Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY D. HEATLY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, FEBRUARY 3, 1847. NUM. XXII

Cards.

New Arrangements.

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

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

Carlisle, September 30, 1846.—3ms.

DOCTOR A. D. LIPPE,
Homœopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house for merly 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, Filling, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full set. 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 HERNE,
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, Aug ust 26, 846.—y.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doors below J. M. 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 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, 846.

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. 846—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. LEMBERGER,
SURGEON,

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 intend upon getting articles extremely low at the OLD STAND.

S. ELLIOTT.

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 in West High Street, Carlisle.

CASHMERE PLAIDS.

THE subscriber has just received an Assortment of Cashmere, Circassian and Gala Plaids for dress.

George W. Hitner.

Herald & Expositor

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE on 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.

EPISTLE.

To the Muse of History, perched on her clock-wheeled Car over the door, fronting the Speaker's Chair, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Muse, quite thy car! come down upon the floor,
And with thee bring that volume, in thy hand:
Tap with thy marble knuckles at the door,
—And take-at-a-reporter's desk thy stand;
Send round thy album and collect a score
Of autographic Rulers of the land.
Invite each Solon to subscribe his name,
A self-recorded candidate for fame.

Come! speak thy thoughts, historic muse, and tell
The truth of all that passes in thy sight;
Say oh whose lips persuasion loves to dwell
Point out the champions rampant for the fight:
Séest thou a sage wild tumult's rage to quell,
And ears all listening with intense delight?
Behold them gathering at their country's call—
Show me the stars ascendant, great and small.

Come: let us take inspection of the Hall—
Two hundred men and twenty-five are there,
Seats in concentric circles hold them all,
And fronting thee the Speaker in his chair,
With clerks before him on the roll to call,
And on the daily Journal in their care.
At his right hand the keeper of the door,
While boardless pages trip around the floor.

Columbia's eagle, perched upon the mace,
Proclaims the session open for the day.
The mind of God implores of Heaven the grace,
And pious and profane all seem to pray.
But prayer sincere and fervent who can trace?
Muse! canst thou look into the heart and say?
Could but the voice of righteous prayer ascend,
What foe could prosper with our God, our friend?

'Tis well to supplicate the day with prayer:
It speaks the rulers of a Christian land,
It teaches of foul passions to beware,
And bids the heart with kindness to expand.
Oh! 'tis a joy the seraphim might share,
Before their God to see a people stand
In humble penitence their sins confess,
And seek his face to pardon and to bless.

But shall not prayer ascending to the sky,
In meek petition to the Throne of Grace,
Shall it now draw in closet humble tie
That knits in sympathy the human race?
Shall not the supplicant to God on high,
Find for compassion in his heart a place?
But rising from his knees, unfeeling turn,
And from his feet the humble suitor spurn!

* * * * * * *

Alas for virtue in the heart of man!
Accursed traffic!* dost thou prosper still?
Creation's Lord! may feeble mortal learn
The final purpose of thy holy will:
Wilt thou not speed thy blessing on the plan
That while this earth revolves her daily round,
Not on her surface shall one slave be found.

Of good and evil who shall draw the line?
What matchless hand shall sever right from wrong?
Lord God omnipotent, that hand is thine,
Strength of the weak and weakness of the strong:
Right is the purpose of thy whole design,
The laws to thee and thee alone belong.
Of mortal man beyond the bounded range:
Right is eternal and can never change.

And when throughout the checkered scene of life,
Thou and thy neighbor cross each other's path,
When adverse interests fester into strife,
And rival passions kindle into wrath,
Restrain thy hand nor brasp the deadly knife,
Rely on God to rescue thee from death,
Before him kneel—the fountain of all might,
And bend thy soul to his behest of Right,

And say not thou "My Country right or wrong,"
Nor shed thy blood for an unhallowed cause,
Thou life and all thou hast to her belong,
And free submission to her righteous laws.
But Justice holds no latches for the strong:
Her sword to sanction wrong she never draws.
If, then, thy Country tramples on the right,
Furl up her banners, and avert the sight.

* The slave-trade.

