Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY E. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, JANUARY 6, 1847. NUM. XVII.

Cards.

New Arrangement.

DOCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, Mr. J. E. JACKSON, in his Drug and Book Business.

By this arrangement, Doctor MYERS will be enabled to give his undivided attention to the duties of his Profession.

Carlisle, September 30, 1846.—3ms.

DOCTOR AD. LIPPE, Homeopthic Physicin.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.

Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR I. C. LOOMIS,

DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, such as *Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.,* or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full sett. ☞Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.

June 11, 1846.

HENRY EDGAR KEENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL practice in the several Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties and attend to all professional business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

Office in South Hanover street, in Graham's new building, opposite the Post Office.

Carlisle, August 26, 1846.—1 y.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doors below J. H. Graham, Esq.

July 16, 1845.

DENTISTRY, &C.

JOHN W. HENDEL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that having opened an office in South Hanover street, nearly opposite the Post Office, he is prepared to practice DENTISTRY in all its branches. Good Teeth are essential to health, besides natural or artificial ones are not only useful but ornamental, and add materially to the comfort of the wearer. It need not be stated what can be done to the teeth, suffice it to say that *every defect* can be *remedied*, and *new* Teeth furnished from a single one to an entire set. Having had considerable practice for a number of years, good references will be given to such as require them, but he best proof is the *operation*, which will in all cases be performed in the most careful manner and at prices to suit the occasion and the times. Persons waited on at their residences, either in town or country, without extra charge. He may always be found at his office, as above, or at his residence in Pitt street, one door north of Hendel's Livery stable.

He will also promptly attend to the repairing of Watches and Jewelry, at his office in South Hanover street. Also, ENGRAVING neatly executed. By attention and skilful execution of his work, he hopes to receive and hereby solicits a share of public patronage.

Carlisle, April 8, 1846.

HARRIS, TURNER, & IRVIN

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

No. 201 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers

IN Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Surgical and Obstetrical Instruments; Druggists Glassware, Window Glass, Paints, Oils Dyes. Perfumery, &c. &c.

Druggists, Country Merchants, and Physicians supplied with the above articles on the most favorable terms. Strict and prompt attention paid to orders. Every article warranted.

JOHN HARRIS, M. D. JAMES A. TURNER, lately of Virginia. WILLIAM IRVIN, M. D.

Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1846.—1 y.

THE MANSION HOUSE HOTEL

Fronting on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road,

CARLISLE, PA.

LATELY kept by Gen. Willis Foulk, has just been taken by the subscriber. It is newly furnished and has been thoroughly repaired. Passengers in the cars, strangers, travellers and visiters to Carlisle, are invited to call.

Terms moderate, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the establishment.

J. A. WINROTT.

Carlisle, April 16, 1845.

J. P. HARPER,
SURVEYOR.

OFFERS his services to the public. Having had several years experience with his Father, and having in his possession the valuable collection of papers made by him, he hopes by care and punctuality to obtain a share of public patronage.

Office in the public square, immediately in the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, oct 21

DYEING & SCOURING.

WILLIAM BLAIR,

IN LOUTHER STREET, near the College dyes Ladies and Gentlemen's apparel, all colors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in his line respectfully solicited.

Carlisle, September 9, 1846.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made by the undersigned and others, to the next Legislature of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for the incorporation of a company to be styled, "THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA," to be located in the borough of Carlisle, Cumberland county, to have a capital of not less than One Hundred thousand nor more than Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, with general banking and discounting privileges.

Thomas C. Miller,	Thomas Bell,
James Kyle,	Samuel Beetem,
Abraham Kurtz,	William Kerr,
Skiles Woodburn,	John Lefevre,
John Dunlap,	John Huston,
James Weakley,	L. H. Williams,
Benjamin Peffer,	Alex'r. Davidson,
Andrew G. Miller,	O. H. Leas,
D. W. McCulloch,	Isaac Lefevre,
William Galbraith,	George Heikes,
Richard Parker,	James Gregson,
Wm. M. Henderson,	William Cregio.

July 1, 1846.—6m.

[illegible] Segars.

5,000 OLD SPANISH CIGARS received and for sale Wholesale and Retail by the subscriber. Also, 20,000 HALF SPANISH CIGARS, for sale at the reduced price of $3.00 per thousand, at his cigar factory, West High Street, Carlisle.

