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"UNCLE FRANK'S HOUSEHOLD, OR SCENES IN THE OLD DOMINION."

Is a new publication. We have not read it. Proudly has it for sale. We give our readers a touching extract. In a passage from Letter No. 7, several of the surplus slaves of the plantation had just been sold by Mistress Regina to a Texas speculator—among them the coachman Rafe, at whose cabin the prayer-meeting was held:

"OLD JOSEPH."

It was the evening of the 24th—Christmas Eve—and all the week we had been decorating the church for the coming festival. Rosalie, Ruth, several other young ladies, and myself, had made festoons of leaves to our hearts content; and a variety of evergreens, tastefully arranged, made the beautiful little chapel look charmingly. The exercises did not commence till seven o'clock, and meanwhile I had time to run into a slave prayer-meeting, inco, of course, disguised in a black hood and an old cloak.

Twilight was deepening with shadows as I seated myself in a dark corner of Rafe's cabin. The coachman sat on a log that projected from the fireplace, his face buried in his hands, and now and then groaning as if possessed by some mortal agony. His wife, Martha, a spruce, lively little woman, sat near him in a low chair, holding her beautiful baby, looking at her stricken husband, and wiping the tears from her bright, beautiful eyes. Only three or four had as yet assembled; there was scarcely a whisper to be heard among the little group; all seemed subdued to silence by a sense of the great sorrow of poor Rafe.

An old man now came in, "leaning on the top of his staff," the very beau ideal of a patriarch, at once humble, dignified and venerable. Martha led him to the best seat the cabin afforded, her home-made rocking chair, saying—

"Sit here, father, by de fire."

I perceived that he was blind, and knew at once that it was Old Joseph, whose praise was in everybody's mouth. He belonged to one of our neighbors, a very kind and humane man, who, now that Joseph had become old, blind, and worn-out in his service, did not leave him to die uncaared for, but comfortably fed and clothed him, without the least expectation of reward. Indeed, a favorite old race-horse could not have been more set by in his master's household than was Old Joseph. In the village he was known as the old patriarch.

After the blind man had groped his way in, the cabin was soon filled. He seemed to know that Rafe was sobbing, and moved his chair beside him, and, putting his hand on his head, said—

"My boy, don't now, don't take on so. 'Member dere is no trouble dat de Fader can't cure. If we has nothing but trouble, de Fader will cure us. We lay up treasure in heaven."

"Dat I will!" sobbed the broken-hearted coachman; "but how ken I go away and nebessess Martha an' little Charley?"

There was scarcely a dry eye in the room; grief gushed spontaneously from every heart. My own heart ached to bursting, as if the wrongs of a race were crushing it. There was an interval of weeping, and at length Old Joseph, summoning his remaining strength, slowly arose and said—

"Children, de 'house of my pilgrimage' is de house of bondage, yet I do praise de Lord. De Fader doeth all things well; he oberrules all things for de best. 'Tears like only a few years full o' trouble since I was a little child, in my country, playin' under de palms. One day, very sudden, de stranger come and steal great comp'ny of my people. Dey tore me from my old fader and moder; I neber see dem more. Dat was my first grief; since den, my life dose has been full of grief, an' full of misery. De trader did not mean it for good; no more did de bredren of Joseph, dey reads of it in de good book; dey did at mean it, but God done oberrule it for good. Children, I done hear of de wotl' 'beyond' de grave; I done hear of de blessed Jesus. No de house, no land; I sebery poor; 'sa Jesus berry rich.' He own 'Everlasting' an' he done promise all His people shall live wid Him in de heavenly mansions. In a little while I shall go and dwell wid Him. Den my joy'll be like de river; I'll share de riches of heaven, if de Lord be my portion at de end of my journey."

"Dere is some on you here like me onet, when I was grieving for dat I could not help. I mourns wid you; your grief is my grief; but while I mourn I cry to de Fader, oberrule, oberrule for good! Eberything look berry dark in dish world, but it'll be berry bright at de judgment of de great day. Dere all will be made plain; de crooked will be made straight; ebery dark thing will be made light; dere we will know why we have so many troubles here."

