The Middlebury Galaxy.

"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.

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JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR.

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

Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE MIDDLEBURY GALAXY.

"How prone, alas! to mar by stealth
That fame which is our neighbor's wealth!"

The mighty tempest now is o'er,
And party surges dash no more;
The Rubicon of doubt is past,
And freemen rule our land at last.

With "Teuton spunk," from day to day,
Who has not mingled in the fray,
And hard aspersions heard, or said,
Against the living and the dead?

How much, alas, is party strife
Unworthy our immortal life,—
Too oft a noble soul we blame,
Or aid the worthless on to fame.

The hearts which work a nation's good,
Deserve her freemen's gratitude;
What tho' we differ in our creeds,
Still bless great souls, for noble deeds.

Why should we waste in party strife
The pleasant harmonies of life?
Why with a brother should we fight,
When neither may be clearly right?

Let those who late in party strife
Were quick to seize the Slanderer's knife,
Mourn o'er the past,—in generous love,
Exchange the serpent for the dove.

Oh bury strife beneath thy feet,
Let neighbor, neighbor, kindly greet,
"For know, thyself art near allied
To angels, onthy better side!" E. N. H.

New Haven, Dec 5, 1848.

AGRICULTURAL.

WOOL GROWING.—ADDISON COUNTY.

The increased prices obtained for wool and the avidity with which it was sought in market, after the passage of the Tariff act of 1828, pointed to that business as more lucrative than any other. A majority of the farmers eagerly engaged in increasing their flocks of sheep. The result has been, that Addison county had, in 1840, in proportion either to territory or population, a greater number of sheep, and produced more wool, than any other county in the United States. To show the truth of this remark, I refer to facts drawn from the statistical tables accompanying the Census returns of 1840, and from other sources.

There are nine States which had more than one sheep to each inhabitant, to wit:—Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maine, Kentucky, Connecticut, and Ohio, with a fraction more than one;—New Hampshire and New York had about two and one-fourth, and Vermont more than five and three-fourths to each inhabitant. Should territory be regarded, Vermont will be found to have 185, New York 112 and New Hampshire 65, to the square mile.

Addison county, when compared with the other counties in the State, will be found to have eleven and six hundredths, Rutland eight and eighty-five hundredths, Grand Isle seven and four hundredths, and Bennington six and nineteen hundredths, to each inhabitant. If territory be regarded, Addison has three hundred and seventy-three, Grand Isle three hundred and thirty-four, Rutland two hundred and eighty three, Windsor two hundred and sixty-one, Orange two hundred and forty, and Chittenden two hundred and twenty-one, to the square mile. Taking eleven towns, most favorable to the keeping of sheep, one half the number in the county, and they will be found to have possessed more than one sheep in each acre of improved and unimproved land in those towns, or more than six hundred and forty to the square mile.

This array of figures is no idle speculation. They represent facts, which show the immense stake the farmers of Addison county possess, in this branch of husbandry. No section of the United States, perhaps I might say of the world, being now so exclusively engaged in it. The peculiar and excellent grazing qualities of our soil combined with other circumstances, would seem to indicate to the farmer, that he should still pursue it, as being likely to afford greater nett profits, all things considered, than any other.—GOV. JENISON.—*Address before the Addison County Agricultural Society*, 1844.

BEEF LAW IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A friend of ours, who sometimes sends, cattle to Brighton, made some inquiries of us, in regard to the rules of the butchers in that State, respecting the dressing and weighing of beef cattle. The following is an extract from a law in that State, in regard to it, which will answer his queries.

"All beef cattle, except bulls, sold in market by weight, shall, when slaughtered, be prepared for weighing in the following manner:—The legs shall be taken off at the knee and gambrel joint, the skin shall be taken from all other parts of the animal; the head shall be taken off at the second joint of the neck; the entrails taken out, and all the fat of the same be taken off and weighed as rough tallow, and every other part of the animal, excepting the hide and rough tallow, (the udder of cows excepted,) shall be weighed.