Purse Trimmings.

PURSE and Bag Trimmings, of every description, just received by

G. W. HITNER.

Herald & Expositor

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE in the South West angle of the public Square, back of the Court-House

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Dollar and Fifty cents a year IN ADVANCE.
Two Dollars, if paid within the year.
One Dollar for six months.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING,

Advertisements, making fifteen lines or less, will be charged at the rate of Fifty cents for one insertion,—three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One Column, with the paper, for one year,	$25
Half a column, do. do.	$13
Two Squares, with quarterly changes,	$10
Business Cards, with the paper,	$5

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Such as Handbills, Blanks, Circulars and every other description of Printing, executed hansomely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

Miscellaneous.

"I'll Shave You in a Minute!"

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

JOHNSON & SMITH.

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Carlisle, and strangers who may tarry here "until their beards grow," that they have opened a new Saloon, in North Hanover street, a few doors South of Weibley's Hotel, where they intend prosecuting the above business in all its varied and various branches. They will shave you as clean as a City Broker, and cut your hair to suit the cut of your head and the cut of your phiz. Their whole object and desire is, to improve the appearance of the human race. They also practice Shampooning, or removing dandruff, in which their friends have been pleased to accord to them the palm of superiority.

Don't forget—near the good Hotel,
Which folks say WEIBLEY keeps so well.
Times are hard, and barbers poor,
Pray good friend don't pass our door,—
And if your hair should need a trimming,
Just walk in, we're always willing
To serve the gents in style, so neat,
'Twould make one bow at Cæsar's feet.
Not only so—if that won't do,
We'll brush your coats, hats, old and new,
To please your taste we will endeavor,
To show you our neatest quiver.
To close the scene, we'll ope' the door,
The gent walks out, the scene is o'er.

N. B. Gentlemen troubled with the TETTER will find an infallible cure by applying at our Saloon.

Carlisle, November 18, 1846.

SPECIAL COURT.

BY virtue of a writ from the Hon Nathaniel B. Eldred, President Judge of the 12th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, bearing date at Harrisburg, the 19th day of Dec. A. D. 1846.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

that a Special Court will be held by the said Hon. Nathaniel B. Eldrid, and the associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, at the Court House, in the borough of Carlisle, commencing on MONDAY, the 23d day of February, 1847, to continue one week, for certain causes depending in the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county, in which the Hon. Samuel Hepburn was concerned as counsel for one of the parties, prior to his appointment as President Judge of the 9th Judicial District—and such other causes as are embraced within the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly, passed the 14th of April, 1834, relative to the organization of the Courts of Justice. Of said Special Court, Jurors and all persons concerned will take notice.

JAMES HOFFER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Carlisle, Dec. 28, 1846.—tc.

Black Cloths & Cassimeres!

THE subscriber has just received French Cloths and Cassimeres, which will be sold very cheap. Call and see them.

Nov. 18. GEO. W. HITNER.

CASHMERE PLAIDS.

THE subscriber has just received an assortment of Cashmere, Circassian and Gala Plaids for ladies dresses. George W. Hitner.

Superior Wines & Brandies,

FOR Medicinal purposes, just received at Dr. Myers' Drug Store—a choice selection of old Wines. Also, a very good and cheap article for cooking.

GUM SHOES.

THE subscribers have just received a and well selected assortment of GUM SHOES, of various qualities and prices, suitable for ladies, girls and children, and so cheap too that every person should have a pair.

Nov. 26. GRAY & SON.

BLACKING.

30 gross "Mason's Challenge Blacking," superior to any manufactured in the known world, which we will sell low either by the dozen or single box. GRAY & SON.

Nov. 25, 1846.

TOBACCO.

CAVENDISH, Honey Dew, and James River Tobacco; Congress and Common Plug; a large assortment of Spanish and Half Spanish Segars, Sweet Scented Rappee and Scotch Snuff. George R. Crooks.

FRESH ARRIVAL;

AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED HARDWARE STORE,
NORTH HANOVER STREET.

2000 LBS. Wetherill's Pure Ground White Lead.
200 Gallons Linseed Oil.
100 Gallons Spirits of Turpentine.
2000 lbs. Novoscotian Grindstones.
3000 lbs. Nails, assorted.

With a full assortment of Carpenter's Tools, Building Materials, &c., which I will sell at the lowest prices.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN P. LYNE.

