

The Middlebury People's Press.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Morality, General Intelligence and Family Reading.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

WOOL AND WOOLENS.

It has been a standing accusation against the New Tariff that it did not sufficiently protect the Wool-growers of this country.—Because a peculiar kind of coarse Wool, neither grown nor raised in this Country, was admitted at a low duty, it has been roundly asserted that Foreign Wool was admitted at a little or no duty, and the Manufacturer alone protected. Now the fact is very different from this. The New Tariff is more stringent against the importation of Wool than any former one; and, although the importation of the very coarsest and poorest Wool for negro clothes, &c., is permitted at a very low duty, yet the total importation of Wool has been far less since this Tariff was adopted than in any previous corresponding period for many years.

But again: While Woolen fabrics are lower now, than they were before, Wool has advanced twenty-five per cent. This is admitted by the Journal of Commerce, which, in admitting, undertakes to confuse and smear down the facts, as follows:

—Wool.—Among the articles which feel the impulse of prosperity is Wool. A very large proportion of the new clip has been bought up, and during the operation prices have advanced five to seven cents a pound, or something like twenty-five per cent on the prices of the spring. Certainly this high Tariff of ours is a great thing for the country. To be sure, the Tariff men brag that it has made every thing cheaper but wool, or something like twenty-five per cent on the prices of the spring. Certainly this high Tariff of ours is a great thing for the country. To be sure, the Tariff men brag that it has made every thing cheaper but wool, or something like twenty-five per cent on the prices of the spring. Certainly this high Tariff of ours is a great thing for the country. To be sure, the Tariff men brag that it has made every thing cheaper but wool, or something like twenty-five per cent on the prices of the spring. Certainly this high Tariff of ours is a great thing for the country.

The Salem papers say the above business at Lenox, was never more flourishing and prosperous than at the present time. Every workman is fully employed, and wages have risen to the average which they have maintained for the last few years.

We have in this fact another evidence of the beneficial effects of the tariff. Had it not been for that measure, boots and shoes from France and Germany would have flooded this country, and those who are now employed in the manufacture, at high wages, were compelled to work for low wages, or to come upon the parish for support. And yet we will venture to say that two thirds of the Lynn shoemakers are Loco-focos, and directly hostile to the system which puts the bread into their mouths. So inconsistent is human nature, so ungrateful are the masses of mankind to those who are their greatest benefactors.

Had it not been for the stand taken by the Whig party in Congress in behalf of the tariff, the condition of this country at this time would have been wretched in the extreme. The worthy Loco-foco shoemakers of Lynn, instead of receiving their \$3 per day, and partaking of "roast beef," or whatever other comforts they may have a taste for, as they now do, would either have been thrown out of employ altogether, or if employed, been paid but a mere fraction of what they are now paid. Is it any more than just then, that they who passed the tariff should call upon those who are especially benefited by it, and request their support and encouragement to perpetuate the same?

The tariff is threatened by its opponents with repeal. And although to repeal it would be to commit an act of such utter and execrable madness, as has hardly been paralleled in the history of legislation, yet when we reflect upon the total abandonment of all principle and all regard for the welfare of the nation, which hath over and over again characterized the legislation of the Loco-foco party, we cannot conceal the appalling truth that the continuance of the present tariff is greatly endangered by the present aspect of affairs.

