Harly great

11.71 84 14.

DOCTOR GEO. WILLIS FOULKE

Christian de Control of the Action of the Ac hirch. Carlisle, April 7, 1847.

COMMINION OF DR. JOHN J. MYERS

AS REMOVED HIS OFFICE and
DWRLEING to the two story brick
trouse, adjoining his Drug Store, on West Main Street. April 14, 1847.

DOOROR AD LUPPE? Homosopathic Physician. OFFICE: Main street, in the house for morly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman. Carlisle, April 9, 1846.

DR I. C. LOOMILS,

VILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preserration, suchas Nealing, Fling, Plugging, Sc., or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Articial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full tett. ap Office on Pittstreet, a few doors South of the Italiroad Hotel.

N. B. D. Loomis will be absent from Carfisle the lasttendays, in each month:

June II, 1846.

Joseph Knox, ATTORNEY ATLAW. Pittsburg, Pa,

AS returned from Carlisle, to the practice of his profession in Pittshurg, Allegheny ounty, Pa. Feb. 10, 1847.

... s. Dunlap adalr. Attorney at Law.

O SFICE in South Hanover street, a few door below J. H. Graham, Esq. JAMES IL. SMITTEL,

Attorney at Law.

Office with S. D. Adair, Esq., in Grahar me building, opposit the Post Office.

CARSON C. MOORE.
Attorney at Law,
PFICE in the rear of the CourtHouse, in the room lately occupied by Dr. Foskuk, dee'd March 31, 1847.

April 28, 1848,-1v. Justice of the Peace and Scrivener.

Carlisle, April 26, 1847. SURVEYOR AND SCRIVENER.

TOHN C. MITCHESL.

Wills be found at his Office in the rode of the Court House, ready at all times—unless engaged in the business of his profession—to make Surveys of lands, roads, etc. He will also prepare fleeds of conveyance and any other instrument of

riting. Carlisle, June 23, 1847 Plainfield Classical Academy, ville State Road and Comberland

THE third session (five months) will com-mence on MONDAY, Nov. 1st, 1847. The number of students is liquided, and every effort made to secure their moral and mental information as most restricted with those whom with her sainted methan. At all communion mental improvement, as well as their comfort, and health. During the past year upwards of forty students have been connect d with the

institution.

The studies embrace all that are requisite for College or any business or profession.— Every effort will be made to scenre a continu References, Terms, &c., made known by t plication personally, or by letter nadressed R. K. Burns. October 6, 1847. -3mo

Morrett's Hotel!

THE subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that has taken the well known Tavern Stand On the corner of South Hanover

and Pomfret Ms., formerly kept by Mr. Andrew Roberts, where he will endeavor to serve those who may call he will endeavor to serve those who may can pon him in the most salisfactory manner.—
The house is pleasantly situated, and is fur hished throughout with good bedding, and other turniture, and his accommodations are such as will make it a convenient and desirable topping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.

BOARDERS wall be taken by the week month, or year, at the usual prices,
SAMUEL MORRET.
April 14, 1847.

. D. IP. HIAMSPHERS. Cotovava

OFFERS his services to the public. He ing had several years experience withhir Father, and having in his possession the values ble collection of papers made by him, he hope-by oare and punctuality to obtain a share os public patronage.
Office in the public aquare, immediately in
the rear of the Court House.

Carlisle, oct 21 DYEING & SCOURING.

STILL DESCRIPTION The Light Assistant and the College dyes Ladies and Gentlemen's apparel, all college, and warrants all works. he satisfactory.

Orlegs in his line respectfully so ested!

Poetro.

THE REWARD.

BY J. C. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's p Sees not the spectre of his misspent time; And through the slade Of fineral cypress, planted thick behind, Hoars-no reproachful whisper on the wind From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's ovil force? Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse!! Who would not cast. Half of his future from him, but to win Wakeless oblivion from the wrong and sin Of the sealed Past?

