

tion; they are selling now, far, very far below the real standard of value, and the caution interest is lower on a firm foundation, if we hold on to the principle of free trade, and sturdily oppose any increase of the tariff.

The Hartford (Conn.) Patriot, the organ of the Conservatives in those parts, discourses as follows about its late allies—the Whigs. "We unhesitatingly pronounce, not indeed with out deliberation, and full apprehension of the length and breadth of our assertions, that the whig party proper is forever broken. It is down in the nation—and it is rapidly falling in this State. We do not mourn over its untimely fate. From first to last it has been deceitful, bigoted, revengeful. Before the election of Gen. Harrison, it covered up its deformities under a cloak of liberality. To cajole the dear people, it assumed an honesty as foreign to its real nature, as fraud and perfidy are native to it. And now, to deceive the President, it wears a friendly aspect towards him, and at the same time, by its every act, just plants a dagger into the heart of his administration.

Ultra federal whiggery never felt an emotion of sympathy for the people. Its whole policy is to fasten aristocratic institutions upon the country. Its whole energies are directed to the untimely work of harnessing honest industry to the triumphal char of associated wealth, and thus leading captive the honest, simple, and hard heart of free America. It never seems for a moment to realize that there is truth and reality in that fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence, "All men are created free and equal." It lies in wait at every corner, and with more than jesuitical cunning, flatters, lies, and flatters, to rob the people of their precious rights. Now it comes in the sleek folds of the financier, promising golden showers—now it sneaks abroad, the dapper little tool of petty office seeking cliques. It is chameleon like in its features, and serpent like in its伺伺ities. It can stretch out its scaly folds—many a root, and can contract itself within the space occupied by the very best pigmy. Through all these changes of feature and form, its undying aristocratic spirit is unchanged, early hostile to the rights of man.

The primary object of all our free institutions is to protect the rights of the poor, elsewhere, on all the face of the earth, trampled in the dust. The glorious privileges of the ballot box were designed to hold in check the aggressive spirit of aristocracy. And it is here that this spirit has been rebuked from north to south, and will be humbled in the dust in Connecticut this Spring. So mote it be."

Mark their maneuvers.—While Mr. CLAY is laboring to carry through Congress his proposition to increase the Tariff taxes to thirty per cent., his leading and confidential organ in the South, the Richmond Whig, is publishing a series of labored essays to prove the constitutionality of a protective Tariff! These articles of the Whig are copied and endorsed by all the Clay papers in this State, with the evident design of poisoning the minds of our people on that most important subject.

What is a PROTECTIVE TARIFF? Is it taxes levied for the support of Government as authorized by the letter and spirit of the Constitution? No, it is a scheme to enrich northern capitalists by extorting from honest labor the reward of its toil—a system of taxation upon the Southern farmer for the exclusive benefit of the Northern manufacturer—a system of fraud and plunder, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Is it not an insult to common sense to say that such a system is constitutional? Yet we see Mr. CLAY and his presses, even here in the South openly advocating it—busily engaged in perverting the southern mind from its true interest, yet, and their duty too, to suffer themselves to be plundered by law in the efforts of lordly manufacturers in New England. We ask the people to mark the advocates of this monstrous doctrine; for trouble may yet grow out of it.—McKenzie's Jeffersonian.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"If Banks were done away with, where would specie enough come from for business purposes?"—Star. From the Banks, and from one of the parties to the bargain, by which one form of property, as flour, is exchanged for another form of property, as money; and this is what constitutes "business." He who has nothing to sell, cannot get money, and only he who has money or its equivalent can buy anything.

"Suppose you wanted to buy a load of timber, where would you be able to lay specie from to pay for it?"—Star. From your pocket. If you have not got it there, you could not buy the timber.

"If you gave \$10,000 for a house, which would furnish the cartload of specie that you would want?"—Star. If you gave \$10,000 for a house you would not want the specie, for the house would already be paid for. You could not give dollars if you had not dollars to give; and if you had not dollars to give, you could not buy the house for dollars, though you might give your own or another's promise to pay dollars, as at present. But till the dollars promised were paid, the house would not be bought for dollars, but for promises.

