STATE SENTINEL.

From the Democratic Press.

REMINISCENCE.

BY G. D. EVERTS.

How the summer's breath returning,
Now reminds me of the burning
Of my heart's intensest glow!
Down the long lane in the country,
Where the fairest wild-flowers grow!

Boots it naught to tell of blisses,
Melting sighs and burning kisses,
Such as lovers only know—
Youthful lovers, in the country,
When the fragrant zephyrs blow!

How I worshipped her in duty—
How my soul was filled with beauty—
How my heart did overflow!
Strolling with love-inspiring beauty,
Dreaming naught of care and wo!

She was more than mortal to me,
And her spirit oft did woo me,
How, no mortal man might know!
Through the flowers and stars it wooed me,
With her own transcendent glow!

Thus it is in life's glad morning,
Love such beauteous thing adorning,
Lures us till we older grow;
Traveling toward another country,
Fading gently as we go.

Yet how often on that journey
In fond memory return we,
Pilgrims resting by the way?—
Musing for some sweet companion,
From whose love we've gone astray.

So with me! from her I parted!
So with me! I'm heavy-hearted,
When the summer brings again
Memory of the rose and myrtle,
Blooming down the country lane.

For the Daily State Sentinel.

LINES TO L*****

BY S. P. COTTON.

I have stole away at evening,
When the stars in beauty shone,
And have listened in mine arbor
To the mellow, bird-like tone
Of my singing, near the lattice
Of my vine-clad cottage home.

I have strayed amidst the flowers,
And have watched the honey bee
Gathering sweetness from the violets,
Growing wild upon the lea,
Thinking then, and thinking only,
As I ever do—of thee.

I have cherished, fondly cherished,
In this trusting heart of mine,
As a priceless, jeweled treasure,
Every word and look of thine,
Till the image clave unto me
As the ivy round the vine.

Even now, in thought and feeling,
Bend I fondly at thy shrine;
Words cannot reveal my meaning,
'Tis my *spirit* speaks to thine,
"Love and Hope, and Joy—across the,"
Ever faithful—ever mine.

WINCHESTER, June 24th, 1855.

Literary Notices.

REASONER.—*A Collection of Essays and Miscellanies*—By W. C. LARRABEE. For sale by CUNNINGHAM & COREY, Greencastle, Indiana.

We see no reason why the style of composition, of which the *Spectator* is the inimitable model, should not be as popular now as in the days of Queen ANN. It would indeed be presumptuous to attempt to rival ADDISON, of whom MELMOTH said that the graces, having long sought for a temple wherein to dwell forever, at length settled in the mind of ADDISON.

And it is no disparagement to our own accomplished LARRABEE, to say that these Essays and Miscellanies fall short of the *Spectator*. But the *Spectator* is old and these are new; the *Spectator* treats of things in England a hundred and fifty years ago, these treat of things in America, and especially in the West. The subjects of this collection come home to mens' business and bosoms.—The following are some of the titles: *The Emigrant, The White Mountains, The Forest Sanctuary, The Poets of the West, Niagara, Greenwood, The Backwoods Expedition, A Sabbath in the Wilderness*, &c., &c.

Professor LARRABEE is known to be one of the finest scholars in the West; his name is intimately blended with the cause of popular education, and by a life-time of devotion to this heavenly calling he has erected for himself a monument more lasting than brass.

Anything from his pen would be received with interest by the public. The present work is worthy of his fame, and we anticipate for it a large sale. We republish three of the sketches, which are not by any means the best, but being short, are adapted to our pages:

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire form a conspicuous and interesting point in the scenery of New England. From earliest childhood I had gazed on their aerial summits with admiration and wonder. From the hill near which I first opened my eyes on this beautiful world, I might see, far above and beyond the towers and steeples of the distant city that arose in that direction, the snow-colored peaks of those magnificent hills. When I left the place of my birth, and went many miles east, to spend the maturer days of childhood, there still towered up before me those noble piles. From the hills that skirted the evergreen plains, on which was located the venerable institution where I spent the maturer days of youth, these mountains might still be seen. And when I had become a man, and settled in my own humble cottage, on a hill far from the ocean-dashed cliff where I had listened to the incessant roaring of the waves, there still rose up in solitary grandeur, far above all intervening peaks, the granite summit of Mount Washington. Nor could I travel in any direction without encountering, often as I ascended an eminence, the distant view of these everlasting mountains. They had become associated with the dreams of childhood, the reveries of youth, and the sober thoughts of manhood. I had often looked, at evening, on those lofty peaks looming up into the clear sky, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and wondered what might be concealed among their dark ravines and gloomy dells—what scenes of picturesque beauty might be enjoyed from their bright summits—what "better land," what fairy region might lie beyond.

