Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY J. HOFFER.

VOLUME XLVII. CARLISLE MARCH 10, 1847. NUM. XXVIII.

Cards.

New Arrangement.

DOCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, Mr. E. D. ARBSON, in the 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 A.D. LIPPE,
Homeopathic 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, 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.

CARSON C. MOORE,
Attorney at Law,

OFFICE on Main street, adjoining the Store of R. Irvine, jr. and directly opposite Beeten's Hotel. jan24

JOSEPH KNOX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Pittsburg, Pa,

HAS returned from Carlisle to the practice of his profession in Pittsburg, Allegheny county, Pa.

Feb. 10, 1847.

HENRY EDGAR REEHE,
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 door below J. H. Graham, Esq.

July 16, 1845.

DENTISTRY, &C.
JOHN W. HENDEL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that having opened an office in South Hanover street, nearly opposite the Post Office, he is prepared to practice DENTISTRY in all its branches. Good Teeth are essential to health, besides natural or artificial ones are not only useful but ornamental, and add materially to the comfort of the wearer. It need not be stated what can be done to the teeth, suffice it to say that *every defect can be remedied*, and new Teeth furnished from a single one to an entire set. Having had considerable practice for a number of years, good references will be given to such as require them, but 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 visitors to Carlisle, are invited to call.

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

J. WINROTT.

Carlisle, April 16, 1845.

J. P. LAMBERTON,
SURVEYOR.

OFFERS his services to the public. He having had several years experience within Esther, and having in his possession the valuable collection of notes made by him, he hopes by care and punctuality to obtain a share of public patronage.

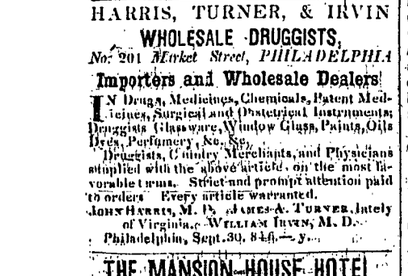
Office in the public square, immediately in the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, oct 21

DYEING & SCOURING.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Carlisle, that he continues the business of Dyeing and Scouring, at the old stand, in Pitt street, one door north of Mr. Hendel's Livery stable, where he will be pleased to receive their favors, and warrants all work to be satisfactory. Orders in the 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 *lower* than any other house in town. *Country Stores, Hawkers, Peddlers*, and others, are respectfully invited to call as they depend upon getting articles extremely low at the OLD STAND. S. ELLIOTT.

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.

THE IRISH LABORER'S PRAYER.

Give us this day our daily bread;
Father! in mercy hear our prayer;
All hope of human aid has fled—
We sink in deep despair.

Our little ones scream out with pain,
And clamor to be fed;
Father! their cries to us are vain!
Give us our daily bread.

O'er the gaunt infant at the breast,
The mother bows her head;
The fount is dry, in vain its pressing—
Give us our daily bread.

Our eldest born, with hollow eye,
And cagre stealthy tread,
Would TAKE the food we cannot buy—
Give us our daily bread.

We must not beg, we shall not steal,
Though starves before us spread;
But we will work with earnest zeal—
Give us our daily bread.

Famine hath laid her withering hand
Upon each little head;
Oh, Christ! is this a Christian land?
Give us our daily bread.

Thy will be done! Father receive
Our souls when we are dead;
In Heaven we shall not pine and grieve—
Or want our daily bread.

HENRY CLAY.

(Extracted from THE STATESMEN OF AMERICA IN 1846, by SARAH MYTTON MAURY, lately published by CAREY & HART.)

Such as was George Washington at Mount Vernon, retired from the scenes of public excitement and service, such is Henry Clay at Ashland. I had seen Calhoun at Washington in the early spring of 1846, calm amidst the strife and hurry of political warfare; I saw Henry Clay in the May following in Kentucky, serene in "mild majesty of private life." Side by side these illustrious Americans had, for many years, proceeded in their separate courses; their ages not far dissimilar, their characters strongly contrasted; their politics invariably opposed, their various powers equally, though with different views, ardently devoted to the service of their country. Each spoke of the other with high esteem, and each inquired with earnest solicitude if health and cheerfulness were still the portion of his admired rival. Many sympathies, indeed, had bound them together; each had rejoiced with the same triumph in the happiness of the Republic; each had partaken of the same exalted anguish in her difficulties. Clay and Calhoun are the master spirits of America.

