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## MISCELLANEOUS.

We have recorded our creed elsewhere touching  
the quality of Lowell's poetry. It comes into our heart  
as a dove comes from her nest—lovingly, to a certain  
welcome. What has been written in our time more  
beautiful than this?—N. Y. Mirror.

There is a heaven of sure rest  
From the world's bewildering stress:  
As a bird dreaming on her nest,  
As a dove hid in a flower's breast,  
As a heron in the reed-wood,  
So the calm sleeps  
In thy calm sleep,  
Serenely Forgetfulness!  
No sorrow in that place may be,  
The noise of life grows less and less:  
No morn for dawn within the sea,  
As in white lily-caves a bee,  
As life in a hazy reverie,  
So the heart's wave,  
In thy dim cave,  
Hushes, Forgetfulness!  
Duty and care fade far away,  
What toil may we be cannot guess:  
As a ship anchored in a bay,  
As a cloud at summer noon astray,  
As waterlilies in a breezeless day,  
So "neath thine eyes  
The full heart lies  
And dreams, Forgetfulness! J. R. L.

## Martha Washington.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was early in the winter of 1749, that  
the leaves of Gov. Gooch of Va., opened  
with unwonted splendor at Williamsburg.  
Many of the members of Assembly took  
thither with them a part of their families,  
and this session was graced by the pres-  
ence of several high-born young maidens,  
who had never before been presented at  
court.—One among these was evidently the  
theme of general admiration. Some of the  
stately matrons criticized her as deficient  
in height. But, though somewhat beneath  
the middle stature, she possessed that round  
and exquisite symmetry which the early  
historians have ascribed to the fascinating  
Anne Boleyn. A pure complexion and  
clear eyes, were finely contrasted with dark,  
glossy and redundant hair. Still it was  
found difficult by common observers, to an-  
alyze her beauty; for it rested not on any  
permanent gift, but on the consent of the  
whole movement, and the melody of voice,  
were confessed to be among its elements.  
More of animation was hers, than is won't  
to distinguish the modern Southern beauty;  
but what chiefly won old and young, was a  
bland cheerfulness, the silent history of the  
soul's happiness, and an expressive smile,  
inspiring every beholder with confidence  
like a beam from the temple of truth.

Though she had scarcely numbered twice  
eight summers, there was about her a womanly  
dignity, which chastened former  
admiration into respect.

Among those who had paid their devotions  
to this lovely young creature was Colonel  
Custis, one of the most accomplished gen-  
tlemen of his time. His father, the Hon.  
John Custis of Arlington, held the office of  
King's Counselor, and was a man of wealth  
and distinction. His attendance at Will-  
iamsburg during the present session had  
been somewhat interrupted by ill health;  
and while there the graver duties of the  
Statesman had so far absorbed him as to  
render him ignorant as to what reigning  
beauties had produced sensation at Court.  
Not long after the suspension of the leaves,  
and the return of the burgesses to their  
homes, the counselor requested a conver-  
sation in his cabinet with his son, Col. Dan-  
iel Parke Custis.

"I trust I have always shown that regard  
for your welfare which is due from an af-  
fectionate father to his only son. I am a-  
bout to give another proof of it. In short  
I wish to throw your attention to a suitable  
marriage."

The Colonel bowed.  
"You know, Colonel Byrd, of Westover,  
to my very particular friend. His daughter  
is one of the most beautiful and accom-  
plished ladies in Virginia. It is my desire  
that you form with her a matrimonial alli-  
ance."

He seemed to want for a reply, but in  
vain. "May I inquire if you have thus  
early presumed to decide seriously on the  
preference of any young lady as a com-  
panion for life?"

"I have, sir."  
"May I be favored with a knowledge of  
her name?"

"Miss Martha Danbridge."  
According to a happy prescience, the  
lovely counselor gave his consent to the nup-  
tials, and the flower of the court of Will-  
iamsburg became a bride, in the blush of  
her seventeenth summer.