Carlisle, September 30, 1846.

MORE NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city of Philadelphia with a further supply of STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, all of which will be disposed of at low prices for cash. G. W. HITNER.

December, 23, 1846.

Richard's Palma Christi Pommade.

THE subscriber confidently recommends this [illegible] preparation as having no equal in the world for imparting a beautiful, soft and glossy appearance to the Hair, promoting its growth and preventing its falling out. For sale by F. MEHAFFEY.

A CARD.

Doctors J. & W. L. Creigh,

HAVING entered into co-partnership respectfully tender their professional services to the citizens of CARLISLE and its vicinity, with the assurance that all those entrusted to their care will receive every necessary attention. They solicit a portion of public patronage.

OFFICE, HIGH STREET, opposite Ogilby's Store, and 2d door West of Martin's Hotel.

Carlisle, Septem[illegible]

From Graham's Magazine for Jan. 1847.

"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years,
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheek the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest,
By thine lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared
In wood and homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,
For earth's down trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread—
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh fair young mother on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now,
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower,
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

A Christmas Family Scene.

To those who are aware what pains and troubles are incurred, in many parts of the Continent of Europe to prepare, secretly, some Christmas gift for a father, mother, brother or sister, the following scene will have many charms, independent of its attractiveness for all readers. It is from the pen of Frederika Bremer, and is translated from the Swedish by Mrs. Howitt:

CHRISTMAS DAY.

You should have seen them, my four children dancing round the Christmas tree, which hung full of apples, gingerbread and other gimcracks; you should have seen them in the light of the Christmas candles, beaming with joy, skipping, singing, laughing in unrestrained life enjoyment, and you would not have wondered that I, absorbed by the observation of the joyous picture, did not remark that the contents of my tea cup which I poured into the saucer ran over, until I perceived something warm at my side, and to my horror, saw a grey pool upon the red worsted damask of the sofa. I immediately wiped it up, fortunately unperceived by my wife, but many will be the wonderings as to how and when the stain came upon it.

And now we were all assembled, my wife—an excellent wife, I assure you, but almost too great a hater of stains upon furniture—my wife, my wife's husband, two young relations, the Student N., and Mamsell, Mina; and my four children. We drank tea and dipped in great slices of saffron bread. We ought to have talked and made believe that nothing was going to happen. But it would not do. The state of the weather was attempted. I thought we should have snow. The Student, that we should have twaw; my wife's idea was that we should soon have winter; mine that we had winter already; Mamsell Mina's, that we should have an early spring, and so on. In the meantime, the children began to cast expressive glances one at another; and then quickly I saw my eldest daughter with diplomatic address, steal out of the room, and the rest one after another. Nobody observed it—Heaven forbid! but my wife smiled, and so did I. In a little while the children again entered, and now in a solemn procession, the eldest first, the youngest last.

My eldest daughter, a twelve year old, and very patriotic girl, stepped forward towards me with a waistcoat in her hand, which she herself had worked for me, and which blazed with the colors of the Swedish flag—yellow and blue; but waistcoat and girl I clasped tenderly to my heart. My first born son, a promising youth of thirteen, presented at the same time to his mother, with some pride, a colossal long legged stool which, with a certain fear, and circumspection, she received into her hands, uttering a joyous exclamation of applause at this, his first masterpiece of carpentry. After this he approached me, and, with a certain degree of horror, I saw a great paper in his hands. "Now it comes!" thought I. I saw in spirit, the Alps, the Mediterranean sea, the sun, myself—myself even!—but the gentle stars be thanked! it was better than I expected; for, as with terror I took the paper into my hands, I saw no Alps, only a pair of human heads, which seemed to be goring one another—although it was meant to represent kissing—yet, still the whole thing was so human, that I could with great truth answer my wife's somewhat uneasily questioning glances by—"Ay, ay, look here now. At this age I could hardly have done better myself."

