The Middlebury Register.

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Middlebury Register,

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is confidently recommended to every family as a household remedy, and should be freely taken in all derangements of the system.
It is NOT A PHYSIC—It is Not what is popularly called a Bitters, nor is it intended as such; but is simply a powerful alternative giving health, vigor and tone to all the vital forces, and animates and fortifies all weak and lymphatic temperaments. JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt street, N. Y. Sole agent for the United States. Price $1 per Bottle. Send for Circular. (17;w4)

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Would call the attention of the Public to the latest improvement in the adhesion of Artificial Teeth, by the use of the *Patent Flexible Edge.*—With this Patent the Teeth will neither start nor drop out while eating or speaking, neither will any particles of food get under the plate, while the edge being flexible, it will adapt itself to the mouth so that anyone can eat at once without trouble. Even with the flattest shaped mouth, the patient finds no difficulty, and the superior *comfort* with which these plates are worn is acknowledged by all using them. Having purchased the *exclusive right* of this patent for the town of Brandon and of Addison County, I shall be pleased to explain and exhibit this improvement to all who may wish to examine it. All dental operations performed in a skilful and thorough manner, and warranted. 8:m3

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HAMLIN'S
Patent Churn and Butter Worker.
Warranted to SAVE ONE-HALF the labor, make more and Better Butter in less time than any other churn in existence.
For sale at JOHN H. SPENCER'S Butter Market, Middlebury, and at Southard's Bookstore, Vergennes, Vt.
TOWN RIGHTS FOR SALE.
Address Southard & Fisher, Lessees of Patentee, Vergennes, Vt.
HENRY P. FISHER,
14;w6 General Agent for Addison Co.

YOUNG PUT.
Son of Old Put, will stand at the stable of the proprietor's Monday's, Tuesday's, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday of each week he will stand at the Stable of C. J. Soper.
F. A. LELAND.
East Middlebury, May 15, 1871 6;tf

Addie.

WRITTEN FOR W. H. T.

BY MRS. W. W. THOMAS.

Although the grave enfolds thy form
Within its silence breathless,
Indwelling in our bosom warm
Are memories true and deathless.

And as we tread the paths of care
Thy smile so sweetly tender
Floats round us in the still blue air
With all its olden splendor.

We hear again thy gentle words
An earnest gladness giving
Thy song like notes of summer birds
That cheered our earthly living.

We loved thee for thy high pure soul
Of native strength and sweetness,
From out whose kind acceptance stole
For us this life's completeness.

How calmly fair the morning fell,
How radient thou in beauty,
When gaily neath the marriage bell
We pledged our life-long duty!

The home, how peaceful and serene
Beneath the elm-tree bending,
Where calm content to every scene
A fairy grace was lending!

Until a pall of sadden woe
The sunshine underlying
Swept o'er us as we paused to know
That thou beloved were dying.

Thy farewells wore thy tender grace
Of a serene submission
Thy hope a glad reunion traced
In heaven where dwells fruition.

With lingering step the mound we pressed
Whence summer flowers were perted
To give thee room to take thy rest
Oh, true and tender hearted!

So near the spot of childhood's love
With silvery church spire calling
The thoughtful soul to soar above
When sabbath hours are falling

Where sylvan music softly steals
And tearful Memory leaning
Besides the marble cold, reveals
Full oft her mystic meaning.

Oh angel bride! Oh early lost!
Is there no brighter morrow
In which the deep heat is not tossed
By the stern wind of sorrow?

Ah, yes! we'll clasp the sundered hands
Whose tenderness failed never,
United walk the shining lands
Of Eden's peace forever.

Sketches of Lima.

"From Colton's Deck and Port."

FRIDAY, APRIL 10. All good Limaneans, with the president and his cabinet at their head, made last night the circuit of the principal churches. In each was a representation, in effigy, of some scene connected with the Crucifixion. In San Lorenzo was the Last Supper. The table was spread within the chancel in front of the high altar, and was loaded with the richest viands and fruits, while each plate had its bottle of wine and roll of bread. A profane epicure might have forgotten the sacredness of symbols in the culinary skill and taste which they displayed.

In the church of San Domingo was represented the accusation before Pilate.

