VOLUME XLVII

CARLISLE, JULY 7, 1847.

NUM LXIV

Cards.

ಅಸ್ತಾಡಾಡ್.

DR. JOHN J. MYERS, AS. REMOVED HIS OFFICE and DWELLING to the two story brick c adjoining his Drug Store, on West April 14, 1847.

DOCTOR GEO. WILLIS FOULKE (Graduate of the Lefferson Medical College of Philadelphia.)

ESPECTFULLY offers to the public his prolessional services in the practice of Medicine, Surgery, and Midwigt.

OFFICE a the residence of his father in S.

Impover street, directly opposite Morrets' (late Roberts) Hotel and the Second Presbyterian Church. Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

LABOA BURBICE CERRONG

OCTOR MYERS has associated his nephew, Mu. J. E. JACKSON, in his Drug and Book Business. By this arrangement, Jostor MYERS will be enabled to give his endivided attention to the duties of his Profession.

Carlisle, September 20, 1846.—2ms.

IDOCTOR AID LIPPING -Romocopathic Physician. OFFICE: Main street, in the house fo merly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman. Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

de il. Ó. LOOMUS DENTIST.

VILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation, anchas Scaling, Pring. Plengging, Ec., or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Arbical Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full sett. 170 Mee on Pittstreet, a few doors South of the Railroad Metel.

N. B. D.: Locatis will be absent from Carliste the last tend xys, in each mouth.
June 11, 1846.

JOSEPH KMOX, ATTORNEY ATLAW,

Tittsburg, Pa, AS returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pattsburg, Allegheny Peb. 10, 1847.

HENRY EDGAR, WEENE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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

Office, in South Hanover street, in Grabam's ew building, op posite the Post Office.

Carlisle, August 26, 846.4-y.

S. DUNLAP ADAIR. Attorney at Law. OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few door helow J. H. Graham, Esq. marinip ifi;1845.

PADRES IR. SPETELS,
Attorney at Law.
DEFICE with S. D. Adair, Esq., in Graham's new building, opposit, the Post Office.
March St, 1847.

CARSON C. MOORE.

Attorney at Law, OFFICE in the rear of the CourtHouse in the room bately occupied by Dr. Fester, dee'd March 31 1837

ECECELLA. A. E. Attorney at Law, HARRISBURG, PA. April 28, 1848 .- 1y.

GEO. RLEMING. Justice of the Peace and Scrivener OFFICE in South Hanover Street, opposit the Post Office. Carlisle, April 28, 1847.

GIESE & SON LOUR and Produce Commission Mer. chan's No. 48 Commerce Street Wharf

Cash advances made PLAINFIELD CLASSICAL ACADEMY. On the Cumberland Valley Rail Road, for miles west of Carlisle.

miles west of Carlass.

THE SECOND SESSION (5 months) will commence on MONDAY, May 3. The brancher taught are Latin, Greek, French, German, Mathematics, including Practical Surveying, logether with all English Branches required for College, Counting House, &c.

Every effort will be undet to give entire satisfaction to those who may place their sons in the significant of the same of the same of the satisfaction of the same of the same

HARRIS, TURNER, & IRVIN

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

Alliseellaneons.

From the Union Magazine of Literature and Art. THE NEEDLE, PEN AND SWORD.

BY MRS. L. H, SIGOURNEY.

What hast thou seen with thy shining eye, Thou Needle, so subtle and keen!— "I have been to Paradise, stainless and fair, And fitted the apron of fig leaves there, To the form of its fallen queen.

The mantles and wimples, the shoods and wells, That the belles of Judah wore, When their haughty mein, and their glange of fire Enkindled, the eloquent prophet's fre, I helped to fushion of yore.

The beaded belt of the Indian maid, I have decked with as true a zeal As the gorgeous ruff of the knight of old Or the monarch's manile of purple and gold, Or the sattan's broider'd heel.

I have lent to beauty new powers to reigh, At bridal and courtly hall, Or, wedded to fashion, have help'd to bind, Or, wedded to fashion, have help'd to bind, Those goisamer links, that the strongest mind Have sometimes held in thrail.

I have drawn a drop so round and red, From the finger small and white, Of the startled child, as she strove with care Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare, But went at my panetare bright.

