J Boyton

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I WAS A PEASANT BORN

BY ROBERT STORY.

I was a peasant born, the straw-roofed cot
Contained my cradle. By my infant ear
The uncultured words which peasants speak were drunk
Till my tongue caught and uttered them.
In my youth I toiled with peasants; bearing as they came
The heats of August, and the winds of March.
The thoughts that peasants think were mine; and though
Some touch of learning may have rubed away
A little of its rust, I hope my mind
Smacks of the peasant still.
I cannot dress
My face in smiles when my heart bids me frown.
I cannot pay respect, when my heart says
The man's a villain. In my soul I loathe
The smooth hypocrisy which, ice-like, keeps
A surface never ruffled by a storm:
Nor do I like his valor, who can see
The foe at work beneath his citadel
With the best will to batter it, and yet
Retain his temper, and extend the hand
Instead of pointing the artillery.
The generous man I love; the tyrant hate:
But would not veil my hatred nor my love
For all the mines of Chili. Birth and rank
That wear their honors worthily, shall have
My deepest reverence, and if requisite
My heart's warm service; but they shall not chain
The freedom of my thoughts, nor soften down
The correspondent freedom of a word
That brands a meritless minion.
These are thoughts
That square not with the maxims of the times.
So much the fitter to be mine, then; who
Am *proud*, and well may be so. I sprang not
From sires that sucked the blood of the people—lived
And died detested—leaving to their seed
A world of infamy to purge away,
And not one virtue to achieve the work.
My father toiled like Adam; gained his bread
By his brow's moisture; died and went to Heaven,
Leaving to me no legacy, save what
He taught me to extract from yon *old Book*
That tells old-fashioned tales of Heaven and Hell,
And taut God hates a hypocrite.

The Farm.

Wood Lands.

The following extract of the Address of Hon. GEO. P. MARSH, at the Rutland County Agricultural Fair, deserves the serious consideration of the farmers of this State. There are few things in which such want of forethought is exhibited by farmers as in the treatment of their woodlands. To furnish pasturage for sheep, thousands of acres have within a few years been cleared up that ought to have been devoted permanently to the growth of wood. The effect of this improvidence is already felt, not only by farmers themselves, but by the rapidly increasing villages of the State. Fire wood has been sold in Burlington, the past winter, for more than four dollars per cord. And the rail roads will soon make a new and very serious demand for fuel, to supply which, it may be necessary eventually to construct branches, as in case of canals, for "feeders." Our venerable forest trees—the growth of centuries—will not much longer, we are confident, be regarded as mere "cumberers of the ground!"

There are certain other improvements connected with agriculture, to which I desire to draw your special attention. One of these is the introduction of a better economy in the management of our forest lands. The increasing value of timber and fuel ought to teach us, that trees are no longer what they were in our fathers' time, an incumbrance. We have undoubtedly already a larger proportion of cleared land in Vermont than would be required, with proper culture, for the support of a much greater population than we now possess, and every additional acre, both lessens our means for thorough husbandry, by disproportionately extending its area, and deprives succeeding generations of what, though comparatively worthless to us, would be of great value to them. The functions of the forest, besides supplying timber and fuel, are very various. The conducting powers of trees render them highly useful in restoring the disturbed equilibrium of the electric fluid; they are of great value in sheltering and protecting more tender vegetables against the destructive effects of bleak and parching winds, and the annual deposit of the foliage of deciduous trees, and the decomposition of their decaying trunks, form an accumulation of vegetable mould, which gives the greatest fertility to the often originally barren soils on which they grow, and enriches lower grounds by the wash from rains and the melting snows.*

