The Middlebury Register.

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Middlebury Register,

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For the REGISTER.

Musings.

INVIN H. SORTON.

Is there a land where sickness never comes;
Is there a bourne from sin forever free?
Where care and sorrow, never come, shall dim
The Elysian gardens of Serenity?

And are there skies, whose deep, ethereal blue
Delight and unclouded shall forever be?
And seas whose verdant, quiet, peaceful waves
Are never lashed in wild tempestuousness?

Is there in Gilead no healing balm,
And is there no benign physician there,
Our torn and bleeding, lacerated soul
To bind and soothe with tender, gentle care?

Shall there the mourner's tears be wiped away,
Shall there the weary wanderer find repose?
And there the faithful Christian gain relief
From earthly toil, from sickness, pain and woes?

O for some kind, some glad, *Lethean* draught,
To free my soul from this, its load of grief;
From sorrow's past,—from sorrow's yet to come,
I would forever find a sweet relief!

Still will I hope, and trusting struggle on,
Confiding all unto the great I AM,
Waiting to hear at last the call to join
The song of glory to the *Sovereign Lamb!*

For the REGISTER.

The Little Girl in a Pet—And how it was Overcome.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY SARA FRANCES PAGE.

Dora Weeden was not beautiful, yet those that loved her delighted to gaze into her great, tender, liquid, grey eyes, through which her very soul seemed to look; and no one could but admire the soft brown hair that shaded her high broad brow, and fell in natural curls around her neck and shoulders. She was below the average height, and small, with diminutive feet and hands.

Perhaps, dear reader, you say I am describing her as being beautiful, and again I say she was far from that.

She was not beautiful, except when her soul's beauty beamed in her eyes and countenance.

Methinks the soul is ever beautiful.

The soul, spirit or mind, whichever of the trio we may chose to term it, it is ever beautiful.

Oft' times it allows itself to become so imprisoned and so hidden within its tabernacle of clay that its beauty cannot be discerned, when it might be free, as God and nature designed.

The greatest and divinest boon or blessing bestowed upon us is love, and this Dora possessed.

She loved every one, and every thing in nature.

Her eyes were lighted with love, and love beamed in her eyes and countenance, and was heard in her voice; and as love begets love, Dora was loved in return.

All that knew her loved her.

Even the wild birds loved her, and when the earth was covered with its snowy mantle, and the cold wintry winds were whistling around, the snow birds and chickadees came to her for food, the latter alighting on her shoulders and taking it from her hand.

Deep, pure love pervaded and filled her whole being; yet, notwithstanding, Dora often erred, for all on earth sometimes err.

She was passionate, and though she tried hard to govern her temper, sometimes she did not succeed.

She had a few very dear friends, and knowing not a proud, fond father's care, or a gentle mother's love, she clung to them and loved them better, she thought, than her own life.

Among these friends was Myrtle Atwood. She was very beautiful.

Her eyes were the deepest azure blue, fringed with long, curling lashes. The whole expression of her face was sweet and spiritual.

Her chestnut hair fell in great billowy waves below her waist.

She was several years Dora's senior, and Dora loved her as she would an elder sister, and looked to her for counsel.

Hoping and praying it may benefit some bright young girl, I will relate one incident in Dora's life.

It was one time necessary for her to go to the home of Mr. Hudson, a mile distant from her own home.

It being only half the distance across the fields belonging to Mr. Gay, she ventured to return home that way; but ere she had proceeded far she found she was lost, and became frightened at some cattle that were coming towards her, and fled from them; and soon she was in sight of Mr. Gay's house, whither she swiftly wended her way.

When once more safe within the gate, she was so overcome she wept.

When by the road side she met Mr. Gay, who instead of asking the cause of her trouble, mocked her, sighing, sniffling, and rubbing his eyes, like her manner of doing.

Dora immediately flew into a passion, while her eyes flashed and became dark as midnight, and her cheeks glowed scarlet.

