

# THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AUTUMN.

The following, from the Louisville Gazette, (Kentucky) of Sept. 1, breathes the soul and freshness of some of the most delightful pages of Howitt. The greater portion of our noble kings of the forest are here beautifully embodied. The picture is quite original and purely American—*N. Y. Star.*

**AUTUMN!** Thou art with us. Already we feel the prickles in the morning air. And the stars shine out at night with a peculiar lustre. Shortly, we shall see the rich tints which thou flingest on the woodlands, and then thy russet livery.—And if thou art now bright, and gay, and beautiful, thou art not less lovely, when thy hazy atmosphere spreads a voluptuous softness over nature—when the sun himself is shorn of his beams, and like a pale planet wanders through the sky.

Autumn! With its fields of ripening corn—and its trees laden with fruit, and its vines with the clustering grapes

“Reeling to earth, purple and gushing,” and clear, sparkling streams, and salmon-fishing, and field sports, is here.

Out in the Autumn woods! The broad leaf of the Sycamore hath fallen upon the streamlet, and hath passed on with its tumbling waters, or disports them where it has rested against some obstruction. The Buckeyes are bare. The Maple is golden leaved, save where, is spread on a field of orange, the hestic flush which marks approaching decay, or where the sap is yet faintly coursing, and a delicate green remains. The Oak is of a deep crimson, and the Gum even yet of a bloodier hue. Far off, on the tall cliff, is the spiral pine and cedar, in the eternal green.

Out in the Autumn woods! When the leaves are falling, like the flakes in the snow storm.—It is a time for reflection—it is time for lofty contemplation. The soul is full, if it have the capacity to feel, and it gushes forth, though the tongue speaks not. And yet it is irresistible, to roam through the autumn woods, and listen to the thousand whispering tongues which fill the air. The fullness of feeling must be relieved by the merry shout and loud halloo.

We welcome thee Autumn. Thou art the dearest to us of the seasons—save the flower-month. We hail thy coming snow, not as has been our wont. Since thou wast last here, we have lost friends; and in thy wailing winds, and out beneath thy sky, and roaming through thy varied gorgeous-liveried woods, our thought shall be turned to their memories.

From the New York Star.

### THE SLAVE TRADE.

One of the most interesting and valuable works, perhaps, for its statistical facts and sober reflections on this subject, has just been published in England, under the title of “Laird’s Expedition to Africa.” The developments are of the most astounding character. Mr. L. frankly avows that rather than the slave trade should be carried on as it now is as a contraband commerce, he would for humanity sake prefer to see it legalized. The only remedy to extirpate it is to declare it piracy. As an argument in favor of the British Government taking more efficient measures to accomplish this object, he states that even now, driven, as the natives are, from the coast into the interior by the horror of this traffic between white demons and black negro kings, the trade with Britain is extremely valuable—the exports from Britain to the west coast of Africa being half a million sterling, and the imports one million—many times greater than with Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, or the Levant. Such is the extent to which the slave traffic is carried on, that there are often six or seven slavers lying at the principal slave ports. At present, to stop this, the whole coast should be lined with British or other cruisers anchored off the harbors.

Now, however, they sail off and on to decoy them out, and the vessels are purposely built [to our shame, we, as Americans, too well know where] of the clipper character, narrow and small, to escape, and thus the misery of the victims is tenfold increased by crowding. Besides, if captured, the cruiser, in going from the Bight of Benin to Sierra Leone with the prize, often loses one sixth and more by the fatal voyage along coast, while across the Atlantic to Brazils or Havana, it is proved often not more than an eighth. Besides, very improperly, the British officer is only paid for those he lands there alive. And Mr. Laird justly remarks that “it is a curious fact, that the officers and crews of British men of war, are the only persons who can, at the present day, legally realize the living cargo of a slave vessel. They are certainly confined to one market and purchaser, Sierra Leone and the British Government.”

Mr. L. relates that there is proof of the horrid fact, that several of the wretches engaged in this

traffic, when hotly pursued, consigned whole cargoes to the deep. Read this revolting picture:

“La Jeune Estelle, being chased by a British cruiser, enclosed twelve negroes in casks and threw them overboard. In 1831, the Black Joke and Fair Rosamond fell in with the Hercules and Regule, two slave vessels, off the Bonny River: on perceiving the cruisers they attempted to regain the port, and pitched overboard upwards of five hundred human beings chained together, before they were captured: from the abundance of sharks in the river, their track was literally a blood stained one. The slaver not only does this, but glories in it. The first words uttered by the captain of the Maria Isabelle, seized by Lieut. Rose, were, that if he had seen the man of war in chase an hour sooner, he would have thrown every slave in his vessel overboard, as he was fully insured.”

