

The Oxford Democrat.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 33.

PARIS, ME., SEPTEMBER 26, 1851.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 52

The Oxford Democrat.

ESTABLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

GEORGE L. MELLETT & CO.

TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents in six months; two dollars at the end of the year. To which fifty cents will be added for every year in which payment is delayed.

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Porting.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANK D. CASE.

Ben Fisher has finished his hard day's work, And he sits at his cottage door,

His good wife, Kate, sits by his side, And the moonlight glows on the floor,

The moonlight glows on the cottage floor, Her beams were so clear and bright,

As when he and Kate, twelve years before, Took to bed in her narrow bed.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay, And never a dram of drink,

So he lived at home with his wife to stay, And they shared right evenly,

Right evenly shared they the work, He like a slave at his plow,

While a shabby, ragged, and weary maid, On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how his potatoes grew, And the care in the lower field,

And the wheat on the hill was green to see, And a glorious yield in the harvest time,

And his garden was doing fine, And his garden was doing fine,

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little time enough in which to form a tolerable acquaintance even with the exterior of London—its roads and streets, its parks and squares, its streams and fountains, its public institutions and its exhibitions of private wealth and taste.

I must take time, after I return home, to give more particular descriptions of some of the places I have visited. I can now only speak of them in more general terms.

The Tower of London is a large mass of stone edifices, enclosed in a high granite fence, the central one rising higher than the rest.

According to Shakespeare (Richard III. Act III. Scene I.) it was originally built by Julius Cæsar.

"Ed. Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my Lord?"

"No, he did not, my gracious Lord, begin that place."

It was completed however by William the Conqueror, by whom it was made the castle of the Norman Kings. It covers upwards of twelve acres of ground. The principal buildings are the Chapel, the White Tower, the Governor's house, the Bloody Tower, the Jewel Office, the Horse Armoury, Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, and the Waterloo Barracks. Since Elizabeth's time the establishment has been occupied as a State prison—that is, a prison for Sovereigns and State offenders. Our first introduction was through a long hall, lined with a row of Kings and Knights mounted on noble chargers.

The identical armor worn by the names of the sovereigns, as given, are upon the life-like images. Ascending a flight of stairs, we visited the various prison rooms—that is, in which the two infant princes were murdered by their uncle Richard III. the gloomy dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was so long confined, and where he wrote his History of the world on which the beautiful Queen of that wicked monarch, the father of his church of England, Henry VIII.—Anne Boleyn, was executed, and the long, broad, dim aisle which cut off her head. We saw, also, various other instruments of death and torture, employed to extort confessions or to inflict terrible punishments.

In one room we were shown the crown jewels, which are always used at the coronations of a new Sovereign and other State occasions. They are enclosed in a glass globe on a large table, some ten feet in diameter. There are the Royal Crown, the Sceptre, the Robe, the Keys, the Baptismal font, and, all in massive gold. The value is estimated at more than three millions pounds sterling. The Queen's crown alone is valued at one million pounds. A great crowd was pressing for admittance, who were called out and removed in companies of twenty each according to the number of their tickets, and there were put under charge of a constable, an ancient dress, who led them through the buildings explaining, as we went. This was a company follows another under different constables all day and every day. The interest and pleasure of our visit to the Tower exceeded our expectations. It is certainly one of the most interesting places to visit in England.

The British Museum has been established about two hundred years and contains collections of natural and artificial history objects in the world. It was founded by Sir Hans Sloane. We felt very particularly interested in the antiquities here preserved—here are the Elgin marbles, a collection of exquisite specimens of Grecian art, which have been the wonder and admiration of sculptors, and of all who have taste to appreciate their beauty, since the Earl of Elgin brought them to England in 1801. These marbles adorned the Parthenon at Athens. There is an exact model of this building in the Marble Hall, which assists the visitor to understand the positions once occupied by statues and bas-reliefs, now arranged in their mutilated state around the walls and on raised steps in the Elgin saloon. There is also the Phigaleian Saloon, in which we beheld the marble statues found in the ruins of the temple of Apollo Egæus, near the ancient city of Phigalia. This temple was built in the time of Pericles. A series of very ancient and interesting marbles, resembling carved figures and designs embossed on grey stone globes, brought from the ruins of Nineveh, on the left bank of the Tigris, have recently been added to the Museum through the zeal and laborious researches of Dr. Layard.

There is one great central saloon devoted to the remains of Greek and Roman art. Among these are forms of exquisite beauty, grace and truth. We saw sculptures and painters at these tables before many of these specimens, copying them for use.

But what we were more interested in than anything else was the rooms that contain the colossal sculptures of Egypt and the Egyptian mummies. There the swarthy heroes of the Nile look down upon us with a calm sense of superiority, and we can hardly forbear believing there were, as the Scripture says, "giants in those days." Specimens of the insect world of Egypt are here which give us beetles too large for a man to stride upon their backs.

Here, too, is the Rosetta stone, which first suggested to Dr. Thomas Young a mode of deciphering the mysterious inscriptions on Egyptian monuments. This stone bears the same inscription in three different characters, one in hieroglyphics, one written in a character called *choufite*, and the third in Greek. Thus, by means of the Greek inscription, the hieroglyphics were for the first time rendered intelligible.

In another room, called the Egyptian Room is another collection of Egyptian antiquities. These consist of figures of various deities in silver, bronze, porcelain, wax, wood, &c., a great number of vases, lamps and miscellaneous objects. But above all, in real interest, a large collection of human mummies, male and female, enclosed in the fibrous substance of the leaves which are wrapped around them. In some instances we could see the naked face, in others the toes sticking out of their everlasting winding sheets. To look thus upon

the bodies of kings and queens and heroes that made the world tremble thousands of years ago, was enough to fill the mind with solemnity and awe.

Here too are specimens of all the coins of the ancient world.

The Theological collection in the Museum occupy five rooms and are very extensive. Here are skulls of the large mammals, the bodies of reptiles, a display of monkeys, apes, porcupines, &c., fish and molluscan animals.

The collection of minerals is on the same scale with the vastness of the rest of the Museum. It fills four rooms and is arranged in six cases. These are rooms for students, not for mere spectators.

Another department contains organic remains, beginning with fossil vegetables. Then come the remains of large reptiles, with some of the gigantic species extinct. A complete skeleton of the large extinct Elk of the Irish bogs, of the American Mastodon and other fossil wonders, occupy five or six rooms in this department; and at one end of them is the fossil human skeleton, embedded in limestone, brought from Guatemala by Admiral Cochrane.

The Libraries of the British Museum contain about 500,000 volumes and it is visited by about 70,000 readers during the year. This library was begun by a donation of George IV. of the library of his father, George III. The building is on Russell St., and is immensely large. It is of marble. No fees of admission are required, or even allowed. It is a long walk to go over the whole of it.

A sensation came over us as we stood amongst the veritable ruins of Nineveh, Thebes, Greece and Rome—such as we never received before. They were to our mind the demonstrations of history, sacred and profane. Let readers of the Bible visit the British Museum.

During the present season, when London is full of foreigners come to the great exhibition, every place is taken by the Government and People to gratify the curiosity of strangers. Hence all such institutions are thrown freely open, and attendants are appointed, without fee, to explain things as they go. The day we were in the Museum we should think there were thousands there. No one would think of visiting London and not going into the British Museum.

I must defer the other matters alluded to in the commencement of this article, for another communication.

W. A. D.

NUMBER 14.

