Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE, FEBRUARY 17, 1847. NUM. XXV.

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 Physician.

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

Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR L. O. 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, 846.—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, 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. 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 LUTHER 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 by 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 depend upon getting articles extremely low at the OLD STAND, Sign of Dr. S. ELLIOTT's Mortar.

Wine 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 drug store in West High Street, Carlisle.

CASHMERE PLAIDS.

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

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.

From "Gems of Irish Eloquence."

AMERICA and WASHINGTON.

The subjoined eloquent and beautiful tribute to our country and the character of WASHINGTON, was paid a number of years ago by the celebrated Irish Orator, Mr. PHILLIPS. It was pronounced at a dinner given on Dinas Island, in the Lake of Killarney, on Mr. Phillips' health being given, together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American.

"It is not with the vain hope of returning by words the kindnesses which have been literally showed on me during the short period of our acquaintance, that I now interrupt, for a moment, the flow of our festivity—Indeed, it is not necessary; an Irishman needs no requital for his hospitality: its generous impulse is the instinct of his nature, and the very consciousness of the act carries its recompense along with it. But, sir, there are sensations excited by an allusion in your toast, under the influence of which, silence would be impossible. To be associated with Mr. Payne must be, to any one who regards private virtues and personal accomplishments a source of peculiar pride; and that feeling is not a little enhanced in me by a recollection of the country to which we are indebted for his qualifications. Indeed, the mention of America has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy, that tender season when impressions, as once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited, the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would intimidate, dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude, and, though all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave. But if as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings towards her as an Irishman. Never, oh never, while memory remains, can he land forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows spring from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering—from fancy or infliction; that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it but surely it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended unfortunate. Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious phrenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate.—Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny, that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! For myself, I have no doubt of it.—I have not the least doubt that when our temples and our trophies shall have mouldered into dust—when the glories of our name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of our achievements only live in song—philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable?—Is it half so improbable as the events, which, for the last twenty years have rolled over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impressions that preceded it? Thousands upon thousands, sir, I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical; but they have dwelt with little reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise and national ruin.—They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent; their very existence become now the subjects of speculation. I had almost said of scepticism. Appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought Persepolis, and now—

"Yon yeasty, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle, where snake the prey revolved owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
Where scattered once, an earthly god,
His power clad arm controlled each happier clime,
Where spoke the warbling lute, and fancy wore sublime."

So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan, yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless and, and enervate Ottoman!—In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they have never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant.

"Such, sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride. But I should, perhaps, apologise for this digression. The tombs are, at best, a sad, although an instructive subject. At all events, they are ill suited to such an hour as this. I shall endeavor to atone for it, by turning to a theme which tombs cannot inurn, or revolution alter. It is the custom of your board, and a noble one it is, to deck the cup of the gay with the garland of the great; and surely, even in the eyes of its deity, his grape is not less lovely when glowing beneath the foliage of the palm tree and the myrtle. Allow me to add one flower to the chaplet, which, though, it sprang in America, is not exotic. Virtue planted it, and it is naturalized every where. I see you anticipate me—I see you concur with me, that it matters very little what immediate spot may be the birth place of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exist in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage; a conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
For less than all thou hast forborne to be."

"Such, sir, is the testimony of one not to be accused of partiality in his estimate of America. Happy, proud America! the lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

"I have the honor, sir, of proposing to you a toast. THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON."

HOUSEHOLD TREASON.—Heaven support thee, old man! thou hast to pass through the bitterest trial which honor and affection can undergo—household treason! When the wife lifts high the blushless front, and blazons out her guilt; when the child, with loud voice, throws off all control, and makes boast of disobedience, man revolts at the audacity; his spirit arms against his wrong; its face, at least, is bare; the blow, if sacrilegious, is direct. But when mild words and soft kisses conceal the worst foe fate can arm—when amid the confidence of the heart starts up the form of Perfidy—when out from the reptile swells the fiend in its terror—when the breast on which man leaned for comfort has taken counsel to deceive him—when he learns, that day after day, the life entwined with his own has been a lie and a stage-mime, he feels not the soliness of grief nor the absorption of rage; it is mightier than grief and more withering than rage; it is a horror that appals. The heart does not bleed; the tears do not flow, as in woes to which humanity is commonly subjected; it is as if something out of the course of nature had taken place; something monstrous and out of all thought and forewarning; for the domestic traitor is a being apart from the orbit of criminals, the felon has no fear of his innocent children; with a price on his head, he lays it in safety on the bosom of his wife. In his *home*, the ablest man, the most subtile and suspecting can be made as much a dupe as the simplest. Were it not so as the rule, and the exceptions most rare, this world were the riot of a hell.—*Bulwer.*

BEAUTIFUL IMAGINGS.—A recent traveller gives an account that when he was walking on the beach to Brazil, he overtook a colored woman with a tray on her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray, and with reverend tenderness uncovered it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered with a neat white robe, with a garland around the head, and flowers within the little hands that lay clasped upon its bosom.

