

The Middlebury People's Press.

A Weekly Journal, Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Morality, General Intelligence and Family Reading.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bitter Night.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"Bring another fagot on the fire, my child,"
said a weak voice, as of a sick woman, "I
am very cold. How the wind shakes this
 frail cabin. Ah! it was not so in Alman
Castle, when your dear father lived. The
nearest hind had then a comfortable roof
and plenty of fagots. Little did he think
his wife and child should ever suffer thus."
The speaker was a lady, already advanced
in years, whose originally fine disposition
penury and disease had rendered querulous.
The person she addressed sat by the scanty
fire, preparing the evening meal, for al-
though the storm raged all without dark,
the hour was not yet that of the usual twi-
light. Clad in coarse and faded garments,
when her lovely face worn with sorrow and
care, it would have been impossible to recog-
nize in her the once proud beauty, but for
the grateful figure, the proud eye, and the
air of refinement about her face and
movements, which nothing could conceal.
She heard her mother's command with a
sigh, gazed wistfully on the sole remaining
fagot, and then mournfully continued her
occupation.

Clara Alman had been in almost
princely halls, and educated as the heiress
of the broadest domains in the north of Eng-
land. Up to her fifteenth year the sun of
her prosperity had been unclouded. She
was beautiful even beyond her sex, and al-
ready surrounded by noble and worthy suit-
ors. To one of these she had pledged her
virgin heart. All the delicious emotions of
a first love were hers, and life seemed to lie
before her, like a flowery path beneath a
summer morning's sun.

All at once a cloud came over her sky—
It was the era of the crusades; and when
the lion hearted Richard assumed the cross,
her father, and subsequently her lover, fol-
lowed his example, and set forth in his suite
for the Holy Land. With many tears Clara
and her mother saw them depart; but hon-
or bade them forward; and the wife and
daughter, even amid their sorrow, felt they
could not persuade them to remain.

A long year passed, then another, and
then a third. At first Clara heard at long
intervals from her father, but in the second
year the intelligence arrived that both he
and her father had fallen in a deadly skir-
mish with the Saracens led by Saladin in
person. The melancholy news was, a few
months later, confirmed by the arrival of a
squire of the lord, who said he had seen his
master fall in battle. He added that Clara's
father had been slain in attempting to save
her parent. This circumstantial account
destroyed the last hope lingering in the
bosom of Clara and her mother, and they wept
long and deeply, almost benumbed by grief.
But from this sacred sorrow they were
suddenly and rudely awoke. The vast cat-
erates of Alman, though entailed in the male
line, were to have descended to Clara on
her marriage, by the consent of the king.
But the deed had never been made; Rich-
ard was now in prison in Germany; and
his base brother John ruled unrighteously in
his stead. The claimant to the estates
was in high favor with the dissolute prince,
and now came forward to demand the do-
mains. Rage and revenge were uppermost
in his heart, for he had been a rejected lover
of Clara; and having renewed his suit,
after the death of her intended husband, had
been again refused. Malignant by nature
and pitiless from depraved habits, he felt
no remorse in ejecting both mother and
daughter from their habitation, and leaving
them utterly unprovided for, to the most
abject poverty. All appeals to the prince
were in vain. He stood too much in need
of supporters to his usurped throne, to ven-
ture a rupture with the possessor of the Al-
man manors.

Since this event nearly the whole of a
long year had elapsed, which had been spent
by the sufferers in mingled grief and pen-
ury. Winter had now come, and the rude
cabin in which they had found shelter man-
ly langued away from their old residence,
shook in the tempest; while the snow beat
in between the chinks, and the cutting
blasts sent a chill to the very hearts of the
inhabitants.

"Why don't you put on another fagot?"
querulously said the sick mother, as a rude
gust whirled through the leaky lattice and
made her shiver. Poor Clara, though far
less warmly clad, endeavored not to appear
cold, but the icy blueness of her skin con-
trasted her demeanor. The tears gushed
into her eyes. She looked around.

"Dear mother," she said, "we have but one
more fagot, which must last us till this storm
abates. If we use it now, we shall have
nothing with which to cook our scant break-
fast in the morning."

