PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Not exceeding one square (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

MERCANTILE.

CARPET WARE ROOM!

Thompson & Kersey's

CARPET *WARE ROOM* is now stored with the choicest stock of *Carpets, Oil Cloths, Druggets, Mats, Rugs, &c., &c.,*

That has ever been offered to this community, and which they are prepared to sell at even less than city prices.

Then why should any one go or send to the city for an article which they can buy as good and as cheap at home? [oct 2

CHEAP CASH STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has just returned from the city with a full supply of Domestic Dry Goods, together with a large lot of family

GROCERIES, *QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE, Woodware, Brooms and Rope Traces.*

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call. As I sell for cash only, I think I can sell them bargains.

oct 9 W. PHILIP MACKEY.

1858.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the city with a handsome and well selected stock, viz:

Ladies' *Dress Goods*, of all the different styles and varieties; Gentlemens' Wear, of various styles and latest patterns; Children's wear, of different styles and latest fashions, together with a supply of *Domestic Goods*,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, &c.

which they invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine. [oct 16

TO THE LADIES.

IN addition to our usual assortment of EXTRACTS for the handkerchief we have just received a supply of

FRANGIPANNI and

the two most *fashionable* and *popular* odors.

Also German and American *Cologne, Pomades, Hair Oil, Soaps, &c.*, in great variety.

Head Brushes of superior quality and modern styles.

Dressing Combs of Shell, Buffalo, Gum and Horn.

Fine Tooth Combs of Ivory, Buffalo and horn of *extra* quality, and various other articles necessary to a well regulated Toilet, and all at prices to suit the times.—Call and examine them at

oct 16 DAWSON & BRO's.

LATEST ARRIVAL!

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS

J. RASIN has just returned from the cities, and is now opening at the old stand, opposite the Brick Hotel, the largest and cheapest stock of Goods ever before offered by him; such as Dress Goods for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Misses, Heavy Goods for Servants' wear: Also a large stock of Family Groceries, Liquors of all kinds; HARDWARE, CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE, TIN and WOODWARE, &c.

Having paid particular attention to the selection of these Goods, with a view to sell them at prices suited to the times. I will be pleased to dispose of them on my usual accommodating terms.

Dry Goods generally on first floor.

Farming Implements on second floor.

Carpet Ware Rooms on third floor. [oct 9

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS

THE subscriber is now opening in the town of St. Michaels, a large stock of Goods selected from the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore and adapted to the present and approaching seasons; having taken great pains in the selection of my Goods, I think that I can offer such inducements to purchasers as would insure advantage in giving me a call.

I have a very handsome selection of *LADIES' DRESS GOODS*, nice quality, at moderate prices. Also a large stock of

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, 3-4 and 6-4 Full'd Kersey's, Sattinetts, Tweeds, Flannels, Oznaburg Prints, Fancy Calicoes, twilled & plain Oznaburgs of the very best fabric. Also a very large stock of

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE,

Buckets, Brooms, Tubs, Horse Collars, Plows, Plow Castings and a great variety of goods too numerous to mention. To which an early call is solicited. JAMES D. MANSFIELD,

oct 9 St. Michaels.

1858.

NEW GOODS.

JUST returned, and now opening a full and complete stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

which have been bought on the very best terms, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

FOR THE LADIES—a beautiful stock of Dress Goods of all the new styles; a beautiful assortment of fine Shawls, entirely new; Embroideries of every kind; French Worked Collars, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, &c

FOR THE GENTLEMEN—a very large stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.

Also a nice lot of Boys', Misses' and Childrens' goods, notions, &c.

A very large stock of extra nice FULLED KERSEYS for Servants, and every kind of heavy Domestic Goods, Cassinetts, Jeans, Brown and Bleached Muslin, &c.

Also a very large stock of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, STONEWARE, TINWARE, &c.

To an examination of which the public are respectfully invited.

oct 9 JAMES H. GRACE.

From the New York Mercury.

AUTUMN.

BY GEORGE BOUDWIN.

Now, autumn's changed the forest green
To yellow, red, and russet hue,
And the little warbling birds are gone,
And bid their humble haunts adieu;
Now bleakly blows the autumn breeze,
And sweeps the leaves from moaning trees.
Oh! the chilly winds,
The autumn winds,
There's sadness in their mournful tone,
Faintly sighing,
Breathing, dying,
Like despair's expiring moan.
Pale, faded year, thy dying hour hath come;
Oh there are friends, that with a happy brow,
Welcomed thy birth, whose mirthful voices now
Are hushed in the long silence of the tomb.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct., 1858.

