URNS VEGETABLE PILLS.
ST POPULAR OF ALL MEDICINES has
ained the confidence of the many
sufferers who have used it, in many
se with unfailing success.
ing complaints have always been c
Stainburn Pills have been taken a
e directions which accompany each
-
nber of communications have bee
he proprietor, each proving a cure
ove diseases, and which might here
, would space permit, but it is hope
will be sufficient to place beyon
r *curative virtue*:
From Dr. Reed, of Virginia.
Norfolk, June 12, 1844
*urn*:—Sir: Since I last wrote you,
eral persons who have been usin
Extract Pills and in every case they
hemselves worthy the name they
g man by the name of John Fo
en wasting away in a seated co
everal years, and by using the E
about two weeks, his cough, pains
entirely, and he is now so well a
s ordinary business. Indeed si
ity of the sales the value of you
fely discerned. I am entirely out
ls for them, and wish you would fo
e as soon as possible. Yours, &c.
THOS. S. REED

[From Massachusetts.]
Worcester June 17, 1844.
*n*:—My daughter, who had a distre
ised a great quantity of phlegm
flicted with palpitation of the heart
x of your Vegetable Extract Pills
le well. Others bear testimony to
cts. Yours respectfully,
JOHN STRIKER, Jr.
[From Pennsylvania.]
Easton, July 1, 1844
. I have considerable matter to tel
the Extract Pills, where they hav
s, when those who have bought the
y faith in their effects. There is
able to attend to her domestic co
, at the time she commenced taking
to her chamber, and prostrated o
I tell you more when I see you; please
nt with the enclosed twenty dollars,
the bearer another gross of pills.
&c. Geo. S. Smith

[From Connecticut.]
New Haven, June 27, 1844
—Your Vegetable Extract Pills have
effects in several cases in this town; I
an who had been sick with consump
ic complaints for four or five years,
able to dress himself without any
k he has wholly recovered. I am
pills; will you send me a lot by the
?
R. W. Smalley,

old Wholesale and Retail at Dr. Stain
7 Ann Street, and by most of the res
s in New York. Als by one agen
the United States'
1845. tf

"CONFESSION."
r publicly confess that I have been afflic
sease ever since 1823, I had thirteen emi
ose names are recorded at the French
ne of them abated the disease; but it al
e than before, until it carried away both
and pierced the top of my palate. I also
of my nose and was almost blind of an
was covered with an immense quantity of
ch the skin was as red as scarlet, and I
st deplorable condition, so much so that
or S. pronounced me incurable. It was
that a common doctor could not extricate
f death—for they all follow the same old
rain of mercury, mixture or pills, inven-
nd continued by cupidity, and do no good
ters. Several persons recommended the
he Medical House, 16 South FREDER-
ific man and a rare genius in those com-
him and he pledged himself to cure me
y, and he furnished me with one room in
erally does, with strangers, at no cure
estimate at all on seeing so many likeness-
are living evidences of the many won-
performed of almost every kind of dis-
I my daguerreotype likeness and I took
out a year which completely cured me—
er likeness taken, and both are to be
If this meets the eye of some wretched
p of death, as I was, let him fly to this
thropist, whose deep knowledge of the
ch a climate and move the human frame,
hemispheres, and I believe from my very
that I am sincerely (without an oath) that his exquisite geni-
many new and well appropriated reme-
es may be formed.
HENRY BRUMMER.
ice Wm. McJilton, Oct. 30, 1845.
1y.

RCURY OR COPAIVA
wo ways to treat a Secret Disease; the
boasted of, is merely the temporary
the symptoms, by means of mercury
quires but a day or two, but it is very
he second way is to eradicate it out
ly, safely, and surely, without *Mer*
d in a day or two,
too good to be true.
d experience in the scientific practice
diseases in Paris and America, have
h Doctor of the French MEDICAL
Frederick street, near Second st.
st virulent disease, no matter from
have originated, in a very short
e, without Mercury or Copaiva.—
roper treatment, and wearied with
s confidently apply. Persons who
Health by a certain practice called
h brings impotency, will be restored
This is the only place in BALTI
ure cure can be had on written guar
, with strict honesty and terms mod
respectable city reference will be
atis
1y

VANILLA BEANS.—Just
a fresh assortment of Hair,
Brushes, Gilt Edge Roze Pa-
aling Wax, and a variety of
together with a fresh and full
Drugs, Medicines, Glass &c.,
cy Soaps, and the genuine E-
papers for the destruction of
WM. F. RUDENSTEIN.
une 27, '46.

orised to announce BARZILLA
Esq. as a candidate for the next
hester County.
—tf

TE'S BLANKS, of every des-
and for sale at the office of the
ronicle.

