The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN COBB'S BLOCK, MAIN-STREET

COBB & MEAD,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

JUSTUS COBB,..... .....RUFUS MEAD

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Nov. 10, 1858. 20

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THE FAMILY BIBLE,

With Notes and Instructions. Published by the American Tract Society. Also the Family Testament, for sale at COPELAND'S.

POETRY.

—The following is a song of Addison's found among some old music:

"Echo tell me while I wander,
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
If my shepherd still grows fonder,
Ought I in return love him?"
Echo. Love him, love him.

"If he loves me, as is the fashion,
Should I churlishly forsake him?
Or, in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?"
Echo. Take him, take him.

"Thy advice, then I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chain I've led him."
And with Henry shall not fear to
Marry, if you answer wed him."
Echo. Wed him, wed him.

On a Tear,

which Angelina observed upon my Nose on Christmas Day at bed-time.

What, though a silent tear may fall
Adown this chiselled nose,
Deem not that I past griefs recal,
Or weep for present woes:

A future sadness bids me mourn,
And pangs of anguish feel,
As when one finds one's favorite corn
Beneath some fat man's heel.

Think not in what has caused my grief,
That thou hast any part:
I would not suffer that belief
To wound thy loving heart.

Think not a too tight boot my toes
So cramps I fain would cry;
It is not this that gems my nose,
And dims my glistening eye.

A heavier cause, 'tis meet you hear,
O'erwhelms my aching breast;
I've eaten too much pudding, dear,
And fear 't will spoil my rest!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strange freaks of a Millionaire.

William Beckford, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford, of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age bequeathing him West Indian and other property which yielded an income equal to a half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined education. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture; while the great Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of about a million sterling (five million dollars,) he launched upon the world. The great talent of promoting human happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there, was in the erection of a gorgeous palace.

During his residence in Portugal he visited under the royal sanction, some of the wealthy and luxuriant monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the calvacade of an eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of, for our convenience or relaxation, was carried on our train—nothing was to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with supurb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which the dinner was prepared is thus described:

"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venson; on the other side were vegetables and fruit in endless variety.—Beyond a long line of stores, extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour finer than snow, blocks of sugar, and jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet" he adds "consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries." Confectionary and fruits awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Goa filligree, containing the purest and most fragrant spices, were handed round. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this day.

Returning at the commencement of the present century, to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking a capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of $1 400,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that phœnix like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass in magnificence all that hitherto had been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the West of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his decent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected somewhat in the manner and spirit of those who once reared a similar structure on the plains of Shinar: "Go let us build a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make as a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, 400 men were employed both night and day through an entire winter, the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to the astonished travelers at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was watching the erection of this structure. At night fall he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare on the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol—the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination. The tower was finally erected, but as might have been expected, the mortar and cement used had no time to set properly, ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the sublime fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower of 276 feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1835.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this circle scarcely any visiters were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlers, in the hope of catching a glimpse of its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of this curiosity. All that art and wealth could give, to produce effect, was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, 'are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vesels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford, of Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. Who would have ventured to have styled all this splendor evanescent as the mirage? A sudden depreciation of West India property took place. Some law suits terminated unfavorably, embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense, was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place—there to moralize on the instability of wealth there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give, and to point the oft-told moral of the vanity of human affairs.

He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner. Thus melted away, like frostwork before the sun, the extravagant production of a man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talent committed to his care, and in the end he discovered that he had been cheated by the mirage.

Though Beckford's princely lavishness caused him to be talked about all over the world, his true claim to remembrance rests upon his talents as an author, and his genius as displayed in the wild and singular Oriental tale of "Vathek," which is so splendid in description, true to Eastern costume, so wild and vivid in imagination that Lord Byron considered it difficult to credit that it was written by a European, and said, "Even Dr. Johnson's Rasselas must bow before it." Mr. Beckford was the author of numerous other works. He died in the year 1844, aged 84 years, leaving two daughters, one of whom is the present Duchess of Hamilton. His wife was Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne.

Lapland Reindeer Travel.

Bayard Taylor, in his lecture on Lapland, thus speaks of reindeer travel:

"A more bleak and dismal region than the greater part of Lapland could not be imagined, except when the noonday sky of winter covers it with a mantle of crimson gold. Here, however, God has made the home of one animal, without which human life would be impossible. What the camel is to the Arab the reindeer is to the Lap. He was created especially for service in the snow as the camel was for journeys over the sand. He is not much bigger than a large Newfoundland dog, and a strong man could easily lift him. His muscular strength is not great yet he has a vast deal of endurance. His hoof is divided into two compartments, like that of the camel, so that it spreads out and covers a large surface when he puts it down, the parts coming together as he lifts it up again. This peculiarity combined with his lightness of body, prevents him from sinking into the snow.

