

The Middlebury Gazette

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES"—WEBSTER.

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MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old
My hair is thin and grey;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That with wild toss all day,
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.
O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendship, and youth's love,
I oftentimes brood in memory,
As o'er its best of days.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river glide;
As once a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side.
I sit in the old parlor nook,
And she sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my check
Tending her chestnut hair.
Have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young.
As when through orchard alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sang.
She's exchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling good adieu.
Oh Death, thou hast a charmed touch,
Through erudite and old;
Preserved in this memory,
Love never can grow old.

MISCELLANY.

From the American Review.
KATE RUSSELL;
ON A CHAPTER FROM THE FIRST PART OF MY LIFE.

It was strange that Kate Russell and I should quarrel. Strange that, after weeks of fondness, after our daily wanderings in wood and meadows—after we had chattered every green bank that the brooks leaped, and concentrated every shaded knoll with some memory of love—after all glad influences of earth and sky had bound our hearts together—a little word of jealous anger should have had power to burst the bonds and free us from our sweet slavery.

But so it was. Long we sat together in the twilight, one October evening, whispering bright dreams of the future, promising never to part, and vowing that, should our change, and coldness, should never enter our hearts; and, some twelve short hours thereafter, a banished lover, with an empty stomach, and, as I fancied, an empty heart, I was packed close in a corner of the Old Colony stage, and hastening towards the new Athens.

It was a dreary day, the dimmest since the deluge. One of winter's Texan Rangers, a New England north-easter, had got the better of "brave old autumn," and was fast banishing the sun and flowers—everything that danced to our hearts, and coldness, should never enter our hearts; and, some twelve short hours thereafter, a banished lover, with an empty stomach, and, as I fancied, an empty heart, I was packed close in a corner of the Old Colony stage, and hastening towards the new Athens.

It was not for pride that I did not turn back. Men may be proud when the sun shines, but an east wind brings humility. On that day Lucifer himself might have been dragged about like a whipped dog. No, pride was not in my thoughts, but I felt that we never more could renew our old sympathy. The bitter words we had spoken must always remain a barrier between our hearts. The rugged remnant of common sense would have taught me that we had quarrelled only because we were "a little lower than the angels," that Kate was not a creature of the gods, and that a quick return, one kiss, one word of love, would heal the wound forever.

But it is not permitted that love and common sense shall dwell together in men's brains, and so I held my course, gloomily thinking of all that had chanced since I travelled that road before of the new wishes, and pleasures, and hopes, that since then, had sprung up in my heart, and of the sudden storm that had blasted them all.

Turn back, dear reader, with those thoughts of mine, I pray thee.
Just before the Indian Summer, my good friend, Frank Russell, had prepared for his night's shooting in the Old Colony. For this he had to go the good people of Plymouth near their weather-worn country. We were to visit his uncle, the Colonel, and much he boasted of my willing care of the old gentleman's hospitality. Something there was, too, in praise of his cousin Kate's beauty, but that I would leave. We were nearly ready for our journey, when suddenly Satan or Momus, a son-in-law of the subterranean, crazed Frank's governor with a vain hope that his own might make something in the world if he had a few years, and a few dollars. Specifically to coin this into reality, he shipped poor Frank unawares, without one farewell call, or parting supper, to New York, there, from the land of the living, to a land of the dead, to a land of the living, to a land of the dead.

I was not to be balked of my sport, and a day or two after Frank's disappearance, I mounted the Plymouth stage, beside Ben Siebbins, the driver, and started down the road at the decent rate of about six miles an hour.

So I rode by miles and miles on the road, now-a-days, but the "way of life" was then a pleasant walk—not the steep descent that steam has made it since. Sensible people were laughing at the vagaries of a mad-cap fellow, named Fulton, who pretended to have made a boat without air or sail. Old sea-dogs wagged their heads, and reckoned that she went down the stream.

We pay dearly for these new inventions that men find out, and, for steam, we have hurried away a race of great-souled men, who were the universal philanthropists. Different in mark and number from those of our bad days; men whose hearts had no opportunity to close, whose daily business it was to ride chatting and laughing, stealing secret-kisses, leaving kind messages, and dropping love letters and presents of game & city finery through miles of sunny woodland.

But, alas, for the noble craft! The men of the long whip and the many coats, the oacles of the way-side inn, the rulers of the world—if such a thing is a stage—are fast passing away. Yet they are looked for as a glorious immortality. "Their lines have fallen in pleasant places." Tony Weller will keep the road till "the last pipe" is paid, and the last man set down in Paradise.

Of this race, so full of the milk of human kindness, Ben Siebbins was, like Sir John, the very butler. Still more like Sir John, he was a five fingers thick upon the ribs, and, in all that goodly frame, there was not nerve or muscle that did not vibrate with good humor. Well was it for me, that I soon appropriated a niche in his heart to myself.