Beneath the high altar sat the Roman governor, with his court on either hand; before them raved the accusers, while within stood in silent meekness the divine Victim. Near Pilate knelt a page, with a bowl of water in one hand, and a napkin in the other, that this arbiter of life and death might cleanse his hands of guilt. The whole scene betrayed an extravagance in attitude and emotion better suited to the drama than the solemnity of the occasion.

In the church of San Francisco the slender trees of Gethsemane cast their still shadows over the kneeling form of the Son of God. By his side stood an angel with that cup which might not pass away. In the great Cathedral, the summit of Cavalry, with the cross and the crowd, rose in solemn gloom. In San Pedro, the Roman guard, with drawn swords, kept their grim watch over the tomb. The moral effect of all these exhibitions in a Protestant community would be to impair the awful reality; and even here they appeared to inspire but a qualified reverence. The mass gazed as a curious child stops in its play to look at a picture that has momentarily caught its roving eye.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11. The great band of musicians, connected with the army, passed through the principal streets of Lima last night, playing a funeral wail.

The subdued strains rose through the silent air mournful as melodies from out the grave. This was intended to be significant of the anxious sorrow which watched around the tomb where Death had temporarily asserted his empire over the Prince of Life.

At an early hour this morning the church of San Augustine was filled to overflowing with the beauty of Lima. A large choir and orchestra had been brought together on the occasion. The music commenced in strains of lamentation and grief; and at last burst into expressions of the most triumphant joy. At this moment the bells in all the towers of the city, and which had been silent since Thursday, rung out an exulting peal.

This was the announcement of the Resurrection! The whole assemblage fell on their knees and joined in the Hosanna which seemed to shake the pillars of the great edifice.

The whole scene was now changed. Throughout the city gladness lighted every countenance, and the gayest attire took the place of the gloomy sables. The confectionaries, the fruit-stalls, the wine-shops, the billiard-tables, were all thrown open, and were filled by crowds giddy with the excitement of the joyous transition. Mothers played with their infants; maidens twined jessamine-flowers in their locks; children fired off their crackers; cripples neglected their crutches; creditors forgot their insolvent debtors, and even the barefooted monk, passed you without soliciting charity. He strode on, independent as a lord.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12. The jubilation continued through the whole of last night. Evening found the living tides of the city upon the great public square. Here every species of trick and merriment, with the humor of the hour, convulsed the crowd with laughter. All distinctions and all restraints were cast aside. All classes and all colors mingled together like leaves of the forest in the whirl of the autumnal winds.

Some were fiddling, some dancing; some niggling, some nudging; some declaiming, some drinking; some pilfering nosegays, and some picking pockets; some making mischief, and some making love. Here a harlequin turned somersets, and there a half-naked rope-dancer figured on the suspended cord. Here a Punch and Judy played off their pugilistics, and yonder a puppy and porcupine bristled and barked. Here a broken-headed drum flapped its roll, and there a cracked guitar squeaked its discords. Here wit ruled the hour, and there rum.

Thus passed the night till the Sabbath morn threw its broad light on the scene. Thus closed Lent, and thus commenced Easter-Sunday. Thus terminated the ceremonies of Holy Week.—begun in penance and prayer, and ended in frolic and fun. That such a celebration can substantially promote the cause of piety and the proprieties of life, must surpass the belief of any one whose faith has not lifted the ceremonies of his church above the reach of human fallibility.

MONDAY, APRIL 13. The climate of Lima has no extreme variations. The mercury on Fahrenheit's scale rarely rises in summer above eighty, and rarely falls in winter below sixty-five. The prevailing temperature is about seventy-five. But there is a surprising sensitiveness in the inhabitants to these slight variations. Let a cooler current of air sweep from the Cordilleras, and you will encounter everywhere the ample cloak and heavy shawl. You hardly feel the change yourself, and think for the moment you have got among invalids.

The effect of the climate on the constitutional habits of the European, soon betrays itself in a relaxation of his energies. He loses his enterprise, enthusiasm, and flinty endurance, and sinks into that dreamy listlessness which pervades the great mass. His descendants dwindle in intellect, and are dwarfed in person. If white, his complexion becomes bronzed; if black, it is bleached into hues less sable. The climate acts like the crucible which fuses the different metals which it contains into one mass.

