The Register.

KNAPP & FULLER,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
LYMAN E. KNAPP. | WM. J. FULLER

TERMS:
In Advance,.....$2,00.
BY MAIL OR DELIVERED AT THE OFFICE.
If paid within six months. If not paid within six months 50 cents additional.
☞ No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietors.

☞ S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., No 37 Park Row, New York, & 6 State St., Boston, are our Agents for the Register in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and subscriptions for us at our Lowest Rates.

BUSINESS CARDS.

KNAPP & FULLER,
BOOK AND
JOB PRINTERS
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.
All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Printing done in modern style, and on short notice

W. M. BASS, M. D.,
Offers his Professional Services to his old friends and the people of Middlebury and vicinity. He may be found at his residence on Court Street, 2d door South of the Court House.
Middlebury, August 21st, 1865. 21tf

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office in Brewster's Block, over Express Office.

J. H. SIMMONS & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures, and Picture Frames,
BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.
J. H. SIMMONS A. S. TRACY.

W. P. RUSSEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office over my Drug Store. Entrance Middle Door,
Brewster's Block

H. KINGSLEY,
DENTIST,
MIDDLEBURY.
OFFICE. Brewster's Block, Up Stairs.

STEWART & FOOTE,
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.
J. W. STEWART. | H. S. FOOTE.

E. R. WRIGHT
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
AND
CLAIM AGENT,
Middlebury, Vt. 38

C. B. CURRIER, M. D.,
Homoepathic Physician and Surgeon
Office, under Masonic Hall,
MIDDLEBURY, Vt.
Office Hours, from 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 1, and to 8, P. M.

THOMAS H. MC LEOD,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery.
AND CLAIM AGENT,
Office of the late Ozias Seymour,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

A. P. TUPPER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
EAST MIDDLEBURY Vt

H. W. BREWSTER,
Dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and FANCY GOODS,
In Copeland's Bookstore, Middlebury, Vt.
☞ Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner, and warranted. Terms moderate. 18

J. S. BUSHNELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
At Office of L. D. Eldridge, Esq. formerly occupied by P. Starr.
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 18 4.

L. L. WHITLOCK,
Dealer in
Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.,
The subscriber has established himself in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of
Horticultural Stock,
which he will guarantee to be JUST SUCH as his patrons shall order.
☞ Trees set out and warranted if desired. ☜
Leave your names or orders at the Post Office, in Middlebury, and I will call and see you.
Middlebury, Dec. 30, 1863. 38 tf

AT CLAY'S
JUST RECEIVED
New Goods,
Consisting of
Millinery,
Dress Goods,
Cloaks,
Shawls,
Furs,
Worsted Goods
Of Every Description,
Dress and Cloak Trimings
OF ALL KINDS.
Waterproof Cloths and Cloaks,
and
EVERY THING
in the line of
LADIES DRESS
and
FURNISHING GOODS,
Call and
☞ Price's as low as at any places in Town.

TAMARINDS.
For sale at VALLETTE'S.
July. 17tf

NOTICE.
The co-partnership heretofore known as Chapman & Barbour, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Geo. C. Chapman will continue the business, and settle all accounts of the late firm.
GEORGE C. CHAPMAN.
NELSON P. BARBOUR.
Middlebury, Sept. 22, 1865 26tf

JUST RECEIVE PER STEAMER
"BELLE OF THE VALLEY."
CAPT. HARVEY CHAPMAN.
20 CASES STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS.
Also, a few pieces INGRAIN CARPETINGS, all of which we offe. at low prices.
BUCKNAM & CO.
Middlebury, June 6th, 1865. 10tf

NEWTON ACADEMY.
The Winter Term, of eleven weeks, will commence on Monday, December 11th.
A. SMITH.
Shoreham, November 15 1865. 38w5w

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXX MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER, 27, 1865. NO. 39.

