

Here was a scene worthy of the painter's art. It was in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, a building which (we learn by a recent article) still survives in its original condition, though now sacrilegiously converted, as a belief, into an auction mart for the sale of chairs and tables; the forty four individuals met to whom the service was read.

WASHINGTON was kneeling there, and HENRY and RANDOLPH, and RUTLEDGE, and LEE, and JAY, and by their side stood, bowed in reverence, the Puritan patriot of New England, who at that moment was waiting their humble household. It was believed that Boston had been bombarded and destroyed. They prayed fervently for America, for the Congress, for the province of Massachusetts Bay, and especially for the town of Boston; and who can realize the emotions with which they turned imploringly to Heaven for divine interposition and aid? "It was enough," says Mr. Adams, "to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

IRELAND.—Mr. O'Connell had a demonstration at Ennis for the country of Clare, on Thursday, the 15th ult., and the meeting is described as more numerous than any that preceded it—the numbers are stated at 7,000,000, including about 6,000 horses—the cavalcade of cars extended from Ennis to Newmarket—six miles. The preparations for his reception were most elaborate; at the entrance of the town "whole trees were planted," with triumphal arches across the road, mottoes and devices.

"The next was a chain extended across the centre of which, was joined by a cord, and on a green banner over it was inscribed: "The Liberator of Ireland Will cut asunder The chain of slavery We labor under!" Here a man had taken up his position with a sword, with which, as the Liberator approached, he cut the cord in the center; and the chain was shattered on both sides, amid the shouts and acclamations of thousands, that rent the air for some minutes."

O'Connell said he would bring a new career the moment he had three million repeaters! He said they would have a Parliament—Ireland should once more belong to Irishmen. He said also, that there was division in the Cabinet in London, about the measures to be pursued. The "Repealment" (which denounces the cause), was increasing. \$5,000 had been received by the Acadia from the United States.

Hill's Patriot, in a leader, gives up President Tyler? He can't get along "without a party" in these party times, however honest! "The President must wait the disinterested judgment of future years for an impartial appreciation of his motives!" Hill's Patriot goes for Calhoun or Van Buren, as the Convention decides! So the Whigs may give up all hopes of converting Mr. Hill. The Madisonian still holds out—"organize, organize."

Maj. Noah's new paper has a strong article advising Mr. Tyler to withdraw; but his man John Jones, of the Madisonian, holds on strong.

Democratic Candidates to be presented to the Locofoco General Convention in May, 1844, for President.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New York. JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania. JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina. RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky. GOVERNOR CASS, of Michigan. JOHN TYLER, of Virginia.

THE TARIFF AND BUSINESS IN PITTSBURGH—NEW BRANCHES OF MANUFACTURES.

Correspondence of The Tribune. PITTSBURG, July 12, 1843. If additional investments in new manufacturing establishments—if the extension of those already in operation—if embarking in new branches of the same—if a consciousness of ability to compete with foreigners in those branches insofar for the most part unimpeded by them, are indications of a return to better times, and of the beneficial influence of a Protective Tariff, then Pittsburgh can furnish many unanswerable arguments for one, and its permanent continuance. Many things are true in theory, but are found untrue in practice by force of circumstances: successful practice is indispensable proof of any theory whatever. No two opposite theories can possibly be true; if, therefore, Free Trade is the only true one, we are strangely misled in imposing the present and apparently protective prosperity of our City, to the opposite one of Protection. Manufacturers cities act as a sort of thermometers. When duties were little better than nominal, or workshops were fast closing, our manufacturers' depression in business; but with the first operations of the present system, a recovery from the decline commenced—has continued up to the present, and not only so, but in its beneficial results includes the success of new branches of manufactures which have heretofore proved abortive. As if Free Trade be the true system for us, it is very singular, and we need some key to this anomalous state of things. The dull season has arrived, and men begin to look around and estimate the profit and loss of the business of the year thus far, that they may have some premise from which to form an opinion of the probable amount of business that will be done in the Fall. This seems a proper time to say on this aggregate, and I am happy to have it to say that business on the whole up to the present, has been of the most satisfactory description; to our merchants and manufacturers. Here has indeed been no sudden expansion, but rather a gradual one to meet the steadily increasing demand, and which, as remarked above, successful attempts to put in new branches of manufacturing. For example, Steel and

