

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 1, 1843.

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For the Free Press.

Mr. ELLIOT.—I accidentally fell upon the following scrap of poetry, the other day, in an old Albany (N. Y.) paper, printed in the year 1810. Though it was undoubtedly intended for the benefit of the community in which the paper was published, yet, like Boston Almanacs, it will answer just as well for the morbid of New England generally. Indeed I think it has a particular applicability to Burlington. If it had been written expressly for us, I doubt much whether we could have had a "better fit."

Yours,

Burlington, Aug. 1843.

THE PROGRESS OF REPORT.

Report is first a pigmy small,
That shrouds the cautious, darts but crawl;
She whispers this, hints that, looks shy,
Smiles on, and quivers and leans to lie;
Gains as she goes; grows bold and strong;
Nor creeps, though far, a pigmy long.

But soon we see the monster rise,
Stride round, and swell to giant size;
With uplift hand and accent loud,
Fright and amaze the astonished crowd;
Wake all the passions; rouse to strife;
Neighbor with neighbor, man with wife;
Jar and derange the social spheres,
And set whole cities by the ears.

Strange is her form. She runs or flies,
With streaming wings set full of eyes,
Set full of ears, her nostrils wide,
And mouth, and tongue, that talk one dead.

And watches, late and night,
Pleasant nothing less with wrong than right,
Hears, compares, vents her snail's tale,
Harranges, pulls, tugs, similes, riles;
And where permitted most to dwell,
Renders the neighborhood a hell.

THE POOR RELATION.

BY ARBETH LEE.

(Continued.)

The morning which succeeded that on which the Poor Relation had so exposed her vulgar poverty at Swan Vale, found its fair—no—its deep red mistress in a sad state of nervous excitement. She burned with intense and indignant excitement to turn that abominable Miss Malapropos out of her hospitable doors; but then—she had only been better behaved—if she only had been either less blustering or less mischievous—what an acquisition she would have proved, and what a good thing it would have been to have kept her with them!

Every body declared that they never, no never, had spent such a delightful evening in the whole course of their lives. The oldest, who had so much to forget, and the youngest, who had so much to remember, all declared that Mrs. Mackillop's company that night was perfect cream. Never had they been so well amused, never so delightfully entertained, as at dear Mrs. Mackillop's. And then that dear queer piece of drollery, that Poor Relation, she was a treat in herself. It was so judicious of kind Mrs. Mackillop to bring such an original—so amusing—so simple—such a character—amongst them. In fact, it was perfectly true that the Poor Relation had made herself the lion of the party. What for wonder and what for wantonness, she had been the observed of all observers. Her playing was that of a professor—she had guttured German with a Hamburgish, and lisped Italian with a Neapolitan; and sung duets with all the ladies, and danced quadrilles with all the gentlemen; and in short, had fulfilled her promise of helping Mrs. Mackillop to entertain her company both in the letter and the spirit.

What a goddess she would make for the children? exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop; "but then what a nuisance she would be to myself! How splendidly she played, but then how provokingly she talked! German, Italian, and French, she had at her finger-ends—not your tongueless, who could not understand a French—who you must be told that it is French; and German that wants to be labelled; and Italian like English in disguise—but the real genuine language. All the true snarl and flavor, like their own sashes, strong and unmistakable upon them. And then such playing—why they would lure her at the opera! and singing—I have her squalls ringing through my head now! Why, such a proficient in every thing as she is, she might easily have a hundred a year as a governess; and if I could get her for nothing—or for some ten pounds or so—and perhaps her washing—why what a bargain it would be! But then, on the other hand, to be subjected to such a nuisance of a creature! a thing that neither cares nor thinks what she says! a wild, harum-scarum, sort of gonemad person—a crack-brained affair that won't hold her tongue, and won't be silenced, that won't take a wink, or hear an aside, or understand a frown—why who could tolerate such an affronting absurdity? Still, if I could tame her, she would be very useful. If Rachel could play and sing in her style—there are many men, especially idle rich men, who are caught by the ear; well, at any rate, I have got her for a week or two, and I must see if I cannot reduce her to useful order. If I find it impossible, I must of course contrive to affront her, and get rid of her—I should think I could easily do that."

