

# The North Carolinian.

"CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS."

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1839.

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## TERMS.

\$2 50 per annum, if paid in advance; \$3 if paid at the end of six months; or \$5 50 at the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at the rate of sixty cents per square, for the first, and thirty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Letters on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed—H. L. HOLMES, Editor of the North-Carolinian, and in all cases post-paid.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
Cumberland County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, March Term, 1839.

Henry Bullard, Adm'r. of  
Thomas Bullard, dec'd  
vs.  
Duncan Bedsale, & wife Catharine.

Duncan Bedsale & wife Catharine, James Hails & wife Janet, Matthew Hails & wife Peggy, Polly Averit, Roger Hair, John Hair, Jesse Hair, William Hair, Duncan Hair, Reuben Hair and Nancy Hair, heirs at law of Stephen Hair, dec'd.

Shire of Fayette.

Appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the Defendants, Roger Hair, John Hair, Jesse Hair, William Hair, Duncan Hair, Reuben Hair and Nancy Hair, are not inhabitants of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the North-Carolinian, published in Fayetteville, for said Defendants, to appear at the next term of this Court, to be held at the Court House in Fayetteville, on the first Monday in June next, and show cause why the lands of said Stephen Hair, dec'd, which descended to them, should not be condemned to the satisfaction of the Plaintiffs recovery.

Witness, Jno. M. Laurin, Jr. Clerk of our said Court at office, the first Monday of March, Anno Domini, 1839, and in the 63d year of American Independence.

JNO. M. LAURIN, Jr. Clerk.  
8—6c.

April 20, 1839.

DENTAL SURGERY.

W. B. SCOTT  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Fayetteville, that he is now on his annual visit to this place. He may be found at Mrs. Smith's Boarding House, on Gillespie street.

MAR 23 4c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Democratic Review.

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE SHORE.  
BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late Minister at the Court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to "the chops" of the English channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, in the evening, she made her last tack for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight, p. m. The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and by," remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee beam, but he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, p. m. the ship head-vest by compass, when the call of "Light!" was heard from the foretop sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the old-torn man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly right ahead. At this moment the captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order. "All hands," whistled the boatswain, with a long, shrill summons familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board a man-of-war.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mate; and ere the last echo died away, all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy gale from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of by the breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet were destroyed, in the days of old Anne, sang their song of death before the Dead Man's Ledge replied in hoarse-voiced tones behind us. To go ahead seemed to death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furling mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening; hauling up of which, contrary to the last order that he had given, on leaving the deck, caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on the lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless.

That sole chance consisted in standing to carry us through the breakers of Scilly by a close gage along their outer ledge.—As this destiny to be the end of the gallant ship, consecrated by many a prayer and sung from the heart of a nation?

Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it?" cried the captain, in a tremendous voice.

Finding that she pitched her bows under, he called it in, under your general order, sir, that officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant command.

"Leave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate. The log was in.

"How fast does she go?"  
"Five knots and a half, sir."  
"Board the main tack, sir."  
"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the captain. "Keep her full and by, quartermaster."

"Ay, ay, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the main sheet," shouted the captain, and it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm" when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir! she has it," growled out the old sea dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and by."

"Ay, ay, sir! full and by she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady, so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm, for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us; unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity touch upon Scilly; and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark deliverance, or stand a monument of our own destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while every thing on board seemed to be cracking into pieces.

At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship; for, with one foot of canvass less, she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overlaid frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live-oxen sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds or course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until at last our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt, less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us.

Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board.

With a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail, which in any other situation would have been considered suicidal, he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution.

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails; took her departure and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main brace."—"Pipe down," echoed the first lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down" it was.

Soon the "Jack of the dust" held his levee on the main gundeck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of old rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue.

"How near the rocks did we go?" said I to one of the master's mates the next morning.—He made no reply; but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal and the Light-house island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate reserved! I went upon deck; the sea was calm; a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from our mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never, before nor since, have I experienced

an hour so terrific as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single iron bolt to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

INTERVIEW WITH A SHARK.