Alas! the cvil which we fall would shun.
We no, dial leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
\$5 lith to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, the refitable servants all,
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years, Feels not lits eyellds wet with grateful tears, I'he hath been Permitted, weak and sinful as he was, To cheer and tild in some eunobling cause, His fellow meil?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin ; If he hath lent Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need, Over the suffering, mindless of his creed Or hue, hath bent :

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives The praise to Him in whom ho-moves and live With thankful heart, He gaze's backward, and with hope before. Knowing that from his works he never more Can henceforth part.

Alliscelloucous.

THE COTTAGE.

A Beautiful Story.

In one of the pleasantest rides we have had about Saratoga, we found one day a cottage, whose appearance, under a noble elm, and whose appearance, under a noble elm, and by the side of a brook whose pratting was lorever musical, led me instantly to suppose it was worth visiting; more especially as it was very old, and had about it the took of the 18th century. I took about a couple of hours the other day to visit it, and having made up my mind that it had a story connected with it, I questioned the old man whom I found in it so closely, that I at length was about a like of a man, that I have a town. By the sales in the street without. A young man-trom his office entered and conversed with him in regard to the day's business, and left him lying this along. The bad was the conting-room. He grew old, older, until he carried the weight of hire score, and ten to keep the score, and the very of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virgima. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Eile, and forms the very mountains of Missonri and Wales for twenty-life day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the took of bit mean on his bot and looked into the 18th century. I took about a couple of hours the one of the score, and ten to keep the score, and ten to keep the score, and ten ded years, and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the very of bitumen, compared with Western Pennsylvania and Virgima. Iron abounds from Tennessee to Lake Eile, and forms the very mountains of Missonri and Wales for twenty-life and the very mountains of Livens the very mountains of Missonri and Malad Alvales for twenty-life and the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the dead years, and Ohio is but a pigmy, in the dead years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day of bit when the score, and the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in the day years, and Ohio is but a pigmy in t cathered a tale of the life of a man, that I thought was worth relating to the coterie aforesaid, and which may be worth writing

The widow Johnson occupied that cottage sixty-live years ago, and with her lived a son, a hobbe boy of lifteen, who was the pride of the country around. None was so well beloved as he, except his adopted sister, Kate Harden. She was indeed a tany. Her golden hair seemed to be akin to the winds. golden hair seemed to be as it will be over on which it floated so freely, and her eyes had won their deep has from the sky into Fistice of the Peace and Scrivener. which she was so often gazing. "Why of FFICE in South Hanover Street, opposite the Post Office. the blue above her. A mother who dying, had left her to the care of Mrs. Johnson, and until her voice failed, charged her to meet her in heaven. Nay, af er she had coased to speak, she held her daughter to her breast with her left arm, and pointing up with her thin white buger, smiled a holy smile and

sought her home.
Mrs. Johnson was not rich in the world's goods. The few acres which she rented, afforded a mere subsistence, and Kate and Edwin assisted her in her labors. It was not strange that those two children, when the one was sixteen and the other seventeen, should love one another. Kate was a strange child. They said she talked with those who with her sainted mother. At all events her voice fell on her car in dreams of day as well as of night, until she could no longer resist its earnest call.

resist its earnest call.

She faded. One by one the bonds that held her to her cottage home were loosened; one by one her gay girlish affections were mastered and suppressed, until only one re-mained, and then she was ready. That one, love, was the mightiest of all. She did not crush that, for she was thoughtful enough to snow that that might live when death was passed: for there are affections strong enough

o reach from earth to heaven.

The morning of her departure came, with its sweet spring flowers and atmosphere laden with the odors of the country. All things seemed to be strangely solomn. The sun preced currously in at the little-lattice, and tell across the toot of the bed on which the slender form of the dying girl lay. Her bird sang doubtfully in its cage, and the very cat upon the hearth looked up and seemed to feel that there was something sad going

on.

