# THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

*"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."*

**VOLUME XVII.] CHARLOTTE, N. C. NOVEMBER 6, 1846. [NUMBER 5.**

T. J. HOLTON,
*EDITOR, PROPRIETOR & PUBLISHER.*

**TERMS:**

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☞ *Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square, (16 lines or less, this sized type,) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.*

*AGENTS.*
*Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.*
*Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.*


**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**

| NOVEMBER, 1846. | Sun rises. | Sun sets. | MOON'S PHASES. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 Friday, | 6 49 | 5 14 | *For November, 1846.* | | | |
| 7 Saturday, | 6 49 | 5 11 | | h. | m. | |
| 8 Sunday, | 6 50 | 5 10 | Full | 6 | 4 | 6 morn. |
| 9 Monday, | 6 51 | 5 9 | Last | 10 | 6 | 39 even'g. |
| 10 Tuesday, | 6 52 | 5 8 | New | 18 | 5 | 52 even'g. |
| 11 Wednesday | 6 53 | 5 7 | First | 25 | 5 | 23 aft'n'n. |
| 12 Thursday, | 6 54 | 5 6 | | | | |


## HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

**J. W. RAINEY**

TENDERS his services to the public in the above line of business. Having prepared himself with all the tools and implements necessary to the prosecution of his business, and having been for several years engaged in it, he hopes by strict attention to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

**Ornamental, Sign, Flag & House**

**PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING,**

will be promptly executed in a superior style and at moderate charges. Specimens of his work may be seen in any of the surrounding counties of Mecklenburg, Union, Lincoln, Rowan, Iredell, Caldwell, Stanly or Anson.

☞ Orders for Signs will be thankfully received and promptly and neatly executed and forwarded to order.

J. W. RAINEY.

N. B. All letters on business, directed to Concord, will be attended to.

*Nov. 20, 1845.* 6tf

## NEW STOCK.

**THOS. TROTTER**
**Has just received a splendid stock OF NEW**

**JEWELLERY,**

EMBRACING Ladies' and Gentlemens' Gold and Silver LEVER WATCHES; gold Guard and Fob Chains and Keys; Breast Pins; Finger Rings; gold and silver Pencils; genuine silver table and tea Spoons—German silver do.; fine pocket and pen Knives; Butter and Fruit do.; and various other articles in my line, which will be sold extremely low for cash. Call and see.

☞ All kinds of Repairing in the silversmith line done neatly, expeditiously, and on moderate terms.

THOMAS TROTTER.

*Oct. 31, 1845.* 4tf

## Permanent School.

**Alexandriana Academy,**
*Mecklenburg co., N. C. 10 miles North of Charlotte*

**S. D. Wharton, Principal.**
**Rev. H. B. Cunningham, Rector.**

THE third Session of this Institution commences on the 15th instant, under the superintendence of the above gentlemen. The course of studies adopted is such as to prepare pupils for admission to the Junior Class in any of our Colleges. Its location is as pleasant and healthy, and as far removed from all causes of dissipation, as any in this section of the State.

***Terms.***

| | |
|---|---|
| Boarding, including washing, fuel and lights, per month, | $6 00 |

***Tuition.***

| | |
|---|---|
| Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Geography, per ses. of 5 months, | 6 00 |
| Algebra, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, &c. | 7 00 |
| Latin and Greek Languages, | 12 00 |

*June 4, 1846.*

## TO PRINTERS.

**Type Foundry and Printers Furnishing Warehouse.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have opened a NEW TYPE FOUNDRY in the city of New York, where they are ready to supply orders to any extent, for any kind of JOB or FANCY TYPE, and every article necessary for a Printing Office.

The Type, which are cast in new moulds, from an entirely new set of materials, with deep counters, are warranted to be unsurpassed by any, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Printing Presses furnished, and also Steam Engines of the most approved patterns.

