The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER,

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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, Dugdale, 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 care 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 slighting 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 appertune 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 cut 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 Bemsback, V. Abdorf,
Henry Forry, W Shields, Geo. Encle,
James Stone, Pete Holler, P. N. O'Bannon
Saml. Bowers, Thos. Blanchard, W. Abdorf.
A. Sherwood, Jas. Wells,

The above named persons are residents of Licking Co., Ohio.—Also, John J. Putnam, F. P. 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.

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Poetry.

To an Ancient Clock.

BY MARY B. BELL.

Alone, all alone,
Where dead leaves fall,
And shadows come and go,
In a mansion drear,
Where Phantoms call
On the gusty winds that blow.

There stands in gloom,
'Gainst its mouldering wall,
Encased in a shroud of dust,
An old clock,
With a golden lock,
All tarnished and stained with rust.

In stillness profound,
Like a death watch sounds
Its ticking amid the gloom;
Its hands leave a trace
Of tears on its face,
Like mouldering damps of the tomb.

'Mid the rushing blast,
It mourns for the past,
When in gladness its pendulum swung;
Where beauty and grace,
Looked up to its face,
And their songs of melody sung.

Years shall come,
And years shall go,
And phantoms of silence and fear,
Shall turn, Oh! clock,
Thy rusty lock,
In that moss-grown mansion drear.

Miscellany.

The Last Moments of Beethoven.

He had but one happy moment in his life and that moment killed him.

He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amidst the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius.

Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, "He is a clever pianist."

Thus was it said of Gericault. "He blends his colors well;" and thus of Goethe, "He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography."

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarreled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house that scarcely sufficed for his necessities. There his only pleasure was in wandering amidst the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvelous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears, and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of solitary dreaming, a letter arrived which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new grief awaited him.

A nephew whom he had brought up, and to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle's presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which is elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared, the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work.

The father gave the key-note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished, they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms.—Then they appeared to consult together; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reach its height; their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

"My friends," said Beethoven, "I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music, but as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound.—Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions."

He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast; then he dropped the music, and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his his head, and said, "I am Baethoven."

And they uncovered their heads, and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, wept over them; for they knew that they had among them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all—the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of this *chef-d'œuvre*. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony; the winds sighed through the branches of the trees, and moaned along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amidst the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house, he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him.

As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered. It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent toward him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone and he struggled for utterance, and gasped, *"Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?"*

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.

From the Detroit Daily Enquirer.

Long Cherished Revenge.

The history of jurisprudence embodies among its dusty archives, many a tale of love, of sorrow, of blighted affections, of bitter, remorseless persecution, and of long cherished vengeance, which needs not the pen of a Warren nor a Dickens to invest it with every attribute of startling interest which can mark the wildest narrative of fiction.

In the year 1835, there came into the county of Lapeer, a German, from the province of Wurtemburg, by the name of Ulrich, bringing with him a young and attractive wife, to whom he had been some years married. This lady, when a girl, had been a belle in her little neighborhood in Wurtemberg, and had been sought in marriage by more than one anxious suitor, and among them was one Daum, by whom she was courted, and to whom she had extended such encouragement as led him to fix his affections upon her, with all the fervor of the German heart. Daum was a man of unusual strength of mind, of stern and impressive demeanor, of great depth of feeling, but, as the sequel will show, of the most implacable disposition when his animosities had been aroused. He loved the girl with that intensity natural to men so constituted, and having few or no affinities with others, owing to his reserved and morose disposition, he commenced by lavishing his hours of leisure, and the earnings of his industry, upon her alone. Unlike her lover in all respects, the girl was attractive, fond of society, and unstable in her affections; and when the wedding day came, to which Daum had long and impatiently looked forward, as the consummation of his bliss, after the wedding guests had met, she told him that she loved him not, and could not be his. Daum sold his estate, and removed at once from the scene of discomfiture to a distant province.

