

H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS OF NINTH VOLUME.
Village subscribers, \$3.00
Mail subscribers, 3.00
Individuals and Companies who take at the office
\$1.75 or 1.50 cents if paid in six months.
Those who take of Postriders, \$2.00
If not paid at the end of the year, 25
No papers discontinued until arrears are paid
No notice to be given to the proprietor. No payment
in Advance allowed except ordered by the proprie-
tor.
All communications must be addressed to the edit-
or Post Paid

The North Star

VOL. IX. MIDDLEBURY, VT.—WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1844. NUMBER 19.

THE GALAXY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
IN STEWART'S BUILDING,
BY J. COBB JR.
BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING
BOOKS,
Pamphlets,
HANDBILLS,
Cards,
Blanks, &c. &c.
Of every description will be neatly and
fashionably executed, at short notice.

The Man of Ashland.

There is written down in some volume of legendary lore, a superstition, at once sublime and beautiful, a strange superstition that would teach us to believe that the great and good of the earth are guided, watched and beloved from very childhood, by a guardian spirit, a holy angel, who first fills the young heart with ambition, and then teaches the untried footstep the ways of glory and honor, the paths of triumph and fame.

Such a guardian spirit, a mighty being robed in majesty, and clad in power, have I imagined looking forth from the mystery of its invisible being, upon this rude and homely scene.

In a small and narrow room, with low ceiling and confined walls, some dozen young men, whose rusty attire and swarthy features disclosed by the light of the solitary rush-light, mark the hardy backwoodsmen of the West, are seated on rough hewn benches listening to the stammering orator in their midst.

Angels well upon that young orator, friend of mine, for by faith, the guardian angel looks upon him with intense interest and sympathy! Gaze upon him—a tall stripling, with a lean and somewhat bony figure, with a face by no means handsome, marked by a prominent nose, a wide mouth, and high cheek bones, while his forehead so bold, so high, so full and towering in outline, gives soul to the expression of his face. His eyes—grey, well upon him, and observe his countenance, the garments of homespun, their ungraceful shape and rustic fashion, and as you gaze, treasure each trifling detail of his appearance in your memory.

The boy says to speak. His voice is indistinct, yet there is depth and volume in its sound. He extends his hand—the gesture is rude and awkward. It is but a rustic advance, and yet there is something in it to the forehead with modest diffidence. The boy proceeds; his words come stammering and slow, yet he seems to gain confidence. A few more awkward gestures, and the grey eye brightens, the voice rolls out bolder & fuller. The boy orator forgets time, place, poverty and diffidence. His soul warms in him, and his hearers, rustic as they are, lean over the rough benches, their eyes are fixed in his face, they do not even whisper. Still the grey eye brightens, still the boy-orator warms in his theme, and now he stands before you, raised to his full height, the ungracefulness of his figure forgotten in the grandeur of his look, the coarse homespun of his garments forgotten in the majesty of the soul speaking from his unclouded brow. And then, in deep earnest words, he opens to his rustic hearers the rich treasures of his heart; he sings around him the gifts of his prodigal fancy; he awes them into breathless silence; he urges the involuntary shout of surprise and admiration from their lips; he chaises them with his burst of trembling feeling; he brings the warm throb to their hearts, the heavy tear to their eyes. He stands confessed the germ of a mighty man, the peer of the boy, the homely-clad backwoodsman, the plain, the virgin! The smile on the dewy lips of the virgin, when first she yields them to her lover's kiss, is sweet; the smile of the widow, when the peal of fame sounding honor to her first-born, telling of the difficulty overcome, the triumph won, rings in her ears, is lovely; and lovingly is the smile wreathing the lips of God's own angels when the joy of the repentant sinner comes up to heaven sweeter than incense, in the smile of that guardian angel, as, invisible to mortal eye, he looks forth upon the first triumph of the Orphan Boy in the rough log cabin in the West. The father of the boy, and the mother, sleep under the green sod, in a far away land, and yet the son, the rough-clad orphan son, has discovered the existence of the mighty power within him—has made his footstep ring on the iron threshold of the lofty temple consecrated to fame. The guardian angel gazes from the shadow that envelops its existence upon another scene.