ultimately prostrate, the hopes, the enterprise, and the energies, of the free labor of the north, which at this moment are just starting into new life, from the prospects ahead. To drown all doubts floating in the minds of the wool-grower, and of which the manufacturer and speculator make a hobby, 'that in consequence of the next Congress having a democratic majority, the repeal of the tariff is inevitable'—I would ask, was the passage of the bill, a party or a sectional measure? Did not whigs and democrats indiscriminately vote for and against the passage of the act? Did not whigs and democrats equally come to the rescue? Are not the democrats in favor of a tariff for revenue? Is the present tariff anything else than a revenue measure? And are not the proceeds of the sales of the public lands when thrown in insufficient for the support of our national government?—Under this view of the subject, (the cant of party politicians and party presses to the contrary notwithstanding) view not the prospects of the wool trade, 'hearing in the extreme?' The benefits to be derived from the present tariff, are begun to be felt; as up to the present time, a large surplus both of the raw and manufactured article, over and above the wants of the American people, have been in market. That surplus has gone in to the interior, and is about used up. Little or no wool, or manufactured woollens, have been imported since the passage of the present tariff. Some of both have actually been exported. This, together with the fact, that the United States do not raise wool enough for her own consumption, that the old clip is nearly worked up, the new clip begun upon, and that both factories and business men that have for several years lain dormant, are now brushing off the cobwebs and arousing with the strength of a Hercules, to new life and vigor. Who, therefore, can doubt but wool will very soon command a fair price? Notwithstanding the assertions of some of our wool buyers in writing to the manufacturers 'that wool enough can be purchased in Rutland County for twenty five cents per pound. With a knowledge of the fact, that the manufacturers do not as at former times, purchase large quantities of wool at any one time; but only enough for present use, and thereby saving the interest of money they might have invested in a large surplus over and above their immediate wants. Knowing also, that money in abundance can be had in any of the Atlantic cities on good security, for 5 per cent. Where is the farmer that will sell his wool for twenty-five cents, or even thirty. No wool-grower, we cannot raise wool for these prices, and all that is necessary at this time, and until higher prices are offered, is for the farmers of Vermont to say, we do not want to sell.

Rutland, July 6, 1843.

We publish the above article at the solicitation of a gentleman who is known to us, and is what he professes to be a Loco-foco in his politics and a farmer. We may add moreover that he is a gentleman for whom we have no other feeling than that of respect and in whose character we have seen much to like. We do not feel competent to advise the farmers of Vermont as to the proper time of selling their produce, and indeed we have found they need but little advice from any one in regard to matters of policy. To this highly respectable and intelligent class C. himself belongs and therefore his suggestions are entitled to consideration. With his views in the above article we in the main most cordially assent. We do expect great things from the operations of this much abused and well-fated tariff. We think that while the Loco-foco press are literally deluging the country with their 'free-trade' doctrines and are assailing this 'Black tariff' with all vehemence, he has the honesty and magnanimity to give his voice in its favor. We will only add that we cannot answer his questions in any way to 'Drown our doubts,' as to the danger of trusting this tariff to the Loco-foco 'doctors.' We think Loco-foco politicians 'do' all that they can in the way of trade. We cannot forget that but one Loco-foco in Congress from New England, on its final passage, voted in favor of this bill, while every one from Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana and Mississippi, voted against it. This was coming to the 'rescue,' with a vengeance.—*Rut. Herald.*

TARIFF.

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nor do we well see how it can be warded off unless by the spontaneous rising of the friends of protection in such strength as we know they possess, and in such manner as to compel, if possible, their representatives not to sacrifice their country and its interests for the sake of making Calhoun or Van Buren the next President of the United States.—*Troy Whig.*

Several Woolen and Cotton Factories near Philadelphia, which have been kept idle for the last two years, are happy to learn, are now in full operation, one of them turning out 14,000 yards of Goods weekly. The same enervating and cheering intelligence comes to us from nearly every quarter. And to what cause shall we attribute this great change in business? Is it only a matter-of-course affair, or is it the "rainous" workings of the "accursed tariff?" O, when will people cease to be humbugged!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRAYER ON BUNKER'S HILL.

During the Battle on Bunker's Hill, a venerable clergyman knelt on the field, with hands upraised, and grey head uncovered, and while the bullets whistled round him, prayed for the success of his compatriots, and the deliverance of his country.

It was an hour of fear and dread,—
High rose the battle cry,
And round in heavy volumes, spread
The war cloud to the sky;
'Twas not, as when in rival strength
Contending nations meet,
Or love of conquest maddly hurled
A monarch from his seat;

Yet one was there, untried to tread
The path of mortal strife,
Who but the Savior's flock had fed
Beside the font of life.
He knelt him where the black smoke wreathed,
His head was bowed and bare,
While for an infant had he breathed
The agony of prayer.

The column red with early morn,
May tower o'er Bunker's height,
And proudly tell a race unborn,
Their patriot fathers' might;
But sleep, oh patriot, old and grey,
Thou prophet of the free,
Who knelt among the dead that day,
What fame shall rise to thee?

