

# SNOW HILL MESSENGER

AND WORCESTER COUNTY

VOL. 4.

SNOW-HILL, (MD.) TUESDAY, NOV. 17, 1874.

NO. 1.

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## TERMS.

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## POETICAL.

For the Snow-hill Messenger  
**ON FAME.**

What is fame? 'Tis like a breath  
That rarely and but for a breath  
Of those who are dead.

What is fame? 'Tis like a light  
Which gleams upon a darkened road  
And blazes out and blazes out  
And blazes out and blazes out.

What is fame? 'Tis like a dream  
Which comes and goes and goes and goes  
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## LIGHT READING.

The Boston Daily Advertiser has  
published extracts from the lectures  
delivered before the Charitable  
Mechanic Association, by the Hon.  
Alexander H. Everett, on the sub-  
ject of the French revolution. From  
some sketches of personal charac-  
ter therein contained, the following  
is selected. It was the Revolution-  
ist who constituted the motor of  
Madame Roland, who first bore the  
appellation of *sans culottes*, which  
was a term of reproach.

But the most interesting persons  
in this group, and the one who may  
perhaps be considered as the leader  
of the party, was the celebrated  
Madame Roland, the wife of the  
Minister of the Home Department  
at the time of which I am now  
speaking. Although educated under  
circumstances not very favorable to  
improvement, she had by the mere  
force of her own taste and talent  
placed herself on a level in point of  
information and extent of views with  
the highest minds of her own or any  
other time. She co-operated ac-  
tively with her husband in the dis-  
charge of the duties of his depart-  
ment, and although she shared in  
and denounced the exaggerations  
of the period, she was a moderate  
and a moderate sounder  
of her political associates  
endeavored to prevent efforts in  
the city the more violent party  
in the nation into a co-opera-  
tion and reason.

She wrote with vigor when  
would have done so to the best  
advantage of the cause. Her ac-  
complishments and talents were of  
the rarest order, and she suffered  
of great pain. She employed the  
time of her imprisonment in writing  
memoirs of her life, which are now  
in the hands of the public, and are  
in the highest degree of interest.

Although well educated, she  
was in no way affected. There  
was no longer in the flower of life, her  
appearance was still extremely en-  
gaging. She was tall and elegantly  
formed. Her countenance was  
exceedingly intelligent, but her  
misfortunes and her long confine-  
ment had imprinted on it an expres-  
sion of melancholy, which softened  
the vivacity that was natural to it.

She had the soul of a republican,  
and a form modelled by the  
free and equal. There was a cer-  
tain something more than an ordi-  
nary expression in her large  
black eyes, which were full of  
meaning. She conversed  
with freedom and courage of a  
great man. This republican lan-  
guage in the mouth of a beautiful  
French woman, about to mount the  
scaffold, was one of the miracles of  
the age.

Not prepared for which we were  
her with admiration and as-  
tonishment. Her conversation was  
without being cold and like  
of her language, the she spoke  
a sort of music, with a sweet  
could never be regretted, and  
without effort want of firmness  
Sonnet her sex seemed  
us saw that she had been  
weeping at the recollection  
of her husband and child.  
woman who attended her, said  
one day, "before you she  
set her strength, but in her  
she sometimes leans upon the  
ment and weeps for three hours

together? This strange behavior  
made her still more interesting.  
On the day of her trial, she dressed  
herself with great care in white  
and her long black hair fell in loose  
ringlets to her waist. Her appear-  
ance would have moved the stern-  
est heart. On her return from court  
she entered the room with a liveli-  
ness that seemed like pleasure. One  
of her companions who was to  
share the same fate and who ap-  
peared to want courage, she consoled  
with so much gentleness and gaiety

times. At the place of execution  
she bowed before the statue of Lib-  
erty, and uttered these memorable  
words: "O Liberty! what crimes  
are not committed in thy name."

**ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.**  
St. Paul's church in this city, was  
erected in the year 1770, according  
to the style of building common in  
that day, and was the largest church  
at that time in the city of the prov-  
ince. Its aisles were covered on the  
surface of the earth, without a cellar;  
its pews were straight and high and  
uncomfortable, and its galleries in-  
convenient from their extreme ele-  
vation above the floor. In this un-  
comfortable arrangement and form it  
stood until the last spring, when  
the congregation determined to re-  
new and remodel their house of  
worship. They adopted a plan  
suggested to them for the greater  
convenience of their building, the  
drafts of which were made by Mr.  
Strickland, by which a basement  
story should be made under the  
whole building. The first step was  
to take out the whole interior, leav-  
ing only the walls and the roof,  
which were found to be perfectly  
substantial and good. The whole  
surface of the earth within the  
walls was then excavated to the  
height of the principal floor of the  
church, which runs upon a declivity  
from the church to the street. This  
excavation was made in such a  
manner that the improvement has  
been completed at a cost of about \$11,000  
in a style of great simplicity, but  
remarkable beauty and elegance.  
From the front door of the church  
a wide staircase leads across the  
whole of the building of three  
feet wide, and the whole of the  
basement is by easy steps to the  
above, and the descent by three  
steps into the basement story.

The first and largest room below  
is a lecture room of 600 feet by 42,  
manner. It contains 600 persons,  
school room, of 600 feet by 42,  
and a large entry room, Sunday  
with the chancel above. There is  
a lecture room in the city at all  
equal to the one in this building, for  
the comfortable accommodation of  
an audience, or able to contain so  
large a congregation. The whole  
basement story is a fine and suffi-  
cient accommodation for 600 Sun-  
day School scholars, and a fine  
vestibule below, a staircase of a  
few steps of the same size, of a level  
with the main floor of the church,  
which is elevated by the chancel,  
feet six inches, the level of the  
original architecture, under the  
roof, who was the best carpenter  
in the city.

Mr. John has done himself much  
work. The Greek Ionic order  
elevated at the high point, about  
ten feet above the floor. The pews  
are all stuffed with hair, and lined  
with azure mores and pressed  
with their highly polished anthers,  
appearance, a neat and beautiful  
arrangement.

The arrangement of the chancel  
is a fine and highly convenient  
The pulpit is separated into three  
divisions. On each wing or flank  
a desk for reading, and in the  
centre, elevated about a foot, is the  
pulpit, or desk for preaching.  
These are all upon the same level,  
and approach by a single staircase.

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traveller was consigned to the chamber which he seemed to covet, and excited no more attention except from an honest backwoodsman who strolled in to take a peep, and after gazing at him for a quarter of an hour, suddenly clasped his hands and exclaimed to his companion, "It leaves, Bill, if it ain't alive I'll agree to go foot as long as I live."

By this time the candles were lighted and the silent gentleman seemed to grow weary of silence. He now rose and strolled across the apartment with a very important stride. He was a young man of about two and twenty, of ordinary height and less than ordinary thickness. His person seemed to be compressed with corsets, and his head was supported by the ears upon a semicircle of stiffened linen, which occupied the place of a shirt collar; and all his habiliments, announced him to the eyes of the curious as a genuine species of that singular genus, the dandy. After taking several turns through the apartment he drew forth his gold repeater and opening his mouth for the first time, exclaimed, "Landlord! I want supper!"

"You shall have it, sir," said the landlord with a bow, and winking at the same time at the other guests, "we had supper when you arrived, but will not detain you many minutes."

In a short time supper was announced and the stranger was shown into a back room, handsomely furnished where a neat elderly matron presided at the head of the table, spread with tea, coffee, cakes, beef, pork, bacon, venison, fowls, and all that profusion of eatables, with which western ladies delight to entertain their guests. Near her sat a young lady modestly attired, in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose easy manners and engaging appearance might have warmed any heart not callous to the charms of native elegance. Now indeed our dandy opened both mouth and eyes to some purpose. Scarcely desirous to return the salutation of his hostess, he commenced the work of havoc—fish, flesh, and fowl, vanished from before him; his eye roved from dish to dish, and then wandered off to the younger chicken, and now at the fairies of the land. The young chicken seemed to go off very well, but the subject of the damsel he never opened his mouth.

Returning again to the sitting apartment, he found the same set of gentlemen whom he had left there, still engaged in conversation. They were the Judge, the lawyers, and other intelligent men of the country, who were not a little amused at the airs of our dandy. Again they opened their circle to receive him, but his eyes, his mouth and his heart if he had one, were closed against every thing but the contemplation of his important self. After drawing his boots, picking his teeth, and puffing a cigar, he again opened his mouth with, "Landlord! I want to go to bed!"

"When you please, sir," said the landlord, "I will send you a room to yourself, sir."

"I do not know how that will be," replied the landlord, "my house is full, and I shall be compelled to put you in the room with some of these gentlemen."

"I can't go to it," replied the dandy strutting up and down; "never slept in a room with any body in my life, and never will; must have a room sir!"