Mrs. Mackillop having thus mentally arranged her line of tactics, proceeded at once to put her plans into execution. A certain innate perception that she was exceedingly likely to be worsted in a personal encounter with the Poor Relation, induced her, like many other cowardly people, to shrink out of first-hand conflict with her, and consequently, instead of speaking plainly, she commenced a system of manoeuvring.

Her first step was to order her own breakfast in her dressing-room, on a plea of indisposition, and the children's in the school-room, so that the Poor Relation might be drilled into knowing that Abernethy's chairs, wares, tea, and the nursery, were to fall to her share;—her second was to instruct her boys to ask for German lessons, merely by way of occupation, and the girls to request that she would just be so good as to help them in the pronunciation of a few French words, or assist them in translating a page or two of Italian; then one was to ask her to develop a few new stitches of embroidery, and another to request a lesson in her pretty little Italian hand; but above all, each of the girls was to extract a singing lesson and a music lesson, to be as long as possible, and this without any fail, since it was most of all matter of im-

portance; and when these few, and a dozen or two of other trifling parts of the educational process had been gone through, and the children's nursery dinner had been served, at which she was to be kindly made to preside, why then Rachel was to ask her to accompany them in their usual ramble, during which time Mrs. Mackillop would take her own meal in the dining-room; and so, by dint of a little of that admirable management on which the lady piqued herself, the Poor Relation might be safely got through her first day's drilling as honorary governess, and by persevering in this line of discipline, she would afterwards know her own place. As for the evenings, Mrs. Mackillop thought it would be kind and liberal to allow her to come into the drawing-room, of course only if she could be taught to conduct herself properly, and of course to act as family working musician. Now these laboring-players are very useful articles of modern furniture. It is true, that though very few people really are fond of music, everybody thinks it incumbent on them to pretend to be so, and whenever people are stupid in society, and, nevertheless, not intellectually nor conversationally inclined, and the talking is more by full stops than exclamations and interrogations, why then it is a capital thing to have a hard-working person to sit down to an instrument with never-tiring Indian-rubber fingers, and nerves made on the same principle of manufacture. A company can, in such a case, be as stupid as may be agreeable—or disagreeable—to themselves.

Well, things went on delightfully. The Poor Relation did take her breakfast in the school-room with the boys, did squall Italian with the girls, did declaim French with a fine nasal twang, did make the poor piano rumble out such sounds as it never rumbled out before, did walk out with the children; and, in fact, really performed all the hard work which Mrs. Mackillop had laid out for her, even to that lady's own unconscionable satisfaction. Every thing went on well. The system worked delightfully. The children had been in extraordinary good humor for the Poor Relation had been in such wonderful high spirits, had been so witty and epigrammatic, and withal had seemed so mightily amused the whole day, laughing very merrily at every fresh requisition of her talents, yet complying so good-humoredly, that when evening came, the children seemed to think they had enjoyed quite a jubilee, and Mrs. Mackillop was more than ever encouraged to admit her into the drawing-room, seeing that she had behaved so very respectably, and deserved some encouragement. It happened, too, that Mrs. Mackillop herself was in very holiday humor, for Squire Harrowby had dropped in some ceremony, apologizing for paying an evening visit instead of a morning one; and, in the elevation of her satisfaction, the lady of Swan Vale had given him a *carte blanche* to come whenever he pleased, secretly opining that he came for something and not for nothing, and that that something was her own daughter, pretty Rachel Mackillop.

So the lady was all smiles, like the sun, and the gentleman all shone upon; and she was the hand and he was the glove, and the glove fitted so amazingly well, the lady talking and the gentleman listening, that presently she degenerated to require his sympathy, and call upon him for condolences in the case of her sufferings of the day before, a case which her own extraordinary kindness, and benevolence, and philanthropy, and tenderness, and compassion, and generosity, had so entirely brought upon herself, inducing her to notice a sort of person so altogether—oh—ah—um. Whereupon Squire Harrowby echoed back very sympathetically indeed her own softly-modulated monosyllables—oh—ah—um—being of course responsive feelings as well as responsive sounds.

But in the midst of this colloquy, the subject which had given rise to it walked in with pretty Rachel Mackillop.

