

VERMONT PHOENIX.

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VERMONT PHOENIX.

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NEVER LOOK S'ND.

Never look sad—nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cheerful way,
And he'll seek other quarters tomorrow.
Long you'd not weep, would you but weep—
At his bright side of every trial;
For, you'll find, it is often so kind,
What chilling your hopes with denial.
Let the sad day carry away
Its own little burden of sorrow;
Or, may you miss half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.
When busy is wrecked, pause and reflect
If error occasioned your sadness;
It is he, however you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.

For the Phoenix.

A greater proportion of happiness is rifled from us by trifles, than by those sweeping misfortunes generally denominated afflictions.—These seldom cast unbroken shadow over a great proportion of life as regards time, and are usually endured or resisted by the concentrated energies of mind and the sustaining power of numberless happy circumstances, clinging to the lot of the most unfortunate, especially if humble desirers of "hearts void of offense towards God and man."

But it is in the sunny walks of existence, the every day prosperity of common life, the greatest amount of pure and rational enjoyment each enjoys us; (for there is brotherhood in woe too deep, too strong to be broken by the evils that swim upon the surface.) A smoky chimney perhaps, or a broken dish, dissipates many a scene of domestic pleasure—serving up a bitter desert to "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The sunshine of smiles, flies before the clouds of anger and disgust—the harmony of pleasant sounds is broken by the harmonic blast. Now, since the flue of the chimney cannot be bettered by making it the vent of angry feelings,—nor the dish restored by the clattering of an unbridled tongue—why throw after them the repose and happiness of immortal spirits? It is like immolating the living upon the funeral pyre of the dead! Is a day usually prolific in petty vexations?—Policy then requires us, as seekers for happiness, to bring from the resources of our souls a proportionate share of forbearance and good humor in order to bring good from evil, otherwise we shall suffer the loss of our own self-possession, and probably destroy that of our companions. Is it washing day—or from any other cause a day of unusual haste and toil,—every thing at "sixes and sevens."—Surely then we should bring the sunshine of a kind and well ordered spirit to repair the breaches and "make the waste places rejoice."

It is enough that order and harmony have, for a time, lost their supremacy in our external circumstances, without driving them from the mind also. I know it has become a common saying, that to be a good house-wife, one must be a finished scold. But even were it true, who that carries a kindly, social heart, would not rather abate some portion of household polish and arrangement, to escape that continual dropping which wears away the gentleness of the spirit?

But I deny, that fretful fault-finding ever promotes even the external comfort and prosperity of a family; it soon becomes as the "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal," as to the production of the desired effect; and to enjoyment of mind it is like a death knell, dispersing those who may run—exciting those who cannot, to dogged endurance or ill natured rejoinder. It is often urged by way of excuse, that we cannot under all circumstances preserve the equilibrium of good humor. I make no counter assertions, but I ask how it is that the entrance of friend, acquaintance and even strangers, instantly checks the unpleasant outpouring and renews smiles? Are they dearer to us than our own domestic circle? Is their good opinion—in their good will of more consequence to us? Nay; is then the spirit of kindness rule in the domestic circle: let the motive and the matter be love even in reproof. I ask it in the name of Heaven, for God requires it; I ask it for humanity's sake; and that around your tom-toms, as the halo of your existence here, the sunshine of pleasant memories and the music of pleasant sounds may hover like a blessed spirit to soothe and encourage the virtuous sympathies of the dear ones, you may leave behind.

Townsend, 1840.

C. J. H. C.

Industry will make a man a purse; and Frugality will give him strings to it. This purse will cost him nothing. Draw the strings as Frugality directs, and you will never fail to find a useful penny at the bottom.

A young lady being asked to subscribe to the Lady's Bazaar, replied with a quiet smile of the left eye, that she had already agreed to take a Ladies' Companion.

TO U—The vowels which create more disagreeable sensations in the minds of honest men, than all the rest of the alphabet together.

"I'm car rid far enough," as the fellow said when the locomotive ran over him.