"Is that your child," said the traveller.

"It was mine a few days ago," she replied," but the Madonna has it for her angel now. How beautiful you have laid it out," said he.

"She smiled cheerfully, as only hope can, that the bright wings she wears in heaven."

Awful Disclosure.

One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warren, the master of the Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77 degrees of north latitude. On one side and within a mile of his vessel, they were closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-colored peaks appeared behind each other, as far as the eye could reach, showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warren did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind he could not move one way of the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places.

About midnight the wind rose to a gale, accompanied by thick showers of snow, while a succession of tremendous, thundering, grinding, and crashing noise, gave fearful evidence that the ice was in motion.—The vessel received violent shocks every moment; but the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there actually was any at all on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happen to present itself, and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warren found, to his great joy, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury.—He remarked with surprise, that the accumulated icebergs, which had on the preceding evening, formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated and disaranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern.

It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening icebergs prevented Capt. Warren from distinctly seeing any thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then, grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. Warren's curiosity was so much excited that he immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching he observed that her hull was miserably weather beaten and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hailed her crew several times, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an open port hole near the main chains caught his eye, and on looking into it he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the feebleness of the light made every thing very indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchways, which they found closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warren viewed through the port hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead and veiled his open eyeballs. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus:—"Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in ice 17 days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again, without success. His wife died this morning—There is no relief—"

Capt. Warren, and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest and attention. Her countenance retained the freshness of life, but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was a corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Capt. Warren was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done.

He therefore carried away the log-book mentioned, and, returning to his own ship, immediately steered to the southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the Polar seas in high northern latitudes.

On returning to England he made various inquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way, and, by comparing the results of those with information which was afforded by the written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

Westminster Review.

A LAWYER'S REPORT OF A BATTLE.—The following report of the action in the case assault and battery, at Monterey, is thus briefly drawn up by a Cincinnati lawyer.

United States Regulars and Volunteers, vs. City of Monterey.—This was an action on the case, to recover damages for breach of treaty contract. Declaration, 1st count, special, reciting contract, breach, &c., to which were added the *money* counts. Defendent pleads in law, 1st Mexican batteries and fortresses. Plaintiffs reply, Anglo Saxon pluck, resolution, upon this issue taken, and causes submitted.

General Taylor and Worth, for plaintiffs.

For Defendent, Mr Ampudia.

The case was argued on both sides with great force and considerable feeling, but the arguments of the plaintiffs counsel derived from and based upon maxims and principles of the cannon law, which were made to bear upon the case, were peculiarly convincing.

Court find for plaintiffs on issue made.

That Mexican batteries are no bar to the Anglo Saxons pluck and resolution. Judgment for plaintiffs.—By consent of parties, stay of execution for eight weeks.

A soldier who was once wounded in battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who had lain near, with both legs shot off, immediately sung, "Bad luck to the likes of ye—do ye think that nobody is kill but yourself."

From Washington.

Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.

Sayings and Doings at Washington.

THE SPEECH OF MR. CALHOUN.

The special order of the day being called in the Senate, which was the consideration of the three million bill,

Mr. CALHOUN rose and said that never since he had been on the stage of action had our country been in a more critical situation. We were not only engaged in a foreign war but there were domestic questions which agitated the country, that were of momentous importance. He expressed the hope, however, that before the session should close, all the great questions would be harmoniously settled.

The question now to be considered was, how was the war to be conducted, so as to bring it soonest to an honorable and successful termination.

There were two modes spoken of; one was to prosecute it with vigor, the other to assume a defensive attitude. He declared himself in favor of the latter.

The objects for which the war was made were left even to this day to inference, but in his view they were three fold, namely, to repel invasion, to establish the Rio del Norte as our boundary, and to obtain indemnity for our citizens.