"If you wished to procure a cargo of potatoes from Maine, who would you get to carry the amount on to hard dollars to pay for them?"—Star. The vessel that went after the potatoes, if you paid for them in advance; the vessel that brought them, if you pay for them on delivery. If you have not the dollars, or their equivalent in some other form of property, you could not pay for the potatoes, at either place, and consequently, could not buy them. And the cost of transporting, and insuring the "hard dollars," would not be more than one-fifth of the fifteen per cent premium you have now to pay to make Bank of Virginia dollars, equal to dollars in Maine or any other part of New England.

It is rumored that Gen. Cass will soon return from France, and be succeeded either by Mr. Wagoner, of Louisiana, or Mr. Preston, of South Carolina.—Standard.

The general tone of the newspaper press and the legislative reports throughout the country, would lead us to conclude that merchants, manufacturers and banks were the only class worthy of notice in our country. The agricultural interests are entirely forgotten, or swallowed up in those all absorbing and never ending controversies of currency, exchanges, protective tariffs, banking, &c.—And why is it that the greatest and most important business of this country occupies so little of public attention? It is simply because the farmer depends upon his own industry; his time is employed in cultivating his fields instead of hanging about legislative halls, or employing hired scribblers to get up headings to cheat the community. He only asks to be let alone, and even in this his re-

quest is disregarded; burdens are heaped upon him at the instigation of the dishonest and designing, but still he pursues the even tenor of his way, until at length, aroused by the enormity of his wrongs, he seeks redress, which is then too often beyond his reach. Invidious and cunning devices are sought out to fasten more strongly the burdens imposed, and insure to the crafty swindler a rich harvest without toil.—New London Gazette.

GREAT ABOLITION MEETING IN BOSTON.

We have inadvertently omitted to notice before, the great Abolition Meeting at Boston, on the 25th January—held in Faneuil Hall. It is estimated that "not less than four thousand persons" attended. The notorious Wm. Lloyd Garrison presided. Numerous Resolutions were adopted, denouncing the course of Congress in relation to Abolition, and calling for the abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia; highly complimenting J. Q. Adams, for his late-outrageous conduct and plauding themselves to sustain him; declaring that "when their Senators and Representatives in Congress find themselves deprived of the liberty of speech, they ought to withdraw, and return to their homes, leaving the people of Massachusetts to devise such ways and means for redress, as they deem necessary;" that "the union of liberty and slavery in one just and equal compact, is a moral impossibility not in the power of God or man to achieve, and that "the American Union is such only in form, not in substance—a hollow mockery;" that "if the South are bent on perpetuating their system, the time is rapidly approaching, when the American Union will be dissolved, in form, as it now is in fact; that Massachusetts should wash her hands of the system, and the Abolitionists flood her Legislature with petitions for a law "that every bondman shall become free, on arriving within her jurisdiction;" that they rejoice that the voice of O'Connell has poured across the waters a thunder peal for the cause of liberty in our own land;" that they receive with the deepest gratitude, the names of the 69,000 Irishmen, "and accept with triumphant exultation the Address they have forwarded, and pledge themselves to circulate it through the length and breadth of the land;" that "the Resolutions be transmitted to O'Connell and Father Matthew, and their Senators and Representatives in Congress;" and "that the thanks of the Assembly be presented to the Mayor and Aldermen for the use of the Hall." And "the Irish Address, signed by Daniel O'Connell, Father Matthew, and 69,000 other Irishmen, to the Irish residents in the United States, calling upon them unitedly to espouse the Anti Slavery cause, and to identify themselves with the American Abolitionists, was read by the chairman, and received with loud acclamations and applause."

These, People of the South, what think you of that? Does it look as though the Abolition cause was on the wane, as some would have you believe? For thousands of the people of Massachusetts expressing sentiments like these, (with others if possible worse, that we have refrained from copying,) in old Faneuil Hall, with the virtual approval of the Mayor and Aldermen, who gave them the use of it! Do you think these things can progress much longer, with anything like safety to you? Among other Abolition meetings is one of an equally violent and reckless character, in one of the Northwestern States, we forget now which—in a paper we have mislaid. That the Abolitionists of the country are arousing themselves to the most desperate and reckless exertions, united with those of Great Britain, there can be no reasonable doubt—giving aid and support to a foreign enemy, as the Federals did during the late war; and it strongly behoves all of the South who have any regard for their own interests, to watch vigilantly, and look well to the future.—South Carolinian.

