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## The Oxford Democrat.

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## Worthy.

From the *Freemason and Visitor*. Thoughts on Persuading Ancient History.

BY MISS LARA EGGLESTON.

Go, now on "Ancient History," pages,  
And learn a lesson, starting, deep  
Of empires, cities, kings, and ages,  
Of heroes, and of death's dim sleep!

Austria, Prussia, scenes of glory,  
Three noble cities are no more;  
But now their ruins tell a story  
Of what they were in times of yore.

No royal guards the chains of Rome,  
No Roman temple now;  
No vestige of the ancient glories,  
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My story will introduce the sort of man that is an exception to the rule.

To be perfectly candid with my readers, I must inform them that I have forgotten the names of the persons that I am to tell about. The precise place where it happened has also escaped me, but I am sure that it was somewhere in Ireland; and the exact date is gone too—but I know that it was after the year 1815, and before the year 1835, for that was the year when I heard it.

The general peace of Europe, which followed the fall of Napoleon, released the army of England from foreign service; and after reduction to about one-third of its former number, it was distributed among the military stations within the kingdom and provinces. A large number of the surviving officers of the field of Waterloo were garrisoned in Ireland. They were generally men who had seen hard service, and had earned their honors and offices in the battle-field; but a considerable number of new men received appointments through favor of their wealthy and powerful friends, and came among the veterans with commissions in their pockets which gave them high rank in the army. The old soldiers, naturally enough, looked upon the raw recruits as mere upstarts and intruders. They despised them for their inexperience, and hated them for the injustice suffered by their promotion. In a profession where honor is gained by killing the enemy's enemies, it will scarcely be thought unusual to hate the individual's rivals and supplacers. The Apostle John says that murder and hatred come together. And, taking the military sentiment for the standard of judgment, it is mean to hug or buy promotions where other people have to fight for it. But this is done elsewhere, as well as in the British army; for the officers who are thought the most honorable are often obtained by means the most dishonorable.

The hero of my story was in this situation; and whether he deserved the judgment we have passed upon his class, or not, he certainly suffered it in full measure. He had obtained by purchase, the appointment of Ensign, after the establishment of peace, and was garrisoned with some dozen or twenty officers of Wellington's army, in one of the castles of Ireland. An Ensign is the lowest commissioned officer, and the salary, or pay, is so small that it is a saying, "if an Ensign has time for dinner, he must go without supper." Our Ensign was very poor—he was fondless, very young, and romantically shy.

On the other hand, the officers of the station were generally well supplied with money, and had nothing to do but to spend it—they lived fast and high, and were, by all their habits and tastes, engrossed companions for each other. Besides his retiring manners, there was something else in him which discomfited him to their society, and exposed him to their dislike; this was a certain air of self-respect, showing refinement and culture, and a certain propriety of language and manners, which quietly, but all the more severely, rebuked their general looseness and rudeness of conduct. They hated him for the manner he entered the army, and still more for his personal character and demeanor among them. All this had its effect upon him also, and so the lonely Ensign was a lonely man every day.

A certain amount and kind of courtesy he was entitled to by the rules of the service; but they gave him, but so slightly measured out that every salute was an affront, and every look an insult, and he might have had cause of quarrel at any moment that he pleased. It was, in fact, the settled purpose of several of these men to drive him out of the army by their meanness, or to drive him in to a duel, and so dispose of him finally.

This grew worse continually. The contempt of the older officers for the young Ensign, and his repugnance to them, increased with every meeting, until they paid no kind of respect to his feelings, and he avoided them with a caution that looked like an antipathy. The worst of all was the evident conviction in the minds of the whole garrison that he was a coward—a character most shameful in a soldier, and in any man a weakness that renders every other virtue worthless.

For five years he was alone, friendless, and without a dollar in the world but his monthly pay. With these beggarly circumstances he was a scholar and a gentleman, with feelings rendered more sensitive by high culture and recent misfortune. But his chief impediment was a conscience—a religious sense of right, which left him no liberty to relieve himself or mend his prospects by any means which the highest morality forbade. He suffered much every way, and most of all he endured for "righteousness sake." Of course he had the strength and nobleness which such a sentiment bestows; but it is easier to do great things than to bear little ones. There are more lions than saints in the world. St. Peter was not afraid of the soldiers in the garden, but he was ashamed of his master in the Judgment Hall. To bear disgrace, and shame, and scorn—to stand quiet under suspicions that drove one out of society, for the sake of a principle which nobody believes or respects—this is cross-bearing.

Our young hero occupied the position of a soldier and a gentleman, with the character of a coward and slave! It was a bitter cup and his enemies kept it constantly to his lips.

One day he received an invitation, as a matter of course, to dine with the General in command, who had just arrived at the station. A meeting with his brother officers promised him no pleasure, and he was personally a stranger to the General, who knew nothing of him but by report of those who despised him. He managed to arrive at the latest allowable moment, and he contrived to procure a seat at the table next to the General, who, both as his host and superior officer, was bound to afford him protection from the insolence of the company.

I need not say how the dinner hour passed with him. Totally silent and neglected, except for the necessary notice of the General, the time, so full of pleasure to the company, wore away heavy and painful to him; but he was content to escape rudeness, and made indifference comparatively welcome.

After the cloth was removed, the wine circulated, the company drank freely, the mirth grew loud, and the presence of our young friend was nearly forgotten, until a circumstance of a startling character brought him to notice. The General suddenly cried out, "Gentlemen, I have lost my watch—I had it in my hand ten minutes ago, but it is gone." A painful suspense instantly followed; every man instantly exchanged glances with his neighbor, until at last every eye settled with suspicion upon the young Ensign. Who but he, of all the company, could be guilty of such a crime? Besides, he was, perhaps, the only man near enough to the General to effect the theft. Such thoughts as these were in every mind—they left not a shade of doubt. The miserable wretch was caught at last; and there was as little pity as respect felt for him.

"Shut the door," shouted the Colonel of the regiment, "let no man leave the room—The watch is among us, and it concerns every man present to fix the guilt where it belongs. I propose that a search be instantly made and let it begin with me."

"By no means," interposed the General. "It shall not be so. No gentleman is capable of such an act. A hundred watches are not worth the impeachment of any gentleman's honor. Say no more about it. I care nothing about that."

"But, General," said the Colonel, "the watch is in the room. One of us must have it," looking sternly at the young Ensign, "and the search must be driven from the station. We cannot consent to leave it in a moment in doubt who the wretch really is. There is no fear that the search will fall in an unexpected place. We must finish the fellow now, and he done with him."

The Ensign sat steady, motionless, but pale as death. Every eye was fixed upon him, and to every eye the sign of guilt were perfectly clear. The General had no doubt of it, and he was the more anxious to prevent the search on this account; but he was overruled, and submitted. A few minutes sufficed for the examination of every one present, till it came to the Ensign, who was left perfectly to the last.

"Now, young man," said the Colonel, turning and advancing towards him, "now, sir, it is your turn," his face looking perfectly savage with scorn and hate. "The watch, sir, without a word or a moment's delay."

But a terrible change had passed upon the young suffering, patient boy. He sprang from his seat with a scream so wild, so fierce, and so full of agony, that every heart stood still a moment with surprise. In that moment he had planned himself against the wall, drawn his sword, and taken the attitude of defense.

"Come, you to search me, sir, as you would a suspected thief! On your life, I mean you not to touch me, but to leave me alone. Approach now if you dare. I defy the whole of you as one man!"

Instantly the Colonel crossed swords with him in furious combat.

"Hold! peace!" cried the General, and springing forward himself to prevent the affray. At the first step the watch rolled on the floor! He had missed his faith, and now the watch fell from its concealment in the darkness of his movements. The company were electrified. The conduct of the Ensign was inexplicable! He had braved destruction, risked his reputation, and periled his life, on a point of honor too nice for his superiors to feel; and he had insulted and defied them all in one breath, and there he stood justified and victorious before them!

It was too much to bear, for they were too much excited to understand it. Their determination was taken, and the company dispersed with resolutions set and purposes inflexible. The General seized the opportunity to apologize to the Ensign for the unhappy mistake which led to the quarrel, and requested him to call upon him that evening at a late hour.

