The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER,

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

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

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200 PER CENT ASSURED!

A NEW DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

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

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

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

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

4th. The construction of the hive with the 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 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 encl sed in a case, keeps them in an even temperature during winter and they consume much less honey than in any other hive.

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

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

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

H. N. Parks, John Brumback, V. Alsdorf, Henry Ferry, Wm Shields, Geo Engle, James Stone, Peter Holler, F. N. O'Bannon, Saml Bowers, Thos Blanchard, W. Alsdorf, A. Sherwood, Jas. Wells,

The above named persons are residents of Licking Co., Ohio.—Also John J. Putnam, F. F. Lamb, L. Merchant, Newark Ohio,—C. Springer, Modern Farm, Muskingum Co., Ohio.—Jos. Wells, Union, Licking Co., Ohio,—Oliver A. Morrel, Montgomery,—W. Van Vranken, Schenectady, N. Y.—Edwin Phelps West field, Mass.,—Isaac Griffin, Quaker Settlele, 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.

4811y 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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Legal Notices.

LAKE DUNMORE GLASS CO. vs. ELKANAH WOODCOCK. } Addison County Court, June Term A. D. 1854.

Elkanah Woodcock of Durham, in the Province of Canada East, attached to answer to the Lake Dunmore Glass Company, a company incorporated by act of the Legislature of this State, and established at Salisbury, in said county of Addison, in an action of debt upon a judgment for the sum of 69 dollars 73 cents damages, and 18 dollars 84 cents costs of suit, which the plaintiff recovered of defendant by consideration of the county court, held at Middlebury, in and for the county of Addison, on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1842.

In the above entitled cause, it being suggested to the court that the defendant at the time of the service of the writ, was without this State, and has not yet returned within the same: It is ordered that this cause be continued until the next term of this court, to be held on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1854, and that in the meantime the defendant be notified of the pending thereof, by the publication of this order and the substance of the plaintiff's declaration, three weeks successively in the Middlebury Register, a public newspaper printed at Middlebury, in said county of Addison, the last of which publications shall be at least thirty days prior to said next term.

GEO. S. SWIFT, Clerk.
JOHN PROUT, Att'y of pltf. 23;3w

NATHAN DRAKE vs. SAMUEL O. DRAKE. } Addison County Court, June Term, A. D. 1854.

Samuel O. Drake, of the State of California, attached to answer to Nathan Drake of Bristol, in the county of Addison, in an action of trespass on the case, upon a promissory note for 185 dollars dated at Bristol, October 12th, A. D. 1849, made and signed by said Samuel O. Drake and payable to said Nathan Drake or order in one day from the date thereof.

In the above entitled cause, it before made to appear to the court that said defendant was absent from the State at the time of the service of the writ and has not returned within the same; It is ordered that said cause be continued until the next term of this court, to be held on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1854, and that in the meantime notice of the pending thereof be given said defendant, by the publication of this order and the substance of the plaintiff's declaration, three weeks successively in the Middlebury Register, a public newspaper printed at Middlebury, in said county of Addison, the last of which publications shall be at least thirty days prior to said next term.

GEO. S. SWIFT, Clerk.
HORATIO NEWCOMB, Att'y. 23;3w

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1	A cash present of		$5,000
2	"	"	4,000
3	"	"	3,000
4	"	"	2,000
5	"	"	1,000
6	"	"	500
7	5 presents of $100 each		500
8	20 " 50 "		1,000
9	40 " 25 "		1,000
10	50 " of Piano Fortes	$300 each,	9,000
11	100 " of Gold Watches	100 "	10,000
12	200 " " "	50 "	10,000
13	500 " of Gold Rings,	5 "	2,500
14	500 " " "	3 "	1,500
15	1000 " Gold Pens & cases,	$5 each,	5,000
16	1000 " Gold Pencils,	3 "	3,000
17	1000 " Gold Pens,	1 "	1,000
18	10000 " Gold Rings,	1 "	10,000
19	1000 " Silver Pencils,	1 "	1,000
	15,451 presents amounting to		$70,000

The person who orders either of the above Magazines from us subjects himself *to no risk whatever!* as the full value of his money, $3, is received in the Magazine alone, and is entitled and will receive, upon receipt of the money (sent to our risk) to a numbered ticket to be used at the distribution of presents, which we are now confident will take place as early as the first of January next. The presents will be put into the hands of a responsible Committee appointed by the subscribers themselves after the tickets have all been disposed of.