"All beef shall be weighed upon the first week day succeeding that on which it may be slaughtered."

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

CHAPTER I.

She pressed back the curls from her aching brow
With her fingers wan and white;
And the marriage ring, with its golden bead,
Shone out in the dim twilight.
He gave that ring as a pledge of his truth,
And he could not desert her now!
Of a promise made in the sight of Heaven,
And he could not break that vow!

OH, no—he had only meant to try her faith by that terrible letter—it could not be that he had left her forever—it was too base an action for that noble heart; that heart in which she had reposed her happiness with a woman's pure and holy faith! As these thoughts passed rapidly through her bewildered mind, Lucy Clare looked again with straining vision through the gathering gloom of eventide, and her beautiful face was lighted by anticipation, for her ear had caught a sound, and she fancied it was the pacing of his horse upon the shaded path. Another disappointment—again her face was overclouded, as she watched the gloomy avenue in vain; no form emerged from it, horse and rider were far distant. The dark, old trees swayed heavily in the evening wind, and the dull and solemn music that they gave forth was in unison with her feelings. But save that dirge-like strain, and the lighter rustle of the ivy wreaths that draped her window, no sound came to her ear for long hours, though she started oftentimes, assured that she heard his tread upon the portico, or even upon the very threshold.

Then she turned sick-hearted from the casement, and grasping the fatal letter that had told her of her own wrong, and her husband's shame, moved to a glittering candelabra that had shed its soft light unheeded near her. There was a deep red spot upon her cheek, and the veined lids of her soft, blue eyes, "heavy with the heart's dampness," drooped yet more as the well-known characters met her view.

"Lucy—my wife! It is the last time that I shall ever call you by that hallowed name. My soul is sullied by perjury, for I have falsely broken the vow that I had made before high heaven to cherish and protect you, even with my life. Base one that I am, with that vow ringing in my ears, I leave you for another, and cast off every tie that has bound me to innocence and virtue. I dare not ask you to pray for me—even your gentle heart must curse one who has betrayed its perfect trust. But think of me sometimes, will you not?—with pity, God knows I need it even now. Do not curse me, my Lucy—mine, alas! no longer."

"And may God forgive thee! Arthur, my husband, for come what may, in life or death, we cannot be wholly divided!"

She pressed her hand convulsively to her heart as if to still its thick throbbings, while her breath came fast and painfully, till the light drops of the candelabra flashed to and fro, quivering and glittering in a thousand brilliant hues. She had grasped the gilded shaft of her harp for support while reading; but weary and exhausted, worn with watching and anxiety, her strength at last gave way; her hand loosed its hold; her heart fluttered with a quick, nervous movement, and with a long, low sob of agony she fell upon the thick carpet as if dead. Could there be life in these rigid and motionless limbs?

It was near midnight when the old housekeeper, who had in vain sought to soothe the terrible anxiety of her mistress, frightened by the unbroken silence that had so long reigned within, entered the room unbidden. The trance had given place to a disturbed and uneasy slumber; with head pillowed upon her arms, and her hair unbound falling in masses upon her bosom, Lucy Clare had for a time forgotten her misery. No, it was not wholly forgotten, for she moaned the name of her husband, and seemed begging him not to leave her *all* alone—not to destroy the happiness which lived upon his smiles and tender words. "Your own Lucy," she murmured; "call me your sweet wife; clasp me once more to your heart!"

"Poor creature—dear child," said the old lady, as she bore her slight form to the next apartment—as easily as if it had been an infant's—and when she had tenderly arranged her for the night, so gently that Lucy knew it not, she sat beside her, watching the restless movements until they gave place to a heavy slumber.

The moonbeams rested upon the forehead of the sleeper. Alas! a warmer good night kiss had been wont to rest there.

CHAPTER II.

"The beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked and asked not
For treachery hidden there.

——Young love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing." S. P. SMITH.