London, August 6, 1851.

In my last I spoke of having just visited Somerset Palace, Westminster Abbey and the Palace of the House of Commons.

Let me now say a few words about the Palace of the House of Commons. It is one of the most magnificent buildings in London. It is on the south bank of the Thames near Waterloo Bridge, and was formerly the Royal Palace. It was given up as a place for public offices in the days of George III., and removed to Buckingham Palace which is yet the Metropolitan Residence of the Sovereign. There are some of the most massive sculptures in stone upon the walls, window caps, cornices and battlements of this edifice that I ever saw or read of. It is a quadrangular shape, having, of course, an open court in the center, under which, through grates, we look down into the hollows, and the old and more barbarous times than the present. The view from the terrace in front, over the river, is very fine. There we see all the bridges across the Thames, the endless crowds that are ever moving upon them, and the navigation of all sorts that render every road of surface upon the river. It is astonishing to see the immense travel there by steam boats upon the Thames. They go, sometimes, down from one part of the city upon the river, to another, and to Hampton Court above and Gravesend below—and carry passengers for four pence each. They are large and beautiful boats—not gaudy like ours—and are filled with masses of people. Like unmanageable flies skimming upon the water, they make the very river black with their presence. It is astonishing to see how few small ships, vessels, steamers, boats, gallies and coal barges, &c. &c. ever pass each other without either coming in contact. But I suppose pilots understand driving boats as well as omnibus drivers do their great vehicles through crowded streets.

Let Westminster—what shall I say of that? So many thousands of letters from London have been written about this great temple, that nothing is left for me which is not true and common place. Besides, I do not feel prepared now for a description. I visited it yesterday. It is near the Parliament House, which is on the bank of the river. The site it occupies was originally surrounded by the Thames and some one of its little tributaries. It was called "Thorney Island," being a little island above, or west of, the then city, covered with thorn bushes. A *minster*—as places of worship were then called—was built in the west part of the town and called *Westminster*. It is so called yet though it is no longer in the extreme west of London. The first little minster built on Thorney Island was in 610 by Sigbert, king of Essex—a district now including Middlesex and two counties of England. This was the nucleus of the present edifice. Whilst thus small and poor King Edward I., commonly called Edward the Confessor—a pious Catholic monarch—took a vow to perform a pilgrimage in one of the crusades to the holy land. Circumstances, however, prevented his fulfillment of this vow, and he applied to the Pope (Leo IX) for a dispensation, who granted it on condition that he would devote a tenth part of his entire substance, "as well in gold, silver and cattle as in all his other possessions," to enlarge the minster at the West to make it such as should become the Prince of the Apostles. Some therefore say this is the true St. Peter's Church. The devout King commenced this building in 1050

and it was dedicated on Innocent's Day 1065. Edward died a week after. His body lies in a chapel in the Minster, which I visited yesterday. It is covered by a grey marble structure, a fragment of which having fallen near the base I thought it no desecration to take up and preserve as a remembrance of Edward the Confessor—one of the earliest and most venerable monarchs of England. In his chapel still stands the chair in which all the old kings sat at their coronations.

Westminster Abbey however was not completed by Edward. For centuries it has been growing. Successive monarchs have added to the original structure, not however for the sake of incorporating into it any of the new styles of Europe, but every thing was proceeded in the Gothic order—all tending upwards in points to heaven. A hundred and fifty years after Edward, who was canonized, Henry III. greatly enlarged the minster. Thus it underwent alterations and improvements for many generations.

When we entered the edifice and advanced to the principal nave, religious service was being conducted in one of the transepts. No other part of the building can be visited till this service is over; and so, making a virtue of necessity, we took a seat and witnessed the ceremony. The congregation was large, but it consisted of people who came to visit the Abbey, and were caught like myself. The interior of the principal nave which is first entered, is of cruciform shape. The service was in the right arm of the cruciform, which a splendid room, entered by arches and itself a combination of arches all contributing to a still larger arch. It is finished in the purest style. The roof congregation who come for the use of the service, appeared to be two hired priests and a dozen or two hired chanters. The rest were all spectators waiting for the other doors to be opened, so they could go about the building. The priest was a young man who read, or rather sang, tolerably well—for all the service was chanted. He kept this note, and when service should fall at the close of a period, he sang Amen as a harmonious terminal. This was about all the singers had to do. "Then who, at any time repeated the service with him, elevated as he did. I suppose it would be unlawful for any worshipper to pray who could not pray by the aid of the vocal notes before him. It would be decidedly vulgar to pray in the style of an address. "Oh Lord—what has pride done to corrupt and debase the lively spirit of Christianity. We verily believe such proud and ceremonious ceremony as we witnessed in Westminster Abbey has done more to make infidels than all the evils of Rome or Voltaire. No religion but a humble one ever did any good, and none but such a religion will ever silence the objections of infidels. But how much humility is there in the English Church? It is the very highest point of fashion and of pride, that sets example for the proud and foolish worshipper of England—and of none in London.

After the service was concluded, we went into the various chapels and cloisters. After I return home I may publish my notes and prepare descriptions of the various parts. Suffice it now to say I wandered amongst the monuments of Milton, Goldsmith, Johnson and Pitt and all the other great names of England. I visited the chapel of the kings, where the bodies of Kings and Queens repose, and where their images, in marble, lie recumbent upon their thrones, with their hands folded as if commending their spirits to God in the act of death. I also visited the cloisters and spent an hour among the dark vaults. It was a gloomy place and one made dead monasteries no more noble than the bodies of the common dead.

It seems to me there is something revolting in converting a place reserved for the worship of God into a gloomy and offensive sepulchre for the putrefying bodies of the dead. Is there any reason—any sublimity in such a strange arrangement? If we are to have tombs and sepulchres, let us have them; but if we are to have houses and churches, let us have them, and each in its proper place. But to combine both in one is revolting—to my mind at least.

Returning to the Abbey I strolled into the burying grounds outside of the building next the street, where the common dead repose in the sweet bosom of the earth. This is made accessible by gates. All the gravestones are slabs lying on the ground and are so worn by human feet walking over them that in many cases the inscriptions are actually worn out, and to preserve others, surviving friends have resorted to the expedient of drilling holes in the slabs, a few inches apart all over the surface, and inserting short iron pins that project an inch or two so as to prevent people stepping upon them. I was curious to look among the stones and read the inscriptions with a view to see the names of our New England ancestry, and notice how far they differed from an American church yard. I felt quite at home here. The names were as familiar as in a Yankee burying ground. With my pencil I took down some of them, which I insert here that our readers of the same names may guess where their own families originally sprang from. The grave yard is on the north side of the Abbey and consists perhaps of one or two acres. It is full of bodies. Such names as the following are in it: Mayne, Miller, Barrett, Cross, Hawkins, Marsh, Harris, Andrews, Edwards, Cox, Thompson, Briggs, Hatch, Henderson, King, Moody, Johnson, Randall, Smith, Page, Baneroff, Cook, Weston, Guldberg, Baker, Wilson, Townsend, Field, Maddock, Chamberlain, Hamilton, Rice, Rust, Walker, Moor, Evans, Chapman, Sparta, Taylor, Harding, Simpson, Hawes, Badger, Allen, Burr, Pratt, Clark, Ball, Nash, Wright, Robinson, Crocker, Webb, Morris, Brown, Cooper, Stone, Lee, Wood, Jones, Scott, Gray, Burton. These names are all familiar in Maine, and very likely the original ancestors of those who now bear the name amongst us lie in the

Church Yard of Westminster Abbey whose graves I stood over.