In a wide and lofty hall, spanned by a magnificent ceiling, enriched with the triumphs of architecture, with the morning sun shining through colossal windows, a strange throng of men are gathered, sitting in solemn deliberation on the fate and destiny of their land. From the North and the South, from the green Savannah, from the rocky mountains, from the ocean-shore of the East, and the rolling prairie of the West, these men have hastened as the chosen Representatives of a free and mighty people. The matter in council is of fearful moment—War or Peace! Here are men whose cry is ever Peace! though the decks of our vessels are desecrated by the footstep of British outrage, though our flag is flung dishonored in the dust by British hands, though our soldiers are started by the roar of the British Lion, though our national flag is loaded with scorn, our rights trodden to the earth, our liberties violated, the religion of our republicanism faith blasphemed, all in the name of the British, crying God and St. George to the rescue, still the cry of these men with sidelong looks and lowering brows is—Peace, Peace, at every risk and at all hazards—Peace! Other there are, with honest hearts, and firm hands, who dread a war. They rise on that Representative floor and depict the evils of a continental war—the towns laid in ashes, the fields desolated, the valley made a waste, national commerce destroyed, the wide land crowded by bodies of the dead, the great Heavens forever blackened by the smoke of the fight.

All is doubt, discussion, and dismay. Doubt, while the armament of Britain throngs the seas; dismay, while the red-coat armies are in our very borders; dismay, while the first roar of the blood stained Lion, whose proud throat felt the talons of our Eagle in the year '83; dismay, while the first roar of the British Lion thunders in our ears. Now, guardian angel, look well to your charge, and dismay, a Legislator, fresh from the ranks of the people, arises in his place, and speaks his word of counsel. Tall, sinewy, and gaunt in form, his manner displays the man of education—but gaze upon his face! Can you tell the meaning of that full grey eye? Can you read the mystery of that towering brow? Speaks the wide mouth with compressed lips of vacillation, or a determined mind? Speaks the full voice of orator whose eye is ere, Peace, or of the patriot whose liturgy of national faith and hope and honor is compressed in the syllable—War? He speaks for War! Aye, with his proud

form raised to its full height, with his grey eye burning like a living coal, with his forehead all radiant with a mighty mind, he speaks for War! War for our national honor! War in the name of the past! War at every risk, and at all hazards—War!

His words ring echoing through the hall—Traffickers in national honor hang their heads in shame, they doubtfully start aside with surprise, exclaiming in wonder—Is this the young backwoodsman of the West!—they fearfully raise their voices with the voice of the orator, and the cry rings to the very ceiling—in God's name give us War!

Now, GUARDIAN ANGEL, look upon your mighty ward and smile! Look upon the advocate of national honor, standing boldly erect in that Representative Hall, and as you look, tell us, is this the orphan backwoodsman of the West? Is this the orphan orator of the rustic log house? Is this the stranger whose mother and father sleep under the green sod of Hanover?

There came another day, when doubt possessed the council of the nation. A band of brave men were struggling in a far-off land for freedom; struggling against Turk and Christian, combined in one unholy league of wrong, struggling over the green graves of their fathers, under the shadow of mighty temples consecrated by the memories of a thousand years still fighting and struggling for life and liberty!—These brave men, with the blood of their wives and little ones, slain in merciless massacre, yet smoking before their eyes, with the "Ali Hu" of their remorseless butchers yet ringing in their ears, sent a far land, where Liberty driven from the Old World made her home, and begged the children of the Revolutionary Patriots to give their names, their little aid—to extend but a hand to their assistance—to recognize them as a free and independent nation.

And they denied them. Yes! the American Congress refused the petition of these brave men of the Grecian land!