### From Dr. Channing’s Letter to Mr. Clay. THE DIGNITY OF THE LABORER.

Whoever studies modern history with any care, must discern in it a steady growing movement towards one most interesting result. I mean towards the elevation of the laboring class of society. This is not a recent, accidental turn in human affairs. We can trace its beginning in the feudal times, and its slow advances in subsequent periods, until it has become the master movement of our age. Is it not plain, that those who toil with their hands, and whose productive industry is the spring of all wealth, are rising from the condition of beasts of burden, to which they were once reduced; to the consciousness, intelligence, self-respect, and proper happiness of men? Is it not the strong tendency of our times to diffuse among the many improvements once confined to the few? He who overlooks this has no comprehension of the great work of Providence, or of the most signal feature of his times; and is this an age for efforts to extend and perpetuate an institution, the very object of which is to keep down the laborer, and to make him a machine for another’s gratification?

I know it has been said in reply to such views, that, do what we will with the laborer, [call him what we will, he is and must be in reality, a slave. The doctrine has been published at the south, that nature has made two classes, the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed, the capitalist and the operative, and that the class who work, are to all intents, slaves to those in whose services they are engaged.

In a report on the mail, recently offered to the Senate of the United States, an effort was made to establish resemblance between Slavery and the condition of free laborers, for the purpose of showing that the shades of difference between them are not very strong. Is it possible that such reasonings escaped a man who has trod the soil of New England, and was educated at one of her colleges? Whom did he meet at that college? The sons of her laborers, young men, whose hands had been hardened at the plough. Does he not know, that the families of laborers have furnished every department in life among us with illustrious men, have furnished our heroes in war, our statesmen in council, our orators in the pulpit and at the bar, our merchants, whose enterprises embrace the whole earth? What! the laborer of the free state a slave, and to be ranked with the despised negro, whom the lash drives to toil, and whose dearest rights are at the mercy of irresponsible power?

If there is a firm independent spirit on earth, it is to be found in the man who tills the fields of the free states, and moistens them with the sweat of his brow. I recently heard of a visitor from the South, compassionating the operatives of our manufactories, as in a worse condition than the slave. What carries the young woman to the manufactory? Not generally the want of a comfortable home, but sometimes the desire of supplying herself with a wardrobe, which ought to satisfy the affluent, and oftener the desire of furnishing in more than decent style the home where she is to sustain the nearest relations, and perform the most sacred duties of life. Generally speaking, each of these young women has her plan of life, her hopes, and bright dreams, her spring of action in her own free will—and amidst toil she contrives to find seasons for intellectual and religious culture.

It is common in New England for the sons of farmers to repair to the large towns, and there to establish themselves as domestics in families, a condition which the south will be disposed to identify with slavery. But what brings these young men to the city? The hope of earning in a shorter time a sum with which to purchase a farm at home, or in the West, perhaps to become traders; and in these vocations they not unfrequently rise to consideration, and what in their place of residence is called wealth. I have in my thought an individual distinguished alike by vigor and elevation of mind, who began life by hiring himself as a laborer to a farmer, and then entered a family as a domestic; and now is the honored associate of the most enlightened men, and devotes himself to the highest subjects of human thought. It is true that much remains to be done for the laboring class in the most favored regions; but the intelligence already spread through this class, is an earnest of brighter days, of the most glorious revolution in histo-

ry, of the elevation of the mass of men to the dignity of human beings.

It is the great mission of this country to forward this revolution, and never was a sublimer work committed to a nation. Our mission is to elevate society through all its conditions, to secure every human being the means of progress, to substitute the Government of laws for that of irresponsible individuals, to prove that under popular institutions, the people may be carried forward, that the multitude who toil are capable of enjoying the noblest blessings of the social state. The prejudice, that labor is degradation, one of the worst principles handed down from barbarous ages, is to receive here a practical refutation.—The power of liberty is to raise up the whole people, this is the great idea on which our institutions rest, and which is to be wrought out in our history. Shall a nation, having such a mission abjure it, and even fight against the progress which it is specially called to promote?

### MAJOR DOWNING ALIVE.

This “celebrated personage,” according to his own account, has been travelling in foreign parts with the design of acquainting himself with other Governments, and about four weeks since arrived near New York, in the ship “Two Polities.” The following is the second letter written by the Major since his approach to Uncle Sam’s shores.

