

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

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ROBERT BURNS.

Of all the productions of this great and original genius, there are none perhaps more moving or more tender than the Elegy upon Highland Mary. There is, indeed, in the event upon which the immortal song is founded, something deeply poetical as well as melancholy. Of this first love of the Scottish bard, Mr. Cromack, in his "Reliques of Burns," gives a brief but very striking account from the pen of the poet himself. [vide Ed. Rev. No. 21.] In a note on an early song inscribed to this fair one, he had recorded in a manuscript book—My Highland lassie was a warlike bearded charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday in May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days—before I could even hear of her illness. Mr. Cromack adds the following interesting particulars. "This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small paring brook; they lav'd their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again! The anniversary of Mary Campbell's death (for that was her name) awakening in the sensitive mind of Burns (the most lively emotions he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Elshand, and wandered solitary, on the banks of the Mith, and about the farm-yard, in the extreme agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great, that he threw himself on the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address to Mary in Heaven.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.
Then hovering star, with beam'ring ray,
That bid'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou bid'st in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
Thou seest how low I forget,
Can I forget the hollow groan,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transport past;
Thy image on my soul's engraving,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant bill, and low-ton'd horn,
'Twas all around the captured scene.
The flowers spring round to be seen,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly lingers with more care;
Time but the impressions stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

"Ollapod," in the last No. of the Knickerbocker, gives an amusing sketch of a loafer. "I was exceedingly amused at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who came out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. 'Landlord!' said he, to the Boniface of the Cataract, 'and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, see before you one who has a temper of sorrow a heart upon his head continually. Wasn't I worth twenty thousand dollars, and I drive the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases; now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not so destitute to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No—I scorn to brag—but I am intelligent beyond my year, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolsey's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Essay on Man, and most of the literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a sombre brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will ease my griefs, and drive my career away?" as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems.
"No answer was returned. His general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage got the better of his

humility; and skaking his fist in the face of the bystanders, he roared out:
"You're all a pack of poor ordinary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not hang my head for that," as Burns says. "I will chastise any man here, for two three cent drinks of *Monogole* whiskey; yes, though I have but late escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any one you come over to the Black Rock Rail road Depot, and I'll lick him like a d—n."
"Never mind that part of it," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."
"Ah!" he continued, "that was a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake—the storm burst upon the deck—the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually—the lightning—a bustle overhead, and hissing in the water—the clouds meeting the earth—the land just over the lee-haw—every man in splinters—every sail in rags—women screaming—farmers' wives, emigrants to the west, calling for their husbands—and hell yamun' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop—and all at once, I felt something under us break away. The vessel was parting! One half the crew was downed—passengers were praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I alone espied the watery doom."
"And how did you manage to redeem yourself from destruction?" was the general inquiry.
"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was agoin', and I took my hat and went ashore!"
"The last I saw of this Manchenaus, was as our coach wheeled away. He had relieved a drink, and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily of his sorrows."

HANS IN LUCK.
Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.
Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans, aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spurs, or shoes, and yet gets on as lightly as a feather." The horseman heard this and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry—so it is so heavy, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly."
"What do you say to changing?" said the horseman—"I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans; "but I tell you one thing—you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave the horse into his hands, and said, "when you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip!'"
Hans was delighted as he sat on his horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and said "Jip!" Away went the horse full gallop, and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off and lay in a ditch by the road side; and his horse would have run off if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stop'd it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vex'd and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck." However, I am off now once for all; I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter and cheese into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans, merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode.
Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that) I can whenever I like eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow, and drink the milk; what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the next day he was home again, with all the milk and butter he could carry, and he would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leather cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.
While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the money beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "there drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought

it? If I kill her what will she be good for? I hate cow beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it, it would at any rate make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you, I'll change and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding by the string that was tied to its leg.
So he jogged, and all seemed to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopp'd to ask what was o'clock, and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening; "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle."— Meantime the countryman began to look grave and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse pond!"
Poor Hans was sadly frightened,—"Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "how ever I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way home wading free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain; first, there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose grease for six months; and then there will be the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"
As he came to the last village, he saw a scissor grinder, with his wheel, working and singing:
O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Wink high & live well, all the world is my home
Who so lynch, so merry as I,
Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work."—"Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hands in his pocket without finding money in it; but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?"—"Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true; but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money when ever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more?—There's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing I want, or wish for, comes to me of itself."— Meanwhile he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since day break; he was hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone alone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest awhile; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank; but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for his kindness in taking away his only plague the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he, "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

