

# The Middlebury Gaily.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

VOLUME XIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1848.

NUMBER 27.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR.

TERMS OF VOLUME XIII.

Village subscribers, \$2.00  
Mail subscribers, within the State, \$1.50  
If not paid within the year, \$2.00  
Mail subscribers out of the State, \$2.00  
Individuals and Companies who take at the office, \$1.50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.  
Those who take of Postmasters, \$2.00  
No papers discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietor.  
All communications must be addressed to the Editor, Post Paid.

JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,  
PRINTS ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

## Poetry.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

She stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetest of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek and autumn flush  
Deeply ripen'd—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which wore blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light,  
That had also been all too bright.

And her hat, with steady brim,  
Made her tresses forehead dim—  
Till she stood amid the stalks,  
Praising God with sweetest words—  
Sure, I said, he'd did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf down and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blind as the morning breath of June  
The south-west breeze play;  
And through its haze the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer day.

The snow-plum'd angel of the north  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The dew-lark's bill-stroke gushes,  
The hill-side leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow breaks  
In singing with the brook.

"Dear up, O Mother Nature!" cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,  
"Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee!"

So in the winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear,  
Overcast, from memory's frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.

Revising Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And low beneath the winter's snow  
Lie gems of summer flowers.

The night is mother of the day,  
The winter of the spring,  
And ever upon old decay  
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the straight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all his works,  
Has left his Hope with all.

YOUNG IDEALS.—The habits of "loafing" destroys more young men in cities than all other causes put together. But there is a lackadaisical class of girls called "young ladies," who are in a worse way than these same young fellows. While their fathers, honest, laboring men, work early and late to make a living, and their mothers endeavor to keep them tidy, and cook their meals, these interesting creatures are loitering about, earning at nothing so much as the idea of learning the salt that seasons their food. You cannot induce them to do a little sewing by offering them double pay, lest they should be known to be "working girls," and lose all chances for the fashionable world. Interesting creatures!—doomed to helpless dependence through life, or to dead weight to duped husbands.

A PUZZLE.—Many of our friends are troubled in conscience on account of indebtedness. It is a fearful state of mind, and it is a pity that so many of our countrymen should be in such a state of mind. It is a pity that so many of our countrymen should be in such a state of mind. It is a pity that so many of our countrymen should be in such a state of mind.

Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens, and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects.

The failings of good men are common in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise.

A GENUINE ALCHYMIST.—The Day of Aigiers understanding that the Bey of Tunis, who had been dethroned, possessed the art of converting the baser metals into gold, restored him to his throne, on condition that he revealed the secret. The Bey sent him with much pomp and ceremony a plough!

## MISCELLANY.

From the American Traveller.

### MY FORTUNE'S MADE.

AN AMUSING TALE.

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

[The following story, though not exactly new, is well worth reading. It conveys an important lesson on the subject of Dress.]

My young friend Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always, to use a common saying, as if just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these was a young man named Edward Douglas, who was the very pink of neatness in all matters pertaining to dress, and receiving particular notice in the observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first, that if Douglas pleased his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person, and orderly by instinct, and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match may be a good one," replied my husband. I thought there was something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" said I, a little ironically, for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly, why not?" he replied. "I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic or sanguine; and did not mean in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm, and awakened some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor, looking like a very bright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper, her hair was in papers and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers, down at the heels.

"Eh, my dear, what is the matter—have you been sick?"

"No, why do you ask? Is my disheveled hair on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora; but my frank answer."

"Oh well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I. "Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say, replied Cora. 'My fortune's made, I've got a husband.'"

"Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend."

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness, in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be sorry to think that. He loves me for myself!"

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember that he cannot see what is in your mind, except by what you do or say. It is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to admire and approve your taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him so often in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes you pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires that when I go up the street or into company, I shall dress well—to say nothing of the pride one feels in looking well."

"And does not the common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eye of your dear husband, when you appear before him so often in your present unattractive attire, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty that they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed after a few months, that the habits of home were confining themselves, and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time, and employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance?"

The habits of Mr. Douglas, on the contrary, did not change. He was orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved—nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits in which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously, and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted any thing on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglas did not feel very much compelled, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner, would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table, with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a clean-shaven face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort is every thing," said Douglas.

"But common decency, Edward!"

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglas, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, with a slip-shod feet, and had like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shocking dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked!"

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"What has come over you all at once?"

"Nothing; only its such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as I had. So much saved, at any rate."

But Cora argued the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a good deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and what need I care about what others may say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglas appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were soiled and crumpled.