Working Girls.

Happy girls—who can but love them?—With cheeks like the rose, bright eyes, and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives.—Blessed indeed will those, moh be who secure such prizes. Contrast with these contented, cheerful, smiling girls those who do nothing but sigh all day and live to follow the fashions, who never earn the bread they eat or the shoes they wear—who are languid and laz from one week's end to the other. Who but a simpleton, and a pappinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls.—They are worth their weight in gold.—You never see them mincing along, or jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or fly.—They have no affectation—no silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to human being and not a painted, fallen angel.

If girls knew how sadly they miss it while they endeavor to show off their delicate hand and unsoiled skins, and put a on thousand airs—they would give worlds for the situation of the working ladies, who are so far above them in intelligence—in honor—in everything—as the heavens are above the earth. Be wise, then, you who have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings—as companions to immortal man, and not playthings and dolls; in no other way can you be happy and subserve the designs of your existance.—*Portland Tribune.*

The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post Office anecdote:

A rap at the delivery.

Postmaster.—Well, my lad, what will you have?

Boy.—Here's a letter, and she wants to have it to along as fast as it can, cause there is a feller wants to have her here, and she's courted by another feller, what aint here, and she wants to know whether he's goin to have her or not.

Having delivered his message with great emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the Postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Washing shirts says an exchange paper wears them out.—When they get dirty, rub them over with chalk.

For the Herald & Expositor.

The Human Mind.

The mind of man, in its nature and its capabilities, is a strange creation of that Almighty power which has formed and fashioned the dust of which our transient and mortal part is composed. Thought, feeling, volition and reasoning are its attributes; its essential properties are coincident with those of the soul itself. Its operations, especially when favored by nature with unusual powers, are striking and wonderful. The gift of great mental ability is one of natpre's rarest conferring, and entitles the recipiant to our respect and admiration. The mind might be compared in its power, to a stringed instrument, the notes of which range through the whole scale of human feeling, begining with the ordinary tone of calm reflection, and running to the highest pitch of feeling of which the sensibility of our nature is capable.—When held by the skillful orator what tender chord of the human heart does he not touch! The passions and emotions of our nature rise obedient to his call. Grief, pity, sympathy, horror and admiration are excited at his will. The silent audience stand submissive and attentive to his will.

The more permanent efforts of the mind too are evidences of its power. The imagination of a Milton and a Shakespeare, the reasonings of a Locke and a Newton, the efforts of political wisdom, in every era, of the world's history, from the days of Solon and Lycurgas down to the memorable era of the American Revolution, these are some of the nobler and higher triumphs of human genius.

The history of the world is but a record of the triumphs of the human mind. Regard it as it was when it first became the habitation of man, and as it is at the present time, and what mighty changes have taken place upon its surface. Man went forth from the hand of his Creator destitute of every thing but the intellect. The world lay before him as the field of his labor. It lay in all the grandeur of chaotic confusion. He spread himself over its broad surface. Towns and cities soon rose from the midst of the wilderness. The forest fell before the efforts of his industry.—The wildness and confusion of the primitive earth were soon changed into the regularity of the cultivated field, and a busy throng of men soon occupied the place of the forest and the lair of the wild beast. And what has accomplished this? Nothing but the mighty power of mind, which wields and directs the human frame but as an instrument for accomplishing its designs.

Turn now to a darker picture, the mind of man deprived of its balance, reason thrown from her seat. What a picture to pride of intellect? The wild eye, the hurried manner, the frantic gestures of the insane man are painful to behold. See the maniac as he rurtles in his straw, and struggles with the chains that bind him, and now with piteous moan and wild outcry laments the restraint under which he is kept. Such a sight is calculated to remind to the happy possessor of a well regulated mind, of the inestimable advantages which he enjoys, as well as of the precarious tenure by which he holds the pleasures and blessings of society. An interesting reflection connected with the subject of the mind's essential properties arises from the fact that as its substance is immaterial, its existence is also eternal. Not that its immortality necessarily results from its immateriality, but its eternal duration is hence endered highly probable. Another fact from which we may deduce with certainty the immortality of the living principle within us, is that of our future existence. Inspiring thought! That principle which gives life to our minds, and works within us in our thoughtful moments amid the strife and tumult of the busy world, and in the secret retirement of private life, is destined never to decay, but to spend an eternity of being in a future and an unknown world. Death only lifts the veil which conceals from our eyes the invisible world.