Time passed on, and the lady was again wooed and won by a light-hearted and comely youth, her former suitor's superior in personal appearance, but his inferior in wealth and intellect. His courtship was now followed by marriage, the news of which reached the self-banished Daum, roused every latent feeling of rage and jealousy of which his strong heart was capable, and he turned to the scene of his former happiness, instigated by the sole desire—*for revenge!* He skulked about the neighborhood, lying hid during the day time for the most part, but watching every opportunity to way-lay and destroy his rival. At length they met in a wild, narrow mountain pass: a deadly and fierce struggle took place, at the termination of which Ulrich was left upon the ground slain, as his assassin supposed. Daum fled, pale, bleeding, and faint. The officers of justice sought for Daum in vain; he had fled to England, where he spent the next six years of his life.

The circumstances had passed away from the public mind, and the parties most interested had ceased to think of them, or to feel any apprehension at Daum's return. Five years passed on, and the married couple, with their children, joined a party who were emigrating to America, and settled in the county of Lapeer. There they resided in quiet comfort and happiness for three years. The wild farm had begun to assume the appearance of cultivation—the log house to be encircled with creepers and flowering shrubs—the white-haired children played around the door—the old German hound lay watchfully at the gate, and the truant sweetheart, now a comely matron, sang at her wheel the sweet songs of her Faderland. All was peace in this sequestered home, when, at the close of a bright day in August, 1838, a knock was heard at the door, which was answered by the woman, who, upon opening it, met face to face her old suitor. The recognition was mutual—not a word was said between them, but while the heart of one of them sunk within her from very fear, that of the other was roused to a frenzy, which made itself manifest in a wild gleam of long pent up vengeance.

The husband was absent, having gone upon a distant hunting excursion, in pursuit of deer, and all that night, with doors and windows barred, a sleepless, tearful, trembling watcher, awaited his return. He came not, and his step never again crossed that threshold.

Precisely one year from the time of the occurrence, just narrated, Mr. Thorn, an old resident of Lapeer county, walking, upon a balmy Sunday morning, upon the borders of one of those beautiful little lakes, which lie embosomed upon the flowery openings of that country, found upon the beach, just within the water's edge, a human skull. At a loss to account for its appearance there, he followed up the steep bold bank, which overhangs the lake, and upon its verge, found the body to which the skull belonged. A jury was summoned to the spot, and the remains were at once identified by the half frantic widow, whose wounds were opened afresh; by the discovery which shut out forever the last rays of hope which had lingered in her breast for a long, sad year.

The cause and manner of the death of the murdered man were obvious, by an examination of the skeleton—a rifle ball piercing through the vertebrale column from behind, and passed out through the breast bone. The murdered man had never known who or what had taken his life. He lay as he fell, upon his face, with his undischarged rifle resting by his side, and upon his bleaching skeleton, the hunting pouch, belt, knife and powder horn, which he had brought with him from his old country home. Autumn had deepened into winter, winter had brightened into spring, spring had blossomed into summer, yet, there he lay, within three miles of his home, unnoticed and undiscovered.

Upon the discovery of the body, Daum was arrested and had his trial, which was very long and arduous, in consequence of the necessity of taking all the evidence through interpreters, was had before the Hon. Charles W. Whipple, at the Circuit Court for the county of Lapeer, March, 1840. The principal counsel engaged in the case, were Hon. Peter Morey, then Attorney General, Hon. A. H. Ransom, Hon. T. J. Drake, Hon. E. H. Thompson, and George W. Wisner, Esq.

During the twelve days, occupied by the trial, the prisoner remained impassive and unmoved throughout, except when, upon permission being granted by the court, the bones of the murdered man, which had been wired together and placed under a covered table, were suddenly drawn out at the very feet of the prisoner, when a deathly paleness overspread his face, and a strong and involuntary shudder passed through his frame.

The evidence, as may be gathered from the foregoing sketch, was entirely circumstantial, there being no direct testimony, whereby to connect the prisoner with the death of Ulrich, and the jury found themselves unwilling to convict, and giving the unhappy prisoner the benefit of the slight doubt by which the occurrence was surrounded, brought in, after a lengthy consultation, a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

The prisoner left the court house, amid a deep and thrilling silence, and was never more seen in Lapeer county.