S. D. & H. W. SMITHS
AMERICAN ORGANS.

The most perfect and beautiful musical instruments in the world!
Seventeen First Premiums over all competitors at State Fairs during the month of October.
With a reputation established solely upon intrinsic merit, and without the aid of celebrated names and paid testimonials, the AMERICAN ORGANS have taken the highest rank as First-Class Instruments, and are justly acknowledged to have no superior.
The attention of the public is called to the AMERICAN ORGAN as an instrument long sought for in the family circle, which, with new present improvements, is adapted to all kinds of music, particularly the connected organ style with its sustained tones and harmonies, and sacred music, so much desired in American homes.
The American Organs are constructed on the principle of the large Pipe Organ, and in depth and quality of tone approach nearer that grand instrument than any other organ yet manufactured, and are the only real organs now before the public. Most so-called "Organs" consist simply of one action fastened upon the bellows as in the common melodeon, and enclosed in an organ case; but the American ORGANS contain an organ windchest, called the Reverberating Sound-board, which has the same important part to perform as the Sounding-board in a pianoforte, to give body and resonance of tone. On account of this and other great improvements the American Organs ranks the best in the market, and command a higher price than all other reed instruments. Besides this advantage, the American Organ contains the largest, heaviest and most expensive set of reeds, giving strength and excellence of tone, truly a desideratum in any organ.
The bellows being provided with a safety valve, it is impossible to "choke" the tone by over blowing.
The improved Knee-swell, for being placed at the right of the performer, managed with perfect ease. By its use, the quantity of tone may be gradually increased or diminished from the *Pianissimo* to the *Fortissimo*, and vice versa.
The *Aeolomelo* expression stops add a delicacy of pleasure, swelling particular notes with the orchestral effects, which are absolutely unique, durable and unattainable in all "Harmonicas" or similar attachments.
The Tremolo peculiar to the American Organs is universally admired and appreciated, giving a pleasing and beautiful variety, sympathetic in quality and is capable of the most thrilling effects.
In connection with the Tremolo is the Patent Forte Stop, which consists in so arranging the treble notes in front, that, at will, they may be made more prominent; and, with a subdued accompaniment, a fine solo effect may be produced.
The Reeds are voiced with great care and skill. An American Organ containing more than one set of reeds has a variety in the voicing of each set so that in using the full power the tones blend in to great volume, and they are so voiced that they will remain in tune for years.
The American Organs are superior in the mechanical finish of the action and interior movements. The valves are of much the expensive process to avoid all sticking or cracking; are thus durable, and will always be in order.
The Keys, Reeds, &c., are perfect in their finish, and this gives the quickness and brilliancy of tone.
The American Organs are finished in the highest style of art, in Rosewood, Jet, Walnut, and Oak cases richly Varnished, Polished, and Engraved or in Smooth Oil polish, forming elegant Pieces of Furniture for the Parlor; and the Walnut and Oak cases especially adapted for churches, Lecture Schools, and Lodge rooms.
We call special attention to the style of American Organs, containing the improvements, simplicity and cheapness. For churches in want of a powerful instrument, whose means are limited, its moderate price renders it very desirable.
It contains seven stops and is capable of great variety.
The American Organs all contain the Double Bellows, Tremolo, Reverberating Sound-board, and improved Knee-swell.
These instruments have a capacity from the single reed five-octave organ, through all the various combination of reeds, up to eight sets and sixteen stops. The power of the large pedal organs is very great, the deep subbass tones lending the strength and depth of the sixteen feet pipes in the large size organs.
This latter instrument is finished in an oak light case, and is adapted for large churches, also for the use of conventicles, oratorio entertainments, &c.
Every instrument is fully warranted to prove good and give satisfaction, and the public may always rely on being fairly and honorably treated. Organs are securely boxed (free of charge) to go any distance.
S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
TREMONT, opposite WALTHAM STREET
Boston, Mass.
POWERS & STORY,
38;6m STATE AGENTS, BURLINGTON, VT.

