H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Celestial Railroad.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Concluded.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, and raw potatoes, and sawdust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist; but as to his form, his features, his substance and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor any body for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day, when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating, beneath the sun As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that people affirm it to be the true and only heaven: stout-contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from her lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment, the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit, and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profoundity, in all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without even the trouble of learning to read. Thus literature is etherialized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except, doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever open ear of the community.—These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesome manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes; with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capitol of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance, and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced, as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or script, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as his stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adadge, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair.—Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the bargain.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puff'd smoke and steam in their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple and fine linen and jewels; the men of wit and humor gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly erected temple,—but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim."

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your life-time, were you to live thousands of years, and never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair!—Yea; though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed city, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his domains.—Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must lay his account with losing the purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in this city of Vanity; altho,' of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still I grew anxious to be gone.—There was one strange thing that troubled me; amid the occupations or amusements of the fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at feast, theatre, or at church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing, and however unreasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silvermine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away by peacemeals. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearnings might have produced a similar change in my own cerporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture.—The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but since his death Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping-places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the tall, out ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away: "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind man wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tombstones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices."

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of the cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton-hams."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness came over me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke however, as soon as we had crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station-House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguished every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam-engine; but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender & triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience, amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well these men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish I were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting and emitting all other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of steam; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no," answered he, with a queer smile, and the same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. "Oh, no, I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachination, a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his own breast! I rushed to the side of the boat intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream.—*Democratic Review.*

WHO ARE TO BE BENEFITTED

Modern times have not given birth to a more magnificent scheme of aggrandizing and enriching a few individuals than that now on foot of annexing Texas to the United States. With a portion of the people the enlargement of the territorial limits of their country is always a favorite idea; it carries with it the notion of grandeur, and those who favor it indulge the vague hope that they are to be benefitted thereby. The Roman people indulged the passion for acquisition to such an extent that they seemed unwilling there should be a country in the world which was not owned and governed by them. The great mass of the people of that overgrown empire were poor and down-trodden by the rich: they were ever ready to join the army for the purpose of conquest, with the hope of thereby acquiring land, and improving their pecuniary and social condition. But did they ever, in any instance, realize their hopes? Did conquest inure to their benefit? Did they share in the distribution of the countries conquered by their bravery and acquired by their blood? No. The conquered provinces were allotted to the gentry, to the consuls, senators, and the aristocracy generally. Now who would be benefitted by the annexation of Texas to the United States? Will the poor man who, in the case of war, would be called upon to do the fighting, and who, whether obliged to join the army or not, would be taxed to pay the expenses of the war? No, not at all. It is the rich man, the speculator, who is to reap the benefit, and he alone. It is they who own some ten, fifteen, twenty, and fifty thousand acres of land in Texas—principalities and dukedoms—comparatively nothing now, but which would become immensely valuable were it annexed to the United States. It is they who have purchased for a song, and now hold hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars on Texan bonds and Texscrip, who are to be benefitted. To them the scheme of annexation is the philosopher's stone which is to make them millionaries if it succeeds. Is it at all surprising, then, that they should manifest so much feeling and anxiety in favor of this disturbing project.

Look at it in whatever light we will, it is presented to us as a grand, a magnificent, a desperate scheme of speculation and aggrandizement, Mr Tyler seizes hold of it as the mighty springboard from which he can vault into the Presidential seat, which, having tasted of power, he is reluctant to leave. Mr Calhoun grasps it for the purpose of organizing a great Southern party of the South & is to be their leader, and which he hopes will place him at the head of the nation. Others join it with the same personally interested and ambitious views, expecting to come in for their share of the honors and emoluments of office, should their leader be placed in the position which will give him the power of dispensing them; while the land speculators on a large scale, and the stock-jobbers who hold scrip worth nothing now, but which is to be turned to gold in their hands by annexation, actuated by the same interested and unworthy motives. All these it seems to us, care not whether annexation is to involve the country in war, or inflict dishonor upon us or not. Self-interest blinds them to every thing save their own profit or aggrandizement All the land speculator can see is, his princely domain, and his splendid baronical castle; all the scrip speculator can see is, his hundreds of thousands or his millions of dollars, the interest of which is guaranteed by the United States; and all some others can see is the glittering robes and paraphernalia of office. What are the mass of the people to gain? We ask for information, and pause for reply.