Their residence was a retired and roman-

tic mansion on the banks of the Pamunkey.  
It reared its white walls amid a profusion of  
vines and flowering trees. Broad Planta-  
tions, and the wealth of Virginia forests,  
variegated the grounds. Rural occupation,  
and the delight of each other's society, pre-  
pared for them what they deemed a para-  
dise. In visits to their favored dwelling,  
the Chancellor learned to appreciate the  
treasures of his new daughter. Her excel-  
lence in the responsible sphere to which she  
was introduced, won his regard; and with the  
ingenuousness of an honorable mind when  
convinced of an error, he sought every op-  
portunity of distinguishing her merit, which  
he had once been reluctant to admit. When  
he saw the grace and courtliness with which  
she maintained a general hospitality; the  
judgment far beyond her years, displayed  
in the management of her servants; the  
energy, early rising, the cheerful alacrity  
with which she regulated and beautified the  
internal mechanism of her family; the dis-  
interestedness with which she forgot herself,  
and sought the good of others; but, above  
all, her untiring devotion to her husband,  
and the little ones sprung up around her;  
he gloried in the sentiment of his son, which  
indeed he had always believed, though he  
was once in danger of swerving from it,  
that strong personal affection is essential to  
the happiness of matrimonial life.

But the scene of felicity was not long to  
last. The death of her two oldest children  
prepared her for a deeper loss in her be-  
loved and estimable husband. In the trying  
situation of a young, beautiful, and wealthy  
widow and mother, she was still able to con-  
duct herself with unvarying discretion, and  
faithfully discharge every important duty.  
It was in the spring of 1758 that two gen-  
tlemen, attended by a servant, were seen  
riding through the luxuriant scenery with  
which the county of New Kent, in Virginia  
abounds. The most striking figure of the  
group was a tall, graceful man, and appar-  
ently twenty-six years of age. He would  
have been a model for a statesman when  
Rome was in her best days. His compan-  
ion was an elderly man, in a plain garb,  
who, by the familiarity with which he pointed  
out surrounding objects, would seem to  
be taking his daily rounds upon his own  
estate. As they approached the avenue to  
an antique mansion, he placed his hand on  
the rein of his companion.

"Nay, Colonel Washington, let it never  
be said that you ever passed the house of  
your father's friend without dismounting.—  
I must have the honor of delaying you as  
my guest."

"Thanks to you my dear sir, but I ride in  
haste, the bearer of despatches to our Gov-  
ernor in Williamsburg, which may not brook  
delay."

"Is this the noble steed which was given  
you by the dying Braddock on the fatal  
field of Monongahela? and this the same  
servant he bequeathed you at the same time?"

Washington answered in the affirmative.  
"Then my dear Colonel, this mounted  
and attended, you may well dine with me,  
and by borrowing some of this fine moon-  
light, reach Williamsburg ere his Excellency  
shall have shaken off his morning slumbers."

"Do I understand that I may be excused  
immediately after dinner?"  
"Certainly."  
"Then, Sir, I accept your kind hospitali-  
ty." And gracefully throwing himself from  
the charger, he resigned the rein to his En-  
glish servant, giving at the same time strict  
orders as to the time when he must be ready  
with the horses to pursue their journey.

"I am rejoiced, Colonel Washington,"  
said the hospitable old gentleman, "fortu-  
nately to have met you on my morning  
ride; and the more so as I have some guests  
who may make the repast pass pleasantly,  
and will not fail to appreciate our young  
and valiant soldier."

