The Middlebury Register.

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Proposals of the Council of Censors of Amendment to the Constitution.

ARTICLE 1.

Corporations shall not be created, nor their powers increased or diminished by special laws, except for municipal purposes.

ARTICLE 2.

Sec. 1. The General Assembly shall meet on the first Wednesday of October, biennially; the first election shall be on the first Tuesday of September, A. D. 1870; the first session of the General Assembly on the first Wednesday of October, A. D., 1870.

Sec. 2. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Treasurer of the State, Senators, Town Representatives, Assistant Judges of the County Court, Sheriffs, High Bailiffs, States's Attorneys Judges of Probate and Justices of the Peace, shall be elected biennially, on the first Tuesday of September, in the manner prescribed by the Constitution of the State.

Sec. 3. The term of office of the Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer of the State, respectively, shall commence when they shall be chosen and qualified, and shall continue for the term of two years, or until their successors shall be chosen and qualified, or to the adjournment of the session of the Legislature, at which, by the Constitution and laws, their successors are required to be chosen, and not after such adjournment.

Sec. 4. The term of office of Senators and Town Representatives shall be two years, commencing on the first Wednesday of October following their election.

Sec. 5. The term of office of the Assistant Judges of the County Court, Sheriffs, High Bailiffs, State's Attorneys, Judges of Probate and Justices of the Peace shall be two years, and shall commence on the first day of December next after their election.

ARTICLE 4.

Whenever the office of Senator or Town Representative shall become vacant from any cause, the Legislature may provide by law for filling such vacancy.

ARTICLE 4.

Sec. 1. The Judges of the Supreme Court shall be appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

Sec. 2. The term of office of the Judges of the Supreme Court shall be six years; provided that under the first appointment made in pursuance of this section one-third of the Judges first appointed shall hold their offices for the period of six years; one-third thereof second in order of appointment shall hold their offices for the period of four years; and one-third thereof last in order of appointment shall hold their offices for a period of two years.

Sec. 3. The Judges of the Supreme Court shall at stated times receive a reasonable compensation for their services, which shall not be diminished during the terms of their offices.

ARTICLE —.

(Proposed for adoption if Article 2 is adopted and Article 4 is rejected. The Judges of the Supreme Court shall be elected biennially, and their term of office shall be two years.

ARTICLE 5.

Hereafter women shall be entitled to vote, and with no other restrictions than the law imposes on men.

ARTICLE 6.

Sec. 1. At the session of the General Assembly of this State, A. D., 1870, and at the session thereof every tenth year thereafter, the Senate may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members, make proposals of amendment to the Constitution of the State, which proposals of amendment, if concurred in by a majority of the members of the House of Representatives, shall be entered on the journals of the two Houses and referred to the General Assembly then next to be chosen, and be published in the principal newspapers of the State; and if a majority of the members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives of the next following General Assembly shall, respectively, concur in the same proposals of amendment, or any of them, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to submit the proposals of amendment so concurred in to a direct vote of the freemen of the State; and such of said proposals of amendment as shall receive a majority of the votes of the freemen voting thereon, shall become a part of the Constitution of this State.

Sec. 2. The General Assembly shall direct the manner of voting by the people upon the proposed amendments, and enact all such laws as shall be necessary to procure a free and fair vote upon each amendment proposed, and carry into effect all the provisions of the preceding section.

Sec. 3. The House of Representatives shall have all the powers now possessed by the Council of Censors, to order impeachments, which shall in all cases be by a vote of two-thirds of its members.

Sec. 4. The forty-third section of the second part of the Constitution of this State is hereby abrogated.

Articles of the present Constitution affected by the above proposed amendments:

PART 2.

Sec. 2.	Sec. 21.
Sec. 9.	Sec. 43.

ARTICLES OF AMENDMENT.

Article 4.	Article 19.
Article 5.	Article 21.
Article 10.	Article 23.

ORDINANCE.

In Council of Censors, October A. D., '69

The Council having determined to propose certain amendments to the Constitution of the State, and to call a Convention to consider such amendments; Therefore, It is ordered by said Council that a Convention of the people of the State of Vermont shall meet at the State House in Montpelier on the second Wednesday of June, A. D., 1870, at two o'clock in the forenoon, to consider the said proposed amendments and adopt the same, or such parts thereof as the said Convention shall deem necessary to preserve the peace and happiness of the people of this State.