Files. Several attempts have been made in years past to establish the manufacture of both his articles, but they all, from one cause or another, mainly, I believe, inability to compete with importations, have failed. Lately the manufacture of steel has been taken hold of by a firm—Shoenbergers—long engaged in manufacturing iron, and of great wealth, which has proved successful. In concert with this, a File factory was started, which uses the Pittsburgh steel exclusively, and produces a first rate article; so now we have files made in this city from the crude iron. I have likewise observed several new and extensive buildings going up or already completed for foundries &c., all of which argues for the increasing prosperity of the Iron City. It is a fact, that when duties were lowest, we were threatened with having iron brought here and sold at prices ruinous to our foundries. But thanks to the Tariff we are well over that fright. It is fresh in my memory how our mechanics were down in the mouth at that time, and it is more vivid still, how we now rejoice in returning prosperity.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser. LARGE CONVENTION OF COLORED PEOPLE.

There was a remarkable Convention of free people of color at Kinderhook on the 5th inst., which elicits notice. It was the 22d anniversary of the "Union Temperance Society of Colored People," embracing the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Near a dozen members were present—Rev. Theo. S. Wright, of New York, presiding—and their proceedings appear to have commanded the approbation of the citizens of the place. A spirit of self-improvement—the only means of improving their condition—appears to be springing up among these people and if judiciously directed, their efforts in the great work of moral and mental regeneration cannot fail of success, sooner or later in a country which cherishes such lively sympathy with every struggle for human rights, as ever made.

The appearance, proceedings and objects of the Convention are thus described by the Kinderhook Sentinel of Thursday: "At about eleven A. M. the procession, which is said to have numbered nearly one thousand persons, was formed under the direction of the marshal of the day, in a full suit of uniform. Accompanied by an excellent band of music, it proceeded in the most orderly manner in the Grove, where a stage was erected for the orators of the day, and comfortable seats prepared for the audience. Those who had been unaccustomed to listen to the public speaking of colored men, and whose previous anticipations were not very elevated, the scene that followed was one of much interest, and furnished an entertainment as agreeable as it was unexpected. The speakers, both in the morning and afternoon, acquitted themselves not only to the entire satisfaction of the convention proper, but also to the surprise and delight of a large concourse of white spectators who had assembled on the occasion. The address of Mr. Morrell in the morning, in particular, was listened to with deep attention—many of his thoughts were both original and striking clothed in the most simple and appropriate language, and delivered in a tone of deep, sincere and earnest feeling—that directed itself to the heart because it came from the heart, and that attracted and chained the attention of the whole audience. The Rev. Mr. Bennet, of New Haven, in the afternoon, also spoke with spirit and animation, and deeply interested the whole concourse of spectators. The concluding parts of his address in particular—contrasting the situation, the social, literary, and religious privileges of the white with those of the black man, were finely conceived and delivered with pathos and eloquence.

THE LAST OF THE COCKED HATS.—The Mohawk Courier states that a gentleman in Herkimer county has in his possession the cocked hat worn by the Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, when Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress which must have been about fifty years ago.

A HORRIBLE MURDER. The Washington (Geo.) News publishes the following extract of a letter, and vouches for the respectability of the writer. The letter is dated Columbus, (Ga.) July 12, 1843.

I believe I have got room to give you the particulars of one of the most shocking murders I have ever heard of, committed in Barber county, Alabama, a few days ago. A Mrs. Gachet (pronounced Gasha) and two of her daughters were visited on the day of the murder by a Mr. Brown and his wife. They took dinner, and remained until late in the evening with the old lady and her two daughters. When they were about leaving, they insisted that the old lady should go home with them and spend the night. She refused; giving, as a reason, that her daughters would be left alone; and further, that all the money she had was in her house. They however, continued to urge her, until she consented to accompany them to remain the night. Shortly after her departure, a sick and weary traveler rode up, and begged permission to stay the night. The two ladies said they were alone, and he could not stop. He said he doubted whether he could ride to the next house; and presuming they were afraid of him, he told them if they would consent to let him remain, he would take his room and suffer them to keep the key.

