The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE
EXPRESS OFFICE,
18 full to the brim and running over with
Ready Made Clothing !
Of all kinds, and qualities, and prices. Here can be found Over Coats for $4,50, Dress Coats, Pants and Vests in the proportion, India Rubber Coats, Long Over Stockings, Under Shirts and Drawers, Mufflers, Comforters, Gents Gloves and Hosiery, Hats and Caps, Cloth, Hair, Tooth and Lather Brushes, Port Monaies form the small and beautiful to the large and serviceable, Suspenders, Steel Frame Umbrellas, Feather Dusters, Silk and Linen Pocket Hdkfs, Denim Over Alls and Frocks, &c., &., &c., too numerous to mention. Call and examine for yourselves, and W. S. Lane, will show you Goods at prices that cannot but be satisfactory.
Middlebury, Oct. 10, 1853. 26

1853.
FALL TRADE.
Cabinet
FURNITURE
AND
UPHOLSTERY.

JAMES P. HUNTINGTON,
No. 2, up Stairs, Nichols' Building,
IS NOW COMPLETING HIS ASSORTMENT OF CABINET FURNITURE,
Consisting of entirely new and Fashionable patterns, all made of the best material and offered on terms as favorable to the buyer as can be obtained at any other place in this region of country. Every description of
MATTRESSES & BEDDING
Is manufactured at his rooms in Nichols' Building; is offered at fair prices, and may be returned if not proving as represented.
An examination is solicited.
Middlebury, May 10, 1853. 5:1y.

ELGIN SPRING HOUSE.
THE SPRING HOUSE is open for the reception of visitors. The proprietor will spare no expense to make it a desirable place of resort for invalids or parties of pleasure.
The medicinal qualities of these Springs are equal to any in the world, and are highly recommended by the best physicians in the state. Reference may be made to Drs. Allen and Russel, of Middlebury; Drs. Brasford, Maxfield and Hopkins of Vergennes; Drs. Cram and Stone of Ferrisburgh; Drs. Hienburg and Welch, of Burlington; Dr. Horton of Colchester; Dr. Warner of New Haven; Dr. Hazelton of Bristol; Dr. Bromley of Huntington; Dr. Wetherby of Westford; and Dr. Cole of Williston.
The proprietor will run a carriage to the Depot in Vergennes in connection with the Mail trains of cars. The one moving south arrives at Vergennes at 8 A. M. That moving north arrives at 3,55 P. M., for the accommodation of visitors; or at any other train when requested. All orders for water promptly attended to and forwarded by the bottle or gallon to any part of the world.
Post Office address, Vergennes, Vt.
SOLOMON ALLEN, Proprietor.
Elgin Springs, May 2, 1853. 2:y1.

ADDISON'S
Daguerrean Gallery,
In Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's Store!
A good a **Daguerreotype Likeness** can be obtained at this **Establishment** as at any other GALLERY in Vermont.
C. E. TAPLEY, Artist.
Middlebury, July 4, 1853.

FRESH ARRIVAL,
OF
NEW GOODS
JUST RECEIVED BY
H. LANGWORTHY.
NOVEMBER 1st 1853.

For the Public.
PAINTED PAILS and TUBS.—Butter Tubs and Sap Buckets for sale by the subscribers at their Factory, (formerly the Judd marble factory).
☞ Cash paid for SAPLING PINES;—a few cords more wanted this season.
☞ Ware sold to the trade on as favorable rm s as can be obtained in Massachusetts.
SKEELE & MERRILL.
By N. H. HAND, Agent.
Middlebury, Jan. 15, 1853. 38:1y.

Cheap Publications.
A large assortment of the latest kinds for sale cheap. Eight 25 cent works for $1,00. Also, a lot of Comic Almanacs, for '54 just received and for sale at the Telegraph Office by
Oct. 18, 1853. A. H COPELAND

Canes! Canes!!
Black and Yellow crooked Canes, for sale at the TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Poetry.

The Minister's Quarter Day.

As the parson sat at his book, one day,
A rap at the door heard he;
The Parish Collector had called to pay
The Society's quarter fee.
A hundred dollars and fifty more
Were counted the Parson's due,
Though small sum this for half a score,
To vitual and clothe and shoe.

But the day had come, and for youthful sport,
The parsonage ne'er displayed
A day like that, when his scant support
Was about to be promptly paid.
The children danced and giggled and grinned,
And wriggled like eels in oil;
And smiles broke forth on the visage thinned
By fasting, and tears, and toil.