It is not met that brass or stone,
Which feel the touch of time,
Should keep the record of a faith
That woke thy deed sublime;
We trace it on a tablet fair,
Which glows when stars wax pale,
A promise that the good man's prayer
Shall with his God prevail.

From the Olive Branch.

Julia Merton, or the Coquette Punished.

'Did you not receive a letter billet from me on Wednesday?' said Charles Graham to Julia Merton one winter's day.

'I did,' replied Julia, 'but Charles I was unfortunately engaged.'

'That was unfortunate indeed,' said Charles sorrowfully, 'but why did you not send me an answer to that purport?'

'Well, really, I forgot it in season to send it by Ann when she went to school, and you know that is the only way I have to send to you; but I will not forget it again.'

This conversation occurred between Charles Graham and his cousin, Julia Merton.

Charles Graham was about twenty years of age, a smart, active young man, and a Yankee withal. Being born in our own happy New England, and also of poor parentage, he inherited much of that quality which constituted a thorough Yankee.—Charles knew all that he could possess in this world he must get by his own industry, and like a man of true spirit, he began to buffet the billows which rose against him and already had got above water. He had the advantage of an excellent school, which he attended for twelve winters constantly, and at the time of our narrative, no scholar could go before him in the elementary branches of learning. But a cloud passed over his prospect, and threatened to engulf him in an awful catastrophe.

Charles Graham fell in love. Being from infancy a constant companion of Julia Merton, he had unconsciously fallen into the mire, and ere he was aware, he sank almost beyond the reach of hope.

Julia Merton was a bright eyed, rosy cheeked girl of eighteen, and was just what some folks call a coquette.

You may smile, dear reader to think of a school-girl being a coquette,—but it is so. I have attended school a great many winters myself and such minding, such partiality, such scornful some young men and shyness for others. I never saw in any place. But to return to my story.

I say Julia Merton was a coquette. Yes, she was called so, and she must have been one of course. Formed by nature with a pretty face and rosy cheeks, together with a lively look and agreeable disposition, she made and havoc with the hearts of the young men of her acquaintance. It was just such a girl that Graham fell in love with, and it was reported in the village, that if Charles Graham could not win Julia Merton, nobody could. But alas! no one can foresee future events.

Charles had been partial to Julia about a year, and it was on the eve of a grand ball in the village, that he sent her a billet to attend her there; but Julia seized with a fit of coquettishness, did not even deign to answer it. It was on this occasion that the above conversation took place.

Charles returned home that afternoon with some slight misgivings of heart, but they were soon banished. That evening he waited on his sister to the ball.

Julia was there, and was the merriest of the party. A genteel young stranger was her partner, which gave Graham no slight

uneasiness. A proud smile of scorn was upon her brow as she now and then glanced at poor Charles. He returned home that evening a sadder, if not wiser man, inly determined that he would make but one more effort for Julia's hand, and if unsuccessful, he would think no more about her; 'for, thought he, 'she is too proud for Charles Graham, ever to become his wife.'

It was at the close of the school one day the same winter, that one of the scholars handed Julia Merton a note. She opened it and read, 'Charles Graham's compliments to Miss Julia Merton, and requests the favor of attending her to the sleigh-ride on Thursday evening.'

'Well, I shan't go,' said Julia.

'Why not?' replied her sister Ann, 'you know that Charles is as likely a young man as there is in the village.'

'Well, I don't care if he is; I shan't go.'

'I suppose you will answer his billet, then?'

'I shall do as I please about that,' replied Julia angrily.

The sleigh-ride came and passed, but Charles did not carry Julia Merton; and again he was seen wending his way over to her father's. He found Julia alone, and sitting down by the side of her, in a sad tone he said 'Julia, I have come to bid you farewell; to-morrow I leave the village.'

'Indeed, Charles! it is quite a sudden start is it not?' returned Julia, slightly coloring.

'It is,' said Charles; 'I did not think of going until yesterday.'

'Oh! I understand you now; you are going on account of my not going with you last evening,' returned Julia laughing.