In the summer of 1836, having a few weeks of leisure, I resolved to visit these mountains. In company with several friends I started on the excursion. We proceeded through a delightful country of varied scenery—lofty hills, deep valleys, broad rivers, and mountain torrents—till on the second day we arrived at Fryeburg, on the Saco river, thirty miles from the White Mountains, although it appears at their very base. Fryeburg is one of the most lovely spots on earth. It is a village of about one hundred houses, in a beautiful valley, through which the Saco winds with a course so meandering as to make a distance of more than thirty miles within sight of the village. This valley is encircled by lofty hills, rising one above another, with the White Mountains towering above the whole. Lovely, quiet, and peaceful as this place now appears, it was once the theater of one of the most desperate and bloody battles that history or tradition has ever recorded. A century ago this was the home of the Saco Indians, the most warlike and powerful of all the tribes of the North. It was also the grand rendezvous of all the hostile tribes in this region, and was the principal link in the chain of communication between the tribes of New England and those of Canada. From this point they issued out in hostile incursions, carrying death to the settlements for a hundred miles in every direction. Many a mother fell bleeding under the tomahawk—many an infant was dashed again the stones. A company was formed at Boston, under one of the most intrepid leaders of those brave times, for the purpose of breaking up this haunt of merciless savages. They went prepared to effect their purpose, or perish in the attempt. They made their way through an unbroken wilderness, more than fifty miles beyond the frontiers; found their enemies in their native recess; posted themselves by a small lake that admitted of no retreat; and there fought, some of them in single combat by deliberate challenge, till scarcely one on either side was left to tell the story. The trunks of the trees, yet standing on the borders of the lake, attest, after the lapse of a century, the desperate conflict, of which they are the only surviving witnesses. Countless marks are yet seen where the ball lodged in their trunks, and has been since extracted by the curious or the idle.

After viewing this memorable battle-ground, and resting for a night in the hospitable mansion of a venerable friend, we proceeded on our way, up the valley of the Saco, winding among precipitous hills, exhibiting at every turn the most varied scenery. When near the celebrated notch, where the hills approach so near the river's brink as to leave scarcely room for a carriage, we suddenly met a thunder-storm. The river dashing along from rock to rock—the hills towering precipitously high up beyond the dark clouds—the rain pouring down in torrents—the thunder redoubled manifold by its reverberation among the hills, and the lightning leaping from peak to peak, formed altogether a scene sublime beyond description. The whole company, overwhelmed by their emotions, involuntarily stopped in the open road. One of them, unable to restrain his feelings, leaped from his carriage, fell on his knees, then prostrated his face to the earth, and uttered ejaculations of admiration to the name of Jehovah. It was near this spot, where, a few years before, a whole family had been overwhelmed by an avalanche from the mountain. A slide had started from the summit and come down with resistless force, bearing the huge rocks and trees with it. It was night. The family, as it is supposed, were aroused from sleep by the thundering approach of the avalanche.—They leaped from their beds, they fled from their home, they ran for their lives, but rushed into the grasp of death. The avalanche, just before it reached the house, divided, going off in different directions, leaving the house uninjured, but overtaking the family, and burying every one of them beneath the ruins of the mountain. The house was standing when we passed. No living creature was seen about it but a solitary mouse, which we scared from one of the deserted rooms.

A few miles beyond this spot we came to a narrow defile called the notch. Here the river, now dwindled to a brook which a child might leap over, makes its way through a pass so narrow as to afford but barely sufficient space for a carriage, while on each side the granite cliffs rise to a great height, sometimes perpendicular, and sometimes jutting over as if about to fall and crush the unwary traveler. After passing the notch, we came to an open but elevated plain, where we found a comfortable house of entertainment. Here we rested for the night, intending to ascend the mountain in the morning. Arising in the morning, bright and early, we procured a guide and prepared for the ascent. We plunged into a dense forest of evergreen, and with many a weary step clambered up the steep ascent. As we proceeded the trees became "few and far between," and dwindled to mere dwarfs. After climbing up, up, up, for a distance of about two miles, we reached the summit of the first mountain. This was a plain of great extent, commanding a fine view in every direction. Here we saw the summit of Mount Washington, the highest of the group, distant four miles. For more than three miles the path lay along this elevated table-land, with slight depressions and elevations, though gradually rising, exhibiting new views of distant scenery with every change of position, till we reached the foot of the last peak, that of Mount Washington itself. Here we rested for a while, and took a refreshing drink of water from a clear and cold spring. Thus prepared we commenced the tedious ascent over naked rocks, broken into countless fragments, piled one above another, and bleached by the storms of ages. At last we gained the highest peak of this enormous pyramid. The atmosphere was clear, only a light cloud occasionally passed over the sun. This, however, added to the interest of the scene. The flitting shadow of a cloud, moving rapidly over the mountain, and traced in its progress for many miles, as it was borne south by the north wind, was a spectacle which I had often admired in a hilly country, but which I had never before seen on so grand a scale.

