The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XIX. MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1854. NUMBER 15.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

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

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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, gentleman, lady and clergyman 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 aperture 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. Park, John Brumback, V. Alsdorf, Henry Perry, W. Shields, Geo. Eagle, Jonas Stone, Peter Holler, P. N. O'Banion, Saul Bowers, Thos. Blanchard, W. Alsdorf, A. Sherwood, Jas. Wells.

The above named persons are residents of Licking Co., Ohio.—Also, John J. Putnam, F. T. Lamb, L. Marquant, Newark ditto,—C. Sninger, Modena Farm, Muskingum Co., Ohio.—Jos. Wells, Union, Licking Co., Ohio.—Oliver A. Mattel, 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 $3. 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.

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Poetry.

Of Old sat Freedom on the Heights.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

Within her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth,
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

TENNYSON.

Miscellany.

A Duel in 1830.

I had just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travelers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic abouts the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow travelers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon companions; the third an elegant youth blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, showed his comrades a packet of delicately-perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He hold them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was, that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by-and-by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly-illuminated coffee house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was a elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet colored suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fulness gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it; thick, silver gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his be-ad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: "A sailor?"

"Yes sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow travelers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing.

Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice, "Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury; and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean," said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la Republique et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the grey-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quitely "To morrow, at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noiselessly. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said: "Sir you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good night, Monsieur l'Abbe. To morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good night!" and taking his hat and stick he departed. His companion the abbe followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man. He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returning in 1793 to France: was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances at Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England; and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tri-colored flag much damage, while he acquired considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1851, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendee, he roved about for a long time at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier, the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground floor, in a simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was the portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always vailed, excepting only when he had sated his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions; and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterward he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay toward the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him. "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted a sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden, not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favorite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also, in high perfection, the famous *bollenbesse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—— L——,—insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout" he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; and you"—to the other—"going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength, but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain: "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind: make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form, full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half-naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man, every sinew was like iron wire; his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailer fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze riveted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practiced fencer in the schools this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forward so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardor, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L—— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling forward as he did, exactly like a picture at the Academe des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was *en garde*. L—— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honor to wish you good-morning, gentlemen: had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day;" and thus saying, he went toward his boat. "'Tis the seventeenth he murmured; "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at the port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter: here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Genevieve—is it not so, captain? But this is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pasty, oysters and two bottles of *vin d'Arbois*. Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the captain gayly. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued, in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw the crapevail from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbe, whom I know ever since he was field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betrayed my intention; and when I am there, nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the 'National' or of 'Figaro.' How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time, I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought: but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked. "Is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied, with a slight smile. "I had a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartist only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce*, or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—*and that kills*; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also was staying, I met the physician, who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truely, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplish their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early, L—— died. I went to the captain, who was returning home with the abbe. "The abbe has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which in my eyes is worth less than a dog's! But walk in sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unvailed. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and, turning to the portrait, he said—"Therese, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L——; and I thought to myself: "Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave."

From Chambers' Journal.

Cross-Thinkers.

For what end it may have been designed, we cannot tell; but the fact is certain that, in all questions, great and small, public and private, there is a class of minds which are sure to embrace the side of weakest argument. For a palpable and certain truth such minds have no relish. A great broad principle, which recommends itself to the common sense of the bulk of mankind is, in their eyes, an impertinence. In a doctrine everywhere prevalent and popular, they see only vulgarity. A deduction irresistibly logical, only excites in them the suspicion of some profounder error. If, on the other hand, you tell them something extremely hard to believe, they will make a manful struggle to swallow it, and probably will succeed. As MILTON'S Satan says: "Evil, be thou my good," so they cry "Sophism, be thou our reason!"

The pious Jesuit who said: "I believe it because it is impossible," was a type of this class. Any one can believe the possible—there is no merit in that; but to accept in unshrinking faith something utterly incongruous with experience and common sense, is to do that which few can do, and to do it is, accordingly, great glory. There is some vanity in the matter, if I go with the multitude, my voice is lost in it. I may be right, but I attract no attention. But if I stand up by myself, or with some smaller sect, and declare my attachment to some strangely heteroclite ideas, I, at least, do not pass notelessly. The mass feel a little troubled by my dissent, and perhaps even think it worth while to take some pains to bring me over to their way of thinking. One becomes somebody in these circumstances.

