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POETRY.

The Heart's Wreck.

The lulling winds may still the sea,
All beautiful in its repose;
And with a soft tranquillity,
The rippling water ebbs and flows.
But when the tempests wildly blow,
Its bosom heaves with many a wreck,
Which, till that moment, slept below,
Nor dimmed its surface with a speck.
So I can talk, and laugh, and seem
All that the happiest souls could be;
Lulled for a moment, by some dream,
Soft as the sunset on the sea.
But when a word, a tone, reminds
My bosom of its cherished love,
Oh! fearful are the stormy winds
Which dash the heart's wild wrecks above!
One after one they rise again,
And o'er dark memory's ocean steal,
Floating along, through years of pain—
Such as the heart-struck only feel!

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE PEDLAR'S STORY.

I arrived at Baltimore, in September, 18—, from Bremen, with thirty dollars, which was my whole capital with which to work my way in America.— Like many other foolish young men, I had got tired of my father's house, and had a wonderful itching to try my fortune in the new world. Fortunately, shortly after my arrival, I fell in with several Germans, with whom I soon became intimate, under whose advice I concluded to commence peddling.— One of my new friends was established in business in Baltimore, and dealt in toys and fancy goods; from him I obtained, on credit, a small assortment of goods in his line, viz: pins, needles, combs, brushes, lace, shawls, &c., sufficient to make a pack of reasonable dimensions.
As I was entirely raw in the business, and knew very little of the English language, it was arranged that I should travel a short distance in company with an old German, who had been peddling in this country for some years. We accordingly started, and under his guidance and instruction, I got along very well, and was satisfied with my new occupation.

We had gotten as far as I—, in Pennsylvania, when my German friend informed me that it would be advisable to separate and take different routes, intimating that I had by this time got my eye-teeth cut sufficiently to travel on my own hook. At parting he gave me particular instructions respecting my conduct in my new occupation, and among other things, cautioned me especially against the Irish, whom he described as very rough-looking men, with long beards, who frequently got drunk, and beat and robbed pedlars and others who chanced to get into their hands. My friend, it appeared, had, on a former excursion, been roughly handled by some Irishmen on the public works, and ever afterwards regarded them with the deepest hatred, representing them as outlaws, robbers, and murderers. His opinion of them made a deep impression on me, and I determined carefully to avoid all who answered his description of them.

I left my companion with a heavy heart, and resumed my journey about two o'clock in the afternoon. I stopped at several houses on the road, but before I commenced opening my pack, was informed that they did not want any thing. I was very much discouraged, and began to feel melancholy and lonesome; it was nearly sundown, and I knew of no town within ten miles. Shortly after dark I saw a light some little distance from the road, near a piece of woods, towards which I directed my steps, hoping to find lodging for the night. I approached the door and knocked loudly. My summons was answered by a large black dog, who came round the corner of the house barking furiously. I fled in terror through the woods, followed by the dog, who pursued me with savage fury, jumping on my pack, and snapping at my legs. After a hard battle I succeeded in driving him back, with no worse injury than two or three large rents in my clothing.

My situation at this time may be more easily imagined than described. In a strange land—unacquainted with the immediate vicinity—alone, and not knowing where to obtain lodging, I was in the utmost distress. The comfortable home I had left now came up before my mind with very different feelings from those with which I had left it a few months before. I bitterly regretted having disregarded my father's entreaties to remain at home, and vowed that if I should ever be so fortunate as to get safely back to my native country, I should not be tempted to leave it again.

There was, however, no time to lose in useless regrets. I shouldered my pack and started off, I know not whither, in search of a house. Coming to a very steep hill, it occurred to me that if I were on the top I could certainly see a house from so elevated a point. Accordingly I commenced the ascent, which was very difficult, the hill being so steep that I was obliged to pull myself up by the trees and bushes that grew on its side. I scrambled up, however, I scarcely know how, and arrived at the top breathless. Here the same dreary prospect presented itself; no house appeared in any direction. I descended the hill on the opposite side with, if possible, more difficulty than I had ascended it. Arrived at the bottom, I found myself in a swamp, through which I dragged my way slowly, sometimes up to my knees in mud. I then crossed a cleared field, and discovered with infinite satisfaction a light at some distance. It came from the kitchen of a large log house, towards which I advanced cautiously, wondering if there were any dogs about the house. I tapped very gently, and a woman came to the door and asked me to walk in. I deposited my pack and seated myself near the stove in a large hickory chair.

