SALOON OF APOLLO.

'It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning.'

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

MY SUMMER BOWER.

Lovely, modest, blushing flower,
The first to deck my Summer Bower,
Where oft at twilight's peaceful hour
In meditation sweet,
I have stolen from the busy cares
Of life's tumultuous hopes and fears,
And freely there indulged my tears
In that secure retreat.

But hope, the flatterer, still is nigh,
To raise the dull desponding eye—
To brighter scenes beyond the sky,
Where joys immortal dwell.
Thus has my lovely sylvan Bower,'
In joy and grief, the magic power
To soothe or sadden every hour,
By some mysterious spell.

Then lovely, blushing rose so gay,
Bloom on and cheer me on my way,
'Mid sorrow's gloom or hope's bright ray,
With thy rich bloom:
And when thy Summer reign is o'er,
And dews shall fill thy cup no more,
Thy leaves tho' wither'd still shall pour,
A sweet perfume. EUGENIA.

MY HOME

The frowns of Fortune made me poor;
Then creditors assailed my door,
And seized my humble dome.
Abandoned to consuming Care,
Too oft the parent of Despair,
I said—the world's my home!

Yet there was *one*, whose heart was kind,
Who fondly soothed my troubled mind,
And chased away the gloom:
But soon her gentle spirit fled,
And then, in agony, I said—
My home is in the tomb!

But still her spirit lingered near,
And whispered softly in my ear—
"Wherever doomed to roam,
A viewless guardian and friend,
Thy steps through life I will attend,
Till Heaven may be thy home!"

SPECIMEN OF THE SUBLIME.

With eye intent on voidness, and upturned
To things, material palpability
Beyond; of aught on earth's or ocean's *disk*,
Or in earth's bosom hid, or deep within
Old ocean's caves embowelled, reckless—
The poet leaned recurvous. O'er his chair,
Mute Fancy hung, and cobwebs retiform!
High o'er the grovelling throng of mortals, rose
His garret and his mind, in attic pride!
Recumbent here, in heaps accretive, lay
Volumes of undigested lore; while there,
Aspirant from the poet's glowing lips,
Adorned with conic tube subfusk, arose
Volumes of turgent vapour. Cloud o'er cloud,
With Cuba's fragrance odoriferous,
The spiral fume in mirksome labyrinths
Ascends. 'Till, wrapt in cogitative gloom,
The bard somniferous subtends. And, lo!
The very spiders sneeze!

THE SENSES IN PERFECTION.

To an epicure, highly enjoying his ducks
At the tavern, it seemed quite provoking,
That close to his elbow a knot of young bucks
Should be chatting, and laughing, and joking.
So he laid down his knife, and said, "Silence
you boys,"
(With a look highly vexed and entreating,)
"You all of you make so incessant a noise,
That I really don't know what I'm eating."

A WORD IN SEASON.

A respectable tradesman in Bath, England, had the following lines printed upon his shop bills:

"My books are so crammed, and bad debts I've
so many,
I'm resolved that in future I'll not trust a penny:
Giving credit to Friends, often friendship endangers,
And I hope ne'er again to be cheated by strangers."

ORIGINAL TALE.

"In vain hath naked truth advances made,
But still may gain access in masquerade;
In fiction's fascinating garb disguised,
Her wholesome precepts will be duly prized."

FOR THE CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

LOUISA.