SCARCE ten years before this dream of felicity was so rudely dispelled, the bells of the village church welcomed with a merry peal the entrance of that young creature to the home now so desolate. Then a happy bride—now a deserted wife! And when Arthur Clare gave a mistress to the halls of his fathers, he gazed with a look of idolatry upon her; few idols were so worthy as was Lucy of the homage she received; for well might he be proud of his beautiful wife. An orphan from her earliest remembrance, she had known few to love, and the affection that had been so long repressed in her gentle heart was now yielded warmly and unreservedly, and that affection gave a soft light to her glad, blue eyes, and a tender beauty to her delicate mouth that smiled on him, who was far dearer than aught else in the wide world to her.

With no earthly sorrow, no vexing care to annoy them, what wonder that peace and love dwelt in the happy mansion. A year passed thus, and then came a serpent to their Eden. Eveline Gray was a cousin of the gentle Lucy, but she bore no resemblance to her, save that at times she could wear the same winning smile, and speak in her low, sweet voice. She was beautiful—gloriously beautiful!—and Lucy looked when near her like the gentle lily that hides its head in the green moss of the valley when placed by the gardener's hand, beside the queenly camelia that blooms for the admiration of thousands.

But the heart of the proud Eveline was false, and her nature most base and artful. She had vowed to steal from her sweet cousin the love that she in her innocence deemed unchangeable. Little did Lucy know the heart of man—little did she dream of the sorrow so near at hand, as unconsciously she aided in the scheme her cousin had prepared; for when Eveline's white hands swept the harp strings, and her brilliant voice floated in glorious strains through the hushed room, Lucy would listen in wrapt attention and beg for another, and another song; then as Eveline, well pleased, granted the request, Lucy bade her husband mark the graceful curve of her beautiful arm, or the proud stateliness of her snowy neck, 'quivering in the tide of song.' Strange that an angel-like form should so often enshrine the basest heart, filled with pride, passion and treachery! Lucy would have shrunk from that enwreathing arm as from a serpent, could she have read the purposes of the friend whom she so trusted; her mind was too pure to comprehend guilt, such as jealous love and wounded pride had conceived. Eveline had loved Arthur Clare, and before he met the gentle girl whom he had made his wife, she dreamed that her love was returned. She saw it was but a dream, and then her pride was roused: pride that with all her glorious beauty and her dazzling intellect, a child, graceful and fairy-like it is true, but still a child in comparison with herself, should be preferred before her. She had vowed revenge, but though it was delayed, it was not the less certain.

She had studied Arthur's character. She knew that acting from impulse, though noble and affectionate, he was changeable and easily influenced. So she veiled her anger under a pleasant seeming, and when she knew that the first romance of their love was passed, she came to their home little doubting that a new object for his attentions would be gladly welcomed.

But Arthur truly loved his wife, and for a time that love was his safe-guard. There were moments when the full dreamy eyes of Eveline would be fixed on him, as she spoke bitterly of the misery of a heart that had wasted its deepest, holiest love on one who looked upon it as a stranger—when he would almost wish to press her snowy hand to his lips, his heart, and tell her that he loved her, guilty though it might be. Then the sorrowful face of her who had trusted love and life to him would float before his vision, and he would turn from the beautiful, but erring woman at his side, and seek tranquillity and safety in the sweet presence of his wife. Yet he still listened to the tempter; though for a time her image would be banished, it was but to return again, and a thousand times more radiant than before, hovering near his couch in the hush of midnight, contesting still a place in his heart. Then though he saw the features of his wife lovely in the repose of calm and innocent slumber, he would turn madly away and almost hate her as a bar to his future happiness.

At last weakness and vacillation became guilt, and he fled with Eveline Gray to a foreign land, leaving in her trust and blindness the gentle Lucy, to whose unsuspecting heart the truth came with a terrible force, that for a time threatened to destroy the life that henceforth she felt would be but a burden. A life that she would gladly have yielded could she have breathed it out upon his bosom, cheered by the thought that his love was still her own.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh! wedded love—how beautiful—
How pure a thing thou art!

