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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By Mail, or at the Office, *per annum*, $1 50
If not paid within the year,.....1 75
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☞ All communications must be post-paid.

☞ V. B. Palmer is agent for this paper in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

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DAVID SLOAN,

TAILOR,

STEWART'S BUILDING,

MIDDLEBURY.

THE subscriber would return his sincere thanks to the people of Middlebury, and vicinity, for the liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon him since he commenced business in town, and would announce to his customers, and the public generally, that he still continues the

TAILORING BUSINESS!

at the old stand, where he hopes by long experience, and strict attention, to continue to merit a share of public patronage. He intends to keep the best of workmen, so as to be prepared to do work in the most approved style, on the shortest possible notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ The latest Fashions received Quarterly and Monthly.

☞ CUTTING AND REPAIRING attended to at all times.

D. SLOAN.

Middlebury Oct 10, 1853. 26tf.

THE

EXPRESS OFFICE,

is 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 $1,50. 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.

Mid-lebury, Oct. 10, 1853. 26

$100,000.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS Company was incorporated by the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the year 1852, and have paid in and secured a Capital of $100,000, and deposited with the Treasurer of this State the amount required by an Act of the Legislature passed in October last, for the greater security of those insuring in foreign Companies. The Dwellings of the Farmers and others in the country will be insured at a very low rate for 3, 4 or 5 years, and at the expiration of the Policy, can be renewed without additional expense, other than the Premium.

It is earnestly recommended to all, who are not already insured, to become so without delay, for you know not how soon your dwelling may be laid in ashes.

Call on the undersigned previous to insuring, and learn the extremely low rates at which your dwellings can be insured. Another advantage in insuring in this Company is, that it is a *Stock Company*, which precludes the possibility of an assessment.

C. M. OWEN, President,
J. C. GOODSPEED, Secretary.
W. S. LANE, Agent.
Middlebury, March 10, 1853. 1647.

FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE!!

The subscriber will sell the following described property, situated in the village of Middlebury, Vt., at a great bargain. A good fifty per cent business may be realized, with comparatively a small outlay at the commencement, in the manufacture of Lime. In the first place, there is a Quarry of beautiful white Marble, not to be excelled by any other quarry in this region, which on being burnt makes the best of Lime. On the declivity of the hill on which said quarry is situated, I have erected a perpetual burning Lime-Kiln, in which wood or coal may be used for converting the stone into lime. The Kiln is enclosed in a suitable building for packing and storing Lime. A railroad car is attached, for conveying stone to the kiln from the quarry, which is distant only one hundred feet. Also, I have a quantity of wood on hand which will be sold to the purchaser at cost, together with sufficient land. The whole is entirely new, and ready for operations.

I candidly consider the above a rare chance for making money, and had I better health, would not part with it. Gentlemen from city and country are respectfully invited to call and view the premises and purchase at once. References will be given if required, to good judges in this place. I have a quantity of lime on hand for sale, both for mechanical and agricultural purposes at present. Address

SIDNEY MOODY.

Middlebury, May 17.

For Sale.

12 Chests Choice Imperial Tea, 50c lb.
6 " Medium to finest Hyson and Y.H.do.
2 " Choice Oolong Tea, for sale by
July 26, 1853. E. VALLETTE.

Poetry.

The Trailing Arbutus.

FROM MRS WHITMORE'S POEMS.

There's a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me,
Than all that back in the noontide beam
Through the long, bright summer by fount and stream,
Like a pure hope, nursed beneath sorrow's wing,
Its timid buds from the cold moss spring,
Their delicate hues like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of a hyacinth's bell,
Their breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That breathes from the bridal orange-bloom
It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreaths no brow in the festal hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines, like a star, in the solitude
Never did numbers its name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song,
Bard and minstrel have passed it by,
And left, in silence and shade, to die.
But with joy to its cradle the wild bees come,
And praise its beauty with drowsy hum,
And children love, in the season of spring,
To watch for its earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveler lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green
Where rivulets water the earth, unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the budding leaves of the birch trees throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When my flower awakes from its dreamy rest
And yields its life to the sweet south west,
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild-bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the wood paths glide,
Peeping and peering among the trees
As they scent its breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about, among lichens gray,
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till the search the glance of its quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

For me, sweet blossom, thy tendrils cling
Round my heart of hearts, as in childhood's spring,
And thy breath as it floats on the wandering air,
Wakes all the music of memory there.
Hour recalling the time when, a fearless child,
I roved an day through the wood-paths wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae
Whenever the snowdrifts had melted away.