The moment of agony at length came.— She had parted with all but him, and now she held his hand between her two, and smiled on his pale face, (as pale as hers,) and spoke in a low sweet tone of all the past and fiture. You will miss me when you go after the cow in the evening, Ned, and the lane will be lonely, will it not? And when you sat down here by the hearth with when you sit down here by the hearth with mother, and my chair is empty—you'll miss me then the brother. You'll sit at the table with her, and have no one at the side of it; and her voice, broken and faint as it was, fell to a lower tone, as she continued "Goot in the twilght sometimes, Nad, and sit

down under the tree on the red seat. I'll come there if I can." A moment passed in silence as he leaned over towards her; their suddenly throwing her arms around his neck, she said, "I love ner arms around his neck, she said, "I love you, love you, brother Ned;" and drawing his head down, pressed her lips to his, in the last long kiss of life, and, laying his cheek close against hers, smiled a smile of screne and joylul liope, and—Kate, was an angel!

"It that all your stery?", did you ask!—

Not by considerable, my dear friend, there's

more love to come yet. "What! another

him across the Atlantic. After his first voyage and two years absence from home, he returned to his mother's side, "and," said; the old run, my informant, "I saw him the first night he was at home, sitting under the elm tree, out there where you see that green bank, and I heard that before dark, that alternoon, he had been over to the churches and the grave-yard."

A few days only, and he lett his home ngain. His mother, gluddened by his return, was, nevertheless, much more retuctant to let him go than when he went first. The reluctance increased as the day approached. Then she begged him, it it were possible, to stay with her; but he had promised his uncle, and would not toright his word, nor would she have him. "I shall see you again, soon—very soon, mother. Why do you feel so badly? This voyage is not to be a long one, and if my nucle does all the proposers. one, and if my uncle does all the promises.] will buy you the cottage when I come back We shall meet again very soon, mother,"
"We shall meet again, when your father, and you, and Kate, and I meet yonder, my son," said the mother. "Why, mother! the right of others and its own duties, and what makes you speak so? It will not be a justice, truth, and God's kingdom year—before I shall kiss you standing just among men. Upon those Western prairies.

rears here on earth, and his hair silvered and hin, when he lay down to die among the sounds of the mighty metropolis. Every year a pilgrim came in the carly spring when the first flowers bloomed, and slayed for a few-days in the courage here. The alternorn he used to pass in the grave-yard, but the twilight always found him seated on the bank by the spring. He grew rich until his coffers overflowed. He bought the cot-tage, but did not come to live in it; he seemed to have conceived an attachment for business and the city. His annual pil-grimage was the only telief he had from his counting-room. He grew old, older, until in regard to the day's business, and left him lying thus alone. He had sent his servant

and house-keeper out himself.

Who shalf say what were the thoughts
that filled the mind of the weary old man, Fat night, or what communion he had with the past—the far but unforgotten past? Did he hear the wind rustling the leaves of the old elm tree! Did the gurgle of the spring, the fall of the brook, the song of the brids, till his ear with their old music? Did his mother's hand press coolly on his torchead and her voice woo him to sleep with one of her old mountain songs? What fairy form vas that ? Did his angel Kate hover around his bed, and did her hips press his, and was her kiss now on his brow? Were those her arms around his neck once more in the embrace of girlhood, and was that inclodious voice her's again murmuring in his ear,--I love you, love you, brother Ned!" And
did her cheek, her velvet cheek, he warmly

close to his, and did she draw him closer, and closer to her in that holy clasp, and was all this a dream of earth, or was it Heaven It was Heaven, for he was there.

Weligions. The Truest Friend

DY CHARLES SWAIN. There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, and counsel, and defend—
Of all we ever had the chief:
Adriend, who watching from above,
Whene'er in error's path we trad,
Still sought as with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God:

There is a friend, a faithful friend, in every chance and change of fate. Minos boundless hove doth solace send, "" When other friendships come no inter A friend that when the world deceives, And wearth, we onward play.

Still comforts every feart, that grieves, That true, that faithful-folgad, is God:

How blest the years of life filight flow in one unchanged, unbroken trust; If man this truth would only know, And love his Maker and be just. Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend, Who ne'er forsukes the low liest sod, But in each need his hand doth lend; That friend, that truest friend, is God!

