The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIV. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY 18, 1870. NO. 43.

The Register,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

TERMS:
SUBSCRIPTIONS—In advance, $2,00 per year, and no deductions.
ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient; one inch one week, $1,00. Each week additional, 25 cts. Business Cards, $4,00 for one half inch per year. Notices in reading columns, 10 cents per line.
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ASSIGNEE NOTICE. District of Vermont, ss.
At Shoreham, the 27th day of December, A. D. 1869.
The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of D. N. Casey, of Whiting, in the County of Addison and State of Vermont, within said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on Creditor's Petition, by the District Court of said District.
THURMAN BROOKINS, Assignee.
40w3

Who Wrote the Beggar's Petition?

This question was raised, some two or three years ago, by the "Press," and several papers attempted a reply. Possibly it was supposed to have been settled by the reference to a young clergyman of the Episcopal church in the north of England, by the name of Raymond. Such a man did preach there in the first part of the seventeenth century, of very fine talents and breathing a very good spirit.

But little is now known of him, and so little perhaps that at present his claim to the authorship of this poem cannot be established. For a while after the discussion of the subject refered to, it was not doubted but the matter was settled. About a year ago the subject was again referred to, in the presence of an Englishman now resident in this state, who is a ripe scholar, and well posted in British literature, and he expressed a decided doubt as to the authorship claimed for it. The poem itself is a performance of rare merit. Not that it is a specimen of nice poetic skill; although in this regard, it is no inferior production, but the sentiments therein expressed are tender, and find a response in every feeling heart.

The beggars description of himself is modest, and the source of his sorrow are so tenderly narrated that it is thought no young man could have imitated so finely, a sentiment he could not have felt. The supposed author referred to, died at the age of thirty eight. A young man of high moral sentiments would resent with high indignation the villany, but a father only could have portrayed in such subdued oppressive eloquence the story of a ruined daughter. The allusion to a farm house standing on an eminence, a little distance from the road where

"Plenty a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificient abode."

Could have been made by no human being who had not had the experience of a beggar whom a pampered menial had driven from the door.

The description of a wife who had died of a broken heart, is appearently related by one who sat by her dying bed, and who felt in his heart all the agony of dispair. The poem as a whole, palls upon our feelings as we read, and teaches us finally to feel another's woe. Here is the poem. CYPHAX.

The Beggars Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

You house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, draw me from my road
For plenty there a residence has found
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humble shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome:
Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withold the kind relief
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes, why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see,
And your condition may be soon like mine,
A child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned on the worlds wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, soother of my care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Commotion in a Methodist Church—The Pastor Elopes with a Sister.

The report, announcing the elopement of a prominent clergyman of New York last week, with a young lady of his congregation, has created sad consternation among a large and influential religious denomination. The facts briefly detailed are these:

The Rev. Horace Cook, who has, until his sudden departure, been presiding over the Seventh-st. Meth. Episcopal Church, became enamored of a young lady of his church, and after paying considerable attention to her, which was scarcely compatible with his position as a clergyman, or consistent with his relations as a husband and father, he left his home, and meeting the young lady by appointment, conducted her to a steamer, and sailed for Europe.

The young lady is but 16 years of age, and is of a simple and confiding nature, untutored in the ways of the world, and reared by a pious and cultured family. Her name is Miss Johnson, and she was a pupil in Twelfth-st. School. She had often expressed her admiration for her minister, Mr. Cook, in her naturally artless manner, but no one imagined that there had been impropriety in their intercourse. Mr. Cook had been very attentive to her, but his manner is very suave and his nature social, and his fondness for young people conspicuous, so that any particular interest which he showed for Miss Johnson's society did not awaken suspicion.

It now appears that he was accustomed to meet this young lady in the afternoon as she came from school, and to walk with her. This was not known to the parents. There were reports about Mr. Cook's attention to Miss Johnson being very improper, and the mother of the young lady hearing them, reproved her for permitting Mr. Cook to indulge in so marked attention. While Mr. Cook was in Europe during last summer she was in frequent interchange of letters, and it is said they were somewhat questionable. She was at the steamer when he left on his summer voyage, and handed him a slip of paper with these words inside, "May God grant you a pleasant trip and bring you back in safety to us." Other scraps which were handed him by the young lady showed that she had no impure thoughts, and that her love to him was by no means passional.