The undersigned would impress upon persons desirous of embarking in this truly magnificent and wonderful enterprise the necessity of sending on their orders at once, in order that we may perfect our arrangements and bring the enterprise to a speedy and happy termination, as we shall have the distribution take place at as early a day as possible. The Magazines will be promptly mailed to any address desired from the publication offices. Again we would say, *send in your orders early*, designating which of the Magazines are ordered.

It may seem rather incredulous that we should undertake to supply the Magazines at the regular subscription price and still afford to make so many valuable presents; but we would remind the reader of the old adage, that '*Union is Strength*,' therefore by combining the strength of one hundred thousand subscribers to the popular Monthlies of the day, and making a special contract with the publishers for a large number of their publications, we are enabled to do what we propose. This is the *secret* of our enterprise. Do you think well of the project? Will you give us your order?

As soon as the Presents are awarded, holders of Tickets will be promptly notified what presents they are entitled to, where they should immediately inform the undersigned how they will have them forwarded.

All orders should be plainly addressed

WILLIAMS & SPRAGUE,
Fultonville, Montgomery Co., N. Y.

N. B.—In order that there may be no error in mailing tickets from us, we would suggest the propriety of persons who may favor us with their orders, that they send a prepaid envelope with their address plainly written upon it. 19;eow3tjl W. & S.

MIDDLEBURY
FEMALE SEMINARY.

The Fall Term will begin on Monday, September 4th. All who propose to attend, are requested to be present punctually at the beginning of the term. Pupils are expected to attend not less than one quarter.

TUITION—Elementary English Branches $3; Higher English $4,50; Latin with English $5,00; French $5,00; Drawing $1,00; Painting in Oil $8,00; Water Colors $4,00; Music $10,00. Incidentals, Fires and Sweeping 25cts.

BOARD—In the Seminary including Room, Washing, and Lights, $25,00 per Quarter—Fuel at cost; in the Village, for $1,00 to $2,25 per week. Private rooms can be had for self-boarding.

W. F. BASCOM, A. M., Principal.
Mrs. A. F. BASCOM, Teacher of Music.
Miss J. S. JONES, Teacher of English and French.
Miss H. KILBOURN, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.
Miss HARRIET L. TILDEN, Teacher of Music.
Middlebury, Vt., Aug. 12, 1854. 17

Poetry.

The Nights.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown.

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain.

O, the night, the night,
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

Miscellany.

Ætna.—A Thrilling Tale.

Among the wonderous sights on the earth, the volcano of Ætna will hold a just pre-eminence. Renowned by past and present history, sublime by its elevation, its form, and the awful scenery of unknown terrors which lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the deepest, the most solemn awe.

It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as these, that I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the 5th of May, 1849. I had left Catania on the day before, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to dance carelessly upon it—no, for to me there was always something reverend, something almost divine, in connection with this great mass of upheaved lava, which led me to look earnestly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend to view from its summit the farthest regions on earth; to glance down into the unfathomable depths where fire, fire in all its terror, forever dwells, forever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But after many restings and haltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit! Good heavens! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of nature mingled together in such fearful unison?

Far away on one side is spread the fertile plains, the green meadows, and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun as they wandered to the sea with ten thousand labyrinthian turnings, lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ruffle, not a ripple; there were terraces upon the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted, and where the trellised vines passed along, all green, all blooming; there were groves of orange trees, amid the dark green foliage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like flashes of phosphorescent light in a midnight sea; there were long avenues of cypresses, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kingly assemblage at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above all others.

