SOUTHERN ARGUS.

VOL. VIII.] COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, MARCH 8, 1842. (NO. XXV.

RICHARD HENRY BROWNE, EDITOR.] —WEEKLY,— [SAMUEL DAVIS, PUB. AND PROPRIETOR.

THE SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

☞The following is condensed from the narrative of Mr. FRANKLIN COMBS, one of the prisoners:

The expedition, after about ten week's march, through a country infested by Indians, arrived at the Palo Duro, where being straitened for food, and having previously sent their guides in advance, it was determined to despatch about a third of the armed force and two of the commissioners to procure provisions and prepare the way for the entrance of the expedition into the province of Santa Fè. The impression at the time was that the expedition had reached within 90 miles of Santa Fè, in consequence of which belief the advanced division took with them only three days rations. Col. Cooke and Dr. Brenham were the officers commanding the advance, and Capt. Sutton commanded the armed escort. The remainder of the forces were left at Palo Duro under the command of Gen. Mc Leod, surrounded by a vast number of Indians, who were continually harassing them, and who had actually killed five of them the day upon which the division set out upon its march.

The advanced force soon learned that the expedition had made a fearful mistake in supposing the Palo Duro to be within ninety miles of Santa Fè. The distance was nearly 300 miles, and as a consequence, the rations provided for the troops were exhausted before they accomplished a third of the road to Santa Fè. The division then resorted to every expedient to escape starvation. They first subsisted upon such of the horses as had broken down, and wild berries which were occasionally met with in the prairies. When those resources failed they were compelled to live upon snakes, horned frogs and other reptiles which abound in the prairies, and which constituted the principal and for a time their only food. After marching in this way for two weeks or thereabouts, the division arrived at Gallinas. From this place, Van Ness, Lewis, Howard, and Fitzgerald, accompanied by Mr Kendall, were sent on to Santa Fè, to hold an interview with the Govenor, explain the pacific objects of the expedition, obtain stores for the troops, and a permit to bring the merchandize taken out by the traders within the province.

Two or three hours after these gentlemen left the camp at Gallinas a note was received from Capt. Lewis, to the effect that the country was in arms, but that they would proceed on to Santa Fè. They were, however, seized shortly afterwards (as Captain Lewis stated,) bound and aken out to be shot; but that their lives were spared through the intercession of a Mexican officer, who took them to meet Governor Armijo. In the mean while the Governor had despatched a force of several hundred men to intercept the Texians. The commander of these troops had endeavored to get the Texians to lay down their arms, by assuring them of the friendly disposition of the Governor and the inabitants.—This the Texians would not do.—The Mexican officer then undertook to take care of the few remaining horses of the Texians, and supply the men with food, in order to allay apprehensions of any hostile purpose. His next step was to cross the Gallinas with his men, with the avowed object of camping the two forces together as further proof of friendship. This he did, but as he drew near the Texian camp, the disposition of his lines left little doubt of his belligerent intentions. The Texians were immediately got under arms. About this time also another party crossed the river, and forming a junction with the first, banished every lingering doubt of the objects of the Mexicans, and an engagement was on the eve of taking place, when Capt. Lewis and the nephew and confidential secretary of the Governor made their appearnce.

When Lewis and the Governor's nephew came up, a parley was had between them and the Texians, the troops upon both sides maintaining their battle array. Capt. Lewis represented the Governor as willing to receive the Texians on condition that they would lay down their arms, in conformity with a law of Mexico, which made it necessaty for an armed force entering the province to give up their weapons before reaching San Miguel. He represented himself, and the nephew and secretary of the Governor, as empowered to stipulate for the surren- of the implements of war. and to negotiate for the safe conduct of the troops to the frontier after they had complied with this stipulation. The Governor had empowered them to bind the authorities to label the property of each individual, supply food for the march home; and return to every man his property. These representations were confirmed by the nephew and secretary of Governor Armijo, as well as by the Mexican officers, a number of whom had joined in the parley.

The Commissioners besitating, to confide in these representations, Captain Lewis informed them that the Governor, with a well appointed troop of 3,000 men, was within 12 hours' march and if the Texians gained the battle, they would soon be engaged with a more formidable foe. The Commissioners yet not satisfied, Captain Lewis pledged his honor to the truth of all these statements, swearing upon his Masonic faith (both being Masons) to every word of it.

