

THE TARIFF AND THE WOOL GROWERS.

Appeals to the Agricultural interest to come forward and sustain the "Tariff as it is," are to be met with in almost all the whig and ultra tariff prints that we have opened for the last week or two.

"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED.—Take notice, all ye whom it may in anywise concern, that the purpose of breaking down the Tariff at the coming session of Congress is thus distinctly acknowledged by the government paper, if a majority can be secured in each house for the purpose!

The National Intelligencer will soon learn, and we suspect not much to its surprise either, that this Tariff business is about as well understood in the back woods as it is anywhere else, and that its attempts to rally to the support of the "Tariff as it is," the great Agricultural interest of the country had better have been spared.

You will scarcely find a wool grower in the country that does not understand the precise operation of the present tariff, and who does not feel and know that it is most unequal and unjust, not in this particular only but in many others that might be specified—bearing as it does most heavily upon articles of common use and necessity, and light upon the luxuries of the rich.

"All these threats are either idle or impotent. The Tariff of '42, 'black' as it was represented, for the purpose of deluding the South during the Presidential canvass, WILL NOT BE DISTURBED. Louisiana cannot live without protection for her sugars. Northern Locos dare not lay their hands upon the Tariff. We are saddled with Polk and Texas, but the Tariff will be preserved."

From the Albany Argus. THE TARIFF AND THE WOOL GROWERS. Appeals to the Agricultural interest to come forward and sustain the "Tariff as it is," are to be met with in almost all the whig and ultra tariff prints that we have opened for the last week or two.

garding and holding every one as an enemy who does not subscribe to this doctrine of party proscription. Although the State and National Administrations are now controlled by democrats, and although to outward appearance our party is in the "full tide of successful experiment," yet all experience has shown that, victories are for more difficult to preserve than to attain, and that there is but one step from the height of prosperity to the most hopeless and overwhelming adversity. The signs of the times portend a bitter and desperate struggle. The whig party are cautiously awaiting the opportunity to strike effectually, judiciously preferring that democrats should destroy themselves as a party by creating and fomenting divisions in their own ranks.

But a short year since and the two great parties were marshalled for the contest. It is useless to say that the strife for victory was the extent of the powers of each, and so nearly were the parties balanced that the loss of a single state—New-York—would have given the victory to the whigs. For the success of our cause and our principles we, as democrats, should ever feel grateful. Every man who voted for the democratic ticket assisted to win the victory and is entitled to a participation in its honors and advantages. And yet there are among us men who look upon those who swelled the popular vote and labored manfully and disinterestedly for the democratic cause and ticket as no better than whigs,—as totally unworthy of any share in the general good resulting from democratic success.

It is time that this spirit is rebuked.—It is high time that the immutable principles of justice prevail, and the men professing the same political faith and having the same common object in view should throw aside this contentious spirit and unite in support of the principles, measures and policy of the democratic party."

There is no honesty in the Federal clamor about wool and the Tariff, and as little sense as honesty. The article of wool does not bear quite as high prices this year as it did last, and the whigs cry out: See the effect of Mr Polk's administration! Had the price happened to have been higher than it was last year, they would have exclaimed: See the effect of the Tariff! In either case they would be neither truth or sense in the exclamation. The same whig Tariff is in operation that was last year, and if there is any prospect that it may be changed it is that it will be in favor of the wool-grower. The whig tariff of 1842, be it remembered, was made for the manufacturer of wool and not for the producer.—Let it be remembered that the democrats proposed and voted for a higher duty on wool, and WHIGS voted it down! But not to dwell on that now, we will inquire into the causes of the reduction of prices of wool since last year:

To come at it at once, we will say that there are three principal causes, and they are all so very apparent that to name them is all we care to do before our common sense readers: 1st. Much more wool was purchased last year than the year before.

The large importation last year of 13,808,645 lbs of coarse wool was imported last year, whereas but 3,773,083 was imported the preceding year. 3d. The amount of wool produced this year is much greater than it was last year. These reasons we think sufficient, and they would seem to be more than sufficient to account for all the reduction in the price of wool since last year.