VINELAND.
FARM and FRUIT LANDS, in a mild and beautiful climate. Thirty miles south of Philadelphia by Railroad, in New Jersey, on the same line of latitude as Baltimore, Md.
The soil is rich and productive, varying from a clay to a sandy loam, suitable for Wheat, Grass, Corn, Tobacco, Fruits and Vegetables. This is a great fruit country. Five hundred Vineyards and Orchards have been planted out by experienced fruit-growers. Grapes, Peaches, Pears, &c., produce immense profits. Vineland is already one of the most beautiful places in the United States. The entire territory, consisting of fifty square miles of land, is laid out upon a general system of improvements. The land is only sold to actual settlers with provision for public adornment. The place, on account of its great beauty, as well as other advantages, has become the resort of taste. It has increased five thousand people within the past three years. Churches, Stores, Schools, Academies, Societies of Art and Literature, and other elements of refinement and culture have been introduced. Hundreds of people are constantly settling. Hundreds of new houses are being constructed. Price of Farm land, twenty acre lots and upward, $25 per acre. Five and ten acre and Village lots for sale.
Fruits and Vegetables ripen earlier in this district than in any other locality north of Norfolk, Va. Improved places for sale.
Openings of all kinds of business. Lumber Yards, Manufactories, Foundries, Stores, and the like; and Steam Power, with room, can be rented.
For persons who desire mild winters, a healthful climate and a good soil, in a country beautifully improved, abounding in fruits, and possessing all other social privileges, in the heart of civilization, it is worthy of a visit.
Letters answered and the Vineland Rural, a paper giving full information, and containing Reports of Solon Robinson, sent to applicants.
Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland P. O., Landis Township, New Jersey.
From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for present farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies."
Nov. 8, 1865. 35;6m

THAT NOBLE ANIMAL, THE HORSE.
Will he be better every way if fed occasionally a spoonful of
Alde's Condition Powder.
This will cure most of the diseases to which horses and cattle are liable, increase the appetite and yield much more profit in feeding, give a bright, lively appearance to the hair. They are the result of several and long continued experiments, are prepared with the utmost care from the purest material and guaranteed vastly superior to anything known. Many Vermont gentlemen, owners of fine horses, buy them by the dozen, and give them freely. As a consequence, their horses are always in good condition and spirits, and remarkable for their smooth, shining coats. For sale by merchants everywhere. L. L. DUTCHER & SON, St. Albans, Vt., proprietors; Demas Barnes & Co., New York; John F. Henry & Co., Waterbury, Vt., wholesale agents. 36;6m

MISCELLANY.

My Counselor.

Every autumn flower by the wayside brought a pang to my heart. Here they were—aster and golden-rod—though August was not yet over. The nights and morning were cold already, however warm it might be at mid-day. Now and then winds blew, those long, desolate, wailing, prophetic winds, such as you never hear in mid-summer. My vacation was almost over. I must go back to the treadmill round whereby my bread was earned. I felt tired of life as I thought of it. They say poets are born, not made; and I wonder if the same rule does not apply to school teachers? Circumstance and my own will had done their best to make *me* one, but had failed signally. Not that I did not give good enough satisfaction. I understood my business, and was conscientious in its performance, but my heart was not in it. I hated it with an ever increasing disgust.

I was an orphan. My mother had died when I was too young to remember her—my father when I was ten years old. He had left a small sum of money, and a will directing that it should be applied to my education. He wished, as the best inheritance he was able to leave me, that I should be thoroughly well instructed, and qualified to maintain myself by teaching.

So, for three years I had been "maintaining myself," and I hated the business excessively. It was so hard for me to be fettered by absolute rules and regulations to have my time marked off by the ringing of a bell. I pined for freedom.—I wanted to haunt picture stores and libraries—to be at liberty to walk and dream and enjoy. Nor was I without the ordinary proclivities of young girls for flirtations and finery. But all these girlish instincts had to be suppressed. For the last hours or every day I was not my own. The whole of the last year I had been denying myself, for a purpose, every luxury. I had worn old clothes; boarded in a family where the fast-days outnumbered the feast-days; done violence in every direction to my natural love of pleasure and prettiness—all, that I might have the money to pass my summer vacation in a manner that should afford an entire contrast to my ordinary mode of living.