Being in La Guayra during the month of June, I was tempted by the heat of the lowlands to bathe in the sea; I swam out to some rocks, which lay a quarter of a mile from the shore, and there dived to pick up some beautiful shells. As I got near the bottom, I balanced myself in mid-water, to observe a most beautiful phenomenon. It being noon, and the sun crossing the equator, near which stands La Guayra, his beams were reflected with surpassing splendor on the surface of the water, which was agitated into rippling waves by the mid-day breeze; these little waves were reflected on the sandy bed of the sea, which reflection showed like a waving and shifting net of burnished silver. I saw this net with pleasure spread as far as my eye could reach, save where my own shadow, as it were, intercepted it. Suddenly this was overshadowed by a most terrific object. I instantly cast my eyes upwards, and gracious Heaven! I beheld right above me, one of the most terrible monsters in nature, known to the English in these seas under the appellation of the shovel nosed shark (*Sudalus tigrinus* of Linnaeus.)

I cast a few glances aloft, and observed his glaring eyes, that looked at once stupidly dull, and frightfully malignant. Their savage ken was directed down upon me; his greedy mouth was opening and shutting, as if in anticipation of swallowing me. I cast a glance at my limbs, and over my body, and mentally asked my Creator (may he forgive that involuntary thought) if he intended that his image, into whose nostrils he had breathed the breath of life, should become the prey of such a marine demon as floated above? This singular idea flashed through my mind with the speed of lightning; there was little time for reflection, I swam, still under water, to another place; but I could observe by the shadow of the monster that he still followed me. Upwards I dare not look; in vain I tried to dodge my tormentor; where I stopped, he stopped; and go where I would his shadow fell upon me.—What was to be done? My strength and breath were fast going; to remain much longer under water was impossible, and to rise was to make for the jaws of perdition. I sank to the bed of the bay to arm myself with some conch shells; these might have been of some use, could I have gained the surface of the water unharmed, in which case I might have hurled them at his enormous head. But no, the shark seemed aware that I could not long remain below, and he appeared determined to catch me as I rose. Suddenly, a ray of blessed hope shot across my benighted mind. I was beside a rock that had a small cleft through its centre, which near the head of the bay had a horizontal passage; down this cleft I had often gone, out of mere boyish desire of adventure; and to this chasm I swam and in an instant darted in the horizontal part of it. Ere I did this, the hideous fish became too late aware of my manoeuvre; and from the pressure of the water, I became sensible that he sunk down towards me; but the love of life made me too quick for him, even in his own element. I passed through the horizontal passage, and in an instant I was buoyed up through the vertical cavity of the rock, and rose to the surface of the water, all but suffocated, to inhale the blessed air. Still the persevering sea devil followed; it had also forced itself through the aperture of the rock; but whether this was too small easily to admit its enormous head I know not—certain I am, that the shark did not pass the cleft for some minute after me. By this time I stood upright on the top of the rock, on which there were two or three feet water, and a few rapid steps brought me out of immediate danger. I had gained a part of the rock which was out of the water, although it afforded but bad footing, it being as sharp as the blade of a boat oar. On this I, however, got as the monster emerged from the passage, still pursuing me; it made a rush towards where I stood, but I was out of his element; it raised its huge head as if to ascertain where I was, and in this instant I hauled one of the conch shells, which I still held in my hands, at his head with such effect as to stun the fish. It now lay motionless for some seconds; while I, to prevent the sharp edges of the rocks from cutting my feet, was obliged to kneel, and partly support myself with my hands. I now perceived the fish lashing the waters upon the rock until they were in a foam; the fact was it was high tide when we both came up, the water was so fast receding it could not get off for want of depth. Some minutes had elapsed ere I perceived its predicament, for my attention was directed towards the shore, to which place I called for succour, using every exclamation of distress that I recollected; at length the fish became completely high and dry, and I perceived the danger of my late mortal foe, but felt no generous pity for him: I now fearlessly charged my uneasy position and stood upright on the flat part of the rock. I was too much exhausted by my late adventure to essay swimming ashore, and saw with joy a canoe approaching me, one of the three men in her proved to be my old friend Jose Garcia, who being informed of my late escape, called out, "Santa Maria! it is el capitain del puerto (the harbor master) that is on the rock!" I must inform the reader, that I had often heard of a large and well known shovel nosed shark called el capitain del puerto, who in the Bay of La Guayra, was as well known as Port Royal Tom was in Jamaica. Whether my late foe was the identical capitain del puerto I cannot

take upon myself to say; Jose and the two men of the canoe, treated him with little ceremony; they beat the helpless shark's head with their paddles until he was again stunned, and finished him by cutting off his tail, and running a murchetti through his brain.—Warner Brundell.

