Maryl[illegible] Journal.

VOL. II. [illegible]RDAY, JULY 18, 1846. No. 24.

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

Public Entertainments.

FARMERS HOTEL,

(Corner of 8th and D Streets, formerly kept by Mr. Owen Connolly.)

THE undersigned having taken the above hotel, most respectfully informs the citizens of Montgomery county and others, that he can accommodate both man and horse in the best possible manner, and earnestly hopes to have a share of the public patronage. He can accommodate one hundred horses. His Ostlers are obliging and attentive. He pledges himself to use every effort to give satisfaction to all who may please to patronize him. His Bar is supplied with choice wines and liquors.

PATRICK MORAN.

Washington City, May 23, 1846—tf

STEVENS' HOTEL,

Georgetown, D. C.

THE subscriber having taken the old establishment formerly conducted by John Hays, on High street, Georgetown, D. C., and having fitted it up in the most comfortable manner, is ready to accommodate all who may patronize him as well and on as reasonable terms as any in the District. Having had some experience in the management of public houses, the subscriber flatters himself that he knows how to make his guests comfortable. He assures the public that his *TABLE* shall be inferior to none, and his *BAR* supplied with the best liquors that can be procured.

Travellers and Wagoners will find it to their advantage to stop at his house, as it is situated in the most business part of the town. He has a large *STABLE*, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of provender, for the accommodation of Drovers, &c.

jan 28—1y REZIN STEPHENS.

Hepburn's Hotel and Refectory.

Pennsylvania Avenue, South side, opposite Coleman's National Hotel, Washington, D. C.

BOARD by the day, week, month, or year. *MEALS* served at any hour of the day. *OYSTERS* always on hand, and prepared in every variety of style. *BOARD & LODGING* one dollar per day.

A share of the patronage of the public is respectfully invited. P. J. HEPBURN.

march 28—12m

Beall Street Hotel.

Georgetown, D. C.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Montgomery county, that he has lately opened this house for the reception of guests, and that he is determined that nothing on his part shall be omitted in endeavoring to make it worthy of the patronage of the travelling community, as well as the public generally. His *TABLE* will at all times be furnished with the best the market can afford, his *BAR* with choice Liquors, and *STABLES* with attentive ostlers and plenty of the best provender.

This house is situated on Beall St., Georgetown, D. C. and will be found a quiet retreat for the visitor and traveller. The proprietor trusts that urbanity and attention to the comfort of his guests, together with his moderate rates of fare, will secure him a liberal share of public patronage.

DROVERS will find it to their advantage to give him a call. HANSON RIDGAWAY.

nov 19—1y

CONGRESS HALL,

Penn. Av. nearly opposite Coleman's.

PERSONS having business at the seat of Government will find it an advantage to stop at this house, as they can have their meals at the *table de hote* or in the eating saloon; where oysters and game, and the earliest productions of the season, will be served in every variety of style.

Careful and attentive waiters, and every attention paid to the comfort and convenience of guests.

Regular boarders received at moderate prices. Suites of parlors for private parties at any time. P. H. KING.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1845.

MORE LIGHT.

CALL and see the rich and beautiful Lamps and Mirror Branch Candlesticks, exhibited at the Fair by Messrs. Cornelius & Co., of Philadelphia, now on sale, with a complete assortment of other Lamps and Girandoles from the same factory, at prices lower than ever offered in the District.

Also, Patent Coffee Mills, Platform and Counter Scales, by Livingston & Co., Pittsburg, which will be sold at reduced prices, at

BOTELER & McGREGOR'S

june 13 Housefurnishing store.

RICHARD PETTIT,

Master Carpenter and Undertaker,

SHOP and Residence, *First St., Georgetown, D. C.*, attends promptly at all hours to every call in his line, especially as Undertaker. He has an excellent *HEARSE*, and a large stock of Mahogany, Walnut, Poplar, &c. His charges are very moderate, suitable to the hard times. [nov 26-y] R. PETTIT.

National Livery Stable.

WALKER & KIMMELL respectfully announce that they have opened the spacious and commodious *BRICK STABLE*, lately erected by them on C street. Their new stable has excellent and superior accommodations for upwards of one hundred horses; and have ample room for forty carriages. The new stable and carriage houses are situated within one hundred yards of Gadsby's, Brown's and Tyler's hotels. The Exchange Hotel (conducted by THOMPSON TYLER) is immediately opposite the National Livery Stables.