The climate acts with the same softening and subduing effect on the force and and ferocity of animals. The dog becomes spiritless, the tiger ceases to spread dismay and terror when he leaves his lair, and the wild bull brought within the arena, has to be goaded to the combat by a system of refined cruelty and torture.

No animal fights save in his own defence, and the men, if roused and forced to action, rarely pursue an enemy beyond the limits of the field where fortune has favored their arms.

TUESDAY, APRIL 14 We visited again to-day the Franciscan convent. This magnificent establishment had once some four hundred inmates, and an income suited to the easy and sumptuous style in which they had lived. But in the Revolution its funds disappeared, and the monks sought an asylum elsewhere. We encountered in its vacant halls but one, and he darted out upon us seemingly to frighten away an American lady whom we had in our company. He appeared, as he flitted along the silent corridors, more like a dusky ghost than aught of flesh and blood. His long robe draped his person; his cowl half concealed his wan features; his thin hand held a crucifix; and his steps glided over the pavement noiseless as his shadow. He was here, and there; now in the faint light; now in the shadow of the wall; now in his cell; now in the chapel, and then sweeping the long, dim corridor. You saw no motion of any limb; you heard no sound; and if the glance of his eye fell on you, it was but for a moment.

"Beware! beware of the black Friar,
Who flits through these halls of stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadow'd by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul."

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15. The most intolerable feature of a legal process in Peru grows out of the "law's delay." A foreigner may be imprisoned for weeks, and perhaps months, without being able to secure a hearing before the proper tribunal. If he applies to the functionary, who represents his country at this court, his case then takes a diplomatic character, and wanders back and forth, in shadowy shape, while moons wax and wane. His case is loaded with all grievances, piques, and prejudices, which have agitated the parties, who have the management of it, through a series of years. Till at last he finds it quite as difficult to get out of the Peruvian law.

Now our commodores have a very brief mode of settling these difficulties. They man their batteries and demand the release of the prisoner in twenty-four hours. He is then held amenable to the laws, which it is alleged he has offended. If innocent, he pays the penalty. There are no stately forms of court etiquette, no subscriptions of having the honor to be, with high consideration, your excellency's most humble nincompoop. Instead of this a demand is made, founded in humanity and justice, and enforced by argument which the wise will not and the timid dare not resist. Such is one of the advantages of having a navy. Disband it and our citizens go to prisons and our commerce to pirates.

In the general tumult of Saturday night one of our junior officers came in conflict with an irregular detachment of the military police. Weapons were drawn; the leader of the file was disarmed by him, and several others received slight wounds, when he was overpowered by numbers, and led off to the guard-house. His liberation was promptly demanded by Capt. Du Pont, but his amenability to the laws of Peru, of course, recognized. The demand, after the responsibility of the case had been shuffled from the intendente to the prefect, and from him to the criminal judge, was complied with.

As soon as it reached the lawyers of Lima that a case of this kind had got into their courts, they gathered around the young officer like forty rival lovers for the hand of the same lady. Some proffered their services for half the usual fee; some for what he might please to give, and several said they should charge him nothing except for stationery. Some pressed their pretensions through the legitimate character of their diplomas; some through their relationship to the judge; and one quoted half of the Justinian code as evidence of his qualifications.

But they were all a little too disinterested; and it was determined to let the case go by default; and pay such damages as the court might decree. The result was that every rascal who had received a scratch, no matter from whom, on Saturday night, came in for damages. The sagacity of the judge set the claims of most of them aside; but enough succeeded to mulct our young officer in several hundred dollars, though his sword had as little to do with most of their wounds and bruises as the pen with which I write this. An offence here connected with a foreign officer, has as wide a responsibility as the magic of a Salem witch. Hardly a hen can miscarry, but the loss of her egg is traced in some way to this military Achan.

But yesterday the captain of an American merchantman was imprisoned at Callao. Commodore Stockton immediately inquired into the circumstances, which were these:—The captain had come down to the Landing to go on board his vessel, when he faund his boat's crew in conflict with a party on shore. The difficulty originated with a midshipman in the Peruvian navy, who had struck one of the Americans. The captain made a resolute effort to detach his crew from the engagement, when the whole were overpowered by the military and lodged in prison.

