

The Commercial Appeal

A NEWS AND BUSINESS PAPER—DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXIV—NO. 23. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 1219.

Professional Cards.

J. B. DAVIS, D. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at the corner of the Court and Main streets, Brookville, Ind.

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Selected Poetry.

A FARMER'S WIFE WILL BE.
I am a long legged girl, just married at 'twelve
And of the age of matrimony, as you may see
And when I am a woman grown, to city beaux
I'll be as good as dead, for my dear husband
I'll be as good as dead, for my dear husband
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A Thrilling Narrative.

"DON'T LOOK DOWN."
The scene opens with a view of the
great natural bridge in Virginia.
There are three or four ladies standing
in the channel below, looking up with
awe to the vast arch of unheaven rocks
which the Almighty bridged over
these everlasting abutments, when
the morning sun was low on the eastern
edge of the bridge. Two minutes
more and all will be over. The blade
is worn to the last hair's breadth. The
blade is worn to the last hair's breadth.

Correspondence.

Letter from Fayette County.
WATERLOO FAYETTE CO. May 6th, '55.
MR. EDITOR:—We are not shaking
up here as your Hancock shaking
correspondent seem to intimate, the
people are out there, and I think that
his letters have got the shakes, as
well as the people. But there seems
to be a kind of trembling, warbling
or shaking that some people up here
get by attending a certain house in
Waterloo. It is not right to call it a
doggerel because that would be a slander
on the cause here, and I shall leave
it without comment but it is a place
where they sell free whisky.

Select Miscellany.

The Youth that was Hung.
The Sheriff took his trial and
said, "if you have anything to say,
speak now, for you have only five
minutes to live." The young man
burst into tears, and said:
"I have to die. I had only one little
brother, he had beautiful blue eyes,
and brown hair, and I loved him; but
one day he was hung for the first time
in his life, and coming home I found
my little brother gathering strawberries
in the garden, and I became angry
with him without a cause, and
killed him at one blow with a rake. I
did not know anything about it until
the next morning, when I awoke from
sleep, and found myself tied and
guarded, and was told that when my
little brother was found, his hair was
clotted with blood and brains, and he
was dead. Whisky has done this. It
has ruined me. I never was drunk but
once. I have only one more word to
say, and then I am going to my final
judgment. I say to your people, New-
York! Never touch anything that
can intoxicate." As he pro-
nounced these words, he sprang from
the box, and was launched into an
endless eternity.

Can We?

We clip the following article from
the Christian Advocate, a paper pub-
lished in the State of Texas:
"Can we 'hallow the name' of 'our
father in heaven,' by voting for men
who favor the sale of rum, the use of
which, as a beverage, tends to debas-
e the mind of beings made in his
image, and to cause them to curse his
sacred name?"
"Can we sincerely pray, 'Thy
kingdom come,' and vote for men
who favor the sale of rum, the use of
which, as a beverage, tends to debas-
e the mind of beings made in his
image, and to cause them to curse his
sacred name?"

Selected Items.

**Be wise by times; it is folly to
be otherwise.**
During April there were only
twenty-four deaths in Bristol; twelve
were colored persons.
Splendid qualities break forth
in dark times like lightning from a
thunder cloud.
My dear Colonel, I perceived
you slept during a storm time last
Sunday; it is a very bad habit, "said
a worthy divine to one of his parishioners."
"Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly
keep awake, I was so drowsy."
"Would it not be well, I would like
to take a little snuff to keep you awake?"
"Doctor," was the reply, "would it
not be well to pat a little snuff in the
sermon?"

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W. H. HARRISON, Mayor.
J. B. DAVIS, Physician.
W. H. HARRISON, Attorney.

FRANKLIN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be
no gloom in the home. The shadows
of dark discontent and wasting
fretfulness should never cross the thresh-
old, throwing their large black shapes
like funeral pall, over the happy
young who are gathered there. If you
will, your heart should be like Heaven,
and you should be an angel there. If
you will, you shall sit on a throne and
be the presiding household deity. O!
faithful wife, what privileges, what
treasures, greater or purer than this?