From the Abbey we went to Parliament, and by a card from Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, were admitted to the House of Lords. It was in session by candlelight, and is so only in the night. The room is splendid. I saw the Throne, the woolsack, and the Lord Chancellor on his throne, the Duke of Wellington and the other Lords in their seats and heard several of them speak. But all this most constituted the subject of another article. Let me only say, I am proud of our American Senate at Washington in comparison with the English House of Lords in London.

W. A. D.

Selected Tale.

Translated for the Boston Rambler from the French of Eugene Scobie.

THE PRICE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES C. HAZZELL.

Joseph, opening the door of the saloon, came to announce to us that the post-chaise was ready, and my mother and my sister threw themselves into my arms.

"It is still time," they said, "renounce your journey, and remain with us."

"My mother, I am a gentleman, I am twenty years old, and it is necessary, in order that they may speak of me in the country, that I should make my way, either in the army or at the court."

"And tell me, Bernard, what will become of me when you have gone?"

"You will be proud and happy in learning the success of your son."

"And if you should be killed in some battle?"

"What will it matter? What is life? One thinks not of it when one is twenty years old, and a gentleman. You will see me return to you, my mother, in a few years, a colonel, or a marshal of camp, or with some fine office at Versailles."

"Ah, well! what will happen then?"

"That I shall receive respect and consideration."

"And then?"

"That every one will raise his hat to me."

"And then?"

"That I will expose my cousin Henrietta, see all my young sisters married, and live ever afterwards with you, tranquil and happy, on my estates in Brittany."

"And what hinder you from commencing all this today? Did not your father leave you a fine fortune? Is there for twenty leagues around a more rich domain or a more beautiful chateau than that of La Roche Bernard? Have you not the consideration and the love of all your family? And when you traverse the village, who does not salute you by raising his hat? Leave us not, my son, remain with your friends, with your sisters, and with your old mother, to whom, perhaps, if you depart, you will return no more. Go not to waste your youth, or to abide by any manner of torments and cares, those days that so rapidly pass away. Life is a sweet thing, and the sun shines nowhere more beautifully than in Brittany."

Thus saying she pointed from the windows of the saloon to the beautiful alters of my park, the old chestnut trees in flower, the lilacs and the honey-suckles, the perfume of which filled the air, and whose verdure shone in the sun. In the ante-chamber were drawn up my gardener, and all his family, who, sad and young, seemed to say to me: "Do not go, my master, do not go." Hortense, my oldest sister, folded me in her arms, and Amelia, the youngest, who was in a corner of the room, occupied in looking over the engravings in a volume of La Fontaine, approached and presented the book to me.

"Read, my brother, read," she said weeping. It was the fable of the two pigeons! I rose suddenly, and repulsed them all.

"I am twenty years old, and a gentleman; honor and glory are necessary to me, let me depart."

And I rushed into the court. I was about to enter the post-chaise, when a woman appeared upon the steps; it was Henrietta! She wept not—she said not a word—but, pale and trembling, she restrained herself with difficulty. With the white handkerchief which she held in her hand, she made me a sign of farewell, and fell down interable. I hastened to her, I lifted her up, I folded her in my arms and swore to love her forever; and at the moment she was reviving, leaving her to the care of my mother and sister, I ran to my carriage, without stopping or turning my head. Had I seen Henrietta again, I could not have gone. In a few minutes the post-chaise was rolling along the highway.

For a long time I thought only of my sisters, of Henrietta, of my mother, and of all that world which I was leaving behind me; but these ideas were effaced in some measure as the turrets of La Roche Bernard disappeared from my sight, and soon dreams of ambition and glory alone occupied my thoughts.

What projects! what castles in the air! what fine actions I imagined in my post-chaise!—Riches, honors, dignities, success, of all kinds—I refused nothing to myself; I deserved every thing, and I received it. Finally, rising in grade as I advanced on my route, I had become a duke and a peer, governor of a province, and *Maréchal de France* when I arrived at an inn in the evening. The voice of my servant, modestly calling me *Monsieur le Comte*, roused me from my dream, and compelled me to abdicate. The next day, and for several others, I had the same dreams, the same exaltation of spirit, for the journey was long. I at last arrived in the neighborhood of Sedan, where was the house of the Duke of C—, an old friend of my father, and protector of my family. He was to present me at Versailles, and to obtain for me a company

of dragons, through the credit of a sister of his, the Marquise de F—, a charming young woman, designated by public opinion as the successor of Madame de Pompadour, a place of which she claimed the title with all the more justice because she had for a long time discharged its honorable functions. I had arrived at Sedan in the evening, and not waiting to visit the chateau of my friend at so late an hour, I postponed my visit until the next day, and took up my quarters at the *Ancêtre de France*, the first hotel in the city, and the ordinary resort of the officers; for Sedan is a garrison town, and a strong place. The streets have a martial air, and even the cottages have a martial air, which seems to say to strangers, "We are countrymen of the great Turenne."

I stopped at the *table d'hôte*, and while thus engaged I inquired what route I should follow to reach the chateau of the Duke of C—, which is situated three leagues from the town. I was told that any one would direct me, as it was well known to all in that part of the country. In that cloister had died a great soldier and a celebrated man, *Maréchal Fabert*. The conversation fell upon him. Among young soldiers, this was all very natural. They spoke of his battles, of his exploits, and of his modesty, which had led him to refuse the post of nobility and the collars of the orders tendered him by Louis XIV. They spoke in particular, of the great happiness of this simple soldier in becoming a *Maréchal de France*, he being a nobody, and the son of a painter. It was the only example which could then cite of such fortune, and which had drawn the life-time of Fabert appeared so extraordinary, that the vulgar could only account for his elevation by a resort to supernatural causes. It was said that he had passed his youth in the pursuits of magic and sanctity, and that he had made a compact with the devil. Our landlord, who to the stupor of the *Châteauneuf*, joined the credulity of our first companions, told us with great earnestness, that at the Chateau de C—, where Fabert had died, they had seen a black man, who was a stranger to all, enter his chamber and disappear, carrying with him the soul of the *Maréchal*, which he had formerly bought, and which belonged to him, and then even saw, in the month of May, being that in which the death of Fabert took place, there could be seen in the evening, a small lamp, borne by a black man. This anecdote made our supper a gay one, and we drank a bottle of Champagne to the familiar demon of Fabert, praying of him that he would take us under his protection, and that we might win some such battles as those of Collioure and Marfles.

The next morning I rose early, and took my way to the Chateau of the Duke of C—. It was an immense Gothic structure, which I should not perhaps have remarked at any other time, but upon which I was gazed with mingled emotion and curiosity, as it recalled to me the tales which had been told by the old landlord of the *Ancêtre de France*.

The servant to whom I addressed myself, replied that he was ignorant of his master's being visible, and could not tell whether or not he would receive me. I gave him my name, and he retired, leaving me alone in a sort of *sal de concert*, decorated with hanging trophies and family portraits.