The President did not call on Congress to declare war, but told us that war existed.—War had not been declared at the present moment. These it appeared to him were the objects of the war. As to indemnity for its expense, that was a question of policy.—He held then that all the object for which it was commenced, that all the objects we have to attain can be attained by a defensive position.

Shall we hold all the country we now hold which comprehends nearly two thirds of Mexico, or shall we select and hold some other position more consistent with the objects we have in view? In establishing a line between us and Mexico, such as we intend to maintain, we should go no further than is necessary to attain the objects of the war. The line ought to be such an one as to deprive Mexico in the smallest possible degree of any of her rights and possessions. We ought not only to be just but liberal to her not only for the high considerations that she is a great Republic, our neighbor, and has ever been emulous of following our example, but for higher considerations that concern ourselves. He held that Mexico ought to be forbidden fruit to us. Another consideration in establishing the line between her and us, as would most likely lead to a permanent peace. He would suggest a line—namely, a line beginning at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and following that river up to the Pass del Norte and then west to the Pacific Ocean. This line, he had been happy to learn, had been the one contemplated by the Government of our own country.

The line could easily be defended. A post at the mouth of the river, one at Camargo, and one at Pass del Norte would be ample to protect and defend this line. The line west of the mountains could be still more easily defended. The whole line would require but five regiments, and a small naval force would be amply sufficient.

We wanted not settled country, and by establishing this line, we should take but a very small number of inhabitants, only about 100,000 souls. What we wanted was open space for our own rapidly increasing population, here we obtained it. In taking this country, we deprived Mexico of nothing that was valuable to her. On the contrary, this country was rather a troublesome one to her. The aborigines who occupied this country, were encroaching upon the inhabitants of Mexico. We should relieve her of those troublesome enemies.

Another consideration in favor of this line was, that it would preserve peace on both sides. We might say what we would, the tide of immigration would set west and flow into the unoccupied country of the west.—Nothing would prevent it. He would take possession of this line and then say to Mexico that we were ready to conclude a peace with her, and to compel her to come to terms he would take possession of her seaports, and collect duties from which to pay the expenses of maintaining our line of defence.—He would establish low rates of duty—say 10 per cent, and this he was satisfied would furnish revenue enough, say two million and a half, to pay all the expenses we should incur in maintaining this state of defensive war with her.

He was quite sure Mexico would soon yield to our just and reasonable demands, and come to terms. This would enable us to see the light once more, to tell that we were again on terra-firma.

He then stated his objections to prosecuting an offensive war. We must first come to a determination as to what is the real and true object of carrying on an offensive war. It cannot be to maintain territory for we have already more than we want. The next object then is to "conquer peace," to compel Mexico to sign a treaty which shall acknowledge that to be ours which we now already hold, and can hold in spite of all her efforts to divest us of it.

He then asked whether there was any good reason why we should maintain offensive operations. He went on to state what were the expenses of the war, besides the loss of life. To take Mexico would require an expenditure of at least thirty millions more than we have already spent, and sacrifice the lives of 15,000 men! Who would be willing to make this sacrifice for all we can obtain.

But with all this sacrifice of men and money, we are sure we can attain the object?—This was extremely questionable. The Mexicans were now more hostile and determined in their hostility towards us than they ever were before. We had scarcely began to approach Mexico. We had to pass a mountainous region, full of narrow and difficult defiles, and through the most populous parts of the country. In addition to this we had first to take Vera Cruz, and the country so found, was the home of the yellow fever.—We are now near the middle of February, and he asked whether any one supposed that we could take Vera Cruz and pass the sickly country before the sickly season came on? It could not be. But suppose we reach Mexico, what then? He then stated, what was the character of the Mexicans and the difficulties we should have to encounter. If we did not take Mexico at once, we must have another campaign and then came the question as to the money. He presented an array of difficulties as to the raising of men. Volunteers could no longer be depended upon, and we must then resort to enlistments and we must enlist 20,000 men. Can these be obtained in time? No; they could not.

But suppose men should be obtained, then you must raise the money and how could that be done? This was a country of vast resources, but it must be remembered that you must resort to direct taxation, and that the States and the people were in debt and heavily taxed. Pennsylvania with her $40,000,000 of debt, will her inhabitants cheerfully pay additional taxes? No, sir.

But there was another still more momentous question at the bottom of all this, and that was, what was to be done with the country to be acquired? He alluded to the question of slavery, and forcibly and eloquently portrayed the great and portentous dangers that enveloped this part of the subject. The North or non slave holding States would array themselves against the extension of slavery, and if they felt so deeply on this subject, how strongly must the South feel?