Not that, after all this self-denial, my means were very extensive when summer came. Still I had enough to buy a few pretty dresses, and go in a quiet way among the pleasure-seekers. I had taken up my abode in the near neighborhood of the White Mountains, where tourists came and went continually. I had feasted soul and eyes on that grand beauty—"the strength of the hills"—I had put out of sight for the time all the commonplace drudgery of my lot. I had made the acquaintance of girls in a different sphere of life, girls of my own age—not prettier, not better bred, not more gifted; in these respects I felt myself the peer of them all—but girls to whom fate had been kinder, who needed to take no thought of the morrow; who toiled not, yet bloomed, like the lilies and roses, in more than the glory of Solomon. With some of them I became friends even. I had not been without my dreams of something stronger and dearer than friendship when I came to Conway; "the not impossible He, which should command myself and me," had not yet made his appearance. In default of his coming, however, I had found enough to enjoy in the entire change of this gay summer from the old, weary, fettered life. And now the autumn flowers had come, and my pleasure was almost over.

Thinking of all these things I walked slowly along the mountain road. The sky was brilliantly blue. The clear air stimulated me like wine. An impulse came over me—a mad, reckless impulse as ever girl had. I had counted my money that morning, after paying my weekly bill. I had enough, I knew, to keep me there five or six weeks more. I could stay through September, and even then not be quite penniless. There was yet time before the first of the month to resign my situation. Should I do it, and trust to fortune for an opportunity to earn my living when my money was gone? I formed my resolution suddenly. I had heard a cant phrase—"run for luck." That was what I would do. If I had deliberated for half a day without a doubt the lions in the way would have frightened me—prudence would have come to the rescue—I should have been wiser, but I did not deliberate. I turned my steps toward the house—went to my room, took out pen and paper, and coolly wrote to the trustees my resignation of my position as teacher of the Blank School. I went down stairs and gave the letter to a messenger to post, then back to my room and laughed at my exploit with a mad disregard of consequences worthy of an opium-eater.

"You leave next week, Madeleine, do you not?" asked Miss Hibbard at dinner.

Miss Hibbard was one of the girls with whom I had formed a summer friendship, chiefly made manifest in our calling each other by our Christian names, and my listening to her stories of lovers and flirtations with eager interest, and an undercurrent of slightly envious regret that I had no similar confidences to impart in return.

"No," said I coolly; "I shall not go next week, at any rate. I have almost made up my mind to stay a month or so longer."

She looked at me as if she wanted to question me more, but was too well-bred, and I betook myself to my charlotte-russe with perfect composure.

After all, my situation was not quite so forlorn as you may have inferred. If I failed to obtain employment, when my money was spent I need not starve.—There was one house open to me. I could go to my guardians, and be certain of a welcome. He was not a rich man, to be sure, but his heart was as large as his purse was small, and I should be as free as his own children to sit at his board and his fireside. Not that I wanted or meant to presume on this kindness; but there was a difference between the consciousness of possessing such a possible refuge, and the terror which might otherwise have overtaken me of actual want.

I had no idea, however, of sitting down idle. After dinner I wrote to this same guardian, and informed him of what I had done. I knew he understood my temperament well enough to take my words coolly when I told him that I should die if I had to go on another year in the old dull round, and begged him to advertise for a situation as governess for me, and find me one as soon as possible. Having thus thrown the responsibility of my next movement on one whom I could safely trust, I threw off the load of care and dread which had been oppressing me since the autumn flowers came, and became more like the girl Nature intended me to be. The thought of returning to that old school-room with its confusion, and yet its endless routine, its continual recurrence of the same things to be done, had been resting on me like the Old Man of the Sea—now that I feared it no more, the gayety and gladness which should belong to twenty-one years seemed to come to me, and taking no thought or care for the morrow I enjoyed myself heartily.

It was something less than three weeks, when I received a letter from my guardian containing an offer of a situation as governess in a family in the neighborhood of Boston. The salary was liberal, and the whole seemed to promise well. It came to me just before tea, and I thought I would answer it when I went to my room for the night. After supper we all went out to see the September sunset and somehow, before I knew it, I found myself walking alone with Judge Hibbard, my friend's father.