Our hero was scarcely in his own room till the Colonel's challenge was presented to him. Without a moment's delay he answered the second who brought it: "I will not accept this challenge to mortal combat. I am opposed to the duel in principle, and I will not be driven from my sense of duty. You all know what I have already endured rather than defend or revenge myself by taking life. I think you have done your worst, but if not, I am prepared for it. I am my own master, and will not allow any man to dictate my opinions as a matter of right, or compel me to conduct which my heart and head condemn."

"Sir," replied the second, "you have seen fit to include me among the men who despise you, and you are right in that opinion. Let me tell you that cowardice and conceit, covered with preaching and canting, will not protect you. You have grossly insulted every gentleman in the garrison, to whom you were odious enough before, and you must either give them the satisfaction which the code of honor approves, or you must leave the army. Be assured of that."

When he met the General that night, and informed him of the challenge, and his refusal, that officer raised his head and looked at him sadly and earnestly, if not doubtfully.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I am afraid it won't do. These men will not be satisfied with an argument, and it is plain that you are not the man to make an apology while convinced that you are right, nor do I believe that they would accept any short of your resignation. You have somehow got the ill will of the whole corps, and to-night you affronted them mortally. I am sure you cannot know how sharply your conduct and language touched them, and your triumph only aggravated the offence. And now, your refusal to accept the Colonel's challenge is, under the most favorable construction, an at-

tack upon the code by which military men govern themselves towards each other. I see no escape. Fight you must, or your challenge will heap upon you such personal indignities as will make your life intolerable, or drive you into violence, which will amount to the same thing as accepting a challenge.

I saw that in your eye to-day which convinced me you are as brave as Julius Caesar. Yes, I saw something there more brave than physical courage, and I felt its superiority; but, you cannot convert the world and reform the army soon enough to answer your own ends, and you must submit to its rules, or be driven from it in disgrace. I honor your principles, for I understand them, but you cannot maintain them."

Our hero's reflections that night must be left to imagination. The difficulties which surrounded him, the compulsion that were upon him, can be known only to those who have been tempted and tried to the utmost, with the world and their necessities against them.

In the morning he accepted the challenge. Having the right to choose the weapons, he named the small-sword. When the Colonel heard this, with a touch of feeling which all his bitterness could not quite extinguish, he said: "Does the moth know that he is fluttering in the flame?" The second answered, "I told him that you are reputed the best swordsman in the army, and begged him to choose pistols, which would give him some chance of equality in the fight, but he declined. In fact, I don't know what to make of this young fellow—like the sword that he has chosen to fight with, he is so limber, and yet so elastic and mettlesome sometimes, he is such a mixture of Methodist, mole, and madman, that I cannot make him out. And Colonel, he is not a light bargain, either, for anybody. It seems to me that you were making nothing of him, yesterday, when the General interfered. The fellow stood up handsomely, and made very pretty play with his weapon. To tell the truth, I'm beginning to like him a little, and feel sorry that he must be disposed of in your peculiar way."

The Colonel muttered, grimly, "If I must kill the rascal, I'm glad he shows some pluck and energy in the business; I don't want to be a boy-buster."

The next morning, at early sunrise, they met on the field of honor.

When the ground was prepared, and the champions stood armed and ready, the Ensign suddenly lowered his sword point, and addressing his antagonist, said: "Sir, I am here under compulsion, merely. I do not consent to this practice. To me it is absurd as it is wicked. It settles no right, and redresses no wrong. Let me say, then, that if my patience has given way under persecutions, and I have, by a hasty word or act, justly offended you, I am willing to retract it. What is your complaint?"

"Young man, I came here not to preach, but to fight. I came here not to confer with you about nice points in casuistry, but to punish your impudence. But, if you have no objection for that, I will spare your life, on condition that you leave the army—take your choice."

The Ensign's answer was prompt and firm. "You will have it so—I am a gentleman, and the fencing began."

The seconds and witnesses had never seen such a display of skill, and they never dreamed of such a result. In five minutes the Colonel was disarmed, and at the mercy of the outraged and insulted boy.

Heated by the struggle, and excited by the imminent peril and bloody bitterness and fury of his enemy, he turned from him somewhat haughtily, with—"I have taught you a lesson in sword-play, and now I will set you another, which you need never see—an example of moderation in success."

The Colonel's mortification and rage seemed to know no bounds.

"I accept no favors from such a canting, phrase-making, sentimentalist—such a mere fencing-master—such a trier, and conjuring sword-player as you are," the Colonel burst out through his grinding teeth. "You knew well what you were about when you chose toys to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor left in you, let me have pistols. I tell you this quarrel is not made up. I will not have my life at your gift. You shall take it, or I will take yours. The quarrel is to the death, and there is a blow to clinch it," striking at the Ensign in a transport of passion, which he avoided with equal coolness and dexterity.

The seconds interposed, and then the spectators cried shame! but it was clear enough that blood must flow before the parties could quit the ground. The Ensign's second, carried away by the excitement, urged him to accept the new challenge on change of conditions, for he despaired of any other adjustment.

"Will nothing satisfy this madman but my life?" said the young officer, deeply agitated.

"You have made him mad," said the second, "and there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. You have the right to refuse, but having already spared his life, and I will sustain you, but I do not advise it, for it will be unavailing in the end."

"I have gone too far," replied the Ensign, sadly, "too far from the line of strict principle, to recover it now. I cannot any longer say that I am opposed to fighting; I have broken down that defence by yielding to an expediency which I thought a safe one. Oh, it is horrible! I did not dream this morning that I might die a fool's death to-day."

"You will accept the offer," hastily interposed the second; you must be a good shot, with such an eye and hand, and such self-possession as you have shown to-day. If your pistol matches your sword, you cannot miss him, and upon my soul, he deserves it, and I say let him have it. You accept."

The Ensign stood silent. The ground was measured, the pistols prepared, and the combatants stationed. The word was given—

One—two—three. The Colonel's pistol was discharged at the instant, and the Ensign stood untouched. He had reserved his fire, and had the right now to take deliberate aim. Steadily he raised the deadly weapon till it bore point blank upon the Colonel's breast, and then it rested a minute in terrible suspense; not a nerve quivered, not a limb trembled in either, and the spectators held their breath hushed as the death they waited for. But suddenly wheeled, the Ensign marked a post in a different direction, at twice the distance of his antagonist, and pulling the trigger, delivered his ball in it breast-high. It was a center shot, and instantly fatal if a living man had stood there. The next instant throwing down the pistol with decision that cannot be mistaken, he cried out: "I will go no further in this wicked folly. If there is nothing left for me but murder or submission, I will submit."

The grandeur of his position was too striking now to be mistaken or denied. The Colonel was the first to acknowledge it. "Twice within the hour he owed a life to the magnanimity of a man he had so much abused. That man stood now vindicated, even by the hard laws of war and honor; he was neither trickster nor coward. Possibly the Colonel felt something of the higher nobility of the young man's principles, but I will not be sure of that. He found him brave and generous, and that was enough, without looking for the hidden springs of the nobler life within him.

Advancing to him, he offered his hand, apologized frankly for all his misconduct, acknowledged his misconception of the character which he had put to so severe a test, and added that he was willing to owe his life to "the bravest man he had ever met, either as friend or foe."

"Brave!" said the young man, with the color mounting to his brow: "Brave! Colonel—pardon me—Heaven pardon me. True bravery consists in refusing to fight altogether. But I have betrayed a principle which I should have valued more than life; I have risked my life—for that principle, but to satisfy a caprice; I am the miserable hero of a miserable falsehood, instead of the martyr of a great truth. I have lost confidence in myself, and men's praises only mock me."

## Miscellaneous.

From the Gospel Banner.

LETTER FROM W. A. DREW, No. 2

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1851.