From this animal the Lap obtains his clothes, tent, thread, needles, meat, milk, butter, cheese, the handles of his knives, in fact every thing he uses, except his musket and a little coffee.

But of all perverse, obstinate, stupid animals, the reindeer stands at the head. Although he has been so long domesticated, he has not increased in sagacity. The common deer and the gazelles may become familar with the presence of man, but they never show the least degree of affection for him; and the same is true of reindeer. All he knows is to jump and run when he is harnessed, and turn round and stand still whenever he chooses to do so. His speed has been greatly exaggerated. There are a few reindeer in Lapland that will travel fifteen miles an hour, but there are a great many that will go one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours.

To drive a reindeer in the little canoe like sledges is like undertaking to drive a sturgeon in a rough sea. It is no easy matter to retain one's balance. If you are a new hand, your first sensation is a perfect blank, for you find yourself head downward in a snow drift. [Laughter and applause,] After a series of such experiments you at last succeed in keeping your balance, even when asleep, and guiding the animal, but you cannot prevent him from jumping round, and staring at you with most provoking coolness, as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?" There is nothing to do but turn him round, start him again, and take your chance of jumping into the sledge as he runs. The animal shows no recognition of his master, except that he will allow him to approach him more easily than he will anybody else. This is the extent of his affection.

The sagacity with which the deer pick out the hidden path under the snow was astonishing. On those exposed plains every wind fills up the furrows, and the traveler is drifting on a pathless sea, The leading deer, driven by a careful Lap picks out the concealed trail as easily as a pioneer follows the track; or, if he lose it now and then, crosses backward and forward till he strikes it again. Behind him glides the little caravan in single file, silent and strange as a procession of phantoms. There is nothing to be heard but the breathing of the deer, and the slight crunching sound of the sledge upon the snow; as you sit in the uncertain twilight a strange and subtle enchantment seems to come over you, and you almost doubt your own identity. "Am I," you ask. "the man who once lectured before literary societies, to large and intelligent audiences? (Laughter and applause.) Do I inhabit the same earth where steamboats exist and oysters are opened, (renewed laughter,) and where women's rights conventions are held?"

GENERAL SCOTT A VICTIM.—As the procession had finished the display proposed for the Eighth, and the carriage containing the veteran general drove up in front of the St. Charles Hotel, the crowd filled the streets and greeted him with loud shouts.

As the General descended from the carriage with his overcoat hanging on his arm, a well-dressed gentleman stepped up to him, and with the politeness that would have graced a drawing room, said, "General, permit me to take your coat." Unconsciously the General handed him the garment, and following his escort, entered the hotel; but the gentleman with the coat failed to appear. He and the coat had disappeared. Some think that his admiration for the old veteran tempted him to keep the garment as a souvenir of the meeting and a memento of the fame of the great captain.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Third Person vs. the First.

The other day, in one of the Paris restaurants, a party of literary men were discussing the merits of various epistolatry styles. One of them, Monsieur A., made a fierce attack on letters written in the third person, such as "Monsieur X. has the honor to inform——," and so on. Another of the party defended them maintaining that they were ceremonious, more polite.

"That is a good idea!" replied Monsieur A. "the foundation of all politeness in letter-writing, is to express clearly what you mean to say. Now, nothing can be more ambiguous than these confounded notes in the third person. I will just tell you what happened to myself. About the middle of May I received from my friend D., the Chief of Division, a a billet-doux, which I will show you."

Taking the note from his pocket, Monsieur A. read as follows:

"Monsieur D., Chief of Division at the War Office, hastens to inform his friend, Monsieur A., that he has just been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor."

