The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER,

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB,
Publishers and Proprietors.

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200 PER CENT ASSURED!

A NEW DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

Phelps' Ohio Combination Patent Bee Hive was awarded the first premium and diploma, at the Ohio State Fair, September, 1851, over Kelsey's, Dugdalls, Case & Landreth's, Wheeler's and Gilmore's, also a diploma for the best Hive at the Indiana State Fair, and a premium at the New York State Fair, September, 1852, also at the Crystal Palace and at numerous County Fairs. It is acknowledged by all practical bee keepers, stands unrivalled, and ahead of all other Hives yet known, to be what its name indicates, a combination of all those principles necessary to the successful management of Bees. Many persons have been obliged to abandon the business on account of the ravages of the Bee Moth and frequent losses by starvation. This Hive by simple arrangement guards most effectually against those two great evils. It is also equally well adapted to large or small swarms, and likewise for a swarming, non-swarming, or dividing hive, and in fact it excels all others. Every farmer, mechanic, physician, lawyer, gentlemen, lady and clergymen having a permanent residence, will procure it as soon as they learn its excellencies. We would say to those who never kept bees, that with this Hive they may be managed with perfect impunity, as all parts of the case may be opened and the operation of the bees witnessed without coming in contact with them. The advantages it possesses over others are as follows:

1st. Its perfect adaptation (in regard to size) to the actual wants of a colony of bees at all seasons, let it be a large or small one.

2d. The facilities it affords for obtaining surplus honey or removing any portions of the old combs, are superior to any other, as the bees may be made to leave either box when desired before removing it from the hive, without disturbing or injuring them in the least.

3d. It affords the best opportunity for observing the operations of the bees, the amount of honey in store and the strength of the colony at all times without exposure to the bees.

4th. The construction of the hive with the alighting board is such that it will always save the expense of a building on purpose for bees, as it may be put in any out building, garret, grainery, attic, or even dining room if you please, where your honey will not slip off without your personal observation.

5th. It is acknowledged to afford the bees better protection against moths and robbers than any other hive yet known, as the small appertuie at which the bees enter is the only means of access for the miller, and this being three inches over the bottom the bees are not so liable to leave it during evening as if it was at the bottom of the hive.

6th. It affords a more convenient and effectual means of destroying moths after they get into the hive than any other, as there is a perfect moth trap to catch them.

7th. It is also acknowledged by all who have fed bees in this way to be the most convenient hive for that purpose known, and the only one that bees can be fed with any degree of safety against robbers.

8th. It is so well arranged for wintering bees successfully as it is well ventilated, and the boxes containing the bees being cncl sed in a case, keeps them in an even temperature during winter and they consume much less honey than in any other hive.

9th. The bee feeder by this improvement, can prolong the season by feeding your bees keeps them making honey with a profit of 100 per cent.

To amateurs, bee keepers and all lovers of honey, there is no investment which offers such inducements and combines so many advantages as this. One of these hives with bees in it at work has been and now is on exhibition at the Crystal Palace and has attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of tens of thousands, and is acknowledged to be the most simple, cheap and perfect arrangement of the kind ever invented.

This hive has been thoroughly tried and tested by the undersigned individuals from two to five years, and this is the first introduction of this patent in this State.

H. N. Parks, John Brumback, V. Aldorf,
Henry Forry, W. Shields, Geo. Engle,
Jamas Stone, Peter Holler, P. N. O'Bannon
Samt. Bowers, Thos. Blanchard, W. Aldorf,
A. Sherwood, Jas. Wells,

The above named persons are residents of Licking Co., Ohio.—Also, John J. Putnam, F. F. Lamb, L. Merchant, Newark Ohio,—C. Springer, Modern Farm, Muskingum Co., Ohio.—Jos. Wells, Union, Licking Co., Ohio,—Oliver A. Morrel, Montgomery,—W. Van Vranken, Schenectady, N. Y.—Edwin Phelps Westfield, Mass.,—Isaac Griffin, Quaker Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y.—Caleb H. Hall, Blue Rock Township, Ohio.

Certificates of the above named gentlemen can be seen by calling on the subscriber who is the sole agent for Rutland, Addison and Chittenden counties.

Individual rights for Phelps' Combination Hive, with recipes for making bee feed and full explanations $5. Hive,—with all fixings entire and Bee Feeder, $4.

