THE RUTLAND HERALD.

VOLUME 57. THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 8, 1851. NUMBER 17.

THE RUTLAND HERALD.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT
RUTLAND, VT.
G. H. BEAMAN, Editor & Publisher.
GEO. A. TUTTLE, Printer.
TERMS PER YEAR.
To Village subscribers 2,00
To Office and Mail subscribers, 1,50
When paid in advance, 1,00
ADVERTISING
Advertisements conspicuously inserted for $1 per square (16 lines) for three weeks; 25 cents per square will be charged for each subsequent insertion.

Selected Poetry.

WHY ENVY THE GREAT?

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Why envy that lowly, and at those,
Within whose lap kind fortune throws,
Its sparkling wealth and power?
If roll towards a their path now bloom
Where evening gild its clouds at gloom,
But which leads onto the tomb,
By route direct as those.

No, humbled lot, not your lower,
Can bear their varied vicissitudes
Of joy and grief, nor as sweet!

They lie prostrate to a shadowy level,
Where worldly rank is all unknown,
Even some of the Queen kings must stand,
Take their direct of those!
The crown pinned middle over their heads,
May glitter not when the pale cross stands
Its spectral eyes upon their beds,
But on the earth below,
Upon their clay, as on those own,
The humble worms will feed and grow—
No, worms there are alone.

TO A DEPARTING FRIEND.

BY E. S. SPENCER.

Though I must leave your youthful home,
Nothing by you held dear,
And yet to turn do the parting hand,
Though they to you seem near

Yet I feel that you must have,
Unknown sequestration work,
Far from the scenes of former days,
And endeavor the be peak

Yet grieve not, that thy lot is cast,
From friends beloved away;
For thy act for who of mother now,
More dear to thee than they.

Are not thy fond affections placed
On one true and sincere?
Who will fill the place of other friends,
And all thy pathway cheer.

Then go, and happy be thy lot,
Though thou may yet other forget
The many friends whom thou hast left,
For they will love thee yet.

HE COMES NO MORE.

Dost thou come to me?
Do I hear thy footsteps
Do I see thy form in the bower performing
Lovely dear yore
Do I see thy form in the enchanted,
Or where thou dear flowers were planted,
Do I see no more?
No more!
Do I see no more?

Music voice of power,
Shall I see thee at evening hour,
Sweet as before
Ah no! the mournful token
Of grief is with me, it is broken—
He comes no more!
No more!
He comes no more!

Accents and thrilling fragrance
Bear the heart of lovers—
Nothing more to bite or sense
In the heart of a great people.

SUNRISE.

Who is there who ever looked up to the golden gates of the resplendent West, and beheld them arrayed in all their magnificence, and watched the beautiful departure of the god of day, and has not felt himself lifted from earth to heaven, and his feelings spiritualized by the contemplation of the scene? The glories of sunset can be seen and enjoyed in the greatest fullness only in the country. The winds are now hushed among the foliage—the birds of heaven have ceased their warbling—the voice of the laborer is no longer heard—silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene. At such a season, go walk about the country: carry no book to aid your reflections; go alone or with a friend; let your heart be open to the influence of the scene; let its hallowed delights rise up unrepressed; resign yourself freely and entirely to the emotions of your own bosom—and if you have not been corrupted and contaminated by intercourse with the world, you will return a better, happier, holier man.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—A mother teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things she seems like one of those guardian angels the companions of our earthly pilgrimage through whose ministrations we are inclined to do good and turn from evil.

As is agriculture, so that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense; so is society, he is not the best member, who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least concomitant ill.—For let *no man* presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE

An address was delivered in Topsfield, Mass., Aug. 28, 1850, on the occasion of the two hundreth anniversary of the incorporation of that town by Rev. Nehemiah Cleaveland. The address gives some lively historical reminiscences. The following is a sketch of "The Old Meeting House," and old Sabbath scenes and sounds:

