

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, Business and General Information.

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.—Bacon.

Hall.

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, P.A., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1851.

VOLUME LI. NO. 92

Cards.

DR. E. HINCHLEY, Physician and Surgeon—Office—Main street, near the Post Office. Doctor. He will give his particular attention to Surgical diseases, and diseases of women and children. He will also give his attention every Saturday morning, in his office, gratis, from 11 to 12 o'clock, to surgical cases among the poor. January 22, 1851.

DR. I. C. LONKIS, WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that require attention. Surgical and 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 W. Street, a few doors south of the Railroad Depot. Dr. L. labors the last ten days of every month.

DR. F. MILLER, HOMOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHER, having succeeded Dr. Hippe's practice, and will continue to fill his place, solicits the patronage of his friends of his pre-decessor, and will be happy to wait upon all who may wish to consult with him. W. Street, near the Railroad Depot. Dr. F. MILLER, M.D.

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 all calls in the line of his profession. Office on East High Street.

A CARD. Dr. J. BAUGHMAN, informs his friends and the public, that he is desirous to attend to all professional calls, as heretofore, (notwithstanding his residence in another city), standing reports to the contrary. OFFICE—on East High Street.

WM. M. PENROSE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in the several Courts of Cumberland county. OFFICE—on Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by G. Brantley.

JAMES R. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS RE-MOVED his office from the corner of Main and Second streets, to the corner of Main and Third streets.

GEORGE EGG, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Office at the corner of Main and Second streets, opposite Burkholder's Hotel. In addition to the duties of Justice of the Peace, will attend to all matters connected with the law, such as mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notices, &c., and upon reasonable terms. Office on East High Street.

FRESH DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c. &c.

I have just received from Philadelphia and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, embracing nearly every article of Medicine, now in use, together with Pains, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soaps, Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, &c., &c., and a large assortment of other articles, which I am determined to sell at the very lowest prices. All Physicians, Country Merchants, Peddlars and others, are respectfully requested not to pass the OLD STAND, as they may rest assured that every article will be of a good quality, and upon reasonable terms. S. ELLIOTT, Main street, Carlisle, Pa. May 20

Extensive Cabinet Ware Rooms.

ROBERT R. SMILEY, successor to W. C. Gibson, CABINET-MAKER & UNDERTAKER, North-Hanover street, would respectfully inform the citizens of Carlisle and the public generally, that he now has on hand a large assortment of new and elegant FURNITURE, consisting in part of Sofas, Tables, Bureaus, and other articles, of the best materials and quality warranted. Also a new assortment of Chairs of various styles, and elegant Mantel Cases, made to order and repaired promptly attended to. COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice, and having a special order at the lowest prices. Also a new assortment of Glass Cases, made to order and repaired promptly attended to. S. ELLIOTT, Main street, Carlisle, Pa. Sept 4-ly.

Corner of Hanover and Leather sts., Carlisle.

THE undersigned has always on hand a large stock of superior quality Ware, in all the different styles, which he is prepared to sell at the lowest prices. He invites attention particularly to the Patent Spring Bedsteads, the most useful article, which entirely obviates all objections. The bottom can be attached to old Bedsteads. There is every variety of satisfaction to all who have them in use. COFFINS made to order at the shortest notice. JACOB FETTER, Carlisle, Jan'y 22, 1851-ly.

Extensive Furniture Rooms.

JAMES WEAVER would respectfully call the attention of House Keepers and the Public to his extensive stock of FURNITURE, including Sofas, Wardrobes, Bureaus and every other article of the kind. Also a new assortment of CHAIRS in Carlisle, at the lowest prices. Also a new assortment of Glass Cases, made to order and repaired promptly attended to. S. ELLIOTT, Main street, Carlisle, Pa. Sept 4-ly.

W. L. CRAIGHEAD, Proprietor.

DAVID STUCKEY, Manufacturer.