NEOS.

Carlisle, January 25th, 1847.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—It is stated by those who keep night watch in the menageries, that in cages where there are more than one animal, it is always the custom for one to keep watch while the others sleep. The sentry is relieved with as much regularity as in a well-regulated camp of soldiers, although not, probably, with as much precision in regard to time. The sentinel paces back and forth, and is very careful not to do anything to arouse his comrades. Occasionally he lies down, but always with his head towards the front of the cage, and never sleeps until relieved.

A GOOD ONE.—Hon Andrew Stewart, a distinguished member of congress from this State has recently paid a visit to Lowell. He relates, in a letter to the Uniontown (Pa.) Democrat, the following anecdote:

"In looking over the pay rool or book which I accidentally picked up from the table, I found on twenty-seven consecutive pages, containing eight hundred signatures, nearly all girls, but a single one that made a mark or X, all written in a good and many of them in a most elegant hand. The clerk observed to me that Lord Morpeth, when on a visit to this country some years ago, happened to be present on pay day, and with some surprise, enquired, 'What do your operatives write?' 'Certainly, sir,' said the clerk, 'Americans all write.' Directly there came in a man who made his mark. 'Ah!' said his lordship, with a smile, 'I thought you said all write.' 'All *Englishmen* write,' said his lordship grinned a ghastly smile."

NOBLE SENTIMENT.—When Sir Walter Scott was urged not to prop the falling credit of an acquaintance, he replied: "The man was my friend when friends were few, and I will be his, now that enemies are many."

Letter from Gen. Taylor.

We lay before our readers the following letter, which tells its own story too well to need any comment. It is but just, however, to its heroic writer, whose courage and judgment are equalled only by his honesty and modesty, to state that it was written to a dear friend and relative, now resident in this city, endeared to him by very many years of personal intimacy, to whom he unbosoms all his purposes, opinions and feelings, without the least reverse. This friend would not have taken the liberty of making public a communication of this nature, did not the recent manifestations of the envious malignity of the Administration and its servants and friends towards the man who alone has saved them and the country from the consequences of their rashness, ignorance and incapacity make it necessary and just that the object of their base detraction should, at this critical moment, be heard in his own defence by the whole people, in his own simple and honest language.

We have more of this sort to communicate, and shall soon be able to show that in his defence against his own secret personal enemies and selfish detractors, as well as against the armed enemies of his country, the old hero of the Rio Grand is ever "RUGH AND READY."—*New York Express.*

HD. QRS. ARMY OF OCCUPATION OR INVASION,
Monterey, Mexico, Nov. 9, 1846.

My dear * * * * * *

Your very kind and acceptable letter of the 31st of August, * * * * * * reached me only a short time since, for which I beg leave to tender to you my sincere thanks.—(A few confidential remarks on certain public transactions are here omitted.)

After considerable apparent delay on the part of the Qr. Master's Department, in getting steamboats into the Rio Grande adapted to its navigation, I succeeded, towards the latter part of August, in throwing forward to Camargo, (a town situated on the San Juata river, three miles from its junction with the Rio Grande, on the west side, nearly 500 miles from Brazos Island by water and 200 be land, and 140 from this place.) a considerable depot of provisions, ordinance, ammunition and forage, and then, having brought together an important portion of my command, I determined on moving on this place. Accordingly, after collecting 1700 pack-mules, with their attendants and conductors, in the enemy's country, (the principal means of transportation for our provisions, baggage, &c.,) I left, on the 5th of September, to join my advance, which had preceded me a few days to Serrulvo, a small village 75 miles on the route, which I did on the 9th, and, after waiting there a few days for some of the corps to get up, moved on and reached here on the 19th, with 6250 men,—2700 regulars, the balance volunteers. For what took place afterwards, I must refer you to my several reports—particularly to my detailed one of the 9th ult. I do not believe the authorities at Washington are at all satisfied with my conduct in regard to the terms of the capitulation entered into with the Mexican commander, which you no doubt have seen, as they have been made public through the official organ, and copied into various other newspapers. I have this moment received an answer to my despatch announcing the surrender of Monterey (and the circumstances attending the same,) from the Secretary of War, stating that "it was regretted by the President that it was not deemed advisable to insist on the terms I had proposed in my first communication to the Mexican commander, in regard to giving up the city," adding that "the circumstances which dictated, no doubt justified the change." Although the terms of capitulation may be considered too liberal on our part by the President and his advisers, as well as by many others at a distance, particularly by those who do not understand the position which we occupied, (otherwise they might come to a different conclusion,) in regard to the matter,) yet, on due reflection, I see nothing to induce me to regret the course I pursued.

