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RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN. RUTLAND THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1847. Vol. 5[illegible]—No. 12.

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From the Detroit Courier.

Tahiss-Guanch, or, the Rolling Thunder.

A Newspaper [illegible] the bank of a beautiful stream [illegible] the Chief [illegible] was [illegible] Annis. He was sitting under a [illegible] The Rolling Thun[der] [illegible] in the forest.

[illegible]

An Incident Related of Lord Byron.

BY N. P. WILLIS

I was getting near midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs in St. James street. The [illegible] as he stepped upon the pavement, [illegible] the evening [illegible] passed [illegible] group as [illegible]

[illegible]

'Well,' replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

'I come to you with an errand which perhaps———'

'A strange one, I am sure, but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me? for I am ready.'

'This is strange!' exclaimed the man.—'Has another messenger, then——'

'None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour—speak at once.'

'My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!'

'Do I know her?'

'She has never seen you. Will you come at once and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told you, you will know all that I comprehend.'

They were at the door of the hackney-coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

'Back again!' said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, 'and drive for dear life for we shall scarce be in time I fear!'

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken.—Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in the street close upon a river, that the latter found utterance.

'Is she alive?' he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

'She was a moment since—but be quick!'

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of the back room, they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotless purity threw a faint light upon a bed upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on [illegible] her funeral eyes—eyes of [illegible] depth and lustre. No one had spoken. 'He is here!' she murmured. 'Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him.'

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful undercurrent of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of Heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud poet and noble standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile, the face re-awakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and the noble contour still visible of the emaciated lips bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

'And this is Byron!' she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet, even through its weakness. 'My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die.'

She hesitated, and Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.

'Beautiful!' she said; 'beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me! the intellect, and the person of a spirit of [illegible]! Pardon me, my lord! Pardon me, that at a moment so important to myself, the remembrance of an early feeling has been betrayed into expression.'

She paused a moment and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow, faded again, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity. 'I am near enough to death,' she resumed, 'near enough to speak to you almost as if from heaven where I am [illegible] and it is on my heart like the [illegible] of my life—like the bidding of God—[illegible] judgment—[illegible] with your whole [illegible] not for the poor pleasures of the world like this, but an eternity in which your great mind will [illegible] the intelligence of angels. Measure [illegible] the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; [illegible] human interest—and this alone be not short-sighted!'

'What shall I do!' suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort as if struggling with a death pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. [illegible] closer to her bedside [illegible] her hand on his breast and his head [illegible]

Fanned, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon the pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and eyelids dropped, she murmured, 'Come to Heaven!' and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

Woman.—We do not mean by woman, those who delight more in the appellative of *lady*, than in the good old Saxon expression of woman; if thoroughly educated would possess the means of pecuniary independency, and be less liable to the pains and penalties which now so frequently happen. We mean by a thorough education a complete knowledge of all the duties their sex is capable of performing. They should be led forth, (educated) in the true sense of the term. How much christianity would be advanced by the complete education of woman may be inferred from the fact, that in the personality of woman, sentiment is far more delicate than in man, and these delicate sentiments are the foundations of female virtue. How exalted is the character of a highly educated woman! How commanding her influence! What a protection to her sex! Yet what a prey to idleness is this noblest gift of God. In our cities a very large portion of female labor is lost for want of method and convenience, whilst in the agricultural districts it is so monotonous and irksome, depressing the energies of the will and operating like a powerful narcotic on the senses and the soul. Yet with all these impediments, the sex's freedom is advancing with civilization. The law begins to regard her as capable of holding real and personal estate when a *feme covert*. This is a good step, but we regard it more as an evidence of the consciousness of her neglected condition than as of great practical good to the sex at large. Why wonder that our females devote themselves to fashion and folly; often the mere walking advertisements of Parisian follies, when by so doing, owing to a fatal perversion of taste and judgment in man, they obtain more respect and consideration, than do the most useful, most talented and most deserving of their sex. In law a young woman is called a *spinster*. In olden times such young persons were not candidates for matrimony until they had spun and wove their household and body linen.

