Carlisle Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE in the South West angle of the public Square, back of the Court-House

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,

One Dollar and Fifty cents a year IN ADVANCE.
Two Dollars, if paid within the year.
One Dollar for six months.
These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements, making fifteen lines or less, will be charged at the rate of Fifty cents for one insertion,—three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Yearly advertisers will be charged at the following rates:

One Column with the paper, for one year,	$25
Half a column, do. do.	$13
Two Squares, with quarterly changes,	$10
Business Cards, with the paper,	$5

JOB PRINTING, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Such as Handbills, Blanks, Circulars and every other other description of Printing, executed hansomely and expeditiously, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

Cards.

DOCTOR A.D. LIPPE,
Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE: Main street, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Fred. Ehrman.
Carlisle, April 9, 1845.

DR. I. C. LOOMIS,
DENTIST.

WILL perform all operations upon the Teeth that are required for their preservation; such as *Scaling, Filing, Plugging, &c.*, or will restore the loss of them, by inserting Artificial Teeth, from a single Tooth, to a full sett. ☞ Office on Pitt street, a few doors South of the Railroad Hotel.

N. B. Dr. Loomis will be absent from Carlisle the last ten days, in each month.
June 11, 1845.

JOSEPH KNOX,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, (late of Pittsburg, Pa.,) will practice in the Courts of Cumberland and the adjoining counties. Office on West High street, next door to J. Hamilton, Esq.
Carlisle, October 8, 1845

CHARLES B. PENROSE,
Late Solicitor of the Treasury of the United States,

WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Lancaster County. Office in South Queen Street, lately occupied by John R. Montgomery, Esq.
June 18, 1845.

COLWELL & M'CLURE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to them in the counties of Cumberland nd Franklin. Offices, one door west of the Jail, East High street, Carlisle, and next door to Stumbaugh & Hoover's Drug Store, Shippensburg.
April 24, 1844. tf-26

S. DUNLAP ADAIR,
Attorney at Law.

OFFICE in South Hanover street, a few doors below J. H. Graham, Esq.
July 16, 1845.

THE MANSION HOUSE HOTEL
Fronting on the Cumberland Valley Rail Road,
CARLISLE, PA.

LATELY kept by Gen. Willis Foulk, has jus been taken by the subscriber. It is newly furnished and has been thoroughly repaired. Passengers in the cars, strangers, travellers and visiters to Carlisle, are invited to call.

Terms moderate, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the establishment.

J. A. WINROTT.
Carlisle, April 16, 1845.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

THE subscriber has now and will constantly keep on hand all kinds o LUMBER, such of White Pine Boards, Planks, Scantling, Shingles Shingling and Plastering Laths, &c. all of which will be sold at the river prices, with the addition of hauling, for CASH, at the Warehouse of
WILLIAM B. MURRAY.
Carlisle, November 5, 1845.

TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

JUST received at the store of D. S. ARNOLD, a splendid lot of **CARPETS**, which will be sold at the following prices:

Stair Carpets 9 cents per yard; 1 yard wide Venetian Carpets, 25 and 31. Stair carpets, 12 cents per yard; 1 yard wide Ingrain, 31½, 45, 56, 75, 85 and $100. Also, Matting, Furniture, and Floor Oil Cloths. The above articles were purchased at auction, and will be sold 50 per cent. cheaper than ever was sold in Carlisle.
April 8, 1846.

FARMERS LOOK HERE!

I HAVE just received a lot of Pouty and Mears' celebrated centre draught
Self-Sharpening PLOUGHS,
which I will sell at Philadelphia prices, with the addition of the freight.
April 30. WM. B. MURRAY.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

THE subscriber, having a large supply of fine clear ICE, will be able to supply families and others with this desirable article during the coming season, on the most moderate terms.
MARY WEAKLEY.
March 25, 1846.

GROCERIES.

A Fresh lot of Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, &c. &c. Also, Teas and Spices—just received nd for sale at the lowest notch.
March 25, 1846. C. O'NEILL.

SMITH COAL.

FOR Blacksmiths' use, together with Pine Grove and Lyken's Valley Coal, kept constantly on hand and will be sold at the lowest possible price for CASH, at the Warehouse of
Nov. 5, 1845. WM. B. MURRAY.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Cumberland county

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the ensuing general election, and most respectfully solicit your votes. Should you think me worthy, and elect me I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity. JAMES M'CAFFIE.
South Middleton township,
May 6, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the next general election, and will feel grateful for your support.
WILLIAM M. MATEER.
Carlisle, May 6, 1846.