THE SCIENCE OF COURTSHIP.

Courting is rather a delicate subject,
and one which is not generally treated
with the respect it deserves. It is a
subject bearing this head will be read
by the ladies as quick as anything on
which their eyes can rest. And it is
for their benefit that we now are writ-
ing. There is something in the idea
of courting which causes an indiscri-
bable thrill. We have just read the
following account of a young man who
was engaged in Rome, and which may
offer our ladies some useful hints.
A Roman lady who takes a liking
to a gentleman does not cast her eyes
down when he looks at her, but fixes
them upon him with evident pleasure;
she does not blush when he meets her
in the street, or when she is in the
theater, or in the park. She is without
ceremony, to a friend of the
young man. "Tell that gentleman I
like him." If the man of her choice
feels the like sentiment, and asks,
"Are you fond of me?" she acknowl-
edges she is, with the utmost frank-
ness.

Don't Like the Platform.

The editor of the Columbus Inde-
pendent, a very decided anti-slavery
paper, don't like the platform of the
People's party, at all.
He says that a victory won upon
such a platform is even worse than
defeat. So we may fairly infer from
his, that the People's party in Indiana
will have to get along in the present
State election without the aid of the
ultra Free-Soilers, as they did two
years ago. We want Locofreedom then
without the help of Julia C. Co., and
with proper efforts can do it again.
—V. A. Tribuna.

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YAYETTE COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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Beat This.

We have heard of a good many
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following which was told us the other
day, is about as contemptible a spec-
imen of moral meanness as was ever
brought to our notice. Some years
ago while Captain Ward was sailing
a craft on the upper lakes a man fell
overboard in the evening. The fact
was immediately discovered and the
captain promptly threw a number
of loose articles into the lake
for the drowning man to seize upon.
Among these happened to be a bunch
of shingles from a lot which the im-
periled gentleman was having transpor-
ted on the boat. When the vessel was
turned about it was found that this
bunch had floated within reach of the
man and that he had sustained him-
self upon it.
He was taken on board, and with-
out expressing any gratitude for his
deliverance, he told the Captain, with
considerable agitation, that he should
expect pay for the shingles that had
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"Herrily, my dear, for hear this,
there are in New York and Brook-
lyn not less than five thousand ladies
whose dress bill cannot average annu-
ally less than five thousand dollars
each, or ten millions for all!"
"Prodigious!" muttered the merchant,
"but do not be true."
"There are five thousand more," ex-
claimed the wife continuing her read-
ing, whose dress expenses will average
one thousand dollars each, or five mil-
lions of dollars for the whole number,
and five millions more would not cover
the dress expenses of those whose bills
average every year from one to two
hundred dollars."
"That is a low estimate, the annual
cost of dressing our fashionable ladies
is twenty millions of dollars. Perhaps
we should not exceed the truth if we
estimate the cost of dressing and jew-
eling the ladies of New York and vicin-
ity at from thirty to forty millions
of dollars."
"What wonder?" exclaimed the good-
ly indignant woman, "that poverty and
suffering are so rife in that city; only
think, George, twenty millions of dol-
lars, to say the least, is wasted in extrava-
gant dress!"
"Yes, resumed the husband, for the
bulk of the money is expended on for-
eign fabrics, and goes out of the coun-
try to pamper the miserable toadies of
the old world—that's what makes me
angry to think of it. If the money was
spent among our producers, manufactur-
ers and mechanics, no shame
would not be so burning; but, no, it
must bear the stamp of imported
goods, or our ladies will not look at
the article. I saw some silk to-day
which I'll be bound some French arti-
cle, was sent over to the green Yankess."
"You wouldn't know—of course not—
nor care, as long as the obsequious
shopman declared it was of 'Paris
manufacture.' And so we have cur-
tains, with all the fixtures, as likely
as not, to be fashionable promenades,
dresses with figures larger than the

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