupted by one which startled, and, indeed, for a moment froze me with horror. The sound was a cry, or rather a howl of despairing terror, such as I have never heard before or since uttered by human voice. It broke from the stillness of the church yard; but I saw no figure from which it proceeded—though this circumstance, indeed, was scarcely wonderful, as the broken ground, the trees, tall weeds, and tomb stones afforded abundant cover for any person who might have sought concealment. The cry of unspeakable agony was succeeded by a silence; and, I confess, my heart throbbed strangely, when the same voice articulated, in the same tone of agony:

'Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin worms destroy this body—and you shall speak to me face to face.'

This strange address was followed by another cry of despair, which died away as suddenly as it was raised.

I never could tell why it was I was not more horror-stricken than I really was by this mysterious, and, all things considered, even terrible interpellation. It was not until the silence had again returned, and the faint rustling of the frosty breeze among the crisp weeds crept toward me like the stealthy approach of some unearthly influence, that I felt a superstitious terror gradually inspire me, which hurried me at an accelerated pace from the place. A few minutes, and I heard the friendly voice of my charioteer hallooing to me from the summit of the hill.

Reassured, as I approached him, I abated my speed.

'I saw you standing on the stile, sir, by the church-yard,' he said, as I drew near, 'and I ask your pardon for not giving you the hint before, but they say it is not lucky; and I called to you loud and lusty to come away, sir; but I see you are nothing the worse of it.'

'Why, what is there to be afraid of there, my good fellow?' I asked, affecting as much indifference as I was able.

'Why, sir,' said the man, throwing an uneasy look in the direction, 'they do say there's a bad spirit haunts it; and nobody in these parts would go near it after dark for love or money.'

'Haunted!' I repeated; 'and how does the spirit show himself?' I asked.

'Oh! lawk, sir, in all sorts of shapes—sometimes like an old woman almost doubled in two with years,' he answered, sometimes—like a little child agoing along a full foot high above the grass of the graves; and sometimes like a big black ram, strutting on his hind legs, and with a pair of eyes like live coals; and some have seen him in the shape of a man, with his arm raised up toward the sky, and his head hanging down, as if his neck was broke. I can't think of half the shapes he has took at different times; but they're all bad: the very child, they say, when he comes in that shape, has the face of Satan—God bless us! and nobody's ever the same that sees him once.'

By this time I was again seated in my vehicle, and some six or eight minutes' quick driving whirled us into the old fashioned street, and brought the chaise to a full stop before the open door and well lighted hall of the Bell Inn. To me there has always been an air of indescribable cheer and comfort about a substantial country hostelry, especially when one arrives, as I did, upon a keen winter's night, with an appetite as sharp, and something of that sense of adventure and excitement which before the days of down trains and tickets, always in a greater or less degree, gave a zest to traveling. Greeted with that warmest of welcomes for which inns, alas! are celebrated, I had soon satisfied the importunities of a keen appetite; and having for some hours taken mine ease in a comfortable parlor before a blazing fire, I began to feel sleepy, and betook myself to my no less comfortable bed-chamber.

It is not to be supposed that the adventure of the church-yard had been obliterated from my recollection by the suppressed bustle and good-cheer of the 'Bell.' On the contrary, it had occupied me almost incessantly during my solitary ruminations; and as the night advanced, and the stillness of repose and desertion stole over the old mansion, the sensations with which this train of remembrance and speculation was accompanied became anything but purely pleasant.

I felt, I confess, fidgety and queer—I searched the corners and recesses of the oddly-shaped and roomy old apartment—I turned the face of the looking glass to the wall—I poked the fire to a roaring blaze—I looked behind the window curtains, with a vague anxiety, to assure myself that nothing could be lurking there.—The shutter was a little open, and the ivied tower of the little church, and the tufted tops of the trees that surrounded it, were visible over the slope of the intervening hill. I hastily shut out the unwelcome object, and in a mood of mind, I must confess, favorable enough to any freak my nerves might please to play me, I hurried through my dispositions for the night, humming a gay air all the time, to re-assure myself, and plunged into bed, extinguishing the candle, and—shall I acknowledge the weakness? nearly burying my head under the blankets.

