

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1852.

NUMBER 8.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BARKER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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If not paid within the year, \$2 00
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J. Davenport

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Garden Rakes;

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ALSO,

STOVES,

in great variety, including,

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3 do. Empire State, and other Air-Tight Cooking Stoves,

2 do. Mountain Queens,

4 do. Hot-Air Stoves,

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Together with a full assortment of Bar, Round and Hoop Iron, American and English Steel, Hollow and Solid Bars, Kettles, Copper and Iron Pumps, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Cut and Wrought Nails—all sizes, Horse Nails and Shoes, Nail Rods, Carriage Bolts, and Irons, Cast Iron, Kettles, Axes, and Green Mallets and Pistols, Mott's Furnaces, Grind Stone Cranks and Bolters, &c.

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Also, a great variety of PULLEY PATTERNS, screws and Cast Cutting of all sizes, will be supplied.

THE MACHINE WORK, of every description, done in the best manner, at the lowest rates.

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J. DAVENPORT,
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From the Providence Journal.

"Non Omnis Morior"

I die not all—for a scold of mine

Once lodged in an old man's ear;

Twas a word of folly in a naive Divine,

A tone he was waiting to hear.

His brow was smooth like the shining stone,

Where a sculpin's eldritch hatch been;

Like shreds of clouds had his gray locks gone,

His voice was husky and thin.

I die not all—for a thought of mine

Caught a young man's soul with fire;

A clarion note was the stirring line;

That was struck from my trembling lyre;

He had hoped for days in the forest shade,

With hoodens of willow and fern;

His heart was low, for a trust betrayed,

And he bowed his head to die.

I die not all—for an infant child

Had a spirit talk with me;

Intent he lay, with an eye as mild

And deep as the dreamy sea;

That talk will haunt all his boyish days,

And come in whispers at night;

And the sad, sweet spell of that mystic gaze,

He may never divert of his sight.

I die not all—for a myriad things,

That will live and think and do,

Have felt my life in their secret springs,

And will feel it, their being through;

We die not all—we shall live on earth

In the words and deeds of the Past;

And death, to the soul is a glorious birth,

Where no seeds of decay lie.

T. CORNELL.

He's None the Worse for That.

What though the homopun suit he wears,

Best suited to the sons of toil—

What though no gold had gladdened the tongue,

Devoted to congenial chat,

Might prevail, and not the wrong,

The man is not the worse for that.

What though within his humble cot,

No costly ornament is seen—

What though his wife possesses not

Her satin gowns of black and green—

What though the merry household band

Half-acted to fill and last—

If conscience guides the heart and hand,

The man is none the worse for that.

True worth is not a thing of dress—

Of splendor, wealth, or classic lore,

Would that these trappings we loved less,

And clung to honest worth the more!

Though pride may spin the tanning crowd,

The faded garb, the meagre hat,

Yet God and Nature give aloud—

The man is none the worse for that.

Bishop Potter on Drinking Usages.

We are now to ask whether these usages are necessary or useful? Unless they can show some effect to the vast amount of evil which they occasion, they ought, surely, to be ruled out of court. But is any one prepared to maintain that they are necessary—that it is necessary or even useful, that men should use intoxicating liquors as a beverage?

Do they add vigor to muscle, or strength to intellect, or warmth to the heart, or rectitude to the conscience? The experience of thousands, and even millions, has answered this question. In almost every age and quarter of the world, but especially within the last twenty-five years, and in our own land, many have made trials of entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. How few of them will confess that they have suffered from it, either in health of body, or elasticity of spirit, or energy of activity of mind!

How many will testify, that in each of these respects, they were sensible gainers from the time they renounced the use of all alcoholic stimulants.

But if neither useful nor necessary, can it be contended that these drinking customs are harmless? Are they not expensive? Many a moderate drinker, did he reckon up accurately the cost of this indulgence, would discover that it forms one of his least burdens. No tax, as Mr. Franklin, is so oppressive as those which men levy on themselves. Appetite and fashion—vanity and ostentation—constitute our most rapacious tax-gatherers. It is computed by Mr. Potter, an English statistician of distinguished ability, but of no special interest in the subject which we are now discussing, that the laboring people of Great Britain, exclusive of the middle and upper classes, expend into a debauch in which he shall commit some error or perpetrate some crime, that will follow him with shame and sorrow all his days. How many a young man, by one such indiscretion, has cast a cloud over all his prospects for life! You have read Shakespeare's Othello—the most finished and perfect, perhaps, of all his tragedies. What is it but a solemn Temperance tract, that awakens in the closing scenes of that awful and magnificent drama? It is not from the wine which Iago plied to Cassio! What is Iago himself, but a human embodiment of the Great Master of Evil? and as that Master goes abroad over the earth, seeking whom he may destroy, where does he find a more potent instrument than that treacherous wine cup? This dark tragedy, with its crimes and sorrows is but an epitome, a faint transcript of ten thousand tragedies which are all the time enacting on this theatre of our daily life. How many are there, at this moment, who, from the depths of agonized and remorseful hearts, can echo the words of Othello's sobred, but almost phrenzied lieutenant—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast not me to be known by, let us call thee devil!—That thou shouldst put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!—That we should with joy, pleasure, relief, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

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Here, then, are results reached by men of business, when engaged in a mere calculation of probabilities. Drinking, according to their estimates, is hazardous—hazardous to life and property—hazardous to reputation and virtue. Is it not wise, then, to abstain from it? Is it not wiser, to be temperate? Is it not wiser, to be temperate? Is it not wiser, to be temperate? Is it not wiser, to be temperate?

A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain, when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height.—Wherever he went, during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loath. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one, too, who wished a convenient pretext for talking and drinking. He must drink a bumper in honor of the King and Queen—in honor of the church and state—in honor of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring, with throbbing temples and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close, and to require in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembled there were those who had done him honor, he gathered them round a most sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed round to each guest—when the host rose, and with all gravity said: "Gentlemen, I give you the King! please cut it to his honor!" His guests protested. "That had done him honor," said the nobleman, "but he was inflexible." "Gentleman," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to drink at your bidding. It is too much that you should now cut at mine? I have been subservient; why should you not follow my example? You will please do honor to your King! You shall then be served with another slice in honor of the Queen—another to the prosperity of the Royal Family, and so on, to the end of the chapter."

But waiving the absurdity and costliness of these usages, let us ask if they are safe? No one who drinks can be perfectly certain that he may not die drunkard. Numbers which defy all computation, have gone this road, who were once as self-confident as any of us can be. No one, again, who drinks, can be certain that he may not, in some unaccountable manner, be brought into a debauch in which he shall commit some error or perpetrate some crime, that will follow him with shame and sorrow all his days. How many a young man, by one such indiscretion, has cast a cloud over all his prospects for life! You have read Shakespeare's Othello—the most finished and perfect, perhaps, of all his tragedies. What is it but a solemn Temperance tract, that awakens in the closing scenes of that awful and magnificent drama? It is not from the wine which Iago plied to Cassio! What is Iago himself, but a human embodiment of the Great Master of Evil? and as that Master goes abroad over the earth, seeking whom he may destroy, where does he find a more potent instrument than that treacherous wine cup? This dark tragedy, with its crimes and sorrows is but an epitome, a faint transcript of ten thousand tragedies which are all the time enacting on this theatre of our daily life. How many are there, at this moment, who, from the depths of agonized and remorseful hearts, can echo the words of Othello's sobred, but almost phrenzied lieutenant—O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast not me to be known by, let us call thee devil!—That thou shouldst put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!—That we should with joy, pleasure, relief, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

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