And the sea—the wide, the boundless the deep blue Mediterranean—there it spread away, on the other side, as far as the eye could reach, spreading away as far as thoughts could run—glorious as

"The dashing,
Silver flashing
Surges of San Salvador."

But turn aside—and there, beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milon has sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and shuddering I gazed down—down! The thick and funereal volumes of tortuously-ascending smoke came seething upwards as from a cauldron. It escaped from myriad crevices in the rocky precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections, and united with the vast mass which came sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths.

Here, upon the sandy, rocky edge, where sulphur, and crumbled lava, and pumice-stone were all mingled together, to form a horrid soil, here I sat and looked down. From the scene beyond, from that glimpse of earth which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lovely and all that was most overpowering; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depth—what a change!

Involved in a thousand thoughts, I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs—upon the isthmus—I saw a mild-looking middle aged gentleman approach me.

He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick.

"I beg your pardon, Signor," said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone, "I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitor so far up."

"My dear sir, I beg you will make no excuses," I replied, "I was just admiring this scene below."

"Ah, yes, 'tis a glorious sight."

"Glorious! say, rather, a terrible one."

"Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely lovely."

And as he spoke, a smile of bewitching beauty crossed his features.

"I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people, Signor. I have not such feelings. But, may I ask you if you are often here?"

"Oh, oh yes, I live here," he replied, waving his stick around, "I live here!"

I thought that he meant me to understand that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated.

"And I should suppose," I continued, "that you are often on the summit."

"Oh, yes, I am here always."

"Always! what a strange fascination it has for you."

"It has, it has," said the gentleman. "Oh, a fearful!"—and his voice grew low and hollow—"a terrible fascination!"

I was silent.

"I will tell," said he, sitting closely by my side, and turning his eyes full towards mine. "I do not wish you to inform any one. Promise me that you will not."

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depth there gleamed a strange, sinister light.

I promised him; and at the same time I uneasily drew back further from the edge.

"Well, then, Signor," said he, "I am king here! I rule Mount Ætna!"

"Yes, I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived here for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey me; see!"

He leaped up from the ground. There was a fearful fire in his eye, his nostrils were dilated, his pale face became as white as marble, and as bloodless, save that on either cheek there glowed a deep red spot.

"See!" he shrieked wildly and loudly "spirits of the deep, arise! Ha!—yonder—see them! They are coming—in the clouds—enrobed in thunder garments—see!"

I leaped up from the ground. I gazed at him.

He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

"Signor," said I, "I hope that a mild temperature may make him calm, "Signor, the winds carry you, let us go."

"Go! Where? Is not this my home? Is not this my palace? Are you not my servants? You are my guest!"

"Will you not sit down and tell me about your home?" said I, shuddering.

"No; there are secrets that can never be spoken. Can you understand them? Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask?"

I walked slowly towards the narrow passage of land—the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go.

"Can this be all pleasantry?" thought I. An awful thought passed through me, which froze my heart's blood.

Pleasantry! There he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly on me, his hands clinched, his mouth foaming, every sinew in his body worked up. He stood screaming, laughing. O God! I was alone with a maniac!

"You are to go with me," he cried.

"Where?"

"There. I have come to carry you to my home."

He pointed with a cold, snaky smile, down the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke. I gazed at him; for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare which forced me, compelled me, to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and tightly-shut teeth.

"There is my home—there; and I have come to take you with me. Ha! ha! ha! how happy you will be! Come?"

Still I gazed, while my heart throbbed with slow but terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step toward me.

I looked all around. The spell was broken which enchained my gaze. I looked all around: at the blue sky above, the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope. Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could I but do it——but I could not! There was no hope!

"What! do you not answer?" he cried, suddenly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock, "Do you not answer? Then I must carry you with me?"

The maniac sprang toward me!

With all my energies roused into frantic action, with every sinew braced, and every muscle contracted, I planted my foot backward, against a small angular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and tried to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose in the air, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck me—his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace, his hot breath came burningly on my cheek. I stood firm; for despair, and all the bitterness of death had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed on me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his, my right I passed over his neck, and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror such as no mortal tongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while three thousand feet beneath, lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour, my heart beats more forcibly, even as I think upon the fearful time.