I lay awake some time, as men will do under such circumstances, but at length fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a profound sleep.—From this repose I was, however, aroused in the manner I am about to describe. A very considerable interval must have intervened.—There was a cold air in the room very unlike the comfortable atmosphere in which I had composed myself to sleep. The fire, though much lower than when I had gone to bed, was still omitting flame enough to throw a flickering light over the chamber. My curtains, were, however, closely drawn, and I could not see beyond the narrow tent in which I lay.

There had been as I awaked, a clanking among the fire-irons, as if a palsied hand was striving to arrange the fire, and this rather unaccountable noise continued for some seconds after I had become completely awake.

Under the impression that I was subjected to an accidental intrusion, I called out, first in a gentle and afterward in a sharper tone:

'Who's there?'

At the second summons the sound ceased, and I heard instead the tread of naked feet, as it seemed to me, upon the floor, pacing to and fro, between the hearth and the bed in which I lay. A superstitious terror, which I could not combat, stole over me; with an effort I repeated my question, and drawing myself upright in the bed, expected the answer with a strange sort of trepidation. It came in terms and accompanied with accessories which I shall not soon forget.

The very same tones which had so startled me in the church-yard the evening before, the very sounds which I had heard then and there, were now filling my ears, and spoken in the chamber where I lay.

'Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin worms destroy this body,' and you shall speak with me face to face.'

As I live, I can swear that the words and the voice were the very same I had heard on the occasion I had mentioned, but (and mark this) repeated to *no one*. With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, I heard the speaker approach the bed—a hand parted the bed-curtains and drew them open, revealing a form more horrible than my fancy had ever seen—an almost gigantic figure—naked, except for what might well have been the rotten remnant of a shroud—stood close beside my bed—livid and cadaverous—grinned as it seemed with the dust of the grave, and staring on me with a gaze of despair, malignity, and fury, too intense almost for human endurance.

I can not say whether I spoke or not, but this infernal spectre answered me as if I had.

'I am dead and yet alive,' it said, 'the child of perdition—in the grave I am murderer, but here I am APOLLYON. Fall down and worship me.'

Having thus spoken, it stood for a moment at the bedside, and then turned away with a shuddering moan, and I lost sight of it, but after a few seconds it came again to the bedside as before.

'When I died they put me under Mervyn's tombstone, and they did not bury me. My feet lie towards the west—turn them towards the east and I will rest—maybe I will rest—I will rest—rest—rest.'

Again the figure was gone, and once again it returned and said,

'I am your master—I am your resurrection and your life, and therefore, fall down and worship me.'

It made a motion to mount upon the bed, but what further passed I know not for I fainted.

I must have lain in this state for a long time, for when I became conscious the fire was almost extinct. For hours that seemed almost interminable I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, and afraid to get up lest I should encounter the hideous apparition, for aught I knew, lurking close beside me. I lay, therefore, in an agony of expectation such as I will not attempt to describe, awaiting the appearance of the daylight.

Gradually it came, and with it the cheerful and reassuring sounds of life and occupation. At length I mustered courage to reach the bell-rope, and having rung lustily, I plunged again into bed.

'Draw the window curtains—open the shutters,' I exclaimed as the man entered, and, these orders executed, 'look about the room,' I added, 'and see whether a cat or any other animal has got in.'

There was nothing of the sort; and satisfied that my visitant was no longer in the chamber, I dismissed the man and hurried through my toilet with breathless precipitation.

Hastening from the hated scene of my terrors, I escaped to the parlor, whither I instantly summoned the proprietor of 'the Bell' in *propria persona*. I suppose I looked scared and haggard enough, for my host looked upon me with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

'Shut the door,' said I.

It was done.

'I have had an uneasy night in the room you assigned me, sir; I may say indeed, a *miserable* night,' I said.

'Pray,' resumed I, interrupting his apologetic expression of surpise, 'has any person but myself ever complained of—of being *disturbed* in that room?'

'Never,' he assured me.

I had suspected the ghostly old practical joke, so often played off by landlords in story-books, and fancied I might have been deliberately exposed to the chances of a 'haunted chamber.' But there was no acting in the frank look and honest denial of mine host.