"Merciful God," exclaimed the mother,
slapping her hands and lifting her eyes to

heaven "what will become of us? I can
endure this cold no longer. I feel I shall
die before morning. No fagots—oh! vir-
gin mother of Christ have mercy on us."
"Mother," said the devoted girl, running
to her and clasping her around, "I will hold
you in my arms all night. I am young and
can impart my own warmth to your frame.
Cheer up dear mother," she continued,
though in a voice of alarm, for fright and
the bitter chilliness of the atmosphere were
rapidly producing a fearful change in the
parent's countenance. "I will put on the
other fagot—we will eat our scanty supper,
and you shall drink the last cup of wine.
We kept it for an emergency, and when can
we better use it? To-morrow will be clear
—I know it—I feel it; and then we can
get all we want, for I will beg for it sooner
than see you thus. Dear mother, see the
fire burns brightly now. Eat—and we will
seek rest—and you shall all night sleep
warmly in my arms."

"God bless you, my child," said the moth-
er, and the tears gathered into her eyes,
"but I fear the worst," she continued, with
a desponding shake of the head. "The storm
looks as if it would last for days—then what
will become of us?"

Clara shuddered. Her heart felt as if
oppressed with a mighty load, for, as she
listened, she recognized those deep tones
in the tempest which always forbode a du-
ration of some days. Had it not been for
the presence of her mother, whom she felt
the necessity of encouraging, she would
have sat down and wept in despair.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door.
Both females started and looked at each
other. Clara hesitated to move. A voice
was now heard asking admittance from the
awful storm, which the traveller said sur-
passed any he had ever witnessed. Fear
was no part of Clara's nature. Her heart
was ever open to pity. Without further
thought she unbarred the door. A tall fig-
ure, wrapped in a knight's cloak, followed
by a servant, entered. The intruder lifted
his cap as he came in, displaying a weather-
beaten face, surrounded by thick locks of
gray. He shook the snow from him, ad-
vanced to the fire, and then with surpris-
ing every feature of his countenance, gazed
around the room.

"You seem ill provided for such weather,"
he said, turning, for the first time, to
Clara, "have you fagots?"

"The poor girl shook her head."
"One can't expect a stoup of wine in such
a place as this," he said apologetically.—
Clara gave a silent gesture of dissent as she
returned his gaze, "then, Henry, we must
thank the saints there is some left in your
flask. Give these good people a portion,
for they seem to need it."

Since the stranger had entered, both Clara
and her mother had gazed at him, with-
out removing their eyes for an instant; it
might be at his free demeanor; it might be
from some other cause. Now for the first
time Clara turned back to the servant, who
hitherto remaining in the back ground, ad-
vanced to these words to the fire. The
eyes of the girl and those of the follower met.

"Henry! Clara! were the mutual ex-
clamations, as they fell upon each other's
bosom.

"My husband!" was the simultaneous ex-
clamation of the mother, as she faintly
opened her arms to the older warrior, who,
starting at her voice, rushed to her, recog-
nizing in the tones the bride of his youth.

"By our patron saint," said the earl, when
the mutual surprise of the parties had been,
in part, dissipated, "this beats the roman-
ces of the Round Table; I never thought
to find you here. By what foul wrong,
and his brow darkened like a thunder-cloud,
have you been brought to this pass?"

Clara, for her mother was unable to com-
pose herself sufficiently to become the nar-
rator, now related the story of their expul-
sion and subsequent suffering.

"By St. George," said the irascible earl,
starting up with flashing eyes and shaking
his clenched hand fiercely, "I will pull the
beard from the miscreant for this outrage.
Richard has returned, know ye, my sweet
daughter, his mood changing, and he ac-
companied the words by drawing Clara to
his bosom—"the king shall have his own
again, and we will rout this villain from my
father's castle ere a fortnight."

The lover now for the first time inter-
posed.

"Should we not, before we talk further,"
he said, "procure fuel for the fire. Happily
I noticed a ruined shed, about a hundred
yards distant: I will go and tear enough of
it down to keep 'up a roaring fire until
morning."

"Well said, and I will assist you," said
the bold earl.