Sheriffalty!

To the Citizens of Cumberland Co.

GENTLEMEN—I offer myself as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the next general election, and most respectfully ask your support. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity.
ROBERT M'CARTNEY.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself of your consideration for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF,

of Cumbrrland county at the next general election. Should you deem me worthy of said office, I will endeavor to discharge the duties faithfully and impartially.
DAVID CRISWELL.
Shippensburg, April 30, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the ensuing General election and respectfully solicit your sufferages for the same. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office with fidelity and impartiality.
JOHN WYNKOOP.
West Pennsborough township,
April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the election in October next. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office faithfully, impartially, and according to law.
CHRISTIAN INHOFF.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I hereby offer my self to your consideration as a candidate for the OFFICE OF SHERIFF, at the election in October next, and most respectfully request your votes for the same. Should I be elected, you may rest assured, I will do the duties of the office faithfully and honestly, and will thank you for the honor conferred.
Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't.
W. FOULK.
Carlisle, April 15, 1846.

To the Public Generally.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS—I respectfully inform you that I am a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, and should you think me worthy and elect me as such at the next general election, I pledge myself to use my best abilities to serve you faithfully.
JAMES HOFFER.
Carlisle, April 22, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, at the ensuing General Election, and respectfully solicit your suffrages for the same. Should you elect me, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of said office to the best of my ability. JAMES KENNEDY.
Mifflin township,
April 22, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county

GENTLEMEN:—I offer myself as a candidate for the

OFFICE OF SHERIFF

of Cumberland county, and will be thankful to you for your support.
MICHAEL HOLCOMB
Carlisle, April 22, 1846.

To the Electors of Cumberland Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
at the next General Election. Should you honor me with a majority of your suffrages, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity. WILLIAM B. MULLEN.
South Middleton township,
April 22, 1846.—te.

To the voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
of Cumberland County at the next general election and will feel grateful to your for your support.
JAMES F. LAMBERTON.
Dickinson tp. May 27, 1846.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
at the approaching election, and shall be thankful for your support. Very respectfully, yours, &c. JOSEPH A. EGE.
South Middleton township,
April 22, 1846.—te.

To the voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—I offer myself as a candidate at the next election for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF,
and will be thankful to the citizens of Cumberland county for their votes. If I am elected, I will attend to the duties of said office with fidelity.
WILLIAM WOODS.
Frankford township, May 13, 1846.

To the Electors of Cumberland Co.:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county at the next General Election, and will feel grateful to you for your support. ANDREW ROBERTS.
Carlisle, April 22, 1846.—te.

To the Voters of Cumberland county.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
OFFICE OF SHERIFF
of Cumberland county, at the approaching election, and will be thankful for your support.—Should you elect me, I pledge myself to perform the duties of said office with fidelity.
DAVID MARTIN.
Carlisle, April 29, 1846.

Fancy Articles.

A GREAT variety of fancy articles on hand and for sale cheap at the Drug and variety ore of Stevenson and Mehaffey. eb 11

CLOTHS & CASSIMERES.

JUST received at the store of the subscriber, Cloths and Cassimeres, which will be sold at very low prices. ROBERT IRVINE, jr.

Poetry.

The following beautiful lines by the editor of the Louisville Journal, who is now from his home, we copy from the paper:

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis morn—the sea breeze seem to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew—
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear—
But I am sad—thou art not here.

'Tis noon—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep—
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star—
But I am sad—thou art afar.

'Tis eve—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes—
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms in the waves below;
And, like some unseen sprite, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot—
But I am sad—I see thee not.

'Tis midnight—with a soothing spell,
The far tones of the ocean swell,
Soft as a mother's cadence mild
Low bending o'er her sleeping child—
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay—
But I am sad—thou art away.

I sink in dreams—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear—
Around my neck thy tresses twine
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast—
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear—
And I am happy—thou art here.

BLOOMFIELD, May 31, 1846. G. D. P.

Miscellaneous.

Ethan Spike's First and Last Visit to Portland.