Charles hesitated a moment, and then said, 'Well Julia, to confess the truth, that has something to do with it. Julia, I did think that you loved me once, but I have had my opinion altered in regard to it.'

'Have you, indeed; Charles, and he stammered a few words in reply, then bid her farewell.

'When will you come again?' said Julia laughing, as he left the room.

'Never!' was the reply.

As Charles slowly proceeded towards his home, he thought he would never think of Julia Merton again. He knew full well, that she was a coquette, and if she did love him she was then too proud to acknowledge it.

Ann Merton, who had heard of the intended departure of Charles, was just returning from school, and when she saw Charles she sprang forward and caught him by the hand, and exclaimed—'Oh, you naughty Charles, to leave us so! what will Julia do when you are gone? She will cry her eyes out about you.'

'Julia does not love me enough for that,' said Charles; 'she will be glad when I have gone away.'

'No she will not! She loves you Charles; but she is too proud to own it.'

'I will never ask her to acknowledge it,' replied Charles.

'Oh, don't say so, Charles; you know that we all love you—and why, then, do you say so? I know now; you mean to punish Julia for using you so. Now Charles; I will tell you how to do. You go off, and Julia will feel terribly; and I will write to you, and let you know all about it; and then, when we have punished her enough you will come home again. Won't that be capital, Charles?'

I shall not record the answer of Graham to Ann's proposition, but only say, that the next week, Charles was on his way to the far famed city of Brotherly Love, to join his brother in the study of the law.

The news of Charles Graham's departure struck a death blow to Julia's coquettish tricks. For, although she was a coquette,—although she loved to tease him with her tricks,—yet she lov'd him with all the fervor of a woman's heart. With Graham told her of his intended departure she believed him not, but thought he was only trying to elicit her sentiments in regard to him. His melancholy manner, which betrayed his true feelings, seemed only to add to Julia's determination of teasing him.—The result of her conduct that day and through the winter, served to fill her cup of sorrow for a long time. But Julia, although she had been guilty of great foolishness, showed that she had good sense enough to repent of the folly of her conduct towards Graham; and ever after, no one could justly accuse her of a guilty action. Many and many were the offers she had—but she steadily refused them all. Although she had but a faint hope of renewing her intimacy with Graham again, yet she would have given all the world if she could see him once more, and could have undone all he had done. But she had brought her own fate upon her and now she was doomed to bear it.

Five years passed, and Charles Graham was an eminent counselor in one of our Western States. Like a meteor which suddenly flashes into existence, and in an instant lights up the whole heavens with a glowing fire, was Graham's career. After he left the study of law in Philadelphia, he removed to the far West, where he settled in the practice. His argumentative powers and thrilling eloquence, soon won for him a standing among the first lawyers of the country; and no one had ever heard him when he pleaded the cause of the wronged, who had ever seen his fine, manly form stretched to its utmost height—who had ever heard his deep toned voice in thundering eloquence,—and seen his glowing eye and impatient gesture—but said Charles Graham was worthy of the station which he had won.

If five years had altered Charles Graham it had more so Julia Merton. Instead of the gay, airy, coquettish girl which she was when Graham last left her, she was a lovely and sedate woman. Her past conduct fully atoned for her former errors. Her lovely conduct towards those of her acquaintance won the regard of all. The poor were by her charities taught to bless her name.

She administered to the wants of the sick and needy, and, if she could do any thing to relieve the unfortunate, she never hesitated a moment; and if there ever was one called blessed by the villagers of C—, it was Julia Merton. Sometimes, when she thought of Graham, and how but for her own fault, she might have been his own happy bride,—she could hardly refrain from weeping. Julia, through the long period which had elapsed since Graham's departure, had never ceased to love him, and when her gay sister Ann would joke her about him, a tear would involuntarily start from her eyes, and she would turn away and seek out some retired spot, and then she would commune with her own feelings till she was calm again, then she would again join her mother in the domestic duties of her household. Sometimes she would think that Graham might come back, and yet make her happy; then she would think he might have forgotten her, and some more fortunate one might now be rejoicing in his love.