The Parish Collector sat him down,
And out of pocket took
The tithes he'd gathered about the town,
Crammed into his pocket book;—
It was not much of a cram at that,
Though honey and milk indeed,—
Not milk enough for a starving cat,
Not money enough for need.

But such as it was, without much risk,
The Collector poured it out;
He spread it round on the Parson's desk,
And scattered it all about:—
But little of shining gold was there,
And less from the silver mine,
And bank bills—they were exceeding rare!
Alas! for the poor divine.

First came a note for a little sum,
Which the poor man late had given
To a rich parishioner, near his home,
Whom he hoped to meet in heaven:—
Ten dollars was all—not much, I know,
But an order followed with the note,
With butcher's bill, and a bill or so
For butter and bread, to boot.

The doctor had drawn for his small account,
The grocer had filled his claim,
All intended their bills should count,
Whenever his pay-day came.
The good Collector reckoned them up;
The minister stood aghast!
'Twas a bitter drug in in his brimming cup,
To think that he had lived so fast.

Who knows what pain the parson endures
As the good man hands them o'er,
And says, with a hem, "Sir, these are yours,
And they should have been paid before:
For a scandal it is to religion, sir,
Which the world can never forget,
When a man of ease, like a minister,
Is unable to pay a debt.

"And here, besides is a lot of cash,
Three tives and a lusty ten;
Your daughters in satin now may dash,
And your boys dress up like men;
And allow me to say, good parson Gay,
You'd better just lay aside
A little of this for a rainy day,
By a walk instead of a ride.

"For money is scarce, and the times are hard,
And you, sir, are getting grey—
And you may not fare as you here have fared,
Should the people turn you away;
We've given you here a large support,
And the farmers all complain,
That the crops this year will be dreadful short
If we don't soon have some rain.

"We can't long pay such enormous sums
As we have to pay to you now,
For you know the pay-day often comes,
And the 'Square has lost a cow:—
And one of old Goodwin's sheep is dead,
And he feels poor this year."
The tender shepherd here turned his head,
To drop—for the sheep—a tear!

Of this the Collector no note took,
He gaggled his story through,
Then slowly folded his pocket book,
And looked as if he knew.
He took his hat with a cheerful smile,—
Rejoiced in a duty done;
Then rode away to his home, a mile,
At set of December's sun.

The parson rose, as he left the room,
And bowed with a smile of grace,
But his heart resembled a ruined tomb,
In spite of his smiling face.
He closed the door, and resumed his chair,
Till, amid his grief and fears,
He seemed half choked for a breath of air,
Then burst in a flood of tears.

He though of his children's needy feet,
His barrels of meal were gone;
And the question arose, "what shall we eat?
What raiment shall we put on?"
He thought of the ravens how they're fed,
How the lily's garments grow;
But when was a raven's *rent repaid?*
Or a LILY ARRAYED FOR SHOW!

With tender emotions all astir
In the parson's heaving breast,
His children's mother—he thought of her—
How she who had done her best,
Still needed a hood, and cloth, and thread,
A dress, and thicker shawl—
Till, pressed in spirit, he knelt and prayed
To the glorious Lord of all.

The evening came, he met his wife,
And his blooming children nine.
Yet nought they said of the inward strife
That harrassed the said divine;
He sat serene in the central seat,
And his wife sewed near his side,
His children hovered about his feet,
And he to be cheerful, tried.

But when he went to his nightly bed,
To sleep till the waking morn,
He felt, as he pillowed his aching head,
That he wished he had ne'er been born.
All that night was his pillowed
With the tears no eye could see
But His, who once for the thankless groaned,
And bled upon Calvary's tree.

Miscellany.

From the Albany Register.

Sights and Things in New York.

And here we are at "The Toombs." A sombre pile of granite, truly, built to embody the idea of darkness and gloom. Egyptian enough, sepulchral enough, out of all taste, and all proportions, standing here a modern structure, caricaturing the homes of dead men built by idolators, thousands of years ago. See the Ibis, the fabulous Egyptian bird, and its eggs underlaying cornice of a nameless order. Out on the architect who could plan, and a city government that, in the nineteenth century could adopt, such an architectural abortion. But let us enter. Here on the right in a cloudy room, into which a ray of sunlight never peers, is the police court, where petty malefactors are confronted with justice, and hustled away to penitential purgatory on Blackwell's Island. What a stench, what an odious compound of villainous smells is here. Look around. Who are these ragged and filthy, these blear-eyed, bloated, and battered people ranged on these benches around, looking in cold inanition towards that grave personage sitting like a boniface behind his bar? Whence come these coatless, hatless, uncombed and unwashed caricatures of humanity, and what do they here? They are the last of a great city, the lazaroni, the sweepings of grog shops, of the filthy hiding-places of filthy streets and filthy alleys.

