THE CARLISLE MERCURY.

"THE WORLD IS [illegible] [illegible]NED TOO MUCH."

[illegible] SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867. NO. 23.

NICHOLAS HOUSE,

KENNEDY, Counselor at Law,

Western Hotel, PARIS, KY.

M'KELL HOUSE. (Late Goddard House.) JAMES MCKELL, Proprietor.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, Fifth street, CINCINNATI, OHIO. GALLEHER, NELSON & CO., Proprietors.

WHITAKER WELCH, Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BERRY HOUSE, CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

ONLY one square from the great Suspension Bridge.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

DR. J. BRUCE SMITH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, KENTUCKY.

HAS recovered his health [illegible]

SURGEON DENTIST,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

BLACKSMITH,

ANDREW SMITH, BLACKSMITH, CARLISLE, KENTUCKY.

DENTISTRY. BEAMER & DONNALLY, DENTISTS.

Kentucky [illegible] Insurance Company [illegible]

Assets, May [illegible]

Fire, Marine and [illegible]

Losses Adjusted and Not Due.

W. P. LEDWICH, Secretary. JOHN S. M'WINKLE, President.

E. B. GUSTIN, Ag't, Carlisle, Ky.

MILLINERY! MRS. CARRIE MILLER.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that she is still receiving her Spring importation of Ribbons, Silks, Straw, Flowers,

SHARPSBURG [illegible]

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KEEP AHEAD!

Celebrated Family Medicines, JOS. F. TUREMAN & SON.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

(For the Mercury.)

LINES TO "BRUSH."

[illegible]

Some other calling I'd pursue,
For writing verse you sir were made,
Tis not your craft, tis not your trade;
You may be smart, indeed you may,
But not in a poetic way;
You may have talents grand and great
To rule a Nation or a State;
You may be blessed with gifts divine,
That in some other sphere would shine
Resplendent on the rolls of fame,
Where you ere long may write your name;
But time it is, your lines will show it,
That you were never born a poet.
Remember sir, the poet's art,
No plodding labor can impart;
Tis nature gives the heavenly fire
That wakes and warms the poets lyre;
Twould be the more becoming far,
To take your sweet and light guitar,
[illegible] Luna sheds her mellow light,
[illegible] the "drowsy ear of night,"
[illegible] your lady love,
[illegible] bewitching little dove—
[illegible] your time in vain essays
[illegible] hatch poetic lays,
[illegible] music, Brushie dear,
[illegible] charm your charmer's ear
[illegible] the lines you'll hatch,
[illegible] and scratch

[illegible]

Sitting [illegible]
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreath;
Memories, tender surround me;
Girls that are married—or buried,
Gather around me.

School-girls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that like to be kissed, and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly;" in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt, and coquettish;
'Twas catch me and kiss if you can, sir;
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders, and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte and Susan, and Hattie,
[illegible] Lucy, and Maggie;
[illegible] and plump, two
[illegible] scraggy.
[illegible] sweetly,
[illegible] ever had feet!
[illegible] and truly,
[illegible] best.

Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor, frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipe-stem—
That, and that only!

(For the Mercury.)

A GHOST STORY.

One night as I sat drowsily and dreamily poring over my Anatomy, the light grew dim, and although the supply of oil was abundant, flickered and went out, leaving me in total darkness; for, though the full moon was high in the heavens, soaring majestically like a haughty queen among the lesser lights, my window blinds were closed, and no refulgent beam of hers could pierce the gloom and dispel the ghostly horrors my mind was conjuring up on every side of me. For awhile—scarce a moment,—I sat confounded by the sudden [illegible] as I thought of the humerus, the ulna and radius, bones of the arm which I had been studying, and which were lying on the table beside me.

How strange that man, "who glories in the extent of his knowledge and the vigor of his understanding," should be such a mere shadow of himself, when "night throws her sable mantle o'er the world." His faculties seem to be enshrouded and he reasons not, or if he reasons at all it is but faintly, and he generally arrives at false conclusions. I wondered if there were such things as ghosts, and as quickly decided in my own mind that there were, for the Bible speaks of ghosts and familiar spirits, and somewhere (in my fright I did not stop to consider where) we read of the souls of the dead wandering for a hundred years, not permitted to enter the Elysian fields till their bones are collected and receive burial rites.

