

# Carolina Watchman.

PENDLETON & BRUNER,  
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## TERMS OF WATCHMAN.

The WATCHMAN may hereafter be had for Dollars and Fifty Cents per year. Clubs of four new subscribers who will pay for the whole sum at one payment, shall have the paper for one year at Two Dollars each, and as long as the same class shall continue to pay in advance the sum of Dollars the same terms shall continue, otherwise they will be charged as other subscribers.

Subscribers who do not pay during the year will be charged three Dollars in all cases. No subscription will be received for less than one year by payment in advance. No paper will be discontinued but at the option of the Editors, unless all arrears are paid.

## TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar per square for the first insertion and Fifty Cents per square for each insertion afterwards. Circulars will be charged 25 per cent. more than the above rates. A deduction of 50 per cent. from the regular price will be made for all advertisements for the year. No advertisement will be inserted for less than the Dollar. Advertisements will be continued until orders are received to stop them, where no directions are previously given.

## NEW ESTABLISHMENT

IN MOCKSVILLE, DAVIE CO. N. C.

## THOMAS FOSTER

INFORMS the public that he has removed from his former stand, to his new building on the public square, in the Town of Mocksville, where he will continue to keep a

## House of Entertainment.

His House is roomy and commodious; attached to which is the SIX COMFORTABLE OFFICES for gentlemen of the Bar, all conveniences for the most diligent exertions, to give satisfaction in such as may call on him. His TABLE, BAR & STABLES are provided in the best manner that the country will afford, and his servants are faithful and prompt.

## COTTON YARNS.

THE public are informed that the LEXINGTON COTTON MANUFACTORY is now in full operation, and can supply all demands for

## COTTON YARN

of a quality equal to any manufactured in the State.

## J. G. CAIRNES, Agent.

Orders from a distance will be punctually attended to, by addressing the agent as above Lexington, Jan 19, 1839—1f25

## WANTED.

FOUR Journeymen Turners, to whom good wages and constant employment will be given. Apply to F & L ROOT, at Mocksville, or Columbia, S. C. May 2, 1839—1f40

## Dr. LEANDER KILLIAN

(Having located himself in Salisbury.) RESPECTFULLY offers his services in all the various branches of his profession, to all who are afflicted with the following diseases: Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Scalding Head, and all other diseases of the head, face, neck, and throat, which he has cured in many instances, and is confident that he can cure all such cases. His office is at No. 101 Wm. D. Crawford's Hotel, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional duties. May 17, 1839—1f43

## NEW JEWELLERY,

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING REMOVED HIS SHOP TO THE BUILDING FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE POST OFFICE,

continues to keep on hand a good assortment of Watches and Chains, Breast Pins and Rings, Silver Spoons and Pencils, Musical Boxes and Silver Thimbles, Rodgers Pocket and Pen Knives, and all other articles in his line.

## CLOCKS & WATCHES

Repaired in the best manner, and warranted for twelve months. Old Gold and Silver taken in exchange for articles purchased, or in payment for debts due.

## DAVID L. POOL.

Salisbury, June 7, 1839—1f45

## J. & W. MURPHY

Have just received and for sale, wholesale or retail.

2000 German Grass Scythes, 4000 Kings Nails, assorted sizes, 10000 White Lead, 25000 lbs. Tinned Iron, 14, 13 & 14 inch wide 20000 Bottles Snuff, 10000 Pieces Net Anchor Baiting Cloths, 10000 lbs. Bar Lead, 50000 lbs. Sugar, 50000 lbs. 8 by 10 Window Glass, ALSO IN STORE, 75000 Coffee, 50000 lbs. Sugar, 50000 lbs. Molasses, 50000 lbs. Salt, 50000 lbs. Rice, MAY 26, 1839—1f44

## NOTICE.

THE Board of County Temperance Society, will hold their Annual Meeting at Labor Church on the first Wednesday in August next, by order of the Society. MILTON CAMPBELL, Sec'y. June 7, 1839—1f45

## ON LOW SPIRITS.

LOW spirits is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slightest grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient medical writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria which are situated on the right or left side of that cavity, whence comes the name hypochondriasis.

**SYMPTOMS.** The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage. Also languidness—the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, desponding melancholy, and dejected, accompanied with a total derangement of the nervous system.—The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overwhelm the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

**CAUSES.** A sedentary life of any kind, especially a severe study protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse, or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continued eruption; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

**TREATMENT.** The principal objects of treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if costive) being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. William Evans' Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, (which are tonic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

## Read the following interesting and astonishing facts.

**ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.**—Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms:—Great languor, flatulency, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizziness, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr. R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair, sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cures effected by Dr. Wm. EVANS' MEDICINE in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily restored, may likewise receive the inestimable benefit.