POTASH FROM BEET ROOT.—Those persons in our country who have embarked in the business of making Sugar from Beet Root, will in all probability be remunerated for their enterprise in more ways than that derived from the mere profit of the sale of the Sugar. It appears that a new discovery has been made in France—a process which extracts potash in such large quantities from the residuum of beet root after making the sugar, as to threaten a rivalry with the produce of the American forests. M. Dubrunfaut is the discoverer. The molasses, after serving for the making of sugar, is distilled to obtain alcohol. The remainder then, instead of being thrown away, is manufactured into potash. The quantity of potash furnished by M. Dubrunfaut's process is equal to one sixth of the quantity of sugar extracted from the beet root. Thus, says the *Journal des Debat*, taking the amount of indigenous sugar

manufactured each year at 40,000,000 kilograms, there may besides, be extracted from the beet root which has served for that production, seven millions kilograms of saline matter, comparable to the best potash of commerce, and this too, without the loss of the alcohol, and the other produce, the fabrication of which may be continued simultaneously. According to present prices, the 7,000,000 kilograms represent a value of from 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 francs.—*Baltimore American*.

The following contains a statement of the most horrid, deliberate murder which we have heard of in modern times. It may be relied on as authentic.—*Knoxville Register*.
Six. A murder was committed in Clayborne county, near this place, on the road leading to Kentucky, last week, in self defence, under the following circumstances: William Hurst shot Thomas J. Berry, who expired in a short time after. The parties were brothers-in-law; bad feelings had existed between them; the deceased had occupied the house where Hurst now lives; had removed to the Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, with his family; returned in a few days back to this neighborhood, as stated, with a view to have satisfaction. On the day of the fatal deed Berry (whose father lives in this neighborhood) borrowed a gun of one of his brothers, walked past Hurst's house several times, and stopped out of sight. Hurst's eldest son discovered him, and hailed to his father that Berry intended mischief. Berry then came in sight, and walked toward Hurst and his wife, both then standing in the road. On hearing, Berry levelled his rifle. Hurst got behind his wife, and used her as a shield, Berry still dodging to get an aim or sight to shoot Hurst. In the mean time, Hurst sent his son to borrow a rifle. This Indian struggle lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, the contending parties being some three feet apart. Berry, finding he could not get a shot at Hurst, without probably hitting his wife, which he did not want to do, took the rifle in one hand, and drew his butcher knife with the other. In the act of doing so, Hurst's son handed his father a loaded rifle, who instantly shot Berry through the body mortally. Berry also fired, but missed the ball grazing the side of Mrs Hurst's head. The two rifles cracked within a second of each other, Hurst firing first. After being struck, Berry made an effort to reload, in a few minutes took off his shot pouch, laid his rifle against the fence and soon fell and expired. After falling, water was handed to him; he spoke a few words—that he had come to kill Hurst, but Hurst had killed him. Hurst asked his forgiveness, and Berry gave him his hand in token, and, in doing so, expired. Hurst gave himself up was tried by a called court next day, and acquitted.
Berry has left a widow and small family in Kentucky.