It is also observable of this class of thinkers, that even they concur with the majority in any profession of faith, they quite disregard all the leading and important points of the system, and fasten exclusively upon some merely external or accidental peculiarities. A fundamental doctrine which most men feel goes down into the profoundest depths of their moral being, has no attraction for them; but they are careful to see the upholstery and millinery of the system preserved in all their ancient integrity. Just because a thing looks of no consequence they think it important. Were it really to become of consequence, they would desert it.

An almost superhuman suspiciousness is a constant feature of the Cross thinker. According to him, an author is not the author of his own books. There is always some person behind backs who writes them for him. He may write some other body's books, but not his own. When the Cross thinker sees a political opponent taking a course which shows a remarkable degree of moral courage, and obviously exposes him to damage in his worldly affairs, he feels assured there is some transcendental selfishness at the bottom of it. When the three thousand English clergy withdrew from their charges, rather than submit to the Act of Uniformity, he would have been quite clear that they had good grounds for expecting to better their incomes by what they were doing. A very martyr burning at the stake would scarcely get credit for sincerity with our Cross thinker. There would be great reason to suspect that he had been all along acting a part, and at the last moment had expected to be reprieved.

In considering by what means any great result has been brought about, our friends overlook all the prominent and great causes, and seldom fail, with an air of mysterious sagacity, to draw our attention to certain others so small as to appear almost indifferent, or which possibly you are more inclined to rank as obstructions. For example, they would never think of attributing the best points of the general character of the gentlemen of England to either the inherent qualities of the stock, or what may be sound and good in the education to which they are subjected. They would profess to see some vast influence for good in the fagging-system of the public schools—that system by which a boy of fourteen is entitled to tyrannize over a boy of ten, and make a menial of him, as if it could be good for any one to be either oppressed or an oppressor. With a perverse ingenuity which would be amusing if it were not so sadly out of harmony with truth, our friends will argue for a virtue in that which is in reality a vice. They will give to a base, old, bad thing, which only has not succeeded in preventing real intellectual and Moral advancement, the credit of all the good which has been accomplished. The fact is, a true cause is a vulgar, stupid thing, which anybody can appreciate. If you wish to make anything for yourself out of a case, you must strive to establish some no-cause as a cause—always the more merit the the less tenable your propositions. Let no one be afraid of wanting support for the conclusions in favor of such improbabilities. Just in proportion to the untenableness of his doctrines, he will be the more certain to have a party rallying around him, to proclaim his amazing profoundness of views, his irresistable logic, his almost superhuman sagacity.

Cross-thinking has of course literature of its own, and also a system of criticism. One CORYPHEUS of the set writes a huge history, in which everything is traced to the least operative causes, and the lessons of all the principal events are duly misread. Another is an oracle of a journal, which for a long course of years has done all it can to resist whatever is calculated for the good of the community. In Cross-thinking criticism you find all the swans of the great public described as geese, and all the geese as swans. Such was the case HORACE WALPOLE, of whom it is remarked that, all through his correspondence, he speaks favorably of only secondrate geniuses. From his whimsical, jealous and illiberal mind, it clearly appears that a manly appreciation of the true wits was not to be expected. The Cross-thinkers, however, are not always themselves of mean account in literature. It is rather a sad reflection that some of the men of the most brilliant literary powers rank among those wha devote themselves on all occasions to make the worse appear the better reason. Unfortunately to possess eloquence is not necessarily to possess also the inclination to use it solely for good ends. Crotchet and vanity take the direction of but too much of it. The very fact that it is much easier to make a stir with eccentric opinions, than with those that have the support of truth and general approbation, is the cause why an immense proportion of the talent which arises is from the first perverted, and ever afterwards misused. And we hardly know a more sad spectacle than that of a man of brilliant gifts being thus led into false relations to his species and condemned at the end to look back upon efforts of which the best that can be said is only this, they have not been sufficiently powerful to extinguish truth, or obstruct the course of civilization.