"Portland is the all darndest place I ever seen. I was down there in '33, to see a little about my goin' to the Legislatoor, and such a rum time as I had, you never heer'd tell on. Did I ever tell you about the Ice cream scrape I had?"

We answered in the negative and he resumed—

"Wall, I had been down thar, two or three days, lookin' about in every hole an' cor't I'd seed every thing that was to be seed.—But one day towards sun down I was going down by a shop in Middle street that looked wonderful slick—there was all manner of candy an' peppermints and jessamints an' what-nots at the windows. An' then thar war signs with gold letters on them, hangin' round the door tellin' how they sold Soda, Mead, an' Ice cream thar. I says to myself, I have heern a good deal about this 'ere Ice cream, an' now I'll be darned if I won't see what they are made of—So I puts my hands into my pocket an' walked in kinder careless an' says to a chap standing behind the counter—

"Do you keep any ice creams here?"

'Yes sir," says he, 'how much'll you have?'

"I considered a minit on't—says I—a pint, sir."

The young feller's face swelled out, and he liked to have laughed right out, but arter a while he asked—

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin" says I, "but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind taken a quart."

"Wall, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel a sort o'pisen an' I gave him a look that made him look sober in a minit, an' when I clinched my fist an' looked so at him, (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression,) he hauled in his horns the quickest, an' handed me a pint of the stuff as perlite as could be. Wall, I tasted a mouthful of it, an' found it as cold as the north side o' Bethel hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but jest then I seed the confectioner chap grinning behind the door, which riz my spunk. Goll smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afeared—I'll eat the darned stuff if it freezes my inards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bear or whipped a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole in about a minit.

"Wall, in about a quarter of an hour I begun to feel kinder gripy about here," continued Ethan, pointing to the lower parts of his stomach, "an' kept feelin' no better very fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd got a steam engine sawin' shingles in me. I sot down on a cheer an' bent myself up like a nut cracker, thinkin' I'd grin an' bear it; but I couldn't set still—I twisted and squirmed about like an angle worm on a hook, till at last the chap as 'gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on and snickerin' says to me:

"Mister," says he "what ails you?"

"Ails me," says I, "That darned stuff of your'n is treozin' up my daylights," says I.

"You eat too much," says he.

"I tell you I didn't," screamed I, "I know what's a'nuff an' what's too much, without askin' you, an' if you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spile you face.

He cottened right down, and said he did'nt mean any hurt, an' asked me if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him I would. So I took a purty good horn and left the shop.

"Arter I got out," continued Ethan, "I felt better for a miut or so, but I hadn't gone fur afore the gripes took me again," so I went into another shop an' took some more gin; then I sot down on the State House steps and there I sot and sot, but didn't feel a darned mite better. I begun to think I was going to kick the bucket, and then I thought of father and mother an' of old Spanker—that's father's hoss—and when I thought that I should never see 'em agin' I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up and see a dozen boys grinnin' and larfin' at me, I tell yer what, it riz my dander,—that had got down below *zero*—rite up agin. I sprung at 'em like a wild cat, bollerin' out that I'd shake their tarnal gizzards out, and the way the little devils scampered was a caution to nobody. But after the ciement of the race was over, I felt was agin, and I couldn't help groanin' and schreechin' as I went along.

At last I thought I'd go to the theatre, but afore I got there the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin' house and lay down and hollow. After a while I got up an' went into a shop and eat a half a dollars with of boiled isters with four pickled cowcumbers, and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre and seed the plays, but I felt so tamally that I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the isters and the cowcumbers don me any good. I sot down, laid down, an stood up, but still it went on gripe, gripe. I groaned all the time an' once in a while I was obleeged to screech kinder easy. Every body stared at me an' somebody called on—"turn him out!" once or twice. But at last just as the nigger Othello was going to put the pillar on his wife's face to smother her, there cum such a twinge through me, that I really thought I was bustin' up, and I yelled out—"Oh dear! oh scissors!" so loud that the old theatre rung again. Such a row you never seed; the niggar drop'd the pillar, and Deuteronomy—or what you call her there—his wife, jumped off her bed and run, while every body in the theatre was all up in a muss, some larfing and some sweating. The upshot of it was, the perlice carried me out of the theatre and told me to make myself scarce.