"Children, I can't comfort yo no way of I don't lead ye to de Man of sorrows, dat was 'quainted wid grief. His heart beat for his sufferin' little ones, an' we can go to Him like de little child, an' tell him all our sorrows. Ef we done have no kind Saviour to go to, den indeed wid sorrow would be like our sorrow! But He stands wid outstretched arms, sayin', 'Poor slave come to me! Come to me, poor slave! I did for poor sinners like you! Come to me, wexy and heebey land, take my yoke and learn of me, an' yo shall find rest to your souls.'"

And the blind old man sank on his knees and poured out his soul of burdened thoughts into the listening ear of the compassionate Saviour. He seemed to approach very near Him; it was as if he had Mary's place at his feet; as if, in earnest pleading, he had caught hold of his robe in passing, and detained him; and His glorious presence, so near to the humble, contrite, fervent petitioner, made the place of prayer a hallowed sanctuary. It was good to be there—I almost felt as if I had never heard prayer before, as the childlike, trustful words of love, adoration, and entreaty, overflowing from the heart, burst from the old man's lips. He was evidently no ordinary child of God; he was endeared to his Saviour by his patient following in his steps, by his meek endurance of his baptism of suffering. He was evidently one of the innumerable multitude coming up out of great tribulation, who at last triumph so gloriously. And he a slave! A member of the body of Christ exclaimed! by those, too, professing His name!

Old Joseph ceased, and one and another continued to commune with Him who "is no respecter of persons." I said to myself, "Happy people! happy in your nearness to the high and lofty One, who dwelleth with the contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." The hour had sped like a moment, and

as I hastened back to the house it was with the prayer that I might never be guilty of my brother's blood—might never be left to enslave my Saviour in the person of "one of the least of his brethren."

I was just in time, and hastily laying aside my disguise, proceeded with Cousin Frank's family to the church, which was already brilliantly illuminated for the celebration of Christmas Eve.

Groups of well-dressed people were on their way to church—well-dressed, not gaily; Virginians think it wrong to appear in the house of God in the costly and attractive attire suited to a source or a place of public amusement.

The consecrated house was like a vast arbor. Innumerable wax candles lit up the fairy paradise with their silvery sheen. Waves of jubilant music rolled and surged amidst the branches of evergreens and pines, that, with their thousand needle fingers, had long swept so plaintively their harps of air.

But all this Christmas paraphernalia started me with its contrast to the dimly-lighted, meagre hut I had just left. And as the exercises for the evening, as detailed in the prayer-book, were performed, excellent and beautiful as those incomparable forms are, there was an irrepressible out-going of my heart for the petitions in that soul-moving slave prayer-meeting. And as all the congregation reverently responded, "with one voice," like God's people beyond the hoary ages, before the Holy Mount, saying, "All that the Lord hath said will we do, and be obedient," I heard as if I heard not. Another voice was sounding in my ears, like the pleading of souls under the altar, "How long, O Lord, how long!" It was the prayer of the crushed slaves; and it seemed to me to outstrip the stereotyped formalities of the proud worshippers, and to enter the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

From the Olive Branch.

Men's Rights! Women's Rights! I throw down the gauntlet for Children's Rights. Yes, little girls, *Every Female should attend school, and should learn to read, to write, to sew, to cook, and to sing.* 'em, too, if you don't get your dues. She has seen you seated by a pleasant window, in a railroad car, with your bright eyes dancing with delight, at the prospect of all the pretty things you were going to see, forcibly ejected by some overgrown Napoleon who fancied your places, and thought in his wisdom, that children had no taste for anything but sugar candy. Fanny Fern knew better. She knew that the pretty trees and bowers and bright blue sky gave your little soul a thrill of delight, though you could not tell why; and she knew that great big man's soul was a great deal smaller than yours, to sit there and read a stupid political paper, when such a glowing landscape was before him that he might have feasted his eyes upon.

