

The Middlebury People's Press.

In this Paper are published the Public Orders, Resolutions, Laws, Public Treaties, Bankrupt Notices Etc. of the United States, By Authority.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURY VT. AUG. 2, 1842.

VOL. VII--NO. 13.

The People's Press.
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT
NORTH END OF THE BRIDGE, BY
J. COBB JR.
By whom all orders for printing, Books,
Famphlets, Bills, Cards, &c., of every de-
scription will be neatly and fashionably ex-
ecuted, at short notice.

TERMS OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.
Village subscribers, \$2.00
Retail subscribers, \$1.50
Individuals and Companies, who take at the office, \$1.75
or 1/20 cents if paid in six months.
Companies on single routes, \$5.00
Those who take by Post, \$5.00
If not paid at the end of the year \$5.00
No papers discontinued until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the proprietor. No payment to carriers al-
lowed except ordered by the proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the editor Post
Paid.

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES
Passed at the 22d Session of the 27th
Congress.

[OFFICIAL PUBLICATION]

[PUBLIC--No 28.]

AN ACT confirming certain land claims
in Louisiana.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the claims to lands within the land district New Orleans, being numbers six, seven, eight, nine, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, thirty, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-eight, forty-seven, forty-eight, fifty-seven, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, and sixty-two, of the two reports of the register and receiver of said land district, dated fourth of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, and second of November, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, and made under the provisions of the act of the sixth day of February, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, entitled "An act for the final adjustment of claims to lands in the State of Louisiana," be, and the same are hereby, confirmed: *Provided*, always, That this is only to operate as a quitclaim on the part of the United States.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That a sum not exceeding five hundred dollars be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise disposed of, to be used by the Commissioners of the General Land Office, in paying the expenses of a copy of all the documents of record, and offered before the register and receiver of the New Orleans land district, in support of the land claims reported upon by them, and which are not confirmed by this act.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That claims numbers two, five, eight, nine, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, sixteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty-two, twenty-six, thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty and forty-six, of the report of the register and receiver of the Ouachita land district, in the State of Louisiana, dated the twenty-fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, and made under the provisions of the act of the sixth day of February, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, are hereby confirmed for six hundred and forty acres each.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That numbers one, four, seven, fifteen, eighteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-seven, and forty-eight of said report, are also confirmed, as recommended by the register and receiver; number three is confirmed to two thousand acres; number twenty-four to one thousand acres; and number forty-five to two hundred acres: *Provided*, That this act shall amount only to a relinquishment on the part of the United States, and shall in no manner affect the rights of third persons; and on the presentation to the Commissioner of the General Land Office of a plat of survey duly approved by the surveyor general of the State of Louisiana, the claimant shall be entitled to a patent.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That claims numbers ten, eighteen, nineteen, and twenty, of the list reported by the register and receiver of the land office at Greensburgh, formerly St. Helena, under the provisions of the act of Congress of the sixth day of February, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, entitled "An act for the final adjustment of claims to lands in the State of Louisiana," be, and the same are hereby, confirmed; and upon the presentation to the Commissioner of the General Land Office of a plat, approved by the surveyor general of Louisiana, the owner of said claims shall be entitled to a patent.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That claims number seven and eight of the list mentioned in the preceding section are also confirmed, giving the right to the claimants to locate the same within a year after the passage of this act, on any public lands subject to sale at private entry, in the district where said claims are situated; which location, approved and certified by the surveyor general of Louisiana to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, will entitle said claimants to a patent: *Provided*, Said claimants shall, previous to making said location, relinquish to the United States their claims to the lands originally claimed by them.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That the claims to land within the district south of Red river, being numbers thirty-three, thirty-five, forty-five, fifty-two, seventy-seven, seventy-nine, eighty-seven, ninety-three, one hundred, one hundred and one, one hundred and three, one hundred and eight, one hundred and twenty-two, one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and forty-two, one hundred and forty-seven, one hundred and forty-eight, one hundred and fifty-one, one hundred and fifty-two, one hundred and fifty-seven, one hundred and fifty-nine, one hundred and sixty, one hundred and sixty-one, one hundred and sixty-three, one hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and sixty-five, one hundred and sixty-six, one hundred and sixty-seven, one hundred and sixty-eight, one hundred and sixty-nine, one hundred and seventy, one hundred and seventy-one, one hundred and seventy-two, one hundred and seventy-three, one hundred and seventy-four, one hundred and seventy-five, one hundred and seventy-six, one hundred and seventy-seven, one hundred and seventy-eight, one hundred and seventy-nine, one hundred and eighty, one hundred and eighty-one, one hundred and eighty-two, one hundred and eighty-three, one hundred and eighty-four, one hundred and eighty-five, one hundred and eighty-six, one hundred and eighty-seven, one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and eighty-nine, one hundred and ninety, one hundred and ninety-one, one hundred and ninety-two, one hundred and ninety-three, one hundred and ninety-four, one hundred and ninety-five, one hundred and ninety-six, one hundred and ninety-seven, one hundred and ninety-eight, one hundred and ninety-nine, and two million acres of Western land are to be sold in New York, in August next, without redemption, for taxes.