Wall, as I didn't feel any better I went into a shop close by, and called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallerin' it, I off hum to the tavern. I sot down by the window and tried to think I felt better, but 'twar no go; that blessed old ingine was still swallowin' away inside; so I went out and eat a quarter's worth of isters an' a piece of mince pie. Then I went back and told the tavern keeper I felt kinder sick, an' thought I'd take some Castor ile, a mouthful of cold meat an' a strong glass of whiskey punch, an' then go to bed. He got the fixins, which I took an' went to bed.

But, tell yer what I had rather a poor night. Sometimes I was awake groanin' an' hollerin' an' when I was asleep i'd better bin awake, for I had sich powerful dreams.—Sometimes I thought I was skinin' a bear, and then by some hocuspocus 'twould change to t'other side, an' the tarnal critter would be a skinin' me

Then, agin; I'd dream that I was follin' logs with the boys, and jest as I'd be a shoutin' out—"now then!—here she goes!"—everything would get reversed agin I was a log, an' the boys were prying me up with their handspikes. Then I'd wake up an' screech an' roar—then off to sleep agin—to dream that Spanker had run off with me, or that father was whopping me, or some other plaguy thing, till mornin'.

When I got up I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, an' the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on, screaming and groaning as I had the night afore, my room was better than my company.

"I hain't," said Mr. Spike in conclusion, "I hain't bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired Ice Cream."

Balm for a Broken Heart.

A broken hearted woman, as she calls herself, Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Montgomery county, N. Y. notifies the public through the Amsterdam Intelligencer, that her dear husband, Joshua Hunt, has left her bed and board and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbids all girls, old maids, and widows, to meddle with or marry him under the penalty of the law. She earnestly entreats all editors throughout the world to lay the foregoing information before their readers. Mrs. Hunt will perceive that we have complied with her request.—Courier and Enquirer.

And we two.—N. Y. Transcript.
And we three.—Cincinnati Mirror.
And we four.—N. Y. Standard.
And we five.—Western Methodist.
And we six.—Zion's Herald.
And we seven.—Maine Free Press
And we eight.—Missouri Free Press.
And we nine.—Woodstock Whig.

Leave her bed and board! the villian, and we ten.—National Eagle.

And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond, and we eleven.—Albany Advertiser.

And we make up the dozen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

He left her bed! O! the vagrant, and we are a baker's dozen.—Pittsburg Statesman.

And we start him again.—Miner's Journal.

Keep him a moving.—Salt River is too good for him.—Jackson Courier.

May he have corns on his toes, and pains in his ribs all the days of his life. Leave a woman's bed and board, the graceless knave! We'll give him the sixteenth kick.—Carlisle Republican.

Oh! the vagabond! He deserves an additional kick, and we'll give him the seventeenth.—Cleaveland Herald.

Break a woman's heart, the fiend. Take that too.—Painsville Telegraph.

We underwrite his eighteenth endorser.—Courier and Inquirer.

And we give the scoundrel the nineteenth shove.—Eastern Argus.

And here goes the 20th.—American Sent.

And we repeat her wrongs and her shame to our 20,000 readers.—Sat. Courier.

Pass him round! Start him again, the scoundrel, and here goes the 21st kick.—Utica News.

We give him the 22nd. Brethren, add your mite.—Vergennes Vermonter.

Here's our kick, No. 23. Put it into the scamp thick and fast.—Concord Freeman.

We'll break his back if he comes this way.—N. H. Gazette.

Being a bachelor, we'll HUNT the rascal to the end of the earth.—Sat. Messenger.

Go it, Messenger, that is about as dignified a business as an old bachelor would be engaged in.—No. 27.—Sandy Hill Herald.

"The HUNTERS have him now." After getting 27 *bawls* in his *hide*, he is a GONE'ER.—N. Y. Arena.

Oh, Joshua! how could you leave poor Laura without a comforter, and stray to parts *unknown*?—But we'll make you known.—How are your *parts*? Cut a round for kick 28.—Weekly Knickerbocker.

Don't you turn round, Josh; you've been kicked enough, and must now be running like a locomotive, with a "*tender*" *behind*. We think Laura deserves a spat for driving him off—so, Laura, here's No. 1 for you—take that.—Baltimore Sun.