The view from Mount Washington combines the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime. You have before you, on the south, the Saco, winding its devious passage among precipitous hills, till it escapes in the broad plains of Fryeburg. Far away in the south is spread out before you the illimitable Atlantic. On the east you see the Androscoggin, winding, for many miles, through an unbroken wilderness, then issuing out among cultivated fields and beautiful villages. On the west you see, far over the hills, the valley of the Connecticut, and the distant range of the Green Mountains beyond. On the north you look on an ocean of mountains of various forms and sizes, covered with forests of every variety of evergreen. So elated is Mount Washington above all other hills in the neighborhood, that you may look down on every object as far as the laws of vision will permit. I recognized many a town, lake, and stream, which I had known in the regions below. I looked for my own humble cottage, three days' journey distant, but it was lost in the dimness of distance.

I can never forget my visit to those magnificent piles of nature's own forming. Years have since passed away. In the mean time, I have exchanged the magnificent hills, on which my eye rested from childhood, for the equally magnificent plains of the west. But still the beauty and the grandeur of the view from Mount Washington, form a vivid picture on which I love to look. This picture seems to form a part of my very soul. It is to me one of the connecting links that bind the present to the memory of the past.

GREENWOOD.

On a pleasant summer day I crossed over the Brooklyn ferry, took a seat in the omnibus, and after a pleasant ride of a few miles, along the shores of the delightful bay of New York, I arrived at the large, cumberous gate-way that opens from the busy world into the silent resting place of the dead.

The surface of the enclosure is remarkably diversified by hills, valleys, small lakes, open glades, thickets of shrubbery, and groves of forest trees. Nearly the entire ground is laid out in lots, of various shapes and sizes, and ornamented with iron railings, and monuments, and statuary, according to the cultivated or capricious tastes of the various owners. It would be impracticable to describe, without resorting to a technical catalogue of names, the various shapes and styles of monument erected in that ground. There are unassuming headstones, there are plain slabs, there are monuments extravagantly costly—some with beautiful and others with grotesque and fantastic designs—and there are Grecian and Gothic structures like moderate sized dwellings. The most expensive decorations are about the grave of Charlotte Canda, who died "by a fall from a carriage on her seventeenth birthday." Though the extravagant costliness of this monument seems inappropriate and useless, yet we may say of its form, and of its various appendages, that we can in truth say of very few of the monuments in Greenwood, that the design seems conceived and executed in good taste.

I can hardly see the appropriateness of going back in search of suitable designs for a tombstone, to the ruins of Egypt, and deforming the monuments of the dead with monstrous forms of winged globes and unsightly images of serpents. I can see little to choose between some of these images so common in Greenwood, and the disimal skeleton faces on the gravestones of the Puritan churchyards.

There are some points in Greenwood from which the view is splendid. There is one on the southern border of the cemetary, from which the ocean prospect is most glorious.—For miles to the right and to the left, and as far as the eye can reach in front, you may look off on the blue deep, reflecting from its mirrory surface the tints of the overhanging sky, and whitened frequently with the swelling sails of numerous ships.

The sun was setting, and I was about leaving Greenwood with disappointment. The effect, on the whole was not pleasant. There was much effort at pomp and show, and circumstance. There was too much ambition in the proprietors of lots to out-do each other in expense of decoration. There seemed evidence of attempts to carry the artificial and conventional distinctions of society beyond life, even to the grave. The most of names that figure largely on the costly decorated lots are not the names known as philanthropists, or benefactors of the race, or even as contributors to science and literature. But they are names of such as have acquired wealth by manufacturing "sarsaparilla," or "pills," or other equally interesting articles. One very tall monument bears, in great capitals, the name of some one, "packing-box maker, at—Gold street." All these attempts to glorify, by extravagant expense and bombastic eulogium, after death, the names of those who, in life, were distinguished only for acquiring wealth by some fortunate accident or artful speculation, seem to me in bad taste. Nor do I like the publicity of such cemeteries as Greenwood. The place is thronged with the thoughtless and the curious. The thoroughfares are scarcely less crowded than Broadway or the Bowery. I would not, when I go to kneel and weep over the grave of my heart's loved one, have a hundred idle passers-by gazing at me, and, by their profane presence, disturb the sanctity of the place, and the quiet of my meditations. No. Let my friends sleep, and, when life is over, let me sleep with them in the quiet church yard of the rural village.