And for the purpose of electing delegates to attend said Convention, the first constable of each organized town in this State, or, in his absence, the town clerk, or in the absence of both, one of the selectmen of each town, without further order shall set up a notification in writing, at such place or places as shall have been designated by such town for notifying town meetings, at least twelve days before the second Tuesday of May, A. D., 1870, warning the freemen of such towns to meet on the said second Tuesday of May, A. D., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the place where the last freemen's meeting was held in such town, for the purpose of electing a delegate to represent the freemen of such town in said Convention—and at the opening of such meeting this order shall be publicly read.

And the first constable, or, in his absence, one of the selectmen of such town, shall preside at said meeting, and shall call on the freemen of such town for the space of four hours to give their votes for such delegate; which votes shall be given and received in the same manner and under the same regulations as are by law provided for electing representatives to the Generally Assembly. And at the expiration of said time the votes so taken shall be sorted and counted by the presiding officer and such of the selectmen and Justices of the Peace of such towns, as shall be present; and if no person shall have a majority of all the votes given, the presiding officer shall so inform the freemen and call on them as aforesaid, giving a reasonable time only for receiving their votes, and so continue from time to time to recieve and count the votes until an election of a delegate shall be made.

When an election shall be made, as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the presiding officer of the meeting to declare the same, and to deliver the person elected a certificate of the following tenor, to-wit:

State of Vermont, } At a freeman's
meeting warned and holden at
in pursuance of an ordiance of the Council of Censors, on the second Tuesday in May, A. D., 1870, was elected a delegate by the majority of the freemen present to represent the people of the town of , in a State Convention to be held at Montpelier on the second Wednesday of June, A. D., 1870, to consider certain amendments to the Constitution of this State, proposed by the said Council of Censors in October last.

Given under my hand at
this day of May, A. D., 1870.
} First Constable
} (or Selectmen) and
} Presiding Officer.

And the said certificate shall be sufficient credentials of the election of such person.

Done in Council at Montpelier the day and year above written.

CHARLES K. FIELD, President.
ARTHUR CULVER, Secretary.

State of Vermont, }
In Council of Censors, }
Montpelier, October 22d, A. D. 1869.

We hereby certify that the above are Articles of Amendment to the Constitution of the State of Vermont proposed by said Council, and Articles of the present Constitution affected by said proposed amendments; and the same are hereby promulgated by order of said Council.

CHARLES K. FIELD, President,
ARTHUR CULLER, Secretary.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR:—

Every year the city nears us. Every year the city influence becomes more and more the "law and the gospel," and every year the tide of metropolitan refinement and luxury flows back a little further among our hills and valleys. The railroad, the telegraph and the steamboat are three important agents in producing this effect. The man who, a few years ago, made a "journey to New York," now "runs down to the city."