Temperance Department.

PREPARED FOR THE VERMONT PRESS BY THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE VT. TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

We offer our readers, this week, selections from a series of articles that has lately come into our hands, entitled, 'History of the Cogniac Club'. The entire series may be found in the 'Father's and Young Men's Magazine',—a periodical published in 1834, at New York, by Rev. Joel Parker. They contain, we have assured ourselves, a sober, although a dreadful account of facts which took place, many years before this publication, in a leading and celebrated town of Vermont. We have reason to believe, however, that the articles were never widely circulated, or extensively read in this State.

'THE COGNIAC CLUB.'

"There was formed in a neighboring state thirty or forty years since, a social club, that took to itself the name which stands at the head of this article. Owing to the Temperance Reformation, and other causes, it long since found a grave, but while it lived, it was the curse of families and a fruitful source of the tears of broken hearted mothers and widowed wives, where the tender sensibility of the softer sex had not been destroyed by *Rum, the monster of the age.*"

*** The Club in its early history is believed to have been somewhat political, but it accumulated in itself at length the whole mass of the drinking, and gambling, and sporting male community, whatever might be their views in politics.

Rum was their standard in every thing. He that would drink the largest quantity of Cogniac was the finest fellow; he that could best pitch the Bacchalian song was their favorite, and he that could blaspheme most impiously, wore in their depraved estimation, the laurels of the bravo.

It was not from families depressed with poverty or sunk in vice that came the members of the Club, but from the most wealthy, honored and respectable of the region, a circumstance which in that dark period of our history lent an additional incentive (where surely none was needed) to a vice which almost drove forever away the weeping and lovely form of virtue.

I will now give you a short account of the members of the Cogniac Club.

A—was one of the elder sons of a very reputable family. An education was lavished upon him, and he followed the profession of the law. His talents were more than ordinary, and he could with perfect ease have risen and shone. He had a noble chance to be elevated, useful, and happy; had a good farm, a good name, a good business, a lucrative office, and what was better than all a noble wife, to throw around his character her protecting influence. But the Club sunk him down from his elevated station into a bar-room story teller, lost him his office and his character, his mind and his business, and brought him early to a drunkard's grave. Perhaps never was a wife more faithful, or a parent more devoted, while she nursed him and watched him, a supernumerary baby in quite early life. The early loss of his mind prevented the entire squandering of his estate. He had enough to last of this world's goods, and to spare, but was sadly provided for, for the future.

He lived for many years a sour and unhappy man, and probably had no warning of his end, till he appeared before the Judge of the quick and the dead.

