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"THE RIGHTS OF OUR LABORING CLASSES SHOULD BE RESPECTED AND PROTECTED; THEY ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PEOPLE; THAT PART WHICH SUPPORTS THE POWER AND WEALTH OF THE NATION."—*Andrew Jackson.*

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POETRY.

THE UNRECORDED GRAVE.

Who resteth here?
Manhood—that gloried in its pride and might
Beauty—with cheek of love and eye of light?
Age—with its furrows and its look of care?
Youth—with its open smile and sunny hair?
Genius—with fiery glance and haughty brow,
Compelled before a mightier one to bow?

Who resteth here?
Is manhood stricken in its hour of pride?
Hath manhood fallen in the battle tide—
When banners streamed along the golden sky—
When rushed the war-horse in his majesty—
When arm met arm—when life was waged with life—
When foe sought foe, and quailed not at the strife?
Rests manhood here?

Who resteth here?
Beauty with pleasant glance and lip of bloom,
With voice of music—breath of sweet perfume?
Some gentle heart that beamed from eyes of mirth,
And shed its radiance round the happy hearth?
Some youthful form that may no longer stand
To greet with smiles of love her fellow band?
Rests beauty here?

Who resteth here?
Genius—with saddened face and laurel crown,
Withered before the world's haughty frown?
Some child of song, whose name shall yet be stirred?
Where music's tones and beauty's lay are heard?
Resteth he here? Oh! let him still sleep on,
Happier than though a world's applause were won?

Who resteth here?
Whose race is run? whose pilgrimage is o'er?
Whose voice is gone that may be heard no more?
I know not—yet methinks some mark should be
To tell the world whose resting place we see;
That, passing by, we may rejoice or fear,
Smile in bright hope, or shed the sorrowing tear.

ITALY.

I.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved!—speed we from this sullen straud
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow strand.

II.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light,
When the far fisher's fire fronts the night.
Lovely as loved! towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

III.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curl'd
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

IV.

There Art too shews, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her picture walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of fame—
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

Political.

John P. Kennedy's Letters,

IN REPLY TO MR. LE GRAND.

NO. III.

In the two papers which I have already published, and which I hope were not too long to be carefully read, I have shown—

1. That Mr. Legrand, on the 6th. of September, 1842, was a bitter enemy to the whole scheme of protecting domestic industry by duties on imports.

That he was particularly opposed to discriminating duties—or different rates of duty on different articles,—holding these discriminating duties to originate in selfishness and avarice; to be "unrepublican" and "against the precepts of our holy religion;" to operate as a bounty to those in whose favor they are made, constituting them a privileged class;" and that, rather than make discriminations or differences in the rates of duty, he would prefer raising revenue, for the support of Government, by Direct Taxation, as more equal and just.

2. I have shewn, in the second place, that on the 29th of January last, Mr. Legrand has declared himself in favor of discriminating duties; uncompromisingly opposed to Direct Taxation; and friendly to levying the duties in such a manner as, whilst they are levied for revenue, they shall, by being placed "at different rates on different articles," afford protection to American Industry.

3. I have shewn, in the third place, that, notwithstanding all I have shewn in the second place, Mr. Legrand is still bitterly opposed to all kinds of Protection of American Industry; holds the system to be a "cursed system," and predicts that it will reduce the nation to the same beggary and wretchedness which, he affirms, it has produced in Europe.

4. I have shewn, in the fourth place, that Mr. Legrand in copying a large portion of his address of 1842, into his address of the 29th of last month, has copied it in such a manner as to conceal his antipathy to a Protective Tariff; and has also refrained from copying into it many opinions expressed in his first address, which it was due to the voters of the City of Baltimore he should have laid before them, in order that "his views" on the Protective System should be "fully understood,"—which opinions are of great importance in making up a judgment on the question whether he is a proper and suitable person to represent the interests of the Industrious classes of this city.

I shall now go on, in the fifth place, to show what estimate Mr. Legrand makes of the importance and value of the mechanics and working men of this country and of their interests, as objects of Protection and encouragement by the National Legislature.

The Mechanics and Manufacturers of this city will doubtless read, with some surprise, the very severe rebuke which Mr. Legrand has thought proper to give them for venturing to seek the Protection of the Government. I think they will say that this language sounds somewhat strangely, considering that it comes from one who calls himself a friend of the mechanical interests. Hear, what he says in his address of 1842.