A writer in the New-York Express, who signs himself JONATHAN SLICK, and who hails from Wethersfield in Connecticut, is amusing the public with a series of letters, in which he describes city life among "fashionables" as it appears to him. At a party given by his cousin John Bebee, he became acquainted with a Miss Miles, and he gives an account of a morning call on her in the following language.

MORNING CALL OF MR SLICK.

A COQUETTE'S DRESSING ROOM.

Arly the next morning, I got up and put on my new clothes again, and set afore the fire, thinking of enanmost every thing on arth, till the clock struck nine; then I jist slicked down my hair a little, and pulled foot up Broadway again. I kinder expected every minute that I should meet with Miss Miles as I did yesterday; but somehow there didn't seem to be any body a stirring. There warn't a single one of them whiskered chaps in sight, and all the women-folks that I could see, up or down, seemed to have on nothing but their every-day clothes. I saw two or three rale homespun, modest-looking young critters, but they warn't dressed up, and some on em were a carrying band-boxes and sich things afore them.—Once I got a-fired wrothy, for a nigger woman stood on the stun side-walk with a great long brush in her hand, a scrubbing the winders of a big house with it; and jist as I come along, she give the brush a flourish, and sent a hull thunder shower of dirty water all over my new clothes. "You black nigger you!—you'd better look out, and keep your soap-suds for them that want washing," sez I. But she hee-heed out a larkin, and begun to brush away again jist as if I hadn't said a word to her. Think sez I, it wouldn't be jist the thing for any body to see me a jawing here with a nigger wench, so I may as well grin and bear it, for I don't know of any thing that proves a feller a leetle soft in the garret, so much as keeping up a quarrel with a person that is so much beneath him that there aint nothing to be gained, though you do git the upper-hand. So I jist choked in, and took out my handkercher, and wiped off my coat-sleeves, and went along; but it warn't no easy matter to navigate so as not to git a second ducking, for every nigger in York seemed to be out a washing winders. I come near slipping up, two or three times, the stuns were so wet afore all the houses. I can tell you what, this going to make morning calls aint no joke, especially if a feller happens to be dressed up. The niggers will sponge his coat for him if the tailors forgot to, without charging him for the trouble.

Just afore I got up to the great four story house where Miss Miles lives, I begun to feel sort of anxious agin. Think, sez I, what on arth shall I say to her when I do get there, so I kept a thinking over a nice little speech that I meant to make, I'd read in story books about lovers that always went down on their knees when they talked soft sodder to such stuck up gals as Miss Miles; but to save my life, I couldn't make up my mouth to it; the gal must be something more than common flesh and blood that would even bring Jonathan Slick to his marrow bones, I'm thinking, so if she calculates that I'm a going to make such a mean coot of myself as that, why, she may go to grass for what I care.

Besides, sez I to myself, how on arth would I kneel down in these new fashioned trousers, if I would ever so much; when arter putting one thing and another together, I made up my mind that kneeling down to the gals must have gone out of fashion here in York when the chaps give up wearing them trousers padded in the waistbands. This kinder made my mind easy on that point; so I went on thinking over what I should say to Miss Miles when I got to her house. Now, it aint no ways hard to make first rate speeches up in a feller's head, when he's a going to see a gal that he's beginning to take a shine arter; but some how the worst on it all is, a chap always forgets every word on it when he comes where the gal is.

I begun to grow awful uneasy jist afore I got to the house, and my heart sot to beating in my bosom, like the pestle in an old fashioned sump mortar. It seemed to me as if somebody was a looking arter me, and as if they knew that I was a going a courting in broad day-light, which was enough to make any decent chap look foolish that had never thought of making up to the galls on a Sunday night arter dark, when these things seem to come nat'ral. Wal, when I got agin the house, I took a squint up to the winders, for I thought meb-by Miss Miles was looking out, but there warn't nobody to be seen, so I went up to the wide marble steps that looked as white as snow with a great chunk of marble a curling down on each side on 'em, and there I stood stock still, for my heart floundered about so that it enanmost choked me, and if I'd a been bung I could a got up pluck to pull the silver knob and make somebody come out let me in; for all the York people keep their doors fastened in

the day time, so that if a feller is in ever so much a hurry, he's got to stand out doors till a nigger comes to let him in.