And she longed to wipe away the tear that you dare not let fall; and she understood how a little boy or girl that didn't get a ride every day in the year should not be quite able to swallow that great big lump in the throat as he or she sat jammed in a dark crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window.

Yes, and Fanny has seen you sometimes, when you've been snuffed up to the tip of your little noses in wollen wrappers, in a close crowded church, nodding your little drowsy heads, and keeping time to the sixth- and seventh-*he* of some pompous theologian, whose preaching would have been high Dutch to you, had you been awake.

And she has seen you sitting like little automata in a many a *model school room*, with little automata little toes at just such an angle, for hours; under the tuition of a Miss Nancy Nipper, who didn't care a rush-*it* whether your spine was as crooked as the letter S or not, if the *Great Mogul Committee*, who marched in once a month to make the "grand tour," void her "model school room."

Yes, and that *and* all. She has seen you sent off to bed just at the witching hour of candle-light, when some entrancing guest was in the middle of a delightful story, that you, poor miserable "little pitcher," was doomed never to hear the end of it. Yes, and she has seen the "line and plummet" laid to you so rigidly, that you were driven to deceit and evasion; and then seen you punished for the very sin your tormentors bled you to commit. And she has seen your ears boxed just as hard for tearing a hole in your best pinafore, or breaking a china cup, as for telling as big a lie as Annanias and Sapphira did.

And when by patient labor, you had reared an edifice of tiny blocks (fairer in its architectural proportions to your infantile eye than any palace in ancient Rome,) she has seen it ruthlessly kicked into a shattering ruin by somebody in the house whose dinner hadn't digested!

Never mind. *I wish I was mother to the whole of you!* Such glorious times as we'd have! Reading pretty books that had no hard words in 'em; going to school where you could sneeze without getting a rap on the head for not *asking leave first*; and going to church on the quiet, blessed Sabbath, where the minister, like the dear Saviour, sometimes remembered to "take little children in his arms, and bless them."

Then if you asked me a question, I wouldn't pretend not to hear; or lazily tell you I didn't know; or turn you off with some fabulous evasion, for your memory to chew for a cud till you'd be old enough to see how you had been fooled. And I'd never wear such a fashionable gown that you couldn't climb on my lap whenever the fit took you; or refuse to kiss you for fear you'd ruffle my curls, or collar, or my temper—not a bit of it! and then you should pay me with your merry laugh, & your little confiding hands laid ever trustingly in mine.

Oh! I tell you, my little pets, Fanny is sick of id and strife, and envy, and uncharitableness; and I'd rather, by ten thousand, live in a world full of fresh guileless, loving little children, than in this great museum full of such *dry, dusty, withered hearts*.

FANNY FERN.

A PATRIOT'S DEATH.—The records of ancient Greece and Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotism than is contained in the following inscription found upon a gravestone in New London, Connecticut. While they were actuated by such motives as are here recorded—

"On the 30th of October, 1782, 4,000 British fell upon the town by fire and sword, 7,000 Americans defended the fort for a whole day, but in the evening about four o'clock, the commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman who immediately stabbed him. All his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine to the sea, there to be lighted, and blow the fortress into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, with three strokes of the bayonet in his body, said to his wounded friends who were still alive, 'we will try to get to this line, and thus we will completely wet the powder with blood, and with the life that still remains in us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are onely wounded!' He alone had strength enough to accomplish this noble design. In his 30th year he died on the powder which he overflowed with his own blood. His friend and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved."

After this narrative are the following words in "regie capitals": "Here rests William Hotman."

The following article is from the National Era, and was written by Dr. Elder. It is well timed and well uttered, and deserves a careful perusal.

ECCLISIASTES.