I was about to leave Greenwood with feelings of disappointment and dissatisfaction, when my attention was called, by the friend who accompanied me, to a distant corner of the ground, wonderous thickly dotted with little graves. On approaching the spot, I found it the public burial place for little children. There were strewed side by side nearly a thousand graves, all of children apparently under two or three years of age, and all made within the last few months. The little ones sleeping in this unadorned spot were children of parents too poor to own a lot in these grounds, and too poor, except in a very few instances, to afford the smallest stone on which to inscribe the name of their lost one. But indications of affection, touching indications, were not wanting. Some of the little graves were strewed with flowers. The flowers were in every stage of decay, from withered and dry to wilted or fresh, showing that often came the hand of love to scatter the emblems of youth and innocence ever the grave. On the other graves were arranged the toys and playthings of the lost little one. Others were covered with sea-shells, gathered probably by the poor sailor father on foreign shores. And these little toys, playthings and shells were all the poor parents and sisters could afford in memory of "the little boy that died," or the little girl that, like the dew-drop, "sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven." These simple tokens of affection in the poor evoke in my heart emotions which the costly monuments of the wealthy had failed to excite.

A SABBATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

The stranger, whom Providence sent to my rescue, crossed the river in his canoe, and safely conveyed me to my own camp, where my companions had prepared a roaring fire, and a bountiful supper. On my arrival I was so chilled I could not speak; but a change of clothes, a blazing fire, and a substantial supper soon restored me. I then wrapped myself in my blanket, and raising my eyes and heart in devout gratitude to heaven for my protection through the fatigues and dangers of the day, I lay down on my bed of cedar boughs, and soon fell asleep. I was, however, too much fatigued to sleep undisturbed. The image of Katahden, with its precipices and ravines, and the snow storm, of the pathless wilderness, and the conception of desperate struggles to extricate myself from impending danger, haunted me in my slumbers.

In the morning I awoke just as the sun peeped in through the trees. All was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the sky. The winds were lulled to rest. The voice of the tempest was hushed. All was deep, placid repose. It was like the repose that gathers over the fair features of childhood when the stormy struggle of disease and dissolution is passed, and

"Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

It was the holy day of rest—the Sabbath. It was, too, the Sabbath of the year. The equinoctial storm was passed, and mellow autumn, with her variant train, had come over plains, while winter was sitting crowned with its wreath of snow on the mountain.

It was the sweet Sabbath day, and I was left to enjoy it alone; for my companions went to meet the lingering members of the party with provisions. I love a solitary ramble in the forest, or by the sequestered lake, or the unfrequented stream. There are times when I love to hear no sounds but those of nature, and to see no sights but the green grass, and the waving trees, and the bright waters, and the blue sky. Such seasons are to me the sabbath of the soul—a Sabbath, not the busiest day of the week, devoted, from early morn to late at night, to active exercises, and on which, having to do or to hear so much *talking*, there is no time to *think*, but a Sabbath of rest, a quiet retreat, of holy meditation. Such a Sabbath was that which I spent on that lone isle of beauty, far away in the Penobscot waters. It was one of the happiest and the most profitable I ever spent.

The next morning we made ready for our return home. Fair faces, cheerful hearts, sweet smiles, and merry voices, would greet me on my return to my distant home; but yet I could not without regret leave my little island. It seemed like the home of childhood. While preparations were making for our departure, I wandered over it, marking each remembered spot, where I had passed the twilight hour, or the Sabbath rest. And when all was ready, and I had stepped into my canoe, I went back to a lovely grove, and said, instinctively, "Good-bye!"

Thus it is that the heart clings to every object associated with its joys and its sorrows. Many a year has passed since I saw that lonely isle. And I have seen many a beautiful and many a lovely spot. Yet I still love, and sometimes pine for my lonely little island.

"Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round me hover,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

Through the mists that floats above me,
Faintly sounds the evening bell,
Like a voice from those that love me,
Breathing fondly, fare thee well!

What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow warmer;
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

Do the Best You Can.

It is a very usual and a very natural thing for men—and women too—to sink down discouraged when obstacles present themselves in the way of easy progress through life.—The apprentice, the mechanic, the clerk, the merchant, and the professional man, will *slur* over what they find to be either difficult or disagreeable in their rounds of duties, without once thinking the wrong they do themselves and others, and the ever-accruing evil which such a habit engenders. A constant self-watching is needed by all who would "do well" in the world, and they cannot get along without it. The apprentice and the clerk injure themselves more than their employers when they give way to slothful feelings and become mere eye-servants; while, on the other hand, by constantly keeping in mind and practising upon the motto "Do the best you can," they earn the good will of all around them and the satisfaction afforded only by an approving conscience. Then, when time and opportunity arrive for advancement, they rarely want a helping hand.

To "Do the best you can," young man, is not to plod on, day by day, performing the allotted round of duty uncomplainingly, without once thinking of better things or of independence for yourself and for those in whose existence yours is bound up. Neither is it, on the other hand, to let the thought of your own superior worth, and the watchfulness for "chances" predominate in all you say and do, so that it can only be said you "do" your duty—nothing more. Nor yet is it to think only of your work as so much task to be rid of as quickly as possible, so that you may spend every other moment in idleness or mere amusement without aim or object beyond passing pleasure.