LUMBER YARD.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform his friends and the public, 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 on hand a large quantity of hand a first rate assortment of all kinds of seasoned pine boards and plank and all other kinds of lumber, all well seasoned and of the best quality. JOHN N. ARMSTRONG, April 3, 1851.

NOTICE.

The Commissioners of Cumberland county deem it proper to inform the public, that the 11th day of April, 1851, is the day set apart for the holding of the annual meeting of the Board of Commissioners, and that on that day, at each month, all claims which any persons having business with said Board, will meet them, at their office in Carlisle. WM. RILEY, C. C.

Children's Stockings.

A FULL assortment of White and Mixed Merino Hosiery, for Children, of the best quality, and at a low price, for sale by G. W. HINCHLEY.

CELEBRATED MAGNESIAN—An extract of the best quality, and at a low price, for sale by HUBBARD.

Poetry.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.
Dear as the dove, whose waiting wing
The green leaf ransomed from the main,
Thy genial glow, returning Spring,
Comes to our shore again;
For thou hast been a wanderer long,
Op'ming a fair and foreign strand,
In haunts and beauty, sun and song,
I passing from land to land.

Thou bring'st the blossoms of the bee,
To earth a robe of emerald dye,
The leaflet to the naked tree,
And rainbow in the sky;
I feel thy blissful benign control,
The pulses of my youth restore;
Opening the springs of sense and soul,
To love and joy once more.

I will not people thy green bowers
With sorrow's pale and spectre band;
Or bleed with thine the faded flowers
Of memory's distant land;
For thou wert surely never given
To wake regret for pleasures gone;
But like an angel sent from Heaven,
To soothe creation's groan.

Then while the groves thy garlands twine,
Thy spirit breathes in flower and tree,
My heart shall kindle at thy shrine,
And worship God in thee;
And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be a white forget,
And pleasures bloom again.

Select Tale.

LOVE vs. HEALTH.

By Miss C. M. SEDGWICK.

ABOUT a mile from one of the Berkshire villages, and separated from it by the Housatonic, is one of the loveliest sites in all our country. It is an exhausted farm of rocky, irregular, grazing-grounds, with a meadow of rich alluvial soil. The river, which so nearly surrounds it as to make it a peninsula 'in the lake,' doubles around a narrow tongue of land, called the Ox-bow—a bit of the meadow so smooth, so fantastic in its shape, so secluded, so adorned by its fringe of willows, olemanites, grape-vines, and all our water-loving shrubs, that it suggests to every one, who has read a fairy tale, a scene for the revels of elves and fairies. It is no Oberon—no Titania dwell there; but long ago, where there are now some ruins of an old house, and an uncouth new one, stood the first framed house of the lower valley of the Housatonic. It was inhabited by the last Indian who maintained the dignity of a Chief, and from him passed to the first Missionary to the tribe. There Kirkland, the late honored President of Harvard College, was born, and there his genial and generous nature received its first and ineffaceable impressions. Tenants, unknown to fame, succeeded the missionary.

The Indian dwelling fell to decay; and the property has now passed into the hands of a poet, who, rumor says, purposed transforming it to a villa, and whose occupancy will give it a new consecration.

Just before its final high destiny was revealed, there dwelt there a rustic pair, who found out, rather late in life, that Heaven had decreed they should year together the conjugal yoke. That heaven had decreed it, no one could doubt who saw how well it fitted, and how well they drew together.

They had one child—a late blossom, who had been spoiled, but there was nothing to spoil her. Love is the element of life, and in an atmosphere of love she lived. Her parents were people of good sense—upright and simple in their habits, with no theories, no prejudices, ambitions or corruptions, to turn the child from the inspirations of Heaven, with which she began her innocent life.

When little Mary Marvel came to be seven years old, it was a matter of serious consideration how she was to be got to the district school on the plain; (the common designation of the broad village street), full a mile from the Marvel's secluded residence. Mrs. Marvel was far better qualified than the teachers of the said school, to direct the literary training of her child. She was a strong-minded woman, and a reader of all the books she could come to—cheese, to make, to butter, to churn, &c.; and after little Mary had learned to read and spell, she must be sent to school for the more elaborate processes of learning—arithmetic, geography, &c.