The Colonel's house was but a few miles from Plymouth. Ben pointed it out to us as we approached, and, peering through the rows of lofty elms that hid it from the road, my eyes fell on a lovely girl, who was hastening towards us; her long dark curls blown back from her flushed cheeks, and her eyes sparkling and full of that deep blue that has no counterpart in nature, no raven's wing, or summer sky, to help the poets to a simile, and so has passed unsung by the passionate tribe.

bles, scissors, and all the infinite armor of a lady's work-box. She looked half vexed, half amused, at my awkwardness, and, abashed for the first time in my life, I leaped to the ground to repair the fault. The articles were gathered too quickly for me to summon enough of my scattered wits to say anything pretty to her bright eyes, but one little spool was considered as to roll apart from the rest, and, it being the last of the group, our hands met upon it. Thrilled by the touch, I looked up to her eyes, as, for a moment, they were turned towards mine. I picked a flint, and, in a moment, he remarked:

"We've got the chap inside, 'a's going to be the colonel's darter—likely looking feller, he is, tu."

He had led up to my trumps. A lawyer could not more cunningly have caught the train of a witness's thoughts. The confidence I had refused to my best friend, I gave, without reserve, to one whom I had seen but once before in my life. In a few words, I told him my whole story.

"Well, that's bad," said Ben, "tu devilish bad. The colonel's darter, after all. If you had stuck to the road, you'd a come in first, but your distance now, any way. What d'ye mean to do? I'm too heavy for a capsize, you know. I'll try to leave the clap on the road, if that'll accommodate."

"Do it, Ben," said I, vainly endeavoring to grasp his immense hand, "and I'll make your fortune."

"Wall, I must do my duty; but, if Jones does git out, my stage won't be kept waiting all day for him, that's sartin."

The possibility of anticipating my rival, made me as delirious with hope, as before, I had been stupid with despair. A thousand wild plans rushed to my thoughts, and each seemed certain of success. A thousand moving phrases of love and repentance seemed written in light before my eyes. But they fled as suddenly as they came, when I reflected how little promise there was, that Kate, angered, slighted, and apparently forgotten, would take me back to her heart, would abandon her new love for my angry jealousy. I had just enough reason within my control, to enable me to suspect that I was making a fool of myself.

But, even in my desperation, I could not resist being amused at the pertinacity with which Ben drove up to every tavern within miles of his route, and, by his "five minutes here, gentlemen," and now then, a "best o' liquor," tried to bribe Mr. Jones to rest his foot once more on solid earth. But Mr. Jones was not to be moved. He was a fixture. An old traveler would sometimes put his head to suggest that we were in a new road, but Ben's answer was ready: "We always go around here, a Wednesdays," checked the remark.

Little impression as these endeavors made on Mr. Jones, Ben was, at last, overcome by them. Every cent added to our load at least one glass of brandy, not much affected by the few drops of water, which, "for the looks of the thing," as he said, he scornfully dashed at it. The frequency of his libations would have been a statistic to the Washingtonians, if Washingtonians there had been in those days. He afterwards informed me, that he meant to get drunk, and leave me to do as I pleased with the stage, as he knew that his "losses" would soon be paid, and, that, by his apparently intentional neglect of duty, and his "best o' liquor," he was really his purpose to get, if he failed, seldom have human plans met with so perfect a success. After fortune had saved us from many an imminent danger, sleep "wrapped him about like a cloak," and I assumed his office, with a determination to carry out his plans that might have been an example to Mr. Tyler.

Our delays had consumed some hours, and it was now quite dark. I knew that Mr. Jones would be angry, and, especially I noticed one candle burning above his head, which it had doubtless been placed at sunset, to marshal Mr. Jones the way he was not going without my permission. After some tugging I aroused Ben's hands to their accustomed office and whispering, "Go ahead," in his drowsy car, I jumped to the ground.

The blood rushed to my heart with a thrill of delight, as I heard the horses' hoofs clatter over the frozen road. The prize was before me, and, considering the situation of my rival, the odds were scarcely against me. I hastened to the house and into the room where I saw the lights. I had thought to speak quickly to the purpose, but Kate, who had doubtless risen to welcome her other lover, met me at the door, and her look changed so suddenly to cold, surprised anger, that my heart fell and my hopes flew in an instant. I could not utter a word—not a stammer came to my relief.

Through piles of silks and leees, and garments known and unknown, I discovered Mrs. Russell. Her favor I had early won by a new receipt for jam, and she had the grace to offer me a seat and inquire about my health. On my replying that I was much fatigued by my stage ride, she asked:

"Was not Mr. Jones with you in the stage? We have been expecting him for hours."
A martyr to truth, I answered that he was, but had gone to Plymouth.
I glanced at Kate, who was busily striving to hide a crimson ribbon in white roses. I could see that her hands trembled, and her cheeks were thin and pale. Gladly would I have argued that our separation had proved upon her health, as it had upon mine, but that chilling look of hers forbade. At length I ventured to ask if she was well.

"Sit still, ma," said Kate, and then, with a demure voice, but a twinkle of exquisite womanly malice in her eyes.
"I have so much to think of now, that you must excuse me. Perhaps to-morrow or the next day, I shall be more capable of holding counsel with you."

This was too much—I was angry myself now, and I rose to go. As I opened the door, the same voice saluted me that had bid me stop at the Colonel's. I felt the absurdity of going off so manifestly scorn, and looking again at Kate, I saw a tear nestling in her eye.

