# The Rutland County Herald.

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THE RUTLAND HERALD,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY C. H. HAYDEN.

Office, head of West st., old Masonic Hall building.

TERMS PER YEAR.

Village Subscribers, served in Carrier, ..... $1.75
If not paid in advance, ..... 2.00
Mail and Office Subscribers, ..... 1.50
If not paid in advance, ..... 2.00

TO CLUBS, BY MAIL.

Five Copies, for one address, ..... $7.50
Ten Copies, " " ..... 15.00
Twenty Copies, " " ..... 20.00

☞ The Herald is sent FREE OF POSTAGE to all subscribers in Rutland county.

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For 8 Lines, 13 lines or less, 3 insertions, ..... $1.00
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THE HERALD
JOB PRINTING OFFICE

IS furnished with the most approved materials used in the art, and now and for the addition of modern printing machinery, is prepared to execute at short notice, and on the most liberal terms, Jobs of all kinds, from the largest mammoth sheet down to

All kinds used for Concerts,
All kinds used by traveling Exhibitors,
All kinds used by Patent Medicine Dealers,
All kinds used by Theatrical Companies,
All kinds used by Druggists,
All kinds used by Railroads,
All kinds used by Periodical Dealers,
All kinds used by Booksellers,
All kinds used by Schools and Academies,
All kinds used by Public Officers,
All kinds used by Mechanics of all trades,
All kinds used by Daguerreotypists,
All kinds used by Artists generally,
All kinds used by Social Associations,
All kinds used by Merchants,
All kinds used by Manufacturers,
All kinds used by Banks,
All kinds used by Executors Officers,
All kinds used by Express Men,
All kinds used by Professional Men,
All kinds used by Literary Societies,
All kinds used by Counsellors at Law,
And all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing for the different Trades and Professions generally.

CARD AND BILLET PRINTING.
PRINTING IN COLORS.
*CUTS FURNISHED TO ORDER.*

"Multiply the means and you multiply the results," is one of the established maxims in business that has made the fortunes of thousands of men that have commenced with nothing but their individual enterprise to depend upon. The spirit of the age proclaims that a man to insure success in business should use more than usual exertions to merit it. Customers never come to a man's shop if he sits down quietly and waits for them, without letting his business be known. He might as well light a candle and place it under a bushel.

Fancy Printing
Done in every variety of color.
Book and Pamphlet Printing
with despatch and at low rates.

It is useless to enumerate further. All work will be done correctly, expeditiously, and cheaply, and a fair share of public patronage is respectfully solicited on these grounds. All orders addressed to the proprietor of the Herald will receive prompt attention.

C. H. HAYDEN.

MORTIMORE'S
RHEUMATIC COMPOUND.

THIS truly celebrated remedial preparation, efficacious alike for each and every description of Rheumatic Complaints, is offered to the well Known and esteemed through out the United States to require any lengthy notice of its permanent virtues. It eradicates the lurking rheumatic and distressing disease from the system, and stands unrivalled in the pharmacy of medicine.

We do not propose to make unqualified statements, as to force a nostrum before the public, but simply to request those most interested,

SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM,

to inquire from the Agent in their vicinity a circular, and not only read the testimony of those who have experienced its invaluable curative powers, but to write to, or call upon, the correspondents, to verify the statements now circulated from the Canadas to Texas, a course which will satisfy the most incredulous, and one by which the reputation of the Remedy is certain of being sustained. Were space to the Proprietors, they will accord every information, and furnish names of well-satisfied customers from every section of the Union, numbering among them some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, and prominent citizens, rendering the reliability and efficacy of the remedy beyond the reach of doubt or distrust.

MORTIMORE'S
RHEUMATIC COMPOUND

is a vegetable extract, an internal remedy, prepared expressly for this one disease; and this it will cure in every case, inflammatory (Acute or Chronic), no matter of how long standing.

Sold in Rutland by POND & MORSE.

The above have also for sale

*THE GREAT ALTERATIVE,*

MORTIMORE'S
BITTER CORDIAL
AND
BLOOD PURIFYER.