I have gazed on the frother's patient brow, As my utmost speed she piled. To shield from whiter, her children dear, And the knell of midnight smotch her ear, While they slumber'd at her side. I have heard in the but of the pining poor,
The shivering inmate's sigh,
When faded the warmin of her-last, faint brand,
As slow, from her cold and clammy hand,
She let me drop—to dle:"

What dost thou know thou gray goose quill And methought, with spasm of pride, It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in Vain, Its uilt of free from the chon statu.

As it fervently replied,—

"What do I know-Let the lover tell When into his secret erroll He poureth the breath of a magic lyro. And traceth those mystical lines of the That move the maiden's soul.

What do I know—The wife can say As the leaden seasons move, And over the ocean's wildest away A biessed missive doth wend its way, Inspir'd by a husband's love.

Do ye doubt my-power 1-Of the statesman ask, --Who buffets ambition's blast,—
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care,
A flourish of him halls sent him there,
And lock'd his fetters fast—

And a flourish of mine can his prison open,— From the gallows its victim save; Break off the treaty that kings have bound, Make the oath of a nation an empty sound, And to liberty lead the slave."

Say What were history, so wise and old— And Science, that reads the sky, Or how could Mike its sweetness store. Or Fancy and Fife the treasures pour, or what were Poesy's heaven taught lore, Should the pen its aid deny?

Oh.—doubt if ye will, that the rose is fair,
That the planets pursue their way,
Go, question the fireg of the moon tide sun,
Or the countless streams that to ocean run.
But ask no-more, what the Pen hath-done."—
And it scornfully turn d away. What are thy deeds—thou fearful thing— By the lordly warrior's side ? And the Sword answered—stern and slow— "The hearth-stone lone, and the orphan know, And the pale and widow'd bride.

The shrick and the shrowd of the battle cloud. And the field that that doth reck below.
The wolf that laps where the gash is red.
And the valuate that tears ete the life has fled,
And the prowling robber that strips the dead,

The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,

And the grass that doth rankly grow
O'er the gotting limb, and the blood pool dark
Gaunt Famine, that quenches life's lingering;
And the black wing'd Pestlince know.

Death, with the rush of his harpy-brood, Sad earth, in her pane and throe, Demons that firt in slaughter and crime. And the throng of the scule sent before their time, To the bar of the judgement,—know.

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath return'd, While the Needle sped on in peace. But the Pen traced out from a book sublime The promise and pledge of that better time, When the warfare on earth shall cease.

FOOT-PRINTS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was Sunday morning; and the church hells were ringing together. From all the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, ful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and fant and low,—all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself

seemed to pray, so silent was it everywhere.

The venerable old man,—high priest and patriarch in the land,—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation,for the pulpit stairs were in front and very

high. Paul Flemming will never lorget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, "I know that my Re-deemer liveth." It was meant to console

He approached him, and asked the age of more nobe, history than the child's story the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment with which the book began."—Hyperion.

"Only an hour or two. It was bounder the be buried, and have its name recorded on a rooden-tomb-store:

The sexton went on with his work and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elias, Sleep and the grave loathsome and the grave loathsome are the stranger than the stra his twin-brother Death were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On

various luneral monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and altractive forms, did the imagination of the were nen in whose souls the religion of the ancient poems represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold! Strange, that in later days, this angel of God, which leftls us with a gentle hand into the "Land of the great departed, into the silent Land," should have been transformed into a monstrous and terminate the start of een transformed into a monstrous and terratio thing! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse—such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass—the Reaper, whose

One of the most popular themes of pootry One of the most popular themes in pourly and painting in the Middle ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spectre, putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the "remarkable, retigeneen" of the grave. It is written in of the grave. It is written in retirement"

an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that where, from a group of children sitting around a cot-tage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresistingly goes the child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. A beautiful design it is, io all save the skeleton. Angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch in-

And now the sun was growing high and And now the sun was growing high and varin. A little chapel, whose doors stood open, seemed to invite Fleniming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one, there. The walls were covered with paintings, and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few faneral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart toklevotion but in that hour the heart of Flemnany bitter recollections, how much of

shadowy manly heárt,"

It seemed to him, as if the unknown len ant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and looking into the bright morning heaven, he said:

"I will be strong!" gaze upon them lying there so peacefully, the weet breath of heaven, touches them and

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A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading the fresh earth fato the grave of the little child with his clouted shoes. He approached him, and asked the age of the child with his clouted shoes.

THE EMBALMED HUSBAND.