By-am-by a black gal stuck her head up from under the steps as if she was a going to speak, so I turned my back to the door and stuck both hands in my pockets and began to whistle, as independent as could be, jist to let her see that I didn't feel anxious to get in.—Arter that I went down the steps agin, jist giving a leetle touch of Yankee Doodle as I walked up and down the stun walk afore the house, a trying to git up courage. At last a gal come to the door with a tin basin in her hands and begun to scour the silver knobs, so I jist went right up the steps agin like a house a-fire, and sez I to the gal—

"Is Miles to hum?"

She kinder started at me, as if she was a going to ask me what I wanted, but I warn't a going to stand there a talking to her, so I jist pushed ahead and went into the entry way. There warn't no body there, but one of the mahogany doors was wide open, and I went in. If any thing, the two great rooms was more harnsome than them at Cousin Bebee's; the footstools and the settees and the chairs were all covered with shiny red velvet figured off like all natur, but they stood about over the carpet every which way; two or three little ston tables stood out in the middle of the room, one on em was covered with decanters and wine glasses, and some of the books lay all covered with gold, a glittering and shining on the carpet. The grates were all lined with solid silver, but there warn't a spark of fire in either on 'em yet, and the ashes lay all scattered over the stun hearths as thick as could be. A part of the great silk winder curtains were hitched up and the rest on em fell clear down to the floor till the sunshine that come a pouring through them looked as light and red as a hundred glasses full of currant wine. Thinks I, what on arth has become of all the folks, one would think they hadn't eat breakfast yet, by the looks of things, yet that couldn't be, for by that time it was enanmost ten o'clock and any body that has the least idee of getting a living won't wait arter six for his breakfast. Wal, arter wandering about the rooms a good while, I jist went into the entry way agin—by that time the gal that I'd seen at the door had got up on a chair and was a hauling down a great round glass thing which was hung by a sort of chain up to the roof of the entry. When she see me a coming out of the two rooms she yelled out as if she didn't know that I was there afore.

"What do you want here," sez she, as impudent as could be.

"Hold your tarnation yep you critter you," sez I, "and jist tell me where Miss Miles is, I've come to make her a morning call."

The gal seemed a leetle mortified by that, and sez she, to a leetle stuck up cuffed boy that come up stairs jist then, "here's a gentleman that wants to see Miss Miles, is she up yet?"

Wal now thinks, sez I, if this York aint the bestowment place that ever I did see—there aint a nigger in it but whata's poking fun at you, or throwing water or some tarnation thing another. I wonder if these leetle coots think I'm soft enough to believe that an honest handsome gal like Miss Miles lies a bed till ten o'clock. They dont stuff me up in that way anyhow if I did come from the country.

"What name shall I take up?" sez the leetle cuffed a bowing.

"Oh I aint particular," sez I, "you may take up any you like best—but I wish you'd jist tell me where she is, for I begin to feel enanmost tuckered out a walking and a standing round here."

The leetle cuffed looked at the gal, and then they began to giggle and tee hee like any thing.

"Look a here you leetle copper colored image you," sez I to the nigger, "jist you step up this minit if you dont want to get an a-fired thrashing!"

The poor little varmint looked 'scared out of a year's growth, and sez he, as humble as could be, "Who shall I say wants to see Miss Miles?"

"Never you mind that," sez I, "go ahead, and I guess she won't be long a finding out." With that the nigger went up stairs and I arter him full chisel; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jist as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way, but I jist told him to go ahead and hold his yep, for I warn't a going to wait any longer. So he rapped at the door and somebody said "come in." My heart riz in my throat, for I knew whose voice it was, and I begun to feel as if I had pitched head foremost into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door and sez he, "ma'am here's a gentleman that would come up." I heard somebody give a little scream, and with that I jist pushed the nigger out of the way, and sez I, "Miss Miles how do you do?"