Since the pastor's return, Mr. Johnson has been carefully watching the movements of the minister and his daughter, and had determined to cowhide the clergyman if he met him in company with his daughter. But since Mr. Cook's return he has not been discovered in his clandestine meetings, although they have been many.

On Thursday evening last he obtained considerable money from his friends, and packed a trunk and made readiness for his journey. On Friday afternoon he met Miss Johnson as she came from school, and with her books and in her school dress he led her away. Her family is plunged in great grief, and her father has acted like a crazed man. The minister wrote a letter before leaving the city on Saturday, telling the father of Miss Johnson that he "would forfeit his life for the woman he adored," and assuring him that she should be well cared for. This inflamed the family, for they believe that he has heartlessly deceived her and sought her ruin.

Mrs. Cook, the wife of the minister, has been prostrated by the sad occurence. She will return to her mother as soon as she sufficiently recovers. His family are left unprovided. Both families are deeply afflicted, and seem almost distracted. There is a general condemnation of the clergyman, but the young lady has been inveigled away, it is thought, by the flattering speeches of her betrayer.

Sowing and Reaping.

BY MRS. JENNIE HAZEN.

"Do we gather figs from thistles?"—*Bible.*

"Come to the barn with me, sir! I'll learn you to lie to me! I'll tan your jacket for you, sir!"

These words were spoken in my hearing by an angry father to a boy, James Thorne, who had told him a lie.

The boy followed his father, who stopped on the way and cut a whip, the size of an ox-goad, and soon the sound of stinging blows was heard, mingled with shrieks and cries, which pierced me like arrows, but which the mother of the child did not heed, nor did she, indeed, to hear.

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "Nancy Thorne, how can you hear such blows and such cries and not stop them or go mad?"

"He must learn not to lie to his father," she replied. He has got to be such a liar that we can place no dependence on a word he says. It has got to be whipped out of him."

Now, readers, don't hold up your hands and say "Horrible! what cruel, unnatural parents they were!"

They were no such a thing; they were pleasant, agreeable people enough—honest and upright enough, as the world goes, and meant to bring up their children right, and would have been angry indeed had any one said they were harsh or unjust in the treatment of their children, or that they taught them to lie.

When the beating was finished—when Deacon Thorne had demonstrated his power—when he, as an earthly father had done toward his child as he imagined his Heavenly Father would do toward him, the law of revenge was satisfied, and he threw down the rod and bent his steps houseward.

I felt that if I met him there must be a collision, and I fled to my chamber and threw myself into a chair at the window that overlooked the porch where Jimmy's mother was at work.

I watched the father as he walked down the path. There was no sign of pity and sorrow on his flushed face, but instead, an expression of satisfaction at having done a good thing, vindicated his authority; punished the boy for a sin, and set his feet in the path of rectitude.

As he came to his wife he said, "I guess I've given him a trouncing that he will remember one spell. What in the world makes the boy lie so? I'm sure I don't know."

I listened with a strained ear for some condemnation from the mother, but listened vainly. She only worked over her butter busily.

I, too, wondered what made the boy tell lies; he came of good, honest stock; as far back as could be remembered none of his family had been imprisoned or even hanged; none of them had been remarkable as liars; yet Jim would lie there was no question of that, and I resolved to know why.

Deacon Thorne shaved, washed and combed himself, and I heard him ask his wife for a clean shirt. It was Saturday and I wondered where he could be going, and, Yankee like, set myself to guessing, and Yankee like too, guessed it out. He belonged to the church, and to-day was "Covenant meeting" day. Pretty soon I heard him come out upon the stoop, and say to his wife, "Nancy; it seems to me you might get your work done up, so as to go to covenant meeting sometimes. It isn't well for you, and it plagues me to have the brothers and sisters ask where sister Thorne is. What shall I tell 'em Nancy?"