This invaluable preparation has obtained a popularity wherever introduced, unprecedented in the history of any other preparation brought before the public. The multiplied thousands who have used it, and have realized its marvelous effects in removing disease

And Restoring the Nervous System,

now herald it to the world as possessing the most important virtues known to the Materia Medica. Placed science the first standing in the profession now and prove it to be the most effective

*Alterative and Blood Purifyer ever known.*

Neuralgia, General Debility and Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Headache or Flow of Blood to the Head, Costiveness or Irregularities of the bowels, Pleurisy in the Side, Fever sores, Palpitation of the Heart, Difficult Breathing, Prostration of the Nervous System or Nervousness, Night Sweats or Affections of the Lungs, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, Derangements, Irregularities, especially with Females, producing Debility and Prostration of the Nervous System, Cutaneous Eruptions or Humors of the Blood,—these Complaints are readily removed by the use of this Cordial.

"By the Salutary Influence of this second itself

*THE BALM OF GILEAD.*

Especially to Females.

In every conceivable condition of life, it recommends itself as far superior in point of efficacy to any of the numerous compounds, concentrated under the comprehensive name of "Sarsapatilla."

It acts as fine Tonic, restores the tone of the Stomach, strengthens the digestive organs, stimulates the liver to healthy action sufficient to throw off the impure and poisonous secretions, imparts purity, richness and vitality to the blood, circulates it freely, invigorating and removing impure deposits, strengthens the nervous system, restores the constitution to all its strength, and imparts a glow of health and beauty of complexion.

The 3 c. Vegetable Spirit, pleasant to take, and perfectly safe to be used in any state of health, even by the most delicate female or child.

*Price One Dollar per Bottle.*

☞ Sold by Druggists generally. Wholesale and Retail Druggists will be supplied on application to the Proprietors.

POND & MORSE, Agents, Main and Washington streets, Rutland, Vt.

W. V. ALEXANDER & CO., Proprietors, 293 Cedar st., Astor House, New York.

JOHN C. MILLER'S
Patent Fulling, Washing and
*CHURNING MACHINES.*

The Undersigned, having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and vend the above named machines in most of the United States, is prepared to answer all orders that may be addressed to him or to H. F. Dunbar, who is an authorized agent for Bennington County, with promptness. He orders the public for the future, as he refers to its great merit. JAMES H. BENNETT.

Bennington, Vt., March 16, 1853.

We, the undersigned, having used John C. Miller's Patent Washing Machine, most cheerfully recommend it to families as the best and most effective Machine for washing we have ever used, and we feel confident that they will be perfectly satisfied with its performance, although they may have been frequently disappointed heretofore by those offering us articles for the same purpose, which were worthless.

[illegible]

Bennington, March 17, 1853. 19-tf

Crossett's Cornet Band,
F. M. CROSSETT, LEADER,

Hold themselves in readiness to attend all calls for Music (Instrumental, Exhibition Music, etc.) with promptness and skill.

All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

F. M. CROSSETT.

Bennington, April 7, 1853. 15-y


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CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND ACCORDEONS REPAIRED BY
CHARLES E. TURRILL,
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BY A. DYER
West Street, Opposite the Park,
RUTLAND, VT.
Horses and Carriages to let on favorable terms. 46-tf

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By A. DYER,
West Street, Opposite the Park,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ All kinds of meats usually kept at such establishments, supplied to order. Particular attention paid to packing. 19-tf

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Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Findings, &c., &c., No. 4 Merchant's Row, Rutland, Vt. 1-1

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Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and Dealers in Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Burning Fluid and Camphene, in Union Building, Main street, and under the Rutland House, Washington street, Rutland, Vt. 1-1

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Bennington Enameled, Parian, Glass and Stone Ware, Fluid Lamps, Camphene, and Burning Fluid, No. 1 Merchant's Row, near the Depot, Rutland, Vt. 19-tf

H. T. DORRANCE,
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CLARK & BROTHERS,
Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, &c., Pember's Building, near the Depot, Rutland, Vt. Repairing neatly done at short notice. 7-1

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Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Straw Bonnets, Fashionable Millinery and Fancy Goods, Union Building, Main street, Rutland, Vt.—Old Bonnets dressed over. 7-1

BARRETT & SON,
Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Flour, Salt, Iron, Steel, Agricultural Implements, Doors, Sash, Glass, &c., &c., near the Freight Depot, Rutland, Vt. 7-1

E. A. POND, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office at the New Drug Store under the Rutland House, Rutland, Vt. 9-tf