The freedom of the tongue and the liberty of the press are getting a demonstration just now, in the matter of popular lectures and their newspaper reports to such an extent that it must have decided consequences some day soon. I think it concerns the pulpit but a little. Not long since, the clergy held the office of oral instructors of the people almost exclusively. They limit their prelections to religious doctrines and worship, which the volunteer corps of lay teachers usually avoid, but both parties meet congregations consisting of nearly the same individuals, and the points of correspondence are numerous enough to induce comparison and criticism, notwithstanding the preserved differences of topics and treatment. This is the case with Protestant preaching especially. As our religious exercises are usually conducted, there is very little of worship proper in them. The prayer is by the clergyman, the music chiefly by a choir, the discourse occupying two-thirds of the time, and the people are in effect the audience, almost as much as at a scientific or literary lecture. They go to hear, and the duty of the place is pretty well performed if they listen decorously to the sermon. Now, whatever else there might be, or ought to be, in what we term divine service, it results in a pretty close resemblance to the better style of those popular meetings for merely intellectual entertainment, which are coming into vogue so extensively. The professional clergy and church-going must be affected by it.

The practice of public teaching, with public worship, may have authority in its use and propriety, but I believe it has no example in the practice of Christ and his immediate apostles and evangelists. There is no instance, and there is no notice, in the New Testament; if a religious service or exercise in which worship and text-teaching, or any other form of didactic discourse, were combined. This is worthy of notice. The Catholic and English Episcopal churches seem to have recognized the difference, and provided for their severance; both of them make a large part of the sanctuary service consist of prayer, penitence and adoration, and both are able by their forms to dispense with pulpit discourses in their principal solemnities. But the dissenting churches have a very different drift and policy, and the older establishments usually conform to the later fashion, perhaps from a necessity which arises out of the great controversy which has brought their respective creeds into debate.

From one cause or another, the pulpit has become among us a sort of popular forum, enough like that of ancient Rome to bring it within the jurisdiction of public opinion, and subject it to comparison and criticism in common with the ordinary forms of lay teaching.

Am I right in the belief that we remember less of the thousand sermons which we hear, than of anything else to which we give our attention in a similar way? Am I right in the opinion that preaching is regarded with less earnestness and interest than any other kind of public discourse? What did Dr. Boecher mean by saying that the Devil appears to hold a mortgage upon the educated mind of the country? The pulpit, I suppose must suffer or improve greatly under the influence of the new method, which is now growing into a system.

It is not necessary to attract the attention of all concerned. The lecturers have advantages of the clergy in this rivalry, which must be looked to. The lecturer has all the leisure of the year for the preparation of half a dozen addresses; he has, besides, the chance and choice of his best points, and may be always strong and fresh. An itinerant minister has these advantages in a good degree, also; but the pastors of all our churches in the thickly settled communities are stationary; and two sermons a week, with a multitude of calls for addresses upon the benevolent, missionary, and literary movements of the times, amount to a heavier draft upon them than they can creditably answer. Devotional feeling and sacred associations afford them some protection; but they will be compared, nevertheless, in pitch, power and interest, with the best of their rivals, wherever the new usage obtains.

They have taught us to look for the matter and manner of eloquent performances. And they must fall under the judgments of the rule.

There is the whole of Sunday, one day of the week, allotted to them, and they must either bring us back to unmixt worship in our churches, in which they have no rivalry of office, or they must fill up the time with such occupation as it may be the fashion to demand, or they must fall behind the requirements of the times. The magnificence of church buildings, the parade of dress, and the relief of idleness, will come in time to contrast badly with pure devotion on the one hand, and elegant literary entertainment on the other. The Catholic Church seems best adjusted to the exigency, and its recent successes are in this matter very instructive. There is nothing in the spirit of the age, nothing in modern institutions, in its favor, but Protestantism is losing its fitness to the progress which it belongs to and depends upon.