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thine own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death, is by thy side?" MOORE.

"EVELINE, *I will see my husband.* You cannot, shall not detain me from his bedside. I know that he is dying—you too may deny it not—you too know that he will not see the setting of another sun. And yet I will not be driven away, *I*, who am his lawful wife. You will not be so cruel!"

"Lucy Clare," said Eveline, coldly and haughtily, "you have been misinformed; he has yet many years to live if you do not by your rashness hasten the death you say you would give your life to avert. I beg that at present the sick room may be undisturbed; when he awakes, if it is his wish, you shall be admitted."

"It is false—you know his life hangs by a thread, and if I see him not within the hour, they tell me I shall never listen to his voice again. Stand back—I will enter—you will drive me mad."

Ere the outstretched arm of Eveline could detain her she had flown by the astonished attendants, and with a long cry of mingled joy and terror had thrown herself beside the couch, where pale and emaciated lay the once brilliant Arthur Clare. But she started back wildly, for the face of the sleeper was like that of the dead, and the feeble breath that still fluttered to and fro disturbed not the bloodless lips.

"Oh! God, he is dead! I am too late—too late. Speak to me, dear one—look up once more!" And as if to obey these wild, heart-broken ejaculations, a faint smile stole over the wan lips, and she felt the hand that grasped his feebly pressed, while a low voice whispered—

"My wife!—do I dream?"

"No, thank heaven, it is not a dream—you live—you are awake—it is Lucy, dearest—your own Lucy, come to be with you again forever."

But the hand that for a moment he had feebly clasped was again released, and he shuddered and moaned as he turned from the deep gaze of those love-lit eyes. The thought of his great sin came to him, and he felt it was not his right to clasp that dear hand and to listen to words of love and tenderness from her whom he had so wronged.

But his wife quickly noted the movement, and guessed the thoughts that convulsed every feature with stifled pain. She wound her fair arms around him, and supporting his drooping head as a mother would that of a tender infant, said, "turn not from me, Arthur, my beloved! What though you have sinned, repentance has been most bitter; the stain is departed; God will forgive you even as I have done."

Holy and beautiful was the picture, showing forth woman's love triumphing over pride and cruel desertion. And though Eveline Gray would have disturbed it, she dared not, but shrank back, for even her haughty spirit quailed before the scene that met her gaze. The golden rays of one of Italy's most glorious sunsets had stolen in and lingered about the couch of the dying man. The head of Arthur rested upon the bosom of his wife, and his dark spiritual eyes were fixed upon her, as if he feared that her presence was a blissful delusion, that would vanish with his waking; and she, with the sunbeams resting in the golden curls that fell over them both as a halo, and her soft, blue eyes peaceful and serene, seemed as a guardian angel come to cheer the last moments of him who would soon depart for a far land.

"My husband," murmured Lucy, as she bent over him, "wonder not that you see me with you. The tidings came that he whom I yet loved deeply and holily was dying afar among strangers, and that none but she who had ruined my peace watched over him. They said that even her love had grown cold. Then came a voice in the stillness of eventide, 'go to him—it should be your care to soothe and to serve.' I felt in my heart that you would receive me, that you would not turn from me now. So I braved the anger of friends who would have detained me from you, for they said it was unwomanly to seek one who had deserted me for another. I did not mean to speak harshly, dearest, forgive me—look up once more. Oh! I have dreamed of this hour, and now it has arrived; again and again have I thought that your clear eyes were looking with love once more into my own, that your kisses were on my lips. But that vision faded, I woke to find you far distant—but this is reality, and I am happy, oh! so happy. I fear my heart will break for very joy, for now that I am here I know that the dark shadows will pass away, the hand of death *will be stayed.* You cannot die dear, dear husband."

"I am content to die, my sweet Lucy, for I have once more seen that dear face, and have listened to words of forgiveness from those sweet lips. Yes, I must die my darling, for it cannot be with us as in days of old, and I could not bear another separation. Do not leave me now—but a little while and I shall be no more."