J. G. FOSTER,
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Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., &c., over O. L. Robbins' Store, Rutland, Vt.—Repairing done at short notice, and all work warranted. 7-1

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JOHN K. RODGERS & CO.
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Types, Presses, Ink, and other Printing Materials.
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D. E. WORLEY,
Teacher of Music, Windsor, N. Y. Piano Fortes Tuned and Repaired. Residence 4th door south Anderson Hotel, William street, Whitehall, N. Y. 43-6

S. G. STALEY, Agent,
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C. CARPENTER,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Butter, Cheese, Fancy Goods, &c.—Main Street, near the Baptist Church, Rutland, Vt. 43

GEORGE GRAVES,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and all kinds of Leather.—Water Street, adjoining Washington Hall, Rutland, Vt. 45-tf

C. HURT & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Hardware and Cutlery, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; and all of the approved Patent Medicines of the day; Main St., first door north of Court House, Rutland, Vt. 45-tf

REMOVAL.

BARRETT & SON have removed from the old stand, to their

New Brick Warehouse,

near the FREIGHT DEPOT.

Patent Medicines.

MOST of the standard Patent Medicines will be found at the Store of BARRETT & SON.

F. S. Those formerly kept by Mr. H. L. Spencer will also be found at the same place.

WILLIAM JESSUP & SONS'

Celebrated Cast-Steel.

The subscribers have on hand, and are constantly receiving from their manufactory,

*PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,*

Double Refined Cast Steel—square, flat and octagon.
Best warranted Cast Steel—round, flat and octagon.
Best German and single Shear Steel—warranted.
Mechanics' Steel—round.
Spring Steel—flat and square, "W. A. & S.," "Eagle" and "Crown" Brands.
German "Spring Steel."
Best English Blister Steel, Keg Steel.
All of which are offered for sale on the most favorable terms by

W. M. JESSUP & SONS,
51 John st., New York.

Also by their agents—
Collins & Reed, 67 Commercial street, Philadelphia.
Ames, Folsom & Co., 122 Milk street, Boston.
Jackson & Brady, South Charles street, Baltimore.

New York, April 16, 1853. 16-ly

TO NORTHERN AND EASTERN BOOKSELLERS AND MERCHANTS.

BOOKS and STATIONERY
AT WHOLESALE.
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,

PUBLISHERS, Bookseller, Stationers, and manufacturers of every variety of BLANK BOOKS, 40 John Street, (up one flight) New York—invite a call from Merchants and Booksellers, and have now on hand the largest and most complete stock of Blank Books, Miscellaneous and Fine Books, embracing every variety wanted. School and Classical Books always kept and sold at wholesale and retail. Letter and Note Paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, Public Institutions, Schools, Primers and Sunday Schools. Hymns, Primer and Hymn Books, of great variety of sizes, prices and styles of binding. Stationery of every variety of Foreign and Domestic manufacture, all of which they pledge themselves to supply as low as any other house in the trade.

N. B.—Formerly and Letter Paper and Blanks of all styles. 18-6m


## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY ANDREW HOLCOMBE.

City of silence! within the dead of old
Entombed, magnificent monuments repose!
Where sculptured tombs the dread Past unfold,
How mighty Kings of others have paradon lost,
The golden crown has fallen from their brows,
They sleep! Ambition's stream of power is cold,
The Grave has with conquering Nemesis laws,
How pass the warblets of poetic song,
The harps whose trembling strings were sweep in days of yore!

Abbey! it is the wreaking of the soul!
The fully captives through this arches blend
In mellow thunder tones. Sublime they roll,
Now, low, and clear, as they ascend!
The vile shall roll through Heaven, where worlds are hymn—

Abbey! my soul on the blest wave is borne
Where seraph chorls the holy praise attend,
While organ peals roll on, and still return,
Trembling o'er vault, and aisle, and spirit-haunted urn.

Celestial language! wondrous symphonies!
Are! common-formed of mortal worship rise;
A rolling cloud of intermingled chords on high,
Sublime in Power greets my raptured eyes;
Devotion! Hagnest smoke of sacrifice!
Ye long extended aisles of ancient days,
Roll back your barriers here rapture to the skies,
O Earth! your pillars of strength totally raise,
That Heaven's great King may dwell amid his people's praise.