Wife lost as soon as found—Incident on the Railway.

A correspondent of the Port Huron *Commercial* communicates the following to that journal;

At the time and place of meeting the train of cars, oftentimes amusing incidents occur. I must record one of the most ludicrous, and at the same time awkward affair. In passing up to the Ingersoll station, there was a great crowd of people who had escorted a couple who had been joined in the bonds of wedlock. All were smiling as the morning sun. The baggage had been checked for Detroit, where they were destined, as their bridal trip. The couple were seated in the cars, which only tarry a few moments, when the bridegroom, at her suggestion, stepped out to get some cakes. While making change, the whistle blew, and both trains started. He jumped on, and passed out, and after very leisurely stowing away the cakes in his pocket, he started forward to hunt his bride. He looked all through the train without finding her, and then accosted the conductor as follows, in great excitement:—"I say, captain, some of the passengers are left." "Can't help it, sir," replies the conductor. "But," says the bridegroom, "I was married this morning, and my wife was aboard, and I don't see how she got out." The conductor seeing what a fix he was in, and where the mistake was, asked him where he was going, to which he replied that he was going to Detroit. "Well, then," says the conductor, "you are the one who got out. You are now going towards Niagara Falls." "Great God, is that so? Well, stop the cars immediately," said the bridegroom. "Can't do it," says the conductor. "We never stop for anything." "But," says the man, "I am just married this morning, and here I am going one way, and my wife the other. Was ever a man in such a fix, and the captain won't stop the cars!" "I know it is a bad fix to be in," says the conductor, "but I can't help it. I know how you feel I have been married myself, but I must obey orders." By this time a crowd in the cars had collected around the unfortunate man, all of whom knew the whole affair. A lantern jawed specimen of a Yankee boar, hearing it all, put in a word or two. "Look a here, old feller, who have got to grin and bear it. I wish I could help you as you've raised all my feelings. But I say," continued he, "I guess she wont take anybody else for you when she gets to Detroit, for they don't have any of that kind." "That kind," said the married man, "what do you mean?" "Why," says the Yankee, "they don't have any so ugly." This led to a row, and the excitement being over, I felt for my seat, and laughed for ten minutes at least.

The Mississippi.

The following remarks are the commencement of a letter from CHAS. A. DANA, Esq., of the N. Y. *Tribune*, who accompanied the late excursion given by the Rock Island Railroad. It is dated from St. Paul:

"Certainly, of all our rivers, the Mississippi is the most imposing, the most picturesque, and the most beautiful. I speak now of that portion of it above the mouth of the Missouri, for the rest I have not seen. Magnitude with the most delicate finish, grandeur of outline with exquisite beauty of detail, are the characteristics of its scenery. The broad and powerful stream is broken by frequent islands covered with dense foliage; which, at this season at least, is deliciously fresh and green, and bordered by lofty bluffs, far more beautiful than the Palisades of the Hudson, rising in every fantastic variety of form, with abrupt and craggy rocks in front, but with the most perfect green swards stretching back to the prairie in the rear, or sloping down in lovely hollows and charming nooks that break the continuity of this river wall and give constant change and delight to the beholder. These hills all wear the aspect of old cultivation; and the groves of oak that dot their smooth surface, scattered along their sides, or perched like orchards on their summits, have nothing wild, and favor the illusion. The rocks that form the foundation of the bluffs and chiefly face the river, do not rise abruptly from the water's edge, but break out about half way up the height, to tower perpendicularly and broken in the form of ancient walls, or castle battlements, so that the very Rhine does not seem more historic in its appearance. At a little distance, so regular are these walls, so true often the culminating point, so regular the abrasures of time and weather, that it is difficult not to believe that some race of barbarians built these fastnesses, and long ago left them to fall to ruin.