Perhaps there are few efforts more futile than the attempt to nourish and cherish a grief, Sorrow is not to be governed thus.comes, and in the generality of cases it willgo. As a case in point, we extract the following translation from the French, from the Boston - Bee:

"A young and beautiful woman, after three

became to be regarded as raileran inconverence in the middle of the commodity. In renewing the furniture of her appartment, the widow was led to change the use of the chamber, which she had converted into a chapel. Still, full of respect and deference for the defunct, she placed it like a Stradivarius or Amati in a cedar box lined with velver, the key of which she suspended to her waist, promising herself to go and converse with the deceased daily. For some months she kept her promise faithfully, conening the cedar box and "hit people generally, think it best to let ey."

sell to go and converse with the ceceased daily. For some months she kept her promise faithfully, popening the cedar box and kneeling and praying with her countenance fixed on the dead one. A while after she forgot to pray. The following year an advantageous offer presented. The character of the suntor, his fortune and family, promised a suitable match—and them, as is well known. "a living dog is better than a dead lion." But what was to be done with the precious box, bedewed with so many tears, and which had listened to so many prayers. The maringe having been agreed upon, where to the suitable match—insight not would the sight of match—the product of the suntor of the house. We inquired about her case and was told that it was pretty much like many others within a circuit of very few miles. Her husband was a poor drunken to the conditions of the house we had been aftered to so many prayers. had listened to so many prayers. The mar-riage having been agreed upon, where to hide it that it-might not would the sight of the new bridegroom? After several days of consideration the widow resolved on stow-

consideration the widow resolved on stow-ing it away in the garret.

The new honey moon had hardly passed, when the husband wished to take his wife to Italy. The time of departure approached, in taking away the trunks and beginge, the valet by mistake took the precious casket, and deposited it at his masters feet. After in vain seeking for the key, the husband cal-led his wife and asked what furs and laces were so carefully packed in that box. She ming was weak,—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And were so carefully packed in that box. She bowed his stabborn knees, and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how became embarrassed and remained speech-

rounded pride, and unrequited love, were and doubting not that this mysterious box in those tears, thto' which he read on a mar-the mblet in the chapel wall opposite, this contained songe accusing correspondence, he to contained songe accusing correspondence, he to contain the lock and found himself face to "Lock not inournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear, and with a the new husband was of a jovial temper and

took every thing comfortably.
"My dear," said he turning to his young wile, "allow me to address you one prayer.
If I die before you, do not with me as you have done with my predecessor. The only way to prolong the life of those we have loved, is to preserve some faithful reminis-cence of them. It belongs to memory alone to embalin the dead."

to be a second How to go through the World.-It was the pious John Newton who said: "I endeavor to walk through the world as a physician goes through the Bedlam; the patients make painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed. Frighds; and as they gaze upon them lying there are proposally the best he can, and so gets through." There is truth and wisdom in that remark. At the they crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the duar faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-scunding, he heard the great gate of the Past shift behind him as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every than, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miranilans. Allored as if some and are but they are an into the little of every than, there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost many to reply to all that is heaped up to miranilans. Allored as if some are sudden as given to the past of the purpose or to put us in a passion. But we cannot afford to pause in the work assigned as to reply to all that is heaped up. present day, when there are so many oppo-In the file of every tom, there are student assigned as to reply to all that is heaped up-mirarilous. At once, as if some magician of the following twe vent to the rising feelings had touched the heavens and the earth, the of impatience for anger. We must do our

From the Kennbec (Maine) Journal WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT.

or nine, we'll shut up the office and go to

On our way we heard a tremendous rackon our way we neard a tremendant stack and the let in a low looking building, and, amid the din, the shrill cry of murder was heard. We din, the shrill cry of murder was heard. We risshed in and found a great ragged brute of a fellow with blood-shot eyes, mangling his time, probably in illustration of the littleness vile and children with an old ricketty chair. We wrenched the weapon from, and tumbled

street. There were loud swearing and cries of "take him off— stabbing me!" We ran out and found three or four young men all intoxicated. They had been playing billiards or some other game at a gambling house; till or some other game at a gambling house; till

miles. Her justand was a poor drunken scamp who spent all the money he could get for rum, while his children were led in part from onr kitchen. Going from dinner we met the fellow and asked him why he did

who sold him rum.

gambling and drinking; family very destitute. Can't ask them to pay anything.
Well, thought we, perhaps it is right, that
every man should attend to his own business and let that of other people alone; but who s to pay our note in the bank? Have we not some business in the matter?