To this proposition they consented, and the traveler soon went to his room. Some time during the night he was awoken by a noise in the other room there being but two in the house. Continuing to hear some one moving about he got up, went softly to the door, and discovered a man at a bureau examining the drawers. He hailed the individual, who instantly drew a knife and made at the traveler, who, as he approached, shot him dead at his feet. The pistol alarmed the negroes, and when they came up they went into the ladies' room, and found both of them lying in their beds with their throats cut, and dead!

The traveler, on enquiring for their mistress, was taken to Brown's House.—On meeting the old lady he told her some one had murdered her daughters, and that he had shot the villain. Mrs. Brown exclaimed, "You have killed my husband," and so it turned out, the very person who had spent the day with Mrs. Gachet had murdered her daughters! What a providential thing that the man should have been permitted to remain, to punish the assassin!

THE SMALLEST HOMOEOPATHIC DOSE EVER KNOWN.—On Thursday last we read that Sir Robert Peel took the essence of the House. —London Punch.

FROM YUCATAN.—By the schooner Zenobia, Capt. Pack, arrived yesterday in 30 days from Laguna, we learn that the Mexicans, when she left, were busily engaged in transporting their troops from Campeche, having lost 8,000 men, killed, wounded and deserted. During their ineffectual attempt to subject Yucatan to their dominion. Tribune.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN LANSSINGBURGH.—The alarm of fire at 11 o'clock last night was caused by the light proceeding from a large fire in Lansingburgh. We have not been able to obtain full particulars in relation to the amount of damage done. We learn from the stage driver, that seven stores were burnt, & that the fire was the work of one or more incendiaries. He informs us that one person was caught in the very act of setting fire to a barn. After, however, being kept in duration vilo a short time, he succeeded in making his escape. Our unfortunate neighbor appears to be doomed. Alb. Eve. Jour 24th.

From the Springfield (Hv.) State Register, July 7.

JOE SMITH.—More of the late Arrest.—Our city was visited this week by the agent of Missouri and his counsel, and also by Mr. Walker, counsel of Joseph Smith. An application has been made to Gov. Ford for a military force to retake Smith, which, we learn, is now under consideration. We proceed to give the facts, as we have learned them, of the proceedings under the arrest thus far: Joseph Reynolds, the agent of Missouri, after leaving this place with a writ, proceeded to Nauvoo, to arrest Smith. On his arrival he ascertained that Smith was at Dixon, in Lee county. Reynolds, in company with a constable of Hancock, preceded to Lee, and arrested Smith at Palatine Grove, near Dixon. All in company then returned to Dixon. Cyrus Walker (the whig candidate for Congress) was at Grand Tour, only six miles off, and was immediately retained by Smith. Under the management of Walker as his lawyer, Smith sued a capias against Reynolds and the constable for damages in arresting him, and they were immediately arrested by the Sheriff of Lee county.

Smith, Reynolds, and the constable, all obtained writs of habeas corpus, and proceeded towards Quincy for the purpose of having a trial before Judge Young; Smith being in the custody of Reynolds, and Reynolds and the constable being in the custody of the Sheriff of Lee county. They all proceeded towards Quincy together, Smith being attended by his counsel, Cyrus Walker, who broke all his appointments in the district, where he was to have addressed the people; and Reynolds was attended by counsel, Mr. Mason, of Dixon.

The whole party made some stop at Nauvoo, where the Missouri agent says he was forced to go against his will. Smith and Walker then sued out a writ of habeas corpus from the Municipal Court of Nauvoo. The case of Smith was brought before the court, which, after hearing a very able speech from Mr. Walker three hours long, and very loud in favor of Smith, that Court discharged him from imprisonment. The Executive of Illinois has so far performed the duty required by the Constitution and laws, and he will doubtless persevere in that course without deviation.