"You can fancy my delight at reading this note," continued Monsieur A. "I was the happiest man in the world. I ran to an engraver's and ordered him to make the flattering addition to my cards, 'Monsieur A., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.' I ran to a jeweler's and bought a cross of the purest gold. I ran to a silk mercer's and bought a piece of the richest *moire* ribbon, for my button-hole. I ran to the houses of all my friends for the pleasure of receiving their congratulations. At last, I ran to my friend D.'s; as soon as I caught sight of him, I threw myself into his arms. 'Ah, my dear fellow,' exclaimed, 'you have no idea what pleasure you have given. How shall I ever thank you sufficiently?' 'You are an excellent fellow, my worthy A., to sympathize thus with my happiness.' Thank you for that expression; the decoration is mine, and the happiness is yours., 'How is that? Have you received the order?' Certainly; have I not?, ,No, my good friend; 'tis I who am now made Chevalier.' 'You?' 'Yes. You deserve the honor more than I do; but, nevertheless, it has been conferred upon me.' 'But you wrote me word that I had received the cross.' I took his letter out of my pocket, and showed it to him. Alas! I now understood clearly what meaning I ought to assign to the ambiguous phrase. 'The deuce take you and your note!' I said to D. 'Instead of your affected and formal announcement in the third person, why could you not write to me simply and plainly: My dear friend, I have the pleasure of informing you that I now am *decore* Chevalier?'

"I left him in a rage; I will never speak to him again as long as I live. Don't talk to me of your polite notes written in the third person."

WALTZING.—The following daguerreotype, which we find in the St. Louis Advocate, is executed in true colors:

"Look! look!" said half a dozen ladyvoices, one pretty night, as we set leaning against the outside of the ball-room. We did look—alas! for our modesty ought not to have done so. 'If my children were among them, I'd whip them well for it! Yes, if they were full grown, I'd give them the hickory!' So said the wife of one of our princes, as she turned away in utter disgust. Let me describe a little—if the public may look, certainly it may read, though it run. A group of splendid ones is on the floor, and lovingly mated. The gents encircle their partner's waists with one arm. The ladies and gentlemen stand close, face to face. The gents are very erect, and lean a little back. The ladies lean a little forward. (Music.) Now all wheel, whirl, circle, and curl. Feet and heels of gent go rip rap, tippity, tip. Ladies' feet go tippity-tip, tippity, tip. Then all go rippity, clippity, slippity, tippity, bippity, skippity, hoppity, jumpity, bumpity, thump. Ladies fly off by centrifugal momentum. Gents pull ladies hard and close. They reel, swing, slide, sling, look tender, look silly, look dizzy. Feet fly, hoops fly, dresses fly, all fly. It looks tuggity, pullity, squeezity, rubbity rip. The men look like a cross between steel-yards and "limber jacks," bottles, Xes. The maidens tuck down their chins very low, or raise them exceedingly high. Some smile, grin, some giggle, some pout, some sneer, and all sweat freely. The ladies' faces are brought against those of the men, or into their bosoms, breast against breast, nose against nose, and toes against toes. Now they go in again, making a sound like Georgy porgey, derey, percy, ridey, pidey, coachey, poachey. This dance is not much, but the extras are glorious. If men were women, there would be no such dancing. But they are only men and the thing goes on by woman's love of it. A secular writer says: 'There is no established standard of propriety about this matter. If I were a lady, I might object to these dances, but being a man, I do not. We certainly ought to be satisfied, if they are."

Seeing through one's Nose.

I had been shut up all day in the tavern of the little town of B——, I did not know how to while away the time, and as Irving says, "was terribly hipped." There was not a soul to talk with but the landlord, a prosy gentleman in squeaking boots. My wife had gone to take her tea at the parson's; wretch that I was, why did I not go with her,

I waded through the Farmer's Almanac and tried to laugh at the three dull jokes on the first page. I pored over a dirty newspaper, and racked my brain to find out what the letters at the bottom of the advertisements meant. I smoked four cigars and nipped a brandy toddy: I thought it full ten o'clock, and looked at my watch; it was but half past eight.

"Death!" said I, "what shall I do?"

I could not think of going to bed; the genus pulæ, or common flea, had badgered me all the night before. In despair, I rose and paced the floor.

"Time kill me," I ejaculated; "would that I could kill time."

I glared around nervously; my eye fell upon a show bill posted in one corner of the room. I wonder I had not seen it before; there it was in staring capitals. "Scientific Lectures at the Town Hall," written at the bottom with red chalk, 'admittance 12½ cents." In any other state of mind, I would not have given a 'scientific lecture' a moment's thought, now it was a god-send—I went.

When I entered the hall, the lecturer, a large man with bushy whiskers, commenced an experiment. "To convince the audience that they heard with the teeth, and not with the ear, as is commonly supposed." He had an ingenious way to prove this. He held in his hand a watch. Calling to him one of the spectators, he asked him to stop his ears so tightly that no sound could enter.—Next he requested him to hold the watch in his mouth by pressing his lips closely against the case.

"Now," said he, "do you hear the ticking?"

The man replied by shaking his head.