PURCHASING BUTTER

'Is your butter good?' said I to the farmer.

'Good! my wife has made butter these twenty years, and I should think she ought to know how to make good butter by this time!'

He was evidently offended.

'Well, let us examine it.' The cover was taken off the tub, the clean white cloth (which had been wet in brine) rolled up, and the yellow treasure revealed. It certainly did look good.

'It tastes sweet, but how very salt it is.'

'We always make our butter salt, to have it keep at this season.'

'Let us see if the buttermilk is as well worked out as the salt is in.'

Some of the rolls were pressed down with the ladle.

'Now, my friend, if your wife *has* made butter these twenty years, she does not know how to make good; for no butter can be good until the buttermilk is worked out. If that is done you need not salt it so bad to have it keep well in any place. A very little care and labor would make this excellent butter; lacking that little, it is only a second quality, as you shall acknowledge when I show you a sample of *good butter*.'

We went in, and I took up a roll from a crock of first-rate butter. It was smoothe, clear and handsome; the hand of woman had not been on it from the time it had left the churn until now; all the work had been done with the ladle.

'If you get a drop of buttermilk from that butter, you shall have the whole free.'

'Now taste this and your own, and say, honestly, if you would give a higher price for this than your own. Look at it—see how clear and transparent those minute globules are and how intimately they are blended with the mass. Until these all disappear the butter will keep sweet, and no butter will keep long when they are ever so slightly colored by the milk.'

The farmer simply remarked that there was a difference in all butter, and left to find a less critical and more ready customer.

It is strange that when everybody loves good butter, and is willing to pay for it our farmer's wives and daughters do not take pains to make a better article. It is a [illegible] fault that we have poor butter generally, and [illegible]

[illegible] Good butter will always command a good price in the dullest market, while poor butter is a drug at any price.

When any of my lady readers make butter again, just let them imagine that I am to have a [illegible] of bread and butter with them, and that I shall detect the least particle of milk, and that I am not fond of too much salt.—*Genesee Farmer.*

BOISTEROUS PREACHING.

A celebrated divine who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his hearers [illegible] the reason and the answer was—'When I was young I thought it was the thunder that killed people—but when I grew wiser I found it was the lightning; so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future.'

☞ The able and interesting Parisian Correspondent of the Boston Atlas, in speaking of the French Literati, under date of Feb. 1st, says:

Alexander Dumas has been pleading before the *Persons Chamber*. He contracted to write a certain number of volumes per annum for the Presse and Constitutionnel exclusively. Yet he contrived to draw from the foundation of his inexhaustible genius, materials for seven additional stirring romances, which were poured into the gaping minds of the Parisians through the columns of as many morning papers. He wrote plays, too, and was absent several months in Spain and Africa, collecting materials for a new series of *impressions de voyage*. The first two above mentioned Journals considering that they have a mortgage on his mind, sued him and Dumas pleaded his own case. Remember, in reading the following extracts from his speech, that he is a full blooded mulatto.'

'It is my intention to always act honorably—I have ever tried to. For instance: Last year I finished a romance called Fabien for which I was to receive 26,000 francs ($5,750,) but, on reading it over, found that it was inferior to my other works, and threw it in the fire. I buried 26,000 francs. Fabien no longer exists, but is what we all must become, a heap of dust. Would many men act thus?

'These are the circumstances under which I left. I had delivered unto the editors by whom I am employed, forty-eight volumes in eighteen months—say 158,000 lines. I was fatigued as may be imagined, for though I was aided by an excellent writer, M. Maquet, every line was finally written by my own hand.

'I felt unwell—I asked leave of M. Girardin—he accorded it, and now reproaches me with having gone to hunt on mount Atlas. I remember that when he granted this leave, he did not appear annoyed. He had come to dine with me at St. Germain—he was there at midnight—he was there at three in the morning—and, as no train runs at that hour, he returned to Paris in his carriage taking with him, I would remark *en passant*, Mlle. Brohan, of the theatre Francais, who was of the party.