The advertisers intend to keep every kind of vehicle—such as Coaches, Barouches, Buggy Wagons, &c. which may be had at the shortest notice for hire, by the month, week, day or hour. Saddle horses also hired in the same manner. Horses will be taken at Livery on terms as reasonable as at any other establishment. Members of congress and other gentlemen bringing their horses and carriages to the city, can be accommodated with excellent stabling, good coach houses, and attentive ostlers. *HORSE DROVERS* visiting this city will at all times be safely accommodated, and on reasonable terms.

WALKER & KIMMELL.

Washington, Feb. 7, 1846.

LIST OF [illegible]

REMAINING in t[illegible] Md., July 1st, 1[illegible] out previous to the [illegible] be returned to the [illegible] dead letters.

A.

Anderson Miss Laut[illegible]
Anderson R S
Adamson Rob't H

B

Boswell A F
Beckwith Miss [illegible]
Bevans John T
Bohrer John F
Belt Eliz. A
Brown Betsy
Baker William
Brookings & C[illegible]

C

Commissioner [illegible] gomery cou[illegible]
Connell John
Clagett Asa
Curran Denni[illegible]
Collins Miss A
Cole Mrs Sus[illegible]
Clagett Mrs M
Clagett Henry

D

Doonan Rose
Deets Philip
Dickerson Zadok
Daily Henry
Darley F
Daniels H. G.
Desellum Jno T
Duley Mrs A
David Hiram
Dorsey Major Llo[illegible]

F

Fields Miss Ann B[illegible]
Fawcett Thomas

G

Gaither Major E R
Graves L
Green Richard
Goddard Benjamin

H

Harriss Thomas G
Head Rev Nelson

J

Jenkins Polly
Jackson Miss Charlotte
Jones Samuel
Johnson Mr
Jones Mrs Sarah
Jones John of N
Jones Mrs Eliz A

[illegible] Mrs O O
[illegible] Mrs Mary T
Waite Edward
Williams Miss Ann
Watkins Greenbury
White Robt J T
Wright Miss Martha J B

Z

Zeighler David

july 4 H. FRANKLIN VEIRS, P. M.

Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Fish, Bacon, &c.

THE subscriber has just received, and offers for sale very low—

5 hhds Porto Rico Sugar
10 " N. Orleans do
10 hhds Porto Rico Molasses
10 bbls do do
75 bags Rio Coffee
15 " Laguyra Coffee
20 " Java do
10 " St. Domingo Coffee
5000 lbs Hams, small size
6000 lbs Midlings, do
7000 lbs Shoulders
100 bbls nett Herrings
70 bbls gross do
10 bbls Shad
15 bbls Mackerel

With a full assortment of *FRESH GROCERIES*.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. J. H. KIDWELL,

jy 11 High st., Georgetown, D. C.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber having rented the establishment formerly occupied by the late Gassaway Martin, is prepared to do all work in the *CARPENTER'S & HOUSE-JOINING* line in the most durable and fashionable manner.

As he is a young beginner, and determined by his constant attention to business and moderate charges to please, he calls respectfully on all who have work to do to patronize him. He wishes every one who is not acquainted with him, before engaging to have their work done, to inquire of his neighbors as to his capacity to fulfil any contract he may enter into.

He will also attend to *FUNERALS* on the most accommodating terms.

He assures the public that all work entrusted to him shall be done in a manner inferior to none in the county, or the neighboring cities Then, one and all, if you want to have comfortable houses, good and cheap work, call on the subscriber, at his residence in Rockville.

jan 14—tf JAMES W. CAMPBELL

CABINET MAKING,

"Support your own Mechanics."

GRATEFUL for the patronage I have received in the *CABINET MAKING BUSINESS* to the good people of Rockville and the county generally, I take this method of informing them that I am still flourishing at the old stand, formerly occupied by Dennis Moulden, and next door to Veirs & Higgins' store, and am prepared to do every kind of work in my line in the most fashionable manner, upon the most accommodating terms, and at the shortest notice.

I have made arrangements to keep on hand a constant supply of the very best material, and can therefore engage to furnish my customers with Furniture equal for beauty and durability to any in the country; and, as economy is the order of the day, all who wish their old furniture made new, will please give me a call.

Lumber or country produce taken in exchange for work, at cash prices.

☞ FUNERALS attended as usual.

LEWIS BLACKISTONE.

Rockville, Jan. 28, 1846.

BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

ROBERT BUTLER, *Boot and Shoe Maker*, at the old stand formerly occupied by Levi Moulden, one door south of the square, is prepared to furnish his old customers, and the public generally, with *BOOTS & SHOES*, made in the most fashionable manner, and at prices to suit the times.

He assures the public that his work for neatness and durability shall not be surpassed by any in the county or the neighboring cities.

He returns his thanks to those who have heretofore patronized him, and hopes by strict attention to his business to secure a continuance of their custom. nov 5-6m

[illegible] cou[illegible] [illegible]rs are [illegible] [illegible]ais, addre[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]eveth all thin[illegible] [illegible]any things have had their da[illegible] [illegible]are not quite as credible as thi[illegible] [illegible] compulsion intended upon the c[illegible] [illegible]y body, though the story, all must adm[illegible] easier of deglutition than the meat was y[illegible] roasted.—*N. O. Picayune.*

MATAMORAS, June 13, 1846.

Race nags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy golucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevalier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven up" players in all Texas.—While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out in the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk and accosting us. His speech or harangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible.

"Oh yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye, "oh, yes, all goin' down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times *you'll* have, over the left. I've been there, myself, and done what a good many of you won't do—I come back: but if I did'nt see natural h—ll in August at that—I *am* a teapot.—Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—could'nt kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of luck—a horse give out and broke down, plump out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick in sight big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a nateral death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor long to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and sot it on fire, but it flashed up like powder and went out as quick. But——"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse meat after that?"

"How?"

"Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streaken across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat directly over the hottest part of the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to anything short of locomotive doins. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and tuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad I didn't. I chased that d——d fire a mile and a half, the almightiest hardest race you ever heer'd tell on, and never gave it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh: there the fire and chunk of horse meat came out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.

"Cooked! no!—just crusted over a little.—You don't cook broken down horse flesh very easily, no how; but when it comes to chasing up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me brushin' up on her again, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of those big ten mile an hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I'm a goin' over to Jack Haynes's to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."

And so saying Bill Dean stalked off. I saw the chap this morning in front of a Mexican *fonda*, trying to talk Spanish with a *Greaser* and endeavoring to convince him that he was a d——d robber. Such is one of Bill Dean's stories—if I could only make it as effective on paper as he did in the telling, it would draw a laugh from those of the ludicrous. G. W. K.

INSPIRATION.—A Yankee poet's inspiration was waked up by seeing Capt. Coy, the recruiting officer, promenading Boston streets, and he goes off thus, in the Courier:

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yours—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put it stiff you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller,
'Fore you get a hold o' me.

The Battles on the Rio Grande.

A passenger who arrived in the last steamer from Europe, states that every man he met, English as well as American, manifested a decided pleasure on hearing the news of Gen. Taylor's victories. The sensation was much greater in consequence of the previous accounts, which represented him as cut off from his supplies by an overwhelming force, and without provisions to sustain himself until re-inforcements could arrive. The liberal manner in which the London Times spoke of him and his achievements, we have already noticed. The following is

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

"*Nil admirari.* Such is the motto of Great Britain in respect to the great deeds of America. She views them coldly, quietly and without either wonder or emotion. She is as little surprised at their occurrence as the mathematician is astounded at the accuracy of his own calculations. She sees her way both to them and through them, and would have been more surprised had they turned otherwise than they have done.

"The feats on the Rio Grande have been brilliant and successful. No man in England doubts it. No man in England suggests even a second interpretation of them, nor cares to put refining upon their natural signification. We admit, without reservation, that they exhibit some important facts, and that to some point, viz: the transcendant merits of the American army, the strategic skill of the officers, the impetuous energy of the soldiers, the moderate forbearance of the sutlers. For any exception we take to his conduct, Gen. Taylor may deserve a triumph, and Captain Waggold the honors of an ovation. They have fought well, and kept up a character which was before high enough to be independent of either bravado or exaggeration. More than that, they have just done what we expected, and what we foretold they would do. Who so dear to us as the man who fulfils our prophecies?

"The Mexicans themselves are not dishonored. Let those who think lightly of American courage attribute the successes in question to the weakness of their enemy, rather than to the valor of their conquerors. We reject the alternative. America won the fight through her own inherent heroism. The cause was gained by the strength of the one rather than by the weakness of the other.

"Such is a fact—a fact probably admitted through the whole length and breadth of Great Britain; by the Gael and Welshman, as well as the consanguineous Anglo Saxon."