My six year old Willie, a little quiet lad, given to looking after relics, and who must must be designed as an antiquarian—I had a presentment regarding the Christmas gift which, with some importance, he presented to his mother. This was a collection of remarkable things which he had found—crooked pins, broken pointed needles, headless nails, glittering grains of sand, little pieces of gilding, a passible peice of money, and such little curiosities, which caused us burst into a hearty laugh. This embarrassed the little collector, and filled his eyes with tears, which we immediately kissed away, and assumed that demeanor of respect with which one regards relics from Herculaneum. And as among these treasures we discovered an old Northern coin of real value, then were my little fellow and I proud and glad. Bertha my little darling—she, with her own dear little fingers, had made her first essay at hemming on a pocket handkerchief, which father and mother were to use alternatively or in company. The two young relations also came forth modestly with their presents. The student, with verses which he dedicated to my wife and me, in which the strength of the North was spoken of, Ygdrasil and Ragnorak and again the strength of the North. Mamsell Mina presented us with an especial beautiful piece of work, for which with crimsoning cheeks she received our thanks.

Whilst we—my wife and I—were more closely examining our Christmas gifts by the light, turning them in every direction, and finding them all remarkably, there suddenly was heard a thundering noise at the door—Great sensation especially among the younger portion of the company. Immediately afterwards the door opened, and there entered a beast, which might have put to flight all the wild beasts of Africa, but which saluted with great horns, with wild shaggy eye brows, and many charteristics of the monster; behind him came a young servant maid with a baking trough full of Christmas boxes. And immediately was the room bombarded with these. They rolled about, and flew here and there, and after them the four children, amid a tumult of delight. A terrible tumult was this. The long legs of my first born occasioned a dreadful convulsion among chairs and tables, and as I feared, even upon his own masterpiece of carpentry. Amid the universal tumult I happened to see my wife wrap something up in her shawl; it seemed to me to be the ruins of the colossal footstool, and I fancied that three legs were missing!

Every seven or ten minutes the Christmas goat made a volcanic movement upon which little packets were flung up into the air. At one time a half anker, and then a half cask, was rolled in; and all those had to be brought to the light, and there in presence of all, their inscriptions read, which contained many odd and significant puns, *jeud'esprits*, which were duly interpreted. In various parts of the verses I perceived the young genius of the Student; and in many jokes the merry humor of Mina. Two hours were spent amid frolics of this kind, and the peels of laughter which they excited. At the end of that time the young student stood in a new black suit, and, striking his head upon his breast, declaimed, I know not what sort of tragic comic oration, before Mamsell Mina, and she, almost killing herself with laughter, attempted to answer him in the same spirit. My first born made *entrachets* on *entrachets* around a library of ten volumes; my eldest daughter danced before her new hat, Wille beat a drum; and little Bertha embraced a cat of pasteboard, and gave it the most loving of pet names. That was a confusion, but it was a confusion that did the heart good.—All the young ones found their wishes gratified; and each and all had therein his sugar plum to suck at a future time.

And now we had to eat, and after that to sleep; both of which were difficult for the children, who now could see nothing, could occupy themselves with nothing but their Christmas boxes. Each one took his most precious gift to table. Little Bertha's cat must go with her to bed. Every one longed for the morrow, that he might the better examine his splendid treasures. Whilst they lay and talked of these, slumber came, and kissed the words from their lips. They now lie and sleep. Joyous evening! God be praised for thee, and that thou comest and lightest up a portion of our long dark winter with a ray of light which once, in the darkness of the world, was kindled at the cradle of a child. Beautiful, also, is the old Swedish custom of allowing all children to celebrate the birth of the Child of God. I have been a child, and have wept, and laughed, and wept again, like all my April mooded compeers, quickly forgetting the occasion both of smiles and tears. I have become a man, and have experienced the sorrows of life, and the pleasures of the world, they are now only as a dimmed memory; but like a newly kindled light—like a clear, cracking winter's fire—flames up before my mind the delights of Christmas evening in my childhood.—Many a pleasure, many a breeze of Spring, many a bright beam of autumn sunshine, may still cheer the aged; but the joy of Christmas eve, that indescribable, unmixed, innocently intoxicating delight, experiences he never more! Yet still he can enjoy it in the gladness of children—his own, or—others.

Come to Sweden, George. Celebrate with us next Christmas eve; and let us together drink a health to all good parents and happy children for Christmas this year; and every year until the end of time.

Your friend. F. B.

Stockholm, Dec. 1845.

HURRAH FOR POLK AND WALKER!—SHIRTS AND SHEETS FOR LESS THAN NOTHING!—Hear ye! Hear ye! individuals of the unfavored classes; you who have been compelled to contribute of your substance to pamper overgrown monopolies; you have got your oppressors on the hip. Hereafter they will have to furnish you with shirts and sheets for less than nothing!