To the Moderator. Through you, Sir, I crave the privilege of addressing the readers of the Banner from the city of Montreal—a city in America where I see both England and France in miniature. Everything is as English as it is in England, and as French as it is in France; so that before I visit the old world I can here find a reader and a reader more familiar acquaintance with the sights and sounds of Europe, for my advantage when I shall reach there. I am told, and indeed, so it is laid down in guide books, that Montreal appears more like an European city than any other one on our continent. Its buildings are as antique in style, and built as much for durability, as are structures of England and France. It is situated on the north shore of the mighty St. Lawrence which is widened into a bay in front, some twenty miles in length, up and down river, by eight or ten wide. The population is forty or fifty thousand—twice the size of Portland; and yet, as I approached it this morning in the Boat, I could not make it appear to be larger on the ground than that city. It has many magnificent public edifices in it, of which I shall speak after I have described my journey thither.

I have not been glad but once—and that at all the times—that Providence directed my steps towards Europe by way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River. I have seen what I never before saw, and probably never shall see again, and the whole tour, thus far, has been one of absolute pleasure both to myself and to my travelling companion, Mr. Preston. We left Belvidere Falls on Saturday noon for St. John's, via Burlington and the Lake. The weather was pleasant, and our route lay entirely across the State of Vermont. It is a curious place to make a railroad line, but human art and capital will accomplish almost any thing.

Sometimes the mountains would tower above our heads on one side, whilst the yawning gulfs below on the other side would make us giddy to behold it. The country though barren or desolate; but the soil is good and may be cultivated in most cases to the top of the mountains. It resembles the mountainous regions of Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties in our own State, and the soil is no better, and the improvements not so good. We were surprised to see so little orcharding; and as for the farms they did not appear to be so well cultivated, or the people that occupy them so comfortable and thrifty as they are in your own goodly town of Canton, dear Doctor, and all the region round about it. After all, I am not ashamed of Maine, even as an Agricultural State. I begin to be proud of her even in this respect. Vermont is so is Maine; and the history of the world shows that those rural regions where grazing is the best are the most independent as agricultural communities. Cultivated crops alone make no people rich.

On the route to Vermont we seldom saw much of a village; we did, however, pass Ludlow, where Bro. Forbes used to preach. We also passed one for a Bank, and famous still for its iron foundries. We also passed Rutland, Vergennes, the ancient seat of government, and Middlebury, where is a College. When within six miles of Burlington we first saw the Lake and the mountains of Northern New York on the western side of it. It was the first time I ever saw a Lake properly so called. This is about one hundred miles

long—from Whitehall, N. Y., to Rouse's Point, and differs in width from six to ten miles. We arrived in Burlington at 4 o'clock P. M.,—distant 120 miles from where we started from noon, and 234 from Boston.—Burlington is certainly a very pretty place.—It is well laid out on a gentle slope towards the Lake, and has a number of beautiful streets and handsome buildings. It is the seat of the Vermont University. At the wharf in Burlington, a splendid steamer, the "United States"—a larger and more richly furnished boat than the "Osage"—was in waiting for us, having arrived a few moments before from Whitehall. Glad were we to get on board away from the jar and clatter and dust of the cars, and breathe the free sweet airs of the Lake. The boat had a good many passengers on board, who appeared polite and cheerful. Amongst them we met with a Philadelphia gentleman, an acquaintance of our friend, Hon. J. R. Chandler, of that city, who has travelled much in Europe and America, and could give us much valuable practical information. Also on board was H. R. Rogers—son of the late Levi Rogers of Augusta,—who has recently graduated at the Medical school in Philadelphia.

The passage on the lake was charming.—We could not make the fresh water of a lake appear like the briny depths of the ocean—after all it was a pond to us: still it is pleasant, if not so magnificent, sailing on smooth waters that know no sea, than it is to be tossed up and down on the heaving billows of the Old Ocean. The Green Mountains of Vermont were in the distance east, exposing their smooth and well formed tops to the heavens; between that range and the lake, the country is tolerably level, and the land evidently good. On the other, the western side, is Northern New York, and some of the mountains in the distance appear higher than do any in Vermont. One was pointed out to us as that is said to be the highest land in the U. S., save the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The scenery was fine,—being various—and the lake itself was studded with verdant islands, and moving lake boats, small sloops and schooners, and steamers of all sizes. A point of land on the western shore—some twenty miles from Burlington,—makes a bay within, on which Plattsburg is situated, and in which the celebrated naval battle was fought with success on our side in the last war with England.

We noticed as we advanced north, that the land became more level, till both shores of the lake finally became a level, a campaign country, as far as the eye could see. Thus we supposed, we had a sample of the appearance of the Great West. The lands are not exactly prairie, for they evidently had been wooded and cleared; but their quality must be good, as the rich verdure of the grass and grain, and the size of the trees plainly showed. And yet they were poorly cultivated.—We saw few pretty cottages or painted houses, with ornamental yards and out-buildings. The "do-for-the-present" policy is that which seems to prevail in all those rich bottom lands.

At Rouse's Point we halted for passengers from the Railroad. This is the narrowest point on the Lake, and is near—within fifteen or twenty miles of the lower end where it discharges into the Richelieu River. The Orleansburg Railroad terminates here, and the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad comes up to meet it on the eastern side. Piles are driven and tracks are laid for the cars to run upon, on both sides from the shore to the channel in the middle of the lake; but there the connexion must stop till a charter can be obtained to authorize a bridge to be built across the channel, which is not wider than the Kennebec at Gardiner; but the navigators of the lake are greatly opposed to such an impediment, and prophesy that the Legislatures of New York and Vermont will never allow such a bridge to be built. By this road the Boston people expect to take the trade of the great West.

Shortly after leaving Rouse's Point we passed a large American Fort, in progress of building. We then crossed the line into Canada, and passed the Isle au Naux, where is a British Garrison. It appears in good repair. We then entered the Richelieu river, through which the waters of Lake Champlain are discharged into the St. Lawrence river. It is wide and placid; the shores are low, level and swampy. Thus passing down about fifteen miles, we came to St. John's—a considerable town on the left bank of the river; St. Antoine's is on the opposite side. There are rapids in the river here, which the boats cannot pass; so we stopped in St. John's, where we arrived a little before nine o'clock, having travelled two hundred miles Saturday afternoon. St. John's has several long, level, thickly settled streets; but is a filthy place—just where a Yankee could make money by open rum-selling. We put up at a tolerable house—but not a temperance one. The cars left at 7 o'clock next morning for Montreal, or rather for Laprairie—distant 15 miles—which lies on the southern side of the river or bay opposite Montreal.

The whole country from St. John's to Laprairie is a perfect level—like the low prairies of Michigan. They are fenced into farms; but the fences at a little distance begin to appear so thick together—being on a level—that in the distance you see nothing but the rails glistening in the sun, and we could make nothing of the country as far as we could see, but on vast area of fish farms, broken only by miserable Canadian French houses.

Arrived at Laprairie, we had our first view of the St. Lawrence, the twin sister of the Mississippi—the one being for the North and the other for the South. It is a Holy Sabbath morning; and the scenery is delightful. We stood upon the steamer's deck and looked upon and across the river, westward. It is nine miles across the water to Montreal, and a greater distance to the land up or down the river. You see the city with its numerous

spires, rising near the river, and directly in the rear of it, at the northwest, a beautiful mountain or high hill, the sides of which are occupied by the seats of the Lords and Gentry of the city. As we pass over the wide waters, we look back upon the southern side of the river, and behold in the distance at the southeast, a range of beautiful mountains that seem suddenly to arise out of the interminable plain. One of them is Belle Isle where the first cross was erected in America; another is St. Horace, and a third—a more beautiful one still, we have forgotten the name of.

Montreal as we have said, does not, from the water, appear much larger than Portland. There are a few frigates and schooners at the wharves and several steamboats. British flags are thick; amongst them is one American, and that is the highest of all—just like Yankee operations. There is a high, hampered stone wall, a mile long, upon the bank of the river, between which and the water all the wharves are built. It is a noble piece of masonry. There are passages for carriages from the Forestreet, of which it is the extreme line, down to the wharves, and these passages are also laid in stone masonry. A heavy iron railing is erected upon the top of the wall the whole length of it, so that people of the street can lounge over the "fazy peles," and look off upon the wharves, shipping, &c. Calabash, and Cabs, and Omnibuses in great numbers are in waiting for passengers; we accept the card of a Temperance House—the Eagle Hotel on College st., and soon find excellent lodgings.