B—was a near relative of A—, was once a man of talents and received a high share of respect. His business was formerly very prosperous. He has a pious wife and a fine family, and might live yet a score of years upon his little farm had not the Cogniac Club left his soul tainted, and his passions strong, and his temper irritable, and his fortune wasting away, and his family unhappy, and his future destiny not very probable. But my prayers shall be that the Lord may even yet have mercy upon his soul, and let him live to be a comfort and a blessing to his family.

C—, a man of fine talents and flattering prospects, was liberally educated and bred a lawyer. He bid fair to become the first lawyer in the state. But alas! he too entered the Cogniac Club, the grand academy of corruption and vice; the vortex into whose greedy abyss sunk forever much of the talent, wealth and respectability of a whole town. He became habitually intemperate and slovenly profane—spent his days in drinking and his nights in gambling. He joined himself with a companion of a like stamp with himself, and rioted on his way to the grave. So intense was his profligacy that his godly father could not see him in his dying moments, because he would not hear his pliancies. The two associates are lost each a son in their own likeness. One is left and the other is hopefully reforming. The two fathers found each a drunkard's grave. Associates in life, they were not divided in death. Fellows in sin, they are doubtless companions in misery."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Tribune.
A BRIDAL SONG.
BY STEPHEN B. DEAR.

Come braid the bright garlands strike gaily the Lyre;
Call flowers of sweet vernal to crown the sweet fair;
Twine a chaplet of roses as white as the snow,
And pour as her warm heart that's throbbing below,
Sing songs of blithe gladness, and dance on the green,
Bring fruits from the garden to the festival scene,
Ring merry your laughter and glee on the air,
While we bind the Bride's Chaplet 'round Fanny's dark hair.

Here's fruit from the garden to banquet the scene,
And light steps of gladness are treading the green.
Songs, mingled with laughter and glee, fill the air—
Now twine me the chaplet 'round Fanny's brown hair.

The fair bride is blushing, joy beams in her eyes,
And sweet smiles are wreathing their lips' ruby dyes,
As the Bride's maids encircle her pale brow in flow-ers,
And lead her in triumph 'neath garlanded bowers.

Ah, he that now weds peerless Fanny the fair,
With capture behold every grace blested there,
Deems not his bride's charms transcendent her worth,
And joys he'll strive to round her, the sweetest of Earth.

They kneel at the altar, they murmur their vows
In the ivy-clad church 'mong green the waving boughs,
And while perfume from garlands floats sweet on the air,
Swell soft strains of blessings on Fanny the fair.

ROMANTIC STORY.

The Boston Times says 'that some one lately attempted to murder a sleeping woman by pouring hot lead into her ear, and that so shocking a circumstance was never heard of before.' This is a mistake. A more remarkable instance occurred some years ago in Virginia. We personally knew all parties intimately. Col. F—, a gentleman of high respectability, a representative of this county, died leaving a wife, some sons, and a very beautiful daughter, about 15 years of age. The widow finding herself destitute, opened a boarding house at the county seat, and among other boarders was Mr. W., a wealthy merchant in the meridian of life, and a very fine looking man. This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family, gave employment to the sons, furnished means to educate the daughter in the most fashionable manner, and conceived for her a violent passion. On her return from school, he addressed her, but she resisted alike his appeals and the importunities of her mother and friends. She had indeed, formed an attachment for a very "nice young man" in the same town, but he was not to be put in competition with the rich merchant, in the estimation of the family. The young lady, perhaps, thought otherwise. Finally, however, after two years of assiduity and gallantry on the part of Mr. W. and the combined tears, entreaties, threats and persecution of the family, the fair girl stood before the altar and became his wife.

The next evening a large party was given them, and in the midst of the dance Mr. W. being attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw. His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night, apparently in deep distress, and insisted on giving him a potion. She poured out a wine glass full of laudanum, and he swallowed it without knowing its nature.

