

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—21.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 7, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 853.

POETRY.

"Good Bye!"

Farewell! farewell! is often heard
From lips of those who part;
'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,
But it springs not from the heart.
It may serve for the lover's closing lay,
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;
But give me the quivering lips that say
The honest words—"Good Bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear,
In the guise of courtly speech;
But when we leave the kind and dear,
'Tis not what the soul would teach.
When'er we grasp the hands of those
We would have forever tight,
The flame of friendship burns and glows
In the warm, frank words—"Good Bye!"

The mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears, her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her closing sigh;
But the dearest sob of anguish gives—
"God bless thee, boy! Good Bye!"

Go: watch the pale and dying one,
When the glance has lost its beam—
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,
And the world a passing dream;
And the latest pressure of the hand,
The look of the closing eye,
Yield what the heart must understand,
A long—a last—"Good Bye!"

SELECT TALE.

THE SOIREE.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

"I am delighted, enchanted, enraptured,
at beholding you again, my dear Frank!"
exclaimed Harry Weston, as he entered
the dressing-room of his friend, who was
adjusting the tie of his cravat. "I have
just heard of your arrival, and hasten to
invite you to the soiree my sisters intend
giving to-night. Consider yourself a for-
tunate fellow, for I think I can promise
you a very pleasant evening. We have
sent invitations to all the most fashionable
families in the city, and doubtless we shall
have a complete squeeze. I am glad you
have returned safely! How did you like
"sailing on the midnight deep?" and how
did you beguile the long weary hours of
the watch? and how are you?"

"Why, I am here, safe and sound. But,
Harry, you run word upon word, and
question upon question, with such volu-
bility that I began to think I should never
get a chance to answer you."

"Then let your good looks answer for
you, for I never saw you look better;
though the sun and wind of the ocean has
effected some little change in your com-
plexion, but all for the better, I assure you,
my dear Frank."

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied
Frank, carelessly, giving a finishing touch
to his whiskers.

"What! as much of a coxcomb as ever!"
laughed Harry.

"Why, you know, my dear fellow, that,
among other blessings, heaven has given me
a passably good opinion of myself, and I
have been taught to consider my looks
not particularly disagreeable to those fair
judges who have them under review," was
the conciliatory reply.

"Allow me, then, to give you timely
warning, that you will need your very
best looks this evening, for the star who
will reign is a cruel fair one," said Harry,
still laughing.

"And why a cruel fair one? Have you
led a pretty dance through all the perils of
love, and then quietly surrendered at discre-
tion?"

"Ah! my dear Frank, that has been the
lot of all who have basked in the sunshine
of her smile—yet her star still maintains
its ascendancy, and she goes on breaking
hearts with the utmost industry."

"May I solicit the honor of hearing the
name of this dangerous siren?" asked
Frank, becoming interested.

"Beautiful Fanny Ashton."

"She is as bewitching as a cruel, then?"

"Aye! the duldest babe feels inspired
by her presence; their language flows into
metre as they address her; they become
poetic as they catch the light of her smile."
Then, so prettily she derides their woes,
that mockery becomes enchanting when
falling from her ruby lips—all feel the
stroke, but they treasure the missile."

"The tyrant!" exclaimed Frank.

"Ah, such a tyrant was never before
seen," replied his friend.

"Can nothing be done with her?"

"Nothing. After numerous encourage-
ments, and repeated repulses, finding
"love's labor lost," we have stacked our
arms, en masse, declaring the fortress im-
pregnable."

"There is nothing on earth I desire
more than to encounter an accomplished
coquette," said Frank, as he poured the
perfume on his snowy handkerchief.

"I suppose then you mean to attack her,
but I caution you to beware," playfully
advised his companion.

"May I not be more lucky than the
rest?" conceitedly asked his friend.

"And for the world from bondage,"
laughed Harry, as he rose to leave the
room; "but let me again say beware!"

"Harry, her cup is nearly filled—the
hour of retribution is at hand—I will teach
her a lesson."