[From the New York Mercury.]

THE MAD ENGINEER.

A THRILLING EPISODE OF LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Night on the Father of Waters! Night with her sable veil lowering over the mourning city of New Orleans!

The shrill roar of the escaping steam told all who heard it, that the steamer "Western Belle," had cast off her shore fasts, and was now, like an uncaged wild-bird, poising herself on the wing, ready to start on her flight up the mighty Mississippi.

I was not a moment too soon, for ere I had reached the promenade deck, the gangplank was drawn in. "Good-bye" was said to those gathered on the wharf—handkerchiefs fluttered in the breeze, waving an adieu, and we were off.

It was then the cholera was raging so fearfully at the south-west, almost depopulating whole cities in a single day, and carrying death and desolation into nearly every family.

The panic was at its height in New Orleans. Business of all kinds appeared to be utterly prostrated before the resistless march of the dread destroyer. All, or nearly all, who had friends or pecuniary ability, were intent only on placing themselves or families at a safe distance from the deadly visitant.

As a natural consequence, every boat or other conveyance which had not ceased running, was crowded with the flying and fear-stricken citizens.

The "Western Belle" formed no exception to the general rule, and on this occasion, as she swung off into the stream, an observer could readily have seen that she was crowded to her utmost capacity.

Ere we had reached the channel, I observed the captain hurry past me, muttering to himself apparently in great agitation:

"Had I only known before we cast off—yet something must be done, that is evident—but what?"

"Give me the charge!"

Captain Reynolds raised his eyes at the sound of the clear and sonorous but somewhat imperative voice that uttered the words, and beheld a tall, dark-featured and and strikingly handsome man, who had hastily approached from the opposite direction, and who, instantly seized his hand, exclaimed.

"Captain, the engineer has left his post—gone upward—dead—the cholera!" and his gestures significant as he spoke.

"I am already aware of the fact!" said the captain with anxiety in his tones; "but why do you evince such an interest in the matter?" while his momentarily stern gaze rested upon the countenance of the stranger, whose face was partly concealed by a heavy beard and moustache of glossy blackness.

"I am Lieutenant George Hilton, of the United States Army, but formerly chief engineer of the 'Prairie Bird,' at your service!" said the stranger, in a hurried manner, mentioning a well-known boat, noted in years gone by for her great speed and superior accommodations.

"And your object is to offer your services to me as engineer for the up trip?" said Captain Reynolds, inquiringly.

"As you have intuitively perceived, it is."

"Sir—lieutenant, I thank you—doubly thank you—and will avail myself of your kind offer; accepting in the same generous spirit with which it is made, and without further ceremony!" said the captain, as he warmly pressed the hand of the other.—"Knowing that the firemen were all green hands, I was just hastening to take charge, and manage, as I best might, the engineer's department—but now I shall feel at ease."

"Then let me at once enter upon my duties; there is no time to lose!" said the lieutenant, and there was a strange gleam in his wild restless eyes, and a nervous peculiarity in his gesture.

It was unnoticed by the captain—or if he noted, evidently considered the idiocyncracies of an ardent temperament—as he replied, with satisfaction expressed in his voice:

"True, true! I fear you will find matters in a somewhat confused state, but you can send forward for me at any moment."

They passed beyond my hearing, and I leisurely ascended to the hurricane deck to enjoy a siesta *and* cigar for an hour, after which I sought out my state room—found, entered, closed the door—and was on the point of congratulating myself on having been enabled to secure it, when my attention was arrested by the earnest intonation of a musical voice of a peculiar beauty—one that could never be afteward forgotten, tho' heard 'mid the wild beauty and grandeur of an ocean storm—the roar and carnage of battle, or the discordant murmus of an assembled universe! Spell-bound I listened:

"Oh, sir, whoever you are, for the love of Heaven, assist me to get out of this room—and at once! Our safety—ay, the *lives* of every one on board is pending on—I shudder to think—perhaps the issue of a few moments!"

There was an indiscribable earnestness in the utterance of the words that thrilled me to the soul. To *think* was to *act*, and knowing by the sound that only a thin board partition separated me from the fair pleader—for that she *was fair* I would have staked my existence—I immediately drew my heavy "bowie," and first assuring her of a speedy deliverance, commenced cutting away at the top of the boards.

In two minutes it was loose—in *four* I took it out and stepped through the opening.