Slowly and gorgeously died away that sunset sky. Ray after ray of crimson and gold brightened, deepened, and then faded to the ashen hue that veils the whole heavens, till the moon in her midnight pathway silvers them again. And thus fitfully and slow departed the life of Arthur Clare; his last sigh was breathed folded to the heart of his long lost wife; and with the last sunset beam his spirit departed.

Is not forgiveness the holiest principle of human love?

READING ALOUD.

A book is ten-fold a book, when read in the company of beloved friends, by the ruddy fire, on the wintry evening; and no commentaries, or notes *Variorum*, are comparable to the interrupted sayings of the wife and sister, or the merry ejaculations of the listening child. A good voice, a just intonation, and a quiet but animated delivery, secure far more of the soul of the great author, than any amount of closet study. It is delightful to feel that the delight is shared by so many. There is frugality of time in reading good books aloud. The matron goes on with her stocking; the girls ply the nimble needle; Jack and Tom work away at carving and joinery; the very child that rolls on the carpet or plays with puss is unimpeded in his pursuits; all the while the stream of knowledge and entertainment is gently flowing into the wakeful ear. Glances from bright eyes, smiles, and laughter, or perhaps the sigh and tear, bear witness to the stroke of wit, or the touch of pathos. To make a pleasure, otherwise solitary, one of social love, is to exalt it; this takes place when some stirring old history is read aloud in the family group. Ancient stories were made to be orally delivered: among the Greeks, we know, they were pronounced before thousands; among the Romans, in crowded saloons of the great; it is little enough if we do the like by our firesides.

Poetry, which by its numbers addresses itself directly to the ear, is robbed of half its charms if perused in silence. The taste for rhythmical composition is awakened and cultivated by social reading. The legend goes home to the imagination with accumulated force when uttered by a belored voice. There is magic in the human organ, which the dead letter of the page can never rival, and which leaves deep traces on the memory. Though the great poet writes it for solitary lucubration, I would claim it also for the domestic circle, to rise on the wings of genius, when tragedy

"In sceptred pall comes sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage."

Who does not remember some illumined evening, in which faces, now removed, shone more brightly at the recital of some great action, and where the thrill of exquisite awe ran through the entire assemblage of hearts in unison? For such enjoyments, we might be willing to sacrifice a few hours of recluse literature, which but for these interruptions, might grow moody, selfish and unfruitful. Let us bathe our intellectual pleasures in domestic affection. So rich are the stores of written learning, that we may, on these sacred occasions, deal chiefly with master pieces; the choice morsels of human wisdom. Selection is more apt to be guarded, and equivocal matter is more sure to be banished, where the wife and daughter are to be listeners.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purpled rose a figure of heartfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower, hope beams forth from the evergreen, peace from the olive-branch, immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the blue, fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural history and fidelity by the oakleaf; unassumingness by the corn-flower, (the cyane,) and the auriculas,—"how friendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes."—Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping-willow, sadness by the angelica, shuddering by the aspen, melancholy by the cypress, desire of meeting again by the startwort; the night smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do!

A LADY'S MOTHER WHO'S "SOME."—The following notification was published in the Springfield (Ohio) Republic, of the 26th ult:

TO DICK LOGAN—If you want my girl, why don't you come and ask me like a gentleman, and not be making a fool of her? She can get a better looking man than you. I want you to send back the landlady's trunk, for the landlady thinks hard of me about it.

If my daughter, Lila Macklin, wants to marry as black a man as Dick, let her come home and do the thing right. Lila, your mother feels very bad, after doing so much for you, to have you do this way. Do come home. There's a fellow in Xenia now, nearly dying for you, and wants to marry you. He's a great deal better than Dick, and you'd better come home.

ELIZA MACKLIN, Xenia, O.