Mr. Clay is the most popular man in the United States; his very name is a spell, and no sooner is it heard than all mankind rise up to praise it, not all mankind only—but all womankind; for, as in England, ladies *par matter* are Conservatives, so they are in America, for the same reasons; doubtless, generally attached to the Whig standard, a lovely and beautiful ornament, the ladies of America are the chaplet of roses in which is wreathed the name of Henry Clay. "You cannot go back to your country without going to Ashland." "You never heard such a voice, you never knew such a man in England, our Mr. Clay" All the children, born in 1845-6, are, I believe called after him; there is a little generation of two year old Henry Clays. Some ladies at Ithaca had lavished upon me every sort of Hospitality and kindness. "Now," said I on parting, "shall I repay you for so much goodness?" "You are going to see Mr. Clay, ask him for an autograph, and send it to us, you will have done more for us, than we have done for you." I mentioned my pledge to Mr. Clay, who at once redeemed it, and with interest; adding, besides, on the same page, a most graceful message to my husband and myself. I have seen men of firm and manly minds weep at the recollection of Mr. Clay's defeat. If it were possible that circumstance has increased his popularity, and has won for him the most universal and extraordinary attachment throughout the Union, that probably ever fell to the lot of man, except the revered Washington. His character, manners, appearance, voice—nay, even his dress, have been minutely described to me long before I saw him; every anecdote of his public life is public property, his house his farm, his domestic circle, all belong to society at large—to the country I might say; and many could relate a few words or syllables uttered to them or their friends, or perhaps to a multitude of persons, which they had, by some fortunate chance, caught as they fell from his honey lips. Thus prepared, we arrived late one night at Lexington and were ushered into a parlor at the hotel, on the door of which was painted Henry Clay; it had been his committee room during the election. I scarcely slept for impatience; and as early as propriety would permit, the next morning the Doctor and I entered a carriage, and set off for Ashland. "We carry visitors there, Mr. Clay every day, at all hours," said the host; on the road I had a thousand fears, Mr. Clay might be occupied, might be absent, might be ill, the way (a mile and a half) seemed interminable. I had no time to view the far-famed landscape beauty of Kentucky, I was going to see "the foremost man of all the world," to visit whom my husband had said,—"I shall esteem your mission unfulfilled if you return to me without having seen Mr. Clay." I never answered, the various species of the Doctor so utterly absorbed me. At length the purpose of my destination, at length we arrived, a carriage stood before the steps—my anxiety increased—he must be engaged—we knocked at the door, and were saluted as old friends by the faithful negro, who opened it. "Master was at home—was not engaged—would he happy to see us." In a moment Mr. Clay appeared, and with that voice of surprising and surpassing melody, with winning smile and open hands, himself tendered us the courtesies of welcome. Assisting me to alight, he accompanied us to the sitting room, and read the introductory letters that I had brought him. Here, five and twenty years before, my husband had been his guest; here five and twenty years ago he had imbibed, and had been confirmed in those principles of American politics, which, Free Trade alone excepted, have since formed the articles of this unchangeable creed. Thus we are a divided house,—and yet a united one. We both serve Clay and Calhoun, regarding them not as the men of a State, a section, or a party, but as Americans, free of thought, and pure in heart. Quickly Mr. Clay spoke of all that I loved and revered; many of Mr. Maury's family were familiarly known to him, his son Henry had married one of our relatives, and my father-in-law the venerable James Maury, of Liverpool, possessed his highest esteem. "You have about five thousand relations in Virginia and Kentucky," observed he, laughing. "Are you going to see them all?" "I have known many of them and they are all endowed with virtue."—These words I have treasured as an armorial motto for my sons. We spoke of affairs public and private, the past the present, and the future; freely and fearlessly I spoke with this great man, as with other illustrious Americans, and he conversed with me freely and indulgently, forgetful of my sex and inferiority.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, but to suffer me to be with you as much as possible."