Then it was that this bold Backwoodsman of the West arose on the floor of that council hall. Then it was that fire came to his eye and words to his tongue. Then it was that with his stature undulating in all its commanding height, with his burning brow flushed with solemn indignation, this Man of Ashland spoke forth to the councilmen of the nation his fiery message—

"Go home," he cried in a voice of thunder—"Go home to your firesides, freemen that ye are, descendants of the heroes of Seventy-six; go home; and when you converse with the men of Washington, tell them with the blush of shame on your brows, that you dare not acknowledge the freedom of this gallant nation! Tell them—oh! be sure and tell them—that ye dared not—that dim vision of scimitars and crescents, of turbans and bow strings, scared you from your duty! Tell them that Greece plead, and wept, and plead again at the very feet of your Goddess of Liberty, and that she gave scars for tears, contempt for prayers! Tell your constituents this, and let it be written down in the history of our land, that in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four—in the year of our Lord and Savior, who came to bring Peace to all the earth—this Grecian land, oppressed, down-trodden, and slaughtered, sent to the last home of Freedom in the wide earth, asking the countrymen of Washington for aid, they refused their petition, scorned their prayers, and closed eye and ear on their solemn entreaties."

The man of Ashland prevailed. The word went forth to all the earth that land of the New World of Freedom gave its solemn sanction to the cause of Old World Liberty, and with that word of sanction went forth the name of the advocate of the cause! Oh! it would make your heart warm and throb, and throbs again, were I to call up before your mental eye the mighty panorama of that epoch, the shadowy glen, where thousands felt beneath the footstep of the Turk; the mountain pass, where the rocks hurled by the Avengers, came thundering on the tyrants' heads, mingling them in one crimson massacre of justice; or the wide battle plain, where from the corpses of ten thousand slain, sped ten thousand immortal souls, laying down at the footstep of God their charge of "Liberty unto Death!"—oh, it would make your heart beat and your eyes fill with tears, were I to tell you how, from every shadowy glen, from the height of every mountain pass, from the carnage of the wide battle-field, three mighty names rose shrieking with the War cry of the Greeks, mingled with their battle-shout, and sanctified by their dying voices, huzzys with the flow of blood—the name of Buzarris! of Washington! and the name of 1824!

Guardian angel, follow your mighty charge through the scenes of the great drama, where the man of Ashland was the Hero, the world, the stage, and mankind spectators. The first act on the Senate floor, preaching war, and now on the ocean wave, bringing the olive branch from the old strong-hold of freedom, the city of Ghent; now filling the souls of the million listening to him in hushed awe, with the wired magnetism of his spirit, now communing with his own heart, calling up past or painting the future in the silent groves of his own green ashland.

Away, guardian angel, away to the quiet groves of green ashland! Standing on a swelling knoll that uncovers its grassy breast to the first kiss of the uprising sun, you behold your mighty ward. Call the child of Present to look upon him—and look well, for the day will come when he has seen the Man of Ashland with honor and pride. The picture is grand and effective. The first act on the Senate floor, preaching war, and now on the ocean wave, bringing the olive branch from the old strong-hold of freedom, the city of Ghent; now filling the souls of the million listening to him in hushed awe, with the wired magnetism of his spirit, now communing with his own heart, calling up past or painting the future in the silent groves of his own green ashland.

fung waving on the winds of conquest! mighty the voice of the nation, yelling defeat to the foe, and joy to the victor! but greater than all these, most glorious and most mighty of all victories, are the triumphs of the Man of Ashland, though these triumphs are not the triumphs of war.

His are the triumphs of Peace! Yes, yes, from ten thousand homes there ever arise to God, the voice of blessing on his name. There comes to his soul, as he thus stands on the green knoll of Ashland, gazing at the rising sun, the voice of the toil wrung mechanic, bending over his loom, and that voice blesses his name. From the dim chambers of the shadowy cavern, where the miser toils on his darkling path, rising, by slow degrees, to the light of day, the rich stores of gold mother earth, comes the voice of the miser, and it echoes the word of blessing! The farmer in the golden harvest takes up the sound, and echoes the song. From the noisy rooms of the Factory, where the crash of the machinery no longer is mingled with the groans of the starving operative, there comes floating along from old men and rosy-cheeked children, from stout manhood and tender girlhood, a chorus of joy, chanting merrily, blessings on his head—peace to his grave—glory to his ashes—eternal honor to his name!