In a short time they had brought to the
hut and piled up in one corner the neces-
sary fuel. As the last load was cast down,
the earl turned to Clara, who was weeping
and smiling by turns at this great change in
their circumstances.

"There, now that Lord Henry has won
it, go to him with a kiss you weeper," he
said, with almost boyish spirits, "and he will
tell you how he did not perish in battle, but
stunned like myself and buried under the
slain, was made prisoner by the Saracens,
and how, after a long confinement, we es-
caped together, and have finally reached
home. I will tell the same to your mother
—go, sweet one, but first give your father a
kiss."

That was a happy night in the hut on
the hearth. As the old earl said afterward,
never, in the proudest halls, had he spent
one like it.

Little remains for us to tell. The next
morning saw the sun shining brightly on
the landscape, and ere noon the whole party,
descending the frail cabin, had found ref-
uge in a hotel, about four miles distant, which
the earl had been seeking the preceding
night, when, in the darkness, he lost his
way.

The return of Richard spread universal
joy among his people. The gift of prince
John was followed by that of his chief fa-

vorites, who justly dreaded the wrath of the
monarch to whom they had proved traitors.
Clara's unworthy cousin, hearing at the
same time of the return of his monarch and
of the earl, did not wait for the appearance
of the latter, but took ship immediately for
France.

Great was the rejoicings at Alman Castle
when the bold earl once more took his seat
on the dais in the great banqueting hall,
and greater still were the bonfires and con-
gratulations when, a few months later, the
lady Clara became the wife of him she had
loved so long.

COMMUNICATION.

For the People's Press.

NO. II.

Ma Editor,—In my last, I endeavored
by a few remarks, to direct the attention of
the village to its true condition, with regard
to the facilities it possesses, for educating
the mass of its youthful population. Presum-
ing that I have the attention, let us pro-
ceed forthwith to "the facts." These, by
universal consent, speak louder than words
or arguments.

The village, it is supposed, embraces
within its limits more than 2000 inhabitants.
This population is divided into what is term-
ed two "school districts." Each of these
districts is provided with a school building,
such as it is, and has what are called schools
in each, a portion of the year. It appears
from the records, that each district continued
school during about eight months of last year.

This it would seem is about an average, in
respect to time for several past years. The
expense of district schools, to both districts
for each year, is probably about \$450. The
number of scholars in both districts, which
draw public money, is about 600. During
about four months in winter, there are pro-
vided sometimes, two male and three female
teachers affording each teacher, if all that
draw public money attended, more than 120
scholars. In summer, during the same
length of time, three female teachers—giving
to each more than 200 scholars. In winter
when the greatest number of teach-
ers are employed, one district affords about
ninety and the other about eighty, making
in all about 170 scholars. In summer, about
forty in one district and sixty in the other,
making about 100 scholars. The buildings
erected for the accommodation of the two
districts might possibly be improved so as
to accommodate 200, about one third of the
whole number. At present they will not
properly accommodate that number. The
whole accommodations then, consist of free
small rooms, making one apartment for 120
also a teacher is sometimes afforded for
each room and sometimes not.

These are the provisions made for the pub-
lic instruction of the 800 hundred scholars
of your village. 1st. Not room enough
even for all to be seated; to say nothing of
quality of location of the rooms. 2d. Four
months in a year one teacher to 120 schol-
ars, the remainder of the year, either no
school at all, or one teacher to more than
200 scholars. 3d. Not a vestige of Appa-
ratus or Library. 4th. An expenditure of
about 75 cents annually to each schol-
ar.

With these advantages, I think there
need be no fears entertained, that the rising
generation of your village will be too intel-
ligent. Instead of each generation becom-
ing wiser, according to the "old adage"—
I think the adage will soon be reversed;
and not only reversed, but also at a rapid
rate, and its influence will be felt too in all
of your dearest interests. Instead of the
neat quiet village, noted for its intelligence,
refinement and religion, the delightful home
of the student and the man of science and
letters, we shall see a place characterized
for street brawls and riots, the haunt of loaf-
ers, blacklegs, and a horde of illiterate
drones, from which industry, Literature and
Science, will flee as from the wilds of a howl-
ing wilderness. And it requires no eye of
a prophet to foresee this result, provided
that things are allowed to go on at the same
rate and in the same direction, as they have
done for a few years past. Let this be the
case and Ichabod will soon be written upon
the whole. A population, hostile to the lit-
erary Institutions of the place, will be in pos-
session of the business and wealth of the
village; and these Institutions in that event,
must sooner or later close their doors fore-
ever.