I waited for some time, and to no effect. The career of glory and honor of which I have dreamed, as to commence in the ante-chamber, and I to myself, and already a disappointed waiter, I began to experience impatience. I had two or three times knocked all the beams of the roof, when I heard a light noise in the waiting-room. It was that of a door hardly closed, which had become partially opened. I gazed, and saw a very handsome lady, lighted by two great windows, and a glass door, which looked out on a magnificent park. I made some steps towards this apartment, but was stopped by the sight of a spectacle which had not at first struck my eyes. A man, with his back turned to the door I was about to enter was lying on the sofa. He raised himself up, without perceiving me, and hastened suddenly to one of the windows. Tears ran down his cheeks and a profound despair seemed pictured on all his features. He remained for some moments perfectly quiet, with his face concealed in his hands. Then he commenced walking with great strides up and down the apartment as there was close by him—he saw me and sighed; I, while I, alarmed and annoyed by my own indiscretion, sought to retire, halting some words of excuse.

"Who are you? What do you wish?" he said, in a high voice, and holding me by the arm.

"I am the Chevalier Bernard, of La Roche Bernard, and I have arrived from Brittany."

"I know, I know," he said, and he threw himself into my arms, made me sit down beside him, and spoke warmly of my father and all my family, whom he had well known, so that I doubted not of his being the master of the chateau.

"You are Monsieur C.," I said to him.

He rose, and looked fixedly at me, and then answered:

"I was him, I am not him, I am nothing; and seeing my astonishment, he said,

"Not a word, young man; do not interrupt me."

"If, sir, I have, without wishing it, been a witness of your elation and grief, and if my devotion and friendship can be the means of somewhat alleviating them—"

"Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can do anything towards changing my fate, but you can at least receive my last wishes, and hear my last words—it is the only service that I can expect of you."

He then closed the door, and came and seated himself by me, who, tremblingly awaited his words. There was something grave and solemn about him. His physiognomy, in particular, had an expression which I have never seen in that of any other person. His forehead, which I had attentively examined, ap-

peared marked by fatality, his face was pale, his black eyes flamed, and from time to time, his features, although affected by suffering, were contracted by a smile which was at the same time ironical and infernal.

"That which I am about to tell you," he said, will confound your reason. You will doubt—you will not believe—even I often doubt still—I wish to do so—but the proofs are here and there is to all that surrounds us, in my organization even, many other mysteries which we are obliged to suffer without being able to comprehend them."

He paused for an instant, as if to collect his ideas, passed his hand over his forehead, and continued:

"I was born in this chateau. I had two elder brothers, who were to inherit all the wealth and honors of our house. I had nothing to expect but the mantle of an abbe, yet ambitious thoughts fermented in my head, and caused my heart to beat. I was entering in my obscurity, eager for renown, I dreamed only of the means of acquiring it. This idea rendered me inaccessible to all the pieties and pleasures of life. The present was nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and that future always presented itself to me under the most sombre aspect. I was almost thirty years old, and I had accomplished nothing. Then, and from all sides, there were rising literary reputations in the capital, of which the brilliant ray shined even to the provinces. 'Ah!' I would often say to myself, 'if I could make for myself a career in the world of letters! That would lead to that time in which alone happiness is to be found.' I had no confidence of my capacity, an ancient doctor, an old surgeon, who had lived in the chateau from a period long before my birth. He was certainly the oldest person in the establishment, for no one could remember when he entered it; and the country people pretended that he had been known to *Maréchal Fabert*, and was present at the death."

At this moment my interlocutor saw me start. He stopped his narrative and asked the cause. "Nothing," said I to him, in spite of myself, I could not keep from thinking of the black man of whom the landlord had spoken."

M. de C— continued:

"One day, while in company with Lago, (that was the negro's name,) I was bewailing my obscure and useless life, and exclaimed, I would give ten years of my life to become another of the first class."

"Ten years," he said to me coldly, "that is much, and would be paying very dear for a little thing. But never mind, I will accept your promise in ten years at another time."

I could not restrain my surprise at hearing him speak thus. I believed that years had passed for nothing. Laughing and shrugging my shoulders, I left him. Some days afterwards, I quit the chateau for Paris—there I found myself introduced into the society of men of letters. Their example excited me, and I published several works, the success of which I will not recount to you. All Paris hastened to see me; the journals resounded with my praises; the new name which I had taken became celebrated, and no longer was than yesterday, young man, you yourself, was admitted."

Here a new gesture of surprise interrupted the recital.

"You are not then M. de C—?"

"No," he coldly replied. And I said to myself, "A celebrated name of letters! It is M. de C—! Perhaps it is D'Almédida—this is the Voltaire!"

The unknown sighed; a smile of regret and sorrow curled his lips, and he resumed his

THE S. M. PATTEN, No. 19 STATE ST., (Journal Building) Boston, is an authorized agent for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements, &c.

The publishers of this paper have adopted to their advertising patrons that they have no other policy than to give the most extensive and liberal facilities to all who wish to advertise. They have no other policy than to give the most extensive and liberal facilities to all who wish to advertise. They have no other policy than to give the most extensive and liberal facilities to all who wish to advertise.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

If there ever was a period when it behooved a people to demand a full and explicit declaration of principles from their political leaders and representatives, it is now. It is now, when the whole political community is in a chaos of tergiversation, apostasy, and acception of bewilderment. It is now, when the people are bitterly conscious that vague professions are not able to be trusted. It is now, when new tests are constantly being applied, and the people required to sacrifice all their principles of democracy upon them, though these tests may embrace but a single idea, and that not a practical one. It is now, when they feel that they are the victims of deluded confidence and treachery. It is now, when the people, taught by agonizing experience, are well and clearly informed of the only true line of duty, the only sure course of policy, which representatives and the servants of the people must pursue.

It is well known that the great body of our citizens are now happy to rid themselves of the patchwork party, which when among them, and hypocritically with them, wrought nearly all the mischief from which they now suffer, and would perpetuate the ruin of the party, if in their power, by adding new and improper tests to the democratic platform. From these men, the people need no declaration of principles. They stand sculptured in hybrid imagery, in serpent tracery, and Gorgon visages, upon all the works of their hands. Their principles are known by the offices they fill in the temple of Mammon, or the temple of folly, which they have built. We have beheld them ministering at its altars, collecting offerings of votaries, laden with its perquisites, and standing aloof from their fellow men in the exclusive privileges of their order. They are the priests of their god; with one doctrine for themselves, and another for the people, we know them to be necessary hypocrites.

But from men who are yet untired, unwearied—from our future representatives and leaders—we must demand a declaration of principles, and a pledge for the performance of the measures which we prescribe. These are not times in which we can impose implicit confidence in the purest patriot that lives. We have been deceived to our injury, and we must be well assured of our restoration.

The first thing that we must demand of our future representatives and rulers, is that they make us free men; that they restore to us the constitutional, civil, and social rights of which their predecessors deprived us, by granting exclusion privileges to a few, and allowing false or mere pretended claims to party favorites. We must demand equal rights, and having a promise of these, we must demand a clear and distinct pledge that they will carry out those measures which we, the people, consider necessary to this end.

If the people would succeed, they must select Democrats whose political characters and opinions are unequivocal and above suspicion. Next to true political principles, the success of a party depends upon the character of their candidates for office; and the ignorance or carelessness which many otherwise good democrats have manifested in relation to this fact has led to as much as any thing to retard the progress of the democratic party. It is natural for every party as numerous as ours to embrace some man who seem to think the good of the whole community is so inseparably connected with their own, that they cannot serve their country only as they serve themselves. Those among us who enforce the plea of public good as a reason why they should receive a patent to acquire wealth, otherwise some exclusive privilege, that is, enrich one, and the community will receive the benefit, and thus adopt this selfish definition of "public good," are known as exasperated, educated to chill the warm impulses of virtue by the cold calculating eye of policy and expediency.