From the New York Tribune

agogue. We gladly accepted an invitation from the Committee of Arlangements, to witness yeserday, the consecration of a new and elegant Synagogue, recently built in Wooster street, to the worship of the Goil of Abraham Isaac and Jacob. The Jewish ritual of conse-Isaac and Jacob. The Jewish ritual of consecration is the oldest of any—the Roman Cathiolic, Protestant Episcopal and other Churches, appear to have copied from the ancient people of God, much of their ceremonial of consecration, but here was an opportunity to witness it in the Capital of the New World, in the printeval language in which the Ten Commandments were written on Mount Sipar by the finger of God—in which the mure nai by the finger of God—in which the pure spotless and affectionate Joseph forgave and relcomed ingrates who had sold their broth wescomes ingraies wan had sold their broth-er into slavery—in which the gentle Ruth said to Naomi, "Whither thou goest I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"—and in which the Old Testayou my God"—and in which the Old Testa-ment was first penned, and the gospel of Christ first preached. The history of the faith in which Moses, Joshua, Samuel, Solomon, and Isaiah lived and died possesses the deepest interest to a Christian community. Here were the lineal descendents of the Bible Hewere the inneal descendents of the Bible Hebrews, the ancient possessor of Jerusalem, the conquerors of Canaan, the captives in Babylon, the cantivered remnant yet to be reunited—here they were about to consecrate a holy temple to the worship to which King Solomon had dedicated the most magnificent put to the Exegutive on this subject. fane ever devoted to the worship of the true

God. We were not disappointed. Yesterday being Tamus the 11th, 5607, at three in the afternoon, the service began with an introduc-tory symplony by the orchestra which con-sisted of the members of the Philharmonic

wite and children with an old tickefty chair. We wrenched the weapon from, and tumbled him into a corner from which he was too drunk to extricate himself spedily. We asked to give the law, the empty beir and the mass for the dead was rade bod, like a relict of the altar. The chamber was hung in black: a lamp was kept burning therein night and day. The widow alone hald the key of this sanctuary, and repaired thinker to to nourish her griet.

"All went on well for a year, when one day the young widow began to look through the clouds of sorrow and caught a less frequent; and soon the defunct husband became to be regarded as rather an inconvenient commodity. In renewing the furnities of her aventure of the widow begand to find the way to be shut up, he became to be regarded as rather an inconvenient commodity. In renewing the furnities of her aventured to say that the place where they had been ought to be shut up, he will be a few and and her indignantly replied, "let evenient commodity. In renewing the furnities of her aventured the window were law to be shut up, he was the place of her aventured to say that the place where they had been ought to be shut up, he was the place of her aventured to say that the place where they had been ought to be shut up, he was the place of her aventured to say that the place of her aventured the window were law to the first that to you?" said he—"test frequent; and soon the defunct husband to extricate himself spedily. We asked him what he meant by such conduct?—"What is that to you?" said he—"test every man mind his own business."

We cleared for home, and went to bed.—About two or three o'clock in the morning, we were awakened by a great rumpus in the street. There were loud swearing and cries of "take him off—stabbing me!" We ran out and found three or four young men all intoxicated. They had been playing billiards or some other game at a gambling house; till their money by blacklegs, and a good deal the place of the playing billiards or some other game at a gambling house; til but one of them indignantly replied, "lef ev-

not leave off drinking, go to work? What do you think he said?—why, "lethevery man mind his own business?"

Having a note to pay at the bank in a few days, we harried back to the office and be-gan to turn over the leaves of our big ledger, see who owed money which ought to be col-lected. There was Tom Nokes owed \$7, marked G. T. (Gone to Texas.) Had been good, but took to drinking, and run away in

Ezekiel Swig owes \$8 75, once quite respectable, had property, dead and estate in-solvent—farm in the possession of the man Sam Cocktail, died of delirium tremens,

Consecration of a New Hebrew Syn-

sisted of the members of the Philharmonic society, and and an opening chorus by the society of the society, and and are some knowledge of this world below the pay of the payed the society of the society of the society and the society of the socie

townships on the service, the whole congregation, ministers and people keep the hate on-Rey. Mr. Isaaas, pastor of the new congregation, preached a very good discourse, and with sufficient earnestness and energy too, part of it was in Hebrew, aid part in good wenacular English—but, he kept his hat on, and so did his hearers theirs. When the same of laws, were taken by the ministers and borne from the vestry to the vestibile, and thus under a canopy into the Syntake as a special of the congretation of

part in the ceremonial ket t their hats on,— The ladies have the galleries to themselves -the orchesta had a temporary gallery -- and

