

# CARLISLE HERALD

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.—Bishop Hall.

E. BEATTY, Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1851.

VOLUME LI. NO. 37

## Cards.

**DR. H. HINCKLEY,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—Office,  
Main street, near the Post Office. Decr. 11.  
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, from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock,  
to surgical cases among the poor.  
January 22, 1851.

**DR. J. C. LOOMIS,**  
DENTIST.  
WILL perform all  
operations upon the  
teeth, such as Scaling, Filing,  
Plugging, &c., or will restore the loss of them,  
by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single tooth  
full set. Office on Pitt street, a few  
feet south of the Railroad Hotel. Dr. Loomis  
has held the first ten days of every month.

**DR. F. MILLER,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN SUR-  
GEON.—AND ACCOUCHER.—Having  
succeeded Dr. Rippe, formerly practicing  
in this place, solicits the patronage of the  
friends of his pre-decessor, and shall be happy  
to wait upon all who may favor him with a call,  
on Nov. 15, 1851. F. MILLER, M. D.

**HOMOEOPATHIC**  
Practice of Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.  
Drs. A. M. & J. STAYMAN, respectfully  
announce to the friends of the Homoeopathic  
system, that they have taken the office recently  
occupied by Dr. Smith, in Snodgrass's Row, and  
will be happy to attend to all cases of  
disease, in all the various branches of their  
profession. We are prepared to visit pa-  
tients in the country at any distance. Charges  
moderate. (491)

**A CARD.**  
DR. J. W. HENDELL, Surgeon Dentist  
informs his former patrons that he has re-  
turned to Carlisle, and will be glad to attend  
to all calls in the line of his profession. (493)

**A CARD.**  
DR. J. BAUGHMAN, informs his friends  
and the public, that he will continue to attend  
to all professional calls, as heretofore, with  
standing reports to the contrary. OFFICE—  
On East High street. (494)

**W. M. PENROSE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in  
the several Courts of Cumberland county  
OFFICE, in Main Street, facing the room former-  
ly occupied by J. G. Brandreth, Esq.

**JAMES R. SMITH,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, HAS RE-  
MOVED his office to Beeten's Row, two  
doors from Buckholder's Hotel. (495)

**GEORGE BEE,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—OF-  
fice at his residence, corner of Main street  
and the Public Square, opposite Buckholder'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, on 8/4.

**Fresh Drugs, Medicines, &c. &c.**  
I have just received from Philadelphia  
and New York very extensive  
additions to my former stock, including  
all the latest and most valuable  
preparations in use, together with  
Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Perfumery, Soap,  
Stationery, Fine Cutlery, Fishing Tackle,  
Brushes of almost every description, with a  
careless variety of other articles, which I am  
determined to sell at the lowest possible  
prices. All Physicians, Country Merchants, Pedlars  
and others, are respectfully requested to pass  
the OLD STYAN, nearly opposite the Court  
house, where every article will be sold of a good quality  
and upon reasonable terms.  
S. S. ELLIOTT,  
May 30 Main street, Carlisle.

**Plainfield Classical Academy,**  
FOUR MILES WEST OF CARLISLE.  
The Third Session will commence on MON-  
DAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1851.

This Institution has been established near-  
ly five years, during which time such ad-  
ditions and improvements have been made  
as to render it one of the most commodious and  
convenient in the State.  
In regard to healthfulness it may be men-  
tioned, that no case of serious sickness has oc-  
curred in the various branches of the institu-  
tion. Its moral purity is attested by the fact  
that depraved associates, scenes of vice, and  
resorts for dissipation have no existence in the  
neighborhood.  
The course of instruction comprises all the  
branches required by the merchant, professional  
man or collegian. Also, modern languages,  
vocal and instrumental music, &c.  
It is the determined policy of the Proprietor  
that the institution shall sustain the reputation it  
has already acquired for imparting thorough in-  
struction, and inculcating every noble and vir-  
tuous principle in the minds of the youth sub-  
mitted to its charge.  
Terms per Session, Five Months \$50 00.  
For catalogue containing references, &c.,  
address  
R. K. BURNS,  
Principal and Proprietor,  
Plainfield P. O., Cumberland County, Pa.  
April 2, 1851.

