Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, JANUARY 20, 1847. NUM. XX.

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,
Homœopathic 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 REENE,
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.—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 of use 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 the 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—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. HAUPER,
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.

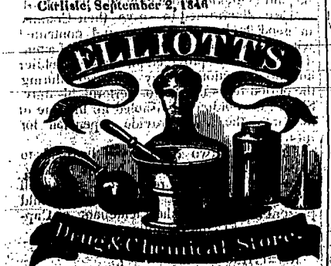
Office in the public square, *immediately* in the rear of the Court House.

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 2, 1846



NEW GOODS.

I HAVE received from Philad. and New York very extensive additions to my former stock, and can offer to the public every article in my line, *as low, if not a little lower* than any other in town—*Country, Store Keepers—Peddlers* and others, are respectfully invited to call as they will find my assorting articles extremely low at the Old Stand.

S. ELLIOTT.

December 9, 1846.

Segars! 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 $4 per thousand, at his cigar factory, one door north of the Post Office, Carlisle.

CASHMERE PLAIDS.

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

Geo. 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 handsomely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

Miscellaneous.

LABOR.

BY J. B. READ.

"Labor, labor!" sounds the anvil
"Labor, labor, until death!"
And the file, with voice discordant,
"Labor, endless labor!" saith;
While the bellows to the embers,
Speaks of labor in each breath.

"Labor, labor!" in the harvest,
Saith the whetting of the scythe,
And the mill-wheel tells of labor
Under waters falling blithe;
"Labor, labor!" groan the millstones,
To the hands that whirl and writhe!

And the woodman tells of labor,
In his echo-waking blows;
In the forest, in the cabin,
'Tis the dearest word he knows!
"Labor, labor!" saith the spirit,
And with labor comes repose.

"Labor!" saith the loaded wagon,
Moving towards the distant mart;
"Labor!" groans the heavy steamer,
As she cleaves the waves apart;
Beating like that iron engine,
"Labor, labor!" cries the heart!

Yes, the heart of man cries "Labor!"
While it labors in the breast.
Hear the Ancient and Eternal,
In the Word which He hath blest,
Saying "Six days shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest!"

Then how beautiful at evening,
When the toilsome week is done,
To behold the blacksmith's embers
Fade together with the sun;
And to think the doors of labor
Are all closing up like one!

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT OF UNION COLLEGE.—On an evening preceeding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the colleges, with the *most foul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag, ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately creeped sly away, without activing his companions among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows: "Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's a marm Prex," said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," again responded the Doctor. "Here's son John, will you have him?" "Here's daughter Sal, take her," and so on, until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family and chickens. The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down and sneaked it for the colleges. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one, it must have been to Dr. Nott. Expulsion, fines, and disgrace, were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible, so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said—"Young gentlemen, here's Old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens, "to which will you be helped?" The mortification of the students may be imagined.—*Springfield Rep.*

FILIAL AFFECTION.—The following truthful and beautiful paragraphs we extract from an exchange. The author is not given:

A dutiful and obedient daughter always makes a devoted and faithful wife. Let no man as he values his own happiness, marry a woman of an unfilial nature. In spite of the guile of Iago, there was much wisdom in his remark to Othello, when exciting the Moor to suspicion of Desdemona's integrity. "She has deceived her father and may thee!"

There is not trait of endearment more pleasant than the confiding tenderness of a young maiden in the care and vigilance of her mother. If she be an only child, the pleasure with which we contemplate her silent and cheerful acquiescence in every maternal dictate, is greatly enhanced. When the sentiment of love is first awakened in the heart of such a one, it seems rather to deepen than to divert the stream of filial affection. No man should be so selfish or so unwise as to desire the lessening of the pure and holy obedience, which is the best assurance of his own enduring felicity. Happy is he who has won for himself the fond love of a young creature, whose life has been guarded by a mother's prayers, and into whose spirit the gentle influence of a mother's mind, have descended, like dews into the petals of a flower which might else have faded in the morning of life.

GOD'S WILL.—Dr. Payson, when racked with pain, and near to death, exclaimed,—"O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will be accomplished."

The Devil's Gift;
OR THE THREE BARS OF GOLD.
A LEGEND FROM THE FRENCH.