## NUMBER 3.

This city is laid out, for the most part, like Philadelphia—in squares, but the buildings upon them are not so elegant. They are mostly of stone, and built after European fashions. The roofs are steep, with *Luttre* windows projecting therefrom, and shingled with square sheets of iron or tin, and laid so that the lines of each layer shall run in an angular direction towards the ends of the building, rather than towards the eaves. This, I suppose, is done to tempt all the water off, if it does not make an obstruction. The buildings are generally not high or ornamental; and occasionally, amongst the blocks, we meet with some old wooden French shanty, with its piazzas and roof walks so rotten as to be on the point of falling to the cellar.

A large market-house stands on Fore street, overlooking the wharves and river, about midway of the city. This is of stone, is two stories high, and has a dome in the centre.—It appears to advantage on approaching the city by water. There are other magnificent buildings in Montreal, of which I shall speak directly.

This is a Catholic city, as yesterday, being Sunday, I had an opportunity to observe. I must say that Catholic as it is, I did not see but what the Sabbath was observed with as much religious order and reverence as it is in our Puritan New England cities. I saw not a store or shop open for business. I heard the roar of no omnibuses or carriages. The streets were quiet and still. No jostlers were about, and the only things I saw which might be objected to, were a few women quietly sitting at the corners of the streets with baskets of oranges, apples and confectionery for sale, and the boys of Jesus's College, playing the single and the drum, and kicking foot-balls in the College yards, after service at the church.

When we arrived at the wharf, about nine o'clock Sunday morning, we did so under the chimneys of Notre Dame-st. Church, which is the most splendid church in America, whose towers and minarets rise above the surrounding buildings and make it sit a queen amongst them all. There are bells enough in the towers to fill all the notes of the octave, and the music that floated over the city was solemn and inspiring, calculated to subdue and chasten the public mind, and prepare it for the solemn devotions of the day. This church is not the Cathedral. That is always the Cathedral where the Bishop has his seat, even if it be in a school-house. His seat in this city is in St. Patrick's church, an edifice towards the mountain, of great capacity and dignity of appearance. It is of stone. How many Catholic churches there are in the city, I do not know; but the Parish church on Notre Dame-st. is the most splendid of all. It, or rather its buildings cover an acre and a quarter of land, and cost between four and five hundred thousand dollars. We know not its size, but are told that when the first mass was celebrated in it, July 1829, ten thousand persons were seated in the church, and that if it were to be filled as our Protestant churches are at times, by people sitting or standing wherever they could get in, the house would hold twenty thousand people. We have no doubt of it.

After finding our lodgings, and getting brushed up, we went our way for this church where public service was then being conducted. As we reached the building we were inclined to exclaim, as the disciples did to Jesus, when standing before the Temple of Jerusalem, "See what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" We entered.—The house appeared full. Five stone vases of holy water stood each opposite an entrance door. Standing at the head of the broad or center aisle (there are five of them) you seem to be looking down a long hall, the sides of which are supported by rows of marble columns that support two splendid galleries, rising one above the other, towards the roof.—The central hall or space between the galleries, rises to the points of beautiful arches ascending from the several columns. Music arises in different directions over the grand arch for the whole building. The columns are of clouded marble, each appearing to be composed of a dozen small columns, well set together and highly polished and surmounted with covered capitals. As you stand at the head of the centre aisle and look down

## Selected Tale.

### THE DUEL.

BY MR. WILLIAM KIMBER.

From the commencement of our Revolution till the year 1815, a period of forty years, England was engaged in war without intermission. There were wars with the thirteen colonies, or United States, France, Spain, Holland, the French Republic, Bonaparte, and again with the United States; sometimes singly, sometimes with several of these nations at once.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. That year the army of England amounted to three hundred thousand men; and in 1815, although she had enjoyed eleven years of peace, her standing army was still one hundred thousand strong. In time of peace one would think that such a host of soldiers could not be required for any purpose; and they probably are not, but it is the policy of such governments as that of England to keep as many men in the public service as possible. To say nothing of other purposes, it is easy, in an army of one hundred thousand soldiers, to have four or five thousand and commissioned officers, who generally belong to the class of gentlemen—a class that is found to furnish the most useful and the most submissive slaves to those who feed them.

The most useful, because being well-born, well-educated, and well-connected, they are very valuable in themselves, and very influential with others; and most submissive because they are so well paid, and have no other service than public office which



the long hall to the east end in the distance, you behold there the high altar of sacrifice, where the bread is converted into flesh, and the wine into blood. A golden image of Christ is in the center, surrounded by significant emblems and flowers, and seven burning tapers. Behind it is a huge arched window, filling almost the entire end of this width of the building. It is not in small squares of glass, all green but rows of white ones that make the form of a cross in each one of the small arches, of which the whole arch of the window is composed. At the right and left of the altar are circular rows of black walnut seats, polished like the finest furniture, which are occupied by the priests and apostles and chorists in white, with black cloth caps. In front of the railing is a carved platform, supported by banisters, resting upon a platform that descends to the main floor of the hall by seven mahogany plank steps. At these steps the penitents kneel during mass, and receive the eucharist. The priests, with their faced vestments, officiate in front of the Holy Place where the real Presence abides, with their backs to the people. Large gilt frames, enclosing splendid paintings of Christ, in the act of being bound, of receiving the crown of thorns, of being nailed to the cross, of suffering the agonies of crucifixion, of being taken down from the cross, buried in the tomb of Joseph, rising from the grave, &c., are suspended from each of the great marble columns that support the galleries, which galleries, by the way, occupy all but the east end of the building, are three stories high, and the organ is in the upper one, over the entry. Looking within the rows of columns to the side walls of the house, you see them occupied by eight sentry boxes or confessionals on a side, where the penitents confess their sins to the priests. Each priest presides in his own confessional, and there are fifteen priests that do service in this church. The confession boxes are finished according to the taste or pride of the priests, and their names are painted on them in gold. On the main walls of the house, too, between the confessionals, are elegant paintings. The walls of the altar of course are full of them. Projecting from the middle column on the left side of the central hall, and directly in front of the people in the middle gallery, is the rostrum or pulpit, which the priest occupies when preaching. A winding flight of broad stairs ascend the column to his box, which is a beautiful carved pedestal, over which is an ample sounding-board. Opposite to him, fronting the corresponding column on the other side of the hall, is a gilded table on which rests a solid silver image of Christ and the cross that we dare say, would weigh an hundred pounds. On either side of it are huge silver candlesticks, that would probably weigh twenty pounds each, in which are tall candles burning. The central aisle and side aisles are very wide, and are occupied by benches fronting the east, not so long but what people may pass between the ends of them and the pews. These are for poor people. The pews will seat four persons each, are made of black walnut, polished, and richly lined and furnished. Now, when we stand, on entering this magnificent Temple, and amidst its many but harmonious arches, all great and tending to one grand arch, its columns, and galleries, and paintings, and pedestals, and altars, and images, look upon the vast congregation that fills it. The main floor is entirely filled with people. The first and second galleries, too, clear look to the main walls and windows, are filled mostly by ladies. Fifty priests and apostles, or boys in white, surround the high altar of sacrifice. A venerable man of gray hairs occupies the rostrum or pulpit on the marble column, and delivers a sermon in French. He speaks extemporaneously, but extremely and with his eye in his hand. We could not understand a word he said; but all the people gave the most respectful attention, and at the name of Jesus, whenever he pronounced it, we noticed every head in all the vast congregation bowed. When he had closed, chanting began at the altar, responded to by the great organ and the choir which accompanied it. Meanwhile various priests were performing their ceremonies, kneeling, crossing themselves, &c., &c. At one time we noticed the apostolic boys crawling in procession before the altar on hands and knees; at another, a procession of men marched upon the main floor before the altar, led by officers with red capes, and something in their hands that looked like sheathed swords. By and by, priests burned incense, clouds of which arose in graceful motions and soon filled the house with the fragrance of frankincense. When the service closed, and the people began to retire, the organ struck up a quick step, as much as to say hurry home with a merry heart; your sins are forgiven, go in peace. The black nuns and the gray nuns, all clad in black veils, and the orphans clad in white, all passed out in procession. We tarried till most of the people had left the house, and then by the approbation of an intelligent person, walked about the building to inspect the machinery at our leisure. Yet many worshippers lingered, some reading in their pews, others on their knees on the floor of the aisles, saying their prayers, some dipping their fingers in the holy water and crossing themselves. We must say the service was grand and imposing; and if men's minds and hearts are reached through the bodily senses, we know not why strong communications might not be made to the soul through such solemn and significant services. We know that forms without the substance are vain; but can there be any substance without form? The body without the spirit is dead; but how can the spirit act and demonstrate its existence but by means of a body? If there is a spirit in Catholic worship corresponding to the beauty, dignity and sobriety of its significant ceremonies, it must be a grand and glorious spirit; and if the Catholics are hypocrites, we judge them not—they have a judge higher than we. God make us all honest and sincere. In the afternoon we went into the Scotch Kirk, a new stone edifice, and the handsomest Protestant church we ever saw. We cannot describe it in its exterior or interior. It is a new building, and has been occupied but six months. Rev. Dr. Mathewson is the Pastor—a clerical brother prebend for him that afternoon. There is something sturdy and honest in the Scotch; they are conscientious in their religion, and are great thinkers.