Washington bowed his thanks, and was  
introduced to the company. Virginia's  
far-famed hospitality was well set forth in  
that baronial hall. Precise in his house-  
hold regulations, the social feast was closed  
at the time the host had predicted. The  
servant was also punctual—he knew the  
habits of his master. At the appointed mo-  
ment he stood with horses caparisoned at  
the gate; and much did he marvel, as list-  
ening to every footstep that paced down the  
avenue, he saw the sun sink in the west,  
and yet no master appear. At length or-  
ders came that the horse should be put up  
for the night. Wonder upon wonder! when  
his business with the Governor was so ur-  
gent! The sun was high in the heavens  
the next day ere Washington mounted for  
his journey. No explanation was given,  
but it was rumored that among the guests  
was a beautiful and youthful widow, to  
whose charms his heart had responded.—  
This was further confirmed by his tarrying  
but a brief space at Williamsburg, retracing  
his route with unusual celerity, and becom-  
ing a frequent visitor at the house of the  
late Colonel Custis, in the vicinity where  
the following year, his nuptials were cele-  
brated.

Henceforth the life of the lady of Mt.  
Vernon is a part of the history of her coun-  
try. In that hallowed retreat, she was found  
entering into the plans of Washington, shar-  
ing his confidence, and making his house-  
hold happy. There her only daughter Mar-  
tha Custis, died in the bloom of youth; a  
few years after, when the troubles of the  
country drew her husband to the post of  
commander-in-chief of her armies, she ac-  
companied him to Boston, and witnessed its  
seige and evacuation. For eight years he  
returned no more to enjoy his beloved resi-  
dence on the banks of the Potomac. During  
his absence, she made the most strenuous  
efforts to discharge the added weight of  
care, and to endure, with cheerful trust  
in Heaven, continued anxiety for one so  
inexpressibly dear. At the close of each  
campaign, she repaired, in compliance with  
his wishes, to head quarters, where the la-  
dies of the general officers joined her in for-  
ming such society as diffused a cheering  
influence over even the gloom of the winter

of Valley Forge and Morristown. The o-  
pening of every campaign was the signal re-  
turn of Lady Washington, (as she was called  
in the army.) to her domestic cares at  
Mount Vernon. "I hear," said she, "the  
first and last cannon of the revolutionary  
war. The rejoicings which attended the  
surrender of Cornwallis, in the autumn of  
1781, marked for her a season of the deepest  
sorrow."

Her remaining child, Col. John Custis,  
the aid-de-camp of Washington, became  
during his arduous duties at the siege of  
Yorktown, the victim of an epidemic fever,  
and died at the age of twenty-seven. He  
was but a boy of five at the time of her sec-  
ond marriage, and had drawn forth strongly  
the affections and regard of her illustrious  
husband, who shared her affliction for his  
loss, and with the tenderest sympathy strove  
to alleviate it.

After the close of the war, a few years  
were devoted to the enjoyment and embel-  
lishment of their favorite Mount Vernon.—  
The peace and returning prosperity of their  
country, gave pure and bright ingredients  
to their cup of happiness. Their mansion  
was thronged with guests of distinction, all  
of whom remarked with admiration the en-  
ergy of Mrs. Washington in the complica-  
ted duties of a Virginia housewife, and the  
elegance and grace with which she presided  
at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation, conferring  
on General Washington the highest office  
in its power to bestow, was not obeyed with  
out sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring  
of 1789, that, with his lady, he bade adieu  
to his tranquil abode, to assume the respon-  
sibility of the first Presidency. In forming  
his domestic establishment, he mingled the  
simplicity of a republic with that dignity  
which he felt was necessary to secure the  
respect of other governments. The furni-  
ture of his house, the livery of his servants,  
the entertainment of his guests, displayed  
elegance, while they rejected ostentation.—  
In all these arrangements, Mrs. Washing-  
ton was a second self. Her Friday evening  
leaves, at which he was always present, ex-  
hibited that perfect etiquette which marks  
the intercourse of the dignified and high-  
bred. Commencing at seven, and closing  
at ten, they lent no more sanction to late  
hours than to levity. The first lady of the  
nation still preserved the habits of early  
life. Indulging in no indolence, she left  
her pillow at dawn, and after breakfast re-  
tired to her chamber for an hour, for the  
study of the scriptures and devotion. This  
practice, it is said, during the long period  
of half a century, she never omitted. The  
duties of the Sabbath were dear to her.—  
The President and herself attended public  
worship with regularity, and in the evening,  
he read to her in her chamber, the scrip-  
tures, and a sermon.