"That you shall be."

And charming were these hours, for we were of his family and of his household.—The little Doctor was wild with spirits, and never knows which to prefer, his visit to Ashland or to Kinderhook, they were the choicest days he spent in America. And I sat and talked, and listened, between Mr. and Mrs. Clay, and when many were present, "Take him," she said, "into the garden, and talk with him there, for I know you wish it, and I will trust him with you." And into the garden we went, and Mr. Clay pointed out to me the trees he planted with his own hands; cut for me every flower I looked upon or touched, conducted me to see his stock of cattle, of which he seemed very proud, and pointed out his pets; showed me the direction in which his farm extended, and explained many of his agricultural views. The flowers, roses, red, and white, and yellow, aramanth, magnolia and others are all preserved, they are laid in a cedar box with those from Kinderhook, and a rose bud given to me by Mrs. Madison with her farewell kiss.

In the garden during our walk, Mr. Clay in conversation alluded to his own health and present enjoyment of life. "I have not been so thoroughly well," said he "so cheerful, so composed for many years as during the last eighteen months."

In speaking of the state of parties he alluded to the Presidential Election once or twice *en passant*, as that "event so unexpected by us all," that "untoward circumstance," or in terms to that effect, wholly free from passion or from prejudice. "Sometimes," said he and with solemnity, "I am led to think of the future prospects of the country with apprehension." And here he stopped, and turning towards me, added in the most impressive manner, and with a voice of affecting tenderness, and eyes raised to Heaven, "And yet, and yet, why should I despair?—Providence has so many ways of saving nations."

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Clay, which of your public speeches do you consider the most effective and powerful?"

"There is a portion of the speech on the veto of Mr. Tyler on the Bank Bill, in reply to Mr. Rives, which produced the most electrifying effect of any thing I ever uttered.—The immediate subject was Patriotism. 'Nature,' added he, smiling, 'had singularly favored me by giving me a voice peculiarly adapted to produce the impressions I wished in public speaking; now,' said he, 'its melody is changed, its music gone?' (And this was said as if in mockery, in sounds of exquisite sweetness.) The effects of his manner and utterance in the Senate were most striking.

But when he speaks, what elocution flows,
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows!
The copious accents fall with easy art
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart.

"I shall be happy if yourself and son will accompany us to church to-morrow. It is our general practice to attend."

The next morning we proceeded, in Mr. Clay's carriage to the Episcopal Church. But some minutes before the time of service, Mrs. Clay and I conversed in gentle whispers.—"Considering all," said she, "Mr. Clay's health is singularly good, and his spirits cheerful, for we have been sorely afflicted, we have had eleven children, and of six daughters not one has been spared to us; two died in infancy, two in the first years of youth, and two in married life. The last, indeed, was one that parents might be proud of; Mr. Clay has never recovered her loss. You have the same numbers that once filled our household, may you be more favored than we have been, and keep them all."

During the service Mr. Clay leaned his face down upon his hands, which rested upon his stick, in the attitude which he has been painted. He almost constantly carried in his his hand a full blown rose, with a short stem, and frequently addressed himself to it "perfumed cup." I, too am a passionate lover of the fragrance of flowers.

On our return to Ashland, the members of Mr. Clay's family, residing in the neighborhood, had all assembled at the parent house, an infant grandaughter, his very image, with light blue eyes, and bright complexion, climbed upon his knee when he sat down, and thence ascended to his shoulder, and put her arm around his neck, and played with his hair, and kissed his head and face all over. And when he walked, she clasped his knees, and he called her "Sophy!" the softest accents ever heard, and she ran away in childless playfulness as to be called again.—And now the hour of parting had arrived, and we took leave of this attractive group.—Mr. Clay handed me to the carriage, and holding both my hands in the strong grasp of friendship, "Let us trust," said he "that we may meet again either here or elsewhere and send those boys of yours to St. Louis, and let them come to me, and I will do all I can for them; and God in Heaven bless you." Such were his farewell words and still they linger on my ear, and still they dwell in my heart. As the carriage swept through the trees, I turned to look once more at Ashland, and Henry Clay still stood upon the threshold.