The inconveniences resulting from a want of foresight in the economy of the forest, are already severely felt in many parts of New England, and even in some of the older towns in Vermont. Steep side hills and rocky ledges are well suited to the permanent growth of wood, but when in the rage for improvement they are improvidently stripped of this protection, the action of sun and wind and rain soon deprives them of their thin coating of vegetable mould, and this, when exhausted, cannot be restored by ordinary husbandry. They remain, therefore, barren and unsightly blots, producing neither grain nor grass, and yielding no crop but a harvest of noxious weeds, to infest with their scattered seeds the richer arable grounds below.—But this is by no means the only evil resulting from the injudicious destruction of the woods. Forests serve as reservoirs and equalizers of humidity. In wet seasons, the decayed leaves and spongy soil of woodlands retain a large proportion of the falling rains, and give back the moisture in time of drought, by evaporation or through the medium of springs. They thus both check the sudden flow of water from the surface into the streams and low grounds, and prevent the droughts of summer from parching our pastures and drying up the rivulets which water them. On the other hand, where too large a proportion of the surface is bared of wood, the action of the summer sun and wind scorches the hills which are no longer shaded or sheltered by trees, the springs and rivulets that found their supply in the bibulous soil of the forest disappear, and the farmer is obliged to surrender his meadows to his cattle, which can no longer find food in his pastures, and sometimes even to drive them miles for water. Again, the vernal and autumnal rains, and the melting snows of winter, no longer intercepted and absorbed by the leaves or the open soil of the woods, but falling everywhere upon a comparatively hard and even surface, flow swiftly over the smooth ground, washing away the vegetable mould as they seek their natural outlets, fill every ravine with a torrent, and convert every river into an ocean. The suddenness and violence of our freshets increases in proportion as the soil is cleared; bridges are washed away, meadows swept of their crops and fences, and covered with barren sand, or themselves abraded by the fury of the current, and there is reason to fear that the valleys of many of our streams will soon be converted from smiling meadows into broad wastes of shingle and gravel and pebbles, deserts in summer, and seas in autumn and spring. The changes which these causes have wrought in the physical geography of Vermont, within a single generation, are too striking to have escaped the attention of any observing person, and every middle-aged man, who revisits his birth-place after a few years absence, looks upon another landscape than that which formed the theatre of his youthful toils and pleasures. The signs of artificial improvement are mingled with the tokens of improvident waste, and the bald and barren hills, the dry beds of the smaller streams, the ravines furrowed out by the torrents of spring, and the diminished thread of interval that skirts the widened channel of the rivers, seem sad substitutes for the pleasant groves and brooks and broad meadows of his ancient paternal domain. If the present value of timber and land will not justify the artificial re-planting of grounds injudiciously cleared, at least nature ought to be allowed to re-clothe them with a spontaneous growth of wood, and in our future husbandry a more careful selection should be made of land for permanent improvement. It has long been a practice in many parts of Europe, as well as in our older settlements, to cut the forests reserved for timber and fuel, at stated intervals. It is quite time that this practice should be introduced among us. After the first felling of the original forest it is indeed a long time before its place is supplied, because the roots of old and full grown trees seldom throw up shoots, but when the second growth is once established, it may be cut with great advantage, at periods of about twenty-five years, and yields a material, in every respect but size, far superior to the wood of the primitive tree. In many European countries, the economy of the forest is regulated by law; but here, where public opinion determines, or rather in practice constitutes law, we can only appeal to an enlightened self-interest to introduce the reforms, check the abuses, and preserve us from an increase of the evils I have mentioned.

* The following striking example of the advantages of protection from cold, by means of evergreens, we find in the "Notes on Vermont Farming," by the editor of the Albany Cultivator, who made a visit to this state in 1845.—*Ed. Free Press.*

In the garden of the Hon. Ezra Meech, Shelburne, we found vegetation more forward than it was generally in the gardens of Albany and Troy, at the same time. At this we were somewhat surprised, especially as besides being more than a hundred miles farther north than Albany, it was located immediately on the verge of Lake Champlain, naturally exposed to the full sweep of the coldest winds. We soon discovered, however, that the garden was completely protected by a belt of white ceder—the American *Arbor vitæ.* This had so broken off the cold winds that the effect was equivalent to a transfer of the spot several degrees to the south.