I niggers if I didn't raly pity the poor

gal, she looked so struck up of a heap; but what on arth made her act so I couldn't at first tell, for I felt kinder streaked as if I'd done something that was't exactly right, though I couldn't think what, and was as much as a minit afore I looked right in her face. But jist as I lifted up my head, and drew my foot, arter making one of my first cut bows, she stood jist afore me. By the living hokey, for I never was so struck up in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump round form, her red lips, and her rosy cheeks.—Well, I'll be darned if there was one of them left—I should'nt have known her no more than nothing if it had'nt been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck and forehead that always looked so white and harnsome, when I see her at Cousin Mary's and in Broadway, was as yellow as a saffron bag; there warn't the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was all frizzled, and done up in a leetle bunch, about as big as a hen's egg behind. She had on a great loose awkward-looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to, and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and muffed round than any thing else. It warn't any too close neither, and both of her leetle shoes were down to the heel. There I stood a looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawn up tight, and my arms were a hanging straight down, jist as they swung back arter I'd made my bow. I kinder seemed to feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was staring at her harder than was manners for me. But if you'd a given me the best farm in all Wethersfield, I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap at seeing her in such a fix. I guess it was as much as two minits afore either on us said a word; and at last, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meat-axe, "and," sez she, "Truly, why didn't you show Mr Slick into the drawing room?"

"Oh, don't seem to mind it," sez I, a walking into the room, and a setting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, "I'd jist as lives set up here as any where."

She looked as if she'd burst right out a crying, but at last she sot down and tried to set as if she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses about her dress and the room, and she wasn't very well that morning, and that she'd jist took a new book, and sot down, jist as she was, to read it.

"Oh," sez I, "don't make no excuses; it aint the first time that I've ketch'd a gal in the suds. Marm used to say that she never looked worse than common that somebody wasn't sartir to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one minit, Mr Slick," sez she, a minit arter I'd said this, and a looking down on her awkward dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yit.

"Sartinly," sez I, "don't make no stranger of me." With that, she opened a door and went into a room close by. I jist got a peak into it as she went through the door, and an a-fired handsome room it was. There was a great mahogany bedstead a standing in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered all over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffed off, and the window curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't get a chance to see what else there was she shut the door so quick. "By gracious," sez I to myself arter she went out, "who on arth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old. When I saw her yesterday I'd a took my bible oath that she warn't more than eighteen, but now I'll be choaked if she dont look as old as the hills. If ever she sees thirty agin she'll have ter turn like a crab and walk backwards five or six years."

What puzzled me most was how in creation she made out to look so young—but I warn't a great while afore I made it out as clear as one of Deacon Sykes' exhortations. Arter she'd gone out I jist got up and took a sort of survey of the room; every thing was tother end up, better skelter in it; there was no need to the firey and the harnsome furniture, but it dont make much odds how extravagant one is a laying out money if things aint kept neat and snug in their places. The more things cost, the more it seems to hurt a feller's feelings to see them flung about topey turvy as they were in that room. I ruther think she didn't have her company up there very often—but a gal that's got a good bringing up will be jist as particular about the place she keeps for herself, and which company never sees, as if it was likely to be seen every day of her life. I begun to be a-fired glad that I didn't ask her to have me yesterday, for if she'd been as young as she seemed to be and as harnsome as an angel, I wouldn't a had her arter seeing that little room of hers. A pocket handkercher, worked and sprigged, sad tuffed off with lace, was a lying on the settee, but it was all grimed over with dirt, and looked as if it would a gin any thing for a sight of the wash tub. The carpet