**WHITE HALL ACADEMY,**  
Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.  
THIS Institution will be open for the recep-  
tion of Students, on MONDAY, the 5th of  
May, next. The course of instruction will  
comprise the usual branches of a liberal  
English Education, together with the Latin,  
Greek, French and German Languages, and  
Vocal and Instrumental Music.

**TERMS.**  
Boarding, Washing and tuition  
in the English branches per ses-  
sion (5 months) \$50 00  
Latin or Greek 5 00  
French or German 5 00  
Instrumental Music 10 00  
For further information address  
D. DENLINGER,  
Principal, Harrisburg, Pa.

**BIG STEPPING ACADEMY.**  
THIS Institution will be open for the recep-  
tion of students, on MONDAY, the 5th of  
May, next. All the branches of a liberal  
Classical Education will be taught, and students  
thoroughly qualified for entering any class  
in College, or fitted for business life. There will  
be two sessions a year, the first commencing  
on the first Monday in May, and the second  
session on the first Monday in November,  
every year. Circulars will be furnished on ap-  
plication in person or by letter addressed to the  
subscribers at Newville, Pa., Cumberland  
County, Pa. (496)

**NOTICE.**  
THE Commissioners of Cumberland coun-  
ty do hereby inform the public, that the  
annual meeting of the Board of Commissioners  
will be held on the second and fourth Monday  
of each month, at which time any persons hav-  
ing business with said Board, will meet them  
at their office in Carlisle. WM. RILEY, Ck.  
Attest.

**LOVE YOUR PROPERTY**  
FOR A TRIFLE!  
WILL persons wishing to rescue their prop-  
erty from fire without the aid of insurance  
companies, should have their roofs covered with  
Blake's Patent Fire-Resisting Sheet, or Fire-  
and Water-Proof Paint. A roof well covered with  
this article will last longer than the roof  
unprotected, and will entirely Fire- and  
Water-Proof. This article has been used  
at the Hardware Store of  
JOHN P. LYNE,  
No. 101 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
(497)

**ARNOLD'S Writing Fluid,** a very su-  
perior Ink, for sale at  
J. H. BARNARD

## Miscellaneous.

### LOVE.

Love!—I will tell thee what it is to love:  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine  
Where love sits brooding like a beauteous  
dove.  
Where time seems young, and life a thing  
divine.  
Yes, this is love—the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set;  
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er  
knew.  
Of all life's sweet, the very sweetest yet!  
CHARLES SWAIN.

### PADDY MULLOWNY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A certain old ghoulman in the West of Ire-  
land, whose love of the ridiculous quite e-  
qualed his taste for claret and fox-hunting,  
was wont upon certain festive occasions, when  
opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by  
drawing out one of his servants, who was ex-  
ceedingly fond of what he termed his "trav-  
els," and in whom a good deal of whim, some  
quaint stories, and, perhaps, more than all,  
long-land faithful services had established a  
right to loquacity. He was one of those few  
trustworthy and privileged domestics, who, if his  
master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a  
passion, would venture to set him right. If  
the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off, my  
friend Pat would say, 'subject matter in hand,'  
he was sure to throw in some good reason, ei-  
ther from former service—general good con-  
duct—or the delinquent's wife and children,  
that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meet-  
ings as have been alluded to, the master (after  
making certain "approaches," as a military  
man would say, preparatory steps in laying  
siege to some extraordinary of his servant's)  
might, perchance assail Pat thus: "By the by,  
Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest),  
Pat has a very curious story, which some-  
thing you told me today reminds me of. You  
remember, Pat, (turning to the man, evidently  
pleased at the notice thus paid to himself), you  
remember that queer adventure you had in  
France?"

"Truth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.  
"What?" exclaims Sir John, in feigned sur-  
prise, "was Pat ever in France?"  
"Indeed, he was," cries mine host; and Pat  
adds, "Ay, and further, please your honor."  
"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host,  
"Pat told me a story once that surprised me  
very much, respecting the ignorance of the  
French."

"Indeed," rejoins the Baronet; "really, I  
always supposed the French to be a most ac-  
complished people."  
"Truth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts  
Pat.  
"Oh, by no means, adds mine host, shaking  
his head emphatically.  
"I believe 'twas when you were crossing the  
Atlantic," says the master turning to Pat with  
a sly smile, and leading him into the full  
and true account. (For Pat had thought fit to  
visit *North America*, for a main he had, in  
the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic,"  
a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with  
bravado as broad as the Atlantic itself.  
"It was the time I was lost in crossing the  
broad Atlantic, and comin' home," began Pat,  
deigned to the recital: "within the fortnight  
to blow and the say to rowl, that you'd think  
the Colleen dhoo—that was her name—would  
not have a mast left but what would rowl out  
of her."