As I said, no river is so rich in all the elements of beauty—and there are Indian legends enough for romantic association—but, above all, no river is so rich in all the elements of power. We gaze with wonder at these astonishing fields prepared by nature herself, where the first tool of the pioneer is the plough—and this soil whose teeming richness and facility of culture announces the future home of millions. There is no region on earth, I think, which can sustain a larger population than that on both sides of the northern Mississippi. A rich soil, suited to every product of the temperate zone, and absolutely inviting the hand of the farmer; a climate genial but not enervating; frequent streams to afford water power and fuel abundant on the earth; the great river for a highway, and railroads, which in forty-eight hours land the traveler on the Atlantic—with all these advantages the entire country must become the home of one of the freest, most intelligent, most powerful and most independent communities of the world. No where else has the hand of Providence so marked out the foundations of Empire; no where else is there such an influx of immigration from all directions.

"Your Paper did not come, Sir."

We recommend a careful perusal of the following plain statement, both to post-masters and to subscribers, it is from a paper called "The Advance," published at Hernando, Miss.:

"The uncertain arrival, or uncertain delivery of papers at country post offices, is often the ground of complaint against publishers and editors. Many of the offices are poorly supplied with conveniences for taking care of papers, no matter with what certainty they arrive. The papers are jumbled into a few little pigeon holes, or piled upon a desk, box or barrel, to await the call of subscribers—in the midst of boots, hats, bridles, horse collars, & other coarse things which may be called for during the day by customers. Country Postmasters, in most cases, being engaged in some mercantile business, many newspapers find their way into some obscure corner, where they are hid for a time from human eyes, as completely as if buried in a mountain cave. In comes the man for his paper, and as it can't be found, of course it didn't come. The indignant subscriber consequently abuses the rascally editor, perhaps calls for pen, ink and paper, to write a letter of complaint about not sending his paper punctually, when, if the said paper were endowed with speech, it would cry out 'here I am, squeezed to death behind this box, or under this barrel.' We have seen such things at many country post offices elsewhere as well as in this county. These remarks have no reference to any particular office, but are meant for all where they will apply."

A CASE OF SCARE.—The Cleveland Herald tells the following good story about one of those troublesome little imps of brightness that scatter sunshine and music through many a household.—It will do to localize almost anywhere:

"A friend of ours has an "equal, undivided interest" in a charming piece of personal property, a bright-eyed, intelligent little girl, of five summers' experience, who rejoices in the name of Alice. In the family is a servant girl whose horror is rats, and who chancing on one of the long tailed animals in the cellar, makes a most un-Chinese stampede, shouting "rats!" Alice sleeps in a crib so low that, placing one foot on the inside of it, she can easily spring in. A few evenings since, her mother was attending her to bed, when she said:—"Mamma, do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said Alice, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, and then I say *rats*, and scare myself right in!" If any "five year olds" can beat that, trot 'em out.

San Francisco as seen by a Clergyman.

In these days when there are so many misrepresentations of San Francisco written and published in the Eastern papers, (says a California paper,) it is refreshing to see a letter like the following, which is from the pen of Bishop Kip, and which is an extract from a private letter. We find the following portion of the letter published in the Albany *Journal*.

I entered on duty last Sunday as Rector of Grace Church. Dr. Ver Mehr, the late Rector, is assistant minister, and is to take my place when absent. It is built of wood, gothic, somewhat in the style of Grace Church, Albany, only much larger, and is more church like in its interior and handsomer than any church in Albany, except the Holy Innocents. It is only a square from my residence and in the East end of the town.

You speak of the "refined society and marble palaces of San Francisco." It is literally true. There are more splendid buildings here than in Albany. One, for offices, &c., is as large, and fully equal in exterior to Metropolitan Hotel, in New York. As to the society, there is more active intellect in it than any society I have ever seen. There are more men of distinguished talents gathered from all parts of the Union—ex members of Congress, like Governor Foote, Stanley of North Carolina, Duer of New York, Bailie Peyton of Tennessee, &c. You may think it a strange declaration, but it is literally true, that I never preached with so much diffidence before any congregation as those in this city. I see before me on Sundays an array of talent and intellect that I never did before in any church. I can select men here from any part of my congregation whose names have been celebrated for years in the politics of the country from some of the old States.