POETRY.

From the Athenaeum and Visitor.  
THE OX AND FROG.  
A FABLE.

An ox one day,  
In a quiet way,  
Came down to a pool to drink;  
He quench'd his thirst,  
With the water first,  
Then linger'd awhile to think.

He look'd on high,  
To the pure blue sky,  
Then abroad on the bright green earth;  
On the creatures fair,  
That were every where,  
In the joy of their happy birth.

He deem'd them so,  
But he did not know  
How in meaner bosoms spring,  
Envy and hate,  
At the peaceful state  
Of every other thing.

An idle frog,  
From the oozy bog,  
On the pool's green margin lay;  
And he lifted his head  
At the stately tread  
Of the ox, as he came that way.

"What a great proud thing,  
He would be a king!"  
Said the frog in envy and pride—  
"In as big as he  
I'll choose to be—  
And better too beside."

Then puffing and blowing,  
And swelling, and growing  
Quite big in his own estimation;  
The frog burst his skin,  
And the cold air came in,  
And he perish'd in great consternation.

WORLDFLY CARES.

The waves that on the sparkling sand  
Their foaming crests upheave,  
Lightly receding from the land,  
Seem not a trace to leave:  
Those billows, in their ceaseless play,  
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The summer winds, which wand'ring sigh  
Amid the forest lowers,  
Go gently, as they murmur by,  
Scarce lift the drooping flowers;  
Yet bear they, in autumnal bloom,  
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly bore,  
Their impress leave behind;  
And spirits, which their bonds would spurn,  
The blighting traces find;  
Till altered thoughts and hearts grow cold,  
The change of passing years unfold.

DEBATE IN CONGRESS.

Remarks of Mr. Calhoun,  
OF SOUTH CAROLINA:

[Continued.]

It has been the good fortune of the school of which Mr. Jefferson is the head, to embody their principles and doctrines in written documents, (the report referred to, and the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions,) which are the acknowledged creed of the party, and may at all times be referred to, in order to ascertain what they are in fact. The opposite school has left no such written and acknowledged creed, but the declaration and acts of its great leader leave little doubt as to either its principles or doctrines. In tracing them a narrative of his life and acts need not be given. It will suffice to say, that he entered early in life into the army of the Revolution, and became a member of the military family of Washington, whose confidence he gained and retained to the last. He next appeared in the convention which framed the Constitution, where, with his usual boldness, he advocated a President and Senator for life, and the appointment, by this Government, of the Governors of the States, with a veto on State laws. These bold measures failing, he retired from the convention, it is said, in disgust; but afterwards, on more mature reflection, became the zealous and able advocate of the adoption of the Constitution. He saw, as he thought, in a scheme of Government, which conferred the unlimited power of taxing and declaring war, the almost unbounded source of power, the resolute and able hands; hence his declaration, that though the Government was weak in its organization, it would, when put in action, find the means of supporting itself; a profound reflection, proving that he clearly saw how to make it, in practice, what his movements in the convention had failed to accomplish in its organization. Nor has he left it in doubt, as to what were the means on which he relied to effect his object. We all recollect the famous assertion of the elder Adams, that the "British constitution," restored to its original principles, and freed from corruption, was the wisest and best ever formed by man; and Hamilton's reply, that the British constitution, free from corruption, would be impracticable, but, with its corruption, was the best that ever existed. To realize what was intended by this great man, it must be understood, that he meant not corruption in its usual sense of bribery. He was too able and patriotic to resort to such means, or to the petty policy this bill is intended to prevent.—Either of these modes of operation was on too small a scale for him. Like all great and

comprehensive minds, he acted on masses, without much regard to individuals. He meant, by corruption, something far more powerful and comprehensive; that policy, which systematically favored the great and powerful classes of society, with the view of blinding them, through their interest, to the support of the Government. This was the single object of his policy, and to which he strictly and resolutely adhered, throughout his career, but which, whether suited or not to the British system of Government, is, as time has shown, uncongenial and dangerous to ours.