'As to my excursion, the Duke de Montpensier, who lends me his powerful protection, said [illegible] one day:

'Come to my wedding at Madrid. It is important that you and Victor Hugo should be guests at a national festival.'

I went to Spain—was the only Frenchman present at the ceremony, and received the *grand cordon* of Charles III. It was not given to me as a writer, but as a man. It was given to Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie.

'After the rejoicings I went to Tunis.—True, at that moment, the Prince was in France, but his Brother gave me a brilliant reception, and attached to my breast the decoration of Nitcham. I was so industriously employed while there, that I gathered a curious mass of papers, and, in a few days can produce a volume written from them.

'Government had placed at my disposal a steam frigate of 220 tons—the Veloce; we touched on the coast of Africa, and fortunately, rescued twelve of our countrymen detained in captivity at Abdel Kader. They were never safe—I saved twelve heads. All who remain of the 200 Frenchmen taken prisoners at Sidi-Brahim. The Veloce went for them in obedience to my orders—I turned from my route to carry them to Melilla. The thanks heaped upon me there by 3000 persons, more than equal the insults I receive here. They ask of me 50,000 francs for having visited Africa. Well, if I have to pay it, I shall have the satisfaction of having saved the lives of twelve countrymen—and that will be well worth the money.

'One word more. I am accused of having announced a romance in the *Mode* called *Elizabeth*. Now, I never authorized this announcement. Besides (and I beg pardon of those ladies present who bear the name,) I have no sympathy for Elizabeth, in any shape. In proof I have only to say that I have composed 500 volumes of romances and 27 dramas. Search them! you will not find once the name of Elizabeth, for it always makes me shudder with dislike. I never could comprehend how the newspaper the *Mode* should have pitched upon this name, which, in my opinion, should never be the *mode*.'

Yesterday morning, the following placard was struck up all over the city. Dumas will probably sell the manuscript of his late travels to double the amount of the judgment, and redeem his chateau.

To close a Seizure of Personal Property
Will be sold at the public outcry of the civil
Tribunal, at Versailles on Thursday
the 25th of February, at noon,
a valuable Estate situated at Port Marly,
[illegible]
(arrondissement of Versailles.)
It comprises the land, planted with trees, a principal edifice ornamented with towers, [illegible] and a summer house [illegible] surrounded by water, situated behind the principal building and [illegible]
[illegible]
THE ISLAND OF MONTE CHRISTO.
The [illegible]
[illegible]

☞ The Wisconsin Convention passed the following law adopted the [illegible] small debts.—Sec. 1. There shall be no law imposed within this State for the collection of any debts of less amount than one hundred dollars contracted within this State after the adoption of the Constitution.

THE STEWART DINNER.

The dinner given on Friday last, by the Young Whigs of Philadelphia to the Hon. Andrew Stewart, member of Congress from Fayette, was as brilliant a festival as it was richly merited by that 'honest, capable and faithful public servant.' The Dinner was provided by Messrs. Bayley, Mackenzie & Co. The company was large, extending to hundreds and embracing many leading members of the Whig party. Hon. E. Joy Morris presided, assisted by a large number of Vice Presidents. The first toast, in honor of Henry Clay, was received with nine cheers. Toasts complimentary to Generals Taylor and Scott having been responded to with great enthusiasm, Mr Stewart was called up by an appropriate testimonial to his long and valuable services as a Representative, and particularly as an enlightened, earnest and steady champion of American Industry. His speech was replete with sound argument and true patriotism. We would gladly copy the report of it if our columns were not at this time unusually crowded. Subsequently, eloquent and stirring addresses were delivered by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., Hon. Robert T. Conrad, and one or two other gentlemen, and in the happiest manner. Letters were read from Messrs Webster, Crittenden, Sargeant, Abbott, Lawrence and others, who regretted their inability to be present and speak of Mr Stewart, his character and services, in terms of just eulogium.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A friend of the editor of the Apalachicola Advertiser has furnished him with the following extract of a letter received by him and dated

New Orleans Feb 1 1847

'In conversation with a neighbor and friend of Henry Clay I learned the particulars of the delicate act of those persons who paid his notes at the North Bank of Kentucky, thereby cancelling the mortgage which he had given on his estate to secure money which he borrowed to pay the endorsement.