Robert J. Walker, our illustrious Secretary of the Treasury, in his report of last year, insisted that the duty on every foreign import was "added to the price of the import *and also of its domestic rival.*" On the 10th page of that report he says:

"The duty, therefore, must be added to the price, and paid by the consumer—*the duty constituting as much a part of the price as the cost of production.*"

Now let us see how this theory works.

In the New York Express we find the prices of domestic sheetings and shirtings on the 30th of November last, and also the prices less the duty; in other words the free trade prices. From the table given below it will be seen that under the Free Trade system shirtings and sheetings must be furnished for considerably less than nothing by the manufacturers:

DOMESTIC GOODS.

Tariff of '42,	Price.	Duty.	Promised Price.
Shirtings	5 a 5½	6c. p. yd..	1 to 1c less than 0!
" Brown,	5½ a 6½	"	½c "
" Bleach'd	5 a 7	"	0 to 1c per. yard.
" S. Isl.	7 a 11	"	1 to 5c.
Sheet'gs 4.4	6½ a 8	"	½ to 2c.
" 5.4	10 a 12½	"	4 to 6½c.
Bleached 4.4	7 a 12	"	1 to 6.

Either cottons will be given away, with a premium, to the (so called) purchasers for taking them, or Mr. Walker's theory is incorrect. The latter supposition is not to be entertained for a moment; so let us hail with pæns of joy the approaching *era of clean shirts for less than nothing!—Troy Whig.*

The Lancaster (Pa.) American Republican contains the following capital specimen of Dutch eloquence.

"Mr. Bresident—day may talk of dar Bower, put he is not [illegible] yet. Day brag of dare machority in Lancaster county, put shust wait till old Perks [illegible] in vith her forty-nine hundret for Yoder. Da news, Mr. Bresident, vill gome on de Wigs like a dunder knock, and vid the speed of de lightnin's flash, on da vings of de dombest, it will fly across da Atlantic, and rolling like a dunder bolt up to gween Fictoria's veet, vith da force of Arkanchel's drump proclaim to da despot, your drone drembles"

Extracts from a Speech

Delivered at the City of Washington before College Classes.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

There is no difference between men, at least for worldly purposes, but that which they themselves make, or which they are capable of unmasking. When therefore, a magnifico places himself upon your necks, do not reproach him, but reproach yourselves. It is by having lowered or prostrated yourselves, that you have invited to this oppression. Fortune and Fame are the friends of every man who is his own friend. Power is within the reach of all who have the energy to embrace it; naturally and morally you stand as high as any of the magnates of the land; why, then, do you not socially and politically? Simply because you do not make the effort, and abandon the hope of victory rather than encounter the toils incident to its attainment. The aristocracy of worth is true republican nobility, but it relies for its patent and security upon undeviating rectitude, and untiring industry. Take from your employments, therefore, whatever leisure time they may afford; take from your slumbers whatever hours are not required; take from your sports and recreations every moment they will reasonably allow, and appropriate these accumulated opportunities to moral and intellectual improvement, and in a few short years where will you be found? Perhaps not rolling in your carriage, pampered and inflated by pride, or lolling in Eastern magnificence and supineness—but you will be discovered where empty pride, luxury, and magnificence either never dare to show themselves, or can rarely hold their place—in the councils of the nation—in offices of high and honorable trust—in the forefront of the army—on the quarter deck of our gallant navy—or in some other distinguished position in life, less glaring and conspicuous than those, but still not less useful or meritorious. There is at least one whom I now address, who, if he has faith as a mustard seed, is destined to fill the first office in the gift of the people. And there are more, many more than one, who may fill a much prouder office, than the highest in the gift of the people, namely, the lowest in the gift of God.

To concentrate attention, let me present to you a single picture—a mere fancy sketch taken from one among a thousand, to which your thoughts might be invited in the way of illustration. Let me exhibit to you the portrait of a youth, for which some of you may be supposed to sit—springing from obscure parentage—parents with no other inheritance than their honesty—no other hope on this side of the grave than the child into whose mind they have instilled the virtuous principles of their own—you see him struggling along during infancy, buffeted by adversity, nothing but clouds and darkness resting upon his path, with the feeble and flickering light he enjoys; his attention is directed to self-improvement, his associations though humble, are of an intellectual cast; as the bee gathers honey from every flower, so he imbibes instruction from every object around him, mainly because he seeks it. As he grows up, instead of wasting his sweetness, if I may use the expression, in senseless dissipation, in idleness, or in pernicious amusements and indulgences, he directs his attention to the edification of his mind, to the enlargement of his sphere of knowledge—his mental appetite increases by what it feeds on, and he is driven, as it were, by an innate and resistless impulse, to the pursuits of those bright and glorious objects which hourly break in upon the vista which he has opened for himself.