# The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] [Editor & Proprietor.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 9. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1846. NUMBER 48

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

## Poetry

Written for the Philadelphia Sat. Courier.

### ASPIRATIONS.

BY MRS. C. TERESA CLARKE.

"AND WHEN AT LAST THE MIND SHALL ALL BE FREE."
[Childe Harold.

Oh! would this spirit were set free,
From the dull chains that bind it here,
To push its barque from being's sea.
And seek a more congenial sphere!
Higher, and happier—no less rife
With that which makes us vainly cling
To this unworthy human life,
And clothes the earth in hues of spring:

Where the affections know no blight,
Where trust and truth endure for ever,
And those who sleep in death's cold night,
Awake to bliss that changeth never;
Then haply we perchance might float
Together through the realms of space;
Together, passing like the mote
Towards the sun's wide dwelling place,

Divested of the grosser form,
Which those in Paradise know not—
No longer subject to the worm,
Or aught that seemeth mortal lot;
Past the dim threshold, with what joy
The willing soul would homeward flee!
A thirst for waters that ne'er cloy
The well spring of eternity!

How sweet 'twould be at eventide,
To roam at will from star;
To smile at errors laid aside,
At theories that were, and are;—
To spread the gold and azure wing,
"Excelsior" our motto bright;
To the far boundaries that spring,
Beyond the farthest angel's sight.

Green Oasis! Isle of the blest!
Unto the vision rapt arise!
The spirit pants for perfect rest
'Mid your celestial harmonies!
The murmurs of the honey-bee
Fall not so sweet as dreams of Heaven,
Upon the ear that waits for thee,
Oh, Summoner! to whom 'tis given

To hold the keys of crystal gates,
Where weeping, watching, still we stand,
A cloud of doves that miss their mates,
Sojourners of that better land.
Oh! for an eagle's pinion bold,
To sweep o'er cliff, and crag, and sea!
And make mine eyrie, time wrecked, old,
In thy domain, Eternity!

Oh, for the power, the boundless power
Of thought, expression, vast, sublime!
To gather me mine own rich dower,
The knowledge of all future time!
To fold it closely to my breast,
As roses fold their budding bloom;
Then would I proudly sink to rest,
Defying darkness and the tomb!

Embalmed in fragrance, change nor years,
Could steal from the undying shrine;
Who would not bid farewell to tears,
And seal an heritage divine?
Spirit unsearchable! from Thee
These ardent thoughts, wild wishes came—
Oh, Thou who art all purity,
Refine, exalt the generous flame!

Holiest of holies! May the veil
That hides Thy glories from the eye
Be drawn aside—and mind begin
The march of immortality!

Cleveland, Ohio, 1846.

## Select Miscellany.

### STORMING OF STONY POINT.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The night had already settled down gloomy and forbidding, on the evening of the 15th of July, 1779, when the advancing column of a little army, whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospect, disclosed to them along the bank of the river, opened to the sight. Far away lays Verplanck's Point now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark, gloomy and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson and protected on the other, except aloug a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable upon the river; and its capture regarded as almost impossible.—Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river and after a silent march for some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, and halting at the command of their officer, formed into columns for the attack. Beginning again their march they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill.

"Hist!" said the low voice of the General, rom the front, "we are nigh enough, now, HALT."

The order has passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the edge of the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous entesprise would be determined, and that they would either be cold in death, or the American Flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernable through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered, not a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column, had halted the forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty men with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while further, a small group of shadowy forms could be seen through the obscurity, accoutred with axes to cut through the abattis. Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee.—The pause, however, which afforded the prospect vas but momentary. The General had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promentory, and waving his sword on high he gave the order. In another instant the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discovered them,—Even the hearts of the oldest veterans trembled with the eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the formast pioneers reached the abattis,—and the quick, rapid blow of their axes rung upon the night, when suddenly a shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a scantry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he passed rapidly on towerds the abattis, followed in death-like silence by his indomitable troops.

"To arms," came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms," and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as only desperation could produce, burst from every embrusure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of the artillery, the crashing of grape shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and the stream of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a triggar had been pulled in their ranks.—Faithful to the command of their general, though trembled in every limb with eagerness they kept up their silen march, amid the fiery tempest, as if impelled by some godlike power. On—on—on they pnssed. The whirlwind of fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they deshed along, charging at the point of the bayonet, over abattis and bulwark, until the enemy surprised by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death like silence broken. A sound rung out from the victorious troops over all the battle. It was the watchword of success. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it was passed down their line, was caught by the rear, and a wild shout making the very welkin tremble, rung out as they dashed to the attack.