Such being the circumstances of the division, without food, jaded and worn out by fatiguing marches, in front of a force of some six hundred men, and expecting the arrival of 3,000 more and being especially ordered by the Texian Government to avoid hostilities if the people were opposed to them, and not apprised of the capture of the gentlemen despatched to Santa Fè, and not suspecting Lewis to be a traitor, the Texians laid down their arms upon the terms of surrender proposed. Food was then furnished the troops and they were treated with some leniency until the next day, when the Governor arrived with about 1,500 Men, a force sufficient to make him secure in his barbarity; we were seized and bound six and eight together, with hair ropes and thongs of raw hide, and put in a filthy sheep-fold, surrounded by a large armed guard. In this place we were kept all night, lying in heaps, one upon another, and suffering the most intense agony from the closeness of the confinement and the pressure of the ropes with which we were bound, and in full hearing of the disputes in the council called by the Governor to deliberate upon our destiny, which decided about day-break by a *single vote*, that we should not be shot but be marched off for Mexico.

At sunrise we had to take up our march for the city of Mexico, about 2,000 miles distant—the soldiers telling us that we were going to the mines. Bound six and eight together, we were forced to travel the three first days about thirty mile each, without food, and even denied the privilege of drinking when we were wading the small streams through which we were marched. We were stripped of hats, shoes, blankets and coats. The Governor himself took from me my blanket and buffalo robe, cursing and striking the prisoners aud raving like a madman; because (as we heard) his wish to have us shot had been overruled in council. I was obliged to give my shirt in the extremity of my distress, for a loaf of bread, and swapped a tolerably good pair of pantaloons for a ragged pair upon receiving a mouthful or two to eat in the exchange. When we arrived at the Rio del Norte I had parted with every thing but my tattered trousers, vest and suspenders, every thing else having been disposed of for bread or robbed from me by the soldiers. Nor were the other prisoners in a better condition. The weather was then cold, and we were nigh perishing in our nakedness.

After a few days march, it was found impracticable for us to get on with any speed bound together in such numbers. We were then tied two together, and to each pair there was a rope tied about the waist, neck or arms, and fastened to the pummel of the saddle of the horses on which the guard was mounted.

In this manner we were carried on to the city of Mexico, which we reached about the close of December.—But I must here pause, to do justice to one of the Captains of the Mexican army, who had charge of us for about five days of the journey, who treated us with kindness, and furnished us with money out of his own pocket.—He respected us as prisoners of war, and I lament that I cannot recall his name. He was the only officer who seemed to regard us as human beings during the whole of our long march.—The foreigners also in Chihoahua and Zacatacas raised a contribution for us, which gave us a temporary relief.

When we arrived at Mexico, we were covered with filth and vermin.—We there met an order from Santa Anna to be chained with heavy iron.—We were lodged in the Convent Santiago, about two miles from the palace; confined in a room over the cemetry, and the effluvia from the dead bodies beneath was offensive in the extreme. Those prisoners who were able to do so were subsequently made to work upon the streets of the capital.

About three weeks after we reached Mexico, two of the prisoners made their escape. This incensed Santa Anna to such a degree, that he ordered the whole of us, the lame and and sick included, to be chained and made to work with the rest. I was myself taken out of bed and chained with a heavy log chain about my ancles and made to work in the streets. This, too, after I had been demanded as a citizen of the United States by our minister, Mr. Ellis. I was kept in chains about two weeks, and ill as I was, compelled to sleep and work in them, having thereby nearly lost my bearing, when I was sent for by Santa Anna.—The Dictator asked me a variety of questions about myself, my parents, the objects of the expedition, and other matters. After I was in his presence about fifteen minutes, the chains were taken off me by a blacksmith; Santa Anna then said, that in consequence of my youth, the capacity in which I accompanied the expedition, and my being the son of a general, I was at liberty and might go home.

After my release Mr. Ellis treated me with attention and politeness, and I have to thank him for the loan of money to bring me home. While sick in prison, Mr. Black sent me bedding, the foreigners sent me some necessaries, and Mr. Lumsden loaned me some money. Several of the higher Mexican officers in the city, especially Barragan, expressed symphathy for me, and treated me kindly.

