



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 20, 1850.

VOLUME LI--NO 12

Cards.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Dr. H. Hinkley. OFFICE on Main Street, near the Post Office.

Dr. J. J. Loomis. WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that are required for their preservation, such as Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.

Dr. J. W. HENDEL, Surgeon Dentist. My office is on Main Street, near the Post Office.

John Williamson, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in the house of Miss McGinnis, near the store of A. & W. Bentz, South Hanover street, Pa.

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

Wm. M. Penrose, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland County, Pa.

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

GEORGE E. BEACE, Justice of the Peace. Office at his residence, corner of Main street and the Public Square, opposite Burkholder's Hotel.

Plainfield Classical Academy, 200 1/2 West of Carlisle, Pa. The Ninth Session will commence on MONDAY, November 24, 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.

Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa. Oct 29

Extensive Cabinet Ware Rooms. ROBERT B. SMILEY, successor to J. C. Gibson, CABINET-MAKER & WAREHOUSE, North Hanover street, Carlisle.

Extensive Furniture Rooms. JAMES R. WEAVER would respectfully call the attention of House Keepers and the public to his extensive stock of FURNITURE.

Auctioneering! THE subscriber wishes to inform his friends in town and country that he has commenced the above business.

GEORGE Z. BRETZ, SURGEON DENTIST, would respectfully inform the public that he is now prepared to perform all operations on the teeth that may be required.

Lumber Yard. THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just opened a new LUMBER AND COAL Yard.

Notice. THE Commissioners of Cumberland County deem it proper to inform the public, that the annual meetings of the Board of Commissioners will be held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Dying and Scouting. WILLIAM BLAIR, in Loubert Street, near the College, does Ladies' and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work satisfactory.

Poetry.

The Dust of Dead Men's Graves.

BY EMILY YARNDELL. The ashes of the smouldering oak To men no history tell; Of low in bygone years it grew Luxuriant and well.

Select Tale.

"WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON."

BY MRS. HARRIET DESCHER STOWE.

The golden rays of a summer afternoon were streaming through the windows of a quiet apartment where everything was the picture of order and repose.

But the most characteristic figure in the whole picture, was that of an aged woman, who sat quietly rocking to and fro, in a great chair by the side of a large round table, covered with books.

A fair girl, fresh from the table--the dress bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, the red cheeks were suffused and glowing, the long lashes and the veiled eyes were eloquent of subdued feeling.

Harry was just at this period; he viewed Harry as long past; his self confidence was fully restored, and in his security, he began to neglect those lighter out-works of caution which he must still guard who does not mean at last to surrender the citadel.

Harry's course in College, though brilliant in scholarship, had been critical and perilous. He was a decided favorite with the faculty and students; but it required a great deal of hard working and arduous management on the part of his instructors to bring him through without any infringement of college laws and proprieties.

With all this going on, there is no need to say that Harry was a special favorite with the ladies, in truth, it was a confessed fact among his acquaintances, that whereas dozens of creditable, respectable, well-to-do young men might beseege female hearts with every proper formality, waiting at the gates, and watching at all points of the doors in vain, yet before him all gates and passages seemed to fly open of their own accord.

For, after a while, the tide that had risen so high began imperceptibly to decline. Men that had made eloquent speeches on temperance had now other things to look to; fastidious purists carried too far, and ladies declared that it was a cloying and tiresome and getting to be out and out, and the very red wine cup was sliding back into many a circle, as if on a sledge.

There is no point in the history of reformations in communities or individuals, so dangerous as that where danger seems entirely past. As long as man thinks his sinning just, he watches, he diets, and will undergo the most heroic self-denial; but let him once set himself down as cured, and he readily does he fall back to his old habits.

Harry felt at that very time that a great internal barrier had given way, nor was the glass the only one that evening another, and another followed, his spirits rose with the mild and feverish glow incident to his excitable temperament, and what had begun in the society of ladies was completed late, at night in the gentlemen's saloon.

Harry was of a decided and desperate nature; his affections and his moral sense were all at once with the terrible tyrant--the madness that possessed him, and when at last all hope died out, he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death.

There came to the trembling half-sickened mother, and beloved one, a mild incoherent letter of farewell, and he disappeared from among the living.

And may all this happen? nay, does it not happen just such things happen to young men among us every day, and do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrows just like these.

And is there not a responsibility on all they say who ought to be the guardians of the safety and purity of the sex to avoid setting before them the temptations, to which so often so fatally manhood has yielded? What is a pretty consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers and husbands?