Mr Clay went to the bank to pay the interest of the debt and ten per cent. The Cashier handed him the note and said, 'it is paid.' 'Paid by whom?' 'I don't know sir.' 'Please call Mr Leford the President. Mr Leford came; Mr Clay said—'is my note paid?' 'It is paid, sir.' 'By whom?' 'I don't know, but I received the amount by letter to cancel your note and mortgage with the request to hand the paper to you.' Mr Clay raised his hands over his head exclaiming, 'Good God did men ever have such friends and such enemies as Henry Clay,' burst into tears and wept like a child. A few months afterwards six gentlemen came to his house and staid a few days and then accompanied him to New Orleans, where they remained some time—they were a part of the noble fifteen who paid his debts, but he knew it not. Since that he has received a book with fifteen engravings in it, giving the likenesses of all the donors. They reside, some in New Orleans, some in Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

An appropriate and just tribute was last evening paid to the Hon. Mr. Evans at the Astor House.

On his way home from the Senate of the United States, which he has so long adorned, and which he is now about to leave—some of the chief merchants of New York asked his attendance at a dinner, at which an expression might be given of the respect entertained for his public services, and especially for the watchful and intelligent care he has always exhibited of the interests of commerce.

It is not permitted that we should intrude into a meeting essentially private—but we may nevertheless say, that the gentlemen assembled on this occasion to do honor to Mr Evans, comprising many of the oldest, wealthiest and most respectable merchants of New York, were unanimous and enthusiastic in their testimonies of their regard for that eminent man and there was but one feeling of regret that a course of services so honorable to the individual and so beneficial to the public was brought to a close. There was, too, a very unanimous expression, that if public services and special qualifications for the office could designate a secretary of the treasury, George Evans is the man who unites in an eminent degree those requisites.

Mr Evans is now a private man—but in private as in public life, he bears with him the admiration and regard of his friends, and the gratitude of all those who really appreciate honest and disinterested public service.—[N. Y. Cour.

Island of Lobos.—[Wolf Island.]—The Island at which the American forces are concentrating preparatory to a descent upon Alvarado and Vera Cruz is thus described by a correspondent of the Philadelphia North American.

The Island of Lobos is a lovely little spot formed entirely of coral, about two miles in circumference, twelve miles from the Mexican shore, about sixty miles from Tampico, and some 120 from Vera Cruz. [illegible] such a variety of trees and shrubs the highest of the former perhaps not 25 feet high, and these are so thickly covered with vines that one can hardly get through them,—there is hardly a tree, or shrub, or plant growing here I have ever seen before.—Banyan trees are spreading over large spaces of ground, their limbs forming props as they pierce into the earth and take root, while the tops thickly [illegible] with evergreen vines form most beautiful arbors. Lemon, lime, fig, palm, cane, and a hundred other species of wood are growing with all the freshness and beauty of the Indies. There is a plentiful supply of water to be had by digging four to six feet. It is brackish and sweet but we are getting used to it, and like it nearly as well as ship water. Fish and sea fowl we have in profusion. With these we have a delightful sea air, that fourteen hours out of the 24 makes the place pleasant.

It will be difficult, I imagine to convince you who will read this scrawl beside the great coal fires that we are literally roasting during a portion of the day. The sun is so hot that our faces and arms are blistered if exposed but a few minutes. To-day, by Fahrenheit, in the shade, I scored 98 degrees. The universal remark among the volunteers is if this is winter what will summer be? But with all, our regiment is getting along remarkably well. There are very few sick, and they are from the country, none dangerous.