The Spring of 1797 opened for them with  
the most pleasing anticipations. The cares  
of high office were resigned, and they were  
about to retire, for the remainder of their  
days, to the beloved shades of Mount Ver-  
non. The new turf springing into fresh  
greenness wherever they trod, the vernal  
blossoms opening to receive them, the war-  
bled welcome of the birds, were never more  
dear, as, wearied with the toils of public life,  
and satiated with its honors, they returned  
to their rural retreat, hallowed by the re-  
collections of earlier years and by the con-  
scientiousness of virtue.

But in two years Washington was no  
more. The shock of his death, after an ill-  
ness of only twenty-four hours, fell like a  
thunder-bolt upon the bereaved widow.—  
The polity which had long been her strength  
continued its support, but her heart drooped;  
and though her cheerfulness did not utterly  
forsake her, she discharged her habit-  
ual round of duties, as one who felt that  
"the glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her  
reply to the solicitations of the highest  
authority of the nation, that the remains of  
her illustrious husband might be removed to  
the seat of government, and a marble mon-  
ument erected to mark the spot of their re-  
pose.

"Taught by the great example which I  
have had so long before me never to oppose  
my private wishes to the will of my coun-  
try; I consent to the request made by con-  
gress; and in doing this, I need not, I can-  
not, say what a sacrifice of individual feel-  
ings I make to a sense of public duty."

The intentions of the Congress of 1797  
have never been executed, nor the proposed  
monument erected. The enthusiasm of the  
time passed away, and the many con-  
flicting cares of a great nation turned its  
thought from thus perpetuating his mem-  
ory, whose image, it trusted, he ever enshined  
in the hearts of a great people.

Scarcely two years of her lonely widow-  
hood were accomplished, ere the lady of  
Mount Vernon found death approaching.—  
Gathering her family around her, she in-  
cubated the value that religion which she  
had tasted from youth onward to hoary  
hairs. Then calmly resigning her soul into  
the hands of Him who gave it, at the age of  
seventy-four, full of years, and full of honors,  
she was laid in the tomb of Washington.

In this outline of the lineaments of Mar-  
tha Washington, we perceive that it was  
neither the beauty, with which she was en-  
dowed, nor the high station which she had  
attained, but her Christian fidelity in those  
duties which devolve upon her sex. This  
fitted her to irradiate the home, to lighten  
the cares, to cheer the anxieties, to subli-  
mate the enjoyments of him who, in the  
inexpressive language of the Chief Justice  
Marshall, was "so favored of Heaven as to  
depart without exhibiting the weakness of  
humanity."

THE BLACK TARIFF AGAIN.—A paper  
from St. Johns, New Brunswick, has the  
following paragraph, which shows that the  
effect of that awful Whig Tariff is felt in  
that province.

"We notice that are fetching Tea from  
Boston—but it can't pay—so the dealers  
say. The new tariff is operating to the  
detriment of the trade with the mother

country—as hats, shoes, and such like man-  
ufactures must come from the United States  
and the money must go to pay for them.—  
Is this to be, Robert Peel?"

Robert Peel can't help them in this di-  
lemma, if the Whigs of this country do but  
their duty.

## FATHER MATHEW.

Some of the facts mentioned in the fol-  
lowing extract from Mr. Lewis Tappan's  
speech at Brooklyn, will doubtless be new to  
most readers:—

