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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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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 Kile's, English's, and others. It was also awarded a diploma for the same fair, and a premium at the New York State Fair, September, 1852, also at the Central and State Fairs, and County Fairs. It is acknowledged by all practical bee keepers, stands unrivalled, and ahead of all other hives yet known, to be its name indicates, a combination of those principles necessary to the successful management of bees. Many persons have been obliged to abandon their hives, on account of the ravages of the Bee Moth and frequent losses by starvation. This hive by simple arrangement guards most effectively against those great evils. It is also constructed so adapted to large or small swarms, and likewise for a swarming, non-swarming, or dividing hive, and in fact it excels all others, in its interior, its construction, its durability, its economy, its safety, and its elegance, having a permanent rest, will procure it as soon as they from its excellencies. We would say to those who never kept bees, or who have had them they may be managed with perfect impunity, as all parts of the hive may be opened and the operations of the bees, witnessed without coming in contact with either bees or honey. It possesses over others as follows:
1st. Its perfect adaptation (in regard to size) to the actual wants of a colony of bees at all seasons. It is a large or small hive, as desired before removing it from the hive without disturbing or injuring them in the least.
2d. The facility it affords for obtaining surplus honey or removing any portions of the comb, as superior to any other, as the bees may be removed either by the entrance desired before removing it from the hive without disturbing or injuring them in the least.
3d. It affords a perfect protection to the honey, by the means of the entrance, and the facility of the colony at all times without exposure to the bees.
4th. The facility it affords for feeding the bees, as it may be put in any out building, garage, outhouse, etc., or even directly over the hive, where your honey will not slip off without your personal observation.
5th. Its acknowledged ability to afford the bees a perfect protection from the small hive beetle, than any other hive yet known, as the small openings at which the bees enter, is the only means of access for the beetle, and this being in a large number of places, the bees are enabled to leave it during evening as it was at the bottom of the hive.
6th. It affords a perfect protection to the honey, by the means of the entrance, and the facility of the colony at all times without exposure to the bees.
7th. The facility it affords for feeding the bees, as it may be put in any out building, garage, outhouse, etc., or even directly over the hive, where your honey will not slip off without your personal observation.
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Miscellany.

Miss M. D., Or disease of the heart.
FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A YOUNG LAWYER.

The days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over; I was admitted, wrote myself "Nehemiah Hubbs, Attorney," set up my new bright little sign, and in my tawdry villosus began my professional career. I noted, I did not either; I am mistaken; I intended to pursue the honorable practice of the noble profession to which I had dedicated my talents and learning, in the place of my birth, but never was truer word penned than the time honored proverb, "A prophet has no honor in his own country." I believe if I had remained in the village of Green Briar till my head was white, they would have thought of me as nothing but a boy, and would have feared to trust me. Even after my sign was put up, nobody called me *Mr. Hubbs*; I was still "Ne" with old and young, and "Ne" I would have remained to this day, had I remained in Green Briar. Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient continuance in Green Briar, after being admitted to the bar, and that was the case of an unjustly impounded pig; a feloniously abstracted, your honor, from the small but secure spot in which the client had trustfully deposited him, and maliciously driven to the public enclosure called a pound, for the vile purpose of debasing and compelling my client in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fee which has been demanded of him, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position and restore him to the bosom of his family.

By this I meant the client's family, the pig having none of its own; it was a figure of speech undoubtedly, the family not inhabiting an Irish cabin, but still it rounded off the period, and sounded well to me. I repeated over and over again my maiden speech pacing up and down the floor of my little office. In this, my first case, I was successful so far as to rescue the impounded animal and save my client from the payment of an unjust demand; but it brought no silver to my pocket, neither to my surprise, did it seem to bring honor to my name. The eloquence of my speech did not form the theme, as I fondly hoped it would, of paragraphs in the village papers, or of discussion at the corner of the streets, neither did it bring to my office the rush of clients for which each day I vainly made ready. It was plain that I should never rise to distinction in Green Briar, and so I came to the sudden determination to remove from that pleasant spot, and settle in some great city where no body knew or had ever heard of me; where, above all, there was not a soul to call me "Ne."

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership; business increased money began to come in slow

Poetry.

To the Mocking Bird.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear Thy many voices ringing through the glooms Of these green solitudes—and all the ear Bright joyance of their song enraptures the ear And floods the heart. Over the spheroid tombs Of vanished nations roll thy music tide. No light from history's starlike page illumines The memory of those nations—they have died.