Clearing two dresses at a jump, I kissed her as of old, and whispered, "I love you dearly, Kate—will you forgive me?"

For a moment, she hid her face upon my breast; then turned it towards mine—and our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips.
Mr. Jones, who had entered the room in time to be a spectator of this pleasing scene, made a desperate attempt at a look of lofty scorn—an attempt which would, doubtless, have been more successful, had the ice been stronger, or the water shallower, of the brook into which Ben had upset him, and then departed to his lodger and his money-making.

Frank retired me in his Broadway garments. The wedding was not deferred, and Kate and I have not quarrelled since.

My tale has its moral: a man should go early to his own wedding.

SPEECH OF MR. A. STEWART, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IN REVIEW OF THE FREE-TRADE DOCTRINES CONTAINED IN MR. WALKER'S ANNUAL REPORT ON THE FINANCES.

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JANUARY 11, 1848.

THE EFFECT OF LOW DUTIES AND FREE TRADE ON LABOR AND PRICES.

Thus it appears that the learned Secretary's facts and his theories are always at war. His tropian schemes look exceeding well till his facts are brought to bear upon them, then they vanish into thin air. Unfortunately for Mr. Walker, ingenuity cannot overcome truth, for "truth is mighty and will prevail." To show the contradictory character of Mr. Walker's Reports, he would here cite a few, out of a great many instances.

In one part of his Report, the Secretary boasts of the happy effects of the tariff of 1846, in reducing taxes, lightening the burdens of the poor, of the "toiling millions." In some instances, he says, the duty has been reduced from 60 per cent, down to 20 and 30. On iron the duty had been brought down from 75 to 20 per cent., from \$25 to 10 dollars per ton; on the poor man's coal, the duty had been reduced from 67 down to 30 per cent.,—more than half the tax had been taken off foreign coal; now all looks very well for the consumers of iron and coal, but after a while he comes to speak of another class of the "toiling millions" the voters of Pennsylvania, who make iron and dig coal, and now hear what this consistent Secretary tells them. He tells them that the tariff of 1846 has been very thing for them, and he congratulates them on the fact that coal and iron are in greater demand, are bringing better prices than before the repeal of the tariff of 1842; these were his very words. Now, how the tariff of 1846 can at the same time reduce the prices of iron and coal to favor consumers and raise it to favor producers, is a theory I cannot understand—it is an up-and-down, yes and no operation, which will puzzle the ingenuity of the Secretary himself to explain. But, then he has another, and a worse difficulty to explain. The object of the tariff of 1846 was to increase the revenue. Now, what has been its effect? It has destroyed more than half the revenue arising from these very articles, without benefit to any body but the foreign importer who sells his iron, according to Mr. Walker, for a "better price," pays ten dollars instead of twenty-five into Mr. Walker's empty treasury, puts the fifteen dollars as additional profits into his pocket, which under the tariff of 1842, he would have paid into the Treasury. Now, the same thing may be said of coal—instead of six cents a bushel, the foreign importer now pays a less than three, sells his coal at a better price, and fulfills his benefit. The foreigner, and the foreigner only, at the expense of the American Treasury and the American people, salt; was another article illustrating the folly of low duties the effect of which was to destroy revenue and increase prices; the prices are increased by diminishing home supply, and giving the foreigner the control of the market, and the revenue is reduced by the operation. Nearly three-fourths of the duty was taken off salt to favor the poor—the result is, that foreign salt has risen 25 per cent, and the Treasury has lost three-fourths of the revenue. And yet Mr. Walker insists that his tariff favors the poor and increases the revenue! This same thing is true in an infinite variety of similar cases, which he had not time now to particularize; he would, however, refer to one or two, for the benefit of the South—the cotton-growers, and the great admirers of the tariff of 1842. The duty has affected these goods, and especially the great admirers of the tariff of 1842. The duty has been greatly reduced on cotton bagging, this has led to the domestic supply, and the price I am credibly informed, has increased from 12 cents per yard, under the tariff of 1842, to 20 cents under the glorious free trade tariff of 1846. The Treasury getting less, and the consumer paying more; the price of the cotton it has been reduced nearly one-third, amounting to a loss on the cotton crop of twenty millions of dollars. Cotton, under the tariff of 1842, brought ten cents per pound, it is now down to seven, and still declining. The sugar business I am told, has fared no better. The foreign importer, Mr. Walker is himself obliged to admit that the cotton interest has suffered; and that Southern interest has not? The injury is universal, and the suffering must soon become so. The famine and the potato rot had saved for the moment, the North and West but that over, and the floods of foreign goods will soon sweep away their last dollar. Such always has been and always will be the effect of low duties. Nothing but war and famine has saved this Administration, and it is now down to seven, and still declining. The sugar business I am told, has fared no better. The foreign importer, Mr. Walker is himself obliged to admit that the cotton interest has suffered; and that Southern interest has not? The injury is universal, and the suffering must soon become so. The famine and the potato rot had saved for the moment, the North and West but that over, and the floods of foreign goods will soon sweep away their last dollar. 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