It was with such feelings as these, that she heard of the arrival of Graham in his native village. The evening after his arrival, he visited Mr. Merton's house, where he was welcomed with all the warmth of former friendship by Mr. Merton and his wife. Julia, when she saw her welcome him, was very much agitated; but Ann wore a roguish smile, which to an attentive observer, might have denoted that something more than common was passing in her mind.

As this passed away, Ann took the occasion to rally Graham and Julia about the former intimacy, and asked Charles when he thought he should unite himself in the bands of matrimony with some daughter of New England, and if he did not visit his native village for that purpose.

'But,' said Charles, 'did you not know that I was already married?'

If a thunder-clap had struck Julia, it could not have made more impression upon her than Graham's words did. Sobbing and gasping for breath, she rushed from the room. Graham alarmed at her appearance, seized a candle and followed just in season to catch her in his arms as she fainted away. Laying her on the sofa, and kneeling down by the side of her, he commenced bathing her temples, and in a few moments a faint sigh proclaimed returning consciousness.

'Oh my God!' exclaimed Julia when she was sufficiently recovered, 'why all this weakness! is it not just! Charles! Oh, Charles! she exclaimed, throwing herself at his feet, 'forgive me for my past errors! It is justly upon me! I did love you, Charles, but I would not own it! Oh Charles! do not spurn me from you! I do not ask you to love me now, but do not hate me! Forgive me! Oh forgive me!'

'Julia, Julia, hear me,' said Charles, bending over her half unconscious form; 'long, long have I thought of you when far away, and fervently loved you! You are forgiven Julia, and—'

'Oh Charles, I am calm now! Long have I prayed for this day, and now I have seen it. Let us part, Charles, for I love you too much now to embitter your happiness for you cannot love me again.'

'I do love you Julia, and can never be happy without you.'

'Without me! You are married, Charles.'

'I am not, Julia, I did not tell you that I was married.' And now Julia, do you love me?'

'Yes, yes!' cried Julia, throwing herself into his arms, 'I do love you! God knows my heart, I do! and I loved you when you went away, but my own proud heart would not own it.'

Ere a month had passed over the head of Graham and Julia, they were man and wife, rejoicing in the grateful fervor of each other's love. Charles Graham had been constantly informed of Julia's conduct by the hand of Ann Merton, and it was owing to her, that they were made happy.

Reader, if you wish to know the subsequent history of Charles Graham, I would tell you that he is now a member of the State Legislature of—, and his wife is one of the happiest of beings.

Ann Merton is single yet, but how long she will remain so, I cannot tell. She is engaged to the humble author of our—, but stay, I must tell no tales, so good bye.

From the Transcript.

FACTS TO BE KEPT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Keep it before the people, that during the 56 years for which Presidents have been elected under the present Constitution, the south have supplied the Presidents 44 years, and the north only 12 years.

Keep it before the people, that out of the 12 Judges of the Supreme Court, 10 have been appointed from the south, and two from the north.

Keep it before the people, that out of the thirty-one last appointments of foreign ministers, twenty-seven have been from the south and four from the north.

Keep it before the people, that out of the thirty-three last appointed Consuls, twenty-eight have been from the south, and five from the north.

Keep it before the people, that out of the eighty-eight last appointed Chief Officers of the army and navy, seventy-five are from the south, and thirteen from the north.

Keep it before the people, that out of seventy-seven elections pro tem. of the Senate, sixty-one have been from the south, and sixteen from the north.

Keep it before the people, that ever since 1811, every Speaker of the United States House of Representatives has been a slave holder but two.

Keep it before the people, that while the north have furnished, since the revolution, 1,400,000 soldiers, the south have furnished only 250,000.

Keep it before the people, that while the Post Office Department received from the north in 1841 \$600,000 more than it costs to carry the mail, the receipts from the south

fell short of the actual expenses of their transportation \$571,000; yes Mr. Editor, I say keep these facts before the people, repeat them again and again, until they become familiar with them—until they shall become the basis of their political action.

J.

The Loco-foco nominations for Senators in Washington County are Wooster Sprague, of Berlin, and Jacob Scott, of Barre.