"To many of us, the image of that old house, where, for eighty years, the gospel was proclaimed, and its ordinances dispensed, must be ever dear. Venerable edifice! we see thee still, as when in childhood, we gazed with awe at the vast form, thy towering spire, thy glittering and ever restless weathercock. What pictures of the past revive, as thy immense interior once more rises on our mental vision! There was thy pulpit—revered as lawful rostrum, where raised high in air, stood the holy man; there, thy sounding board, projecting, seemingly unsupported, like an impending avalanche; there, too, thy velvet cushion, soft as feathers could make it, and sending up, when pounded by a vigorous eloquence, clouds of sacred dust. Shall we ever forget thy lofty and spacious gallery—grand receptacle of all ages and both sexes? How well do we remember its foremost seat, venerable with wrinkled brows and snowy hair.—How well recall the denser masses in the rear, where sober middle age and sprightly youth were seen, distinct in their ascending ranks, like the vegetable zones of Ætna. There too, in one of the angles, marked by his staff of office, sat the terrific tythingman. In front of the pulpit rose, like some well-manned battery, the singers' seats. What volleys of sound did we not receive, unshrinkingly from that noisy spot. How anxious was the pause, relieved only by a slight shuffling and by half-stifled hems, which succeeded the the reading of the psalm. How like a small thunder-clap, burst upon the ear that prelude a-te, which brought every voice to the right pitch? And then, who can recount the musical glories which hung clustering round Thanksgiving day, when the results of a month's preparation broke upon our heads in a perfect storm of sound? How fearful the strife, when flute and clarionet, and viols great and small, entered the lists with bass, and counter, and tenor, and treble! And oh, how our hearts beat,—let me use another's words,—"at the turning of a fugue, when the bass moved forward first, like the opening fire of artillery, and the tenor advanced next, like a corps of grenadiers, and the treble followed, with the brilliant execution of infantry, and the trumpet counter shot by the whole, with the speed of darting cavalry, and then, when all mingled in that battle of harmony and melody, and mysteriously fought their way through with a well-ordered perfidity, that made us wonder how they ever came out exactly together?"

Will the pictured memory ever fade of those square pews, with their little banisters, so convenient to twirl, so pleasant to peep through; their uncushioned seats, which were hung on hinges, and raised in prayer time, and which followed up the amen with a loud, rattling, running report, like an old-fashioned militia fire; and the flag seated chair, that stood in the centre, for mother, or grandma'am, or spinster aunt! There were the long free seats; there was the elder's pew, with iron stand for hour glass and christening basin, and there the deacon's strait, snug box, where these good men were wont to sit, with their faces to the people, and their backs to the minister, 'the observed of all observer,' and examples of the highest edification, when they happened to be dozy."

AN ELEGANT DESIGN.

While Washington after serving his country faithfully for many year, lived in retirement at Mount Vernon, a Mrs. Van Bershel, an intimate friend of the family, presented Mrs. Washington, on her illustrious husband's birth day with an elegant fancy piece, designed and executed by herself. The feast of the hero was well painted, and the likeness tolerably well preserved. Near it were three sisters, one of whom appeared to be occupied in spinning the thread of his life—the second in winding it—and the third was withheld by the strong arm of the Genius of Immortality from aplying to it the fatal shears, and bearing it off into eternity. It was a beautiful and appropriate tribute on the President's birth-day. The following lines were inscribed beneath the picture:

"In vain the sisters ply with busy care,
To reel off years from Glory's web his hair.
Fond things may pass, his fame shall never die.
Rescued from FATE by IMMORTALITY."

One asked Sir John Millesent how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers when met. 'Why, in faith,' says he, 'I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the Bench.'

PRANKS IN HUMAN NATURE.

Time, change and circumstances, cut curious pranks with our poor, variable, unstable and unconsistent human nature. Now an individual may feel like being one of the people, equal only with all his fellows; he may be kind in his attentions, frank in his manners, and courteous in his demeanor, but a change comes over his condition, and he forgets all his former views and feelings, and becomes the basest aristocrat alive. A plain woman—the daughter of a farmer or mechanic—marries into a wealthy family, and is introduced into the circle of high blood, and she readily becomes one of the first in pride, and the recollection of her former condition only increases her scorn for the humble, honest and industrious of society. This is not universally the case; for we occasionally find a true spirit that sympathises the more with the laboring class the more he or she may be advanced in wealth, and in the good graces of the aristocracy. Indeed, every truly educated person is of this character; but those whose training has been more received from a musician and an insignificant whipster of a dancing master, than from the physiologist, the mental philosopher, and the mathematician, invariably scorn the condition from which they may chance to rise, or more properly fall.