He sits down to his tea table in his snug home among the hills of Vermont, and reads the market reports and morning gossip of the city. With this comparatively immediate communication with the city, he feels almost like a dweller therein, and a sort of obligation to lead its life, adhere to its customs, and indulge in its excesses. So the young women and men of this country are continually aping the airs of the metropolis, and adopting its fashions; always seeming to choose its most foolish and fantastical ones, as I am told, a man in a strange country, among people speaking a foreign tongue, always learns the profane and indecent or slang words first. Paris pours its fashions, frivolities, absurdities and obscenities into New York, and from thence by a sort of moral (or immoral) endosmose, they are disseminated throughout the land. This diffusion is effected in a great measure by the annual throng of pleasure seekers from thence. Every summer the locomotive and the steamboat brings up to the door of the countryman, the city, with all its luxuries, refinements, and follies, which the admiring rustics, male and female, eagerly seek to adopt and imitate. It was this laudable spirit of imitation that led our women to assume that unsightly *lower* posterior protuberance, denominated the "Grecian bend," and that equally ridiculous *upper* posterior excrescence yclept the waterfall. It led them to burn and frizzle their hair until they looked like Hottentots; to expose their necks and bosoms to the public gaze, or button on boots so high that we are reminded of the picture of "puss in boots." It is this same desire to appear "cityfied," that leads our "young man from the country," to get himself into breeches so tight that he can seat himself only at the imminent risk of making the rear seam an example in long division; to smoke fifteen cent cigars, or a "genuine meershaum sir, and no chips," or to break his valuable neck on the velocipede. But alas! *Poeta nascitur non fit*, you know, and the aspiring countryman finds that his city friend *nascitur non fit*, too. He cannot acquire that easy gentility of carriages, that indefinable air of good breeding, that is the natural concomitant of metropolitan lineage and familiarity with the world. He cannot copy that innate refinement, he can only imitate and distort external appearance; so instead of the jolly and not ungraceful "Portland Fancy," or "Virginia Reel," he gropes through the mazes of the German Cotillion or in the place of the old and decidedly graceful "slide waltz," he kicks up his heels and dislocates his limbs in the frantic *deuxtemps*. He minces in his gait, is "full of strange oaths" and questionable slang, essays a Parisian accent, and now and then attempts a French word, with rather uncertain success. He becomes neither the country-*man*, or the city *gentleman*, but a laughable *mean* between the two. We look at him in his fine, painfully nice clothes, as we would look at a painting representing a beautiful apartment with a cow chewing her cud in the center. Yet not at all does he refrain from his ambitious efforts, and "become cityfied as fast as possible," seems to be the order of the day in the country. But I have found at last a bright and shining exception to this rule, a place that resists every encroachment of the city, and instead of adopting and imitating its fashions and extravagances, utterly rejects them, laughs the city to scorn, and seems to become more and more puritanical every year. It is this little village, lying upon one of the highways of the pleasure seekers. Every day during the "exodus," the great yellow stage lumbers through with its burden of tourists bound for Mt. Mansfield, and a few weeks later takes them back with sorier cheeks and brighter eyes. Yet Essex proudly disdains them, and shunning innovations, unpolluted by the city's vices, unstained by the city's follies, and puritanically impervious to its influence, it remains stagnant, calm, self-contained, ancient, and orthodox as ever. Every year the tide of city life ebbs and flows through the sleepy town, which yet remains as uncontaminated as the great, still mountain that gazes down upon it. It is essentially a religious community. The spires of four churches point homeward from a village of not more than five times that number of houses. Sunday in Essex is a solemn, sepulchral anniversary that chills the marrow in one's bones, and will be forever inseparably associated in my mind with stagnation, desolation, and dispair. The native of Essex adds to his decalogue, "thou shalt not smoke a pipe." "Thou shalt not play at cards." "Thou shalt not dance," and a severe ostracism is practiced against all such luckless persons as partake of these forbidden indulgances. The waterfall does not "go down" in this community, and consequently the Grecian bend is unknown. On one point, however, the Essexian can become enthusiastic, and that is his Academy. He gloried in it, he gloried in the three hundred students annually instructed within its walls, and when last spring it burned to the ground and its Principal became an apostate, an ungodly sinner, and a "wandering refugee," he stood for a moment irresolute, with his hands lifted in holy horror and dispair. But then his Puritan grit and obstinate determination showed itself, and to-day, where four months ago stood the blackened ruins of the old Academy, one of the finest Academy buildings in the State rears its form against the dark background of the mountains, and all day its class rooms sound with the pleasant murmurs from the throng of stalwart young men and bright eyed girls who gather there for instruction; and after school hours the green rings with the merry shouts of the ball-players and the croqueters, and witnesses the fanciful gyrations of the velocipedes, which attributes of the outside world, bear in mind, appertain exclusively to the Academy, and have nothing to do with the town.

I suppose to be in the fashion I ought to write you something concerning the freshet. I will merely remark in reference to it, that I remember we had a heavy fall of dew a short time ago, which made things rather "juicy" for a few days.

DON OLAND.

For the Register.

Faribault Minn., Oct. 17th 1869.

ED. Middlebury REGISTER:—Once more I am "out west," heaven forgive me. But we couldn't all be noblemen and live east. That delectable atmosphere of refinement, literature and art, might get unwholesome if crowded with people of so vulgar tastes as those who prefer to live "out west." During most of last summer I was east, stopped in Middlebury, met several of New England's great-men, who were making their annual pilgrimage to the College anniversary to give their dimensions and show how much they have grown during the year. I find that most of them have grown small in an inverse ratio as they grow older. Some of the recent graduates who were in college with me have become rich, eloquent and powerful. Next time I meet them I shall expect to find them reduced physically, pecuniarily and egotistically. At least I shall hope they will come within the range of the human affinities that make a man social and companionable if not erudite, great and distinguished.

