

# THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., AUGUST 22, 1837.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

**TERMS**—The *CALEDONIAN* will be published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or at \$1.50 if paid in advance. If payment is made within six months from the time of subscribing it will be received as advance pay. No paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements will be inserted for the customary prices. Persons are requested to state the number of weeks they wish their advertisements published, otherwise they will be inserted till forbid and charged accordingly.

## YOUNG MEN.

We find the following just reflections, and excellent remarks, in the *Norfolk Beacon*. They are addressed to the good sense and deep reflection of the Young Men of our country:

It is clear that the young man of the present age is altogether a different person from the young man of the last. In his habits, pleasures, and pursuits, he is altogether a different being. The title of boy has now no application. The gradations of dress from boy to man exists no more. The lad of eighteen dresses as expensively as the greatest gentleman in the land—his coats are from patterns equally as fine—in fact, whatever money can do, is done. Now we are not opposed to neatness of the person, for he who is careless in dress is very apt to be careless in other respects; but it is to the excess of dandyism that we object. We object to the lavish expenditure of so much money on the persons of our young men. Let the computation be made, and the mortifying result will appear that the cost of dress from fourteen to twenty-one, would have been sufficient to have defrayed the entire expenses of a college education in the first Universities of Europe. But the mere loss of so much money is comparatively nothing. Excessive attention to dress produces a host of bad results. All the propensities of the premature gentlemen are developed while the intellect, which ought to have been so assiduously cultivated in the spring of life, is encrusted—impoverished—ruined. Intellectual pleasures have no charms for the votary of dress. The light of cigar is the star that guides him, and his theatre of action is the haunts of iniquity. By and by he becomes engaged in business on his own account. He is soon married—to one, it is fair to presume, as empty headed as himself, for he has not wit enough to aspire to the hand of a woman of sense, who even if she were favorably disposed towards him, would first put him on the penitential stool. Well, the honey moon has passed (a moon whose light was very like unto darkness,) and in the course of time the duties of a father devolve upon him. But alas! such a mind seeks no joy from the domestic hearth. Domestic pleasures have no relish for such an appetite—the gambling table and the bottle become his altar and his God. His wife withers away, and his children, even while their father is above the sod, are the veriest orphans and outcasts of the earth. And when death overtakes the misguided being, when the clouds of the valley are concealing the degraded dust from the sight, it may be that the indulgent mother, the kind father, rejoices in the midst of their sorrow, that the world will no longer behold the degradation of their worthless son.—How often has such a scene been presented to the view! and all, all flowing from the gratification of youth in false and fleeting pleasures, and the evil habits produced by such indulgence.

**THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.**—Beautiful is that season of life when we can say in the language of Scripture, "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers, death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land. Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not be long. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenance of affection, which they wore on earth, yet more lovely, more spiritual. Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and "thou hast the dew of thy youth." He hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The "far country" seems nearer, and the way less dark, for thou hast gone before, passing so quickly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.—*Prof. Longfellow.*

**Davenport's Electric Machine.**—Great improvements have been made in this most important invention since our last notice. A machine is now in operation which is moved by four small galvanic batteries, of the size of a quart measure, and which we learn will raise five hundred lbs. one foot per minute. A wheel is turned by it with great force and velocity, affording sufficient power for a lathe, a good number of cotton spindles, or any light machinery. A grist-mill might be moved by it with very little addition of power. The great problem of the extent of power attainable would seem to be nearly set at rest. But one most important fact, or rather principle, remains to be considered. It is ascertained that a galvanic battery will supply electricity to many bodies as readily and fully as to one, (as one hundred persons who may join hands to receive a shock are each as sensibly affected as one alone would have been.) A single battery, then, of suitable dimensions may be relied on to generate the power required by any extent and variety of machinery.—*New Yorker.*