"Now," continued the lecturer, "hold the watch in your teeth instead of your lips; do you hear it?"

The man, with a tone of surprise, replied he did

While this was passing, a fellow, a little overcome with the ardent, had annoyed the lecturer very much by his loud remarks; I afterwards learned that he had kept up a running comment during the whole of the evening. He now shouted out—

"O,——, why don't you say we see with our noses?"

The lecturer slowly turned to him, saying in a peculiarly bland manner—

"I was about to introduce an experiment to that very thing. Will you please to step upon the platform where the audience can see you, sir. Now, sir, have the goodness to be seated in that chair. Sit as firmly as possible. Take hold of the arms, if you please. Now, I tell you beforehand, that this experiment is rather painful, but if you have a mind to try it, shut your eyes closely."

"Go ahead, old hoss, you can't bluff me off. You needn't think you are agoing to scare me out of it. I should just like to have you make me see with my nose. You can't do any such thing, you know you can't," said our noisy friend.

"Close your eyes as tight as you can, then," said the operator. "Can you see anything?"

"No."

"Well," said the scientific gentleman, drawing back his fist and striking such a powerful blow upon the nasal protuberance of the victim, that it sprawled him upon the floor; 'you see *stars* now?"

I expected to see a general fight ensue, but the joke was too good. The poor fellow, who, it seems, was a wag himself, saw it in an instant. Slowly gathering himself up, he exclaimed—

"Thank God, it's no worse, as the man said when he broke both his legs. Won't you step out and smile?"

After the lecture, I saw both gentlemen in the bar-room, smiling at each other very happily.

That night the fleas gave me no trouble but while I was sleeping heavily, something shook me violently and awoke me.

"What is the matter?" cried I, starting up in bed, "is the house on fire?"

"You laughed so loud in your sleep you frightened me, I thought you had a fit!" replied my anxious wife.

For the Register.

Educating the Masses.

Education in a Republic should be general, and embrace the entire mass; and it is much more important that its rudiments should be universally diffused through the state and nation, than that a few should be deeply learned, while the mass are grossly ignorant. If the benefits of common schools can be carried into every family, the great desideratum in this respect will be accomplished. If this is done, we may safely trust to the intellect thus awakened, to push its researches into the deeper mysteries of learning, by the establishment of institutions of loftier pretensions. Much has been done—but too much cannot be done, to encourage and perpetuate a system of general education; and we trust the time will ere long come, when every citizen and every child of this Republic will be taught, at least, the common rudiments of learning. The work, however, is not fully complete by merely furnishing food to the mind. There must be a moral training, as well as intellectual culture. The heart must be improved, as well as the head, and the substantial virtues must be nourished in order that they may grow and blossom in this great field of human hopes. Industry, equality, prudence, courage and obedience to law and love of order were among the virtues which stamped the character of our emigrant fathers and enabled them to lay broad and deep the foundations of the edifice of our temple of Liberty. These virtues, homely and rugged though they appear, are yet essential to the strength and permanence of Republican institutions; and we may be certain that so far as we lose respect for, and relax the practice of high essential virtues, just so far are we advancing in our progress towards corruption and decay. Neither can it be amiss here to say, that the teachings of religion have an important and intimate connection with the preservation of our civil rights, and the performance of our civil duties. The New Testament furnishes the most perfect code of morals that has ever been published to man. Its beautiful and comprehensive morality is adapted to all ranks and conditions of society; to all the relations, and social or domestic duties of life, and to all the changing circumstances of an ever-changing world. It teaches the true dignity of man,—it inculcates a genuine and exalted self-respect, not inconsistent with the meekness and humility demanded by an erring nature. It breathes of charity, good will, disinterestedness, philanthropy, love and peace; and any one who will strive to square his life by its simple rules, whatever may be his rewards hereafter, will feel himself to be a better and happier man. It teaches the practical duties of life, and the wisdom which should guide our daily conduct; and wherever its doctrines have been taught in their purity and simplicity, it has ever been found an important ally in the great cause of human Liberty. The great cause of christian morality should, then, ever find countenance and support from the citizens of a free Republic.

Waltham, Jan., 1859. N. ROSE.

THE WAY TO MAKE A POOR PASTOR.—1 Be very careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse for staying at home.

2. When at church be either asleep or staring about Do not listen to the sermon.

3. When you go home, complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.

4. Treat your pastor with a cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.

5. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.

6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular with the people.

7. Be very lukewarm and worldly-minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.

8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary.

Do all these things, and you will *never fail to have a poor pastor.*

THE RULING PASSION.—In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George.