I quaked with fear. Perhaps the soul once dwelling in that skeleton was hovering near, waiting, watching for the last sad rites, to set it free from its restless sojourning upon the banks of Styx and send it the haven of rest. Perhaps it was wearied with waiting and had snuffed out the lamp to torment me in the dark for refusing its bones the rite of burial. The bones rattled at my side, and a suppressed noise, half sigh, half moan, came from the box at my feet. My hair bristled and stood upon end. I would have fled, but I had not the power to move. Another rattling in the box and noise as of something coming out, and I felt that something [illegible] before me. My eyes were [illegible] not have opened them for [illegible] the world. But I was [illegible] to remain in ostrich [illegible]. A flash of lightning and a crash as of rending spheres and I sprang to my feet and gazed wildly around me. The room was in a phosphorescent glow, and there—Oh God! not standing more than six feet from me my skeleton, which I had been studying so closely for the last few days. Bone fitted to bone—rib to vertebra—its white teeth chattering and its long slim arms cut[illegible].

"Oh forgiv[illegible]" I cried. "I'll not to[illegible] you shall be taken bac[illegible]. Nobody shall disturb [illegible] slumber any more. Oh forgive me. Go 'way. Whoo-o-e!" I yelled as loud as I could, but who can frighten the king of terrors or the grim, gaunt inhabitant of the grave. It moves toward me. "Oh heaven save!" I turned to run, but where was the use. One stride, it was beside me, its long arms around me—[illegible] It will [illegible] Heaven, [illegible] how much I love you."

A ray of hope entered my brain. It takes me for some one else. Oh if I can only convince it I shall yet live. I shrieked, kicked and yelled—"you are mistaken, I aint her. Let me go—Let me go." I kicked loose at last and was seized and shaken by a strong arm. A familiar voice sounded in my ears.

"What the d[illegible] mean by making such a rip[illegible]"

I rubbed [illegible] I had been dreaming—a [illegible]am, which was aided conside[illegible]uld appear by another drea[illegible] latter dream, though quite pleasant I doubt not, was brought to an end unluckily by my kicks and bites. The unlucky termination of which caused the dreamer to kindly let me down to a sense of surrounding circumstances.

M. MEDICA.

A Beautiful Woman.

The following was written by us under a *nom de plume*, before we mounted the tripod, or began our editorial career:

The adage is infallible, which says "pretty is as pretty does;" consequently, a truly beautiful woman is seldom if ever, one of those of faultless form and feature.

It is the mind, the heart, the soul that constitutes the beautiful woman.

She is not of that description, which at first sigh[illegible] become desperately enam[illegible] when you once learn the [illegible]sion of the more fre[illegible] irregular features there, in unass[illegible] quietude, beams forth all that sweetness of temper benevolence, innocence, and sensibility which a true woman's face can express. When a smile spreads gently across the grave, if not almost melancholy features, the effect is inexpressible. Her mind is not so much displayed by [illegible] She ever [illegible] word for all she meets [illegible] distress; a word that will soothe the aching heart, and calm the most unwanted perturbation of mind. And if [illegible] are in want, no other can be more unbounded in their generosity, or more cautious in their distribution. Her politeness, so entirely una[illegible] one of nature's [illegible]hence, she is devoid [illegible]d rightly be termed [illegible] circle—affectation [illegible] her mind and the sweetness of her disposition, which are more frequently the result of cultivation than the gift of nature, always keep in view the old maxim, that "if one cannot speak well of others never to speak of them at all." And as she never bestows undue praise upon any one, she is never guilty of that pernicious fault, termed flattery. She forms no attachment without long and careful premeditation, but when she chooses, it is settled forever. Nothing can estrange that pure, yet inflexible heart, down in whose adytum are cherished images, erased only by the hand of Death.