ECENTRIC LETTER OF JOHN RANDOLPH.
The following letter, which was read in evidence in a suit arising out of the late Mr. Randolph's various wills, is going the rounds of the newspapers. That eccentric person had such strange intellectual habits, and acted upon impulses so singular and unaccountable, that he forms a most interesting philosophical study. We have always hoped that some diary or series of memoranda would be found among his papers which, together with his letters and speeches, might be made the basis of a biography. Such a book would make the fortune of the publisher.
ROANOKE, Saturday, Dec. 17, 1831. }
Half past 12. }

Dear M.— On taking out my chariot this morning, for the first time since I got home, from your house, to clean it and the harness—(for this dreadful spell of weather has frozen us all up until to day)—the knife was found in the bottom of the carriage, where it must have dropped from a shallow waistcoat pocket, as I got in at your door, for I missed the knife soon afterwards. When I got home, I had the pockets of the carriage searched, and every thing here taken out; and it was not until John had searched strictly into my portmanteau and bag, taking out every article therein, that I became perfectly convinced, of what I was before fully persuaded, that I had left the knife in my chamber at your house on Tuesday, the 6th; and when I heard it had not been seen, I took it for granted that your little yellow boy, having "found it," had, according to the negro code of morality, appropriated it to himself. In this, it seems, I was mistaken, and I ask his pardon as the best amends that I can make him, and at the same time to relieve you and Mrs. M. from the unpleasant feeling that such a suspicion would occasion, I despatch this note by a special messenger, although I have a certain conveyance tomorrow.
I make no apology to yourself or Mrs. M. for the frank expression of my suspicion, because Truth is the goddess at whose shrine I worship, and no Huguenot in France, or Moslem, in Spain, or Judizing Christian in Portugal, ever paid more dearly for his heretical schism, than I have done in leaving the established church of Falsehood and Avarice. I am well aware that ladies are delicate as they are charming creatures, and that in our intercourse with them we must strain the truth as far as possible. Brought up from their earliest infancy to disguise their real sentiments, (for a woman would be a monster who did not practise this disguise,) it is their privilege to be insincere—and we should despise them, and justly too, if they had that many frankness and unreserve which constitute the ornament of our character as the very reverse does of theirs. We must therefore keep this in view in our intercourse with them, and recollect that as our point of honor is courage and frankness,