"You can tell 'em," replied Nancy in a tart tone, "that I have no help about my work, and it's as much as I can do to get ready for Sunday."

Brother Thorne got a flea in his ear. He had told his wife that he thought she could get along without a girl, now that the summer work was done, and the weather cool. Mrs. Thorne had reluctantly consented to try it for she, too, was—as Peggoty observed of Barkis, 'pretty near,' and had an eye to the 'main chance.'

When I saw the old piebald horse hitched to the old green wagon, and the deacon seated therein, and altogether moving through the gate, I hurried down stairs and went to the barn. Pushing the door open and following the sound of suppressed sobs, I found Jim crouching in the corner, with his head half hidden in a tuft of hay, quivering with excitement and pain. When I put my hand upon him, he shrank from the touch; when I spoke his name he looked up with the look of a dog that had been beaten; when I lifted his head and pillowed it on my lap, floods of tears gushed forth. I let him have a good cry, soothing him by passing my hand lightly over his damp hair. When he grew calmer I loosened his shirt band and looked at his back; and, as I did so, bit my lips to suppress a scream. It was literally covered with livid welts and in some places the blood came through the skin!

Drawing his shirt band up, fastening it around his neck, and commanding as well as I could my trembling voice, I proposed him to go with me to his room, and rest awhile. He rose slowly to his feet, and putting his hand in mine we proceeded towards his house, and gained the chambers in the same way I left them unseen by Mrs. Thorne.

I persuaded him to undress and lie upon the bed while I bathed his aching head and bruised back. He told me what the offence was for which his father had beaten him. I'll give the story in his own words.

"Last week, he," referring to his father; it was curious to see how he avoided speaking the word 'father'—told me if I would dig all the 'taters in the south patch, I might go chestnutting the next day; and when I asked him the next day he said he did not promise me, but I stuck to it he did say so, and told him where he was when he said it. Then he said he didn't care if he did say so, I couldn't, for I must pick up cider apples, and if I'd be a good boy and work right smart I might go to-day; but I knew he wouldn't keep his word, and Silas Bruce was going to-day, and I wanted to go,—for the squirrels were carrying off the nuts as fast as they could, and Sile Bruce and all the boys have got as many again as I have, and when I asked him if I might go out, he said no, I shouldn't, and told me to go over in the back lot and get the sheep, and I pretended to go, and went off with the other boys to hunt chestnuts, and he came through the woods huntin' for the old mare, and saw me there, and I said I couldn't find the sheep in the lot, and was looking for 'em in the woods, and he said the sheep were in the lot and he saw 'em when he was coming through it, and told me I had lied, and he would lick me; but I stuck to it I did not lie, for for I knew he'd lick me anyhow, and he has, and I hate him and will run away; I'd rather live on an island like Robinson Crusoe, and have Friday live with me, than to live here, and be licked every day."

What could I say?

I said nothing, but sung him asleep and went down stairs thinking to talk to his mother about him; but I found her up to her elbows in flour, and her head full of baking for to-morrow, and a pursed-up expression of her mouth warned me to keep shady, so I wandered off to the orchard and sat down among the yellow apples, and held my tongue; but in my heart of hearts, I thanked God I was an old maid, and had no boys to bring up!

At night the deacon came home, turned out his horse ate his supper, and then inquired for Jimmy. Mrs. Thorne did not know. He looked surprised, not to say alarmed, took down his hat and went to the barn. Soon he came back, and I'll confess it, I chuckled to see that he looked pale and scared. I had a good mind to keep still and let him get what Theodore Winthrop calls a 'prickly scare,' but he came direct to me, and asked me if I knew where he was. I reluctantly answered, 'up stairs and asleep in bed.'

The deacon shot an inquiry from beneath his shaggy brows, and went up the stairs. I would have given all the apples in the orchard to have seen him as he stood over his bruised and beaten boy.