I have not mentioned him before. Indeed he had only been in the habit at first of coming up for a day or two in each week, but for the last two weeks he had been there all the time, and I had become quite acquainted with him. In some ways I admired him excessively, but I had never thought of him, certainly, as the hero of any possible love-dream.—And yet he was a widower, with only this one daughter, two year younger than myself—a man in the very prime of life, with the grandest head I ever saw—a strong, energetic, ardent, thoroughly-cultured gentleman. He had seemed to like to talk to me, and hear me sing, and I was so perfectly free from any designs on him that I presume I had been my best self in his presence. Now, when I found myself alone with him, I experienced no embarrassment. We talked for a while about the sunset; and then he told me of sunsets on which he had looked in other lands—which mirrored their crimson in the Rhine, or flushed the snowy summits of Alps and Appennines. And after a while we began to speak of more personal topics, and somehow—I hardly knew how I came to venture on the freedom—I showed him my guardians letter, and asked his advice about accepting the situation. As he was a Bostonian I thought he might know this Mr. Bradshaw, at whose house I purposed to take up my abode, and be able to decide whether the matter promised well. He smiled.

"Yes," he said, "I do know Mr. Bradshaw, and I should think you might be comfortable in his family. But I should like to persuade you that you would be more so in mine. In fact, that was what I had meant to say to you to-night."

I started with surprise, in utter unconsciousness of his meaning.

"I am sure Jeannette needs no governess. She is far more accomplished than I am. You must be jesting with me."

"No, but you are misunderstanding me. It was of my need of you I thought, not Jeannette's."

"Yours!"

"Yes, Madeleine, Jeannette will marry doubtless, and when she leaves me I shall be alone. Is it strange that I should wish to provide myself with pleasant companionship for the coming years? I can not hope that you have learned to love me yet, but perhaps you have seen enough of me to form an idea whether loving me would be possible—whether you could ever consent to be my wife."

I told him very honestly how much his words surprised me—for I had never for a single instant, thought of him in that light. I expressed my sense of the honor he had done me, and then I promised to answer him the next evening.

With this promise he seemed satisfied, and we talked of other things till I began to form some idea of what manner of man he was, to see that the calm judgment and legal acumen which had elevated him to his present position were not all his endowments, that poetry and sentiment and romance were not dead in him, that he was a man of taste as well as of talent.

That night, alone in my room, I thought the matter all over. I had no particular fancy for governessing, yet I felt, in the depths of my heart, that to be a governess forever would be a thousand times better than to marry a man who did not love me—whom I did not love. The sole question was—did Judge Hibbard love me, and was I capable of loving him?

The disparity in our years did not especially shock me. He was forty-two, just twice my own age, but I felt that his longer experience of life had not made him less attractive. I think, if I could have believed that he ardently loved me, I should have decided in his favor. But he had not even said so—he had talked to me so coolly—expressed so little. I fancied that he had made up his mind to marry a young girl, and that he had thought of me, because I had none of the social advantages which might have given most young ladies of his own set great expectations, and made them harder for a middle aged man to win. This suspicion aroused my indignation, and I felt like showing him that at least I was not to be bought. I fancied what it would be to be his wife, and to love him, and then to find out that my love was superfluous or unwelcome; that he wearied of its expression; that he expected in me only a well-bred mistress of his house, a well-informed companion for himself. I had a heart, a passionate, woman's heart, with a strong power of loving. It rose within me, clamoring against being defrauded of all the warmth and brightness of life. No, I would not marry Judge Hibbard—I would retain my freedom—I would not break myself against a rock, but wait for the warm loving human heart that should be mine some day, mine only.

Then I answered my guardian's letter, and accepted the situation of Mrs. Bradshaw's governess. Afterward I went to bed in a mood of virtuous self-satisfaction, expecting to sleep the sleep of the just; instead I lay awake half the night, haunted by a strange sense of loss—a vague feeling that *I* was missing something which might have made my life fuller, richer, better worth living. For Judge Hibbard's fine position and stately house—for the ease and elegance which would have been mine as his wife—*I* had not one regret. *I* liked such things; but *I* was no Circassian girl to be bought or sold. The sense of loss—the vague regret—were only for what *I* fancied my life might have been if Judge Hibbard and *I* had loved each other. Believing that we did not, the matter became one with which *I* had no concern, and *I* tried to put it aside steadfastly.