A NATIONAL MASS CONVENTION.—At the Whig Celebration of our late National Anniversary in the city and country of Philadelphia, the following appears among the published proceedings:

"Prior to the adjournment, the following resolution was offered by James S. Wallace, Esq., and carried amidst the most unbounded acclamation: Resolved, That the Whigs of Philadelphia tender an invitation to the Whigs of the WHOLE UNION, to meet in Grand Mass Convention on the 4th of July, 1844, at Independence Square, in the City of Philadelphia, to respond to the Nomination of the National Whig Convention."

We trust this invitation, issued by the Whigs of Philadelphia, to the Whigs of the Union, to respond to the nomination of the Whig National Convention, which meets at Baltimore in May next, will be circulated from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Oregon. We are all aware of the influence which the Mass Convention at Baltimore, in 1840, had upon the Whig party—associations were there entered into, friendships formed, correspondences arranged, opinions interchanged, and promises given, which acted as the bond and cement of the entire Harrison party throughout the Union. It was the first giant impulse given to the avalanche of 1840—the first "roll of the ball" which crushed locofocoism in its onward course—the Lexington of the moral and political revolution of the people against their task masters and oppressors!

We look for similar results to attend the Philadelphia Convention of 1844—to be held on the 4th of July next—on the anniversary of our country's birth-day. We will not stop to urge the claims of Philadelphia to this distinction—they will suggest themselves to every Whig descendant of the Whigs of the revolution. We want to hear from the steps of Independence Hall—the very spot from whence the Declaration was first read to the American people—from that hallowed spot as from an altar, we want to hear the response of that same people to the nomination of Henry Clay for the Presidency. On that spot we want every opponent of treachery, and of misrule to "pledge their lives, their fortunes and sacred honors," to the success of the nominee, and to the rendering of the too long delayed "JUSTICE TO HARRY OF THE WEST." Phil. Forum.

A MILLERITE IN ITALY.

We make the following extract of a letter from a correspondent of the Puritan, dated Genoa, Jan. 1, 1843. I saw a Millerite here the other day from Worcester, Ms. He had come by steamer to Liverpool; and then directly here, swift as wind and sail could carry him. From here he took steamer to Rome, where he expected to be persecuted by the Pope; and then he was off for Jerusalem, where, after forty days fast, Christ was to appear and set up his kingdom. He was solemn as a serpent, and fully believed what he said. Nothing could stop him, as he said he could not detain the Lord Jesus Christ, and he could not appear till after forty days fast.

He had scarcely money enough to carry him there, and I fear before this the dog's nose had gnawed his bones without some city. But it was a fearful thing to see a man risking all on one single belief. There is something sublime in such undoubted faith though erring. A few days after a young man from Cambridge passed through the propaganda of Rome, equally enthusiastic in the belief of the final triumph of the Romish Church.

THE COMET.—It seems that the late comet made a far more splendid show in the skies above the great South Sea, than in this northern hemisphere. A letter in the Providence Journal from Otaheite, alias Tahiti, says of the comet that it caused great alarm among the natives, and adds:—

"It was first observed on the 2d of March, when it appeared a vast mass of fire rising from the verge of the horizon to the height of thirty degrees, illuminating the ocean as far as the eye could reach. The natives at first thought a neighboring island was on fire. It measured fifty-four degrees in length and four degrees in breadth. It was supposed there, that the temperature had risen very materially from the proximity of the celestial visitor.