The London Morning Chronicle has five columns as a biographical sketch of

## WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

He was born on the 21st of August, 1765.—At the age of 13 he was a midshipman, and though the son of a King,—(George the Third) was kept on a footing with the other midshipmen. Under Admiral Rodney, he was in the fleet which, in 1779, captured the whole of a Spanish convoy. Eight days after he was in a serious fight with the Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara. The residue of his time as a midshipman the Prince served in the West Indies, and off the coasts of Nova Scotia and Canada. On the North America station he served under Lord Keith in the Warwick, when he captured L'Aigle, a large French brig, La Sophie, of 22 guns, and the Terrier sloop of war, off the Delaware river, 11th of September, 1782. He afterwards joined Lord Hood, who introduced him to Nelson on board the Barfleur. In 1783 he was appointed third Lieutenant of the Hebe frigate. In 1786 he was appointed first Lieutenant of the Pegasus, of 28 guns, and soon after he was made Captain, and ordered to Nova Scotia. He then proceeded to the Leeward Islands, and was there under the command of Nelson. Nelson spoke very highly of him as an obedient and attentive officer. In December, 1787, after returning to England he was appointed to the command of the Andromeda frigate, in which he sailed for the West Indies. The 19th of May, 1789, he was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews in the kingdom of Great Britain, and Earl of Munster in Ireland. On the 3d of September he was made Rear Admiral; afterwards he became Admiral of the Red; and upon the death of Sir Peter Parker, in 1811, he was made Admiral of the Fleet.

The union of William the Fourth with the celebrated Mrs Jordan, commenced in 1790, and endured for 20 years. She was one of the most captivating women of her time, and the Prince was very much attached to her. Several of his children. By her he had several children.—In 1810 they parted, which gave Mr Jordan the greatest pain. His pecuniary embarrassments, she says, were the cause of the parting. In 1818, he was married to the now Dowager Queen Adelaide. As Duke of Clarence, he advocated Catholic Emancipation in the House of Lords, and made a speech in its behalf.

June 26, 1830, the Duke became King of England on the demise of George the Fourth. He was a man altogether the reverse of George the Third. His course as King is in the memory of the public.

The young Queen of Great Britain, Victoria, is just 18 years of age, and a bold, spirited girl. She showed it the other day by refusing to let her uncle name her household for her on assuming her establishment as heir apparent. She was willing to give up an allowance from Parliament, but insisted on naming her own officers. It is an amusing illustration of Hereditary Chief Magistracy, to see the most intellectual and powerful nation of the earth ruled by a girl of 18.—Nevertheless it will do very well, for Royalty is pretty much an abstraction in England, and a girl will do as well as an old man. The gallantry of the nation will be called into action, the young Queen will probably take the popular side of politics, and for a time at least, the government will go on brilliantly.

It is well known that the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the new sovereign, is heartily a whig, in feeling and in policy, and it is scarcely to be doubted that the Queen shares her opinions. It is possible, indeed, that Her Majesty will choose to form her own line of conduct, now that the crown is hers, on which her eyes have been fixed from childhood; she is said to possess much strength of character, and we have heard anecdotes, from sources of high authenticity, which would lead to the belief that she can and will be mistress, in all things; but she is very young, and cannot but feel that her situation is one of great and fearful responsibility. Youth and inexperience may for some years prevent any signal display of that decision which is believed to form a prominent feature of her character; and in that case, no immediate changes of importance may take place, either of men or measures.

## THE WEST.

The following is an extract of a letter of a traveller in the west to the *New York Express*, dated Milwaukee, Wisconsin Territory, July 1837.

"This town, like Chicago, and many other western towns, is fast rising in importance. It is now but three years since it was purchased from the Indians, and the land for fifty miles back of it was only surveyed last year, and none of it has been offered for sale by the government except about two miles square on which the town is now built; but it is "being" squatted upon daily by those who had rather live on lands belonging to the government, than live on those that they are obliged to pay for. Besides, they can speculate on what they call "claims" better than on deeded lands. The making and selling claims has been a great business during the last year in

this section of the country. A young man from the Eastern States, with just money enough to get here, would, on his arrival, go to work for a month, and earn twenty or thirty dollars; by the time his month was out, he would have learnt the art of making a claim, (squating on the public lands;) he would go into the woods, and with an axe cut down a few trees, and girdle a few more, and throw together a few logs in the form of a country cow-pen, and come back to town and offer his claim for sale—say for one or two hundred dollars—which amount he would not unfrequently obtain. He would then have sufficient capital to hire some one to make other claims for him, while he himself would take board at one of the principal hotels and pass for a gentlemanly speculator, constantly making claims through his agent, and again selling them for what he could get. In this way some have kept up this new mode of living. But the great revulsion which has just shaken our whole country to its foundation, has brought up these mushroom speculators all standing, as there is no longer any purchasers of claims, and not a boat that leaves the port, but what takes them off in large numbers. As these claimants have relinquished all labor and lived out all of the money they may have been in the possession of, they are now compelled to return to the East, or remain as idle loafers, or boarding at one place as long as they can get trusted, and then exchanging it for another—as it is impossible for them to obtain work at the present time in this section of the country. The same great cause that has prostrated all kinds of business at the East, is now beginning to be felt here. The sale of town lots is not only entirely checked, but these lots have wonderfully diminished in price. Some few buildings are in the course of erection, but it is believed that when those are finished, all operations will be suspended."