Any person desirous of seeing the above named Hive, can do so by calling on Daniel Bidwell, East Middlebury, Vt, or on the agent.

☞Any person desiring to procure a right of Phelps' Combination Bee Hive, can do so by addressing the subscriber, post-paid.

Any persons wishing to make their own hives can do so and transfer any swarm of bees into them.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—500 Hives made—a good job for a mechanic to engage in.

48:1y GUSTAVUS PERKINS, Agent.
East Middlebury, Vt, March 22, 1854.

TOWN'S Series of School Books for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

PORTFOLIOS, Crayons, Pencils, Pens, &c., for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

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INKSTANDS, Sand Boxes and Blotting Paper, for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

Poetry.

The Blackbird.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

[The Blackbird of Europe, unlike those of America, is a sweet songster, and belongs to the true thrushes. Except in color, it most resembles the American Robin, and its note is so similar that even a familiar ear might fail to distinguish the sound.]

How sweet the harmonies of afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and Summer boon;
Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings.

How soft the love-light of the West reposes
On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
On the grey belfry with its ivy hood,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings
Its bubbling freshness—while the Blackbird sings.

The very dial on the village church
Seems as 'twere dreaming in a dozy rest;
The scribbled benches underneath the porch
Bask in the kindly welcome of the West;
But the broad casement of the old Three Kings
Blaze like a furnace—while the Blackbird sings.

And there beneath the immortal elm
Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And thro' grey clouds gave laws unto the realm,
Curse good and great, but worship their own wit,
And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts, and curs—the while the Blackbird sings.

Before her home in her accustom'd seat,
The tidy Grandam spins beneath the shade
Of the old Honeysuckle, at her feet
The dreaming pug and purring tabby laid;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence—while the Blackbird sings.

Sometimes the shadow of a lazy cloud
Breathes o'er the hamlet with its gardens green,
While the far fields with sunlight overflow'd
Like golden shores of Fairyland are seen;
Again, the sunshine on the shadow springs,
And fires the thicket where the Blackbird sings.

The woods, the lawn, the peaked Manorhouse,
With its peach-cover'd walls and rookery loud,
The trim, quaint garden alleys, screen'd with boughs,
The lion-headed gates so grim and proud,
The mossy fountain with its murmurings
Lie in warm sunshine—while the Blackbird sings.

Miscellany.

History of Steam.

About 286 years B. C., Hero, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was put in motion by it.

A. D. 540, Athenius, an architect, arranged several cauldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of a leathern tube, which rose to a narrow top, with pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the cauldron, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes.

In 1543, June 17th, Blasco de Garay tried a steamboat of 300 tuns with tolerable success, at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a cauldron of boiling water, and a movable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A handsome present, however, was made to Garay.

The first idea of a steam engine in England, was in the Marquis of Worcester's "History of Inventions" published in 1663.

In 1698 patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam engine.

In 1705 Newcomen, Cawley, and Savery made the first steam engine in England.

In 1736 Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1769 James Watt made the first perfect steam engine in England.

In 1778 Thomas Paine first proposed this application in America.

In 1781 the Marquis Jouffroy constructed a steamboat on the Seine.

In 1789 Wm. Symington made a voyage in one on the Forth and Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782 Rumsey propelled a boat by steam at New-York.

In 1787 John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam engine on the Delaware River.

In 1793 Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793 Oliver Evans a native of Philadelphia constructed a locomotive steam engine to travel on a turnpike road

We have been requested to publish the above brief history of the early efforts of steam engine inventors, as being useful for future reference by our readers. We cheerfully do so with the necessary corrections to make it truly historical.

Hero's steam engine was like a Barker Water Wheel driven by steam—a rotary. It was revived 15 years ago in this State. A book was published in Leipsic in 1597, which described a rotary steam engine like Hero's.

In 1615 Solomon De Caus, a French engineer, published a work describing the power of steam to force water, but not by an engine.

The claims of Blasco de Garay are not entitled to much weight, as they were only first given to the world in 1826, and said to be from an old manuscript discovered in the Archives at Simancas, Spain.

In 1628, Branca, an Italian mathematician, propelled a wheel by a jet of steam from a boiler.

Before Symington made his experiments he was engaged by Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, and made an engine to propel a boat for that gentleman, who published a pamphlet on the subject in 1787.

We were not aware before that Thomas Paine was claimed as being a proposer of steam navigation.