Thus we stood breast to breast, face to face—the madman and I—he with his arms encircling me; I seeking to save myself. He pressed me toward the cliff. He planted his feet deep in the ground; he laughed mockingly, and screamed, as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced; and I held him tightly, and I pushed him, and sought to hurl him from me. Hurl him from me!—as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his prey.

Oh! the agony of that struggle. I know not how long it was; but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at me all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white and ghastly, was upturned towards me, as he shouted in his fiendish, mocking laughter.

"Oh, heaven! Oh, horror! Can this endure forever?" cried I, in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a madman; and would he grow weaker also? A thousand thoughts fled through me.

Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful plunge. It was with the strength of a giant that he seized me. He raised me from my feet. The rock; the saving rock—I had lost it; I was gone. I threw my arms high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in unison with the maniac's mocking yell.

Down! down to the bottomless pit! To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!" he screamed as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength, by a partial possession of even a madman's power, I caught him by the throat, and even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abyss, I sprang back, I bore him back; I brought him to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and legs around mine. I felt his hot breath from his open mouth as my cheek lay pressed against his face; heard his teeth grate harshly, and drew my head violently away as he sought to seize me with his sharp fangs.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice stone ascend around us in suffocating clouds. I was half insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine, choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and lungs. He gave a jerk forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang, a moment afterwards a fearful force was straining there, holding my head down with irresistible force.

Another moment, and I arose; while wild and high arose the shriek of the fanatic, as he fell down—down—into the abyss.

Anecdotes of Thorwaldsen.

In the work lately published in this city, entitled "The true story of my life," by Hans Christian Anderson, translated from the Danish by Mary Howitt, occurs the following interesting passage relating to the great Sculptor, Thorwaldsen:—

"One morning at Nyso—at the time when he was working at his own statue—I entered his work-room and bade him good morning; he appeared as if he did not wish to notice me, and I stole softly away again. At breakfast he was very parsimonious in the use of words, and when somebody asked him to say something at all events, he replied in his dry way, 'I have said more during this morning than in many whole days, but nobody heard me. There I stood, and fancied that Andersen was behind me, for he came, and said good morning—so I told him a long story about myself and Byron. I thought that he might give one word in reply, and turned myself round; and there had I been standing a whole hour and chattering aloud to the bare walls!

We all of us besought him to let us hear the whole story yet once more; but we had it now very short.

'Oh, that was in Rome,' said he, when I was about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself just opposite to me, and began immediately to assume quite another countenance to what was customary to him. Will not you sit still? said I; but you must not make these faces. It is my expression, said Byron. Indeed? said I, and then I made him as I wished, and every body said, when it was finished, that I had hit the likeness. When Byron, however, saw it, he said, 'It does not resemble me at all; I look more unhappy.'

'He was, above all things, so desirous of looking extremely unhappy,' added Thorwaldsen, with a comic exppression.

It afforded the great sculptor pleasure to listen to music after dinner with half-shut eyes, and it was his greatest delight when in the evening the game of lotto began, which the whole neighborhood of Nyso was obliged to learn; they only played for glass pieces, and on this account I am able to relate a peculiar characteristic of this otherwise great man—that he played with the greatest interest on purpose to win.

He would espouse with warmth and vehemence the part of those from whom he believed that he had received an injustice; he opposed himself to unfairness and raillery, even against the lady of the house, who for the rest had the most childlike sentiments towards him, and who had no other thought than how to make every thing most agreeable to him.

In his company I wrote several of my tables for children—for example, 'Ole Luck Oin,' ('Ole Shut Eye,') to which he listened with pleasure and interest. Often in the twilight, when the family circle sate in the open garden parlor, Thorwaldsen would come softly behind me, and clapping me on the shoulder would ask, 'Shall we little ones hear any tales to-night?'