the church on Notre Dame street, but rich enough to make even Trinity church in New York appear mean. A small congregation was assembled in a collection of pews and free seats that surrounded one the Priest's stand, and after conducting a Latin service, he stood forth and addressed the people in English. It was an extemporaneous discourse, and gave them instruction as to the duties of the month. He had much to say of the real Presence. Said he—"When Jesus (at which word all reverently bowed,) said—'Take, eat, this is my body,' he did not say the bread was like his body—for it was not; nor that it was an image of his body, for it was not. There is nothing in broken bread that bears any resemblance to a human body sacrificed. But his language was precise, this is my body. We must take him at his word and believe what he says. In the holy act of consecration his body is not converted into bread and wine, but the reality of bread and wine is destroyed, and the real substance is his body and blood. It is a holy mystery, but the more awful and effectual on this account." The congregation all bowed assent. We thought as we pleased on the subject. I am put up at the Eagle Hotel, a really good Temperance house kept by Francis Ducloux, on College Street. It is called College street because the whole of the square opposite the buildings upon the side of our hotel belongs to the Catholic College. It covers an area of about one hundred rods in length by sixteen in width. It is all enclosed in a faced stone wall, twelve feet high, laid in masonry, and so tight that no one can look through it. But I can look over it from my third story chamber window where I sit and write. I can see its huge College buildings, its gardens, the graves images amongst the shrubbery, its fountains, &c., very plainly. The main building is something like the Insane Hospital at Augusta, or as it would be if a wing was built on the north to correspond with that on the south. There are two hundred students in it. They come here from the states and from Europe. It is the most famous college of Catholics in America. The course of instruction embraces seven years, and is very thorough. Men are fitted for all professions; but I can see the young priests walking out in the gardens with their black surplices and hands trimmed in white, and their black caps on. Every once in a while yesterday, (Sunday,) I could hear the College bells resound with the chanting of many voices. I suppose they were engaged in their devotions. Hon. Edward Kavanagh, one late honest Governor, was educated here. They are building a new Jesuit's College in the city, up towards Mount Royal; it is to be a branch of the old house. The edifice is to be a splendid one. The Gray Nunnery is near the old college, within sight of my window, and directly opposite the ruins of the Parliament house which was burnt by the Rebels. It is enclosed by a high stone fence, and looks like a State Prison. Finding a gate open, I ventured into the yards and gardens yesterday towards nightfall. Of course I could see some of the nuns. Another Nunnery is on St. Paul's street and is called the Black Nunnery, in allusion to the color of the dresses of the nuns. The gray nuns officiate in the hospital in taking care of the sick; and the black nuns are devoted to education. There is also a Congregational Nunnery, in connection with the great French church in Notre Dame street. I hope to get an opportunity to visit some of these establishments in the course of the day. I must leave for Quebec to-night. I am sorry there is no day boat that goes down the river, for I am tired of the scenery in the most grand of any in America. I shall lose all that. I have been about this forenoon, and find Montreal a busy place. Some of its streets are paved with stone, more with wooden blocks, and more yet are McAdamized. None of them, however, are in very good repair. The front has evidently done hard service to them. Most of the sidewalks are plank, but in good condition. There are many fine stores in the city, and the merchants and clerks are accomplished in their trade. I noticed several splendid buildings as I passed about town, amongst which is the British Bank of North America, the Montreal Bank, &c. Most of the language I hear spoken is French—Canadian French. The boys at their play, the girls as they promenade the streets, and the clerks as they wait on customers, for the most part jabber in what I cannot understand. Montreal was originally established by the French, and retains its original character, except the English government that controls it. The view from the mountain in the rear of the city is doubtless very fine; and if I can contrive to get up it this afternoon, I must. It overlooks the whole city, the St. Lawrence river above and below, the adjacent country north and the Ottawa river and valley there; and in passing up it, we see the estates and mansions of the dons of the city and the dignitaries of the British Government. The top of the mountain is a dense forest, and there is a hotel in the night-club. It is a luxury to put up at a good Temperance House. Since I left Boston, till I reached Montreal, I found nothing but rum taverns, and open bars in hotels and steamers; but friend Ducloux is a religious man, a moral man, and of course a temperance man; and I have seen no rum, nor heard any profane language since I have occupied his premises. This is no place for loafers and roadies. His house has neat and neat, orderly and intelligent persons. I not only feel quieter, but decidedly safer thus lodged. I hear much praise accorded to Maine here, for the passage of the late liquor law and its approval by Gov. Hubbard. It is believed Maine can lead off as well as any State; and if she asserts the sovereignty of her laws, and maintains them, her example will have a thrilling effect all over the Union and all over the world. Gov. Hubbard is just the man to tell the people they must obey the laws. I feel proud of my State, and hope that the motto on her coat of arms—"Dirige"—will be maintained, not only politically, but educationally and morally. The Star in the East should lead the way, and guide the wise men of our nation to the place where Wisdom and Virtue are born. A DECIDED PEN.—What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar? The Emperor impresses his manifestoes, and the beggar manifests his without his shoes.