Abbey! strange visions rush before mine eye!
What awful silence reigns through fane and aisle!
The shadows of Renown are wandering nigh,
And dreadful forms glide on with dark'ning smile,
Lost in the grey old Abbey's towering pile.
From the dear vaults low murmuring voices sound!
O how unlike the song of bliss erst hill!
Do souls revisit earth and linger round
These chambers of the dead—the realm of gloom profound!

Like forest oaks these lofty columns rise
In Gothic grandeur o'er the place of tombs;
Beneath the arch immortal memories
Tell where some fragrant flower of Genius blooms.
Silence and Night! 'mid your prophetic gloomes
Shall Meditation haunt the spirit mute;
Thrones—Genius—Beauty—Battle—wedding plumes,
Pass from Imagination's kindling gaze,
And I am hurried back to the scenes of olden days!

As lightning flames along the fearful gloom,
When Heaven's dread thunder shakes the hoar rolled sky,
And through torn clouds the winds wild roaring come,
So, through the darkness of the Past I fly,
So, long gone events rise light along like, bath by!
Here I hold converse with departed soul,
Speak out from Time into Eternity;
Translate heroic deeds from Fame's bright roll
And inspire lessons read from Time's Historic scroll!

# The Family Circle.

## A DIARY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

H——, Nov. 9th, 185-.

No, not that album, loaded with gilt like an Eastern slave, even though it be "precisely like the one on Lady Blessington's table," as the giver, Mr. H., assures me; but this one in plain black, with only the design of the serpent E. done upon the back. "It is plain and substantial," as old Mrs. A. was pleased to say of myself; and when Harold T. gave it me, pointing to the design, he bade me heed the symbol well, saying in that calm, grave way of of his, that I lacked both wisdom and gentleness. "My master," I should hardly have borne *that* from any one else. But, perhaps, he was right—right, also, when he said that "women could not exist without a confidant."—I denied it then, and resented it a libel; but, now, after a four weeks' sojourn with those relatives, with whom it seems impossible to establish anything like relations of confidence, begin to feel its truth, else I should not be blotting the blank leaves of his gift.

N. B. I will never own as much to him!

I think I will dedicate the book to Vacuna, the goddess of the idle; doubtless many of my self-constituted advisers would think it very appropriate.—Not that I admit that I have only more of an inherent proclivity to what, in their eyes, constitutes the "sum of all moral evil"—*idleness*—than many others, but I am, unfortunately, always doing those things which I ought not to do, and in a way in which they ought not to be done; and, as Aunt Minick said, when I saw no impropriety in carrying from Stewart's to her house a small parcel, containing a few yards of silk there is no hope for me!"

"I know I am neither pretty nor graceful, but I never have such a saving consciousness of the fact, as when with my mother's relatives. I wonder how much such remarks, uttered in a tone of cold, critical commiseration, as: "Elizabeth is so overgrown, so *gawky*—Elizabeth is cold; she has no taste in dress; her head is so large; and, then, her feet! She has not the Sewal look at all, poor child; all Lytton!" &c., (my fathers alliance being the one "Hot in the Executive,") have had to do with my awkwardness. They are not particularly calculated to remedy the defect, I fancy.

Once I felt all this keenly, but I am getting heavily over it. My head and my feet are as God made them; and, as to my taste, let them remember that I have had no means of gratifying it before they deny me its possession and as to looking the "Sewal air," the slightest childish memory that I cherish of my noble father, is more to me than "the blood of all the Sewals!"

There! There goes the dinner bell! My fingers are inky, my collar the sixteenth part of an inch awry; if I do not stay to right it, aunt will be sure to perceive it; if I do, I shall be the sixteenth part of a minute too late at the table, and uncle will look like an iceberg—between them both the room will be like Spitzbergen. Elizabeth will be uneasy and *distraite* for a few moments, then eat her dinner with the self-possession of Queen Vashti of old.

Nov. 10.—"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold and pictures of silver," we are told, but who has not felt sometimes that a word fitly withheld is not less precious?

Had I remembered this yesterday, I should have refrained from shocking uncle and aunt with my heresies, and saved myself a long lecture on "womanly proprieties" and "woman's sphere," this morning.

Though some moments too late, I was happily disappointed on entering the dining-room, for uncle was too busily occupied in talking with an old gentleman to notice my tardiness, though the exquisite French time-piece on the mantel stared him straight in the face. Mr H., aunt's nephew, had dropped in to dinner.