The proposition on the part of Gen. Ampudia, which has much to do in determing my course in the matter, was based on the ground that our government had proposed to his to settle the existing difficulties by negotiation, (which I knew was the case, without knowing the result,) which was then under consideration, by the proper authorities, and which he (Gen. Ampudia) had no doubt would result favorably, as the whole of his people were in favor of peace. If so, I considered the further effusion of blood not only unnecessary, but improper. Their force was also considerably larger than ours, and from the size and position of the place, we could not completely invest it; so that the greater portion of their troops, if not the whole, had they been disposed to do so, could, any night, have abandoned the city at once entered the mountain passes, and effected their retreat, do what we could! Had we been put to the alternative of taking the place by storm, (which there is no doubt we should have succeeded in doing,) we should in all probability, have lost fifty or one hundred men in killed, besides the wounded,—which I wished to avoid, as there appeared to be a prospect of peace, even if a distant one. I also wished to avoid the destruction of women and children, which must have been very great, had the storming process been resorted to. Besides, they had a very large and strong fortification, a short distance from the city, which, if carried with the bayonet, must have been taken at a great sacrifice of life, and with our limited train of heavy artillery, it would have required twenty or twenty-five days to take it by regular approaches.

That they should have surrendered a place nearly as strong as Quebec, well fortified under the direction of skilful engineers, with their works garnished with forty-two pieces of artillery, abundantly supplied with ammunition garrisoned by 7000 regular and 2000 irregular troops, in addition to some thousand citizens capable of (and no doubt actually) bearing arms, and aiding in its defence—to an opposing force of half their number, scantily supplied with provisions, and with a light train of artillery—is among unaccountable occurrences of the times!

I am decidedly opposed to carrying the war beyond Saltillo in this direction, which place has been entirely abandoned by the Mexican forces, all of whom have been concentrated at San Luis Potosi and I shall lose no time in taking possession of the former, as soon as the cessation of hostilities referred to expires,—which I have notified the Mexican authorities will be the case on the 13th inst. by direction of the President of the United States.

If one are (in the language of Mr. Polk and General Scott) under the necessity of "conquering a peace," and that by taking the capital of the country,—we must go to Vera Cruz, take that place, and then march on the city of Mexico. To do so in any other direction, I consider out of the question.—But, admitting that we conquer a peace by doing so,—say at the end of the next twelve months—will the amount of blood and treasure, which must be expended in doing so, be compensated by the same? I think not, especially, if the country we subdue is to be given up: and I imagine there are but few individuals in our country who think of annexing Mexico to the United States.

I do not intend to carry on my operations, (as previously stated,) beyond Saltillo,—deeming it next to impracticable to do so.—It then becomes a question as to what is best to be done. It seems to me, the most judicious course to be pursued on our part, would be to take possession, at once, of the line we would accept by negotiation, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, and occupy the same, or keep what we have already possession of; and that, with Tampico, (which I hope to take in the course of the next month, or as soon as I can get the means of transportation,) will give us all on this side of the Sierra Madre, and as soon as I occupy Saltillo, will include six or seven states or provinces thus holding Tampico, Victoria, Monterey, Saltillo, Monclova, Chihuahua, (which I presume Gen. Wool has possession of by this time,) Santa Fe and the Californias, and say to Mexico, "Drive us from the country!"—throwing on her the responsibilities and expense of carrying on offensive war—at the same time closely blockading all her ports on the Pacific and the Gulf.