'Now, Julius Hagen,' said Mary to the only neighbor's son, 'don't you try to call as you go by days, with your little sister, and take her to school? I guess she won't be a trouble. She could go alone, but, somehow, mother and I shall feel easier—as the river is to pass, &c., if you are willing.'

A kind boy was Julius; and, without hesitation, he promised to take Mary's treasure under his conveyance. And, for the two years following, whenever the district school was in operation, Julius might be seen conducting the two little girls down the hill that leads to the bridge, at the bridge they loitered. It's oblige was felt, but indefinable. It was a spell upon their senses; they would look up and down the sparkling stream till it winded far away from sight, and at their own pretty faces, that smiled again to them, and at Julius skittering the stones along the water, (a magical rustic art!) That old bridge was a point of sight for pictures, lovelier than Claude painted. For many a year, the old lingered there to recall the poetry of their earlier days, to watch the rising and setting of many times, and twilight, to play out their 'noon-time' and twilight. However, forgive those who replaced it with a dark, dirty, covered, but-like thing, had side in every sense—the most kind of barbarians, those who make war—not upon life, but upon the life of life—its innocent pleasures.

But, no letter with the children, when we should go on with them through the narrow lane, intersecting broad, rich meadows, and shaded by pollard willows, which form living and growing nests for the prettiest of our northern forest, and round the turn by the old Indian burying ground. Now, having come to 'the plain,' they pass the solemn precincts of the village Church, and that burying ground where, since the Indian left his dead in his own generations, their successors are all ready laid. And now they enter the wide village street, wide as it is, shaded and embowered by dense maples and wide-stretching elms; and enlivened with neatly-trimmed court-yards and flower-gardens. It was a pleasant walk; and its sweet influence bound these young people's hearts together. We are not telling a long story, and do not mean to intimate that this was the beginning of one—though we have heard of the seeds nature implants germinating at an early period as this, and we remember a boy of six years old who, on being reproved by his mother for having kept his book open at one spot, with touching frankness, replied, 'Mother, I can see nothing there but Caroline Mitchell! Caroline Mitchell!'

Little Mary Marvel had no other sentiment for Julius than his sister had. She thought him the kindest and the best; and much as she revered the village pedagogue, she thought Julius' learning profounder, than theirs, for he told them stories from the Arabian Nights—taught them the traditions of Mount Ararat—made them learn by heart the poetry that has immortalized them, and performed other miracles of learning and teaching, to which the schoolmaster didn't approach!

Children's judgments are formed on singular premises, but they are usually just conclusions. Julius was an extraordinary boy, and, fortunately, he was selected, on that account, and not because he was sickly and could do nothing else, (not uncommon grounds for this election), for a liberal education. Strong of heart and strong in body, he succeeded in every thing, and without being a charge to his father. He went through college—was graduated with honor—studied law—and, when Mary Marvel was about nineteen, he came home from his residence in one of our thriving Western cities, for a vacation in his full legal business. His first visit was to the Marvels, where he was received with as much warmth as in his father's home. 'As he left the house, he said to his sister Anna, who was with him—'How shockingly poor Mary is looking!'

'Shockingly! Why I expected you would say she was so pretty!'

'Pretty! My dear Anne, the roses on your cheeks are worth all the beauty that is left in her pale face. What have they done to her? When you were children, she was a robust round little thing—and so strong and healthy you could hear her voice half a mile, ringing like a bell; and now it's "Hark from the tomb a doleful sound!" When I last saw her—let me see—four years ago—she was not perhaps a Hebe—but a wholesome looking girl!'

'Julius!—what an expression!'

'Well, my dear, it conveys my meaning, and, therefore, is a good expression. What has become of that matter? Has she had a fever?'