The Wool Market.—The Washington Republican, published in one of the largest and finest wool-growing sections of the country, says: There is at present no activity in the wool business in this section of Pennsylvania. Every thing looks dull and torpid. Perhaps full 500,000 pounds, half the crop, have been taken up by the dealers at prices varying from 25 to 33 cents. Few clips if any have been sold at a higher rate than 33 cents. Much the highest proportion brought 30 cents—few clips only have brought 33 cents. And this is the glorious result of Whig protection!

A CHINESE LOVE SONG. I give thee all, I can no more, Except a pound of tea; My heart and soul are all the store That I have got for thee. A gong, whose thundering twang reveals More noise than any bell; And better still, a heart that feels Much more than gong can tell. Beware.—A young girl was fined in New Orleans lately, for appearing in the street in boy's clothes. The Justice admitted the right of married women to "wear the breeches," but denied that single females had any business with such an article.

THE LIFE CLOCK. There is a little mystic clock No human eye hath seen, That bethen on and beathen on From morning until e'en, And when the soul is wrapt in sleep And heareth not a sound, It ticks and ticks the hvelyng night, And ever runneth round. Oh wondrous is that work of art Which knells the passing hour; But art nor formed or mind conceived This life clock's magic power. Nor set in gold nor decked with gems, By wealth and pride possessed, But rich or poor, high or low, Each bears it in his breast. When life's deep stream mid beds of flowers All still and softly glides, Like the wavellet's step, with a gentle beat, It warns of passing tides. When threatening darkness gathers o'er, And hope's bright visions flee, Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar It beathen heavily. When passion nerves the warrior's arm For deeds of hate and wrong, Though headed not the fearful sound Its knell is deep and strong. When eyes to eyes are gazing soft, And tender words are spoken, Then fast and wild it rattles on, As if with love 'twere broken. Such is the clock that measures life, Of flesh and spirit blended, And thus 'twill run within the heart 'Till that strange tie is ended.

THE LAST WISH. The wish of Mr Wilson, the celebrated Oritologist, in regard to his burial-place, is beautifully expressed in the following lines: In some wild forest shade, Under some spreading oak or waving pine, Or old elm festooned with the budding vine, Let me be laid. In this dim lonely grot, No foot intrusive will disturb my dust; But o'er me songs of the wild birds shall burst, Chiming the spot. Not amid charnel stones, Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould, With tattered pall, and fringe of cankered gold, May rest my bones. But let the dewy rose, The snow-drop and the violet, lend perfume Above the spot where in my grassy tomb, I take repose. Year after year Within the silver birch tree o'er me hang, The chirping wren shall rear her callow young, Shall build her dwelling near. And at the purple dawn of day, The lark shall chant a pealing song above, And the shrill quail shall pipe her song of love, When eve grows dim and gray. The black-bird and the thrush, The golden oriole shall flit around, And waiken with a mellow gong of sound The forest's solemn hush. Birds from the distant sea Shall sometime hither flock on snowy wings, And soar above my dust in airy rings, Singing a dirge to me.

WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men of all shapes and sizes, from the graceful dandy with hair enough on his upper works to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little hump-backed, freckle-faced, bow-legged, carrot-headed upstart. The object is to form a geyser corps, to be in attendance at the church doors on each Sabbath before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above Corps, will please appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance and quantity of brains registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers. To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of an ordinary well-bred donkey.—"Down east" paper.

An Army leaving Madrid.—Spanish Ladies on horseback.—Many of the ladies came on the walks to take their last farewell, and just as we were moving off, forming the rear-guard, in the afternoon of the 31st, a beautiful girl, lightly clothed, refused to leave her lover, an English officer in the Portuguese Cadrores, who dismounted and tied his silk handkerchief round her neck, and placed her sideways on his horse.—Towards evening the wind blew keenly, and I saw her enveloped in a soldier's great coat. Many females left their homes in a similar manner with the French officers, and travelled about with the army on horseback and astride, clad in the uniform of the Polish lancers, or hussars splendidly embroidered, with crimson trousers, made very wide in the Cossack fashion. The ladies of Spain frequently ride astride, with pantaloons, and Hessian boots, with a habit buttoned up before and behind, and when they are on horseback, it is unfastened and hangs down on each side to conceal their legs from view.—"Morrill's Peninsular Sketches."