"On reference to page 103 of Allen's Compendum of the last census, it will be found that the number of persons engaged in "manufactures and trades" is but 791,749. This number includes young and old, white and black, male and female. Now, if we deduct from this number, those engaged in Machinery Lime, Painting, Carriages, Granite, Bricks, Marble, Binding, Mills and Houses, none of which trades are effected by importation, and we have left 526,817,—of which number 472,288 are engaged in manufacturing and mining. It is this Four Hundred thousand engaged in manufacturing and mining who expect that a nation of eighteen millions shall be taxed thirty or fifty per cent upon the articles it consumes, to enable them to amass princely fortunes. *Modest request to be sure?*—and yet gross and palpable as is its injustice, it has been granted to appease their ravenous appetite for sudden wealth. Was there ever a more unjust and unequal demand, or a more shameful surrender of the rights and interests of a nation?—It is without parallel in the history of man. We are at a loss to discover whether the *Impudence* of the demand, or the surrender of the nation's interests is the more worthy of the detestation of the just."

These are the very published words of Mr. Legrand in 1842. I beg every Mechanic and Working Man in the City of Baltimore to read them over again; to study what is meant by this language, and then to say what friendship or support he has a right to expect from Mr. Legrand and from the Party that approves his sentiments.

The argument is worth analysing, because it will show the real tone of Mr. Legrand's feelings towards the working classes, and will speak more than a thousand rhetorical professions of friendship, or than a whole volume of honied phrases of attachment to the interests of Industry.

He has carefully examined the Census, and he has found that the whole number of persons engaged in the Mechanic arts in the United States—"old and young, white and black, male and female"—amount to the insignificant sum of *but* 791,749. Then he goes to his arithmetic to show that the number is still more inconsiderable, so far as Protection and encouragement are concerned. For he informs us, if we take away from this number all those who are employed in working Machinery, Lime, Printing, Carriages, Granite, Bricks, Marble, Binding, Mills and Houses, then there will remain but 526,817 souls engaged in all other Mechanical employments. The trades he has enumerated above, he tells us, stand in no need of Protection. How it happens that the Machine Makers, the Coach Makers, the Printers, the Book Binders, Mill Wrights, Carpenters and Masons require no Protection from duties, he has not shown us. Many of them have a very special protection under the present Tariff, and, I think I may venture to say, will not be very easily persuaded to relinquish it. But, not stopping to dispute this point, I follow Mr. Legrand's argument.

Having now got the number down to 526,817 he proceeds to inform us that, of these, there are 473,288 engaged in manufacturing and mining. He says nothing of the other 53,529, which we may presume he regarded as too small a fraction to be worth notice. He then takes these 473,288 persons, engaged on manufacturers and mining, roundly to task for indulging in the preposterous expectation that a Nation of eighteen millions should submit to a tax of "thirty or fifty per cent upon the articles it consumes to enable them (the 473,288) to amass princely fortunes." This, he exclaims, is a "modest request to be sure!" He thinks it nothing short of downright impudence. "We are at a loss to discover"—these are his words—"whether the impudence of the demand or the surrender of the Nation's interests is the more worthy of the detestation of the just."

Now, who are they whom Mr. Legrand treats, in this remark, with so much contumely? They are 473,288 persons engaged in manufacturing and mining. And here, let me say, that the whole number of miners in the United States is returned in the Census at 15,210. All the rest, then, are engaged in manufactures. These of course are not the capitalists, the mere owners of establishments, (who do not probably amount to one hundred of the above)—they are the working people—the mechanics employed in the countless fabrics which are manufactured in the Nation They are weavers, spinners, glass makers, tanners, curriers, leather dressers, boot and shoe makers, iron makers, workers in iron, in brass, in tin, in lead, jewellers, white smiths, black smiths, tailors, hatters, tobacconists, sugar makers, saddlers and harness makers, platers, carvers and gilders, cutters, gun makers, sail makers, riggers, ship builders, rope makers, chandlers, makers of chemicals, painters, printers, binders, paper makers, upholsterers, chair makers, glass cutters—in short they are the whole body and mass of the great mechanical and working world in which we live on this side of the Atlantic.—These are the persons who have the "impudence" to expect Protection from the Government. These are the persons who yearly add millions upon millions to the substantial wealth of the Nation, enriching the whole mass of that community of which they are members; who have made this Nation what it is, a grand, glorious, independent Republic; who supply the fountain of its prosperity in peace, and who constitute its invincible defence in war. These are the persons who have the impudence to make this demand.

Even supposing, (what is by no means true,) that a duty of thirty or fifty per cent laid on foreign fabrics, for the protection of the working classes of the country, were a tax to that amount on what is consumed,—I ask if the welfare and success of these classes are not worthy of such a tax? They return it back a hundred fold.