He came down with a slow, hesitating step, and a look on his face that I thought boded much good to Jim.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

Next morning when Jim came down, breakfast was over, and he asked his mother if he couldn't have some boiled eggs. She told him she had sold all the eggs to Tim Thurston yesterday morning. Jim, in looking around for something to eat, found a panful of eggs.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

One day Deacon Frisbie came to Dea. Thorne to buy a good cow. The irrepressible Jim was on hand to drive the cows, with instructions to leave three or four of the best ones in the field. They were driven into the milking yard, duly inspected by Deacon Frisbie, and praised or depreciated by Deacon Thorne, and his anxiety to keep or sell any particular one, lay in the scale. At last, by skillful manœuvring, Frisbie was induced to choose the poorest one in the lot—not only in flesh, but poor every way. And what think you decided him to take her!

Deacon Thorne said to Jim, "What do you think mother will say when she finds that I've sold old 'Fill Pail?'

"O, she'll just tear," replied Jim.

Did she 'tear?' not at all; she bore it with meekness; merely saying to Deacon Thorne—when he and Deacon Frisbie came in to finish the business, by transferring fifty dollars from one pocket to another,—"You always manage to sell the best cows and keep the poorest. I guess you'll find some difference in the butter now old 'Fill Pail' is gone.

At which Jimmy snickered behind his hat, and was ordered to go and feed the hogs.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

Deacon Frisbie was invited to stay to dinner He graciously assented and the two deacons settled themselves comfortably in their chairs, and had a good time talking over church matters. When the dinner was ready we all sat down and Deacon Frisbie asked a blessing, in which he praised Deacon Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, and Jim, and "the stranger within their gates," (meaning me,) and I really expected to hear him give thanks for the old spatted cow, but he stopped just short of it.

Dinner done, he shook hands all round in a most friendly manner and went away.

When he was safely in the road, Deacon Thorne chuckled audibly and observed to his wife with a poke in her side—old "Fill Pail," 'difference in the butter,' eh?

To which Mrs. Thorne replied with a grave, cunning smile.

Neither chuckle, poke or smile were lost to the ever present Jim.

Strange Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

The true girl of the period—one who knows just when and where to stop.

Female Suffrage.

Remarks of Mr. Langdon, of New Haven, in the House of Representatives, Nov. 11,, on the bill allowing female taxpayers the right to vote in district school meetings.

The question of Woman's Rights, including the demand for suffrage, is one of morals more than of politics. What was the moral condition of man as described of Adam in his creation? It was said it was not good for man to be alone! Therefore Eve was created to be a help-mate for Adam. Does not this show that the perfect ideal man is composed of both male and female joined together in the marriage relations, according to the pattern given in that of Adam and Eve? Wedlock may therefore be called the moral condition of man. The Woman's suffrage rights, as demanded by some, goes to show men and women in the world as so many isolated units; each claiming separate cognizance and protection. This would ignore the marriage relation, practically, and put asunder what God hath joined together. Is not this unnatural, uncriptural, and injurious to the best interests of society? I conjecture that many females, as well as males, would not forego willingly the marriage relation. I am quite sure that a large portion of the population that have arrived at maturity of age, would agree with the clergyman who was holding forth his idea on the relation of the sexes, and he thanked God for the difference. The very fact that man and woman are complementary halves of our perfect whole, necessitates difference in formation. Each sex has their peculiar features and fitness to perform their part of social and active life Men are distinguished from women by greater physical strength, hardihood, self-reliance, ambition. Women are distinguished from men by greater delicacy of physical and mental organizations, deeper sympathies, keeper sensibilities, need I say quicker moral perceptions; shall I add gentleness and affection? Certain vocations and responsibilities by right belong to man: others as truly belong to women.