Nigh the wreck of the Two Polities, }  
ROCKAWAY, L. I., Sept. 16, 1837. }  
To the Editors of the New York Express:

I got one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to “Uncle Sam,” and when reading it, it was fortunate for you that you was 20 miles off,—for I never did see such a tarnation work as you made of some parts of my letter. However, all I’ve got to say about it is, if folks who read my letter in print, find anything in ‘em that don’t read smooth, and aint correct as to dates and facts, they may set it down agin the printers. It was just so once with a young Doctor, a friend of mine, in the Colare times. He wrote a long letter once, about how he cured folks by giving Calomel—he writ, “Calomel in doses very minute,”—and the printers put it in print, “Calomel in doses every minute.” Up went Calomel among the Potheccarys—and down went the poor sick folks. It wasn’t the Doctor’s fault,—for it was all owing to the printers and a little “e.”

Now afore I trust you with other matters, I’ll give you the printin of a story I’ve got to tell,—and you may stick as many E’s and O’s and P’s into it as you please, and I don’t care what you make out so long as folks take the mother wit and barin out. It is a story about “Uncle Sam,” and some of his capers among the women folks.

Uncle Sam, you know, always was a sociable kind of crittur; and from his first comin into life, never could git along well without havin his hull family about him, all on ‘em givin him “a boost up the tree,”—but Uncle Sam found, as most folks do, afore they git gray, that unless he took a wife to take care of his buttons and keep things slick’d up about house—he would git into trouble and so forth. Well, after tryin various plans and seein a good deal of trouble one way and another, he took advice some twenty years ago, and got married to a smooth quiet quaker lady, worth twenty eight millions of ‘dollars,—and as Uncle Sam was considerable liberal in his way, he put into the family stock 7 millions of dollars; (not in the “rale grit,” however, but what he said then was just as good as “grit,”) and so together they had 35 millions. Well, 35 millions was no trifle, and things went on slick and smooth for nigh upon twenty years, and every body said, at home and abroad, there never was a happier couple. Uncle Sam’s wife did all a wife could do, and tho’ Uncle Sam would once and a while snell up, and talk big, his wife said nothin, but kept stitchin up his breeches, when he’d split ‘em, and sew on buttons when he twitch’d ‘em off. But by and by Uncle Sam got mixen up with odd company, and among other things, got a kink in his head out of Fanny Wright’s doctrines, that a man of so much importance, hadn’t ought to stick to one wife, but have as many as the great Mogul.

“I swow,” says Uncle Sam, “I’ve a good mind to try it;” and so he talk’d to other folks about it, and to rights the gals got the notion too; and then Uncle Sam got one Amos Kindle to go round and sound about, and see if the gals would stand the racket,—and he come back, and says he, “Uncle Sam there’s no mistake about it; the gals are ready, and more than you can shake a stick at;” and sure enough, just then the gals all having got the notion, set to,—they praised up ‘Uncle Sam,’ and abused his good old quaker wife—O shocking! there’s no tellin what they didn’t say; and among other things they said that Uncle Sam’s wife was ————

“Pshaw!! you don’t say so!! and ————”

“marcy on us!!! Well, the next thing we see of Uncle Sam was, he look’d as fine as a fiddle—ruffles round both ends of his shirt, and such a caperin as he cut among his new wives for a spell, never was seen afore—and sich frolics!! and all his old cronies as busy as he was among ‘em, till some folks began to wink and whisper “that Uncle Sam was so liberal he had wives enuf for himself and friends.”

Things went on thus for about three years, when Uncle Sam began (as most folk do who get too much of a good thing) to smell and feel trouble; and just then I got back from foreign parts, and I met Uncle Sam, and if it had not ben for his big own blood relation, and knowin him and lovin him in any shape, as I do my own father and mother, I never would have known him at all. “Why,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam, is this you?’ says I, ‘I don’t know, Major,’ says he; ‘but why do you ask—don’t I look as nat’ral as ever?’ says he. And there he stood—holdin his breeches up with both hands, and his elbows both torn out and a dirty shirt sleeve peepin through, and holes in his stockings, and his shins all plastered over. “Why,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam, what on airth ails you? Come,’ says I, ‘give me your hand my old friend, and let us talk it all over together.’ ‘I am sorry, Major,’ says he, ‘I can’t shake hands with you just now—my hands are busy,’ says he. “What,” says I, ‘holdin the money aye, Uncle Sam—both hands full, as usual,’ says I. ‘Not exactly, Major,’ says he; and with

that he cum close to me, and whispered in my ear, ‘I am in a bad box, Major,’ says he, ‘I have got so many wives, I aint got a button left for my suspenders—they are all off.’ ‘Do tell, now,’ I says to him, ‘It’s true,’ says he, ‘and you may see for your self.’ And with that I look’d, and sure enuf, there never was a man in sich a pickle.