"Oh, Miss Granger, you are the very person! have the goodness to sit down to the instrument; Mr. Harrowby wishes to hear you again."

The Poor Relation unlinked her arm from that of Rachel, and gently dropping her companionship, seemed to desire to stand alone and independent.

"For Mr. Harrowby's pleasure or for yours, ma'am?"

Mrs. Mackillop felt a little nervous—"Both," she rather hesitatingly answered.

The Poor Relation walked straight to the instrument, sat deliberately down, ran her fingers over the keys with more masterly execution than ever, and then flew off-speed into one of the most brilliant and effective of Rossini's elaborate works, embellishing as she went with a never-ceasing multitude of airy and graceful ornaments, in wild and endless variety, until suddenly, in the very middle of a bar, she started from the music stool and returned to Mrs. Mackillop.

"How? Why? What?" said Mrs. Mackillop. "Why have you broken off? Why don't you finish?"

"It is not in our bond—our bargain," said the Poor Relation. "Mr. Harrowby and myself have not chattered and haggled over much for so much. You told me to play for both—your half of my performance. I have done to the letter—it is my duty to pay my debts—Mr. Harrowby had no claim upon me. *Rica pour rien.*"

Mr. Harrowby looked for the moment perfectly confounded.

"Perhaps, sir," said the Poor Relation, turning her really fine eyes full upon him, "perhaps, sir, you may have lived your many years in the world without having found out the axle on which the great wheel turns. The world, sir, has a school of its own—Education for the Poor. I have been brought up in that school—you have not; and in it they teach a lesson you have never been called upon to learn. It is the doctrine of compensation—something for something—nothing for nothing. In social life, the duty of the child for the protection of the parent—in commerce, money for goods—in society, courtesy for courtesy—'with pleasure,' for 'if you please.' Had you stretched your politeness so far as to say to me, 'play if you please,' I would have done it by

the hour, and thought you had tendered me fair payment; but since you offer me not the coin of courtesy, we have no account between us, and I will not labor for nothing."

"Then you give no credit?" said Mr. Harrowby.

"Ready money only," replied the Poor Relation.

"Will you not open an account with me on the promise of being paid with interest—perhaps a hundred per cent?"

"You—you—you—what do you mean by insulting Mr. Harrowby?" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in great and generous indignation. "Do you think I will allow it—witness it?"

"My dear madam," said Mr. Harrowby, "I deserve Miss Granger's reproach. Suffer me to bear patiently what I have unquestionably provoked."

"Patience!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Mackillop—"patience! I have no patience! It would be ridiculous and mean to have patience with such a—"

"And now, madam," said the Poor Relation, turning her provoking eyes on Mrs. Mackillop, "since there is an old adage which recommends short reckonings for the preservation of long friendships, perhaps it would be advisable for us to balance our accounts—and Mr. Harrowby may audit them."

"Accounts! Do you mean to say that I owe you anything?"

"Courtesy for courtesy—kindness for kindness—love for love. Let me see, how do we stand? Pretty evenly balanced are the items, I do believe. Mrs. Mackillop, through a life of toil and poverty I have borne to oblige myself upon my rich relatives, and when your note was put in my hands, in my two pair back room lodging in Soho, it was as unexpected as it was unsolicited. Nevertheless, fancying that it had sprung from some impulse of latent kindness, I determined upon accepting it. It was not my necessities which made me do so—I confess it—it was the craving of my heart after something to love—and I fancied that the ties of relationship were not merely nominal. In my convent abroad I was taught accomplishments and industry and these unitedly gave me pleasure and my daily bread. Still, our hearts are not to be so easily satisfied; mine craved for something more—I had a very hunger and thirst upon me for society and affection and when your note arrived, I determined to see whether or not it would verify my desires. Mr. Harrowby was witness of my reception—a reception that proved at once that some other incentive than kindness was to be looked for as the motive for my invitation. Truth, however, is a sun that shines through all the murky clouds of hypocrisy, and by the time that that splendid gentleman had reached his meridian to-day, I discovered the fact through all its films. You wish to put upon me the honor of governorship to your children."