MILKING.—A writer in the Maine Farmer gives, from long experience, a number of rules for milking, most of which are very good, as—pare your nails short—sit on a stool—milk fast—never scold a cow—never get out of patience [illegible] the following are objectionable: "wet the teats with the first stream of milk"—and "never strike a cow for running or kicking." Milk, applied to the teats to soften them, dries, and forms a glossy varnish, which tends to cause cracking or chapping of these parts. Cold water is much better, becoming quite dry by the time the milking is finished, and leaving the teats clean and soft. Touching the striking of a cow—the rule applies well to ninety-nine cases in a hundred as now practised—but judicious punishment will cure a cow amazingly quick. I speak from long experience. If a cow kicks much, place a switch under the left arm, the pail in the left hand, and if, while milking, she kicks, let it be followed invariably by a *single* blow. Never strike but once at a time, even if she kicks so hard as to break your leg—and never omit it, if she hits nothing. Soothe her at all other times. In this way, she soon finds what the whip means and shapes her conduct accordingly.

A small mess of pleasant food at the time will serve to do away any disagreeable impression in connection with milking. By never striking but once, she has not time to "get mad," and it is all the more terrific, for who cares for a blow while stimulated by fury?

I have found some "hard cases" to deal with, but completely cured them all, with a single exception. There was one old cow, so terrific in the blows she dealt out, that none dared approach her with a pail, till her legs had been strongly secured, which was done with great difficulty. She never kicked after I had given her the second milking, in the way I have just stated, but became perfectly mild, quiet and gentle, having doubtless been made vicious by bad management. The case which I could not cure was a large, uncommonly knowing cow, who was wise enough never to kick when I milked her, consequently I could not apply the remedy, but was savage enough to other milkers. With regard to cows running about, I once knew a cow quite troublesome in this particular, usually upsetting a pail of milk before commencing a race.

The boys chased her round the pasture till they cornered her, and then lashed her vigorously. As a consequence, she took care not to be cornered next time, and hence became intractable in the extreme. To cure her she was placed in a moderate-sized yard, and driven gently into a corner. When she ran the whip was applied, but with only one blow at a time, till she regained the old corner, where every means was used to quiet her. In this way she found an intimate connection between whipping and running, and that comfort consisted in sticking to her post.—On the third day she was handed over to the care of the hired man, and ever after was a quiet cow.

It is almost needless to add that this mode of treatment requires perfect calmness, patience and self-possession. When you feel passion or fear, the animal soon discovers it, and she feels no longer the influence of a superior being.—Therefore those who cannot carry out the system properly had better not try it.

RECRUITS OBTAINED BY THE PEACE SOCIETY.—During the delivery of the late lecture at the Town Hall, Ipswich, by Plummer, the journeyman tailor, from Colchester, it was stated that the Duke of Wellington has received for his military services a sum equal to one pound per diem, since the creation of the world. This so tickled the ears of two rustics, who had wandered into the meeting from motives of curiosity, that they instantly went to Sergeant Rontre, of the 95th regiment, engaged in the recruiting service, and tendered their services to her majesty, which were, of course, accepted. We are informed that during the last fortnight, since the agitation of the Peace Society of the question connected with the national defences, more recruits have been enlisted for the regiments of the line, than during the whole of the preceding four months.—*Ipswich Jour.*

A factory proprietor posted up the following notice: 'I will admit no segars nor good looking men within these walls. One sets a flame going among my cotton, and the other among my gals.'

Dress and Address.

BY NATHAN SARGEANT.

[The following plain and unvarnished tale appears to have been written with a view to rebuke a species of impertinence that is altogether too prevalent in our schools, where the children of persons in affluent circumstances are mingled with those of parents possessing but moderate means of support. We perfectly coincide in the opinion that the distinctions of fortune should never be recognized in the school; but that, on the contrary, the palm of eminence in these sacred retreats of learning should only be awarded to superior moral and intellectual merit.]

'MOTHER,' said Emily Churchill, as she came home from school, one day in the month of December, 1834, 'I wish you would take me from school, or send me to another?'

'Why my dear child? I am surprised to hear you say so. I thought you were fond of your teacher, Mrs. Amenull?'

'And so I am; I love her dearly, she is so kind and amiable.'

'Why then do you wish to leave the school?'

'Because I am so unhappy there.'

'Why are you unhappy? You get your lessons well, stand at the head of your class, have the approbation of your teacher, and I know you are learning fast. I should think you would be very unwilling to leave the school. Tell me the reason why you are unhappy!'

'I do not like to tell you mother; I know I ought not to be so, and I will try not to be so any more, and say nothing about it.'