Frank Belmont was an officer in the
United States Navy, and had just returned
from a cruise in the Mediterranean. He
was handsome, had a martial air, and yet
was without somewhat sentimental and po-

etical, with a fine, clear olive complexion,
dark brown hair, and exquisitely turned up
mustaches, with eyes 'deeply, darkly blue.'
He was what the girls call a love of a man.
On his inner man we will not enlarge,
merely premising that he was called a pretty
clever fellow, also that nature had given
him a bountiful share of vanity. How far
the fact of his possessing, at the same time,
a sufficient quantum of the 'filthy lucre,'
might have gone in softening the ladies in
his favor we know not, but certain it is,
in process of time, he gained quite a rep-
utation as a lady killer, without being once
unpleasantly reminded that he possessed
as much as a fragment of a heart. 'Twas
strange, 'twas passing strange, so said the
ladies, that his twenty-eighth birthday
found him still hugging his single blessed-
ness.

"I will teach that saucy belle what it is
to maltreat my sex," was the thought that
occupied the mind of our hero, as he wend-
ed his way to the house of Mrs. Weston.
"I will teach her a lesson, and revenge the
wrongs of her victims. Doubtless she is
some pert, forward miss, with a baby face,
full of self-importance, and impertinent airs,
with neither elegance, sentiment, nor re-
finement. If my hands she will become a
mere plaything, I will take her to pieces
with as much ease as a child does a Chi-
nese puzzle. I will flirt with her to her
heart's content, then expose all her auda-
cious affectation; place the ridiculous points
of her character in the most prominent
light, and then overwhelm her with my
wit, until, in the agony of her spirit, she
cries for mercy." Here his soliloquy end-
ed, for he had reached the brilliantly illu-
minated mansion of Mrs. Weston. He
was ushered into a scene of gaiety, which
appeared like enchantment; look where he
would, his glance was rewarded with vi-
sions of beauty; diamonds and ladies' eyes
seemed to vie with each other in brilliancy.
A band of music poured out a continual
flood of the richest and most inspiring har-
mony, flowers bloomed around, and the
air was laden with incense. What wonder
that the eyes of Frank Belmont flashed
with a brighter brilliancy, or that his
cheek beamed with pleased surprise, as he
took a survey of the magnificence before
him. Harry Weston advanced to meet him,
and he led him to his sisters. The Mis-
ses Weston were surrounded by a groupe
of lovely girls, to whom he was introduced
but in so hurried a manner as to leave
him ignorant of some of their names. A
few minutes more found him conversing
with one of this groupe—a young and
exquisitely beautiful girl. Never had he
seen a being half so lovely. She was very
fair, with a pair of melting dark eyes,
which the long black fringe of the silken
lashes half veiled—daintily curved mouth,
with a bewitching smile—a cheek glowing
warmly with feeling and animation—rich
dark brown hair, profuse in its luxuriance,
and dressed in innumerable ringlets down
her graceful shoulders, which set off ex-
quisitely her hair and rosy face. Her dress
was simple white, made low in the neck,
and displayed the outline of her form,
which was perfection—her beautifully
moulded arms were whiter than snow, and
bare.

"Will you dance?" asked Frank, anxious
to keep her near him.

"I have refused several gentlemen," re-
plied the beauty.

"But you will dance with me?" and the
look was so entreaty.

"I suppose I must." And she snatched
him to draw her gently among the dan-
cers—a few minutes more found her tripping
as gaily as if her soul was in her feet.

"The soft, enchanting grace with which she
moved and spoke completed the fascina-
tion of our hero.

"The dance ended, and he drew her arm
in his for a promenade. Fanny Ashton
was forgotten.

"Do you sing?" he inquired, gazing on
her lovely speaking face.

"Allow me to exercise a woman's priv-
ilege of answering one question by ask-
ing another. Do you write poetry?"

"You see my eyes are not in a fine
frenzy rolling." But do you not write as
well as sing?"

"I am too merry to string even a few
rhymes to gether," answered she, gaily.

"Then you think to be poetical one
must necessarily be gloomy."