[From the Liverpool Mercury.]

Our American descendants have not "fallen from the mettle of their pasture." Their Saxon blood has proved its proud superiority to that which crawls through the veins of the mixed race of Mexico. Their courage has not been less conspicous than their power of thew and muscle. Under disadvantageous circumstances of military position, and with a force amounting to only one-third of that of the enemy, they have obtained a victory over men who will shine most in a purely defensive warfare, in which local peculiarities and physical obstacles to aggression will aid in preserving the independence of the country, if such be the popular will. * * * * * * *

We devoutly trust that the heroism and generalship of General Taylor may not inoculate his fellow-citizens with the epidemic love of military glory. A small success of this kind is too apt to impart to a people an itch for playing at soldiers; and, because they have routed a rabble of undisciplined adventurers, among whom a colonel that can write is a distinguished man, to induce in them the impression that they can beat every body, and a longing to try the experiment. It is also not impossible that success may tempt the Americans to enlarge their present ground of quarrel against Mexico, and convert a mere vindication of their position into a war of conquest and aggrandizement. A proceeding of that kind would not, we suspect, find, in England or in France, an unconcerned spectator; and we can only express our earnest hope, that nothing arising out of the position of Mexico may transpire to interfere with the friendly tone of moderation which on both sides of the Atlantic has been so happily established in reference to the Oregon question; and that, as an answer to our challenge to reciprocate with us those measures of free trade, which, on our side, will at once throw open every harbor of Britain to American commerce, we may soon see the great tariff question carried in the U. States, in a way calculated at once to promote the prosperity of both countries, and to bind them over to keep the peace towards each other, under the heavy recognizances of mutual interest, extensive dealing, and mutual advantage.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

The following is a copy of the reply given by Lord Aberdeen to a memorial of an association interested in Mexican affairs:—*Nat. Int.*

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 6, 1846.

SIR: I am directed by the Earl of Aberdeen to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d instant, in which you call his lordship's attention to the disastrous results which are to be apprehended from the hostilities which have broken out between the United States and Mexico, and express a hope on the part of the South American and Mexican Association that her Majesty's Government may deem it expedient to interpose their good offices in order to effect a reconciliation between those two Governments.

I am directed to state to you that her Majesty's Government are fully conscious of all the evils that must attend the rupture which has unfortunately taken place between the United States and Mexico, and especially of the fact that British interests cannot fail to suffer most deeply from such a state of things. You may therefore be well assured that her Majesty's Government will watch with the utmost vigilance the progress of events, and will omit no favorable opportunity of employing their best efforts with both the belligerents, in order to calm their animosities and restore peace between the two countries.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

H. U. ADDINGTON.

J. D. POWLES, Esq.
Chairman of the S. A. and Mex. Committee

T. D. RICE, the original "Jim Crow," and successful delineator of Negro character, has been deprived of speech and the use of his limbs, by a stroke of paralysis.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The New Orleans Picayune puts us in possession of advices from the Rio Grande to the 3d instant, brought by the steamer Alabama.

There does not appear to be much news of interest from our army. The Mexican forces are supposed to be concentrated in the vicinity of Monterey, under the immediate command of Gen. Paredes. The American army appear to be on the point of taking up their march to penetrate as far as Monterey.—*Nat. Intel.*

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PICAYUNE.

POINT ISABEL, JULY 3, 1846.

I left Matamoras last evening and started from Gen. Smith's camp, on this side of the Rio Grande, at nine o'clock, with a volunteer officer, to ride across the prairie. Gen. Smith was to begin to remove his camp to-day some twelve or fifteen miles up the river, on the Mexican side. The musquitoes showed themselves in numbers for the first time at headquarters last evening. The volunteer camp was perfectly shrouded by smoke, raised by the men to keep off the intruders.

That a large portion of the army will soon move towards Monterey can no longer be doubted, as boats enough of light draught have arrived to warrant Gen. Taylor in taking possession of the country between the mouth of the river and that place.

The road we came over last night—I mean the wagon road between Point Isabel and Matamoras—is still impassable for loaded wagons, and it is a wonder to me how a light wagon can be dragged over it. From the river to the Palo Alto, some nine miles, there is not altogether half a mile of hard road. The mud is generally a foot deep, and in some places two or three feet deep, and there is at least four miles of water, in many places hardly fordable for horses. The gentleman who accompanied me down captured a gar-fish on "Six Mile Prairie," between the battle-fields, the other day, nearly three feet long. I passed over the same place four or five times when it was perfectly dry, with no appearance of having ever been overflowed. At the Resaca de la Palma, where, as you will observe on the map, a road passes between the ponds, there is now but one pond, and that is deep enough any where for a respectably sized steamboat to pass through it. The Palo Alto battlefield is two-thirds covered with water.