N. B. A Machinist is constantly in attendance to repair Presses to do light work.

Editors of newspapers, who will buy three times as much type as their bills amount to, may give the above six months insertion in their papers, and send their papers containing it to the subscribers.

COCKCROFT & OVEREND, 68 *Ann St.*
*October 3, 1845.* 5t-6m

## TO PRINTERS.

THE Subscriber has for sale, at his place 9 miles East of Raleigh, one Font of SMALL PICA, 301 lbs. which has been some time in use, though not much worn. The Supreme Court Reports for 1845 were printed on this letter, and it has not been used since. This Font will be sold for $65, Cash, including cases.

Also, 360 lbs. LONG PRIMER on Small Pica body. This Font is nearly new, and will be sold for $90, including cases. Any person, who takes both Fonts, can have them for $150, Cash, or negotiable paper at the Bank of the State.

T. LORING.

*May 20, 1846.* 1y

**New Grocery & Confectionary**

## STORE.

THE subscriber informs the citizens of Charlotte and the public generally, that he has opened in the room immediately under his office, a

***Grocery and Confectionary***

**Store,**

where he intends keeping nearly every article pertaining to the business, should his encouragement warrant it. He has now on hand the following articles, viz:

| Groceries. | Confectionaries. |
|---|---|
| Brown and Loaf Sugar, | Peppermint Candy, |
| Rio Coffee, | Lemon do, |
| New Orleans Molasses, | Hoarhound do |
| Cognac Brandy, | Almond do |
| Madeira Wine, | Sugar Almonds |
| Port do | Mint drops, |
| Newark Cider, | Raisins, |
| Albany Ale, | Zante Currants, |
| Sugar Crackers, | Figs, |
| Butter do | Almonds, |
| Water do | English Walnuts, |
| Navy Biscuit, | Filberts, |
| Mackerel, No. 2, | Palm Nuts, |
| Sardines, | Pecan do |
| Young Hyson Tea, | Prunes, |
| Imperial do | Cordials, |
| Black do | Essences, |
| Cheese, | Citron, |
| Butter, | Lemons, fresh, |
| Mustard, | Ginger Nuts, |
| Jars Mixed Pickles, | Tamarinds, |
| Beef Tongues, | Mace, |
| Chocolate. | Cloves. |

besides many other articles usually kept in such establishments. He has also on hand a supply of good

**SPANISH SEGARS.**

He has also now on hands and intends to keep a supply of

**CAKES**

of all kinds should the demand warrant it.

As he intends to sell entirely for cash his articles are offered to the public at the lowest rates.

He hopes the Ladies will give him a call. Mrs. Holton will be in attendance to wait on them.

The subscriber hopes by affording his articles, which are of the best quality, low for cash, to merit a share of public patronage.

THOS. J. HOLTON.

*Oct. 31st, 1845.*

## TO ALL TEACHERS.

## VALUABLE SCHOOL BOOKS,

*PUBLISHED by* GRIGG & ELLIOT,
**PHILADELPHIA.**

GRIGG & ELLIOT'S new series of common School Readers, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. They are among the best series of Reading Class Books for common Schools ever published in this country. Upwards of 80,000 copies have been sold in 18 months. Among many other letters of Recommendation the following has just been received from one of the best teachers in Pennsylvania.

LEES PORT, Berks Co., Aug. 25, 1845.

*Messrs. Grigg & Elliott*—Gentlemen—Accept my thanks for the series of Readers you were so kind as to send me by my friend Dr. Darrah, when he was last in the city. I consider them decidedly the best School Readers I have met with. I have introduced them into the school at this place and find them fully to answer my expectations. I have also introduced Grimshaw's History of the United States, another of your valuable school publications. I am very much pleased with Dr. Rauschenburger's works on Anatomy and Botany, which you kindly sent me. They appear to me to be just the works needed to bring the subject of Natural History within the compass of our Common Schools, and I intend during the coming winter to make an effort to introduce the subject into the school here and for this purpose, I would like to possess the whole series of eight uniform volumes, which I have requested Dr. Darrah to procure for me.