Father Mathew.—I met a man who  
knew Father Mathew in Cork, and who  
was a temperance man, and an abolitionist.  
He told me that Father Mathew was pas-  
tor of a Catholic church in Cork. He ap-  
pears to be a good man. There was a man  
named William Martin residing in his  
neighborhood, who got him to read some of  
the temperance papers, and subsequently to  
take the pledge. He then commenced  
preaching temperance and getting the mem-  
bers of his flock to take the pledge—which  
increased to other individuals, and in a  
short time it required all his time to admin-  
ister the pledge. He went to Limrick, a  
short distance from Cork, for the purpose  
of administering the pledge, expecting to  
find about 500 people there, instead of which  
200,000 had collected all anxious to have  
the pledge administered to them. Father  
Mathew was overpowered with the excess  
of his happy emotions. He said it was the  
Lord's doing, and there was no greater  
proof of it than his having selected such a  
humble individual as himself for the task.—  
His Bishop went to him soon afterwards  
and remonstrated at his departing from the  
legitimate course of his religious duties. He  
said don't you see that the publicans in the  
country do more to sustain our religion than  
any others. "Yes," was the reply of Fa-  
ther Mathew, "I do; and I know also that  
your brother is one of the largest distillers  
in this country." Father Mathew aware  
that he would be the subject of clerical cen-  
sure, and perhaps removal, wrote to the Pope  
of Rome, and got a commission sent back  
to him as Vicar Apostolic, which took him  
out of the hands of the bishops in Great  
Britain and Ireland. The Pope said to  
him, "you look to me and I will look to  
you," so that we have to commend the Pope  
for one good thing at any rate. Father  
Mathew now travels free whenever he chooses  
to go, as no one thinks of charging him  
anything. He has been charged with par-  
simony in taking a shilling each for medals,  
but he is not amenable to the censure, as  
the amount is not more than the cost. He  
is independent as to the pecuniary circum-  
stances, as he enjoys £900 a year which he  
inherited from his father, and which for a  
single man, as from his situation, he neces-  
sarily is, furnishes an abundance for his  
support.

I saw Father Mathew at Liverpool, and a  
little party was made up for him to dine  
with us. Dinner was waiting, but he could  
not come, because he said if he did, twelve  
hundred persons would go away without  
taking the pledge. We went up to the Cath-  
olic Chapel and saw a number of men and  
boys crying out and selling Father Mathew's  
Temperance sermon of the last Sunday.—  
On coming to where Father Mathew was,  
we found him administering the pledge to  
sixty and a hundred persons at a time. His  
mode of doing so was to make them kneel  
down and repeat the pledge as he pro-  
nounced it. He took hold of both his hands,  
and said he was always glad to see any one  
from the United States, and asked me as to  
Mr. Delevan and others. In 1815, I gave  
the first pledge in favor of Temperance, but  
thought on this occasion I might as well re-  
new it, and applied to Father Mathew to  
do it for me, and did so, at the same time give  
me his medal.

The hair of Father Mathew is a little gray.  
He told me he was about forty four years of  
age. He wears a long suit which comes  
about half way between his knees and an-  
kles, and old fashioned boots over his pan-  
talons. He shakes hands with so many  
that his hands usually show the effects of it.  
He is no way particular, kissing the faces  
of the little children which the mothers hold  
up to him, whether clean or dirty. He ad-  
ministers the pledge to a large number at  
once. He then gives them what he calls the  
sign of the cross, which is a little dab in the  
forehead, and it is incredible how fast he  
gets through with them, completing prob-  
ably thirty in a minute. By request, I then  
addressed the people—told them my mater-  
nal ancestors belonged to Ireland. Hurrah  
for Ireland, was the loud applause. I then  
told them that if Father Mathew would  
come to New York, 50,000 Irishmen would  
assemble with him in the Park to take the  
pledge. Hurrah for New York, was the re-  
ply. And thus they continued greeting in a  
good humored manner what I advanced.