Where are the humble and obscure parents now? They mount, they deservedly mount, to his condition. They shine in reflected, if not in original light. The fruit speaks for the tree,—the dark eye of the mother glistens, and the manly heart of the father swells with joy at the triumph of industry and principle, at the same time over obscurity and pride.

In the progress of years, where are his wife and children? They partake of his nobility—they share in his lustre, and he thus stands forth at once the regenerator of the past, and the founder of future fortunes. He is the friend of the friendless—his own sad experience has instructed him in the value of a friend in the time of need.—Taught by that power that pitied him, he learns to pity them. He is the example and the hope of less daring spirits. His light directs their footsteps—his success is an earnest of theirs—all that they have to encounter, he has surmounted—all that they desire, he has accomplished—all that they fear, he has subdued. Thus it is, that one such shining instance as this, stimulates thousands to emulation, to competition, and he, therefore, is a narrow observer who sees in an individual rather than a general benefit,—who restricts it to local limits, or who confines the operation of its influence to the present time, instead of tracing it to years and ages yet to come.

In speaking thus, let us not be understood to countenance agrarianism, or radicalism, or scoundrelism—subverting all order and dissolving a paradise into a chaos. Let us not be understood to encourage that desire of equality which consists in dragging the brightest and the best down to our own unworthy level,—and equality of degradation.

We speak of that which elevates us to the loftiest heights, so that the march of mankind may ever be forward and upward, and not backward and downward.

I have shown you a young man as he should be, and as I trust each of you will be. Let us reverse the picture.—How melancholy—how deplorable the contrast, when turning from this imperfect sketch, we abuse our eyes to look upon a youth of superior prospects, wasting the morning or spring time of life in indolence, in dissipation, and in vice. He not only has no post, but he never attains any.

All his additions are to courses vain
His company's unlettered, rude and shallow;
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noting him any study,
Any retirement any sequestration;
From open haunts and popularity.

He brings down the gray hairs of his parents to a grave of sorrow—he stigmatizes them with parental and filial shame. He gives to the bosom that nurtured and sustained him the practical proof of "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." For his own immediate family, either his pernicious habits, antedate his doom, and spare him the superadded curse of having any, or, if he have, he, with his own felon hand, writes their dark annals on the records of misery, poverty, disgrace, and crime.

There are twelve newspapers published in Montreal.

Correspondence of the United States Gazette.

Sayings and Doings at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12, 1846.

J. R. Chandler, Esq.—A memorial was presented to the Senate this morning by Mr. Johnson of La., signed by over 200 persons of both political parties, praying that the Tariff of '46, so far as it related to Sugar might be repealed and that the tariff of '42 restored. The memorial also cast censure upon one of the members of La. in the House, Mr. Morse for his course upon that bill, and declared that he had in that respect, misrepresented his constituents.

In the House there was an outpouring of vituperation, malevolence, vulgarity, and slang whangery from that distinguished member from Ohio who became world known last session by the cognomen of "sausage Sawyer." After Mr. Polk had given up six degrees of territory in Oregon, rather than fight Great Britain, Mr. Sawyer denounced him in the coarsest and most vehement manner charged him with having basely retreated, and given away a portion of our territory to which he (Mr. P.) said our title was "clear and unquestionable," and as Mr. S. insisted it was. Mr. S. was then thought to be bold and honest—that he really, as he asserted, believed our title to be unquestionable, and being so, and Mr. Polk having taken the position he had, and induced his party to stand up to 54 40 with him: thought Mr. Polk was acting a base and unpatriotic part in surrendering it. But it turned out that Mr. Sawyer was playing a game for himself, he knew how to manage Mr. Polk; he knew that nothing could be had of him by soft words, and that he was only to be operated on through his fears. Soon, or sometime after this abusive speech, a *Midshipman's warrant was given to a son of Mr. Sawyer*, who is attached to the naval school at Anapolis, and has been spending some time in this city with his father, since the commencement of the Session. Mr. Sawyer is now the willing advocate of all the measures of Mr. Polk, and ready to do any reasonable job, even of the kind he performed to day, for the administration.