The contest was short but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foes, the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne passed on, and driving all before, them, met the column of their little army, with an enthusiastic cheer, in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment, the starry flag of America waved triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell, after resistance ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works. The morning gun announced to the British fleet, in the river, that *Stony Point was Won.*

—o—

### FATHER MATHEW AT HOME.

Brother Schouler, of the Lowell Courier, gives the following account of a call at Father Mathew's residence at the town of Cork:

He lives in a back, out-of-the-way portion of the city, up a narrow street, amidst the poor of his country, to whom he has proved the greatest of benefactors. As we stopped at the door we saw Father Matthew in the front room in the second story. I knew it was him from the strong resemblance which he bears to the engravings of him that I have seen in America. He came down himself, and when we announced ourselves as strangers from America, he gave us a warm welcome to his humble dwelling. We followed him up into the room where we had first seen him. It was a small room, a round centre table stood in the middle of the floor, on which were laid the tea service and some fine strawberries. We were entreated to sit down and take some of the delicious fruit and a cup of tea with him. There were two or three fine paintings of a religious character, hanging on the walls; a side board and a half dozen chairs completed the furniture of the room. Father Mathew is a short, thick set, yet finely formed man, with a well developed head; his hair is dark brown, and his eyes blue and sparkling. The whole expression of the face is pleasing, and his manners are those of a well-bred, kind-hearted gentleman. We conversed upon matters chiefly relating to the temperance cause, and he related many facts showing the great progress the cause had made in Ireland. He expressed a deep interest in the welfare of his countrymen in America, and hoped they would abstain from strong drinks in their new homes, and become good and virtuous citizens. It was his intention to have visited America, a year or two ago, but did not on account of the troubles which had arisen there between a portion of the native citizens and the Irish people. He thought that while these unhappy differences existed, his visit would do more harm than good, as it might have been attributed to motives of a political or religious character. He expressed a strong hope that these differences would soon be forgotten, and a brighter day arise when men of all countries and creeds could work together to rid the world of the sin of intemperance. We passed a pleasant hour with this world-renowned apostle of temperance, one who has labored with a zeal and with a success of which the world knows no parralel. On taking leave, he gave me a number of tracts and circulars, relating to the subject of temperance, and which I have safely deposited in my trunk to take home with me to America. Father Mathew was clad in a black frockcoat with a standing collar, and single breasted, black knee breaches, black stockings, black vest, a white cravat minus a shirt collar. He does not appear to be more than forty-five years of age; and is, I should judge, in excellent health. He spoke of his cemery, and hoped we should find time to visit it. It is about a mile from the city, and a gentleman who has beeen there, says it was one of the most beautiful burial places he had ever seen. I shall long remember the pleasant hour I passed with Father Mathew.

—o—

### INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

The following eloquent prayer was delivered by the Rev. Jacob Trout, on the evening before the battle of Brandywine, that is, on the 11th September, 1777. It was pronounced before the main body of the American army, in presence of General Washington, General Wayne, and other distinguished officers of the army:—

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION.

Great Father! we bow before thee; we invoke thy blessing, we deprecete thy wrath, we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future; for we are in time of trouble, oh! Lord, and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying. The sword gleams over our land and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends.

Oh! God of mercy, we pray the to bless the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope and thy instrument even George Washington—shower thy counsels on the Honorable, the Continental Congress; visit our host, comfort the soldier in his wounds and afflictions, nerve him for the fight, prepare him for the hour of death.

And in the hour of our defeat, oh! God of Hosts, do thou be our stay, and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished though they never spared us in the hour of butchery and bloodshed.

And in the hour of death, do thou guide us to the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto thee through Christ, our Redeemer. GOD PROSPER THE CAUSE. Amen.

—o—

### MARRIED LIFE.

Marriage is a most singular state, and when those who have entered its holy bands are properly mated, how happy may they not be rendered. On the other hand, what misery is not endured by many who thoughtlessly, and without a sufficient knowledge of those to whom they bind themselves for life, "for better or for *worse*." What perfect freedom does a man feel in the presence of a wife, in whom he places implicit confidence. How easy and natural flow his sentiments; with what carelessness does he utter thoughts which would not be breathed to mortal ear, other than her's.—Certain it is, that the man and woman who are perfectly joined, are one and indivisible.—The joys and sorrows of one, are the joys and the sorrows of the other.