After the Constitution was adopted, he was placed at the head of the Treasury Department, a position which gave full scope to his abilities, and placed ample means at his disposal to rear up the system he meditated. Well and skillfully did he use them. His first measure was the adoption of the funding system, on the British model; and on this the two schools, which have ever since, under one form or another, divided the country, and ever will divide it, so long as the Government endures, came into conflict. They were both in favor of keeping the public faith, but differed as to the mode of assuming the public debt, and the amount that ought to be assumed. The policy of Hamilton prevailed. The amount assumed was about \$80,000,000, a vast sum for a country so impoverished, and with a population so inconsiderable as we then had.—The creation of the system, and the assumption of so large a debt, gave a decided and powerful impulse to the Government, in the direction in which it has since continued to move, almost constantly.

This was followed by a measure adopted on his own responsibility, and in the face of law, but which, though at the time it attracted little attention or opposition, has proved the most powerful of all the means employed in rearing up and maintaining his favorite system. I refer to the Treasury order directing the receipt of bank notes in the dues of the Government, and which was the first link of that unconstitutional and unholy alliance between this Government and the banks, that has been followed by such disastrous consequences. I have, Mr. President, been accused of extravagance in asserting that this unholy connection with the paper system, was the great and primary cause of almost every departure from the principles of the Constitution, and of the dangers to which the Government has been exposed. I am happy to have it in my power to show that I do not stand alone in this opinion. Our attention has lately been attracted, by one of the journals of this city, to a pamphlet containing the same sentiment, published as far back as 1794, the author of which was one of the profoundest and purest statesmen to whom our country has ever given birth, but who has not been distinguished in proportion to his eminent talent and ardent patriotism.

In confirmation of what I assert, I will thank the Senator from North Carolina, near me, [Mr. Strange], to read the paragraph taken from the pamphlet, which contains expressions as strong as any I have ever used in reference to the point in question.

Mr. Strange read as follows:  
"Funding and banking systems are indissolubly connected with every commercial and political question, by an interest generally at enmity with the common good. In the great cases of peace and war, of fleets and armies, and of taxation and navigation, their cries will ever resound throughout the continent.—Whereas the undue bias of public officers is bounded by known salaries, and persons not freeholders are hardly, if at all, distinguishable from the national interest. One observation is adduced in proof of this doctrine. Paper fraud, knowing the restiveness of liberty when oppressed, is under an impulse to strengthen itself by alliances with legislative corruption, with a military force, and with similar foreign systems. War with Britain can be turned by it to great account. In case of victory, a military apparatus, united to it by large arrears, and an aversion to being disbanded, will be on hand. In case of defeat, paper will constitute an engine of Government, analogous to the English system. Can Republicanism safely intrust a legislative paper junto with the management of such a war? If it does, no prophetic spirit is necessary to foretell that paper will be heaped upon liberty, from the same design with which mountains were heaped upon the giants by the dissolute junco of Olympus."

The next movement he made was the boldness of the whole series. The union of the Government with the paper system was not yet complete. A central control was wanting, in order to give to it unity of action, and a full development of its power and influence. This he sought in a National Bank, with a capital of \$10,000,000, to be composed principally of the stock held by the public creditors; thus binding more strongly to the Government that already powerful class, by giving them through its agency, increased profit, and a decided control over the currency, exchanges, and the business transactions of the country. On the question of chartering the bank, the great battle was fought between the two schools. The contest was long and abstruse, but victory ultimately declared in favor of the national Federal school.