☞ A Boston loafer was brought up under the city ordinance for being found drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was again arraigned. "No you don't, Judge," said he, "I knows the law, one dollar for each offence, *and this is the same old drunk.*"

STILL ANOTHER NEW PATHY.—The last new medical treatment imported from Europe, is called *Isopathy.* The principle is to place the diseased part the similar organ taken from a healthy animal. If your heart is diseased, why cover it with the heart of a sturdy bullock!

MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.—I never knew a marriage for money, that did not end unhappily. Yet managing mothers and heartless daughters are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because women think they will not have a better chance, and dread being dependent. Such marriages, no doubt, sometimes prove tolerably comfortable, but a greater number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my observation of such matters, marrying for a home makes that home a very tiresome one.—*Mrs. Child.*

AN UNLUCKY SURPRISE.—A professor in a university, during a botanic lecture, took great pride in a discovery he had made of a very uncommon species of the nettle, but that it did not sting. A wag, in the secret, had unluckily changed the specimen, and introduced the common nettle in its room. 'You see gentlemen,' said the professor, 'that it does not sting.'—He then applied his hand to it, and with eager astonishment, added, '*Confound it, but it does sting!*'

IDLENESS.—Said the distinguished Chatham to his son, 'I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed and the walls of your chamber, If you do not rise early you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself, or any one else to break in upon them your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'

TO THE HUSBAND.

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless wo
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply,
The cold demeanor and reproving eye.
The death steel pierces not with keener dart
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

The frail being by thy side is of finer mould; keener her sense of pain, of wrong, greater her love of tenderness. How delicately tuned her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard, but felt. It wears away her life like a deep under current, while the fair mirror of the changing surface gives not one sign of woe.

INTEMPERANCE.—President Jefferson once said: "The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes; and were I to commence my administration again, with the experience I now have, the first question, I would ask, respecting a candidate, would be, 'Does he use ardent spirits!'"

A DELICATE HINT.—The Secretary of the Navy not long since received a letter, neatly directed in a lady's handwriting, which enclosed the announcement, cut from a newspaper, of the marriage of a young officer in the Navy, and a reference to the 24th chapter of Deuteronomy and the 5th verse.

We trust that the Secretary, who is distinguished for his gallantry and good nature, has done his duty in the premises, and complied with the request. The passage referred to is as follows:

"When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business; but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he has taken."

TASTE IN NAMES.—Several new papers recently started in the city of Mexico, have for their titles *El Punal de Bruto* (the dagger of Brutus,) *El Fantasma Vengador* (the spirit of Vengeance,) *El Inferno* (Hell,) and others with no less terrible names.

CHANGES IN MAN'S LIFE.—About five years ago we saw a man light his cigar with a twenty dollar note of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. At that time he was full of life, and in the possession of real estate in the city of Philadelphia valued at $80,000. Alas! what changes doth Time make—on Saturday last this foolish man was seen begging alms in our public streets. He looked wretched, was ghastly pale, and miserably clad.—*Pennsylvanian.*

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.—To the daughter we should say, that no favorite can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and your feet will slide in due time. How many thoughtless daughters receive addresses clandestinely, against the wish of their parents, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of their earthly happiness.—He who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself, in that very deed, unworthy of your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will have exchanged a sympathising friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, for a selfish, unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglecting you in health, and deserting you when sick.

EDITORIAL PROVERBS.—We find the following in one of our exchanges. It contains wholesome advice, applicable to all latitudes—and the last two paragraphs, we commend especially to the notice of our correspondents, some of whom may derive both advantage and consolation from the perusal.

When thou goest to a printing office, talk not to the compositors, nor meddle with anything which thou mayst see there.

If thou bringest a writing for publication, withhold not from the editor the name of the author thereof, lest thou seemest to deal fraudulently, nor ask of him who hath written a certain piece, lest he may not wish to tell thee.

Let the writing which thou mayst bring be legible, lest much time be lost in decyphering it, and be not too long, else no one will read it; but see to it that thy style is clear and thy words simple, that all may understand thee.

And take no offence if thy piece be not published, for it might have injured thee or dishonored thy friends, and it may be that the editor hath other pieces better than thine.