AMUSING SCENE IN MATAMORAS.—The high price of cotton goods in Matamoras, owing to the Mexican Tariff, is well known. Several enterprising "yankees," since Gen. Taylor has taken possession of the city, have "moved in," opened stores and are selling goods on "cheap principles," about one-third of the usual Mexican prices. It is an amusing scene to witness the crowd around these stores, composed of the mixed people of the city. Fine dressed women, rancheros, naked Indians and negroes, all eager to purchase goods, and jabboring, good, bad and indifferent Spanish, with rapidity truly appaling to a phlegmatic Anglo American.

A MOTHER'S TENDERNESS.—A loving mother who doated on her dear child, Jim, gave him the following certificate of her kind consent to his catching a wife if he could—which he duly presented to the proper authority, when he went for his license:

"this is to certify that I give my consent to Jim mi sun to git marede to hoo he please this given under my hand This day of our lord July the 26 [illegible] her X marke."

GOING IT WITH A RUSH.—A chap went into a Confectioner's shop the other day, with his five daughters, and called for one ice cream and six *spoons*. After the cream was duly devoured, the old fellow asked his daughters—"Well, gals, an't you glad you come!"

The Tariff and the Poor Man.

Extract from a late speech of the Hon. ANDREW STEWART, of Pa.

Mr. S's. system was this. Select the articles you can manufacture to the full extent of our own wants, then, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, "impose on them duties lighter at first, and afterwards heavier and heavier as the channels of supply were opened." This was Jefferson's plan; the reverse of modern democratic "free trade." Next Mr. S. went for levying the highest rate of duty on the luxuries of the rich, and not on the necessaries of the poor. Encourage American manufactures, and while on the one hand the poor man found plenty of employment, on the other he got his goods cheap. He could clothe himself decently for a mere trifle. He wanted *no* foreign commodities but his tea and his coffee, and they were free and should remain free. The poor man could now buy cloth for a full suit from head to toot for less than *one dollar* of substantial American manufacture. He had himself worn in this hall a garment of this same goods, at 10 cents per. yard, and it was so much admired that more than a dozen members had applied for similar garments, and they had been supplied to Senators and others, yet we are told the tariff taxes and oppresses the poor. Put high revenue duties on wines, on brandies, on silks, on laces, on jewelry, on all that which the rich alone consumed, and which the poor man did not want. Take off the duties from the poor man's necessaries and give him high wages for his work. That is the way to diffuse happiness and prosperity among the great body of the people. That was good sound democratic policy. He was for lifting up the poor. He was for "levelling upward," for increasing the domestic comfort of our own laboring population—the true *democracy* of the country. The rich could pay, and ought to be made to pay, and they should pay; the poor man could not, and should not, with his consent. Mr. S. went for the system which elevated the poor man in the scale of society, that promoted equality; that essential element in all free Governments, not by pulling down the higher, but by lifting up the lower classes to their level. The gentleman from Alabama and his friends advocated a policy which would have precisely the opposite effect. Their system would truly make the "rich richer and the poor poorer." The gentleman advocated a system whose direct and undeniable tendency was to destroy competition, and thereby give a monopoly to the heavy capitalists. He would benefit those very "millionaires" of whose presence here he complained so loudly.

Labor, productive labor, was the great source of national wealth. Its importance was inculculable. Compared with this all other interests dwindled into perfect insignificance. What is all other capital combined compared to the capital of labor—hard-handed, honest labor?—the toiling millions? Supposing we have but two millions of working men in the United States, whose wages average $180 per year—this is equal to the interest of $3,000 at six per cent. Each laborer's capital, then, is equal to $3,000 at interest. Multiply this by two millions, the number of laborers, and it gives you a capital amounting to the enormous sum of six thousand millions of dollars, producing, at 6 per cent. three hundred and sixty millions of dollars a year. This was the "*labor capital*" he wished to sustain and uphold. This was the great *national industry* he wished to protect and defend against the ruinous and degrading effects of a free and unrestricted competition with the pauper labor of foreign lands. He went to secure the American market for American labor. In the great struggle for the American market he took the American side. On the other hand, the gentleman from Alabama and his friends went for "free trade," for opening our ports for the manufacturers of all the world, for bringing in freely the pauper productions of Great Britain, to overwhelm the rising prosperity of our own poor but industrious citizens.—They went for crushing American enterprise, grinding down American labor, and putting their countrymen on a footing with the very sweepings of the poor houses of Europe, and would, in the end, bring them down to their *political*, as well as their pecuniary and moral condition. Mr. S. was for cherishing American labor, for giving high wages, for surrounding it with all the substantial comforts of life. Which was the true friend of the PEOPLE? And yet these "free trade" advocates, from the Secretary down, professed to be the exclusive friends of the "poor man," and we are denounced as the friends of "millionaires and monopolists." We now imported fifty millions worth of British agricultural products, of English wool, English grain, English beef and mutton, English flax, English agricultural productions of every kind. And yet gentlemen would rise here and talk of a British market for our breadstuffs. Why, how much of this did England take? Not a quarter of a million, in all its forms!