She ran past him with "the vengeance of lightning," to use Mr. Gay's expression, stamping her tiny foot on the ground, and jerking her shoulders, while Mr. Gay looked on and smiled, in that undescribable way of his, which he termed "grinding," and which aroused still more her anger.

"Look," she said, "if you wish, but if you would fain see any thing to deride, I advise you to look at yourself."

This availed nothing, however, except to raise a loud "haw, haw," from his senatorian voice; and Dora with nimble feet returned home.

It was then her anger vanished and she became calm, but oh, with what sorrow did she contemplate the scene in which she had just taken so active a part.

Myrtle was made her confidant as usual.

"Oh, Myrtle," she sobbed, "I thought I had learned to control my temper."

Myrtle gathered the little form into her arms and said: "Can my darling little Dora tell me how, though even excited and frightened, she came to get into such a pet to a brother, simply because overcome with the ludicrousness of her situation he erred, as all mortal beings do oft times?"

"Yes, Myrtle, I think I can tell you. All the I've in my heart went out away from me, and being very weary in both mind and body, and excited, when he mocked me I did not think that he was my brother, and that I must love him, and this was why I flew into such a passion."

"Then can you tell me how you can conquer this fault or failing?"

"Yes, Myrtle, if I never cease for an instant to love, if I keep love in my heart always, I shall subdue it; for then no anger can enter in, but in its place will be pity."

And this was the way the little girl in a pet overcame her fault.

JENKINS AS PURVEYOR-IN-CHIEF OF SNOBBERY.—The wretched Jenkins probably does not know a grandee of the blue blood from a Florentine count at two hundred francescone the coronet. But we do. He serves the banquet for us who can discriminate. Would we read of the boot-jack of an honorable member of Congress? Perish the thought! But of a prince of imperial blood—ah! now, indeed, there is a very different proposition. Must the epicure who seats himself at a supper of ortolans be for that reason suspected of a disposition to sup upon cold pork? Yet to John, the waiter, it is the same whether he taste the one or the other. So it is with Jenkins. He will bring us pork or ortolans as we direct. But we have directed him that we will eat ortolans, and so we hear that the Russian minister has his initials upon the corners of his napkins. But who cares for the corners of the napkins of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States?

Who is it that makes sport of that faithful laborer, Jenkins? Is it, by any chance, the very one for whom he patiently labors? Toad-stools spring from a certain condition of the soil. They are symtomatic only. Mr. Jenkins is a symtom. He is a symtom of our disease. He is the advertisement that we are suffering from snobbery. He shows that we are smitten with the desire to look into a prince's wardrobe, and to see him wash his hands. Let us laugh no more at Jenkins, but deride ourselves. How heartily he must despise us! How sincere must be the contempt of the valet for the master whom he stuffs and pads and polishes every morning! How genuine must be the contempt of Mr. Jenkins for a public that eagerly devours his description of a prince's handkerchiefs and stockings! And he knows, the crafty rogue! that it is he only who gives us social distinction, because it is he who prints our names in the newspaper.

When we form ourselves into committees, and offer dinners and balls to royal highnesses, and struggle, and spend money, and undergo various agonies of jealousy and indignation because somebody gets nearer to the grand ducal person than we, of what use would it all be except for Jenkins? We don't reverence grand dukes as such, still less do we care for them as representatives of a noble ally or a Great Bear of the North, but the august avatar gives us the opportunity of showing that we belong to the select society to which grand dukes naturally gravitate. We go to the ball, and we beam and squeeze and make those wise remarks which characterize such occasions, so that we may all see and be seen by each other, and mutually certify, as it were, to each other's gentility. But all is really useless except for Mr. Jenkins. He is the really important person, because it is he who tells the story of our greatness to mankind.