"Let every man mind his own business," is good maxim; but its application is somegood maxim; but its application is somegoid mes questionable. We have lately seen it mes questionable. We have lately seen it may be some a contract of the private of temperature who firm times qestionable. We have lately seen it applied to the friends of temperance, who try applied to the friends of temperance, who try to store the read of issue, they are to do it is no doors, looks or latethes, but like those to the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich. A procession, its members in suitable costume and bearing the sacred symbols of their paper, perhaps it must be so—we cannot the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich. A procession, its members in suitable costume and bearing the sacred symbols of their later. We have the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich. A procession, its members in suitable costume and bearing the sacred symbols of their later. We have the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich. A procession, its members in suitable costume and bearing the sacred symbols of their later. We have the continental Catholic churches, but like those to the continental Catholic churches, seem to be equally at the service of poor and rich. A procession, its members in suitable costume and bearing the sacred symbols of their later. We have the continental Catholic churches, but like cont no docre, locks or latches, but like those of the continental Catholic churches, seem to

haunted the 30th, 100th, 29th and 150th salms in Hebrew, beautifully—the sun lighting up the congregation on the one hand with lively tints of the colors on the stained

time, probably in illustration of the littleness of mans invention when compared with the works of the great Creator The preacher took high ground for his

countrymen, declaring that no double dealing, no over reaching, no dissimulation should ever tarnish their tome; and when ne exercises were suspended, to enable the lebiews to subscrice towards the handsome difice we set in, never did we witness more cheerful givers—the sums of \$100, \$50, and so on down to \$5 and \$3 were subscribed so prayer was in English; and the minister did not forget Mr. Polk and Mr. Dallas, in his supplications, nor the Congress; State Legis-supplications, nor the Congress; State Legis-lature and our City Fathers. He asked the blessings of Him who had been the special protector of the Patriarchs of Israel upon sition in front of Monterey on Sunday the those who had aided in building a house to 20th day of September—the battle commenthe worship of Heaven, and Mr. Henry Morced next mr. rning rison, a young gentleman of good address, who recited an appropriate poetical compo-sition at the close of the ceremony, remind ed us Gentiles that his God was our God, and

On the whole, we were pleased and in-structed by witnessing these Jewish ceremonies, and felt more kindly. were that possi-ble, toward the remnant of a far famed race adhering in our changeful times, with une qualled tenacity to the ways of their forefath ers, and the language of the Garden of Eden before sin and sorrow were known to the children of men, or a Babel had witnessed the confusion of tongues.

General-Atems.

"Had the Democratic party such a chief-

opper and neither mill-stone, and can feel very sensibly what the process is of transmicaster Examiner and Herald, that the locologo party has no such men in its ranks as Henry Clay to whom this extended to the local very sensibly what the process is of transmigration from grain to flour. We are all of us in the hopper. Henry Clay to whom this extorted tribute is paid by one of a party, by the blood-hounds of which he has been so slandered and caluminated, that thousands of their more nonthe destruction of this Hall by a mob in 1839, wholly destitute of all claim, not only to ad-miration but even to respect. And now, these very slanderers and calumniators, after having hunted their noble victim down—after over by the Treasurer of said county. This his ing ascribed to him almost every species of moral telin quency, and depied to him almost every honorable and lefty stribute have the effrontery to affect something like sympathy, that "such a chieffain," whom the Locolocos would "never desert," were he their leader, is to be abandoned by a party with it that party is it iself most honored!—

The two beginning to most thought and the party and the party is to self these sympathicans.

A Cincinnati paper gives the following instance of "loye at first sight."

A hearty damsel from Pennsylvania was a cabin passenger on a late trip of the Trentant from Pittsburg. As she was one day with it that party is it iself most honored!—

The two party is the set of the logic in the party is the set of the logic ingregory to make the party is the set of the logic ingregory to make the party in the party is the set of the logic ingregory. port, was he so malignantly and bitterly per-secuted, as a monster of deformity by them-

THE THREE MILLIONS .-- A Washington prespondent says :- The administration has ever been so perplexed as it is at this moment.—It was so confidently boasted that with this money the President, would termiwith this money the President would terminate the war in a month after the adjournment of Congress, that a considerable portion of the country believed that he was in possession of facile which justified him it so pertinaciously demanding the appropriation. And he and his cabinet feel that the possession of this grant of money has imposed on the grant of money has imposed on the present nate the war in a month after the adjournment of Congress, that a considerable porpossession of lacks which justified him is a perimaciously demanding the appropriation. And he and his cabinet feel that the possession of this grant of money has imposed on them a responsibility which may be trouble-