Telegraphic Writing.—The Philadelphia American says there is a prisoner confined in the penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., who has exhibited a decided ability in invention, and not long since, as one point of his mental operations, perfected and applied, in the Legislative Chambers, a machine for instantly taking the yeas and nays. It now appears that he has been engaged in constructing a machine for telegraphic printing, which he accomplishes with more facility than can be achieved by the use of Morse's writing apparatus. The editor of the Trenton State Gazette, who has seen the machine, says of it:

'By simply striking at one end of the Telegraph a set of keys, each of which answers to a letter or mark of punctuation, a communication will be printed at the other end of the wire. The keys may be touched as rapidly as the operator chooses. It does not require a certain time to make the letters, as in Morse's or House's invention. Touching the keys does not make the letter, it only set in motion an instrument which goes on itself very rapidly, makes the letter and then stops. All that the operator has to do, is to sit down to his key board with his communication before him, and touch the keys, as fast as his fingers can do it.'

The printing of letters is said to be perfect.

Famine and Freights in 1801.—In the year 1801, the ship Manhatta belonging to Frederick Rhinelander, was put up for freight to Liverpool. Jonathan Ogden put on board 400 boxes of Havana sugar at two guineas freight per box and Daniel Ludlow six thousand bbls. of flour at one guinea, or 21s. freight per bbl.—William Pitt was then prime Minister of England, and a famine raged in that country. The prime Minister issued an order engaging to pay £4 10s, or $21 per barrel for every barrel of American flour which should be brought to England, with full liberty to the importer to get a higher mercantile price if possible. The bakers of England were prohibited from selling bread on the day it was baked, because stale bread was thought more nutritious than new. At that time the empire British army and gentlemen generally, wore their hair in cues or clubs, and highly powdered. The Duke of Bedford, who was considered richest subject in England, set the example of cutting off his hair to save the flour wasted in powder, and the example was followed by general orders through the whole army. This we get from the 'oldest inhabitant,' and it shows that there is nothing new under the sun.—[Jour. of Commerce.

Avarice.—A woman of N. York, named Betsey Reed, nearly sixty years of age, who appeared to be destitute of all the comforts of life, recently set fire to her clothes by accident, and was so badly burned that she was taken to the alms house, where she died soon afterwards. She attended the Episcopal Church, and a benevolent lady of that persuasion offered to pay the expenses of her interment. Upon searching her room however, her pillow was found to be partly stuffed with bank bills, and property to the amount of about $3,000 was found in her domicil. No person appeared to claim the property, though it is said she has a daughter living.

A sailor went to see a juggler perform his legerdemain tricks; during the exhibition it unfortunately happened that a spark of fire fell into the apartment below amongst gunpowder which blew up the whole auditory. Jack was thrown into a neighboring cabbage garden; when he got over his surprise, and found his timbers all sound, thinking it was only a trick of the juggler, and perfectly satisfied to see the whole out exclaimed, this is a strange fellow I wonder what he will do next?

In giving geography lessons, a schoolmaster down east asked a boy 'What State do you live in?' To which the boy drawled through his nose in reply, 'a state of sin and misery.'

A resolution passed the House of Representatives of Louisiana a day or two after their annual assembling providing a seat for Mr Clay whenever he choosed to attend.

The Planet Mercury which on account of its proximity to the Sun, can seldom be seen by the naked eye, is now visible in the evening under very favorable circumstances, as it is not only near its elongation but its declination is about nine degrees north of the sun. Moreover it is so very near the bright planet Venus (about three degrees W. N. W. of it) that Mercury may easily be found. It appears as a reddish star of the first magnitude.

To-morrow evening there will also be a favorable opportunity for those in possession of a telescope, for finding the planet Uranus at 7 o'clock it will be about 21 minutes N. E. of Venus.