But says one this "in fact" is not a fair
view of the picture. We have select schools,
an Academy and Seminary. True; but as
they cannot but slightly affect the mass, how
long do you think they could exist, where
ignorance reigns triumphant, and no desire
exists in the minds of the inhabitants to have
it otherwise? Let us look at the matter
more closely and view the picture from an-
other position. We have the Seminary,
Academy and sometimes four select schools.
These do not average, of scholars from the
two districts above specified, more than
twenty each. These schools would contain
then in all 125 scholars. Suppose then,
that all the schools above mentioned were
in successful operation at the same time
(which is seldom the case and certainly not
often after a once a year) and you will have
in all the schools about 290 scholars, some-
less than one half of the whole that draw
public money. This must be acceded to be
the best view of the picture. Now I ask
what must be the appearance of the picture
in its most unfavorable aspect. Can we make it
appear in any other light, than that there is
a large mass of youthful population growing
up in your village, that do not attend school
at all; and are thus far growing up barba-
rians? And that there is still a larger class
which attend but little? And that only a
few belonging to the wealthiest families
have even decent advantages? The advan-
tages are only decent for the most wealthy
portion of community and nothing at all, for
the poorer class, because they have not the
means of attending any except the district
schools, and the poorest class are almost

compelled, however worthy or virtuous, to
see their families grow up in ignorance.—
Notwithstanding this state of things, the
people of the village and vicinity seem to be
intoxicated with the idea, that because they
had an Academy, Seminary and College the
people as a matter of course would become
educated. They have been accustomed to
consider, that their advantages were of a su-
perior order, and that they lived in an edu-
cated atmosphere, and most of necessity in-
hale its properties. Yet it is too true to ad-
mit of a denial, that the advantages to the
common people of the village have been
meagre indeed. Till quite recently there
has not been an opportunity for either Gen-
tlemen or Ladies of your village to witness
any experiments illustrating the sciences,
or to attend lectures on any branch of learn-
ing, of any value, unless they were in some
way connected with the College. Natwith-
standing this, money has been paid out thou-
sands of dollars for education, and yet the
people of the place as a body are none the
less there no remedy? Think of these things.

WAGES. The Passic Guardian, of Pat-
terson, says that Mr. Carrick, and Messrs.
Hutchinson and Warden, Manufacturers of
that town, have raised the wages of their
operatives ten per cent.

We find the above paragraph in yester-
day's New York Evening Post, and republish
it as an instance of the most disastrous
liberality; for it is but a few weeks
since the same Post assured us that the
manufacturers were all going to ruin under
the operation of the Whig Tariff. And yet
in spite of impending loss and disaster,
these kind, good souls have raised the wages
of the workmen ten per cent.—Albany
Journal.

Let it be recollected by American Me-
chanics, Laborers, and Manufacturers that
in the debate in the Senate of the United
States, in 1839, Mr. Buchanan, who is now
a locofoco candidate for the Presidency,
contended that American labor was to high;
that it must be reduced, and that 10 cents
a day was enough for a laborer. Nor was
he alone in this sentiment, others of the lo-
cofoco Senators contended that the price
of labor must be reduced.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.—The following
copied from Malloy'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 1839, we had the pleas-
ure of being a fellow passenger with Mr.
Clay, from New Orleans to Louisville. After
a general acquaintance had been estab-
lished among the cabin passengers, to pass
away the time more agreeably, it was pro-
posed 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 compression
of his lips, and the change from easy
politeness to the dignified deportment of one
entitled to give advice, evinced at once a
determination not to engage in the game.
"Excuse me, gentleman," 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 game, and drawing after it
evil consequences of great magnitude. In
my early days, it was my misfortune, owing
to a lively and 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 me to them, it seems that they will never
abandon me."