These are the petty offenders that burrough in nameless dens, petty thieves, low debauchees that have parted with shame, as with everything pertaining to the decencies of life. They are gathered here for deportation from the freedom of filth and low debauchery, to be translated to what to them would be boundless plenty and enjoyment, were it not for the absence of a villainous compound called rum, and the actual presence of work. They will be better fed, and better clothed, and better housed for months, than they have been for years, translated to a comparative paradise, had they only rum and idleness. But look well, our friend, upon these fallen men and women. Grasp the idea that they are human. Look back. Think that years ago these people had homes, were comfortable, most of them respectable, beloved of parents, some of them beloved of children. They had sisters that clung to them, brothers that cherished, and friends that respected them. How then came they here? What moral pestilence, what physical blight has made them what they are? Why are they so fallen? Pshaw! It is the harvest, the crowning achievement of rum. Is there no hope of their redemption, no way of winning them back? None! They are lost men and women. For them there is neither redemption nor hope. Let us pass on. Here are the cells of the criminals. Beneath this gloomy pile, miasma and poisonous gasses are engendered, to breathe which is to die. In this cell three men perished, from inhaling the noxious vapors that exhaled from the crevices in the floor. Who cared, or who cares for that? Shall the death of three men make these five hundred thousand people of this great city, stop in their onward tramp, to inquire why they died, or to look into these damp cells, and among these mouldy walls?

And here we are at BURTON'S Theatre; BURTON, the prince of mimicry and great embodiment of fun. See him in Macawber, and something funny will surely "turn up." See him in Jeremy Didler, and you see the "Sucker" personified. See him in Paul Pry, and you see that the impertinent meddler is perfect. See him in any character, and were you like the philosopher of old, who never smiled till he saw an ass eating thistles, the fountams of laughter will be broken up and you will astonish yourself by the violence of your own cacciations. Laughter is good for digestion. It stirs up the spirit of life in a man. It is better to laugh than to weep. We own to a lack of taste, a lack of appreciation of the Histrionic art, but we prefer comedy to tragedy. We admire FORREST and MCCREADY, as we did KEAN and BOOTHE, while they lived but we dont on BURTON. He is our *beau ideal* of an actor, and we cut tragedy and FOREST, and MCCREADY, for BURTON, when the "funny man," as a child friend of ours called him, is up for a part. We are never disappointed in BURTON. He is always happy, always perfect, and the supper we indulge in at our hotel after witnessing one of his plays never gives us the night mare. We laughed too much for that.

But what palace is this? What have we here within these marble walls, that occupy a block on Broadway, and stand so proudly up six stories in height. This surely is a thing to be proud of. It is an American "store"—*the* American store. We know not what the truth may be, but travelers have told us, that in all the world, in all the great cities, the rich old towns in Europe, it has no equal. Step to a merchant's counter in Albany, in Buffalo, in Detroit, in St. Louis—in any great city or town in any State of the Union, and, selecting some article from his shelf, of extraordinary fineness of texture, or beauty of pattern, ask him where he purchased it, and ten to one, he will answer, "at STEWARTS." Ask a lady, no matter in what State you meet her, where she procured the elegant shawl that lays so gracefully upon her shoulders? We assume that your acquaintance with her will warrant the question. A shade of pride, the least of possible boasting, will be detected in her tone, when she answers, as the chances are that she will, "At STEWARTS." Everybody everywhere has heard of "STEWARTS." Well, this is "STEWARTS." Let us enter; why, here is almost a city of itself, with its streets, its squares, and its people too, all busy, all active as bees. Here sits a row of elegantly dressed ladies on mahogany stools ranged along rosewood or marble counters, handling the silks and the satins, and tossing the beautiful patterns this way and that, viewing closely with their bright eyes this costly article, and that splendid fabric, rejecting or buying as their taste or caprice dictate. And see the cashier sitting at his desk counting money like a bank teller, and making change for the dozens of pages that are constantly running to him with little scraps of paper and bank bills in their hand, and back with their change. Thousands upon thousands change hands here every day, and the annual sales at "STEWARTS" count up to millions. The presiding genius of this establishment has hewed his own way alone in the world, from a nameless boy, to be the chief of American merchants—and that, let us say, is no small honor. Chance makes Governors, Senators, Presidents—as the history of the last quarter of a century will demonstrate; but it is energy, enterprise, genius, industry, sagacity, indomitable perseverence, and an iron will that make the great merchant, that carry him onward to the head of his class. Chance never made STEWART, nor "Stewarts" what the one or the other is.