*Query.*—What brings him here so often of late? An increasing appreciation of his aunt's cuisiniers, or the laudable desire to keep himself in practice, by playing off all his European fascinations on a country teacher?

He certainly is handsome; and, as aunt and he sat there, both so carefully dressed, so seemingly oblivious of the fact, that tears and dust, lint and wrinkles, missing buttons and hooks-and-eyes are a part of the evils consequent upon "Adam's fall," that it would have been an inexpressible relief to me to have seen a speck of dust on either of them—aye, to have proved their affinity for "dust and ashes" like other mortals, I would have been willing to encounter a slight Sirocco, or that cloud which Christian saw at the house of the Interpreter, even at the expense of my new *marroon* merino, in which I fancied I was looking remarkably well.

H. greeted me with his blandest smile, and uncle introduced "my niece" to his guest, the Rev. Dr. Smith. Uncle's manner of introducing me as "my neice"—a title which he evidently considers sufficiently distinctive for any reasonable young lady—causes some mistakes, for his guests invariably address me as Miss Sewal. This old gentleman did the same, and when I set him right he said:

"Ah! aye, yes; the daughter of your sister Elizabeth, Mr. Sewal. I remember your mother, my child, when she was scarce as old as yourself. She married, let me see—9"——

"An editor," I said.

"Aye, yes, I think I met him once or twice during the sitting of the Association in this city, some—well—some twenty-five years ago. How time does fly! He is well, I hope."

"I trust so," I said, my eyes filling with tears. But before I could gather courage to go on, uncle had answered for me.

"Mr. Lytton is dead, sir.

"Indeed!" said the old man, in a tone of concern. "Pardon me, my dear young lady, I might have heard it, but we old folks forget.

"But your mother—is she still in the city?"

"No, sir;" said I, calmly, for Uncle's cold tones had recalled me to myself; "my father's health failed soon after his marriage, and my mother accompanied him to his native village, where he died when I was five years old. Mother and I have continued to live at the old place, with the exception of a short residence at G., two years ago."

"And it seems but a few months since your mother was here a girl," said the old man, looking kindly at me.—"But you are not like her child, unless it be about the mouth."

"My niece is all Lytton, as I tell her," said my uncle, as we seated ourselves at the table.

So, this old man had known my mother before trials and poverty and sorrow had changed her, and I determined to make him my friend, if possible, and see if I could not get from him some better conception of what she was like in her youth, than I had obtained from her own family—something beside descriptions of her beauty coupled with ill-concealed regrets that she should have "thrown herself away" upon a poor editor, who was "only a farmer's son."

I am sorry to say that I was more occupied with these thoughts than the Doctor's "grace," which was scarcely ended, when aunt, reaching forward to adjust the fall of my *berthe*, whispered—

"That dress of yours is far too large, dear; it wrinkles quite badly under the arm; and your braids on the left side are slipping down.

Order is the first law of nature, you know."

Dear Vacuna, I had met aunt's chambermaid's little toddling nephew in the passage, as I came down, and, oblivious of hair-pins and braids, had stopped to toss him "up to the moon." But I did not tell aunt this. I had too much regard for myself and "bubby Lee;" I merely said, as I coaxed out my chicken—

"Just so, aunt; but as we happen to be still on earth, I hold it to be wiser to comply with earth's laws; perhaps, in this way, we shall, in time, come to understand and fulfil those of a higher sphere."

Aunt looked a little confused, as I have noticed she not unfrequently does, at my remarks; and the old doctor, interrupting himself in some remark, asked—

"What was that you were saying about a sphere?—a favorite phrase with the young people of the present day, Mr Sewal."

"I was merely saying that whatever may be the laws of a higher sphere, full play for the lungs is very essential here."

H. laughed, and the old man after a bland smile, said "Very true; I am glad you understand something of the wonderful mechanism of the human frame." turned to Dr. Bushnell and his heresies, and, assisted by uncle and aunt, succeeded pretty thoroughly. I ventured once or twice to put in a word of a disclaimer, in the shape of a question, and H. gallantly seconded me; but we were calmly put down by a gentle hint that the carnal mind could not judge upon such matters; and I sat and wondered if the human mind had really so changed since the poor and ignorant, the publican and sinner, had gladly accepted the truth, as it fell from the lips of Jesus by the blue waters of the seas of Palestine.