The essence of Catholicism is authority; the spirit which it demands is reverence. Protestantism is but another name for liberty; and, by its own terms, it must earn all the respect it gets. There is no divine right in it; it is only a candidate for popular election. It does not rely upon an ancient title, but claims, by improvement, right, and is always arguing its claims—it must therefore argue them well, or lose the verdict. The abuses of Mother Church did not dwell in the insurrectionary stage of reformation; but for the fixed stage of positive organization, it must be adapted. The time has come that established republicanism wants a religion, and that of the age of rebellion will no longer answer the requirement. Let our clergy look at it. Popular revolution now runs back into arbitrary authority with portentous facility.

The separation of Church and State does not work well for Government, where at the same time religion is divorced from politics. In Southern Europe, (below the 50th degree of north latitude,) the mischief has its power in the character of the people, perhaps; but even Anglo-Saxons, on neither side of the Atlantic, will bear a religion which rests upon opinion, and at the same time falls below the advanced ideas of opinion. Our pulpit ought not to stand by quietly, much less consentingly, while the obligations of the "Higher Law" are derided by the men in authority. Their function is reformation, not conservatism; and if they lose their use they must lose their place. The Protestant religion was not made for submission to authorities, but for the ministry of freedom. The Catholic Church may well hold by the old martyrs while she is making new ones; but the priesthood of private judgment and progressive freedom must not resist the very spirit of their calling. The Church of the Crucifixion stands upon its memories; but the Church of the Resurrection must address itself to our hopes, or it has no appropriate function.

Protestantism, from the first, opened its pulpit for the propagation of liberal opinions in government, learning and morals; when it loses this drift, it is beginning to die. When it allows political legislation to decide all questions of social duty, it sinks from a worthy priesthood into a servile police. Aspiration

looks ever upward and forward; and if the Church crouches in the State, the uprising masses must look to the Church, but away from her to God.

I write these words under a painful conviction that we cannot hope for efficient interposition, by the clergy of this country, for the restraint of injustice in our foreign and domestic government, just now becoming more critical than ever before. We could not get any help for such vindication as became us of the laws of nations, when Europe was in her struggle for popular liberty; and we cannot count upon that assistance, when we shall take the attitude of aggressors ourselves. Anglo-Saxons will struggle long and bravely before it will consent to the formal reunion of Church and State; but the Germanic blood is religious as well as metaphysical, and will not consent to banish God entirely out of the civil government. The best of our battles for liberty were fought while religion was part of the civil constitution of England and of these Colonies. It happened just then that the church had the idea of the age, and served it well. Since then we have been killing Indians, extending black slavery, and conquering our neighbor's territory, until it has become our manifest destiny to spread and sweep until we split.

Our clergy must take this matter to heart; they must recollect that they are not the successors of the Apostles, but the ministers of the people; and that when a mere hierarchy is wanted, the old one has the better right, and the better chance too, as all current changes seem to indicate. Preaching against Catholicism will not any longer serve the purpose; they have been losing by that game ever since the controversy between Hughes and Brackenridge. The revival of Romanism began in this country at that time. They must do something which the age requires, in all questions of national and economical conduct; that is, they must answer the uses of the times; they must make us better; they must begin to suffer again.

A Christian ministry without persecution for righteousness' sake, without martyrdom as some forms of absurdity; they must take up their cross, they must oppose the evil in the world, and carry the marks of the cross.

They must not be calling other people infidels, but they must expose themselves to all manner of evil speaking for Christ's sake, or they are none of his, and the Millennium will be long in coming. If the world were converted, and the Millennium had already come, they might be at once popular and worthy; but until then, those that the world loves are its own. This nation is in imminent peril of wars of ambition and oppression, with all their crimes, sufferings, and horrors. The religion of peace and the system of righteousness ought to have something to say to that, or, one way or another, the blood so shed will be required at the hands of those watchmen who give not the alarm.

The uppermost thought in my mind is the present peril and prospective ruin of the church of the country, the church twin-born with civil liberty. I think of it despairingly; would it were otherwise.