We have had a weary walk, our friend, let us pass to our hotel, the St. Nicholas. When we first visited New York, the location where this princely establishment stands, was in the suburbs, out of town, almost in the meadows and fields. But what was that in the way of thirty years progress? It is now in the heart of the great city, almost "down town." No need, my friend, to describe the St. Nicholas. As "STEWART'S" is the first store in the world, so is the St. Nicholas the first Hotel, unmatched and unmatchable. But there is a rumbling like thunder through this gigantic establishment, that goes growling and rolling along the halls and through the parlors, and into the rooms. It is the great gong, Chinese in make, imported from the Celestial Empire by "outside barbarians."—It says, in its grum way, that the hour of dinner is come. Wait a little. Do as others do. Walk in quietly and sedately. No rushing—be dignified and calm. Hungry as we are, we must not forget our dignity. Well, here we are, in the great dining hall, with five or six hundred—probably more, but certainly that number—seated at table. Savory soup, in a flat dish, is placed before us. Eat away, our friend, and thank Providence that you are not left to chop sticks and liquid food. Well, the soup plate has vanished, and what next? A bare table; bare, at least, of edibles. True, there are china plates, silver forks, porcelain pitchers, and silver dishes. But where are the joints, the surloins of beef, the turkies rosted and boiled, the chickens roasted, boiled and frigazeed? Where the game, the saddles of venison, the canvass-backs, the wild geese and ducks? Where is everything that we have heard of, that goes to make up the sumptuous St. Nicholas dinner? A card is placed in your hand, all printed over. May be it speaks about all these things. It is called a bill of fare. Read it and be wise. Call for the good things it tells of, and be happy in the joys of gastronomy. Pshaw! It is French, and we understand only the mother tongue. Much edification is there to *us* in this printed sheet.—Much wisdom can *see* draw from its admonitions. Were it Latin, we could call up our ancient learning, and spell out an inkling of its meaning.—Even were it Greek, we might, by drawing upon our schoolboy studies, make a faint guess as to what it refers. But French! Away with it! It is all *Dutch* to us. But, our dear sir, we must eat. Aye, we must dine. Call up the Irish waiter standing a little way down, and point to the largest word on the bill, and ask him what dish that is. Pat scratches his pate in bewilderment, and seeking the bill and your plate, trots off to the cook-room, and returns with what? "*Pom de terre, au naturel,*" was what you called for, and here is a boiled potatoe with the skin on! Wonderful transformation in the name of a simple potatoe. Try again. Pick out another dish with a high-sounding, long-waisted name, and send for it. What on earth is this? A beef steak smothered in onions, steaming up under your nose! Be calm, our friend. The servant is not to blame. He brought what you called for.—Throw away the bill. Discard French names and French cookery. Go back to first principles, and cry out for roast beef, pork and beans, or some other primitive dish, whereon our simple minded ancestors fed and grew fat. In this bill of fare printed in French, is not only bad faith but great folly. What Frenchman, we should like to know, in his own frog-eating country, ever saw a hotel like the St. Nicholas?—Why then this miserable affectation, this libel upon our country and our language, by adopting a French jargon in our bills of fare. Is not plain, simple English, the language of our people, our institutions, our Courts, our Presidents, our Governors, Legislators, our Statutes, and our history, good enough for our public houses? Disgraceful, belittleing affectation is it all, and if we had our way, we would leave those hotels that adopt French as the language of their bills of fare to the patronage of Frenchmen alone. We would make it a losing game to call a potatoe, either more or less than simply a potatoe. We would make the mother tongue respected at table as well as every where else, so that a gentleman who is learned only in good English, could call understandingly for what was palatable to him. We would save him from the hazards of having a dish of frogs set before him, when his heart was set on spring chickens or the side-bone of a turkey. We are against the hard alternative of studying French, or losing a good dinner. It does not accord with the freedom of the citizen, or square with the National pride of an "independent American."

We will take a stroll in the evening, and look at New York by lamp-light.

BRITISH SYMPATHY.—It is stated by some of the foreign advices brought over by the *North Star*, Commodore Vanderbilt's steam yacht, that the Admiral of the British fleet, in Besika Bay, heard of Ingraham's gallantry in the Koszta affair, and manned all yards, and the seamen gave nine hearty cheers, while the yards belched forth a royal saluto. The heart of John Bull is in the right place, and this shows that the people who speak the Anglo Saxon tongue can rejoice at one another's triumphs over despotism.

Exquisite Satire.