'It is a very strange thing,' said I hesitating; and I do not see why I should not tell you what has occurred. And as I could swear, if necessary, to the perfect reality of the entire scene, it behooves you, I think, to sift the matter carefully. For myself, I cannot entertain a doubt as to the nature of the truly terrible visitation to which I have been subjected; and, were I in your position, I should transfer my establishment at once to some other house as well suited to the purpose, and free from the dreadful liabilities of this.'

I proceeded to detail the particulars of the occurrence of the past night, to which he listened with nearly as much horror as I recited them.

'Mervyn's tomb!' he repeated after me; why that's down there in L——r: the church yard you can see from the window of the room you slept in.'

'Let us go there instantly,' I exclaimed with an almost feverish anxiety to ascertain whether we should discover in the place indicated any thing corroborative of the authenticity of my vision.

'Well, I shan't say no,' said he, obviously bracing himself for an effort of courage; 'but we'll take Faukes, and James the helper, with us; and please, sir, you'll not mention the circumstance as has occurred to either on 'em.'

I gave him the assurance he asked for, and in a few minutes our little party were in full march upon the point of interest.

There had been an intense black frost, and the ground, reverberating to our tread with the hollow sound of a vault, emitted the only noise that accompanied our rapid advance. I and my host were too much preoccupied for conversation, and our attendants maintained a respectful silence. A few minutes brought us to the low, gray walls and bleak hedgerows that surrounded the pretty old church, and all its melancholy and its picturesque memorials.'

'Mervyn's tomb lies there, I think, sir,' he said pointing to a corner of the church yard, in which piles of rubbish, withered weeds, and brambles were thickly accumulated under the solemn, though imperfect shelter of the wintry trees.

He exchanged some sentences with our attendants in Welsh.

'Yes, sir, that's the place,' he added, turning to me.

And as we all approached it I bethought me that the direction in which, as I stood upon the stile, I had heard the voice on the night preceding, corresponded accurately with that indicated by my guides. The tomb in question was a huge slab of black marble, supported, as was made apparent when the surrounding brambles were removed, upon six pillars, little more than two feet high each. There was ample room for a human body to lie inside this funeral pent-house; and, on stopping to look beneath, I was unspeakably shocked to see that something like a human figure was actually extended there.

It was indeed, a corpse, and what is more, corresponded in every trait with the infernal phantom which, on the preceding night, had visited and appalled me.

The body, though miserably emaciated, was that of a large-boned athletic man, of fully six feet four in height; and it was, therefore, no easy task to withdraw it from the receptacle where it had been deposited, and lay it, as our assistants did, upon the tombstone which had covered it. Strange to say, moreover, the feet of the body, as we found it, had been placed toward the west.

As I looked upon this corpse, and recognized but too surely, in its proportions and lineaments, every trait of the apparition that had stood at my bed-side, with a countenance animated by the despair and malignity of the damned, my heart fluttered and sank within me, and I recoiled from the effigy of the demon with terror, second only to that which had thrilled me on the night preceding.

Now, reader—*honest* reader—I appeal to your own appreciation of testimony, and ask you, having those facts in evidence, and upon the deposition of an eye and ear witness, whose veracity, through a long life, has never once been compromised or questioned, have you, or have you not, in the foregoing story, a well authenticated ghost story.

Before you answer the above question, however, it may be convenient to let you know certain other facts which were clearly established upon the inquest that was very properly held upon the body which in so strange a manner we had discovered.

I purposely avoid details, and without assigning the depositions respectively to the witnesses who made them, shall restrict myself to a naked outline of the evidence as it appeared.

The body I have described was identified as that of Abraham Smith, an unfortunate lunatic, who had, upon the day but one preceding, made his escape from the neighboring parish work-house, where he had been for many years confined. His hallucination was a strange, but not by any means an unprecedented one. He fancied that he had died, and was condemned; and, as these ideas alternately predominated, sometimes spoke of himself as an 'evil spirit,' and sometimes importuned his keeper to 'bury him;' using habitually certain phrases, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as among those which he had addressed to me. He had been traced to the neighborhood where his body was found, and had been seen and relieved scarcely half a mile from it, above two hours before my visit to the church-yard!—There were, further unmistakeable evidences of some person's having climbed up the trellis-work to my window on the previous night, the shutter of which had been left unbarred, and as the window might have been easily opened with a push, the cold which I had experienced, as an accompaniment of the nocturnal visit, was easily accounted for. There was a mark of blood upon the window-stool, and a scrape upon the knee of the body corresponded with it. A multiplicity of other slight circumstances, and the positive assertion of the chamber-maid that the window had been opened, and was but imperfectly closed again, came in support of the conclusion, which was to my mind satisfactorily settled by the concurrent evidence of the medical men, to the effect that the unhappy man could not have been many hours dead when the body was found.