These being the facts, Commodore Stockton called in person on the governor of the port and demanded the captain's release. His firmness, and his ability to back his demands with the guns of the Congress, had the desired effect. The captain was liberated. This was done, not to rescue the captain from just amenability but from unjust imprisonment. When the case was examined into by the proper authorities he was acquitted of all blame: still his innocency would not have saved him from a vexatious confinement but for this resolute proceeding on the part of the Commodore.

A Trusty Boy.

A few years ago, a large drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, and among them came a queer looking little fellow, accompained by his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned.

Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store promptly said, "Can't take him; places all full; besides he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eye which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that "he did not see what they wanted of such a boy—he was not bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later, a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of the others. In the middle of the night, the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and present-discovered his youthful protege, busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he; "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity and entered in a rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk, aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, the reply was, "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."—Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." In 1869, that boy was receiving a salary of $2,500, and in 1870 was to become a partner in the establishment.

PARISIAN BOYS.—In France you do not meet many of the better class of boys about the streets; nor are those scapegraces—the *gamins* of Paris—as conspicuous in quiet times as the description of some travelers would lead you to suppose. You find some specimens of the French boy so peculiar as to puzzle you to know where to place them. Look, for instance, at those two fellows that are coming into the famous church of St. Germain; and who are as dirty as chimney-sweeps, and with a sharpness of eye and quickness of motion that might mark them as adepts in thieving or any sort of mischief. What are they about there—to say their prayers or to pick pockets? They seem to settle the doubt and define their position by going to the great basin of holy water, which stands within an iron railing, and by reaching forward toward the consecrated element there; but only one of them is long enough in the arms to reach the water, and his short-limbed companion is content with touching the other's wet fingers, then crossing himself, and so taking the blessing by proxy. This looked to me like an honest proceeding, and the dirt of these boys did not blind me to their act of devotion, for there is ample historical proof that devotion may be very dirty, and that loss of cleanliness is not loss of church caste. But the pompous beadle did not seem to take so mild a view of their presence, and before his uplifted staff and ominous frown the poor fellows took to their heels. Who they were I could not tell; but they evidently had their school books with them. Yet to an American it was wholly incomprehensible how such begrimmed hands and faces could have passed muster in any place called a school. How they should seem so to love the Church and yet be repelled by its officials, was also a puzzle to me. In fact, the whole relation of the Romish Church to the people of Paris is a riddle; for nowhere in Europe does the Church appear to be so beautiful, and so fully and freely open to the people, and nowhere does there appear to be less hearty affection between the Church and the mass of the people (especially the men) than there. These beautiful edifices, whose doors are actually opened wide in summer a great part of the day, so that you can see the altar from the street, and you are thus called to read as you run and worship as you work, have been again and again assailed and pillaged by the populace, and this, too, not merely in the old reign of terror, but in these new days of liberality and toleration. Whether these dirty boys would have liked to crack the crown of that domineering beadle, or lift their head against the priests of St. Germain Church, from which they were driven, I cannot say, although no love went with that rapid exodus, I am sure.

For The Register.

Mysteries.

Man is cradled in the midst of mysteries. He is surrounded on every side by strange phenomena which baffle his skill and fill his soul with wonder. As he looks out upon the world around he beholds it garnished with countless objects of elegance, but he knows nothing of the inherent qualities which render these objects beautiful.

The tiniest flower that lifts its head to greet the sun has within it a world of mystery which he is unable to fathom.

In a single drop of water there are millions of insects so small that thousands of them could swarm side by side through the eye of a common needle and yet their bodies are as complicated and symmetrical as our own. There are also myriads of animalcules sporting in the sunbeam, which, when viewed with the aid of the microscope, appear as beautiful as any of the larger animals of creation.

The light of the sun is beautiful to behold, it causes the earth to bring forth fruit to feed the appetite of man, and flowers to strew his pathway, it comes to him with inconceivable velocity, it executes costly embellishments in the shop of the artificer, but when he attempts to find from whence it came, or what it is, it baffles all his skill, it leaves him lost in thought, and he is compelled to say like Job of old; "Where is the place where light dwelleth, and as for darkness, where is the place thereof?"

The fire, that warms and lights our dwellings and ministers to us in countless ways, seems simple indeed as we look upon it, but what a secret world is within it! It is form without substance and shape without coherence. It is kindled with a spark and annihilated with a breath. Invulnerable itself, it consumes whatever it appreaches. If man lays his hand upon it, it eludes his grasp but stings him with its fatal dart.