The pleasure of its performance is its publicity. The delight of social exclusiveness is not in the fact, but in the general knowledge of the fact. There are, it is understood, certain superlatively fine circles of society, but they are also, it is reported, superlatively stupid. Nobody enjoys them for themselves—that is to say, they are not distinguished by wit or brilliancy, by knowledge or wisdom; neither the mind nor the imagination is especially gratified by them; the sole pleasure is in having it known that we are admitted to them. Mrs. Toad regards Mrs. Frog with gnawing envy because she knows better than any one how splendid and dreary the Bat dinners are. That is to say, it is the importance reflected upon her which is the secret of Mrs. Frog's satisfaction. But if there were no reflection of that kind, she would certainly not spend money for silks and laces and gloves and other ornamentations to endure three or four hours of the Bat platitudes as many times in the season.

Thus it is not to be of the cream, but to be known to be of the cream, which is the high delight. And it is this service which Mr. Jenkins performs. We undergo the ball, in the first place, that Mrs. Grundy or private knowledge may be aware of the fact from observation; and in the second place that the world may know it from the newspaper. Now Mr. Jenkins is the newspaper; and while he is the most essential he is the most awkward to us of all the guests. The difficulty is that he is not present as one of *us*. *He* has no blue blood in his veins. He is as likely to appear in a black cravat as in a white. It is incredible, but it is nevertheless possible, that he will—in his own hideous phrase—"put in an appearance" in a frock-coat. Yet while he is in this indescribable kind of pariah, he must be treated as a Brahmin. If he should be offended, if he should not get Champagne enough, or if the stewed terrapin should give out before he came to it, we should all be in an extremely critical position. The papers would denounce the ball as a horrible failure, and all the managers as flunkies. There is no knowing that it would not be described as an intentional affront to the Great Bear, and that grave international complications, as Jenkins calls them, might not follow. We must, therefore, treat him as if he were one of us, and see that he has plenty of good eating and drinking, and that he is properly and politely addressed by the committee.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine for February*

The self-made men of Columbus sat down to a self-glorifying banquet, the other night. It did not include the occupants of the penitentiary, who probably have as good claim as anybody to the title of "self-made."

A Mrs Mill in England recently obtained a divorce, but, it is said, was ordered to pay her husband $1500 a year. This, if true, is certainly in the words of the old saw, "Sauce for the goose."

The Canadian papers are full of thrilling advertisements of snow-shoe races "under the auspices" of great and good men. There are hurdle and two mile races, the shoes weighing usualy 1½ pounds with "10 inches girt."

True to Love and Home.

On a certain day in 1853, a young man whose noticeable points were a fashionable coat, pantaloons with wide checks, and a massive watch chain, at one end of which dangled a seal, walked into a large hardware store in Boston, and asked for employment. Mr. Peter Butler, one of the proprietors, inquired if he had ever worked at the business. He had not. What had he been doing? Studying law at Cambridge. Where did he belong? His family lived in Maryland. The firm were not in need of help, and the services of the applicant were civilly declined.

On the following day he addressed a note to Mr. Butler, saying that he feared he had not made himself fully understood, and would call again on the morrow to explain further. At the second interview he said he had graduated at Harard University, and commenced reading law; that he had become acquainted with a young lady in Cambridge whom he proposed to marry; that his father had written to him forbidding him to wed a Northern girl on penalty of utter disinheritance and banishment from home.

He intended, however, to keep faith with his betrothed; and as he must paddle his own canoe in the future, he was looking for employment. Mr. Butler engaged him at $400 a year, and gave him certain duties to perform. Next morning the young man, whose name we may as well say was John Paca, walked in from Cambridge with his dinner packed in a tin pail and went stoutly to work. He kept steadily at this for a year, doing all he was told to do, and more besides; for his comrades, of whom there were more than sixty, finding him able and willing, set him all the menial tasks of the establishment, until the proprietor discovered and stopped the imposition.