Here was a beautiful reciprocity. Here were the beauties of free trade. Here were our equality of benefits. We took fifty millions in British goods, one-half of it agricultural produce, while she took one-quarter of a million of our bread-stuffs. This was our boasted British market. What was this British market to us? The American market consumed annually nearly a thousand millions of American grain; the British market one quarter of one million. Great Britain took of our flour not a tenth part of the amount taken by the East and West Indies, not a third part as much as the little Island, Cuba; and not much more than half as much as Hayti. Poor miserable negro Hayti took last year 53,144 barrels of flour while England, Scotland, and Ireland together took but 35,355 barrels and *one* barrel of corn-meal.—Yet we are told, in the face of these official facts, by the Secretary of the Treasury, that we must take more British goods, otherwise she will have to pay us "*cash for bread-stuffs, and not having to spare*" she will not buy as much of our cotton." What an insult to American Farmers is this. As an honorable man must he not blush for his reputation when he looks upon these facts? can Secretary who over and over, in the report denounces the *substitution of American manufactures of foreign goods* and declares that *direct taxation* is more equitable and just than *duties on foreign goods* especially to its operation on the poor? Better levy taxes on our own productions than on those foreigners? Such are the doctrines openly avowed by the Secretary to favor his miserable system of "free trade." Away with such British doctrines as these! They could never find favor with the American people while a spark of patriotism animates their hearts, or a drop of Revolutionary blood runs in their veins.

The gentleman from Alabama will no doubt discover another terrible absurdity when Mr. S stated that Great Britain exported and sold more agriculture produce than any other country in the world. Yet it is strictly and undeniably true. Exported, not in its original form, but worked up and converted into goods iron, cloths &c. consisting of raw materials and breadstuffs. Great Britain exported, on an average, more that two hundred and fifty millions of dollars worth of manufactures, one half of the whole value of which consisted of the produce of the soil. The United States took about one-fifth part of all the exports of Great Britain—being more than all Europe put together. In a report of a committee in the British Parliament, made some years ago, it appeared that the British goods consumed by the people of the different countries of Europe, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Belgium, &c. amounted *fourteen cents* worth per head, while the people of the United States in the same time consumed *three hundred and fifty four cents* worth per head! This showed the immense importance of the American market to Great Britain, and accounted for her great solicitude to retain it. It also showed the superior wisdom of the European Government in excluding British goods by high and prohibitory tariffs; thus developing and relying upon their own resources, encouraging and sustaining their own national industry, promoting their own prosperity, and thus establish (as we should do) their own national independence on the most solid and lasting foundations.

Mr. S. invited scrutiny into the facts he had stated; he challenged contradiction. He put them before gentlemen, and begged them to examine and disprove them if they could. He invited them to reflect upon them in a spirit of candor. To dismiss from their minds all party bias, to rise for once superior to the low grovelling prejudice of party; to wake up to the great interest and feel for the real strength and true glory and independence of their native land.

A LETTER FROM HENRY CLAY.—We find in the New York Courier and Enquirer of yesterday, the following letter from Henry Clay. It will stir up the deep feelings of admiration in the nation for its great Statesman, and his timely advice, in the present crisis, will have additional value now, for its simple and lucid presentation of the policy of protection to Home Industry, when the fate of that policy has become a matter of doubt. It is something inexpressibly interesting to hear from Henry Clay, and gratifying to know that his great mind still revolves schemes for his country's good. He is still in the nation, and though not active in the Senate chamber, his counsel is not the less heard or the less potent to direct and ensure good consequences:—

ASHLAND, June 5th, 1846.