"Why, Edward, how you look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so—

"It's no matter—I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress is a waste of time, and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglas went off to his business much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was.—In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us. Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come till after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly, with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied, "no matter."

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglas. At first glance, I thought I had been mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up in stiff peaks, in almost a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guileless of a clean line for at least a same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unlaced; and there was an unaccountable hole in one of his shoes.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow! what is the matter? said my husband, for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other and trying to repress their risible tendencies, and there fore seemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe; why do you ask? Douglas looked grave."

"Well may we ask what the matter? broke in Cora, energetically. How could you come here in such a plight?"

"It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass on your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding, and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter; on my return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain—I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

It is amusing to note the errors contained in many of our exchanges. We do not claim that our own paper is free from them—on the contrary, we are frequently perplexed to find, after the entire edition was worked off, some egregious blunder of the compositor, making absolute nonsense of the sentence in which it occurs. It is exceedingly provoking when a whole sentence is so mutilated as to convey a meaning entirely opposite to what was intended by the writer,—yet such is frequently the case.

A few weeks ago, in recording a circumstance which took place in this city, we used the words, "procuring a gun, he snapped it at the unconscious object of his hate." The compositor made the last word of the sentence, "(rate)." We read the proof, marked the "villanous type" plainly as we could, and supposing all right, the edition was worked off. A day or two subsequently our attention was called to the article, when, lo! the sentence read "snapped it at the unconscious object of his (Pate)." But, when our wrath had spent its force upon the devoted head of the unlucky knight of the "compositing-stick," we took up one of our exchanges (of the democratic school, too,) by way of cooling-off, and read, "Thomas Jefferson, that great apostate of Civil and Religious Liberty," we felt that we were not alone in our trials. A professed democrat, we opine, would be the very last wittingly to speak of Jefferson, considered by them the "great Apostle of Democracy" as an "Apostate to Civil and Religious Liberty."

But our City coteries sometimes fall into the same difficulty. This was the case with our worthy neighbor, the Express, last week. At the close of a lengthy and well written Editorial on the subject of Temperance, (capital theme, by-the-way) are these words: "and the benighted suile of Heaven will amply reward our christian labors." It is clearly obvious that the writer intended to convey a different idea, viz: "the benignant smile" &c.

So, our readers will understand that Editors have their share of perplexity, which seems to be the common lot of all men—indeed, sometimes, in the language of the candidate of the Free Soil faction for President, "our sufferings is intolerable!"—The Lancaster (Pa.) Farmer.

How TO EDUCATE CHILDREN.—I was once present when an old mother, who had brought up a large family of children with eminent success, was asked by a young one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were not anxiously educated, and her reply was—"I think, my dear a little wholesome neglect."

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—Philosophical Apparatus.—In one of the rooms of the Smithsonian Institute is to be erected the philosophical machinery presented to the Institute by Dr. HARR of Philadelphia, and worth \$25,000. The chemical lecture room, on the next floor, has a groined ceiling, is heavily ribbed and foliated at the intersection of the ribs. The cloister has pillars, heavily capped with every variety of foliage.—The window glass, in the shape of the diamond fine crown, was imported from England. The inner doors are of Georgia pine, varnished; the outer are bronzed, ornamented with old Norman hinges and shields. The west wing, which is nearly complete, is highly ornamented, but of a heavier and more substantial structure than the east. The most distinguished feature is the apsis, a semi-circular projection, with vaulted roof and pillars.

FRESH BONES FOR HENS.

Those who keep their hens confined, will find it their advantage to keep them liberally supplied with ashes, lime, gravel, and pounded bones. These articles are highly beneficial—especially the latter, which, with a large per centum of animal matter, contains also another principle highly essential in the formation of the shells of the eggs. While on this subject, we would advise every one who keeps hens to provide them liberally with vegetable and animal food. When permitted to range about through the fields and gardens, a very considerable portion of their sustenance is obtained from insects, and if they are restricted and deprived of the privileges of seeking for themselves, they must be supplied, or they will become unhealthy, and an expense, rather than income to the farmer. We have known one or two doses of jalap relieve hens entirely from a desire to set; and, in our opinion, it is far better for the purpose than the cold-water cure. We have known English fowls to lay in three weeks afterwards.

The Whigs of Albany have had a grand mass meeting—from 6000 to 8000 present, notwithstanding a heavy rain; unanimous and enthusiastic, too. Gov. Seward and Hon. Christopher Morgan were the principal speakers.

THANKSGIVING. In Maine, Nov. 16; in Connecticut, Nov. 30th.