"You need not display a spinning wheel," said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night I have worked at it to get money to send you to school."

There are women too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious who learn trades or work in factories to earn a living. La, how refined they are, she says with a scornful smile as she lounges on the sofa reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor, hard working girl, calling her low and unrefined. "Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic." "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic; I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother when she went out a washing! This remark strangled the young miss, who was confounded, and left as if her silks would turn to linsey. We have known instances of mechanics being turned out of boarding houses because young doctors and lawyers could not endure the company of respectable men who earned their own living.

DEW.

On no subject have there been stranger and more incorrect notions than on the nature and origin of dew. Even within two hundred years it has been supposed that the dew was a product of the plants. It was supposed to return in the morning to its source, and has been confidently affirmed that if dew were put in an egg shell and placed at the foot of a ladder, it would carry the shell to the top of the ladder, and leave it there as it ascended. Even at the present day, the commonness of the phrase, falling dew, shows how erroneous are the prevalent notions. The dew never falls, at least no perceptible distance; it is deposited from the layer of air in actual contact with the bedewed object. That it does not fall is evident from the under side of a plate of ice-cream being bedewed. The coolness necessary to produce dew is produced by radiation. The clearness of a dewy night is not produced by the deposition of the dew, but the dew is produced by clearness. A heavy dew proves the clearness of the air, and warns the astronomer to lose no time in getting out his telescope.

With respect to the authority of great names it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominent error of his own times;—who, like the peak of Teneriffe, has halted the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short a *promised land!* which, like Moses on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

HINTS FOR LIFE.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge.—Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to *stand still* with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and *proceeds* in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

I shall give you a sermon to-day, drawn from the following text:

The lady who before a fob,
Is not ashamed to wring or rob,
Or on the floor ashamed to scrub,
And cares not who calls in to see
Her scrubbing so industriously,
Will make a wife for you and me.

My hearers—It was ordained by Heaven—not by the Devil—that every man should have a wife, and every woman blessed with a husband. In the beginning, God made two of the *genus homo*, opposite sex. The one he shaped positively, the other negatively; so that when they approximated, like two thunder clouds an electrical, magnetical, or some other mystical influence would be produced by one on the other. The how, the why, the wherefore, no mortal has yet been able to understand, neither is it necessary that he should. The sexes naturally approach and attract each other, though some influences that admits of no solution. Let it suffice that it is so. When the Great Manufacturer created Adam, it forgot his first rib, he saw that it was not good for him to live alone, so he mesmerized the man, dug a rib from his side without the least particle of pain, and from it made the beautiful Miss Eve to be a help meet for him as well as a fancy plaything. Now, without knowing what love was, they set eyes upon one another. He cast sheep's eyes at her at a distance, and she threw some killing glances in return, that fired his soul and set his heart strings to vibrating like a splinter upon a chestnut rail in a sou'-wester. They finally came together just as naturally as a couple of apple-seeds swimming in a basin of water. But, situated as they were at first and having little or no manual labor to perform, Eve could be of little utility to Adam, and Adam couldn't do a great deal for Eve. Still they lived and were ready to assist each other in case of any emergency; and so that when they found that opportunity necessary they set to, and with the needle worked together for mutual good. Eve only understood plain sewing, she knew nothing about your embroidery, lace working, and piano playing, and cared the same. The couple were perfectly happy in their rude and rough state, till the 'old serpent' got among 'em; and even then they stuck to each other through thick and thin, through all the bewildering vicissitudes of life from Paradise to Perdition.

My Brothers—since you know that marriage is a divine institution, and that every one of you should have a wife, what kind of a wife would you select?—a pretty, little useless doll, or a woman big and spunky enough to 'wrastle' with a bear and come off first best? I imagine you would care nothing of either extreme; but you would look for personal charms. O, you foolish idolators at the shrine of beauty! Know you not that hundreds of husbands are made miserable by handsome wives, and that thousands are happy in the possession of homely ones? homely without, but beautiful within. Ahem! what is beauty? It is a flower that wilts and withers almost as soon as plucked—a transient rainbow—a fleeting meteor—a deceitful will-o'-the-wisp—sulfurinated moonshine. The kind of wife you want is of good morals, and knows how to mend trowsers—who can reconcile peeling potatoes with practical or fashionable piety—who can waltz with the dash-churn, and sing with the tea-kettle—who understands broomology and the true science of mopping—who can knit stockings without knitting her brows, and knit up her husband's travelled sleeve of care—who prefers sewing tears with the needle to sewing tares of scandal with the tongue. Such is decidedly a better half. Take her wherever you may find her, let her be up to the elbows in the suds of a wash tub, or picking geese in a cow stable.