What a picture was revealed!

Seated on a low stool, with her auburn ringlets floating over shoulders of alabaster whiteness,

"In all the wildness of disheveled charms!" was a gloriously beautiful maiden of seemingly not over seventeen summers, and eyes as bright as the jewels of a regal diadem.

Her hands were tied behind, and in her struggles to free herself, the delicate flesh was cruelly lacerated.

One stroke of my knife, and the cords were severed in an instant, and observing the increasing palor of her features, quicker than it takes me to tell it, I had caught her in my arms, and borne her through the entrance which my good blade had effected. To dash open the window, and to lave her feverish brow with water, was but the work of a moment.

She soon revived, and to my eager questioning as to the cause of her painful situation replied, that all her family had fallen victims to the cholera with the exception of her eldest brother, who had recovered from the disease only to exhibit symptoms of that dark anomaly of the human mind—insanity. That she had used her utmost influence with her brother to get him to visit the north, hoping that the change of climate and travel would completely restore him to his former strong mind and health. That an hour before, he had come to her room with a stout cord in his hand, and said in a playful manner, that he must tie her up. Apprehending no evil, she had not objected to what she supposed one of his vagaries, but when he drew a revolver, and told her that the first words she uttered would be her last! *then* became alarmed, and begged to be released. With a strange calmness and voice which brooked no reply, he commanded her to silence, and stating that he was an emissary of Satan, duly commissioned to drive the steamer to hell, locked the door and departed.

She paused, and a faint smile shone through her tears, like the midsummer rain.

A light dawned upon my mind! The engineer was, then, the brother of this angelic picture of loveliness, and he—I shuddered as I remembered to have noticed the increasing speed of the boat and the heavy roar of the exhaust pipe—was a *madman!*

No time was to be lost. Hastily telling her the little I knew of the lieutenant's movements, I escorted her to the grand saloon, and promising to return the moment I found her brother, I went in search of the captain.

Hardly had I reached the staircase, when my attention was arrested by a wild yell of apparent exultation, which rose high and shrill above all other sounds, chilling in its demoniac intonation, and seeming the dread harbinger of coming doom!

I involuntarily raised my hands to my ears, as did others, to shut out the terrific sound

"In God's name, what was that?" exclaimed an elderly gentleman by my side, to an officer of the boat, who rushed past us in the direction of the engine room.

"THE MAD ENGINEER! Our lives are in fearful peril! Follow if you would know more!"

A moment later, and we were at the scene of excitement, and beheld a sight to chill the blood in the stoutest heart!

With coat off—eyes flashing menace—revolver in hand, commanding the range of the entrance, and the "register" showing an amount of steam far beyond the rated capacity of the boilers—the engineer was *seated upon the safety valve to keep it down!* and giving occasional utterance to a wild yell, as his weapon threatened with death the horror stricken crowd without.

No questions were asked—none were needed—it was evident that the engineer had driven the firemen from their station soon after taking his new position—had transferred several barrels of oil and rosin to the fire under the boilers, and the sharp shrill roar from the escape-pipe, as well as the quivering of the steamer from truck to kelson, as she leaped through the water with the impetuosity of a racer, told each and all the fearful nature of the peril which was momentarily increasing.

"We shall be blown to eternity! Shoot the wild beast down! Our lives are in the balance!" The words were aminously echoed by the sharp click of the revolver.

"Stay! Hold! On your life fire not!" And the voice rang like a clarion, yet with all the wild music of an æolion harp, as the crowd parted right and left, and the maiden of my story—the *sister*, magnificent even in her pallid beauty, rushed to the entrance.

"George! My brother."

"Virginia. You here?"

The fire in the eyes of the madman burned with less flame than before, and hand and weapon fell to his side. His fierceness was gone in a moment, when her bright orbs gazed searchingly upon him.

Breathlessly we awaited the issue.

"Give me the pistol."

It was done.

"Now come with me."

"But my commission from Satan?"

"Has been fulfilled."

With her eyes calmly reading his, she took his arm and led him quietly away to his state-room.

Captain Reynold immediately ordered the dampening of the furnace fires, and by thus reducing steam, we were soon comparatively safe.

I have but little more to add.

We reached St. Louis in due time, and without any return of Lieutenant Hilton's malady, and, as may be supposed, it needed but little urging for me to accompany them to the house of their uncle—a wealthy retired merchant of that city—who gave us a princely welcome, worthy his generous bachelor heart.