Among the persons who accompanied the expedition was one Mr. Faulkner, a British subject, who joined in with Mr. Kendall and myself, under the same circumstances, except that he did not have a passport, which Mr. Kendall had procured before he left New Orleans, from the Mexican consulate here. Mr. Packenham the British minister, informed me that Mr. Faulkner would be demanded the moment he reached the city, at whatever hour in the night or day that event would take place.

FRANKLIN COMBS.

From the Picayune.

THE GREEN ROOM.

NATURAL ACTING OF FOUR SUPERNUMERARIES.—John H. Barton, now managing the new Mobile theatre with signal ability and success, has been well known and esteemed for some years back, both in this city and in the scene of his present activity. He is a gentleman who brought classical attainments and a passionate mind to the assistance of his early dramatic studies, and with the Kembles and the Talma was he associated during his first advancement in the art. The tone of his thought is linked unbendingly with lofty things, and his susceptibilities are of as fine a nature as the strings of the æolian, or the leaf of the plant that closes at the touch of aught save its native sunbeam. We have undertaken a delicate task to tell this anecdote in a manner to avoid wounding such a spirit. It is one however, that we *cannot* afford to lose, nor is it all right, that so droll a reminiscence should be lost. It has already travelled across the Atlantic, and been laughed over throughout the profession and before some book-making tourist or stroller picks it up and tells it wrong, we will tell it right.

About four, perhaps five years since Barton was going through a starring engagement at the Emanuel street theatre, Mobile, then under management of Ludlow & Smith. At the time, Barton was suffering from an attack of asthma, which threw him into nervous irritability, and made him more than ever feverishly anxious about his pieces. In rehearsing Wm. Tell, he expressed himself particularly uneasy about a tableau at the end of the second act, where the guards of Gesler overpowered the hero of the piece. Barton said he had been repeatedly annoyed by the bungling of awkward supernumeraries in this scene, and for once he insisted upon having the business well performed.

Accordingly, in the evening four stout, athletic fellows were chosen from among the supernumeraries, and between the first and second acts they were brought on the stage for rehearsal. They were shown how to seize Mr. Barton at a certain moment, force him down on one knee, pinion his arms in a particular manner, and so from a lively and picturque grouping, upon which the curtain was to fall. The stupid fellows grew excited and eager with these instructions, seemed as if they understood all they had to do, and promised to perform every thing just as they were directed.

The curtain rose, and the act went on. Barton spoke to the four men again at the wing, he getting more anxious and nervous every moment.

"Don't be afraid of me—do it *naturally*, my good fellows—seize me as if you were four watchmen capturing a hard-fighting rowdy—eh! do you perceive? Take hold of me like men. and *cr-r-r-ush* me down as I have shown you! You are the body guards of the tyrant *Gestler*, and you are seizing *Wm. Tell!*—remember that—*um umh!*"

The men looked desperate resolution in reply, and stood waiting for their appointed signal to rush on the stage, like four hungry and impatient beasts about to pounce upon some destined object of prey The moment came. Never before was there such an extraordinary climax put to a scene as occurred then! On came Sarnem with his reinforcement from the castle.

"Seize him!"

The four selected "supes" ran almost over each other at the word, upsetting half a dozen of their fellow soldiers in their eagerness, and rushing upon William Tell like four loosened fiends. They hurried Barton in a most rude and ludicrous manner down into a corner of the stage instead of the centre. He struggled and gasped with astonishment. Once with a huge effort he succeeded in throwing them off, but they remembered what they had been told, and seized poor Barton again with redoubled force, each man straining every nerve to *cr-r-r-ush* the Hero of Switzerland to the earth.

Barton was seized with horror and astonishment. He became powerless in the grasp of his four herculean assailants. So unexpected and extraordinary was the nature of the dilemma, that he lost even his power of utterance in intensity of agitation and was forced down upon his back, struggling in vain to speak. The supernumeraries had grown blindly excited and savage with their novel exercise, and the applause they heard from front, remembering of all they had been told except that they were to act *naturally*, and they *did* with a vengeance! They got the hero upon his back, and the biggest fellow of the four clapped his knee upon poor Barton's asthmatic chest! who, almost in a smothering condition, gasped "*Murder! murder!*" as the curtain was falling! The audience looked a little puzzled about the nature of the tableau, but, nevertheless, applauded it roundly, for certainly, nothing could have been more *natural!*

The very next season, the most ladylike and accomplished actress, Miss Phillips, that was, played an engagement upon this same stage, and, in the course of some merry chat during a morning rehearsal, she related to the company this very anecdote, as an occurrence which took place upon the boards of one of the prindipal theatres in England! So rumor flies.—But the surprise of the lady and the mirth of the company formed a rare scene, when she was told that upon the very spot where she was then sitting the strange event really occurred!