In his own peculiarly natural manner he bestowed the most bountiful praise on my fictions, for their truth; it delighted him to hear the same stories over and over again. Often during his most glorious works, would he stand with laughing countenance, and listen to the stories of the Top and the Ball, and the Ugly Duckling. I possess a certain talent of improvising in my native tongue little poems and songs. This talent amused Thorwaldsen very much, and as he had modelled, at Nyso, Hulberg's portrait in clay, I was commissioned to make a poem for his work, and he received, therefore, the following impromptu;—

'No more shall Holberg live,' by death 'twas said,
'I crush the clay, his soul's bonds heretofore;'
'And from the formless clap, the cold, the dead,'
Cried Thorwaldsen, 'shall Holberg live once more.'

One morning, when he had just modelled in clay his great bas-relief of the procession to Golgotha, I entered his study.

'Tell me,' said he, 'does it seem to you that I have dressed Pilate properly?'

'You must not say anything to him,' said the Baroness, who was always with him; 'it is right; it is excellent; go away with you!'

Thorwaldsen repeated this question.

'Well, then, said I, 'as you ask me, I must confess that it really does appear to me as if Pilate were dressed rather as an Egyptian than as a Roman.'

'It seems to me so too,' said Thorwaldsen, seizing the clay with his hands, and destroying the figure.

'Now you are guilty of his having annihilated an immortal work,' exclaimed the Baroness to me with warmth.

'Then we can make a new immortal work,' said he, in a cheerful humor, and modelled Pilate as he now remains in the bas-relief in the Ladies' Church in Copenhagen.

His last birth-day was celebrated there in the country. I had written a merry little song, and it was hardly dry on paper, when we sang it, in the early morning before his door, accompanied by the music of jingling fire irons, gongs, and bottles rubbed against a basket. Thorwaldsen himself, in his morning gown and slippers, opened his door, and danced round his chamber; swung round his Raphael's cap, and joined in the chorus. There was life and mirth in the strong old man.

On the last day of his life I sate by him at dinner; he was unusually good-humored; repeated several witticisms which he had just read in the Corsair, a well known Copenhagen newspaper, and spoke of the journey which he should undertake to Italy in the summer. After this we parted; he went to the theatre, and I home.

On the following morning, the waiter at the hotel where I lived said, 'that it was a very remarkable thing about Thorwaldsen—that he had died yesterday.'

'Thorwaldsen!' exclaimed I; 'he is not dead, I dined with him yesterday.'

'People say that he died last evening at the theatre,' returned the waiter.

I fancied that he might be taken ill; but still I felt a strange anxiety, and hastened immediately over to his house. There lay his corpse stretched out on the bed; the chamber was filled with strangers; the floor wet with melted snow; the air stifling; no one said a word; the Baroness Stampe sate on the bed and wept bitterly. I stood trembling and deeply agitated.

A farewell hymn, which I wrote, and to which Hartmann composed the music, was sung by Danish students over his coffin."

Doctor Lamb.

Dr. Lamb was a great sorcerer in the time of Charles I. The famous Richard Baxter, in his "Certainty of the World of Spirits," printed in 1691, has recorded an appropriate instance of the miraculous performances of this man:

Meeting two of his acquaintances in the street, and they having intimated a desire to witness some example of his skill, he invited them home with him. He then conducted them into an inner room, when presently to their no small surprise, they saw a tree spring up in the middle of the apartment.

They had scarcely ceased wondering at this phenomenon, when in a moment there appeared three diminutive men, with little axes in their hands for the purpose of cutting down the tree. The tree was felled; and the Doctor dismissed his guests, fully satisfied of the solidity of his pretensions.

The very night, however, a tremendous hurricane arose, causing the house of one of the guests to rock from side to side, with every appearance that the building would come down and bury him and his wife in the ruins.

The wife in great terror, asked; "Were you not at Dr. Lamb's to-day?"

The husband confessed it was true.

"And did you not bring away some thing from his house?"