Then they went into the condition of the world in general and I grew quite sad at hearing how fast all Christendom was retrograding into chaos and old night; and yet, a few moments before, in his "grace before meat," that kind, old man had fervently thanked God for all the manifold blessings which of His own good will and pleasure He had showered upon us, but most of all, that He had given us our being in this land of Gospel light and Gospel privileges.

It is strange how much acceptance I find in the world, and how little intelligent belief. These people were sincere, and would have thought one mad who questioned their orthodoxy; yet, if I took them at their word, they were practical atheists, denying the power of truth to regenerate the world.

Uncle is a born conservative—dyed "in the wool" with a perfect horror of all restless, vulgar innovators, who threaten to disturb anything, from the tie of his white cravat to the foundations of a State. He would ignore time himself if possible. But with Dr. Smith it is different. One can scarcely perceive how his conservatism is but the natural growth of that innate principle which is developed by years and success in life, aided not a little, by an unquestioning adherence to certain theological notions which have spider like, spun their web so completely over his heart that he has almost forgotten the warm, gushing, sympathetic throbs of its youth, or remembers them only with a pitying smile, as youthful enthusiasms. Enthusiasm! Would that we could be true to the dreams of our youth!" Would that we could take them with us as blessed realities, down the shady slopes of life! Then old age would not be so meagre and barren!

So I mused until the exclamation—'It is astonishing!' which usually forms the affix and suffix to all uncle's remarks on religion and morals, roused me. 'It is really astonishing how sensible people can be so blind. I do not blame the South. Were they to come here, sir, and make such demands on us, we should see the impropriety, the absurdity, at once. But that such men as Messrs. C. & G. can be so led away is incredible.

'All the result of narrow sectional views, and a restless desire to forestall the workings of Providence,' blandly answered the old Doctor.

They had actually begun to agitate, those two staid pillars of conservatism, and I opened my ears, for I knew that among my many unknown heresies which I had thought best to leave to the unfolding hand of time, my Abolitionism in their eyes, would be the rankest. I thought of the days in G., when from every lesson and every object, 'my master,' (I like the old sportive title best) was wont to deduce arguments in favor of liberty and progress; and how, in the spirit of opposition, I sought every argument on the opposite side, until obliged to yield. Those were hot battles! He would never yield an inch to the sex—never condescend to say I might possibly be right; but, on the other hand he treated me as an equal, capable of thinking for myself, not as a pet or a puppet. I did not fully appreciate this then, but now,—aye, I see it is necessary to get at a distance from some people as well as pictures, to see them truly. I wonder, if we were to meet again, if we should resume the war. I wonder—but enough of this.—What I would say, is this: that T——'s lessons had fully qualified me to understand the subject, and I asked inquiringly, and I must confess, rather mischievously—

'But does not God make use of human instruments to carry out his plans, sir,'

'Certainly, my child; but not, I fear of such men as Garrison, Philips, and Smith—men who have cast off all authority, save that of their blinded, seared consciences, or of their ignorant fanatical followers. Poor tools these, to do the work of the Lord!'

Ah, if the appointed teachers refuse to lead the people over Jordan into the promised land, shall they grumble if the office pass from the tribe of Levi, and hands consecrated only by an earnest love for humanity, take up the sacred ark of truth? Thus I thought, but I did not say it, only suggested, that he might possibly misunderstand these men. Moreover, they were but a small portion of the supporters of the Anti-Slavery cause.

Uncle gave me a look that seemed to say that women were to be seen—not heard; and took up the conversation just where it had stood before my interference.

'Quite right, Doctor; but something must be done to put down these elements of disorganization, so rife among us. The church and the ministry are our only hope; and, I am sorry to say, these are becoming infected. Why, Messrs. M. & S. have left our church, Dr. H——'s church, because they are too righteous to commune with slave-holders!'

'I heard it with sorrow, Mr. Sewal; but, while we deplore their errors, we must not forget that they are brethren; sincere no doubt; but victims of a restless spirit of change and the pride of human reason. Let the mind once get loose from sound, orthodox moorings, and there is no telling where it will go; it is a melancholy fact. If these men were guided less by what they term reason, and more by a spirit of humility and prayer, they would be led to see how even human bondage may be reconciled with the law of love, and conduce to the salvation of this poor benighted race.