From the New York Journal of Commerce. ANOTHER McLEOD. On Monday night, February 28, a young man by the name of Hogan, was arrested about eight miles from Lockport, and brought to that place charged with being one of the party who attacked the steamer Caroline. The evidence against him is said to be, that he disclosed to Dr. McKean of Lockport, in 1838, that he was one of the party, and that having occasion to come to Rochester, he wrote to the Doctor inquiring whether there would be any danger in doing so, and asking for a brace of pistols. Hogan is a resident of Hamilton, Upper Canada, and had been to Rochester to attend court. He was lodged in jail for one night, and the next day taken by writ of habeas corpus before Judge Ransom of the Common Pleas Court, upon the plea that there was sufficient evidence to warrant his detention. What the result of the hearing was, we shall probably know to-morrow.

From the Rochester Post. In addition, we have been permitted to peruse a private letter to a Canadian exile in this city of the same date, from which the following is an extract: "John Sheridan Hogan, one of the Caroline invaders, about whom there can be no mistake, has been arrested, and will doubtless be committed to take his trial for the part he took in the Schomser murders. I am told he is clerk to the Sheriff of the Gore District, who was M'Nab's Lieutenant Colonel, opposite Navy Island, and that he was secretary while at Chippewa, in 1838. He is a good looking, bold, mainly little fellow—loyal and game to the back bone!" This will revive the whole question involved in the celebrated McLeod case. A more important movement has not taken place for some time. Hogan is one who, we are told, freely admits his connection with the Caroline outrage; and throws himself on the protection of the British Government.

We learn that Mr. Hogan is a native of Ireland—that he was recently in this city, and spent several days at the National Hotel, where he expressed some fears lest he should be arrested and detained—and that his companion was Mr. John William Aikman, a son of Michael Aikman, a Tory member of the late Upper Canada Parliament.

The Philadelphia North American says: the amount of investments in bank stock which are sunk forever, cannot be computed at less than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. To those add the amount of capital that has been invested in rail roads, canals, and works of improvement which never have nor never will produce any revenue to the proprietors, and the aggregate amount of loss does not, probably, fall short of five hundred millions of dollars, which has fallen upon the citizens of this country.

Fatal Affray.—The wretched quarrel of our city was disturbed on Monday night, by an affray, the result of which was as melancholy as its consequences were fatal. The substance of the facts, as developed on the investigation by a jury of respectable men—that a quarrel had taken place some short time previous between Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, and a Mr. McMillan, an engineer of the Georgia Rail-

road, which created so much ill feeling, that impudent remarks and threats were made, the result of which was that both went armed for a meeting, which took place in Broad street about 11 o'clock on Monday night, when McMillan accosted and assaulted Hutchinson, a short fight ensued, in which Hutchinson stabbed McMillan of which he died in a few minutes. We forbear further comment, as we understand that Hutchinson will deliver himself up, and the matter will undergo a judicial investigation. The following verdict was returned by the jury of inquest: "That the deceased came to his death by a wound inflicted in the left side with a knife in an affray with Thomas Hutchinson."—Chronicle & Sentinel.

We copy the following from the American of last evening. We learn from other sources that the statement is undoubtedly correct. Colonel Cook and Mr. Tompkins were both killed.—N. O. Picayune.

We understand that the difficulty arising out of the misunderstanding between General L. A. Beane and Mr. Tompkins, a representative from Warren county, in the Legislature of Mississippi, at Jackson, a few days since, the latter of whom was challenged by the former through J. S. Fall, the reporter for the Vicksburg Sentinel, and refused on account of the character both of the challenger and bearer, and afterwards assumed by Col. Cook, and accepted, resulted in the parties meeting opposite Vicksburg, on Sunday morning last, with rifles at twenty paces, upon which both parties were killed.

Latest from Texas.—The steam packet Neptune, Capt. Rollins, 33 hours from Galveston, arrived last evening. We are indebted to the clerk, Mr. W. Wade, for papers.