None cares for them but thou and thou may'st sing. Perhaps o'er me—as now thy song doth ring Over their bones by whom thou once wast defined.

Thou seer of all cities! Thou dost leave The world's turmoil and never ceasing din, Where one from others no existence weaves, Where the old sages, the young turns gray and grieves.

Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within; And thou dost die into the broad green woods, And with thy soul of music thou dost win Their heart to harmony—no jar intrudes Upon thy sounding melody. O, where, Amid the sweet musicians of the air, Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes.

Ha! what a burst was that! The Eolian strain Goes floating through the tangled passages Of the lone woods—and now it comes again— A multitudinous melody—like a rain Of glossy music under echoing trees, Over a raging lake, it wraps the soul With a bright harmony of happiness— Even as a gem is bright, when round it roll Their waves of brilliant flame—ill we become, Even with the excess of our deep pleasure, dumb.

And put like some swift runner clinging to the goal, I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee, Amid the eloquent grandeur of the shades, Alone with nature—but it may not be; I have to struggle with the tumbling sea Of human life, until existence fades Into death's darkness. There will sing and soar.

Through the thick woods and shadowy cheek, While thought of sorrow casts a dimness o'er, The brilliance of the heart—but I must wear, As now, my garmenting of pain and care— As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred, Have overshadowed Youth's green paths with gloom; Still joy's rich music is not all unheard, There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird, To welcome me, within my humble home; There is an eye with love's direction bright, The darkness of existence to dispel; Then why complain? When death shall cast his bright.

Over the spirit, then my bones shall rest, Beneath these trees, and from thy swelling breast, O'er them my song shall pour like a rich flood of light.

great, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But alas! as we are so often told poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious, and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betraying itself so plainly, that I would blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim of disease of the heart; not metaphorically, dear reader; for never had that organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal woman; so far as the gender sex was concerned, I was a perfect steele; but there was organic disease about my heart, I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclosed themselves unmistakably they did so in my case. There was fluttering palpitation, irregular action and at length pain; I could not work; life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had anything to leave, or anybody to leave it to, I should have made my will for I was quite sure now that I should either drop some day lifeless in the street, or that the morning would soon come, when the power to rise from my bed would have left me.

I remained at my boarding house and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew, worse and worse. As I had consulted the physician, partly, I think, from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed; but as I sat by my window one day, smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was arrested by a modest little sign upon an opposite blind—C. L. To, M. D.

I thought whether or not it would be best to make trial of a physician's skill, a sudden twinge and flutter seized me, yes I would send for Dr. To, and know the worst at once.

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the establishment, I told him to step and ask the Dr. To come and see me as soon as possible.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked, "is not Dr. To a good physician?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "I believe she is a very good physician, but she hasn't tended nobody here."

"She?" said I to myself, "the boy surely has Welsh blood in his veins, they always say everything."

The boy soon returned saying, "The Doctor wasn't home, sir, but I left your name on the slate."

In the course of the afternoon, as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my head, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. "Come in," I called out and to my surprise, in came the nearest brightest, most cheerful looking little woman, it had ever been my lot to meet.

"You sent for me, I believe, sir?" she said in a quick brisk pleasant way. "I? No, madam; you are laboring under a mistake."

"Ah! Be pardon," said the little woman, "I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs, number fourteen, Mrs. Grey's boarding house, with a request that I would call and see him."

"Your slate, madam?" I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment, "you surely are not a—"

"Physician," she said, she interrupted quickly, "I'm a physician, Dr. To."

"Extraordinary!" was all I could say, for though I had heard at a distance of the existence of such beings, this was the first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it and acquaint the lady Doctor with my case. I asked her to my apartments, and then in her quick bright way, exclaimed, "Nervous! nervous! that's all, depend upon it. Excuse me, sir, by the air of your room. I presume you are much given to smoking?"

"And how many cigars do you usually smoke in a day?" I could not tell, I never counted, as soon as I threw away one, I took another, usually.

"How clear in your mouth pretty much all the time, eh? Chew too." Again a reluctant confession was wrung from me.

"I presume you sit up late, smoking all the time?" "Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading."

"That's it," she said, "no disease of the heart at all, sir, nothing but tobacco; depend upon it, nothing but tobacco; it'll make you feel as though you were crazy if you don't take it. Now will you promise to follow my advice, or not? If not, I will take my leave immediately."

I promised, submissive as a lamb. "In the first place, then, throw away all your cigars and tobacco, and promise me to buy no more."