[Whig Standard.]

MR. CLAY AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The following letter from Mr Clay was written on the eve of his departure from Washington. If those who so fit to assert that Mr Clay has "abandoned" the advocacy of Protection can read this and still persist in that calumny, they must be brazen indeed:

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1844.

GENTLEMEN: I received the letter which you did the honor to address to me, inviting me, prior to my return home, to visit the Capitol of Pennsylvania. Subsequent to its date, I thought it right to announce to the public my determination to make no visits, nor attend any public meetings which might be deemed political, until the Presidential Election was decided. To that determination I shall adhere. It deprives me of the pleasure of accepting your friendly invitation.

Gentlemen, I agree with you—"No State in this Union would be benefitted more by the permanent establishment of a sound whig policy than Pennsylvania." I have had the great satisfaction, always, to agree with Pennsylvania in regard to public measures, whenever the genuine feeling of Pennsylvania have been fairly expressed. There was not merely a cordial concurrence, but an intimate friendship between her Finley, Smilie, Lacock, Roberts, Brown, and other distinguished sons, and me in the Congress which declared the last war. I united also with the survivors of them, or eminent citizens of that State, in laying the foundation of the National Prosperity, after a return of peace. I have no recollection of any important public measure respecting which I have differed from Pennsylvania. I was perfectly aware that "the time was when the people of Pennsylvania were made to believe that you were not their friend." Acting under the maxim that honesty was the best policy, and upon the conviction that truth is omnipotent, and public justice certain, I bore the unmerrited reproaches cast upon me, as became me. I have not been disappointed. I stand vindicated, in the hearts, and by the spontaneous acclamations of my fellow-citizens. The industry and malignity of my enemies will no doubt prompt perserverence in these attacks.—Perversions of my language, misrepresentation of course, old scraps from tattered and obsolete newspapers—even fabrication and forgery are and will continue to be employed to vituberate and vilify me. But like all preceeding assaults, they will be unavailable, and I shall remain invulnerable to them all.

In the mean time, I congratulate you on the bright and cheering prospects of the establishment of that "Whig Policy" so essential, I believe, not only to the prosperity of Pennsylvania, but to that of the whole Union. I happened to be in the House of Representatives when an important part of that policy signally triumphed. The Tariff of 1842 has been bitterly denounced, and gross epithets applied to it. Its repeal was pronounced to be a favorite object of our political opponents. They have a majority of some fifty or sixty in the House. A bill to repeal that Tariff has been pending a great part of the present session of Congress. And yet, yesterday, on a test vote, a majority of the House decided against the repealing bill, leaving the Tariff of 1840 in FULL and SALUTARY OPERATION! This decision was an involuntary "concession" of our political opponents to the "wisdom and beneficence of Whig policy" produced by the returning prosperity of the country and the enlightened opinion of the people.

But, gentlemen, I have a much higher gratification than any which could be derived from that decision of the House of Representatives. It is that the People of the United States, from the St Johns to the Sabine, who have been so long divided and agitated on the question of the "encouragement of Domestic Industry, are about to settle down in "union and harmony" upon the equitable basis of raising, in time of peace, the amount of revenue requisite to an economical administration of the Government "exclusively" from foreign imports by a "Tariff" so adjusted as that by proper "discrimination," just and reasonable "encouragement shall be extended to American Industry. May this happy union and harmony pervade all other great measures of public policy, and nothing occur to disturb the peace, to sully the character or check the onward and glorious march of our country.

I am your friend and obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

Messrs, Samuel H. Clark. A J Jones, David Fleming, J C Kundle, C M Curdy, Thomas Foster, Jr Aaron Bombaugh, J C Wallace, Samuel Alleman, Henry Peffe, Daniel Reichard, P C Sedgwick and Geo. Trullinger' Executive Committee.

VAN BUREN ILLUSTRATED.

The maddened followers of Van Buren, know that their prospect for "spoils" is blasted, have become venomous. One of his organs in this city (not the Argus) in its desperation, and with its intuitive malignity, assails Messrs CLAY & FRELINGHUYSEN in terms so coarse and brutal as to disgust the fair minded men of its own party. Let those who read this low, malignant slang attack upon two of our most eminent and beloved fellow citizens, remember that it comes from Mr Van Buren's Albany Family Organ:—

THE PURITAN AND BLACKLEG.