In monarchies partisans are paid and the discontented are purchased by appointments in the army and navy, and offices in the civil service; a nobleman who supports the government administration expects all his sons to be provided for by men in power, and we republicans rail at this system of corruption. But we have it among us to full as great an extent as they have it in Russia, Austria, Prussia, or any other monarchial government and it is working in the same manner here as it is there. Mr. Sawyer I presume prides himself upon being a democrat, and yet is not proof against that sort of means by which monarchs are enabled to lord it over the people, to live in royal luxury and magnificence while millions must groan in misery that they may revel in profusion and splendor.

Mr Sawyer having emptied his slush buckets upon the Whigs, and used up his hour, Mr. Baker of Illinois obtained the floor, and spoke of the army to which he belongs, (being Col. of one of the Regiments of Illinois Volunteers,) of what it had done, and what it had suffered. He spoke of the effects of the invasion of Mexico upon her as a nation nationalizing her, giving her energy, patriotism and bravery, as well as concentrating her power, and creating a unanimous public opinion. The church, the clergy, the landholders, capitalists, and even the women, had entered heartily, zealously and unitedly into this contest—all the energies of the nation were called forth by it. What we can do he insisted ought to be done this winter. A summer campaigne was destructive to the troops; of the volunteers who had been sent to Mexico, at least 2000 had lain down on the banks of the Rio Grande, to take their last and eternal rest. It was one of the most sickly countries in the world. The regiment he had the honor to command had consisted of 820 men, young, gallant and patriotic.—Of these one hundred died of sickness, and more than two hundred had gone home, pale emaciated and broken down in spirits. The two thousands of whom he spoke, had perished not one of them by the sword of the enemy, but by disease. It would be cold blood cruelty to require the troops to spend another summer in that sickly country. But to prevent this, the war must be pushed with all the vigor which the nation was capable of giving it. Mexico contains 8,000,000 of people, united in this war against us and the country was one of the most difficult to advance in he ever saw. They could live on almost nothing and their horses wanted nothing to eat. [A laugh] He did not mean this literally, but figuratively. Their horses would live and thrive upon what they found by the way side, while ours would die upon such food.

He thought it the sentiment of the American people, and he was sure it was of the army, that the war should be short, vigorous and brilliant, but to be so abundant troops must be sent and ample supplies furnished. He referred to the proposition of Mr. Crittenden, to give the army three months' extra pay, said it was deserved, and it would be doing but justice then. Every article they had to purchase was enormously extravagant in price, and it was often the case that soldiers wages would be entirely exhausted, so that they had not the means to purchase even necessaries. He had seen poor sick soldiers pay 50 cents per pound for cheese, 25 cents per pound for bacon, 50 cents for sugar, 25 cents per pound for bakers bread, and other things in the same proportion.

He then referred to the charges that had been made against the Whigs, that they were opposed to the war, and to granting supplies, and the manner which they repelled this foul charge. He deemed it an unjust charge—Whigs as well as Democrats rushed into the conflict. A son of Mr. Webster was at the head of a company of volunteers, the gallant Crittenden had two sons in the army, and he ran over a long list of most gallant officers—men who had distinguished themselves by their bravery, who were staunch Whigs. There was no political distinctions in the army, Whigs and Democrats were equally brave and gallant. Davis, who commanded the Mississippi regiment, as gallant an officer as ever led his troops to battle, was a Democrat, while his Lieut. Col. McClung, the bravest of the brave, was an uncompromising Whig. He deprecated these discussions in the House; what was wanted was ACTION, ACTION, ACTION. The army expected it, and the country looked for it.—All such attacks upon the Whigs as he had heard since he came here, he looked upon with contempt and scorn.

Mr. B. said he had a resolution which had been drawn up by the Secretary of War at his suggestion, which he desired to present to the House, and hoped it would be adopted. He then read it. It was a joint resolution, authorizing the Secretary of War to procure clothing for the volunteers, which should be delivered to the commander of each regiment, for the men, and be charged to them at cost and no more.