there is chastity, and dissimulation; for, as I said before, a woman who does not dissemble her real feelings is a monster of impudence. Now, therefore, I *do* hope you (as Mr. Canning would say,) that truth is every offensive to the ears of a lady, when to those of a gentleman (her husband for instance) it would be not at all so.
To illustrate—Mrs. R. of B., my brother's widow, was beyond all comparison the nicest and best housewife that I ever saw. Not one drop of water was ever suffered to stand upon her sideboard, except what was in the pitcher; the house from cellar to garret, and in every part, as clean as hands could make it, and every thing as it should be, to suit even my fastidious taste. I lived there after my brother's death, from 1796 to 1810 inclusive, and never did I see or smell any thing to offend my sense, or my imagination, but once. Except in autumn, I would defy you to find a leaf or a feather in the yard. No poultry were permitted to come into it, and we had no dirty children, white or negro, to make litter or filth. A strong enclosure of sawn plank, eight feet high, fenced in the kitchen, smoke house, ice house, veal house and wood house, (in which the wood for the use of the house was stacked away under lock and key,) the turkey and hen house were in the same enclosure, which had two doors, one next the dwelling house for the use of the mistress and house servants, and one large enough to admit a wagon on the back or north side, beyond which was a built quarter, with two brick chimneys, and two rooms with fire places, and four rooms without, for servants. There was also (what I had forgot,) a spinning and weaving house.
At night the doors of this enclosure were locked up—not a servant being allowed to sleep within it, although every one of them was within sound of the lady's bell.
On one unappily day in a very hot and damp spell of weather of long continuance, a piece of cold lamb was brought to the table that, was spoiled—the first and last instance, in nearly fifteen years, of the slightest neglect in household economy. I ordered the waiter to take it away, it being spoiled. Mrs. R. resented this, and flung absolutely *stank*, she ate a part of it to prove her words true, and was affronted with me almost past forgiveness. I dare say that if I had not noticed the lamb, she might have given a hint to the servant to take it away; but the honest naked truth was not to be borne. We had no company but Dudley and her younger son, then schoolboys, and an Englishman named Knowles, who acted as overseer or steward, and dined with us until he took to drink.
Mrs. R. stoutly denied that the lamb could be spoiled, because it had been boiled only the day before, and had been in the ice house ever since. I admitted her facts, but denied her logic, which was *truly a woman's*. I maintained that the highest evidence was that of the senses; that we must reason from facts where we could get at them; and it was only where we could not, that it was fair to argue from probabilities; that the lamb *stank*, and therefore was not sound. This she denied, and to prove her words, actually made a shift to swallow half a mouthful, which under other circumstances she would not have done for a thousand dollars. So much for the ladies—charming creatures, the salt of the earth, whom, like uncle Toby and all other old bachelors, I never could thoroughly understand, for the want of the key of matrimony, which alone can unlock their secrets and make plain, (as many a husband can tell,) all the apparent contradictions in their characters.
Yes, so much for the fairer and better part of creation, (as from my soul I believe them to be,) but who, as the Waverly man says of Kings, are *little cattle to shoe behind*. And so it ought to be; for it is their poor and almost only privilege to *kick*, while we room where we will, and they must sit still until they are asked. I therefore am for upholding them in all their own proper privileges, so long as they don't encroach upon those of men. A woman who *uses* herself deserves to be treated, and will be treated as a man.
As to the honesty of servants, I have always thought more "indifferent honest," as Hamlet says, and yet I should have been very sorry that the boy that bears this letter should find my knife, or either of two little arches that you see here about the yard. "I didn't take it, master," (for a negro never steals)—"I didn't take it, sir, I find [found] it." What virtue in terms! Corporal Nym a high professor and practitioner in the art of taking, says, "the wise call it convey," See Shakspear. I never knew but three mulattoes whom I believed to be honest, and out of near 300 I have not a dozen slaves that will not take, or convey.
John is as honest as you and I are. So is old Hetty, I know—and several of her children, I believe. Queen is very honest, she is too lady to steal. Juba is so, so—but not strictly honest; he is a *finder* sometimes, and can be trusted with anything but money, with which he will buy white keys.
My best regards to Mrs. M.
Truly yours, J. R. of Roanoke.

A bit of comfort for those in a state of single blessedness.
MATRIMONIAL CALCULATION.
State of Marriages in London, in 1813.
Runaway wives 1,132
Runaway husbands 2,348
Married persons legally divorced 4,174
Living in open warfare 17,345
Living in private misunderstanding 13,279
Mutually indifferent 55,240
Regarded as happy 3,175
Nearly happy 127
Perfectly happy 13
Total 96,534

The above calculation is not applicable to the U. States. For, with us, the happy and miserable are nearly equal in numbers.—N. Y. Gaz.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TARIFF.
We should find it difficult to express the feeling produced by a careful examination of the tariff, which we have made, with a view to ascertain the effect that must result from the adoption of the new bill brought in by Mr. Cambreleng. Whoever reads the compromise bill, must see that it was dictated by a tender regard for all the great interests of the country, and that its author desired to make the changes that had become necessary, so gradual as to destroy none of those interests. For that purpose, the period of reduction was extended to 1842; thus enabling all to make the arrangements required to meet it. That such has been the effect, and that such would continue to be its effect, as it came gradually into operation, no man who has attended to the workings for the last four years can doubt. Every interest has prospered under it, and having had four years experience of its beneficial action, it might have been supposed that there was in Congress, sufficient wisdom to induce them to refrain from further tinkering, and to permit every man to pursue his business in confidence that the law was settled. Such, however, is not the doctrine of the people in power. They have given us "experiments" in banking, in currency, in land, in labor, and now we are to have an *experiment* the object of which is to break down all who have invested their capital in manufactures, or in the production of lead, iron, coal, wood, &c.
The bill is altogether the most extraordinary that has ever been offered to the nation for its approval. Instead of abolishing the duty on Indigo, on India Silks, on Wines, on Diamonds, and on numerous other articles not produced here, and from which revenue is not desired, it attacks all