The following is a most exquisite and, at the same time, delicate satire, on the objections urged by the opponents of the so called Woman's Rights movement, against the interference of females in the general affairs of the world. All that wit, humor, satire, mimicry, burlesque and buffoonry can do to make a subject happy, is here done to the life:

The Rooster-Pecked Wife.

BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

SCENE FIRST.

Mrs Biddy Chanticleer scratches for her breakfast. O. Chanticleer, Esq., from the top rail of the barn fence, becomes cognizant of the fact, and struts with dignity towards his little spouse.

Biddy. "Good morning, my dear."

O. C Esq. "Morning, madam; quite enjoying yourself, madam; of course, you are not aware of the fact that I have been up for more than an hour, and have not yet eaten a mouthful? Is that what I married you for, madam? (Gives her a pointed salute on the ankle.) Where are your domestic qualities, madam? (Imprints a mark of affection on the top of her head.) Where was your smile of welcome when you saw me sitting on the fence? I watched you, madam! Where was your tender female solicitude when you beheld me looking weakly for want of a little nourishment? Where, I repeat, is my breakfast? Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Biddy, (meekly.) "Have a worm, dear?"

O. C, Esq. (solemnly) "I will."

SCENE SECOND.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer lays her first egg, and has invited two or three female friends to help cackle. (O. C., Esq., being absent.)

Mrs. Biddy. "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-cut!"

Mrs Partlett. "Qua, qua, qua, cut-a-a-cut."

Mrs Pinefeather. "Cluck, cluck, qua, qua, qua, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-cut!" (Is interrupted by the sudden appearance of O. C., Esq., who has returned from a stag party.)

O. C. "Cock-a-doodle doo! Now, more patience be vouchsafed me to ask of you, madam, what does all this mean? Here I am returning, care-worn and exhausted, from the excitements and temptations of a delusive world, expecting to find repose and peace in the quiet of the domestic nest, instead of which I discover you in the midst of riot and dissipation. Madam, insult not my penetration by denying it. I affirm that you are having a party!"

Mrs Biddy, (apprehensively.) "Not at all, my dear; at least that is my friends were just going by, and stepped in quite accidentally! And so—for you see, my dear, I've laid an egg, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-e—that is, at least—yes, sir, we've laid an egg!

Three female friends simultaneously. "Cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a cut!"

O. C., (majestically.) "Peace hens. Madam, what does all this cackling folly mean?

(Excunt hens, in indignation.)

"Mrs B. C, it has become necessary, at this stage of our matrimonial career, that I should state, in mild but unmistakable terms, my opinions regarding the appropriate sphere and duties of henhood.

"First, self-devotion: It has been the decision of all rooster-kind, fo ages, and therefore cannot be denied, that the crowning virtue of the hen character, is disinterestedness. A true hen should be patient, self-forgetful, obedient, tenderly solicitous for her husband's little wants, delighting wholly and solely in the graceful and pleasant duties that cluster around the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find you thinking only how to gratify your own selfish tastes and desires, instead of displaying (as might naturally be expected) some little sense of loneliness and melancholy at your husband's absence; I return from a visit of nearly twelve hours and find you literally rejoicing! Madam, I ask of you, is this true henhood?

"Second. A retiring disposition, a delicate shrinking from contact with the coarse and unfeeling world, an exclusive indifference to all without the sacred circle of the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find you gadding among the other hens of the yard, making appointments, sending invitations. Again I ask of you, is this true henhood?

"Third. Freedom from curiosity; a true hen never evinces the slightest interest in the affairs of her neighbors, scarcely in her own; she never inquires concerning the whereabouts or actions of her husband, being perfectly assured that where he be, and however appearances at the time may tell against him he is ever acting with a view to the welfare of the domestic nest. On the contrary, what do I find to be the truth in regard to yourself? Not a rooster raises his voice within half a mile of the yard, but you are to name him; not a hen lays an egg, but you begin to cackle."

Mrs Biddy, (meekly.) "*I've* laid an egg! cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a a. No, I mean—yes sir, we've laid an egg."

O C, (with solemn animation.) "*You have* laid an egg! And pray where is the thing? (Walks briskly to the nest, and takes a microscopic view of the object.)

Biddy. "Cut, cut, cut—I mean, will it do, sir?"

O. C, "Hump—well, yes; very fair considering; though now I look more closely, I perceive that it is not precisely shapped; too short, madam, quite too short; not well finished off, by any any means. And what do you mean, madam, by having the thing so much larger at one end than the other? Where, I ask, is your idea of symmetry? Zounds, madam, if this is the best you can do in that department I shall lay the next myself.