Now as I linger, and crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,
When the shadows deepen around my way,
And the light of reason but leads astray;
When affections, nurtured with fondest care
In the trusting heart, become traitors there;
When, weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to Nature for calm repose,
How fain my spirit, in some far glen,
Would fold her wings, and thy flowers again!

Miscellany.

The Journeyman's Secret.

FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

We have never read a more touching sketch than the following. It was clipped by us from the columns of a Brooklyn contemporary, but we do not know where it had its origin. It is so true to nature, and so unaffectedly narrated, that it has brought tears into our eyes, and tears of our own are so few and far between, that we can say to them, with Kotizbue's Stranger, 'Welcome old friend; 'tis long since we have met!'—It would be useless to explain the technical phrases used in this little narrative, which is evidently, as they say in court when they swear you, 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' We have seen many a 'Quaker,' like the one spoken of below, in printing offices.—*New York Sun.*

'You can take this case,' said the foreman; 'here is a stick—here is some copy: and if you want a quick and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience.'

The 'partner' mercly looked up and faintly smiled in acknowledgement of the foreman's compliment, and kept on with his work, while the foreman turned away to attend to something else.

We worked on steadily until dinner, as we were in a hurry to get the paper up, without exchanging a word, or even a look.

In the afternoon I had more leisure to study the physiognomy of my neighbor. He was a young man of three or four and twenty, with handsome features and a rather intellectual cast of countenance. His face was quite pale, and the raven darkness of his hair, eyebrows and eyes, made me immediately come to the conclusion, after thoroughly studying his physiognomy, that he was a hard student during his leisure hours, or that depriving himself of recreation, of books or other sources of enjoyment, he spent all his working hours at the case. The latter supposition, time proved to be correct.

As day passed by, I became more acquainted with him, and found him to be a singular character. Beneath his stand he had constructed a kind of closet, which contained a spirit lamp, a mattress with bedding, a few cooking utensils, and a small stock of the plainest kind of food. When the hours for meals arrived, he would light his lamp, and, putting some food over it to cook, would work till all the rest of the hands had left the office.

He worked incessantly during working hours, hardly leaving the office unless to purchase food, or upon some errand of that kind. Morning, noon and night, when I returned from my meals, I invariably found him at the case, working away with all his might, as if some great issue depended upon the improvement of every minute. I suppose he had slept upon the cot which he kept in his closet; but as he was always at work when I left at night, and when I returned in the morning, I could not positively assert that he did so.

I was not long in discovering that his intense application to labor was not prompted merely by a desire to make money; for if there is any thing in phrenology, judging from the formation of his head, he was the very one I would have suspected of being a spendthrift.—Occasionally his cheek would flush, his eyes light up and a happy smile overspread his features; then the smile would fill with tears; while an expression of sadness—almost despair—would seat itself upon his countenance. I had been tempted a thousand times to ask him the cause of this; but, as he appeard so cold and isolated, I refrained from doing so; it is not pleasant proffering sympathy unasked.

'Well, how do you like your neighbor?' asked one of the journeymen of me, as we descended the stairs one evening.

'I can hardly make him out,' said I; he appears to be a strange sort of being. You are better acquainted with him than I; how do you like him?'

'For my part, I hate him; and, what is more, he has not a friend in the whole office. The fellow has been here for three months, and he has hardly spoken to any one. A man who makes such bills as he does, and hoards up his money like a miser, I have very little friendship for. We wouldn't any of us care so much if he would be a little sociable, and spend a dollar, or even a dime, occasionally; but no—every five cent piece he gets he langs on to, as if he was afraid the eagle on it would spread its wings and fly away with it, doing him out of a five cent piece. But he can't stay here long. We've insulted him a dozen times; and he has less spunk than I think he has, if he don't resent it some day. We'll get him into a quarrel, then, and have him discharged.'

'But,' said I, 'do you know anything about his history? He may have some all absording end to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity.—You should have a little charity for the fellow; and, taking Crockett's motto,—'Be sure you're right before you go ahead.'

