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

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

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

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

4th. The construction of the hive with the 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, greinery, 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 apperture 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 was it 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 cued set 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 full per cent.

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James Stone, Peter Butler, P. 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. Parsons, F. P. Landy, L. Merchant, Newark Ohio,—C. Spitzer, Modern Farm, Muskingum Co., Ohio.—Jos. Wells, Union, Licking Co., Ohio,—Oliver A. Morrel, Montgomery,—W. Van Vrooken, Schenectady, N. Y.—Edwin Phelps West-field, Mass.—Isaac Griffin, Quaker Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y.—Caleb H. Hall, Blue Rock Township, Ohio.

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Nov. 22, 1854. A. H. COPELAND.

Poetry.

Snow.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

Fall thickly on the rose bush,
Oh, faintly falling snow!
For she is gone who trained its branch,
And wooed its bud to blow.

Cover the well known pathway,
Oh, damp, December snow!
Her step no longer lingers there
When stars begin to glow.

Melt in the rapid river,
Oh, cold and cheerless snow!
She sees no more its sudden wave,
Nor hears its foaming flow.

Chill every song-bird's music,
Oh, silent, sullen snow!
I cannot hear her loving voice
That lulled me long ago.

Sleep on the Earth's broad bosom,
Oh, weary, winter snow!
Its fragrant flowers and birds are the
Should with its loved one go.

Miscellany.

"Here She Goes, There She Goes."

The following amusing and well told story was published in one of the papers of Gotham, about a dozen years ago. It occasioned at that time a good deal of merriment:—

Not long since two stylish-looking persons put up for the night in the upper part of the city. On the morrow, after ordering their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting upon his aristocratic guests.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs—will you sell it?" asked the elder, while the younger cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value on the clock, except as an heir-loom, began to suspect it might possess the virtue of Heywood's chair, and filled with coin—and almost involuntarily the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that."

"Twenty pounds!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes. You see there was one like it in a room down in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his fore finger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying—"Here she goes, there she goes." He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did! You couldn't walk out it of me. I'll bet you ten pounds I can do it on the spot."

"Done!" cried the stranger.

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and door, the landlord popped into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The fellows interrupted—"Where's the money? Plank the money!"

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His fore finger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left-hand disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him on the table. All was silent; the dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the wags left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs, but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the waiter entered and touching him upon the shoulder asked—

"Mr B—— are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand and fore-finger waving as before.

The waiter rushed down stairs, called one of the neighbors, whom he invited up to see his master. They ascended, and the neighbor seizing him gently by the shoulder, in an imploring voice, said—

"Mr. B——, do not sit here. Come, go down stairs; what can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only reply, and the solemn face and the slowly moving finger settled the matter.

"He *is* mad," whispered the friend in a low voice; "we must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped, he was not to be deceived, though the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a moment his wife entered full of agony of soul.

"My dear," she kindly said, "look on me, it is your wife that speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" his hand continued to move, but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, as she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife"——

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing its airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, at the thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He look at him in silence, shook his head, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife answered—

"No madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away; do not let the maid"——

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again in harmony with the waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. A——?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. A——, with another medical gantleman entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. It is a sudden attack, one of the"——

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply. The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"It is advisable, I think, that his head should be shaved," said one of the physicians to the other, who assented, "and I will despatch a servant for a barber," which resolution he immediately put into effect.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand arrived at the desired point.

The barber arrived, he was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ah, ha! Monsieur, you say very bad razor. 'Tes beautiful! Look!—look! Ver gud, isn't he?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand moving on—on his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, in the best English he could use. "Vare, vare shall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once," interrupted the doctor.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" for the last time, cried the landlord, *as the clock struck the hour of nine*, and he sprung from his seat in an ecstacy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped around the room—

"I've won it! I've won it!"

"What?" said the waiter.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—ten pounds!" But casting his eyes around the room and missing the young men who had induced him to watch the clock, he asked—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? Eh? Quick! Where are they?"

"They went away in their phaeton nearly an hour ago, sir," was the reply of the waiter.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket book with twenty-one pounds therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them.

A Native American.

Americans are an independent, self-reliant people, fond of judging for themselves. There is no doubt of this. We had an instance of it yesterday. A gentleman, evidently from the rural districts, uncontaminated by the vicious refinements of any large city, called at the establishment of Mason Brothers, and inquired for "The New Singin' Book, the Hallelujah," giving the *j* in the last syllable its full sound. "I learn tell it's considerable good, but I'm in the habit of judgin' for myself, I am." The book was presented. Our friend in the felt hat and homespun looked at it carefully on one side, then on the other, then on each end, and each side. At last, with due deliberation, he opened it and read the title page. Next he turned to the record of copy-right entry, and read that. So he went on, page by page, through the elements. He was evidently about to examine the work for himself—Through the elements he went paragraph by paragraph. An hour passed. The clerk had long since turned to other employment, but still the same deliberate turning of the leaves. At last our friend reached the music. Here he laid the book carefully down upon a pile of paper, keeping it open by the aid of other books placed upon each end. Diving an arm into one of his capacious pockets, he drew therefrom an instrument of music, even a veritable *fife*. After a careful adjustment of its parts, he applied it to his lips, and commenced playing the air of the first tune. This finished, he went to the second; then to the third, the fourth, and so on in regular succession. It is true that our friend had not yet arrived at great skill on his favorite instrument. He did not always (we might perhaps say often) produce the right tones, and quite frequently he was oblivious of *time*. Nevertheless the *intent* was there, and certainly, according to his ability, he was faithful. No tune and no part of any tune was omitted. Hours rolled on. Customers came and went. Boxes of books were packed and sent off. Yet amid the clatter of hammers, the calls of clerks and porters, and the rolling of carriages in the street, still that fife held on its way. "toot, toot, tootti toot, toot too-o-o." The clerks went to dinner and returned. The fifer was still there; evening approached, and yet he went not. At last the hour for closing arrived. The clerks were too well-bred to show any signs of mirth, but broad grins in sly corners, and behind piles of books, gave some vent to their feelings. At last one addressed him, "We wish to close for the night now, sir." "Oh! ye *do*, do ye?" was the response. "Wall, I'm in the habit of judgin' things for myself, and I don't like to make up my mind too sudden. Ye see I can't tell about a singin' book without tryin' all parts. I aint quite got through the trebles yet, but I'll call ag'in in the morning and go through the other parts."