Under the careful treatment of several of the most skillful physicians in the city, the lieutenant was soon entirely recovered.

And I?

Need I add that my friendship for the beautiful Virginia had ripened into something warmer? Into *love!*

A CONTRAST.

In the Christian intelligencer Phillip Berry, one of the survivors of the ill-fated steamer Austria, gives some incidents of the terrible catastrophe, which recently befel her, from which we take the following extract. What a lesson does it teach to all the living:

HOW AN INFIDEL DIED.

On board of the Austria there were but few Christians, probably not more than twenty-five. There were some bold, wretched infidels. I saw the boldest and most Heaven-defying of them all perish. The day before the disaster, tracts were distributed among the passengers, and were kindly received by most of them; but this man's depravity was not satisfied to receive one and destroy it before our faces, but he stealthily gathered as many as he could from the passengers, and feasted on his shame that he had destroyed them. He was as bold as a lion when there were no danger near; but, when God spoke the following day, he trembled at the alarm, and he was scarcely able to move.

I saw him go overboard. He threw out his arms as he lay upon his back on the wave, his eyes seemed as if they would start from their sockets, the writhings of agony were seen in his features; and as he was sinking, the last I saw of him was, he clenched his hands, wringing them in agony, and he just leaving the earth for——, oh! for what?

A moment more, and, could we have stood on the other side of the river of death, we might have heard the despairing cry of "Oh that I had been wise!" I wept when I saw this.

Though so subdued as he seemed in that hour, and, with Voltaire, would have given all that he was worth for a short reprieve, yet had he been rescued he would have probably, like some others that were humbled when death threatened, be the same heartless monster when the rescue came. Some who prayed when the flames were rushing on them, cursed when they were delivered. How mysterious! What unsearchable mercy is mingled with God's judgment! May we not hope, that by their death the godless and wicked on that steamer will be the means of quickening others into life? We must believe it!

HOW A CHRISTIAN DIED.

From behind the ragings of those flames, there comes the "still, small voice" of consolation. Allow me briefly to narrate the Christian scene. At the time of the alarm my traveling companion, H. Schiebe, of our Theological Seminary, and myself, were conversing in the cabin, and found our means of escape through the sky-light.—When we reached the deck he was exhausted, and while I was attempting to find out some means of safety, I left him giving consolation to those who so much needed it. When I found all hope of relief for the vessel gone, I returned to him with a life-buoy for each of us. As I approached him, the following beautiful incident occurred: A forlorn female came to him in the greatest agony, wringing her hands, and burdened with fear, and asked him, "What can I do?" He replied, "Trust in the Saviour—He is merciful and kind—He will hear you." "Oh, I can't pray," she answered. Then said he, "I will pray with you," and he did so. He then left her and came to me. We bade each other farewell, and stood conversing during the few moments that remained to us on the wreck. We delivered our farewell messages, each to the other, so it either were saved our dear friends would know they were not forgotten by us in bidding adieu to earth. And I will repeat to the Christian world some of the testimonies that he left behind him.—As he looked around at the hastening flames, and then at the distant sail, he said. "If it is God's will, we will be saved—we may be; but I think not. He knows what is best." "Brother," said he, "my only hope is in the Saviour—how precious He is! Tell my friends, if you are saved, *I die happy.* Oh, my poor father and mother! write to them, will you not?" At that moment we heard a fearful shriek at our feet, and, on looking down, saw a poor creature screaming wildly, with his head from a port-hole, and the flames encircling it. "We must soon go," he said; "precious brother, farewell; a few moments, and we will meet in heaven." As we had before agreed, we leaped into the ocean at the same time. That leap parted us. He has gone to a higher service, but left me here to plod on in this "vale of tears," a little while longer.

Our small Christian company on the quarter deck was composed of six brethren and two sisters; and after giving each our last earthly embrace and farewell we went to the side of the vessel, resolved to cling to it as long as possible. What a contrast between our band and those who knew not the preciousness of having Jesus as their best friend! We were sustained in that hour by our Saviour's presence. We were all composed—not fearing death, though it met us in a fearful shape. We thought not of the merciless ocean beneath, but of God and heaven overhead. The calmness that reigned in our little circle is another instance of the reality of the Christian's hope, and the certainty that it will not fail when needed. There was no such tranquil scene as this among those who had placed their trust outside of Christ and his righteousness.