The nomination of so straight-laced man as Frelinghuysen on the same ticket with the "Kentucky Orator," will be apt to remind the people of that former coalition of puritan and blackleg, which was once arrayed against them.

The Whigs in bringing Mr Frelinghuysen's strong pretensions to morality and christian virtue in aid of Mr Clay, thus seeking in the combination an approach to the average of decent morality, forget that however much they may gain by the conjunction, they can not but lose by the contrast. Blacklegism never looks blacker than when placed beside puritanism; puritanism never more hypocritical than when adding to shuffle the pack and arrange the cards of political gamblers.

Alb. Daily Adv.

AMOS KENDALL'S TRACTS.—There are some of the Locofoco Editors who are above the business of praising or peddling Kendall's political tracts. The Petersburg (Va.,) Intelligencer, an able and influential paper, thus disposes of two of these precious electioneering missives:

"It is useless to ask us to publish the tract on Henry Clay's duels, or that entitled "Providential Dispensations." the one is UNGENTLEMANLY—the other BLASPHEMOUS."

☞The present Loco Congress has been in session nearly six months at an expense of one million of dollars, and what have they done to benefit the country? "Echo answers what!" The House has fixed upon the 17th day of June to adjourn, but they had better amend it so as to read the 17th day of May.

A letter is said to be in town, from Gen. Jackson, in which he pronounces in advance every Senator who shall vote against ratifying the Treaty to be a traitor to his country; so it seems that Mr Butler has not been able to take the lion into his keeping, and that some other than he directs his roar upon this subject.—Washington Correspondent Courier & Enquirer.

The following is given in another letter as an extract from this letter:

HERMITAGE, May 3, 1844.

* * * *

"The Senator who votes against the ratification of the Treaty must be a traitor to the best interests of our beloved country, whatever pretext he may attempt to shield himself under."

ANDREW JACKSON.

The hailing sign of distress of desponding Van Burenism is thrown out in last evening's Post. It is in shape of an Address from a Democrat Convention in this City to the people of the Union—proving most logically, that the intrigues of members of Congress are aiming to baulk the will of the people, which the address assumes to be, that Martin Van Buren shall be re-elected President, in order to vindicate the dignity of the party, outraged by the result of '40

It proves, with equal logic, that availibility, which is now so much in request, is a poor argument in favor of a candidate, and then urgues nevertheless, that the aforesaid Martin is the most available candidate for the party.

It boasts, threatens, and by turns, implores—but all won't do. Martin will, doubtless, be the candidate, on the same issues, as this Address boasts, as in '40, and—or we much mistake the signs of the times—with a more complete overthrow. [N Y Am.

SPEECH OF MR GEO. P. MARSH,
OF VERMONT,
ON THE TARIFF BILL.

Delivered in the House of Representatives of the U. States, April 30, 1844.

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the bill reported by Mr. McKay, from the Committee of Ways and Means, to modify and amend the Tariff law of 1842—MR. MARSH, of Vermont, addressed the Committee as follows:

We have cause, Mr. Chairman, to congratulate the House and the country upon the temper in which this debate has been in general conducted. The gentlemen who have participated in it have confined themselves more closely than is usual to the real question at issue. They have maintained their respective positions with a cool earnestness of tone indicative of honest difference of opinion, and no discussion of the session has called forth greater ability or exhibited more successful labor of preparation.

The controversy is indeed momentous—momentous both in its direct bearing on all the great interests of the American people, and because it has already become the means of determining conclusively a point of no small importance, and hitherto much disputed. It has been asserted at the North, with confident vehemence, that this is no party but a sectional issue; and that the Democrats of the eastern and middle States are as staunch supporters of the doctrine of legislative protection to domestic industry as their political opponents. But the authoritative exposition of the views of the party in the majority in this House, from the Committee of Ways and Means, settles this question forever.—Hostility to the principle of *designed* protection, whether direct or incidental, is openly avowed, and in spite of the disclaimers of rebellious individuals, it must hereafter be regarded as an established article of faith in the creed of the party assuming to be emphatically Democratic. It is no longer the question, whether the dominant party on this floor is or is not friendly to the industrial interests of their country, but whether certain of its refractory members can be constrained by the force of political discipline to bow the knee, and prefer the supremacy of their party to their own solemn convictions of what belongs to their country's good. It is a test of the stringency of party organization; and if, with a majority of more than two-thirds, you fail to pass this bill, you will supply a new proof of what the world already more than half suspects, that the wand of the magician is broken, and that the spell hath lost its power to charm. American industry will begin to feel that it rests upon a surer basis than the shifting sands of party ascendancy, and the fundamental policy of our country will come to be regarded as, for a time at least, *res judicata.* We of the North shall cease to fear that the capricious South, having now outgrown the need of that protection which has done its office for her great staple, will a second time be able to subvert the course of our trade, and change the occupations of our laboring community.