With a sigh given to my sole consolation, I said I would do as she directed.

Many more directions she gave me as to diet, exercise, early hours, &c. Perhaps she saw too that cheerful companionship was one thing I needed, and so she remained a while, talking with great glee and spirit about matters and things in general, and promising to call and see me the next morning, she left.

I had not felt so well in a great while; indeed I had not given my heart a thought since the little woman entered the room.

The next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of my little Doctor. She came bright and cheerful as the day before. What a perfect little sunbeam she was! I could not help growing better under her care, and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet I managed to contrive some aches or pain every day, as an excuse for the continuance of her visits.

At length I found that my heart, which had long been quiet and apparently free from disease began to flutter and palpitate again, but I observed it was only when I heard the little woman's tap at my door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little

Duties of Adopted Citizens.

There is one duty we would earnestly urge upon the calm good sense and just feeling of our adopted citizens. It is the duty of thoroughly Americanizing themselves. They should imbue themselves with all feelings of race and nation into the one paramount feeling, that they have become, by their own choice, American citizens—have made this country their home and the birth-land for their children and children's children. They should imbue themselves with American feelings. They should not herd themselves together for the preservation of the customs, habit and language of the country from which they came. They should learn themselves as fast as they can, and teach their children to speak American speech, to breathe American sentiments—to understand American ways—to enter into the spirit of our American life and habits of thought and feeling.

In this point of view it always strikes us unpleasantly, and we doubt not it does all thoughtful Americans, to see military companies moving about our streets composed exclusively of Irishmen or Germans. It takes a momentary effort of recollection to overcome the first impression that it is a foreign armed force we see treading our soil. It does not look as though such men were taking kindly root; a mong us—blending themselves with us, fusing themselves with our national spirit and life, becoming truly and thoroughly American citizens. It suggests to our apprehension possibilities of a conflict—contingencies which these different nationalities may come into hostile collision. At all events, it tends to keep up the feeling of distinct nationalities which ought not to be cherished.

In short, such military organizations on the basis of foreign nationalities are all wrong. They stand in the way of the thorough Americanization of our adopted citizens. They involve tendencies to evil. It is a great pity have ever been formed; and it would be a most desirable thing, in every town, if they could be voluntarily given up by those who ought not to wish any other distinction than that of being American citizens.—N. Y. Times.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his address at Union College, among other hits made the following:
As an American, I blush for the fame of the American Press, when I reflect upon its subserviency. If I take for an example the best and most princely of American publishing houses, (that of the Messrs. Harper, who count their wealth by millions, and rightly so, it appears before they will give us the Thought of the Old World, they expurgate it. They will not permit the son of Wilberforce, from the See of Oxford, to speak of the American Church and its Slavery; nor Deau Paley to treat of Moral Philosophy; nor Howard Hinton to tell of history;—nor Mary Howitt to write novels—except they expurgate it. And if we turn to the Religious Press, we find that a great publishing establishment, (I refer to the American Sunday School Union,) backed up by all the piety of the thirty States, and by the strong religious support of the whole people, when it once, by accident, happened to publish an anti-slavery tract, called it back, when remonstrances came in—instead of saying, what would have been the truth—"Gentlemen, this book was published twenty years ago, and was not intended to have any bearing upon your case; but in the Providence of God it has found you, and may it do you good." [Laughter.] They broke their stereotype plates, and like the punished school-boy, promised "never to do any more." Or, take the prices of your own State, your Paulding, who, when he descended to the Secretary of the Navy, suppressed and pruned the chapters of his works. Or, turn to Bancroft, of my own State, who wrote the first volume of his History under the shadow of the woods of Northampton, where Edwards meditated and laid the corner stone of American Literature—even he, when he was hurled into the maelstrom, with the glittering baubles of office flashing before his eyes, could mould a chapter to suit his new attitude. It was like an old "New England Almanac," suitable for "Washington and the neighboring towns." No! it is not a Press so servile as that, that we can trust.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.—At a late term of the Supreme Court in Lowndes county, Georgia, a man by the name of Graham was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary, at the age of nineteen years. The incidents in the life of this young man, which are well calculated to excite sympathy in his misfortunes:

At the age of thirteen he was attacked by a tiger, who after tearing him badly and crushing both his jaws, left him for dead under a covering of leaves which he had piled on him. Subsequently he was caught in a sugar mill and lost one arm, was bitten twice by rattlesnakes, and struck senseless by lightning. His greatest calamity occurred a few months ago, when he killed one of his neighbors in a drunken frolic by stabbing. Since then he has had in Prison, and some now a term of years to serve as his trade suited to his peculiar physical condition.