Cross thinking has a great charm for young minds. It is quaint and striking, often droll—looks like something to which the few are privileged—is free from that vulgarity which is so apt to beset any great cause in which the sympathies and interests of multitudes are concerned. Hence young men of talent are extremely liable to fall into the habit, and so to get into connections with professions and parties from which they cannot afterwards shake themselves free. It is for them a great misfortune, for generally it tends to frustrate the benefits of what talent and education they may possess. Powers and accomplishments that might have advanced good objects for the public, are then spent in a necessarily futile attempt to obstruct them. Some false glory may result. In other words, a foolish few will applaud, while the majority look on with wonder and pity. But in the long run, all is found to have been barren, and wanting of true savor. The world will at the utmost accord the meed of talents misapplied. Even from those who have all along been applauding, there will only be found that kind of support which the reckless get from their friends, and the vicious from the companions of their iniquity. The final sentence is, "Here lies a man who chose to live in vain."

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

The Recent Destruction of St. Salvador by an Earthquake.

DESCRIBED BY AN EYEWITNESS.

NEW SAN SALVADOR, April 29, 1854.

The attention of the dwellers and sojourners upon the south western part of that elevated plain which lies above the city of San Salvador, upon the 12th and 13th of April last, was forcibly called to a hollow, rolling subterranean sound which was repeated at intervals, and at times continued several minutes without ceasing. It seemed to proceed from the mountain chain, which extends southwesterly from the neighboring volcano and forms a semi-circle. The awe inspiring sound was most distinctly heard at Monserrat and at a little *hacienda* (farm) belonging to a German family, named Bogen, from East Prussia.

About 7½ o'clock on the morning of Good Friday, (April 14,) two slight shocks of earthquake were felt at San Salvador and in the immediate vicinity, succeeding each other with little interval and followed some ten minutes later by one more severe. I saw the roof and walls of my little habitation trembling without at first perceiving the cause.—"Es un temblos," said Martino, my young New Spanish attendant, very quietly. He was a native of the country, and, therefore accustomed to a phenomenon, which fills the mind of an inhabitant of the North with such profound horror. The environs of San Salvador have a bad name throughout the country, on account of the frequent shaking of the earth, and the natives have given the region a name expressive of the fact. But though these slight shocks are so constantly occurring, especially at the beginning and end of the dry season (December and May,) there has never, since the memory of man, been an instance of these terrible catastrophes, which, as at Lima or Valparaiso, are expected about once in a century to overwhelm the city in total destruction. Besides, the volcano of Isalco, sixteen leagues South of San Salvador, being in constant activity, is considered as a sort of a chimney, conducting off the vapors and liquid matter from the vast fires beneath, or, to quote Humboldt, as a safety valve against destructive earthquakes.

The shocks continued throughout Good Friday, with pretty regular intervals, about as often as two or three per hour, and having all the same direction—west-south-west to east-north-east. In this direction, at a distance of a short league from the city, and at an elevation of about 500 feet above it, is the great crater of Guscatlan. This crater seems to be of a more ancient formation than that of St. Salvador, and is partly filled up by a lake. Here the shocks seemed to originate, and not at the volcano.

In San Salvador, where the holy week is celebrated with all possible religious pomp, the people paid little attention to the earthquake that took place upon Good Friday, and were but to a very small extent hindered in their participation in the procession and in their visits to the cathedral. Still, several times in the course of the day, as the shocks grew of greater force, the devout multitudes were seen flying from the holy halls, pale with terror, rushing in wild haste to the doors—their fear of the subterranean powers overcoming their faith in the celestial.

About 8¼ o'clock P. M., the houses were shaken to their foundations, and the roofs began to crack. Walls were filled with fissures, the plastering fell from ceilings, and many tiles were thrown from the roofs. This shock lasted some eight seconds, with an undulating motion, and had the houses not been so exceedingly well adapted for resistance to earthquakes, they would probably have come down in masses. These houses are all low, very broad, and if only one story, the walls of loam mud possessing considerable elasticity and covered with flexible cane—no better construction being possible to meet the case. Everybody fled into the open air. An hour passed without further motion, yet most of the people resolved to put up their couches in their court-yards in the open air. The shocks continued more or less violent at intervals during the whole night. In the course of the twenty-four hours we counted forty-two distinct ones. On Saturday morning it became quiet again.