"Not exactly so; but one should be lofty,
thoughtful, dreamy. I scarcely know how
to explain what I mean, but I fancied I dis-
covered no symptoms of a poetical nature
in your voice—in your air—in your—but
perhaps I am saying too much." She
stopped, and cast down her beautiful eyes
with bashful timidity.

"I should like to know what you do
think of me," said he after a short silence.

"You are very bold; suppose my opin-
ion should not be flattering?" And the gay
girl looked archly in his face.

"Then you mean to intimate that it is
not."

"Never ask a woman what she means,"
said she, laughing.

"Why not?"

"Because she means anything, or no-
thing, just as she pleases;" this was said
with a mischievous smile, her merry eyes
dancing and glistening like diamonds.

"But still your words conveyed the idea
that I should hear nothing very flattering."

"Do not believe my words," said she,
softly, as she raised her eyes to his—
those eyes which gave a spell-like power
to her beauty.

Again they danced together. A lady
elegantly, dressed in satin, feathers and
jewels, who danced near them, recalled
Fanny Ashton to his memory—for a few
moments he watched her coquettish move-
ments—one gentleman who stood beside
her held her fan, another her bouquet, to a
third she whispered—on a fourth she
smiled. He had seen enough to satisfy
him that this was the celebrated coquette.
How persons will differ in taste, thought
he, as he turned from the belle, and his eyes
rested on the charming face of his partner.
For a time he gazed upon her without ut-
tering a word; his eyes, in whose dark
orbits the admiration he felt was apparent
to every one around. He was indeed the
unconscious subject of general observation,
and the spell that bound him was only
broken by a tap on the shoulder from his
friend, Harry, who was passing with a lady
on his arm—the arch look and light
laugh which accompanied it, recalled in a
measure his self-possession—and now his
whole soul become absorbed in the endeavor
to make himself agreeable to the fair
creature beside him. The young lady
held in her hand a bouquet of freshly culled
flowers, and in apparent unconscious-
ness of her work of destruction, tore the
delicate leaves to pieces, and cast them
from her, until the floor around was spang-
led with a variety of soft lovely hues.
"There was a pensive softness in her air—
her eyes were cast down and a gentle blush
rose to her cheek, as he playfully gathered
the torn and scattered leaves and placed
them in his bosom.

"May I keep these?" whispered he.

"Oh they are torn and faded—you shall
have something prettier," she replied, tak-
ing a white rose-bud but half unfolded
from her hair.

"I will look at this when alone, and think
of a far lovelier flower," said he, taking it
and earnestly pressing the hand that gave
it—the pressure was slightly returned, but
it thrilled to his very soul—and he fancied
that those dark eyes beamed upon him
with a dewy light, so eloquent with love
and truth, that his heart beat with emo-
tions undefinable and new—could mortal
wholly resist the intoxication of that
moment! "The dance was over—and a
young gentleman claimed the hand of
Frank's partner for the next set of cotil-
ons. Frank engaged her for the reel, and
walked with the proud step of a conqueror
across the room, where he joined with Har-
ry Weston.

"Well Harry," said he, "I come now
claiming to be introduced to the wonder-
ful Miss Ashton."

"I don't understand you, Frank," ex-
claimed Harry looking surprised; "I tho't
you had been introduced to her?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I have not yet
met her."

"Not met her?" and Harry roared
with laughter.

"No, indeed!"

"Why, Frank, you have been by her
side nearly all the evening—bending over
her like one enraptured;" and Harry laugh-
ed still louder.

For a moment Frank stood motionless and
speechless, as the truth flashed upon him.

"Surely—surely," said he, recovering
his voice—"that angel cannot be Fanny
Ashton?"

"No other, I assure you, than Fanny,
the Tyrant."

"Well, whatever she may have been to
others, she will never be cruel to me—
Harry she shall be the spoother of my
eyes—the partner of my declining years—
she—"

"Let me beg of you, Frank, not to sub-
mit yourself to the mortification of a dis-
missal!" cried Harry, interrupting him.

"She is either fooling you, or you have
fooled yourself."

"Why, Harry, I trust you are not jealous,"
returned his companion, looking suspi-
ciously at him. "I begin to suspect you."