And then I think the elegance of living would somewhat astonish you. I have been at dinner parties where you might easily imagine yourself in New York, for they were as handsome as those I have ordinarily been invited to there. There is an easiness about society here, rather European in its tone, which relieved us of the stiffness of the East. We live with an independence in our own suite of apartments, just as I used to do in Florence or Rome, and do just as we please in a way I never could do in the East. Our situation is delightful. San Francisco is built on a succession of hills, and our street is half way up one, so that we overlook the whole city and bay, just as if we were living at Mr. Olcott's on Arbor Hill. In addition to this, we have had every attention we could imagine, and were it not for the separation from my friends in the East, nothing could be more pleasant than my residence here. The people themselves certainly omitted nothing to make it so.

There is an utter disregard for money here, which is rather strange to one from the East. I know two gentlemen here, the income of one of whom is estimated at $1800 a day, and the other at $4000. We are going to start a diocesan college, and I sent a clergyman to one of these gentlemen (Thomas O. Larkin) to ask what he would give us. He at once offered a township of 640 acres of the best land in the State for its site, and I am to go to Sonoma soon to choose it. This land is exceedingly valuable, and could be sold at any moment for from $12 to $20 per acre. When they take an interest in anything here they put their hands in their pockets in good earnest. You may depend upon it, that much as you abuse California, were you living here, you would enjoy the society, climate, &c., in a way you cannot now imagine.

ASHES FOR POTATOES.—Our readers may remember that Mr. Barrett, of Cayuga, published a statement that he and his neighbors had prevented all rot in their potatoes for several years, by sowing ashes over them, at the rate of from two to three bushels per acre, once a week for six weeks commencing immediately after the second hoeing. Rev. Lyman Smith, of Charlotte, Vt., confirms this statement in a letter to the New England *Farmer*. He says he has prevented the rotting of potatoes by sprinkling the tops with ashes as soon as they made their appearance, a table spoonful to each hill; after hoeing, applying the same amount. The ashes were applied immediately after a shower, or upon a heavy dew. After such applications, he has no rotten potatoes.—*Country Gentleman.*

A SOUTHERN PARAGRAPH.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald says:—"The other day in Charlotte, a man by the name of Hale, from "the wooden nutmeg state," was waited upon by some of the citizens, who had understood that he had been indulging in rather free comment upon "the peculiar institution," and was politely requested to leave in an hour, which he did, thereby escaping the alternative held up to his gaze, in the shape of "a coat of tar and feathers."

☞ There was a report in circulation about London that Carlyle had gone mad. It arose from the fact that one of his neighbors kept fowls, whose noise near his library windows annoyed him. He sent word to the owner one day that if they were not removed, they would drive him mad.—The owner of the hens probably took his eccentric neighbor at his word, and gave out that he had gone mad. We shall be on the look-out for extraordinary evidences of derangement in the life of Frederick, upon which the great transcendentalist is now engaged.

☞ It is a prevalent opinion that the increase of the churches of our country has not kept pace with the growth of our population. Facts, however show the contrary. Says a writer in the Morning Star, of May 3d; The number of members of evangelical churches in the United States has increased from four hundred thousand to three millions and a half, within the last fifty years, being an increase of eight fold, while our population has increased only four fold.

Letters from the West.—No. 6.

New Jersey as a farming district—Arrival in New York—Tribute to Vermont—Its Rail Roads, with remarks and suggestions—Return to the West—Cleveland—A philippic against tobacco suggested by an interview with an Eastern tobacconist.

FOREST CITY, Ohio, June, 1854.