A course of this kind, if persevered in for a short time, would soon bring her to her proper senses, and compel her to sue for peace—provided there is a government in the country sufficiently stable for us to treat with, which I fear will hardly be the case for many years to come. Without large reinforcements of volunteers from the United States—say ten or fifteen thousand (those previously sent out having already been greatly reduced by sickness and other casualties) I do not believe it would be advisable to march beyond Saltillo, which is more than 200 miles beyond our depots on the Rio Grande—a very long line on which to keep up supplies (over a land route in a country like this) for a large force, and certain to be attended with an expense which it will be frightful to contemplate, when closely looked into.

From Saltillo to San Luis Potosi, the next place of importance on the road to the city of Mexico, is three hundred miles—one hundred and forty badly watered, where no supplies of any kind could be procured for men or horses. I have informed the War Department that 20,000 efficient men would be necessary to insure success if we move on that place—(a city containing a population of 60,000, where the enemy could bring together and sustain, besides the citizens, an army of 50,000) a force which I apprehend will hardly be collected by us with the train necessary to feed it as well as to transport various other supplies particularly ordinance and munitions of war.

In regard to the armistice, which would have expired by limitation in a few days, we lost nothing by it as we could not move even now, had the enemy continued to occupy Saltillo, for strange to say, the first wagon which has reached me since the declaration of war was on the 2d inst., the same day on which I received from Washington an acknowledgemet of my despatch announcing the taking of Monterey; and then I received only 125, so that I have been since May last completely cripled, and am still so for want of transportation. After raking and scraping the country for miles around Camargo, collecting every pack mule and other means of transportation, I could bring here only 80,000 rations, (fifteen days supply,) with a moderate supply of ordinance, ammunition, &c. to do which all the corps had to leave behind a portion of their camp equipage necessary for their comfort, and in some instances, among the volunteers, their personal baggage. I moved in such a way, and with such unlimited means, that, had I not succeeded, I should no doubt, have been severely reprimanded, if nothing worse. I did so to sustain the Administration. * * *

Of the two regiments of mounted men from Tennessee and Kentucky, who left their respective States to join me, in June, the latter has just reached Camargo; the former had not got to Matamoras at the latest dates from there. Admitting that they will be as long in returning as in getting here, (to say nothing of the time necessary to recruit their horses) and were to be discharged in time to reach their homes, they could serve in Mexico but a very short time. The foregoing remarks are not made with the view of finding fault with any one, but to point out the difficulties with which I have had to contend.

Monterey, the capital of New Leon, is situated on the San Juan River, where it comes out of the mountains—the city (which contains a population of about twelve thousand) being in part surrounded by them, at the head of a large and beautiful valley. The houses are of stone, in the Moorish style with flat roofs, which with their strongly inclosed yards and gardens, in high stone walls all looped for musketry, make them each a fortress within itself.

It is the most important place in Northern Mexico, (on the east side of the Sierra Madre,) commanding the only pass or road for carriages from this side, between it and the Gulf of Mexico, to the table lands of the Sierra, by or through which, the city of Mexico can be reached.

I much fear, I shall have exhausted your patience, before you get half through, my long and uninteresting letter. If so, you can only commit it to the flames, and think no more about it, as I write in great haste, besides being interrupted every five minutes, so that you must make great allowance for blots, interlineations and blunders, as well as want of connection in many parts of the same.

Be so good as to present me most kind to your excellent lady, and accept my sincere wishes for your continued health, prosperity and fame.

I remain, truly and sincerely,
Your friend,
Z. TAYLOR.

LIFE.—Life's but a walk over a moor, and the wild flowers that grow upon our path are too few not to gather them when they come within sight: even though it may cost us a step or two aside. It's all in the day's journey, and we shall get home at last.—*James.*

Man.