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH .-- AC cording to the official minutes of this church for 1847, as published by Lane & Tippit I New York, there are twenty-four confer ences in union with the Church, of which he Baltimore Conference has the largest membership, viz. 52,338 white, and 16,387 colored. Ohio stands next numerically, having a white membership of 61,684, and colored 514. Philadelphia, New York and Ditchurch are Pilisburg are next. The Vermont Conference is the smallest. The total membership in the twenty four conferences is white 600. 941; colored 29,901; Indians 716; tota There are 3,296 travelling preach ers, 346 superannuated, 4,913 local; tota 8,055. These statistics do not include the Southern branch of the Methodist Church:

THE PRESEYTERIAN CHURCH (Old School reports on examination, an addition of 7,902 members for the year 1847. The nett gain over and above dismissions to other churche deaths, &c., is: 4,789. The number of synods in connection with the general Assembly to:1847 is 23; the number of presbyterier 118; of Ministers 8,713; churches 2,376; com municants 179,453; amount of money cont buted for religious purposes, \$310,181,91.

BAPTIST STATISTICS .- The Baptist Almana and Register for 1848, gives the following grand lotal of Baptist organization, &c., in the United States

Ministerial associations, 504; churches,

THE WESTERN STATES.

Wr. seldom see anything in the North American Review more lively in description or more wathful and encouraging in sentiment, than the following from a review of Burnett's Notes on the North-west :

Upon the surface of the earth there is no land, which ought to be more interesting to us than the vast and mighty ream which lies upon the Mississippi, and its tributaries. The dead or dying hero is no more worthy of our regard than the new-born infant. Beyond the Alleghenies is to be tried the great vocation of several and a state of the second that the set. question of our age and race—that of selfgovernment, as we call it, or more properly the question whether we can and will submit ourselves to the government of God .-There is a Pagan Democracy, which tooks to real self-control, or, in other words, no control at all, which demands its own rights, and aims at nothing higher than happiness but there is also a Christian Democracy which bows to the Controller of all, looks will be the last kiss your lips will press on mine until the Resurrection."

And so that mother and son parted. They are the rival spirits of Heathers again-five years ago in heaven; not-till supremacy; intreatly the battle is begun.

ghenies to the Rocky Mountains, from the trozen lakes of the North to the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico! Every soil, every climate, every variety of surface! Of all the great products of the world, coffee is the only one which does not, or may not, grow there. Take the people of Britain, Ireland, France Holland, Germany, Italy a d Spain, and place the whole in the valley beyond the Appala-chians and it would continue to ask for more. Ohio alone, without sinking a pit below the level of her vallers, could supply coal equal to the amount dug from the mines of England and Wales for twenty-five Imu-Wisconsin. Copper and Silver beacon all trusting capitalists to the shores of Take Suirinsting capitalists to the shores of lake Su-perior. And mark the water courses, the chain of lakes the impense plains graded for railroads by Naturd's own hand, the re-servoirs of water waiting for canals to use them. Already the farmagair in the interior woods of Ohio or Indiana may ship his pro-duce at his own door to reach Boston. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimoré or New Or-leans, and every mile of its traffic hald be

beaus, and every mile of its tracest shall be by onnel, steam-boat, or rail agree.

What a land is this for Democracy to try her hand in! How different from the hand, rough Attica, where the olive-tree, the peasant's cow and pig combined in one, clima to the fissued took century after century) yield-ing its butter and Lad; where the humaning swarms of Hymettus were, instead of the sugar-cane; and pustures and fields, and ease and plenty were not tempting men to sloth and neglect. Is not the very wealth of the West to be its juin? Can votue and selfcontrol exist without hard labor and struggles? And can labor be the characteristic of a land so recking with abundance?

Let us enter that land, and choose its most typical State, Kentucky; let us look at its towns, its people, its inner history, and see what light we can gather to aid us in a Yankee guess at the time to come. We leave the Ohio valley; we ascend the hills, if those deserve the name which are only "clevations of depression," the ridges left where the water has gullied the plain;—how rounded, how fearmine the landscape! Over the gentle undulations, symmetrical as the bust of Venus, the ripening wheat, the rising corn-fields, spread to the shadow of the emof Venus, the ric erald maple boughs or the feathery beeches. The blue sky soltens in the distance into a hazy, sleepy white; the talip-tree, left alone in the pasture, lifts its branchless trunk seventy or eighty feet heavenward, and the broad, glossy leaves twinkle and wink in the sunbeams: the cattle lie dozing, only their molar teeth wakeful; the pigs are deep in the mire by the brook-side, a gaunt horse, drag-ging after him at the plough-tail an unwilling nogro, walks between the corn-rows, trampling, not eradicating, the weeds; through the open-door of the larm-house, as you pass. you may see the mistress lazing in her easy chair; when you reach the town before us you may find her helpmate talking politics

at the javern-door.