The Troy Budget talks of the extra-  
vagance of "the present Whig adminis-  
tration at Washington." John Tyler is in-  
deed, though he succeeded in passing him-  
self off as one at the Harrisburg Con-  
vention. Eighteen months ago he went over  
to the Loco Focos who received him for  
the sake of the "spoils" that he brought in  
his clutches. It may well be that they are  
now sick of their bargain and want to get  
rid of the Captain, but the Whigs will not  
take him back on any terms, and the Loco  
Focos must get on with their load as best  
they can.—*Alb. Eee, Jour.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—The fol-  
lowing, copied from Mallory's "Life and  
Speeches of Henry Clay," refutes one of  
the most current of the wholesale calumnies  
against the great Statesman:—

"In the spring of 1829, we had the  
pleasure of being a fellow passenger with  
Mr. Clay from New-Orleans to Louisville.  
After a general acquaintance had been es-  
tablished among the cabin passengers, we  
passed away the time more agreeably, it was  
proposed to have a game of cards, in which

one of the number proposed to invite Mr.  
Clay to join. When the invitation was given  
he enquired what game was proposed. The  
reply was, "Brag." The sudden com-  
pression of the lips, and the change of easy  
politeness to the dignified deportment of  
one entitled to give advice, at once gave a  
determination not to engage in the game.  
"Excuse me gentlemen," said he, "I have  
not played a game of any kind of hazard for  
the last twelve years; and I take occasion  
to warn you all to avoid a practice destruc-  
tive of a good name, and drawing after it  
evil consequences of incalculable mag-  
nitude. In early days it was my misfor-  
tune, owing to an ardent temperament, to  
fall into this vice, and to a considerable ex-  
tent, and no one can lament more sincerely  
the evil and the consequences of it than I  
do. These have followed me into nearly  
all the walks of life, and though I have long  
since abandoned the pernicious practice  
which led to them, it seems that they will  
never abandon me."

## THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

From the Louisville Journal.

"The Locofoeos throughout the country  
will no doubt feel very thankful that five  
members of their party have been returned  
from the Whig State of Kentucky to the  
next Congress. Let them be cautious, how-  
ever, to whom they give their thanks, least  
they violate the golden injunction of render-  
ing unto Caesar the things which belong to  
Caesar. Let them, most especially, not  
thank Locofoecism for this result, for we  
can assure them they are indebted to their  
enemies, the Whigs, for all the favors that  
Kentucky has bestowed upon them. It is  
two refractory and impracticable Whigs that  
the thanks of the nation are to be awarded  
for bringing about the glorious result, a di-  
vision of the Congressional delegation of  
this State between the Whigs and Loco-  
focos.

In the strength of the Whig party in Ken-  
tucky is to be found the reason of the ap-  
parent successes of Locofoecism in the re-  
cent Congressional elections. This seems  
paradoxical, but it is true. The strength  
of our party in the different districts was un-  
favorable to harmony. Had our majorities  
been only one-tenth as great as they are in  
the districts in which we failed to succeed,  
the necessity of unanimity of feeling and  
action to success would have been manifest,  
and all minor considerations would have  
been merged in a patriotic desire to promote  
the interests of the Whig party. As it  
was, however, our friends suffered personal  
predilections to divide them; and the ex-  
pression of these predilections and the con-  
troversies resulting from them, conspired to  
separate them from each other, and on the  
day of election, instead of marching up to  
the polls in solid phalanxes, they went in  
detachments, looking suspiciously at each  
other, as if they were enemies instead of  
friends, striving by the same means to se-  
cure the ascendancy of our party, and through  
it, of promoting the permanent interests of  
the country.

We felt greatly disposed to tell that por-  
tion of our Whig friends, to whom we are  
indebted for five Locofoeo Congressmen  
from our State, some unpleasant things—  
we felt that in the discharge of our duties,  
it had become incumbent on us to speak  
harshly to men with whom it has been our  
ride, in many a by-gone year, to act, to  
fight, and to win honor on the political field.  
But, when we attempt to do it, our pens re-  
sponsive to the pulsations of our heart, re-  
fuse the ungracious task. We are con-  
fident from what we know of the Whigs of  
Kentucky that contrition has already done  
its office on thousands of glorious friends,  
causing them to feel shame for having tem-  
porarily deserted the victorious banners of  
party, and by so doing, to give an enemy,  
whose impotency has heretofore been a sub-  
ject of derision, and opportunity to rejoice  
over them.