Surrounded as we are by avowed enemies and concealed traitors, we can do nothing unless we throw ourselves heartily and unreservedly upon our principles, and adhering to them most strictly at all times, sink or swim with them. For the moment we depart in the least from the strictest principles of democracy, treachery lurks in our path. The moment we attempt to compromise with our enemy under the most fatal mistake that a man half Federal is better than a man entirely so, we abandon the only, honest course that would subvert the empire, and yield ourselves up to dissimulation, trickery, and cunning; and have we not suffered enough already by this mode of warfare where honesty is always driven from the field, to shut it altogether? What true democrat will ever see cause to lament the strange infatuation which would induce the sincere of his own party to desert their dearest principles and seek to elevate that man whose only recommendation is that he has never expressed any principles at all? He has never taken sides, therefore he is popular? This doctrine of our principles will but little increase the admirers of Democracy. When candidates are to be nominated, we always regret to see those who have labored hard and long in the ranks of democracy, laid aside for men whose votes in behalf of the people, ignorance, cowardice or cunning have ever shamed. This course is unjust as the honest champion of democracy and injurious to the interests of the people. "It will not do," says an expediency man, "to nominate Mr. A. as our candidate." "Why not?" asks an honest democrat. "Why he has advocated our principles so long and ably that he has made himself unpopular. We must have some other man so prominent upon which all can unite." "No such man as you wish," replies the other, "shall have my support. He and he only will have my vote who has openly and

unreservedly supported the doctrines we all profess; whose views and sentiments are universally known. If we are sincere in our professions, if our principles are pure, then he is the best man for office who has committed himself upon them, and is most zealous and effective in their support; and it is but just that he should be thus honored—he has long borne the brunt of the battle, actuated by no interested motives and now our support of him will be an honorable recompense. We condemn our principles when we drop their advocates. In our opinion, the open and avowed friends of either party are much more honorable than the advocates of neither, and we would much more readily vote for the open whig than the sly conservative or the office seeking neutral."

We make these remarks under the firm conviction that if we select suitable candidates for the different State and National offices we shall carry the next election. We should then, if we wish the pure principles of democracy to govern, select those men who have ever proved themselves the most faithful and unwavering advocates of these principles—men radically and thoroughly democratic—Let the democracy be united in the support of such principles and such men, and they will not only triumph, but the victory will be a permanent blessing.

Religious Education of Children.

Much is said among different denominations of Christians, upon the subject of moral and religious culture of children; and we think the time has arrived when the community should be effectually aroused to the necessity of giving to their children a religious education. On this subject we fear that there is error among us. We have seen the efforts made and making to indoctrinate multitudes of children into the narrowness and bigotry of a creed, infusing such a spirit in them as makes them in adult years, ex-here sectarians. Having beheld such efforts, we reason correctly when we say that children should not be thus instructed, but that their minds should be free. But to avoid this evil, in order that their minds may be unsectarian, we have fallen into the opposite extreme, and given them no religious instruction. This is a very lamentable mistake. There is all the difference between making children bigoted, and giving them no religious instruction that there is between taking bad food and no food whatever. Both are wrong. Let not their minds be narrowed; let not their growing affections be warped up by illiberal notions; nor let their feelings be made to assume whatever shape bigotry may dictate. But at the same time, they should not grow up without any knowledge of their Creator, Saviour, and the revelation of Heaven. For if they are left entirely ignorant of these subjects, they are liable to fall victims to any error they may meet, or to have their passions excited with fanaticism. These courses are extremes, and are to be avoided. If it is incorrect to give any religious instruction to children, it is, on the same principle, wrong to let them attend where religious principles are preached.

If children are taught Christianity as it is, it will never make them bigoted, but save them from bigotry; it will never lead them astray, but guide them aright—it will never leave them in error, but will give them that truth which will assist in forming their characters for virtue and business. What, for instance, can be more appropriate than to teach children the character of God as displayed in nature and revelation, and to impress upon their minds the fact that virtue is always pleasurable and vice always miserable? What can be more productive of greater benefit to them than to frequently tell them of the character of Christ, how obedient he was to his parents when a youth; how kind he was; how he died for his enemies; how he rose from the dead, and how children should obey him? Nor can there be the least objection against teaching them the law of loving enemies, and that the reason why they should do so is because their heavenly Father loves his enemies. And we are sure no sane person can offer the least opposition against teaching them the doctrine set forth in the account of the good Samaritan. Yet in teaching these principles, they imbibe a knowledge of some of the noblest truths of Christianity. These facts, rigidly instilled into their minds, will sow such seeds as will lead them on in adult age, to view all people as one family, to be charitable to all sects, and to be pure in life. We are sure that such facts will not swerve their minds one hair from the path, which will make them practical Christians.

Our safety, our love of our children, and our interest in their welfare, demand that we give due attention to the moral and spiritual culture of the rising generation. Let their moral and spiritual powers be properly developed, so that enlightened by the intellect, they will direct them aright in all they do, and our individual and national prosperity is certain; but neglect these powers, suffer them to lie dormant, and vice and crime will, for a long period, triumph.

Dedication & Installation—at Norway.

Our friends of the Universalist Society at Norway Village, have during the present season thoroughly repaired their Meeting-house. The inside, especially, is fitted up with admirable taste, and furnished with an excellent Organ. We know of several other Meeting-houses in this County that are sadly out of repair. We hope the example of our Norway friends will induce others to go and do likewise. A good convenient Meeting-house in any village speaks well for the people.

The dedication of the Meeting-house, or rather re-dedication, took place on Wednesday of this week—Sermon by Rev. J. L. Stevens, minister of the Society.

In the afternoon Mr. Stevens was publicly installed as pastor of the church and society in that place. Sermon by Rev. E. G. Brooks of Lynn Mass. The sermons were able productions, and of a truly practical character. The other services were interesting and highly satisfactory. We hope the tendency of the occasion, and of the religious services to be conducted in their beautiful Temple of worship in future will be to advance the cause of morals and religion among the people of Norway.

The Boston Pathfinder has parted with Mrs. Partington and Mr. Wilder, and the chair is now filled by A. E. Newton. Mr. Snow continues to publish the Pathfinder, and Messrs. Wilder and Shillaber the Carpet-Bag. Hope we may now recover them both in exchange.

The Age of the 18th inst., shows conclusively that the Donaldson correspondence (so called) is a base publication so far as regards the Greer and Donaldson letters, got up by some person or persons, enemies of Gen. Houston, in the city of New York, for the purpose of defending his nomination for the Presidency.

An article from our Correspondent, favorable to the nomination of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency, is unavoidably omitted this week. It shall appear in our next. The Bangor Democrat believes the tendency of opinion is in favor of Judge Douglas. Our correspondent expressed a similar opinion some time since.

We have received the Lowell Daily Vox, published by J. T. Chesley. It is of a medium size, well printed and filled with interesting matter, as the Vox always is. We hope we may receive it regularly as our exchange list would be quite incomplete without it. Success to friend Chesley in his new enterprise.

OUR COUNTRY'S PROSPECTS.

It is well for the people of every country occasionally to direct their attention to the political condition of their own government, and closely to examine its progress to see whether it is advancing or retrograding.

To us, as Americans, believing, as we do that our government is the best ever instituted by man, this becomes a question of peculiar interest and importance.

To this question have our thoughts often been directed, and after mature deliberation we see no reason to despair of our country.