Congress adjourned on the 5th inst. The Galveston Civilian states that the body, after having maturely considered the subject, deemed it inadvisable to take measures for the invasion of Mexico at this time, and left the Navy, under the law of 1840, at the disposition of the President.

Gen. Hamilton's proposition was declined, and although his mission has terminated, no report of his action under it has been submitted. Some money was obtained, but the precise amount, or upon what terms, has never been made public. His designs making a statement through the public prints.

Twenty thousand dollars have been placed at the disposal of the Executive for the defence of the frontier.

Congress has passed a resolution extending the limits of Texas from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Pacific Ocean, and along the coast fifteen miles in the sea to the Oregon Territory, so as to include the Californias in the Territory of the Republic.

The new Exchequer money is selling at a premium of 3 per cent.

At a meeting held at Galveston, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient for the Executive to acquiesce in measures for offensive war against Mexico.

Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed to correspond with the Executive, and recommend the following measures for immediate war:—

1st. That our Navy be instructed to invade the Commerce of Mexico on the high seas, to ravage the towns and country on the coasts.

2d. That commissions be granted to private armed vessels, under the flag and authority of Texas to do the same.

3d. That invitation and encouragement be given to volunteers from abroad to come under our flag, and join with an army in the invasion of Mexico.—New Orleans Picayune.

FROM TEXAS. NEW ORLEANS, March 4. The steamship Galveston, from Galveston, brought us papers yesterday, five or six days later. We could not discern that they contained any very interesting news.

In the Houston Telegraph of the 22d, we find the following paragraphs: "The Mexican marauders have become exceedingly troublesome on the western frontier, and have broken up the trade with the settlers of the Rio Grande. They have also killed one or two citizens at Arkansas Bay; among the victims is a Mr. Pierce, who resided near Copano. One of our spy companies lately met a large party of these marauders, and after a severe skirmish, in which several Mexicans were killed, completely routed them and took a large quantity of plunder. It is believed this severe chastisement may check their incursions for a season.

A gentleman who left Monterey a few weeks since, says that he saw no preparations at that place for invasion. No troops had arrived from the interior, but a large number of militia had been assembled at Mier. They were merely rancheros, and were wholly unprepared for a long march. It was the general impression among the rancheros of the Rio Grande that the citizens of Texas intended to revenge the outrages inflicted upon the Santa Fe troops, and would make an attack upon some of their frontier towns; possibly it is on this account that their militia have been collected."

From the N. O. Picayune, February 19. Fire!—Frightful and extraordinary Accident.—Between twelve and one o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the three story brick block on the corner of Front Levee and Benjamin streets, belonging to Peters and Millard and Mr. S. well. The fire originated in the north end, in the room occupied by Miguel Condon, as a cabinet and dining room, destroying that and the adjoining building and partly destroying the third. Loss \$7,000—partly insured in the Merchants' Insurance office.

A most frightful accident and miraculous escape took place at this fire, rendered doubly remarkable by the fact that the object of them had been married only a few hours before the fire broke out, and sprang from his bridal bed at the wild sound of midnight alarm. His name is Charles Johnson, a member of Engine No. 1. He fell from the roof of one of the buildings, through the joints of the third story, and caught on the posts of the second story, in the flames and dense smoke, but was fortunately rescued, and we informed in a very fair way to recover. The roof was damp, and he slipped, falling readily over the eave, and disappearing among the flames and smoke of the building already in ruins. The frightful fact was passed about like electricity among his brave companions, who rushed desperately into the burning house, and as Providence directed, found and rescued their unfortunate and hapless friend. He was hanging some feet across a barn beam, his limbs dangling in the smoke. His clothes being saturated with water, partially protected him from the fire; and as his coat was torn, it was supposed he caught by something which broke his fall, and probably pre-

served his life. It was a most alarming and extraordinary circumstance, and the escape seems almost a miracle.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

The Tuscaloosa "Flag of the Union" of March 2d, contains an account of the total destruction of the steamboat North Star about 2 miles from that city the day previous. The number of cabin passengers was about 16. The scene is thus described by an eyewitness.