S. W. Jewett, a writer in the loco-foco papers upon wool, should be sent either to the insane asylum for his insanity, or to an infant school for his ignorance, or some other place for his deceptions—which place is the more fitting we are not fully decided. He's to be pitted at any rate.—*Caledonian.*

Kendall's Exhibitor states, that the Editor celebrated the 4th of July within the jail limits, rejoicing at the liberty enjoyed by others.

An INDUSTRIOUS MAN. Judge Colquitt, of Columbus, Geo. recently spoke for several hours before the Supreme Court, at Pensacola, on an important law case, and in the evening he preached to a crowded audience in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

And on the next day the Judge, after another speech in court, addressed a Calhoun meeting, and denounced Van Buren.

STATE SCHOOL FUND.

No. 3.

Should the fund ever accumulate to the sum of \$4,000,000 the sum assumed to be necessary, before, by the provisions of the act, the interest can be distributed, the State would stand in the position of creditor to the people to that amount, and the people in the position of debtors to the State to the same extent. The commissioners of the fund would hold the mortgages or other securities against the debtors to the fund.

The people would be mortgagees to the State to that amount of \$4,000,000, and if interest of this sum, or \$400,000 would, if possible, be collected from the mortgagees, in the form of interests or rents. At the rate of compensation allowed collectors of the State tax, the bare collecting of these rents would cost the people the sum of \$18,800 annually, and this for the privilege of having their money paid through the hands of the commissioners of the school fund, again to be returned to the several school districts, whence the money was collected, there to be expended in support of common schools, as is now done in every school district in the State. Besides the expense of collecting this money, much of the sum collected, will be sponged up by the commissioners, and sub commissioners, by lawyers and other expenses of litigation, and in short by every one, through whose hands this money is to pass.

No people can remain long free, while ground down to the dust in debt; but a people in debt to the powers that be, are in a peculiar sense in bondage. Such a people are in truth and fact subjected to the bit and the bridle. They are in a position to be curbed, checked, and reined wherever their rider pleases. They may have the power of locomotion, but no choice is left them between sudden destruction, and keeping the track indicated by the engineer.—Poverty delivered up the Egyptian's bound hand and foot, to be the slaves of Pharaoh. No tyrant could desire a surer method to enslave a people, than to place them in the condition of debtors to the government.

That this is the precise condition into which the school fund, if consumed, will place all those whose misfortune it may be to owe that fund, cannot be denied. The expenses of the government, from the declaration, that Vermont was a free and independent State in 1777, have been met by direct taxation, or if not wholly so, this resource has been the great reliance of the government. It has always been true, that any expense incurred beyond the necessary expense of government was to be met by a direct tax. In such a state of things it is utterly amazing, that the project of accumulating a fund agreeably to the provisions of the act of 1825 should have been entertained by the Legislature. The whole process of accumulating this fund is resolvable into a very simple operation. It is to every practicable intent and purpose, nothing more nor less than taking money from the pockets of a poor tax paying community to accumulate it in the hands of the commissioner of the school fund, in the vain hope, that something will be gained in principle or interest, or both, ultimately to be applied to purposes of education. But who can fail to see, that every dollar thus accumulated has cost a dollar! And also that every cent of interest gained to the fund has cost the contributor precisely that amount, besides subjecting him to all the losses, expenses and risks to which the fund is exposed! The money accumulated in this fund is in a false position. The process is like transplanting a vegetable from its natural soil and climate to a position unnatural and unsuited to its condition. Can the money, when collected in masses, subject to the control of the commissioners, be as safe from speculation, from robbery, and from being suddenly dissipated by being invested in bad stock, or from other accidents, as it would be in the hands of those whose labor first accumulated it?—Would not the money accumulate as fast, if divided among the freemen of Vermont, as it would in the hands of the commissioner? And would it not be less subject to accident? No one can doubt it.