Well, sure enough the mast went by the  
board at last, the pumps were checked—divil  
clucke them for that same—and av course the  
water gained on us, and troth to be filled with  
water is rather good for man or beast; so  
was sinking fast, setting down, as the sailors  
called it, and faith I never was good at let-  
ting down in my life, and I liked it then less  
now; never; according we got a sack of bath-  
suds and a cask of cork, and a bag of water,  
and a thrille of rum on board, and any other  
little matters we could think of in the mortal  
hurry we were in—and faith there was no time  
to be lost, for my delinquent the Colleen dhoo  
went down like a lump of lead, and we were  
many strokes of the oar away from her.

Well, we drifted away all that night, and  
next morning we put up a blanket on the  
side of a pole as well as we could, and then we  
sailed fligant, for we darnt show a stich of can-  
vass the night afore, because it was blowin' like  
bloody murder, savin your presence, and sure  
it's the wonder of the world we warn't aver-  
ly'd alive by the ragin' sea.

Well, away we went for more nor a week,  
and nothing but our two good-looking eyes,  
and the wide canopy of Heaven, and the wide  
ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to  
be seen but the sea and sky; and though the  
sea and sky are mighty purty things in them-  
selves, suth they are no great things when  
you have nothing else to look at for a week to-  
gether, and the barest rock in the world, so it  
was land; would be more welcome. And then  
soon enough, troth, our provisions began to  
run low, the biscuits and the water and the  
rum—troth that was gone first of all—God  
help us—ah! it was thin that starvation  
began to stare us in the face. "Oh! murder,  
murder, murder, captain darlint," says I—I  
wilt we could see land any where," says I.  
"M. e. t. e. v. e. r. j. o. u. r. c. o. u. n. t. r. y," says he,  
"suth they are no great good; troth it's my-  
self wishes his name."

"Oh," says I, "that it may please you, sweet  
gentle, if I have any supposing it was only a  
desert island," says I. "Indeed, my Turk,;  
suth they would be such bad delusions as to  
refuse us a bit and a sup."  
"Whist, whist Paddy," says the captain,  
"don't be talkin' bad of any one," says he;  
"you don't know how soon you may want a  
good word't put for yourself, if you should  
be called't quarters in the other world all of a  
sudden," says he.  
"Thru for you, captain, darlint," says I—  
I called him darlint, and made free wid him  
you see for distress makes us all equal—for  
you, own captain, Jewel—Gud bless us and  
hara, I, ow no man any epite, and troth that  
was only truth. Well, the last biscuit was  
served out, and by god the water itself was all  
gone—at last, and we passed the night mighty  
cold—wast, at the brake up the night might

most beautifully out of the waves, that was  
bright as silver and as clear as crystal. But  
it was only more cruel upon us, for we  
began to feel terribly hungry; when all at  
once I thought I spied the land—by god, I  
thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a  
moment, and "thunder and turf, captain," says  
I, "look to leeward!"  
"What for," says he.  
"I think I see the land," says I. So he up  
with his bring'em-neer—that's what the sail-  
ors call an spy glass, sir—and looks, and sure  
enough it was.

"Hurrah!" says he, "we're all right now;  
pull away boys," says he.  
"Take care your not mistaken," says I; "may-  
be it's only a fog bank, captain, darlint," says  
I.  
"Oh, no," says he, "it's the land in earnest."  
"Oh, thin, whereabouts in the wide world  
are we, captain?" says I; "may be it'd be in  
Rousie or in Proosin, or the German Ocean,"  
says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he, (for he had that  
conceited way with him—feeling himself clever-  
er than any one else), "tut, you fool," says  
he, "that's France."  
"Tut, you fool," says I, "you told me so?  
and how do you know it's France it is, captain,  
dear," says I.  
"Because this is the Bay o' Biskay we're in  
now," says he.