Alone in the starless night Louisa wandered in the wilderness; not a sound was heard save that of the cold and hollow wind, that sighed amongst the branches of the forest. By fitful intervals the cries of the panther were indistinctly heard in the gale. At last, weary and disconsolate she sat down by the foot of an aged oak, and abandoned herself to her sorrows. The recollection of her parents, her friends, her husband and her only child now rushed with all their combining force upon her mind and produced (not tears for they would have been a relief to her soul,) but the calm repose of despair. The winds blew upon her bosom, the snow beat upon her face; but she felt it not; neither did the cries of the panther, now deeply resounding in the gale find access to her ears. She remained for hours in this stupor of the mind—in this settled quietude of despair. It is the province of such paroxysms to be as short as they are violent. The moment that Louisa's bosom became lighter by a pang, she felt all the perils of her situation—Aroused to a consciousness of her state, she reflected that the same Almighty Power was present alike in the savage haunted wildernes and in the populous city—that His protection extended over all His works and that a prayer breathed from a heart sincere and contrite, was as audible to Him amidst the howling tempest of the wilderness, as it was in the temples devoted to his service. She prayed with fervency, and she felt confidence renewed. At last, wandering about with no other guide but her feet, she discovered at intervals a dim and distant light twinkling amongst the branches. The mariner who is tossed on a stormy sea and enveloped in darkness,—who uncertain of his doom, looks for a watery grave in every roll of the billow, and who sees at last a solitary star in the firmament, may conceive of Louisa's joy, when she beheld this light in the wilderness. She followed the trembling and uncertain beam, and was conducted to an Indian wigwam. It may amuse the reader to know that this rude and uncultivated son of nature received the fair outcast with genuine hospitality. In fact it may be remarked that true politeness, true philanthropy, and true benevolence of heart is found exclusively in none—it is found in the palace or the wigwam—amidst the glooms of the forest, or the splendors of the crowed metropolis—this wild flower may bloom in the garden, but its home is the wilderness. The Indian warrior had just returned from the chase; the venison was roasting on the fire, and his cheerful hearth was illumined by the blaze of a pine knot. His wife and his family were seated around the flame, and he was amusing his children by reciting the deeds of his ancestors. By frequent conversation with the American traders, with whom he had often dealt in the article of furs, he had acquired a competent knowledge of their language. With a countenance gleaming with all the milder passions, he received the wretched wanderer and supplied her with whatever refreshments his simple cabin could afford. He told her that he was himself but a rude son of the wilderness—that he had been accustomed to breathe the cold and nipping blast of the mountain—that he had climbed precipices and forded streams in quest of prey—that danger was in every shape familiar to him, and in the full native benevolence of his heart, he tendered his services to his stranger guest. He requested to hear the recital of her wrongs and her sufferings. It is unnecessary to say that the forlorn and helpless condition of Louisa was such as to render any thing in the shape of human assistance acceptable. She paused for a moment, and then, with that native eloquence, where the heart and the *heart alone* is the preceptor of the lips, she told the following tale:—"You behold a poor unfortunate woman, bereft of her husband and her only child, a supplicant for mercy; my father was an American, residing in the state of New York under whose roof I enjoyed all that could be enjoyed, while it pleased Divine Providence to continue to me a parent. Every wish of my heart was anticipated by this kindest of men. My hopes were bounded by our little circumscribed means, and my hopes, my wants and my desires, seemed but precursors of enjoyment. This happiness was too intense to last long. My father was seized with an hectic, and his pale emaciated countenance, and his hollow sunk eyes were too infallible evidences of dissolving nature. Still in the warm and giddy season of youth, I could not realise the advance of the king of terrors. I often beheld the face of my parent turned towards me, while his eyes were blinded with tears—but on anxiously inquiring the cause, I was told of his embarrassments in business. When I pressed him to my throbbing bosom and entreated him to take courage—when I told him that fortune would hereafter smile upon his efforts, that I should myself soon be able to labour and administer to his necessities—when I informed him with how much pleasure, the earnings of my industry would be