On the contrary we are led to believe that the contemplation of her affairs at the present time will thrill with delight and rapture the soul of every patriotic American. No people can more justly dwell with pride and pleasure upon the history of their country than this. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand that presides over the destinies of nations more than the people of the United States.

Every step by which they have advanced to their present exalted station has been distinguished by some token of providential agency.

Their progress has indeed been astonishingly rapid, far surpassing the conception of the most sanguine. Seventy years ago, had some being endowed with prophetic wisdom proclaimed that ere three fourths of a century shall elapse this scattered population shall swell to twenty-five millions, these thirteen states shall increase to thirty, these feeble colonies shall form a mighty and powerful nation with all the other astonishing changes that have occurred, who would not have pronounced him a romantic visionary? His predictions wild and chimerical! And yet we are that time behold its fulfillment. The patriotic mind while it traces its country's history through this short period, filled with wonder and admiration at the brilliant course of events that have thus far marked her progress, naturally desires to pierce through the dim veil which hides the future, and observe what destiny awaits this country in years far remote.

It requires no prophetic eye to see that our country is destined to take an exalted stand among the nations of the earth. Though some would have us believe that the proud fabric upon which our government is based, is destined to premature destruction, that already those corroding vices which shook the foundation of ancient governments and hastened their ruin, are gnawing at the vitals of our republic.

We will not believe it! Such gloomy forebodings with all the evidences which we have to the contrary, must originate in cowardly minds. Recent occurrences plainly prove that the same patriotic spirit animates the bosoms of our countrymen that fired the souls of those who fought at Bunker Hill and Lexington. As ready are they to sacrifice their lives in preserving unsullied their country's rights as their Fathers to obtain them.

If our past history furnishes any index of the future, how sublimely grand and glorious are our country's prospects! We possess natural advantages unsurpassed by any nation on the globe; a country ample in extent; a government deservedly celebrated as the one best adapted to promote the happiness of the people, to insure equal rights to all and secure a permanent existence to the nation. Our system of common schools, the grand machine by which the masses are educated, are continually increasing in numbers and usefulness. Our higher institutions of learning are annually qualifying thousands of our young men to fill the higher walks of life, with all these means for improvement, our people must become enlightened and educated.

This accomplished we have nothing to fear, for upon this successful administration of every democratic government depends! An enlightened Republic will brand with everlasting infamy the traitor who shall dare attempt to usurp their rights or wrest from them their liberties. A government, in which the strength of the republic is so intimately and happily blended with the welfare of its subjects must give a mighty impulse to every branch of industry. The tide of emigration which is fast flowing westward, will in a few years join the colonies already settled on the Pacific, and throughout the vast unbroken forest between the Mississippi and the ocean tented alone by the wild beasts and the savage red man, shall splendid towns and cities arise teeming with a numerous population.

The mighty project now in contemplation, of constructing a railroad to the Pacific, will when completed give an electric impetus to our onward march. It will bring the commerce of the world under our control, and as a natural consequence the wealth of nations will flow into our coffers. Occupying as the United States must become the grand centre of nations, and like the splendid orb which illumines our Earth, dispensing the light and happiness of her benign institutions to the remotest corners of the world.

In view of these things it would indeed seem that the sun of our nation's glory is far from having arrived at its meridian glory is but just dawning. What emotions must thrill the patriotic bosom as he contemplates the future glory of his country! How sublime, how vast, how magnificent the prospect which opens before him! And well may we stand before him now, feel that we have but just entered upon our brilliant career. In her infancy our country was weak and defenceless.

She gathered strength by adversity until she has acquired a strong and vigorous youth. In imagination, I see her still rapidly advancing higher and higher in the political horizon. Far, far away in the distant future, I see her approaching her meridian splendor, her cheering beams diffusing light and happiness over the dark regions of the earth.

I see her government administered by the most illustrious statesmen that have ever graced the annals of history combining all the stern unyielding integrity of a Lycurgus, with the milder virtues and philosophic wisdom of a Solon.

I see coming forth from her numerous nurseries of learning groups of heroes, poets, sages and philosophers surpassing in genius, merit and wisdom the most renowned worthies of antiquity.

I see her rights defended by citizens possessing all the bravery and patriotism of a Leonidas, united with the uncorrupted virtues of an Aristides.

I hear her bards and poets singing their country praises in exalted lays, outpouring even the sublimest heights of the father of Epic muse.

I hear her orators defending the sacred cause of freedom with more than Ciceronian eloquence. In short, I see her a perfect model of strength and wisdom and virtue, presenting to the world the most splendid national structure ever reared by man. And can we suppose that the same tragic destiny awaits our country that has fallen upon other nations? Must her beauty fade? must her strength decay? must her glory perish, and her declining day usher in a night of storms of clouds and everlasting night? Relying upon that divine Providence who is the infancy of our republic so invariably favored us, who has guided through innumerable perils, and placed us upon the summit of prosperity, may we not confidently hope that the direful scenes of blood and slaughter which have closed the existence of other nations may be averted from us? that our government, founded in virtue, may be perpetuated? that she may rise to eternal prosperity and glory though all other nations lie buried in darkness and oblivion? Warned, too, by the fate of other nations may she escape those quicksands of vice which have ever proved the bane of empire; may her glory and her felicity increase with each revolving year, till the last trump shall announce the catastrophe of nature, and time shall emerge in the ocean of eternity.

VIATOR.

Paris, Sept. 15, 1851.

FIRE AT NORWAY.

A destructive fire broke out in Norway village, on Tuesday morning last, destroying property to the amount of \$15,000. The fire was first discovered in the stable of the Railroad House, kept by Anthony Bennett, and thence spread rapidly to the store and stable of Mr. A. C. Denison, and occupied by Denison & Kendall, and thence to the house owned by Mr. Joseph Shackley, and occupied by himself and Mr. Charles Mallett.

On the west it spread to the new Hall of the Hotel, and thence to the main building, and to the dwelling of Mr. Benjamin Tucker, Jr., and with such rapidity as gave the occupants only time to escape with their clothes, and the light articles of furniture. The flames then spread to the house owned and occupied by Henry Rust, Esq., and in two hours the whole area, on the south side of the street, from the residence of Mrs. Young on the east, to the new dwelling house of Mr. Denison on the west, was a common ruin.

The loss has been estimated from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. The following statistics we condense from the columns of the Norway Advertiser.

The Hotel of Mr. Anthony Bennett, with stable and out buildings, including Hay, grain, five valuable horses, cow and swine—some of the furniture saved—loss \$3000.—As ready are they to sacrifice their lives in preserving unsullied their country's rights as their Fathers to obtain them.

Store and out buildings of A. C. Denison—loss \$1500, insured for \$400. Messrs. Denison & Kendall's stock in trade was unusually large. They saved a considerable portion of the lighter description of goods; but the heavy goods mostly destroyed. Loss \$6000. Insurance \$3,600.

The dwelling house of Mr. Joseph Shackley, furniture saved, loss \$500, no insurance. The dwelling house, out buildings, hay, corn, &c. furniture saved, loss \$1600, insured for \$575. The dwelling house of Capt. Henry Rust, with out buildings, furniture saved, loss \$1500, insured for \$1000.

Mr. E. C. Jackson, a boarder at the Hotel owned one of the horses which were burned, he also lost his valise, containing money and papers represented to the value of six or seven hundred dollars.