THE WAR ON GEN. TAYLOR,-We have a foretaste of what may be expected in the next Presidential campaign; from the following specimen of defamation in Chapman's Indianapolis Sentinel, the organ of Polkism ın Indiana:

"We will say, and in good time will produce the proof, which may be partly found in Gen. Taylor's own official despatches that he had very little to do in fighting the battle of Buena Vista; Indeed he was absent from the field at Saltillo a good part of the time with 400 men. This is the truth and we are not alraid to eay it, not withstanding the pre-sent general di position to give Gen. Taylor the entire credit of that terrible battle."

As Chapman himself was a long ways ab sent from the field, he must have got his information from some of the retreating regiment of his own State, whom Gen. Taylor met on his march to Buena Vista, in the ear-

ly part of the day. GEN. TAYLOR'S POLITICS.—The Columbia (Tenn.) Observer, a paper printed at the res-

dence of Gen. Pillow in Tennessee, says: Major Gen. Pillow, while here on a recent visit, took occasion to say, in the hearing of persons, that Gen. Taylor is a Whig; that from his personal acquaintance with him, he knew him to be so, that there is no doubt on tle in it that differed from a sensible moral this subject amongst those who have ever discourse from some worthy Protestant. The heard an expression of political opinion from

The battle of Del Norte. New Mexico, was fought on Sunday, the 24th of January.

The battle of Buena Vista commence
Sunday, the 21st day of February."

eelingly spoke of all as brethren.

So it may be! Let us be charitable and ra Cruz was made to Gen. Scott, on Sunday, forbearing toward those who differ with us the 28th day of Febuary.

The battle of Sacramento, Chihuahua, was of buth, that a millential age, long forefold, longht on Suuday, the 28th day of March will reach the new world at last.

The battle of Siera Gorda commenced on Sunday, the 18th day of April.

BREAD IT PFS AND SPECULATORS.-We have seen a picture somewhere of the operations or speculators in the article of breadstuffs which deserves general notoriety. When the Cambria went last to England, letters were sent from numerous points setting forth that the drain upon American resources had been such that a scancity, would soon be felt here. The intelligence gave a sudden rise to prices in England. And the Hibernia, coming out soon after, brought, as we all know, startling accounts of the extraordinary advance. Those who have her decision to tain as Henry Clay—one whom they could pay ten dollars a barrel for flour are aware present as the "embodiment" of their principles—bold, heroic, eloquent and ardent—the admiration of the world for his high abilities—would they ever desert him? Never, the process is not transmissible what the effect of this intelligence was upon the Anerican market. There is probably as much speculation going on in England as there is here; and so we are between the never!"—Vicksburg Sentinel.

est associates really believed that he was The county of Philadelphia was sued and a

A Cincinnati paper gives the following infine looking young tellow, a deck passenger why, if Mr. Clay be so worthy of Whig support, was he so malignantly and bitterly persecuted, as a monster of deformity by themsection, as a monster or deportant by them selves? Do his moral deformities constitute him "such a chieflain," that, were he a locofoco, they would never desert him? Either they were inlamous slandering them, or, by the level indiving the happy couple on the level indiving the nearest way to a on the levee, inquiring the nearest way to a

> BLACKBERRY SYRUP.—The following is the eceipt for making the famous blackberry syrup. No family should be without it, all who try it will find it a sovereign remedy for bow-

> el complaints: "To two quarts of blackberry juice, add, is not checked, add to the quantity.

A LEGAL JOKE .- " Well, George," baked presumed, some pungent enquiries, will be put to the Exegutive on this subject.

The Matamoras Flag, after detailing the boundary which it is understood Mi. Trist is authorized to feceive from Mexico, as an equivalent for the cost of the war breaks out.

equivalent for the cost of the war breaks out, in the following terms:

"This, then, is the guerdon for all the blood and treasure expected in this war! Territ, fory—a desert waste—when territory was not wanted. In the purer and butter days of the guerdon to all the blood and treasure expected in this war! Territ, tory—a desert waste—when territory was not wanted. In the purer and butter days of the guerdon to all the blood and treasure with another territory was not wanted. In the purer and butter days of the guerdon to all the boundary of the guerdon to all the blood the guerdon to all the blood that the guerdon to all the blood the guerdon to all th