John Fitch propelled a boat by steam on Collect Pond, in this city, about the date specified above. We never read or heard of Rumsey doing so.

The first permanently successful steam engine in the world was that of James Watt, in 1769; and the first permanently successful steamboat, for which Watt built the engine, was that of Robert Fulton, in 1807, in New York.—*Scientific American.*

What Notable Men Ate and Drank.

Dr Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishers, was so fond of figs, that he died in 1565 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce."—Pope who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to the table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so largely that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious attachment for a leg of mutton. "At my aunt Ford's" says he, "I ate so much of a boied leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly be forgotten." Dryden, writing in 1690 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper says: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Dr. George Gordyce contended that, as one meal a day was enough for a lion, it ought to suffice for a man. Accordingly for more than twenty years the Doctor used to eat only a dinner in the whole course of the day. This solitary meal he took regularly at 4 o'clock, at Dolly's chop house. A pound and a half of rump steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a quarter of a pint of brandy, and a tankard of strong ale, satisfied the doctor's moderate wants till four o'clock the next day and regularly engaged one hour and a half of his time. Dinner over, he returned to his home in Essex street, Strand, to deliver his six o'clock lecture on anatomy and chemistry.

Baron Masores, who lived nearly to the age of ninety, used to go one day in every week without any dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea. Ariosto, like a true poet, seems to have literally feasted on fancy. Few could live more frugally. In one of his poems he says of himself, "that he was a fit person to have lived in the world when acorns were the food of men."—When Bollingbroke invited Swift to dine with him, he talked of the dishes he would offer. "A fig for your bill of fare," said Swift, "show me your bill of company." Milton was fond of a glass of water and a pipe. A modern poet, who was asked by a lady of fashion what he would like for dinner, answered. "Peppermint cordial and black pudding."

FRENCH TASTE.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, has the following remarks on the pleasurable and business habits of the French: "The contributions of the French to the useful arts and the comforts of life, are highly creditable. Their taste, equipage, furniture, all are very fine and elegant. In designs, fashions, dress, etc, all nations copy after Paris. There is a law of gradation in fashion, and the skillful milliner can determine what peculiar modification the next style will bring out, by the last. If we strike a discord, we must prepare the ear for the true note by a few intermediate notes. So in fashion. One style must be only a slight step in advance of its predecessor. A Paris milliner could make the Bloomer costume popular, at last, if she would only approach it by degrees, despite the satire of Punch. French patterns are the models for the world, and all others are collated from them. The French taste, in most instances, is to correct for our people, and our designers are more engaged in corrupting them, so as to adjust them to our taste, than in searching out new designs. In a word, the French excel in dress, dancing, cookery and in police. The latter has no equal anywhere. It is most admirable and excellent in all its parts.

"In a word, the French are a nation wise in their pleasures and most foolish in their business. The opera is the soul of Paris, and Paris is France. In Paris what can be said can be sung, and what cannot be sung can be danced. Give France a good government for twenty-four hours, and no matter what it may be afterwards. In that short space, everything bubbles up, and then gives place to novelty. In two days the most important affair is forgotten, and the great tide sweeps on unmindful of the past. Madame de Stael says that 'Paris must have something new every three months, to captivate the nation.'

"France is the empire of bagatelle. Its idea is amusement. Its pleasures are all refined, and are made the most of. Mirabeau remarked with his last words; 'Oh light headed, thrice light headed nation!' As an illustration of their giddiness, when the allied armies captured Paris, the citizens forgot in a few hours their defeat, in the splendor of the show. The women are graceful and beautiful, but the control of a French Cupid is never longer than a few days at most. The hero is he who invites the spectre that haunts him, to drink wine with him. French life wants veracity; still, underlying all this levity, there is much of good in the French character. Nature has scattered generous and beautiful souls among them—Fenelon, Montesquieu, Pascal, and noble and beautiful women, who have made France the centre of letters. The sense they give to love is a bar to their civilization. They should cultivate sterner and haughtier virtues. While the English march forward steadily and with severe brows to freedom, the French run laughingly away."

☞We commend the following article, which we cut from the *Wool Grower* for the month of May, to the careful attention of the wool growers of this vicinity. The facts to which it points are incontrovertible, and there is no reason that has even the semblance of plausibility, why the prices for the present clip of wool should not range as high as last year, except it be in the indiscretion and imprudence of the wool-raisers themselves.