Mrs Biddy, (with her claw in her eye.) "Please, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to."

O. C., (molified.) Well, well, dont fret your gizzard. You're no chicken, madam, to be so sensitive about a trifle; only remember my advice in future, and above all, recollect that the crowning virtue of henhood is disinterestedness."

Mrs. Biddy, (meekly.) "Have a worm, dear?"

O. C, (solemnly. "I will."

SCENE THIRD.

Mrs. Biddy C. has been setting for three weeks. O C., appears in the distance, parting with one of his numerous female friends; the tones of his voice fall faintly on Mrs. Biddy's ear.

O C., "And now, sweetest of hens, farewell! And may all stars of heaven and all the saints of the barn yard meet to register the day when your smile first dawned upon my dreary life, and made me the happiest of roosters. Farewell."

O. C. wends his homeward way "Good evening, Jack; monstrous fine hen, that. Just been parting from her. Or, may be you did not notice her points. Quite fond of me, too, I assure you. Still in tears, you will observe—ahem. Cock-a-doodle doo!"

O. C. reaches the domestic nest—

Mrs. Biddy, (feebly.) "O. I'm so glad to have some one to speak to. I haven't stepped off the nest, nor seen a creature, since sunrise. How do you do, my dear? Anything new going on in the yard?"

A long pause. O C appears to be suddenly overwhelmed with depression and silent gloom?"

O C (in a terrible voice, and walking like Othello.) Matter! madam, behold! (Inserts his bill under his left wing and produces a rooster's tail feather.) Do you recognize that, madam? Do you acknowledge an acquaintance with the chicken-hearted caitiff who dropped it? Are you aware that I found it within three feet of the domestic nest?"

Mrs Biddy, (languidly.) "Did you? I didn't notice it."

O. C., "Peace, hen, and listen! While in calm, but decisive terms I strive to impress upon your mind the enormity of your conduct. Has it not been decided, I ask you calmly, madam, has it not been the opinion of rooster-kind for ages, and is it not therefore undeniable, that (after disinterestedness) the one thing needful to the female character is excessive modesty? A true hen is so strictly and severely virtuous, that the slightest attempt at intimacy from one of an improper sex, though disguised beneath the specious mask of friendship, will excite in her breast the extremest aversion and horror. On the contrary, what do I find to be the case in regard to yourself? Only yesterday, on returning unexpectedly from a little party, I beheld you in animated conversion with my brother! Heavens! madam, am I to be longer the victim of such duplicity? No! sooner would I sacrifice at once the domestic nest, and fling thy lifeless body——oh! oh! misery! violence! revenge! Frailty, thy name is hen!"

Mrs. Biddy gets figety on her nest. "Oh, dear me, Um so tired!"

Silence for half an hour.

Mrs B, (in gentle desperation.) "My dear, do you think you would mind looking to the nest a minute, while I run and pick a little bit of something? I have'nt taken a mouthful to day."

O. C., (starting up in doubt.) "madam, have I heard aright? Do I understand that you have distinctly offered to shift upon your husband the little duties of the domestic nest? Are you going to step from your sphere, madam? Have I not again and again impressed upon your mind, that female selfishness alone is at the bottom of these impious doctrines? And what, on the contrary, according to the decision of all rooster-kind, should be the real pride and ambition of henhood? Disinterestedness; a true hen glories in the crossess and trials; for without temptation she perceives that there can't be virtue; without trials, no patience; without affliction, no resignation; which is always so lovely in the female character. A true hen, situated as you are, would not only rejoice that Providence had seen fit to perfect her with trials, but with that beautiful self-abnegation which can never be so strenuously inculcated but by rooster kind, would set herself to planning new sacrifices; I say a true hen, in your situation, instead of sneaking from her little duties, would contrive some plan, (if only by reaching out her head and picking the earth around her) for supplying her husband's little wants."

Mrs B, (meekly.) "Have a worm, dear?"

O. C., (solemnly.) "I will."—*National Era.*

The Fraud of Fashionable Education.