It has been made matter of boast that the citizens of a certain southern State, which has been at different periods within one generation most conspicuous on both sides of this great question, are the French of America. Gallant they may be, and, for aught I know, gallant also as Frenchmen; but if we award them this praise, they must pardon us for hinting that they are also, like the French, *un peu volages*, somewhat fickle. Fickleness, in a certain sex, and under certain circumstances, may be even graceful, but in legislators and statesmen it is, at best, but an equivocal attribute; and the people of the South must even bear with our phlegmatic tempers, if we now relish the diet they prescribed for us, and persist in acknowledging the value of doctrines which we first imbibed from their superior wisdom.

That this is a question upon which sectional interests and sectional feeling have a very strong bearing I am not disposed to deny.—Nor do I pretend that I can divest myself of their influence. Sir, I should be ashamed if I could. I dare not assume to be above the partialities which belong to humanity; and were I insensible to such considerations I should be beneath them. I cannot, nay, sir, I will not, shut my eyes to the interests, the claims of my own region, of my own humble State. While I conscientiously believe that the policy of protection is demanded by the best interests of all her sisters, to her I know it is vital; and so deeply rooted is this conviction among those whom I, with my colleagues have the honor to represent, that the very agitation of this question—a question supposed to have been settled by the great contest of 1840, when the nation, with unparalleled unanimity, pronounced upon it in a voice of thunder—has already produced a panic, whose influence upon the price of our only staple will cost the wool growers of Vermont not less than half a million.

We of the extreme North, Mr. Chairman, are obliged to contend with physical difficulties to which the more favored South and West are strangers. Our territory is mountainous—our soil rugged and comparatively unthankful. The bushel of corn, which the labor of minutes produces for the Western farmer, costs us the toil of hours. Our climate is of even fearful severity; the thermometer rises to ninety-five degrees above zero, and falls to the congealing point of mercury. In summer we swelter under the sun of the tropics, in winter we shiver amid Siberian snows. Even now, while we have been for weeks luxuriating beneath an Italian sky my constituents are but just emerging from polar frosts, and even the broad bosom of our noble lake is scarcely yet free from its bonds of almost perennial ice. For a great portion of the year our highways are rendered almost impassable by drifted mountains of snow, or the alternate frosts and thaws of an early autumn and a tardy spring. Our summer seed time is not yet past when the south begins her harvest, and the plough is often frozen in the furrow before the winter grain can be committed to the earth. Yet such are the industry, the enterprise, the untameable energy of our hardy people, that, in spite of these accumulated difficulties and discouragements, Vermont stands, in point of production, as compared with population, if not first, very near the head of the list. But the wants of man and beast in so rude a climate are so much greater, and their variety of supply so much less, that almost the whole produce of the soil is required for domestic consumption, and little surplus is left for the purchase of necessaries of foreign growth. Domestic animals must be both fed and sheltered for half the year; and this involves not only time, labor, and direct expense to the farmer, but the outlay of costly arrangements for storing and preserving the various articles of food required for the consumption of his stock. So the quantity and variety of clothing needful to meet the changing seasons, the greater necessity for nutritious and stimulating diet, the supply of fuel, expensive modes of building to ward off the rigors of winter, and to preserve for long periods a stock of vegetable food; all these impose additional burdens upon the farmer. On the other hand, his season of productive labor is short, the variety of his products narrow, and the obvious result is, that the diligent and persevering toil of summer scarcely suffices to accumulate a supply for the consumption of a long and unproductive winter. A few horses and cattle, a little of the produce of the dairy, a small and yearly decreasing quantity of lumber, and the fleeces of our sheep, are all we have to spare. It is upon these products that the northern farmer relies for the means to pay his taxes, educate his children, and give them a slender outfit when they abandon the paternal fireside, and commence their pilgrimage to the sunny South or the mighty West. Prostrate our manufacturers deprive us of this one resource, and you plunge us into absolute, hopeless, irretrievable ruin.