THE NEW YORK BAR.—Some gentlemen of the bar lately made a calculation by which it appears that their aggregate nett receipts are so small as not to furnish over $250 a year to at least one third of the members of the legal profession.—There are over 900 Attorneys in New York, and it is believed 200 of these do not earn $200 a year.

"CRAB ORCHARD TOO."—The *Knoxville Tribune* tells as good an election story as can be found. There is a place in the mountains of East Tennessee called "Crab Orchard."—It was once said there, by a worthy preacher, that "the Lord had sent preachers into the world and *to Crab Orchard, too.*" In the late election campaign, a Col. Haynes went down to Crab Orchard to preach Loco-Focoism among the mountaineers. He preached three hours alone, with no human being to oppose him, and thought his chance for converts was capital. The mountain chaps listened, quiet as lambs, and were very respectful. Then came the election, and the vote of Crab Orchard stood thus:

Taylor 87 Cass 0!

VULGARITY OF LIFE.—Man is so inclined to give himself up to common pursuits, the mind becomes so easily dulled to impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that one should take all possible means to awaken one's perceptive faculty to such objects; for one can entirely dispense with these pleasures; and it is only the being accustomed to the enjoyment of anything good that causes many men to find pleasure in tasteless and trivial objects, which have no recommendation but that of novelty. One ought every day, to hear a little song, to read a little poetry, see a good picture, and, if it is possible, to say a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

DRESS.—An eminent judge, and a pre-eminent judge of human nature, observes: "It is an observation I have always made, that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with a dirty pair of boots, old coat, soiled neck-cloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. He may, *en dishabille*, curse and swear, speak roughly and think coarsely, but put the same man in full dress, and he will feel himself quite another person. To use the language of a blackguard, would then be out of character; he will talk smoothly, affect politeness, if he has it not, pique himself upon good manners, and respect the women; nor will the spell subside, until returning home, the old coat, the heelless slippers, and other slovenly appendages, make him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman."

FATHER TAYLOR ON GOV. BRIGGS.—At the close of his services yesterday afternoon, Father Taylor held up the Governor's Proclamation, appointing a day of Thanksgiving, and said:—"Brethren, I would read this paper, if I had strength enough left to do it. It is very long, and as good as it is long. It ends with the prayer, 'God save the Commonwealth!'—Thank God, brethren, that was done a week ago!"—*Journal, 27th.*

ONE FRIEND.—How pleasant a thing it is to have one friend to whom we can go and unbosom our feelings when the world is harsh with us, and darkness has settled on the fair face of nature. At such a time, a heart to counsel and advise with us—that will manifest feeling and sympathy—is above all price. The out-gushings of love and tenderness revive and cheer—drive away the sadness from the bosom and brighten the heavens again. He who has one friend to whom he can go in the hour of adversity, can never be wholly cast down—can never be driven to despair. The world—dark as it may sometimes be—will always contain one bright spot.—Beautiful spot!—it will grow brighter, till the stricken heart partakes of the fulness of joy and is cast down no more forever.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

GRAND DIVISION OF VERMONT.

Annual session in the month of October, at Montpelier. First quarterly session, Wednesday, 10th of January, at Woodstock; second, Wednesday, 25th of April, at Brattleboro; third, Tuesday, 24th of July, at Middlebury.

OFFICERS FOR 1848 AND 1849.

Thos. E. Powers, of Woodstock, G. W. P.
A. D. Putnam, of Brattleboro, G. W. A.
Wm. W Wells, of Waterbury, G. Scribe.
Wm. Carpenter, of Waterbury, G. T.
Eli Ballou, of Montpelier, G. Chaplain.
Daniel Lothian, of Stowe, G. Conductor.
Benj. F. Sheldon, of Windsor, G. Sen.

Number of Divisions and their Location.

No. 1 at Bennington; No. 2 at Brattleboro; No. 3 at Waterbury; No. 4 at Stowe; No. 5 at Montpelier; No 6 at Windsor; No. 7 at Woodstock; No. 8 at Vergennes; No. 9 at Middlebury.