I was still timid from my recent fright, and not forgetting my German friend's advice concerning Irishmen, I scrutinized the apartment with considerable anxiety. The furniture was of the plain, substantial kind used in the interior of Pennsylvania.

While the house-wife was preparing the evening meal, several chubby, rosy-cheeked children peeped into the apartment, entered cautiously, and regarded me with amazed curiosity. The ample table was soon spread; in the centre was a large dish of "schmits and knep," around which, in a circle, were placed saucers containing butter, apple-butter, molasses, and "smeat-case." Two plates of stewed fruit flanked the principal dish, while the immense tin coffee-pot sent up a column of steam which filled the room with the fragrant odor of the grateful beverage. Not a word had been uttered by either party as yet, and I waited patiently for the appearance of the man.

He entered the room, and my terror may be imagined on finding him a large, rough-looking man, in his shirt sleeves, with a long beard—answering exactly my friend's description of the Irish, whom I so much dreaded. The sudden appearance of Stan himself could not have terrified me more than the entrance of this supposed Irishman. Thoughts of robbery and murder at once occupied my mind, and my first impulse was to rush from the house; a little reflection, however, satisfied me that this would be getting out of the frying-pan into the fire, and I made desperate efforts to calm myself, resolving to watch closely every movement of this terrible fellow, not doubting that he would murder me if he could, for the sake of my pack.

In the midst of these reflections, the whole family dropped on their knees, and my host pronounced what I thought was a prayer, in a language I could not understand, resembling German. This reassured me for a moment, for I thought there could be but little danger among praying people. But my horror of Irishmen again prevailed, and I concluded this was only a ruse, to lull my suspicions. I sat down at the table with the family, but my fright and fatigue prevented me from eating any thing.

After supper we sat half an hour, during which I made several attempts to engage my host in conversation; but he was not at all communicative, and appeared to my distempered imagination morose and sullen. About 9 o'clock he arose, and lighting a candle, said, "Pedlar, I will light you to bed." I tottered after him, with probably the same feelings with which a criminal would follow the executioner to the gallows. Having ascended the stairs, we traversed a long, narrow passage, at the end of which my conductor opened a door. Holding the light up he pointed to a bed in one corner of the room, and then retired with the light.

The room into which I had been so silently and mysteriously ushered was large, without carpet or furniture of any kind, except the bed and a chair. I sat down on the edge of the bed in the utmost gloom and despondency, musing on the danger of my situation. I was at the mercy of one of those savages against whom I had been cautioned, and I could think of nothing but the dreadful stories my friend had told me respecting their cruelty to pedlars. I concluded to sleep in my pantaloons, and after carefully examining my pistol, I placed it under my pillow and got into bed. I tried in vain to quiet my mind sufficiently to sleep. Every moment I thought I heard foot-steps on the stairs. The sighing of the wind, the creaking of a gate, the scratch of a mouse, every sound, in short, was magnified into some approaching danger. I finally fell into a confused, dreamy slumber, in which I imagined I saw my host, bloody and haggard, stealthily creeping towards my bed, with a long knife in his hand.— I started up, terribly alarmed, and, sure enough, there stood a man behind the door. I cocked my pistol quickly, exclaiming, "Whose there?"—no answer. "Who's there?"—no answer. I listened attentively, and distinctly heard him breathe.— Failing to receive any answer, I plucked up courage, and pointing my pistol at the intruder, cautiously approached him, threatening at every step to fire if he did not speak. Still there was no answer, the assassin remaining immovable.

I advanced until I got near enough to touch him, and violently thrust my pistol at his breast. It came in contact with something which I knew was not human flesh. On examination, I discovered that the assassin was composed of a barrel, on which was placed a large basket full of white clothes which had just been washed; on either side of the basket hung the sleeves of a shirt.