And now we come upon the town, the county-seat. How old it looks! Nature so young and vigorous, and this poor place so de r pit and halt! The stone house at the corner has not a whole; window in it, and the chimneys look more, micient than the Pyramids, the hewn log dwelling to the left totters and reels as if the stemming bar-room next door kept it perpetually half drunk, the holel itself, red, and brick; and brazen, is the symbol of impudence and brutality,—of that Heathen Democracy whose life-blood is whis-

Heathen Democracy whose lite-blood is whiskey, and whose breath is onlis.

Let us join the group round the old gentle, man, who, with his chair in the street, his leet on the window-sill, line-left hand in his riffled shirt-bosom, and his end in his cheek, is laying down the law, pointed off with-spurts of tobacco juice. These men, common as they look are not common men plazy as they appear, leaving arguist the lazy as they appear, leaning against the shoulder-polished door-posts, they are full of energy and ability. Such men as these wonthe battle of Buena Vista, and will rule the world if they choose to, 'Here is one, hard-teatured and stern, with full yeins and a complexion like half-janned ox-hide, who would, like Harry Daniel of Mount Sterling,* murder the brotlier of his wife to see her go Order in his line respectivity to, sitical more force to come yet. "What another of Baptist organization, &c. in the supply of Highland Phailes Section Phailes Acc. Highland Phailes Acc. Will Their world, the world, win has a toucher, and now had baid a look of large and to the sheetiest of the subscitced win has a toucher, and now had baid a look of large and the world, with he American Board in the world, with he American Board is unward, of 200; with the world, with he American Board is unward, of 200; with the world with he would think world, the world with he would conscience, or at any tatic the pretence of one. Next to him sits a man who could wage.

versation will be original. Search his pockets, and you will find a plan for defrauding a neighbor of his farm, a most affectionate letter to an absent daughter, a Bowie knife, and Paradise Lost.

Beyond him notice that face. How clear the eye, howconfident the mouth, how strong and firm the chin! if he speaks you will hear a voice like an Eolian harp, pouring hear a voice like an Eolian harp, pouring forth words of such sweetness that the bees might cling upon his lips. If he moves it is the indians motion, quiet and strong as sunlight. In his mind the Higher Democracy is terming itself a home; and amid the low contest of politics he will be, unconsciously acting as the messenger of the great Friend of man. Another comes by with a quick, springy step, as with ankle joints of India rubber; he stops joins in the discussion; words pour from his tougue more rapidly than the ear can drink them; he looks round, his eye all seriousness, and his mouth all smiles men catch his idea, though they cannot his syllables, and their nod show that he has hit some nail on the head. That man, slight as a girl, might be safely trusted to lead any corps in any battle; and yet in his life he had never struch a blow. Go for ten miles aroud, inquire in any household, and you will hear of him as the kind, adviser, the steadfast friend, the unostentatious helper; many a son has he saved from the gambling table, the race course, or the deadly duel, begun with rifles and finished with knives, and he, too, is a child of the soil s a child of the soil.