CAUSES OF FAILURE IN BUSINESS. An excellent writer in Hunt's Magazine enumerates the following causes of failure among business men--1. The leading object is an ambition to be rich--by grasping too much, it defeats itself.

For any good movement, sympathized warmly in their endeavors. The great fault was not that too often incident to the gentlemen of woman, a want of self reliance. Her virtues were too much the result of mere sympathy, too little of her own conviction.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up in faultless taste and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautifully, the rooms were elegant, and there was enough and no too much of light and warmth, and every body was doing their best to please and be pleased.

"You know I'm not in that line," said Henry laughing and coloring. "Why not?" said another young lady taking a glass.

"Oh the temperance pledge you know--I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle; it will never do for me."

"What! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, something must be said a girl. Well, but you said you had a head-ache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny.

"Nothing more likely," replied she gaily, "I think Harry you have looked pale lately, a glass of wine might do you good."

"Had Mrs. G. known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand, than to have thrown this observation into the face of him."

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked a school teacher of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. "The teacher fainted."

Miscellaneous.

OLD WOMEN OF THE '76 HOUSE.

What relates to Washington, and the war he led in, can never be forgotten. Here is an incident of a visit lately made by Lewis Gaylord Clark to the "Old '76 House," at the village of Tappan, and related in the editorial gossip of the July Knickerbocker.

Arrived at the "Seventy-Six House," we examined the room where Major Andre was confined, and from which he went forth to his fate. Our friend, and the jolter-down hero, were made happy by a present, from the obliging proprietor of the house, of two of the pictured tiles which compose a frame work around the fireplace. Peeking these interesting mementoes of the past, we next repaired to an old, crumbling, low roofed mansion, once the stead quarters of Gen. Washington. We drew near at the gate, and passed into a little patch of meadow that lay between us and the house.

"Just taste this token," said one of the sisters to him, "it has just been sent us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I'm not in that line," said Henry laughing and coloring. "Why not?" said another young lady taking a glass.

"Oh the temperance pledge you know--I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle; it will never do for me."

"What! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, something must be said a girl. Well, but you said you had a head-ache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny.

"Nothing more likely," replied she gaily, "I think Harry you have looked pale lately, a glass of wine might do you good."

"Had Mrs. G. known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand, than to have thrown this observation into the face of him."

"What are the chief ends of man?" asked a school teacher of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. "The teacher fainted."

The World's Exhibition.

The following account of the building in which this exhibition is to be held is taken from an English publication: "It was not until disputes and complaints arose that the (Mr. Paxton) directed his attention to the subject, but the moment he did, he resolved, without knowing anything of his plan or even obtaining a prospectus, to attempt something which he thought suitable for the occasion. It was not for him to speak of the merits of his design; he would leave the unanimous selection of the six well qualified gentlemen who acted as the committee to speak for itself. He would confine himself to a few particulars regarding the dimensions and construction. The building would be 2100 feet by 400 broad, or 10 feet wider than the Conservatory at Chatsworth.

When he commenced designing this building he knew that to raise a structure as this must necessarily be made as simple as possible in its details, else it would be impossible to carry it out. He therefore endeavored to make it up with as few details as possible. The glass and iron supporters comprise the whole construction. The columns were precisely the same throughout the building, and would fit every part; the same might be said of each of the bars; and every piece of glass would be of the same size; namely 4 feet long. No number of markings would be required, and the whole would be put together like a perfect piece of machinery. Mr. Paxton explained that the water is brought down valleys on the roof and thence down the columns, that the water in no instance has further than 12 feet before it is delivered into the valleys or gutters, and that the whole is so constructed as to carry the water outside. The building is divided into broad and narrow compartments, and by lying these together there is little for the crosses of the centre to carry. The building is entirely divided into many 24-feet squares--in short every thing runs to 24, so that the work is made to square, and fit without any small detail being left to carry out. The number of columns 15 feet long is 9024; there are 3000 gable bearers; 1245 wrought iron girders; 45 miles of sash bars; and 1,773,760 feet of glass to cover the whole. The site will stand upon upwards of 20 acres of ground, but by an arrangement of Mr. Paxton's, the valuable space which may be afforded by galleries can be extended to about 30 acres, if necessary.