Affairs at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16, }
Ten o'clock, P. M. }

The Senate has just adjourned after a session of ten hours, and after having completed the *farce* of expunging from their journals by drawing black lines round the mischievous resolution of censure against General Jackson, passed in 1834.
To the friends of the Constitution and constitutional rights, it has been a proud day. The minority so far as they expressed their opinions, sustained the high character for patriotism and intellect, which they have so deservedly acquired. It is impossible at this late hour, to attempt a delineation of the scene or a sketch of the speeches.
Mr. Clay addressed the Senate with more than his usual eloquence. The Expunging Resolution has a long preamble. He compared it to a comet, only that it reversed the order of nature as the tail was placed before instead of behind. He said, that at some future period, when the form of our Government should be changed, and a monarch reign over the country, it was probable that a new order of Knighthood would be created, to be entitled the "Knights of the Black Lines."
Mr. Bayard and Mr. Livingston of Ohio, delivered most able and eloquent arguments against the "Black line" resolution.
Mr. Strange, of North Carolina, made a strange speech in favor of its passage.— He spoke of the human mind, and its various operation in different beings. He was rather too metaphysical for my obtuse faculties; but his illustrations were delightful. I will give you one. He said, that last evening an argument commenced among a number of his friends, and no two of them agreed in opinion as to how "a horse cake should be baked." Is not this a most extraordinary? and is it not a striking illustration in discussing a metaphysical question I presume it was introduced, however, to let the Senate understand that he had been attending a meeting of the "kitchen gentry."

Mr. Webster in behalf of himself, and his colleague (Mr. Davis) and of the State of Massachusetts read a most powerful and logical protest against expunging. If possible its style and argument was surpassed by the manner in which it was read.
The vote on Expunging was then taken and stood—Ayes 24, Noes 19.

On motion of Mr. Benton, the Journal was then brought to the Clerk's desk, & the ridiculous act of drawing black lines around the resolution performed, in the presence of the majority, the minority having retired.
While this ceremony was in operation some persons or persons in the gallery hissed whereupon Mr. Benton belched forth like "a roaring lion," clear the gallery, and moved that the Sergeant-at-Arms bring to the bar of the Senate the ruffian; and then in tones of agony and mortification, muttered something about the period when the Bank of the United States governed the Senate.

The Sergeant at Arms soon returned with a gentlemanly looking man in custody who said that he was ready to undergo an examination; but the whole was so ridiculous, if not disgraceful, that the intelligent portion of the majority shrunk from any further action, and on motion the person in custody was discharged without being asked any questions; and then the Senate adjourned.
N. Y. Z.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TARIFF.
We should find it difficult to express the feeling produced by a careful examination of the tariff, which we have made, with a view to ascertain the effect that must result from the adoption of the new bill brought in by Mr. Cambreleng. Whoever reads the compromise bill, must see that it was dictated by a tender regard for all the great interests of the country, and that its author desired to make the changes that had become necessary, so gradual as to destroy none of those interests. For that purpose, the period of reduction was extended to 1842; thus enabling all to make the arrangements required to meet it. That such has been the effect, and that such would continue to be its effect, as it came gradually into operation, no man who has attended to the workings for the last four years can doubt. Every interest has prospered under it, and having had four years experience of its beneficial action, it might have been supposed that there was in Congress, sufficient wisdom to induce them to refrain from further tinkering, and to permit every man to pursue his business in confidence that the law was settled. Such, however, is not the doctrine of the people in power. They have given us "experiments" in banking, in currency, in land, in labor, and now we are to have an *experiment* the object of which is to break down all who have invested their capital in manufactures, or in the production of lead, iron, coal, wood, &c.
The bill is altogether the most extraordinary that has ever been offered to the nation for its approval. Instead of abolishing the duty on Indigo, on India Silks, on Wines, on Diamonds, and on numerous other articles not produced here, and from which revenue is not desired, it attacks all