The landlord now laughed outright at the airs of the coxcomb, and then said, very good humoredly, "Well, well, I'll go and talk with my wife, and see what we can do."

"My dear," said the landlord, as he entered the supper room, "here's a room; he must have a room to himself."

"What a greedy man, in corsets!" said the same.

"Set him up with a room," said the landlord, "we can accommodate him, we had better do so."

The lady professed her readiness to discharge the rites of hospitality, but declared that there was not a vacant apartment in the house.

"Give him the room," said the landlord, "any where you like, the children, or any where you please." The young lady was a visitor, and a great favorite; the older lady was altogether opposed to putting her to any discomfort, particularly on account of such a fine man. But the niece was her own, and arrangements were made accordingly.

In a few minutes the silent man was conducted by the landlord to a very handsomely furnished apartment in the back part of the house. A suit of curtains hung round the bed, the counterpane was white as snow, and the bed linen was fresh and fragrant. The dandy walked round the room, examining every thing with the air of a man who fancied his life in danger from some contagious disease, or venomous reptile. He threw up the bed clothes, and, after inspecting them, exclaimed, "I can't sleep in that bed!"

"Why not, sir?" inquired the astonished landlord.

"It is not clean! I can't sleep in it!" repeated the dandy strutting up and down with the most amazing air of self-importance. "I would not sleep there for a thousand dollars!"

"Take care what you say," said the landlord; "you are not aware that I keep the best house in the country, and that my wife is famed for the cleanliness of her house and beds!"

"Can't help it," replied the dandy, very deliberately surveying himself in a mirror, "very sorry, sir—awkward business to be sure, but to be plain with you, I won't sleep in a dirty bed to please any man."

"You won't, won't you?"

"Then I shall make you!" said the landlord and seizing the astonished dandy by the back of the neck he led him to the bed, and forced his face down upon it—"look at it," continued the enraged Tennessean, "examine it—smell it—do you call that bed dirty, you puppy?" Then going to the door, he called a servant to bring a housewife and informed the terrified dandy, that on less he undressed and went to bed instantly, he should order his negro mortified youngster promised to do all that was required of him; the landlord would trust nothing to his word, but remained until his guest was disrobed, corsets and all, and snugly nestled under the snow white counterpane.

It was nearly breakfast time when the crest fallen stranger made his appearance in the morning. To his surprise, his steed who had evidently fared as well as himself, stood ready saddled at the door. "Pray, sir," said he to his host, in a hum, the conversation, "pray sir, at what hour do you breakfast?"

"We breakfast at eight," was the reply, but the question is one in which you can have little interest; for you must seek a meal elsewhere!

"Surely my dear sir, you would not treat a gentleman with such indignity!"

"March!" said the landlord.

"You owe me nothing, I should think myself degraded by receiving your money."

In another moment the self-important mortal who had the evening before, just ridden through the town with such a consciousness of his own dignity, was galloping away, degraded, vexed & humbled as he passed along; the same backwoodsman, who had gone to his first friend, met him and putting on his hat, said, very civilly, "I hope your girl is under the horse!"

"The dandy reined his girth jumped off and found there; where was indeed under his horse, it ought to be."

"Do you mean to insult me?" exclaimed the dandy, turning fiercely upon the backwoodsman; but the latter instead of replying, coolly remarked to his companions, "if it piques on this gentleman, let him inquire."

"Who is the young man?" inquired the Judge of the circuit court, as he rode off.

"The stranger rode off," replied the landlord.

"He is a Philadelphia Dan," replied the landlord.

"I am no wiser than before," said his honor.

"Have you lived in our country so long, that you know this race of collectors?"

"Some from different merchants they go under one general denomination, some of them are fine young men, but too many are like yonder chap."

"But how do you know this to be so?"

"Oh, bless you, know them well!" replied the history, that youth, in his motions, before that youth, in his house five minutes, was in my mind, as a could how and am, like a coach dancing master, skip over the ground, and play as many tricks as a pet monkey. He is just out of

his apprenticeship, promoted to the dignity of a dun, and mounted on a fine horse, you know the old proverb: 'Set a beggar on horseback.'

"I understand the whole matter," replied the Judge, and very gravely walked into the house, while the younger members of the bar were roaring with laughter at this odd adventure of the Philadelphia Dan.

#### ORIGINAL.

For the *Saver-Hill Messenger*.  
PRESBYTERIAN.  
(Continued.)