In a world full of beings that are called men, how rare, after all is true genuine manhood! How seldom do we meet with one, in our varied intercourse with society who is every where and at all times, worthy of that highest of titles, man: one whose smile is a beam of the soul; whose words are the overflowings of a generous heart; who regards a warm friend more than a full purse; who not only professes friendship, but is ready, if need be, to show it in solid tokens; whose sympathy in your sorrow is like the water of the mounting spring, pure and abundant; whose high soul despises meanness though circled by the princely tiara, and admires honor, tho' leaning upon the spade, and wrapped in the brown coat of the cottager! You will often enough meet with the corteous smile, the outward tokens of high gentility, the free, polite, and gentlemanly carriage; but they are frequently the masks in which meanness hides its deformity, the tinsel trapping of a hollow heart; the livery of honor upon the shoulders of infamy itself! The best specimens of broadcloth often cover the poorest specimens of humanity, and the father of all evil not unfrequently hides his bonies in a beaver, and looks graciously through the circles of gold spectacles. Fictitious distinctions are nothing: officers, titles, public trusts, or honors, in estimaing a man. They do not make men, neither are they the warrants of manhood in those who enjoy them. The heart may overflow with gall; may rankle with revenge; may wallow in its own meanness; may grow black with treachery or fiendish with malice, while an honorable trust procures an honorable title; while the wand of power is in the hand, and the symbols and tokens of honor are on the brow. He who is a man is one by nature, and one always. He does not act honorable when, and only when, it suits his convenience: when he is dealing with men as keen as himself, and detection would be probable: but from principle, from the noble, generous impulse of his own soul, which he cannot restrain if he would, and would not if he could. He is as just in his dealings with a stranger as he is in his dealing with his friend; his transactions court the light, and never suffer by exposure. He never takes advantage of ignorance nor turns with cool, heartless contempt from a high minded fellow being, because poverty may have him in her lean, skeleton arms, and misery, with Her cankered tooth, fastened upon his heart! And in a cold-hearted world, where so many are thinking for themselves planning for themselves—endeavoring to advance their own ends and interests, at whatever expense of principle, honesty, and fair dealing—where the crafty are taking advantage of the simple, and the strong are preying upon the weak, it is cheering to the heart, and softens somewhat our disgust of human nature, to find occasionally one, who has come out of the charmed circle of self-interest—whose heart and purse are both open to a friend—who looks to mankind as his brethren, and not as his victims—who had rather advance his neighbor's interest, than make him his dupe, or fleece him in what is usually called a keen bargain: and who never forsakes a friend until the friend has forsaken virtue.—God help him who has no such friend, and the world that hath so few to give.

A Good Story.

There lived lately in one of the mountainous counties in Western Pennsylvania many Germans, and among them, one Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler—they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme Ruler of the Universe; and, while under the infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the cause of all who offended him; and passed them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Shnyder, and the Fulwilers, on account of their mills; when, to be avenged, Henry Shnyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgements, and mounted his throne to try their causes. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

"Shorge Fulwiler, stand up. What hash you been doin in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort I does not know,".

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, hasint you got a mill?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash."

"Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didn't you never take, too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, and mien stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll."

"Well, den Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to dor left, mid der goats."

"Well, Shake Fulwiler, now you stand up. What you been doing in dis lower world?"

(The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.)

"Now, I tries mineself, Henry Shnyder: Henry Shnyder!" stand up. What hash you been doing in dis lower world?"

"Ah! Lort, I does not know."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, hasint you got a mill?"

"Yes Lort I hash."

"Well, Henry Shnyder, did'nt you never take too much toll?"

"Yes, Lort, I hash—when der water was low, and mien stones wash dull, I hash taken a leetle too much toll."

"But, Henry Schnyder, wat did you do wid der toll?"

"Ah! Lort I gives it to de poor."