The annexed, from the Burlington
Free Press, is well expressed, and is a
very just compliment to Lieut. Gov. Eaton.

DR. EATON'S ADDRESS.

In our columns to-day will be found the
neat and appropriate Address of the Lieut.
Gov. Eaton on taking the chair of the Senate.
It breathes a spirit of modest diffidence
which is characteristic of its accomplished
and excellent author, whose elevation is
one among the instances (alas! too few)
which show that merit, even though veiled
under the guise of unobtrusive modesty,
will sometimes command admiration, and
that impudence is not an invariable re-
quisite to success. Dr. Eaton is a man whose
worth and ability will grow upon the peo-
ple of Vermont, until they learn to esteem
him as he is, one of the brightest minds
and purest hearts in the galaxy of his hon-
ored sons.

CHEESE is becoming a very considerable
item of export to China. The first experi-
ment in the exportation of this article to
Canton, we are informed, was undertaken
by Mr. C. E. Hopkins, commission mer-
chant of this city, and it proved so profitable
that it is rapidly increasing in amount and
promises to become a very considerable
item in our exports to that country. It is
packed whole in cases filled with saw dust
and soldered so as to exclude air. In this
way it keeps well and we trust may contin-
ue to pay well. We are always gratified at
the success of every effort to add to the num-
ber and variety of the articles of export of
our own production, and particularly in
those articles which, like this, enlarge the
market for our agricultural products, and at
the same time gives additional enjoyment to
our mechanical industry. In this case the
farmer is benefited by this new demand
the manufacturer of tin finds increased em-
ployment, and the freights of the navigator
are increased by the carrying of both these
commodities.—N. Y. Courier.

In the list of passengers of the ship Stam-
bul which sailed from Boston for Smyrna,
yesterday, we announce the names of Rev.
Dr. Hawes and Miss Watkinson of this
city, Rev. Dr. Anderson one of the Secre-
taries of the American Board, and Rev.
Henry J. Van Lennep and wife, mission-
aries of the Board. Mrs. Van Lennep is the
only daughter of Dr. Hawes, and she goes
out to accompany her to her future home.—
He expects to be absent about eight months
and in company with Dr. Anderson to visit
the various missionary stations of the Board
in Greece, Turkey, and Syria. He will
have the best wishes and prayers of his peo-
ple, that he may be kept in safety, and re-
turn with invigorated constitution.—Hart-
Cour.

America Vespucci.—We have met the
following paragraph in many of our recent
exchanges:

"The Countess Vespucci, who was receiv-
ed into the best families here as a virtuous
woman, and asked a grant of land of Con-
gress, is represented in Noah's Weekly
Messenger to be now living in a state of
most immoral intimacy, at Ogdensburg,
N. Y., with a nephew of Van Rensselaer,
son of the late patron of Albany. He has
built a huge wall around his place to keep
out prying visitors."

We should scarcely take the trouble to
correct the error, but for the injustice done
to Mr. Van Rensselaer, who is a most worth-
y and upright man. The man with whom
the Countess Vespucci lives at Ogdensburg
is a Mr. Parish, a foreigner of great wealth,
and of such character as this connection
implies. It was commenced, by the way,
before her first visit to this country. After
she had left the U. S. on the defeat of her
scheme of begging land, he sent to Paris for
her, and conveyed her from Plattsburgh to
his residence at Ogdensburg, in a splendid
coach and six, he himself riding on horse-
back behind the establishment. This incident
is every way characteristic. Tribune.

EDITORS, LOOK HERE!!

JOHN BILLINGTON, of this town,
came to our office, and hired our horse and
waggon to go, as he said, to Stockbridge,
Mass., and promised not to be gone over
six days—he has been gone a fortnight, and
no knowledge of his whereabouts has yet
reached us—and probably he has taken leg-
bail for Texas, or some other place of re-
luge. He is a thin, spare man about 28
years of age—carries a pale face and is a
sickly looking fellow. The mare was grey
and rather aged, thin in flesh. The wag-
gon was a thorough brace, and was made
for the purpose of carrying baggage. There
was a space between the sideboards of 3 or
4 inches; painted green, harness old. Any
information respecting him, or the team,
(we care most about the team), will be
thankfully received at the Banner office,
Middlebury, Vt. Editors are requested to
"pass him round," like other rascals. Ben-
nington Banner.

Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio has arrived at
New York, on a pilgrimage for purpose of
putting down Bishop Onderdonk and Pu-
seyism in the Episcopal Church. It is
thought that he has mistaken his strength,
and grasped at more than he can accom-
plish. We fear that he will only make a
bad matter worse. Boston Mail.

WITCHCRAFT. We learn from the New
Hampshire Telegraph, that there is quite
an excitement in Pepperhill in relation to a
haunted house, witchcraft &c. Strange
noises have been heard, and a daughter of
Absalom Lawrence has actually been bewit-
ched! In the course of our life we have
seen many ladies who were truly bewitch-
ed, but we never saw one who was bewit-
ched. Our Salem friends, who ought to be
well versed in the mysteries of witch-
craft must expound.—Boston Merc. Jour.

BUTTONS. Some idea can be formed,
says the Northampton Courier, of the amount
of buttons made at J. & H. Hayden's
establishment, for Hon. S. Williston of
Northampton, from the fact, that a team-
ster of this town, a few days since, took
three tons of buttons to Hartford for him,
to supply orders; and that he now has orders
for twenty tons more!

FROM MEXICO.
We received somewhat later advices yester-
day from Vera Cruz. It turns out to be
true that Santa Anna has succeeded in carry-
ing the elections in the Department of
Vera Cruz; but he is in a minority in the
country generally, and therefore do we
look for new revolutions. N. O. Picay-
une.

PROTEST AGAINST PUSEYISM. About
2000 of the Protestant Episcopal Clergy-
men of England have signed a Protest
against that form of Papacy called Pusey-
ism, as teaching for doctrine the com-
mandments of men, and as tending to re-
establish the reign of spiritual despotism,
from which our fathers were delivered thro'
the instrumentality of the venerable re-
formers.

MESMERISM.—The utility of Mesmerism
has been proved at Alton, Ill. where a large
number was cut from the face of a young
lady, while in a mesmeric sleep not only
without inflicting any pain, but without her
being conscious of the operation until she
awoke, after its completion!

AMERICAN PRINTS.—We had the pleas-
ure yesterday of examining some patterns
of American prints, from the works of Mr.
Benjamin Cozzens, Providence, R. I. and
now in the hands of Messrs. Lippincott,
Way, & Wolcott, commission merchants,
No. 18, South Front street. These patterns
were of the block chintz style, in close imi-
tation, or rather assemblance, of the Grecian
velvet patterns, now much in vogue,
the chintz, however, being otherwise orna-

mented by having the plaids interspersed
at proper intervals, with small patterns of
flower sprigs.

We have had more than one opportu-
nity to notice the success which attends
the efforts of our enterprising and ingenious
manufacturers, to supply the market with
goods, which, while they are equal, at least
to those of France and England in beau-
ty, excel them in durability; and we con-
sider the priate to which we now refer, as
honorable evidences of the ability of the
Americans to compete with foreign manu-
facturers, and place the country in a state of
true independence of life. And we trust
that the successful exertions which we
connected with manufactures, will be so lib-
erally rewarded, as to invite others into
the field of enterprise, and stimulate all to
healthful, and patriotic emulation.—U. S.
Gaz.

THE LAW SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.—
The Catalogue of Harvard University for
this year contains the names of one hundred
and twenty persons in the Law School.—
This, we presume, is the largest body ever
gathered together in our country for the
study of the law. A large number came
from distant parts of the Union; and there
are graduates of nearly all the Colleges of
the country. Yale College alone has sent
twelve; other Colleges have smaller num-
bers. We observe the names of students
from Alabama, South Carolina, Ohio, and
Louisiana. It is in conformity with the
desires of the distinguished Professors, that
the Law School is not regarded as a local
institution teaching the law of a particular
State, but as national in its character, and
dedicated to those great rules and principles
of jurisprudence, which are of equal authority
in each and all of the States. Some of the
technicalities of pleading may fall in prac-
tical value in Louisiana; but the rules of
commercial law, as expounded by Mr. Jus-
tice Story, are of vital importance in that
State.