“Well,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam, this comes from folks givin you bad advice, or rather from your not takin good advice. You forget,’ says I, ‘one fact—and that is, that it was intended that your family matters should be regulated on the same plan of every other well regulated family—and that though yours is the General Government family, it was intended to be regulated jest on the same plan as the family of the humblest of your masters—and there,’ says I, ‘was the mother wit of the thing in the beginnin.’

“What masters?” says he, spunkin up and tryin to swell, (but takin care to hold on to his breeches) “Who are my masters?” says he.

“Your masters?” says I, ‘why, the people—and I am one on ‘em, Uncle Sam—and if you had stuck to the rule they made for the regulatin of your family, you would not now be in your present condition.’

“Now,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam—there is but one way, that I can see, for you to take—and that is, for you to call all your young women about you and tell ‘em that you can’t have but one wife—and they must git husbands each in their own States.’ Here Uncle Sam shook his head and look’d considerable sad—‘I am afraid, Major,’ says he, ‘it’s too late—it was an easy job to git rid of one wife, but to git rid of so many all at once, I am afraid I shall git spunk’d as red as a cherry.’ ‘Never mind that,’ says I, ‘you’ll git no more than you deserve if you do, folks that dance must pay the fiddler,’ says I, ‘Uncle Sam.’

“But,” says he, ‘Major, must I divorce them all?’ “No,” there is no divorce in the matter; you can’t do that unless you can prove crim. con.; that’s the law,” says I. ‘Well, I can,’ says he, ‘I can prove that the Post Office, the Land Office, and Amos ————’ “Hush,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam, don’t talk so; for it is an old story in all countries, that a man who has more than one wife, is a bigger fool than his friends, and has more friends than buttons. Now don’t say anything more about it. You have got in a scrape, and the best way is to get out on’t. You’ll find that your young wives will be as glad to git rid of you, as you will be to git rid of them. But you musn’t talk of divorce, or they’ll bring you to the proof, and show that you first came a courtin. And by the time you prove guilt on any on ‘em, they’ll git you on the hip, and keep you there too,’ says I; “Now look at your courtin, and compare it with what it was—it’s a sad change,” says I, ‘Uncle Sam, aint it?’ however, says I, ‘my old friend, you have had a rare frolic, and this is the end on’t, and pretty much the end of all frolics. Now,’ says I, ‘we must go and see what can be done with the old wife: I’ll be bound,’ says I, ‘she is as sound as ever she was, and not the worse for havin taken shelter in her old native State of Pennsylvania. I’ll go on first,’ says I, ‘Uncle Sam, and tell her to git her buttons and sops ready for you, and if I dont miss my guess, you will in a few weeks look as chirry agin as a boy—and as she is a good natur’d crittur and likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for the young women you have been galavannin with of late, for she thinks you more to blame than they be. And then,’ says I, ‘Uncle Sam, when all gits slick’d up, and you git all your buttons sew’d on, you will have a spare hand always ready to welcome a friend or knock down an enemy. At present,’ says I, ‘Uncle Sam, you are hum-bug-d.—And with that he twitch’d up his breeches, and spunk’d up considerable, and we moved on together. I’ll tell the balance of this story another time.

Your Friend,  
J. DOWNING, Major,  
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

**CONVERSATIONAL INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.** What makes those men who associate habitually with the women, superior to others?—What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the company of the men superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in habit of a free, graceful and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is interchanged continually. Their asperities are rubbed off; their better materials polished and brightened; and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of our character, are laid aside, like the harshness of a warrior in the time of peace and security.—*Schenectady Democrat.*

**GAMBLING.** It is but a line that separates innocence from sin. Whoever fearlessly approaches the line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign his soul to ruin at once. No man ever enters the avenues which conduct to such an end with firm and undaunted step. The brink of ruin is approached with caution and by imperceptible degrees; and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scoffing there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff with trembling.

Do you wish for an illustration? The gambler’s unwritten history will furnish it. How offensive its commencement; how sudden and awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life.—He commences his play; but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is surprised when he finds himself a gainer by the hazard. He then ventures, not without misgivings on a deeper stake. That stake he loses. The loss and guilt oppress him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes to retrieve his fortune. Again he is unsuccessful, and again his spirits flag, and once more the inebriating cup revives him. Ere he

is aware he has become a bankrupt. Resource fails him. His fortune is gone. The demon of despair takes possession of his bosom. Reason deserts him—he becomes a maniac.