From some cause, it immediately acted as an emetic; but left him stupid and wandering. His senses reeled. One moment he would lay motionless and comatose, as if on the borders of the spirit world, and then he would shriek and leap convulsively, like a strong man in his agony. Mrs. W. denied all admission into the chamber. At length he fell into a gentle slumber. She then stooped for a moment over the smouldering embers—approached the bed, grazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand, calmly prepared to pour a stream of melted lead into his ear.

At that instant he moved; and his hissing liquid intended to penetrate to, and scald out the brain, and thus cause his death without a trace, fell upon his cheek. He shouted in excruciating pain, and the revellers, mother, brothers and friends, rushed in. "There writhed the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep in his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand, and an empty phial labelled 'Laudanum,' lying on the floor. The fearful reality of the case rushed on every one, and in the confusion of the moment she disappeared, and was hurried forthwith out of the commonwealth to a distant State; on searching the room an old French magazine was found containing the death bed confession of a woman who had murdered nine husbands by pouring lead into their ears. The laudanum and the lead, it was ascertained, she had procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before their marriage, and the ladle used was part of the bridal present."

The Grand Jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive, and the legislature being in session, immediately decreed a final and absolute divorce. What renders this case the more singular is, that Miss F. was proverbial for the blandness of her manner, and the uniform softness of her temper.—She was blonde. The rose leaf tinted her lily cheek as a sunbeam glows on snow.—Her blue eyes were indescribably beautiful, and her golden hair floated like gossamer around a form more perfect and voluptuous than ever Raphael dreamed of, or Petrarch sung. Often have we gazed, as she stood cynosure of every circle, and wondered if angels could be so fair.

But the sequel of this romance is more singular still. Years rolled by and Mr. W. continued a wretched and solitary man.—But the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul. He closed his stores—sold his estates—collected his ample means and followed her to her distant abode, to make her a new offer of his hand! She had just married a man of high standing, aware of all the circumstances, but incapable of resisting her charms. Poor W.! Then indeed, did the iron enter his soul. The deadly arrow

MISCELLANEOUS.

quivered in his side.' His early love—his fluctuating courtship—his triumph and the tragedy it occasioned—the flight—the divorce—his years of misery—the new birth of his passion—and now his disappointment final and forever—came rushing over him, like an avalanche, in the tide of bitter memories, and he prayed for death! Whether this prayer was answered we do not know. He may yet wander broken hearted over the earth; but one thing we do know—if he be dead, more wretched, yet a purer and nobler spirit never winged its flight to Heaven.—*Natchez Free Trader.*

COMMODORE TUCKER.

Perhaps you have heard of the brave Commodore Tucker, who died a few years ago. He was born in Marblehead, which is a town in Massachusetts, near the ocean. Many of the inhabitants are fishermen or sailors; and the father and grandfather of Samuel Tucker, both of them used to go to sea. His brothers were also engaged in the same occupation.

When he was about ten years old, Samuel was placed on board a British frigate, where he learned all the duties of a sailor. At the age of seventeen, Samuel Tucker performed one of the most heroic deeds of his life. He was on board of a schooner, which was chased by two piratical frigates. The captain of the schooner was so intoxicated that he could not take care of his vessel. The enemy pressed close upon them, and there seemed no chance but that they would be taken. At this moment Samuel Tucker appeared on the quarter deck, and having forced the cowardly master to go below he seized the helm himself. For some time, the resolute boy was exposed to a shower of balls from the two frigates, but so skillfully did he manage his vessel, that he escaped them both. He steered the schooner and crew safely into the harbor of Lisbon in Portugal, where he arrived the next day. As soon as the vessel was safely anchored, he went below, and apologizing to the Captain for the course he had been obliged to persevere, he resigned his command. But the ungrateful captain placed him, under a false pretence, on board of a British frigate then in port. The commander of the frigate however, learned the truth of the case, and rewarded the brave boy by promotion.

When the revolutionary war broke out, Samuel earnestly took the part of his native country, and fearlessly asserted his rights. So active in the cause was he, that he was soon appointed a Commodore in the navy. This was an honor, which he did not much expect. He used sometimes to relate the manner in which he received his commission as Commodore.