From the N. Y. Daily Express.

## CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

The poets of old Rome sang in loud strains the praises of the country, and happy was that Roman who had his farm, his garden or his villa, around the base of Soracte, or on the shores of the beautiful Bais. Cicero was a farmer as well as a statesman and an orator. All the illustrious men of Rome delighted in quitting the Forum, the Campus Martius, and the walls of the "Mother of Empires," to pass the summer solstice in the cool groves, with nymphs and satyrs—or, in the season of the harvest, to rejoice with the bacchantes, and to see them frolic in the games. Even so in England and the continent of Europe, now. London, the mistress of modern times, as Rome was of the olden, is deserted of much of its population in summer and autumn. The possession of land is the passport to gentility in Europe. The great Metternich, [the Austrian Envoy at London] boasts of his famous vineyard on the Rhine. A landed estate is the first aim of nobility in England. Titles there, come from land. Hence, agriculture is the work of science and of art, and as such knowledge and art are demanded to cultivate, and lay out the park, to adorn it with trees and with fountains, as to fill the gallery, or the studio, or the niche of the palace.

How happens it then, that in our part of our country—it is not so in the south—that agriculture is avoided as much as it can well be—that the son flies off from the fields to the counter, the daughter to the city or the factory—all panting to exchange the free, glorious air of heaven, for the dusty, noisy, crowded thoroughfare, say of Wall-street, Pearl-st., or the Bowery? Whence that madness that makes the working man cherish the cellar or the garret, for himself and his children, when he can live better and wealthier, on the borders of the wilderness, with sky enough over his head, earth enough under his feet—with the green grass to trample over, and the proud trees for a shade.

There is a belief in our country—it exists no where else—that agriculture is a vulgar occupation, demanding no taste, no genius, and nothing but the turning of the sod, and the levelling of the trees. How false is this! Why, the Vatican in its way, is not more beautiful—with the choice works of ancient and modern art in it—a Belvidere Apollo here, and a Raphael fresco there—than an English park in its way—where a landscape is worked out as a picture has been—a tree shaped to fit this view, and hedge designed to aid that—now perhaps a fountain or a waterfall, anon a herd of deer—it may be a hill created by industry, or a little river, with the gods and goddesses presiding over, fitted to run in the line that beauty is demanding—and all harmonizing with Nature, as taste and genius and science have aided in adorning it. Even the cottage of the laboring Englishman—with his front door so neat, the roses, and ivy, and woodbine creeping over and adorning it, and the well trimmed hedge in its front, is a jewel upon the face of the earth, and taste has made it so, for nature has done but little for her father-land. \* \* \* \* \*

We know not why it is, but so it is, there is in the Northern States a most unconquerable aversion to agriculture, and the consequence is, with New England in particular, that a farming people are fed from abroad, by the agriculture of other States, or of foreign nations. The multitude seem more to love the throng—the city—the tinkling of money in the shop of the broker, or the rustle of silk and calico in the shop of the dealer, than the notes of the sweet songster of the woods, the rich beauty of the trees, or the inviting verdure of spring and summer. One reason is, that we have no farmers, such as the farmers of England, of Holland, or of Lombardy, who embellish nature, and make their homes more delightful than the loftiest palaces of the town. Our men of wealth, in the country, who have sons to educate, prefer to make them into third-rate lawyers, fourth-rate parsons, and sixth-rate doctors, rather than to bring them up in the way that should teach them to raise a double crop from the same acre of land, or to introduce some new product, which should double the available means they now have.

As a farming people, the means of creating wealth from landed estates are not yet half developed. There is no reason on earth why this should not be a vine growing country, and yet is not! There is no reason why the Old World should find us in silks, and yet it does. So varied is our soil, our climate; and so extended our line of latitude, from the rocky and frozen regions of the river St. John, to the sandy Sabine, that we have all the capacities of "doing every thing for ourselves; and yet at this moment, we are oppressed and over-burthened with a prodigious foreign debt. The cotton planters make money—why may not the hemp growers? The sugar planters make money; and why not the stock growers of even the Green Mountains? Science is what is wanted first, and then art and taste will come as handmaids. Educate then, your boys in college, if you choose—a good education hurts no man—but make farmers of them afterwards, if you wish them to be happy and wealthy.