We trust they will act more advisedly than in some previous years, and not be duped to evils by the family of "Say So" whose biography is so aptly given below, and whose *alias* may soon be in our section. Their biography was written especially for the western farmers, but applies equally to our own State, and we hope will be read with profit by all.

S.

Biographical Sketch of Mr. "Say So."

During the last few weeks, we have met this unique and crusty old fellow several times, and each time have been highly amused with the pompous gabble and noisy prate, of which he divested himself on various subjects. We have met him in the street, in the store, in the bar-room and the post-office, and always at all times, found him pregnant with evil forebodings and wicked prophecies. The price which farmers are to receive for their wool in June, 1854, is favorite theme of his, and one on which he seems especially delighted to dwell. He becomes at times much excited—at others moody and sad. The burthen of his cry is, that wool will fall from 10 to 15 cents below last year's prices. He assigns no reason—points to no cause—quotes no authority, but boldly and roundly asserts that "They Say So."—He appears to act on the principle of the adage—"a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth."

Mr. Say So is a son of Mr & Mrs "They Say So," and a grand son of old Mr. "He Said So," and an own cousin of a young coxcomb, characterized for his love of rant and small talk, whose name is "He Says So" He has two half brothers, whose name are "I Say So," and "We Say So," who are busily engaged in aiding our hero in his missionary labors in the west. This family is very numerous, and their occupation is a wooly one—termed in plain old English, pulling the wool over the eyes of wool growers. Their ancestors were manufacturers of woolen fabrics, and many of their descendents follow the same occupation to the present day—a laudable business, and one worthy of a more honest and trustworthy class of men. They reside mainly at the east, and are in league to play off stratagems upon the wool growers of the west.

Last year they managed their game in this wise. As early as February, they foresaw a rise in American wools, and ere the farmer got wind of it, they stole the march of him, and bought up his wools at a low figure,—then returned east and sat down Nero-like, who fiddled while Rome was on fire, and counted their spoils. This year the scene must be changed, and different actors introduced into the play. The stage is broad, and the tragedy an eventful one, and full of thrilling interest to the parties. As this farce will occupy some two months, it is high time to commence. Accordingly the curtains are drawn, and Mr. "Say So" appears as the principal actor in the first scene. He is an experienced actor, and is already winning golden opinions from the eager crowd assembled to witness the play. He is assisted by his father, Mr. "They Say So," and the rapidity with which these two mountebanks make converts to their jugglerie, is quite pitiful, yet nevertheless amusing. The first scene will continue for some weeks, and will be succeeded by another, quite different. The 2d scene will be one of silence; it will be short, a little longer however, than the one mentioned by the author of the Apocalypse, in his his rapturous visions. After this the 3d scene will open and a few actors appear, termed "feelers."—Their business will be to take soundings, and ascertain how large a portion have been gulled by the delusions of the two first scenes. The 4th scene will consist of a class of actors who descended from the ancient stoics. They will appear very indifferent—"Only have a small order"—"Can buy only a few thousand lbs.," and end off by saying, that "Now is the only chance, as wool cannot be much called for, and will scarcely sell for any price!" By this time the trap is well set, and the bait smells rank in the nostrils of the majority of wool growers, and now naught remains but to wait until the farmer is some pushed for money, and half compelled to sell at any sacrifice, and the curtain rise, and a horde of agents now act the 5th scene in the drama, viz., take the wool from the producer at their own prices, and leave them to become dupes again, as soon as they have got fairly able to run into another pitfall, a twelve month afterwards.

"O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods;
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Made up of horror all, and big with death."

The above is no caricature, but a sorry reality about to be acted, unless the great mass of wool growers can be aroused from their reverie, and made to exercise a little common sense, which would doubtless deliver them from this contemplated robbery. In the January number of the WOOL GROWER, we published an array of statistical facts which are incontrovertible, and which argue that wool cannot be worth any less *this*, than last year. We would not hold out false colors, nor knowingly mislead any man on a question of so much importance. But in the name of justice and reason we ask, why should not good Merino wool bring from 55 to 60 cts.? It will if the grower will hold it at these figures and sternly demand it. When wheat is worth $2 per bushel, corn $1, oats 50 cts., butter 18 cts. per lb, cheese 10 cts., and beef from $8 to $9 per hundred, we candidly think that wool should bring the figures above named.