We left the city of brotherly-love, and by means of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, paid a flying visit to New Jersey. We confess ourselves disappointed in respect to this State. We anticipated seeing the finest farms, and the whole country dotted with neat residences, the significant index of joyous thrift. Instead of it, we encountered the sight of sterile grounds—woodlands of sparse growth, and the farm-houses were generally small, and white-washed, instead of being painted. The soil is a sandy loam, of easy tillage, but promising light returns for labor, unless highly stimulated by manures. Corn is a favorite crop, we judged, from the numerous corn-fields along our way. Peach orchards are very numerous, and doubtless the growing of this delicious fruit for the Philadelphia and New York markets forms an important branch of New Jersey agriculture.

New Jersey is about the size of Vermont, and judging from the portions which met our eye in crossing the State, she will compare quite unfavorably as an agricultural district. She is productive of considerable iron; has one bed, where the iron is combined with zinc ore, and within two years, a company has been formed and they are now raising the ore, and separating it in order to obtain the zinc.

We arrived at Amboy at about half past four, and exchanged cars for a steamboat passage, the balance of the way to New York. This boat plies upon the Raritan between these two places. The trip down the river occupied two hours. The Raritan is a bold broad stream, and has some very pretty scenery on its shores. We arrived in the Metropolis about 7 in the evening. We spent the night, and having learned, some days previous, that the crystal palace was temporarily closed, we concluded next morning not to spend any time in *this village*, and so hurried on to places of more importance, in the western part of Vermont.

An absence of four months, in the broad alluvial plains of the west, prepared us to enjoy the contrast existing between it, and the rugged mountain scenery of our own green-hilled State. We love to gaze upon these heavy old mountains, piled there by the hand of God. We like to pass along the valleys, spread out at their feet, and rest our eyes upon the farm-houses and gardens, that every where nestle in their bosom. We love in a warm day to drink from the crystal streams, that gush over and anon from their rocky sides, and especially do we like to tread the soil, that has given birth to so many divines, scholars, and statesmen, and is one of the few gems, that adorn the constellation of States which have no public debt.

With an excellent school system, good morals, and a good degree of enterprise, Vermont is truly prosperous. It is true that her railroads are as yet unproductive stock. The comparative cost between eastern and western roads is great. While western roads are built for less money, they fortunately receive a much more liberal patronage. The two facts combined give them a decided advantage, and render the stock more productive. We are of the opinion, however, that our convenience requires railroads, and now that we have them, let the authorities of the roads see, that no more trains are run daily, than is necessary, and that passengers and freight are charged such prices, as will ensure to the company proper remuneration over and above running expense. If it be said that this would drive away custom, we reply, it would have been infinitely better for the company, if one half of its previous custom had never appeared, and a better price been charged on the balance, than to have done it all, at prices ruinous to their best interests, and crippling to their future business. For one, we never believed in the philosophy of doing business, for the *mere sake* of doing business. But some Railroad men remind us of the old fellow, who was installed a committee in a school district, and who was very fond of calling school meetings, at which he usually presided. So on a certain occasion he went to his appointment, (not without previously qualifying himself at a neighboring bar for his arduous duties,) and the only person present was himself. After an hour's silence he arose and entered upon his minutes the following—"Met and done business" He then moved an adjournment 'sine die,' and there being no opposition in the house, it was carried by acclamation.

With one suggestion we leave the subject. We have ever been of the opinion that two passenger trains each way over the R. & B. Railroad daily was quite sufficient to meet the wants of the travelling public. If, however, there seems to be a seeming necessity, for a third train, let an extra train be placed upon the road, charging 25 per ct. more than the other regular trains, and the thing would be decided at once; whether the people required it, and must patronize this train or wait and take the cheaper trains.

One week in Vermont was all we could allow ourselves, and our eye was turned again westward. In point of business, the west has its attractions and claims upon our attention, and prompts us to adopt the language of Goldsmith;

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee.

Our route lay through Buffalo and Cleveland. This is called the Forest City, owing to the great amount of trees and shrubbery, everywhere visible in the city. It is decidedly the handsomest city west of Boston. It has a population, including Ohio City, opposite this place (the Cuyahoga river lying between them) of 35,000.