The Capital of the State of San Salvador is situated at an elevation of 2,100 Spanish feet above the Pacific upon a most fertile plain about 7 square leagues in extent, on the north-west side of which rises the volcano, hardly a league from the city. Seen from the town the old fire-mountain forms a neat beautiful cone with a gently sloping summit, crowned to the highest peak with thick forest. The crater is perfectly well preserved, more than half-a-league in circumference and partially filled with water. It rises about 1,000 feet above the table-land on which it stands. The other hills, both those which belong to the volcanic range south, and those of the semi-circle above mentioned, rise not more than 1,600 feet above the level of the plain.

There is no historical account of any period of activity in the volcano of San Salvador. There is a tradition, however, of an eruption of lava having taken place in 1659, which is said to have destroyed and covered with ashes the *pueblo* of Nehapa on the north-western side. According to other traditions this was no eruption of fire, but an overflow of mud from the crater.

Easter Sunday was welcomed by the discharge of rockets and the music of the military bands, while the multitude moved in festive procession to hear High Mass in the Cathedral. Most of the houses were beautifully decorated with pisang leaves and branches of palm trees. The "Sanctissimum" was carried in triumph through the streets. A long procession followed, and the Senoras and Senoritas displayed their most splendid toilets. In the afternoon the grand procession of Saints took place. Colossal statutes of Saints, carved in wood, and most luxuriously equipped in costly silk dresses, were carried from the Churches through the streets, and whenever they chanced to meet, the processions stop to give the Saints an opportunity to embrace. The multitudes greet these scenes with extravagant delight, and rockets by the hundred are sent rushing through the air. The good Catholic people devote themselves upon Easter Sunday, first to religious exercises, then to cheerful enjoyment, and so the day concluded with music, fireworks and banqueting.

Soon after 9 o'clock in the evening came a severe shock, more powerful than the severest on Good Friday, accompanied, during its entire continuance, by a hollow, rumbling noise. Walls tottered to their foundations, bricks and tiles fell to the earth, and many houses were rent with fissures. I was lying in bed, suffering under an attack of ague, and had fallen into a feverish slumber, from which the noise awakened me. At that instant a portion of the ceiling of my room fell, bearing me upon my head and face, and for some minutes blinding me with dust. I sprang from my bed and groped my way in the darkness to the door, which was unfortunately locked.—I succeeded at length in finding it, and reached the court-yard in safety, where I found all the other inmates of the house assembled, crying and praying in a breath.

(*Concluded next week.*)

SCENE ON THE OHIO.—Our boat stopped to take in wood. On the shore, among the crowd, was a remarkably stupid fellow with his hands in his pockets and his under lip hanging down. A dandy, ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks at all around, saying—

"Now I'll have some fun; I'll frighten the greenhorn."

He jumped ashore with a long drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the "green un," exclaiming—

"Now I'll punish you—I've been looking for you a week."

The fellow stared stupidly at the assailant; evidently had not sense enough to be sacred; but as the bowie knife came near his face, one of his huge fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and fell hard and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the Ohio. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets and looked around.

"Maybe," said he, "there's somebody else here that has been looking for me a week?" But there wasn't.

A PALPABLE HIT.—The Terre Haute (Indiana) Express thus forcibly hits the tendency of the age to get ahead of Moses.—

WONDERFUL GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—A fossil frog has been discovered in the Wabash bottom, several feet below the surface, with half a dozen strata of mud above him, to the formation of which, according to well established geological principles, a period of 6,000 years, each, may be attributed. When this astounding ante-Adamite fossil was brought to light, all the live frogs gathered around it and exclaimed—"Pentateuch! Pentateuch! Oh! Humbug! Enoch! Abimelech! Ralck! Amalek! Amalek!" thus expressing their utter disbelief in the Mosaic history. Theologians will have to disprove this new fact in science before they can go along.

☞The New Orleans Crescent has some rich correspondence, of which the following is a sample:

MR. ETITYTUR: That what I witch to assk yo is weather strichnine wot the polecce gives tu dogs, wont pizen the human beins arter sassengers has ben fride. Please tu put in the paper how that is, fur if fride strichnine is pizen I go agin sassengers. Yourn til pizened. A ALLEY BOY.