To "Do the best you can," is, so far as possible, to lay down a course of life in you own mind to which you will obtain if possible, and then keep your eye upon it, wherever you are, and in whatever you do. If you are determined to be a master mechanic, let every day of your apprenticeship show that you have learned some new thing or principle connected with your trade—no matter how little or trifling the thing may be. Strive to make the work which goes through your hands just as you would be proud of if you had turned it out as employer. Connect yourself with some library, or in other ways obtain books descriptive of the art or trade in which you are engaged. Lose no opportunity to obtain information upon every branch and minute detail of it. Relaxation you must have, of course, but while you seek and enjoy it, see if you cannot adapt even that to the aim you have chosen.

Your first steps in such a course will be hard ones; you may feel terribly discouraged, but persevere, and when you cannot do all you would, then do all you can, and be content therewith. But do not give up the contest. Renew it day by day, and year by year. When you once get fairly started, the progress you make will encourage you on, and difficulties will vanish like mist. Soon you will gain confidence in your position. A superior intelligence will show itself in your work, and as you compare yourself with your fellow-workmen—those who work without thought or study—you will discover, little by little, that the secret of real success in life is perseverence and close application.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞ NATHANIEL LORD, an old and well-known citizen, died in N. Y. on Sunday last.

☞ The following notice of successful ministry in the Christian Church at Louisville, is taken from the Courier of that City.

RELIGOUS SERVICES AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, COR. OF WALNUT AND FOURTH.- Elder D. P. Henderson has been engaged for the past seven weeks in teaching Christianity, in the church of the Christian congregation, on the corner of Walnut and Fourth streets. He is now drawing crowds of attentive listeners, and the spacious house is constantly filled to its utmost capacity. His ministrations command great favor; indeed, we have never known any Christian preacher who so entirely enjoyed the respect and love of the intelligent audiences that assemble nightly to hear him. He is a remarkable pulpit speaker, as may be inferred from the fact that his ministrations, after seven weeks almost constant service, are as earnestly sought after and prized now as at any time during the meetings. The audience on Sunday night, consisting of a fair representation of the intellect of this city, was the largest one we ever saw assembled in Louisville.—Every part of the house was occupied; the ailes, the galleries, and the space around the pulpit were as thickly planted with people as they could stand or sit. And throughout the remarkable discourse of Mr. Henderson, there was the profoundest silence and attention on the part of the audience. We understand that some of the hearers of the discourse intend to write it out and publish it.

Nearly one hundred additions have been made to the congregation. A number were baptized in the pool in the church on Sunday night; others presented themselves to be baptized on Monday night, and several were baptized yesterday afternoon in Beargrass creek, because of their preference of the running stream to the pool. Among the additions to the congregation are some of the best people in this city, and none of them have been taken by storm. Elder Hendersons *forte* is in his remarkable reasoning powers. They are of a very high order, and a noble heart beats to his refined intellect.

Elder Henderson continues his meetings nightly for at least a portion of this week. His subject to-night is "The Positive Institutions of the New Testament."

HARDENING THE CONSTITUTION.—Men talk about "hardening the constitution," and with that view expose themselves to summer's sun and winter's wind, to strains and over efforts, and many unnecessary hardships. To the same end, ill-informed mothers souse their little infants in cold water day by day; their skin and flesh and bodies as steadily growing rougher and thinner, and weaker, until slow fever, or water on the brain, or consumption of of the bowels, carries them to the grave; and then they administer to themselves the semi-comfort and rather questionable consolation of its being a mysterious dispensation of Providence, when in fact Providence has nothing to do with it. He works no miracle to counteract our follies.

The best way we know of hardening the constitution is to take good care of it, for its no more improved by harsh treatment than a fine garment or new hat is made better by being banged about.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD LANDS.—Among the evidences of immigration to our own State this season, we observe that the sales of the Illinois Central Railroad lands this month, up to Saturday, June 23d, were $450 000. The terms of payment which are offered by the Company form the reason why their sales to actual settlers are so rapid and large. Nothing is required down except interest in advance for two years, at which length of time after the date of the contract, the first payment is due, and the remainder of the purchase money divided into four annual installments. By this plan purchasers are enabled to reserve their capital to use in improving their land, and making it produce enough to pay for itself, and more too, instead of exhausting all, or the largest share of their means, in first getting hold of a farm of wild land, as in buying from the government or from individuals.

Rumors about Cuba.

It appears from a statement in the Charleston *Mercury*, that the Cuban patriots, despairing of aid from the United States, have resolved upon a desperate leap for freedom.—They will consent to admit of gradual emancipation in order to obtain from England a guarantee of independence. It is said they have memorialized the Abolition Societies of England and France on the subject. Their plan is to anticipate Spain in her plan of Africanizing the Island.