'But I wish you to tell me, my dear; I do not think you unreasonable; there must be some cause for your complaint. Tell me what it is.'

'You will think me very foolish, I am afraid, mother, but I cannot help feeling so.'

'Perhaps I may think you foolish, but I must insist on knowing the cause of your feelings.'

'You know Arabella Goldfinch, Elizabeth Manners, Eliza Ann Pardow, and several other girls whose parents are very wealthy and live in great style, are in the same class with me.'

'Yes, I have heard you speak of it before; but what has that to do with the matter?'

'Their parents are very rich and dress them very elegantly.'

'Yes, but I hope you do not make yourself unhappy because you cannot vie with them in fine clothes. You are well dressed—quite as well as we can afford to dress you, and your clothes, my daughter are much more expensive than those I wore when I went to school, although my parents [illegible] I hope you are not so silly as to wish to wear clothes which we cannot afford, because other girls dress better than yourself.'

'No, no, mother you misunderstand me; I do not wish so; I know you do all you can for me, and more than I ought to expect; but these girls endeavor to make fun of my dress, and ridicule me because I wear the same frocks so often, and because I also wear leather shoes. They jeer at me, and ask me how many dress I have, what they cost, and wonder if the shoes I wear are not very expensive? So too, with my bonnet, shawl, and every thing I wear. I know I ought not to mind them, but I cannot help feeling very uncomfortable when they thus try to ridicule me, and especially when so many of my school mates join in the laugh they raise against me. I cannot help crying, and wish I could get away from them.'

'I do not at all wonder at your feelings, my dear child; few can stand the ridicule of others unmoved, where, as in the present case, it is without cause; and to a sensitive mind, it is like the application of vinegar to a fresh wound. Your clothes, though not so rich and costly as those worn by the girls who thus attempt to ridicule you, are as good as our circumstances will permit us to give you, and they are good enough for any one to wear at school, no matter how rich her parents may be. To dress as those girls do is, I think, great folly, and much more deserving of reproach than to dress as you do. I regret that you are thus circumstanced, and liable to have your feelings hurt daily, but cannot help it. The school is a good one, and you are learning fast, and we cannot think of taking you away. You must fortify yourself against the ridicule of the girls you speak of, by recollecting that the dress is really of very little consequence, that it is the *mind* and the *disposition*, which after all, constitute the real worth of a woman. Suppose you were to dress up a monkey in silks and laces and jewelry, and send it to school every day in a carriage, with a footman to let down the steps and open the door; would it be anything but a monkey still? After all, the girls who ridicule your dress are more to be pitied than yourself, and are much less deserving of blame than their mothers.—They are taught, if not by precept, at least by example, at home, that one's importance depends entirely upon wealth, dress and furniture; and that the only merit one can have is money. I presume they care very little for their books and scarcely ever know their lessons, when they come to recite.'

'That is the case, mother; they say they will not study; and they have not time to do so at home, they have to go out so much, and have so much company.'

'Poor girls, I pity them. Suppose, my dear Emily, that their parents should by some chance lose their property and become poor; (and the wealthiest are liable to lose all in this country, as 'riches take unto themselves wings and fly away,' often when least expected;) what would they do? How they would then regret that they had neglected the opportunities they are now throwing away, of obtaining an education which might enable them to secure a handsome support, and save themselves the mortification of being a burden to their parents or friends. Depend upon it, Emily, those who thus throw away the advantages which good fortune gives them, will one day look back upon their folly with regret and sorrow. A full purse may make amends with some for an empty mind; but what compensation, or consolation, has such a mind when the contents of the purse are gone? None whatever. We are endeavoring to give you a good education, because we have little else to give you, and because it is an investment that is more secure than real estate, and is always sure to yield a good interest. Money may be stolen, property burned up, and bank stock become valueless; but a good education is permanent—it can neither be stolen by robbers, destroyed by fire, nor wasted by the fraud of others. If you should be poor, it will be a bank upon which you can always draw for a handsome support, and should you be so fortunate as to have wealth, it will be to you a never failing fountain of enjoyment, and enable you to look upon the fripperies of fashion with that contempt which they deserve. Continue then, my child, as you have heretofore done, to devote yourself to your studies, and pay as little regard to the ill-natured and unkind remarks of your school-mates as you can. Remember that we have all to bear our crosses, and we should do so without murmuring or repining at our lot. It may be the best thing for you that you have thus to suffer; it may teach you humility, and cause you to respect the feelings of others, should you ever enjoy the sunshine of prosperity. I do not expect you to disregard entirely the ridicule of your school-mates, but I hope you will strive not to let it affect you—to raise yourself above it; and the best way to do so is to think of other and more important things.'