was as soft and thick as could be, and it was kivered over with bunches of posies as nat'ral as life; but there was a great grease spot close by the fire, where somebody had upset a lamp, and all around the edges and in the corners it looked as if it had'nt been swept for ever-so-long. A chest of drawers—solid shiny mahogany, with a great looking glass swung between two pieces of mahogany on the top,—stood on one side of the room, and there, a hanging over the edge on 'em, as true as I live, were the long handsome curls that I'd seen on Miss Miles when she was to Cousin Mary's party! Wal, thinks sez I, if this dont take the rag off the bush! What do you think I saw next? A glass tumbler about half full of water, with three nice little teeth, a lying in the bottom on it! I couldn't help but give a little whistle when I saw them. Think sez I, its jist as like as not that Miss Miles wont pucker up her mouth and smile, quite so much this morning as she did yesterday any how. There were two leetle china cups with the kivers down by them; one was filled with white stuff kinder like flour, only ruther more gritty, and tother was full of something that looked like rose leaves ground down to powder—a leetle chunk of cotton wool was stuck into it, but what on arth it was for, I couldn't make out. There were two or three silk cushions, chuck full of pins, on the drawers, and there was no need to the leetle glass bottles all sprigged off with gold, a lying round on the mantle shelf, as well as on the tables and the chest of drawers. In one corner of the room there stood a great looking-glass, a swinging between two little posts cut out of mahogany, and right over it two silk frocks were tumbled up together. I begun to finger them a leetle, for some how I felt curious to know how the tarnation critter contrived to make herself look so plump and round. It didn't want much cypthering to find her out. The tops of her frocks, both on 'em, were all stuffed full of something soft that made them stand out as nat'ral as life. I had'nt but jist time to drop the frock and set down again,—looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth—when Miss Miles come back again. She'd put on another frock all ruffed off, and somehow or other, had fixed up her hair so as to look ruther more ship shape; but she had'nt had time to put herself all together, though her face did look a leetle whiter than it did when I first went in. There warn't a bit of a hump on her back, and she was nat'ral all the way round! I felt ruther uneasy, for, think sez I, its jist as like as not she'll expect me to talk over a leetle soft sodder with her, as I did yesterday; but I'll be darned if it don't make me sick to think on it. I hitched about on my chair, and I looked at every thing in the room but her, then I took up my hat and begun to balance it on my two fingers, and at last sez I, "wal, Miss Miles, I spose I may as well be a jogging!"

"Don't be in a hurry," sez she, a trying to smile, but without opening her lips a bit, "I hope you wont make strangers of us."

I let my hat drop, and picked it up again. "What book was that, that you've been a reading," sez I, determined to say something.

"Oh, that's the Countess of Blessington's new work," sez she; it's a charming book. Do you like her writings, Mr Slick?"

"Wal, I don't know," sez I; "I never read any of her books, but it kinder strikes me that she aint no great shakes herself anyhow."

"Oh, you shouldn't be sensorious, Mr. Slick," sez she. "You know Mr. Willis visited her, and was delighted."

"Wal now," sez I, "its my opinion that Mr. N. P. Willis couldn't be over hard to please, if a woman only had a title to her name, but I wonder how on arth he contrived to get so thick with the quality over there in England. I ruther think I shall go over there and try my luck one of these days in his way, they seem to be so taken up with us Yankees, but arter all if a feller has to go over to England to let them lords and editors puff him, afore any body will take notice on him, he'd better take to some other business. There aint a man in all this country that ever wrote more genuine things than that chap did when he was a leetle shaver in Yale College, and yet nobody would believe a word on't till he went off to England. Now its my rale opinion that he never wrote anything arter he went off half so much to his credit as he did afore, and when he came here to York from about our parts, jist as I've come now, if he didn't deserve to be treated well then, why he don't now, that's sartir. But I used to know him down east, and its my opinion that he's a first rate hull heaved fellow, and a rale genuine Poet to boot! But I swanny, Miss Miles, I must be a going, you haint no idea how much I've got to do!"

With that I got up and made a bow. She made a curchy, and, sez she, "Mr. Slick,

call again, we shall always be glad to see you."

"Sartinly," sez I; so I made another low bow and cut stick down stairs into the open street. But if Miss Miles ever ketches me on her premises again she'll ketch a weasel asleep, I guce. That Count may marry her—what there is left on her—and go to grass, for what I care.