My hearers—our text speaks of a lady before a tub. You may think it absurd, but let me assure you that a female can be a *lady* before a tub or in a kitchen, as well as in the drawing or parlor. What constitutes a lady? It is not costly dress, paint for the cheeks, false hair and still falser skin; but it is her general deportment—her intellectual endowments, and that evidence of virtue which commands the respect and silent adoration of the world. She would be taken for a lady at once—it matters not where, or in what situation she is found—and be regarded as such—whether scouring tin tubs with a lot poker or 'holloing' hallelujah at a methodist camp meeting. All that I have further to say, fellow-bachelors, is that when you marry, see that you get a lady inside and out—one who knows how to keep the pot boiling, and looks well after her household. So mote it be!

If those alone who *sowed to the wind, did reap the whirlwind!* it would be well. But the mischief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy seek their victims principally amongst the innocent and unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of the court, the cabinet, or the camp. When error sits in the seat of power and authority, and is generated in high places, it may be compared to the torrent, which originates indeed in the mountain but mounts its devastation in the vale.

White men are to be publicly whipped by a law lately passed in South Carolina for caught selling liquor to the slaves.

THE BARE-FOOTED PRINTER BOY.

The Pittsburg Morning Ariel, gives a short history of a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania, as follows:

"Some thirty years ago, a bare-footed boy floated down the Susquehanna river on a raft, and arrived at Harrisburg, Penn. He came from the north, and belonged to a large family, with all his worldly goods tied in a little pocket handkerchief, he sought and obtained employment in a printing office as an apprentice. From an apprentice to a journeyman, from a journeyman to a reporter, then editor; the bare-footed printer boy worked his way against obstacles which the struggling poor only know. This persevering follower in Franklin's footsteps began to realize the fruits of his patient toil and privation. The young aspirant became printer to the State, and by frugal management was soon enabled to accomplish the object dearest to his heart—the establishment of his mother in a home where want—in possession of every comfort she could desire. His brothers to share his care, and like Napoleon, he had a strong arm with which to aid them—an indomitable perseverance that nothing could long successfully obstruct. Ten short years, they, too with his sisters, were independent of the world—the once bare-footed printer boy was in possession of affluence, surrounded by a young and affectionate family.

He did not stop here. He was the friend of the friendless, the patron of merit, the encourager of industry—He rose in honor and office, and the poor, bare-footed boy who entered a printing office in Harrisburg, hungry and weary, laid down his little bundle on a pile of wet paper, and asked to become a printer's apprentice, was elected Senator in Congress! That man is SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania."

TO PARENTS.

You may easily trace on the sandy beach impressions, distinct and manifold, but the next rolling wave will wash them out. The spots and stains of your earthly robes may be removed; the ravages of a storm that strips texture of its beauty and glory, may be repaired; time and culture may re clothe it with its former fertility and beauty. But O, remember, and may it be written with diamond impression upon your soul, that the impressions of childhood, the precepts which your trace and chisel down into the hearts of your children, will like letters graven on a rock, remain forever. If they are in types of vice, nothing short of Omnipotent, divine grace can bleach them out. If in the beauteous forms of virtue and Deity, they will brighten and beautify in the sunlight of a heavenly and eternal day.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Error hurts an empty head most, as poison does an empty stomach.

Questioning is not a good mode of conversation. It is assuming superiority.

It little profits a prince to be ruler of many kingdoms, and the slave of many vices.

When a man goes out, let him consider what he is to do when he returns, what he has done.

Commend thy naked unto candor, and grudge not as though thou had a to hide.

The nimble sixpence is a much better fellow than the slow shilling, in this progressive age.

It is a heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

In feeding with corn, 60 lbs. ground, goes as far as 70 lbs. in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have.

Ruta Baga is only root that increases in nutritious qualities as it increases in size.

Sweet oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattle snake. Apply it internally and externally.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by a sprinkling of garlic when packing the sheaves.