We have but little confidence in the reliability of this intelligence. It may be a deception practiced in order to enlist more assistance and interference from the United States. England and France will lend no aid to the scheme of emancipation, except for the purpose of baffling that of annexation. For the present, they are occupied elsewhere, and will temporize. The great danger to the scheme of annexation is delay. The public mind should be awakened to this fact.

☞ Postmaster General CAMPBELL was applied to recently by the Postmaster, at York, Pa., to know whether a letter containing, as was supposed, counterfeit money, could be opened at the request of the police authorities in order that the money contained therein might be identified as the same as that passed by the prisoner, and that thus further evidence might be furnished to aid in his conviction and punishment. The Postmaster General replied, emphatically, that it could not; that he had no right, nor any officer under him, to open any letter until it reached the Dead Letter Office, and that this principle must be always acted upon by those in the employment of the department.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON PHRENOLOGY.—In a recent Sunday morning sermon to his congregation this gentleman announced himself very decidedly a believer in the science of Phrenology. He not only did this, but recommended its study by his flock, for he contended there was no better preparation for religious indoctrination than a practical knowledge of the human soul as is given by Phrenology. He furthermore believed if he had had any any success in bringing the truths of the gospel to bear practically upon the minds of men, any success in the vigorous application of truths to the wants of the human soul, where they are most needed, he owed it to the clearness which he had gained from this science.

Rights of Neutrals.

It is stated that Capt. WATSON of the English flying squadron, in the Baltic, has seized a number of vessels of neutral nations which have been wintering in the Prussian ports, and confiscated them. The pretext is, that the goods seized were the products of Russia, but they were not contraband of war.

This matter has been taken up by Mr. MASON, our Minister at Paris, and it is to be hoped that the American doctrine that the flag covers the merchandize, will be thoroughly incorporated into marine jurisprudence. Nothing has transpired as to the character of the negotiations, but they are looked to with interest.

☞ GEO. W. ROSA, who was convicted of robbing the Bramble House, in Lafayette, some time ago, (for which act he was sentenced to the State's prison for four years,) poisoned himself by taking strychnine. He had been about one week in the Penitentiary, and thro' some means or other, escaped. He was retaken in Warren county, but before they returned with him to Lafayette, he put an end to his career, as above stated.

☞ Wheat harvesting has commenced. The crop will be unusually heavy, without the least blemish. The wind has blown down the grain in some places, which will impede the progress of cutting, but will not materially affect the yield. We notice about the same flattering accounts from the wheat crops everywhere, which will cause the threatened famine panic to cease for awhile.—*Jackson County Democrat.*

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IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
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WE are now receiving our Spring Stock, which, in extent and variety, is by far the most complete of any to be found in the West, and second to none in the East.

Our foreign goods are received direct through our own importations, and our American domestic wares are purchased exclusively of the manufacturers, which enables us to offer our entire stock of goods at prices that cannot be reached by any of our competitors. Mr. DURKEE, the senior partner, resides in New York, devoting his whole time to the purchasing of our stock—giving the greatest attention and care to the selection of every class of goods to be found in our immense stock.

Our goods will be sold exclusively for cash, with no deviation in prices. In our first enumeration may be found

Plain and Fancy Silks.

Our assortment of Silks is by far the largest of any to be found in the city, which includes every style and quality manufactured. A large line of the most superior qualities of Black Silks will always be kept on hand, which we can recommend as the best fabrics, and which already have the highest reputation of any Silks sold in this city.

Spring and Summer Goods.

Plain and fancy Grenadine Silks;
Plain and fancy Silk and Worsted Berages;
Plain and printed Jaconets;
Brilliantines and Organdie Muslins;
Lawns of every style and description;

Together with every variety of desirable Dress Goods suitable for the spring and summer trade—some of which include plain and printed Swiss Muslins, Book Muslins, Mull Muslins, Victoria Lawns, white and colored Tarletons, Jaconet Cambrics, striped and barred Muslins.

Sheets and Silk Mantillas.

Our stock of Shawls will embrace every variety in price, with SPECIAL ATTENTION paid to our stock of white and colored, plain and embroidered Crape Shawls.

Our assortment of Silk Mantillas will be found to embrace every variety of style and quality manufactured. Strict attention will be paid to the purchase of all the newest styles of Mantillas to be found in Paris and London.

Worsted Goods.

Customers will always find at our stores all colors of Lapin's world-renowned Merinos and all wool Delaines including the double fold Black De Laines and Bombazines, which are superior to any other goods of the kind found in market. Also, every color and quality of Cotton and Wool Debages for Traveling Dresses.

Ginghams and Prints.

Our stock contains every manufacture of Ginghams to be found in Scotch, French and American fabrics.

A full line of Prints includes every brand of French, English and American styles.

Laces and Embroideries.