From your loving Son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

Happy condition of the New England Farmer.—The condition of a community situated as are the great mass of Agriculturalists in New England, is more desirable than that of any other class of men within my knowledge. If it does not attach men and women to this life—if it does not make them so happy as to increase the love of life beyond the age of sorrow, toil and pain—it is a condition which the "tall, the wise and reverend head" may envy. Living within their own means, on the fruits of their own labor—enjoying abundance of the best products of the ground and the falling of the frocks; and appetite sharpened and sweetened; the muscular powers strengthened; the mind made vigorous and active by labor; their dependence solely on the goodness of God; their prudence having looked forward even to the destruction of a crop with a providence to supply its place: with abundant leisure for all healthy recreation and all needful rest; with no worldly cares and vexations encroaching on the reflection which aids the better judgment; in the midst of those social and domestic relations, which throw a charm about life—which give to moral suasion its greatest force, and which rear the tender thought to the ripe vigor of its highest usefulness.—how can we conceive any state of imperfect, erring, dependent man, more truly enviable than that of the industrious, laboring, prolific farmer of New England, who lives according to the best lights of his own experience? The merchant fails nine times in ten before a fortune is gained—the speculator ninety-nine times in a hundred; the mechanic and the lawyer gain only when their work is going on, the wages of the priest, like those of the common laborer, stop when he no longer works; the physician adds to his income no other than he visits the sick; the salary man, if he saves at all, saves only a specific sum;—the farmer, more sure of success than either, in nine cases out of ten, certain of ultimate prosperity, lays his head upon his pillow with the reflection that while he sleeps his crops are increasing to maturity and his flocks and herds growing in size and strength.—*Gen. Hill's Address at Keene.*

Many persons have died of accidental wounds, surrounded by kind friends overwhelmed in sorrow for the untimely death, because they never once thought, until it was too late, that the end of the finger pressed upon the spot where the blood is seen issuing, would stop it in a moment. And yet this would seem to be the most natural tho't that could enter one's mind. But it does not enter the mind. Few ever think of it in the perturbation of the moment. And it is important that every one should have it fixed in his mind beforehand, and teach it to his children, that the great point in a wound is, to STOP THE BLEEDING IN AN INSTANT, if it be profuse. Life depends on instant action. If nothing can be done till the surgeon is called, the person is dead. Any one can stop the blood as well as he. Let the first one who sees the bleeding wound, thrust in his finger without delay of an instant, and press with firmness on the bleeding point and it stops. If it is a deep wound, he can feel the jet of blood, and know where to put his finger. And when the blood is stopped, the person is safe, at least for the time; but the finger must be held fast, till the surgeon comes to tie the vessel. This will require some decision, 'tis true; but who would not do it to save the life of a fellow being?

Exchange.

We understand that there is a suit pending against Wm. H. Kerr, late postmaster in this city, as a defaulter to the government to a large amount. The case came up incidentally on Friday, when the papers were read in court. The amount of the late loco loco postmaster's defalcation appears from the papers and the account of the government on file, to be \$69,000. It is well known that Mr. Dupuy, who was in office under Mr. Adams, and who paid up his accounts like an honest man, was turned out by Gen. Jackson, to make room for Capt. Kerr.

New Orleans True American.

From the Newark D. Advertiser.

A controversy between Robert Dale Owen and Gen. R. M. Evans, is going on in Indiana. Gen. Owens and Fanny Wright were flourishing there, and he now promises to reveal important secrets in a book, giving a picture, by way of frontispiece, of one of the familiar evening pastimes in that beautiful concern, viz. Fanny Wright with a number of young men and women in a parlor, "all throwing themselves on the carpet, and tumbling about promiscuously like a parcel of children in their romps, or, not unlike a she wolf with a litter of pups gamboling around her, with occasionally an old dog wolf sniffing around."

He says he will prove all his representations.

The Louisville Journal, in describing the death of an inebriate by suicide, says, "he staggered into eternity."—Where could he found words more awfully expressive of the end of the drunkard?