On making this discovery, I slipped back to bed very much relieved, but still in dreadful apprehensions as to the intentions of the long-bearded fellow below stairs.
After an hour or two spent in unavailing efforts to shake off my fears, I heard footsteps below, and could distinguish the heavy tread of my supposed Irishman coming up stairs. I thought certainly my time had come now, and stood ready to fire the instant he should open the door. Slowly the steps approached my door, and without opening it, a rough voice exclaimed, "Pedlar, it is time to get up"—after which I heard my host descend again. I now began to think my German friend had somewhat embellished his pictures of the cruelty of the Irish, and that they were not so dangerous after all. I slowly descended the stairs; it being still dark, candles were burning on the table, which was set for breakfast.

As soon as I appeared, a blessing was asked as on the previous evening, after which we sat down around the well supplied table. The children still regarded me with the utmost curiosity, and having got rid of the distressing apprehensions which had tormented me so much, I was delighted with their cheerful prattle and healthy appearance, while I did ample justice to the good things set before me.

Breakfast over, the supposed Irishman retired, after apologizing for the early breakfast hour, and requesting me to sit by the stove until such time as I should be ready to depart.

I was so agreeably surprised that I distributed nearly one-half of my pack to the family in presents. As I was leaving the door-step, my curiosity got the ascendancy, and I turned and asked: "Madam, is your husband an Irishman?" "An Irishman! No, sir." "Why, then, does he wear a long beard?" "He is a Dunkir."

This explained all! I departed, laughing at my own credulity, and perfectly satisfied that a kindly heart is sometimes concealed under a rough and unseemly exterior.

POLITICAL.

REMARKS OF THE HON. JAMES COOPER, On the Tariff Resolutions, Delivered in the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 13-14, 1847.

Mr. Speaker:—The controversy which existed two or three years ago between the two great political parties of the country, as to which of them belonged the credit of the passage of the Tariff law of 1842, has been settled. A Democratic Congress, at the recommendation of a Democratic President, has repealed it. The act of 1842 has been repealed; and in the Tariff of 1846, we have the true "Democratic Tariff," the measure of protection which the Democratic party is willing to afford to American Industry. In the repeal of the Tariff act of 1842, the policy of the Government, which began with its existence and continued ever since, has been changed—repealed. "Protection" is a proscribed term. Legislation for the benefit of free laborers will be tolerated no longer.—Southern Democracy forbids it; and Northern Democracy (though, thank God, not all of it) bows to its behests with a submission more servile than is manifested by slaves, whose toil, and sweat, and soul, belong to their masters. Henceforth the mechanics and laborers of the country must rely upon their own skill and energy for protection against the competition of foreigners who labor for ten pence or a shilling a day.

President Polk tells us that England has abandoned her restrictive policy—that the wisdom of her modern statesmen has thrown down the barriers raised to protect her people against the intrusion of the fabrics and commodities of the foreign world. England has not abandoned what the President calls her restrictive policy; not at all. She has modified it to meet the exigencies of her present condition; and in doing so, I have no doubt she has done wisely. But what does this prove? Not that the restrictive policy, as the President loves to call the policy of protection, was unwise or injurious to the interests of England. That policy was adopted in the far off olden time, when the mechanical industry of England was in its infancy, while the sceptre of the kingdom was yet in the hands of the Tudors. It was continued through the reign of the Stuarts; was extended by the soldier whose squadrons turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor, and achieved a victory at Dunbar—by him whose genius for Government was as great as his genius for war; and whose administration, though an usurped one, brought glory and greatness to England, and terror to her foes. That policy England never abandoned. It was nurtured by her despotic monarchs; it prevailed in the times of the Commonwealth; and has been pursued by the ministers of her constitutional Kings, until the skill of her artificers and the perfection of her fabrics, (many of them at least) are unequalled in the world which they are intended to supply.

This policy has helped to make her what she is. It created and cherished her manufactures; these became auxiliary to commerce—commerce built and supported her Navy—her Navy has made her the mistress of the seas, and the sovereign of an empire such as the world has never seen till now. And now, after three hundred years of protection, when she has distanced all competition, and has, for her own benefit, reduced the duties on broad stuffs, and a little relaxed her restrictive policy in other respects, our President recommends to us to follow her example, and abandon the American system of protection to her own manufactures, yet comparatively in their infancy! What parallel is there between the condition of the two countries, that one should follow the example of the other? The population of England is dense—the wages of labor low, so low that misery and destitution are the inevitable inheritance of a considerable portion of her laboring classes. England, therefore, dreads no competition; she need not; her skill and the lowness of the wages of labor are ample potato to her industry. But such is not the case here. Here wages are high, and skill not yet mature. We need protection—our mechanics and laborers need it—the country needs it, in order to the development of its vast resources. It may be that when our mechanics and laborers have experienced the benefits of a protective system as long as the mechanics and laborers of England have done, it will be wise to modify it. This will be a question for posterity. It is for us to take heed to ourselves—to labor for the benefit of our own generation—taking care to be sure not to cast upon our children burthens which are properly ours,

But I have been digressing, and must return to my intended line of remark.