I am compelled to believe that man and woman were made to walk side by side, hand in hand, through the world. Publicity is the evident design of masculine character; retirement of the feminine. Men are better fitted for the rough handling of outer life, of business, of government, of war. Woman might be called a queen when she wears the crown of her womanliness. What but a monster, uncrowned of this! There are spheres for each to walk in, not as clashing, harmonious spheres, hemispheres, if you please, requiring both to make up the globe of outward life. Woman in her veiled life or hemisphere of quiet and retirement may exercise her influence as well as man in his public life. Woman moves the world more by her silent attractions, man by a noisy propulsion. In woman rests a reserved force for the great movements of the world—acts more in the line of morals, and the instincts of right; man more in the line of expedients policies and conventionalism. How shall woman dispose of herself, her time, her energies, in this confused world? The demand is upon us from some quarters that every avenue competes with man in the severer and exhaustive industries. Let it be deplored as a hard necessity, rather than hailed as a boon. How is it in Continental Europe—say in Switzerland, where men and women labor in the field and in the shops indiscriminately? The service of men and women are interchangeable. The laboring classes are in the hands of the capitalists. These laborers are so plenty that their wages are low and they must take just what is offered, and can get no more. It is the cheapening of their labor by women in the shops and fields, that has made them the drudges and slaves of physical toil. Thus they are made the helpless, hopeless tools of their employers. As man fares so fares woman; their lot is indivisible. The same might be said two years ago of a portion of our free America, so called, then under the blight of slavery. Labor was degraded, it was performed by the sexes mixed together. These laborers generally were of African descent.

Here in the Northern States, some base their dislike to the African race, more on the scent, than on the descent of the race. Such as choose to use such labor (and the choice is from its cheapness) living in a free country, they claim the right of choosing their own perfume. Woman Suffrage—The advocates of woman suffrage claim that the injustice inflicted by law upon woman, is the inevitable consequence of class legislation, that as the rich cannot be trusted to make laws for the poor, nor the white for the black, so man cannot safely be trusted to make laws for the women. Please read this again; is this sound philosphy? I had supposed that men could be trusted to care for and protect their own wives and mothers and sisters and daughters. I believe it is almost an instinct of man's nature to defend woman in the rights of her womanhood. I had supposed that as a rule men do treat women as well as women treat each other, they are courteous and as just to them as they are to each other. Am I mistaken? The Scripture doctrine of the family, is a connection of individuals gathered by the married relation, each spiritually one' but all socially one. The family is one in all social relations and interests. The family is the social integer. It is the family that claims representation in government. The husband and father is the recognized head of the family unit. In him is vested the right of property; he holds it for the use and benefit of all. The wife may contract debts, and he must pay them. So of the minor children. Every man represents a family, either actually or hypothetically. Every woman is represented in some man. It should be remembered that the constitution of the State is moulded to the normal, and not to the abnormal relation of the sexes. Government in its own composition and enactments does and must regard man and woman in the normal relation of marriage.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION.

It is claimed that women are taxed, and therefore ought to vote. Is not this a mistake? No woman in America is taxed to my knowledge. Taxation is first upon manhood, only valued at two hundred dollars, second upon property. If a woman owns property, it is not that she is taxed, but her property. Property claims no representation. The millionaire has no more representation than his coachman. There is but one manhood, though there be millions of property. The minor can have no voice at the State House, though he be heir to a million.