devoted to the comfort and support of his gray hairs, my parent sobbed aloud—I desisted from all attempts at consolation. At length the awful secret burst upon me in all its horrors from the death-bed. I beheld the flush of the hectic—the rose of the tomb upon his face—he called me and pressing my hands gently with his emaciated fingers, he feebly pronounced on my head a paternal benediction. Little innocent, (he said) as yet unversed in the ways of world, undebauched by its temptations, at what a season is thy parent called to leave thee. I would have instructed thee in the high way of Heaven. I would have guarded thee as a tender plant exposed to blasting winds and blighting mildews. But heaven has ordained it otherwise, to whose mercy I commit you:—he sighed and stammered out a feeble farewell. I looked and the dews of death were on his face; his hand relaxed its feeble grasp upon mine; his eye was motionless. Abandoned to the wide world and destitute of any support but that of heaven, I wandered forth from my native mansion, now in the possession of strangers, with no other guide but that of a protecting Providence—A Superior Power, for I dare not call it chance, directed my footsteps to the roof of Geo. Sydney; he loved my father when living—revered his memory, and cherished, and supported his helpless orphan when dead. In this kind and hospitable mansion, Divine Providence seemed to have supplied me with a second father. His son Henry was five years older than me; he was an only son, adorned with every manly grace of body, and every embellishment of mind—generous, ardent, enthusiastic in his friendship, invincible in his attachments, he seemed only born for benevolence. At the tale of wrong and injustice, the flush of superior worth would mantle his cheeks, and his courage would sparkle in his eyes. To relieve distress, to devote his time, his talents, his strength, his health, his whole soul, in the accomplishment of a generous action, in him required no effort; it seemed a spontaneous and almost unconscious exertion of his nerves.—Why need I dwell on this brilliant picture—*we loved and we were united in the sacred bands of matrimony.* One infant the image of his father blest our mutual love. My husband's relations resided in Canada and they were incessant and urgent in their entreaties that he, his wife and child should spend a few months at their dwelling. My husband at length overcome by so many pressing requests consented, and he determined on his way to visit the Falls of Niagara While we were enjoying the grandeur of this spectacle, while we beheld, wrapt in amazement and awe the spray of this mighty cataract, as it glittered in rainbows to the sun; while we listened till we were almost stunned with the roar of the waters, we heard the cries of hostile Indians, who suddenly rushing from their ambuscade, fell upon their victims—we were bound and carried into the depths of the wilderness. War had just been declared between the Indians and the United States and we were regarded as enemies. I fell to the lot of one of the Sachems, and my husband to another—In vain did I on my bended knees supplicate for mercy—In vain did I crave a participation in his sufferings—and ask as the only boon that they would not tear me from my husband—We were torn asunder—But O that look he gave at parting!—With a smile he pointed to heaven and spoke these words with melting tenderness: "Fear not, my dear Louisa, I will meet thee there." I know nothing beyond this—I fainted away in the arms of the Sachem who bore me away as his lawful prize. But awaking from my trance, I found myself alone in the wilderness, my persecutor lying by my side, a martyr to the bottle. Whither I have wandered in this cold stormy night, I know not. I have thought only of my husband and my infant, victims to the flames—But the storm subsides—the stars begin to brighten and the moon just tips the snow with her silver beams; stranger farewell—I go to die with my husband—sainted spirit, thy dying words shall be accomplished; in heaven we shall soon meet again." The Indian said nothing; but making a sign to his dometics to secure Louisa, he instantly departed: he travelled over mountains of snow, but he felt no cold; he climed precipices, forded streams and at length in the deep recess of a desolate valley, he discovered the hostile tribe of Indians. The flames had already been kindled and the mounting blaze hid the victims from his view. Around the two martyrs were seen in frantic dances, the savage murderers uttering hideous cries and preparing to enjoy the agonies of the dying victims. In an instant he rushed into the flames, dissipated the brands with his tomahawk and with the same instrument cut the bandages. Need I relate the sequel.—He was the chief of the hostile tribe; he accompanied Henry and Louisa, within sight of the American camp, and after the war was ended often partook of their hospitality, between whom an inviolable friendship was preserved to the day of the Sachem's death.