During those twenty minutes that I remained on the vessel, were crowded pictures of misery that can fill a lifetime's contemplative hours; but above them towering in sublime grandeur, the christian heroism of a few pious souls. The fearful tragedy could not daunt or smother that.

The Protective Policy.

We commend to our readers a careful perusal of the following article, from the Lynchburg Virginian, a time-honored journal, published in the very heart of one of the finest agricultural portions of that old Commonwealth, and adjacent to many of the large iron manufactories which abound in that State. The time has at length come that the people are prepared to listen to reason, in consequence of the whirlwind that has swept over our common country prostrating all branches of trade and commerce, by an adherence to the ruinous free trade policy of the modern Democracy:—

In a recent issue of this paper, we referred to the present condition of our national finances, and expressed the conviction, that the next Congress would be compelled so to modify the tariff, with a view to increasing the revenue, as virtually to afford protection to our industrial interests. We attempted, further, to prove what seemed to have been the full purpose of the fathers of the Constitution in framing the clause investing the Federal Government with exclusive control over the commercial affairs of the nation; and cited the recorded opinion of him who is regarded as the chief author of that instrument, in favor of the Constitutional power to levy a tariff for protection. We might have added other extracts, which we have at hand, from the writings of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson, equally conclusive in favor of the position assumed. Indeed, we cannot perceive how any one familiar with the difficulties under which the country labored during the existence of the Articles of Confederation, and the avowed object of those who advocated the adoption of a Constitution conferring upon the General Government enlarged powers over the whole system of imposts, can, for a moment doubt that it was their settled purpose, in part, "to *protect and foster*"—in the language of Mr. Madison—"the manufacturing interests of the country." Assuming, therefore, that the power is clearly given, we propose to consider the exercise of it as a question of policy. It must be manifest that any country which exports largely of its raw products, and is dependent upon imports chiefly for its supplies of manufactured articles, pays in some form or other—either in an excessive exportation of its specie, the active capital of the country—or in the sacrifice of its home industry, or in both—the cost of transportation and fabrication.

This is a clear proposition, within the comprehension of everybody. If we import more than we export—which is the inevitable effect of a low tariff the balance of trade is against us, and must be met by an exportation of our circulating medium.—This position is forcibly illustrated by Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," (book 4. chap. 9.) wherein he says: "The revenue of a trading and commercial country must, other things being equal, always be greater than that of one without trade and manufactures. By means of trade and manufactures a greater quantity of subsistence can be imported into a particular country than what its own lands, in the actual state of their cultivation, could afford.

* * * * * * *

A small quantity of manufactured produce, purchases a great quantity of rude produce. A trading and manufacturing country, therefore, naturally purchases with a small part of its manufactured produce, a great part of the produce of other countries; while on the contrary, a country without trade and manufactures, is generally obliged to purchase at the expense of a *great part of its rude produce*, a very small part of the manufactured produce of other countries."

We might cite the case of Holland to prove the theory of Adam Smith, for says McCulloch, "Holland, in the 17th century, had a larger share of the commerce of the world, than all Europe beside, and yet that country which was the seat of this vast commerce *had no native produce to export*, not even a piece of timber for ship building." It was her home industry which formed the basis of her immense commercial wealth. France enjoyed at one time a monopoly in manufactures, and England, great and powerful as she now is, was dependent upon her until Louis XIV, revoked the edict of Nantes, which drove half a million of her best citizens, comprising artisans and manufacturers, into other parts of the world; some fifty thousand of whom settled in England, formed the nucleus of her present manufacturing interest, and for the first time raised her above a condition of colonial vassalage to France for these manufactures.

Since the day that England adopted a policy upon this subject, she has been as true to it as the needle to the pole. By a protective tariff, she has gained her present wealth and power. She drove France to an increase of her tariff, and forced Germany, with Prussia at its head, into a National Custom Union; and shall we, who boast that labor is better rewarded in the United States than any where else on the face of the globe, attempt to do what the cheap labor of Continental Europe has not attempted—compete with England on the free trade principles? Upon this subject, the Rev Dr. Durbin, in his 'Observations in Europe,' submits some pertinent and forcible remarks. "What motives," says he, 'can England offer to other nations sufficient to induce them to sacrifice their manufacturing interests, the growth of many years, by entering into free trade? She has forced them into their present artificial state of protection, and they are not yet strong enough to compete with her upon the principle of free trade. Her machinery is equal to a hundred million of hands. She could manufacture for the world, but then the world would have to pay her for it, and what would she want in return but the deficiency chiefly in breadstuffs? A moment's reflection will satisfy any one that this will go but a very little way towards balancing the account for her manufactures, and the deficiency would have to be supplied in cash. * * * There is not a people on earth that can manufacture so much to their own advantage as we, provided the system is not forced, but sufficiently encouraged to develope skill and enterprise equally with the same developments—in the agricultural and commercial portions of the community. A just combination of these great interests, containing as they do the elements of permanent independence, is the only basis on which the true prosperity of our country can be founded. Under the relations which at present subsist among the different nations, it is folly in the extreme for us to talk of free trade."