Very respectfully,
H. C. BAKER,
Principal Lees Port Seminary.

All the above Books are for sale, wholesale and retail by Leroy Springs Charlotte, Henry D. Turner Raleigh and by the country Merchants and Booksellers generally in our state and by the Booksellers in Philadelphia and New York cities. The publishers invite all the Teachers who have the interest of their pupils at heart to examine their valuable series of School Books before introducing an others.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MIRROR.

A NEW VOLUME
OF
**THE WEEKLY MIRROR**
WILL COMMENCE
**The First Week in April,**

WHEN some important improvements will be made in its character and appearance. It is the determination of the proprietor to make it, from the date of the NEW VOLUME, the very BEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN AMERICA, and to carry out the plan, no pains or expense will be spared. The *Begging System*, so much in vogue with some of the periodicals of the day, will not be relied on in the editorial department of the NEW YORK MIRROR; and what the editor and his assistants cannot produce themselves, authors of real talent and genius will be liberally paid for writing. We shall be able to give a copious FOREIGN and DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE, of the very highest character and style, with ORIGINAL TALES and ESSAYS not surpassed by any other Journal.

MR. WILLIS'S ENGAGEMENT to contribute Two ARTICLES each week still exists, and will continue during the next volume.

The Elegant Quarto Form of the Mirror, will bind up in Two Handsome Volumes at the end of the year, well worth preserving as faithful and spirited Literary Records of the Time. It will be handsomely printed on fine paper manufactured for the express purpose, and will be forwarded by the earliest mails, in strong wrappers, to every part of the United States and Canada. *Postage free* within thirty miles of New York.

TERMS:

| | |
|---|---|
| One copy one year in advance, | $3 00 |
| One copy two years, | 5 00 |
| Two copies one year, | 5 00 |
| Five | 10 00 |
| Eight | 15 00 |
| Twelve, | 20 00 |

All communications should be addressed *post paid*, to H. FULLER, corner Ann, and Nassau streets, New York.

**Cogniac Brandy**

For medical purposes, for sale by the bottle.
T. J. HOLTON.

*April 9, 1846.*

**Vinegar**

For sale by the subscriber. Also RICE.
T. J. HOLTON.

*April 9, 1846.*


## POETRY.

### ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

BY AMANDA M. EDMOND.

A silent chord of memory
Within my soul was stirred,
To hear the simple melody,
The carol of a bird.
It broke upon my raptured ear
Amid the woodland wild,
Just as it used to sound before
I ceased to be a child.

It brought me back in beauty bright,
The days of long ago;
When in the blood of childhood warm,
My pulse was wont to flow.
When my young spirit had not strayed
Beyond my home's sweet bowers,
Nor dreamed of things more beautiful
Than birds, and trees, and flowers.

O, how a little thing will wake,
With magical control,
The echoes that we deemed had passed
Forever from the soul.
A bird, a flower, or e'en a leaf,
An old familiar sound,
Will make your spirits tread again,
Our youth's enchanted ground.

And like some pent up stream set free,
That hath been long confined,
Our memory, like a sudden flood,
Comes rushing o'er the mind.
She brings the dear familiar scenes
Of field or forest wild,
Until we feel at once, before
We ceased to be a child.

And to those ever golden days,
The earliest in life's chain,
We backward turn with longing gaze,
And wish anew as vain.
The old man views in memory,
His boyhood with a sigh,
For ah, upon his riper years,
Too many shadows lie.

But wherefore should one fond regret
To moments past be given;
Life's future is before us yet,
Whose crowning blaze is heaven.
'Tis not that this bright world hath changed,
Which early on us smiled,
But we have stained the purity
That blest us when a child.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*From the New York Mirror.*

### MARY ECKAR.

A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG WIDOWS.

CHAPTER V.