Mr. Clay is tall and of muscular frame, walks firmly, and looks as if he enjoyed in healthful vigorous exercises, he is nearly seventy years old, but I have seen many men of fifty show more of age than the Statesman farmer of Kentucky. His eye is not large, but bright, his forehead high and broad; his mouth is large and wide, and firmly compressed; the pictures of Mr. Clay are provoking in their dissimilitude; the painter's usually flattering art has never done him even common justice; his limners have painted only the earthly, not the heavenly, Clay.

Mr. Clay was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States seven times. He was Secretary of State during the Presidency of Mr. Adams, and on the close of that Administration, remained in private life two years. In 1831 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he held his seat till 1842, having spent forty years, save one, in the public service. * * * * *

And Henry Clay, in the full tide of popularity, returned to seek repose and happiness at Ashland. I trust that he will not refuse to an English woman the privilege of mingling her vows with those of his countrymen, that length of days, and health, and peace, may wait upon him.

A Strange Dancing Party.

The "Lu Lu Tales," published by Miss Coleman of Boston for little girls, and for sale at the Book Stores in town, contain an account of a gay gathering in the Vegetable world, which (if the statement can be relied on,) is one of the most curious incidents we have heard of for a long time. The occurrences are so similar to those that sometimes take place in real life, that we are inclined to think that if the account be not strictly true it at least has some good foundation.

It seems that "once upon a time" the flowers in a certain garden determined to interchange visits. And then we will allow the fair Authoress to speak for herself:

"The Marigolds went to say good evening to the Lupines, and the Lupines made a call upon their cousins, the Sweet Peas; the Poppies were too sleepy to go to see any body, but the Asters, and the Candy-tuffs, and the Gillflowers, and many other of their friends, called upon them; these kind friends however, the stupid Poppies soon set to gaping so, that more than one of them split her calyx badly, and was obliged to go away.—Presently the flowers grew so merry as to get up a little dance, all but the large Poppies who preferred to nod away by themselves, and one tall, latherly looking old Sunflower, who, being too rheumatic to join in the dance himself, stood close in one corner, smiling to see the young folks enjoying themselves.—Such a gay time as they seemed to be having."

But ah! there is something to mar even the enjoyment of flowers. In the midst of their revels "certain individuals from the kitchen garden" came to join them.

"A Bee and a long Carrot walking in arm in arm, and then a Turnip and an Union.—A very fat Cabbage—an old lady who did not look as if she could dance—came leaning on the arm of her tall and slender nephew, a young Mustard, and hosts of Peas and Beans came whirling in, all mingled together, and crook-necked Squashes came lovingly linked and ready for a waltz.

The dancers stopped, and looked upon this addition to their select party uncourteously.

"Well, this is making bold, really," cried they.

"How do you do, my dear?" said the plump Cabbage to the Gillflower; "here is your cousin, Mustard, he wants a partner for a waltz, and it is so warm, that I do not feel able to dance to-night, so——"

"My *cousin*, indeed!" cried the highly offended Gillflower; "that is news to me.—Waltz with him indeed! You will find Turnips enough in the kitchen garden, sir; you had better go there for a partner, and as for you being in any way related to me, and I can tell you it is a great mistake, and I beg you to be careful how you boast of any such honor."

"A pleasant evening," said the Kidney Bean to the Lupine, who had been waltzing with her cousin, the Sweet Pea.

"Very, but don't the moon shine as brightly in your own territories as it does here, sir!" returned the Lupine, and bowing haughtily, she turned away.

"Don't be cross, cousin," said the Bean; pray do not you know me, and my brothers here, the Lima Beans, and our good relations, the Marrow fat Peas?"

"Cousin, indeed! this is free," said the Lupine. "Now sir, excuse me if I say I neither know you, nor wish to know you."

"Come," said the Sweet Pea, in rather a bitter tone, and with rather a sour look for so sweet a flower, "let us go; I am sure I do not know these people."