'I will try to do so, mother; I know it is foolish to be affected by it, and I will not be any more.'

Since this conversation took place, nearly seven years have rolled around, and what changes in the condition of individuals and families have they not made,—what lessons of morality have they not taught? Thousands who then rolled in wealth, real or fancied—who lived in a style of splendor better befitting princes than plain republican citizens—who gave expensive parties, sported carriages and blooded bays, and dashed away for some weeks every season at Saratoga, the Falls or Virginia Spings; or, perhaps, scattered their money as though it was dross, over the continent of Europe, are now gone like the leafy honors of the forest before the driving blast of winter. The places that knew them, in the fashionable circles of our cities, shall know them no more forever. And when some old fashionable acquaintance condesequnds to ask where they are, 'Echo answers, where?'

Emily, who was then in her sixteenth year, is now a happy wife and mother.—With wealth [illegible] enjoyments of society; with a cultivated mind and an amiable disposition; and above all, having been taught in the school of adversity, lessons of humility, she is the pride of her husband, the mild but admired star of her circle of acquaintance, and the object of love to the poor. With some of her school-mates she has exchanged positions; but she remembers not their jibes at her dress. She only remembers that they have been unfortunate, and are therefore entitled to her sympathy: and though her house and furniture are better than they can now afford, she does not consider that circumstance any reason why she should drop their acquaintance and pass them in the street as though they were strangers. It may be presumed that both sometimes think of their school days; but to which the recollection gives the greatest pleasure, we leave our readers to decide, hoping they will follow the example of the one whose conduct they most approve.

PHENOMENON AT NIAGARA FALLS.—The Buffalo Express of March 31, has the following:—

"The water in the Niagara river, at the village of Black Rock, fell during night before last, three feet lower than it was ever known before, and during the day yesterday rose again only about six inches. The stage of the water in the river is frequently changed by strong northeast gales, that force the water in the lake towards its western extremity, but a fall so unparalleled—and at a time when severe storms are seldom known, and while the weather is so exceedingly mild and propitious here—can scarcely be accounted for from such a cause.—The water in our harbor has not perceptibly receded."

A letter from Niagara Falls, of March 30, says:—

"The Falls of Niagara can be compared to nothing but a mere mill-dam this morning! In the memory of the oldest inhabitants, never was there so little water running over Niagara's awful precipice, as at this moment! Hundreds of people are now witnessing that which never has, and probably never may again be witnessed on the Niagara River. Last night at 11 o'clock the factories fed from the waters of this majestic river, were in full operation, and at 12 o'clock the water was shut off, the wheels suddenly ceased their evolutions, and every thing was hushed into silence. Various are the conjectures as to the cause; the most reasonable of which is that Lake Erie must be making a grand delivery of ice, and that the mouth of the Niagara, although large, is not quite enough to take in the whole at once, and that the consequences are, back water. Two men this morning rode in a buggy one-third of the way across the river, from the head of Goat Island toward the Canada shore—the wheeling was excellent, the rock being as smooth as a floor. They drove outside the island known as 'Allen's Island,' and turned round—a thing which has never before occurred! The 'Table Rock,' on the Canada side of the river, looks rather 'hard up;' the veil which has always protected it from public observation has been removed, and nature's works have been left exposed to the gaze of a cold and criticising world."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following odd announcement appears in the London Times: A lady, competent to make tea, scold the servants, and render herself agreeable and useful sometimes, wishes a situation. She could contribute to the comforts of an elderly lady and gentleman, or may be found an acquisition in the house of an old gentleman or nobleman. No objection to travel. Terms, 100 guineas per annum.

If you wish to make yourself a favorite with your neighbors, buy a dog, and tie him up in a cellar at night. They won't sleep any all night for thinking of you.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, 1848.

