

# THE CARLEISLE

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

PROSPEROUS—A FERTILE SOIL AND BUSY WORKSHOPS,—TO WHICH LET ME ADD KNOWLEDGE AND FREEDOM.—*Diogenes Laertius.*

**E. BEATTY, Proprietor.**

**CARLEISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1854.**

**VOL. LIV NO 17**

## Cards.

**DR. C. S. BAERER**  
RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Carleisle and surrounding country. Office and residence in South Hanover street, directly opposite to the "Volunteer Office." Carleisle, April 20, 1853.

**DR. GEORGE Z. BRETZ,**  
WILL perform all operations upon the teeth that require their preservation. Artificial teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a complete set, in the most skillful and judicious manner. Office at the residence of his brother, on North Pitt Street, Carleisle.

**GEORGE EGG,**  
OFFICE at his residence, corner of Main street and Third Street, opposite Bankholder's shop. He will attend to all kinds of writing, such as deeds, mortgages, indentures, articles of agreement, notes, &c. Carleisle, ap 3'49.

**DR. I. C. LOOMIS,**  
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**CHURCH, LEE AND RINGLAND,**  
STEAM SAW MILL  
CUMBERLAND, PA.

**DR. S. B. KIMPFER,**  
OFFICE in North Hanover street adjoining Mr. Wolf's store. Office hours, from 9 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and from 5 to 7 o'clock, P.M. June 18'54

**DR. JOHN S. SPRAGGS,**  
OFFERS his professional services to the people of Dickinson township, and vicinity. Residence on Centre street, near the corner of Conover's. Feb 21'54

**G. B. COLE,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office in the room formerly occupied by William Irvine, Esq., North Hanover St., Carleisle, April 20, 1853.

**HENRY J. WOLF,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office, No. 2, Beatty's Row.

**Carleisle Female Seminary.**  
MISSISSIPPI PAINE will commence the second Monday in April, in a new and commodious school room, next door to Mr. Leonard's, North Hanover street. Instruction in the languages and drawing, on extra charge.  
Admission by an experienced teacher. (Sept 24)

**Plainfield Classical Academy**  
Near Carleisle, Pa.  
THE 15th Session (five months) will commence next Monday. The buildings are new and extensive (one erected last fall). The situation is all that can be desired for healthfulness and moral purity. The students are excited in the study of the liberal arts. A conscientious discharge of duty has secured, under Providence, the most favorable condition of the Institution. Its future prosperity shall be maintained by the same means.  
Terms—Board and Tuition (per session) \$50 00  
For Catalogues with full information address  
Principal & Proprietor,  
Plainfield, Camb. Co., Pa.

**WHITE HALL ACADEMY.**  
Three miles West of Harrisburg, Pa.  
THE SIXTH SESSION will commence on Monday, the seventh of November next. Parents and Guardians and others interested are requested to inquire into the merits of this Institution. The situation is all that can be desired for healthfulness and moral purity; the course of instruction is extensive and thorough, and the accommodations are ample.  
Instructors.  
D. D. Dentinger, Principal, and teacher of Languages and Mathematics.  
Dr. A. Dinwiddie, teacher of Ancient Languages and Natural Science.  
E. O. Dare, teacher of Mathematics and Natural Science.  
Hugh Gayle, Teacher of Music.  
T. Kirk White, teacher of Plain and Ornamental Penmanship.  
Terms.  
Boarding, Washing, and Tuition in English per session (5 months), \$50 00  
Instruction in Ancient or Modern Languages, one year, 10 00  
For Circulars and other information address  
Principal & Proprietor,  
White Hall, Camb. Co., Pa.

**TO FARMERS & HORSE DEALERS**  
DOCTOR J. S. SEIBERT, Veterinary Surgeon, has returned to Carleisle, and located himself permanently for the purpose of operating upon diseased horses, and pleasing himself to cure the most of diseases to which the noble animal is subject. He is able to cure Ring Bone, Tooth Bone, and Hog Spavin, and all weak eyes which are supposed to be affected by locks, without extracting the gland of the eye, and all eyes supposed to be affected with Wajp Teeth, without extracting the teeth. He can cure a fresh foundered horse in forty-eight hours as sound as ever. He also cures all distempers, hoof, sprain, lameness, and all ailments, string hait, fagles and pole evil. He can remove all callosities, and perform all surgical operations that may be required of him. Persons having diseased horses who cannot leave them with him, can be supplied with all the medicines and directions for use. He charges nothing for examining a horse and locating his disease. So, bring on your cripples. He may be found at Henry Glass's, Gunsmith, and Perry Hotel, Carleisle, where those wishing to engage his services are requested to call.  
(Nov 2, 1853.)