'No, we know nothing of him; and if circumstances are as you suppose, it will be his own fault if they are discovered too late, for we have tried often enough to scrape an acquaintance with him. You had better not take sides with him, unless you want to incur the displeasure of the whole office. Good night.'

I had some charity for the fellow, and was resolved to see him righted, should he get into difficulty. I soon saw that he was very unpopular, and that, as I felt rather disposed to make allowances for him, I was considered as his friend. Many were the jokes cracked at our expense.

I say, fellows' said a rowdy looking customer, who went by the name of Zeke, 'do Quakers ever have camp meetings?'

'Yes,' answered another, 'they have a camp meeting over there in Quaker corner every night. That fellow camps out upon the floor every nap he takes.'

'Well,' said another, 'I've heard of boarding at the market and sleeping on the bridge, but I never saw an illustration of it before.'

'Wonder if they wouldn't take in boarders?' asked the first speaker. 'I'll see if they don't want the rules and regulations of the house printed. If they do, I'll board out the bill.'

I glanced at my neighbor to see how he bore this ridicule. His face was flushed, and his lips firmly compressed, as if to choke down the rising indignation. But he said not a word. I fancied, however, that he picked up the type faster than usual.

Things could not go on in this way much longer, for as God-like a quality as forbearance is, it cannot hold against everything. I saw that a storm was gathering, and prepared to act my part like a man, when it burst forth.

It was Saturday afternoon; the hands were ranged round the 'stone,' with their bills in their hands, waiting to be paid off. 'Quaker' happened to be at one end of the 'stone,' and immediately opposite to him stood 'Zeke.' As usual 'Quaker' was the 'observed of all observers,' and sly whispers, which were answered by a titter or a nudge of the elbow, passed around the group.

As the foreman paid 'Quaker' the amount due him, he gave him a new quarter dollar to make change. This did not escape 'Zeke's' eye, and he said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all—

'If that eagle on the quarter had life, and I were a State Prison convict, I would'nt swap places with it; for confinement would be far more preferable than squeezed to death.'

This was the hair that broke the camels back. With the exclamation, 'You —— scoundrel!' he made one bound and, with a stunning blow, brought him down, and placing himself in a fighting attitude, he turned to the astonished group with 'come on, now, cowardly ruffians! If you cannot let me alone peaceably, I will make you do it by force. I have borne your insults long enough; and if you have any more to offer, come on with them!'

This challenge was sufficient. Coats came off, and sleeves were rolled up in a minute. I saw that my friend would be apt to get the worst of the fight, and, forcing him into a corner, I exclaimed—

'Gentlemen, one word, if you please. It would be cowardly for you to attack this man; I will not see it done; and if you will attempt it, I have something here [tapping my breast significantly] that will stop it. He is not to blame; he has only resented an insult, which any of you would have done. You have all insulted him because he has conducted himself strangely; let him explain his conduct, and perhaps we can make up our quarrel. He owes you an explanation—if not to you, he certainly does to me. And now, sir,' said I, turning to him, 'I demand it of you as a right.'

He hesitated a moment.

'Come, my friend,' said I, 'let us have it, whatever it is, and at once put an end to this quarrel.'

'Well, gentlemen,' he said, 'I am not disposed to lay my private affairs open to the public gaze, but I suppose I must do it for once. You must know, then, that from my earnings I must not only support myself, but also my mother, two sisters, and three small brothers, who reside in a distant State. I could earn enough at home to support them well, but my reason for coming here is this—One of my sisters, who is now a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the pet of the family, has been blind from birth. We had a hope of her acquiring the faculty of sight, and were content to abide by what we thought a dispensation of Providence.

But recently, a case similar to her's—a young man, has been restored to sight by an eminent physician of Paris. I have corresponded with that physician, and he has high hopes that in my sister's case he can effect a cure. This, gentlemen, is what I have been laboring for since I have been here—to raise funds sufficient to take her to Paris. I love that sister as I do my own life; I have labored day and night—have deprived myself of many comforts, and borne your taunts and jeers for her sake. But I can bear it no longer. If you are men you will desist—if you are not, I warn you of the consequences!'