"Then I'll say no more." Harry turn-
ed away, and Frank again sought Miss
Ashton.

"I will call on you to-morrow," he
whispered as she prepared to depart.

"Oh no! not to-morrow," she replied.

"Why not to-morrow?" he asked, and
his tones were full of tenderness.

"Because to-morrow—but it is possible
you have not heard—to-morrow—to-mor-
row—I am—to be married."

Frank looked around and saw a dozen
faces grinning with savage delight—then
arose the pleasurable anticipation, as he
heard the galling laugh that followed, of
being ridiculed, bored, and goaded to death
in the bargain, if he remained longer, so
with a hasty step he made for the door,
and rushed from the house.

The next day the rooms so recently oc-
cupied by our hero were found vacated;
and, upon inquiry, Harry ascertained that
he had been seized with a sudden fancy
to make a tour westward.

From the New York Evangelist.

My First Acquaintance with Death.

I was young, very young, when I first
looked on death. A darling brother, the
youngest, and consequently the pet and
plaything of a large family, was the victim
selected for the foul work of the grim de-
stroyer.

It seemed dastardly in the old tyrant to
strike that gentle child. He had always
been remarkable in the family for his
cheerful obedience; and he struggled not
nor offered any resistance now, but yield-
ed himself just, as sweetly to the stern
grasp that was upon him, as he used to do

when his "dear Willie" took his little hand
in his, to lead him to the scenes of child-
ish pleasure he loved so well.

For a day or two before his departure,
he knew that he must die, and sweetly did
he talk of going to see his dear Saviour—
With the composure and forecast of a ma-
ture Christian, he made all necessary ar-
rangements, and patiently waited for his
release.

His choicest treasure, his hat, the first
and only one he had ever possessed, he
gave to his "dear Willie." A silver dol-
lar, which, during his sickness, had been
hung around his neck, with the hope of
beguiling now and then the wearisome
hours appointed unto him, he gave to God's
poor children, as he was accustomed to
call the heathen. He had long been in
the habit of depositing his pennies in a box
kept for their benefit in his school room.

The dying hour came at last, and should
my life be prolonged a thousand years, I
shall never forget that scene. "The disease
which bore away our pet lamb was one of
those diseases which prostrate whole fam-
ilies." Five of our number were suffering
from it, and as we were borne from our
beds to see the one, in whom we had gar-
nered up our best affections, slain by the
same hand which was pressing so heavily
upon us, we seemed almost like a dying
family.

The gathering of that stricken flock,
the agony of our mother, as she saw the dar-
ling child who had never grieved her in his
life, torn from her arms—the strugglings
of manly grief in our father, as he felt his
utter inability to shield his idol from the
unerring shaft—the unrestrained sorrow of
the doing aunt, the anguish of the "dear
Willie," whose heart strings were so en-
twined with those of the dying babe, that
it seemed as if the spoiler had but to strike
one blow and secure them both—the last
farewell of the dear child, unspoken indeed
save in the glance of those brilliant eyes,
which rested so sweetly and distinctly on
each and all—the final gasp, the shriek of
the afflicted. "Oh, the picture! How vivid
are its colorings! The changes of twenty-
four years, have not affected a single
point; but in memory's eye they still stand
out in all their freshness, as if the lines
were drawn but yesterday.

But we buried our darling, and that too
in dull November, when there was not a
bird to carol over his resting-place, no
green grass to wave, and no flowers to
bloom upon his bed. But we dismissed
him not from our hearts. We always
thought him a cherub, and death only lent
him wings, or which he seemed to hover
over us, as we tried to comfort the hearts
of our parents, and the "dear Willie." He,
poor child, seemed to feel himself almost
a murderer, because he had playfully yield-
ed, when the dear babe besought him to
breathe in his face, that he too might be
sick because Willie was.

We felt that his resting place was cold
and dreary; and when we saw the falling
snow, our hearts were grieved, that he who
had so much longed to see it was not there
to gaze upon it with us; yet it did afford
us some consolation, that
"The first pure flake of snow
Would fall upon his breast."