At the end of the year John's salary was increased $100, and he named an early day for his wedding. When that day came Mr. Butler gave him a new suit of clothes (he presents everybody he takes a liking to with a tip-top suit once in a while) and a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. John Paca went to live with the bride's father and mother, and John continued to walk to business, tin pail in hand. Among all the merchants and tradesmen who rode in from old Cambridge to the banks and counting-rooms of Boston, there was not one whose heart was lighter and happier than that of John Paca, a clerk on $500 a year. He was always on hand when the warehouse was opened, and stuck by it until it was closed. During the second year of his service he received a letter from his sisters, who were at school in Brooklyn, asking him to get leave to make them a short visit. He did so, and returned to his duties.

Not long afterward another letter came His father wanted him to come home for a few days and bring his wife with him. Mr. Butler furnished the necessary funds for a comfortable trip to the old home and back again. During the stay in Maryland the young people won the love of the old folks, if indeed they had ever forfeited it, for John had not been long back at the store in Boston when his father desired him to take charge of one of his plantations. He should have a living off it, one thousand a year besides, and two saddle-horses, and his wife should have carriage and pair. His employers hurried him away and bade him God-speed. At the death of his father, John fell heir to an immense estate. Every year he writes to Peter Butler, whom he justly thinks one of the best men in Boston, to come out and join him in a fox hunt.

A JURY OF PEERS.—There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon County Kentucky, a drunken, worthless, one-eyed fellow named C——, whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactors of Bourbon, and he determined to squelch old C——. He did'nt wait long for an opportunity to have him arrested. B——, the constable, said as it was an important case, he wanted about three days to get an appropriate jury to try it. On the third day the new attorney was informed that things were ready at the court-house. There was the judge, and behind him the constable. On one side sat old one-eyed C——; on the other, the twelve jurymen, "jess like him," on benches forming a triangle, each with a plug of tobacco and jackknife, the gift of the constable, whittling away, and, according to order, *spitting to the centre*. The astonished prosecutor looked at the jury, and exclaimed,

"Where did the constable get this jury?"

The constable quietly replied, "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his *peers*, and I've been out three days hunting 'em, I've got twelve more outside waiting."

The prosecutor looked out and saw, seated on the fence, twelve more dittos, similarly equipped and employed. He turned to the Court in undisguised wrath, and said.

"I'll dismiss this case!"

The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus, "Dismissed by the county attorney *on sight of the jury*," and so it stands recorded to this day. The prisoner was discharged, and left the courthouse rejoicing at having been deprived of his constitutional right of being tried by the previously mentioned citizens.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for February.*

THE DARK SPIRIT OF SECTARIANISM.—It was before the war. Dinah was a "free nigger." She had bought and paid for herself, and having come North, and being employed as cook in a family living not a thousand miles from broadway, and making money, concluded she would buy Sambo, her husband, whom she had left at 'Ole Massa's in Virginny."

With the help of her generous employer Dinah succeeded, and Sambo came on and set up buisness.

For a time Dinah was happy: but as in other cases, clouds came after a while over her matrimonial sky. Sambo was going his own road. Dinah went to the "Abyssinian Baptist" meeting, and Sambo attended the "Ethiopian Baptist,"—two rival churches of the colored folk.

"Massa Charley," said Dinah one day "I ain't goin' to invest in no more niggers. I bought that Sambo fellier, and he has got to stuck up to live. He's too big feelin' too go to my meetin wid me. He says its not 'ristocratic enuff. We pays our preacher two hundred dollars, and he goes to the other meein' whar' they gives their man fo' hundred.

"which church do you belong to Dinah asked "Massa Charley."