INSULT TO THE AMERICAN MINISTER.—When the heads of Oxford College were to confer the degree of L. L. D. on Everett, in the theatre of the University, a number of undergraduates assailed Mr Everett with hissing and hootings—the only motive being his being a Unitarian. The heads of the College have expressed their regret in an address to Mr. Everett.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.—The Taunton Whig says that the ground is parched, and vegetation is suffering much. High lands were never known dryer, and the remark is universal. The potato crop will be exceedingly limited. In some parts of Rhode Island the farmers are digging their potatoes, and carrying them to market, the vines being dead and done goring.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.—REV. Mr. Choules in his lecture before the American Institute at New York, says—"The revival of Agriculture commenced in Flanders about seven hundred years ago. There the soil was little better than white barren sand—now its increase is said to be twice as great as in England. The grand maxim on which the Flemish farmer acts, is 'without manure, no corn—without cattle, no manure—and without root crops, no cattle.'"—

HOW THEY LIVE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—In the United Kingdom, it has been proved that there are 10,000,000 of the people who are not consumers of wheat; 500,000 consume seven ounces daily; 1,500,000, ten ounces; 3,000,000, fourteen ounces; 3,000,000, seventeen ounces; 4,000,000, twenty-one ounces, and 5,000,000, twenty-four ounces, daily. This gives 17,000,000. Then there are 4,000,000 who live on oat meal, and 10,000,000 who luxuriate on potatoes. And this is the way human beings live in Great Britain.

SAD ACCIDENT.

A young man named WETHERBY, in the employ of Mr. E. C. Loomis, lost his right arm, on Monday last. He was attending the bark mill, and in the act of feeding or adjusting the machine, his hand was caught, and his arm drawn up to the shoulder—literally grinding it to powder. Immediate amputation was found necessary; and Dr. Hall officiated, with his usual success on such occasion. We are happy to add that no fears are entertained of the young man's recovery, and that he is quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. Free Press.

Ex-President Adams was at Montreal on Wednesday of last week. He was earnestly solicited to deliver an address in the lecture hall on the Mercantile Library Association, and would have gladly acceded to the request had his stay in the city permitted it.—A very large number of citizens paid their respects to the distinguished stranger. After being present at a review of the troops on the Champ de Mars the venerable ex-president and party left town for Niagara Falls via Kingston. Free Press.

HENRY CLAY. At a celebration of the fourth of July of old Virginia some Locofoco gave a toast derogatory to the character of Henry Clay. This called out an old man who was born in the same neighborhood with Mr. C., and who knew him intimately when he was a boy. The old man gave the following capital toast.

By Ro. Hughes.—Mr. President, I want you to let every one know that I am for Henry Clay against the world. He and I were born close to the Slashes of old Hancock. He worked barefooted, and so did I. He went to mill, and so did I. He was a good boy to his mamma, and so was I. I know him like a book, and love him like a brother. "If any man has any thing to say against him, let him come me. If there is any better, braver, or smarter man than Henry Clay on this God's globe, why I say he would be a sort of curiosity, and I would like to look at him. Go it, Clay! [333 cheers.]

The Whig of the first Congressional District have nominated the Hon. Solomon Foot of Rutland as their candidate for Congress. Mr. Foot, our readers will recollect, was president of the great State Convention which was held here in 1840, and has been two years speaker of the House of Representatives. He is a gentleman of popular talents, a true Whig, and will be triumphantly elected. Hon. CALVIN TOWNSEND was appointed Delegate to the National Convention and MARTIN C. DEMING, Esq. substitute. Bur. Free Press.

The shrewdest kind of a Yankee trick is thus narrated by the Albany Evening Journal:

A shrewd merchant "Down East," found himself, most unwillingly, the possessor of a lot of flour, upon which the Inspector had branded the ominous word—"BAD." A gentleman son of the Knickerbockers, who should find himself in such a category, would undoubtedly be content with disposing of the article at whatever price it might bring. Not so however, with our Yankee friend. He had bought the flour as good, and so he meant to sell it, despite the efforts

of the Inspector to the contrary. The right sort of customer at length made his appearance—and to him was the merchant most lavish in his praises of the flour. "His word for it, no such flour had ever been attainable before!" "But," said the suspicious customer, "what is the meaning of that 'P' pointing to the short, though very expressive monosyllable." "O," replied the other, "those are the initials of Benjamin A. Davis, one of the best inspectors in the country!" This was a clincher, and the flour changed hands without farther trouble!