## From the Boston Atlas. TEXAS AND CANADA.

We have ever expressed the most decided opposition to any enlargement of our territory by the plunder of our neighbors; and have always taken strong ground against the policy of involving ourselves in a war, out of mere sympathy for the "cause of liberty," whether truly or falsely so denominated.

Still, we have always been in favor of vigorous and decided measures; and when any course of policy has been once adopted, although against our wishes and our judgment, we are desirous to have that course of policy fully and thoroughly carried out. It is only in that way, that measures can be tested, and their true practical character be fully developed.

If then our southern friends persist in demanding the annexation of Texas to our Southwestern frontier, we shall set up a claim to a corresponding enlargement of territory, upon our North Eastern frontier. If they cry out for TEXAS, we shall cry out for CANADA; if they are resolved upon a war with MEXICO, we must have a war with GREAT BRITAIN!

Let us see how these matters will operate. If we are involved in a war with Mexico, and have to send a series of crusading armies under the lead of Southern chivalry, with humane *Anglo-Saxon* idea of exterminating the Mexican people, and laying open the country to be re-populated by a superior race; such an event may be very gratifying to many of our friends at the South, who have much leisure on their hands; who are full of aspirations for military glory; who are not unacquainted with the history of the Spanish Conquest; and whose fancy has been intoxicated by revelling in the recollection of the heaps of gold, the hoard of precious stones, and the broad lands, by which the Spanish adventurers were rewarded. Such a war may be very agreeable to them;—but we know that our Northern commerce will be plundered and ruined by privateers of all nations, under the Mexican flag; and we know further, that the north, without a particle of interest in the quarrel, or advantage to be expected from it, will be called upon to foot almost the entire bill of expenses. Of these expenses no trifling share will fall upon New England, which has always borne the burden, though it has not always shared the glory of the fight.

Now it is no more than reasonable that we should have some sort of offset for all these advantages. A war with Mexico might be sport to Southern friends, but be death to us. Now a war with Great Britain for the annexation of Canada, would afford us exactly the necessary compensation,—no doubt such a war would be very troublesome and expensive; but its principal evils would not light upon the north. British armies have seldom shown much disposition to land upon the iron bound coast of New England; nor have they ever been able to penetrate for many miles into our densely populated territory. They confine themselves for the most part, to invasions of the Southern States, and to the capture, plunder and destruction of Southern cities. Perhaps in case of a new war, they might proceed to execute the plan suggested during the last one; occupy some convenient point; proclaim liberty to the slaves, and march to conquest under the banner of emancipation, lighted on by the glare of burning farm houses and villages. A terrible calamity this would be,—but it would light wholly on the south. Meanwhile the north, especially the manufacturing States, would find consolation for the expenses and calamities of the war, in the monopoly of manufacturing supply which it would confer upon them; and however much the south might suffer during the continuation of the contest, it would terminate at least, in the expulsion of the invaders, and the annexation of Canada; thereby opening a most wide and valuable field for the extension of our Northern commerce, and the exclusive introduction of Northern manufactures. The pecuniary interest of the Northern States, in the annexation of Canada is obvious, nor are the political advantages to be expected from such a union less worthy of consideration.

It will be observed that we state all this matter hypothetically, and under cover of an *if*. If our Southern friends do so and so, we do so and so. If they go for Texas, we go for Canada.—Most sincerely do we hope that neither measure may be adopted; but one necessarily brings on the other. We are for peace with all the world,

and justice to all our neighbors. But if our Southern brethren are determined to convert us into land pirates, and drag us into a marauding expedition, we are perfectly resolved not to be cheated out of our share of the plunder. The South may rest assured that this is not a mere private opinion of our own. It is the unanimous feeling of the north, and not only so, it is the settled policy of the north.

**Philadelphia August 10th.—Horrible and Distressing Accident.**—We regret deeply that last evening Mrs. Dallas, mother of the Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, American Minister to Russia, was instantaneously killed, by a melancholy casualty, the particulars of which, as they have reached us, are these: Mrs. Dallas was returning after night fall in a carriage from the country, accompanied by Mrs. Alex. Campbell, when in passing through Brown-st. the horses attached to the vehicle took fright and ran away. The breaking of some part of the harness brought a piece of wood connected with it, in contact with the heels of the horses, and increased their progress to their utmost speed. At this juncture the timorous driver sprang from his seat, leaving his horses to their own guidance and direction. The furious animals swept along the street, until, on coming in contact with some obstacle, or turning a corner, the carriage was upset, and one of the affrighted intruders dashed headlong on the pavement.