HENRY CLAY.

There may be seen at the store of Messrs. Gale & Hayden, No. 116 Fulton street, says the New York Journal of Commerce, a silver Vase which they have made for some Whig ladies of Tennessee, who intend it as a present to Henry Clay. His friends seem inclined to reverse the politicians' adage, and give the spoils to the vanquished. The vase is of an egg form, and rests on an arched pedestal, in imitation of mottled stone, having four Gothic columns, and on the capital of each an American eagle. On the plinth under the arch is a square die block, with the following inscription:

"Presented to
HENRY CLAY,
the gallant champion of the whig cause
by the whig Ladies of Tennessee,
as a testimony of their respect for his character—of their gratitude for his patriotism
and public services—of their admiration of his talents, and his high
and noble bearing under all
the trying circumstances
of his eventful life.
The historic muse will cherish, defend
and perpetuate his reputation."

On the reverse side is—

"Detur digniori."

On the top of the Vase stands the Goddess of Liberty; the handles are ash limbs, over the top of which is thrown the American flag, hanging in drapery; on the front of the body is the figure of Diogenes with his lantern, holding in his hand a medalion bust of Henry Clay; and on the reverse side the Mill Boy of the Slashes, with landscape, &c.

There are many other appropriate and ornamental devices on the vase; and, altogether, it is a very rich and costly article, and must give great satisfaction both to the donors and donee.

DIRECT TAXES COMING!

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce (a free-trade paper) writes:

"The 'Union' expresses the opinion that the tariff bill will yield twenty-eight millions. It is a very extravagant estimate, and far exceeds that of the Secretary. Mr. McKay is probably more nearly correct in his estimate of twenty-three and a half millions, which he says will be enough. The truth is, as Mr. McKay admitted, it is a matter of guess work. It must be tested by experiment. The result must be that the increasing expenditures of the Government cannot be met by duties on imports alone. Some new sources of revenue must be devised. The revenue from lands will, for two years, hardly equal the expense of their management, the extinction of Indian titles, &c. in the boundless territories of the west, which have come, or are soon to come, under the denomination of the 'public lands.' The estimates of two and a quarter millions from the lands is quite enough, at all events. *Direct taxes must ultimately, and before long, be resorted to.*"

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—The English bushel of wheat weighs 70 pounds, 8 bushels equal 560 pounds—being a quarter of a ton weight.

973 bushels American wheat of 60 pounds to the bushel, equal the English quarter.

The English sack of flour weighs 280 pounds, and 7 sacks 1,960 pounds, equal to 10 American barrels.

The bushel of fine Liverpool salt weighs 56 pounds; the sack contains 4 bushels, 224 pounds.

Ten sacks make a ton weight, 2,240 pounds; the bushel of ground alum salt weighs 64 pounds, the sack contains 3 1-2 bushels, equal to 224 pounds—10 sacks make a ton.

To bring English sterling money to dollars and cents, double the pence, the answer is cents.

COL. PAYNE.—This officer, who was wounded in the late battles, passed through Cincinnati on Monday, en route for Washington, having in charge a number of Mexican trophies, such as lances, pikes and flags. He walks on crutches.

The Governor of Waldek, in Germany, has prohibited the issuing of m[illegible]age licences to persons of intemperate hab[illegible]

ANOTHER LETTER FROM JOHN M. CLAYTON.

The following letter was received and read at the Whig celebration held in Philadelphia county, on the 4th of July:

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1846.

Gentlemen: Your kind invitation on behalf of the committee of arrangements, for the celebration of the coming anniversary of American Independence by the Whigs of the county of Philadelphia, was duly received, and it would be gratefully accepted, did not other demands upon me, which are of an imperative character, preclude it. My time and attention are absorbed by what is daily occurring here. We seem to be on the eve of consummating the most destructive measures of the dominant party. Having just escaped in the most extraordinary manner, from the danger of a desolating war with Great Britain, into which we should have been inevitably plunged, but for the exertions and assistance of the Whigs in Congress, we now find ourselves in a war with Mexico, which is now daily attended with the most enormous expenditure of the public money, and of the object and end to be attained, by which, no one here seems to have any distinct idea. This is the crisis selected by our rulers, for an attack upon the Tariff of 1842, which, while it has given protection to our laborers, has yielded an abundant revenue to the government.