PEOPLE'S PRESS. Middlebury, Aug. 2, 1843. VERMONT WHIG TICKET. ELECTION, SEPTEMBER 5. FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN MATTOCKS, of Peacham. FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR, HORACE EATON, of Enosburgh. FOR TREASURER, JOHN SPALDING, of Montpelier. Senators for Addison County. Peter Starr, Harvey Munsill. Representative in Congress. 3d DISTRICT. GEORGE P. MARSH.

LOCOFOCO SHUFFLING ABOUT THE TARIFF.

We have been much amused in witnessing the silence of the Loco Free Trade papers upon their favorite theme for two months back. When it became apparent that the Tariff had kept out of the country an immense quantity of wool, that came into direct competition with that raised among us, thereby creating a bribe demand for our own, these Free Trade Locos hauled in their horns a little. But when the effect became more visible by the rise of wool from 15 to 20 per cent. above last years prices, these sagacious friends of the dear people were as mum as the grave yard, about the rascally Whig Tariff. They would hardly give the Boston price current a place in their columns, lest their readers should out of their own mouth condemn them.—How long is it since the "Spirit of the Age" (heaven forgive the use of the term when applied to that paper) was publishing articles by way of speeches and essays, showing the unpopularity of the present Tariff, and eulogizing the beautiful system of Free Trade? But a change has come over the spirit of its dream; for lo! it is what was a church mouse during service. Can any one divine the reason which produces this silence? We think no one will be at a loss to do so. But notwithstanding this silence now, it will be broken after election. In obedience to their southern allies, these same papers will again open their batteries upon the system of Protection, and by thus continually pouring into the ears of the consumers particularly, the cry of outrageous burdens to support monopolists, indirect taxation, &c. &c. will perhaps convince the one that there is some plausibility in their hue and cry. To preach this doctrine to Farmers, who have realized a good rise in price upon their wool, would be like blowing a horn to hear the echo of the sound.—We want to ask one question of our Loco friends the farmers. Why do you support those men for office whose influence is thrown directly or indirectly against a Tariff, that affords protection to your industry? You may urge that you will not do such a thing, for common sense would brand a man as insane who would cut his own throat. But do we not all know that the Loco leaders, Messrs. Van Buren, Calhoun, Ritchie & Co. will upon the first opportunity go to the death for a repeal of the Tariff? Most assuredly they will. Its death knell is already sounded by them from Maine to Georgia. Our Loco friends vote for men who are pledged to support the nomination of a National Convention, be it Van Buren or Calhoun, both bitterly opposed to any thing that savors of protection, and still they think they are not opposing a Tariff. This is an indirect way to do it to be sure. But it is opposition to the Tariff after all. It makes no difference in principle whether we vote for a man who with his pen signs a bill repealing the Tariff, or for men who will sustain such a man. The effect in the end is the same. It is destruction in both cases. We should think our keen sighted farmers would see this, and we believe they would cut acquaintance with the Loco party, did they not fear the cry of traitor to the party, traitor to the party. We should much rather be called a traitor to a party, than a traitor to principles. Party is of no consequence, when principles are at stake. The principle of protection to domestic industry, is one that calls for support from every man who claims to love his country. But particularly does it claim support from Vermonters. The Loco party as a body are at heart and soul opposed to every thing that leans to protection. They they dare not do. For their papers from the slyly conducted "Argus" and "Richmond Enquirer" down to that federal sheet the "Spirit of the

Age," oppose a Tariff which has for its object protection to any branch of industry, be it the making of combs, or raising wool.—Will Vermont Farmers support such a party? Can they in justice support it? We do hope our Loco friends will think the matter over candidly, and solemnly set their seal of disapprobation to Free Trade by supporting men for office pledged to oppose it in all its shapes. Such men are presented them in the Whig nominations for the coming election. Sustain them and they will sustain your interests.

Two fields of Labor.