Personalities of Literati.

JERROLD.—Douglas Jerrold, a well known contributor to *Punch*, and editor of various publications, is a man of about fifty years of age, and in person is rather spare and diminutive. His face is sharp, angular, and his eye of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and with keen sensibility he often writes, under the impulses of the moment, articles which his cooler judgment condemns.—Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the internal application of Adam's ale. His Caudle Lectures have been read by everyone. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and grandfather.

MACAULAY.—The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to adipose and corpulent proportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, (which is monotonous and disagreeable,) is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with exaggerated thought and meaning. As he walks or rather straggles along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind.

You cannot help thinking that literature is with him, not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily intellectual food.

DE QUINCY.—He is one of the smallest, most attenuated of the human form divine, that one could meet in a crowded city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are neither fashionably cut nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerable rough idea of De Quincy's outer man. But then his brow that pushes his obtuse hat to the back of his head, and his light grey eyes that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most obtuse logic, are something that you would search a week to find the mates to, and then you would be disappointed. De Quincy now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, where an affectionate daughter watches over him, and where he is the wonder of the country people for miles around.

LAMARTINE.—Lamartine is—yes, young ladies, positively—a *Prin*-looking man, with a long face, short grey hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ear, and he would look like a 'confidential clerk.' Give his face more character, and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, pre-eminently speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. *Prin* is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and, like other men, he chooses to sink the shop at least when he sits for his portrait.

DUMAS.—On the contrary, is a burly fellow. His large red, round cheeks stand out, till they seem to stretch the very skin that cover them, and it looks as smooth as a polished apple.—His black crisped hair is piled high above his forehead and stands divided into two unequal masses, one inclining to the right and the other to the left. His eyes are dark and his mouth sensuous, but not to the degree of vulgarity. His person is large and his flowing mantle red. He is a gentleman to lay bare the throat and look romantic, but Byronically so, but piratically. Yet he looks good humored, and like a man whose capacity for physical enjoyments of all kinds is boundless. His negro blood is evident enough to one who knows he has it—but it would not be detected by one who knew it not. It appears in the peculiar rotundity of the man, and all his parts. It crisped and heaped his hair; it made him dress up in flowing red to have his picture taken. But his complexion is only a shade darker than average. The portrait reminds us for a moment of the late Thomas Hamblin, the actor.

EGGERS SEE.—Is neither prim nor dourly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light—eyes blue—hair, once black, now pepper-and-salt—whiskers voluminous—eye-brows black and thick—good forehead, and the lower face ample. This conveys no better idea of the man's appearance than a French passport. But the truth is, Sue's countenance and figure have none of those peculiarities which make description possible. He looks in his portrait like a comfortable, careless elderly gentleman—taking his ease in an easy chair and an easy coat. He does not look like an author—authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. He is only forty-five years

Letters from the West—No. 9.

Ancient fortifications in the west—Mediations—By what race were they built?—A conjecture—Robust and begin again, or the mode two tippers settled a dispute—A suggestion—The wealthy barber.

NEWARK, Ohio, July, 1854.
One of the most striking features in the geography of the western States is the fortifications and mounds of some ancient but extinct race, that once inhabited this portion of North America. Recently, in company with a party of gentlemen, we paid a visit to two of these antique fortifications, situated about two miles from the village. The two are some little distance apart, and from present appearances, were once connected by a subterranean passage. A similar passage connected one of these forts with the river, a few rods distant. One of these forts is a perfect circle, and encloses an area of 40 or 50 acres. At the entrance is a passage way of several yards in width, called 'the neck.' It is several yards in length.

There is a high embankment on each side of this entrance, caused by throwing up the earth from the inside, thus leaving a deep ditch, which is now full 15 feet on an average from its bed to the top of the embankment. At the end of this entrance way or 'neck,' the ditch and embankment turn to the right and left, at nearly right angles, and continue on in a circular line until they meet at the opposite side, making complete the enclosure. The depth of the broad ditch and the height of the embankment are very uniform throughout, and from actual measurement, we found it from 15 to 18 feet from bottom to top. When made it was doubtless much more. The area is as level as a lake, and is shaded by a scattering growth of trees, under which is quite a profusion of grass and flowers. Trees from two to three feet in diameter are growing in the bottom of the ditch, and also on the top and sides of the embankment. We endeavored to encircle some of these monarchs of the forest with our arms, and found that we could not span over one half of the circumference. One hollow oak had blown down, leaving the stump; we stepped into the centre of it, and stretched our arms at full length, and found they were to short by one foot, to reach from outside to outside. This tree grew on the very top of the embankment near the 'neck.'