He was then a young man and lived at Marblehead. He was cutting wood before his mother's door when an officer gaily dressed, rode down the street. It was towards the close of the day, and the officer seeing Tucker with an axe in his hand, rode up to him, and asked him if he could inform him where the Honorable Samuel Tucker resided. Tucker, not supposing it was himself, who was meant, replied, "there is no other Sam Tucker in the town, but myself." Immediately on hearing this, the officer took off his cap, and bowing low presented him his commission in the navy.

Commodore Tucker was selected to carry John Adams, our first ambassador to France. The Commodore was ordered to make no delay, and not to stop to fight the enemy, if he could help it. On his passage he escaped from several large ships, which chased him a long way. At one time he was attacked by a British ship, which fired at his vessel once, and then surrendered. He immediately called to the ship, and directed an officer to come on board his vessel. The officer came and looking around, said, "if we had known you were no stronger, we would not have submitted so." "Very well," said Tucker, "we take no advantage, go back, and we will try it out. If I have such men to deal with," said the officer, "I will let it go as it is." The Commodore took possession of his valuable prize, and arrived safely in France.

At another time Commodore Tucker kept his station upon deck for about seventy hours in succession, while chased by a superior force of the enemy.

Commodore Tucker did not remain wholly inactive during the last war with Great Britain. The coasting vessels which sailed from Bristol, Maine, were much annoyed by the large ships of the enemy, which belonged to a fast sailing tender, which belonged to a small vessel employed to attend a larger one for the purpose of supplying her with provisions or of conveying intelligence. Some of the good people of Bristol at last determined to relieve themselves of their troublesome visitor. They chose for their leader Commodore Tucker, who although an old man, was as brave, active and hardy as ever. They armed themselves, and proceeded to the water's edge. A sloop which had been used for carrying wood, was fitted up; and they departed on the same day. For a day or two they sailed about the coast in vain, in search of the tender. But at last it was in sight. The vessels rapidly approached each other. In the meantime, the Commodore ordered the sloop to stand upon the wood in the hold of the sloop, so as to be out of sight. He then hoisted the American flag and fired a musket. The tender hoisted a British ensign, and fired a cannon, not supposing that the poor coasting sloop would make the least resistance.

But just at this moment, the Commodore called for his men with a loud voice. The deck of the little sloop was covered by them in an instant; and they fired their guns at the astonished enemy, in quick succession. In a few moments not a man was to be seen on board the British tender. The hat of the Captain was occasionally perceived popping up, as he lay, trying to steer fast on his back. It was soon learned, that he was

MISCELLANEOUS.

ready to surrender, but he had no means of hauling down his flag. His men hid themselves below, and the shower of balls which poured in upon his vessel, made it dangerous for him to attempt to walk across the deck. This difficulty, however, was got over, by shooting down the flag, and the tender was boarded and made prize of, with several good guns and twenty-five men.—Not a person was killed or wounded on either side. Commodore Tucker generously took the British commander to his own house, and entertained him handsomely for some time.

During the latter part of his life, Commodore Tucker resided at Bremen's town in Maine. He was much beloved by his acquaintances, and his character was such as to claim the esteem of every one. He died on the 12th of March, 1833, in the 66th year of his age. He had, a few weeks before, received a pension from government of six hundred dollars a year.

THE DUEL.

We publish, from the Sunday Morning News, a detailed, and we doubt not an authentic account of the late Duel between Col. WEBB and the Hon. Mr. MARSHALL, preceded by a brief history of causes which led to the meeting.

We publish this article, not so much to show that Mr. MARSHALL was the wrong-doer before the Duel, as to say that his course since the meeting is even more reprehensible. In demanding a third fire after Col. WEBB was severely wounded, and how to insist, as it is said he does, upon another meeting, is a violation even of the code of honor which governs duelling.