**MILL FOR RENT.**  
THE undersigned offers his Merchant Mill, at the Carleisle in Works, for rent from the 1st of April next.  
PETER F. EGGE,

**MERINOES, CASHMERE.**  
JUST RECEIVED at the New and Cheap Store of Weiser & Campbell a large lot of FRENCH MERINOES.  
CASHMERE.  
MUS DE LAINE,  
SHAWLS, &c. &c.  
now on hand fresh from Philadelphia, and selling low at WEISER & CAMPBELL'S.

**Valuable Foundry For Sale.**  
THE subscriber offers for sale his interest (one half) in the FOUNDRY, situated on the site of the old Carleisle, and containing a large lot of machinery, and a valuable stock of iron. For particulars as to Terms which will be made accommodating, business facilities, &c., apply to the subscriber at  
R. H. LAWRENCE.

## Poetry.

### A WINTER NIGHT.

Wild is the night! for winter reigns;  
The north-wind sounds its fiercest strains;  
The shaking doors and window panes  
Make furious din;  
And through the chinks the powdering grains  
Come sifting in.

Will mend the fire or it decays,  
Pile on the wood and make it blaze?  
This is one, surely, the duty  
Of which we've read,  
Or rather nights, when the fiend strays  
On errands dread!

There lies my dog, his brains a-baking,  
And fierce gesticulations making;  
In dream the snow-hill fox he's shaking  
With mortal spite;  
Or else he's giving or he's taking  
'Tis in a fight.

Strange voices out of doors I hear,  
The shout of rage, the howl of fear,  
Indeed, mad terrors from regions drear  
In furious haste  
Have broken loose, on evil career,  
To lay earth waste.

Some seem an awful organ drumming;  
Some on the roofs and walls are drumming;  
And one, smoke choked or smogged in coming  
Down the hot tube,  
Is off, and sets the chimney humming  
With angry w-h-u-e!

### A Capital Story.

#### THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the country, from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass. On the side of this inlet is a beautiful clark grove; and on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge into a high ridge, on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasures. The inlet allows a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly, and at night, to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good look out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good land marks, by which the place might be easily found again. The old stories add moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasures, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be this as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth, being shortly seized at Boston, sent to England, and there hanged for piracy.

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There while to rest himself. Any one but his friend had just hewn down, and which was reading for burning. "Let the freecooter roast," said Tom, "who cares?" He now felt that what he had heard and seen was no illusion. He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her anxiety was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms, and secure what would make them happy for life. However disposed Tom felt to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so that he feebly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many were the bitter quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute Tom became not to be talked to please her. At length she was determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded to keep all the gain herself.

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BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her axon heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her but in vain; midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon and night returned, but still she did not come. Tom grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found that she had carried off in her apron, the silver teapot and spoons, and every other portable article of value. Another night of sleep, another morning, but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

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Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "old Scratch must have had a tough time of it." Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife, for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodman, whom he considered to have done him a kindness. "He ought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old blackie played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling; he knows how to play his cards as well as pretty sure of his game.

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The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and property, that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During the long summer afternoon, he searched about the gloomy places, but no wife was to be found. He called her name repeatedly, but she was nowhere to be heard. The bitter cold depended to his voice, as he flew screaming in the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown of twilight, when the owls begin to hoot and the bats fly about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about aypress tree. "He looked and beheld a bundle tied up in a check apron, and hanging in the branches of a tree, with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped for joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain household valuables.

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"Let us get hold of the property," said he to himself consolingly, "and we will endeavor to do without the woman." As he scrambled up the tree, the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but woful sight! he found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

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Such, according to the most authentic old history, was all that could be found of Tom's wife. She had attempted to deal with the black man, as she was accustomed to deal with her husband, but, though a female soul is generally considered a much softer one than that of the man, she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died, how, over, for that part which remained was unacquainted. Indeed, it is said that Tom noticed many prints of eleven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair that looked as if it had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodman.

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Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of fierce clapper-clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "old Scratch must have had a tough time of it." Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife, for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodman, whom he considered to have done him a kindness. "He ought, therefore, to cultivate a further acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old blackie played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling; he knows how to play his cards as well as pretty sure of his game.

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