Honiton, Maltese, Glimpure, and Valenciennes;
Plait, Thread, and Mecklin Laces;
Elegant Honiton, Plait and Valenciennes Collars;
Chemizettes, Sets and Sleeves;
French embroidered Muslin Collars and Sleeves;
do do Jaconet do;
White and black Crape Collars and Sleeves;
Muslin Bands, Edgings, Insertings, and Transfer Work,
Jaconet do, do, do;
Very rich Brussels, Honiton and Plait Lace Capes;
Honiton, Brussels and Mecklin Bridal Veils;
Fine Antique embroidered Lace and Chenelle Evening Dresses;
Muslin embroidered Evening Dresses;
White Crape do do do;
Embroidered Muslin and Jaconet Skirts.

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings.

We will constantly keep an assortment of the best French, Belgium, and English Cloths, black Doeskin Cassimeres, with a full assortment of plain and fancy Cassimeres, Tweeds, Cottonades, Linen Drills, white, colored and fancy Marseilles Vestings.

Haberdashery.

Our stock in this line will include every variety of Silk, Lisle Thread, and Cotton Hose and Half-Hose, for ladies and gents; misses' and boys' wear, of the best English manufacture; together with the best assortment of Kid, Silk, and Lisle Thread Gloves to be found in the city. Also, ladies' new styles of Corsets, of the very latest improved patterns, and sold at less than New York prices.

Carpets and Oil Cloths.

We have now on hand a large and well assorted stock of Carpets, embracing all the manufrotbres of Scotch, English, and American varieties;
English, Kidderminster, Halifax, and Manchester Wilton and Tapestry Velvet Carpets;
English Tapestry Brussels do;
Imperial and American 3-plys, at $1 per yard;
English and American Ingrain 2-plys, best quality, at 75 cents;
Smith's patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpets, for which we have the sole agency in this city;
Union and Cotton Carpeting;
4, 5, and 6-8 yard wide Venetian Carpeting;
German Hemp do;
Bay State do.

Also, a great variety of Chenelle, Velvet, and Mousain Rugs, together with every variety of Parlor and Door Mats, Table, Stand, and Floor Oil Cloths.

House and Steamboat Furnishing Goods.

The closest attention will be pain to this part of our trade, as we feel confident we have already won the confidence of the community in the sale of our own importations of Linens, which we know to be of the most superior brands sold in this country, including Richard Osborn's and Wm. Gibson & Son's brands of Table and Sheeting, Fronting and House-wife Linens, of all widths and prices; together with Pillow Linens, Blow-ing Linens, Unbleached Towelings, Napkins, Doylies, Diapers; Marseilles and Lancaster Quilts; Printed and Embossed Table Covers; Bed, Table, and Stand Tidy Covers, Antique and Tapestry Embroidered Lace and Muslin Curtains; Brocatelle, Satin Delaines; Union and Cotton Damasks; Oil Shades; Colored Linens; Curtain Trimmings and Hangings; Brass Cornices and Curtain Bands; also, every other article kept in the way of House Furnishing Goods.

mar23-d&w3m] DURKEE, HEATH & CO.

RHODES'
FEVER AND AGUE CURE
OR,
NATURE'S INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC,
FOR the Prevention and Cure of Interminant and Remittent Fevers, Fever and Ague Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, General Debility, Night Sweats, and all other forms of disease which have a common origin in Malaria or Miasma. This subtle Atmospheric poison which at certain seasons is unavoidably inhaled at every breath, is the same in character wherever it exists,—North, South, East or West,—and will every where yield to this newly discovered antidote, which is claimed to be the ONLY SPECIFIC FOR THE DISEASE MADE.

This specific is so harmless that it may be taken by persons of every age, sex or condition, and it will not substitute for one disease others still worse, as is too often the result in the treatment by Quinine, Mercury, Arsenic, and other poisonous or deleterious drugs, not a particle of any of which is admitted into this preparation.

The proprietor distinctly claims those extraordinary results from the use of this NATURAL ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

It will entirely protect any resident or traveler even in the most sickly or swampy locations, from any Ague, or Bilious disease whatever, or any injury from constantly inhaling Malaria or Miasma.

It will instantly check the Ague in persons who have suffered for any length of time, from one day to twenty years, so that they need never have another chill, by continuing its use according to directions.

It will immediately relieve all distressing results of Billious or Ague disease, such as general debility, night sweats, &c. The patient at once begins to recover appetite and strength, and continues until a permanent and radical cure is effected.

Finally, its use will banish Fever and Ague from families and all classes. Farmers and and all laboring men by adopting it as a preventive will be free from Ague or Billious attacks in that season of the year which, while it is the most sickly, is the most valuable one to them.

One or two bottles will answer for ordinary cases, some may require more.

Directions printed in German, French and Spanish, accompany each bottle.

Prince One Dollar. Liberal discounts made to the trade.