PHYSICAL EFFECTS.—There is now in the workhouse of the Limerick Union a woman 106 years of age. She says she has never tasted physic of any kind.

From the S. C. Advocate.

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Bill Bratcher was an Indian spy in Braddock's war. He had been taken a prisoner in early youth, (at about 14:) his father was burned to death before his eyes. As he wept over this scene of cruelty, the Indians held to his face a chunk of fire to dry up his tears. He was seven years a prisoner. During this long captivity, he was considered the child of an Indian man and woman, by whom he was adopted, and treated accordingly. He was allowed to hunt, and had at last conceded to him all the privileges of a warrior.

He and a fellow prisoner, arranged a scheme to escape: the Indians suspected their purpose, and deprived them of their arms. In this situation they thought flight impossible: but when the warriors left their camps to hunt, the young captives determined to make one effort for freedom.—They knew that an aged warrior, whose age exempted him from the toils of the chase, had his camp in the neighborhood and that he had a good rifle and a plenty of ammunition. *He had assisted in killing Bratcher's father.* It was decided that they should visit his camp: he was rejoiced to see them: while he busied himself in preparing food for them, Bratcher seized his gun, shot him dead; his rifle, powder, and balls and dried meat, was obtained, and with this prize they commenced their return to the abodes of civilized men. They were beyond the lakes. Their flight occupied forty days, eight of which were spent upon the lakes. The Indians in pursuit were often seen: but the fugitives escaped uninjured.

He often related the following:—During the Indian and French war, commonly called Braddock's war, a Dutchman's wife and children were captured in a sudden attack made by the Indians on the white settlement. The Dutchman escaped and got into a neighboring block house.

Bratcher. in the night succeeding, was despatched as a Spy, or look out, for the Indians. He pursued the ridge running along the Kanahaw river for three or four miles, and finding it was not so near day as he had supposed, he sat down on a spur running in towards the bend of the river. In a few moments he heard the report of a shot gun, the squeal of a hog and an Indian laugh: he knew he was in the neighborhood of the party for which he was seeking. He silently, and in Indian style, crept towards the place from which the sounds came, until he had a full view of the whole encampment. It was in a bend of the river hemmed in by the knobs and spurs of the mountains, so as to be almost inaccessible. The Indians and their prisoners (the woman and children,) were in the centre around the fire: the horses and plunder were outside. Bratcher knew enough of the arrangement to enable him to conduct a successful surprise. His knowledge of the Indian habits made him aware that the hog thus killed was to constitute their morning meal, and that they would not move until they had partaken thereof, and until after day had dawned.

He returned to the block-house, and led out a party, with the Dutchman at his side, for the attack. They were around the Indians just at the day dawned.—Bratcher was to fire the signal gun, at which the rest was to fire. The Indians were taking their breakfast, busily supping their broth out of their camp-kettles. A big Indian was, in epicurian style, enjoying his soup, muscle shell in hand: him Bratcher pointed out to the Dutchman, who replied "I give it to him." Together they aimed, and together cracked their guns, followed in quick succession by every other gun in company. Their aim was too true to miss, and an Indian rolled in death before every gun. The surprise was complete. At the crack of the guns the Dutch woman and her children ran toward the place from which the guns had been fired: the Indians surprised and thus suffering them to escape, were not yet overcome, vengeance was now their predominant feeling, they sprang forward in pursuit of them, tomahawk in hand. The white men rushed forward to their rescue; the woman and children, just as the Indians were approaching them, fell in under the root of a tree, which had been blown up. Here, over and around them the white men took their stand, and shot down eight Indians. During this part of the fight, Bratcher said he and the Indians were so close together, he heard the bullets as the Indians ran them down into their guns. At last the Indians were discomfitted, they ceased to fight, and plunged into the river. The woman and children were unhurt: the rapture of the united husband, wife and children, may be conceived, it cannot be described! The whole soil, plunder, booty and property of the Indians were taken: the survivors had escaped, naked, and were supposed to have entirely fled.