## CONGRESSIONAL.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON ATLAS. Washington, Sept. 19, 1837.

The following are extracts of Mr Rives’ speech in explanation and defence of the Bill, introduced by him, “to designate the medium in which government dues should be payable.” [The bill provides that all debts due the government may be paid in specie, or bills of specie paying banks.]

Rives said, that the question, what medium the government would receive in payments into the public treasury, was the greatest question raised by the President’s message, and the most important and interesting to the people. However the Committee on Finance had judged proper to report no bill touching this great matter, the message recommends that henceforth the revenue should be receivable only in gold and silver. If such was to be the policy of the government, it ought to be known. At present, the matter was left in a state of uncertainty; the law was one way; and the recommendation of the president, and the policy of the government, another. This uncertainty ought to be removed; and it belonged to Congress to remove it.

In fact, since he gave notice of this bill, two distinguished gentlemen [Calhoun and Benton] had brought forward propositions to carry into effect the recommendations of the President.—The details of their plans differed but they agreed in the object of rejecting all bank paper from the financial transactions of the government. This would be to bring about a total revolution in the administration of the Treasury. From the very origin of the government, the notes of specie-paying banks had been received, the same as specie, in payment of public dues. This practice was confirmed and enacted into a law, by the resolution of 1816. This practice continued until the issue of the specie circular, requiring coin in payment of the public land; a measure highly justifiable, perhaps, as a temporary thing, but as a permanent measure, highly reprehensible.—The issue of this circular drew the public attention to the subject, and a bill was passed by both branches, by a vote of nine tenths in the Senate, and of three fourths in the House; and almost universally by the people; a bill which re-enacted the resolution of 1816; but which failed to become a law, he would not say how, or why—because he wished to excite no unpleasant feelings in any quarter. But it failed to become a law; and he now again presented it to the Senate, in the very words in which it was then expressed; for notwithstanding the difficulty which had been discovered in its interpretation, he had not thought it necessary to alter a single word. He had added two provisions, one in favor of the Treasury notes about to be issued; the other, more important, with a design to encourage and facilitate the resumption of specie payments. It indicated a time (left blank in the bill, and to be filled, so far as he was concerned, with a scrupulous regard to the interests of the banks) for that resumption, and enforced it, by motives both of hope and fear. He did not doubt it would have a powerful influence, and he referred to a similar resolution of Congress in 1816, as having in fact produced the resumption which then took place.

But this bill would have a wholesome operation, not only upon the banks, but on the country. What was the nature of our present difficulties? Our lands, our labor, our capital, all the elements of prosperity still remained. But industry was paralysed; the currency was devalued; and wages, profits, capital, every thing, felt the effects of that derangement. What is the remedy? It is simple; it consists in the restoration of confidence. Now the first step towards that restoration of confidence, is, the return to specie payments. And how are the banks to be enabled to return to specie payments? By a manifestation of confidence on the part of the government. This is all that is needed, to enable them to resume. The country, at this moment, is better provided with specie, than ever it was before; the foreign debt is fast paying off; the banks want nothing to enable them to resume, except an exhibition of confidence on the part of the government. They have been honestly preparing to resume, reducing their discounts, reducing their circulation. They wish to resume; and they can do so—if we but manifest our confidence in them. That confidence is indispensable; and it is the business, the duty of the government to make a manifestation of it. Right or wrong, justly or unjustly, the banks apprehend hostilities from the government; and if the government do not intend them, assurances to that effect ought to be given.

He referred to the conduct of the British government in 1793, and to the loan of six millions to the banks authorized by the State of N. York during the panic of 1834, as proofs of the influence to be exercised by a more manifestation of confidence in the banks, on the part of government.

And how did it happen that England, drained of her usual supply of specie as she was, had not suffered a suspension on the part of her banks, while we had suffered one, with an extraordinary supply of specie in the country? Because, in England there was confidence; here there was none. He did not blame the government; but the fact was, there was no effort here, by the government to sustain confidence; on the contrary, it was from the government, that hostilities were principally apprehended; and the atrocious doctrines avowed in certain quarters,—(and here he pointed directly to Benton)—the morbid hostility exhibited towards the banks, the declaration of a desperate war against them, might well excite apprehension.

A proposition was now before the Senate, offered by the gentleman from Missouri, with the approbation of the executive, which if adopted, would sweep the country with the besom of desolation. This was the crisis then, at which an exhibition of confidence on the part of Congress was imperatively demanded. And what was asked? A small boon—only that we should promise to do, what the government always had done, from its earliest origin.

If the opposite policy should prevail, it might be demonstrated, yes demonstrated, that it was absolutely impossible for the banks to resume specie payments. Gold and silver is at a premium. Why? Because that alone will serve to