

**GREAT FLOOD AND DAMAGE.**

A hurricane and flood has done immense damage in Philadelphia and vicinity, occurring on Saturday evening 5th inst. Very many of the cellars in the city were filled with water. In the neighborhood of the Schuylkill, the streets were strewn with boards and fragments of roofs destroyed—piles of lumber turned topsy turvy fences prostrated—the largest trees turned up by the roots—corn laid flat—fruit trees destroyed—several houses, stables, &c. on Callowhill lost their roofs. The Magdalen Asylum sustained much injury—summer houses and gardens in ruins—Wilmington and Baltimore railroad injured, and bridge gone. In New Jersey, opposite, the creeks were inundated, and bridges destroyed. Great damage at Elizabethtown and Newark.

**LATER AND MORE DISASTROUS.**

[Chester is on the Delaware, above Philadelphia.]  
**GREAT FLOOD AT CHESTER PENNSYLVANIA—TWENTY LIVES LOST.**—An extra slip from the office of the Public Ledger, dated Aug. 8, conveys the following intelligence of the ravages of the storm at Chester. The shores are filled with wrecks, the streets with ruins. Chester creek rose six feet in five minutes. In two hours the water rose 23 feet, tearing away dams and every obstruction. The railroad and suspension bridges were swept away—the latter the first claim-bridge in the world.

The four story stone factory W. Crozier, with all its looms and machinery, are gone. Loss \$100,000.

Mr. Brodson's tannery is ruined. Loss \$4000. Mr. Eyre's lumber yard swept away. Loss \$8000.

James M. Eyre's store house suffered much; his loss must be \$6000.

A man named Shoades, with his two daughters, were carried away in his house, and perished.—A colored woman, named Jackson was drowned. A man with his two sons and a daughter, were drowned about two miles from Chester.

The dead bodies of a woman and her son were picked up on Sunday morning about four miles from Deshong's Hotel, where they were drowned. The loss of property in Delaware County alone is estimated at \$500,000. About twenty lives are supposed to have been lost.

This is the most terrible calamity of the kind ever known in this country.

The walls of the Capitol at Washington are being cut and tunneled in all directions for the purpose of ventilation. Brick, bats and plaster, in say nothing about dust and rubbish of all descriptions, fill the various rooms.

**No Protection.**

The democrats, who as a body favor no higher tariff than is simply sufficient for revenue purposes, in strict conformity with an economical administration of the finances, are acting for what they judge to be for the best interests of the whole country.

"A revenue sufficient to meet the wants of the Government is indispensable; and this should be raised by a tariff upon imports, impartial in its operations, bearing as practicable equally upon every interest, and strictly confined to the purposes of revenue."  
North Star.

This is the doctrine of Vermont locofocoism: a tariff for revenue simply—NO DUTIES FOR PROTECTION. And what is a Revenue Tariff? We answer in the language of the locofoco candidate for Vice President—Leri Woodbury, Senator from N. Hampshire,—

"He vindicated the views which he had heretofore thrown out in regard to the rates of duties on imports: A DUTY OF TWENTY PER CENT. was high enough, in his opinion, in proportion to the whole value of property in this country, which had been stated at four thousand millions. He had urged that TWENTY PER CENT. WOULD AFFORD A SUFFICIENT REVENUE, taking back the lands, and including articles now free." Speech on the Tariff, Aug. 2, 1842.

And Senator Wright of New York, Mr. Van Buren's right hand man—hear him,—  
"Mr. Wright said he was not sure that the 20 per cent., which the land revenue, would not be sufficient for the expenditures of the government." Speech March 2, 1842.

A revenue Tariff means, twenty per cent. duties, that is—NOT HALF SO HIGH as the present Tariff! If this is what the locofocos call "better protection to wool," we have only to say that it is just no protection at all.

**Resolutions on "Protection."**

In the speech of Mr. John Smith at Burlington the other day we find the following passage:—

"From year to year, resolutions have been adopted by our State and County Conventions recognizing the doctrine and insisting upon it (viz. Protection,) as fundamental and essential to the prosperity of the people of this State."  
We beg to differ from the Hon. Speaker on this point and as our excuse would offer two resolutions introduced in 1842 at a Franklin County Convention, by one of Mr. Smith's warmest partisans, BRADLEY BARLOW, Esq., of Fairfield. These resolutions, it must be remembered were adopted in MR. SMITH'S OWN COUNTRY AND BY MR. SMITH'S OWN FRIENDS."