The ancients looked upon the lightining with terror and awe and considered it the wrath of the avenging Jove. Now it is true it has been subdued and made the servant of man, the philosopher manufactures it by the aid of simple machinery and plays with it as a favorite pet, but what it is and what is its nature, no mortal mind has ever found and doubtless never will.

The ingenious mind of man has devised instruments by which we can view the shining orbs above with scrutinizing gaze and behold them revolve in harmony in their appointed sphere, but who inhabit those distant worlds is all a mystery to us. We call the power that holds them in their places and guides their circling ways attraction, yet when we strive to find it out it mocks our vain research. It dwells within our bodies, pervades all matter and holds the universe in poise, but the eye of man hath never seen it, no crucible can extract it from the furnace no microscope detect it in the depths, no telescope survey it in the hights of nature.

Man is a mystery to himself.

He is composed of body, mind and spirit, yet of the connection between these essences that form himself he has as little knowledge as the brute that walks the earth with downward gaze. If disease lay its palsying touch upon the body, the mind becomes enfeebled too, or if the mind become disordered and cease to fulfill its office the body feels the fatal stroke and attires itself in the habiliments of woe.

The body dies and moulders back to dust, but the spirit severs the hidden tie that binds it to perishing tenement and wings its mysterious flight to Him who gave it.

Albany Correspondence.

ALBANY N. Y. July 15th 1871.

Mr. Editor:—Since my last it really has been very perplexing to foresee, or even attempt to imagine, what kind of weather the day or hour proceeding would bring forth. A week of almost constant showers, day and night, has been followed by clear, cold, blustering days, and frosty nights, and suitable for March and resembling very much "the month of flowers and vernal softness," which was this year so very disagreeable, but wholly unbecoming the serenity of July. Overcoats and warm stoves have at times been in requisition and we should indeed have been very uncomfortable without them. The past showers remind one of the rainy week we had in the Spring when the Hudson, which usually flows along very placidly, was so fearfully flooded, piers were entirely submerged, and many living near the waters brink were compelled to seek safety in flight, from their watery dwellings by means of row-boats, retained for such emergency.

But to return to our description; the present capital building is a plain old structure, beautifully situated on an eminence, and commanding a fine view of the lower portions of the city and of the surrounding country. A park in front, grown over with stately elms, and divided into pretty little grass plots with walks between, makes a very comfortable place of resort in summer for "all sorts of people," and especially loafers, idlers, and nurses in charge of juvenile helplessness. The old capital, with its time-honored memories, whose walls have resounded with the towering eloquence of a *Hamilton*, and whose floors have been the scene of the inimitable plotting skill of an *Aaron Burr*, in the early days of the republic must fall; and better that it should be so, since its best days are evidently over, in more than one sense. Many such scenes as have been enacted on the floor of the house during the past winter, such as the ruffianism of "Ituing," the "New York Tammany shoulder-hitter," and the infamous treachery of Winans, who sold himself to the Tammany leaders, would be sufficient to sully the fair fame of any thing less vulnerable than sanctity itself.

Work on the foundation of the new capital, which is located just west of the old one, was commenced two years ago. Many hundred workmen, aided by several stationary engines, have been employed, almost daily since the commencement of the work in preparing and placing the foundation stones of this immense edifice; and yet, it is thought ten more years will be required for its completion. No mere description can convey a correct idea of what it will really be, when finished; but a general idea may be obtained from its dimensions, being 290 feet front, 380 in depth, and 140 in height, with eight towers, each 200 feet high, and one main tower, 320 feet high. Its design is the Renaissance or modern French style architecture, the prevailing mode of modern Europe. In the exterior composition of the design there is a general adherence to the style of the pavillions of the New Louvre, of the Hotel de Ville of Paris, and the elegant hall or Maison de Commerce recently erected in the city Lyons. The terrace will form an item of striking architectural detail nowhere else attempted on such an extensive scale, at least in America. The Assembly and Senate chambers will be lighted from the roof as well as from the side windows. When the building is completed the old Capitol, Library and Congress Hall will be removed, leaving a park on the east 472 feet long, and 330 feet wide, or a little more than 2½ acres. The whole cost of it is estimated at ten million of dollars. It is the intention of New Yorkers to have the best State Capital building in the Union, and they will probably succeed. They look with intense interest upon the progress of the work, and indulge a commendable pride in view of its growing splendor. The city was wild with excitement and enthusiasm, during the week the corner stone was laid, over the progress of this immense and grand structure, whose lofty towers are soon to beautify, and adorn its limits. It was perceptible in the every day conversation, in the many able articles of our various newspapers, and in the immense throngs that gathered here from abroad.