For the Register.

Letters from the West.—No. 8.

Farming in the west—necessity for a change—more wool should be grown—high cost of manures—two fugitives—their apprehensions and fright—final safety—instance of female adventure and triumphant success.

NEWARK, Ohio, July, 1854.

The mode of farming, that very generally obtains at the west, is exhausting to the soil, and exhibits a want of foresight, which utters the language of warning, to those who shall inherit these lands a century hence. To take off all the grateful soil will yield, from year to year, and restore little or nothing back, is the too prevalent mode of farming in all the new States of the west. A farmer in Michigan told us, that thirteen years since his farm was new and produced from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre; now, he added, I get from 12 to 15 only. Continued croping must extract from the soil the elements that enter largely in the formation of those crops. Hence, lands should be laid down to grass, ere they become tired, and after a while they are ready to resume their work, of growing cereals again.

In the United States, the number of sheep have not increased for the last seven years. There is now a deficiency of 100,000,000 lbs. of wool, to meet our annual consumption. Our population increases at the rate of 600,000 yearly, and this increase requires 3,600,000 lbs. of wool to clothe them, which would call for addition of 1,200,000 sheep, to the *twenty-one and a half millions* now comprising our national flock—simply to keep pace with our present condition—or in other words to hold our own.

We are of the opinion, that the farmers of the west ought to grow more wool and plough less, thereby they would improve, rather than impair their farms.—It is a notable fact, that England pays annually for manures the round sum of $300,000,000, being more than the value of the whole of its commerce. Now admitting, that the grateful soil yields back with interest, all that is thus lavished upon it, and admitting that on the Chincha Islands on the coast of Peru, there are thousands of acres of guano, piled 30 feet in thickness, and that on these three Islands there 30 millions of tons, and although the export is large, still the quantity is increasing. Nevertheless, is it not in accordance with the first principles of political economy and national policy, to husband the virgin richness of our new lands, rather than create the necessity, of importing manures extensively from foreign shores, at great cost, to restore what our improvidence has squandered?

Recently, our attention was called to a scene, highly calculated to awaken our deepest sympathies. Two colored fugitives escaping from their southern prison-house, had been put into the baggage car, by the conductor, (who was a humane fellow,) and quite securely were making good speed for the Queen's dominions. At a stopping place for wood and water, three or four fellows* passing the baggage car discovered the darkies, and believing them to be runaways, at once resolved to have some sport with them, as they termed it. To effect this, a running conversation was held near the car, sufficiently loud to be heard by the inmates, about negroes and slavery, rewards and runaways.—Soon they mounted into the car, and the poor fellows were trembling with fear, and shook like branches in an autumn wind. Their countenances bespoke the terrible agitation of the soul within, and fell dispair marked every lineament of their sable faces. They did their best to conceal their fright; but the terrible thoughts of recapture, whipping, and severe toil, unrequited down to life's latest hour, caused their stalwart frames to shake with commotion, in spite of their efforts to the contrary. One of the men stepping up to them, and putting his hand on the shoulders of one of them, demanded to know if they were not from ——, in Kentucky? "No Massa, no Massa, me nebber in old Kentuck, me nebber see it in me life." "Don't lie to me, you rascal," said the interrogator, "I understand where you are from, right well, tell me the truth—own up and you shall fare much better at my hands. I'd kill a lying 'nigger' as soon as I would a rattle-snake. Come, tell us if you have not run away from ——, in Kentucky. Speak the truth, and you shall receive better treatment—you shall not be put in irons." The dread of hand-cuffs and clogs, induced them to own up, and confessed that they had escaped from slavery, some three weeks before, and were on their way to Canada, and being told that the conductor of that train was a friend to the slave, they had sought his assistance. "Well," exclaimed the man, "you shall have it, and mine too. I'd *spill my last drop of blood* before I would see you go back into slavery. You are among the sworn foes of the 'fugitive slave law,' and friends of the flying, panting fugitive," and pulling out of his pockets several fine oranges, distributed them to the slaves, and sat down to witness the happy change, manifest in the appearance

*Passengers on the train.