But suppose the country acquired and harmony restored, what are you to do? Is there any certainty that you can attain the objects you propose by your continued vigorous prosecution of the war? He portrayed the difficulties that would beset our course, and said that the war thus carried on would become like that carried on by Russia against Circassia, and that by France against Algiers. There would be no end either to the war or its expense. We should soon reach a debt of three or four hundred millions of dollars, and the country must be perpetually burdened with heavy taxes to meet the interest, and liquidate the principal.

Mr. C. declined committing himself either in regard to the bill now before them, or the amendment of the Senator from Georgia.—He was not prepared to say how he should vote; he desired more information before he could determine what course he should take in reference to these.

When he closed, Mr. Cass rose, and begged indulgence of the Senate to postpone the further consideration of the subject until to-morrow, which was done. He will of course then address the Senate on the subject.

I have given only such an outline of Mr. Calhoun's remarks as I could write down while he was speaking; of course it is but an imperfect one. He spoke about an hour and five minutes, but such is his power of condensation and generalization, that he said more in that time than I ever heard uttered in the same number of minutes, and more than ordinary men would say in three or four hours. His sentences were concise and comprehensive, every one closely interlocked with the other, every subsequent one a sequence of the preceding, and the whole closely interlocked and forming a most compact and logical argument.

It is a speech calculated to produce a deep impression upon the public mind, and to set the people of the United States to thinking. It presented a dark and gloomy picture to the Administration, of that route which they propose,—mountains, defiles, rocks, rivers, morasses, sickness, and every species of obstacles besetting their path under foot, while dark clouds, impending storms and angry skies over head make these obstacles still more formidable, and the prospect around still more gloomy.

The Passo del Norte, the point to which Mr. Calhoun proposes to make the river of that name, the line between Mexico and the United States is in latitude 32 deg. 15 min. From thence he proposes to run a line due west to the Pacific. But I understood him to drop the idea that, sooner than allow the north and south to contend about the existence or exclusion of slavery in any territory to be obtained, he would forbear taking any territory whatever from Mexico.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

The Youth that was Hung.

The Sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said. "I have to die. I had only one little brother, he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow of the rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep I found myself guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clotted with blood and brains and he was dead. Whiskey has done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once—I have only one more word to say, and then I am going to my final judge. I say it to young people—Never! NEVER!! NEVER!!! touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he pronounced these words he sprang from the box and was launched into eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital, and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so intolerable were my feelings of grief. And there in that carriage while on that cushioned seat, looking with streaming eyes on the body of the unfortunate man, as it hung dangling and writhing between heaven and earth, as unfit for either place, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch the hateful poison.

Long years have passed away. White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have never forgotten the last words of that young man. And I have never violated the pledge. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.—*Old Man's Story.*

THE STUBBORNEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD.—A crowd about a tavern door was busy discussing what animal, of all others was most contrary, some contended that the mule was some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A dutchman who had gravely listened to the conversation, gave in his experience.

"Te mule, te hog, and te ox, is all very stubborn, but te hen is te stubbornest animal te world. I had yon yot vanted to hatch some eggs. I made von fine leetle nest, and put him in it, and she gits up and runs away. Den makes anodder leetle nest, and puts her on it and she runs away again. Den makes one again I den makes one nice leetle box and puts it all over de hen, and for all te trouble mit I have, von I peeped under de little box, te hell hen vas *setten standing.*"

A GOOD PARAPHRASE.—We have heard the previous to a well contested battle, a young volunteer officer asked leave of a certain celebrated Major General to go and see his father, who was on his death bed.

"Go," said his commander, smiling sarcastically, "You hour your father and mother, *that your days may be long in the land.*"

The Court of Lilliput.

The attempt of the administration to dishonor General TAYLOR, the man who has done more than all other men to save the administration itself from the consequences of its own incompetency, has suggested some references in the National Intelligencer to the history of Lilliput as connected with that of the celebrated Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER. For the victories on the Rio Grande General Taylor was honored and brevetted; the jealousy of party spirit was not then aroused. For the three hard fought conflicts at Monterey, resulting in the capture of that place, General Taylor has received no official acknowledgement whatever; he was becoming too great, the public favor was turned too strongly towards him, he was overshadowing certain personages, whose stature would seem diminutive by the side of his, notwithstanding the devices of high heeled boots and tall hat crowns.