During this limited time, thousands visited it every day and sipped from the cavity of the stone a "cooling draught" of ice water, constantly filled by human hands for that purpose, likewise adding some relic or memento, which each desired to be handed down to posterity, the far distant future generations. Several pails of these various medals of every nature, size and value were collected, designed to be therein deposited with the memorials prepared for the occasion, but 'tis a *query* whether the wishes of these people were thus regarded, or if the man who guarded this coveted spot, kept this "fountain ever full," for the people who craved to satisfy their thirst, perhaps of their morbid desire, did not become the possessor of these tokens as part compensation therefor. On Friday evening, June 23d, the prospects of pleasant weather for the memorable occasion of laying the corner stone of the new capitol were all that could have been desired. But "Man proposes and God disposes" is an old adage, the truth of which was again brought to mind, and to a certain extent, all were doomed to disappointment. At an early hour on the morn of the 24th the "flood gates of heaven" were opened and rain descended in torrents, it had a depressing effect and the prospects were such as to dishearten the most enthusiastic. But the influx of strangers was very large, every available place was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the hospitality of our citizens was fully taxed. Notwithstanding this heavy rain, and a gloomy sky overcast on every side, the ceremonies were carried out in every detail as they were designed, though we were necessarily deprived to a great extent of one of the main features of the day, that on which we had anticipated and doted so much upon, the Masonic Display. Had it not have been for this unfavorable weather Albanians would have seen one of the grandest demonstrations ever witnessed in the United States, and one of the finest parades ever looked upon by the human eye. Still I cannot believe, as many of the Catholics would have us, that this day cast some ill omen either upon the events, or the Masonic Order, who were called upon to conduct the ceremonies. No! Far from it. It seemed most fitting that this Ancient and Honorable Fraternity should be invited to participate in performing the same. The work was very interesting, and as it was performed seemed highly appropriate, though shorn of its beauty by the incessant inclemency of the weather. May the time soon hasten when this edifice shall be looked upon as nearing completion, when the tidings shall be re-echoed from hill-top to dale, from valley to valley, throughout the land—"'tis finished.'

Pause, for the State in her greatness has spoken!
Down from the hill top, and up from the sod,
Build me a fane, of my Empire a token,
Laying its corner-stone, trusting in God.

Praying its walls, in their grandeur, may never
Shelter "dark treason," nor error, nor blight,
Saying *Our Father* forever, FOREVER
Fold this fair structure in beams of thy light.

In my next I shall endeavor to inform the agricultural readers of the *Register* "What I know about farming" in Albany County, which of course is not very much.

PHOOD.

Kossuth once said "I have lived too long and too practical a life to do vain things. Sympathy—what is it? A sigh that flutters from the lips of a tender girl and dies in the whispers of the breeze. People in their individual capacity may know of sympathy, but when a people's aggregate sentiments become collected in the crucible of policy, sympathy vanishes in the air like the diamond when burnt, and nothing remains but an empty crucible surrounded with the ashes of gross egotism.

The time has not yet come when nations will act from sympathy. That may be done, when the world shall know of one Christian nation on earth. I have known of Christian men and women, but I know of no Christian nation, for I find no one which, in its national policy, has acted upon the Christian command, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee.'"

VERY SAD.—We lately saw a sad case in the person of a man at the Asylum street railroad depot, who has just been paralyzed, and was carried in the arms of four men from the Springfield train to a train for Plainville, on his way to his home in New Hartford. This unfortunate man, Mr. D. E. Hawley, was a baggage master in the Springfield depot. In getting out a heavy trunk from the baggage car of a newly arrived train, he was thrown down by the concussion of the backward coming engine, hitting the train; and in falling with his trunk, the trunk hit another heavy trunk, and this fell on his back, paralyzing his body and legs. On his way here, to his home in New Hartford, he learned of the sudden death of his wife. The poor woman dropped on hearing by telegraph of her husband's misfort