"Troth, I was thinking so myself," says I,  
"by the way it has; for I often heard of it,  
in regard of that same; and troth the likes of  
it I never heard before nor since, and with the  
look of God never will."  
Well, with that "my heart began to grow  
light, and when I seen my life was safe, I be-  
gan to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says  
I, "Captain, jewel, I wish we had a griddle."  
"Why then," says he, "thunder an turf,  
what puts a griddle in your head?"  
"Because I'm starvin' wid the hunger," says  
I.

"And sure, had luck to you," says he; "you  
couldn't eat a griddle, barrin you war a *Pedi-  
cator of the wilderness*," says he.  
"At a griddle?" says I; "oh in troth I'm  
not such a gormuch all out as that, any how!—  
But sure if we had a griddle we could dress a  
beef steak," says I.  
"Atrah! but where's the beef steak," says  
he.  
"Sure couldn't we cut a piece of pork?"  
says I.  
"Be gor, I never thought of that," says the  
captain. "You're a clever fellow," says he,  
laughing.

"Oh, there's many a true word said in a joke,"  
says I.  
"Timp for you, Paddy," says he.  
"Well then," says I, "if you put me on shore  
there beyond," (for we were nearing the land  
all the time), "and sure I can eat a tin to lead  
me a griddle," says I.  
"Oh, by gor, the butcher is coming out of  
the str-about in almost now," says he; "you  
and gormuch, sure I would you before that's  
France—and sure they're all furnaces there,"  
says the captain.

"Well," says I, "how do you know but I'm  
as good a furnisher myself as any of them."  
"What do you mane?" says he.  
"I mane," says I, "what I would you, that  
I'm as good a furnisher myself as any of them."  
"Make me sushable," says he.  
"By gad, may be that's more nor me, or  
greater nor me could do," says I—and we all  
began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay  
him off for his bit of conceit about the Ger-  
man Ocean.

"Leave off your humbuggin'," says he, "I  
bid you, and tell me what it is ye mane at all,  
at all!"  
"Parley you Frongsey?" says I.  
"Oh, your humble servant," says he; "why,  
by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy."  
"Troth, you may say that," says I.  
"Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says  
the captain, leering like.

"You're not the first said that," says I,  
"whether you're joking or no."  
"Oh, but I'm in earnest," says the captain;  
"and do you tell me Paddy, that you speak  
French?"  
"Parley you Frongsey?" says I.  
"By gor, that banns Bannagher, and all the  
world knows that Bannagher beats the divil—  
I never met the likes of you, Paddy," says he  
—pull away, boys, and put Paddy afore,  
and maybe we won't get a good belly before  
long."

So with that it was no sooner said than done  
—they pulled away and got close in to shore  
in less than no time, and run the boat up in a  
little cove, and a beautiful cove it was, with  
a lovely white strand, an elegant place for wa-  
ter to bath in the summer—and out I got,  
and it's attif enough in my habit I was, after  
being cramped up in the heat and pershed  
wid the covin'd hunger; but I contrived to  
scramble on one way or the other, towards a  
little bit of a wood that was close to the shore,  
and the smoke curlin out of it 'quite temptin'  
like.

"By the powers of war I'm all right," says  
I, "there's a house there." And sure enough,  
there was a parcel of men, women and chil-  
dren, eating their dinner round a table quite  
convivially. "And so I went up to the door,  
and I thought I'd be very civil to them; as I  
heard the French was very polite intirely—and  
I'd show them I knew what good manners was.  
So I took off my hat, and making a low  
bow—"God save all here," says I to them.  
"Well, to be sure, they all stoop at once,  
and began to stare at me, and faith they all  
most looked me out of countenance, and I  
thought to myself it was not good manners at  
all more to be taken from furnishes, which  
they call so mighty polite; but I never mind  
that, in regard of writin' the griddle; and so  
I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the  
liberty I take, but it's only being in distress  
in regard of atin," says I, "that I make bow'd  
to trouble you, and if you could lend me a  
loaf of a griddle?" says I, "I'd be intirely ob-  
liged to you."  
"By gor," they all stared at me in twice worse  
nor before, and with that, says I, "knowin'  
what was in their mind—indeed it's true for  
you," says I, "I'm, fathered and torn to pieces,  
and God knows I look quare enough; but it's  
by reason of the storm," says I, "which drove  
us ashore below, and we're all starvin'."