Resolved, The scheme of the Whigs, in giving away the ample revenue, arising from the sale of the public lands, and thereby creating a necessity for taxing the necessities of life is akin to all their schemes of taking care of the rich, that the rich may take care of the poor, or in other words, robbing the poor and giving to the rich.

Resolved, that the scheme of taxing a man according to his appetite, or the number of his children or the quantity of cloth necessary to cover their nakedness, instead of a tax upon property, is purely a whig scheme.

Now to see what State Conventions have done, we beg leave to introduce the following Resolution adopted at a Loco Foco State Convention held at Montpelier, June 17, 1841 to wit:—  
"Resolved, That the true principle of the federal government is, to confine its action to the objects specially enumerated in the Constitution, LEAVING INDUSTRY TO REGULATE ITSELF." Messenger.

**Election--September 5.**



**PEOPLE'S PRESS.**

**Middlebury, August 30, 1843.**

**For Governor, JOHN MATTOCKS.**

**For Lieut. Governor, HORACE EATON.**

**For Treasurer, JOHN SPALDING.**

*Senators for Addison County.*

Peter Starr,  
Harvey Munsill.

Chittenden Co.  
David Reed,  
Luther Stone.

*For Rutland Co.*

E. N. Briggs,  
Alanson Allen,  
Elisha Allen.

*Grand Isle Co.*

Willis Mott.

*Representative in Congress.*

3d DISTRICT.  
GEORGE P. MARSH.

*1st DISTRICT.*

SOLOMON FOOTE.

**To the Whigs of Vermont. WHIGS ARE YOU READY?**

During the year, you have exhausted days and days in reading, talking and discussing politics, but are you ready to spend each a half dozen hours at the polls to vindicate the principles you profess. Whig Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers,—you patiently toil week after week, in your fields and workshops to obtain the means of subsistence, comfort and competency, and will you now grudge a tything of time at the ballot boxes, to secure the protection necessary to afford you a fair remunerating price for the products of your labor. You are aware that your opponents are up and doing. Their emissaries are abroad in the land, recruiting their forces, enlisting the weak, and inciting the lukewarm. And will you remain yielding your scythes, or tapping your lapstones, until peal after peal of locofoco victories are ringing in your ears, and the hopes of bettering your condition for a generation at least have vanished forever?

**Cheer up Whigs!**

You have something to fight for. By the most gigantic and indefatigable efforts of your champions, you have secured a good tariff in spite the Herculean opposition of locofocoism. Its salutary operations are certain, but gradual. Excessive importations have been stopped, the balance of trade is turning in our favor, resulting in the addition of

**30 Millions**

of SPECIE to our currency. Business is reviving, employment and wages increasing, manufactures commencing anew, the prices of property appreciating, the wings of our commerce expanding, and the country is redeeming itself with daily increasing rapidity from the abyss into which the wretched anti-tariff experiments of locofocoism had plunged it.

The question now is SHALL WE GO BACK? Shall we again place the reins of government in the hands of those who would strangle the tariff in its birth, who threatened its repeal at its first breath, and who are irreversibly pledged to elevate to the Presidency as their most available candidate, John C. Calhoun, an avowed enemy, or Martin Van Buren, a secret one, should they be nominated by the party. Is not your ready answer NO, NO, to which a whig victory alone can give an emphasis. Away, Away, to the Polls on the 5th of September. Devote a single day to the glory and unspeakable benefit of keeping the whig banner in Vermont still flapping in the breeze. Let not the twinkling brilliancy of the star that never sets be obscured by the foetid breath of locofocoism in 1843. Buckle on your whole armour then whigs of Old Addison. As patriots, as freemen, as your own sovereigns you and every other American have duties to perform at the ballot boxes, as imperious and solemn as any on this side the grave. Do you owe nothing to your own comfort, and the education and advancement of your children? Do you owe nothing to the religion which you profess, the liberties for which your forefathers have fought, and the cause of freedom to the slave which you maintain? And where can you discharge these mighty responsibilities but at the polls? Rogues and Royalists must rule unless honest men go to the polls. Public Freedom, good morals, good laws and good measures must be sacrificed at the shrine of unhallowed ambition unless the conservative portion of the community interpose the shield of their protection. Prepare then Prepare for the polls. Go yourself and see that no whig is left behind, and go united at the sacrifice of every personal preference for candidates. They are nothing, but the country is every thing. Go for principle, despise going for men.