Trade circulars forwarded on application, and the article will be consigned on liberal terms to responsible parties in every section of the country.

JAS. A. RHODES. Proprietor,
Providence, R. I.

☞ Wholesale and Retail Agents in Indianapolis—CRAIGHEAD & BROWNING: And for sale by dealers generally. mar19-d&w1y

CHICAGO TO SAINT LOUIS!
Without Change of Cars or Baggage!
In 14 1-2 Hours!
On and after the 1st of August, the Passenger Trains of the
CHICAGO AND MISSISSIPPI
RAILROAD COMPANY!
WILL RUN THROUGH TO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS as follows:

DAY EXPRESS leaves the Depot of the Rock Island Railroad Company at 1.15 A. M. arriving at St. Louis at 12.30 A. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves the same Depot at 10.05 P. M., arriving at St. Louis at 2.30 P. M.

DAY EXPRESS leaves St. Louis at 7 A. M., and arrives at Chicago at 10 P. M.

NIGHT EXPRESS leaves St. Louis at 4 P. M., and arrives at Chicago at 8 A. M.

Between Alton and St. Louis (23 miles) the connection is made by

The Steamers Reindeer and Winchester,
Owned by the Chicago and Mississippi Railroad Company, and running only in connection with their Road.

This is the only Railroad connection between Chicago and St. Louis, with the Lower Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers.

The lines passing through Joliet, Wilmington, Pontiac, Lexington, Bloomington, Springfield, and Carlinville to Alton.

THROUGH TICKETS
To Bloomington, Springfield, Alton, St. Louis, and all way Stations; also, to Clinton, Decatur, Jacksonville, and Naples, can be procured at the Depot, and at the Company's Office, No. 42 Dearborn street, opposite Tremont House.

R. P. MORGAN, Jr.,
Superintendent.
mar1-d&wtf

TREMENDOUS STOCK
OF
SUMMER DRY GOODS!

WE ARE RECEIVING, THIS DAY, A MAGNIFICENT Stock of Summer Dry Goods, which have been purchased in New York City, by a member of the firm, in person, within the past few days, at very low rates, and will be sold at a small advance.

Thankful for the large and liberal Spring Trade extended towards us, we hope and believe that our efforts to keep up with the wants of our numerous customers, and our desire to ever give them every advantage in price and styles, that we are mastered, will be appreciated, and an encouraging patronage continued. Don't fail to examine our late purchases, we are sure they are cheap and handsome.

G. G. & J. W. HOLMAN,
No 11, West Washington Street.
my 17—d1w&w4w

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.
J. BAKER & SON,
BOSTON, MASS!
THE SUBSCRIBERS MANUFACTURE AND sell by Wholesale
Upholstery Trimmings,
Such as *Silk and Worsted Fringes; Furniture Gimps; Rich Drapery Tassels and Rope; Curtain Holders and Loops; Shade Tassels all sizes; Loaded do; Curtain Fixtures; Picture Tassels; Picture Cords all sizes; Window Cord; Bell Ropes; Silk and Worsted Welting Cords, Worsted, Cotton and Silk Tufts*; comprising a complete variety of Upholstery Trimmings, which an extensive manufactory and long experience in the business enables them to warrant in all respects, and to sell on very favorable terms. They also manufacture
Paperia & Trimmings,
of all kinds, such as *Silk and Worsted Holders, Carriage Fringes, Tufts, &c., &c.*

mar2d&w3m] J. BAKER & SON,
No. 8 Water-st. Boston.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.
PROFITABLE AND HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT!

THE Subscriber is desirous of having an agent in each county and town of the Union. A capital of from $5 to $10 only will be required, and anything like an efficient, energetic man can make from three to five dollars per day—indeed some of the Agents now employed are realizing more than this sum. Every information will be given by addressing, (postage paid,)

WM. A. KINSLER,
jo 23 Box 1926, Philadelphia, Pa., Post Office.

J. H. McKERNAN,
REAL ESTATE AND STOCK
OFFICE.
OF THE LATE FIRM OF MCKERNAN & MAY.

Rates of Commission are as follows:

All sales from $300 to 3,000 inclusive, will be taxed at 2 ½ per cent, commission; as the value of the property advances above $3,000 the rate per cent. will decrease in the following ratio: From $3,000 to 4,000 at 1¾ ₱ cent; from 3,000 to $5,000 1½ ₱ cent.; from 5,000 to $7,000 at 1¼ ₱ cent.; from $7,000, and as much greater as the sum may be, it will not be less than one per cent. and all sums as above mentioned going above $3,000 will be 2 ₱ cent.; charged on first $3,000. On all sales of property, while in my hands, commission is charged. No sale, no commission or charge whatever. I require notice to be given two weeks previous to a withdrawal of property from our books. And I further wish it understood that I hold all persons responsible