The tempest had past away, and when I got into the street I saw day was breaking in the east. The dispersing clouds revealed between their separating masses a few stars, which gradually paled in their lustre before the strengthening light of dawn.—Here and there I observed a wearied guardian of the night, slumbering on his post. It was still too early even for the children of labor to come forth to their daily toil, and the lonely street echoed only to the occasional footfall of some son or daughter of dissipation and vice, hastening with disordered step to their obscure and wretched retreats; and resembling gaudy phantoms, pallid and hideous, in the still uncertain shadows of morning's early twilight. As I emerged from these dim lanes and noisome alleys, into wider streets and a purer atmosphere, my spirits became lighter, and I breathed with greater freedom. I got into the first hackney coach that I met, and on arriving at my lodgings retired immediately to bed, but was unable to sleep. A thousand chimerical images flitted before my eyes whenever I closed them: I was cold and hot by turns, and in a short time became exceedingly ill. My health had not been as firmly re established as I had believed it to be, from my Cumberland expedition. Fatigue, and the remaining for so many hours in wet clothes, had caused a relapse of the disorder which had been one cause of my journey thither, and I was confined many days to my bed by severe illness.

During the delirium caused by the fever that attacked me, I was told afterwards that I had raved continually about an unhappy stranger, who with his family was perishing through want;—of a dying child, and many other dismal circumstances; all of which they ascribed to my situation.

Ten days elapsed before I was sufficiently recovered to be able to give my attention to anything. My first thought, as soon as recollection returned and I could arrange my ideas in any kind of order, was of Mr. Johnston, and the length of time which I found had elapsed since my interview with him. I became exceedingly anxious to learn his fate; which anxiety was not diminished by the sense of my utter inability to go abroad and inquire personally into it: and stranger as I was to the part of the town in which he dwelt; joined to the darkness of the night, the storm and the circuitous route I had taken in arriving in the street where I found him—it was difficult, nay impossible for me to give any very lucid directions to whomsoever I might choose to send in search of him. My servant was, however, a very intelligent fellow; and, describing to him as well as I could the place where I supposed Johnson was to be found, I despatched him with a note of inquiry, accounting at the same time for not having called on him as I had promised, and added that I would see him as soon as I was able again to go out.

After an absence of several hours James returned, to tell me he had been unsuccessful in his endeavors to discover the person for whom I was so much interested. He could find, he said, neither street nor house such as I had described; and, in fact, I began almost to consider the whole as a dream, occasioned by illness: but as I calmly recalled the incidents of that night, and as each peculiar circumstance gradually returned on my memory, I was convinced of their reality.

The first day that I found myself well enough to walk out, I bent my course to the quarter of the city where as nearly as I could judge, stood the delapidated building inhabited by the man for whose forlorn situation I continued to feel deep interest; and with some difficulty discovered both the street, and the mansion which I sought. I knocked at the door, first moderately, then more loudly; but without arousing any attention, save from two or three idlers, who thrust their heads from the neighboring doors and windows, and who appeared surprised that any one should apply at the door of so wretched a dwelling for admittance. 'Pray,' said I addressing a countenance which looked rather less unpromising than did the others around her, 'Pray can you tell me whether Mr. Johnson is at home?'

'Mr. who? quotha?' shrieked an ancient beldam, whose withered and most ungentle features were partially shaded by a dingy cap, bound around her head by a fillet of red flannel. 'Mr. Johnson,' I repeated, 'does he not live in this house?' 'Oh,' cried a strapping slip-shod girl who had drawn near the steps of the door, 'You must ask Peggy McGrath about them folks as lived here, she knew 'em well enough: but we knows nothing about 'em.'

'And where is Peggy McGrath to be found?' I enquired.

The girl made no other answer to my interrogatory than by running toward the entrance of an area down which I recollected to have groped my way on the night of the storm:—and invoking Peggy at the top of her lungs.

A door the same at which I had formerly applied, now turned on its hinges, and Peggy appeared. I knew her at once, and the recognition was mutual. She came forward with a smiling good humored air.