One of the whites was wounded, to remove him it was necessary to construct a litter. During the delay thus occasioned, it was discovered that an Indian was watching the party. Bratcher was selected to shoot him; he took his seat behind a tree while the rest of the party pursued their avocations, as if the Indian had not been observed. Bratcher waited long and patiently for a fuller view of the Indian, in vain—he was immoveable as the tree behind which he stood. His eye could alone be seen: at last Bratcher determined on trying his skill, at even that small mark. He fired, half burying his ball in the bark of the tree, and glazing the Indian on the temple. He fell at the crack of the gun, but before Bratcher's tomahawk could descend on his head he was up and a running; and notwithstanding Bratcher strained every nerve in pursuit, in running half a mile, the Indian got so much the advantage that the pursuit was abandoned.

More troubles in Cincinnati.—Letters from Cincinnati dated the 9th instant, state that the Banks of that city have refused to receive the notes of the Wooster Bank the Cleveland Bank the Commercial Bank at lake Erie, Circleville Bank the Urbana Bank, and the Merchnts & Maechanics' Bank of Wheeling. The hotels of these Banks therefore are no longer current in Cincinnati. From gentlemen who arived in this city yesterday from Cincinnati we learn there were apprehensions of another mob.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

Various and strange are the vicissitudes of trade now-a-days. Not only are the members of our commercial community, great and small, troubled "to make strap and buckle meet," but the system of botheration includes in in its operation all the little fry. Street pedlars—those queer chaps whose business it is to dispose of dry-goods and finery carried in a box strapped to their necks—even they find it difficult to make money enough to meet their heavy engagements. Shakespear says,

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporeal sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies;

And the pedlar who cannot pay the amount due upon his stock in trade, suffers as keenly as a merchant who fails for tens of thousands. But we did not start for the purpose of moralizing, or philosophizing, for is but poor business, at best. One of those itinerant venders of trifles, to whome we have made allusion, found, a few days ago that after travelling until night, and using his lungs lustily in "crying" his wares, he had enough to purchase "porridge." He was in a small store, near the upper extremity of the city, the owner of which—one of the gender feminine—was in the same line with himself. She stood in the door, on the look-out perhaps for customers. The pedlar took off his hat. There was something in her appearance that indicated, to the observing eye of our travelling retailer, that trade had been dull in her quarter, also, and it occurred to him that he might possibly strike a bargain with her that would make up for the losses of the day. He, therefore, he asked if he could sell her any thing, and she invited him to come in, he felt pretty sure that he was in a fair way to realize some profit. The lady examined his stock, and finally told him there were some articles she would be glad to exchange with him. He seemed to labor under the impression that he could discover something "verdant in her optic," and as there was but little probability that he could effect a cash sale, and as he wished particularly to get rid of certain things that had troubled him for a long time he concluded to assent to the proposition. The lady exhibited a very fine gilt box, containing one or two bottles of hair oil, some boxes of tooth powders, a cake of soap, and other trumpery. The goods he wished to dispose of were not better. As both were conscious of cheating the bargain was soon agreed to. The pedlar took up his box and started towards home, chuckling over his good trade, while the lady entered behind her counter and, as Dan Marble would say "laughed right out." On examining the articles she had obtained, however, she soon saw they were not what they were cracked up to be, and finally threw them among other rubbish, as totally valueless and unsaleable. On reaching his hut the pedlar ventured into an examination of the wares he had seured. His curses if not loud were deep, when he discovered that his hair oil was nothing but coloured water, his tooth-powder clean white ashes and his cake of soap a compound of saw-dust and paste, neatly enveloped in a gaudy wrapper. Weary, miserable and disgusted, tired of the world and all that it inherits, he threw himself on his bed and endeavored to forget his cares in

Innocent sleep:
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;
The death of each day's life sore labor's bath:
Balm of hurt minds great nature's second course
Chief nourisher in life's feast!"

The great moral of this our tale stands out in bold and startling relief. From the highest to the humblest we have our afflictions and adversities. The poor pedlar who when he attempted to cheat, and in the upshot found himself cheated undoubtedly fancied he was the most miserable and persecuted object upon the face of the earth. The past was a blank of contemplation the future made him shudder. Pecuniary uin stated him in the face, and dim visions of the bankrupt law floated before his imagination;—and yet thousand self-sufficient and presumtive fools in this wide world imagine themselves to be more desolate and unfortunate than this poor pedlar! They need not unnecessarily flatter themselves. A thorough investigation of the things of his life, will show them that one man is just about as miserable as another "in the long run."