Cambridge, May, 1824. SELIM.

RELIGIOUS.

What man *is* he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way *that* he shall choose.
Ps. xxv. v. 12.

YOUTH.

In the midst of *youth*, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear in a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and in some degree satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come when youth, health and fortune, will all fail us; and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and above all at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, whither shall we flee if we expect no refuge in another? Without a holy hope in God, resignation to his will, and trust in him for deliverance, what is there that can secure us against the evils of life?

Youth is the season to form religious habits; the earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost.—Though the temptations of the world may now and then draw the well-principled youth aside, yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation: whereas he who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion.—Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep forever. How much better is it, then, to make that easy to us which we know is best! and to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

Youth is introductory to manhood, to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must qualify ourselves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit which has in youth been planted.—If we have sauntered away our youth, we must expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early possession of us, they will probably increase as we advance in life, and make us a burden to ourselves, and useless to society. If, again, we suffer ourselves to be misled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new strength, and end in dissolute lives.

But if we cultivate our minds in youth, attain habits of attention and industry, of virtue and sobriety we shall find ourselves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourselves, we shall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to resist every new temptation as soon as it appears.

RELIGION.

"You must always remember that Religion is a *benevolent* and *useful* thing; and that wherever it takes place it makes men better than they were before. It consists not in empty show; but in solid virtue and substantial goodness. It does not essentially consist in little niceties and trifling distinctions, which neither influence the heart nor concern the practice; nor in the observance or rejection of particular rites and forms, which a man may use or disuse without prejudice or real virtue in himself or others; nor in a zealous attachment to, or angry abhorrence of this sect, or that church, in which, as in most other fields, there are some tares and some wheat; but in something more excellent and divine. That, in a word, is true Religion, which makes a good man—which renders one pious towards his God—conformed to the pattern of his Saviour—benevolent to his fellow men—humble in his temper and manners—peaceable in society—just in his treatment of all—condescending in cases of difference—strict in the government of himself—patient in adversity—and attentive to his duty in all conditions and relations of life. When you see such a character, you may believe that Religion is there! When you find this to be your character, you may believe that wisdom has entered into your heart." *Dr. Lathrop.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety 's the very spice of life,
"Which gives it all its flavour."

GAMING.

Gaming is a vice so dangerous in itself, and so injurious to the community at large, that no law can be too rigid with respect to it. In Virginia it subjects the exhibiter of a *faro table* to imprisonment and stripes. Every species of gaming should be punished in like manner.

In gaming, Judge Blackstone says, the several parties eugaged cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer. Taken in any light, this is an offence of the most alarming nature, tending, by necessary consequence, to promote public idleness, theft and debauchery, among those of lower class; and, among persons of a superior rank, it hath frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient and opulent families, abandoned prostitution of every principle of honor and virtue, and too often hath ended in self-murder. To this passion every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion which has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from our aucestors the ancient Germans; who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of every thing else, they will stake at last their liberty, and their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause they call the point of honor." "One would think," says Blackstone, "that Tacitus was describing a modern Englishman. Against a spirit so fantastic, laws can be of little avail, because the same false honor that prompts a man to sacrifice himself will deter him from appealing to a magistrate. Yet it is proper that restricting and protecting laws should be enacted, and they should be publicly announced and repeatedly inculcated, if possible to preserve the unwary, if not to reclaim those who are on the brink of ruin."

Father Le Compte, in his travels in China, says, "Gambling is equally prohibited among the common people and Mandarins; and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card." Shakspeare says, "Keep a *gamester* from his dice, and a good student from his book and it is wonderful." Lord Bacon says, "A *gamester*, the greater master he is in his art, the worse man he is." And Addison says, "Could we look into the mind of a common *gamester*, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mathadores; his slumbers are haunted with kings, queens and knaves."

From the Watch Tower.

Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that happiness can be found in following the directions of vice. No doctrine is more delusive, more false and more pernicious to the morals of the community, than that which inculcates the idea that the wicked are happy in this world, and the righteous miserable. It is a libel upon virtue and a contradiction of the doctrine taught in the scriptures of truth. The sacred oracles inform us, that "there is no peace to the wicked, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." This is daily confirmed by common observation. Alas! the tales of wo which might be told, too amply furnish us with evidence on this subject. Say, ye fellow men, is there no misery in this world? Does the practice of vice lead you to the fountain of moral health, the source of all moral enjoyment? Have you by rolling in sin, by rioting in acts of dissipation, listening to the syren song, the delusive notes of the faithless dame of iniquity, found that pleasure which you expected? Have these furnished you with the sweets of peace—have they not poisoned the streams of life at the fountain head—the charms of virtue, the calm, cheerful, undisturbed temper which flows from an obedience to the mandates of justice, truth, goodness and virtue? Were you to speak truth, and had you the power of an ancient artist, we might expect to hear "the marble speak," and, in feeling accents, relate a tale of the deepest wo. From this we should learn, that the practice of vice had corroded social enjoyment and poisoned domestic felicity.—Yes, the sad tale would inform us, that from the prince on the throne, whose brow is decked with blooming garlands, and whose temple is wreathed with a laurel of earthly fame, who receives the homage of potentates, the fealty of kings, the suspecting smiles of courtiers, the respect and obedience of subjects down to the beggar grovelling in the dust, clad in tatters and subjected to all the extremes of hunger and want, vice has imbittered, poisoned and even destroyed all social pleasures. Mark the effect. The once dimpled cheek that often glowed with charms of innocency, the smiles of virtue, the captivations of beauty adorned with modesty and artless simplicity, is now pale, sunk and wan. But what has caused this? It is the frequent aberations of a bosom friend that promised at hymen's sacred altar to protect, defend, solace, comfort and console. It is an abandoment of all principle that has produced this affecting scene.

O thou unfeeling, faithless, wretched man! let me beseech thee, whether thou art a votary of Bacchus, a devotee to the temples of prostitution and profligacy, or at the altar of iniquity, to turn from these vicious pursuits and walk in the road of virtue, which will lead you to the temple of peace, contentment, and happiness perfected. Then and not till then, will life, with all its variegated scenes, become a palace of delight, the silken cord of love be oiled with all the endearments of virtue and wisdom, whose ways are pleasant and all her paths peace—the christaline streams of the river of life in gentle currents flow; the mind will continually be replenished with those revivifying streams which will quench the thirst for vice, and store the mind with knowledge, more to be desired than polished gems. Then will those of juvenile vivacity secure the road to fame and happiness, whilst the person of riper years, viewing the liability that exists in man to sin, shuns those paths that lead to dissipation and vice, and ripens like the golden ears of wheat, and with the gentle zephyr's breeze from the heavens, they bow in praise of the author of their existence, until they shall be called into the garner where cloudless day shall be infinite in glory.

ANECDOTES.

The late duke of Richmond had some capital hunters in Sussex.—A monkey who was kept in the same stable was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teazing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is so fond of riding, we'll endeavour to give him enough of it." A complete jockey dress was provided for the monkey, and the next time the hounds went out, jacko in his uniform was strapped on the back of one of the best hunters. The view-hollow being given, away they went through thick and thin, the horse carrving so light a burthen presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "Aye zure, (said the man,) he ha gone over yon fallow." "Woy, yez, (said John) there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the devil be in um. I hope from my heart the young gentlemen may'nt meet with a fall, but he rides most monsterous hard.

The experiment had the desired effect; jacko was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a horse or a stable ever afterwards.

An old widow woman, now remarkable for her knowledge or sagacity, would often dwell on the renown of her departed husband. She was once boasting that he had held a post of distinction in the revolutionary army, whether it was general or corporal, she could not recollect, but was sure it was something that ended in *rel.* 'Was'nt it *scoundel?*' said a bystander; 'O yes,' replied the old woman, 'indeed I believe that was it.'