And why comes this mangled song of blessing from the mechanic and the miser, the factory man and the factory-child, from the operative of the crowded city, and the farmer of the golden plain?

The Man of Ashland first originated, then, amid scorn and contempt, defended, and at last firmly established, the AMERICAN SYSTEM, which gave independence to the American workman, whether he toils in the mine or in the field, in the shop or at the loom, which gives bread to his table, comfort to his fire side health and happiness to his home.

Guardian Angel of that mighty man; thou to whom his whole career has been a delight; thou to whom the Past and the Future are as one, roll across the awful curtain that stretches across the stage of Fate, and give us a glimpse of the things that shall be. Were the guardian spirit to speak, this might be the burden of his Prophecy!—

On that same gentle knoll of the Ashland Hills, no longer green, but withered by Autumn, viewing the glories of the sunset, streaking the sky with the dazzling red, and purple, and gold, while cloudy pillars and sunbeam temples pile their fumed grandeur along the horizon of the dying day, and stand the Man of Ashland, silent and alone at evening; there is the flush of the day on his lofty brow; there is a gleam of a tender memory and a clear forgiveness in his clear grey eye, as he turns to the South, and looking to the hills of Tennessee, his soul remembers the Mighty Hero, sheltered beneath the quiet roof of the Hermitage. Yes, yes, his antagonists in the grandeur of national fame—his rival in the race of honor—the gallant General of the last war, so nobly defended by the Man of Ashland, now rests beneath the roof of the Hermitage—the tear—oh! shames it not with a smile or a scoff—the tear glazes in his eye, and the feeling of the olden time comes throbbing round his heart. The political antagonists, the rival in the race of honor, the bitter opponent for the Chair of Power, all are forgotten, while before the soul of the Man of the Ashland Hills, arises the mighty panorama of New Orleans, the mist above, and the flame below; the banner of the stars still soaring aloft in the midst of flame, borne upward by the band of its warrior champion, the white haired man of the Hermitage, who at his evening hour gazes also upon you red sunset, and whispers, as he waits for the next day, "the gallant General of the last war, so nobly defended by the Man of Ashland, now rests beneath the roof of the Hermitage—the tear—oh! shames it not with a smile or a scoff—the tear glazes in his eye, and the feeling of the olden time comes throbbing round his heart."

The political antagonists, the rival in the race of honor, the bitter opponent for the Chair of Power, all are forgotten, while before the soul of the Man of the Ashland Hills, arises the mighty panorama of New Orleans, the mist above, and the flame below; the banner of the stars still soaring aloft in the midst of flame, borne upward by the band of its warrior champion, the white haired man of the Hermitage, who at his evening hour gazes also upon you red sunset, and whispers, as he waits for the next day, "the gallant General of the last war, so nobly defended by the Man of Ashland, now rests beneath the roof of the Hermitage—the tear—oh! shames it not with a smile or a scoff—the tear glazes in his eye, and the feeling of the olden time comes throbbing round his heart."

Without intending (as a revenue to express my opinion) measure, I had avowed upon every item of this bill my public speech. I think the idea of the interests of provisions in the main the country, and especially WISE and PROPRIETARY of the producing ER. If there be any REQUIRED ITS, (of which I have not the means here of judgment) I SHOULD OUGHT TO BE CORRECTED. J. K. POLK, Dec. 14, 1830, Mr. Barringer introduced a resolution to reduce the duty on coarse wool, wools, sugar, &c., and on the question of consideration, Mr. Polk voted in the AFFIRMATIVE.

CLAY FOR AND POLK AGAINST THE TARIFF OF 1842.
CLAY. POLK. I have everywhere maintained that in the period I was a representative in Congress, DISCRIMINATION OPPOSED TO PROTECTIVE POLICY. IN THE present context the Tariff of 1842 is the most BENEFICIAL YET, and I am utterly opposed to ITS repeal. CLAY highly protective letter to Mr. Coxe, June 15, 1843.