Nature in Vermont is now arrayed in its most attractive attire, and smiles benignly upon her admirers. The earth teems with the most generous returns to the toils of those who draw sustenance from her broad green bosom. The farmers are laboriously engaged in garnering up the most abundant product of grass which the soil for years has yielded in this region. Other crops promise a rich return to the toils of the husbandman, and soon we trust all will be exulting in the hopes of comfort and relief which plenty may rightly inspire. But Brother farmers are there no sad presages of insecurity coming over you. Notwithstanding the bounties which providence has been prodigally bestowing upon you, while the protection of your government has been gradually withdrawing from your industry for years past, have you not been sinking into poverty and embarrassment. By the efforts of the whigs, another protective tariff has been established whose salutary operations are again beginning to be felt. But its enemies are numerous and exasperated. They are the locofoco party throughout the Union. They are raising a universal shout of *repeal to the tariff, down with the tariff* from Maine to Georgia. Not one of their half dozen candidates for the presidency has declared himself for a genuine protective tariff. It is a revenue tariff, incidental protection, indeed anything but just such a tariff as the industrial pursuits of the country need, just such an one as the free-trade southrons whose thralls they are will permit them to avow.

Are you then secure in the full rewards of your industry? It is not so much the plenty of your produce, as the price which counts up your means, and in this respect you may be mocked at last. Let locofocoism do its perfect work, sweep away our manufacturing consumers, and glut our markets with the fabrics of the pauper laborers of Europe who are not permitted to eat our bread stults, and who is there to pay remunerating prices for the products of the soil? Here then is another field of labor just as important as your haying and harvesting. Who would not leave the plough in the furrow to repel a robber from his storehouse, and with the same alacrity should you resort to the ballot box, and labor with zeal and perseverance to bring all your neighbors to aid in preventing the advocates of a policy which plunders you of half the price of your products, from getting into power. The man who neglects to work in the political field, is just as culpable as he who suffers his crops to rot upon the ground for want of care. In this you must raise up guardians to protect what is reared in the other. Freeze and thaw, deny yourselves, work off your fingers to the last joint, and without protection your fate will be like poor Syphilus, who kept constantly rolling up a stone which as constantly rolled back upon him, and at last ground him to powder. A few days faithfully spent in the political field in preserving the tariff, may be worth a hundred of toiling husbandry in raising produce for a market, glutted, surfeited and ruined by the free admission of foreign products coming in competition with our own. Of every whig the tribute of one day at least at the polls is demanded. The more active and intelligent, should not grudge weeks of persevering effort in canvassing every town and school district in the country. They should not neglect to labor even with honest opponents, and if possible dispossess them of the monstrous error which has been juggled into them, that the tariff is safe in the hands of locofoco leaders. So would the lamb be safe in the jaws of a ravenous wolf.

Vermont, unconquered Vermont, a high-minded, virtuous and gallant little state, for twenty years past crowning every political contest with a whig victory, and at this momentous crisis, with the great field of battle of 1844 in full view before us, and the whole union gazing steadfastly at the star that never sets, full of the hopes of its perpetual brilliancy and shrinking with fearful forebodings at its least declension in the political horizon, may she now rear another memorial of her enlightened and persevering attachment to those great principles of national policy which distinguished the best days of her republic. Who will grudge trifle of time to a struggle for such a noble object, with an enemy who may triumph by our apathy, but most certainly sink under our concentrated force. Go ahead then whigs of Vermont. Stretch out the brawny arms of your strength. Strike down the traitors who would purchase southern strength by plundering from you the hard earnings of your industry. Never could you labor in a cause which comes so near to your homes and your firesides. The question is whether you shall enjoy the means of living in ease and affluence, of paying your debts, of advancing your fortunes and educating your children, or whether you are to eke out an uncomfortable existence in penurious dependence, no better than that of the pauper laborers of Europe to which the free-trade policy of the south would reduce you.

ANECDOTE OF THE "WEYBRIDGE" FARMER.

Of the authenticity of the following, handed to us by a friend, we have the best vouchers. We have no doubt there is this season scores of Farmers in this County

who have been induced to take less for their wool than they would have done, had they not been alarmed into the belief that the Tariff afforded no protection to this article by the attacks of the Weybridge Farmer.