'Zeke' had risen to his feet, and heard all my friend had said. As he listened to the 'Quaker,' I could see the moisture coming into his eyes; and when he had finished, he stepped forth, and grasping the 'Quaker's' hand, while the tears trickled down his face, he said in a voice quivered with emotion,

'My noble fellow, we have wronged you deeply, and I, for one, ask your pardon. Had you told us what your object was, we should not have placed a single object in your way.'

'I forgive you freely, sir; I forgive you all,' said the 'Quaker.'

'And how much have you to raise yet,' I asked, 'before you have the requisite sum?'

'About one hundred and fifty dollars. If I have my health, and continue to make good bills, I shall be ready to start for Europe in about two months.'

'You won't have to wait that long,' said Zeke, laying the money he held in his hand on the stone, 'if my week's wages, every cent of which you are welcome to, will help you along. Come, boys, he added, 'how many of you will follow suit?'

'Well, there's mine,' said Jim, laying an X upon the pile; 'and mine,' 'and mine,' 'and mine,' said a dozen voices, as each had deposited an equal amount, until they made quite a pile of bank bills.

'There, stranger, take that, and may God prosper you,' said Zeke, tendering him the money.

'No, gentlemen,' answered the Quaker. 'I thank you for your liberality, but I cannot take your money. I am no beggar; all I ask is that I may be allowed to do my work without being disturbed?'

'But you must take it,' urged Zeke, growing warm; 'we owe it to you and you shall take it. We have done you a great wrong—we've abused you—and we have no other way of making amends. Besides, if you don't take it, it will be spent before Monday morning, and I know that for my part it will be much pleasanter to commence the week with the consciousness of having appropriated my money in a sensible way, than with the foggy head, aching limbs, and empty pocket, which always follows a tree and easy.'

'Still the stranger hesitated. 'Take it, take it, for your sister's sake,' said said two or three voices.

'I accept it, gentlemen,' said the Quaker, 'as you say, for my sister's sake, and I hope to be able some day to return it, principal and interest.'

The Quaker left for Paris shortly after; and in a few months we had the satisfaction of hearing that his sister was completely restored to sight, and that they were on their way home.

I have heard from him several times since. His 'lines have been cast in pleasant places,' and he is now a judicial functionary in a neighboring State—Kentucky.

The art of Printing.

The art of printing with the utmost rapidity possible will, seemingly, have been reached when we are able to print both sides at once of a rapidly revolving roll or continuous sheet of paper. To realize this idea fully and successfully has long occupied the attention of our press-making mechanics. This degree of perfection appears to have been at length attained, or if not absolutely achieved beyond a peradventure, it may yet be deemed and taken to be an established fact of modern invention.

We have witnessed within a day or two the running of Wilkinson's Cylindrical Rotary Press, which prints simultaneously from a roll of paper *both sides* of a newspaper like *The Tribune*, delivering the papers cut and ready for folding.—The press is of the most simple construction and very compact. It is not more than eight feet in length by four in breadth, and perhaps five in height. A secure frame-work supports two pairs of cylinders, each about eighteen inches in diameter. Upon one of these cylinders are the types that print one side of the paper, and upon the other those that print the reverse, the printing cylinder, which gives the impression, being below in the one pair and above in the other. A roll of printing paper is suspended on an iron rod or axle, on one end of the frame-work of the press, on a level with the cylinder, and but a foot or two removed from the nearest one. And this, with the inking rollers and the cutting apparatus, constitutes all of the machinery. The process of printing is commenced by taking the end of the paper from the roll and drawing it through the press on nearly a horizontal line, passing in under one of the type cylinders and over the other. The power is then applied and the cylinders revolve, causing a corresponding revolution of the roll of paper which is thus passed between the cylinders, receiving its impression on either side as it goes. As it passes out at the opposite end of the machine, it is cut off at regular intervals, and the separate sheets fall regularly into a pile. The cutting apparatus is of admirable simplicity and beauty, and cuts wet paper as infallibly as dry.

But whatever may be found to be the exact capacity of this press in its printing power, its cheapness and simplicity of construction, and its ability to perform an uncommon amount of work with the attention of a single man, are very remarkable. If it shall turn out that there are no hindrances or inconveniences arising from the new mode of setting type upon small cylinders, and in the mode of unrolling the paper adopted by Mr. Wilkinson, we do not see but this press must make an era in the art of printing. When paper can be taken from a roll revolving with the utmost rapidity, and printed upon *both* sides at a rate limited only by the revolution of the roll, it would seem that the art of printing could go no farther as respects rapidity of action.