PIONEER LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.—Rev. Dr. Winton of Andover, N. H., has just published a History of that town, in which the following picture is given of the manner of life of the early settlers of that town, one hundred years to fifty years ago:

"To many of the inconveniences and comforts of life, the hardy generation then on the stage were strangers. Their dwellings were log houses, without for the roaring fires kept up in the winter in the huge fire-places, fed continually by great logs, which they were glad to be rid of, as the inmates must have suffered. Wood and timber were so abundant that the faster they would consume them the better. Their farming utensils were clumsy; their clothing homely and coarse, but durable; the men wore tow shirts, striped woolen frocks, and leather aprons. The best suit of coarse woolen cloth was reserved for Sabbaths and special occasions, and lasted year after year. In the winter they wore shoes, excluding the snow by a pair of woolen leggings, fastened over the mouth of the shoe by strings. Boots were rare; great coats and surlous rarer still. A pair of boots would last a man many years.

"In summer neither men nor women wore shoes at home; on the Sabbath the women often carried their shoes in their hand to save wear, till they came near the meeting house, when they put them on. They were clad, when engaged in their work, in a short gown and petticoat of some coarse material, with a striped apron, calicoes being thought unfit or dressy attire. The household furniture was rude and coarse; carpets, sofas, pianos were unheard of; instead of them was the spinning wheel both small and great, and the loom—articles if less ornamental, certainly more indispensable. Tea and coffee were almost unknown; broths of various kinds, corn, bean, and barley brood were in constant use. In many families, hasty pudding with milk, if milk could be had, was almost the standing supper. For a lunch in the intermission of public worship on the Sabbath, instances were not wanting of men carrying in their pockets a few cold boiled potatoes, and nothing else.

"Sometimes, in winter, families were conveyed to meeting through deep snow on an ox-led; in summer the man, if he were an owner of a horse, rode to meeting with his wife seated on a pillow behind him, and a child seated on a pillow before him; and sometimes another and smaller child in the mother's lap, encircled by one of her arms. A party of the smart young people once assembled at a neighbor's in early times, for a social interview. The supper, what was it?—Not a modern supper of corned turkey and oysters, but hasty pudding and milk! There being but three spoons, one division of three guests sat down to the table, and another division, and so on till all were served. All went off well, and it was considered a fashionable and well-managed affair.

"That age has well been called 'the age of homspun.' It was an age of hard work, and simple fare, interspersed on the part of the men with trainings, musters, railings, huskings, wrestling matches, chopping wood and piling hay; and if the female world with quiltings, apple-paring and tarting-bread. If the rude dwellings were not often animated with the faces of visitors, they were daily enlivened with the buzzing of wheels and the clatter of looms. If the inmates had fewer means of high-wrought excitement, they were not destitute of the sources of contentment and tranquil enjoyment."

The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, "You can easily get it fixed."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar."

"Well," replied the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor! Here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once!"

When any man speaks ill of us, we are to make use of it as a caution, without troubling ourselves at the calumny. He is a wretched case that values himself upon other people's opinions, and depends upon their judgment for the peace of his life.

The apprehension of evil is in many times worse than the evil itself, and the illa man fears he shall suffer, he suffers in the fear of them.

"Have we a Bourbon among us?"

In Putnam's Monthly for February is an interesting and ingenious article under this title. There have been in the papers from time to time, brief items stating that the Rev. Eleazar Williams, a missionary among the Indians at Green Bay, Wisconsin, was the veritable Dantonette, whose death by scrofula was reported to have taken place in 1793, but concerning whose identity there was some doubt.

The evidence produced in this article, to show that the Rev. Mr. Williams is the son of Louis, is very remarkable. The chief point in it rests upon the assertion of Williams himself, that the Prince de Joinville, when he visited this country had an interview with him and endeavored to obtain from him a resignation of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe. But there is other evidence strongly corroborating this, from other sources. We give the substance of it, as given by the author of the article (Rev. John H. Hanson, an Episcopal clergyman of New York), and shall hereafter quote the account of the alleged interview between the Prince and the clergyman.