Now consider, that, while the munitier and the victim of assassination become known to you through the press, "the virtues of the patriotic politician or the village philof the patriotic politician or the vinage philanthropist make no noise in the world. Believe us also, that, while the towns and taverns of these Western States, recking with tobaco and whiskey, are symbols of the evil Democracy of our land, and the bullies and cut-throats, the knayes and robbers, are its tue children; and although you might, on first looking on such society as you may see in almost any Western town, think anarchy was close at hand, yet are the villages ever improving, the laverus themselves growing more decent, and anarchy is going farther and farther away. Remember that this Kentucky was seeled by men perfectly their own masters; no government, no reli gion, no police, no restraining power of any kind, save the voice of Got in their own breasts. Remember that among them were the most reckless, unprincipled, and blood-thirsty of human beings. Remember that for twenty years this population, thus gathering to marchy, was demoralized by a border warfare, full of atrocities on both sides.— Call to mind, that, without attachment to the Umon, the people of Kentucky were courted Spain, France and England, and were more than once nigh severing themselves from the Atlantic States. And when you have recaled these things, observe how out of anarchy ! nas come a regular and untroubled govern-ment; out of indifference or antagonism to the-Union, a true devotion to it; and out of a population scarce cognizant of law, a society opulation scarce cognizant of law, a society which, even in its excesses and violations of statute, aims, however blindly, to obey the laws of Justice and common good. To understand the West, you must femember that it is socially a youth, in a state of transition, to be compared with England under the Plantagenets not with England now.-You find, consequently, strange muxtures of statute law & lynch law, of heathen building and the most Christian excellence, of discegard for human life and self-forgetting phil-

anthropy. But amid all the confusion you may find evidence, we believe, that the Higher Democracy, the rule of God, is advancing. . †This is not too strong a term; in 1776, George Rogers Clarke called the people together to take measures to produce a recognition of their existence by Virginia, or to set up for themselves; there was then also dutely no government. [86] Butter, Marchaly, Morehead, or Clarke's own Journal, in Ditton's Indi-

THE CONSCIENTIOUS COUNSELLOR -Alexsel by a man having the guardia skip of several orphans. These infants would on coming of age, succeed to a large and valuable estate, of which there was some material defect in the title deeds. This fact, and the manuar in which it happened was the manner in which it happened, was knowff only to the guardian, who wished to employ Hamilton as coursel, to vest himself n the jitle of the estate. He related the af fair circumstantially, and was requested to call again before he would venture to give his advice in a matter of so much imporauce. On his second visit, Hamilton read over to him the minutes of their previous conversation that he had reduced to willing and asked him if the statement was obrect On receiving an answer in the affirmative Hamilton replied; "You are completely in my power, and I look upon myself as the luture guardian of the unhappy infants. Take "You are completely in my advice; settle with them honorably to the last cent, or I will hunt you from your skin like a hare." It is proper to add that his advice was punctually followed:

"Napoleon once said to one of his deneral's, ed; took what we pleased; robbed who we on the eve of a most important battle, that he battle was fought; and the victory won.— went into any house we pleased; took what he meant, that he had the key to the battle, we pleased;—if we wanted money, we He meant, that he had the key to the battle, and he knew how to turn it. So, said Dr. B., I (sel-to-night that I have got the key.—
This great battle is fought, and blessed be God, the victory is ours. Here is the key in what we have heard to-night. This colporteur work is the key to this great battle. Oh, I have looked on upon the masses of Germans, rushing like an avalanche upon this land, till my heart grow faint. Professor Stoye and I have often considered the matter, and we have been on the point of senting circulars to the eyangelical ministers of Germany among its. And our God is converting these Germans in their own land who tried to take a way my masket, but they persecution that they may come over her and work among their countymen?

It is said that after the battle of Chamiltee pec some of the Mexicans asked what kind of beings those were they had been lighting with; they were told by some waggish Ame joins that they were Mexican Whige.

THEIR HAMOSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS.

Now that communications are again opened between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, our guilant soldiers are able to make themselves known to their friends. We find numerous letters in our exchange papers from members of the Pennsylvania Volunteer regiments. These letters are highly in teresting as showing the teelings. the opinions, the sufferings and the hardships of the brate tellows who have done the fighting.

A letter from a young man in Mexico, dated at Puebla, Nov. 2d, published in the Pittsburg Telegraph, gives a lamentable account of the mortality, among the 1st Pennsylvama Regiment, and particularly that of the Pittsburg Blues and Duquesne Guards; one third of the former; and one half of the latter have died or been wounded, since they left Pittsburg. The letter says:

And last but not least of the catalo ne ills calculated to weigh down the spirits of the soldier, is the fact that almost daily some one of our regiment talls a victim to the wrath of the chemy, or is called hence by the hand of death. Thousands now fill the hospitals, and more than thousands sleep beneath the eaith in Puebla. Almost hourly the slow and solemn interes of the "Dead March" is heard through the streets.