The Southern Ladies' Companion has a valuable article upon the education of girls, from which we extract an important passage:

"The popular fondness for numerous and showy attainments, even were the system of teaching perfect, can lead to nothing but shallowness. Take up the plan or programme of our fashionable schools, and ask yourself how could it be otherwise? Here is a four years' college course—forty months of instruction—and see what is to be learned in that brief period. Take a sample—Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, American History, Botany, Writing, Composition, Rhetoric, Logic, Criticism, Algebra, Geometry, European History, Evidences of Christianity, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Moral Philosophy, Latin, French, Grecian and Modern History, Astronomy, Geology, Mental Philosophy, Mineralogy, Animal, Physiology, Rhetorical Readings, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, Ornamental Needle-work, Wax work, Shell work, etc., etc. Here we have some twenty sciences, two languages, extensive historical readings, fine arts, and sundries, some forty distinct studies to be mastered in forty months, and among them two languages, the natural, moral and exact sciences, and instrumental music. Perhaps no student ever master those two languages thoroughly in four years, (and Greek is often included,) and few, if any, ever become accomplished performers on the piano or harp in so short a time. But by what magic is it that girls beginning Latin in the latter half of their junior year, and French in their senior year, can master them before the end of the course. Pardon us for speaking plainly; but we can hardly look on this course as less than fraud. A girl studies Latin twelve or fifteen months, and French half as long—at the same time having a dozen other studies on hand—and graduates with credit, and takes her diploma as having taken the regular course, Greek, French, Latin, and all. Is not the girl cheated into opinion that she understands the languages—of which she can know nothing of any value—and the parent cheated out of his money? Any man capable of teaching the languages, knows that such a mere smattering as can be acquired in so short a time, can be of no value to the student; then what is the object? What can it be, if it be not to give a false character to the school, and get money, virtually, by false pretences? Perhaps some palliation may be found in the vitiated public taste, and the false pride of parents, which leads them to seek as large a literary name as possible for their daughter, whether true or false; but this cannot, it would seem, be a full justification of trustees and teachers, who are the persons to correct those errors, rather than by bowing, to strengthen them. With defective modes of teaching, and an amount of studies pressed into the course, much greater than could be compassed by the best possible teaching, it must necessarily happen that female education must be superficial, and in the same proportion inutile."

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate, and House of Representatives:

At the close of another and the commencement of a new political year, the General Assembly are convened to discharge the duties devolved upon them under the Constitution and Laws. The Representatives of the people, accustomed to the duties of legislation, familiar with the political rights secured by the Constitution, and acquainted with the laws enacted to preserve and maintain them, can be desirous only to devise such measures as, in their opinion, will promote the general welfare. Whatever may be our party preferences, and how ever strongly we may adhere to the principles we profess, the legislation required for the domestic government of the State, does not ordinarily involve our political opinions, or excite the asperity of party controversy. It is fortunate, indeed, for the perpetuity of our republican form of government, that parties exist; and the instability of all political power and party ascendency, it is not unreasonable to suppose, affords one of the best guaranties for our liberties and one of the strongest incentives to a faithful and honest performance of the duties confided to the public servants of the State. The long retention of power by either political party, may undermine its virtue, relax its vigor, and dispel the fear of rigid accountability.

For myself, I undertake with diffidence the duties of the executive office, and distrust my own experience to acceptably discharge them. Succeeding to the office which has been filled with so much ability by my predecessors, I am apprehensive that in the performance of its various duties, I may not justify your partiality in electing me.

A plentiful harvest—an exemption from those terrible epidemics which afflict and almost depopulate towns and cities—the general good health of the citizens of the State, and the success and prosperity of all their industrial pursuits, afford us proper subjects for congratulation, and a just sense of gratitude should inspire us with hope for a continuance of the blessings which flow from the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father.

The repeated revision of our laws by competent and learned men, would induce the expectation that the session of the Legislature, not unfrequently short, may still be abridged without detriment to the public interests. The practice frequently adopted of referring subjects of special interest and importance to a single or a number of eminent jurists for revision and amendment, is highly to be commended; this plan ensures greater accuracy in the language, and precision in the details of the laws, and more certainty in the administration. But notwithstanding these revisions, imperfections exist, and omissions have unavoidably occurred. It will be your duty to supply any omission and correct such imperfections as your own acquaintance with the laws and experience of others may suggest. And it is with no ordinary pleasure that I express the belief that the system of laws under which we live is wisely adapted to the wants and necessities of the people. They exhibit the result of the practical wisdom and mature experience of the generations who have preceeded us; with rare exceptions they may be characterised as eminently just, humane and liberal: under them we have obtained our past and present prosperity, and our institutions, whether literary, religious, or charitable, have been reared upon the solid foundation laid down by our ancestors in the constitution and laws.