Knighthood.—A humorous anecdote is related of capt. Campbell. 'Sir,' said lord Anson to him, 'the king will knight you if you think proper.'—'Troth, my lord,' said the captain, who retained his Scotch dialect as long as he lived, 'I ken nae use that will be to me.' But your lady may like it,' replied his lordship.—'Well then,' rejoined the Captain, 'his majesty may knight her if he pleases.'

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall go to the bottom; mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Zounds, madam never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your *head swims.*"

CA

Vol. I.

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AN ACT

To amend the several Acts for imposing duties on Imports.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That, from and after the 30th day of June, 1824, in lieu of the duties now imposed by law on the importation of the articles hereafter mentioned, there shall be levied, collected, and paid, the following duties, that is to say:

First. On Russia, Hollands, and Ravens duck, osnaburgs, burlaps, and ticklenburgs, a duty of 15 per centum ad valorem.

On all manufactures of wool, except worsted stuff goods and blankets, which shall pay 25 per centum ad valorem, a duty of 30 per centum ad valorem, until the 30th day of June, 1825, and after that time, a duty of 33 and a third per centum ad valorem: Provided, That on all manufactures of wool, flannels and baizes excepted, the actual value of which, at the place whence imported shall not exceed 33 and a third cents per square yard, shall be charged with a duty of 25 per centum ad valorem.

Second. On all manufactures, not herein specified, of cotton, flax, or hemp, or of which either of these materials shall be a component part, and on all manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be a component material coming from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, a duty of 25 per centum ad valorem; on all other manufactures of silk, or of which silk shall be a component material, 20 per centum ad valorem. *Provided*, That all cotton cloths whatsoever, or cloths of which cotton shall be a component material, excepting nankeens imported directly from China, the original cost of which at the place whence imported, with the addition of 20 per centum, if imported from the Cape of Good Hope, or any place beyond it; and of ten per centum if imported from any other place, shall be less than 30 cents per square yard, shall, with such addition, be taken and deemed to have cost 30 cents per square yard, and shall be charged with duty accordingly. And that all unbleached and uncoloured cotton twist, yarn, or thread, the original cost of which shall be less than 60 cents per pound, shall be deemed and taken to have cost 60 cents per pound, and shall be charged with duty accordingly. And all bleached or coloured cotton yarn, twist, or thread, the original cost of which shall be less than 75 cents per pound, shall be deemed and taken to have cost 75 cents per pound, and shall be charged with duty accordingly: *Provided*, also, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to, or be enforced against, importations of goods from ports or places eastward of the Cape of Good Hope or beyond Cape Horn, before the first of January next ensuing.

Third. On wool unmanufactured, a duty of 20 per centum ad valorem, until the first day of June, 1825, afterwards a duty of 25 per centum ad valorem until the first June, 1826; afterwards, a duty of 30 per centum ad valorem: *Provided*, That all wool, the actual value of which, at the place whence imported, shall not exceed 10 cents per pound, shall be charged with a duty of 15 per centum ad valorem, and no more.

Fourth. On all Leghorn hats or bonnets, and all hats or bonnets of straw, chip, or grass, and on all flats, braids, or plat, for making of hats or bonnets, a duty of 50 per centum ad valorem: *Provided*, That all Leghorn hats and bonnets, and all hats or bonnets of straw, chip, or grass, which, at the place whence imported, with the addition of 10 per centum, shall have cost less than one dollar each, shall, with such addition be taken and deemed to have cost one dollar each, and shall be charged with duty accordingly.

Fifth. On japanned wares of all kinds, on plated wares of all kinds, and on manufactures, not otherwise specified, made of brass, iron, steel, pewter, lead, or tin, or of which either of these metals is a component material a duty of 25 per centum ad valorem.

On bolting cloths, 15 per centum ad valorem:

On hair cloth and hair seating, 30 per centum ad valorem:

On marble, and all manufactures of marble 30 per centum ad valorem:

On all paper hangings, 40 per centum ad valorem:

On coach laces of cotton or other material, 35 per centum ad valorem; on all other laces, 12½ per centum ad valo

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