There once lived in Scotland three poor blacksmiths. Their habitation was situated in the mountains which surround the pretty town of Perth. Though they laboured incessantly, they could barely obtain a sufficiency of the coarsest food; and frequent and sorrowful were their prayers that God would send them some little portion of the bounty which so many enjoy without merit; or that their lives and wretchedness might end together. Labor and prayers were alike fruitless; misery alone seemed their lot.

Despairing of fortune, they were one evening conversing:

"Since," said they, "our prayers avail nothing, let us turn to the Evil One, he may hear us with favour?"

Scarcely had they pronounced these words when a voice was heard:

"At midnight at the Blacktock mountain I will await you. If you have courage to meet me there, fortune is yours. Remember, midnight."

Speechless with terror, the brothers gazed upon each other. The youngest at last broke the silence:

"My brothers, do you hear? Shall we go?"

"We will obey," exclaimed the elder.

On the approach of midnight, they bent their steps towards the mountain. As they drew near it, they heard the ringing of an anvil, but saw neither light, nor smoke.—With terror they advanced to discover whence the sound proceeded. They reached the end of the path. The noise of a thousand hammers resounded; but on looking around they saw but a solitary man at work.

"I awaited you," he said, "and was forging for you. This product of my labor is yours upon one condition. If at the end of nine years you do not return it to me, or the value it has produced you, you are mine both body and soul, and all your possessions shall vanish from the earth. A whim sometimes impels me to benefit mortals; endeavor to profit by mine."

So saying he gave to each a mass of iron and dismissed them.

The brothers arrived at home, not much pleased with the event of their journey, questioning whether the gifts promised much, and not doubting that they should return them at the appointed time. They fell asleep, thinking of their adventure, whose result by no means equalled their expectations.

On awaking the next morning, they were about to comence their daily toil, having almost forgotten the disappointment of the preceding evening, when suddenly they perceived three ingots of gold, which had replaced the masses of iron. Their joy was unbounded.

In a short time they resided in a magnificent palace. Their retinue was regal in its splendour. Forgetting their promise to the Evil one to return the value of his gift, they passed their time in enjoyment without seeking to ascertain it worth.

The nine years rolled away in festivals, and the most extravagant delights. The close of the term at length arrived. The demon, punctual to his appointed time, appeared at midnight, during a splendid entertainment given at the place.

The hideous appearition, rising among the guests, addressed the brothers:

"The last hour is about to strike. What have you to return to me?"

They were dumb with terror.

An infernal smile played upon the features of the tempter. He struck the ground—the palace disappeared. A horrid tumult filled the air as the ministers of the demon's vengeance swept away his victims.

Even now it is said that the traveller as he hurries over the site of the palace hears three voices in the air which cry: "Traveller beware, forget not the FUTURE."

LUCK.—Rev. H. W. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—"I may here, as well as any where, impart the secret of *good* and *bad luck*. There are men, who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments;—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tipple."

POLITICS IN THE ARMY.—The Monterey correspondent of the New Orleans Bee, tells this anecdote:

"The mail from your city arrived here on the 5th, with dates up to the 18th ult. Politics do not rage much in camp or in the town, but the news from New York surprised all parties to such an extent that during Sunday the terms democrat and whig were often heard. Gen. Taylor received the National Intelligencer with the returns several days ago, and though by no means a violent politician, thought the news was too good to keep, and immediately informed General Butler, Quitman and Twiggs of the result. He is said to have made a pun on the occasion, but for the truth of which I cannot vouch.—"Well, how is New York?" asked Butler. "Right," was the answer of Taylor. "It will never be any thing else, whilst Silas lives," replied Butler. "Oh," rejoined Taylor, "I do not mean she's old *Wright* but Young right," and here he chuckled at perhaps the first wit he ever attempted."

AN IRISH RUSE.—I engaged a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when I pulled up at the foot of a hill, and the driver coming to the door opened it. "What are you at man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop, said I. "Whist! your honor, whist," ejaculated Paddy, "I'm only drawing the taste! If I bang at the top, he'll think you're out, and I'll cut up the hill like a divil."

The City of Saltillo--The Mexican Religion, &c.