**The Oxford Democrat.**  
PARIS, FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1851.  
S. M. PETTINGILL, No. 10 STATE ST.  
(Journal Building) BOSTON, is our authorized agent for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements, &c.  
The publishers of this paper hereby announce to their advertising patrons that they have adopted the advance pay rule. Those having notices ordered by the Comptroller, to be published in The Oxford Democrat, are respectfully requested to set the same with the Register at the time the notice is ordered. This is the rule adopted in other countries; and it saves the trouble and expense of keeping books, and collecting, and avoids the mistakes that sometimes occur when the advertising is charged, and paid at different times to different individuals.  
**PHYSICAL EDUCATION NECESSARY TO COMMON SENSE.**  
Strange it is, and why it is we know not, that there exists in every community, in a greater or less degree, a disposition to exalt what are called the learned professions, to an undue position in the scale of society, and to pay that deference to mere book learning which is seldom, if ever, paid to the highest manifestations of active talent and original genius in any other department of mental activity. You may go into any of the country towns in New England, and you will find the lawyer, though brainless as a tortoise, and with no other ideas than those he has acquired in the same way that the parrot acquires the knowledge that "Polly wants a cracker," is a great man, to whose opinion every body pays deference, and for whom, if he be young and unmarried, all the young ladies set their caps, and all the old ladies give parties; and what is true of the lawyer is also true of the doctor, and not unfrequently the school-master, especially if he happens to have been a graduate of one of our colleges.  
Now we have no fault to find with learning, in the common acceptance of that word. Far be it from us to rail at scholarship, or decry the efforts of those who have sought to illumine the world by patient study over the midnight lamp; but in our judgments of men we ought to be just, and ask ourselves why one man is more worthy of our veneration and esteem than another? what there is in the occupation of an individual, that makes the one a clown, the other a gentleman—which prompts society to greet the man of starch and broadcloth with a fraternal embrace, and hostles the skilful artisan or worthy farmer out of the parlor. This is not exaggerated at all; we boast a great deal of our "republicanism, democratic ideas," and all that sort of thing, and yet we are saying what every body knows to be true, when we say that there is not a community of any size, in all New England, where the lines are not as distinctly drawn between the professional and working classes, in regard to the intricacies of social life, as if there really was something in the title of a profession or the possession of money that ought to give a few preponderant degrees of influence, however much they may look in that most striking guise of influence, &c.  
It is laughable, oftentimes, to see the ludicrous figure which some of this class make, when they undertake to set themselves off to the best advantage, by railing at their equals. The Delphian Oracle never began to assume so much dignity of manner, as some young gentlemen of this school assume, when expressing an opinion upon any of the social, moral or political questions that now excite the attention of the community and the world. In their sweeping denunciations of all that is "vulgar," they seem to forget that they themselves inflict a blow on their own parents, who may have been tanners, shoe-makers, builders, load-carriers, or hand-carriers, and run such risks upon the "lower classes," as though themselves only were a part of the primary formation of the human strata, and always intended to be at the foundation of things. And then we have our young theologians springing up in our midst. With ardent temperament, with a small fund of book-learning, little common sense, a less knowledge of human nature, and no acquaintance with the business world, they are but poor judges of its wants; and yet they feel that they are the great Lutheran minds of the age, the only reformers of the day, and are loud in their denunciations of the very government under which they live, claiming superior wisdom to the accumulated wisdom of a majority of the great and good men of our country, as though wisdom would die with them.  
There are some young men that have no idea of a man, except as the creature which the tailor made him: their philosophy is indeed a "philosophy of clothes." They may be learned in books, but they are to be pitied, for their college education has been in vain, inasmuch as they have never learned the lesson, that for every great word done for humanity, for every reformation which has really wrought good for the race, for every revolution that has changed for the better the moral and political aspects of human society, the world is indebted to the men of labor; that it owes to them all the advantages which it derives from every sublime work of art, every grand discovery in science, every useful invention in the mechanic arts; and more than all—higher, far higher, than any considerations of mere worldly advantage—it owes to them the promulgation of the sublime truths of the religion of Jesus.  
We wish every young man could read the article in another column of our paper of this week, upon the dignity of labor, and that he could learn that one of the first laws of God given to man was, that by the sweat of his face he should eat bread. Why is this law reversed? why is odium and disgrace heaped upon this all-important regulation of Jehovah himself? "Industry is the parent of virtue," why should it then be deemed disreputable to labor? By labor we do not mean that every man should hold a plough or build a house; but that he should be engaged in something useful to himself and beneficial to others. The idler is guilty of a permanent fraud upon society, and yet this inconsiderate parasite dares to turn up his delicate nose at the honest brow of the farmer, and the hard hand of the mechanic, whose labor supports this offspring of social disease and moral corruption, in indolence, extravagance and folly. Well has it been said, that those who do not work themselves, have absolutely nothing in common with labor, nor with the laws that govern it, nor with the interests that direct it. The sterile is that of the idle, who do nothing but live; these are the true donors

of the hive. Idleness is the mother of guilt, the parent of vice and ruin: why should it be honored and respected, and why should so much of our legislation be devoted to enable men to grow rich without industry? Do they not know that all this leads to inequality, treachery, fraud and crime. Is it at all surprising that so many seek to live without labor, when so many of our legislatures pay a premium for laziness, and tax industry to pay it? When by their unjust laws they enable the drones to wallow in luxury, and compel the laborer to live in shame, disgrace and want, ought we to wonder that so many prefer to live by fraud, theft, robbery, or by any other means, rather than by honest industry? That want, misery and degradation, hypocrisy, crime and villainy stalk abroad at noon-day? Idleness is the mother of guilt; but labor is essential to the full development of the mental and moral powers, and it is of course an important requisite to common sense.  
**The Fourth—Past.**  
Very little was done on that day. The people wanted "the needful" to cheer them up, but finding it difficult to turn down the spirit to keep the spirits up, Providence, as a better means of invigorating the system, favored "the just and unjust" with a shower-bath in the shape of a North East rain storm. Such a thing was never known before; but then such a rain was seldom ever so much needed at this season of the year. People, however, managed as they do when the fourth comes on Sunday, and celebrated the following day.  
At Randolph, we learn, the Sons of Temperance, Temperance Watchman, Temperance Club, &c., manifested great demonstrations of joy, and had a grand time. Large delegations were from Dixfield, Bethel, Andover, Hanover and other towns. The ladies of Randolph presented an elegant Bible to the Sons of Temperance. The speeches of the occasion by Miss Martha Bolster and Rev. E. S. Hopkins were said to be admirable. The Oration by James O'Donnell, Esq., of Portland, a highly spoken of, David Knapp, Esq., was President of the day. J. H. Farman, Marshal, and Salner Perham, Toast-master. C. A. Kimball, keeper of an excellent hotel at Randolph Point, prepared the collation. The people of Randolph are about to change its name, and take the name of Somerville.  
The people at North Turner had a grand celebration. Rev. Z. Thompson was the Orator—one of the most eloquent temperance advocates and public speakers in the State. From other parts of the County we have not heard.  
**"Principles of Reform."**  
In the Democrat of the 25th ult., we published an editorial under the above heading, whereupon the editor of the Portland Inquirer quotes the first five lines as follows—"Vain and imperceptible to all but attempts in a work of reformation, to enforce certain moral habits by the authority of the civil laws, which ought, from the very nature of things to take cognizance only of offences against justice."  
And says—  
"Such is the substance of an article in The Oxford Democrat, against the noble Temperance Law."  
Now we have no hesitancy in pronouncing the above assertion an unqualified falsehood, and the infamous editor of the Inquirer must have known it. The article in question was written, though not put into the hands of the compositor, long before the "Temperance Law" was passed, and before the writer knew a single principle of the Bill. The whole tone of the article was in favor of the proper application of law, of a due regard to moral sentiment and public opinion, and of temperance. The late Liquor Law was made to thought of, and no reference was made to it. When the Bill was passed by the Legislature, we justified the Governor, under the circumstances, in giving it his sanction, and we have ever since been in favor of the enforcement of the law, as we are of all other laws while they remain on the Statute book; believing that, if they do not, when fairly tested, prove effectual, the people have the power to improve, modify, or repeal them. And yet, while the general tone of the Inquirer has been to encourage violation of all law, not in accordance with the opinion of its wild and unprincipled editor, that editor has the audacity to talk about others encouraging mobs and resistance to law.  
The editor also inquires—"And are not offences against 'justice' sometimes 'moral habits'?" Yes, or rather immoral! "Must stealing, lying, kidnapping, burglary, &c., escape with impunity when they become 'moral habits'?" Certainly not; and we made no intimation that they should, but admitted that offences against justice should be amenable to the civil law. Still we do not suppose it practicable to enforce all the moral precepts or habits inculcated by Christianity, by the civil law. We made the following statement—  
"But it may be asked, is it just for a certain individual, who is guilty of the greatest outrages against morality, to escape the punishment of the laws, by cunningly avoiding all direct offences against the civil law, while another individual, who is in every other respect perfectly moral, is severely punished for a single offence against justice? We answer, that the impunity of the former is no reason why the latter should not be punished."  
Our idea was, suppose the editor of the Inquirer, which is a very supposable case, should be guilty of falsehood and misrepresentation and of "the greatest outrage against morality," and should "escape the punishment of the laws by cunningly avoiding all direct offences against the civil law," it would be no reason why the young man who had been guilty of an offence against justice, in an unlawful traffic, or otherwise, should not be justly punished. We admitted that public opinion might fail, hence the necessity of improving the moral sense of the community. We also stated, in substance, that no impracticable attempts at reform should be made, lest the failure should "give courage to those corrupt members of the community who desire a continuance of those evils from which they derive pleasure or profit;" and that "unjust laws applied, even to the most vicious and abandoned, will never reform them." For this we are represented as opposed to the law and to temperance.  
We will not defile our sheet with such words as would be necessary to express our utter contempt for a man so unfair and dishonest as the conductor of such a paper as the