The next evening *I* found myself again walking by his side. The sun had set, and the September moon was flooding the splendid mountain landscape with silver light. We walked for a while in silence, and then he said:

"Well, Madeleine, have you thought of that matter?"

"*I* have."

"And the result."

I hardly dared meet his eyes, his face looked so eager and earnest in the moonlight.

"*I* sent, to-day, my letter of acceptance," *I* said, slowly, half wishing, even then, that *I* had something else to tell him.—"Next year *I* shall be Mrs. Bradshaw's governess."

For a little while he did not speak, and the moon shone steadfastly—the night wind stirred my hair—some late bird going home to its nest dropped down a gush of quivering melody. The scene, so full of peace and of loveliness, instead of soothing me stirred my heart almost to pain. *I* felt the tears stealing up to my eyes, and was glad when he broke the silence.

"Well, Madeleine, *I* presume you were right. Of course if you had loved me you would have decided differently—not loving me you have taken the only true course. When *I* remember the twenty-one years between us, *I* wonder at myself and the hope *I* had of pleasing you."

I longed to tell him that it had not been the years, but the feeling that, just as he was, he did not love me. *I* had not the courage, and again silence fell between us, which after a time, as before, he broke.

"*I* can never cease, Madeleine," he said, with grave tenderness, "to feel a strong and peculiar interest in your welfare. It is fitter, perhaps, that I should be your father than your lover—but in some capacity I feel that *I* must guard you from making any great mistake in life. Will you make me one promise—one which Jeannette made me two years ago—that you will never say *yes* to any suitor until you have talked the matter over with me? *I* know more of men than you possibly can. Perhaps *I* shall be able to save you from such terrible ship-wreck of life as is constantly coming to my professional knowledge."

I did not realize then how hard it would be to keep such a promise—his tender earnestness seemed to compel me. I felt that I owed him something—and I gave the required pledge.

"Remember," he said, "*I* hold you solemnly bound. *If* you had had a father to watch over your interests *I* should never have asked this; as it is, *I* am sure that *I* am right."

It was still a week before *I* went away from Conway, and Judge Hibbard remained there all that time. He did not avoid me, or *I* him, and his quiet pleasure in my society constantly strengthened my conviction that he never had felt for me any of that fervor and tumult of passion without which, *I* thought in those days, no love was worth a woman's taking.

At last *I* went to Mrs. Bradshaw's. *I* had money enough to pay the expenses of the journey, and buy me a fall bonnet and a new pair of gloves. There, my means ended and *I* rather fancied coming so nearly to the end of my resources. There was a spice of recklessness and adventure about it which had its own charm.

I found my new situation somewhat different from what *I* had expected. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, the two little girls whom *I* was to educate, and Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, a son of Mr. Bradshaw's by a former marriage. Mrs. B. was very much of an invalid, and *I* soon found that *I* was expected in some degree to take her place, and so entertain the friends of the family when she was indisposed. To this duty even the children's lessons were considered secondary, and *I* was therefore thrown much more into society than *I* had expected.—*It* was a great change from the dull droning routine of my school-teaching days. *I* had begun to discover that *I* was not only young but handsome—that, like the milkmaid in the old song, my face was my fortune.

A good many of Clinton Bradshaw's young gentlemen friends were in the habit of dropping in now and then to dinner or tea, and upon some of them the habit seemed to grow wonderfully. There was one very decided impression which my familiar acquaintance with these young gentlemen made upon my mind, and that was a profound conviction of their inferiority to Judge Hibbard. Not that they were not nice young men, every one of them—well-born, well-bred, of sound morals for all that I knew, and quite worthy of respect. Only they all lacked something which he possessed. There was an immaturity of judgment about them—a lack of experimental knowledge—a want of fixed purpose about them—a failure to understand what their work was. If I had never seen *him*, doubtless my eyes would have been less clear-sighted to their defect; but, unconsciously, I had made of him a standard, judged by which these younger men were adjudged wanting. I took some pains to distribute my courtesies among them equally, and to keep them at a distance.