Just as the Tuscaloosa Bridge retreated from my vision, I took a chair and sat down by the side of the pilot house to read on the upper deck, but finding that the speed of the boat created a strong breeze which, in reading, was painful to my eyes, I fortunately returned again to the cabin; I had seated myself by the fire place in the gentleman's cabin, and made a remark to Captain Richardson, that we were just about the very spot where he and myself had been wrecked by the sinking of the steamboat Opelika, some four years ago; he replied in the affirmative, and pointed me to an article he had been reading on "accidents and the ups and downs of life;" and before I had completed the first sentence, this dread explosion, so horrid in its consequences, occurred. We had neither stopped nor attempted to stop, from the commencement, but were travelling cheerfully and gaily along at the rate of some ten or twelve miles an hour, when the two boilers in rapid succession exploded like the roar of two large pieces of artillery, while the vessel quivered to her keel. Crash! crash! went every thing around us; in an instant two-thirds of that beautiful boat was thrown into the air to an incredible height, and a river into a thousand atoms—a stream of noxious gas from the boilers passed with such tremendous pressure towards the stern, through the hull of the cabin, that our hats were carried from our heads with the current, and enveloped in smoke, and bowled up with the yell and groans of the dying sufferers, whose bodies lay torn to pieces, mingled with the shapeless wreck—the shattered mass around us was but dimly understood.

I looked out from the stern, and the whole atmosphere above us was filled with these fragments to an incredible height, and they fell in horrid showers around us, united with the dying and the dead.—So powerful was the explosion, that one of the boilers, with its immense weight, was blown at least one hundred and fifty yards over the top of the highest trees, into an open field, and not far from it lies the plate of the safety valve, sunk four or five feet into the earth, like the ball of a cannon. I left to discover (as the smoke cleared off) the extent of damage done, and the dangers still to be apprehended. Not a single officer was to be seen, and the places of their respective stations was shattered into atoms, and floating on the surface of the river, or suspended among the branches of the trees. I saw the heads of three or four that had been blown into the air, and had fallen into the river, struggling feebly with the waves, to keep themselves on the surface, and the only sound portion of the Crew were pursuing their bodies with the yawl. The boilers had all disappeared. One of them had burst in the bottom and a portion of it had passed through the Deck and the Hull of the Boat to the bottom of the river, leaving a large hole thro' which the water oozed freely, and I saw that she must sink in a few minutes to the bottom, in despite of every effort to prevent it that might be used; not a single being could be seen that could stand erect—but the whole body of her hull, from the Wheelhouse to the Bow had been shattered into a mere shell; the false sides were blasted into atoms, and were already filled up with watery the main Deck was shivered into splinters; and the heads, belonging to the Crew, were projecting out here and there from the mass of fallowish substances that had now fallen into the hull, and in a confused pile were mingled with red hot embers from the furnace, while their groans, and cries for help came hoarsely and awfully to my ears.

The steamer finally struck a bank at a head of the river; the narrows with much difficulty got ashore with a rope, which he made fast to a tree, and finally succeeded in getting safe ashore all who were not hurt. Those who were disabled, were consumed in the most dreadful manner in the burning boat. Of those who were thrown into the river, sixteen were killed, principally belonging to the boat, and eight were badly hurt. Of the cause of the explosion, the writer thus speaks:

There will be many speculations concerning the state of the boilers. I will give it as my opinion that the boilers were not such as the law required; and my reason for thinking so is, that I have seen them; and the boiler that may be found in a field close by the scene of this dreadful catastrophe, is not thicker in its sheets than an ordinary copper cask. I also believe that there was little or no water in them, for this reason: at the moment of the explosion nothing appeared to come from her either in the shape of steam or water, but a noxious gas passed through the cabin from the boilers extremely disagreeable; but the most convincing proof that there was no water in her boilers is found in the fact, that a piece of the boiler at the moment of explosion, about 100 pounds in weight, came like a shell from a cannon, carrying steam rooms, roof, and every other obstruction like chaff before it, and fell on the cabin floor within a few feet from where I was sitting, which burnt through the woollen carpet and set the cabin floor in a blaze. If there had been water in the boilers this could not have taken place, especially where she was neither stopping nor starting, but in regular motion.