Perhaps had Byron's first wife possessed such faultless beauty, his poems would have imbued less sadness, and he would have lived a life as brilliant as his genius and as happy as his language. The spirit of buoyancy and love, always so redundant [illegible] poems, might well be [illegible] loving influence of [illegible]," who, I imagine, [illegible] to my poor ideal of a beau[illegible]

[For the Mercury.]

Hooktown Celebration.

The following should have been in our last issue, but our space would not admit:

HEAD QUARTERS, [illegible]
June 3d, 1867.

MR. EDITOR:—I had the pleasure of visiting our young village of Hooktown on the 1st inst., to witness the celebration of the Roadside Sunday school, near the place and I assure you it was a celebration indeed, in many respects. There was a large crowd gathered in the pleasant woods near the schoolroom, estimated at five hundred or more. The services were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Millersburg, after which there were some beautiful hymns sung by the school, "Opening Day" and "On a Sunday morning." Then recitation "The boy that never told lie," by little Dickey C. Song, "Little Christian." Recitation "Appeal for Sunday Schools," by Miss Bettie C., which was highly interesting coming from the lips of so sweet a looking little girl as she is. "I want to be an angel" was sung by the very little girls, [illegible] honorably [illegible] from all [illegible] School [illegible] our district, [illegible] and praise of many by [illegible]dness with which he recited his [illegible] and the clearness of his enunciation. Miss J. M. recited a fine piece, "The joys of celebration day." Also Miss E. [illegible] "The power of love," which was a [illegible]er piece, and many spoke in pra[illegible] the fine style in which she deliver[illegible] having all the appearance of a self-possessed actress, without any di[illegible] affectation. The valedictory was [illegible]ered by Jerry G. in very fine style. Between each of the pieces the scholars sung some very fine pieces, accompanied by the indefatigable voice of Mr. S., to whom the Sunday School are much indebted for the eminent success of their vocal music. The intermissions between the pieces and songs was filled up very interestingly by the Millersburg Silver Cornet Band, who discoursed music gratuitously for the occasion.

The address, written by Mr. R. C., was read fluently by Dr. Taylor; and by the way it took the hearers by surprise, not having thought that in the unassuming and retiring Mr. C. there was such a fund of rich and meritorious knowledge from which an address of such merit only could emanate. Dr. Taylor added a few remarks, which were clear, forcible and emphatically to the point, as they were addressed mainly to the scholars and in the Dr.'s clear and comprehensive style of delivery that reached the understanding of the young as well as the old, the unlearned as well as the learned. Then came the summons to repair to the festal board, and such a board is not often presented to one's sight. It groaned beneath its load of the fat things of the land. To describe it my pen and memory fails to do.

Regretting, Mr. Editor, your absence, I close my [illegible] J. G. B.

[illegible] sold [illegible] Kendall, of this county, three cattle, one steer and heifer twins, four years old, fed one winter, weighing, the steer, 2,370, the heifer 1,900. The other, a three [illegible] old heifer, weighed 1,860. [illegible] cents per pound, to be deliver[illegible] next December.

—Of Mr. Greeley's visit to Ri[illegible] to become one of the bail for J[illegible] Davis, a newspaper of that [illegible] that is the first visit he has [illegible] for thirty-one years. In 18[illegible] ed through Richmond on his [illegible] Warrenton, N. C., for the pur[illegible] being united in matrimony to a [illegible] schoolmistress, born in the Nor[illegible] then engaged in teaching in that [illegible]. He was married by a Richmond clergyman, and on sunday last, Mr. Greeley heard this clergyman preach in Richmond, and renewed the acquaintance begun so many years ago.

"Charley, [illegible] makes you so sweet?" said [illegible] as [illegible] "I [illegible] dust [illegible] Charley.

During a heavy fall of rain, a [illegible] who had a drop too much, happened [illegible] deposit himself under a water-spo[illegible] He ever and anon exclaimed, "No[illegible] drop more,, gentlemen; not a dr[illegible] more."

What is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to right, and the other writes articles to set.

A negro woman, in Covington gave birth, a few days since, to a female child, who has twelve fingers on each hand.