I asked if she knew whether her neighbor Mr. Johnson, was at home.

'Look no! then your honor does not know that he's gone away.'

'No, I knew nothing of it. Whither is he gone?'

'That's more nor I can tell, or anybody else as I know's on.'

'Did he leave no clue—no trace?'

'No what?'

'Can you not even guess whither he may be gone?'

'I!—how should I? I don't know much about him, not I, after all. But if your honor will stop a bit—I have something which he told me to give ye if ever I seed ye again.'

I followed Peggy into her small apartment, three or four scantily clad children were tumbling and rolling together on the floor, and their vociferous glee was scarcely to be checked by Peggy, who with great truth observed, that 'the din they made was enough to deave one.'

From an old chest that stood in one corner, and which probably contained the riches of Peggy's wardrobe; she drew forth a packet which she handed me. It was carefully directed, but without any device. A cipher only, and that partly defaced, was apparent, and was directed in a clear manly hand To —— Esquire. I hesitated.

'Are you sure, Mrs. McGrath, that this packet was intended for me?'

'Oh quite certain your honor. There's no manner of doubt about it.'

'How long—may I ask, have you known this Mr. Johnson and his family?'

'Why I think it may be about three months since I first noticed a tall, pale, thin looking man, pass in and out of that large old house, which had stood empty a pretty long while before he moved his family into it—seeing it had a bad name, somehow!'

'And you became acquainted with these unfortunate people?'

'Yes—but it was in an accidental sort of way—seeing I have my own living to get, and no time to make visits, or get new acquaintances, or the like—so the thing was this. One night I had got home from work, and had given my children their supper and put them to bed; somebody tapped at that door. I was just about to go to bed myself, to say truth, and being tired I was vexed like, to be disturbed. But I went to the door and asked who was there, and it proved to be Mr. Johnson. And he looked so poor and miserable; ten times worse I thought than when I last saw him, and he spoke so sorrowfully, and begged for charity's sake, that I would step in and see his wife who was very ill. Well, I was tired, as I said before, for I had been out to a hard day's work; but I went as he desired, and glad I was afterwards, that I did so—I am poor enough myself; but such distress as I saw there, I never wish to behold again. There lay poor Mrs. Johnson, for he said Johnson was their name, there she lay to a burning fever, and not a single comfortable thing about her. And nothing for him, (and he also, as he said, was just recovering from a dangerous illness) or the little child that he held in his arms—either to eat or drink. Well, seeing how things stood, I ran home, and routed about; and got a change of clothes for the woman and some milk for the child; and I did, what I can't afford to do for myself; I went to a shop hard by and bought some tea, and made it, and carried it in to the poor creature, who took it so thankfully and seemed so much refreshed by it, that it did me good to see it."

'And you will be the happier for that kind action,' said I, 'as long as you live.'

'I'm sure I shall never be the worse off for it, your honor,' replied Peggy. 'Well, to make my story short; I went almost every evening after I returned home from my work to see how they got on. I don't know what supported 'em, not I. Mr. Johnson had little or no employment—half starved I'm sure they must have been. But when poor Mrs. Johnson was able to sit up, she begged me to try to get some plain work for her; for who would take the recommendation of such a poor woman as I. Yet they went on in the same way for some weeks; when the poor lady took sick again. Though indeed she had never been right well since her bad fever. The child, also pined away and fell ill, and Mr. Johnson had enough to do to nurse them both, poor man. I still looked in on 'em oftentimes; and whenever I could spare anything from my children's supper, I carried it to them. At last I caught a heavy cold which confined me to my bed for near a week; and during that time it seems things went even worse with them.'

'Do you know whom they were or from whence they came.' I enquired as Peggy closed her simple recital.

'No,' she answered, 'but I am sure they were gentle folks, and had seen better times; but they never spoke about what they had been.'

'Well,' said I rising to go, 'If you are sure this packet is intended for me.'