"Will you dance, cousin Scarlet?" asked the common Blue Sage to the Salvia Splendens, or Splendid Scarlet Sage.

"Not with you, sir," said the Salvia, growing more deeply scarlet than ever with offended dignity. "What have I done to offend you?" asked the Sage."

"Called me cousin, and that is enough without the addition of an insolent request."

"Indeed!" cried several of the honest vegetables, "folks are rather proud in these parts; folks seem ashamed to own their relations; come we may as well go home."

"Say, my friends!" said the respectable old Sunflower, "pray what is all this my children, why do you treat your friends and relations so uncivilly?"

"Relations, indeed!" cried one.

"Friends, indeed!" cried another.

"Why, sir," said Salvia, "how do you think we would look, for a Gillflower and Cabbage to be waltzing together or a Sweet Pea and a Marrowfat? We do not own any such relations as those kitchen garden folks, I assure you, sir!"

EXCELLENT.—An eastern paper in an article, on the subject of perseverance and industry, says:

A few years ago, Luther Severance, Horace Greely, and James Harper, were bringing water by the pail full to wash type in a printing office; they were kicked about by the older boys. But they did not sit down and weep, and declare they could run away from their employers. No—they stuck to the trade year after year, till they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is in Congress, Greely, an editor of the New York Tribune, one of the leading political papers of the day, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing establishment in America, and was elected Mayor of the city of New York two years ago, by an overwhelming majority. So much for energy and industry.

From Washington.

Correspondence of the U. States Gazette.

Passage of the Three Millions Bill in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1847.

J. R. Chandler, Esq.—A large amount of business was despatched in the Senate this morning from eleven till one o'clock, the hour of taking up the special order of the day. When that hour arrived, Mr. J. M. Clayton rose and addressed the Senate in a very able speech of a little more than two hours length. Though the subject had become threadbare and time was precious, yet he commanded unwearied attention during the whole time.

Mr. Clayton said he hoped he owed no apology to the Senate for speaking to the merits of the bill. He took exception to the bill on the ground that it violated the constitution which declared that no money should be drawn out of the treasury except upon appropriation by law. Nothing could be more indefinite than the purpose for which this money is to be given to the President for the purpose of procuring a speedy and honorable peace.

Mr. C. said that the constitutionality of such a disposition of money was fully and ably urged in this body in 1836, when a proposition was brought forward to place three millions in the hands of Gen. Jackson, and it was then decided to be an unconstitutional disposition of the money; that it would not be such an appropriation as the constitution requires.

Mr. Clayton then referred to Mr. Jefferson's opinion upon the subject of appropriations, he having declared that they must be for some object, and that that object must be specified in the act making the appropriation. He read from Mr. Jefferson's message in 1801 to show what his sentiments were upon the subject of appropriations. This, then, said Mr. C. is the old *democratic* doctrine, and it is the *whig* doctrine of the present day. He asked what this three millions were to be given for? Why you propose to give this sum to the President to be by him used to defray any extraordinary expenses attending the attainment of a speedy and honorable peace. What are extraordinary, and what ordinary expenses? Where is the line between them? What right have you to give three millions of dollars, without defining what it is for? The Senator from Arkansas, says it is for the purchase of territory. Then why not say so upon the face of the bill; why not define the object for which the appropriation is made? If you establish this precedent, Mr. C. said, any President may hereafter demand that you shall give him the same evidence of your confidence that you are now proposing to give Mr. Polk, until the constitution will at last be frittered away, and nothing but its form will be left.