So they began to look at each other again  
and myself seeing at once that dirty thoughts

## MR. BILE.

### A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

How he ever came to be married was a mys-  
tery to all his acquaintances, and can only be  
explained by the supposition that his wife,  
who was a remarkable meek, patient woman,  
wished for an opportunity, like young Chuz-  
zle's friend Mark Tapley, to "come out  
strong" under adverse circumstances. If she  
had been animated by any such desire, she  
was gratified to repetition; for there was  
scarcely an hour of the twenty-four, in which  
her meekness was not put to the test.

Mrs. Bile do you intend to sleep all day?  
"Wouldn't you be glad to be married?"  
"I thought you would not like to be married."  
"Very much afraid of disturbing me, all of  
a sudden, when you've been thrashing about  
all night."  
Taking refuge in silence, she descends to  
the kitchen to look after the morning repast.  
Her husband had declared the day before,  
when they had mackerel for breakfast, that  
there was nothing he so much relished at this  
meal as mutton chops. She had accordingly  
purchased the choicest in market, and now  
watched them nervously until they were done  
to a turn. Breakfast was speedily announced,  
and Mr. Bile soon made his appearance, but  
with a face as dismal as the countenance of  
mortality in the ancient wood cuts.

"What's this," said he, taking one of the  
chops upon his plate and turning it over con-  
templatively; "as I'm alive, if you haven't  
broiled a mutton chop!"  
"Why that is the way every body cooks a  
chop."  
"Then 'every body' is an ignoramus, and  
ought to live on hucks! A mutton chop should  
be fried in its own gravy, and then the juices  
of the meat are preserved. But, I suppose,  
he added with a sneer, "that you cooked them  
to suit your appetit."

Having thus succeeded in destroying any  
further craving on her part, for a luxury  
she herself was condemning, he made still amends  
by eating her chops with his own.  
"Broiling above in the larder one evening,  
he chanced to say a beef steak." He im-  
mediately made it a subject of attack upon the  
table; "What are you doing with this  
steak? didn't I order sausages for breakfast?"  
"Yes, my dear, but you spoke of Thomp-  
son's being in town, and I thought it likely  
that it is possible, that instead of going to the  
club you might bring him home to dinner; so  
I bought the steak this morning in order to be  
ready against a surprise."  
"Just as if it were possible I should bring  
a friend home to dine, without giving you no-  
tice?"

Three days after this conversation, as Mrs.  
Bile was cleaning the parlors, and had the  
carpets up, her husband came in about two o'-  
clock, with two friends, whom he had urged  
out of their way "to take a social dinner" with  
him. Of course the meal which had to be pre-  
pared at short notice, was rendered still more  
uncomfortable by a series of ill-natured re-  
marks, from the husband, upon improvident  
housewives, who could not see the length of  
their nose, what was likely to be wanted in  
the family!

One moderately cold evening he came home  
with a pretended chill, and nearly set the house  
on fire in his efforts to prove his assertion that  
"the place was as cold as a barn." A few  
evenings later, on perceiving that some extra  
attention had been bestowed upon the fire, to  
render the parlors comfortable with an outside  
atmosphere at zero, he found himself in quite  
a fever, opened every accessible window and  
door on the first floor, and even sent a servant  
up three pairs of stairs to throw back the seat-  
le-boards to the roof, declaring that he felt  
stuffed with the heat. Having succeeded by this  
process in reducing the temperature of the  
whole house to the vicinity of freezing point,  
he suddenly remembered an engagement, and  
went out to pass the evening with an acquain-  
tance, leaving his poor wife to enjoy all the  
benefits of such a thorough ventilation.

"My dear," said his wife to him one morn-  
ing, "what would you like for supper?"  
"I wish, Mrs. Bile, that I might leave home  
one morning without having this question ding-  
led in my ears; was his characteristic re-  
sponse. "What is the use of my supporting a  
wife, if I must attend to the housekeeping!"  
The good lady ventured no reply, although  
she knew that the question was evaded that  
night came, and with it Mr. Bile, but ten  
times more dismal than the shadows which  
preceded him. Almost before the door had  
closed upon him, he called out to know why  
supper was not ready.

"It is all ready," said his help-mate, from  
the dining room, and he took his place at  
the table. "I have cooked some oysters," she  
said, placing before him a savory stew, which  
might have satisfied an epicure.  
"Now Mrs. Bile, if you haven't gone and  
done it! But what I might have expected."  
"What is the matter, my dear?" asked his  
wife, quietly.  
"Why you have gone and steered a dish  
of oysters, which, if fried, would have been fit for  
a prince."  
A single flash of triumph came from those  
meek eyes, as she replied, "I felt a little un-  
certain as to how you might like them best,  
and so I had part of them fried!"