1st. That the Prince de Joinville, on his arrival in this country, inquired for Mr. Williams, and sought and obtained an interview with him at Green Bay, in which after demanding a conditional pledge of assent, he required of him a resignation of the crown of France, as its legitimate heir in favor of Louis Philippe, and afterwards corresponded with him thro' the secretaries.

2d. That after his return, Louis Philippe wrote with his own hand to Mr. Williams.

3d. That Belanger, a Frenchman who died at New Orleans, in 1848, confessed when dying that he brought the Dauphin to this country.

4th. That the French ambassador, Genet, in the presence of Dr. Francis and others, acknowledged that in the State of New York, in 1817.

5th. That the Le Ray de Chaumont who, according to the Genet statement was acquainted with the affair, had much dealings with the Indians in the neighborhood where Mr. Williams was brought up, once in conversation with him, made a remote allusion to the Dauphin.

6th. That Col. de Ferrier, one of the body guard of Louis XVI. married, and resided among the Indians, at Onondaga, where a considerable part of Mr. Williams's life was spent, and that he Le Ray believed a member of Louis XVI's family, to be in an indigent condition in America.

7th. That the Abbe de Colonie, resided at Trois Riviere near Caughnawaga, believed the Dauphin to be alive, and in America, and that Bishop Chevreuse did the same.

8th. That efforts were made to induce Mr. Williams to return to the Romish communion, of a nature only explicable on the supposition of his being a more than ordinary person.

9th. That the name of Eleazar Williams is not on the baptismal record at Caughnawaga.

10th. That he has none of the characteristics of an Indian.

11th. That he closely resembles Louis XVI.

12th. That various marks on his body correspond exactly with those known to have been on the body of Louis XVI.

13th. That the Indian woman, his reputed mother, does not acknowledge him to be her child.

14th. That boxes of clothing and medals of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, were left with the child, one of which is still in Mr. Williams's possession.

15th. That an unknown Frenchman came to see Mr. Williams in youth, and wept over him.

16th. That his board and tuition were regularly paid at Dr. Ely's, when it was known that his reputed father had neither means nor inclination to do so.

17th. That Williams remembers a conversation, on the subject of his education, between Thomas Williams and his wife, in which it was stated that means were provided for the purpose, and another between Thomas Williams and Vanderheyden, in which the fact of a French boy being committed to the care of the former in 1793, was mentioned.

18th. That he recognized the portraits of Simon the jailor, and of Madame Elizabeth, when unexpectedly placed before him by Prof. Day.

19th. That Williams was idiotic at the age of 13 or 14.

20th. That the Dauphin, at the age of 10, was reduced to the same condition by ill-treatment.

21st. That since the recovery of his reason, faint dreamy remembrances of the past have returned to the mind of Mr. Williams, corresponding to known scenes in the Dauphin's history.

22d. That the decree, for the banishment of the son of Louis XVI., passed the French Convention in 1794.

23th. That the President and ecclesiastical dignitaries of France have written to Mr. Williams, making enquiries concerning his history.

24th. That there have been various attempts to personate the Dauphin.

25th. That Rochefoucauld Liancourt was at Onondaga, Albany, and Saratoga, in 1795, under circumstances which create suspicion of his having some agency in the transaction, and also in close communication with various persons of the name of Williams, and that shortly after, Louis Philippe and his brothers were among the Indians in Western N. York, and also in New Orleans, in the vicinity of Belanger.

26th. That the Rev. Eleazar Williams has been for 28 years a laborious Missionary in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is at present a clergyman in good standing.

Extract from an article in the Knickerbocker Magazine on Women.

There are those who are of no value in themselves considered, but are used as tools by others. There are the Impulsive who do and say a thousand things without a shadow of a motive. There are the Peppery women who spite life; some who are always writing little billets; some who have a mind of their own, and occasionally one who can tell what she knows; some who overrate their literary abilities, and some who indulge patience until it becomes indolence.