Mr. C. said that he never would consent to the acquisition of one foot of territory that should tend to create discord and division among ourselves, and when he saw danger of such discord and division, as a sentinel on the watch tower, he would cry aloud. He asked if the South could not, ought not to be satisfied with the acquisition of territory as far as the Rio Grande? And he warned Senators to take care that they did not, in their rapacity and thirst of dominion, take that which will destroy us. Mr. C. then proceeded to remark that if we took any territory, we should not go South of 36 deg. 30 deg., 30; the line of the Missouri compromise. He was not desirous to obtain California; but it was evident that if our troops should evacuate it to-morrow, Mexico could never regain possession of, or exercise sovereignty over it. If we should take it, we should do so by fair and bona fide purchase. We should pay Mexico a fair price for it; not what it may be worth to us, but what it is worth to her, as we bought Louisiana—giving for it not what it was worth to us, but what it was worth to France. But whether California becomes ours or not, it can never again be subjected to Mexican rule. We shall therefore purchase of Mexico what she can, nay, has already parted with, and obtain what may be of great value to us, on account of the harbours of San Francisco and Monterey, which are the best on the North Pacific.

Mr. Clayton then discussed the question, what was the cause of the war? And proceeded to show that the immediate cause was the order given by the President to Gen. Taylor to march from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande, and there planting a battery so as to command the plaza of Matamoras.—This order was given, he said, on the 13th of January 1846, while Congress was in session, and the President must have known that this was an act of hostility—that it must bring on war.

Mr. C. said he should never forget the day on which the bill for declaring—no recognizing the war came to the Senate.

The bill had passed the other House in haste under the screws of the previous question. He then saw what he never saw before, though he had been here some years; and what he hoped never to see again. The President of the Senate then decided when the bill was read a second time, that it was not read for the purpose of reference, but for its passage, and it was rushed to a third reading, had all its readings on that day, no time for deliberation being given, nor no reading of documents accompanying the President's message. That when the reading of them was called for they were told they were not in the chamber but had been sent to the printer. He endeavored to separate the preamble from the bill, but his effort proved fruitless. We were told, he said, that American blood had been shed upon American soil, and that we must go onward, onward, now! We desired to know when, where, and how, but were denied the privilege of making the enlistments. We said, give us light in what, do you mean, when you say American blood has been shed upon American soil? But no satisfactory answer could be got. It now turns out to be this and this only, namely that Captain Thornton and dragoons had attacked the Mexicans, and this was the American blood shed upon American soil. He voted for the Bill, but he voted with a protest against the preamble, and he voted without the knowledge which ought to have been given him—those who forced him into that vote, he said, were responsible for it. Mr. C. then spoke of the course of the Senator from S. C. (Mr. Calhoun), on that day and said he presented a spectacle of moral grandeur. He (Mr. Calhoun) stood alone; modern democracy had not reached him. He stood unmoved, with a look of unalterable anguish, which he (Mr. Clayton) could not describe and could never forget.—Even his colleague on that occasion (Mr. McDuffie), with all his friends deserted him, and he stood powerless, as were all who did not rush on with the majority.

Mr. C. conjectured that Mr. Calhoun must have had information at that time of Arista's interview with Mr. Marks, and of his having declared that the Mexican government were desirous to maintain peaceful relations. He can never forget with what emphasis the Senator said that he would sooner drive a dagger to his heart than give a vote for the war. It struck all upon Mr. Clayton's side of the Chamber. Mr. C. then referred to the letter of Mr. Marks as an important item of evidence, upon which the people of this country must make up and pronounce their verdict of guilty against the President, and stated the substance of that *now* most important document. He also referred to the letter of Mr. Black, our Consul at Mex co, in which he informs our government that the government of Mexico were willing to receive a *Commissioner*;—the word *Commissioner* is six times repeated in that letter, so that there could be no mistake about the character of the person to be sent or rather in what capacity he should be sent; and yet, in the face of all this Mr. Polk sent a *Minister*, which the Mexican government had said they could not receive, though they would receive a *Commissioner*. Before order was given to Gen. Taylor to march to the Rio Grande, the letter of the Mexican Minister Fenay Pena, to Mr. Black, stating that a *Commissioner* would be received, must have come to hand. In this letter the Mexican Minister spoke of a *Commissioner* as contradistinguished from a Minister; and Herrera said to Mr. Black that that was a republic and the *people* ruled them—that they were willing to do any thing that *honor* would justify; send us anything that will save the honor of the country, and they would receive him: but would never consent to receive a *Minister*.—And yet, in the face of all this, Mr. Polk sent out Mr. Slidel, as a *Minister*!