"Well, thar's two culled Baptis' churches; Sambo he belongs to the *Thopian* Baptis,' and I belongs to the *Obscene* Baptis'."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—It is not said that he was vicious, but only dull, and absolutely self-indulgent. After all, we must have great pity for kings and princes who are born so highly. They breathe incense. They feed on flattery. They have not the chance of hearing and of knowing the truth that the rest of us have. The poor little princess, of whom it is told that she said if the people did not have bread, she wondered that they did not eat cake, of course never said it. But the force of the story is its naturalness. There was no reason why she should not have said it, because there was every reason why she should have thought it. The sting of the story is not left in the princess, but in those who make the system of which the princess is part. So to the thoughtful spectator there was something sad and significant in the career of this young man. He was really the head of an extraordinary and long-enduring political system. Without any merit of his own, and by the mere chance of his birth, he was an essential part of the British monarchy. He was "the king" of the constitution, and with the Lords and Commons he composed political England.

The tragedy of his position was not that he was to be a king without a single royal attribute, because of England is a name merely—a mere ceremony. His sole function is to obey under the mask of commanding. His majesty's pleasure in England means the will of Parliament; and if his majesty ventures to interpolate his own individuality, his majesty must meditate Charles the martyr, and beware. The misfortune was not, therefore, that a man who was not kingly was to be king, but that he was part of a system which required an illusion that he could not supply, and not only that he could not supply, but which he constantly dissipated. A monarchical system, or a constitutional government with a permanent executive, may endure as long as a tradition of loyalty or romantic and imaginative regard for a certain family survives, and as long as the system is not thought to be extravagantly expensive. A head of the system, therefore, who impresses the popular imagination confirms and perpetuates it. The illusion becomes for the time a reality. A manly, modest, sagacious, courteous king not only satisfies the imagination, but he may also become a real part of the system by the legitimate influence of his good sense upon administration.

But as the world grows, the glamour of royalty necessaily vanishes. Restored for a moment by the dazzling qualities of a really superior man surprisingly born to a crown, it is constantly worn away by the course of civilization itself. The press, the telegraph, the photograph, are material agencies in this work. More than all, one great, prosperous, and powerful republic, a government by elected officers without regal fictions of any kind, is forever weakening the monarchical system. At last it must prove its greater cheapness. It becomes a mere question of money, of relative expense. Imagination and tradition help it no more. As Shakespeare's roistering prince was brought like a common vagabond before the court for trial, so royalty itself is placed at the bar of public opinion, and ordered like a suspected grocer to show its accounts.

ENGLISH SYNONYMS.—A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See, what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep is called a flock.

And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the community, or the public, according as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.—*American Educational Monthly.*

A petition representing nearly 1000 citizens and over $5,000,000 of property has been presented to the common council of Troy, begging the city to surrender its interests in the female seminary to the trustees.

Some of the Indians who visited the party of Alexis, the other day, upon entering a tent preceived a camp stove, and being ignorant of its use, sat down upon it. The result elicted an involuntary war-hoop, and cooked their steaks in short order.

Sponge paper, a French novelty, is said to have all the peculiarities of sponge, absorbing water readily, and remaining moist a long time. It has been used as a dressing for wounds with considerable advantage. For its fabrication, evenly and finely divided sponge is added to ordinary paper pulp, and this is worked, as in a common paper-making apparatus, into sheets of different thickness.

The Impolite Man.

BY HELEN MAYNARD.

Did you ever meet this person?
In a car or crowded street,
Who only to a pretty girl
Would offer up their seat?

He does not mind the aged lady,
Nor the woman with the child,
Who's been standing in the corner
For many a weary, tiresome mile.

Assisting always, paying fare
For ladies richly dressed;
But looks the other way at once,
From sorrow and distress.

He's often found without a ticket,
Finds himself without a dime;
Tells conductor never mind sir,
I'll pay my fare another time.

Admitting dust by opening windows,
Filling eyes, and lungs, and hair;
Closing them to suit his comfort,
When others really want the air.

He never helps when help is needed,
Begrudges all he gives away;
Spends his time in neighbors houses
Discussing people o'er the way.

Consults the times for number one,
By chance where ere he roams,
As if the world especially
Were made for him alone.