## GENERAL TAYLOR.

We have heard it remarked by some of the most intelligent and unbiased persons of our country that of all the eminent men who have filled the Presidency, or have been presented to the country as worthy of that high office, General Taylor approaches nearer to the character of General Washington than any other; and profound as is the respect which we cherish for the memory of some of those eminent citizens, and feel for the persons of others, we are free to confess our belief in the truth of the remark. The same simplicity of manners, the same modesty, plainness, temperance, courage, self-dependence, firmness, strong judgment, justice, moral purity, and indefatigable industry, which so eminently distinguished the Father of his Country, are found to mark, in a most striking degree, the character of Gen. Taylor. We have been led to give expression to this opinion by an article which we find in a Southern paper, tracing a parallel between the acts and published sentiments of these two illustrious men, the resemblance between whom, we honestly believe, will become more and more apparent with every new development of the mental, moral, and intellectual characteristics of the living hero. For the gratification of our readers we subjoin the article to which we have alluded: Nat. Intell.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS BULLETIN.

The feeling that there is a resemblance between General Washington and General Taylor has been a long time impressed upon the public mind, and it is remarkable that, since the days of Washington, no man but General Taylor has been thought to possess in any thing the same extraordinary character.

The following parallel, though hastily drawn, will show forth the reasons why General Taylor is thought to resemble General Washington; for it alludes only to matters familiar to all, but probably not before so intimately connected.

General Washington, occupied as he was by military matters, never abandoned the duties nor lost the character of one of the best practical planters of Virginia.

General Taylor, although he has been in active military service for more than forty years, is one of the most practical and successful farmers and planters in Louisiana.

When General Washington was called upon to sign a death warrant, he was filled with sorrow, and could hardly control his pen.

When the deserters of our army, taken at Buena Vista, were announced to General Taylor, he remarked that "blood enough had already been shed," and ordered that the wretches should be driven from our lines.

General Washington was distinguished for his strict temperance.

General Taylor never drinks any thing but water.

Every one under the command of Washington had the fullest reliance in his justice, and confidently applied to him when they thought they had been wronged or oppressed.

Every soldier in General Taylor's army, however humble, and in whatever difficulty, instantly looked to him for redress.

Gen. Washington made it a personal matter to see that his prisoners were well treated and cared for.

Gen. Taylor gave to La Vega a letter of credit, to use, if necessary, what a prisoner of war, and distributed provisions at Buena Vista, among the famishing Mexicans, to be at his own expense if not sanctioned by the Government.

Gen. Washington was seldom betrayed into the exhibition of great emotions.

Gen. Taylor, in a conversation with some gentlemen, recently, remarked that he had made it a study through life to control his feelings.

Gen. Washington distinguished himself before he was thirty years of age as a successful commander on the frontier.

Gen. Taylor, at the commencement of his military life, fought against the Indians, and defended Fort Harrison when he was but twenty-eight years of age.

Gen. Washington was remarkable for the clearness of his military dispatches, and for his epistolary correspondence.

Gen. Taylor's military exploits are not the causes of his popularity; they are only the occasions for the display of his sound judgment, energy of character, lofty and pure sense of justice, and incorruptible honesty. He has as much reputation for what he has written as for what he has done.—Gen. Persifer F. Smith.

Gen. Washington was never wounded in battle, although he severely contended engagements at Princeton, Monmouth, and Brandywine. He headed his troops, and was much exposed.

Gen. Taylor was never wounded in battle, although he always freely exposed himself to the enemy's fire, and at Buena Vista charged at the head of his troops in the last and most desperate struggle for victory.

Gen. Washington inspired his soldiers with the idea that his presence was sufficient to make them invincible.

Gen. Taylor's presence in any part of the field was sufficient not only to change despair into hope, but to give assurance of victory, and dispel all doubt of ultimate triumph.

Col. Briggs, methodical in his habits; and exacting of himself.

Gen. Taylor's up with the sun, and accomplishes a great deal of labor by his love of order, and never relaxes from his constant duties.

Gen. Washington rose with circumstances, and was ever equal to the task imposed upon him, whether in the field or cabinet.

I learnt of Gen. Taylor's sound judgment and inexhaustible energy in Florida, but I did not then properly estimate the other and higher points of his character. In the campaign on the Rio Grande I saw him tried under all circumstances, and he always came out pure gold."

Gen. Washington impressed all who beheld him with the sublime sense of his exalted character, and displayed it in the smallest as well as the most important acts of his life.

Every thing Gen. Taylor says, as every thing he does, is marked by the purity and greatness of his own character.

