

# Rutland County Herald.

VOL. LX.-NO. 51.

RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 314

**THE RUTLAND HERALD,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
BY  
**C. H. HAYDEN,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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HOTEL FOR A TERM OF YEARS, and will be happy to  
receive all those who may desire to visit them, and  
will spare no pains to make them comfortable.  
J. M. PUTNAM, Proprietor.  
Rutland, Nov. 20, 1854.

**For the Herald.**  
When this Old Hat was new,  
Two Independence were,  
They used to release the day,  
When "Liberty" was new,  
Dressed in new gowns, new veils, new shoes,  
The hat, and not of this,  
I want to see the grand display,  
When this old hat was new.

**When this Old Hat was new,**  
I do remember well  
How costly then its shape appeared—  
Its crown, a graceful fall,  
The "fur" waved like a field of grain  
When in the breeze blew—  
Ah, now! the style has really changed  
Since this old hat was new.

**When this Old Hat was new,**  
I do not say that I was not  
A "young belle" in her teens,  
Called for him, and invited him to a seat  
By her side, in the paternal carriage,  
In which she lounged unattended.  
The prince joyfully accepted the invitation,  
And had hardly seated himself by the  
side of beauty and innocence, when he  
was charmed by his ardent admiration of the  
charms of the former, how incapable he  
was of appreciating the simplicity of the  
latter. The young girl expressed her  
indignation, drove home and invoked  
the aid of a brother in the emergency.  
The prince was called to an account,  
and was ready with an apology. In  
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wise; but, upon his faith as a Frenchman,  
the prince continued, he would not have  
treated the young beauty as he had done,  
had he not supposed that was what she  
expected, and the express object of her  
visit. He acknowledged, with a shrug  
of the shoulder, that he was a *fool*, and  
ought to have known that old Europe  
was one thing, and young America quite  
another. Such was the simplicity of our  
American grandmothers. Their beautiful  
descendants have lost nothing, but have  
become much more knowing. If they should  
take up a prince and a Frenchman, they  
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charms of the former, how incapable he  
was of appreciating the simplicity of the  
latter. The young girl expressed her  
indignation, drove home and invoked  
the aid of a brother in the emergency.  
The prince was called to an account,  
and was ready with an apology. In  
France, he said, he would have lost his  
claim to gallantry if he had acted other-  
wise; but, upon his faith as a Frenchman,  
the prince continued, he would not have  
treated the young beauty as he had done,  
had he not supposed that was what she  
expected, and the express object of her  
visit. He acknowledged, with a shrug  
of the shoulder, that he was a *fool*, and  
ought to have known that old Europe  
was one thing, and young America quite  
another. Such was the simplicity of our  
American grandmothers. Their beautiful  
descendants have lost nothing, but have  
become much more knowing. If they should  
take up a prince and a Frenchman, they  
would know what to expect.

**When this Old Hat was new,**  
I do not say that I was not  
A "young belle" in her teens,  
Called for him, and invited him to a seat  
By her side, in the paternal carriage,  
In which she lounged unattended.  
The prince joyfully accepted the invitation,  
And had hardly seated himself by the  
side of beauty and innocence, when he  
was charmed by his ardent admiration of the  
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**WHOM SHALL WE MARRY?**  
Such is the title of a sparkling yet  
sensibly written article in the Novem-  
ber number of Harper's Magazine,  
from which we select the following pas-  
sages. It is attributed to the pen of  
Dr. Robert Tomes, of New York city,  
one of the best contributors to our peri-  
odical literature. From the tenor of  
the essay, it is clearly the production of  
a bachelor.

**OUR WOMEN TAKING THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.**  
The beauty of American women we  
consider an established fact, a fact of  
which none seem more conscious than  
themselves. The Grand Mogul was in  
the habit, as we are told by some of the  
old travelers, to take his weight annu-  
ally. His Oriental Majesty would  
place himself on one side of the balance,  
and pour in diamonds and rubies in the  
scale of the other, and thus, year after  
year, estimated his value. Our calculat-  
ing country-women follow the Grand  
Mogul's example. They are no sooner  
ready for a market than they step into  
the imaginary scale, and balance  
themselves with gold. There is not a  
smile but is estimated at a fixed price,  
by the ready reckoner; and as for virgin  
blossoms, they, according to their rarity,  
are set down at a sum only to be encom-  
passed by the accumulative imagination  
of a Wall street financier. A pretty  
woman between fifteen and twenty, is  
held at so enormous a price, that none  
but the lucky heir of a fortune, or the  
millionaire, grown luxurious in old age,  
has any chance of obtaining her. And  
it is the latter who, often engaged in  
this matrimonial trade, generally snuffs  
his dry lips over the possession of pur-  
chased beauty in his youth and tenderness.  
The young heir of fortune is more  
transitory in his enjoyments, and looks  
only to matrimony as a retreat for  
tired life in the future.

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