Are the whigs on the fertile shores of the beautiful Champlain, ready for the conflict. Are the whigs of the mountains, of Hancock, of Granville and Goshen preparing for the rescue. And where are the whigs of Monkton, Starksboro', and Lincoln?—Have they been transported into higher regions of patriotic effort by the ballooning eloquence of H. W. Miller, who delights so much in the empty flights of his own frantic imagination, and is doubtless a choice tool to secure the success of the locofoco candidates. But we cannot particularize. Let all HASTEN TO THE POLLS on election day. The victory is ours if we will it.

WILL IT THEN, WILL IT. A single day at the polls may be worth more than weeks and even years of toil upon your farms, if omitted.

**TO THE READERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.**

You will excuse our exclusive devotion to politics for two weeks past. We want without fail. But hereafter our paper will present its usual variety of miscellany and general intelligence. Another paper will be out Monday night.

PHILO S. WARNER Esq., whose name was attached to the request from Bristol, that Mr. Stide should be placed in our paper as an Independent candidate wishes us to say that he never signed that paper or authorized his name to be placed upon it.  
Pie! Pie!! We accidentally knocked one page of our paper into Pie. Our advertisers will perceive that it is impossible to get them all up this week. Be patient friends.  
PRINTED.

**Protection no Party Question, John Smith.**

No sane man can have the hardihood to deny that the whig party have been the staunch, unflinching, and efficient friends of protection, from the day of John Quincy Adams down to the present moment. It was through their indefatigable efforts that the Tariffs of 1824, of 1828, and of 1842, were passed against the stubborn opposition of the South in combination with Northern locofocoism to defeat them. In Vermont however this salutary principle of whig policy has acquired such an ascendancy over the popular branch of the loco party, that no candidate for office can hope for success who does not avow himself a friend to protection. Such a step was of course expected, and has been taken by John Smith the loco candidate for our congressional district, who for fifteen years past has been veering from one side of the political field to the other, and knows well how to trim his sails to catch the popular breezes.

**Opposition to the Tariff in Vermont.**

But that Mr Smith should insist that the doctrine of protection is no part of the creed of the political parties of the country and that the question is a local one and hence claim for his pseudo democracy the same merit for sustaining it as for the whigs, is certainly as hard to reconcile with perfect honesty and sincerity on his part as the extreme reluctance which he expresses at "again entering the arena of political strife."

Recently it is true it has become less a party question in Vermont than in any other state in the union. So strong has been the current of popular feeling in its favor that whenever a resolution has been moved in the legislature, by a whig in favor of protection (for who ever heard of a loco doing any such thing,) no loco has dared to wag his tongue, or cast his vote against it. But the old leaven infused into the party by Gen. Jackson when for political purposes he yielded the country up to the scourge of southern dictation, and suffered the compromise bill to be forced upon us, has never ceased to operate upon the well disciplined leaders and the loco presses of the state down to the present moment. Even within a recent period Paul Dillingham, jr. has declared that "a revenue should be raised by a tariff upon imports impartial in its operations, bearing as far as practicable equally upon every interest and strictly confined to the purposes of revenue." The North Star a strong loco paper declares, that "the democrats who as a body favor no higher tariff than is simply sufficient for revenue purposes, are acting for what they esteem the best interests of the country."

**Age, the Patriot, the Sentinel,**

week after week, publishing column after column of extracts from anti-tariff speeches of members of congress, and the editorials of Blair, Kendall, the Evening Post and others, when their anathemas against the tariff have been the most bitter and uncompromising. Witness their denunciations of protection for the sake of protection, their adoption of the wretched palaver so agreeable to southern ears, about a judicious tariff incidental protection, to be derived from a revenue tariff merely, their scornful sneers about a high pressure tariff, aristocratic manufacturers, and overgrown monopolists,

**Yes Fellow Citizens,**

a vast amount of southern influence is pent up in the miscalled democratic party of Vermont, leading on to the sacrifice of protection, and deadly hate to abolitionism to gratify the wishes of these southern allies. Put it down, Put it down,

**Put it down, Put it down,**

or it will prostrate even Vermont, at the feet of the southern slaveocracy at last.

To show that we have given no fancy sketch of the strength of Vermont locofoco opposition to protection, read the following from their patronized presses.