☞ The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, have been visiting Abdel Kadir, who is still imprisoned in a chateau on the borders of the Loire. Lord Londonderry has been interceding for him with Napoleon, and in his letter to the President, has reminded him that in former days he performed a similar service with Louis Philipe, in favor of Louis Napoleon himself, then a prisoner at Ham.

A lady, a dilettante in the science, asked a learned phrenologist, with the view of puzzling him, 'What kind of people are those who have Destructiveness and Benevolence equally and largely developed?' 'Those, madam, are the persons who kill with kindness.'

'There's no use, mamma—I've tried them eggs one hour, and they won't life out.'

THE MISERIES OF SERENADING.

BY A. M. MILLER.

Late one evening in June 1841, a party of young men set forth on a serenading expedition. They were three in number—one named Harry Winter, seemed to be the leader of the party. For instruments, the trio could produce a guitar and two flutes, enclosed in a calico bag. The moon shone brightly from the cloudless sky, and shed its silvery light on the surrounding objects. Nature and was hushed—everything seemed to favor the design, and the party were consequently in high spirits.

The house selected as the scene of their first attempt, was situated about half a mile from the centre part of the village. Thither they repaired in perfect silence, and opening the gate of the garden, stole cautiously within. Seeling themselves on a rustic bench, which stood under the shade of a large apple tree, they drew forth their instruments.

'Blow your flutes gently, my good fellows—have a perfect tune; I would not make a discord here for a farm. Sarah's a first rate judge of music, and if we do well, the old gent has first rate wine.'

All things were soon in readiness, the instruments were arranged, and the trio commenced a popular tune, after having played which they slunk noiselessly behind the trees, toward the house, to see if the experiment was relished. Very much pleased, indeed, was the old gentleman, and his wife, too.

'Our—the—la—' said Wipes, 'I just love to play the "Cracovienne;" that I make dead almost.'

Accordingly the air was played in a style sufficient to warrant his assertion—when suddenly their playing was interrupted by a rustling in the shrubbery behind them, and a loud voice shouted,

'Here, Sam! I'll get you at the end of the chase! Such fun! Watch!' and the deep bay of a hound fell on upon the ears of our startled serenaders.

Discretion was not now the better part of valor, there being such fearful odds against them, and besides, all at once they threw down their instruments and left, rather in fright.

For a few half an hour they may, until fairly exhausted they slackened their pace, having left their pursuers far behind.

'Curse me if I ever go serenading again!' said Harry Winter, and so each of his companions said, mentally.

The next morning the serenaders received their damaged instruments, with an apology from Esq. C——, the gentleman whose house they had so startled, stating that their warm reception the previous night was occasioned by a mistake of his men, who had played to poor old curmudgeons that had been falsely called to a portion of their freedom, and who, naturally enough mistook our musical friends for the offenders.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

SCENE ONE.

Marshal. How many male persons are there in this family?

Old Lady. Do you mean children and all?

Marshal. Certainly.

Old Lady. Oh, then there ain't none, cause my children is all grown, 'cept Johnny and he isn't my child, he's cousin John'

Marshal. Who's John?

Old Lady. Oh, he! don't you know John? Why, he's lived with me these ten years. He's our hired man.

Marshal. Well, that's one male; how many females are there in the family?

Old Lady. Females! Let me see, there ain't none but Betty, the hired girl.

Marshal. I understood you to say that your children were girls.

Old Lady. La! yes. Wal d'ye count them?

Marshal. Certainly I do. I count all who make it their home in your family—old and young—men, women and children.

Old Lady. Sakes alive! Then you want to take down the old gentleman, I spose, don't you?

Marshal. What old gentleman?

Old Lady. My old man, to be sure.

Marshal. To be sure I do. I don't you said John was the only male in the family.

Old Lady. So I did; but I did for suppose makes an ass of straight old men like my husband. Poor dear! he's dead and buried with the patsy three a year next January.

Marshal. Now for the females.

Old Lady. Well, there's Betty and Prudence, and Grace, and Jemima, that's all—four in all.

Marshal. But you haven't included yourself.

Old Lady. Goodness! I've put down the old woman too! 'Pears to me the S ate's mighty curious this year.

SCENE TWO.

Marshal. How many transients are owned by this family?