## A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. E. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloreux, violent pain in her head, and vomiting, with a burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr. Evans' medicine of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continue the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs. Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N. Y.

Mrs. Anne F. Kenny, No. 115 Lewis street between Stanton and Houston sts. afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of her heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor or courage, sometimes a visionary idea of an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, an irksomeness and weariness of life, discontented, disquieted on every slight occasion, she conceived she could neither die nor live; she wept, lamented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr. Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny. Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

**REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM,** with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Doctor Wm. EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New York. Mr. Benjamin S. Jarvis, 13 Centre st. Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion, the tongue

preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dimness in his head, the bowels commonly very costive, the urine high colored, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of due energy in the nervous system. The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr. Wm. Evans. BENJ. J. JARVIS, City of New York, &c.

Benjamin S. Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. RENE S. JARVIS, Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836. WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 Nassau street.

Sold by the following Agents. GEORGE W. BROWN, Salisbury, N. C. JOHN A. INGLIS (Bookstore) Cheraw S. C. J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C. E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C. W. M. MASON, & Co. Raleigh, N. C. May 10, 1839—1y41

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be deadly and a long continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses about four hundred in number, standing as so many marble statues; until, just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain up the wind, and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot, I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole (Pulaski) bare-headed, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come up out of the solid earth to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us; it might be, (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier who could permit either interpretation it might be in the awful employment of devotion or in the more earthly one of martial observation)—but he suddenly reigned up his charger, shook the heavy dew from the horseman's cap, replaced it and leaped headlong down the hill, just as the bright flash passed away on the horizon; followed by a loud report, and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses plucked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off at full gallop to a more distant elevation, where we saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in steadiness, in a dark solid mass, towards the spot occupied by Gen. Maxwell; the other, under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the spot we had left.

We kept our position, awaiting for a while longer, the sound of conflict; at last a heavy volley rattled across the sky, a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of drum heads. The whole air rung with it; another and another followed; and then gradually increased in loudness, came peal after peal till it resembled a continual clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapor. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a General and knew his duty too well, to hazard any movement till he should be able to see with certainty the operations of the enemy in the vapor below.

Meanwhile, several little parties which had been sent out, came in, one after the other, with the intelligence, that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed and that Maxwell had retreated across the river: A thin vapor had risen from the earth below us and completely covered the enemy from our view. It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses, and now and then, a quick glimmering in the midst, as some standard raised above it, some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields, for a whole mile in view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us with orders to hurry down to the ford where the commander in chief was determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power before Cornwallis could come to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game—and Pulaski, whose war horse literally thundered and lighted along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eye warily to the right; as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with General Greene who was posting all on fire, to give Knyphausen battle, and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march over a distant hill to-

wards the enemies flank. This arrangement would doubtless have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the death blow to our hopes of victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat, and froth, fretting in the bit like chained tigers, and covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank, and Greene to whose division we had been attached, was put into motion to support Sullivan who had left home some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunder clap.—The enemy had passed, concentrated, we supposed, and fallen on our right.

I shall never forget Greene's countenance, when the news came,—he was on the road side, upon an almost perpendicular bank, but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face as white as the bleached marls, and called to us to gallop forward with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder, nearly a mile from the ground, retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to a stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley.

Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitering, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but at last Pulaski saw a favorable opportunity. The column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it; then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes, we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs into his charger; it was half minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up to him. What can he mean! Gracious heaven! My hand convulsively, like that of a drowning man, reigned up for a moment when I saw that I was galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man and who would not have followed.

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that when we wheeled our path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and on the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front except what were under the hoofs of our horses. My blood rushes now, like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterwards rode into their entrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it; and broken over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire with the intention of returning through a wall of death more perilous than that which shut in the children of Israel upon the Red Sea.

But no! the wall had rolled in upon us, and we were left no alternative but to continue as we had begun.

The undaunted Pole roared in the excess of his joy! I remember well how he passed me, covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But at last they pressed upon him, and horsemen after horsemen fell from their saddles; when we were all faint and feeble and even Archibald was fighting on foot over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Success! Success!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way and that and finally concentrating beyond us.