From the Boston Courier.

If the merchant and speculator should smile at some of the opinions set forth in the following article, as unsound and impracticable, the general reader will find that it contains many suggestions that are worthy of sober consideration:—

TROUBLES IN THE CURRENCY.

To the Editor of the Courier.

What shall be done to relieve the community from the evils of a disturbed and constantly fluctuating currency? Can we, in sober senses, believe that the establishment of a national bank is a cure-all? While a bank existed the currency was inflated and contracted by turns; prices rose and fell; failures swept like hurricanes over the business community, involving the rich in ruin and the poor in misery. People are begining to believe that a large bank will be governed by the same principles with small banks that it will regulate them only in reference to its own interest and that a large one is not bound by moral or legal bonds to have solely in view the good of the community, in any degree more than smaller banks are bound to that end. "Who shall regulate the regulator," it is a question which is difficult to answer.

Shall we propose the distruction of all banks? Philosophers in their closets may have supposed such a thing possible, may have argued that the community would have been better without banks. But the banking system seems to be the natural result of the principles of trade and commerce and if a new empire were founded in some new land for the express purpose of testing the principle of busines without banking, the same strong current of trade which has brought banks into our community, would in all probablity carry them there; circumstances which in their nature are uncontrollable- can result only in useful institutions. And it seems that we might as well pronounce the profession of the ministry or law pernicious to society as the institution of banking. Banks may need reform; so perhaps do ministers and lawyers.

Does it require, Mr. Editor, any very superior powers of foresight to predict, in no long time renewed disturbance in the currency, and failures over again? When will they cease? What new principles have been introduced into the method of doing business in the community, by which they can be prevented? I know of none of any material importance. Some individuals who barely escape the loss of property in the convulsion a few years since, may have contracted; and they may stand the next pressure and pass through unharmed. But has the community learned wisdom? Have the young men who have just begun, or are about begining, the hazardous work of "making money,"—are they wiser than their fathers were? If not we must expect troubles. The gay vision of hope will dance before the eyes of many and vanish in darkness. It is a saddening spectacle, to see the hurried activity of many in the community; they count their fortunes by thousands now; would they count them by the hundred, or only as nothing, if they saw that their fortunes depended upon the safe standing of friends and customers and strangers of whose business they can know nothing, and over it save no control! The fortunes of business men remind one too often of the rows of card-houses, which children build for the pleasure of throwing down by rows.

This will perhaps be called "croaking," Those who think so,—who believe their own business relations firm, their property securely increasing, are not called upon to read further while I attempt to unfold two causes, by which the troubles in the currency and failures in business are produced; one is of an economical, and the other of a moral nature.

In the first place, the credit system is to be not destroyed, that re-model. It is just and right that those who deserve credit should receive it. But what is credit? It is the confidence, which others place in our uprightness of heart, and our talents for business. A man deserves credit, to the degree of his skill and honesty, and no further. If credit was given only to this degree, the currency would seldom trouble us, and the business operations of few would ever result in failure.

It seems to be supposed by the community that credit *is* now given only to this extent. But if so, what means the system of *endorsements*? I being a man unknown to the community may command any amount of capital if I can command endorsers. Were I known to be engaged in hazardous business, yet I could command money so far as I could command names. Were men careful not to lend their names improperly, no evil would result from the system of endosements. But men are not careful. They consent to *run a risk*. They know, in lending their names, that the friend to whom they lend them is not secure. The endorser consents to divide with a man the risk of his business, instead of suffering every man to bear his own risks. Either a man deserves credit for his character or not: if he deserves it let him have money on his own name, if he is not deserving let him make a character, before he attempts to make a fortune.

No man ought to lend his name, where he would not lend his money. If any man would lend his name when he enters upon a course so hazardous that no man of prudence, sensible of responsibleness, would ever pursue it. He puts his property his business, under the control of another man. He has taken a step in the dark out of misplaced, complaisance to a friend and if a pitfall is before him he cannot see it.

Let the system of endorsements be done away. Let every man stand upon his own character alone. Will it be said that many deserve when their characters are not known to the capitalist while the credit of their friends may be? Then let the friends borrow for the the unknown man. Let the friend wholly responsible to the capitalist. Let not the capitalist know that his money is to be lent over again; he shall lend only to those who deserve credit, they shall lend again to one in whom they have confidence. When a man becomes fully responsible to the amount for which he endorses he will be as careful when his name is lent as when his money is. And he who is not as careful of his name when another's money is at stake upon it, as he would of his own money if it were, is not himself deserving of that credit by which alone he could engage in business.