GENTLEMEN:—I postponed answering your favor until the arrival of the articles to which it refers, which you have been kind enough to present to me. They reached here yesterday in safety, and I request your acceptance of my thanks for them. The pleasure which we shall derive from using them, will be much increased by the fact, that both the raw material and the fabric are American. Their excellence attests the perfection which this important pranch of woolen manufactures has attained in the U. States, and it is the more gratifying because of the great difficulties, with which they have constantly had to contend.

On both sides of the Atlantic, the policy of affording protection to domestic manufactures appears to be under consideration in the national Legislature. The British Minister has brought forward a measure embracing the doctrines of free trade, not however without exceptions of several, and some very important articles. The manufactures of Great Britain have reached a very high degree of perfection, by means of her great capital, her improved skill and machinery, her cheap labor, and under a system of protection long, perseveringly and rigorously enforced. She moreover possesses immense advantages for the sale and distribution of her numerous manufactures, in her vast colonial possessions. From which those of foreign powers are either entirely excluded, or admitted on terms very unequal with her own.

I am not therefore surprised that under these favorable circumstances, Great Britain should herself be desirous to adopt and to prevail on other nations to adopt, the principles of Free Trade. I shall be, if any of the great nations of the continent, should follow an example, the practical effects of which will be so to beneficial to her, and so injurious to them.

The propriety of affording protection to Domestic manufactures, its degree and its duration, depend upon the national condition and the actual progress which they have made. Each nation, of right, ought to judge for itself. I believe that history records no instances of any great and prosperous nation, which did not draw its essential supplies of food and raiment from within its own limits. If all nations were just commencing their career, or if their manufactures had all made equal progress, it might perhaps be wise to throw open the markets of the world to the freest and most unrestricted competition. But it is manifest, that while the manufactures of some have acquired all the maturity and perfection of which the are susceptible, and those of others are yet in their infancy struggling hard for existence, free competition between them must redound to the advantage of the experienced and skillful, and to the injury of those who are just beginning to naturalize and establish the arts.

No earthly gratification to the heart of a Statesman can be greater than that of having contributed to the adoption of a great system of National Policy, and of afterwards witnessing its complete success in its practical operation. That gratification can be enjoyed by those who were instrumental in establishing the policy of protecting our Domestic Manufactures. Every promise which they made has been fulfilled. Every prediction which they hazarded as to the quantity and quality of the Domestic supply, as to the reduction of prices, as to the effect of competition at home, and as to the abundance of the public revenue, has been fully realized. And it is no less remarkable that every counter prediction, without exception, of the opponents of the policy, has, in the sequel, been entirely falsified.

Entertaining these views and opinions, I should deeply regret any abandonment of the policy of Protection, or any material alteration of the Tariff of 1842, which has worked so well. If its operation had been even doubtful, would it not be wiser to await further developements from experience, before we plunge into a new and unexplored theory?—Scarcely any misfortune is so great to the business and pursuits of a people as that of perpetual change.

I am sensible that I have extended this letter to a most unreasonable length. I hope you will excuse and attribute it to the beautiful fruits of a favorite and cherished policy which you have kindly went to my aid.

Your friend and obedient servant,
(Signed) H. CLAY.

Correspondence of the North American.

Gen. Scott and the War.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1846.

General Taylor was nominated yesterday as Major General in full under the Supplementary Army bill—so, that matter is disposed of. There was considerable discussion in cabinet, between his claims and those of General Houston, whose pretensions were urged with much zeal by certain members, who were ready to sacrifice the gallant Taylor in order to serve a more pliable partizan. It is equally fortunate for the honor and the interest of the country, that wiser counsels prevailed, for Gen. Taylor would never have consented to serve under a commander, who is willing to wear the laurels which he never *won*—those of the battle of San Jacinto. Had the President been as prompt in sustaining Gen. Taylor at the time when the first intelligence of his critical situation reached Washington, as he was willing to award him honor, when he could not resist it, public judgment would not have been divided as to the influence which circumstances exerted over his conduct.