The "Vergennes Vermont Farmer" a year past has been on the same scent of berating the Tariff on wool, and sneering at our assurances of its eventual efficiency to enhance the price. It has published the productions of the Farmer with great gusto. What a rare constellation of political economists.

An industrious farmer in an adjoining town was recently coming to market with his wool, when he was accosted by a certain would-be great man, who of late has by his communications been styled the "Farmer of Weybridge," with the salutation, "My friend H. you are going to deliver your wool. What did you get for it? He replied, not as much as I should if you had minded your own business. What a power to the "Farmer of Weybridge" who has of late been laboring to enlighten the Farmers of Vermont upon their interests, particularly that part concerning wool. Will the "Patriot," "Spirit of the Age" and "True Democrat" copy.

Ho! YE THIRSTY!—If you want the real first best, "jum up" Temperance drink; something that tastes good, and makes you feel transparent, without muddying your intellect, taking away your brains, or soiling your unexpressibles, call in at RUSSEL & GRIDLEY'S and drink six consecutive glasses of the best iced soda water that ever was found this side of Olympus.

The very respectful and amiable attitude taken last week by the senior editor of the Vermontor, George W. Grandey, Esq. almost induces us to regret the severer tone we assumed towards him a week or two since, however justly it might be deserved. From the extreme of ribaldry so suddenly refined has this amicable personage become, that he now goes up to the very height of politeness. He does not forget to begin at least every other sentence with his honor, having doubtless been recently much exercised in professional displays before Justices of the Peace. This of course is extremely gratifying to us, but not more so than that this agreeable young man, in that conciliatory and gentlemanly way so peculiar to him, has had the magnanimity to acknowledge that the bitter language used towards us was reluctantly permitted in the columns of his paper. But he insists that being in a communication, he was no way responsible, and again, unconsciously doubtless, relapsing into his characteristic gruffness, he charges us with being guilty of a contemptible trick in leading our readers to suppose that he had offended in an editorial article. This has opened a door of knowledge of which we had previously not the least conception. It is among those feats of profound logic which our astute young neighbor so often performs to his own satisfaction if not to that of others. Alas! what a vain shadow we are walking in, that we cannot even now fully comprehend that a neutral paper like the Vermontor might not justly and rightly be converted into a common-slop bowl, to receive the scandalous attacks of every backguard who might see fit to pour out his venom into its columns, with out the least accountability attached to the editor. But suppose this to be so, it would be no difficult task to shake the barrels which our inconsiderate editor has wrangled about his brow, as the presiding genius of a paper, which, according to his own reasoning, may be converted into a common sewer, where all the scavengers who might choose to rake the kennels of billingsgate to bestow upon their neighbors, might make their filthy deposits. Even the enviable reputation he has won by having us abused in his interesting sheet, would be more than harmed by humbly submitting to become the bellows-blower for every ruffian traducer who has a mind to convert the Vermontor into a slip slop to gratify his malignant propensities. As our ingenious but eccentric young neighbor reasons in nothing like any body else he may be a good non-resistant as he is reputed to be. But it is a strange way of showing that noble independence of which he talks somewhat so grandiloquently, to become a mere conduit pipe of every body's opinions, however tickety, immoral, or mischievous, without assuming any power to decide upon their influence upon community or individuals. We had rather be dog and bay the moon than such a Roman. But as every tone of public sentiment must have a key, the system of universal harmony could not be preserved without that descriptor, the Vergennes Vermontor. Still we hope in mercy to our gifted "brother Grandey," that he may not any longer be fated to play upon such a barbarously discordant instrument. Prithce, gentle young man, resign it to your mighty terrible correspondent. It better tallies with the tone and temper of that uncommunicative specimen of humanity.

JOHN TYLER, J. M. STERNS, AND THE VERGENNES VERMONTOR.—Mr. STERNS it seems, has been officiating the good people of Vergennes, with repeating his able defence of John Tyler, which first came to light in Middlebury, a few weeks since. It seems to have been highly gratifying to the taste of the Vergennes Vermontor, from which it received the praise of ingenuity and sincerity at least as is frequently the tone in relation to any thing tending to