The other fortification is an octagon, and encloses an area of about the same size. At each angle of the octagon is an entrance way, and within, in front of the passage, is a high mound, to serve as a defence. Nothing can be more perfect in form than this octagonal fort, showing conclusively that its builders had, at least, some knowledge of mathematics. These two forts are only a fluk in the chain that runs on through Franklin and Perry Counties, and thence through Kentucky and Tennessee, and extends even into Mexico. After walking quite round on the circular embankment, over a good foot path, kept well trod by the feet of frequent visitors, we sat down to meditate. The air was soft, and laden with fragrance from the flowers and clover fields about us; amid the leafy branches of old trees, were nestling the waxy birds, the river murmured and glistened in its bed, the corn-clad valleys lay stretched in the deepening shadows, and the golden sun light yet lingered on the hill-tops. It was the closing hour of a lovely day.

But who were the architects of these ruins? Were they savage or civilized? Were they white or red men? Were they giants or pigmies? Were they the work of the present race of Indians, or that of some race that occupied this country long before Columbus was born, or lived to dream of a new world? By what strange occurrence were they induced to leave this fair heritage? Was it compulsory force, or a spirit of emigration and wild adventure? To all these and many more meditative inquiries, conjecture alone could afford answers. The most probable conclusion is, that these fortifications are the work of the old Aste race, that flourished and figured long before the American Indian tribes had possession of North America. The whole subject, however, is wrapped in mystery, and affords a speculative field for the Philosopher and Antiquarian. Rapt in meditation, while

"The ruins closed us in,
We stood and gazed around;
It seemed as if no foot of man
For ages, had intruded there.
We stood and gazed a while,
Missing on Aste pride and Aste fall,
Their over the battle ground,
And out the neck or gate."
We passed in silence on.

A tolerable anecdote is told of two tippers, residing in the vicinity. They met at one of their usual haunts, and one proposed a wager that he could drink the greatest number of 'bumpers,' and not betray his condition. It was resolutely accepted by the other and they commenced the interesting job. When they had drunk several rounds, each keeping tally for himself and friend, on an 'account by double entry,' a dispute arose, each declaring that his friend had drank only nine while he himself had drank ten full bowls. The dispute became warm and waxed hotter and hotter, and they ran almost upon the point of blows, when one

Narrow Escape from a Bull.
The *Ontario (Can.) Reporter*, of the 3rd, records the following narrow escape from an infuriated bull.—
On Sunday last Mr. John Heslop of this township came near being gored to death by a furious bull, belonging to Mr. Anderson of the second Concession. The bull came into the premises of Mr. Heslop who undertook to drive him to pound, kept by Mr. Wm. Balmer, his bull refused to enter at the gate, and went into the yard. Mr. Balmer being present, assumed to drive him into the gate, when a gentleman, an old acquaintance of that probably man, he made a dash at him, and Mr. Balmer took refuge on the opposite side of the fence with extraordinary agility. The bull ran into Mr. B's wheat field, followed by Mr. Heslop.—Here a fearful encounter took place. The bull turned on Mr. Heslop, and at first charge brought the gentleman to the ground, the horse fortunately passing by his side. Before Mr. H. could get up, the infuriated animal had recovered himself, and with a fearful roar made a second lunge with such force that he fell on top of Mr. H., burying his horns deep in the ground, and tearing it up with rage. Mr. Heslop could not stir, being pressed between the fore legs of the bull, and to speak lightly of a serious matter he felt himself between the horns of a very dangerous dilemma. Mr. H. never lost the presence of mind, and although it is innumerable in many difficult cases, he managed to get his horns out of the ground, and to speak for his senses at least, and both came to their feet. The struggle for the mastery was fearful, but Mr. H. is a strong man, and his life depended on his efforts. After a severe tussle, the enraged beast was backed against the fence, which Mr. H. seized between himself and his antagonist at once fortunately without any injury, farther than a few slight bruises. Mr. Balmer was unacquainted with the struggle in the wheat field until it was over. The bull ran a few rods and dropped dead from rage and exhaustion.

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