Poor Mrs. Mackillop would have been utterly benumbed with confusion if she had not been kept vitalized by rage.

"Well, ma'am, so much for the opening of our accounts; now for the details. Hester Granger debtor to Mrs. Mackillop."

and the Poor Relation counted the fingers of her right hand with her left as she reckoned up the items. "A so reception—so much; returned on hand—nothing. Item, a dinner of odds and ends—so much. Item, no wine—nothing. Item, no obliging gentleman—nothing. Item, a cup of coffee from the bottom of the pot—so much. Item, a fragment of broken biscuit—so much. Item, a garret bedchamber—so much. Item, breakfast in the morning, sloppy tea, and bread and butter—so much. Item, dinner with the children, nutmeg and butter pudding. All perfectly correct, ma'am, is it not?"

But Mrs. Mackillop had lost the power of utterance.

"Now on the other side"—and the Poor Relation reversed her reckoning, counting the fingers of her left hand with her right—"Mrs. Mackillop debtor to Hester Granger."

Item, amusing her company like a professional—so much. This morning, seven lessons in German—so much. Item, three in Italian—so much. Item, five in French translation—so much. Item, two in embroidery—so much. Item, three hours' music—so much. Item, an hour and forty minutes singing—so much. With various other sundries. Now, Mrs. Mackillop, I beg to know whether you have anything to object to my statement?"

"I was never so treated!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in an ecstasy of rage and fear, her heart, and of fire and water in her eyes—"and that, too, when I was endeavoring to be so disinterestedly kind! But it is an ungrateful world!—an ungrateful world!"

"Not so ungrateful as those people like to believe, ma'am, who over-estimate their own good actions, and, consequently, over-estimate their return. And as to your *disinterestedness* to yourself, ma'am, it is because I have preserved my independence to the fullest extent throughout a life of privation, and that I will not here be looked upon as a poor dependent, tolerated out of charity that I thus lay our mutual accounts before you, with this gentleman, your friend, as an auditor. Are we balanced, madam? Have my services paid for the bread which I have eaten at your table? Have I earned the food which I have partaken? Are we quit, and am I clear from any debt—even that of gratitude?"

Mrs. Mackillop was troubled with a few hysterical gurgles in the throat, but there not being any medical gentleman present, nobody knows where the matter would have stopped had not Mr. Harrowby interfered.

"To begin with myself," said Mr. Harrowby, speaking in a soft voice, and trying the efficacy of a smile, "I confess myself a culprit. In the first instance it arose out of misconception, and if I forgot the duties of a gentleman—"

"It was because you thought you were not treating with a lady."

"If our account-sheet were balanced before, you are now in my debt, on the score of that needless piece of severity, the more unexcusable because I was in an act of submission."

"True," said the Poor Relation, "I admit it. I shall now, in my turn have to submit

to some small-sized piece of insult or injury."

"In my debt still deeper, for supposing that I could begin my repentance by sinning again. But now, do you know, that I think you have overlooked a great—the greatest—heart-pleasure and benefit that both myself and Mrs. Mackillop offered to your acceptance."

"I confess myself puzzled to find it out," said the Poor Relation.

"The exercise of your own generosity," said Mr. Harrowby. "The commercial spirit in which you have opened your accounts has certainly precluded that all giving and all forgiving liberality which we offered you the opportunity of displaying."

"The Poor Relation lived up her rich large eyes to Mr. Harrowby's face, and said, 'You may have been just—ought you not to have been generous?' said Mr. Harrowby glancing at Mrs. Mackillop.

"O, mamma," said Rachel, "we have been so happy all the day, and cousin Hester has been so kind; and here I have brought you a petition, signed by every one of us, little Wilford's cross at the bottom of all, to be allowed to spend the evening with you and cousin Hester in the drawing-room, and they are all waiting at the door for your answer—O, mamma—O, cousin Hester, that this should happen!"