In so far as merit was concerned, in his (Mr. Paxton's) opinion the plan occupied a secondary position in comparison with the execution of it, and which would speak volumes in favor of the ingenuity, perseverance and industry of Englishmen. The plan, as he had shown them, was simple enough; but their surprise, if they could form any calculation of the gigantic size of the structure, would be great indeed, when he told them that the whole would be covered in by the 1st of January next, and he was as firmly persuaded that it would be accomplished to the eye as he was sure he was addressing the meeting.

Just two weeks ago last Saturday night, says the Boston Transcript, a young lady residing in the Boston street in this city, retired to her bed at her usual hour, and in her usual cheerful, happy frame of mind. After having fallen asleep, she had a frightful dream or vision--She dreamed that her brother who was in the western part of New York, was killed and his body horribly mangled in death. This dream seemed so vivid and real, and impressed her mind so forcibly, that she woke, and even rose from her bed, and walked her room, weeping in great anguish.

Another lady who was asleep in an adjoining chamber, was awakened by her wailings, and on going into the room to ascertain the cause, found her sitting in a chair weeping. The lady endeavored to soothe her fears, and finally persuaded her to retire once more to bed, and try to forget the dream. The next Monday morning the young lady received a telegraphic despatch, announcing that her brother, Mr. W., a brakeman on the Western Railroad, had fallen from the cars on one of the freight trains near East Chatham, N. Y., and been run over, and instantly killed. The accident happened at about two o'clock on Sunday morning precisely about the time of the dream.

In the Boston Transcript of Tuesday we find another case of the above nature which we copy: A week ago last Saturday night, Messrs. Fuller & Colton, enterprising young merchants at 311 Washington street, left their store at 12 o'clock that night for their sleeping apartments in Summer street. During the night Mr. Colton dreamed that their store was broken in by robbers, who were stealing silk cravats. So peculiarly was his mind wrought upon by this dream, that he became almost crazed, and jumped up and caught hold of his partner, (who was sleeping in the same room) thinking he was the man. Mr. Fuller, &c., and induced him again to go to sleep. In a few moments the same scene was again enacted. The next morning (Sunday) when these gentlemen went to their store, they found it had been broken open during the night, and fifteen hundred dollars in goods stolen--and more than a thousand dollars in silk cravats! On the following morning the city papers gave the particulars of the robbery.

TRUCK PHILOSOPHY. A country poet, after looking over his life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion: "Oh, I wouldn't live forever, I wouldn't die if I could; But I couldn't get about it, For I couldn't if I would."

A GREAT AGENT. Jacob Hill, a colored resident of Fairview township, York county, Pa., died at his residence near Pottsville, Thursday last, in the one hundred and eleventh year of his age! He was born in 1740--thirty-five years before the Declaration of American Independence.

Widow Jones' Cow.

Mr. Wells, editor of the N. York Dispatch, tells a story in as rich and quaint a style as any lord of the quill we know of. For example--"Widow Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and gave the usual signal that he wanted, and sitting doubtless by the dropping reins, and out-tripped with his elbow on his knees--with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap, Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well, mister Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell me 'n your cows, no how, for nothin, no way do you?" "Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

"So they adjourned to the meadow." Farmer Smith looked at Row--then at the widow--at Brindle--then at the widow again--and so through the whole party. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday--and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmer's wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irascible as ever.

"That Dowling cow is a pretty fair creature--" "No, she's stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her--not the widow but the cow--" "That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know--" another brook at the widow.

"The Dowling cow I know before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion, to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milk, and so is Brindle--but I have known better. A long stare succeeded this speech--the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out: "Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want do say so!"

"The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day as in the law and custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were 'out-published' they were married."

Life Probationary. The character in which we sink into the grave at death, is the very character with which we shall appear on the resurrection. The character which habit has fixed and strengthened through life, adheres, it would seem, to the disembodied spirit, through the mysterious interval which separates the day of our account when it will again stand forth, of our image and substance of what it was, to the inspection of the Judge and the awards of the judgment seat. The moral lineaments which he given on the tablet of the inner man, and which every day of an uncorrected life makes deeper and more indelible than before, will retain the impress they have received, unaltered by the transition to the future state of our existence. There will be a dissolution, and then a reconstruction of the same dust into which it had mouldered; but there is a dissolution nor a re-creation of the spirit, which is indestructible both in character and essence; it will continually retain its identity, in that midway passage between this world and the next; so that at the time of quitting its earthly tenement, we may say "That if just now, it will be unjust still; if filthy now, it will be filthy still; if righteous now, it will be righteous still; and if holy now, it will be holy still."--Dr. Chalmers.