From the Charleston Mercury of the 6th inst. we extract the following letter dated Saltillo, Dec. 6th. It will be read with particular interest, now, that an attempt is to be or rather by this time, has been made by Santa Anna to recapture the city.

The annals of warfare record no bolder movement than the recent occupation by eight hundred men of the far famed mountain defiles of the Rinconada and of this strong city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, with all its advantages of position and structure.—When the little band of Regular troops under Gen. Worth wound through the crowded streets to the plaza of Santiago, they were scrowled upon by enough of dark swarthy savage looking wretches to have driven them back with pebbles and broom sticks. Saltillo, thus interesting from the extraordinary character of its capture, from its being the key of Northern Mexico, and from its being the largest city ever taken by an American army, has much of the curious, the novel and picturesque to claim our attention. Overlooked by the bold height of La Garita* and encircled by two lofty ranges of mountains, whose rugged ramparts appear to shut it out from the world, its raises its turrets and spires upon one of those spots where we imagine that in ages past Our Lady of Solitude mourned over the follies and frailties of erring humanity. But the barbarous Mexican came to destroy this holy quietude and to mar the beauty of a scene more lovely than the happy valley of Rasselas, with its green groves, sparkling fountains and running waters. Strangely indeed do the mud houses, the rude images and superstitious devices of Church and Chapel, contrast with the flowing plains and the stupendous Sierras eternally robed in clouds. From the Hill of the Hermitage, the spectator can best view the magnificent landscape and best observe the sad alternations and defacements, caused by ignorance and superstition. Above his head are clear and serene skies, around him a pure and exhilerating atmosphere, on his right the jagged peaks of the Sierra of Doves softened by a thin veil of mist and clouds, on his left the parallel strata and smooth surface of the Sierra de Guajado, at his feet rivollets of bright waters flashing in the sunbeams, dense forests of sabinas and nogales, and clusters of myrtles, alheliés and wild flowers gently waving in the breeze. He turns with sorrow from the lovely panorama to the evidence of Mexican life with its superstition and barbarism. Near him are groups of half naked women engaged in washing at the aqueducts leading into all parts of the city from the circular domes covering the *ojós de las aguas*†—the springs gushing out of the cliffs of La Garita. Each group is guarded or rather watched by a villainous looking wretch, with leather trowsers open at the side leather jacket, open collar, sandals; and enormous sombrero. Droves of asses pass, driven by ragged boys, andladened with huge cargoes of wood, sacks of grain and bundles of corn stalks. Occasionally a dandy in white roundabout and pantaloons covered all over with buttons, dashed on by his richly caparisoned and spiritted poney, erect as a may pole, in the deep saddle, but incessantly moving his legs and jingling his long spurs.—Sometimes an independent looking Ranchero trots past on his shaggy coated mule, his feet in the stirrups, but his saddle occupied by his slatternly *esposa*, adorned with a leather hat of no trifling dimensions. Sometimes two or three boys gallop down the hill, seated upon the same bridleless donkey, directing his movements solely with a stick. Sometimes a cart, with small frame and gigantic wheels of almost solid wood, rolls along, drawn by oxen yoked by the horns. If the day be bright and fair, uncouth coaches may be seen nearly as large and not unlike the dromedary slowly dragged by six mules, with drivers on the backs of three of them, and with armed footmen in the rear.

Below lies the city, built principally of adobes (unburnt brick,) and looking like a confused jumble of mud walls, above which rise the rudely painted spires of the four different chapels, the dome and Arabic façade of the cathedral. A visit to the latter will be well repaid. 'Tis a vast pile of stone, quaintly carved in front, and decked on top with grotesque figures, richly and expensively gilted up in the interior, and adorned with many fine images and paintings by celebrated Spanish artists, all however betraying wretched taste and gross superstition.