Gen. Washington while in the field, frequently wrote long and particular letters to the manager of his estate, regarding the kind of crops to be planted, and the disposition to be made of small tracts of land.—See his Correspondence.

Gen. Taylor has ever pursued the same course, and just before the battle of Buena Vista found time to write a long letter to his business agent, in which was mentioned the most minute particulars of the manner to carry on his plantation.

Washington's fame, on its first inception, called forth the admiration of the military chiefs of Prussia, Frederick the Great being

in his appreciation.

Stephens, the traveller, tells us that, while at Berlin, Baron Humboldt informed him that the present King of Prussia, and his military council had with the greatest interest followed Gen. Taylor through his whole route on the Rio Grande and fully appreciated his difficulties at Buena Vista.

Gen. Washington was remarkable for reading at once the character of those he came in contact with, and of putting true estimate on their value.

All who have intercourse with Gen. Taylor bear witness to his astonishing knowledge of men and of his true estimate of character.

Gen. Washington would only accept of the Presidency independent and untrammelled.

Gen. Taylor has repeatedly, in writing on the same subject, almost used General Washington's expressions, from a merely similarity of thought and feeling.

"Should it become absolutely necessary for me to occupy the station to which your letter pre-supposes me, (the Presidency,) I have determined to go into it perfectly free from all engagements of every nature whatsoever."

Washington to Lafayette.

"If elected to the Presidential office it must be without any agency of mine own, and for those duties I must go untrammelled by party pledges of every character."—Gen. Taylor to J. A. Berkley, Esq.

"I may, however, with great sincerity, and I believe, without offending against modesty or propriety, say to you, that I most heartily wish the choice to which you allude might fall upon me."—Washington to Gen. Lincoln.

"And could he be elected (some one more experienced in State affairs) I would not say that I would yield my pretensions, for I have not the vanity to believe that I have any for that distinguished station; but would acquiesce not only with pleasure in such arrangement, but would rejoice that the republic had selected a citizen more worthy and better qualified than I am, to discharge the important duties appertaining to that position, and no doubt there are thousands"—Gen. Taylor to J. R. Ingersoll.

The striking parallel between Gen. Washington and Gen. Taylor could be continued, but the subsequent events of Gen. Taylor's life will complete the resemblance, by placing him in the same high civil office, where he will wield a similar influence, not only for the good of his country, but for the good of mankind.—N. O. Bulletin.

## Vermont Legislature.

Reported for Walton's Daily Journal.

SENATE.

Thursday, A. M. Oct. 12.

Bills introduced. By Mr. Crawford to constitute the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Co. an incorporation of this State—read twice and referred to committee on roads.

By Mr. Walker in addition to the School law empowering districts to raise the amount of \$20 for the first year, and \$10 for succeeding years to purchase libraries—read twice and referred to committee on education.

Mr. Dean from the committee to wait on Mr. Pierpont to inform of his election &c. announced that the committee had performed that service and that Mr. Pierpont was in readiness to enter on his duties—whereupon the Lieut. Governor was inducted by the committee, took the oath of office, and after a pertinent address, took the chair. Mr. J. P. Kilder from the committee to wait on the Governor announced that they had performed that service. Mr. Chandler offered a resolution appointing Tuesday next 12 o'clock, A. M. for both Houses to proceed respectively to the election of an U. S. Senator, and for meeting immediately thereafter in joint assembly to complete the election—which was passed.

Mr. Fox presented the petition of Seth Smith, for a writ of habeas corpus, to prevent the removal of Benjamin to Orwell, which on motion of Mr. Fox was referred to a select committee of three, who were appointed and made to consist of Messrs. June, Walker and White.

The chair announced the following appointments, viz: Messrs. Hawke, Door keeper, Alpheus Tilden, assistant do.

The chair announced a communication from the Council of Censors recapitulating a resolution declaratory of the unconstitutionality of the act of last year requiring the return of the votes for County Senators in 4 days; and recommending its repeal, with the reasons for the same—which resolution was laid on the table, the Senate having anticipated the action recommended.

Reports of Committees. By Jud. Com. against the bill to repeal an act relating to French process and the same was rejected.

By the same in favor of the bill relating to suits at law, with certain amendments, which were made and the bill passed to its final reading.

Mr. Keyes offered a preamble and resolution communicating the obtaining of the cannon taken at the battle of Bennington, and for a meeting in the Representatives' Hall, at 6-1/2 o'clock P. M., Friday evening for a public reception of said ordinance—which was read and passed.

A communication was received from the Governor, fixing on 12 o'clock to-day, to take the oath of office, and 2 o'clock this afternoon for communicating his annual message.