'Oh sorrow a doubt of it,' interrupted Mrs. McGrath, with a slight accent which occasionally tinged her discourse, 'surely Mr. Johnson himself brought it to me, the day he went away. And he was drest decenter, poor gentleman, than I ever saw him before: and he says, 'Peggy if the generous stranger that relieved me the other night, ever should call again, to make any enquiry about me, give him this; and tell him I bequeath it as,—but lauks I never remimbers those fine words; only the upshot of the whole, was this; 'and if ye never see him again, why just burn the paper,' says he.'

Satisfied from her manner that she was not mistaken in the intentions of Mr. Johnson, I placed in her hand a small sum, which I thought she richly merited, and for which she followed me out into the area, invoking blessings on my head as I departed.

As soon as I got home, I retired to my chamber and broke the seals of my packet. Within side the envelope these lines were traced. 'Generous stranger, who sought the abode of the afflicted, and soothed the misery you found there—accept my thanks. More I have not to give, but these few words spring warm from my heart. I had thought all kindness from man toward his fellow, had become extinct in the world. It is like a ray of light over the desolation of my spirit to find that it is not so.

I have desired the woman McGrath, in the event of her seeing you again, to deliver this packet to you. It contains a brief narrative of the events of my life, not very varied perhaps in circumstance, but teeming with disappointment. It affords a lesson for those—and I hope they are not many such, who allow pride and passion to triumph over reason, and even the best and tenderest feelings of our nature. Who suffer inordinate ambition and an overweening love of wealth and state, to follow the erring spirit even to the tomb. But let me pause.

The within was written in a prison when I had little expectation of release; and I threw the narrative on paper, more with the view of cheating the weary hours, than in the expectation of its ever being seen by other eyes than my own. To you sir, it is an offering of gratitude.'

There was no signature. I laid aside the envelope, and unfolding the manuscript, read as follows:

*(To be continued.)*

### A VERITABLE FISH STORY.

A friend who has just returned from Port Washington tells us that while standing on the pier there he saw a little shaver about 7 or 8 years old fishing in a lake. After a while the little fellow hooked a fish and evidently a large one. There was a tough struggle whether the boy should go into the lake or the fish come out of it. Finally the youthful disciple of Walton landed his prize, a famous lake trout, safe on the beach. The size of the fish immediately gave rise to several bets as to which was the heaviest, the prize or the captor. It proved that the boy weighed forty-six pounds and the fish forty—a pretty even match.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

### CAMP ANECDOTE.

A friend who has just returned from the camp on the Rio Grande, furnishes the following as the manner in which a Dutchman who was on sentry duty, proclaimed the hour. The usual cry is "Half past ten o'clock, and all's well." The Dutchman had forgotten the precise words, and sung out at the top of his voice—"More as deu o'clock, and all ish better as goot."

### NEVER SAY YOU CANNOT.

There never was an instance of a man of shrinking disposition having accomplished great things. Drones, who possibly cannot exert themselves, may be got a long with, but a person who is for ever thinking about something, and will constantly be deving at this, that and the other with desperate industry; and yet flinches when he arrives at some difficulty he cannot see through, such a one we desire no acquaintance with; give us the man who having made up his mind to arrive at a given point dauntlessly pushes onward through every obstacle. Resolution is the talisman that forces the flood gates of wealth, and unravels the mystery of getting rich.

Making "twain one flesh" is supposed to mean, in modern parlance, the mixing of pig and puppy in the manufacture of sausages.

He who depends on another, dines ill and sups worse.

REMARKS OF
**Andrew Stewart, of Pa.,**
IN DEFENCE OF THE PROTECTIVE POLICY.

THE EFFECT OF THE TARIFF ON LABOR AND INVESTED CAPITAL.