Could the people of the States but realize the one tenth part of the horrors of war, they would rise up in one solid phalanx and demand that the war should be closed. No scruples about the nation's honor can now be urged. Have we not whipped the enemy as long as we could find them? Is not their government unnihilated? And is it probathe expenses of the war, and the just debts which Mexico owes us? Then why prosecute the war? Why sacrifice the lives of thousands of better men than those who arge the war on, when there is not the remotest respect of its doing any ultimate good?— Why not at once call back the remnant of he army and lake as much territory, and seat coast as will indemnify the government to all the expenses she has been to! This will have to be done in the end, and the sponer done the fewer will be the number who will have to rest beneath the soil of Mexico. - .

You will perceive that more than one-third of the "Blues" have died and been wounded since their departure from home; and nearly one half of the "Greys" have shared the same face. Taking into consideration the number who have been discharged, you will readily perceive that one companions are lew in number. Indeed, it is as much as we can do to raise twenty men who are able to do duty. When we were at New Orleans we were considered to be one of the stoniest Regiments they had ever seen: Perhapsyou will ask the reason, why we have suffered so much. The answer is at hand.— Our Regiment particularly that portion of it under command of Col. S. W. Black, have been made a kind of a pack-horse for the army. They have been been compeded to an equal, or more than their share of fighting; they have not since their departure from Vera Cruz, had a single tent to cover them. from the inclemency of the weather, and whenever there is any marching to be done the First Pennsylvanians are suit to be called on.

The Regulars never thove an inch without their tents, and the moment they come to a town they are sure to stop beneath the roof of a house, whilst the Volunteers must wai until the powers that be" see proper to care for their wants. Thus we have had to fight the rains, storms, diseases, and builts of the enemy, eversince we landed upon the shores of Mexico. Is it any wonder, then, that we have suffered so severely!

The Carbon County Gazette publishes a

"We entered the city and were quartered in what is called the Citadel, a building where arms are manufactured for the army. The 'Greasers,' as soon as we entered the city, made for the house tops and street corners, armed with guns, stones, &c., with which they harrassed the Americans. "Seven or eight of our men went to take a

walk in the city, but had not gone far before they were attacked by a party of Greasers and two of them wounded. H. Thomas in the shoulder, and E. M. Davis in the foot, very bally; the ball entering the heet, and lodging in the instep, from which it became necessary to cut it out. He is in the hospital and is doing well. John Solomon got a shot his advice was punctually followed:

ESTIMATE OF COLPORTAGE.—The venorable Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, at a recent meeting of a Colportuer Association in that city, remarked in his own energetic style, im have a shot: we went where we pleased took what we pleased took what we already what we pleased took what we pleased to the pleased to the pleased took what we pleased to the pleased to th 13- The last Reading Journal contains

several interesting letters from the Artillety company which went to Mexico from that place. Out of one hundred men who left Reading, a little more than a year ago, but

Letters from Soldiers in Mexico. the air of his childhood, and to lay his head to rest as he did in years gone by-

"The student sun is flaming high,
"The student sun is flaming high,
He from the fartice bangs,
Prove he for home and distant lands
With disappointment's pange-"
And this it is that kills some of our men—

home sickness, and at last they plue to death. Miserable, man!—that longs for, home and cannot reach it! "You are well aware that we left home with more than an inindred men. We entered the city of Mexico with forty all told! the others having been either discharged of dead, or back in the hospitals. Now you may well think if the company is as unlucky in returning (besides the war is not overver) as they were in coming here, then over yet) as they were in coming here, then good-bye to Old Berks."

