

# The Middlebury Gazette.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XII. MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1845. NUMBER 50.

**H. BELL,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
**JOSEPH H. BARRETT,**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.  
TERMS OF VOLUME XII.  
Village subscribers, . . . \$2.00  
Mail subscribers, within the State, . . . \$1.50  
Not paid within the year, . . . \$1.75  
Mail subscribers out of the State, . . . \$2.00  
Individuals and Companies who take at the office, \$1.50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.  
Those who take of Postriders, . . . \$2.00  
Those not paid at the end of the year, . . . \$2.25  
No papers discontinued until arrangements are made, except at the option of the proprietor. No contract, without payment made to Carriers, cash, keeping, or otherwise, allowed, except as sent to by the proprietor.  
All communications must be addressed to the editor Post Paid.

**JUSTUS COBB, PRINTER,**  
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

**MARSEILLES HYMN OF LIBERTY.**  
BY BOUTET DE LISLE.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise,  
Your children, wives, and grandfathers hoary,<  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,  
With lieling hosts, a ruffian land,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding!  
To arms! to arms! ye brave,  
The avenging sword unheath.  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings confederate raise,  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless Force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands inferring!  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despot dars—  
Their thirst of power and gold unquenched—  
To meet and vend the light and air,  
Like hounds of hellen would they lead us,  
Like God would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more!  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us!  
To arms! to arms! ye brave, &c.

**EDITING A NEWSPAPER.**  
Most persons think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error! To be fully informed of the most difficult, to look over articles of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is indeed no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should have less complaints. Not infrequently it is the case that an editor looks over all his exchanges for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing—Every paper is drier than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must have something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least concern for his reputation, and who is not content with the easiest part of his labor, a paper which is completed should be one that the editor would be willing to read to his wife, his mother, his sister or his daughter; and if he does that, if he reads such a paper, he will find his labor a most difficult one. Every subscriber thinks the paper was printed for his especial benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped, it is good for nothing. One looks over the deaths and marriages, and actually complains of the editor; if but few people die, or were so fortunate as to get married the previous week, by editor should have such things in his paper, whether they occur or not. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, just as many different tastes he must consult. One wants stories and poetry; another abhors all this—the politician wants nothing but politics. One must have something sound. One needs anecdotes, facts, and a neat dress; another wonders that a man of sense would put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets nothing handed. And yet, to ninety-nine out of a hundred these things never occur. They never reflect that what does not please them, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing.

**SINGULAR MARRIAGE.**  
A remarkable affair lately happened in New York, which is narrated as follows—A gentleman residing in a Southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the yet-unsent lady, and offered her his hand in marriage. After a mature deliberation the lover was accepted. His next step was to visit New York, where he kept himself out of the way of his in-laws, though both parties were making arrangements for the union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings, a gentleman made his appearance heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, the lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends completely veiled. The ceremony was stopped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed; then it was that the husband fixed his eyes upon the eyes and countenance of his wife.

## SPEECH OF MR. UPHAM, OF VERMONT, ON THE TEN REGIMENT BILL, AND THE MEXICAN WAR.

Delivered in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 15, 1845.  
MR. PRESIDENT: I do not know, sir, that I shall be able, in the humble part I am about to take in this debate, to impart anything of interest or freshness to the subject, or to bring any new contribution of facts to bear upon the questions I propose to discuss. Almost every topic connected with, or growing out of the existing war with Mexico, has been alluded to and ably commented upon by honorable Senators, who have preceded me on the floor. But, sir, exhausted as the subject is, I cannot content myself with a silent vote on the question.

Believing, as I do, that under existing laws, our force in Mexico can be increased to nearly sixty-five thousand men, and that the more vigorous prosecution of the war for the purposes now avowed, would be dishonorable to the country, I shall be compelled to record my vote against this bill. But, I shall do so, sir, with no view to embarrass the Executive in his efforts for an honorable peace; but to prevent the forcible dismemberment of a weak, distracted sister republic, and to preserve unimpaired the fair name of the country, which I prize infinitely higher than any territorial acquisitions we can make, or any glory we can win, by the success of our arms. The honorable Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, in his eloquent remarks the other day, in support of this bill, expressed a desire that the bill might pass without opposition, and that the discussion, which he was aware would arise upon the war policy of the Administration, and which he had no desire to avoid, might be had upon some other occasion, hereafter to come before the Senate. This bill, he thought, was safe and common ground, upon which we could all meet and act together. Sir, safe as the honorable Senator may think the ground to be, on which he stands, I cannot occupy it with him, because, in my judgment, it is dangerous ground.

This bill is the first of a series of measures, which, if carried out to the full extent of Executive recommendation, must bring our free institutions into great peril, and I fear, in the end, overthrow them. The recommended increase of our military force, and the extension of the war, are not only a violation of the Constitution, but a violation of the most sacred principles of justice and humanity. To look over articles of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is indeed no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should have less complaints. Not infrequently it is the case that an editor looks over all his exchanges for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing—Every paper is drier than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must have something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least concern for his reputation, and who is not content with the easiest part of his labor, a paper which is completed should be one that the editor would be willing to read to his wife, his mother, his sister or his daughter; and if he does that, if he reads such a paper, he will find his labor a most difficult one. Every subscriber thinks the paper was printed for his especial benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped, it is good for nothing. One looks over the deaths and marriages, and actually complains of the editor; if but few people die, or were so fortunate as to get married the previous week, by editor should have such things in his paper, whether they occur or not. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, just as many different tastes he must consult. One wants stories and poetry; another abhors all this—the politician wants nothing but politics. One must have something sound. One needs anecdotes, facts, and a neat dress; another wonders that a man of sense would put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets nothing handed. And yet, to ninety-nine out of a hundred these things never occur. They never reflect that what does not please them, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing.

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It is folly, and indeed, so rapid has been the advancement beyond the old-fashioned democracy, which prevailed in the latter days of the Republic, that calls have actually been made for conventions of the people to reconstruct the government. To carry out these splendid schemes of national aggrandizement, it has been found necessary to wage war against the freedom of speech and the press; a war infinitely more dangerous to the liberties of the people than a war of conquest. The message of December, 1846, contains the declaration of war against free discussion, and I leave to read it:

"The war has been, (says the President) represented as unjust and unnecessary, and one of aggression, on our part, upon a weak and injured enemy. Such erroneous views, though entertained by few, have been widely circulated not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them aid and comfort."

Here, sir, is a bold, and I was about to say, shameless attempt, on the part of the Executive, to still all inquiry into the origin, and responsibility, of the war. The Executive, though entertained by few, have been widely circulated not only at home, but have been spread throughout Mexico and the whole world. A more effectual means could not have been devised to encourage the enemy and protract the war than to advocate and adhere to their cause, and thus give them aid and comfort."

"Give them a corrupt House of Lords; give them a venal House of Commons; give them a tyrannical Prince; give them a truckling Court; and let me have but an unfeeling press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's breadth upon the liberties of England."

"The Destiny of the United States Government—To overshadow the whole of North America; therefore we may as well begin with Mexico."

"The American Continent—An Almighty hand has rolled the barrier of the seas around it, to mark it as one people."

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