"Dear girl," said the Poor Relation, a rush of feeling in her face: "dear girl, that one connecting word cousin seems to bind me to you with links that I could not break if I would. Mrs. Mackillop, I will try to act a generous part. I had intended this evening visit to be my farewell one, but at this moment I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude that I do not desire to cancel. You have called me into the midst of my relations; I needed something to love, and this day's unrestricted intercourse with your children has made me love them, and they love me. Mrs. Mackillop, I not only offer my hand, but I am willing to remain here for some short time, even on your own terms. I will instruct your children in whatever accomplishments I may possess, but I will have neither stipend nor the name of a stipendiary, and I will not be treated as a paid teacher."

"I know not whether it be generous or ungenerous in you thus to try me. Will you not think more highly of my preference for yourself when I own that I have no preference for the position in which you are placed. It is not that I overlook disadvantages, but they are overborne by a stronger feeling."

"Well," said the Poor Relation, "I honor your candor, and, in truth, had you said otherwise I could hardly have had the same trust in your sincerity. If I strike you hard with the rod of my governorship, it is because I would not have you walk in your sleep, and awaken yourself by a fall."

"My affection for you is an engrossing and an exclusive feeling."

"Well, I am to be governor still; so stand before me proud Mr. Harrowby, and answer me a few questions out of the catechism of Useful Knowledge."

"Do forget this governorship, and question me as you please!"

"I will neither forget it myself, nor suffer you to do so. Could you bear to have it said that you, with your William the Conqueror pedigree, and your estates—your Squire Harrowby of Harrowby Hall, of the village of Harrowby, settled there from your helmeted ancestors lying with couchant lions for their foot cushions, and your mighty emblazonry of heraldic honours encrusted over your very church porch, to say nothing of crests being dotted over any thing that you touch and your servants speckled over with crested buttons like a daisy mead—could you bear to hear it said that you had married a Poor Relation of dear, delightful Mrs. Mackillop?"

"I could bear it."

"Could you bear to hear the gossips of the neighbourhood tell how that once upon a time the lady of Harrowby came down from her dismal lodging in a back two pair of Soho, all bedusted and ignoble, on the outside of a stage-coach, on a visit of suzerainty to her great relation Mrs. Mackillop, and how she alighted from her lofty position with all her boots and bags and baggage and how Squire Harrowby coming up at the same moment, very nearly ran over her and how nobody thought anything of her, and most wonderful! how out of all this dust and downiness and degradation, Squire Harrowby came to make her the lady of Harrowby Hall. Would you bear this? An-

abominably outraged, insulted and trampled upon. Never was the unsuspecting confidence of her own generous and guileless heart so wantonly so wickedly, so treacherously violated. That Poor Relation! that creature! that worthless, poor, penniless pauper! that ungrateful, plotting, caballing, insinuating, treacherous, vile, worthless thing! And then her injured Rachel! How could her maternal bosom endure the anguish of beholding her blighted feelings, her wounded heart! And that idiot Mr. Harrowby! that

but she would turn the vile creature out of her house at once! that she would!

But the vile creature was already gone. Never was there such a chorus of crying as in the school-room of Swan Vale, never such a long succession of violent hysterics in the drawing room. The place was a perfect Bedlam.

Dear reader, there standeth a dark, gloomy-looking house in Soho, on which the sun now and then sheds a sickly smile; but seldom as these smiles lighten without, smiles are still rarer within. Many a window has been blocked up to escape the duty on light and consequently the article is almost contraband in the interior. It was on an autumn evening, and there was something sorrowful in the sighings and moanings of the wind as it breathed thro' the spacious chimney. The dumb, too, was that identical two-pair-of-stairs back room which the Poor Relation had so often spoken of as her home, and the fading light that faintly glimmered over the casement showed a perfect forest of chimney-tops beyond, rising in successive Alps around. It all was comfortless without, so too was all joyless within. The furniture of that narrow chamber boasted not a single article of luxury. By the casement stood the embroidery frame; but neither fairy fingers nor fingers made of the common materials were webbing and weaving tangled rainbows through the fabric. And yet the Poor Relation was there, sitting with her face buried in her clasped hands, the large and bitter tears trickling through her fingers, and sobs of condensed bitterness breaking through her closed lips.

Well, we suppose that sorrow must have safety valves of some sort or another, or else hearts made of such frail materials as ours would certainly break. If we have no hole, else to sympathize with us, why we must sympathize with ourselves: so on this principle the Poor Relation began to make herself her own confidant.