The Golden Bridal.

[In Germany, as we mentioned a week or two ago, says the Home Journal, the celebration of the fiftieth wedding day is styled the Golden Bridal. Why it is so called, and how beautiful the ceremonial of the occasion is, will be seen from the article annexed, by Mr. R. Storrs Willis. Mr. Willis had the good fortune to be present, a few years ago, at the Golden Bridal of the venerable and distinguished composer, Rink, of Hesse Darmstadt, a man of singular simplicity and purity of character, revered as much for his piety as for his genius.]

[From the Musical World.

The golden bridal of the old master was to be celebrated. Residing at the time, in a neighboring city, with some of the near relatives of the family, we started the day before the celebration for the house, where preparations were already making for the event. The rooms into which the old couple (or rather the youth engaged pair, as we had now to consider them,) were not allowed to enter, were exquisitely decorated with flowers, and embellished with the various ornamental articles and gifts which, from all friendly quarters, had come pouring in.

The next morning, at an early hour, the venerably-youthful pair were already receiving their visitors. The bridegroom and bride sat side by side in two great arm chairs, the very picture of mellow and serene old age. Suspended above them hung the portraits of both, which were taken at a much earlier period, but which seemed not half so beautiful in their youthful lineaments, as the venerable heads, which now in the serene Indian summer of life, rested beneath them. From two large vases below, on either side of the portraits, sprang two vigorous shoots of living ivy, which ascended and enwreathed the portraits, forming a kind of triumphal arch for those beneath it; for, the accomplishment of fifty years of such unclouded and successful married life, as that of the old master and his spouse, could well be regarded as a triumph, and as such be celebrated. On either side of the two arm-chairs, also, stood a flower stand covered with blooming flowers, which filled the room with their fragrance. But it was difficult to say which was the more beautiful, the flowers, or the classic head of the old master; which, snowy white, with the most silken of silvery hair, was embowered among them. The room was encircled with tables, covered with bridal gifts, interspersed with rustic stands of flowers. Among these gifts were several from the Ducal family; a heavy silver tea-set from one of the princes, and a massive silver goblet from his brother. Upon the goblet was engraven the motto alluded to, "Mit Gott." Both gifts were accompanied by an affectionate letter from the princes, who, as young men, had been pupils or Rink.

The two capacious nuptial arm chairs were also gifts, having been exquisitely embroidered by the fair hands of court ladies. Another gift was a casket containing twelve massive golden spoons, from a hundred citizens, whose names were subscribed to a printed letter of congratulation. Innumerable embroideries and works of art covered the other tables. There were two stands, however, near the aged pair, which attracted most attention. One was covered with congratulatory letters, which had been received from distinguished men all over Germany, (and, indeed, all over Europe,) who could not be present on this occasion. Interspersed with these letters were those of less distinguished, but equally admiring friends in the distance, many of which letters were couched in glowing German rhyme; the German, on every occasion that appeals to his imagination or sensibility, finding it difficult *not* to rhyme. This table, if from no other cause than affording autographs from many of the most distinguished men of Europe, was one of great interest. The other table afforded a contrast to this. Perched on the top of it, in rough and in elegant contrast with the flowers and other embellishments of the room, stood a sturdy, capacious German basket. Rink was now, virtually, to begin life again, and the basket, with its contents, was a present from the young man to his youthful housekeeper. On lifting the cover, you discovered a row of fat sacks, with labels attached to them; these labels reading —*sugar, rice, sago, coffee, rice flour, and meal.* Touching as were most features of this bridal scene, this happy hit threw a little gleam of quiet drollery about the whole, infinitely German, and diverting; occasionally rendered much more so by Rink, who, with a sly expression on his face, would now and then jog his partner, and point to the basket.