We here met and had an interview with an eastern tobacconist going west to preengage the future crops. Considerable quantities are grown in the western States. In 1850, Ohio raised a little short of 2,000,000 lbs.! The largest producers, and probably the largest consumers of tobacco, are the United States of America. In 1840, we raised 219,163,319 lbs. In 1850, 199,752,646 lbs., it being about one twentieth part of all the supposed produce of the globe. The total amount grown in the world has been estimated at 2,000,000 tons annually. Of this amount, Great Britain for the year 1852 consumed 28,558,753 lbs, being something over a pound per head, of the whole population. The government levied a tax or duty, on the above amount, of £1,560,641 sterling, which was equal to a poor tax of 3 shillings per head.

The extension of the use of tobacco in the United States is fearfully great.

The city of New York pays daily for 100,000 quarts of milk $5,000, and for cigars no less than $15,000! The cost of cigars for an inveterate smoker is more than his daily bread. Give us the money spent for cigars in one year in New York city alone, and we would be able to place a Bible in every destitute hamlet in our land; or furnish a missionary to every place destitute of the Gospel of Christ. The gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite is an expensive one, and ought to cause due reflection and reformation.

"O would some power the giftie give us
To see ourselves as others see us."

S. B. R.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.—The Nebraska bill has passed; a solemn compromise which protracted our Union thirty-four years, has been trampled in the dust; the followers at the beck of the Executive, in anticipation of profit from its patronage, have raised the yell of victory, and cannons have been fired in the national capitol in honor of the auspicious event! And what, we ask, are the fruits? Dissatisfaction, grief, distrust, indignation, and loss of confidence in Southern honor throughout half the States of the confederacy.—*N. O. Crescent.*

Every word true, and the wonder is, that every Southern man, instead of here and there an individual, did not take a similar view of the question while the Nebraska bill was pending. Commenting on the above extract the Hartford *Courant* says: "The repeal of the Missouri Compromise has done more to widen the breach between the North and the South, than any other step ever taken in our national councils. The land was reposing in quietness under the feeling that the series of compromises, which seemed to have been entered into in good faith, would forever restrain the ebullitions of sectional hostility. Parties had acquiesced in this settlement as the only means of preserving the Union.—The President in his inaugural had allayed all fear and a new era appeared to be dawning upon us. Suddenly, however, is this bright propect overcast by this new measure of DOUGLAS and PIERCE, which was, in an evil hour, acquiesced in by the South. The policy was suicidal that proposed it. It has not only weakened but destroyed at the North the confidence felt in the honor and good faith of the South. This is not merely newspaper feeling or a flourish of politicians got up for effect, or an outburst of fanaticism, that will spend itself in declamation. It is the sober feeling of the enlightened masses. Wherever we go, we hear the same complaint. To whatever party men may belong, there is the same regret that the Missouri Compromise has been destroyed. Everywhere is the feeling expressed, we cannot trust the South. It was a wicked step, and has weakened beyond account the bands of the Union. Is it "the beginning of the end?"

THE KNOW NOTHINGS.—This organization of which 'nobody don't know nothing,' is the last wonder. Politicians do not know what to make of it, and are bothered to know whether to curse it or pray to it. In New York city it is said to number 25,000 members, mostly young and middle aged men, a great majority of whom are American born, and all voters. Outside of the city, its ramifications reach all sections of the State. It will run its day, undoubtedly, but its foundation is too narrow for a permanent political party. That it will have a powerful influence in many places on the elections next fall, we have no doubt.

JOHN H. B. LATROBE, Esq., of Maryland, the President of the American Colonization Society, has written an earnest letter, addressed to Senator Pearce, in regard to the proposition about to be submitted to Congress, withdrawing the American naval force on the coast of Africa, intended for the suppression of the slave trade. The impolicy of this movement, in its bearings, and its injurious effects on the long cherished system of colonization in Africa, are all argued ably and forcibly by Mr. Latrobe.