But gentlemen said, that while the tariff was oppressive on the interests of agriculture and of labor, it was highly beneficial to invested capital, to the rich monopolists, the lords of the loom. Now, Mr. S. said that just the reverse of this was true—While protection greatly benefitted both agriculture and labor, it was but a small advantage, if any, to *vested capital.* The gentlemen and his friends, without knowing it, were in fact doing more for the benefit of *vested capital*, by keeping up this agitation and opposition to the tariff, and thereby establishing a monopoly by checking competition, than all the tariff men in that House put together. In the case of vested capital the tariff had done its work; it had built the manufactories up; it had introduced improved machinery and increased skill; it had done all that fixed capital required. Vested capital was now on its feet—it could get along without help. They had exported during the last year between four and five millions of dollars worth of cotton cloth; they had beaten the British out of their own markets. The great manufacturers of these goods fear no foreign competition; they had overcome that, and Great Britain was compelled to impose discriminating duties in her East India colonies on American cottons—first 8, then 10, and finally 15 and 20 per cent., to enable her manufacturers to keep the possession of her own colonial markets. Our manufacturers had thus beaten down British competition in the Chinese and other foreign markets. What invested capital now feared, was American competition at home. But gentlemen exultingly say, if you can beat the foreigner, what do you want with protection? I answer, the invested capital in these branches don't want it. But I want it, not to favor them, but to encourage further investments, and build up competition elsewhere. The protective tariff raised against them that very competition. While advocating, therefore, the continuance of our existing tariff, and resisting its reduction, Mr. S. was working in the most direct and efficient manner for the interests of American labor—he was resisting foreign; he was going for the interests of the American farmers and the American laborers, and not for the interests of large vested capital; he went to destroy existing monopoly, by increasing investments and competition—the only thing that could destroy it. It was the gentlemen, and those who acted with them, by keeping up this tariff agitation—who were aiding vested capital. This agitation operated to check new investments, and of course to promote and secure monopoly. Those who were contemplating the investment of new capital would defer it. One would say to another, "Don't build a new mill or furnace now, the tariff is going to be reduced." Mr. S. knew this to be true. He had heard of twelve large companies who had intended to build furnaces in Pennsylvania this spring, but had suspended their purpose till they should see what Congress would do with the tariff at the present session. Did this hurt those who already owned manufacturing establishments? Certainly not; it was the very thing to aid them. This gave New England a monopoly; it secured in her hands that which the people of Pennsylvania and the people of the South most wanted. They wanted protection—New England could do without it. Virginia wanted it, North Carolina wanted it, so did South Carolina, and Georgia, and all the West. They wanted protection to build them up; in New England the tariff had done its work—it had fulfilled its office.—New England might now say to this Government, "Father, I am now of age; I am on my own feet; I can make my way through the world; I have met John Bull and beat him; I thank you very much for what you have done for me, and I will be a burden on you no longer; now take care of the younger branches of the family."

The rest of the country was comparatively young in manufactures. They still needed the helping hand of Government; they wanted protection in their infancy.—New England was magnanimous and patriotic; she wished to see other portions of the country prosper by following her example; when the South and West supplied, as they could, the coarser goods, she would go to work on the finer fabrics. Did not gentlemen see that by reducing the tariff they were checking investments in their own country and in mine, in the South and West, and thereby securing a monopoly and high profits to vested capital, wherever it existed, which could only be reduced by enlarged competition at home? Was not this true? Was it not common sense? He put it to every man's understanding. It was not only common sense, but what was more, it was proved by universal experience.

To show the practical operations of the protective policy, he would take, by way of illustration, the neighboring iron works at Mount Savage, near Cumberland. That establishment has been built within a few years. Some time before it was commenced land could be bought there for two and three dollars an acre, which could not now be purchased under twenty or thirty dollars; and mineral lands had lately been sold at hundreds of dollars per acre, which, a few years before these improvements were made, were comparatively worthless. Such were the effects of the protective policy.—Was this system hurtful to agriculture?—Then let gentlemen look at the Laurel Factory, not far from this city. The proprietor of that factory lately bought the ground