The husband owned that, when the little men felled the tree, he had been idle enough to pick up some of the chips, and put them in his pocket. Nothing now remains to be done but to produce the chips, and get rid of them as fast as they could. This ceremony performed, the whirlwind immediately ceased, and the remainder of the night became perfectly calm and serene.

Dr. Lamb at length became so odious by his reputation for these infernal practices that the population rose upon him in 1640, and tore him to pieces in the street. Nor did the effects of his ill fame terminate here. Thirteen years after, a woman who had been his servant-maid, was apprehended on charge of witchcraft, was tried, and, in expiation of her crime, was executed at Tyburn.

CAUTION TO BOYS WHO PLAY IN THE SAND.—Two small boys were amusing themselves on Thursday last, in an excavation in the rear of the School House in this village, which had been made to obtain sand for mortar, when the bank caved and buried one entirely up, and the other all but his head. The boy with his head out hallooed for help, and was discovered by some girls, who were going in to recitation. They called the teacher, and he commenced digging at the spot where the little fellow was sitting, and succeeding in getting him out more dead than alive. His nose and mouth were filled with sand, and very nearly suffocated. If they had both been wholly covered, they would undoubtedly both have perished.—*Woodstock Mercury.*

Interesting Correspondence—Letter of Hon. John M. Clayton.

In July last, Mr. D. Rodney King, of Pa., addressed to the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Del., a letter, in which, "on the part of many citizens deeply impressed with the importance of having all the offices under the general and state governments filled with able and intelligent men, free from the prejudice and ignorance of our institutions which foreign birth, education and influence are so apt to produce, and also feeling a high respect for Mr. Clayton's personal character, and admiring the ability displayed by him in conducting the affairs of the nation, whilst filling a station but little inferior in responsibility to that of the President of the United States himself," he says he is "encouraged to hope, from some of Mr Clayton's speeches and votes in the Senate of the United States, that he will "coincide with them in sentiment," and that he "will endeavor to carry out their views, by consenting to be their candidate for the highest office within their gift." The more fully to ascertain his views however, he asks Mr. Clayton to state "whether, if elected, he will pledge himself to exclude from all civil offices persons who do not possess the requisite constitutional qualifications for filling the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States, except in the case of foreign diplomatic or commercial agencies, or otherwise, where the services of persons possessing the above mentioned qualifications cannot be commended, without detriment to the public interest."

The letter concludes as follows:

I will merely add, that neither myself nor those for whom I act, are in any way connected with any secret society or organization, but are simply actuated by a desire to introduce what we consider to be a very salutary and necessary reform into every department of our government. I am, very respectfully, your friend.

D RODNEY KING.

To this missive Mr. CLAYTON makes the following clear and able reply:—

WASHINGTON, August 8, 1854.

D Rodney King, Esq: My dear Sir—Protracted and severe sickness since the receipt of your letter of the 3d ultimo, has prevented me from keeping up my correspondence. But for this, your letter would have received an immediate answer. Let me begin then by replying to your principal question. I respond to that by declaring frankly that I never was, am not now, and never shall be a candidate for the Presidency. I have seen enough of it to form a decided opinion that for me there is no position in this country less desirable. I shall be content with the seat in the Senate of the United States, which the kind partiality of friends in my native state has assigned to me. Indeed, I would not exchange it for any other under the government.

The year 1856 must decide a momentous issue in this country. Are the American people prepared to share with aliens the right of governing this nation, at the ballot box, as soon as those aliens can make a declaration of intention? They may, and often do, make such a declaration within a week, or even a day, after landing on our soil. Again, are the American people prepared to share with aliens, every blessing and benefit conferred upon them as American citizens, and even to give them a share of the public domain? By the Nebraska Bill, Congress has conferred upon them the right of voting, and by the Homestead Bill, which is still pending, and to be decided upon next winter, they are to have an equal share of the public domain, on the same terms with native and naturalized citizens. Again the American people must decide whether, other circumstances being equal, the native citizen is or is not fairly entitled to a preference in the distribution of honors and offices in the country which gave them birth.