**DIRECT TAXATION!**

"We believe direct taxation to be the only equal and just mode of supporting the National Government." *Vt. Patriot.*  
"Most people want protection—a protective Tariff. Do they want it for themselves or others? Are they quite sure that it is the wool-grower, and not the manufacturer, who is sought to be protected? And if the manufacturer, are all who buy willing to be taxed 25 per cent. more than they now pay, for pure love of country—to protect the rich capitalist? And if the wool-grower, are all other classes willing to be taxed to put money in his pocket? Is this equal rights? It devolves upon the advocates of this system to show that such is not its operation, for they certainly cannot justify it.—*Vt. Patriot.*

**HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS.**

"We would direct attention to an article in another column headed "English Operatives." It shows a melancholy picture of the condition of the producing classes, in a country where the same financial system obtains which the federal party in this country are zealously striving to engraft upon our institutions. Read also, in connection, the article which follows, showing the tendency and the certainty that the same causes will produce the same effects here which we witness in England. Never forget, that England is a country of tariffs, corporations, and monopolies. There the laboring man is protected against the introduction of grain and all manner of Foreign manufactured or grown articles, starvation, misery and death is the consequence, the Federal whigs in this country desire to pursue a like course. Like causes produce like effects. Beware, American producers."—*Burlington Sentinel.*

**repeal, repeal,**

with a vandal ferocity, before the executive sanction had dried upon the paper. But their cool impudence in complaining about the tariff on

**coarse wool,**

especially, is it an insult to the understandings of the people, which should be met with a double brand of public indignation. On no point of the bill during its pendency, did they make more clamorous assaults than upon this. By a perusal of our last number it will be seen that, while our delegation and other good whigs were moving amendments to enhance the tariff chiefly

**on coarse wools and woolens,**

Locos Brown, of Pa., Johnson of Tenn., Smith of Va., Roosevelt of N. Y., moved amendments tending to "sacrifice the wool-grower, and diminish it from what it was in the original bill. Not a single loco ever attempted to enlarge the tariff on wool for the simple reason that he was hostile to the principle of protection. Indeed could Buchanan, Wright and others have had their way it would have been diluted into a scheme of 20 per cent horizontal duties. And yet these very men are clamoring against the whigs for not making the tariff on wool better, reviling the Vermont delegation for sacrificing the interests of the farmers' claiming to be their only faithful guardians' and promising to remedy their grievances upon the very agreeable condition of being voted into power. Impudence, arrogance, and folly can go no further. The voracious wolf requests the office of the protective shepherd.

**No, No, Brother Farmers,**

you will never set the fox to guard the geese. The men who framed and advocated the tariff alone should be trusted to remedy its defects, and not those whose hatred rendered it imperfect. Men who would have stifled it in its birth, and who as a party seek its overthrow. It may escape excision from the statute book at the next session of congress. But who is so simple as to believe that locofocoism will ever improve it. This party may not dare to repeal it. But one protective feature after another may be cut off, until it is left a loathsome and empty carcass. But let us see as to the

**Workings of the Black Tariff on coarse wool.**

We are not among those who were very much dissatisfied with the present tariff on coarse wool as it came from the hands of its makers. It was the best that could be wrested from the opposition. It was far preferable to any that had previously existed. If properly executed none but coarse can be imported without paying the highest rate of duty, and much higher than hitherto imposed. Since it went into operation the importations of foreign coarse wools have been reduced from 14 millions to about two millions. The prices of all grades of the home clips have risen. Coarse wools do not come much in competition with any wool which our farmers wish to produce, and so far as their importation is necessary to keep the manufactures of coarse stuffs in operation, it is an actual and highly important benefit to the farmer, by extending the market for the substance of the operatives.