'Julius! No! Is that the way the Western people talk about young ladies?—Mary is in poor health—rather delicate; but she does not look so different from the rest of our girls—I, you know, an exception.'

'Thank Heaven, you are my dear Anne, and thank our dear, dear mother, who understands the signs and means of health.'

'But Mary's mother is a sensible woman too.' 'Not in her treatment of Mary, I am sure—Toll me how she lives. What is she doing now?—where is she?'

'Why, soon after you went away, you know, I wrote to you that she had gone to the School. You know her parents are willing to do anything for her—and Mary was very ambitious. They are hard students at that school! Mary told me she studied from eight to ten hours a day. She always got sick before examination, and had to send home for lots of pills. I remember Mrs. Marvel once sending her four boxes of Brandt's at a time. But she took the first one. At the end of her first term, she came home, looking, as you say, as if she had had a fever.'

'And they send her back?'

'Why, you certainly—term after term—for two years. You know Mary was always persevering; and so was her mother. And now they have their reward. There is not a girl anywhere who surpasses Mary for scholarship! Truly, they have their reward—infatuated people! murmured Anne. 'Have they taken any measures to restore her health, Anne?'

'Oh, yes. And Mrs. Marvel does not permit her to do any hard work. She does not let her sweep her own room; they keep a domestic, you know; and, last winter, she had an air-tight stove in her room, and it was kept constantly warm, day and night. The draft was opened early; and Mrs. Marvel let Mary remain in bed as long as she pleased; and, feeling weak, she seldom was inclined to rise before nine or ten.'

'Go on, Anne. What other sanitary measures were pursued?'

'Just such as we all take, when we are ill—she doctors, if she is more unwell than usual; and she rides out almost every pleasant day. There is nothing they won't do for her. There is no kind of pie or cake, sweetmeat or custard, that Mrs. Marvel does not make to tempt her appetite. If she wants to go 'to the plain,' Mrs. Marvel harnesses, and drives over. You know, father would think it ridiculous to do it for me.'

'Words than ridiculous, Anne!—What does the poor girl do?—How does she amuse herself?'

'Do believe, Julius, you are interested in Mary Marvel?'

'I am. I was always curious as to the different modes of suicide people adopt. Has she any occupation—any pleasure?'

'Oh, yes; she reads forever, and studies; she is studying German now.'

'Poor Mary!'

'What in the world makes you pity Mary, Julius?'

'Because, Anne, she has been deprived of nature's best gift—deprived of her inheritance—a sound constitution. From temperate, active parents. She may have all the gifts, grace, charm, accomplishments, under Heaven; and, if they have not health, of what use are they? If that little, frail, body of Mary Marvel's contained all that I have enumerated, it would be just the reverse of Pandora's box—having every good, but one—(sure that I informed all).'

'Dear Julius, I cannot bear to hear you talk so of Mary. I expected you would like her so much. I—I—hoped—She is so pretty, so lovely—she is fit for Heaven.'

'She may be, Anne—I do not doubt it; but she is very unfit for earth. What has her good, devoted, sensible, well-informed mother been about? If Mary had been taught the laws of health, and obeyed them; it would have been worth infinitely more to her than all she has got at our famous boarding-school. Ignorance of these laws is culpable in the mothers—disastrous, fatal to the daughters. It is a disgrace to our people. The young women now coming on, will be as nervous, as weak, as wretched, as their unhappy mothers—language-embodiments of disease—fragments of doctors and pill-boxes, dragging out life in sick-ridden rooms, religiously struggling to perform their duties, and dying before they have half finished the allotted term of life. They have no life—no true enjoyment of life!'

'What a life, Julius! And one would think you were a cruel old bachelor!'

'On the contrary, my dear Anne, it is because I am a young bachelor and desire not to be a much older one; that I am so earnest on this subject. I have been travelling now for two months in rail cars and steamers, and I could fill a medical journal with cases of young men, married and single, whom I have met from town and country, with every all that flesh is heir to. I have been an involuntary auditor of their deplorable little confessions of "chronic headaches," "nervous feelings," "neuralgia," "weak backs," and Heaven knows what all!'