The President denounces the tariff law of 1842 as unequal and unjust—operating injuriously to the interests of the country by favoring the few at the expense of the many. Demagogues in all ages have one trick. Pistratus or Polk, it is all the same. To incite the many against the few—the poor against the rich, has been alike the practice of the Athenian and American demagogue. When the President speaks of the Tariff of 1842 as having been enacted for the benefit of "the favored classes and the wealthy few," at the expense of "the many who have been made tributary to them," he utters with scarcely a change of phrase the language used by his prototype more than two thousand years ago. Pistratus talked of the wealthy classes, the oppression of the many by bad laws, enacted for the benefit of the favored few. But, Mr. Speaker, the parallel between the Athenian tyrant and the American President ends with the means by which they sought to acquire and maintain power. The former having deceived the people and made himself master of the government, was nevertheless just in his foreign, and munificent in the administration of the domestic policy of his country. But the truthful historian will not be able to say this much of Mr. Polk. He will have to record that he obtained power by fraud, and exercised it without regard to wisdom or justice, either at home or abroad.

But, Mr. Speaker, is it true, as the President alleges, that the Tariff of 1842 was injurious to the interests of the country, or any portion of it, or of any class of its citizens? To decide this question we have but to look at the condition of the country previous to the act of 1842, and the change which took place immediately upon its passage.

On the 30th of June, previous to the passage of the act of 1842, the duties under the Compromise Act, went down to the bottom of the scale—and ceased to afford such protection to many of the branches of our domestic industry as was necessary to enable them to encounter the competition of the products of the ill paid labor of European countries. At that time, business of every kind was everywhere languishing.

In Pennsylvania the fires on the hearths of an hundred families had gone out; the hammers were ceasing to resound on the anvils of our forges; the hum of the spindles in the cotton and woolen factories of New England was dying into silence; the hands of thousands of men and women were idle, because they could find nothing to do; and the industry of the country, of all kinds, was gradually perishing in an unequal struggle with a foreign competitor. Nor was the credit of the Government, at this period, in any better condition than the prosperity of the country. Both had gone down together. The National Treasury was empty; without means to defray the ordinary expenses from day to day.—The engagements of the Government with its creditors remained unredemed, and its faith and ability became objects of suspicion at home and abroad. In July 1841 Congress authorized a loan of \$12,000,000, and the appointment of an agent to negotiate it. In pursuance of the law authorizing the loan, certificates of stock bearing an interest of six per cent. were issued, and an unavailing effort made to sell them in Boston, New York and the other great stock markets of the country.—No sale could be effected at home; and the agent was sent abroad to hawk and peddle the bonds of his Government in the money markets of Europe. But faith in the integrity, as well as in the wisdom of our Government, had been so far destroyed, that the agent, after the most active exertions, failed to sell a dollar's worth of the Stock. Such was the condition of the credit of the country at the expiration of the Compromise Act, when the duties under it had gone down to the lowest point. Of the depressed condition of the country—the gloom, distress and despondency, which prevailed in every department of its business and industry, I have spoken already. The effect of bad legislation was never more strikingly exemplified than at the period to which I have just referred.

A country of vast and continually increasing resources, at peace with all the world, with harvests as abundant and as rich as a bounteous earth ever yielded to the influence of the fertilizing rain and ripening sunshine; with no extraordinary draft upon its Treasury, to be reduced to the condition of a dishonest bankrupt, suspected at home, distrusted and despised abroad, was a spectacle humiliating indeed, but not without its lesson of wisdom. It teaches us how carefully the public faith should be guarded; how essential is confidence to the maintenance of National and individual prosperity. That bad legislation, on a single subject, should degrade the National credit and prostrate the industry and enterprise of a whole people, might appear surprising to those who have not marked the stupendous effects produced by apparently trivial causes. Some body says that the mighty avalanche which has swept away villages in its descent, and left desolation in its track, was probably at first, but a snow flake which the wing of some tiny bird brushed from the summit of the far off Alpine glacier. This illustration of the seeming disproportion, (for it is but seeming) between the cause and the consequences is instructive; and should

begot caution in the councils and conduct of individuals and governments. We do a thing, an idle one, apparently a slight one, but who shall foretell its effects? We may make blind guesses at what they will be; but time may develop them in such character as will astound us.