"Once more! once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went breaking in upon them as they were forming and trampling down whole platoons, in the charge, before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; our aspect, as we came thundering round them was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle, many an one that made my hair afterwards stand when I dreamed of it—but never in one where carnage was so dreadful, and firing so incessant as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon them, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

## THE YANKEE BOY.

### A THRILLING SKETCH.

An American brig belonging to Portsmouth, N. H., was once in Demarara, discharging her cargo, when she was boarded by a boat from a gun-brig lying at anchor at no great distance. The crew was mustered, and their protection examined—and one New Hampshire boy, of noble and fearless spirit, and though young in years of a vigorous frame, was ordered into the boat. He pre-emptorily refused to obey the order. The officer, in a great rage, collared the youthful seaman, but was instantly laid sprawling by a well directed blow of his fist. The boat's crew rushed to the assistance of their officer, and the spirited American was finally overpowered, pinioned, thrown into the boat, and conveyed on board the British brig.—The lieutenant complained to his commanding officer of the neglect he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment—and that the young Yankee required, on his first entrance into the service, a lesson which might be of use to him thereafter.

Accordingly the offender was lashed to a gun, by the inhuman satellites of tyranny, and his back was bared to the lash. Before the blow was struck, he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and the sworn foe of tyrants. He demanded his release—and assured the captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest malefactor, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen the act should never be forgiven—but that his revenge would be certain and terrible.—The captain laughed at what he regarded an impotent menace and gave a signal to the boatswain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon cruelly mangled, and the blows fell thick and heavily on the quivering flesh. He bore the infliction of his barbarous punishment without a murmur or a groan, and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease, although the skin was hanging in strips on his back, which was thickly covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to falter or to faint. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be—but his lips were compressed, as if he was summoning determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth a brilliant gleam, showing that his spirit was unsubdued, and that he was bent on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit.

His bonds were loosed, and he arose from the humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The captain was standing within a few paces of him, with a domineering grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and tortures inflicted on the poor Yankee. The helpless sufferer saw that smile of exultation—and that moment decided the fate of his oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity and almost the strength of a tiger, the mutilated American sprang upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by his officers, who for the moment seemed paralyzed with astonishment—and before they could recover their senses and hasten to the assistance of their commander, the flogged American had borne him by the throat with one hand, and firmly embracing him with the other, despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of the Demarara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim—then closed over them, and they were never afterwards seen. Both had passed to their last account.

—Unannounced, unannounced, With all their imperfections upon their heads.

## THOUGHTS FOR MECHANICS.

Old Ben Franklin was one of the wisest shrewdest, and greatest mechanics of his day. His "Poor Richard" will make any poor man rich. What is the secret of his success? many a mechanic may ask. Ah! this is the thing. When we find out his secret, we can all be Franklins, and we can all be rich.

We have often studied the character of this great man, from the time he was sticking types in Boston, to the time when he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm, or sat with Kings and Queens in Paris, or brought down the lightning from heaven by his kite. The secret of his success we have thought, in part, was industry which very many also have; but above all, he thought and acted for himself. He was no man's man, but he was Ben Franklin's man.

But, says one, "you say industry and frugality are common virtues with mechanics. Why then are not all mechanics rich?" The reason is, that there are many who will not think for themselves. In an affair of business, for example, instead of sitting down and making their own calculation, they trust others to sit down and calculate for them. Instead of employing their leisure hours in studying out for themselves how the world is going, they sit down and listen to others, and take their say so that this is right and that is wrong.

The great obstacle in the way of the advancement of the poor, and of the working men of this country is, that they do not always think for themselves, and that they too often suffer others to think for them.—But let them remember that the very moment they cease to belong to themselves, they belong to him to whom they have entrusted their thinking powers.

For what else do we possess eyes and ears but to see and hear for ourselves? If we trust

## HAZARDOUS SEA ADVENTURES.

The arrival of the tiny iron steamboat at New York from London has called up many reminiscences of former voyages on the great deep, performed by craft of similar size.

A friend relates for us a more daring and perilous voyage than any we have yet seen mentioned, and which we are sure must eclipse any yet told.

An American sailor made his escape during the war from the British prison ship at Bermuda, and traversed the ocean alone, in an open sail-boat, to the Virginia shore, a distance of over 200 leagues.

Thomas King, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had been captured in the United States frigate Vixen by the Southampton frigate, was the hero of this exploit. He engaged a fellow-prisoner to accompany him in the enterprise. A pocket compass was procured; some provisions were saved from their scanty allowance; and the prison ship's sail-boat, which was to be used, had kegs of fresh water for ballast. The 4th of July, 1813, the enterprise was determined on. When the evening arrived for putting the plan into execution, the heart of King's companion, a voyage, that was to—befall him, and he could not be induced to link his fate with that of his more resolute comrade, in the little boat. But King, unappalled, though thus abandoned, determined to make the attempt alone.