I have just returned from a visit to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where, amidst the highest excitement, I have seen the friends of Home Labor arrayed against the advocates of free trade, in a contest (I fear hopeless) for the existence of that very Tariff of 1842, which the Democrats of Pennsylvania so confidently assured us, but two years ago, would not be disturbed by Mr. Polk or his party, in case he should be elected President of the United States. Do you recollect their party flags and banners with the famous inscriptions of "Polk, Dallas, and *the Tariff of* 1842?" Will you suffer them to forget their assurances, "that Mr. Polk was a *better Tariff man* than Mr. Clay?" Would that every Pennsylvanian could have witnessed what has been doing here for the last week!—the violent denunciations, by gentlemen in Congress, of the whole protective system, and the mighty caucuses for drumming up "the faithful," and gathering in the stragglers from the Democratic camp

The representatives of the people are at this moment voting on the great question whether American labor merits American protection—whether the wages of the man who earns his bread by the "sweat of his brow," shall any longer be maintained against the wishes of the "Modern Democracy." The odds against us are fearful. The influence of all the patronage and power of the Executive—of the very Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania's *own* choice, is arrayed under the *very* banner which proclaims destruction and ruin to Pennsylvania's dearest interests. If she falls in this struggle who will pity her? Will she not be fairly met in all her complaints by those dear friends of free trade with whom she co-operated, to crush herself and us, with the inconteslable truth, that she has fallen by her own hands? The fact that she has sent representatives here, who have voted for protection, will avail her nothing.

The answer to her lamentations will be, that she elected an enemy to her interests, and by doing so gave him the whole—the irresistible power of the Executive, to control the action of others upon whose conduct and votes the question depended.

The Whigs are contending—aye, gallantly and gloriously, contesting every inch of ground in favor of protection to the laborer; but before the night falls, I fear Pennsylvania will find cause bitterly to deplore the game she played in the last Presidential election. Where now are those miserable demagogues who deceived the people in 1844 with the falsehood that Mr. Polk was a better friend of the tariff of 1842 than Mr. Clay? Where are they? They should be the objects of the just scorn and contempt of their countrymen during the residue of their miserable lives.

The prostration of the protective system, which will be the result of the repeal of the act of 1842, will be followed by the warehouse bill, which will, if passed into a law, destroy the mercantile, as well as the manufacturing interests of the nation. The Sub-treasury bill will follow that, and crown the victory which Pennsylvania gained in 1844, with the subversion of nearly everything in the power of this government which Pennsylvania has held desirable. While I mourn this state of things, I deeply sympathize with the gallant Whigs of Pennsylvania. They nobly contended for the right in 1844. They will as nobly contend for it in 1848. With great respect, your ob't serv't,

JNO. M. CLAYTON.

To the Committee of Correspondence.

JOHN ADAMS' LETTER,

ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1776.

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever decided among men. A resolution was passed unanimously, "*That these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and Independent States.*"

The day is passed. The 4th of July, 1776, will be a MEMORABLE EPOCH in the history of America. I am apt to believe IT WILL BE CELEBRATED by succeeding generations as the GREAT ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL. It ought to be commemorated as the DAY OF DELIVERANCE by solemn acts of devotion to the *Almighty God*. It ought to be solemnized with *Pomps, Shows, Games, Sports, Bonfires and Illuminations*, from one end of the continent to the other, FROM THIS TIME FOREVER.—You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the *Toil* and *Blood* and *Treasure* which it will cost to maintain this *Declaration* and *Support* and *Defend these States*; yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of *Light* and *Glory*. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means, and that *Posterity* will *Triumph* althouh you and I may rue—which I hope we shall not.

Yours, &c., JOHN ADAMS.

"Cuff, I wants to ax you a kunundrum."

"Exceed, den."

"I wants to ax you what kind of plaster will cure de *blues*?"

"Whew! I guv's dat up, 'fore you ax it."

"Well, den, de *shin*-plaster am de ting."

"Whew! I always tort you war de brackest nigger I ever saw, but jist be so good to reform me what kind of a bat it was dat killed massa Brown's cat, 'toder day?"

"Well, I guv's dat right square up."

"Well, it was a *brick*-bat, in course.—Does you quit cheu?"

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