"So ends this dream," said the Poor Relation herself, "this delusion, this infatuation! And how could I expect it to be otherwise? Harrowby! not been nurtured in poverty, and is not poverty a leprosy which all men shun? Why did I make this experiment? I was happier before I dared to hope that I might be loved for my own sake. Then to acquire some accomplishment was a relaxation from toil: then a book was my friend, music my comfort, and with these to fly to, I cared little for eating the bread of daily toil. But I wanted something to love—I had I possessed a parent, a brother, a sister—oh, what happiness! how I should have doted! But no! when had I ever any thing to love? How often have I said 'riches would buy me many friends,' but could I ever, ever know that I was loved for my own sake? And then when I snatched at that introduction into the circle of my own relations, hoping to find some one among them who could overlook my poverty, and love me for my own sake through all its humiliations, and I presented myself—the very being I would have chosen from the world—surely the joy intoxicated my very spirit. But he comes! Ah, hope deferred doth indeed sicken the soul! He repeats his preference, sees my position in its just light! He shrinks from associating himself with my degradation! He recovers his senses, but I—I shall lose mine!"

Just as the Poor Relation had arrived at this most sage conclusion, she heard a tap at the door, and not being either in voice or inclination to cry "Come in," trusted that the intruder would depart, instead of which the door was gently opened, and Mr. Harrowby himself entered.

It is really wonderful how much hypocrisy the most moral of the sex can put into instant requisition. It took not a moment to dash away the tear, to gulp down the sob, and then the Poor Relation broke out in a voice of light hilarity, as though she and Care were utter strangers.

"Well, really I have been amusing myself with thinking of you. Let me welcome you to my princely chamber. Look around you, Squire Harrowby, and tell me if you have a closet in Harrowby Hall that can vie with my costly bower. Look around, and see if my magnificent adornments do not mock your homeliness."

"You mock me, Hester," said Mr. Harrowby. "At this moment can you suppose that I see anything but yourself?"

"Look on me then," said the Poor Relation, "look on me! See me as I am!—Tear from your eyes the mists of blinding preference. Look at me, a poor isolated woman. See! I have no beauty to charm your eye, I have no connexions to do you honor—these hands have hitherto earned their daily bread: the world may say that you have degraded yourself. You hear that I am abrupt of speech, uncompromising, as you yourself told me, ungenerous! Are you not on the brink of a precipice! Stand back! stand back!"

"Compose yourself, dear girl, be calm."

"And you retain your intentions?"

"Most faithfully. Most firmly."

"For your honor's sake?"

"And under all the host of disadvantages which surround me, think! think ere it be too late, you still, you still—"

"Desire nothing in this world so much as this," said Mr. Harrowby took her hand: "Is it not mine?"

"And then—and so—and so—and then—and so forth."

We dare say our readers thought that they knew long enough ago how it would all end. If there had been a secret, however, we could have kept it.

THE FEDERALISM OF JOHN MATTOCKS.

Since some of the Locofoco newspapers still raise the mad-dog cry of "federalism" against Gen. Mattocks, we commend to their special examination the annexed extracts from the North Star, which speak for themselves, and in a pretty loud tone, too. And now, Messrs editors of the Locofoco newspapers, we challenge you to sustain your candidate by equally good proof. Fetch on your documents.

From the North Star, Dec. 27, 1841.

DANVILLE, Friday, Dec. 27, 1841.

The unanimity and energy of Congress in discussion of the great and important question committed to them, is a source of unfeigned consolation. So far as we have obtained a knowledge of their proceedings, they have acted in concert with the feelings of their constituents, at least republican portion of them, of which the following communication is an evidence.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of Republican citizens of the North Eastern District of the State of Vermont, convened at Guildford, in the county of Essex, on the 20th day of December, 1841, for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of our foreign affairs.

Hon. Azarias Williams, in the Chair. Gen. JOHN MATTOCKS, Secretary.

Resolved unanimously, That while we feel a just resentment against the commercial resolutions of France, we have beheld with the deepest indignation the determined continuance and rigid execution of the British orders in Council, unparalleled in their hostility and subversive of the first principles of our independence.