Now it seems that the married children of the venerable matron had vainly endeavored, previously, to induce her to wear a rich bridal cap, becoming the occasion. This, however, the simple-hearted and retiring old lady, whose whole pride and heart were centered in her husband, steadily refused to do; wishing *him* to be the centre of all interest and observation, while she stood quietly in the background, declaring that she had not dressed herself simply her whole life, to appear that day in her finery. One of the daughters, however, had secretly worked her a very beautiful and becoming cap. This cap was adorned with three delicate wreaths: the first composed of blooming myrtle, to indicate the first bridal; the second, of silver leaves, to indicate the silver bridal, and the third wreath composed of golden leaves, but intertwined also with sprigs of the blooming myrtle, to indicate the golden bridal. While the venerable matron was busy receiving congratulations, her daughter stole up behind her, and dexterously drawing off her simple white cap, substituted it for the other. The old lady was thus fairly stolen the march upon. She blushed in very virgin confusion, and protested, amid the laughter and entreaties of all present, that she would not wear the cap. She was overruled, however, and finally acquiesced, saying, that on *that* day her naughty children might do what they liked with her.

The morning was spent in receiving the visits of friends, among whom, first on the ground, had been Rink's royal pupils, now mature men, who came as private friends, to sit down and have a chat with the old master. And until the dinner hour, was heard on the steps that led to his comfortable, though unostentatious abode, the clash of noble spurs, mingling with the tread of more humble citizens. Many remained to dine with the venerable couple, two long tables being filled with guests. After many healths had been proposed, and toasts drank, the old man retired, as usual, to take a few moments of mid day repose, which his advanced age had, within a few years rendered necessary.—While he was doing this, however, in an adjoining apartment had been quietly collecting a group of singers, meditating for him a musical surprise. A signal by one of the family was given, when the slumbers of the old man were finished, and immediately this chorus of thirty young voices, began singing a subdued and beautiful church cantata, which Rink had composed when very young.—The door opened as they sang, and Rink appeared in the opening. He had no sooner seen the singers, many of whom had been his pupils, and recognized the tones of his early devotional music, then lifting the little velvet cap which always covered his head, his silvery hair floated out, and raising his glistening eyes to God, to whom those solemn tones were addressed, he seemed for a moment overcome with gratitude to Him.

The old people were now conducted to the two bridal arm-chairs, and the music was resumed—for the singers had come prepared to furnish Rink with an afternoon concert. A space was left between the arm chairs, and the piano facing them, around which the singers collected. The music was conducted by the court chapel-master, who was a young man affianced to a fair maid of the Rhine. (An affianced couple in Germany, are called bride and bridegroom.) A composition written for the occasion by the young bridegroom was performed, and at its close he came forward with a laurel wreath, and approaching Rink, placed it upon the head of the old master and kissed him. The young bride then approached the mother, placed on her head a mirtyle wreath, and kissed her also. As the afternoon wore on, and all the assembled guests had testified their respects and love for the venerable couple, the concert was finally closed by an Epithalamium, which, as an humble offering on my own part, I had composed for the old cantor, being unwilling that America, in whose churches the solemn voices of the old master had so often been heard, should alone seem insensible to the homage due to genius. The German words for the Epithalamium, were written by Schnyder von Wartensee, and the piece was performed by a choir of about thirty singers, in very effective style.

The evening was merrily spent with German games, music, and dancing, and concluded with a glorious supper. And thus ended that delightful festival—RINK'S GOLDEN BRIDAL.

REARREST OF YANKEE SULLIVAN.—This distinguished personage is in durance again, having been arrested by the Sheriff of Westchester County, N. Y., for violating his parole of honor, given to the Governor of that State, as a condition to the pardon granted him by latter for his connection with the Lilly and McCoy murder. His friends have applied to Judge Edwards for a writ of habeas corpus, which has been granted.

☞ It would be vain to dissimulate, that aristocracy and plutocracy, as leading elements, will always less fear the despot than popular liberty.—*Kossuth.*

ADDISON CO. COMMON SCHOOLS.

Parents! Teachers! Scholars! Friends of Common Schools.

THE School Law of 1849 informs you that "The Town Superintendents of the several Towns in each County, shall constitute a Board, to Examine and Recommend suitable books, to be used in the Schools of their respective Counties"—Sec. 5.

In accordance with the above act, the BOARD OF TOWN SUPERINTENDENTS recommend,

TOWN'S REVISED READERS AND SPELLER.

MIDDLEBURY, Nov. 1853.