All the while, during this speech, I had felt, what aunt calls the "Lytton spirit" rising within me, and before the old gentleman ceased, it had risen to my lips. But I mastered it, and said quietly—"pardon me, sir. A few moments since, you were kind enough to explain to me, why such men as G. and S., cannot be instruments of Providence, and yet if I apprehend you right now, we are to view the miscreants employed in the slave trade as so many missionaries engaged in the conversion of souls."

Uncle arched his eyebrows to a point in surprise and horror, but the good old Doctor only smiled benevolently as he said—"What an absurd conclusion, my dear Miss Lytton; but a fair specimen of womanly logic. By no means, I would be the last to justify evil; but there are some things which we do not understand—some things permitted to us, as to the ancient Hebrews perhaps, on account of the hardness of our hearts. But *this we do know*: that God permits these, doubtless for some wise end that, though He moves in a mysterious way, He can and doth overrule them all for his own glory and the salvation of man. We must not attempt to pry into the secret counsels of the Almighty."

I disclaimed any such intention, seeing that a dozen lives would not suffice to comprehend the relations He had given us, though inspiration and nature, but as this was a subject connected with the degradation or elevation of man, I thought it might be discussed with all its bearings, without once being guilty of that sin. "But," I went on, "I do not feel convinced that my inference was incorrect. These men must either be doing right or wrong—serving God or the devil—carrying out His plans or acting in direct violation of that law which we are told is the fulfilment of all. And hypocritical, wicked, selfish men are, I do not believe one of them dare make to his own conscience the excuse that he is serving his Maker. They know it is wrong and unutterably selfish; but, as long as the wise and learned and pious alet them in their practice, they will continue to follow it. But that God sanctions such things," [Uncle gave me a look—why, such a one as Balaam might have given his ass; but my spirit was up and I kept on,] "that the infinite, all-wise Creator cannot carry out his plans without such agencies; that the unspeakable horrors of the slave-ship and the internal traffic, are a part of the divine economy; that millions of human beings must perish by the hands of their civilized brethren before a remnant can be saved, is what I cannot, will not believe. The intellect and heart revolt at it. I would sooner be a pagan, than accept such a God as that!"

Had a Paixhaun shot fallen in our midst, it could but have excited greater consternation and horror than my poor words. Uncle, with his silver fork arrested mid way between his mouth and the table, looked as if the powers of speech, and what he prizes quite as highly, mastication, had deserted him forever; Aunt sat down her tumbler, and crossed her hands with an indisputable air, as if she saw, behind my Abolitionism, Bloomerism, Woman's Rightsism, Fourierism, sedition, arson and murder; H forgot his usual *retence*, and sat pouring the gravy unconsciously over his plate, while the old Doctor, with a despondent shake of the head, said with a tone, in which grave reproof struggled with real kindness, replied—"Very likely, for, 'the carnal heart is at enmity' with God; and, my young friend, if we take your words as a criterion, I fear we shall find you look at this subject with anything but an eye of humble, trusting faith. You are tinctured with the besetting sin of the age, the pride of human reason, that blind guide which leads so many astray. It is a poor prop, my child—a poor prop, as you will find sooner or later. Not until you are willing to cast it aside and look at this great subject with an humble unquestioning spirit, will the wisdom of the overruling hand be made apparent to you. Not to the carnally minded, to the proud of heart, as these things made known, but to babes and sucklings."

Oh, old age! old age! white hairs and furrowed brows, what a power ye have to move this self-willed heart of mine! As I looked up in his face, and met the calm but faded blue eyes bent on me, half in sorrow, half in surprise, and thought how, in early youth the foundations of his faith had been laid in sincerity and prayer, how it had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until it enclosed him, as within a consecrated temple whose pillars were intertwined with dear heart memories, hopes that lived now, only in the light of faith, sorrows that had grown into hopes; I felt how worthy of all respect is every form or creed that has typified truth to the human soul, and stretching forth my hand to the old man, was about to try to translate something of this feeling into words when uncle's jaws collapsed, and he interrupted me in his coldest most frigid tones.

"Elizabeth, Miss Lytton—I am astonished, perfectly astonished to hear such sentiments advanced by a woman, and a relative of mine! Good heavens, what are we coming to? Let me tell you that the ladies of your mother's family found ample room for their talents in the sphere which God assigned them, domestic life. They were early taught that woman's province is to obey, not reason."