The altar piece and candlesticks are of massive silver, and several figures representing the Virgin are crowned with pure gold. In a beautiful painting near the altar, God the Father is depicted in the attitude of blessing Jesus, Mary and Joseph, (*Jesus, Mariury, Jose,*) the earthly Trinity as they are universally called. Another painting represents the three persons of Heavenly Trinity standing on the head of the Cherubim—whilst Mary, not needing such support, is seated near by. A third shows Mary, Mother of God, as the people most commonly name her, in the act of drawing a soul out of purgatory with the rosary—the other lost spirits are gazing at her very respectfully, and are too polite to overtask her powers by taking hold of the string two at a time. A little image perched in the highest part of the rotunda we were told, was the Father of the World or God of the Universe. A revolving figure of wax, encased in a box, and intended to represent Christ in the Sepulchre, the Mexicans solemnly assure us, was covered all over with perspiration at the very moment in which Ampudia signed the article for the capitulation of Monterey. In another vase labelled *El Nacimiento*, (the Birth) *Mary* is exhibited, gaudily dressed in the extreme of Mexican fashion, the shepherds have golden crooks and the stable is elegantly fitted up with modern furniture. San Francisco is portrayed as receiving into his heart and veins, blood from the pierced side of the Redeemer of Mankind, suspended from the cross. Another painting called "The Bleeding Christ" represents him bowed forward on his hands, and with blood gushing out from every pore—a more shocking sight it would be hard to conceive of. 'Tis a singular fact that in all the paintings of the Virgin under her different appellations of our Lady of Guadaloupe, of Sorrow, of Solitude, &c., she is invariably represented as young and beautiful, whilst all the pictures and images of the Saviour are well calculated to excite loathing horror and disgust.

Great as are the disputations of society and wealth, a perfect equality exists in Church and Chapel. There are not as its too often the case with us, luxuriously cushioned pews from which the wealthy listen to the soft tones and swelling periods of courtly priests. The different classes and sexes kneel side by side on the same hard floor, the cost'y *ribosa* of the beautiful and refined Senorita is frequently in contact with the blanket of the coarse and brutish Ranchero.* Spite of the listlessness of the worshippers, there is something imposing in their holy posture, and their total disregard while in the sanctuary of the despotic relations existing beyond its walls between master and man proprietor and dependent.

San Jose, next to our lady of Gaudalope, is the favorite Saint in Mexico. One of the most common amulets is a tin frame suspended from the neck, containing a rude lithograph of Maria and Jose, leading the youthful Saviour between them. As the Rotulo or inscription on the lithograph reads *Jesus Mariary, Jose*, the word Maria being placed directly under the middle figure, all the lower class are deceived by it, and we have never seen one who did not insist that the child was Mary and Mary was Jesus. We have a little book of devotions addressed to San Jose, in which he is entreated to pardon sin and grant a seat among the blessed. We have also before us a prayer book composed by a Mexican Bishop, calling Joseph "the being whom heaven and earth obeys, the disposer of terrestrial and celestial things."

What effect their religion has on the masses is well exemplified in Saltillo. Perhaps no where in the world are the rites of the Church more strictly observed and external reverence to holy things more universally accorded. During service the Cathedrals and Chapels are crowded to overflowing with both sexes, many of whom are in their usual places, after having walked on their knees over the gravelly pavement in front. No male ever goes by these houses of devotion without uncovering the head, and the females usually kneel before passing the middle door. All salute the Priests whom they meet with the greatest respect, at the tolling of the vesper bell the men, however occupied, take off their sombreros, and the women cross themselves most devoutedly. And yet two thirds of the inhabitants are theives and a large portion of them assasins. It has never been considered safe for any one to go alone three hundred yards beyond the main Plaza. The Sacristans, whose functions are next in importance to those of the Priests, are perhaps the most irreligious men living, they laugh heartily at the tricks played off upon the people, and think it an excellent joke that they are so easily gulled. The Priests live in open concubinage, some of them have families that they acknowledge, maintain and educate. All the shops, eating houses, gambling stews and billiard rooms are open on the Sabbath, and were it not that the streets are more thronged, and traffic and business more lively on that day, it would be impossible to distinguish it from any other.

AN ACTOR.

Beautiful Women.