He got out a port hole on the evening of the 25th July, swam to the boat, which was towing astern, got into it, cut the painter and drifted some distance, then made sail for old Virginia, where he arrived 3d August, landing on the beach 10 miles to the Southward of Cape Henry, having been nine days at sea. He went overland to Norfolk, where the boat was sold for his benefit. He was soon after appointed master's-mate in the navy, as a reward for his daring conduct.

Much has been said, and sung, and written about the young English sailor who was found making his escape from a French prison in a tub, and who being brought before Napoleon, was magnanimously liberated and sent home by that great man, who admired and rewarded the daring bravery of the undertaking. Poetic license has established this event at the expense of fact. The young sailor is represented as attempting to cross the English channel, from Boulogne, in his tub. His endeavor was to drift out with the ebb-tide to the British squadron, then blockading the French coast, and within two or three miles of the shore.

The successful exploit of the American sailor throws this into the shade, as well as the little iron steamboat's trip, and all the other daring adventures in tiny crafts on the ocean, which old reminiscences have brought out since the Robert Stockton's arrival.

## MR. CLAY AT BUFFALO.

On the recent visit of Mr. Clay to the city of Buffalo, he was eloquently addressed by the Hon. H. J. How, in behalf of the citizens, who concluded as follows:—

As citizens of an old state, and one of the states, too, which contributed largely to the national domain, we have witnessed with peculiar gratification, the disinterested patriotism which induced you, a resident of a western and comparatively new state, to guard the common property of all.

It is to the same patriotic spirit, however we may differ as to expediency, we attribute your exertions to compromise the two differences which have threatened the integrity of our Union.

It is the same magnanimity of mind which has induced you, sir, to sustain the cause of suffering humanity in every quarter of the Globe— which gave courage and countenance to retaining freedom on the plain of Marathon and Plata— which has caused your voice to be heard wherever liberty has needed aid from the country of her birth, to where 'Cortes and Pizarro's arrow flew.'

Here on this spot two years ago this day, we received and welcomed your great compatriot, the 'defender of the Constitution.' And, sir, it is fitting that we thus honor those who have done so much to honor us. For the sake of our children, for the benefit of our whole community, as an example for representatives, as friends, as freemen, we welcome HENRY CLAY.

The veteran statesman thus replied:

Mr. Recorder and Fellow-Citizens. The journey, which has brought me in the midst of you, was undertaken to afford me an opportunity which I had long desired, but never before enjoyed, of viewing some of the lakes, the country bordering upon them, the wonderful cataract in your neighborhood, and the Canadas—I had no wish, during its performance, to attract public attention or to be the object of any public demonstrations. I expected, indeed, to meet, and to take great pleasure in acknowledging that I have every where met, with individual kindness, personal respect, and friendly consideration. But, although it is my wish to pass on quietly without display or parade, I am penetrated with sentiments of gratitude for the manifestation of attachment and confidence with which I am honored in this beautiful city of the lakes. I thank you, most cordially thank you, for them all.

I am happy to learn that the public measure to which, in the national councils, I have rendered my humble support—there have commanded your approbation.—The first of these in time and importance was the last war with Great Britain. Upon its causes and upon its results, we may look back with entire satisfaction. In surveying this theatre of gallant deeds, upon the lakes and upon their shores, I have felt my bosom swell with patriotic pride.—Nor can any one fail to recollect the names of Brown, and Scott, and Porter, and Harrison, and Shelby, and Perry and their brave comrades, who so nobly sustained the honor and added to the glory of our country. And it is most gratifying to behold the immense augmentation on this frontier of its military strength, and security since the last war. The satisfaction which is derived from witnessing the tranquility which now prevails on our border would be complete if we were not forced to recollect that the violation of our territorial jurisdiction, in the case of the Caroline, remains to be satisfactorily atoned for.

During the progress of that war, as in the war of the Revolution, cut off from the usual supplies of European fabrics, our armies and our population generally were subjected to extreme privations and sufferings. It appeared to me, upon its termination, that the wisdom of government was called upon to guard against the recurrence of the evil, and to place the security and prosperity of the country upon a sure basis. Hence I conceived, most heartily, in the policy of protecting American manufactures, for a limited time, against foreign competition. Whatever diversity of opinion may have existed as to the propriety of that policy originally, I think that