The state of my health will not permit me to discuss these questions in a letter. Our naturalization laws are unquestionably defective, or our alms houses would not now be filled with paupers. Of the 131,000 paupers in the United States, 68,000 are foreigners and 66,000 natives. The annals of crime have swelled as the jails of Europe have have poured their contents into the country, and the felon convict, reeking from a murder in Europe, or who has had the fortune to escape punishment for any other crime abroad, easily gains naturalization here, by spending a part of five years within the limits of the United States. Our country has become a Botany Bay, into which Europe annually discharges her criminals of every description.

I have no prejudices against the honest foreigners who come here to seek an asylum from the tyranny of rulers abroad. All my sympathies are with them, and when they become naturalized I will defend them, as American citizens, on all their rights, as fully as those born on the soil. I would inculcate and practice religious toleration, in its broadest sense, but I would see to it that no men of any sect, whose creed teaches them to deny religious toleration to me and my countrymen, should ever hold office here, or power of any kind, to persecute us for our religious opinions. No man who acknowledges allegiance to any foreign potentate or power, or who holds himself under obligations to obey the edicts of any such potentate or power, shall be, by my vote, placed in any post or office under the American government. I would defend the rights of citizens of all religions to the full extent to which those rights are guaranted by the American Constitution. But while I would advise every American citizen to defend the religious rights of all others, even at the hazard of his life, I would at the same time advise him to peril his life not less freely in defence of his own.

I do not undertake to enter into the subject how far foreigners, who are not naturalized in this country, should be permitted to hold office. You will find that you can lay down no general rule upon this subject, to which there will not necessarily be exceptions. It is sufficient for my purpose, standing as I do, without the power and without the wish to have the power to confer offices upon others, to say, that in my judgment, a native American citizen, under equal circumstances of qualifications and merit, is better entitled to the honors and offices of the country than a foreigner, whether naturalized or not.

And now, seeking no office from you or your friends or anybody else, I have the honor to subscribe myself.

Very sincerely and respectfully your friend.
JOHN M. CLAYTON.

D. Rodney King, Esq., Philadelphia.

Apples for Human Food.

The importance of apples, as food, has not hitherto been sufficiently estimated in this country, nor understood. Besides contributing a large portion of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegitable acids, extractive substances, and aromatic principles, with nutritive matter as to act powerfully in the capacity of refreshments tonics, and antiseptics; and, when freely used in the season of ripeness by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefacative tendencies of nitrogenous food avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen their powers of productive labor. "The operatives of Cornwall, in England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and more so than potatoes. In the year 1801, a year of scarcity, apples instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted that they could stand to their work on baked apples without meat; whereas a potatoe diet required either meat or fish." The French and Germans use apples extensively; indeed, it is rare they sit down, in the rural districts, without them in some shape or other, even at the best tables. The laborers and mechanics depend on them to a very great extent as an article of food, and frequently dine on sliced apples and bread. Stewed with rice, red cabbage, carrots or by themselves, with a little milk and sugar, they make a pleasant and nutricious dish. If our friends will only provide themselves with plenty of choice fruit, we venture that not one man, woman, or child, in fifty would care for animal flesh to eat. Who doubts for a moment that many scrofulous and other diseases are traceable to a meat diet? It is well known that the meat we eat is in a diseased state when slaughtered, and its effects may well be imagined. Yet your fruit is always in a healthy state, and cannot generate disease in the human body; but it has a diluting, purifying and renovating tendency.—*Water Cure Journal.*

RELIGION IN JAPAN.—The temples, chiefly Buddhists, are beautifully situated in the suburbs. The entrance to them leads generally through rows of elegant trees and wild camelias. They are large plain structures with high peaked roofs, resembling the houses pictured on Chinese porcelain. In the space immediately in front, is a large bell for summoning the faithful, and several roughly hewn stone idols. The doorway is ornamented with curious looking dragons, and other animals carved in wood. Upon entering, there is nothing special about the building worth noting, the naked sides and exposed rafters having a gloomy appearance. The altar is the only object that