MANHOOD BETTER THAN POLITICS

Viewing this question of suffrage as a matter of mere expediency, rather than of morals, would it be best to have the ballot put into woman's hands? Would it make the lot of woman better? If so, in what respect? Would it make Woman more womanly, and thus more honored? would she be regarded, and would she regard herself and her virtue with more jealousy of care, by mingling with men in the strifes and debates and almost necessary bickerings and brawls of partisan politics? It is said that politics would be less corrupt if women were participants. How know we that? Some of the outward asperity might be softened by woman's presence at the polls and in the halls of legislation. What new opportunities of corruption would be afforded? Is it not known that the intensity of strife and recrimination is never so bitter as when woman is implicated in it? The question should be, would politics be less corrupt if women were active participants of the elective franchise. But would women be more corrupt? If partisan politics be such a muddy pool, then in the name of humanity, and for the benefit of coming generations, let not woman be cast into it as an expedient for its cleansing. Let woman act in her proper place and sphere, cast the clean ballot of her womanly instinct of virtue, truth and right by her silent influence, by the reserved force of her grand persuasive love and life. But let her not drabble her skirts in political clubs and caucuses; keep out of the way of the frauds and falsities of all the demoralizing machinery of political strife. Let her vote be that of influence, which lies behind all numbers, all majorities. Let her make majorities for the right by the power of heart acting on and through man. We would not give her the ballot because she is not good enough, but because she is too good to go out of her divinely indicated path of domestic peace and usefulness, I am compelled to say, in conclusion, it is painfully evident that this whole movement in favor of woman suffrage is only another indication of that restless spirit that will not brook authority, that mistakes license for liberty, and confounds law with oppression. It arrays itself against all forms of Christian social order. It chafes under the restraints of marriage and logically culminates in communism and free love. Wo betide us as a people and nation when the Divine philosophy of society and social order shall give place to the vagaries of restless and ambitious men and women.

I would as soon attempt to make a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and cheese from the mil of khuman kindness, or hang a washing of clothes on the equatorial line to-day, as to give the ballot to woman to increase her usefulness.

The advent of evil disturbed the peaceful elements of Paradise, separating hearts and interests to the fartherest extreme. When we pass from Mount Sinai's law to that of Mount Calvalry, we be hold the chasm bridged by the law of life in Christ Jesus. Can we bridge the chasm made by political and party strife, by giving the ballot to woman?

The Revolution, for 1870.

The Revolution is a weekly journal advocating Suffrage for women.

The demands for woman everywhere to-day, are for a wider range of employment, higher wages, thorough physical and mental education, and an equal right before the law in all those relations which grow out of the marriage state. While we yield to none in the earnestness of our advocacy of all these claims, we make a broader demand for the Enfranchisement of Woman, as the only way by which all her just rights can be permanently secured. By discussing, as we shall, incidentally all leading questions of political and social importance, we hope to educate women for an intelligent judgment upon public affairs, and for a faithful expression of that judgment at the polls.

While we would not refuse men an occasional word in our columns, yet as masculine ideas have ruled the race for six thousand years, be specially desire that THE REVOLUTION shall be the mouthpiece of women, that they may give the world the femmine thought in politics, religion and social life: that ultimately in the union of both we may find the truth in all things.

Our principal contributors this year are:

Anna E. Dickinson, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Alice and Phebe Cary, Olive Logan, Mary Clemmer Ames, Elizabeth R. Tilton, Celia Burleigh, M. E. Joslyn Gage, Charlotte B. Wilbour, Laura C. Ballard, Elizabeth Smith Miller, Madame Anneka Madame D'Hericourt, Kate N. Daggett, Isabella Grant Meredith, Eleanor Kirk, Phebe Cozzens, Lillie Peckham, Lizzie M. Boynton, Helen Ekin Starrett, Mary W. Sawtell, Elizabeth T. Schenck, Mary E. Ames.—*Foreign.* Rebecca Moore, Lydia E. Becker, Madame Marie Goeg.

With the first number of the year is commenced a new story, entitled "The Born Thrall, or Woman's Life and Experience," by the well-known writer, Miss Alice Cary—to be completed during the year. What "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the Anti-Slavery movement, this work will be to the cause of Woman. A real life experience—uniting a solid, moral and religious purpose with Miss Cary's well known talent in the departments of general literature, poetry and fiction—our readers may confidently expect a work of no ordinary interest and importance—worth much more than the price of one subscription to THE REVOLUTION for the year.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Editor.
Paulina Wright Davis, Cor. Editor.
Susan B. Anthony, Proprietor.
TERMS: One year, $3 00; Six months, $2 00.
CLUB RATES: Ten copies, $25 00; Twenty-five copies, $50 00.

A POET was once walking with Talleyrand in the street, and, at the same time, reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceived at a short distance a man yawning, and, pointing him out to his friend, said: "Not so loud—he hears you."

TRIBUNE ALMANAC, 1870.—We have received this convenient little