In allusion to the reward of censure and condemnation which the Administration would prepare for General Taylor in compensation for his gallant deeds the National Intelligencer says:

In all history, one is at loss to find a parallel for such a return of service as this. It is in Fable only—now fabulous no longer—that one meets anything equal. The Emperor of Lilliput and his diminutive courtiers and council are, in their exhibition of gratitude for the military service of Captain Gulliver, the only case ever seen at all approaching the present effort to dishonor, after having lately attempted to supersede General Taylor.

Our readers who have not been so accustomed as we are to refer to the annals of Lilliput as constantly elucidating the manner, habits and morals of politics and politicians, will allow us to suppose that they have not read or have forgotten how, when Captain Lemuel had lived some time among the manikins, the Emperor of diminutives wanted help in a very foolish and wicked war, that he had got into another pigmy state.—So he gave Lemuel the commission of Generalissimo and sent him to lead an "Army of Occupation" into Blefuscu, the country of his enemy. We need hardly say what was the event: Quinbustlestrin, (the man-mountain,) by a single masterly stroke, utterly discomfited Blefuscu, and reduced that republic to sue for peace on any terms. Great was the joy through Lilliput; mightily did the puny monarch and his small grandees swell at the success of their invincible arms.

Quite civil were they, for a full week, to Quinbustlestrin; they actually brevetted him and gave him an additional ration. Presently however they bethought them of the natural enmity of low against high, of an inch against a foot; they reflected that the people might be struck with the advantages of possibly having a man six feet high to reign over them, and so they got up articles of attainder against him, alleging that he had not sufficient respect for the Emperor; that he ought in the late battle to have exterminated Blefuscu, that the services he had rendered made it clear he was dangerous to the Court; all which considered, these wise, brave, and grateful little statesmen voted, unanimously, that he, Quinbustlestrin, was a public enemy, should be shot all over with poisoned arrows; should have his eyes put out to revive his patriotism; and should finally be starved to death, as a warning to all future men of stature who might be foolishly disposed to render signal service to the country.

The impression prevails in some quarters that General Taylor has been actually recalled.

THE RIGHT RELIGION.—There are four kinds of religion upon the earth, assuming the power to effect these great objects, that of sentiment, that of form, that of feeling, and that of principle. The religion of principle consists in the intelligent adoption of a rule of right, and adhering to it. This rule is adopted, not from whim or caprice, or custom, or civil authority; but because it is believed to be the will of God. It is adopted not because it can be wrought into poetry, not because it will contribute worldly popularity; but because it is true. It may appear rough and rugged, hard and severe; it may infringe on many customs in society, or even on the laws of the land—it may require that our strong natural feelings should be suppressed, and the tender ties which bind us to country and home be sundered; but the will of God is regarded as final in the case. It is not whether the matter at stake is of great or little value, or whether what is done will be blazoned around or will be unknown!—What is done, is done because it is right, not because it is beautiful or grand; what is resisted, is opposed because it is wrong, not because it is an evil of vast magnitude, and the resistance will immortalize the man.—In matters indifferent, and not enjoined by the high authority of God, it is as gentle as the breathings of an infant, and yielding as the ozier or the aspen leaf. But in all that is a matter of duty, it is like the oak on the hills. There it stands, its roots deep fixed in the earth, and, perchance, clasping some vast rock below; the surface, its long arms stretched out, and its upright trunk defying the blast. There it stands, the same, whether the sun shines calmly on it, or the heavens anger or pour upon it the fury of the storm.—REV. A. BARNES.

SOLILOQUY.—Can't get along so, and yet doing as much business I did twenty years ago. Then I saved money—now I'm spending it—absolutely going behind-hand every season! what's the difficulty? Profits are *reduced*, whilst rents and taxes are *increased*! What *shall* I do? It's plain!—I must do more business—multiply my profits by increasing the number of my customers! How shall I get more customers? By giving information to a greater number of people and inviting their custom. How? As other people do—through the newspapers, cards, handbills, &c. &c. In short I must advertise or quit business. As there is no remedy I will make a virtue of necessity—*I'll advertise! I will.*

A WISE PRIEST.—A German priest, walking in procession at the head of his parishioners over cultivated fields in order to procure a blessing upon the crops, when he came to one of unpromising appearance, would pause on, saying, here prayers and singing will avail nothing; this must have manure.

What branch of education do you have, chiefly in your school? said one to another. A *willow branch*, sir, the master has used up almost a whole tree.