Taken in the mass, the evidence convinced me; and though I might still have clung to the preternatural theory, which, in the opinion of some persons, the facts of the case might still have sustained, I candidly decided with the weight of evidence, 'gave up the ghost,' and accepted the natural, but still somewhat horrible explanation of the occurrence. For his candor I take credit to myself. I might have stopped short at the discovery of the corpse, but I am no friend to 'spurious gospels;' let our faith, whatever it is, be founded in honest fact. For my part, I steadfastly believe in ghosts, and have dozens of stories to support that belief; but this is not among them.—Should I ever come, therefore, to tell you one, pray remember that you have to deal with a candid narrator.

TEETH SET ON EDGE.—All acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in cider, vinegar, lemon juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed with the finger nail as easily as if it were chalk. Most have experienced what is called setting the teeth on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so far softened the enamel of the tooth that the least pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg shell that been softened in this way becomes hardened by being put in water. When the effect of sour fruit upon the teeth has subsided, they feel as well as ever; but they are not as well.—And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner will the disastrous consequences be manifested.—*Family Visitor.*

☞ J. Williams, a Welshman, employed in straightening rails at the iron works on the Conestoga, Lancaster county, uses for the purpose a sledge weighing 'ninety pounds.' Every rail made, requires at least 'seven' blows with this immense hammer to straighten it, and as all the rails are straightened by him, he is compelled to give nearly 'one thousand blows with it every day.' It would seem as though the human frame was not capable of such tremendous exertion, yet Mr. Williams enjoys excellent health, and apparently grows stronger with every day's exercise. [This John Williams must be a decided 'blower,' as every seven blows' he 'strikes,' he raises 630 lbs; and if he is 'compelled' to strike 'one thousand blows' per day, he raises 90,000 lbs. a day, or 550,000 pounds a week—Sampson was a strong man, but Mr. Williams must be a stronger.]

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—Mr. J. J. Randall, of New York, states that an examination of the official returns made to the Secretary of State by the Sheriffs of the several counties, of the convictions had in the several Courts of Record throughout the State, and in the year 1840 to 1848, both inclusive, comprising a period of nine years, giving the following result:—The whole number of persons returned, as having been convicted of crimes in the several counties and cities of the State, during the period referred to, was 27, 949; of these, 182 were returned as having received a "common education," 414 as having a "tolerably good education," and 128 only as "well educated." Of the remaining 26, 225, about half were able merely to read and write. The residue were destitute of *any* education whatever.

☞ A pious African at Louisville stumbled while walking, one very dark night, and was pitched head foremost, down a cellar, which afforded him an "open entrance." Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "Bress de Lord dat I lit on my head! If dis nigor had scraped his shins so hard, I spec he broke his leg."

☞ For myself, I entertain a high opinion of the utility of periodical publication. I consider such easy vehicles of knowledge more happily calculated than any other to preserve the liberty, stimulate the inquiry, and meliorate the morals of an enlightened and free people.—Washington.

☞ From Oregon, we learn that the Indians have given up to Gov. Lane the murderers of the missionary, Dr. Whitman, and his family. Among them, are two Catholic priests. A new Indian war is rumored in the territory, in consequence of the murder of some emigrants.

☞ The rivalry out west among newspapers is so great that one journal has promised to publish accounts of all "terrible accidents" twelve hours in advance of their occurrence.

☞ A Western paper says: "Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you had better admit that you are an infernal rascal.

Correspondence of the Lowell Courier.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MR. EDITOR—Here I am in the midst of May-cleaning (deferred on account of the weather) and with the baby almost sick and very cross with the "teeth cutting," and yet I feel obliged by the urgency of the matter, to steal a few moments from all other cares, to call your attention to, and solicit you aid in averting, a great evil that seems to threaten us Ladies of Creation.