But is this Mechanical interest, in truth, so very small, as Mr. Legrand would seem to imply? The census, which is very imperfect and falls considerably short of the truth, enumerates the persons employed in manufactures and trades at 791,749. If we take these, with their families and dependents, which may be estimated at about five persons to each one, that would give nearly four millions of people depending on the success and resource of our mechanic arts for their livelihood:—persons interested directly in the Protection of Manufacturing Industry.

The census, with all its omissions, shows that in Baltimore, alone, the number employed in manufactures and trades is 6291. To charge these, or any portion of them, with avarice and selfishness, to impute to them a "ravenous appetite for sudden wealth"—to affirm that their object is to "amass princely fortunes," by oppressing the rest of the community—is surely a very rash and a very unjust imputation. It is still more unjust to charge any class of the community with impudence in seeking that aid from the Government, which the Government has most cheerfully given from the first year of its existence to the present;—which it was, in fact, originally constructed and intended to give—which the Mechanics of Baltimore first asked and received in 1789.

I shall have occasion in another paper to say a few words about Mr. Legrand's figures.

J. P. KENNEDY.

Letter from Gen Hamilton.

We copy below from the Columbus (Geo.) Enquirer, of the 6th instant, a very interesting letter from Gen. Hamilton, in answer to an invitation from the Muscogee Clay Club to participate with them in the ceremonies attendant on the reception of Mr. Clay at that place.

OSWICHEE BEND, Russell Co.
ALABAMA, March 4, 1844.

My Dear Sir:—On returning from Savannah to this place, I had the pleasure to receive your kind favor of the 26th ult., enclosing an invitation of the Muscogee Clay Club to be present at the reception of Mr. Clay at Columbus, on the 11th inst.

I very much regret that the necessity for a short, but urgent visit to Texas, will compel me to leave home for New Orleans on the 8th instant. I shall, therefore, have to deny myself the sincere gratification which their invitation so aceptably promises.

You do me no more than justice in supposing that the very high estimate which I have long since formed of Mr. Calhoun's eminent qualifications for the goverment of this country, should in no degree interfere with my cordial disposition to do honor to the distinguished individual who is about to visit you.

It is true, that however much I may have differed with Mr. Calhoun on a mere financial question, which at one time more materially divided the country than at present, yet I have always recognized in his admirable genius, consumate ability and acknowledged moral worth, those resources for high public services which in any station would confer, security and renown on his country. But it seems that the usual organs of the party to which he is supposed to belong whether accredited or not, have so far prenounced a different judgment, as probably to postpone his claims in favor of another distinguished candidate; and certainly, according to all the tokens of party organization, it appears that the Baltimore Covention will perform no other office but to register an edict which has already gone forth, and that, like Maelzel's celebrated automaton trumpeter, this curious piece of mechanism has been specially wound up, to sound a particular note. Whether this note will be in accordance with the sentiment of the people of the United States remains to be seen.

My own bosom testifies to the truth of a remark that you most justly make, in the letter you have done me the honor to address me, that the preference which I have expressed for my distinguished fellow countrymen, Mr. Calhoun, is in no degree inconsistent with the personal friendship, I entertain for Mr. Clay, or of the just appreciation which I have formed of his ability and patriotism during a service for several years with him, in the Congress of the United States; often in an excited opposition, in which we are best able to estimate the worth and power of those with whom we may be associated.

I became acquainted with Mr. Clay in the session of 1823, when he filled the chair of Speaker of the House of Representatives. Although at that time a young member, yet through his kindness and partiality, I was placed at the head of one of its influential committees. Our acquaintance ripened into the strongest social intimacy, which continued without abatement, until the formation of that great party which was constituted to effect the election of Gen. Jackson to the Presidency of the United States. It is known to you we took different sides. I felt myself, in the angry contest which marked that great public convulsion, gradually seperated from him. Although I never indulged in the smallest personal abuse and denunciation of this gentleman—which would have been so utterly inconsistent with our former relations—yet, after the election of Mr. Adams to the Presidency, I was in the habit of passing Mr. Clay, in the streets of Washington, without even a distant recognition—for I had then the folly to regard an opponent of Gen. Jackson almost as a public enemy of the country. Such is the madness of party! These relations continued till I was summoned by Mr. Randolph to attend him to the field, under Mr. Clay's challenge, in consequence of the flagrant insult which he had offered him in the Senate of the United States, in conjunction with your lamented and gallant fellow countryman Col. Tattnal, at that time a member of the House of Representatives from Georgia. There are some circumstances connected with this duel which have never been made public, which, as they are honorable both to the living and the dead, I hope I may be pardoned in relating. I do not think they will render Mr. Clay's reception less cordial and enthusiastic, among a people who, if they cherish romantic, and, as they are called, false notions of honor, are at the same time alive to the testimonies of a gallant, generous and feeling spirit.