We have recently been reading a very excellent article upon marriage. Couples are there put down in the following order: those connexions which have been formed from interested motives, either for wealth or distinction, or other improper reasons; those where the parties have suddenly fallen in love; those which have driven themselves, or been driven into love, virtually the made matches, and those where the parties have gone in love as they become more and more acquainted with the object of attachment, and where the character of both has appeared, upon better acquaintance to be more and more suited to an union with each other. Of these, it is needless, perhaps, to add, the last was considered by ar the most fortunate and congenial, and promised the most real, steady, solid happiness.—We agree with the author altogether in his conclusion, and add, that where a connexion has been formed under the last mentioned circumstances, it is in the power of the parties to always heep up that feeling of attachment and respect which so animated them at the time of marriage. There can be no doubt that the feelings, and affection and attentions of youth, may be carried down to old age, in all their purity and vigor, if proper attention be paid to little courtesies and kindnesses which make the married life pre-eminently happy and desirable. Much, very much indeed, depends upon a proper regulation of the passions, and the learning to give up our little prejudices and even enjoyments, when they conflict with those of him or her to whom we have been united.—*Vineyard Gaz.*

## *Arrival of the Steamer Caledonia.*

### 10 DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Improvement in the English Manufacturing Districts—Exports to the United States—Death of Louis Bonaparte—Triumph of the Sugar Duties Bill—Attempt to Assassinate Louis Phillippe—Demand of Mexico on England and France for their Meditation—Decline in Flour and Grain.

The steamship Caledonia arrived at Boston on Tuesday, with dates from Liverpool to the 4th, and London to the 3d inst. The intelligence is not very important.

The cotton market was without any perceptible change.

An improvement had taken place in the manufacturing districts, in consequence of the probability of the passage of our new Tariff bill—the news of its passago by the House having already been received.

The value of iron was raised in anticipation of a large export to the United States.

The money market had fluctuated but little since the sailing of the last packet.

The Liverpool papers are filled with an account of the visit of Prince Albert to that place and the magnificent doings on the occasion.

The Britannia arrived in Liverpool from Boston on the 31st ult.

Louis Bonaparte, Ex-King, &c. &c., died at Leghorn, of apoplexy, on the 24th ult., aged 67 years.

The Pope of Rome has granted a general amnesty for all political offenders.

The debate on the sugar duties occupied two days, and the government scheme triumphed by a majority of 245 to 135, nearly two to one.—This result virtually abrogates the monopoly and places sugar in the same category as corn, by an easy declension on the high road to free trade.

Sir Robert Peel gave his ministerial measure a generous support, and the greatness of the majority may be traced to that circumstance.

Another attempt had been made on the life of the King of France. While seated at the window in the palace of the Tuilleries to listen to a concert performed by the National Guards on the 30th ult., a man in the crowd drew a pistol and fired two shots at the King. He missed him of course and also those in the vicinity where the King sat. He was immediately arrested. His name is Joseph Henry. He said he was weary of life and resolved to commit this crime as a means of meeting his death.

A Paris paper, the Courier de Francais, says that the Mexican Government has demanded of France and England their mediation, to put an end to the war with the United States. The departure of the frigate Psyche has been delayed several days, in order that it may carry the answer to this proposition.

At Berlin, on the 22d ult., Mr. Wheaton, the American Minister, took his leave of the King of Prussia, and Mr. Donaldson was received, in private audience, and presented his credentials.

Owing to the visit of Prince Albert, and the festivities consequent thereon, the Cotton market has been closed from the 29th ult., for several days.

The market opened after the hollidays with an animated demand. The sales are estimated at 10,000 bales, mostly to the trade—very little being bought either for export or on speculation. No change has been reported in prices, and those last quoted are maintained with great firmness.

A farther fall in the value of Grain has taken place, and harvest operations are proceeding rapidly. The quality of the Wheat is fine, and the yield greater than that of last year.

Business transacted on the 28th ult. was very limited. Wheat had declined 2d to 3d per bushel, and flour 5d per barrel, from the quotations of that day week. Indian Corn was in demand, for exportation to Ireland.

## FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

PHILADELPHIA COUNTY, 7th mo. 17th, 1846.

*Friend Alexander:* I have received a letter from an esteemed friend, a portion of which I wish thee to publish, for the information of my neighbor farmers. Thine &c.

7TH MO. 16, 1846.