Let the grower remember, that our manufacturers need 71,000,000 lbs. to supply their machinery yearly, and that this amount fails to supply one half of the amount called for by our yearly consumption. Of this 71,000,000 lbs. of wool we only grow 53,000,000 lbs.—Hence it is seen that we grow only three-fourths of what we manufacture, and only one-third of what we consume. The entire production of all the wool producing regions of the globe, now amounts to a deficiency, without a resort to cotton and old rags. The higher prices now paid for labor, in England, France and Germany, in consequence of the emigration to Australia and America, has caused a rise in their woolen fabrics, and hence *must* tend to favor the price of the raw material everywhere. It is now generally admitted that these nations have not any old unexhausted stocks of goods, and but a slight surplus of new.—We have nothing to fear, but much to hope from that quarter. Our manufacturers have barely sufficient to last until the new clip is ready for them.

Any depression that may have occurred in the prices of wools, during the fall and winter months, was attributable to the stringency of the money market, rather than to fall in the staple. In consequence of the fearful mania of building thousands of miles of railroad,* upon paper credit, the more prudent bankers deemed it best to restrict their issues and call in their loans. This was followed by others, and the general consequence was a scarcity of money. This for a time affected prices, but it was a wholesome and needed restraint, and should be so considered. The result will prove, that when the wool clip is thrown upon the market, our banks being in a sound and healthy condition, will be ready to furnish ample means to gather up this large item—the product of American industry at a cost of some $25,000,000. This we confidently predict will be the case, if wool growers do not suffer themselves to be duped by the Tom-foolery of these hocus-pocus operators—Mr. "Say So" and "They Say So,"—with whom they walk the street, arm-in-arm, daily. Alas, they are being fast whipped into the ranks of the silly fisherman who cried "stinking fish," to the contempt of his own commodities and calling.

This work of keeping wool growers from braiding a halter with which to hang themselves, is about as difficult as to melt the ice around the North pole, and create there a paradise in which shall grow oranges, citrons and flowers in constant and perpetual verdure. They will not read, they will not reflect, but

"On they trudge, unconscious how they're bought,
And whistle as they go, for want of thought."

KNOX Co., Ohio, April, 1854.

*There was over 12,000 miles being built which would demand over $2,000,000.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.—Certainly two of the most singular histories on record, are of the grandmothers of Louis Napoleon and the present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Medjid. These two worthies, the Emperor and Sultan, are grandsons of American Creole girls! As this seems incredible, their history will not prove uninteresting. We give it on the authority of the Pittsburg *Post*. These two creole girls, grandmothers, were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S———, who were born and raised in the lovely West India Isle of Martinique. They were of French origin—their father being planters and near neighbors. At the death or her father, Josephine went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense.

Some time after the death of Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte; and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Holland; and the present Emperor of France is her only son by that marriage. The history of Miss S. is more wildly romantic and singular.—This lady quitted the Island of Martinique sometime before her friend. The vessel, carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners. But this Corsair ship was, in turn, attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople and offered for sale as a slave.

Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon become the chief lady of the Seraglio and Sultana of Turkey. Mahmoud II, was her son; and the present Sultan, Abdal Medjid, is the son of Mahmoud. What a history! Can the parallel be found in any true record? The Sultan died in 1811, the Empress Josephine in 1814. Their grandsons now rule over two wide and powerful empires, and are entering, as friends and allies, upon one of the most momentous and sanguinary struggles in which Europe has ever been involved. How little could it be guessed by those two lovely Creole girls that their early friendships were to result thus!

It is said that many of the relatives of this Sultana left the Island of Martinique, and settled at Constantinople, where their descendants still reside, and enjoy the favor of the Sultan. Those whom Josephine elevated to power are almost guides of the destiny of France.

TO RESUSCITATE PERSONS WHEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—This is the season when deaths from this source occur; and few, who do not look to the summary, know how many there are. In all cases where persons are struck by lightning, use cold water upon the body for hours; don't be discouraged if immediate success is not attained, but persevere, and if, after three or four hours drenching, animation is not restored, add salt to the water and continue the showering, which is rendered colder by the saline admixture. If possible, administer the douche on the head and along the spinal column. Some who have fallen senseless under a stroke of lightning, when alone, have recovered in the rain; and Mr. Merriam, the weather-sophist, relates a case where a victim was recalled to life by dashing cold water on him several hours after apparent death.

For the Register.

Letter from the West.