The autumn has come and I am not aware that it is much different here from what it is with you. Perhaps it is a little more aristocratic there, puts on more colors, your sunlight makes it more modest, its blushes more softened and suppressed. And your mountains and valleys give it attractiveness and grace. But it has its lessons here. The time when we love the woods and open air, charming, health bestowing season! From my window, for miles, glows the great prairie, no longer green and thrifty as in spring time, but dark, solemn and deserted. The sun goes down and the long fire tracks gleam through the sedge, bridge the river at the foot of the bluff, and pour into my room floods of effulgence. I owe this prospect to the autumn, for with the spring comes the thick foliage of the trees which hide the sunshine and the view of the landscape, and give me instead, bird songs, and refreshing coolness. The melancholy of autumn is apt to test the sincerity of our faith in nature and revelation. With every falling leaf there is a suggestion of decay, waste and ruin. The lessons of autumn are in themselves incomplete. The heart aches, the bleak and naked branches give no cheer. We faint, no reviving sweets come from the dry, dead, stems of the flower shrubs. A perpetual autumn without the hope of spring, the thought of death without a resurrection would chill the blood and predispose to lunacy or suicide. Autumn and spring go hand in hand. One supposes the other, as light does darkness. An autumn fully isolated in thought from everything but itself, its wild screaming winds, sad landscapes, its skeleton forests and that lonely oppressive sense of dying things which weighs upon the spirit, I say, the perpetual presence of death unconnected with hopes of a new life would drive a philosopher mad. As it is there are woven into its melancholy, shining threads. What would otherwise be desolation, is nature's economy, her provision for the future, an outlay of everything, a waste of nothing. The forest wail is not without hope, it does not tell of perpetual death. Parents visit the churchyard where lie their lost darlings. No voice comes from the solitary mounds. All is dark without, but within there is a rational faith woven with every emotion of the soul, a belief in a life beyond. Were it not for this, such visits would seldom be made. The graveyard would be a place of torment—a hideous uncompromising gulf which had torn away life's treasures, a perpetual felony, against which there is no redress. God will not deceive us. This clinging to Christian mysteries, these wistful glances involuntarily cast heavenward, are phenomena of natural impulse and instinct, that we may not understand, but which are no deception and are destined to meet with no disappointment.

The weather here is at present very charming. We have clear cloudless days in long succession. The nights are cool and beautiful. The farmers grumble about the low price of wheat. It is selling now for 70 cts. One reason for it is the heavy charges for transportation between here and Chicago. Railroads in this section are accursed monopolies and not much else. They are managed by a clique of sharp, selfish unscrupulous men who would cheerfully ruin the country if they could make themselves rich. These immense combinations of railroad companies thereby preventing competition and securing an entire monopoly of all the business to be done upon them, are most disastrous to the prosperity of a young state. Our legislature through bribery or greed, vote for and sustain these monopolies, so that some departments of legislation instead of being a blessing are a positive curse. I must mention one anomaly in our politics and I am done. The Democrats of this state have organized a temperance party and nominated a Methodist clergyman a strong temperance man for Governor. They advocate prohibition and extermination. Beautiful consistency of politics! The last candidate of the same party was an anti temperance man and publicly boasted of his great drinking capacity. A minister of the gospel who will suffer himself to be hoisted into notice, by a party of political drunkards, all in the name of virtue where no virtue is, will safely pass for a clerical ass, and is about as worthy, of being called a minister of Christ as a state prison convict is an angel of light.

Farewell M. D. L. C.

A LITTLE RILL.—A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of his sermon. The child gave no answer, she only wept. He ascertained that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to inquire whether her parents and neighbors had a Bible; and this led to that meeting in London, in 1804 of a few devoted Christians, to devise means to supply the poor in Wales with the Bible, the grand issue of which was the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a society which has already distribute more than 15,000,000 copies of the Bible, its issue now reaching nearly 15,000,000 annually. And this in turn led to the formation of the American Bible Society, and to the whole beautiful cluster of sister institution throughout the world; which are so many trees of life, scattering the golden fruit of immortality among all nations of the earth. This mighty river, so deep, so broad, so far reaching in its many branches, we may trace back to the little girl. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

For the Register.

The Poetry of the Falls.