Mrs. Campbell was the lady thrown out, and we are gratified to hear that she was saved, as by a miracle, although it pains us to add, that she was severely bruised and wounded, and it is greatly feared, may not survive. Mrs. Dallas remained in the carriage, if we mistake not, until the horses were arrested in their flight. Being taken into a house, she was scarcely able to speak,—and merely complained of the oppression of her dress, which prevented her from breathing freely. A groan or two ensued, and the lamented lady had ceased to live. There was no external injury upon her person, except an inconsiderable bruise upon her arm—and it is believed that she died of apoplexy, resulting from extreme terror—although it is not improbable that the discovery of some internal hurts might result from a thorough post mortem examination.

Mrs. Dallas was an amiable, accomplished, and high-bred woman; one who has fulfilled in her day and generation with exemplary purity and truth, the duties of a wife, a mother, and a member of the society which she has so long adorned. Her loss will be deeply deplored by all who love goodness and virtue, and the beneficial influence of personal worth.—*Phil. Gaz.*

**From the Tallahassee Floridian of July 29.**  
**Tragic occurrence.**—On Saturday last a number of citizens being assembled at Shell Point in this county, a quarrel arose, weapons were resorted to by several on each side, and we regret to say it resulted in the death of Arthur Macon, Esq., and also Mr. Gleason, the former by a stab in the abdomen, and the latter by a gun-shot wound. Three brothers, Messrs. Nathaniel W. John and William H. Walker, and John M. Haughton and James Howard, were all also severely wounded, either by gun or pistol shots. The accounts of the cause and circumstances of this horrible affair, are so contradictory, that we cannot venture even to allude to them. The whole matter being in course of judicial investigation, is also a reason why we should forbear doing more than express our most poignant feelings of regret at this occurrence, and that we deeply sympathize with the friends of those who have thus, by an unfortunate and untimely outbreak of violence, been hurried into eternity.

Some wags have proposed that the spruce old Beau, Van Buren, should try his magical powers of negotiation in patching up a treaty of alliance with the Belle Queen of England. Perhaps it was with some such sneaking notion that he talked so largely of the "Kinderhook Family," when among the nobility of England. We dare say that KING MATTY would grace the presence chamber of QUEEN VICKY quite as handsomely as the German importations, on which the Royal Family of England have generally depended for matrimonial splices. It would be no doubt quite as much to his taste as the splendor of the East Room, and if he would take Dick Johnson and his sables with him, we, for one, would rejoice at the riddance.

## FROM MEXICO.

Slips from the New Orleans papers of August 5th, contain a letter from Tampico dated July 22d which states that Gen. Bustamante had demanded from the Clergy a loan of \$5,000,000. This was so little relished by them, that they immediately commenced negotiations with Santa Anna. By some means or other the Government obtained information of this, and immediately summoned Santa Anna before a Court Martial to answer to certain charges against him touching his proceedings in the last Texan campaign. He returned an answer in these words—"I cannot—I should not—and I will not." On the receipt of this refusal, a strong detachment of cavalry was despatched from Mango del Clavo with orders to bring him to the capital, but on their arrival at Tampico he could not be found. It was rumored that he had gone to Vera Cruz. The same letter mentions a current report that Victoria and Bravo had espoused the cause of Santa Anna.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 4th says, "The River is high and so are provisions. There is some yellow fever in the city, as there is every summer—nothing like general sickness, however. Four months ago we could count from 80 to 100 steamers at the Levee—now we can count but from 15 to 20. Two months ago we could count upwards of a hundred sea vessels—now it is hard to find above a baker's dozen."

**Singular Circumstance.** We are informed by Mr. C. C. Powers, of Onslow County, that his daughter, a girl six and a half years old, spoke for the first time since she was born, on the 24th ultimo! He does not say, but we presume such to be the fact, that his daughter has resided with him during this singular silence. Mr. P. is a schoolmaster, and the child has attended his school for several months reciting her lessons regularly to her brother, to whom, and to others "she talked freely" although she found it impossible, as she now says, to speak to her father before the day above mentioned.—*Newburgh N. C. Spec.*