Inquirer, must be. We will only say that we have never been acquainted with a paper containing so many misrepresentation, and so much profanity and low and contemptible slang, as does the Inquirer. Still we do not believe that unjust laws applied even to the editor of that paper, would ever reform him. But we really hope that the influence of public opinion and moral sentiment will be brought to bear upon him, so that he will make the Inquirer a moral and useful paper, and be a *truthful* man, and be no longer doomed to share the woes of that class of men that have "their part in the lake," &c.  
**LONGEVITY.**  
An article from the Lewistown Journal has been going the rounds of the papers for some weeks past containing a list of names and ages of persons over seventy years of age residing in the town of Auburn. The Editor says—"By this list it will be seen that there are at present forty-nine persons in that little town, the youngest of whom is over 70 years of age." He is "inclined to think that there are but few if any towns in the State that can produce a parallel list of 'time-worn veterans.'"  
The "little town" of Buckfield with a population of 1602, or about 1800 less inhabitants than the town of Auburn, can produce a list of seventy-seven persons over 70 years of age. Therewith transmit a list of the names and ages of those persons, with the most confident belief that no town in the whole Union can produce, in proportion to its population, "a parallel list of time-worn veterans," or a greater number of surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary war.  
Hannah Tucker, 70 Nathl Harlow, 70  
Polly Latham, 70 Joanna Chase, 70  
Sylvanus Irish, 70 John Decester, 70  
Win. Brigham, 70 Anna Fobes, 70  
Nash Hall, 70 Louisa Holmes, 70  
Andrew Chisham, 70 Rufus Foster, 70  
Nancy Chisham, 71 Mary Faneuse, 71  
Hannah Brigham, 71 Caleb Chisham, 71  
Sylvanus Fobes, 72 Mary Dunning, 72  
Lydia Hammond, 72 Barzilla Latham, 72  
Anna Morrill, 72 Dorcas Bailey, 72  
Sally Morton, 73 Sarah Philbrick, 73  
Bethsheba Long, 73 Mary Reed, 73  
Polly Cox, 73 John Chaffin, 73  
Shuah Becknell, 76 Sally Dunning, 76  
Margaret Spalding, 77 Hannah Chisham, 77  
Ann Tucker, 77 Rebecca Faneuse, 77  
Ansel Bishop, 77 Dorcas Taylor, 77  
James Lewis, 77 Mary Ellwell, 77  
Anna Irish, 77 Joannet Loring, 77  
Isaac Tucker, 78 Mary Rice, 78  
Joseph Hammond, 79 Betsey Lewis, 80  
Thos. Long, 80 Lewis Manly, 80  
Leonard Spalding, 81 Thomas Faneuse, 81  
Keriah Waterman, 81 Elizabeth Irish, 81  
John Darling, 81 Susan Hall, 81  
Sarah Shaw, 81 Nancy Gilbert, 81  
Nancy Whiting, 81 Sarah Brock, 81  
Thankful Jenkins, 82 Benja. Spalding, 82  
James Morrill, 82 Melitabbe Austin, 82  
Jonathan Dunning, 84 Sarah Chesley, 84  
Bethuel T. Perry, 84 Phoebe Foster, 84  
Daniel Faneuse, 85 Maria Chisham, 85  
Jabez Taylor, 85 Abigail Reed, 85  
James Waterman, 86 Josiah Keen, 86  
Dolly Drake, 86 Ebenezer Irish, 88  
Judith Parsons, 89 Nathl Chase, 90  
Joseph Parris, 91 Polly Webb, 92  
\*Jonathan Reed, 101.  
\*Soldiers of the Revolution.  
Buckfield, July 10, 1850.

**CONGREGATIONALISM.**  
This we consider the most liberal form of church government. The ordination of a minister is nothing else than the solemn putting a man into that place or office to which he previously had a right by the election of the people, it being like the induction or installing a magistrate into office in the State. The ordination does not constitute a minister, nor give him the essentials of his office, any more than the mere ceremony of inauguration constitutes the President of the United States chief magistrate, apart from the election of the people. The apostles were elders without imposition of hands by men. Paul and Barnabas were elders before that ordination mentioned, Acts 13, 2. When any ecclesiastical body undertakes to dictate to a society what minister it shall employ, and call all ministers to account for assisting in ordaining a minister, not in formal fellowship, agreeable to the wishes of the society, we think that body assumes a right which it cannot enforce. It is not democratic. Especially is this the case, when there is no violation of the rules of that body, and the objection is based on the simple fact that the minister is not in formal fellowship, and not on the ground of his faith or ministerial qualifications. Such a body may pass its resolutions of "arrows and regret," but after all the society will have its way. The society can best judge of the man qualified to supply its wants, and is no more liable to be mistaken, than is the clerical convention that frequently license men who have little to recommend them, more than the fact that they happen to be seceders from some other denomination.  
It seems that the Whig candidates for the Presidency are reduced to Daniel Webster and General Scott. The Seward, Thurlow Weed and Tribune interest is to be thrown entirely on the side of General Scott, which makes many of the General's friends fear that he has been induced to bid for abolition votes; but it is not publicly known that the General is not a fast friend of the Union, which it is hoped is the case.  
Johnson, a semi-abolitionist, has been nominated for re-election as Governor of Pennsylvania, but his course in opposition to the compromise measures of the last Congress, it is thought, will greatly prejudice his political prospects.  
An immense number of Whigs in all parts of the Union prefer Mr. Webster as their candidate, and a few wish President Fillmore to be a candidate; but in our judgment the nomination will be given either to Webster or Scott. If great harmony prevails in the party, there will be a smart chance for them to elect their candidate; but if he is, even by implication, tainted with abolitionism, he will not have the vote of a single electoral college south of Mason and Dixon's line.  
If the Whigs quarrel pretty essentially on the slavery question, their chance of success will be small, should the Democrats select some able and popular Union man as their candidate.  
We don't charge politicians anything for