Now the stew was his favorite, but he felt  
plagued to prefer the fried; at last he com-  
promised the difference, by eating a large  
share of both, on the plea that *nothing should  
be wasted*.  
Remember, reader, that this is no fancy  
sketch, but a veritable portrait of a real per-  
son, who enjoyed only the contrivances of  
life while he lived, and whose memory shows  
no green spot where charity may plant a flow-  
er to relieve the dreariness of the retrospect.  
The artist, who fashioned this faithful resem-  
blance, took a stern pleasure in showing to the  
restless spirit who employed him, how foggy  
was the language which his fretful temper had  
written on his countenance. And it never  
seems to me more unlovely than when I sit  
and gaze upon it, after having been myself un-  
derneath the same gloomy cloud. The mo-  
ment my eyes rest upon it, the murmurs of  
discontent die upon my closed lips. Like  
Sorrow who witnessed his own death scene, I  
am frightened at the thought of leaving such a

## TOOTH-PULLING ILLUSTRATED.

Before the days of chloroform there was a  
quack who advertised tooth-drawing without  
pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and  
the instrument applied to his teeth with a  
wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleas-  
antly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the  
dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I  
would give you no pain, but I only just gave  
you that twinge as a specimen to show you  
Cartwright's method of operating." Again  
the instrument was applied—another tug, a  
another roar. "Now don't be impatient; that is  
Dunmore's way; be seated and calm—you  
will now be sensible of the superiority of my  
method." Another application, another tug,  
another roar. "Now, pray be quiet! that is  
Parkinson's mode, and it won't do like it, and  
no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by  
a thread; and whipping it out, the operator  
exultingly exclaimed: "That is my mode of  
tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now  
enabled to compare it with the operations of  
Cartwright, Dunmore and Parkinson."

LOOK UP.—What business has a man to go  
about with his head bowed down like a bul-  
rush, as if he was looking for pins in the dirt,  
or picking up rusty nails in the street, like an  
old millionaire in one of our neighboring cit-  
ies? God made man to stand erect, accord-  
ing to the true import of *anthropos*, the Greek  
word for man. In this he is distinguished  
from the other grades and species of animal  
creation. They may look down, but man  
should look up. Let him write exulting far-  
above him—on that keep his eye fixed, and  
continue his movement till he attains his mark.  
It is said, that however high a man may as-  
cend from the earth, there is no danger that  
his head will swim, and cause him to lose his  
balance, if he keeps looking up. But as  
sure as he looks downward, he loses all com-  
mand of himself, and is sure to fall. So it is  
in the pursuit of life. Shake off, then, your  
dumps, throw away your blues, and leave the  
dirt under your feet to take care of itself—  
Your business is upward. There is light a-  
bove, however dark it may be beneath you.  
Hold up your head; there is a bow in the  
clouds, and the storm will soon be over. A  
clear sun will yet shine. Then rub open your  
eyes and look up.

TITLES OF FIRMS.—One of the best titles  
for a mercantile firm that we have ever seen  
is *CAL & SETTLE*, which is painted in golden  
letters on a sign in one of our Northern cities.  
Customers are reminded every time they pass  
of their outstanding accounts.—NICK, & PERRY  
is the name of another firm. But the following  
"beats all"—"Two attorneys," says an old  
newspaper, "in partnership in the United  
States, had the name of the firm, which was  
"Cathart & Cathart," inscribed in the usual  
manner upon their office-door; but as the sin-  
gularity and "ominous juxtaposition of the  
words led to many a coarse joke from passers-  
by, the men in law attempted to destroy, in  
part, the effect of the old association, by the  
insertion of the initials of their Christian  
names, which happened to be Isaiah and Uriah;  
but this made the affair ten times worse, for  
the inscription ran thus—*I. CATHART & U.  
CATHART*."

OLD ALMANAC.—There is a plant in Rhode  
Island—we do not know whether it grows any  
where else in Christendom—called "old alma-  
nack," and a certain good woman in one of  
the southern towns of that State was advised  
by a physician to steep some of the herb, and  
administer the decoction to her sick child.—  
The next time the doctor called he asked, did  
you give John the old almanack tea as I di-  
rected?"  
"O, no!" said the woman, "I had the great-  
est hunt all over the house for an old alma-  
nack, and if you'll believe me, I couldn't find  
one to save my soul, but I found a volume of  
the "Bible in the Wood," and I steeped that  
and gin John the tea, and I think it done him  
a great deal of good!"