Mr. C. proceeded to comment upon these proceedings with just, but dignified severity, to show that the President had been obstinately in the wrong. But I have not space nor time to follow him through his able remarks.

Before concluding what he had to say upon the cause of the war, he adverted to the fact that six Senators on the other side had declared that the annexation of Texas was the cause of the war. The Whigs, he said, declared in 1844 that if Texas were annexed and Mr. Polk elected the country would be plunged into a war with Mexico; he himself declared this to masses of people, to thousands, for which he and the whigs were denounced by the Locofoco papers from Maine to Georgia. These papers broke loose upon us, and denounced us panic makers and alarmists—as saying what was not true; and they denied that such would be the result.—But now, these predictions are verified, and Senators on the other side, who denied that annexation would produce any such result, now declare that the war was caused by annexation of Texas.

Mr. C. said that annexation was the remote, but the order to Gen. Taylor to march to the Rio Grande, and his march there were the immediate cause of the war. The Executive himself had made it. But I must forbear following Mr. C. any further.

As a whole the speech was one of the best I have ever heard from Mr. Clayton. It was not declamatory, for he never, as you know, deals in declamation; but it was strong in the array of its facts and arguments, and carried conviction to every mind not protected by prejudice. Mr. Soule will take care hereafter, I think, if he is prudent, that is, how he throws himself across Mr. C's path, and undertakes, with all the presumption of ignorance to assert, what has been positively denied by those who must know.

After Mr. Clayton concluded, the Senate proceeded to despatch other business, until about seven o'clock, when Mr. Pierce spoke on the Three Million Bill, chiefly in reply to Mr. Soule, who had most grossly misstated the history of Texas. Mr. Pierce corrected him; or as he said, in the language of Mr. Benton, he justified history. In doing this he completely used up Mr. Soule, or rather scattered that part of his speech in which he undertook to show that Texas had always belonged to France, and was a part of Louisiana, to the four winds, leaving not two threads of it hanging together. Mr. S. will find by the little experience he has now had that *truth* is the most important part of a speech in the Senate of the United States, and that there are those in that body who can both expose intentional or careless errors, and make their author feel uncomfortable, as well as look ridiculous.

Mr. Dix (of N. Y.) followed Mr. Pearce. Mr. D. spoke chiefly upon the Wilmot proviso, though that subject had not yet been brought up on this bill. He spoke of the great prosperity and advancement of the North in all its useful arts, agriculture, &c. of her school houses and churches, and the various evidences she presented of prosperity, which he attributed to her free labor. He then contrasted the South with the North, and attributed the contrast thus presented between the two, to slavery.

He was followed by Mr. Butler, of S. C. who spoke with very great warmth and vehemence, in reply to Mr. Dix.

Mr. Dayton (of N. J.) succeeded Mr. Butler and very ably sustained Mr. Dix. Mr. Dayton said he should vote for the proviso against slavery, if from other reasons, because it would cut off Mr. Polk's power to acquire slave territory, and by doing this he would go much to bring the war to a close. Mr. D. spoke of the Missouri Compromise, and said that Mr. Lowndes, of S. Carolina, quoted to all that Mr. Calhoun though Mr. D. must be mistaken.

Mr. D said he was not mistaken, and probably was as well informed on this subject as the Senator from S. C.

Mr. Gilmer and Mr. D. was in error.

Mr. D. said that he was not, unless Niles' Register was.

Mr. Westcott made a vehement speech in reply to Mr. D. and in support of slavery, and declared his intention of voting for the bill without any proviso, though he declared his determination to vote against it on Saturday night.

Mr. Holiston now rose and said that he had understood the Senator from Maryland (Mr. Pearce) to say that he wanted nothing more to do with outside barbarians.

Mr. Pearce disclaimed using this phrase as applicable to Texas.

The explanation created some merriment.

The question was then taken on Mr. Berrien's amendment, which was lost 21—29; Mr. Johnson, of La. Whig, voting with the Locos.