The subject, Mr. Chairman, is one of such vast comprehension and extent, it admits of such an infinite variety of argument and illustration, and involves such a mass of details, that not a single hour only, but days would be required for its adequate discussion; and I find myself enforced by the narrow limits prescribed by the parliamentary law of this House, either to content myself with presenting some very general considerations, or to confine myself to a very partial view of the question. I ought not to complain of the one hour rule, both because I voted for its adoption, and because in a deliberative assembly of two hundred members, all of whom aspire to be heard, while none is content to listen, the exuberance of eloquence must somehow be checked, and such a rule may be considered as a necessary evil. But for this evil if such it be, there is a ready remedy by appealing to our Cæsar—the people—through the press; and it is happily no breach of privilege to print as a speech that which was never spoken. Moreover, gentlemen who want the stentorian power of lungs required to fill the echoing void of this vast Hall, may find consolation in the reflection, that the still small voice of the press will penetrate to nooks and corners where the tones of the speaker are never heard.

I shall, then, make no effort to compass an impossibility, by essaying a full discussion of the tariff question within the space of a single hour, and I shall limit myself to some remarks of a general character. I hey, however, not to be understood as undervaluing the importance of minute examination and precise detail. None could have listened to the instructive speech of the gentleman from Maryland, (Mr. Wethered,) so replete with sound sense and practical knowledge, without being convinced of the value of such accurate statistics. But, sir, it has been my fortune to have had even a better instructor. I have been schooled in this matter by dear bought experience. Myself unhappily a manufacturer, I knew too well the indispensable necessity of the most rigorous exactness in the calculation of the numerous elements of profit and loss. I have learned how disastrously an apparently insignificant change in the arrangement of duties may affect a large establishment, and that a trivial modification of the tariff, which shall not perceptibly vary the amount of revenue, and shall scarcely save a penny to any individual consumer, may work utter ruin to the manufacturing capitalist, and the hundreds who depend upon him. But, after all, this experimental knowledge makes me suspicious of the accuracy of statistical detail, and the reasonings founded on it, and I know not whether I have been more strongly moved to ridicule or to contempt, by the ignorant assumptions and the puerile calculations to which I have listened upon this floor.

Figures, it is said cannot lie; but this aphorism, a mere truism in its proper sense, is in its popular use, a mischievous falsehood.—In the rage for what are called *facts* in this calculating age, it is astonishing how eagerly supposed facts and half truths are caught at, to the neglect of the most obvious principles—and how readily these facts, by a Procrustean process, are forced into accordance with preconceived theories. So far has this gone, that it is time for reaction. Men are in danger of running into the contrary extreme of despising all statistical knowledge; and in all probability, "to lie like the multiplication table" will soon pass into a proverb.

In fact, the uncertainty of speculative estimates in matters of political economy is such that we are authorized only to form general conclusions from a *priori* reasoning. We may infer, in general, that the protection of domestic industry is, or is not, advantageous to the interests of a nation; but it is impossible to determine, even approximately, the effect of a given duty upon either revenue or home production, otherwise than by experiment. But the interests involved in these questions are of such vast magnitude, that experiments are always in the highest degree dangerous; and when you have a tariff which satisfies at once the demands of the revenue, the producer, and the consumer, it is the very acme of madness to adventure upon extensive changes, except upon such cogent evidence as, in the nature of things, is hardly attainable. An alteration of the tariff, which shall add but a few thousands to the revenue may not improbably destroy a branch of business in which millions are invested. You may safely amend your tariff by the gradual and cautious change of the duties on single items, or narrow classes, but the sudden subversion of a complete system, a passage *per saltum* from protection to warfare, is an act of absolute political revolution.

Sir, as I have said, there is in the speculations of political economists a most remarkable uncertainty. The calculations of the keenest and most sagacious publicists have been more frequently disappointed than verified; and there is no branch of human knowledge in which the results of experience have so frequently and so flatly contradicted the theories of the closet. The causes which affect trade and manufactures are numerous, and oftentimes obscure; and the reciprocal action of these causes upon each other, and upon commerce and industry, complicated as it is by unknown and ever changing influences, constitutes a problem harder of solution than that of the perturbations of the planets.

Were we without the light of experience, it would seem to be a very obvious truth, that you must increase the cost to the consumer of every imported article, by the amount of