After Mr. B. had closed his remarks, the Committee rose, and the resolution was then offered in the House, and read three several times and passed unanimously.

The debate by a resolution adopted in the morning, was to close at three o'clock, and was closed by Mr. B. a short time before that hour.

EVIL COMPANIONS.—Society is the atmosphere of souls, and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude.—The society or company you keep, is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company, when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more caution than usual, because the mind is passive. Either vicious society will please you or it will not; if it does please you, the end of going will be defeated. In such society, you will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear contemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery, the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue, the principles will become sapped, the fences of conscience broken down, and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place, they will glory in their shame.—*Robert Hall.*

A WORD TO BOYS.—"The Learned Blacksmith says: Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe with all its shipping, steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age, boys like you assembled in school rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic. Believe it, and look around upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its posesion. The Kings, Presidents, Govenors, Statesmen, philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men, of the future, are all Boys, whose feet like yours cannot reach the floor, when seated upon the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllable of their respective languages.

LET'S HAVE A FAIR START.—It was Sunday morning—and a rough looking, but full congregation had assembled to listen to their pastor's eloquent dissertation upon piety and 'equal rights.' In the midst of the sermon a denizen of the town rushed breathlessly into their midst, with the inteligence that a vessel had stranded on the breach near by, and was fast going to pieces. The audience (who were known to a man as 'wreckers') rushed for the door and *the spoils!*

'Hold—my friends'—shouted the parson as he seized his hat—'hold—be patient—be calm one moment, and listen to the words of advice. Observe,'—(and the Reverend gentleman still urged his way toward the door) 'be quiet one moment longer—control your passions! and having reached the door he bolted ahead—with the final exclamation—now let's have a fair start!'

ONE FAULT.—He who who will turn away a friend for one fault, is a stranger to the best feelings of the human heart. Who has not erred, at least once, in his life? If that fault were not overlooked, to what depths of infamy would not thousands have descended? We know not the peculiar and pressing temptations to which another may be exposed. He may have fought manfully for months against the sin, and still kept the secret locked in his bosom. At last he was overcome. In a moment he yielded. He would give worlds to recall the act. He has mourned over it in secret, and repented in dust and ashes. Shall we forsake him? —Earth and Heaven—justice, humanity, philanthrophy and religion, cry out—"Forgive him!" He who will not forgive must possess the heart of a demon. Surely, the love of God is not in him.

POWER OF FAITH.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Puritan relates the following touching incident, given by Dr. Adams of that city, in his sermon occasioned by the death of the late Dr. Armstrong:

"The sad tiding were borne to the widowed family by Dr. Adams. The wife, in suspense, answered to the ringing of the bell—her cold hands told him of her apprehensions of the nature of his errand; and whilst overwhelmed with the burden of his painful duty, he was yet more overwhelmed with the remark with which she anticipated him—*The Lord has always prepared me to receive the glad tidings he sends;* and, continued the the preacher, I know not at which most to wonder, the mystery of that Providence which has taken away the husband and father in the midst of his usefulness, or that power of religious principle which sustained the desolated heart of the bereaved."

MR. BENTON'S VIEWS.—Mr Senator Benton will have an opportunity to renew with Mr. Polk the issue which he made with so much force when Mr. Tyler's treaty of annexation was under discussion in the Senate. During that discussion Mr. Benton offered a resolution declaring "that the incorporation of the left bank of the Rio del Norte (Rio Grande) into the American Union, by virtue of a treaty with Texas, comprehending, as the said incorporation would do, a part of the Mexican departments of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Tamaulipas, WOULD BE AN ACT OF DIRECT AGGRESSION ON MEXICO *for all the consequences of which* the United States would stand responsible.

HERR DRIESBACH, the lion tamer, had a narrow escape a few days since in Cincinnati. He was in the cage with a lion under the taming process, when the savage animal attacked him and tore every vestige of clothing from his person. He escaped, however, without any bodily injury.

DOUGLAS, the colored orator, formerly a slave in Maryland, has purchased his freedom for $750. The money was obtained from some abolitionists in England, where Douglas now is.

☞ The Governor of Pennsylvania has reported to the President that the second regiment ordered from this State, is ready to march, and that a third one was anxious to be mustered [illegible] service.—The President regretted that he could [illegible] in justice to New Jersey, accept them, as the latter State had claimed her right to furnish her quotem