Gen. Scott.

We doubt if there is an example on record of deeper outrage and meaner malice, than have been displayed by President *Polk* and his Secretary of War, *Marcy*, against the high-minded and veteran soldier and patriot, General SCOTT. Certainly no parallel can be found for the extraordinary course that these high functionaries have pursued towards him; and, as the Louisville (Ky.) Journal very justly intimates, nothing but proof of the most conclusive character that reasons of great state necessity, reasons that forbade hesitation or delay, *required* that he should be unceremoniously stripped of his high command and arrested before the eyes of the gallant and invincible army to whose honor and renown he had so largely contributed, and arraigned as a culprit on the very field of his brilliant and arduous public services, can for a moment justify that course in the eyes of the American people. That such a necessity existed, no man in his senses for a moment believes. Nothing has yet transpired, either before the Court of Inquiry, or in any other quarter, that in the slightest degree palliates the high-handed outrage, or lifts from contempt the low-minded malice, of which one of the oldest and best, and most able and gallant of the officers of the army, has been sought to be made the victim.

Well may General SCOTT, as he does, announce to the Court of Inquiry and the world, that his "attitude" towards his dirty assailants is that of "DEFIANCE!" "The Eagle, towering in his pride of place," will not, *this* time, be "by a mousing owl, hawk'd at and killed." The sagacious veteran saw, in the outset, the "enemy in his rear," and his dispositions for defence were made accordingly. The Lazzaroni practice of "stabbing a man in the back, and calling it *fighting*," will not prevail against Gen. SCOTT. He is armed too strong in honesty to be overthrown by the *guerrillas* at Washington. And so they are beginning to discover.

France.

In our summary of Foreign news, yesterday, no mention was made of the grand focus of revolution, *la belle France.* The intelligence brought by the Hibernia was of but four days' later date than that received by the Washington;—and though this space, as matters are now managed in Europe, is ample for the most fundamental changes and revolutions in the gravest concerns of politics, yet, as might ordinarily be expected, no remarkable alterations had occurred in France. The elections of the members of the grand Constitutional Assembly were approaching, and preparations for them were in active progress throughout the Republic. They occurred last *Sunday*, and upon their results the character of the Assembly which is to form a Republican Constitution for the French people, will, of course, foreshadow the character of that Constitution—whether it shall be conservative or radical—Jacobin or Girondist—likely to lead to well-regulated Liberty, or to the worst of all governments, an oligarchical Despotism.

We confess that, with us, fears and hopes are pretty equitably balanced. The public mind in France, the most effervescent of all public minds, is yet in a complete ferment of excitement. The astounding events that have occurred, completely altering political and social relations, and naturally filling the heads of the uninformed and the unreflecting (a monstrous class) with visions of liberty, equality, and augmented prosperity that are as incongruous and ill-defined as *visions* usually are, and that cooler calculators never expect to see realized, are not favorable to the developement of that judgment and sagacity that are called for both, in the exercise of the electoral franchise, and in the performance of the mighty work of framing constitutions.

We publish the subjoined Communications for two or three reasons; foremost of which is, of course, an entire willingness to afford the Rev. Mr. GREGORY the opportunity in our columns, which he clearly had a *right to claim* in those of the paper of which he was *Co-editor*, of vindicating himself from injurious imputations. But we insert Mr GREGORY'S article for the further purpose of exhibiting to our readers the sort of "Liberty" that is dealt out by a publisher who claims to monopolize the trade in that commodity;—a liberty that has no parallel except in the County Jail.

We know nothing about the matters complained of by Mr. GREGORY, and of course leave him to do that which he is abundantly competent to do—take care of himself. But we take the liberty to suggest to our Rechabite friends that they commit a fatal blunder in assigning the *control* of the Journal which is presumed to be the exponent of the benign principles of the Order, to a publisher who has neither capacity enough to make it respectable in character, nor good judgment enough to keep it harmless in influence. Putting a lion's skin on a donkey serves no purpose but to make both animals ridiculous. The disclosure now made, that the editor of the *Gazette* has a control and censorship of the columns of the Rechabite Journal above the rights of the judicious gentlemen who are named as its editors, affords an easy explanation of its decaying popularity, and renders its early discontinuance an event inevitable.