It will be interesting to our readers to
know that the Judge and professor has been
restored to his former health, so that he has
been enabled to resume his arduous labors,
both on the bench and in the lecture room.
His lectures which are the source of so
much agreeable instruction to the students
of the law school, attract the attention of
most strangers of distinction who visit Bos-
ton, anxious to catch the living words from
this remarkable jurist, Professor GREEN-
LEAF, in whose hands rests the immediate
government of the school, still continues his
instructive courses. We are happy to an-
nounce that a second edition of his admir-
able work on EVIDENCE is now in press. It
is no small honor to the Law School at Cam-
bridge, to have been the means of securing
to the profession, a work, which has already
been admitted among the judicial classics.
—Bos. D. Ad.

GRAMMAR IN THE BACK WOODS. "Class
in grammar may come on the floor. Now,
John, commence." "All the world is in
debt." "Parse world." "World is a general
noun, common metre, objective case, and
governed by Miller."

"Very well. Sam parse debt."
"Debt is a common noun, impressive
mood, and dreadful case."
"That'll do. Read the next sentence."
"Boys and girls must have their play."
"Philip parse boys."
"Boys is a particular noun, singular
number, uncertain mood, laughable case,
and agrees with girls."
"The next."
"Boys is a masculine noun, inferior
number, conjunctive mood, and belongs
to the girls, with which it agrees."
"School's dismissed."

A CLINCHER.—The subjoined practical
answer to one of the Journal of Commerce's
Free Trade theories, seems to us about as
conclusive as anything well could be.

From the New York Courier.
MR. EDITOR.—Those wise and sagacious
free trade advocates, the Editors of the
Journal of Commerce had an editorial yester-
day morning headed "Brass Kettles and
the Tariff," in which after telling all about
the way in which the law was fixed im-
posing a duty of 12 cents per pound on the
article, they wind up by saying "and now
every woman who buys a brass kettle pays
one dollar for every 16 pounds to our friend
(the manufacturer) just as really and truly
as if his collector were authorized to call
upon her for it." As we are interested in
the manufacture and sale of the article, we
beg leave to state what is no secret to those
at all acquainted with the subject, that Brass
Kettles of American manufacture of equal
quality to any ever imported, are now sel-
dome at the same price that English were
sold at before the last Tariff went into op-
eration, and that the only effect of the pro-
tection of 12 cents per pound is to secure to
our country a branch of manufac-
tures which would otherwise be entirely
monopolized by foreigners. So much for
Brass Kettles and the Tariff. Truly yours,
PHELPS, DODGE & CO.

Mr. Webster, in answer to an invita-
tion to attend a Whig Convention at
Plymouth, on Monday last week, declines,
on the ground of engagements which would
not permit him to be present. He expres-
ses himself in the fullest terms in favor of
the election of Mr. Briggs to the office of
Governor, and Mr. Reed as Lieutenant Gov-
ernor of the Commonwealth—and states
that their nomination meets his entire ap-
probation. He also expresses his hearty
concurrence in the general objects for which
the Convention was to be held.

While the Whigs grieve a little over
the temporary defection of New Jersey and
the Loco Fogs are in despair at the disas-
trous intelligence from Georgia, Pennsylv-
ania and Ohio, the Tyler organs and Tyler
party find occasion for congratulations in
each and all of these results. They claim
the Loco Foco victory in New Jersey and
the Whig victories in Ohio and Pennsylvania
as equally "Tyler triumphs!" Thus it
is all fish that comes to their net." We
don't begrudge them what little consolation
they can extract from the election results
this fall, for assuredly they will have no-
thing to "triumph" about in '44. Eve. Jour-
nal.

MR. CLAY AND THE TARIFF.
From the New York Tribune.
As the chief ground of Loco-Foco assault
on our present moderate, wisely adjusted
and efficient Whig Tariff—efficient equally
for Revenue and Protection—is the ro-
diculous assertion that it