The leader of that school was not content with those great achievements. His bold and ardent mind was not of a temper to stop short of the end at which he aimed. His next movement was to seize on the money power, and he put forth able reports, in which he asserted the broad principle that Congress was under no other constitutional restriction in the use of the public money, but the general welfare, and that it might be appropriated to

any purpose whatever, believed to be calculated to promote the general interest, and as freely to the objects enumerated, as those that were specified in the Constitution. To this he added another, and perhaps more dangerous assumption of power; that the taxing power, which was granted expressly to raise revenue, might be used as a protective power for the encouragement of manufactures, or any other branch of industry which Congress might choose to foster, and thus it was in fact prevented from a revenue to a penal power, through which the entire capital and industry of the Union might be controlled. Congress was not prepared at that early stage to follow so bold a lead, but the seed was sown by a skilful hand, to sprout when the proper season arrived.

When he returned from office, no controlling mind was left to perfect the system which he had commenced with such consummate skill and success; and shortly after, under the administration of the elder Adams, the alien and sedition acts, and the quasi war with France, as it was called, followed the violent and precipitate measures of less sagacious and powerful minds, and which in their reaction expelled their authors from power, and raised Jefferson to the Presidency.

He came in as a reformer, with the most ardent desire and the highest capacity to effect a reformation, he could do little to charge the direction which his rival had impressed at the onset on the political machine. Economy, indeed, was introduced, and the expenditures reduced, but the ligatures which united the government with the paper system were too strong to be burst. The funded debt, though greatly reduced by him, could not be extinguished. The charter of the U. States Bank had still half its term to run, and the use of bank and bank notes in the fiscal transactions of the Government, had taken too strong a hold to be superseded at once. In the mean time, the agitation caused by the gigantic conflict between France and England reached our distant and peaceful shores, and the Administration was almost exclusively occupied in efforts to prevent aggressions on our rights, and preserve our neutrality. To effect this, every expedient was attempted; negotiation, embargo, non-importation, and non-intercourse, but in vain. War followed, and with it all hopes of carrying out the reform contemplated by Jefferson when he came into power, failed.

When peace arrived, the country was deeply in debt. Capital and industry had taken new directions, in consequence of the long interruption of our foreign commerce, and the public attention was completely diverted from the questions which had brought into conflict the two great political schools, and which had so long divided the country.

The season had now arrived when the seed which had been so skilfully sowed by Hamilton, as has been stated, began to germinate, and soon shot forth with the most vigorous growth. Duties came to be imposed without regard to revenue, and money appropriated without reference to the granted powers.—Tariff followed tariff in rapid succession, carrying in their train a profusion of expenditures on harbors, roads, canals, pensions, and a host of others, comprehending objects of almost every description. In such rapid succession did the protective duties follow, that in 1825, in the short space of twelve years after the termination of the late war, they reached the enormous amount of nearly one half of the aggregate value of the entire imports, after deducting the re-shipments. Beyond this point, the system never advanced, and fortunately for the country they did not.—Had it continued its progress a few years longer, the enormous patronage which it placed at the disposal of the Chief Magistrate, would have terminated our form of Government, by enabling him to nominate his successor, or by plunging the country into a revolution, to be followed by despotism, as was foretold would be the consequence in the report of the Legislature of Virginia, so often referred to, if the system it reprobated were carried out in practice. But, happily, with the tariff of 1825, the reaction commenced, and has been ever since progressing. How or by whom it was commenced, and has been urged forward to the present point, is not the proper occasion to state. All I propose now, is to trace its progress, and mark the point at which it has arrived.

The first step of this retrograde movement was the overthrow of the Administration of the younger Adams. He came into power on the extreme principles and doctrines of the Federal national school and on them he placed the hope of maintaining his elevation. For the truth of this assertion, I appeal to his inaugural address, and his messages to the two Houses at the openings of the annual sessions; and to expel his Administration from power was, of course, a preliminary and indispensable step towards the restoration of the principles and doctrines of the opposite school, and fortunately, this was effected by a decided majority at the expiration of the first term.

The next step was the final discharge of the funded debt; and for this important step, at so early a period, the country is indebted principally to a friend, now unfortunately no more—the amiable, the talented, the patriotic Lowndes—the author of that simple, but effective measure, the sinking fund act, passed shortly after the termination of the late war.

But the most formidable of all the obstacles—the source of the vast and corrupting surplus, with its host of extravagant and unconstitutional expenditures, the protective tariff, still remained in full force, and obstructed any further progress in the reaction that had com-