Mr. Johnson, of La. then offered a substitute, which Mr. Sevier said he was willing to accept. It was adopted.

Mr. Upham then offered another section as an amendment, which was in substance Wilmot's proviso, and upon this, at half past 10 o'clock, he commenced a speech. He closed, at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Cass then rose to make some remarks upon the Wilmot proviso, against which he very positively and clearly declared his opposition. He spoke half an hour, and was followed by Mr. Cameron, who stated the reasons why he should vote for the exclusion of slavery from all territory to be acquired. He referred to the resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and the well known sentiments of the people of that State. These were his guide.

Mr. Miller rose to express his surprise at the remarks of Mr. Cass, as he certainly understood, and it was, he thought, generally understood last session that he had expressed himself in favor of what is called the Wilmot proviso, and declared his determination to vote for it.

Mr. Cass said the course of the Senator from New Jersey was a very singular one. Why, how does he know how I would have voted last session? But in a moment after, Mr. C. acknowledged that he would have voted for this proviso last session. Mr. C. went on speaking and endeavoring to show that this proviso was not what had been alluded to by any of the States which had passed resolutions against the acquisition of any more slave territory. In doing this Mr. Cass quibbled and quibbled until he raised a general laugh of *scorn, pity* and *contempt*.

Mr. Miller's remarks were most emphatically the spear of Ithuriel. Never was a demagogue more quickly and completely exposed than was the Senator from Michigan.

Mr. Dickinson, of N. Y. then took the floor, and *inflicted* an hour's speech upon the Senate.

Mr. Johnson, of Md. followed in a short, concise, constitutional argument against the Wilmot proviso, and the question was then taken upon Mr. Upham's amendment, which was lost, 21 to 31. Messrs. Cass, Breese, Bright and Hannegan from the free States, voting against it.

The question then being on the engrossment of the bill.

Mr. Webster rose and spoke about fifteen or twenty minutes, throwing ridicule, in a senatorial manner upon Mr. Cass' special demurrer, and taking a rapid glance at the position the votes of the Senate were now placing the country. There were Senators, he said, who were opposed to allowing slavery in any territory which may be obtained, who nevertheless were in favor of acquiring territory; and then there were Senators who *professed* to be opposed to the acquisition of any more territory, who nevertheless insisted that slavery should not be excluded if obtained, and who refused to vote for Mr. Berrien's proposition declaring that all do not seek acquisition of territory by this war. He confessed that, with the conflicting views of the North and South, this to him appeared a safe, and the only safe middle course. What the future was to bring forth, he could not see.

Mr. Archer followed in a few very excellent, most pertinent and sensible remarks.

The vote was then taken on ordering the bill to be engrossed and read third time, and stood 29 to 24. Mr. Thomas Clayton, and Mr. Speight, absent on account of sickness. The bill was then read a third time and *passed*.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL.

A Great Clock.

Henry G. Wright, in a recent letter to the Liberator, thus describes the great clock in the cathedral of Strasburg:

"The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top not less than one hundred feet, and about thirty feet wide and about fifteen deep. Around me are many strangers, waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes of twelve.—The clock has struck, and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton, or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting around the building. The clock is struck in this way; the dial some twenty feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub, or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell. The cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large nich, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in left a sythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter, on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns and glides with a slow step around behind Time; out comes an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, & is heard all round the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part, as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some twenty feet high still. It is thus: there is a high cross the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck, one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, faces the cross, bows, and walks on around to his place. As he does so, another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in, so twelve apostles, figures large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears, an enormous cock perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church, some distance, just as naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1571, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years when it stood out of repair. *Wanderer.*

The Governor has issued the letters patent for the Central Rail Road, and a meeting is called in Philadelphia for the election of Directors.

The lower House of the Delaware Legislature passed a law for the gradual abolition of Slavery in that State, but it has been defeated in the Senate.

The Bill resuming the payment of interest has passed the House in the Maryland Legislature by a decisive vote.

Commodore Barry has, it is said, been ordered to relieve Commodore Conner in the command of the gulf squadron.

Delaware ladies in Kentucky now call each other "Kentucky."