Truly, she is a beautiful creature. What bright eyes! What rosy cheeks! What a magnificient form! Her foot is like a fairy's. And her voice; how delicious!—a seraph could not have richer tones. She seems the very pink of perfection, as she walks in the streets or sits in the parlor. What a form for a painter! But alas, alas! the truth must be told; beautiful to look upon as this lady is, she is as unfit for a companion or wife as an Egyptian mummy. Dress, display and fashion take up all her time. She hardly knows a flatiron from a warming pan, or a cullender from a teapot. A darning needle would be as great a curiosity to her as a Millerite to ourselves. Can such a lady be good for any thing! any thing except to eat! sleep and tickle the fancy of brainless lops. The rose will fade from her cheeks; her eyes will become dim; her voice grow dull; and her form will show the marks of age. Who then will watch beside her? who love her? Poor she may be and friendless too. Take in work she cannot. Neglected and forsaken, she will end her days in misery.

How many bright-eyed, beautiful girls have thus perished; who thought of nothing but display. We have such a one in our mind's eye. Tears come to our eyes as we recall her fading memory. Long since she fell a victim to her folly, and the grave worms feasted on her cheek. We sat beside her bed just ere she breathed the last; and, oh God! the change. She died amid the paupers in the poor house. As she extended her hand for the last time, she exclaimed—"Once I did not think of this!" But we will not harrow up your feelings by a recital of her woes. Ye who are following in the same track, beware! Let virtue Virtue be the guiding star of your heart. Be industrious. Bow not to the God of fashion! Then friends, real, earnest devoted, friends, will gather about you. Good husbands you will obtain, and life will be pleasant and glorious, and sweetly pass away; being a prelude to that life of joy to which you will at last ascend. O, will you be wise?

Portland Tribune.

A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—A Scotch paper relates an instance of a young lady who was lately restored to health, though in the last stages of consumption, by the following means. It is truly remarked that the case is "*singular if true.*"

The victim believing her dissolution approaching, retired to a quiet summer residence to die. While in that situation it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature and the wonderful works of God from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh upon his bones, constantly go and lick the dew off a camomile bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter in appearance, to recover strength, and to look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be procured from following the dog's example. She accordingly produced the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity each morning, and after continuing it some time, experienced some relief, her appetite became regular, and she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.

AFFLICTION.—The rod of the Prophet Horeb, brought not fire from the rock, but water, sweet, water, as sometimes the blow of affliction, blessed by a higher power, softens the heart to the flow of gentler affections.

SUFFERING.—Although I suffer," said Augustine, when sick, "yet I am well because I am as God would have me to be, for when we will not what He wills, it is we that are in the fault, and not He, who can neither do nor permit any thing but what is just."

The number of prisoners annually committed to the Tombs in New York, is 32,500. The number increases every year.

Political.

The Finances of Pennsylvania.

REPORT OF THE STATE TREASURER.

The following is a synopsis of the Annual Report of Colonel Snowden, the State Treasurer, on the finances of Pennsylvania. This is a document of more than ordinary interest and importance, especially at the present moment, when anxiety is felt as to the prompt payment of the semi-annual interest on the State Debt.

The receipts during the last fiscal year, amounted to $3,529,057.

Balance in the Treasury, Nov. 30th, 1845, $384,386.

Total Revenue, $3,913,943.

Expenditures for the same period, $3,529,264.

Thus the balance in the Treasury on the 30th of Nov. 1846, was $384,678.

The Treasurer states that during the year, the Treasury has not only been in a condition to meet all the demands upon it, including the interest on the public debt, but a portion of that debt has been discharged, viz, the sum of $246,816.

This important result is also exhibited, that the receipts within the fiscal year, were equal to the expenditures, without regard to any sum in the Treasury at the commencement of the year. This indeed a gratifying statement, honorable alike to the Commonwealth the people and the State Treasurer.

During the last two years, the taxes imposed have been cheerfully and promptly paid, no loans have been made, the public liabilities have been met, and the State revenues have increased.

Col. Snowden estimates that the revenues in all, for the present fiscal year, will amount to $4,026,178, while the expenditures will amount to but $3,447,058. And that thus, the balance in the Treasury on the 30th of November, 1847, will amount to upwards of $579,000.

The public debt is $40,739,577.

During the year, the receipts from the public improvements amounted to $1,357,203.

The entire expenditures on the public works for the same period, $732,067.

Net receipts, $625,135.

The amount exhibits the actual receipts in payment at the Treasury, without reference to the amount reported by the Canal Officers.

The fiscal year closed on the 30th of November.