The night before the duel, Mr. Randolph sent for me in the evening. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, "Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not, in this wide world, one individual to pay this tribute upon mine." His eyes filled, and resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent.

I replied: "My dear friend," (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers,) "I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me, for you call upon me to go to the field and see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Col. Tattnal your decision." He begged me not to do so, and said, "he was very much afraid that Tattnal would take the studs and refuse to go with him." I however sought Col. Tattnal, and we repaired, about midnight, to Mr. Randolph's lodging, which we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms, on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Col. Tattnal remarked: "Mr. Randolph, I am told that you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend." Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination.—After much conversation on the subject, I induced Col. Tattnal to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph, smiling said, "Well, Tattnal, I promise you one thing; if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind." A remark I knew he merely made to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

Mr. Clay and himself met at 4 o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw "no devil in Clay's eye," but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting.

The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tattnal was loading Randolph's pistol, I approached my friend, I believed for the last time; I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, "Clay is calm, but not vindictive; I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this."—On handing him his pistol, Col. Tattnal sprung the hair. Mr. Randolph said, "Tattnal, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia, with either a pistol or gun, yet I never fire with the hair trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am." But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattnal insisted upon hairing the trigger.—On taking their position, the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

The moment this event took place, Gen. Jesup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if this occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed it was entirely an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he instantly approached Mr. R. and said, with an emotion I never can forget, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has happened, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds." Deeply affected by this scene, I could not refrain from grasping Mr. Clay by the hand, and said, "My good sir, we have been long separated; but, after the events of to-day, I feel that we must be friends forever." *We have been so.*

I do not know that I should have referred to this transaction, if I did not believe this last incident has no small influence on an important public event in Mr. Clay's life. I allude to the celebrated compromise on the action of the tariff of 1828, by the senate of South Carolina.

I need not recapitulate the circumstances which precipitated that measure, or the fearful situation in which the country was placed; when Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, standing, as it were, over the troubled water, approached nearer to each other to still the angry flood. Apart from all public considerations, which could adequately find their origin in his own patriotism, I have always believed, although pride and delicacy have hitherto forbid an explanation, that the touch of our hands on the battlefield, on the banks of the Potomac, was not without its influence on Mr. Clay, when uniting his exertions to those of Mr. Calhoun, to compose this seemingly disastrous quarrel, he took an anxious and friendly estimate of what he deemed the difficulty of my own position. But in the vicisitudes of all human things, how strangely the relations of party had been changed. Here, on the one hand, was Gen. Jackson, to whom South Carolina had dedicated the embodied spirit of all her sons, beleaguering her with his troops, and Mr. Clay, who had been the unspared object of her reproach, striving to avert a conflict!

I feel, sir, that the country owes him a large debt of gratitude for his exertions at this conjecture, and that the South has never done him justice. I desire not to be misunderstood. There was no day in the week, Sundays excepted, on which the volunteers which I had the honor to command, at that time, in Charleston, would not have gone out and have given Gen. Jackson's regulars battle, if this was to have decided the issue, notwithstanding our just appreciation of the skill and gallantry of the distinguished officer to whom their command had been confided, and who, on a trying occasion, added to his known valor so benignant a desire for peace and conciliation. But we knew that on the discharge of the first musket, the streets of our city would run with fraternal blood. Can we then regard with indifference the services of such a man, rendered at such a time.

You will permit me to remark that I now take no part in the politics of the country. I have not voted for five years at an election, nor do I know that I shall vote for the next five years to come.—Engaged in an anxious and ardent effort to pay my debt, by tilling the soil on the banks of this river, the sunny activity of public honors has no attractions for me—I seek the valley, and prefer the shade. There was a time when I might have cherished other aspirations, but that time has gone forever. Retired, therefore, from the contest of parties, I think my very position makes me a witness beyond exception. But still my opinions may be of very little value—such as they are, you are entitled to them.

I believe Mr. Clay's election is about as probable as any human event, in futurity, can well be. A vista of renown will be open to him, which has awaited the administration of no previous president, since that of the "father of our country." If he is able, by his commanding influence, to arrest in congress the portentous agitation of the slave

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