WILLISTON, April 12, 1848.

EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS.

Dear Sir:—The following communication, which I desire you to publish in your paper, was written for the "Rechabite Journal" of the present month—and friend Briggs was solicited to publish it. Being the Senior Editor of said Journal I thought I had the privilege of giving the reasons why I desired to withdraw from the chair editorial, and from the "G. M. T. O. R." But in this it appears I was mistaken;—notwithstanding I have assisted in editing the Journal "*free gratis for nothing*," the past year.

I am anxious that the reasons set forth in my communication should be made known; having suffered long enough from false imputations. And I rejoice that there is a medium through which our thoughts can be made known to the world. God preserve the freedom of the Press!

If you think proper, friend Clarke, to publish this rejected *article*, you will confer a favor upon a "true blue" Rechabite, and the cause of truth and justice.

Yours &c. JOHN GREGORY.

A Word to our Brother Rechabites.

In taking our farewell of "THE RECHABITE JOURNAL" and the "*Green Mountain Tribe of Rechabites,*" we wish to offer a few remarks by way of setting ourself right with those with whom we have labored the past year.

Notwithstanding the prejudice existing against us in the minds of some, we feel that even to those we can speak a few words through the columns of the Journal, and claim their attention. Be it known then to all Rechabites, that we were the first one initiated into the mysteries of Rechab in this State, in the Town Hall, Burlington, through the Engine Room No. 1. With eight others, we engaged in this work, heart and soul, determined to do something for the Temperance Cause—for at that time it was not possible for any ordinary Lecturer to get up a decent meeting to discuss Temperance, in what was, and is, to some extent, rum drinking, popularity-loving Burlington. We entered the work zealously, and had the happiness to see the cause prosper in our hands. While Patriarch of Burlington Tent, upwards of one hundred became members, among whom were some of the best men in Burlington. Striving still further to advance the cause, we proposed and carried into effect, the Grand Tent. We labored zealously in getting up its Constitution and By-laws, and believe we did most of the work appertaining to the Order during the first six months of its existence in Vermont. We were appointed to revise the "Work of the Order," which work, after being accepted, one-third of which nearly, being original with us, was received with great approbation. We have delivered many Lectures before Tents of this Order, and never was guilty of accepting money for our services but once, and that for travelling expenses, though authorised by the Grand Tent to do so. We have assisted in editing the "Rechabite Journal," without money and without price, being desirous only that the Temperance Cause should prosper. Though we might have done more, yet we believe we have done as much as any other man, especially those raised "to posts of honor." If we have done any good, we are thankful for it.

These matters we should not recall in taking leave of the Order, were it not that certain influences have been brought against us, much to our injury. In whatever town we may travel, charges against us have been circulated, and when traced to their source have been found to come from Burlington. It is *necessary*, therefore, that we should speak in *self-defence!*

The first cause of disaffection may be traced to the formation of the Grand Tent; for it is a remarkable fact, that not one, save our humble self, of the *original nine*, who had the moral courage and stamina to enter into the Rechabite Covenant, were considered worthy a place in the Grand Tent, and consequently, none could hold any office in said Tent, as they were not elected. We were elected Chaplain, if we were not mistaken, but concluded not to serve, as we had learned that our own "familiar friend" had lifted up his heel against us, and considered that our prayers would not be very acceptable.

All this may be proper enough, for it is no new thing, for some men unblushingly to reap the reward of other men's labors; but we soon learned that a regular combination had been entered into to defeat us from gaining any "post of honor," higher than doorkeeper in the Grand Tent. The office of Grand Patriarch, that some have charged us of desiring, we have considered of but little importance. So, no doubt, Rev. Mr. Bingham considered it when he accepted it, not being aware that he was to be run for that office, until the day of his election. He had not been a member more than a few weeks, and being unacquainted with the "Work of the Order," we suppose that had he considered it a very responsible station he would not have accepted it. No, it was not the office we were looking after, that some who claim to be governed by the glorious principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth," have asserted. It was the good, the perpetuity of the Order.