this short editorial.—Olive Branch.  
And so we have it for nothing. Well, friend Olive Branch, the Democrats will nominate "some able and popular Union man as a candidate," and they will elect him. Mark that! The people have got tired of electing Generals, abolitionists at the North, and anti-abolitionists at the South.  
FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE  
This is decidedly one of the best periodicals for young folks now published. It is conducted with good taste, and is moreover spirited and lively. Mark Forrester understands exactly how to keep the children interested in books. The Magazine should be taken in every family where there are children old enough to read. Then is the time to keep good books before them, and had ones out of their reach.  
The July number of the Boys' and Girls' is just out. The editor offers a copy of Harper's Family Bible, worth twenty-five dollars to the subscriber who will send him the shortest and most correct English sentence containing the whole alphabet. Terms one dollar per annum. Published by Bradbury & Gould, 120 Washington street, Boston.  
ARREST OF HORACE BONNEY AGAIN FOR PASSING COUNTERFEIT MONEY.—HORACE BONNEY, who has often been arrested in Boston and New York, on charges of passing counterfeit money, and who is supposed to be connected with an extensive counterfeiting association, was arrested in Palermo, Me., on the 25th ult., charged with having in his possession, with intent to pass, a five dollar bill upon the Champlain Bank, N. York. He was examined at Augusta, and ordered to give bail in \$3,500 for trial in August, failing to do so, he was committed for trial.  
THE WATER CURE JOURNAL, Vol. 12, No. 1, is before us. It is a scientific Journal, under the direction of Dr. Shew, a practical Physician of New York City, who will give special attention to the department of Domestic Hydropathy. Now is a good time to subscribe, for if we are to have any warm weather this season, it will come soon; and the Journal gives ample directions for the proper and healthful use of the cold water bath.  
Published monthly by Fowles & Wells, New York, at \$1 a year.  
The July No. of the Phrenological Journal, and the Student, by the same Publishers, have come to hand with an unusual amount of interesting and useful matter.  
Will the Publishers forward us the first number of the Hydropathic Encyclopedia.  
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY SUN has entered upon its fifty-first year. It is a large independent newspaper, filled with an unusual amount of able and useful original articles, and choice selections. Price only \$1 a year. Published by Beach, Brothers, N. York.  
ERRATA.—In our recently preceding article from the Hallowell Gazette, on the Liquor Law—the Veto Power, for, "And now it is opposed, let it (the law) be fairly tested," read, "and now it is approved," &c.  
We are informed that our subscribers at Dixfield, and a few other places do not receive their papers in season. They may be assured that the fault is not with us, and that no pains will be spared to remedy the evil, if possible.  
We saw corn on the 25th ult., in the field of Ephraim Marble, Esq., of Dixfield Village, sprouted out. This corn, we presume, is ahead of any other in the County.  
**THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.**  
The great mass of mankind are laborers.—The broad sweep of that universal law, that in the sweat of our face we shall eat our bread, lays on the race the stern alternative,—work or starve. In some lights this looks like the law of a hard master; and philosophic friend of humanity is saddened at the spectacle of all this weariness and toil, barren alike for body and soul, and very naturally wonders how this drudgery and care can be made to harmonize with the dignity of man's nature, or the benevolence of man's Creator. What relation has the bent back and the furrowed brow, and the hard hand and the worn-out frame, and the overtasked brain and the weary sinking heart, with the growth of the immortal mind, and with all those better aspirations of the soul, those most characteristic marks of the Divine finger which formed it?  
These and a thousand questions like them, which pass through the thoughtful mind, would be hard to answer, if there were not a brighter side to the decree. But once find in this law the noble power and the beneficial results of labor—let down upon this busy, toiling scene of life the beautiful light of the Creator's love, and the difficulty vanishes.—Work is man's appointed task—the great mission he is sent upon. Labor is not merely a necessity, but a duty—the fulfillment of a responsible trust—obedience to a wisely imposed and beneficent law.  
You are obliged to work! Thank God and all your stars for it! Out of his infinite treasure, house of gifts, we know not that the Creator could find a more precious one than this same necessity of labor. In the midst of your weariness and pain, think a moment—labor of some sort lies at the foundation of all progress, all hope all good, here or hereafter. From first to last, life is a school to teach activity, effort, labor. Every sense and every muscle of the body must be trained; every intellectual and moral power within us has to be brought out and cultivated. Nature is a vigorous old school dame; and her morning greeting and evening charge to her pupils is, what the voice of God is, and what the voice of conscience within us is,—he that will not work shall not eat. We are not sent into the world to be sheep, to crop the spontaneous herbage of the fields, and then recline on full stomachs in thoughtless repose. Nature gives nothing but the raw material, which we must work up for our wants. Thoughts as well as wool, must be combed and spun; virtue as well as gold, must be dug out, cleansed and assayed; honor, station, power—all good must be built up, course by course, toilingly and anxiously every step to the top. If nature had her way, the monarch in this world would be the greatest worker, and the only order of nobility composed of those that achieve the largest and best results. Labor is life's great function.—With spade and plow, with shaft and furnace, with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, abroad in the

silent fields under the roofing sky—every where and always man must work, always be experimenting, pushing, progressing. He is a man only when he works—he is faithful to life's great law, and God's express will, only as he toils on, in imitation of the nature that supports him.  
Yes, thank God for labor! It is the only way of happiness and self-respect. Luxurious indolence never yet did for a man, and never will. There is a law against it. Every good thing in this world has its price.—Whatever is obtained without effort, by a necessary law of the mind, is used without pleasure. To enjoy a thing we must strive for it; and usually the measure of the enjoyment will be the length and stress of the toil by which it has been obtained. The mother loves not one of the group that clusters around her fireside, and claim her affections as she loves the poor, fragile plant whose life and growth have been the fruits of manifold watchings, and cares and tears. No devious road to attainment is half so sweet to the possessor of millions, as that first dollar that rewarded his early toil. The heart glows with a thousand precious affections, the object it strives for and toils for. The world over, labor and peace, toil and pleasure, work and happiness go hand in hand. The sweat of the brow turns into diamonds and drops upon our path. Nobody has a right to live who does not labor in some way. A lazy man is a defiler in the most precious trusts; and tried by a just standard, he deserves to be shunned—if not shut up. Nature has no respect for the man that will not work. She uses him very roughly indeed. If it were not for his friends, or for his crimes he would be starved and put out of the way. If you ask the stars, or the ever swelling sea, or the entering forces of earth and air, they will tell you, he only is living like a man, and worthy the honor of manhood, who masters his tasks, and goes about his appointed duty manfully. All others are intruders, drones,—or something worse.—N. Y. Sun.

### An American Monarch.

Strang, the reputed King of Beaver Island in Lake Michigan, an apostate Mormon, has been arrested by the authorities of the United States for robbing of the mail, arson, and other high crimes. One of the affidavits on which he was arrested was made by one Adams, a subject of his majesty. It gives an amusing account of the royal life. The witness deposed that he resided on Beaver Island from the 24th of April, 1850, to the 10th of October of the same year, (except about four weeks that he was away on business,) during his residence there he did repeatedly hear James J. Strang teach it was morally right to steal from the Gentiles, burn their houses, and even take their lives, if it could be done without being found out. This deponent further said, that he did see James J. Strang seated on a throne, clothed in royal robes, with a scepter in his hand, take a coronation made after the fashion of the crown of England, and place the said crown on his own head, and Strang then arose, and said to the congregation (over two hundred in number) that he on that day had "crowned himself King by the command of God," and that all the kingdoms of the earth should be overthrown and utterly destroyed." Said Strang did at the same time give orders that an ensign or flag that he had previously prepared should be hoisted, and guns fired, which command of Strang was obeyed. Said flag had on it the figure of a man, with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand surrounded with twelve stars. Said Strang declared that said banner was raised in defiance of the "stars and stripes," and all other flags of the world.  
While said Strang was seated on said throne, he did call a number of men forward, and caused them to kneel at his feet, and with his sceptre on their heads, in the name of God pronounced their *princes and nobles* of his realm. He further said that Beaver and the surrounding islands should, from that day forward, be governed by no law but his laws, and that they should hold their lands independent of the United States. This deponent further says that James J. Strang did write a covenant, called a covenant of the kingdom; and said Strang administered said covenant to many of his followers in the presence of said deponent. Said Strang often urged said deponent to take said covenant, which said deponent always avoided. Said Strang often gave said covenant to said deponent, and requested him to administer it to others (owing to said deponent's once being in the church, and for policy, as if said deponent had refused, he said his life would have been in danger,) and on one occasion, at the house of R. J. Moore, Esq., administered it to eight in number.—The reason said Adams would not take said covenant, he believed it contained treason to the United States. Said covenant is called the "Illuminati." It is taken with the right hand on the cross, the cross lying on the Holy Bible. The following paragraph the deponent quotes word for word from said covenant, as written and administered by said Strang.  
"I do, in the presence of God and these princes of the 'Illuminati' solemnly promise covenant and swear, by the true everlasting and self-existing God, that I hereby renounce all allegiance to every king, prince, potentate, president, governor, and ruler on earth. I furthermore promise, covenant and swear, that I will obey James J. Strang as the imperial prince and actual king on earth; and the laws decrees that he made, as above, and superseding all other laws of all other powers on earth whatsoever.  
I further promise, covenant and swear, that I will maintain, uphold and enforce said law, so long as life shall last.  
But should I be so wicked, ungodly and unholly, as to break this my covenant, may God, the eternal Father, turn from me and remember his loving kindness no more; may Jesus Christ the Redeemer, turn from me and close the gates of Heaven forever against me; with desire insatiable, may I behold bliss and feel perdition evermore."  
This deponent further says that the above is not one-half of the covenant, but only extracts from said covenant.  
The trial of James J. Strang and others for obstructing the United States mail was commenced in the U. S. District Court at Detroit on the 28th ult. George J. Adams, who was second officer in the Mormon sect down to October 1850, testified that Strang said he had faithful followers who would stop the mail or take life if necessary, that they were