**A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.**

Sol Jewett, the Weybridge Farmer, (who by the by is no better farmer than scores of his neighbors who have never attempted to glorify themselves by writing flimsy communications for the Cultivator,) for a few weeks past has been drenching the public with a diarrhoea of words about the tariff without connection, learning or logic. But finding the people at length disgusted with his sophistries, and misrepresentations which step by step we have been diligent to expose, like the whipped cur he at last turns and snaps at the hand which inflicts the chastisement. A late Vergennes Vermonter contains the decoction of wormwood and rue, which in his wrath he has so long been preparing to pour upon our devoted head. But we might have borne it all with as much philosophy as Socrates swallowed the hemlock, had not his surpassing and gentlemanly wit of calling us Harey, Esquire Harvey, and Bell, touched us to the quick.—There was no standing this. After being so banged about by the clique of the Vergennes Vermonter, to whom a modicum of talent could not be denied, to be followed up by the kicks of this enflamed ass was too bad. But let not our readers lose us of making "much ado about nothing," since our Sir oracle of Weybridge has been mischievously prophesying against a better price of wool which we are happy to say has risen 20 per cent since he commenced his woful jeremiads, and if he keeps on his tripod until next season, it will be the fault of the bitter opposers of the tariff with whom he is politically allied, if wool is not 40 cents per pound. Who doubts this but "Sol Jewett the Weybridge farmer," by whose fearful forebodings about wool thousands of dollars have been lost by the farmers of Vermont. The anecdote we published last week, the truth of which can be verified by the most incontestable evidence, seems to be a poser to Farmer Sol. He attempts to escape the force of it by claiming the conversation to have been between him and us. But the veritable farmer can't get out there, it was one of his own townsmen, who was caught by the croaking presages of a man, whose pinched up comprehension of the practical operation of the tariff renders him so perfectly ridiculous. But Mr. Farmer

dont be ruffled. To use your own homely phraseology, "Harvey's stings have no venom worse than milk and water." Keep your temper. A Roland for an Oliver. If blows are given they must be expected in return.

But most polite, urbane, and agreeable farmer Sol of Weybridge, as you say, "Fools always laugh at their own folly." Oh what a joyous unity you must have felt between yourself, and the crippled offspring of abuse and folly which came exulting into the world in the late Vergennes Vermonter. But the banding was not to blame for being so perfectly harmless. Its extreme malignity could not have been otherwise than neutralized by the extreme dilution of intellect and judgment which prevailed at its conception. But after all, to be ugly is by no means the natural instinct of neighbour Jewett, and we have so much of the milk of human kindness in our bosom as to vouchsafe him a gentle word of admonition, to sit down content with cultivating the beautiful patrimony on the banks of the Lemon Fair which his very worthy ancestor has left him, and apply to it those enlightened rules of agriculture which may be found in the Cultivator whose columns at his leisure he may attempt to enrich by his essays, much better than he can venture to instruct his countrymen in the profound mysteries of political economy.

**Third Party Declaimers.**

We can say most conscientiously, that few more cordially abominate slavery as a moral and political evil than ourselves or are more ready to adopt and execute any proper and righteous measures to sweep it from the land. But we cannot help thinking it grossly intolerant, and discourteous, in the furious declaimers against slavery, to denounce altogether the largest portion of community both civil and religious, and even of abolitionists themselves, because they do not accede to their third party schemes.—Indeed the arrogance and self-sufficiency of some of the leaders of the liberty party have become utterly nauseating to all reasonable men. Without stopping to reflect upon their own infallibility, they proudly erect themselves into a grand tribunal of impeachment, and arraign before them both political parties (not to say all ecclesiastical bodies) as destitute of all public virtue, and polluted with every public crime, and invest themselves with all those attributes of patriotism and philanthropy which they have stripped from those they have thus incalculated. In their supercilious arrogance they charge nine tenths of the nation with corruption, and then make them the winning offer, of a pardon, if they will become abolitionists of the genuine stamp.

**St. Clair, the Miller's Thrall,**

and other agitators, clothing themselves in the robes of righteous sympathy for the slave, and thus disguised, endeavoring to raise up a party no way tinctured with the lust of power, a thirst for office, the solidness of ambition, or love of emolument.—Such men, by such means as they are pursuing can never bring a political millennium upon the country. They possess no such divine alchemy, as will transmute those passions which have been accustomed to work for self gratification into the active agents of the public good.

**No, Fellow Citizens,**

this third party project and its advocates are not what they are

**Cracked up to be.**

Should it after breaking down every other political party in the country, erect its triumphant banner at the capitol, the same impurities in substance would prevail, with a little variation of fashion. Nero filled while Rome was burning, but the musical tyrant was succeeded by Caligula, whose sanguinary cruelty might have quenched the flames of the imperial city in the blood of its inhabitants. Rome only changed tyrants, the tyranny still remained. Not would it be surprising to find the loud electioneers who round off their periods so admirably in honor of humanity, and who seem to be burning with zeal for the good of millions, at last fall an easy prey to avarice, ambition, and all those contaminating vices, with which they stigmatize the race of political partizans now on the stage.

FITCHBURG RAIL ROAD is going ahead, measures are taking for an immediate survey to Bellevue Falls. The towns on the route are taking measures to pay the expense.