Without intending (as a revenue to express my opinion) measure, I had avowed upon every item of this bill my public speech. I think the idea of the interests of provisions in the main the country, and especially WISE and PROPRIETARY of the producing ER. If there be any REQUIRED ITS, (of which I have not the means here of judgment) I SHOULD OUGHT TO BE CORRECTED. J. K. POLK, Dec. 14, 1830, Mr. Barringer introduced a resolution to reduce the duty on coarse wool, wools, sugar, &c., and on the question of consideration, Mr. Polk voted in the AFFIRMATIVE.

POLK SUSTAINING THE SLAVE TRADE! March 3, 1831, Mr. Mercer introduced the following resolution: Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to renew and to prosecute from time to time such negotiations with the several maritime powers of Europe and America as he may deem expedient FOR THE EFFECTUAL ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE, and its ultimate denunciation and abolition under the law of nations, by the consent of the civilized world.

On passing this resolution the yeas were 115, nays 32. Mr. Polk voted in the NEGATIVE—Cong. Deb. vol. 7, page 250.
POLK FOR IMMEDIATE ANNEXATION. I have no hesitation in declaring that I am in favor of IMMEDIATE RE-ANNEXATION of Texas to the territory and government of the United States.—J. K. Polk.

From the Boston Courier.
HON. GEORGE F. MARSH.
We take the following from the Transcript of last evening. All that herein is contained of this gentleman's erudition, we dare say, is true. We know him to be a great linguist. We only regret, that, having learnt so many tongues, he does not often use his natural one. He seems to hoard his great learning, as Catholics, according to Sterne, the relics of their saints, without being able to work a single miracle by them: "While in Burlington I had the satisfaction of meeting with the ripe scholar and excellent man, the Hon. GEORGE F. MARSH.—He is a resident of this town, and notwithstanding that he has given his time and talents sedulously to the profession of law, yet he has found time to lay up such an immense fund of learning (more particularly as a linguist) that, though some years short of forty, his fame as a scholar is hardly surpassed by any other American. Mr. Marsh's library is certainly a curiosity, considered as the collection and property of a private individual. It is divided into alcoves, each of which contains the works of one particular language—the Latin, Greek, &c. and the modern European languages—the mere enumeration of which, as acquired by Mr. Marsh,

invited to deliver the Address before the New England Society of this city, at the Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the 22d of December next. There are few men in the country who would bring to such an occasion more admirable abilities to do it justice than Mr. MARSH; and we earnestly hope that he may find it convenient and agreeable to accept the invitation.—N. Y. Courier.

of itself be quite formidable. In the Northern tongue—those of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Iceland—there are books enough, of themselves to constitute a good sized library. It was as author of an Icelandic Grammar—the first ever published in the English language—that Mr. Marsh became known to the public as more than a common scholar. The novelty of the circumstances under which this singular work was composed, and brought out—the author being a young lawyer, depending upon his profession for a livelihood, unknown to fame, untravelled, and almost isolated in a small inland town, with but a meagre collection of publications in the language, and then met of the best—and the fact that, under such circumstances, the only work of the kind in the English tongue, and that a highly creditable one, should be produced, took the public by surprise, and at once raised the author to a very enviable position as a linguist. It would seem that he has devoted many leisure hours to the languages and history of the Northern nations, and that but few men in this or any other country are better acquainted with this kind of lore. He has just accepted an invitation, as he informed us, to deliver the next annual address before the New England Society, New York. Mr. Marsh has already been elected for one term to Congress, and is a candidate for re-election this autumn. No doubt is entertained of his success.

THE FARMERS AGAIN.—The twinkling luminary of the Argus again informs the farmers that the prices of their products are remarkably low; a fact which, he says, is owing to the tariff. This brilliant constellation of Locofocoism, however, does not condescend to inform the farmers by what process the Destructive process has raised the prices of agricultural products after they have succeeded in electing Mr. Polk. They tell them now, that they do not receive equal protection with the manufacturers. Very well; suppose then they lay a duty of \$1 per bushel upon foreign wheat and other grains, and \$10 per bushel on foreign provisions—how would that affect the farmers? No foreign grain or provisions are imported into this country at present. The extra duty would therefore manifestly produce no effect whatever.