*Dear Friend:* Since I dreamed my "political dream" I have endeavored to keep wide awake, that I might observe the sayings and doings of James K. Polk and the hungry politicians who are feeding, or expect to be fed, out of Uncle Sam's corn-house. As farmers earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, rather than the sweat of their brains; as they are the most numerous class in society, and can elect to the high offices of the nation whomsoever they prefer, the *wily* and *selfish* politician has ever professed to be the especial friend of the farmer. James K. Polk, having lost political capital, instead of making it, out of the Oregon question, and having cause to fear losing yet more from the destructive and anti-American policy adopted during the last session of Congress, the leaders of the dominant party *know*, that unless more political capital is manufactured for their nominee for the Presidency (whoever he may be,) than James K. Polk now possesses, or is likely to possess, the election of '48 will place the said nominee in a situation where he will neither be able to punish his opponents, nor reward his friends.—Hence we see a great effort making, by *paid* politicians, to direct the farmer's attention from what has been done *against* him in *Washington*, to what has been done, *not* for him, in *London*. And, instead of providing, or even sustaining, a market and remunerating prices for him at home, they are telling him to look to *England* for the rewards of his industry! That a total repeal of the English corn laws would not compensate the American farmer for the loss he will sustain in the home market, from the operations of Mr. Polk's revenue tariff alone, will be evident to thee from the following tables.

The following table, from "Parliamentary Reports," will show the prices of wheat per bushel, in the principal marts of trade on the Continent of Europe, from 1830 to 1843, inclusive:

| | *Dantzic.* | *Hamburg.* | *Ams'dam.* | *Antwerp* | *Odessa.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1830 | $1 07 | 93 | $1 13 | 95 | 68 |
| 1831 | 1 18 | 1 19 | 1 15 | 1 07 | 71 |
| 1832 | 93 | 90 | 1 10 | 90 | 62 |
| 1833 | 83 | 70 | 89 | 55 | 61 |
| 1834 | 70 | 67 | 66 | 50 | 77 |
| 1835 | 60 | 65 | 76 | 68 | 57 |
| 1836 | 70 | 79 | 76 | 70 | 52 |
| 1897 | 73 | 76 | 81 | 99 | 50 |
| 1838 | 94 | 79 | 1 20 | 1 48 | 65 |
| 1839 | 96 | 1 15 | 1 33 | 1 37 | 79 |
| 1840 | 1 07 | 1 30 | 1 11 | 1 48 | 71 |
| 1841 | 1 23 | 99 | 1 09 | 1 45 | 74 |
| 1842 | 1 10 | 1 11 | 1 11 | 95 | 66 |
| 1843 | 76 | 82 | 78 | 76 | 48 |
| Av'age, | 91 | 90 | 99 | 98 | 64 |

Here we have the prices of wheat at five great marts of the wheat trade, for fourteen years, showing a general average of 88 cents per bushel.

The prices at our own sea ports, during the same period, run as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In 1830 | $1 15 | In 1837 | $1 83 |
| 1831 | 1 18 | 1838 | 1 54 |
| 1832 | 1 15 | 1839 | 1 42 |
| 1833 | 1 13 | 1840 | 1 10 |
| 1834 | 1 08 | 1841 | 1 03 |
| 1835 | 1 19 | 1842 | 1 16 |
| 1836 | 1 44 | 1843 | 1 00 |

The general average of the aforenamed prices is $1 25, being 37 cents more than the average per bushel at the aforementioned ports in Europe. These show demonstratively that, in the first cost of the grain, we are not able to come into fair competition with our trans-Atlantic wheat growers. And the disadvantage would be still greater for us if the relative distances of the great wheat markets from London were brought into the account. For instance—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dantzic is | 1500 | miles from | London. |
| Hamburg | 500 | " | " |
| Amsterdam | 400 | " | " |
| Antwerp | 300 | " | " |
| Odessa | 3600 | " | " |
| New York | 3600 | " | " |
| Philadelphia | 3800 | " | " |
| Baltimore | 4000 | " | " |

These tables are indisputable and self-evident, and demonstrate to the farmer that his home market is his best market, and, therefore, should be protected by a protective tariff.

When the commerce of the country has passed measurably into the hands of foreigners, and the national revenues are inadequate to the expenses of the government; when thousands of industrious mechanics are thrown out of employment; and when all kinds of produce are selling for less than their present prices (results which the *Democratic revenue* tariff will most assuredly produce,) we will be told by a thousand tongues, and as many pens, that these are the results of Whig panics. But let the farmer make use of his every day common sense, and he will easily discern what contributes most to his interest; who are his *real* friends, and whom he *ought* to support in all future elections.

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