☞ The *Union* has a long article urging the settlement of the Wilmot Proviso question during this session. It says:

"The South is perfectly willing to adjust this question in the most conciliatory spirit. As far as we are advised, it is perfectly willing to divide the country between them on the principle of the Missouri Compromise—giving the North the lion's share. If the North rejects this proposition on the ground that the territory is now free, and they will never consent to settle it with Slaves, then the South proposes to leave the whole question to the decision of the legal tribunals of the country, on the principle of Mr. Clayton's bill. If this proposition be rejected, then they propose to do nothing by law, and leave the matter to be settled by the laws and the Constitution of the land."

☞ The Union kindly informs Gen. Taylor that he will not find his position as President "a bed of roses." Thank you sir! The old hero will be prepared for it. He has slept in a blanket on the ground many and many a time, and will not require a "bed of roses" to make him comfortable and at his ease!—*Alex. Gaz.*

MADAME RESTELL.—This creature was not pardoned by Gov. Young, but it is said the Sheriff released her from prison on his own responsibility. He did so on the ground that the time she was in prison awaiting her trial should be deducted from the term of her sentence.

IMPORTANT TRIAL.—A trial of interest has just been concluded at Charleston, that of Francis Vanochi, for the murder of Robert F. Henry, one of the wealthiest men in Charleston. Henry's estate is valued at a million of dollars. Venuchi is an exhibitor of wax figures. The killing occurred from a belief on the part of the prisoner that the deceased had invaded his matrimonial rights. The trial occupied three days, during which time the court house was densely crowded, and terminated in a verdict of not guilty. The result of this trial should serve as a warning against violations of the established course of justice. The public mind had been so inflamed against the prisoner, that a short time before the trial it was strongly urged that he should be taken by force from the jail, and hanged without the form of trial; and yet, when the verdict of not guilty was returned, it was received with loud applause by the crowded assembly, so great was the change produced by a fair and impartial hearing of his defence by counsel.

☞ The election of General Taylor to the Presidency will not occasion a vacancy in the regular line of the army, as the law which created the office of Major General, which he now holds, abolishes it in the event of death, resignation, or dismissal.

GEN. TAYLOR AND FREE SOIL.—We have in our possession *the original letter* of Gen. Taylor, duly signed in the bold hand of Old Zack, denying the reported conversation of the Committee of the Mississippi Legislature. We have also in our possession, another original letter of Gen. Taylor, in which he declares he will if elected President, exert himself to the utmost to defeat all attempts to violate the territory of Mexico, by pretended "Buffalo hunts." And still another original letter, in which he says he is opposed to any farther acquisition of territory. The *Register* may be assured that Gen. Taylor is sound on all these questions, and that he will no more veto a Wilmot Proviso, than he will cut off his right hand.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A THANKSGIVING DAY ANECDOTE.—The Hagerstown (Md.) Pledge tells the following story of two men from Pennsylvania, who came to that town to sell marketing on Thanksgiving Day:

When they entered the town they were very much astonished at hearing the church bells ring, and seeing the stores and shops all shut up, and people all dressed in their Sunday rigging. As they approached the square, a wag, who was near, seeing how the matter stood, observed, "don't you know this is Sunday?" They both declared they did not.—Then said the wag, "this is Sunday, and if the police comes across you selling your marketing here to-day, you will find it out to your cost." The men soon began to think of leaving, not, however, before remarking "that they could not account for its being Sunday; but, as their almanacs did not always tell the truth in regard to the falling of rain and snow on the day appointed, they were just as liable to make a mistake as regards the day on which Sunday might fall, as in any thing else. "And," said they, "the people in our parts are all working to-day, and in fact, we did not know of to-day being Sunday." The men then disappeared.

The National Era mentions a rumor that Mr. Bullit, of the New Orleans Picayune, is to be taken to Washington as the organ of the Taylor administration.