Last Wednesday evening, I was present at a meeting of the "Senate," to hear what the gentlemen could have to say about the rights of woman, and I must confess, while listening to the very eloquent remarks of the gentleman who opened the discussion, and portrayed with so much earnestness the wrongs of woman—I felt very much like a rogue who was defended in a suit at law by talented counsel; I never realized until then what an injured innocent I was. His closing inquiry, "Why should not women vote?" has been ringing in my ears ever since, and I feel condemned because I have never given the subject a thought before. However, I have now looked at it all over in all its bearings, and as we are not invited to defend our "rights" in the "Senate," will you please grant me permission to answer his question through the columns of your valuable paper?

My answer is simply this—"*They have enough else to do.*" That woman is, or can be, well qualified to vote or fill with grace and wisdom *any* office, no matter how high, be it that of minister to the Court of St. James, member of the President's Cabinet, or even that of President itself—there can be no doubt. But can man, with any amount of teaching, ever become qualified to preside with equal grace and wisdom over the more important affairs of the nursery, kitchen and drawing room? For surely he would not be so barbarous as to burden us with new duties, without assuming our old ones. Suppose for instance, these, our friends (?) *should* obtain for us the right to suffrage and the privileges thereunto belonging, and we should feel it our duty

"For our dear country's sake
To travel round and speeches make"—

—to incite our sisters to avail themselves of their privileges and elevate the condition of of the country—what assurances can we have that a cheerful home, with all its dear delights, would be awaiting our return? We, as wives mothers and *home*-keepers, occupy very important posts in the great battle of life, and I, for one, feel unwilling to take a leap in the matter of resigning or exchanging. Our motto is—that which is worth doing *at all* is worth doing *well*, and I would suggest to the gentlemen who political arena, that they commence with earnestness and apply themselves with assiduity to acquire a knowledge of, and ability to perform the ten thousand and one honorable and useful acts that make up our daily routine. Then, possibly, we may commence the study of the government of nations and give our time to the preparation necessary to make intelligent voters.

While we are the dispensers of so many of the necessaries, comforts and luxuries for man, it seems the veriest nonsense to say that we do not possess our full half of influence in the world, and really, sir, this seems the only reasonable view of the subject that I can find. I certainly think if women will only exercise, to the best of their knowledge, the power they now possess, particularly in the training of husbands and sons, the country cannot get very far out of the way or women be slighted with impunity. And while teaching our boys, we will remember that, as there is a possibility that they may become Presidents, it is still higher honor to be PRESIDENT MAKERS. Yours for Women's Rights. E. W. P.

P. S. Two loaves of bread, Indian pudding, and pork and beans, for to-morrow, have all scorched in the oven while I have been scribbling this. Therefore I have learned, that scribbling about woman's rights and cooking Sunday dinners are incompatible.

Small Sweet Courtesies of Life.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls 'the small sweet courtesies of Life'—those courtesies in which there is no parade; whose voice is still, not to tease, and which, manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention—giving others preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting or standing.—This is the spirit that gives to your time of life, and to your sex, its sweetest charm. It constitutes the sum total of the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solitude of the Upas tree around you, in the same way, by the emanation of a poison which kills all the juices of affection in its neighborhood. Such a girl may be admired for her understanding and accomplishments, but she will never be beloved.

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners. Vivacity goes a great way in young persons. It calls attention to her who displays it; and if it then be found associated with a generous sensibility, its execution is irresistible.

On the contrary, if it be found in alliance with a cold, haughty, selfish heart, it produces no further effect, but an adverse one. Attend to this, my daughter. It flows from a heart that feels for you all the anxiety a parent can feel, and not without the hope which constitutes the parent's highest happiness. May God bless and protect you. Your affectionate father.—*Extract from a Letter of the late Wm. Wirt to his daughter.*

LEMON PIES.—It may be desirable to know that a good pie can be made simply of lemon and molasses. Press out the juice of a lemon into two ten cups full of molasses, grate in the dried peel of another, cover a plate with a layer of crust, spread another layer of the mixture, and over that lay a top crust; bake thoroughly, and you will have an excellent pie. One lemon will make two pies.