A gentleman from Lovell, who had put up for the night, was the owner of two of the horses which were destroyed, and another belonging to Messrs. Longley & Co. All the dwelling houses in the vicinity were in great danger and were saved only with the greatest exertion.

The origin of the fire has not been ascertained. In consequence of suspicions entertained that it was the work of an incendiary, two individuals, W. W. Oliver of Oxford, and a young lad by the name of Wardwell, living with him, were arrested on Tuesday, and brought before W. W. Virgin, Esq., for examination. Levi Whitman, Esq., was associated with Mr. Virgin, and a protracted and patient investigation of the case was had before them. Hon. C. Andrews appeared in behalf of the prosecution, and Messrs. Emery and Gerry for the respondents. After the testimony on the part of the State was closed, no evidence appearing against Wardwell, he was discharged on motion, but certain circumstances having been proved in relation to Oliver, induced the court to decline to discharge him at the same time with Wardwell, whereupon testimony was introduced on his part.—The testimony and arguments closed at 1-2 past 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening, and the court adjourned over to 9 o'clock on Thursday, when upon a consideration of the whole testimony, they ordered Oliver to be discharged.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Official census returns of South Carolina give as the total free population of the state 283,523—slaves 384,984.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RIOTERS.—On Monday next Judge Kane of the U. S. District Court will charge the Grand Jury relative to the law of treason, and explain its bearing upon the Christians rioters.

ARRIVAL AND SURRENDER OF DR. GARDNER.—We learn from Washington this evening that Dr. Geo. A. Gardner returned to that city yesterday, and delivered himself to the Marshal of the District to-day. He was taken before Judge Crawford, and gave bail in the sum of \$10,000, for appearance at the December term of the criminal court on a charge of fraud on a Mexican Commissioner. Mr. Miller and Mr. Riggs the banker, became his bail.—[Tel. to Boston Atlas.]

Cuban Affairs.

The New York papers contain various accounts respecting the American prisoners in Havana. Among others, there is a candid letter from Mr. Thrasher, editor of the "Faro Industrial," written at the request of the printing and treating while in prison, and the conveniences provided for the voyage of those who sailed for Spain. He says:

"Besides what they received from the government, each man had a pea-jacket, a woolen shirt, a pair of pants, a pair of stockings and a tin pot; and on board ship were placed for their use 825 lbs. chocolate, 2 boxes to bacco, 2 barrels vinegar and some small stores, and the sum of \$735 was placed in the hands of Capt. Ortiz, of the Primera de Guatemala, for general distribution on arrival at the port of destination. Besides this, the German Society gave Capt. Ortiz \$136 for the Germans, and several persons left sums for individuals. They embarked in high spirits and excellent health, all desiring a most affectionate farewell to be sent to their friends, with assurance of their high hopes for a speedy release.—Those who remain here awaiting ship, will follow their companions in a few days.

Those who are in the hospital are all doing well, and are very well cared for by every one around them. They also have been allowed writing materials, and their friends will probably receive letters from them as early as they may receive this."

Mr. Thrasher suggests that prompt efforts on the part of our minister at Madrid may procure the pardon and release of them all, on the approaching anticipated birth of an heir to the Spanish throne.

The conduct of Mr. Owen, our Consul at Havana, receives no praise from Mr. Thrasher, and a card published by the prisoners themselves, condemns his conduct in very severe terms. They say, "How to account for it, [his treatment of them] we know not, but can only ascribe it to that worst of all feelings, inhumanity, or that more degrading still, cowardice."

A private letter from Havana, dated Sept. 6th, published in the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, says: "The Consul was right, of course, in not moving in the affair in his official capacity; but he would have received every facility from the Spanish authorities in any efforts he might have made for the personal comfort of the prisoners, and he would have been honored by the Captain General if he had shown personal sympathy for them. Money has been subscribed largely for them by Cubans and Americans. The latter are few in number here, but they have contributed handsomely; and this money, about a thousand dollars, has not reached them through the American Consul, but by the hands of a private citizen—an American gentleman resident here. The money has been expended for them in necessities for the voyage, &c. They are condemned to what is called the *Presidio*, or working in chains in the public works of Spain. It is hoped and believed that they will be liberated at the birth of the coming heir to the Spanish crown.

This morning arrived the shameful news that the inhabitants of Key West had driven out the Spanish residents from their town by a succession of personal insults, more degrading even than personal violence. The Spaniards came over themselves in a schooner; there is much excitement on the subject, as the injured parties were residents of twenty or thirty years standing at Key West, and were in no way connected with the Spanish interest in Cuba. Yesterday, also, some Spaniards arrived from New Orleans, whence they had been driven by similar means. With what shame and confusion of face an American is covered, when in a foreign country he hears of such outrages as these. By such acts the dignity of the American character, if not the honor of the Government, is gravely compromised; and the lives and property of Americans in Havana, would be exposed to a bitter and bloody retaliation, but for the strong hand of the Captain General, felt everywhere through the ever present police and soldiery.

Capt. J. A. Kelly, one of the released prisoners, arrived in New York on Monday evening. In a conversation with the editor of the Tribune, he spoke freely of the gross deception practiced on him and others, by the advocates of this invasion of Cuba. He joined the expedition in the full belief that the island was in a state of revolt. He estimates the number of Spaniards killed at about 300, and the number wounded much larger. Out of forty persons comprising Capt. Kelly's company, he is the only one at liberty, and only seven besides himself escaped alive. He thinks that an army of 10,000 could not conquer Cuba. He says the prisoners were well fed and cared for, and made as comfortable as the circumstances of the case allowed. He is cautious in condemning the conduct of Mr. Owen, the American Consul at Havana, but thinks he should have pursued a different course himself.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—However dark and disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand when the body shall sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting place, instead of being a bed of down shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of man may be, his repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in the fountain, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bones of the dead, and not one of the sleepers heeds the spirit-stirring tramp or responds to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet these countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awaken them—the loud cry of the elements, the winds, the waves, not even the giant tread of the earthquake shall be able to cause inquietude in the chamber of death.

ARRIVAL AND SURRENDER OF DR. GARDNER.—We learn from Washington this evening that Dr. Geo. A. Gardner returned to that city yesterday, and delivered himself to the Marshal of the District to-day. He was taken before Judge Crawford, and gave bail in the sum of \$10,000, for appearance at the December term of the criminal court on a charge of fraud on a Mexican Commissioner. Mr. Miller and Mr. Riggs the banker, became his bail.—[Tel. to Boston Atlas.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Africa arrived at New York, Sept. 24th, having made the passage in about 10 1-2 days. She brings 144 passengers.

Breadstuffs show no change since the Washington. Provisions dull, Lard declining and freights dull.

The receipts at the doors of the exhibition on the 11th, were £2,637, and the number of visitors 54,800. The liberation of Kosuth is supposed to have taken place on the 1st of Sept. The Caffre war continues. A war on the river Plata has here this commenced.—The reports in reference to the Potato crop are much more unfavorable during the last few days, but the immediate effect is to bring abundant supplies into the market, to the neglect of Indian Corn.

Louis Napoleon grows more anxious as 1852 approaches, and the alleged conspiracy was suppressed to impart strength to his cause. The commercial prospects of France continue favorable. Advice from Paris state that instructions have been sent by government to the commandment of the French Squadron at the Antilles, to assist the Cuban Government in repelling the aggressions of the American pirates.

According to the Lombardo Veneto, the Ministry intend to request the British government to recall Mr. Temple, present Minister to the court of Italy.