Pittsburgh—its location—population—manufactories of steam-boats—iron-castings—files—cotton fabrics—flint-glass—phials and bottles—malleable castings—farm implements—white lead—edged tools—copper—cast steel, &c., &c.,—Coal Hill and consumption of coal,

PITTSBURGH, PA., May, 1854.

Having a desire to see Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, we made up our mind to that route, and accordingly took the railway leading to the former city. A constant ride from 9 o'clock A. M, until 9 o'clock, P. M., enabled us to reach Pittsburgh—the greatest manufacturing city of the west, if not of the Union. It is situated west of the mountains, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. Including Birmingham and Allegheny cities, situated on the opposite forks of the rivers, it has a population of 150,000, or about equal to that of Boston. We determined to spend a day here in viewing the productions of art and genius.

Our first visit was at the foundry of steamboat engines, which are numerously manufactured here. From 40 to 50 steamboats are built here yearly, for the western rivers. We were struck with the peculiarly heavy and burdensome nature of this business. The machinery, including boilers, of an ordinary sized steamboat weigh from 400 to 600 tons, while in some of our largest Ocean steamers, they reach the enormous weight of 1600 tons. The brace iron in boats of this class often weighs 45 and even 50 tons.

We next visited the rolling mills.—They are 13 in number, with a capital of about $5,000,000, and employ 2,500 hands. These mills consume about 60,000 tons of pig metal, and produce bar iron and nails* amounting to $4,000,000 annually.

The founderies, of which there are 30 large, besides many smaller ones, next took our attention. They use a capital in all amounting to about $2,000,000, and employ not less then 2,500 hands.—These founderies consume 20,000 tons of pig metal annually, and yield with the labor employed various articles amounting to about $2,000,000.

We next sought the phial and bottle furnaces. There are seven of these, besides eleven window glass manufacturies. A blower of half ounce phials gets 44 cts. a gross, and will blow from 5 to 6 gross per day. Phials and bottles are formed into shape by the compressive force of the air from the blower's pipe, acting and the semi-fluid mass, and forcing it from within to yield and hug the sides of mould, which were first opened to receive the mass, and then closed to give shape to the phial or bottle within. Again they open and the blower pulls out a perfect bottle, except the neck needs cutting off, and banding, to resist the pressure of the cork. A capital of $250,000 is invested in this business, giving employment to 600 hands, and producing $600,000 annually.

From this point we walked to find the flint glass manufacturies. There are 8 of these, with a capital of $300,000 invested, employing 500 hands and consuming 150 tons lead, and 200 tons of pearlash, and producing various articles of glass ware amount to $400,000. The sand, used in the composition of glass, is as white as pulverized sugar, and is brought from Missouri. An inferior quality can be had in Pennsylvania, but the best article in the United States is found in Missouri. Tumblers are pressed in moulds at the rate of 60 an hour. Sauce plates and preserve dishes are pressed also between moulds, found to give the desired fashion and appearance, and are turned out rapidly—about 50 an hour. The dish and leg is formed in separate parts and then united by heat. Pressed ware is not so strong as cut glass ware, owing to the different processes in making. A cut glass tumbler is first blown and then ground (i. e, cut) to the desired shape. Pressed glass is more brittle than any other. So at least we were informed by one of the foremen.

We next found our way to the *Novelty works*. There are 2 of these establishments manufacturing knobs, locks, latches, coffee mills, patent scales, and a great variety of other malleable castings, with a capital of $250,000, employing 500 hands, consuming 1,200 tons of pig metal, and producing goods, amounting to $1000 daily.

There is one copper smelting establishment producing 660 tons of refined copper annually valued at $380 per ton and amounting to $250,000. There is also a copper rolling mill, now in operation, producing 300 tons of sheeting and braziers' copper, amounting to $150,000.

There are five extensive cotton factories, besides many smaller one, with a capital in all of about $1,500,000, and employing 1,500 hands. These establishments consume some 15,000 bales of cotton, and produce yarns, sheeting, batting, &c., amounting to upwards of $1,500,000. There are five white lead factories, with a capital of $150,000 invested, and producing 150,000 kegs of lead annually, worth $200,000, and employing 60 hands. There are also a number of manufactories of the smaller sizes of iron, several extensive manufactories of axes, hatchets, &c, spring-steel, steel-springs, axles, anvils, vices, mill, cross-cut and other saws, gun barrels, shovels, spades, forks, hoes, cut-tacks, brads, &c.