The tone aroused my antagonism at once and I said coolly—"Then, I am very sorry for them, uncle; for, wide as that sphere is, ignorant and narrow minded men can narrow it down, until it becomes little better than slavery.—Besides, as God has actually endowed them with reason, they must find it extremely difficult at times, to obey both God and man."

"I find no such difficulty," he condescended to reply, "but perhaps the wisdom of this age may enlighten me. As to ignorance and narrowness, of course, that is not the question with our family," and with an air that seemed to say, that the question of woman's right to a separate individuality was settled forever, he began discussing the new postal arrangements, which H. had started, and from that they went to "Non Intervention," Kossuth &c.

I felt choked, I care not how much a person differs from me, I can respect their motives and try to understand their views, if they will only let me speak out my thought, and respect that, as it is worthy. But this looking wisdom at all one says, this taking a poor soul's words with the tongs and throwing them out of the window, or fumigating them with salt and vinegar until there is no life in them, before they are permitted to cross the threshold, sickens me. I would have each one speak out his own convictions truly, and take them rich or poor, as a gift-send. We should loose something in smoothness and polish; many relations now detailed together with such care, would find themselves breaking apart, but we should be infinite gainers in honesty, harmony and truth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## POP GOES THE BOTTLE!

[Under the title of "Thrilling Adventure of a Young Lady," we find in the Philadelphia *City Item* a very comical story.]

"In one of the most sober towns of Hampshire County, where the Maine Law is strictly observed, the keeper of one of the hotels has for several months past kept a bottle or two of wine in the bed where he sleeps, taking care to remove them every night when he went to bed, and replace them when he got up in the morning. A few days since, after replenishing his bottles, and not having a good opportunity to carry them to his old quarters, he slipped them under the bolsters of one of the beds reserved for travellers, and being called out of town to spend the following day, forgot to remove them. It unfortunately happened that a young lady traveller stopped at the hotel for the night, and was conducted by an unsuspecting servant girl to the room where the liquors had been deposited. As the evening grew late, the young lady went to bed, and was soon fast asleep, little dreaming of the mischevious spirits which were working under her pillow. About midnight, when all had become still, the secreted liquor—owing to the heat of the weather, or the warmth imparted to it by the sleeper, expanded to such a degree as to defy longer confinement. Pop! pop! went the corks of both bottles, almost as loud as the report of so many pistols, and awaking the fair sleeper, who sprang from the bed, uttering such wild and terrific screams, that every person in the house was immediately aroused. The moon shone bright enough for the lady to discover the liquor on her night dress, and with the conviction that she had been shot, she fainted and fell to the floor. A dozen servants immediately burst in to the room, and was horrified to find her lying on the floor and weltering in blood! All believed that some horrible tragedy had been enacted, that she had either committed suicide or had been cruelly murdered. A light, however, convinced them that she still breathed. No time was lost in sending for a surgeon, whilst the half dressed inmates of the house commenced a search for the assassin or the instrument which had been employed to perpetrate the horrid deed. On examining the bed, it was found to be drenched with what was supposed to be blood of the young lady; but the strong smell of *wine* caused one to investigate further, when the two bottles were found under the pillow! How the doctor came, how the lady recovered, and how the landlord tried to hush up the affair the next day, can be better imagined than we can describe."

Mrs. Partington has received a very high, though deserved compliment. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his last lecture, said, "Humor is infinitely rarer than wit. I think there has been very little of it since Burns. Humor must have feeling in it; wit needs none.—Voltaire was a wit, *but Mrs. Partington's conversation with the omnibus driver has more feeling and humor than all he ever uttered.*" The best comment upon the remark is one furnished by the *Boston Post*. This is it:—"As regards the mutton custard," said Mrs. Partington, as she held up the spoon with which she was stirring the preserves, and let the trickle trickle back into the kettle in symptomic respiness, and stirred it again till the little yellow eyes that bubbled to the top seemed to snap and wink at Ike, who sat looking intently at the operation, till his eyes watered again. 'Mutton Custard, and she smiled as the idea stole across her mind, like the shadow of a cloud in summer over a green meadow full of dandelion blossoms and buttercups. 'Some new regimen for sick people, I dare say; but I hope it'll be better than the custards that widow Grudge used to make for the poor, God b