Mr. MARSHALL had important and decided advantages in the two shots that were exchanged. He was unmolested and at his ease during the eight and forty hours which preceded the meeting; while Col. WEBB, instead of dogged by shells and ingrates, was compelled to pass the whole night previous in the open air. A—, a gentleman, aiming only at Mr. Marshall's legs, Col. W. left his whole person (by no means a bad target) exposed to the fire of an antagonist who sought his life. If, after making two deliberate efforts to take the life of a man who went into the field with a settled purpose not to kill his antagonist,—as we know to have been Col. W. determination—Mr. MARSHALL, thrives for more blood, he forfeits all claim to that sense of justice and magnanimity which distinguishes the name he bears and the State he represents.

GEERTMANNING.—The difficulties which the ARGUS and its kindred prints affected to see in carrying out the Apportionment Bill seem to vanish readily enough when the time for action arrives. The Foco Legislature of Pennsylvania are now trying their hands and cutting up the Key Stone State into Congressional Districts. So far as an opinion can be formed from the result of their labors, the sole rule by which they are governed appears to be subdivided the State in such a manner as to secure the greatest possible number of Loco Foco Districts. In following out this rule the ratio of representation fixed by Congress is treated with the utmost disregard. Thus in the bill as reported by the Loco Foco Committee of the House, it is proposed to make Philadelphia a single District, and Lancaster county with 93,000 inhabitants another District. This reason for this arrangement is obvious enough. There is no territory contiguous to the city of Philadelphia or the county of Lancaster Loco Focoism is in such preponderance as to neutralize the heavy majorities of these staunch Whig Districts.—Hence it is proposed to organize each into a District by itself, although the population is 20 per cent greater than the number fixed ratio of representation! Ad.

LOCOFOCO PROTECTION.

Congress, our readers will know are endeavoring to revise the whole tariff question, and to establish a system of duties which shall supply the government with money, and amply protect the industry of the country. In order to prevent, if possible, the serious consequences likely to result from a full operation of the Compromise Act from the new tariff could go into effect. Mr. Fillmore last week, with the intention of containing, for the present protection of the existing Tariff, introduced a bill to continue the present Tariff until August 1st, when it is hoped, a more adequate tariff, both for revenue and protection, will be made. The object of Mr. Fillmore's bill was protection and revenue, as it is until something better can be prepared. As, in the absence of Mr. F.'s bill, the country would almost be without revenue and the manufacturer without protection. Our readers can judge for themselves whether the following vote upon the passage of this bill confirms us, at all, in the ground we have always taken, that the *locofoco* policy is opposed to a protective tariff. Before giving the vote, however, we must premise that an attempt was made to cover up this free trade opposition to Mr. Fillmore's bill by an attempt to suspend the Distribution bill, and the best apology the *locofocos* in Congress can give for the Distribution bill paramount to the revenues of the country and the protection of its industry.

The following is the vote on the bill for continuing in force the existing tariff until the first of August—with a provision against its interfering with the operations of the Distribution Act—taken in the House on Wednesday.

Ayes—Whigs, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE; Locos, ONE.

Nays—Whigs, EIGHTY-THREE; Locos, TWO.

These bills do not regard the principles of the compromise, as formerly construed, but agree with the recent construction, except as to the valuation. The fourth bill, presented by a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, (Mr. Habersham) proposed a horizontal duty of 25 per cent, upon a qualified home valuation, but which has already been disposed of, (37 only) at

MISCELLANEOUS.

Snow!—Here last Saturday. Glorious whig times these—eh?—*Spirit of the Age.*

The above is perfectly in character, with locofocoism; it is almost equal to the charge about the State Debt, now brought against the Whigs, which was incurred in Antislavery times, in erecting a State House, which cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The State House is the property of the State, the State paid for their own property out of their own funds; this is the State debt. The State owes itself for money taken from its own vaults to pay for its own property.—*Whig Advocate.*

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF HORACE EVERETT, ON THE TARIFF.