"And God,
Into his nostrils breathed the breath of life,
And man became a living soul," ah void,
Unsatisfactory; still we stretch out hands
Importunate, and gaze with straining eyes,
The secret, still the secret,—Oh for light!
Through the dim, devious ways of Nature seek,
To shrink discouraged in the widening sweep
That circles outward from the span of life;
And chilled by the smile derisive on her lips
Turn to the truth revealed,—the written word,
With high hope beating in the eager heart,
And find,—"Into his nostrils breathed the breath
Of life, and man became a living soul."
'Tis all;—tis nothing; forever Nature sits
With calm forefinger on her mocking lip,
From her the secret shall ye never wrest,
Nor learn God's secret from the Book of God.

So mused I dimly, leaning o'er the bridge,
One fervent evening of the ebbing June;
Nursing a yearning wonder, old as life,
Whose repetitious mockings are the count,
Of myriad brains, turned ashes of the past
That strove the "Mene, mene," on the wall
To read aright; and throbbed unanswered in
The strenuous guest, of that, which ever lies
Beyond the depth of this proud latter time
Of truth, and light, and boasted wisdom;
Through the ages wears its kindred web
In children's brains, that peer with father's eyes,
And comes again to each soul breathed upon,
With vexing iteration.

Down the right
The giant factory loomed against the sky,
And cast upon the dusk a serried glare
From ranks of twinkling windows, whence the clang
And ceaseless hum of iron servants came,
That wrought their endless task with tireless hands.
Beneath my feet the lordly Otter rushed
From out the gloomy arches of the bridge,
Into the lesser shadow of the sky;
As man from out the unknown, utter night
Of cold oblivion, glide into the mists
And twilight of existence.

With broad sweep,
And multitudinous murmur of glad life;
Exultant in all fulness and grand strength
The river rolled along, and heeded not
The white hand of the mist, that waved above
The cliff's edge sheer descent, and trembled with
The heavy thunder of the cataract.
That rolled its boding echoes back upon
The singing slope of waters; as the cry
Of dread experience in the life of ours,
That waits and wavers over ruined hopes,
Then sounds it solemn warning to the rush
Of listless, laughing footsteps,—and in vain.

Though the sweet summer day had softly closed
Her heavy eyelids, and had gone to sleep;
The star-gemmed curtains of the clear June night
Made light the shadows o'er her golden head.
Below the falls, I saw the seething rush
Of maddened waters from the rain white,
And down the green sloped hollow of the stream,
By dainty glimmering of the summer stars,
I saw the dark broad bosom of the river
Sing on with wostering sweep, to shed itself
Into the gracious fulness of the lake.
But still the swirl and tumult of the fall,
Whirled the swift eddies in the hidden depths,
And there were streaks of white foam on the dark.

The tinkling treble of the lapping waves,
The musical wash of water 'gainst the piers
Beneath my feet, and lower down, the fall's
Deep undertone and rich, rounding the full
Sweet cadence on the softly tremulous air,
Swelled a grand harmony to the listening ear
In crowned unisonance.

And so I dreamed,
Like life, the rippling music and the flow
Of dear domestic bliss; the larger sound,
The rushing resonance of active breath
By field and flood, and the rich clouds sublime,
Struck out from noble lives.

And still I dreamed,—
Like man,—he feels a giant impulse thrill
His eager soul, and deems it joy to breathe;
Brightening the shadowy future with gay dreams,
And laughing in the freer, swifter life
That nears the cataract. Until the crash;
The desolation of disaster swift.
Perhaps the stately fabric that the years
Of toil and wearing care have reared in glory,
Topple to ruin; or mayhap, instead
Of some dear presence 'twas his life to see
And feel the spell of, but a white dead face,
Sharp cut against the sables blinds his eyes
With agony unspeakable. Or may be,
It only is a slender brown-tressed maid,
Who carves the crimson of her scornful lips
With but a little cruel word, that shuts
The sunlight from a tender, manly face
That bent with earnest pleading of the eyes.

So, like the river down below the falls,
Man from the dread destruction of his hopes
Floats onward toward the unknown, dream-bound bourne
Beyond the dim horizon. But beneath
The upper calm, the lasting eddies whirl
The waters of the souls deep soundings, while
Upon his forehead thick the wrinkles lie,
And there are streaks of foam white in his hair.
—DON OLAND.

Essex, 1869.

The Marble of Middlebury.