It will be said, that by such a system, the business of the community would be much diminished, less wealth would be accumulated fewer fortunes made. All of which the writer acknowledges to be true. Less wealth would not be made, but wealth would be more equally distributed. Less work would not be done, only less buying and selling. The business of buying has increased out of all proportion beyond that of creating property out of the soil, or adding to it by handiwork. We want more producers; we need not have so many to step in between the customer and the producer.

Less business would indeed be done in the community, and we should all be the happier. Fewer failures would take place. There would be fewer sleepless nights, and dinners without appetites. The anxieties of life, those hurried distractions, which make a man a stranger in his own house, cold to the wife of his bosom and neglectful to caress his children, would be diminished.—The poor would be fewer in number, for a thousand poor suffer where one rich man fails; and the change in the currency, which compels the rich man to retrench in the sickening luxuries which crowd his table, diminishes also the little store of bread, by which the children of the poor are kept from famishing. The morals of the community would be improved. For who, that reads the daily record, of crime, does not see that the business principles of the community, by creating fortunes with little work, rapidly from small beginnings, matures as rapidly those evil passions, which in the minds of the envious and avaricious are likely to impel to crime. Let no man have credit who does not deserve it, not though a thousand stand sponsors' and the evils in the currency prevented from deteriorating, wealth will be more equally distributed and all will be happier.

I may have been too long already: the unwilling need not follow while I attempt to unfold a second cause of the derangements of the currency;—that is, the principle that the end of life, or the purpose of business is, to make money. Little do those understand, of their own hearts, little do they understand of human life, experience and happiness, who know no other end in business, no other serious purpose in life, than to make money. Common as this principle is, it is wrong in itself, and as deceptive as it is wrong. Has the Christian merchant no other object in life? We will acknowledge, then, freely, that the truths of Christianity have given him little satisfaction; that it has been a hard thing to struggle against the temptations to which "the love of money" has exposed him, and that he has felt a heart divided between the service of mammon and his maker. The purity, humility, faithfulness and satisfaction of the Christian life, are not found among those who believe that to make money is the reason why men are made to live. The Christian cannot I believe, hold to such a principle.

But the principle is delasive as well as wrong. For of those who aim at fortune, how many succeed? Here, before my window while I write, is the house of a young man, a husband and father, who, a year since, assured me of his bright prospects, and declared that his only happiness in life depended upon his first securing a fortune. Six weeks since he failed; long before that, he endured the agony of expectation; and within that time, words cannot express, as he has told me, the misery which he has felt in the persecution of creditors, the threats, the writs, the officers of the law, and the mortification in having lost *his game*, while the next-door neighbors were winning, and in the conscienciousness of poverty and debt, while he expected the comforts and the pride of wealth. Such is the pride of thousands. One may die at eighty, with a fortune of half a millions; and its worth cannot compensate for the agonies of a failure at forty.

The principle is delusive. Let me have safe things on which to rest my hopes. I cannot suffer the deep feelings of my heart to be harrowed up for that, which, in the end, will bring me nothing; the energies of my mind are two valuable to be exhausted in a chase, in which I may be a loser after all. Poor is the lot of life, if a man *must* have his mind distracted for nothing. For sure things one might willingly suffer, but not for delusions.

The rich are the very few; but thousands intend and expect to be rich. They are to struggle through their lives after that which is unattainable. Sickness and misfortune are to overtake them in their course, the failure of friends is to overwhelm them, the troubles of strangers are to draw them down. A giddy chase and a mournful end! Were man *condemned* to such evils, what should we say of the wisdom of that Providence which had arranged so ill the course of human life?

What sacrifices, too, is a man to make during all the period of his efforts after wealth. If he yields to the principles of many, he will do that continually for which his conscience will reprove him, and gone is the sweet enjoyment without which every other enjoyment is robbed of its sweetness. He is to sacrifice his home. He may, indeed, have a place which he shall call a home; *friend* of his wife; he ceases to love her, as his mind becomes more engrossed. She reads his after looks, and consents to believe that human affections bud and blossom only to decay and strew the pathway of life with dry and