Rather tough.—The Picayune has a story of a rattlesnake which swallowed a field mouse or mole, and repeated the operation twice, the mole each time eating his way out, and finally killing the snake. The public is expected to swallow both mole and serpent. Teetotalism.—"Arrah, Teddy dear, you tell me what is the meaning of Teetotalism? Is it Rapale?" "To see how high his pipe out of his mouth, and deliberately said, 'It's not Rapale, Dennis, but it's like it. Rapale is dividing a sister from her mother. Teetotalism is cutting the heart out of a man, and sticking a lump of cold water in its place!'"

A HINT.—Adrian was the first employer who wore long beard, and this he did to cover the warts on his face. THE PRESENT HOT WEATHER.—"Halloo there, Tommy, my boy, what are you climbing that ladder for?" "To see how high the thermometer is, dad!" "How high is it my son?" "Just above the third story vinders." "Hadn't no idea it was so warm."

California.—It is now ascertained that this whole territory has declared itself independent. The people have driven out the Mexican authorities, and have modelled a Republican Government similar to that of the United States and Texas. Chicago Democrat. "It's very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to a friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry, when it has a running spring inside."

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Elial obedience.—"How old are ye?" said Major Kilpkins to a dwarfish young man. "Twenty." "I wonder you arn't right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten." "All comes of being a dutiful child." "Why so?" "When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said 'stop there!' and he then ran away. I've never seen him since, and I did't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

Watches cleaned and repaired, and warranted to run by the Express Line. Woodstock, July 30, 1845. 272 RUSSELL & CLARKE.

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EXTENSIVE IMPORTATIONS! Starting from all quarters of the world and bringing up at RUSSELL & CLARKE'S. JUST RECEIVED, by the WORLD'S EXPRESS, at "5 or 8" an EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES, RICH JEWELRY, AND FANCY GOODS.

BRIGHTON MARKET. MONDAY, AUG. 4, 1845. At Market 1000 Beef Cattle, 60 Cows and Calves 3000 Sheep and 300 Swine.

Valuable farm for Sale IN HARTLAND. ON the 1st day of September next, I shall offer for sale the Farm in Hartland, Vermont, owned and now occupied by Mr WILLIAM WALKER, consisting of 250 to 300 acres of Land with Buildings. Also, the stock on said farm, among which is the celebrated Horse Morgan.

ROYALTON ACADEMY. THE Fall Term will commence on Wednesday, September 10th. The school will be under the supervision and approved instruction of Mr Sylvanus Bates.

BROAD CLOTHS & CASSIMERES. Fancy Cassimeres and Doobkins, cheap, none as low as SATINETS, and other Goods, from 20 to 30 cents and up.

Operations on the Teeth. H. S. CHASE, M. D. DENTAL SURGEON. Woodstock, Vt., Office in the Bank Building.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH. I WOULD respectfully inform those who have lost a part or the whole of their natural teeth and wish them replaced by artificial ones, that I have made arrangements and improvements in my establishment, which will enable me to manufacture artificial sets much greater and more perfect than ever before made.

PLAYING, VISITING AND BLANK CARDS. GEORGE COOK of the firm of E. L. Smith & Cook, for the past six years manufacturer of the celebrated Harriet Cook's visiting, playing and blank cards.

SETTLE! SETTLE! S. J. ALLEN, would say to those indebted to him that they MUST call and settle immediately, as having disposed of his Drug Store, he will leave this place the 1st of September. 261-3w Aug. 14, 1845.

DANIEL LAWRENCE, ONLY MANUFACTURER OF MEDFORD RUM. SOLD at wholesale by Reed & Spaulding, Nashville, N. H. and F. C. J. Manning & Co. No. 15, Central wharf Boston.

R. H. BAILEY STILL CONTINUES TO MANUFACTURE SILVER SPOONS, AND WARRANTED OF PURE COPPER. Table, Tea, Sugar, Dessert, Cream, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Sugar tongs and Butter Knives of every variety of pattern to suit the taste of the purchaser.

WINDSOR COUNTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. THE annual meeting of the Company is adjourned to an adjourned meeting will be held at the Insurance office in Woodstock, on Saturday the ninth day of August next, at two o'clock, afternoon, for the consideration of such alterations as may be proposed in the by-laws and general regulations of the Company.