The above aggregate of profits was applied with the other revenues of the State, to the payment of the interest on the public debt, and the general expenses of the State Government.

The amount of relief notes in circulation on the first of January last, was $1,031,664.

The loans which are due, or will fall due in the current year, and for which no provision is made, except as far as the relief notes are provided for, amount to $3,438,030.

There are thirty seven seperate loans, which compose the State Debt, and the Treasurer recommends that they may be consolidated into a less number. Also that coupons should be attached to the consolidated or new stocks, should be issued, and to the new transfers of the old stock. Also that these coupons be made receivable for all dues for the Commonwealth.

With regard to the interest due in February, the Treasurer states that the matter will depend upon the amount of receipts for the present month of January, and he remarks that if a deficit should occur, the interest can be paid as on former occasions, inasmuch as a considerable portion is not immediately demanded, and by proper measure, some of the accruing revenues may be anticipated. He thinks moreover, that a deficiency at a particular period, cannot interfere with the general result as estimated, namely—that for the year, the revenue, if faithfully collected will be adequate to the expenditures, but reduce the existing debt, and leave a balance in the Treasury, of $579,119.

The Policy.

The Baltimore American thus deals with the administration party for its want of policy and plain in the Mexican war.

At this moment the House of Representatives is engaged upon a bill to add ten new regiments to the regular army; yet a few days ago it refused to lay a tax which the Secretary of the Treasury declared was absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the war. On the one hand we find a symptom of activity—a projected increase of military force, looking towards vigorous hostilities; while on the other hand, in the rejection of the demand for money, without which nothing can be done, we discover signs of a disposition to stop aggressive operations.

The same want of a definite purpose, or of decision in striking for it, has been manifested continually by the Executive branch of the administration. From the official paper, valorous outpourings, ever since the war broke out, have come by its fits and starts—by sudden blasts dying away as suddenly. At one time nothing would be heard but loud vauntings of the terrible things that were to be done immediately, if not sooner—the war was to be carried into the heart of Mexico; slow was to follow blow, victory to succeed victory, until the standard of the Republic would overshadow the Halls of the Montezumas and we would dictate a peace to Mexico "in her own capitol." Yet, as we have said, these bursts of the martial trumpet came by fits and starts. A gentle calm prevailed while the process of smuggling Santa Anna into Mexico was going on. The President was felicitating himself with the hope of peace. Another pause took place when the answer of Mexico was awaited to the pacific overtures of Mr. Buchanan.

Again, when the government directed Gen. Taylor to terminate the Monterey armistice everybody supposed that the evasive and procrastinating character of the Mexican government was to be deferred to no longer. Forward was the word. The Union blew its trumpet more loudly than ever. But the energetic prosecution of the war, then announced, required that General Taylor should be at once supported by reinforcements and supplies. Was he so supported? No he was not. A period of dull inaction followed. Once more the administration took to its bosom the delusive hope that Mexico would come to terms—that she was only waiting for Congress to assemble for an opportunity to treat. After an interval of some months the President summoned energy enough to call for nine regiments of volunteers which are not all organized yet, and three more pending before Congress, a bill for ten regiments of regulars—a measure not yet acted upon, and which probably will not be definitely disposed of until our intelligence shall be had of the doings of the Mexican Congress.

"It remains to be seen," says the President, speaking in his message of Santa Anna, "whether his return may not yet prove to be favorable to a pacific adjustment of the existing difficulties." Here is the key probably to a considerable portion of the series of hesitations and delays which have marked the course of the administration on the subject of the Mexican war. The President still calls for the special appropriation of two millions, thinking to make it available in negotiation.

The other alternative of stopping the progress of aggressive operations and of assuming a defensive attitude on the frontier already occupied by our troops, has been suggested either by the evident reluctance of the administration to go thoroughly and decisively into the war with a determination to fight it out to the last, or by the conviction that such a course if resolutely adopted might yet lead to an almost interminable succession of bloody conflicts and profuse expenditures.—How long Mexico will endure our blows before acknowledging herself conquered—how long the war may be maintained among her mountain fastness after the larger cities shall have fallen into our possession, this unsolved problem puzzles and staggers.