The Lutherans in Germany testify that he died blaspheming, but Little Vallet John, that praying out of the office of our Lady according to the use at Noyon, was a part of the employment of his death bed. These testimonies, like the nine pins, seem to knock one another down. The one was given in Latin, and the other in English, so contradictory to each other, as to lead us to suspect, that the writer, who compiled this sketch, did not fully comprehend the force of words, either in the one language or the other.

As to the intimation, given by Peyral, in the *Mess* of Nov. 22, 1830, that in allusion I suppose to the ridiculous silly report of Valet John, of Calvin's using in his death bed, the office of our Lady according to the use at Noyon, a Catholic prayer book Calvin gladly would have said shibboleth, that is, acknowledged the Catholic Faith, it is more than sufficient to show, that all the last recorded acts of his life, give it a direct contradiction.

Calvin died on the 24th May 1564. On the 25th April of the same year, he made his will, and on the next day, 26th of April, he assembled, Theodore Beza, Raymond Chavet, Michael Cap, Louis Emich, Nicholas Colladon, Jacques de Lorges, ministers, and Henry Serretus, professor of Arts, to witness this instrument.

The copy is attested, by Chenelet citizen, and sworn notary of Geneva. In this, his last will and testament, he says, I declare it my wish, and intention, to continue in the same faith and religion. And I declare, also that according to the measure of grace bestowed upon me, I have endeavored to teach God's word in purity as well, in sermons as in writings, and in the enemies of truth, I have never used either civilities, or sophistry, but have fairly maintained the truth.

On the day following, April 27th, having assembled the synod, he addressed them in his own house, and following an extract of that address, I declare before God, that I have not rashly or without due conviction, taught you the doctrine which you have heard from me; but, I have purely, and sincerely preached to you the word of God, according to the charge, which he hath given me of it. And as I could have provoked his anger, if I had acted otherwise, so I am persuaded, that my labors, and the pains which I have taken, to instruct you, have not been fruitless, and that in doing this, he is justified, that he taught the word of God in purity; and in his address to the synod, that had he acted otherwise, he would have provoked God's anger.

On the 24th May, continued in the same mind. In a letter to Farel, a copy of which is now before me of the late Geneva library, he writes, "I am about to die in Jesus."

It is the author of the History of Geneva, that in the library, exhibited a perfect resemblance to the comforted his friends, and that he died in his own house, he present with his friends, at the anniversary which they had been accustomed to partake together, in token of their friendship.

He offered up in a manner, little, and discoursed in a manner, worthy of his duty and zeal, and that when, on account of his weakness, he conveyed his chamber; looking at the company with a smile, he said, "I will not prevent you being united in you in spirit."

After this day, according to that author, he remained in his bed, so this and exhausted, that breath only remained, and he spoke at all only with difficulty, for four days.

On the fifth day after, the day of his death, he spoke with less difficulty, and more strength. But this was the last effort of nature. He continued speaking with great propriety, until

his last breath, when he appeared to fall asleep, rather than to die.

The testimony of Calvin's friends, who certainly had the best opportunity to witnessing his departure, is—'The last moments of Calvin, were remarked as the finest in his life. Like a parent, who is about to leave a beloved family, he bade farewell to those, whom he had watched over so long with a truly parental care.'—*Landscape Annual*.

In your *Messenger* of Nov. 29, 1830, Peyral has furnished us with another version of the famous letter, to the Marquis of Post. To exhibit the contrast, we will place them side by side.

**First Version.**  
"Don't fail to clear the country of those pitiful zealots, &c."

"Such monsters as those, ought to be destroyed as I dealt with Michael Servetus the Spaniard."

**Second Version.**  
"Do not find fault with our ridding the country of those fanatics, &c."

"Such monsters ought to be suffocated as happened at the execution of Michael Servetus, the Spaniard."

We forbear attempting to reconcile these contradictory versions. Such discrepancies favor strongly of the different hear-say reports of a letter, rather than of a letter itself. Peyral's frequent citation of this scrap, argues a great want of stock in the article of evidence. It appears as important in his crusade against Calvin, as a celebrated bucket to the household comfort of a certain old woman; and Peyral's impudence has at last, doomed it to a similar fate.

The old madam, with one bucket, determined to live independent of her neighbors. Accordingly she used her bucket, by day, and by night, for all the purposes of her bed, and board, until, at last, in attempting to boil her dinner in it, she burned the bottom out. So Peyral, after having used this solitary vessel, in his tirades, for almost every cause, under the sun, has at last supposed, unwillingly, burned the bottom out.