From present appearances it is probable that Vermont will at no distant day supply sculptors with a large proportion of the marble used for statuary purposes. The supply of pure statuary in Italy is short, especially for large blocks, and the price is enormously high.

ADDISON COUNTY QUARRY.

Marble is now being obtained from the Addison County Quarry in Middlebury, which is pronounced by the best artists in this country to be superior to the Italian, for the reason that it is of a purer white, more compact and uniform in structure, and can be cut to a sharper edge.

One of the nicest works of art now on exhibition in the Mechanics' Fair in Boston is a statuette, "The Angel's Welcome," by B. H. Kinney, artist, of Worcester, Mass., from a block of marble from the Addison County quarry.

It represents a beautiful child standing by the side of an angel, whose right hand grasps the left hand of the child, and whose arm encompassed it with all the apparent fondness of a mother.

The marble is of spotless white, and so compact that the artist made the wings only about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and left them unsupported from end to end. It is so translucent that one's fingers may be seen through the wings as plainly as through a porcelain teacup, and when the wings are struck with a hard instrument they ring like potmetal.

In a letter to the proprietors of the quarry, Mr. Kinney says: "In fineness of texture, strength of grain, and purity from foreign substances it has no equal for statuary purposes."

The celebrated sculptor Greenough was so much pleased with the marble that he was using for statuary purposes from this quarry, that he recently took a trip to Middlebury, on purpose to get a look at the quarry from which it was obtained. He was greatly delighted to find that large blocks of it could be obtained, and expressed the opinion that orders would be received from Italy, for statuary blocks as soon as it becomes known that they can be furnished of such large size, and fine quality. A finely executed bust of the late Rev. John Pierpont, made from this marble, is also to be on exhibition at the Machanics Fair in Boston. We take pleasure in giving publicity to this excellent marble, which we do unsolicited and without the knowledge of the owners of the quarry. We have long been of the opinion that the marble in the Middlebury belt, would, when properly developed, be equal to the very best statuary any where to be found. The question of soundness has been the only one upon which we ever had any doubt, and now that the Addison County quarry has produced sound blocks of large size, in the most unfavorable spot upon the property, our doubts are banished, and we only hope the company will make a new opening on their land, at a point farther south, where sound blocks will be the rule, and unsound ones the exception.

CHESHIRE COUNTY COMPANY.

About a year ago some parties residing in and near Keene, N. H., bought and commenced work upon a quarry in Middlebury, about a mile north of the Addison County Quarry. We are unable to say whether the two quarries are on the same line of beds, but from the fact that the marble is similar in structure, and the beds in many respects alike, we infer that they are, notwithstanding no marble of so pure white is found in the Cheshire quarry. It would not be strange if the elements entering into and forming these extensive deposits should vary at points a mile apart.

The proprietors of the Cheshire quarry are fortunate in having opened their quarry by removing the earth that lay over it instead of seeking a high outcrop of rock and blasting it off. The outcrop of marble at this place was very small, and immediately north of it was a high bank of earth that covered the beds several feet deep. On removing this, which was composed mostly of clay and "hard pan," the sound marble beds were found perfectly smoothed off by "drift" agency and the marble was apparently sound enough to be sawed into slabs, where the clay had been deep enough to protect it from the injurious effects produced by atmospheric agencies.

Although the marble is not of a pure white, yet it is valuable for many purposes, especially for monumental use.

In visiting cemeteries we find no monuments that withstand the effects of time and weather better than the Middlebury marble that was got out by Mr. Judd and others over fifty years ago, and resembles in all respects that now being obtained from the Cheshire quarry.

The Cheshire Company have a good marble mill on a water power, within a few rods of their quarry. With proper management we cannot see why this company may not be eminently successful in the marble business.

NORTH MIDDLEBURY QUARRY.

Nearly a mile north of the last quarry is one called the North Middlebury Quarry. The general character of the marble is much like that of the Cheshire quarry, fine grained, compact, rings when struck with a hammer and most of it clouded or mottled with blue or dove color.

The proprietors, in our judgment, were unwise in opening this quarry at the point where they did, for thousands of dollars were expended in blasting off the waste rock before sound blocks were obtained; and now that the quarry is opened, there is much more waste rock from it than there would be from a quarry opened beneath the ground some sods south of the present opening. The principal material for the new post office building, in Portland, Me., was obtained from this quarry and sawed at the mill near it, owned by the company.