All this ought to have been thought of, it may be said, before we crossed the Rio Grande. True—many things ought to have been thought of before our troops were ordered to move to that river. But whether the war exists by our act or by the act of Mexico, the fact is clear that war does; and the manner in which it is to be conducted, whether by offensive or by defensive operations, is the very question now requiring a speedy solution. Of all the difficulties attendant on the present state of things that of uncertainty as to the course to be pursued is probably the greatest.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The address of Governor Briggs to the Legislature of Massachusetts, is full of information, relative to the Commonwealth, and of sentences that are responded to by the people there. The following paragraphs are worthy a perusal:

"Massachusetts acknowledges with gratitude the benefits which she, in common with the other States, has derived from the constitution and the Union. She will continue to perform with scrupulous exactness all the obligations enjoined upon her by that constitution, and cling to the Union with an undying constancy and fidelity. Her hand will never be raised to insert or drive the wedge of severance. But she cannot forget, and ought not to forget, that, under Providence, the important element of her prosperity has been, the ceaseless, diversified and persevering industry of her population. To labor, contrived by the head and performed by the hands of her freemen, under the control and influence of her moral, religious and free institutions, she mainly owes her present character and standing among the States of this confederacy.

On this she must rely for her future weal and success. Our people regard all honest employment as honorable, and look upon idleness among the rich or the poor, as the prolific parent of vice. But labor, to be successful, must be intelligent. Whether standing at the anvil or following the plough, bending over the last or moving among the machinery of the cotton or the woollen mill, in the quiet retreats of agriculture or in the mart of commerce; whether toiling upon the land or upon the sea, before the mast of the merchantman or hurling the harpoon into the whale of the distant Pacific; whether it is intellectual or physical, exerted in the field of science or in the harvest field, employed in making the telescope in the mechanic's shop or using it in the observatory, to measure the distance or to ascertain the position of the stars, to be successful it must be directed by intelligence. The well spring of this intelligence is, and always must be found, for the great mass of our population in the district school house. There form and direction are given to the character of the boys, who are to be the future men of the Commonwealth, and to whose keeping will be committed her future destiny.

A Good Anecdote.

There formerly resided in the city of A—, a Monsieur D. a man of great wealth, but who was ever getting into difficulty when he found it necessary to make an investment. His temperament being decidedly nervous, many were the tricks played upon him. On one occasion he had come to the conclusion that bank stock was precarious property to hold, railroad worse, and insurance stock he wouldn't have, no how. Arriving at this point, he resolved to leave his spare funds with a Mr. G. for safe keeping. Accordingly he called upon him and made a deposit of ten thousand dollars, Mr. G. received it with reluctance, but informed Monsieur D. that if he should have occasion for the money, he must give a few days notice. Some six months had elapsed, and all things were moving on smoothly, so far as the Frenchman's money was concerned, when a company of young men were seen to enter the City Hotel, and on observing our nervous friend, one of them asked his companion, if he had heard of the failure of Mr. G., to which they all simultaneously replied—can't be, impossible!

The Frenchman sprang from his seat, and approaching the party, exclaimed, "Mon Dieu! what was I hear! my friend, Mr. G. failed, broke into small pieces. Den I am ruin myself—I s'n use all up—I am broke into ten thousand leetle pieces. Mr. G. owe me ten thousand dollar. Oh, mon Dieu! was sail I don't shall break my neck several times in getting dare in five minutes!" With this he started off for Mr. G's counting room, where he arrived nearly out of breath, despair on his countenance, and trembling from head to foot. Mr. G. was astonished at the man's haggard look, and begged him to be seated. But no—no seat for him; money was his suit.

At last recovering himself, he said, "Ah, my friend, I hear you fail. What you tell when you owe me ten thousand dollars!—Why you no tell me yesterday you fail to day?" By this time Mr. G. saw through the trick, and informed Monsieur D. he would give him a check for the amount. At this the Frenchman was more astonished than before, and exclaimed, "Ah, you got him! if you got him, I don't want him, but if you have not got him, I must have him."

MONEY DEMANDS.—The two good old Federalists James Buchanan and Lewis Cass, the one from Pennsylvania, the other of 1812, and the other the black cockade, are now prominent among the democratic candidates for the Presidency. Can the Ethiopian change his skin!