DREADFUL SCENE.—The Syracuse (N. Y.) lournal publishes a letter from a distinguished officer of the Army, in the city of Mexico, to his wife, from which we copy the following paragraph, illustrative of the "hor-" tors of war," to which it is well sometimes to direct our attention, lest we be too much dazzled by its glories:

"The sight of one battle field cures one of a desire for-military life. If he could see the (literally) piles of mangled corpses of the slain—some without heads, some with-out legs or arms—some with their boweis torn open—the ground strewed with the wounded, dead and dying, he would be content with his lot.

"The most heart sickening scene I ever beheld, was the Arch-episcopal palace at, Tacubaya converted into a hospital on the day of the battle of Molino del Rey. The floors of the spacious apartments were covered with wounded officers and men, to the eaten with wounded officers and men, to the extent of many hundreds, who were suffering horrid agonies while the corps of surgeons were actively engaged in amputating limbs, some of the victims screaming with agony, while others sustained themselves with heroic fortitude. I had occasion to go through the spaceous buildings twice that dark and witnessed many constitute. day; and witnessed many operations. I saw the amputated limbs quivering with life, while the gutters of the court were filled with streams of human blood. It was heartsickening, and enough to cure any man of a taste for war."

Mr. Polk's Contradictions.

The assumpti n of Mr. Polk, that Mexico had invaded our territory by crossing the Rio Grande, is relied upon by him as a justifica-tion for the measures he took which led to open hostilities.

An examination of this point, even as he An examination of this point, even as he presents it, will show his error.

The territory lying between the Nucces and the Rio Grande, is claimed, by Mr. Polk, as a part of Texas, because, when Texas was an independent nation, she "included" that country "within her limits by her laws." If this be a conclusive answer to the objection of Mexico, and Mr. Polk says it is, why ther, it follows that all the territory. it is, why then it follows that all the territory included by the laws of Texas within he

limits, is a part of that State; and the United States are bound to defend her right to it. Now, the limits of Texas, as defined by her laws, included all the territory this side of the Rio Grande, and comprohended Santa Fe and other places in New Mexicon If the Claws of Texas' are to define, conclusively, what are her boundaries, she has as good a claim to Santa Fe as Point Isabel, and same relation as the latter. And yet Mr. Polk declares that a proposition to make the Nucces the boundary is inadmissable, bemember Texas, by surrendering to Mexico that part of the territory of that State lying between the Nucces and the Rio Grande, in-cluded within her limits by her laws when she was an independent republic, and when she was annexed to the United States and admitted by Congress as one of the States of our Union —whilst he tells us in another letter from one of the volunteers of Manch Chunk, who went to Mexico, dated at the city of Mexico, October 24, 1847. Speaking city of Mexico, October 24, 1847. Speaking or the entrance of Gen. Scott into that city, the letter says: Mexico "within her tentitorial limits," whilst Mexico still claims to hold it as part of her dominion; and suggested that "the adjustment of this question of boundary is impor-tant! The absurdity and contradiction of these several propositions will strike every one, and yet Mr. Polk treats them as if they were really all clear and intelligible.

He does not reem to understand, that if

Poin Isabel is in Texas, because she "included it by her laws within her limits," so, for the same reason, is Santa Fe, because it was also included by the same laws! And yet he thinks we may bity the latter without of-fence to Texas, or doing violation to our own honor, whilst we cannot entertain a proposition to give up the latter, as to do so would "dismember" that State of the Un-

on!
Mr. Polk ought to have claimed all the territory included by the laws of Texas with-in her limits, and we are sincers when we say, that we rather tegret for his consistency's sake that he did not do so. The whole claim, on the ground he puts it, is untenable, but then if he had included the "whole of none" it would not have been absurd; as it is now, when he claims the whole and yet wants to buy the larger part Patriot.

THE GRAVE. - Poverty, disease, the world's scorn, the pain of bereaved affection, these cease in the grave. The purified split lays down there every burden. One and only one evil can be carried from this world to ral evil, crime, ungoverned passion, the de-prayed mind, the memory of a wasted or ill-spent life, the character which has grown up under neglect of God's voice in the soul and under neglect of God's voice in the soul and in his word. Let every act, or feeling, or motive, which bears the brand of guilt-seem to us more terrible than the worst calamities n life. Let us dread it more than the agonies of the most painful death.

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