The spring time came, we reared a pure
white stone to his memory, and our hearts
have ever rested in the comforting and
sweet inscription we made upon it:

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untaken, untired;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.
"Now like a dew-droplet
Within a crystal stone;
Thou art safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the source of love,
The everlasting One." M. A.

MENTAL ADAPTION.—Wonderfully does
the mind of man suit itself to occasions,
and become accommodated to every cir-
cumstance. It will rise superior to the
strokes of fortune, be happy in adversity,
and serene in death. The consciousness
of rectitude will not only enable it to en-
sure evil, but divest misfortune of its every
terror. Tenderness will yield to an un-
bending firmness, and the eye in which
the tear of emotion has so often started
will disclaim to weep. He who remarks
the vicissitudes of fortune, and how quick-
ly prosperity may be succeeded by a fall,
can alone appreciate that property of the
mind by which it becomes elevated in tri-
umph and extracts from adversity its hid-
den jewel. Not rightly allowing for the
action of this prosperity, we err often in
imputing misery to the cheerful, and felicity
to the sad. Belisarius, blind, and the
sport of his enemies, might yet have been
happier than the emperor of the east. The
principle of adaption to everything which
can be the lot of man is a good genius which
follows him throughout his being, and its
workings are alike evident, whether you
regard its mental or physical relations to
the phenomena which encompass him; it
is this which gives a zest to his pleasures,
a solace to his cares; it gilds for him the
suburns of the morning, and when night
approaches, it "smooths" for him the "ra-
ven-dark of darkness till it smiles."

CLOVER HAY.—There is no hay more
valuable than clover for the farmer who
has a variety of stock. It is excellent for
milk cows. Young cattle fed on good
clover hay will grow well in winter, with
good attention; and it is the best fodder for
horses when they are not at hard work; it
is also excellent for oxen, as a change,
when they have an opportunity to rest.

POLITICAL.

Meeting of the Friends of American Industry.

Pursuant to public notice the Citizens of Get-
tysburg, friendly to an adequate Protection of A-
merican Industry from a ruinous competition
with Foreign Pauper Labor, convened in the
Court-house on Friday Evening the 31st of July
for the purpose of adopting such measures as
might be deemed best adapted to the exigency oc-
casioned by the Repeal of the Tariff of 1842
and the enactment of Mr. McKay's Bill for the
reduction of duties on imports. On motion of
Hon. JAMES COOPER, the meeting was organized
by appointing Col. ROBERT COBEAN Presi-
dent; THOMAS WARREN and JOHN WITTE Vice
Presidents; and D. A. BUEHLER and D. McCOS-
MOUTH, Esq. Secretaries.

D. M. SARGENT, Esq., after a few appropriate
and eloquent remarks upon the ruinous consequences
that must ensue to the industrial interests of the
country from the passage of the new Tariff Law,
and the necessity of a union of effort upon the
part of all friends of the Protective Policy to re-
peal and ward off, so far as may be practicable,
the evils threatened, moved the adoption of the
following Preamble and Resolutions:

WHEREAS, the interests and the industry
of Pennsylvania are vitally and essentially
connected with the system of Protection to
American labor and laborers; and whereas,
on the subject of the duty and policy of ex-
tending adequate protection to such, there is
no difference of opinion among the people
composing the two great political parties
of Pennsylvania, however they may be
temporarily misled or deceived by design-
ing men: Therefore,

Resolved, That we look upon the pas-
sage by Congress of the Bill to reduce
the duties on imports, commonly known as
McKay's Bill, as striking a fatal blow at
the interests of American labor and indus-
try, and especially at those interests of our
own State, which are dependent upon Pro-
tection for their prosperity and success; and
that it therefore becomes the bounden
and sacred duty of every Pennsylvanian,
without distinction of party, to do all in his
power to avert or break the force of the
impending blow.

Resolved, That to this end, all the ener-
gies of Pennsylvania ought immediately
and unremittently to be directed to the
work of procuring a repeal of the law
above mentioned, and a restoration of the
act of 1842 with such modifications, in its
details, if any be necessary, as may be
deemed wise and salutary.