There is also, in full and successful operation, an establishment manufacturing cast, shear, and blister steel, and files, all said to be a very superior quality.—There is also a soda-ash manufactory, employing 75 hands and producing 1,500 tons annually.

The above are the principal manufactories, although by no means does it include every variety of business done in this place. We were informed that the result of the most careful investigations proved that of the manufacturing and other business, taking all together, the actual amount does not fall short of $50,000,000 annually. There are consumed about 12,000,000 bushels coal annually in the manufacturing establishments valued at $500,000, and an equal number of bushels exported to the lower markets, giving direct employment to upwards of 4,000 hands.

On the south side of the city, and in close proximity, stand a bold elevation of 500 or 600 feet, called Coal Hill.—This hill has yielded millions of bushels of coal for the support of the city. It is now dispossessed of most of its treasures, and is one vast dome, supported by natural coal pillars, formed by the miners in disembowelling the mountain. A waggon road leads to the top, and several beautiful cottages grace its sumit, and look down in haughty grandeur upon the city below. The consumption of such vast quantities of coal gives a melancholy tinge to the city. The weather was unusually fine when we were there, yet the heavens were of a blue haze of a November sky. But the din and bustle of business gave the city an active and life-like appearance.

Pittsburgh is really the great hive of American artisans, and is destined to rank among the first manufacturing cities of the world. Such at least is our impression and abiding conviction. The next morning, we took the early train for Harrisburgh and Philadelphia, and bade adieu to the city, not, however, without feeling a stronger and deeper impression of the true glory of American enterprise and American industry.

S. B. R.

*There are two cold cut nail in the world was made in 1777, by J. Wilkinson, of Rhode Island. He is yet alive.

HORRIBLE MURDER—ASSASSINATION OF A STEP FATHER—GREAT EXCITMENT IN THE COMMUNITY.—*Accomac, C. H, (Va.), May 11.*

Our community has again been thrown into a state of intense excitment, by one of the most horrible murders that has ever come to my knowledge. A young man (a minor) named James Ames, on saturday last got into a difficulty with Mr. George East, his step father, and seized a gun to shoot him, when his mother, Mrs. East, induced him to put it down. He thereupon drew out a large butcher knife sharpened like a razor, which it seems he had been carrying for *eighteen months past*, and advanced to East, who started to run. Overtaking East, he stabbed him repeatedly behind, till he fell, when the assassin got upon and literally cut him to pieces, ripping out the bowels from the breast down, cutting him in the breast, laying open his heart an inch or two, and stabbing and gashing him in a number of places. And to cap the climax after the bloody monster had left him, fearing as he says, that he was not dead, he returned, propped up the body against the fence, and cut the throat from ear to ear, the wound extending entirely though the windpipe and disjointing the neck.

He then returned to town and delivered himself up, saying he had been intending to do it for a long time; and if East was not then dead, he could go back and finish him. He alleges bad treatment of his mother as the reason; but it is thought to have been on account of property belonging to his mother, and which by the marriage vested in East.

Public feeling against him is excited to such a pitch, that it is almost impossible to prevent their forcible entry into his prison and putting him to death in the most summary manner.—That he will meet the murderer's doom is certain, but through a fair trial by the laws of his country.

A YANKEE TRICK IN THE BALTIC.—A letter from an officer in the Baltic fleet to an English paper, dated April 18, tells the following good story:

"One morning a few days since, we saw a large vessel eight or ten miles ahead, which we fully believed to be a Russian man-of-war, as she made all sail to get away, and showed no colors. As we rapidly came up with her, she took in sail until she was under reefed topsails—fighting trim—so we beat to quarters, and the pipe sounded loudly, "Hands, bring the ship into action." For some three minutes everything was bustle—casting the guns loose, clearing the decks, &c. Five minutes more, and every gun was shotted and primed, and the men standing with the match lines in their hands, waiting for the word to fire. Just as we got within good distance the blackguard ran up the American colors, and coolly told us he would have hoisted them sooner, *but he wanted to see how smartly we would clear for action.* If our tars did not bless him to the wrong side of heaven, never believe me."

AN APPALLING TRUTH.—In a recent trial before the United State District Court, Philadelphia, Judge Kane said; "Rum has sunk more seamen than all the tempests that ever blew!"

Mr. Seward on Nebraska.