The treaty of navigation concluded between Austria and Russia has been prolonged.

The Liquor in Boston.

Some of the Canadians that attended the Celebration in Boston, are chagrined that so much liquor was used, and vent their feelings in an article in the Traveller. We have heard that a good deal of champagne was furnished and drunk on the Excursion on Thursday, and that some instances of inebriation were manifested that were sorrowful indeed. The writer of the article says—

"Canadians have been in the habit of looking up to New England as a pattern, with regard to Temperance, and all the efforts of Temperance men in Canada have been aided by reference to the excellence of your laws and practice in this respect. You may, therefore, conceive the extent of the injurious influence which this display of intoxicating drinks before so many Canadians is likely to exert. • • • We have no doubt that Canadians generally came with the intention of conforming willingly to your usages, and that they would have gone away with more real admiration for your city and commonwealth, had you entertained them on Temperance principles, as probably most of them anticipated. Besides, many of them were total abstainers at home, some of whom may have been tempted, out of respect for you, to partake against their own better judgment, of that which you, in opposition to your better judgment, provided out of courtesy for them.

Should the social and complimentary intercourse of the two countries be marked by such scenes as those of the pleasure trip to Boston Bay, it will be looked upon as a calamity by the good and wise; whereas if the plan adopted by the authorities at the banquet on the Common be adhered to on both sides, the happiness and benefit of the interchange of civilities will be without alloy. That banquet was admirably conducted, and wholly free from the objectionable element of intoxicating drinks."

NEW YORK SEPT. 21st.

The Savannah Republican says that Cobb will be elected governor by 15,000 majority.

H. G. Sumner, a pardoned Cuban prisoner has arrived at New Orleans.

The democratic candidate for congress in the first district of Louisiana has published a card opposing the repeal of the compromise measures.

President Fillmore stopped at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, on Sunday night, and proceeded to Washington on Sunday morning.

John Nelson, formerly U. S. Attorney General, has been retained by the friends of the late Mr. Gurnee to prosecute the rioters at Lancaster, Pa.

The New Orleans mails as late as due have arrived, but bring no news of importance.

The fitness and political orthodoxy of all the candidates yet named or likely to be presented by the democracy, being conceded, the only real, practical question at issue is, or should be, who will best unite the democracy and lead its hosts to battle, with the greatest prospect of victory. The success of the party and the triumph of its principles are objects of vastly more importance than the gratification of the vanity, ambition or desires of any man, however worthy, exalted or great his services. The convention should, in our judgment, make the selection on this ground, without fear, favor or affection. We would have the same rigid rule applied to Gen. Houston. It is indeed only because we sincerely believe that he is the strongest man that the democracy can nominate, that we urge his claims. No man living is more willing to make his pretensions subordinate to the success of the party, than Gen. Houston himself.

Adv.

Mr. Hobbs, after picking the famous locks of Chulcho, thus proving to the Bank of England and the Lords of the Treasury that neither bullion nor State papers were secure, has to-day succeeded in opening and closing repeatedly the test lock of Bramah. The £200 offered to any person who would pick the lock is to be paid over to Mr. Hobbs to-morrow.—It is now certain that the American locks are to be used in England. The Bank of England has already ordered them for its vaults. Where it is the pioneer the English world is sure to follow.—[Foreign Correspondence Boston Post.]

UNION OF THE DEMOCRACY.—The Bath Times, in an article under this head, says: "It is an auspicious thing for the democracy of Maine that their cohesion has ever been strong and unbroken—while the party in N. Y. has been weakened by intestine feuds.—While the two wings of the Massachusetts democracy have been at variance with each other, the hard-headed and firm-hearted sons of Maine have kept on in the even tenor of their way undisturbed by the strife of the elements about them, ever true to the Union and the Constitution. So may it ever be."

Argus.

One rich man feeds many a starving rogue.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.—The fires have been raging on various hands, in the woods. We hope the late storm has gone far to put them out. In Washington County, in this State, as we have several times noticed of late, the fires have been very destructive.—No 10 and 16 have been burned over. No 40 was on fire at last accounts, endangering No 34 and 35. Hancock County is suffering severely. It is reported that two dwelling houses in Jonesport have been burnt. In Cutler the damage done the Cutler Co., who are large proprietors of timber lands, is estimated at \$150,000,—all their land has been burnt over.

In Massachusetts, much damage is going on. At East Malden on Saturday afternoon, a piece of woods on what was formerly known as the Richardson estate, got on fire, and about twenty-five acres were burnt over. On the same afternoon the wood on the estate of Capt. Reuben Ware, East Needham, about a mile from the Depot, took fire. It was found necessary to send for aid to the churches, and the congregations were dismissed.—After burning over nearly a mile, the fire was finally headed off in the afternoon,—and the showers which followed entirely quenched it except the post mowed down, where it was still burning at the last accounts.

ADVERTISING. Nothing is more clearly settled, or more universally admitted, than that the best money spent by a business man, is that paid for advertising. The fact has been demonstrated throughout the world.—Men will pay enough for a handsome sign, to embellish their stores, for elegant windows, and for oysters, drinks, cigars, a confectionary and knick knacks, to pay half a dozen years' advertising bills, and all without any benefit to their business or themselves, to be gained by freely advertising. Hundreds ought to be paid where ten are now, if merchants would thrive and make money.

SHERRY. Some British officers, who visited Bunker Hill Monument on Wednesday or Thursday, were charged ninepence a piece by the keeper for admission.

That is said by the Boston Transcript, but the Times thinks it was not so far off, after all; inasmuch as the British officers charged us, on the same spot, some years since.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—A call has been issued, signed by Lucy Stone, Wm. H. Channing and Paulina W. Davis, for an other Women's Rights Convention to be held in Worcester, Oct. 15 and 16, to "consider the Rights, Duties and Relations of Women."

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION IN CALIFORNIA.—One Paddy, candidate for Lieut. Governor of California, whipped an opposition editor in Stockton, because of something not wholly agreeable in the writings of said editor.

"THE DUTCH HAVE TAKEN HOLLAND."—At the recent election in Vermont, the whigs succeeded in re-electing Charles K. Williams Governor. This is just as we expected, as there were three candidates in the field. We are happy to learn, however, that the democrats have done much better at the recent election than they did last fall.—[Whitcomb Democrat.]

The State election in Pennsylvania, which is looked to with interest by political men all over the country, will take place on the 7th of October. The Whigs take Free Soil ground and the Democrats the Union platform.

The whigs are all greatly opposed to the nomination of Gen. Houston. They are afraid he will not run well! They are decidedly of the opinion that the democracy had better nominate almost any other man. Disinterested souls! Their advice is as natural as it is gratuitous! We don't blame them for not waiting to enter the Presidential course with "Old Sam" for a competitor.

NEW YORK STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The democracy of New York held their State Convention at Syracuse on the 10th 11th and 12th inst. The moderates, or those democrats who are in favor of a permanent reunion of the party, had control of the convention throughout, organizing the body, and giving cast to the resolutions.

Hon. Jefferson Davis of the U. S. Senate, has consented to run as the secession candidate for governor of Mississippi, in place of Gen. Quitman, declined.

Ventilating boots and shoes, have been patented in England. This must be a bad patent—for half the boots and shoes in this country, are now going on the ventilating principle. [Daily Vox.]

KOSUTH.—The release of this noble patriot is no longer a matter of doubt. Advice from Constantinople, received by the last foreign