Mr. Speaker, such as I have been attempting to describe was the condition of the country at the time of the passage of the Tariff law of 1842. And what effect, allow me to ask, did this act produce upon the country? Its passage, as if by the waving of a magician's wand, waked prosperity out of the gloom and despondency which prevailed. Confidence between man and man, and between the people and the government was restored, Commerce which the loss of confidence had greatly affected, and industry which foreign competition had almost destroyed, were revived. New furnaces, forges, cotton factories, woolen factories, &c., were erected. Old ones were re-established; and mechanics and laborers of all kinds, finding their employments the objects of the care and protection of the government, pursued their avocations with invigorated industry and increased profit. The sun of prosperity, which had been for years obscured by clouds, shone brightly and clearly upon the whole land. The whole harmony of the Tariff system was being gradually developed in the enhanced prosperity of every department of industry. A home market was gradually growing up for our agricultural products: labor was every where in demand, and every where well paid; the foreign debt of the country was almost extinguished; the currency had been restored to soundness, and the credit of the government re-established. Such was the operation of the Tariff of 1842—an operation uniform throughout the country.—A law, more generally beneficial, never was enacted. It diffused blessings every where. Its beneficial operation was not partial or sectional. The South, so clamorous for its repeal, participated in it; and if it did so to a less extent than the North and the East, the fault was not in the law but in the people. The same degree of industry and energy in taking advantage of its provisions, would have made it as prolific of benefits to the South as to any other portion of the country.

In the debate on the bill repealing this law, were not Southern members challenged again and again to point to the interest it had injured, to the section of the country upon which its operation had been oppressive? But they did not do it; they could not do it; for no injury, no oppression had been wrought by it;—and therefore it was that they sat like "dumb dogs" and opened not their mouths to vindicate the wrong, which in a spirit of wanton aggression, they had determined to inflict upon the free labor of the country. The demon of envy, jealousy of the prosperity of the free States, induced the war upon the Tariff of 1842.

It was not to be endured that the labor of white freemen, working with willing hands and conscious that every blow they struck was for themselves or their children, should be blessed with richer fruits than the labor of despairing slaves, toiling without reward, and hoping but for the grave, the boundary of the taskmaster's power, and the termination of their degradation and oppression. The curse of slavery is not upon us, wasting the fertility of our soil and blighting our harvests; and there are those in the South who hate us because of our exemption from it. Envy the rewards of our successful industry, they determined to destroy it, by subjecting it to the competition of the starving laborers of the old world, whose wages will not buy them bread. The injury they have done us was gratuitous. It was provoked by no wrong done to them;—it even wanted the poor apology of having been dictated by self interest. If in laboring to promote their own interests, ours had been sacrificed, we might have complained; but we should not have felt, as we are now compelled to feel, the stinging sense of wrong which gratuitous injury, wantonly inflicted, has produced.

Mr. Speaker, it is hard to forget that North and South were baptized as brethren with the same blood;—and thank God it is so. Were it otherwise, the ties of political union would soon be severed. The fabric reared on the foundation of the Constitution would be tumbled into pieces; and we would be ready to run the risk of being able to build from its fragments another more homogeneous, just and enduring, but old recollections of common dangers and sufferings, of common struggles and triumphs, still hallow the Union—still cause it to be regarded as the Ark of our political Covenant, against which it is sacrilegious to raise an unfriendly hand. I hope, sir, that these recollections will continue to live, and that they will ultimately restore the feeling of fraternity and the sense of justice, which it has been the object of demagogues to destroy.