Female. All we own is a couple of hogs, and they don't the nicest critters that ever was.—*Albany Courier.*

A few nights since, a dignified and crowded audience at Palmo's, enjoyed Gabriel Ravel's great part in the Three Paced Performance, of making his sister disappear through a table about six inches thick. He regretted he could not comply with the public's wish, leaving but one sister, who had already disappeared. The audience were greatly amused at this ruse to avoid a repetition.

The Chinese in Farmer Oregon, have a fourth cousin of carrying living rats with their heads of tobacco.

A blue maid, at an inn, being asked what was the difference between a 'gent' and a 'gentleman,' replied, 'You know, sir, that a 'gent' is only half a 'gentleman;' for where the 'gent' gives a sixpence, the 'gentleman' gives a shilling.'

An ignorant, but well meaning man, having been placed on the commission of the peace, in a rural district in England, declared on taking his seat as a magistrate, that it would, indeed, be his most anxious endeavor to do justice without fear, favor or affection. 'In short,' said he, emphatically, 'I will take care, that on this bench, I will *never be either partial or impartial.*'

In olden times mountains made enemies, when an isolated feudal system, supported by fraud and force with its lords and serfs, the denizens of castles, unprotected by the police of a peopled yeomanry, till wrongs became too previous to be borne, and the sword of chivalry leaped from its scabbard and avenged them. Then came the middle ages, and the diplomacy of a Machiavelli, and the statesmanship of a Richelieu, Michael, a Wolsey, and a Mazarin. But the day is past when mankind are given to concealed thoughts. The many years of revolutionary struggles, of wars and bloodshed, a breaking up of established usages, a letting out of oppressive institutions, a new order of things, out of which sprang an era of the constitutional liberty.

And in the midst of its dawning, we behold a century of progress, where the useful is encouraged, the beautiful promoted.

A century of steamboats, locomotives, railroads, lines, and telegraphs; a century of commerce and inventions by which not the few but the many are benefited; and, as the crowning of this era of human progression, we behold a novel spectacle a tournament of peace, where arts not arms, are to win the golden prizes; and we as a nation have been invited to exhibit the products of our mechanic, agricultural, manufactures, and artisans. I would not moderate the crimson laurels due to the sword and the cannon, but it is now time that the loom, the anvil, and the plough should receive their stainless honors; the labor, which has long borne the burdens of life, and the sums that procure merit of the unworthy rules. It and now meet with a brilliant recognition, and the Presidents, Emperors, Kings, Sultans, and Princes of continents have been invited to do honor to the industry of the people.

THE GENERAL'S STORY.

To realize the truth as well as the richness of the following story, it is absolutely necessary to see and hear the General himself repeat it, with all the proper emphasis and a lisp, suited to such a story.

"Once upon an time a *Thermometer of Freedom*," this phrase, says a New York paper, had occasion at Bunker Hill, soon after the great battle, at least so says the General. It seems the General's father buried his sons in the cellar of his house in Charlestown, before the Revolutionary war began, and some weeks after the battle, the old man and one of his sons came into the town to see what they could discover among the ruins. But as they passed Charlestown neck they were seized by a British officer stationed in a floating battery then lying in Mystic river, and presently they were entertained by a shot from one of the guns which landed itself in the earth near by them. Of course they took to their heels and ran for life. On the Neck was then standing a brick chimney, the house to which it belonged having been some blown and to this chimney they betook themselves for safety, but no sooner had they got behind it, it occurred that sticking the top it would have as the General's father always expressed it, 'like a thermometer' right on top.

The story spread, and in time chosen out in the 'thermometer of freedom' came to be a popular saying, though its origin is not known by one in ten thousand who use it.

Don't it appear that the *promised* has been *late thus not?* It isn't so will pay.

'Ma, what is revenge?' 'It is when your pa lay sculls you, and I hit him with a broomstick.'

Why is a man pecking his wife like a carpenter? Because he's a *Joiner!* (Joiner.) O, Moses!

'Thus, sir, is the "imprint of the press," said Miss Bigelow, as she handed a glass slipper to Mrs. Brown.

A town has been bolted in Hancock county, Iowa, named Borg. The inhabitants, doubtless, will be called *Burglars.*

Moses says that when a man deliberately spits in his face, he cannot expect to rub as a gentleman.

When your wife runs away, let her hear you lock the door after her, and she will think it the sinder.