We have but little doubt that the fact that  
the Locofoeos succeeded in electing one-  
half of the Congressional delegation from  
this State, when the Whigs had in their  
power to elect every member of it, will ex-  
cite a wholesome influence over our party  
hereafter. We have been taught that in  
harmony, and not in strength, is our safety  
—that, if we are divided, the weak enemy  
will take advantage of our divisions, will  
succeed.

In Mr. Andrew's district, the Whigs did  
not turn out and the Locofoeos did; and,  
therefore, Judge French, the most popular  
Locofoeo in the State, was elected. In the  
Covington district, the division in our ranks  
founded on personal preferences, and a most  
wretched and vicious system of swapping  
votes, caused the success of Mr. Tibbatts.  
Had some other gentleman been selected as  
the Whig candidate—one against whom the  
objections urged so effectively against Ma-  
jor Wall would not have been applied—Mr.  
Tibbatts would not have been defeated by a  
thousand majority, the Whig Majority in  
that district. In Mr. Wesley's district, the  
two Whig candidates received a large ma-  
jority of the entire votes, and yet Mr. Cald-  
well, the Locofoeo candidate was elected.  
The same state of things prevailed in Gov.  
Pope's district. In both these districts,  
the Whigs have magnificent majorities, and  
yet Locofoeos have been chosen. Messrs.  
Stone and Caldwell will make very poor  
Locofoeo Representatives, however, if they  
are true to the Democratic doctrine of obey-  
ing the understood wishes of the majority,  
as we suppose they, as good Democrats  
are.

We trust our Whig brethren in other  
States, will not suffer themselves to be mis-  
led into an opinion that Whigism in Ken-  
tucky has lost strength. Our majority in  
our Legislative elections are unprecedently  
great. Locofoecism is almost driven out  
of the councils of our State and these State  
elections this year furnish a much better  
test of strength of parties than our Con-  
gressional elections do. The Whig strength is  
greater in Kentucky at the present time than  
it was in 1840. Mr. Clay will, next year,  
get more than thirty thousand majority in

this State. The vote this year is very small,  
but had the Whigs turned out in the majes-  
ty of her strength, Locofoecism would have  
been utterly annihilated, a fate which awaits  
it next year, when our friends profiting by  
the wisdom taught by our dissensions, will  
rally in their united forces and overwhelm  
it.

From the Rochester Evening Post.

WOOL.—Not for many years has there  
been so much of this article sold in this  
section of the State as this year. In the single  
village of Le Roy, Genesee co., there has  
been bought the present season about twen-  
ty five thousand lbs. The Gazette published  
at that place, says—"Last year the pur-  
chase was only seven thousand pounds.—  
There are four or five wool markets in this  
county, at which large purchases have been  
made. The wool growing business has  
increased two fold nearly during the past  
year, judging from the sales and purchases  
in this town."

It seems then that the "Black Tariff" is  
not so hard upon the farmers after all! The  
British Free Trade organs insisted upon it  
that the Agricultural interest would be ruin-  
ed by the operation of this whig measure.—  
Of the truth of these assertions the public can  
now form a tolerably accurate opinion.

## WHAT WILL BE ITS EFFECT?

What will be the effect if Vermont decides  
in favor of locofoecism? It will encourage  
Van Buren and Calhoun and the South to  
push on with new vigor their plan for re-  
pealing the Tariff. They will say that Ver-  
mont is with them and they will strike a bol-  
der blow than they have dared yet to do  
against protection to our industry. All the  
locofoeos abroad well understand that the  
locos of Vermont are with them—at least  
the leaders, and are ready to go for Cal-  
houn or any other free trade man, as the  
case may be. So then they will count ev-  
ery vote given for the locofoeo party as on  
their side—for a Repeal of the Tariff.