The early settlers of the State, to escape the persecution and intolerance of what was formerly denominated "THE STANDING ORDER," and to avoid the payment of an odious and unjust tax for the support of a faith irreconcilable with their own, were compelled to emigrate to the then uninhabited New Hampshire Grants, where they could enjoy unmolested their religion, practice its rites, and propagate its faith. Accustomed to persecutions in the place of their nativity, they illustrated by their practice and example, the advantages of unrestrained liberty of conscience, and transferred into our constitution and laws a liberal spirit and a noble and ingenuous philanthropy. Succeeding to an inheritance, of such inestimable value, it may not be improper to inquire whether all our legislation has been conceived in the like spirit and characterized by the same liberality. One of the duties required by the constitution of the Executive "is to prepare such business as may appear to *them* necessary to lay before the General Assembly;" and it seems to be implied that the reasons and motives, also, for such recommendations should be submitted.

"An Act to prevent traffic in intoxicating liquors for the purpose of drinking," has engaged the attention and excited the feelings of the community, perhaps more than any other legislation since the organization of the Government. As the end proposed by the law is both moral and desirable, those who doubt the propriety of all its provisions, may at least, be subject to the imputation of indifference or being the advocates or apologists of intemperance. Discarding, however, any fear of the consequences which may attach to the expression of an opinion honestly entertained, I propose, respectfully, to suggest, rather than prove by argument, that several provisions of the law are of doubtful constitutionality, and expediency. The duties which are enjoined on the Council of Censors, imply an apprehension on the part of the framers of the Constitution, that the powers delegated to the legislative and executive branches of the Government, may be unintentionally exceeded, or through inadvertence, disregarded. And experience proves, that the public servants of the State, when an apparent necessity intervenes for its justification, are oftentimes more ready to enlarge than restrict their power. An eminent writer, on the principles of our government has observed, that "our legislators are not apprized of the rightful limits of their power; and their true office is to declare and enforce our natural rights and duties, to take none of them from us."

To say nothing of our natural rights, other than those enumerated in the Constitution, it will not, I trust, be deemed unsuitable to enquire why it was necessary to subject the gift or sale of what has hitherto been known as property, which always has been, and now is, an article of commerce in every civilized country, to highly penal enactments, unless to infringe the immunity which the Constitution extends over the "persons, houses, papers, possessions, and property" of every citizen, by transforming an innocent if not an indifferent act into an offence on which to institute the right of search? Such legislation certainly evinces a disposition to convert the right of "acquiring, possessing, and protecting property," which the Constitution in the first article of our Bill of Rights, recognizes as one of the "natural, inherent and inalienable rights of every citizen," into an odious and disreputable crime. The authority to pass this law is undoubtedly claimed under the grant of power over the internal police of the State; how far this grant is restrained by other provisions in the Constitution and what limitations are to be put upon the words "governing and regulating," it is unnecessary to inquire; for, if it were conceded that the fifth article in the Bill of Rights confers the authority to prohibit, so, likewise, it gives the right to regulate and restrain the abuse of any article of property, and the question then becomes one of expediency. An opinion prevails in the community that the habits and tastes of a people may be materially changed by legislative enactments, this, I apprehend, is at variance with the past history and experience of the world; such laws do not command the respect or obedience of those intended to be covered, and it is a matter of notoriety that they are daily violated with impunity. The difficulty of enforcing and the impolicy of enacting the laws of this character, would be more apparent if it were within the constitutional power of the legislature to establish a common faith and mode of worship in religion. This subject anciently engaged the attention of deliberative assemblies, and if we were to enact similar laws, we should undoubtedly attain a like result. The truth, however, cannot be dissembled, that the present law has proved ineffectual and inadequate to restrain the use of and traffic in intoxicating liquors; and the fact that the legislature in one part of the law divest it of the character of property, and in another, recognize it as such and tolerate its sale in one place in each town for medicinal and mechanical purposes, should inspire us with distrust of any enduring reformation founded solely upon municipal law. If, however, such laws should eventually accomplish the objects expected from them, they will afford a most ready way to extirpate the evils which afflict the community; but religion has been generally understood to inculcate a different theory for the reformation of the race, and intemperance and other like vices have been denounced by a higher and more omnipotent tribunal than that of any State Legislature.

Whatever may be the opinion of the Supreme Court upon the constitutionality of the several provisions of the law, whether favorable or otherwise, still the law is subject to be modified, repealed or made more stringent, according to the varying opinions of succeeding Legislatures; and the question of temperance ceases to be one of moral reform and becomes merged in the party and political conflicts of the day. A very respectable portion, perhaps a majority of the citizens of the State regard the existing law as intolerant in principle, oppressive in its enactments, if not objectionable in the manner of its execution. I, therefore, respectfully recommend such a modification of the law which, while it shall preserve the State from the vice of intemperance, will also maintain the rights of our citizens against infringement and their dwellings from wanton and malicious intrusion.

I have thus frankly communicated my own opinion of the policy and expe