Elegance in dress is cheap and simple.  
What it costs a man fortobacco, who uses it,  
is sufficient, if added to the present cost of his  
clothing, to dress him with elegance. A few  
more shillings a yard for cloth, the work of a  
tasteful tailor, a decent regard to the prevail-  
ing mode, and a certain neatness and simplici-  
ty! All elegance is never gaudy, never  
outre, never out of fashion, nor in the extreme  
of fashion. It allows of a few ornaments, and  
no studied display. The difference of a single  
dollar in an article of dress may make the  
whole distinction between elegance and vulgari-  
ty. A single tasteful ornament may spoil the  
effect of the best tailor's workmanship. The  
slightest eccentricity of cut betrays the in-  
born rowdy.

At a late trial, somewhere in Vermont,  
the defendant, who was not familiar with the  
multitude of words which the law employs to  
make a very trifling charge, "after listening  
while to the reading of the indictment, jump-  
ed up and said: "Them 'ere allegations is  
false, and that 'ere allegator knows it!"

A man being asked if he would like to  
live forever, replied that considering the hard-  
ness of the times and the weakness of the  
government, he would not care living more  
than half of it.

Folly to think that you can make pork  
out of pig iron, or that you can become a  
shipowner by just drinking sherry cobblers.

Did you ever see Niagara Falls? said  
a lady passenger to a friend. No, I never met  
them, but I've heard them highly spoken of.  
If thou wilt be dived of thy ignorance, con-  
fess it.

## KNICKERBOCKER GOSSIP.

The May number of this truly American mag-  
azine, the *Knickerkocker*, is "clock full" of good  
things.—The "Editor's Table" shows no falling  
off. Our readers will have a spice of its  
quality in the following extracts:  
The subjoined anecdote of a demago g  
candidate for the Legislature of a Western  
State, a man of low moral stature, has been  
sent us by a new correspondent: "There was  
a 'dumpy speaking,' and Abner G. D.—had  
the platform, 'enlightening' the 'water-filled'  
long and loudly. 'Follow citizens,' said he  
'I now come to a slanderous rumor which has  
been most dastardly circulated against me  
from one end of the county to the other. My  
enemies, not content with endeavoring to ruin  
my political prospects, have assassinated-like  
attempted to blast my good name by their insid-  
ious reports.' 'Abner' then stated what the  
rumor was, and continued: 'I rejoice, fellow-  
citizens; to have it in my power instantly to  
fasten the lie upon this malicious and atrocious  
slander. I see among you one of the most  
estimable citizens of this county, whose char-  
acter for truth and integrity is above all ques-  
tion.' Squire Schooler, to whom I allude, is  
acquainted with all the facts, and I call on  
him here to state whether this rumor is true  
or false. I pause for a reply." Whereupon  
Squire Schooler slowly arose, and in his strong,  
square, and sonorous voice said: 'I rather think  
you did it, Abner!' 'You'd control!' ex-  
claimed Abner, 'why do you interrupt me,  
while I am discussing great constitutional  
questions, with your low personalities?' And  
he accompanied this obnoxious exclamation  
with such a 'surge' of gesticulation, that he  
stepped back beyond the platform, fell back-  
wards on a big dog, amid the howls of which  
the meeting was effectually broken up."

We have this clever and characteristic  
anecdote from a new but very welcome West-  
ern correspondent: Col. Gardner was a charac-  
ter born in Old Virginia; high-bred, accord-  
ing to the notions of his day, and place, and  
he, as he said of himself, of "high points." He  
was indeed oftentimes "high" and in fact  
everything seeming high to him, he played a  
high character. He was an off-hand politician,  
and an imprudent lawyer; and his various high  
qualities secured him the high honor of a seat  
in the State Legislature, of which he was very  
proud. One day, while circuit court was in  
session, he was seated on a heap of logs near  
the court-house, holding a high discourse with  
a friend, who was not quite so "high." In one  
sentence, as himself, when a miserable looking  
fellow approached, bare-foot, clad in rags, with  
only a