The undersigned Superintendents of Public Schools in Addison County, after maturely considering the present wants of our Schools, and the best method of remedying certain evils now existing, do, hereby recommend TOWN'S Readers and Speller, published by Sanborn & Carter, for general introduction and use in the Schools of the County, for such a term of years as the interests of Education may demand.

We do this, because the Schools are using many books unsuited to the scholars, and have so great a diversity of books and authors, as to prevent uniform plans of study or any regular system of instruction—*Because* the present confusion and irregularity, invites unauthorized agents, teachers of all notions, and indiscreet parents to interfere with our system, for personal ends, and thus cause greater evils—*Because* previous efforts of former Boards have not been made thorough, but have increased the evils they designed to cure; impressing us with the fact, that something more efficient, and general, is absolutely demanded, to serve the public, unless we yield to despair, and give over all effort to improve their condition. *And finally Because* this plan, as proposed by the agent, seems better adapted, than others have proved, to secure the end desired.

All the Schools are to be visited, and the old books are to be taken in exchange, at *one half the actual retail price* in the shops; while new books, in the hands of Merchants and Scholars, are to be taken, in exchange, at their full value.

TOWN'S books are every way suitable to our wants; and have been proved in the counties around us; and we cheerfully recommend them to all—urging most earnestly, that Teachers, Parents, and Scholars will unite in carrying out, to its full perfection, this one important plan for the benefit of all, at the least expense the work can ever be done

S. MORGAN,	Superintendent of Bristol,	
ANDREW FERGUSON,	"	Starksboro,
GEORGE S. GALE,	"	Bridport,
GEORGE W. GRANDEY,	"	Vergennes,
E. HAYWARD,	"	Weybridge,
REUBEN A. DAMON,	"	Ripton,
JOHN B. STRONG,	"	Hancock,
ALONZO G. ALLEN,	"	Granville,
G. N. MOORE,	"	Salisbury,
N. OBIGJAPEN,	"	Goshen,
S. W. BARNES,	"	Ferrisburgh,
W. F. WRIGHT,	"	Leicester,
MATTHIAS LUDLAM,	"	Whiting,
R. D. HALL,	"	Orwell,
JAMES TEN BROEKE,	"	Panton,
EDWIN EVERTS,	"	Waltham,
S. HURLBUT,	"	New Haven,
J. S. WILMARTH,	"	Addison,
ALBY ELDRIDGE,	"	Lincoln,
B. F. BINGHAM,	"	Cornwall.

I can cordially recommend Town's Readers and Speller, having used them in Schools under my care. W. F. BASCOM,
Principal of Middlebury Academy, and Female Seminary.

I intend to use Town's Readers and Speller in the School under my charge.
J. O. HAVEN,
Newton Academy, Shoreham

TEN COUNTIES OF VERMONT have heretofore introduced Town's Series, and uniformly used them, from one to four years and desire no change.

Windsor, Orange, and Lamoille Counties are now introducing them, on the same plan as here adopted for this County.

When *Addison County* Schools complete the work of introduction, uniformity will be secured throughout the whole State.

New Hampshire and Maine have the same uniformity, and are fully satisfied with it.

In accordance with the general desire of the above Superintendents, the Town Agents will furnish while visiting Schools, Weld's New Grammar and Parsing Book, to supplant the Old Grammars; and Holbrook's Child's Arithmetic, to precede Colburn's.

The above recommendation is intended to stand from four to six years. And no change is expected to be made for about that length of time.

The Vermont Coalition—Its Effect upon the Freesoil party.

When the present Legislature of this State assembled at Montpelier, it was found that neither of the three parties into which the House was politically divided, had a majority. The Whigs numbered 93, the Democrats 82, and the Freesoilers 39. In this state of things the Democrats, following the lead of their political brethren in Massachusetts, made overtures to the Freesoilers, to the effect that if the latter would assist in the election of the Democratic State ticket they should have the disposal of all the other offices, within the gift of the Legislature, necessary to the organization of the House and the State government. In solemn conclave, assembled these proposals were accepted by a majority of the Freesoilers, to the number of twenty-five or thereabouts, a definitive treaty was drawn up and ratifications were duly exchanged.