(Pausing, "Well, Henry Shnyder, you must go to der right mid der sheep; *but it is a tam tight squeeze?*"

☞ It was in the church of S. Nicholas, that I fist became aware of a very sensible German custom—that of concentraing the cough and nose-blowing during service time. The clergyman stops at different periods of his discourse, steps back from his pulpit stands and blows his nose—the entire congregation imitating his example, and disturbing the service with the operation at no other time.—*N. P. Willis.*

GOOD.—An eastern paper gives an account of the robbing of a dandy. His lodgings were robbed of a pair of stays, a smelling bottle, two pair of artificial eyebrows, and a white suit but, in the pocket of which there were three love letters, written to himself in his own hand writing.

Letters from Henry Clay.

The "Young Men's Henry Clay Association of the city of New York," formed in 1844, of those whom in that year, first became entitled to vote for Presidetial Electors, is to hold a Ball on the 29th instant. The following letter from Mr. Clay is in reply to one addressed to him by the Association inviting him to be present on the occasion:

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 22, 1846.

GENTLEMEN—I have received here the invitation to the Third Annual Ball of the Young Men's Henry Clay Association of the city of New York, on the 29th inst. It would afford me great pleasure to meet my young friends on that occasion; but, waiving all other consideration, the distance from the place of my present sojourn to the city or New York, will not allow me that satisfaction.

I cannot permit the occasion to pass by, without an expression of my acknowledgements to the Young Men's Association for the ardor, the constancy and the fidelity of the attachments to me which they do me the honor to entertain. We have, indeed, gentlemen, as you justly remark, passed through a dark period of great discouragement. But, never despairing of the Republic, and confiding in the omnipotence of truth, and in the rectitude of our principles, I have continually hoped and believed that brighter and better and happier days for our country will yet come. And the recent events, to which you have adverted, are an assurance and a guaranty of their approach. If misconception and misrepresentation accomplished their work, we may, I trust, congratulate ourselves that their success will only be temporary. The consequences may, indeed be more durable. These we now feel in a foreign war, and in the abandonment and neglect of vital domestic interests.

I concur with you in thinking that, gratifying as the results of the late elections are, they should not be made the occasion of party exultation. If our fellow citizens, hitherto opposed to us, in regard to the measures, and to witness their injurious effects, sures, of the General Government, are left to unimpassioned consideration of those measures, I am persuaded that many of them cannot fail to bring their minds to the same conclusion at which we have arrived.

I am, gentlemen, with high respect,
Your friend and obedient servant,
HENRY CLAY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

The Empty Cradle.

"And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love
She knew she'd find them all again
In the fields of light above."

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the night dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in fresher greenness to the morning light, so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which he has passed, a fresh brightening to her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of diving light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring her spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all the hard passages and cares of life. The world is no longer with her. She lives in the past, so sweet with human love and hope—in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy. She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot never finds a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the breast of the kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there, in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that Book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on her toilettee table, which she daily reads: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

DISTRESSING.—A landlord threatened a poor Irishman, the other day, to put a distress in his house, if he did not pay his rent.

"Put a distress in, is it you mane said Pat. "Och by St. Anthony's cow, but you had better take distress out; there's too much in already, by the mither that bare me!"

SAW MILL WIT.—"Charles," said a father to his son, while they were working in a saw mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with the first cut."

"But," said Charles, the first cut is always a slab—did you know that?"

"Help me turn this log Charles—quick!"

A fellow describing his wife, to whom he has been recently married, to an absent friend, says—"She has a small mouth, a plump, pretty face, lively eyes, and a temper—whew! it's as explosive as gun cotton."

HEALTH OF THE GOVERNOR.—The Albany Morning Telegraph says: To prevent any misapprehensions which may be caused by a recent article in the Tribune in regard to the health of Governor Young, we will state that his health is now far better than it was last spring; when he left Albany.

EDUCATION.—A wealthy farmer in Kentucky says: "I would rather be taxed for the education of the boy than the ignorance of the man. For one or the other I am compelled to be."

☞ An exchange paper says, a gentleman returning home the other day, found a new and somewhat original attachment to his wife's piano. It was put on by the Sheriff.

People Laugh at the fashions, and yet every body takes care to follow them.

NOVEL AND BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—We must all die.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY"—all the world over.

ABOLITION IN DELAWARE.—The Delaware-ians are making a move towards abolishing Slavery in their State.