How then do the Locos propose to bring up the prices of agricultural products? Ah! the cunning rogues! They do not tell us—doubtless for good reasons. They only say that prices are low, and that it is the fault of the Whigs; but never inform the farmers why they propose to raise them. When they do this, perhaps the farmers will vote for Polk, notwithstanding he says that "wool should be free," and that he has always been "hostile to a Protective Tariff."—Troy Whig.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

by numerous elections to important offices, and now, worst of all, are about to make him Chief Magistrate of the State! This seemed to fill the gentleman with sincere sorrow and regret, and the earnestness with which he poured out his abuse afforded a striking illustration of the overmastering power of personal hatred. Most of his charges were general, but towards the close, he became indiscreet and began to specify; and among other things charged that Mr. Slade, some six or seven years since got up a caucus meeting at Montpelier, for the purpose of embarking the credit of the State in the construction of three rail roads through Vermont. Jonathan P. Miller he said, C. L. Knapp, others of that kind, were cognizant of, if not concerned in, the operation. Col. Miller happening to be present, addressed the meeting: "My name is Miller; I am one of the persons alluded to; and so far as I am concerned, the statement is unqualifiedly false. I know 'nothing of the matter; never before heard of it; neither do I believe it." And then, such cheering, you never heard." The speaker explained, apologized, sat down; and O'Halloran moved a vote of thanks for his eloquent and truthful address.

Cool weather this, for dog-days.
Bar. Free Press.

THE DIFFERENCE.
The simple difference between "incidental protection" said to be advocated by Polk, and "discriminations for protection" proclaimed by Mr. Clay, is just here.

"Incidental protection" is that which happens, hit or miss, from a TWENTY PER CENT horizontal Tariff, while "Discriminations for Protection" are such as are made on purpose, in a Tariff like the one of 1842, which gives full protection to all that need it.

That's just the odds.

SYMPATHY FOR DORR.
The attempt to awaken sympathy hereabouts for this violator of the laws of God and man, seen to have fallen away since the market-house attempt at which Petticoat Alley presided, assisted by some minor lights of Jacobinism. There is many an inmate of our own Penitentiary who more richly deserves the sympathy of the good and honest man, than does this Dorr; for the poor criminal not unfrequently falls into crime from the errors of education, from association, from passion: But in the case of Dorr, it was a deliberate attempt to subvert the established law, planned openly, with a full knowledge of the penalty. And now, that he failed in his ambitious treason against his native State, after debauching from their allegiance hundreds of others and leading them astray, let him suffer the doom of the traitor. In other States, his punishment would have been death.

A few days since the N. York Post moved in this business, making a dolorous statement respecting the cruel punishment to which the patriot was subjected in the prison of Rhode Island—that he was the only person actually suffering solitary confinement, "in a cell about twelve feet in width by sixteen in length, with granite walls and floors, lighted from above by a window, through which the inmates can behold the sky, like the prisoners of Chillon, but no other object of the outward world," &c. &c.

The Providence Journal of the 10th, positively contradicts the story so pathetically framed by the Post and says:—

We have so often refuted similar lies, that it is hardly necessary for us to repeat that Thomas W. Dorr is subjected to no treatment different from that of all other prisoners in the State Prison; his imprisonment is not solitary. Solitary confinement has been abolished in the State Prison, its effects have been found injurious to the health and to the intellects of the convicts. It was abolished before Dorr was committed, and he has never been subjected to it. He is engaged in the lightest employment that can be called labor, and works only as much as he pleases. How the hope of a little political capital can induce any man to publish such wicked and malicious lies, surpasses our comprehension.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the people of Vermont, for the second office in their gift, more truly worthy of their suffrage, than HORACE EATON, of Franklin. For fifteen years he has been one of the ablest and firmest Whig members of the Senate, and for one year he has presided over that body. Distinguished for the correctness of his views and the soundness of his mind, for the modesty of his deportment and the unaffected excellence of his heart, he has enjoyed among all who knew him personally, the most perfect respect and regard. He is an elegant scholar, and an able man. Let the Whigs show their appreciation of his worth, by giving a hearty support to the ticket which is adorned by his name.

Dr. EATON. Never was a candidate presented to the