This confirms the testimony of Voltaire, of the best lived, Calvin as of the greatest divine, that had good experienced what such a bitterest men may ever expect, a bitterest state of mind, from heretofore.

Almost every size, Calvin and his enemies, as well as his friends, in such circumstances, it might reasonably be expected, that various scraps should be circulated against man and monster. Of these Voltaire every thing sacred in religion, and in his own mind, would naturally give that, which would be as he was not a man of conscientious veracity, he would naturally draw the character of Calvin as well as that of David, King of Israel, the man after God's own heart, but not with the fair lines of prejudice, with the faults, he had but to dip his pen in the gall of Calvin's enemies, most of whom were never distinguished, either for candour, or a sense of shame. That Voltaire would not hesitate to prostitute truth at the feet of his concepts, and prejudices, we might show by indefinite number of incidents, taken from actual life.

The following is from the pen of Dr. Moore, who visited him at Fernelay, the place of his residence about the year 1779.

Voltaire was irascible, and jealous to a great degree; a distance of which is related in an accidental interview with Piron. Piron was a rival who took a strange delight in tormenting him; and whom he consequently most sincerely hated. Voltaire never missed an opportunity of lashing his rival in the keen encounter of wit.

And Piron equally liberal, left him few advantages to boast.

One morning, Voltaire called on Madame de Fernelay, and was waiting her comfortable. He had comforted himself on a fauteuil, and was reading the arrival of a letter, when Piron, sprang forward to pay him a visit, and bowing himself, he said, "I am your humble servant."

There was no return, Piron, therefore, turning to the lady, drew himself up with a haughty air, and bowing himself, he said, "I am your humble servant."

Voltaire, retired to the faint, which he had risen, Piron, looking at the salutation, with an indifferent movement, and an air of indifference, exactly

After some moments, passed in silence, the author of the *Heimide*, took from his pocket a black silk cap, which he usually wore, when at home or in the presence of any one, with whom he thought he could take such liberty, and putting it on his head, he observed, with a dry tone, and great indifference of manner, "I ask your pardon, sir, but my medicine requires me."

"No need of ceremony, sir," interrupted Piron, "and the less so, as my medicine demands the same thing." So saying he very coolly put on his hat.

Voltaire started at this unequivocal demonstration of contempt, but as he had provoked it, he was obliged to put up with the affront.

He again applied to his pocket, and drawing from it a biscuit, he began to eat saying by way of apology, "Pardon, sir, but my medicine requires me to eat."

"No need of ceremony, sir," repeated the imperturbable Piron, with an obsequious bow, drawing from his pocket a flask, with which he was usually provided, he uncorked it and swallowed the contents at a draught.

At the same time, striking his approval by smacking his lips with a violence perfectly prizing.

This was too much. The insupportability of the philosopher prevailed, and starting up with indignation in his countenance, and darting a fierce look at the unceremonious Piron, exclaimed, "do you mean to mock me, sir?"

"Excuse me," mildly replied Piron, enjoying the rage and confusion of his rival, "for my health is so feeble, that my medicine requires me to drink."

Such was the condition of the two poets, when the lady, and them and by her presence, difficulties from their inability to demonstrate.

This is a true illustration, and the produced as a witness against the illustrious Calvin, whom Calvin, and his disciples, equally dread.

The church in Fernelay, close to Voltaire's residence, occasion to the building, which witty traveller, the remark of the church, the farther from God's—*Landscape Am*. Another proof of the hypocrisy of the man, who could patronize the religion which he despised.

The following, is from the same authority, is a further illustration of the character of this great man.

Voltaire's house in Fernelay, was a large picture in the hall, which he executed, by some painter, whom Voltaire met with by accident, and who painted the portrait, according to the design of the poet. The picture, known to be a counterfeit, the miserable attempt of the painter, or the vanity and egotism of the artist. Voltaire is represented on the foreground, presenting the *Horatius*, around the temple of memory, seen, around which fame is flying, a pointing to the *Horatius*. The muse and graces surround Voltaire, and personages, represented in the picture, stand apparently, astonished, his surprising talents, the authors to the infernal regions, and envious, expiring at his feet!!! What of great and pious man; the testimony of such a portrait, of a man, vain, malignant, proud, hypocritical scoundrel, as Voltaire, who would have such an illustration in his house, is a disgrace, and a blot.

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