The friends of Henry Clay in the Third Ward, who are in favor of an open, public and fearless demonstration in his behalf, regardless of private cliques and selfish intrigues, are called to meet at the North River Coffee House this evening, to organize a Clay Club.—N. Y. Tribune, March 1.

This looks as though Harry and his followers were becoming impatient, but Clay never will receive forty nine votes again for the Presidency, so he may as well "retire to the shades of Ashland" and make himself as contented as possible.—Boston Post.

Mr. Calhoun's Speech.—To the exclusion of our usual variety of matter, we place in our columns to day, the powerful speech of the Hon. John C. Calhoun on the Treasury Note Bill. No man can have more than a faint idea of the embarrassed and alarming condition of the finances of the country without reading this speech. Mr. Calhoun takes the statement of the President, in his message to the present Congress, and shows conclusively that the expenditures of this year will be near thirty three millions, and adding to this the public debt of seventeen millions, shows a debt for the year against the Government of fifty millions of dollars. After noting the assertion of Mr. Eaton, that the Administration did not intend to retrench, he continued—I ask you, as honest men, where are you to get the money from to pay this

debt? You have given away the public lands; and the revenue from customs, at the highest calculation, will not amount to more than fifteen millions, (unless the already high Tariff duties are increased, which the South will not submit to,) and this will leave a clear public debt of THIRTY FIVE MILLIONS to be provided for somehow—and how? Are you going on from year to year to accumulate a public debt at this rate, and in time of peace, too?

In tracing this speech through the reader will observe that it contains no party strife—it is made up of no declamations without proof; and it is evident to our mind, that he has shown a beyond contradiction, that a thorough reform in the finances of the Government must take place, or the people must groan under the yoke of heavy taxes to support idle schemes, perpetrated by the petty striving of an aristocratic dynasty. We say then let every man who is willing to be correctly informed on the great and vital subjects of economy and retrenchment, read this speech, and when he has read it through we doubt not he will be a wiser man than he was when he first commenced it.—Washington (N. C.) Republican.

TO THE TANNERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The undersigned have taken out a Patent for an improvement made by themselves in the important art of Finishing Leather.

This improvement consists in a new mixture, of their invention, which is applied to the leather, and which saves the expense of tallow and the labor of whitening. They do not offer it to the public without having themselves effectually tested it, nor on their own recommendation alone, but with attention to the certificates given below by highly respectable and experienced Tanners who have examined the invention, and being satisfied of its usefulness, have purchased rights;—and also the certificates of the Boat and Shoe-makers who bear testimony to the quality and finish of the leather.

WM. A. RONALD, HENRY C. MILLER. Letters to the subscribers should be addressed, China Grove, Rowan County, N. C. March 4, 1842.

CERTIFICATES.

At the request of Messrs. Ronald & Miller, and for our own satisfaction, we have particularly examined their improved plan of finishing leather, and pronounce it altogether beyond our expectation for value; and we cheerfully recommend it to the Tanners of the Country as a great saving of labor and expense, and as giving a fine gloss and high finish to the leather.—Being satisfied of this, we have purchased for ourselves the right to use their patent.

JOHN CLARK, Tanager, Salisbury. JOHN SLOOP, Jr., LEVI COWAN, WM. S. COWAN, Tanners, Rowan County.

We have manufactured a considerable quantity of leather finished on the improved plan, lately invented by Messrs. Ronald & Miller, and we consider it of the best quality, both for beauty of finish, and lasting property. JAS. D. GLOVER, WM. LAMBERT, JOHN THOMPSON, Boat and Shoe-makers, Salisbury.

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To every editor who gives this advertisement entire 12 insertions, we will forward, to order, one copy of the whole work, provided the paper containing this notice be sent to the New York Watchman, N. York. March 11 1842.

MILL IRONS. WHERE may be had at C. Fisher's Foundry, on South Yonkers River, Mill Irons of almost all descriptions used in this country. SIZES AS—Saw Mill Irons, Grinding all sorts, Wheels of all sizes, &c.—When not on hand, they may be made to order at a short notice. WILLIAMSON HARRIS, Agent. December 31, 1841.