Brandon, Jan. 27.

Vermont and her Products.

The following just tribute to our state and her products, is copied from the Berkshire Co. *Eagle*, published at Pittsfield Mass.

"Vermont is like a choice parcel done up in a small package. Look at her on the map, she covers only a few inches and this little space seems filled with mountains. Riding through her territory, the traveler is impressed with the appearance of thrift in the farms and villages her agricultural resources, and her multiplied industries and comes to the conclusion that she is a great state for her size. When we tell western farmers that Vermont raises more corn to the acre than they do they are incredulous, but the returns for 1870 show that in her aceral le corn products she leads the union. In potatoes also she is second only to California. Of corn she raises 39.6 bushels on the average per acre; of potatoes 140 bushels, California producing 148. In her wool and dairy products she takes the lead of the New England states having 193,900 milch cows and 548,000 sheep, while Massachusetts has only 139,300 cows and 72,000 sheep. Her butter and cheese are as famous for their quality as for their quantity, the St. Albans market being resorted to by hotel keepers and others who wish to secure a gilt edged article. But it is not in her agriculture alone that Vermont is great. Her forests and marble quarries are sources of great wealth. Being an inland state the forests have been undisturbed and the quarries idle. Now that the railroads have furnished an access to market, the keen Yankees have not been slow to discover what resources they had in lumber and marble. Some of our Berkshire men have gone to Vermont to make their fortunes from her rocks. The Messrs. Freedly, of West Stockbridge, have opened a quarry on Dorset mountain, 1200 feet above the level of the Harlem Extension railroad, from which they are shipping 5000 tons of a marble in a year. To facilitate their operations they have built, at a cost of $24,000 a narrow gauge railroad one mile long, extending from the Harlem to their quarry. That there is money in the marble business is evident from the almost palatial residences which some of the marble men have built. Few country mansions are more stately than that of H. H. Baxter, who a few years since projected the Rutland Marble Company, which now employs 500 men. This company does not rely upon muscle power, simply in the performance of labor. The channeling machine which they use in getting out their blocks does the work of forty men, and their diamond pointed drills, driven by steam, cut as much in five minutes as ordinary drills do in an hour.

We were surprised to notice the enterprise of W. H. Barnum, the iron king of Connecticut, spreading itself on the Green Mountains. On the line of the Harlem Extension, he has built a village, christened it Barnumsville, from which he ships daily twelve tons of charcoal to his furnaces in Connecticut. Other parties are shipping sharcoal to Copake and other furnaces. Barnum woods are thus going to Dunsinaine in a manner of which Shakespeare had no thought, and if any prophet, twenty years since, had foretold that Vermont forests would be transported to Connecticut to feed her furnaces, he would have been considered a vain dreamer. The cost of transporting a ton of charcoal from Barnumsville to Millerton is only $3.70.

But the great product of Vermont is men. There is no state in the Union where the pure Yankee is seen to better advantage than among the Green Mountain. We met the dairymen of this state last week in convention at Rutland, and were impressed with their stalwart looks and roundabout common sense. The president of the convention, Hon. E. D. Mason, of Richmond, is a grandson of Elder Leland of Cheshire, and is proud as well he may be, of his descent. We found in Mr. Mason a genuine Berkshire born man. Indeed, Vermont is only an extension of Berkshire. We find the same hills and valleys running through the whole state, and very much the same kind of population, only a less mixture of the foreign element. Mr. Mason has the Cheshire propensity for making cheese, and milks from 100 to 125 cows. He has his possession the original letter which President Jefferson wrote acknowledging his thanks for the big cheese which Elder Leland took to Washington. We expected of course, that Mr Mason would have inherited his grandfathers democracy, but we found him a sound republican, and he thinks the elder would be, were he alive, for he was ever a thorough anti-slavery man.

Dr. Nathan Allen, in a recent address to the Farmers' Club