But such a fund as we have contemplated would have a disastrous effect on any free government. The condition, opinions and sentiments of the people must always give

shade and color to the acts of the Legislature. A debt of 4,000,000, due from the people to the government, would be such a counterpoise, as would cause the government to veer from its legitimate course.—Petitions for relief laws, for abatement of rents or interests, for delays and suspensions for the abolition of the fund and other matters growing out of the fund might be expected to occur no small portion of the time of the Legislature. The same interest which would influence the Legislature, would agitate the freemen before election, and a fund designated for a good purpose, would eventuate in one of strife and contention. The proposed object in all this, is to raise money to support schools. After the fund has been accumulated the same object remains to be done yearly in a very complex manner which is now done in an easy and simple manner every year. Now the money is collected in the name of a school tax, and as fast as the money is wanted, is all applied, and no mass is left to be managed or squandered. After the fund is accumulated, the money is to be yearly collected, but in a most objectionable and oppressive form. Now the rich are called on to contribute of their abundance to educate the poor; after the accumulation of the fund the poor mortgagee, the man whose necessities have driven him to hire money of the school fund, will be compelled by the force of a State execution to discharge his last cent to aid in educating the children of the rich, of those whose abundance saved them the necessity of borrowing that fund.—Such will be the general outlines of that process, which under the proposed fund, is to be the reliance of future generations for the support of schools. Who will aid to bring upon posterity such a system? Surely no friend of the people.

AUDITOR.

NOT AND LOSS OF LIFE IN CANADA.

Our Canada papers we received last evening, brought us intelligence of a riot and loss of life at Kingston on the 13th inst., the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. We subjoin the following account.

We stop the press to announce to our country readers, that the Loyal Orange Association in this city, yesterday, abandoned public possessions, and rigidly confined themselves to their Lodge Rooms, where they collected together. At night, the principal houses (National Hotel, Wellington street) was surrounded by a Repeal mob of several hundreds and but for the timely interference of the authorities, in calling out the troops, the most dreadful results might have occurred. The gallant 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers—soon cleared off the ruffians. Beaten from the National, the Repealers, (all armed with guns, swords, stones, &c.) marched up to the several other houses where the Orangemen were dining, and at the corner of Clergy and Brock streets, shot Robert Morrison, (standing alone and unarmed) through the head. He died instantly, and the coroner's jury is now holding inquest over his body.—The troops being marched up Princess and Clergy streets, for the protection of that part of the city, were fired on by the assassins, by which three men were wounded; one severely in the shoulder, and the others, one in the abdomen, and the other in the arm. Several boys and men of the Loyal party, are more or less injured. We believe about fourteen or fifteen of the Repealers are in jail, and amongst their number, their reputed leaders, August Tibbotts and Martin Foley. A Clerk in the Surveyor General's Office, was seen in the party armed with a musket.—The city authorities behaved well; but the officers of the government have the blood of the innocent laid on their heads.—Kingston Statesman.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

The subjoined extract of a characteristic letter from John Adams, describing a scene in the first Congress in Philadelphia in September 1777, shows very clearly on what Power the mighty men of old rested their cause. Mr. A. thus writes to a friend at the time:—

'When the Congress met, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it should be opened with prayer. It was opposed by Mr. Jay of New York, and Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina, because we were so divided in religious sentiment, some Episcopalians, some Quakers, some Anabaptists, some Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists, that we could not join in the same act of worship. Mr. Samuel Adams arose and said 'that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duche (Duchay) they pronounced it) deserved that character, and therefore he moved that Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, might be desired to read prayers to the Congress to-morrow morning.' The motion was seconded, and passed in the affirmative. Mr. Randolph, our President, waited on Mr. Duche, and received for answer, that if his health would permit, he certainly would. Accordingly, next morning he appeared with his clerk, and in his piousness, and read several prayers in the established form, and then read the collect for the seventh day of September, which was the thirty-fifth psalm. You must remember, this was the next morning after we heard the rumor of the horrid cannonade of Boston. It seemed as if heaven had ordained that psalm to be read on that morning.

'After this, Mr. Duche, unexpectedly to every body, struck out in an extemporary prayer which filled the bosom of every man present. I must confess I never heard a better prayer, or one so well pronounced. Episcopalian as he is, Dr. Cooper himself never prayed with such fervor, such ardor, such correctness and pathos, and in language so elegant and sublime, for America, for Congress, for the province of the Massachusetts Bay, especially the town of Boston. It has had an excellent effect upon every body here. I must beg you to read that psalm. If there is any faith in the so-called Virgilians, or scoria Homerica, or especially the sacred Bible, it would be thought providential.'