And a soul capable of relying upon itself has nothing to do with the affairs or opinions of others, but calmly, evenly pursues its course. Whether found in the bright circle of social enjoyment, or in the never-ending routine of domestic drudgery, there is that in woman's character which can dignify her position, which can lighten her monotonous labors, as with a smiling and a loving heart, she exalts vocation by fulfilling all its duties in a perfect way.

When it is a woman's duty to smile, her smile is not a mere mask, but a reflection of her inner life, and what wonder is it that women are imperfect creatures? Their sphere is a small one; the greater part of the time and thought of our American women is taken up with domestic duties; in considering and making practical application of the great questions, 'What shall we eat?'—'What shall we drink?'—'What shall we do?'—'What shall we think?'—'What shall we be?'—'What shall we do?'—'What shall we be?'—'What shall we do?'—'What shall we be?'

The popular opinion may be as to the necessity of this state of things, one fact is certain, that no breakfast dinner ever came by nature; and we doubt not, that if the truth were told, the expression of thankfulness for the food now set before us, which we rejoice to say is heard in so many American houses, is often accompanied with the lurking female desire that He who sends food would also send cooks. This employment, with a share of dusting and sweeping and taking care of children, is one of no extravagant realizations of enjoyment, varied as it may be with the returning of buttons to the tight place, and the making shirts to go with the buttons. The tenacity of this life is naturally toward a state of 'masterly inactivity' of the intellect. A bright sunshine wakens thoughts of good *dry'ing days*; a grassy bank is but a good bleaching place; a waving field of grain, with its bowing bearded heads, wakens no thoughts but of bread loaves, and a clear rippling stream suggests no idea save that of pan-fish. Before the 'kitten' was spoiled into the cat, there were more romantic thoughts; but to pursue romance after womanly life has begun, were as vain as the attempts of the late school of poets, who, by their circling whirls after her own terminating epilogue.

To what end is all this? Simply and only to beg that we poor women may be left to pursue our course in peace. We have had a sufficient of advice; we are gorged with excellent suggestions; we cry 'hold! hold!' it is enough! But in vain is our cry; our supplication is but further proof of our need. Then, good sirs, wise gentlemen, bear a little more of our own. Despair Mr. Caudle, the Miss Mrs. Ellis, that traitor to her sex, the 'Looking-glass for Ladies, etc., ed. infinitum, we beg leave to suggest, that though the hearing of the car may be a good thing, the sight of the eye is better, and that man can bring woman to his model of perfection far sooner by the force of example, than by the force of words. A woman's heart and countenance are perfect mirrors. If she sees a cheerful smile, and hears a pleasant word, there comes to her lips the words of hopefulness, pleasure lights her own bright eye, and her trusting heart will rejoice in the present, caring neither for the past or future. If man would have woman a reasonable being, let him treat her reasonably. If he would give her loftier ideas than household drudgery, or have a companion rather than a plaything, let him sit in companionship. If he would see her set high and holy principles, let her first see them acting him, and unconsciously she would grow like him, both from her own approval of *pre-eminence*—and from contact with one who *exceeded* to the strong by the weak, and no woman loves the man she does not respect. Would you have her cheerful and happy in your presence? As well might you expect to see bright-eyed flowers spring from the white snow bank, and rejoice in the cold, cheerless light of a wind cloud, as to look for this with an averted eye and indifferent heart, to be husband, father or brother. Oh! the dreary winter man can (and does) make of woman's life, and that without one word of unkindness, one speech of bitterness!

We maintain that even the faults of women are not reid' right. The seemingly incessant worry of a mother is but the misguided manifestation of deep, devoted love. The forever 'putting to rights,' which makes home a sort of stinging bee hive, is impelled by a desire to make that home more comfortable. In an unwillingness to assume untold responsibility, nothing may appear but the avowed incapacity; but that incapacity is caused by a deep sense of personal obligations and an ardent longing for the perfect fulfillment of duty. The annoying fault-finder is ended with a fastidious, refined taste, and one may read