The trouble, the unprejudiced reader will perceive, was, that we should be proscribed in consequence of being a Universalist; which we do stoutly affirm was the cause, and the *sole cause.* We ascertained that men of the same "faith" were exhorted to vote for another in consequence of his soundness in faith, and that if we were elected, Universalism would thereby be promoted. Here is our ground of complaint—not that we were considered unworthy of filling the office of G. P. in the Grand Tent—but that sectarian prejudice should so bias the minds of Rechabites, as to lead them to go against a man deemed heretical in religion.

This transaction was so viewed in Williston where we reside—and such was the feeling manifested at the time at this encroachment upon right and justice, that for a while it threatened to break up the Tent. From that period, we have been growing weaker and weaker, until now we have a name to live from week to week, and that is all. 'The die is cast!'

Let no one accuse us of being disaffected on account of not being promoted. The man who will do it, will hesitate not to lie and slander his neighbor.

Since the transaction above named, we have seen *sectarianism* run mad on more occasions than one. We have witnessed it until our heart has sickened within us. We have been grieved and pained to reflect that designing men should [illegible] so good a cause as Temperance, in order to promote their sinister ends. We could call names and state facts—which we will do if necessary.

There is another circumstance which we deem it proper to mention. We refer to the celebration of the Rechabites on the 4th of July last. Many have censured us, thinking that we had some hand in preventing some of the Rechabites from taking dinner at the Pearl Street House on that day. It is known that the Universalist Society *that was*, held a Fair on that day, *for the purpose of raising money to furnish the Universalist Church when completed.* We had proposed this Fair, watched over, and been much interested in it, and felt that truth demanded that we should attend to it rather than the Celebration. This we declared over and over again, at the Tent meetings in Burlington. We stated expressly that those who had charge of the Fair would not consent to have us absent—that a great deal depended upon our remaining with them. We did so, and had the Celebration been an *entire failure*, we should still consider that we did right.

Previous to this Celebration, we proposed that the Rechabites have a "Pic Nic"—stated expressly that the Rechabites were not numerous enough to have a sufficient number of them dine at a Hotel and make it profitable for the landlord—said it would be "no go," if they went and engaged the Pearl Street House to get up a dinner for three or four hundred—that most of the Rechabites were poor men, and they would not go to Burlington, and pay seventy-five cents or a dollar for a dinner. At one of the Tent meetings it was stated that in all probability dinner could be obtained, if there was a sufficient number that wanted, for *fifty cents.* At one of our meetings in Williston, while urging our members to attend the celebration, we stated what was said in the Tent at Burlington. Consequently when many Rechabites on the 4th, went up to the Bar at the Pearl Street House for tickets, and were told the price for dinner was more than fifty cents, they balked and repeated what they had understood from us. Then, when it was perceived that only sixty-two had purchased tickets, they inquired the cause, and upon our poor head was hurled anathema, maranatha. It went from one to the other that we had decoyed them to the Fair, and some said that we offered a dinner in opposition to the Celebration, for twenty-five cents a ticket. A greater lie never was uttered! In fact we urged, and did all we could to have members of the order attend the Celebration—and there were not, we should judge, a half dozen Rechabites that took dinner at the Fair.

The result of this whole matter was that men that we thought were our true friends, withdrew from us—refused to attend our meetings on the Sabbath—and zealously repeated slanders against us. Other men not of our faith have [illegible] the same charges—uttered the same lies, and broken their solemn obligations never to wrong a brother—until it is common town talk that we have been defeated in other matters by the [illegible] brotherhood of Rechabites. How much Friendship, Love, Truth, Charity and Temperance there are in these things we leave the readers to judge.

Fearless and onward shall be our watch-word, notwithstanding we can no longer sail in the same ship with the "G. M. T. O. R." We shall continue pleading for Temperance, fighting with all our power against the old enemy that has deluged our earth with tears and blood—and against all attempts to muzzle the free-born mind.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye!
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

JOHN GREGORY.

Williston, April 1st, 1848.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Express, writing from Saratoga Springs, after speaking of the prospects of the early opening of the Saratoga and Whitehall Railroad, says:—

"We are beginning to stir also about the Saratoga & Sackets Harbor Road, now that the charter has been granted, though it will hardly be built this year, but I should not be surprised if there was a surveying party sent through this summer."