Resolved, That while we view with doubtful apprehension the views of the British Cabinet in the late adjustment of the indignity offered to our Government, in the atrocious attack on the Chesapeake, we approve of the prompt acceptance of the proposal of the British minister; proposals which emanated from a conviction, as we believe, that the late decisive policy of our administration and the tone of public sentiment, imperiously demanded some atonement at the shrine of Justice.

Resolved, That nothing short of immediate satisfaction for injuries received, or active preparation for war or declaration of war, will satisfy the reasonable demands of our injured, insulted, and at length enraged people, jealous of their rights, tenacious of their Liberty and immovably determined to submit no longer to Diplomatic Chicanery, Insult and Injury.

Resolved, That the Chairman of the meeting forward a copy of these resolutions to the Hon. James Fisk, Esq. our representative in Congress, and transmit a copy of the same to the Editor of the North Star and Vermont Republican for publication.

From the North Star, Jan. 17, 1842.

"SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

At a meeting of a large number of respectable citizens from the different towns in Caledonia County, State of Vermont, holden at Danville, during the sitting of the County Court, on the 14th instant, the following resolutions were adopted by the appointment of the Hon. Isaiah Fisk, Chairman, and Maj. Wm. A. Griswold, Secretary.

The business of the meeting being explained by a few appropriate remarks, the reading of the Declaration of War, will satisfy the reasonable demands of our injured, insulted, and at length enraged people, jealous of their rights, tenacious of their Liberty and immovably determined to submit no longer to Diplomatic Chicanery, Insult and Injury.

Resolved, That the Chairman of the meeting forward a copy of these resolutions to the Hon. James Fisk, Esq. our representative in Congress, and transmit a copy of the same to the Editor of the North Star and Vermont Republican for publication.

Patriotism is hereditary to the offspring of the heroes of '76, who, daring to be free, emancipated the continent from the yoke of British slavery; the public pulse beats in unison with our country's call. Republican harmony is the foundation as well as security of this Government. No period of our Republic evers more imperiously called for the energies and virtues of its citizens. The crisis is eventful, pregnant with the destiny of a nation. The mighty Believers, propelled by mutual ardent ambition and justice, have united to blot out prosperity and prostrate our independence.

With the besom of destruction they have swept our commerce from the ocean and turned it into a scene of piracy and devastation.

It was confidently hoped, that the pacific policy and inflexible impartiality of the United States towards all nations, would have resulted in mutual harmony and corresponding justice. By the rejection of the Berlin and Milan Decrees, France has performed a relative duty. Much has she yet to do, to appease an insulted and injured country. Upon their decrees the British orders in Council were avowedly predicated; their national faith, sacredly pledged to the world, to forward with equal step in restoring commerce to its former freedom, now loudly calls for the repeal of those orders. Disappointed in these reasonable expectations, we behold these orders rigorously enforced, our wares are interdicted by her press gangs on board her floating prisons. This nerves the arm of patriotism, and we must ere long unsheath the sword of justice to dispense retribution.

The whole British Diplomacy with this country, exhibits a continuous system of chicanery and insult; as it may appear, the Court of St. James has demanded, as preliminary to an adjustment of difficulties, what the coalition of maritime Europe has not been able to effect—the admission of British manufactures into France and her dependencies, in a free importation into American ports, while our products are excluded from her dominions. The accomplishment of the first of these demands would be impracticable—the latter an abandonment of our rights and a sacrifice of our sovereignty.

Seriously impressed with these weighty and important considerations, and duly appreciating the rights of our injured, but enlightened, independent and sovereign people, we the citizens of Caledonia County, and State of Vermont, assembled for the purpose of framing resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, do unanimously adopt the following, viz:

1. Resolved, That respecting unlimited concessions in the wisdom and patriotism of the Executive and National Councils, we contemplate their late measures towards the belligerents, with sentiments of the highest approbation; measures founded upon the inflexible principles of justice, at the same time manifesting to the world our love of peace, and a determination to maintain it so long as it can be done consistent with our national dignity.

2. Resolved, That in reviewing the conduct of the British Government towards the United States for several years, we behold nothing but a series of violent aggressions, gross abuse, insult and injury—aggressions legalized by the