It is an excellent marble for building purposes and good for monumental use.

OTHET MARBLE DEPOSITS.

In the town of Middlebury are many other openings made for marble, and many valuable beds doubtless exists there that thus far have been untouched. Before Rutland was known to contain valuable marble, Middlebury had furnished a large supply of monuments, and many of them to-day are nearly as good as they were fifty years ago. For years, the working of marble quarries was abandoned in Middlebury, but since a new impetus has been given to the marble business, the attention of capitalists has been turned thither, and we venture to predict that within fifty years Middlebury will produce more marble per annum than Rutland does at the present time; and furthermore, if the sculptors of Florence and Rome do not come to this country and make it their home, they will send here for the blocks to be used in producing the masterpieces of their profession.—*Rutland Herald.*

A MOVING SERMON.—We have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text, I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad *fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sot the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* Around, and on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sot the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—ah! I passed out to take a last look at the old church—ah! The broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old grey mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, Brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, mediating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old grey mare run up the hill, and as she turned the top *she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—fare ye well Brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for thirty years—ah!"—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

THE VAGABOND SAGE.—An old man of very interesting physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought up before the police court. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second hand in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business?"

"None, I am a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong. Travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at."

"Humph! what did you commend?"

A handsome woman who will stay at home, and an eloquent preacher, that will preach short sermons; a good writer that will not write too much; and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What did you censure?"

"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing; a youth who studies medicine while he has the use of his hands; and the people who elect a drunkard to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at the man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualifications and qualities do not merit."

He was dismissed.

A HINT.—A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass in the country, who had despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was at home alone. After settling the merits of the weather, the girl said, looking slyly into his face:

I dreamed of you last night.
Did you now? Why now?
Yes, dreamed that you kissed me.
Why now? What did you dream your mother said?
Oh, I dreamed she was not at home.

The first saw-mill worked by water power, of which we have any record, was erected at Saardam, Holland, in 1596.

A SPECIFIC FOR CANCER.—Among the latest discoveries is a reported specific for the cure of cancer. The following paragraph from the *North American and United States Gazette* of Philadelphia, presents the history of a remarkable case. If it be true, as we have reason to believe it is, it will be a valuable knowledge.

"Inventions are generally the result of investigation and study, whilst discoveries are frequently made when another effect than the one obtained has been sought. An interesting confirmation of the correctness of the latter remark has occurred to Israel H. Johnson, of No. 119 Market street, who recommended a weak solution of carbolic acid as a wash to correct the stench of a large and offensive cancer. But the application almost immediately removed not only the stench, but also the pain, and ultimately effected a cure of the disease. Since then this remedy has been used with such satisfactory success in numerous cases of cancerous complaints, that if Friend Johnson had been disposed to keep the composition a secret and sell a cancer lotion, so many high testimonials of its efficacy could have been produced as would have attracted public attention. But as sufferers from cancer or cancerous sores may, of themselves, or under the advice of a physician, test the utility of the wash, its composition and mode of use are here given, viz: One-fourth of one ounce of carbolic acid in one quart of water, applied at least three times per day. Friend Johnson sometimes recommends the carbolic acid in the proportion of one-eighth of an ounce to a quart of water, to be taken in doses of one table spoonful three times a day.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK fully maintains the reputation of this, the longest established magazine in America. Fourteen beautiful steel plates are given every year, and every number contains double fashion-plates, both colored and plain, patterns for fashionable costumes, articles of dress and embroideries, and finelly executed wood-cuts. Mr LOUIS A. GODEY, the proprietor and editor of this magazine, is now traveling in Europe, and is engaged in extending his correspondence and relations with the purveyors of fashion, so that the ladies of the United States may be certain that the information conveyed to them is brought down to the very latest dates.—*Public Ledger.*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November is on our table promptly and as usual freighted with good things. It contains, The Small Sins of Congress; The Foe in the Household; From the Orient Direct; Earthquakes of the Western United States; Our Phil; A Dredging Excursion in the Gulf Stream; In Memoriam; The Increase of Human Life; A Pedestrian Tour; The Brich Moon; Mohammed, and his Place in Universal History; The Old Bankers of Florence; Bonaparte, Aug. 15, 1769.—Humboldt Sept. 14, 1769; Reviews and Literary Notices. Published by FIELD