Resolved, That with the accomplish-
ment of such an enterprise, no more party
objects or interests ought to be suffered to
interfere, but that all Democrats and
Whigs, should, and, we trust, will stand
shoulder to shoulder, whilst all unite their
voices to swell the cry of "REPEAL!" in
response to the appeal of Hon. SIMON
CAMERON, one of our Senators in Con-
gress, and in obedience to the dictates of
an enlightened self-interest and sound State
policy.

Resolved, That, as one means for the ac-
complishment of this end, we approve of the
immediate formation of a Society for the
promotion of the interests and prosperity
of American labor, and to secure a home
market for our own agricultural products;
and recommend the formation of similar
associations throughout the State.

Resolved, That, as a further means, we
recommend to the citizens of Pennsylvania,
to give, as far as practicable, a prefer-
ence, in all cases, to home articles, fabrics,
and manufactures, over those of foreign
nations; and, if deemed expedient, to unite
themselves in associations on that prin-
ciple.

Resolved, That we earnestly recom-
mend to the State Central Committees of
the several political parties of the State,
to devise in concert, as soon as practicable,
the form of a memorial to Congress, to be
circulated throughout every part of the
State for signatures, and to be presented
to Congress at the commencement of its
next session.

Resolved, That the thanks of the country
are due to our Representatives and Sen-
ators in Congress for their support of the
industrial interests, in sustaining the Tariff
of 1842 and opposing its repeal; and es-
pecially to the Hon. SIMON CAMERON for
his noble, faithful and eloquent exposition
and defence of the interests of Pennsylv-
ania, as connected with this great question.

The Resolutions were seconded by A. R. SRE-
VEXSON, Esq. in a few pertinent remarks similar
in spirit to those of the mover, dwelling more
particularly upon the propriety and importance
of the suggestion contained in the sixth Resolution,
which he trusted would meet with a prompt and
cordial response from the Central Committees of
the several great Parties.

The Hon. JAMES COOPER, after expressing his
pleasure at the commendable spirit of the remarks
made by the gentlemen who had preceded him,
and warmly approving of the Resolutions before
the meeting, entered upon an eloquent and mas-
terly exposition of the necessity of a Protective
Policy, the beneficial and revivifying influences
of the Tariff of 1842 upon every department of In-
dustry, and the fearful blight that must neces-
sarily pass over the prosperity of the whole country
under the operation of the ill-advised and iniquitous
measure lately pressed through the National
Legislature. Mr. C. in the course of his remarks,
warmly commended the efforts of our Senators
and Representatives in Congress who stood by the
Tariff of 1842, and especially the open, manly and
honorable stand assumed by Mr. CAMERON, who,
while Treason was plotting around him against
the vital interests of his State, stood manfully up
to their defence, and proved himself a champion
well worthy of association with the gifted spirits
that battled with him in behalf of American In-
dustry.

The Resolutions having been unanimously
adopted, on motion of Mr. COOPER it was
Resolved, That we proceed to form a
Society in accordance with the recom-
mendation of the fourth Resolution, to be

called "The Gettysburg Association to
promote the prosperity of American labor,
and secure a home market for American
Agricultural products"—the Officers of the
Association to consist of a President, two
Vice Presidents, one Recording Secretary,
two Corresponding Secretaries; and an
Executive Committee of nine members.

An invitation being then given to such as de-
sired to connect themselves with the Association
a large number of names were handed in; where-
upon, on motion of H. J. SCHUBERT, Esq., the
Association proceeded to an election of Officers,
which resulted as follows:

President—HON. JAMES COOPER.
Vice Presidents—J. B. McPHERSON, GEO.
LITTLE.
Recording Secretary—R. G. HARPER.
Corresponding Secretaries—D. A. BUEHL-
ER, D. McCOSMOUTH, Esq.