JULY 6, 1842.

Mr. EVERETT said I come now Mr. Chairman, to the consideration of the subject on which I obtained the floor—the protection of the great interests of wool and woollens.

The interests of the wool-grower and the manufacturer are inseparably connected. If the manufacturer is not protected, duties even amounting to prohibition are of no value to the wool-growers. Every farmer understands that he must have a home market, and that the manufacturer is alone can furnish that market. 'The interest is not exactly material in theory, yet in practice it is nearly so. The protection to the wool-grower is a tax on the manufacturer. But the opposition that would arise from this, is balanced by the fact that if the farmers are not protected, they have no direct interest, as wool-growers, to secure to the manufacturers the protection that is necessary to them; and hence it has happened that, from the earliest date of protection, both interests have, as they should do, united cordially in the support of each other.

Their interests being thus united, and the protection between them being relative, the first question is, which interest shall be made the basis of protection? In my judgment the basis, the wool-growing interest should be the basis. Give the farmer sufficient protection first, and then afford a proper relative protection to the manufacturer. As I have remarked, the manufacturer is always sure of the support of the wool-grower. Do justice first, and he will see that they have justice.

In every respect the wool-growing interest is the major interest. It is now an important interest in twenty States of the Union. There are 20,000,000 sheep. The whole capital employed, lands included, is not less than \$200,000,000. The number of persons interested exceed ten times the number employed in manufactures of all kinds; while the capital employed in wool-manufactures is supposed not to exceed \$16,000,000. As an existing interest which has grown up under the policy of your laws, shall it now be abandoned?

But gentlemen may say, if the farmers find wool growing unprofitable let them abandon it. Change your course of agriculture; raise stock; but where, if all are stock raisers, will they find a market? They cannot look abroad. Raise wheat, they have to meet the same difficulty. But there is a present fixed interest; any change must sacrifice their capital. Is their means of support; and what is the Union worth to those whose employment and means of life are to be broken up and destroyed?

And now, sir, what is the present condition of the woolen interest? Wool which was formerly sold for seventy-five cents, and which was brought down in 1840 to forty-one cents, now is in a dull market at twenty-five cents. From the closest calculations I have been able to make, from information derived from the most intelligent wool-growers, fifty-two cents is the lowest rate at which it can be raised. This rate will give only six per cent on the capital, and what is the condition of manufactures? Their capital sunk to one third of its cost; and every one that has depended on prompt sales, suspended, or are working on shares. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not attribute all this to the want of a tariff, though that comes in for its full share.—Manufacturers have felt the pressure of the times as heavily as any other portion of the community; and through them it has necessarily bore upon the wool-grower. But under the general pressure, the want of a faithful administration of it, the prostration of it was inevitable.

From all appearances the currency must take care of itself for three years more.—The only measure of relief to which the country now looks, is to a protective tariff; and, for one, I am willing to go to this extent; whenever we manufacture or produce an abundance of any article, and where there is no danger of monopoly, I would raise the duties to the point of prohibition and, in the mean time, I would foster rising interests. I would secure the home market for the products of home labor. What is now proposed? Sundry bills have been introduced; one from the Committee on Manufactures, proposing that unmanufactured wool, costing eight cents and under, be admitted free of duty; on wool costing over eight cents, a specific duty of four cents and 26 per cent ad valorem;—in both cases assessed on a foreign valuation. This next came from the Secretary of the Treasury, and is reported by the Committee of Ways and Means. In this the duty on wool under eight cents is 8 per cent, on other wool 30 per cent, and on woollens 40 per cent, on the foreign valuations.

These bills do not regard the principles of the compromise, as formerly construed, but agree with the recent construction, except as to the valuation. The fourth bill, presented by a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, (Mr. Habersham) proposed a horizontal duty of 25 per cent, upon a qualified home valuation, but which has already been disposed of, (37 only) at