But Mr. Speaker, what is to be the operation of the act of 1846, which the present Administration has given us in place of that of 1842? How is it to affect the mechanical and agricultural interests of the country? And in the first place, let me ask how the haters, the shoemakers, the tailors, the blacksmiths and other mechanics of the country are to be affected by the competition of their foreign rivals? The act of 1842 diminished the importation of hats to less than a tenth part of what it had been under the Compromise act; and the

importation of shoes, ready made clothing, &c. was likewise very much reduced, though not in as great a proportion. The Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Walker) informs us in his report, that the importation of these articles will be largely increased by the act of 1846—so largely, that although the duties it imposes on them, are more than a third less, the revenue derived from them will be five or six times as great. The consequence is that foreign workmen will perform the labor and receive the pay which a wise and just policy would secure to her own mechanics.—Without protection our mechanics are unable to compete with the mechanics of Europe. The employer in Paris, or even in London, can procure the labor of a journeyman hatter or shoemaker for a shilling or eighteen pence a day, for which the employer here must pay seventy-five cents, or more. How then is it possible for the American mechanic to compete, without protection, with the foreign mechanic?—He cannot do it. Foreign mechanics can make and send into our market, hats, shoes, ready made clothing and other articles at prices lower than like articles can be manufactured here. The duties imposed by the Tariff of 1846, on these and many other articles (for I refer to these in particular only for the sake of illustration) are inadequate to the protection of those engaged in producing them; and the consequence will be as I have already stated, that the foreign article will supplant the domestic article, and drive our own mechanics from their employments, or reduce them to the condition of the laboring class of the old world.

It is true that our mechanics, by persevering industry, may still acquire the means of a scanty subsistence—as much food as will allay the cravings of hunger, and as much course raiment as will hide their nakedness. But the competence, and the comforts which competence secured, they can no longer enjoy. Are they prepared, do you suppose, Mr. Speaker, to forego the conveniences and comforts which protection afforded them? Will it satisfy them that by unremitting toil they can keep fume from their floors, and put upon their own, and the backs of their wives and children, a little, hardly decent, clothing? No sir; the American mechanic desires more than this. He has been accustomed to better than this. His industry, while it enjoyed protection, afforded him abundant and good food, sufficient and decent raiment;—and besides this, with the means to educate his children. Is he to give up his hopes for the future, and narrow his desires to the morsel of daily bread with which to feed himself and his family?—Must he forget, or remember with bitter grief, that his children have minds to be improved and destinies to be shaped by education, the means of which, the policy of his government has placed beyond his reach? Must he look on and see the path to power and fame, which the true genius of his country intended should be open to all, closed against his children? Is not a cruel policy that smother the hopes of a parent and fastens to the earth the minds of his children with the chains of poverty? Yet this is the policy which the present administration has adopted, and to which it is determined to adhere.

Mr. Speaker, for a moment let us reverse the picture and look at the mechanic as the object of the care and protection of his Government. He has employment; his employment is profitable; it surrounds him with comforts; it makes him independent, and enables him to qualify his children for the duties of citizens and the highest honors of the Republic. Education removes from their path the only barrier to fame and power; for in this country nothing but ignorance, and vice, of which it is the parent, can resist the energy to which it gives impulse and direction.—How many instances do our short annals furnish of men who have started from the lowest level of society and attained the greatest eminence in power, and the highest place in the affections of their countrymen? And when such are mentioned, how instinctively do we turn in thought to him, who, though not highest in official station, is still first in the hearts of the good, the generous, and wise of the land? Need I say that I refer to HENRY CLAY? He, Mr. Speaker, was not the child of affluence. He was born to no inheritance but the genius with which his Creator had endowed him. To the perfection of his fame of what importance is it that he is not the President. The system of slander and detraction, which for a moment triumphed over truth, cannot obscure it. Posterity will take care of it. It will regard him as a public benefactor. It will inscribe his name side by side with the names of earth's good and noble; and when, in after ages, and in some far distant land, some son of the soil which he once trod, shall be interrogated about his country and what she possessed worthy of remembrance—he will not point to her wide empire, her extensive commerce, her teeming population, her power or her wealth, but to some such name as a prouder and nobler memorial of her greatness.

But, Mr. Speaker, this is a digression, from which I must return to President Polk and his assertion as to the effects of the Tariff of 1842 upon the agricultural, mechanical and commercial interests of the country. In his message he asserts that those employed in agriculture, mechanics, pursuits, commerce and navigation, were compelled by the Tariff of 1842 to contri-