Thus much with respect to the general principles involved; let us now recur to facts and figures to illustrate the beneficial effect of the Whig tariff of 1842. Going back a few years anterior to that period, we find that during the eight years intervening between 1831 and 1839, the balance against the United States was $235,278,605, and for the three years, 1838, '39 and '40, the balance of trade in favor of Great Britain *alone* was $237,227,414!

On the 4th of March, 1841, when Van Buren's Administration expired, the public debt was $34,665,269; whilst the revenue from customs for that year was scarcely *half* enough to meet the ordinary wants of the Treasury. Every man of mature years can remember the condition of the country from '37 to '42, wherein a general panic and bankruptcy prevailed, whilst millions of worthless shin plasters had taken the place of the better currency that had gone to pay the foreign debt we had contracted under Democratic auspices.

The Whig Congress of '42 set about retrieving the disasters which the Democracy had brought upon the country, and, within one year from the passage of the new Tariff bill, the current expenses of the Government were met, $7,922,320 of the public debt had been paid and general prosperity was restored. Excessive importations had ceased; domestic trade had revived, and the balance of trade had turned in our favor, so that for the year ending on the 1st of September, 1843, not less than $20,623,232 of our specie sent abroad had been returned and added to the circulating medium of the country.

Meanwhile the prices of our staple products had not advanced, but actually declined, as we could prove by comparative tables compiled from official sources now before us.

With these facts staring us in the face, what can be more ridiculous than the vagaries of the advocates of free trade? We must provide for the support of Government by direct taxation, and, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, "*cover the land with officers, open every door to their intrusion, and subject every citizen to domiciliary vexations which, once commenced, can scarcely be restrained from reaching successively every article of property and produce;*" or, it must be done by means of imposts.—If the latter alternative be adopted, and the rates of tariff can be so adjusted as to subserve the double purpose of revenue and protection to our home industry, it ought to be done, and the permanent interests of the country advanced.

We are aware that these are old fashioned Whig doctrines—now obsolete, some would say—but believing them to be sound we cling to them still, and will not even permit the present relations between North and South to drive us from them.

The news which we published yesterday of Pennsylvania's repudiation of her "favorite son," invests this tariff question with great significance, and we should not be surprised to find it made a condition for the next Congress, of the union of Pennsylvania and South Carolina Democracy in support of the Administration. We shall witness some strange conglomerations, doubtless. Mark the prediction.

HENRY CLAY'S LETTER TO A LITTLE BOY.—The Western Farmers' Almanac for 1859 contains the following letter from the sage of Ashland to one of his namesakes, which has never before been published:

ASHLAND, 7th July, 1845.

My Dear Little Namesake: Your parents have done me the honor to give my name to you. On that account and at the request of your good mother, I address this note, which she wishes to preserve for your perusal, when, by the lapse of time, you shall have attained an age that will enable you to comprehend and appreciate its friendly purport. Your parents entertain fond hopes of you, and you ought to strive not to disappoint them. They wish you to be good, respected, eminent. You can realize their most sanguine hopes, if you firmly resolve to do so, by judicious employment of your time and your faculties.—Shun bad company, and all dissipation—its inevitable consequence. Study diligently and perseveringly. You will be surprised at the ease with which you will master branches of knowledge which, at first view, will frighten you. Make honor, probity, truth, and principle, your invariable guides. Be obedient and always affectionately respectful to your parents. Assiduously cultivate virtue and religion, the surest guaranty of happiness, both here and hereafter. In your intercourse with your fellow-beings, be firm, but at the same time bland, courteous and obliging. Recognize at all times the paramount right of your country to your most devoted services, whether she treats you ill or well, and never let selfish views predominate over the duties of patriotism.

By regulating yourself according to these rules you may become respected and great, be an ornament to your country, and a blessing to your parents. That such may be your destiny is the sincere wish of their and your friend. H. CLAY.

Master HENRY CLAY.

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