'Oh, Julius! Julius!'

'It is true, Anne. And their whole care, gentle and simple, to "avoid the air;" never to walk when they can ride; never to use cold water when they can get warm; never to eat bread when they can get cake, and so on, and so on, through the chapter. In the matter of eating and drinking, and such little gastronomic amusements and cheerings the men are worst. Fortunately, their occupations save most of them from the invalidism of the women. You think Mary Marvel beautiful?'

'No—not beautiful, perhaps—but very, very pretty, and so lovable!'

'Well,' rejoined Julius, coldly, after some hesitation, 'Mary is pretty; her eye is beautiful; her whole face is intelligent; but she is so transparent, that I cannot look at her with any pleasure. I declare to you, Anne, when I see a woman with a lively eye, a clear, healthy skin, that shows the air of Heaven visit it daily—it may be, roughly—if it pleases Heaven to roughen the day, I am elastic, vigorous, step, and a strong, cheerful voice, I am ready to fall down and do her homage!'

Julius Hagen was sincere and zealous in his theory, but he is not the first man whose theories are not attended to, as a consequence, by the increase of crime.

Here we pass the summer in his native town. He received his intimacy with his old neighbors. He perceived in Mary grace and qualities that made him feel the heavenly and forget the earthly; and, in spite of his wife, well-considered resolution, in three months he had imprinted on her lips, and on her hands, his betrothal, and slipped on the third finger of her "transparent hand," the engagement ring!

But, we must do Julius Hagen justice. When his laughing sister rallied him on his inconsistency, he said—'You are right, Anne; but I adhere to my text, though I must now uphold it as a beacon—not as an example. I must say with the Turk—'It was true to himself and true to his wife; and, at the risk of shocking our young lady readers, we must betray that, after the wedding-rings, Hagen's first gift to Mary was—"The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education;" by Andrew Combe, M.D.' This book (which should be studied by every mother in the United States) he accompanied by a solemn adjuration, that she would study and apply it. 'He did not stop here. After his marriage, he bought two riding-horns—mounted his bride on one and himself on the other, and thus performed the greater part of the journey to Indiana—only taking a rail car for convenience, or a steamer for repose!'

And, arrived at his Western home, and with the hearty assistance of his wife, who only needed to know the right to pursue it, she began a physical life in obedience to the laws laid down by the said oracle, Andrew Combe. Last fall, six years since his marriage, he brought his wife and two children to visit his Eastern friends. In reply to compliments on all hands, on his wife's improved health and beauty, he laughingly proposed to build, on the site of the old Indian dwelling, a quadrangular Temple, dedicated to the Four Ministers to Health—Air, Water, Exercise, and Regimen!'

The Richmond Why has this amusing account of an interview of John P. Hale, the New Hampshire Senator, with a Virginia belle, parties being at the Richmond Hotel:—'Virg.—'Good morning, Sir. Fine weather.' Hale.—'The same to you, Sir. The weather is indeed fine.' Virg.—'Allow me to ask, Sir, if your name is Hale?'

Hale.—'It is, Sir, your service.' Virg.—'John P. Hale, Sir?'

Hale.—'Yes, Sir, precisely.' Virg.—'Are you of New Hampshire, Sir?'

Hale.—'Yes, Sir, that is my State.' Virg.—'Are you Senator Hale of N. Hampshire, Sir?'

Hale.—'I am, Sir, just the individual.' Virg.—'Well, Sir, did it not occur to you that this was no safe place for you?'

Hale.—'Why, really, Sir, I did not. I saw that it was safe for your Senators, Mason and Hunter, who have been voting with me all the session on the Compromise bill; as did, indeed, in the House, all the rest of your Democratic delegation, except one. If you don't mind them, why should you mind me?'

Virg.—'You are a Republican, are you not?'

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