But in one case these efforts failed signally—that of Mr. Clinton Bradshaw himself. It was in vain to try to keep *him* at a distance. Nothing short of a direct answer, I could see, would ever satisfy him. When he told me his love there was no lack of all that warmth and intensity in which I had thought the Judge deficient. His earnestness forced upon me the conviction that I was, at last, loved dearly—loved in very truth for myself. And yet, strangely enough, it failed to move me, even so much as Judge Hibbard's fewer and cooler words had done.

Mindful of the promise with which I was bound I asked a few days to decide, and then went to my own room to think the matter over. The more I thought the more favorably I looked upon the proposal. Of this man's love for me I entertained no doubt. In his eyes I should be perfect and priceless. I thought such love on his part could not fail to awaken a corresponding regard on my own; for, finding my heart so unmoved by all these things, I began to doubt my capacity for any thing but a responsive affection, and therefore to consider chiefly the feeling I inspired rather than that I myself experienced.

The next day *I* went into town and made my way to Judge Hibbard's office. *It* was a very awkward thing to do, as I began to realize fully during the few moments I sat waiting in the ante room; but I would not retreat from the promise I had given. Once admitted to my Counselor's presence, I laid the matter before in words as few and plain as possible.

"I know nothing against Mr. Clinton Bradshaw," he said; "in fact my impressions are all in his favor. The one question is," and he turned and looked at me searchingly, "do yo love him?"

"That will come of course," I said if I marry him."

"But you did not dare to trust to that in another case," he persisted.

"But Mr Bradshaw loves me," I answered, driven to my last line of defence, "loves me dearly. Oh, Judge Hibbard, I am very lonely, and love is so sweet!"

"Do you think he loves you better than I did?"

"At least he has told me so, and you did not; if you had—" and there I stopped, feeling my face growing scarlet.

"If I had," he exclaimed, eagerly, "would the result have been any different? Madeleine, child, do not trifle with me. If I had, would it have done any good? God knows I do love you, and did then with all the strength of my being. I did not talk about it, for I would not persuade you against your own heart, or make my forty-two years ridiculous in your eyes by too much fervor."

I knew when he said that, and I met his eyes which said so much more, what it was I had been wanting—that in this one man only, of all the world, my heart could find absolute rest.

Do I need to tell you what answer I made to Clinton Bradshaw? After all, he consoled himself easily, and married Jeannette Hibbard when I had been for year her step mother.

A lady having had the misfortune to upset a jug of cream over a satin dress at a tea-party, a gentleman present, a paper maker by profession, consoled her for the mishap, by saying that she had only "converted a satin wove into a cream laid."

A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love," on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

A Saginaw (Michigan) officer started in the cars for Detroit, the other day, with a female prisoner who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. While the officer was absent in another car, the conductor came along for the fares. Female culprit refused to pay. Conductor threatened to put her off the train. Female culprit dared him to do it. Conductor did it.

If Brigham Young's one hundred wives favor their lord with Curtain Lectures, what, oh, what must be the nature of "Young's Night Thoughts."

[Original.]

THE FUNERAL.

Hark! Don't talk. Don't ask for the particulars about the sickness and death. Don't inquire into the feelings or circumstances of surviving friends. Don't stand in the yard, or on the threshold or behind the door, and whisper about the Minister or the doctor or the departed one.

Stop! now let there be a *solemn silence*. Slowly the bell tolls. How it strikes against the heart with pulsations of agony! The Sexton comes. Why does he smile as if invited to a wedding? Doesn't he know how to be serious? Can't he, at at least, preserve a sober serenity? The carriages appear. Good, strong and steady horses, of course, and punctual to the moment.

The poor body sleeps! sleeps so heavily that it cannot be aroused by even the dearest voice, whose gentlest whisper was once enough to startle it! Gather, O gather, neighbors and friends for the burial of its treasured dust.