The Nebraska bill having been returned from the House to the Senate, Mr. SEWARD made a calm but most effective speech on this question, from which we give below the more striking portions. Having commenced by saying, "I rise with no purpose of further resisting, or even delaying, the passage of this bill," the honorable Senator proceeded as follows:

So far as I am concerned, the time for looking on the dark side has passed. I feel quite sure that slavery, at most, can get nothing more than Kansas, while Nebraska, the wider northern region, will escape, for the reason that its soil and climate are uncongenial with the staples of slave culture—rice, sugar, cotton and tobacco. Moreover, since the public attention has been so well and so effectually directed toward the subject, I cheerish a hope that slavery will not be able to gain a foothold even in Kansas. Congress only give consent, but it does not and cannot introduce slavery there. Slavery will be embarrassed by its own over-grasping spirit. No one, I am sure, anticipates the re-establishment of the African slave trade. The tide of emigration is to be supplied there solely by the domestic fountain of slave production. But slavery has other regions besides Kansas to be filled from that fountain. There is all of Mexico and all of Utah already within the United States; and then there is Cuba, that consumes slave labor and life as fast as any one of the slave-holding States can supply it; and besides these regions there remains all of Mexico down to the Isthmus.—The streams of slave labor flowing from a small fountain, and broken into several divergent channels, will not cover so great a field; and it is reasonably to be hoped that the part of it nearest to the North Pole will be the last to be inundated. But African slave emigration is to compete with free emigration of white men, and the source of this latter tide is as ample as the civilization of the two entire continents. The honorable Senator from Deleware mentioned, as if it were a startling fact, that twenty thousand European emigrants arrived in New York in one month. Sir, he has stated the fact with too much moderation. On my return to the Capital a day or two ago, I met twelve thousand of these emigrants who had arrived in New York on one morning, and who had thronged the churches on the following Sabbath to return thanks for deliverance from the perils of the sea, and for their arrival in a land not of slavery but of liberty. I also thank God for their escape, and for their coming. They are on their way to the west, and the news of the passage of this bill proceeding them will swell many of them towards Kansas and Nebraska. Such arrivals are not extraordinary—they occur almost every week; and the immigration from Germany, from Great Britain, and Norway, and Sweden, during the European war, will rise to six or seven hundred thousand souls in a year. And with this tide is to be mingled one rapidly swelling from Asia and from the Islands of the South Sea. And all these emigrants under this bill as the House of Representatives overruling you have ordered, will be good, loyal, liberty-loving, slavery-fearing citizens. Come on then, gentlemen of the slave States. Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of the cause of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side which is stronger in numbers as it is in right.

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Do honorable Senators then indeed suppose they are establishing a principle at all? If so I think they egregiously err—whether the principle is either good or bad, right or wrong. They are not establishing it and cannot establish it in this way. You subvert one law capriciously by making another law in its place. That is all. Will your new law have any more weight, authority, solemnity, or binding force on future Congresses than the first had? You abrogate the law of your predecessors—they will have equal power and equal liberty to abrogate yours. You allow no barriers raised around the old law to protect it from abrogation. You erect none around your new law to stay the hand of future innovators. On what ground do you expect the new law to stand? If you are candid you will confess that you rest your hopes on the ground that the Free States will never agitate repeal, but always *acquiesce*. It may be that you are right. I am not going to predict the course of the Free States. I claim no authority to speak for them, and still less to say what they will do. But I may venture to say that if they shall not repeal this law, it will not be because they are not strong enough to do it. They have power in the House of Representatives greater than that of the Slave States, and when they choose to exercise it, a power greater even here in the Senate. The Free States are not dull scholars even in practical political strategy. When you shall have taught them that a Compromise law establishing freedom can be abrogated and the Union nevertheless stand, you will have let them into another secret, namely that a law permitting or establishing Slavery can be repealed and the Union nevertheless remain firm. If you inquire why they do not stand by their rights and their interests more firmly, I will tell you to the best of my ability. It is because they are conscious of their strength, and therefore unsuspecting and slow to apprehend danger. The reason why you prevail in so many contests is because you are in perpetual fear.

There cannot be a convocation of Abolitionists, however impractical, Faneuil Hall or the Tabernacle, though it consists of men and women who have separated themselves from all political parties, and who have renounced all political agencies, even though they resolve resolve that they will vote for nobody, not even for themselves to carry out their purposes, and though they practice on that resolution, but you take alarm, and your agitation renders necessary such Compromises as those of 1820 and