The management of the war is now committed to the hands of Gen. Taylor, whose progress thus far has shown him to be eminently worthy of the destination and confidence. The plan of operations is exceedingly extensive. The force under Gen. Taylor is to march to the city of Mexico, that under Gen. Wool is to subdue, should there be resistance, the provinces of Chihuhahua and Coahuila, and to co-operate with Gen. Taylor, and that under Col. Kearney is to take possession of Santa Fe and to be independent in its sphere. A very large discretion is necessarily entrusted to the commander-in-chief.—*Written orders* to this effect were issued to Gen. Taylor on the 16th inst. the first, it is said, of much moment that have been transmitted to him for *three months past*. They were drawn up by Gen. Scott. What now becomes of all the contemptible subterfuges to which the supple friends of the Administration have resorted, to misrepresent the position of Gen. Scott? If the President ever intended in good faith he should lead the war against Mexico, why not have issued orders to him, as has now been done to Gen. Taylor, for the identical position? If the necessity existed in the one case, surely it held good in the other—the change has only been one of *men*. Who ever heard of a vast military undertaking like the invasion of another country, being begun without the general-in-chief being possessed of the formal instructions of his Government?

Without them there would be no immediate responsibility! In all the great enterprises in which Gen. Scott has been engaged, since he attained high rank in the army, under various administrations, Whig and Democratic, his instructions have been drawn by himself at the request of the President and Secretary of War. So it was when he went to the Black Hawk War. So in the delicate and critical juncture in South Carolina. So of the North Eastern Boundary, and so in the McLeod affair. These precedents were all familiar to Mr. Polk and his Secretary of War, and the President would have given the world a more convincing testimonial of his sincerity, if after his proposal to *supersede* General Taylor, which Scott respectfully declined, he had said to him when he intimated to him the command of the army ordered by Congress, "General Scott prepare your orders." That would have put the *intentions* of the Executive beyond controversy and prevented an issue which reflects anything but honor upon his integrity in this respect. There is an unwritten history connected with the correspondence between Gen. Scott and the Department, which fully justifies every syllable he has uttered. Nay, more, I undertake to say that none but a soldier of prudence and propriety, would have borne what he submitted to, in deference to the Chief Magistracy of the country. It may be sport for the vulgar and the vicious to expend ridicule on the frankness and honest phraseology of this gallant soldier, but the upright and intelligent will discover in it the effort to hide the broken faith of the administration and the violence of partisan proscription. It has been my fortune not to be among those who advocated Gen. Scott for the Presidency, but I have never been wanting in respect for his valuable and distinguished services to the country, nor of proper appreciation of his virtues as a citizen. Now that the work of calumny and illiberal criticism is done, I shall take an early occasion to review the whole correspondence in a spirit of candor and calmness. Scott has been shamefully assailed by his enemies and meanly deserted by his friends. I mean those who were the most fawning when he was wafted on by the winds of popular favor. Be the result what it may, he has learned that lesson which all men must experience sooner or later—those who profess most, perform least.

RUMORS, INCIDENTS, &c.—During the bombardment of Fort Brown there was a woman in the fort, the wife of one of the privates, who and regularly attentively, the whole time, plied the men at the guns with coffee and other refreshments, while they plied the Mexicans with shot. She gave Uncle Sam's boys gunpowder (tea) while they helped the Mexicans to grape. Where the shot flew thickest, there was she, and she frequently lit a soldier's cigar from an exploded shell. She is a large athletic woman, having a frame well proportioned to her big, generous heart. She is now the favorite of the whole army, and being a native of Indiana, the soubriquet every where attaches to her of the "GREAT WESTERN." At the dinner given to the delegation from the State Legislature, the Great Western was toasted with all the honors, although exposure to the sun has made her already *brown*.

When the "brave" Gen. Ampudia reached Matamoras in his great retreat from Resaca de la Palma, a beautiful Senora of the city was the first he met. "My men," he said, "madam," speaking of course in his vernacular, "my men have all fled from the field!" "Senor," she said, dropping her heavily fringed eyelids—"I Senor you self, did no remain long *behind them*."

EFFECTS OF LOW WAGES.—At the entertainment given at Matamoras by the officers of the army to the committee from the Louisiana Legislature, Lieut. Britton, of the 7th Infantry, said that a very brave soldier in the ranks was in the habit of drinking too much. His Colonel remonstrated with him—"Tom, you are a bold fellow and a good soldier, but you will get drunk." "Colonel," replied Tom, "I owe you, you expect all the virtues of the human character, combined, for seven dollars a month." He proposed to the health and promotion of the gallant Tom.

"Do you see the devil in a great rage?"
To see two lines to fill out his page.