Don't stand and gaze at the coffin to see what it is made of, how it is shaped, how trimmed! Don't wonder where it came from and ask how much it cost! For shame, mortal man! Look, if you will, at that cold, pale face. *Is* it the face of one you dearly loved? *It is* a face, at least, which you can see on earth no more. One parting look! then, pass away and think,—oh the thronging thoughts that come back to us with the memory of one whom we have known and loved!

The mourners take their seats. Strange, sad experience! They may not shed a tear, but their hearts sigh and sob in secret. They know not how to bear their affliction. Keep out of their sight rather than stare them in their faces. They need all your sympathy, but now is not the time to express it. Beware lest you intrude upon the sanctity of their sorrow. When shall they take their last look? Oh, leave this to them love and let them do it, if possible, by themselves. Surely they would not make a public scene of their grief and anguish.

What did I hear? "Those who have not yet seen the corpse, may now have an opportunity!" The *corpse!* What a hard, unfeeling word! How it grates upon the sensitive spirit! It would be well enough if this were a naked body for dissection. But who would speak thus of the loved form and features on which we instinctively doat, and which we are yielding reluctantly to the darkness and dishonor of the grave? Better say, "Those who would take a last look at the deceased." The service begins with Scripture. What arrows of heavenly admonition and consolation! Does singing follow? Bless God, if there are those who can sing and *wail*-ing, when the heart is breaketh for the longing it hath.' Let there be some plaintive *Miserere*. Let there be some sweet hymn of Christian hope or triumph. Alas! when the singers themselves go down to the slumber of silence!

Is the Minister to preach? No! Now is hardly the time for instruction or exhortation. Let him speak, if he pleases, a few words of counsel, sympathy and comfort,—the fewer, perhaps, the better, if fitly chosen. Above all, let him pray for the consolation of those whose hearts may ache for one year, and whose sorrows must be sanctified that their souls may be saved.

The Cemetery! The grave! Walk solemnly, tread softly as you approach the sacred spot. The springing grass "owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath." You that have the brightest color on your cheek may be the next for the narrow bed and the worm of corruption.

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb" Dust to dust! ashes to ashes! Is there a precious promise, a divine benediction for those who must go back to their lonely homes and bear about their shattered and bleeding hearts through the rest of their pilgrimage? Then may we learn to be happy, even in our afflictions, and wait in patience for the blessed resurrection and reunion in heaven. X.

The celebrated Ruskin has attempted to solve the domestic servant question, and suggested that one way to get a good servant is to bring up your servant from a child. This proposition, the Saturday Review thinks, is rather a hard advice, especially to young persons about to marry, and it says:—"In order to get a useful set of servants by the time you are forty, you must separately lay in a stock of children when you are five-and twenty. Servants will take at least as long to ripen as port wine, and they will give a good deal more trouble during the process. Worst of all, when they come of age, they may set up for themselves."

We have often heard of the height of extravagance; lately we heard an instance of the height of economy, bordering on meanness. A man of immense wealth in one of our large cities was dying. At length, after some weeks of illness, he died during the hours of night. A child, only heir to his vast estate, sat by the window, next morning, watching the advent of the physicians. As he approached the house, the bereaved one lifted the sash and cried out: "*It all over, doctor; you needn't come in.*"

At a protracted meeting, recently held out West, an ancient sister in the church arose and said: "I see young ladies here who think more of ribbons, and laces than they do of their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright-colored ribbons, and sky-blue trimmings; but I found they were dragging me down to destruction, so I took them off—and gave them to my sister!"

We are prepared to believe everything that comes to us from California. A cannon ball, of cast-iron, bedded in solid rock, and a cigar and a carrot, both petrified, have been found in Nevada, in a cave just opened, seventy feet below the surface, in the Star Spangled Banner claim. Had the account said that the cigar was lit and the carrot boiled, we should have believed it just as soon.

A "OAST.—The Press: It expresses truth, expresses error, impresses knowledge, depresses tyranny, and oppresses none."