A minority of the Freesoil party demurred to these arrangements. They could not so soon and so easily sacrifice all their claims for principle, consistency and honor. The Democratic State ticket was exceedingly distasteful to them. They were mindful of the fact that every Freesoil press in the State had strenuously supported the present liquor law, and advocated the importance of its maintenance even to the exclusion of party lines and partizan candidates, and they could not be brought by blandishments nor by threats, to so stultify all their acts and belie all their profession as to vote for a State ticket composed of open and avowed enemies of this prohibitory act, and subsequently elected as such. The ticket was also objectionable, as the candidates, whose names it bore, were hostile to all Freesoil notions, and yet they were proposed for all the offices where particular political principles possessed any significance. Under such circumstances this minority "spurned the bribe."

The coalition however was strong enough to dispence with their aid in most instances. Under the joint leadership of Messrs Barber and Field on the part of the Freesoilers, and Plimpton and Rice of the Democratic wing, the chief provisions of the coalition contract were complied with and its stipulations fulfilled. It is true that now and then a candidate of the "alliance, was defeated, and as often a lucky Whig slipped into his place. But such untoward events resulted from a want of concert on the part of the opposition, or because the Freesoil candidate was not properly vouched for or "acquiesced in" by the file leader of the Democracy. The only determined and successful resistance with which this coalition has met was in the election of the Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court. Mr Barber was the immaculate and consistent Freesoiler nominated as the coalition candidate for this post, and his nomination was understood and regarded as a sop thrown to the Freesoilers to secure their votes for the Democratic candidate for the United States Senatorship. The course pursued by Mr Barber in his legislative capacity, and in his attempts to secure the election of the Democratic State ticket, had so far counteracted his supposed Freesoil tendencies that he failed to secure the election.

Those Freesoilers who went into the coalition and have found their ungodliness profitable, defend it with a zeal worthy of a better cause. The *Green Mountain Freeman*, whose editor has been made Secretary of State, is much rejoiced at the result of this unnatural union. Since his recent elevation to official station he handles the liquor law quite gingerly, and is inclined to believe that Governor Robinson is as reliable a temperance man as either of the other candidates for that office. The editor of the Brandon *post*, at present assistant Clerk of the House, and, as the editor of the Burlington *Courier* calls him, "the initiated recording scribe, interpreter and revelator of the Field and Barber wing of the Free Democracy in our Legislature," has manifested the utmost confidence in the Governor, and is apparently quite satisfied with the administration of his favorite. While sustaining the coalition and all its dirty tricks, he has no bowels of compassion left for those Freesoilers who would not vote for his prototype, and thus pave the way for the election of Kellogg to the Senate. Hear this consistent liquor law-Freesoiler as he gives vent to his indignation at the defeat of E. D. Barber for Reporter. After announcing the result he continues:—

"The fraction that have played into the hands of the Whigs from first to last, when they found that Mr Barber was to be a candidate, set themselves to work with a zeal worthy a better cause. They have held themselves up as patterns of integrity; but in every solitary instance where their integrity stood in the way of their purposes or revenge, they have thrust it aside and played into the hands of those who all except *Whigs*, regarded as the common enemy. They have failed to nominate candidates of their own kidney when they should have done, to made their loud professions bear the semblance of consistency, and when they did nominate any they only adhered to them so long as they thought by so doing they would best thwart the action and wishes of the party they claimed to be the pillar and fire of! To my certain knowledge the other members of the party called a meeting and urged these immaculates to attend Mr Shafter among the rest, the purpose of which was to bring about a reconciliation and to concentrate the entire strength of the party on Mr Shafter. But not one of them attended. They do not desire to have any one vote for Mr Shafter but themselves. They wish to have it to say that *they* alone voted for him. These are the kind of men—under the mask of extra integrity—who are endeavoring to divide and distract the Free Democracy. But they cannot do anything. *They have shown themselves to be scribes, pharisees, hypocrites and vipers, and in* the showing have lost their power to do mischief.

Such is the language held towards those Freesoilers who could not be brought to barter with their opponents and make merchandize of their principles. Coming as it does from one whose understanding and conscience is reached through his pockets alone, it is cool and refreshing to an unusual extent. His capacity for brazen assurance and official impudence is well nigh exhausted in his efforts to degrade those who are still found faithful to these professions and true to their convictions.

The Burlington *Courier*, after alluding to the special efforts made by Barber, Field & Co., to get all the Freesoil members of the Legislature