Mr. COOPER having returned his acknowledg-
ments to the Association for the honor confer-
red in selecting him as its presiding Officer, on motion
of J. B. McPHERSON, Esq. it was

Resolved, That an adjourned meeting
of the Association be held in the Court-
house on Tuesday evening Aug. 4, to per-
fect its organization; and that D. M. SAR-
GENT, Esq., with the Officers, be a Com-
mittee to draft and report a Constitution.

On motion of D. M. SARGENT, Esq. it was

Resolved, That these proceedings be
published in all the newspapers in the
county; that the papers throughout the
State be respectfully requested likewise to
insert them—and that the Secretaries also
furnish a copy to the Chairman of the several
State Central Committees, calling their
special attention to the 6th Resolution.
(Signed by the Officers.)

Tariff of 1842 & 1846 Compared.
A comparison of the rates of duties upon some
of the articles as actually paid under the tariff
of 1842, and to be levied on the same by the tariff
to come into operation December 1st, 1846.—Wash-
ington Union.

	1842.	1846.
Wines—Champagne	12	30
Burgundy	9	30
Madeira	5	30
Carpets—Wilton carpets	23	30
Turkey	28	30
Glass—Polished plate, 22 by 14 inches	27	30
Gloves—Gentlemen's real kid	22	30
Ladies'	21	30
Gentlemen's real French Buck	13	30
Draces—India rubber, costing 17 each	30	30
and above	30	30
Paper—Billetdoux, or fancy note	30	30
Gilt,	25	30
Pastes—Balsams, cosmetics and per- fumes,	5	30
Silks—Pocket handkerchiefs made from fine silk	16	25
Silk velvets,	20	25
Brocade silks for dresses	14	23
Flannels—Archer's unshrinking, cost- ing 60 cents	23	30
Silk and Wool flannels, costing \$1 the sq. yard	14	30
Hair curled for mattresses	10	20
Chocolate	12	20
Sardines, and other fish prepared in oil	20	40
Furniture of cedar wood, satin wood, &c.	30	40
Gems—Pearls and precious stones when set	7	30
Imitations thereof	7	30
Cornices and imitations thereof, and on Mosaic	7	30
Jewelry—Composed of gold, silver or platina	20	30
Wines—Sicily Madeira (low priced)	49	30
Spices—Pimento	120	40
Ginger	53	40
Cassia	61	40
Carpets—Trebble ingrain	73	30
Ingrain	36	30
Iron—Bar or Bolt iron	73	30
Nail or spike rods	99	30
Cut or wrought iron spikes	168	30
Hoop iron,	116	30
Blacksmiths' hammers and sledges	52	30
Iron chains other than chain- cables	101	30
Wrought for ships, locomotives, and steam engines	88	30
Smoothing irons, hatters' and tailors' pressing do	66	30
Wood screws	66	30
Coal	69	30
Glass—Plain, moulded, or pressed tum- blers	137	30
Gloves—Yellow sheep, called Hoxam- tan (wagones' and reap- ing gloves)	95	30
Imitation buck	55	30
Women's imitation kid,	70	30
Braces—India rubber, costing 5 francs or 93 cts. the dozen;	62	30
Paper—Medium, founts-cap, &c.	53	30
Sugar, commonly called brown sugar,	52	30
Vinegar,	76	20
Salt,		
Cloths of Wool—Broadcloths, easi- meres, coatings and padings,	40	30
Low flannels, bookings and baizes,	38	30
Silks—Calcutta and other silk pocket handkerchiefs, costing in India \$2 50 for the piece of 7, and weighing 8 ounces,	50	25
Doitto, costing \$3 75, and weighing 12 ounces,	50	25
Black gro de nap, or taffeta silk, for dresses, weighing 1 ounce to the yard, and costing in England or France 33 cents,	47	25
Black crapes, low priced,	60	25
Fine—Called pound or mixed pins	53	30
Velvets—Cotton,	36	30
Shirtings—Costing 6 1/2 cts. per yard,	95	30
Cotton prints, or calicoes, costing 12 cents the running yard,	50	25
Mousseline de Laine—Cotton warranted 24 inches wide, costing 12 cents	50	25
Cotton and worsted Orleans and squares cloth, costing 18 cents the square yard,	50	25