On the other hand, every vote for the  
Whig party counts on the side of Protection,  
and says to the free traders, hold—stop—  
save our industry—our Tariff, and a loud  
voice on this side in Vermont will influence  
these men to cease urging their foreign pol-  
icy.

Will candid men of the other party con-  
sent to the sacrifice? Is not the indepen-  
dence—aye, the very salvation of our state,  
as an agricultural State, worth the sacrifice  
of all party considerations? The new Tar-  
iff is money in every man's pocket—and  
is party worth more than the general good  
—more than the country?

Often do your papers ask you to turn out  
and support the locofoeo candidates and  
place Vermont politically by the side of  
New Hampshire. Well, all know that not  
a member of Congress from New Hamp-  
shire for ten years past has voted for Pro-  
tection. All their members in their last  
Congress voted against the present Tariff,  
because as they said it gave too much pro-  
tection. All of the present members are of  
the same opinion, yet, while hypocritically  
professing to be for protection these same  
papers ask you to vote the locofoeo ticket  
and thus join Vermont politically with New  
Hampshire.

Are you ready, we ask again, for the sac-  
rifice? The ballot boxes will tell.—*The  
Caledonian.*

S. S. Foster, the New Hampshire abo-  
litionist, has published a book entitled "The  
Brotherhood of thieves, or a true Picture of  
the American Church and Clergy."

A correspondent of the N. Y. Ameri-  
can, writing from Lewiston, after describ-  
ing the recent visit of John Quincy Ad-  
ams to Niagara Falls, proceeds as follows:

I doubt whether there is any in the his-  
tory or geography connected with the  
Falls or chain of great lakes which has  
been developed from the time of La Salle's  
voyage to the present day, with which he is  
not particularly and exactly acquainted.—  
It is said to think that a mind so gifted,  
so stored with knowledge attained with un-  
remitted study during a great portion of a  
century—an intelligent so active—so lofty  
and sagacious—statesmanship so wise and  
courageous, must in the order of nature,  
so soon cease to be. I sincerely con-  
gratulate the worthy captain of one of our steam-  
boats, who said to me the other day, "Oh,  
that we could take the engine out of the  
old Adams' and put it in a new Hull."

Dr. Cogswell the Homopoeic man in  
his advertisement says, that Homoe-  
opathy will cure everything but sin. We  
should have liked to have been present when  
he tried the experiment on that disease.

We hope John Tyler has not yet  
disposed of all the offices of his gift; for  
there is a man out in Indiana who ought  
to be indicted—we mean appointed, to  
something by our accidental President.—  
We mean of course M. Daniel Kelso, the  
incorruptible patriot, who sold out the Whig  
Party in the Legislature last winter, and  
elected a Loco Foco U. S. Senator by one  
vote for six years to come. He has just been  
elected by one vote in attempting to get  
back to the Legislature, and is so hungry  
for something that he threatens to contest  
the seat, with an awfully slim chance of suc-  
ceeding. His case must commend itself to  
every sympathizer of our deplorable Accident.  
Beside, he has just rewarded Collins, the traitor  
who sold out the Whig party of Mas-  
sachusetts last winter, and he ought to dis-  
pense his favors impartially to those who  
have made themselves notorious by perfidy  
and treachery. *Tribune.*

INCREASE OF TETTERISM.—During  
Father Mathew's visit at Leeds, on Sunday  
evening and Monday last, he administered  
the pledge to several thousand persons—  
some suppose to be 600! in Bradford, on  
Tuesday, it is said he administered the  
pledge to 7000! In Huddersfield, on  
Wednesday, his visit is said to have been

attended with similar success.— Even in  
York, (a place which, comparatively  
speaking, had never hitherto felt the exis-  
tence of total abstinence,) he gave the  
pledge to 2000.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—The triumph of  
the friends of Henry Clay is complete.—  
Jones's majority is not far from 4000. Both  
houses of the Legislature will be Whig; the  
Senate by a majority of one; the House  
by a majority of six or seven. This en-  
sures the election