We like perseverance, we like an independent judgment, but *that fife* was not to be borne another day. An expedient occurred. A book was presented, and our friend left with many thanks, and the promise that when he had thoroughly examined it, we should have his written opinion.—*Musical Gazette.*

A young snob, having twitted John Randolph on his home education, the sarcastic gentleman responded thus:—"The gentleman reminds me of the lands about the head waters of the Monongahela, which are poor by nature, and cultivation has entirely exhausted them."

Zoological Errors.

In days of yore, when zoological establishments were not, the wisdom of our ancestors, struggling through the mists of the ignorance of ages, could not prevent them from believing strange things, and setting them forth to the world in all simplicity, finding credence for the most wonderful assertions in the eager minds of the cravers after knowledge. What would the youngest visitant of the Surrey or the Regent's Park say to be told that his flexible and familiar friend the elephant, who kneels down that he may mount the pavilion on his back, has no joints? And yet Aristotle, Diodorus, Strabo, Cassiodorus, and many other learned Thebans, with ancient honored names, believed this to be the case, and thus express their conviction: "The elephant having no joints, is obliged to sleep standing; the hunters, therefore, cut the tree against which the animal leans, as being once down they cannot rise again. No sooner does this animal hear a pig grunt than he takes to flight in the utmost terror."

Ælian asserts that he had seen an elephant write a letter, another sage declares that he heard him speak! One could almost believe either act of our sagacious friend, but still we are forced to stipulate for an allbut.

A horse and pigeon were believed to have no gall, but Pliny is caught tripping when, after saying this, he goes on to say that the gall of a horse is poison! As for the pigeon, it was thought profane to disbelieve the omission of nature in favor of a bird which had been chosen as a symbol of all that was pure, gentle and holy. With respect to our friend the badger, he is described by no less a philosopher than Albertus Magnus as having his legs shorter on one side than on the other—although he adds despairingly, it is impossible to prove it! Aldrovandus, who agrees in the poor badger's defective formation, inserts a saving clause by remarking, this inequality (which would make him more splendid than a badger is) cannot be observed. He also doubts that the bear produces her cubs without form and void, and begins immediately to lick them into shape, although such was the received opinion of his day. I hardly dare to trust myself to talk about singing swans, which were said to become melodious just before their death, and thought by some naturalists to have very good voices at all times, but to sing in places where no one could hear them. Aldrovandus tells his world that the swans on the banks of the Thames sing beautifully. Has any one, on a swan hoping expedition, ever heard them? The same authors relate that the peacock is always uneasy in his mind about the ugliness of his feet, and screams when he looks at them. The superstition has been useful to the poets of the East who introduce the fact into their verses, adding that the deformity arose from the peacock having made friends with the serpent in Eden, and combined with that enemy of mankind against our first parents. Storks were generally believed to inhabit only free countries, being thorough republicans in politics.

In the matter of the basilisk, salamander, and phœnix, although acknowledged to be rare creatures they were believed to exist, as well as serpents having a head on each end; but they seem to have been abandoned as mere hieroglyphics, or chemical essences, at an early period. The wolf was a very mysterious beast in the days of yore, lending his shape to witches and wizards, who found pleasure in roaming about in his skin. Whoever came on a wolf unawares and was seen first by the animal, became immediately dumb, as many a classic poet has told us, without mentioning Virgil himself. This was brought about, perhaps, on the same principles as those which made the shadow of the hyena fatal to the voices of dogs. Pliny is the authority for dogs always losing their voices under its influences.

If there are such creatures as griffins, who were said to watch mines of gold, we have a chance now of being able to describe them accurately, from the observations of those naturalists who visit California and Melbourne. Fuseli, in one of his singular pictures, represented one—we know not from what authority—pursuing an Arimaspian, in illustration of a line of Milton. Both the actors in his drama are sufficiently hideous, and it would be difficult to decide upon the species of either. To judge by the long legs of the felonious Arimaspian, who had stolen gold and been found out by the griffon, that native had no occasion for the leaden soles to his boots which were necessary to the pigmies to prevent those little beings of a foot high from being carried off in a high wind. When mounted on patridges and engaged in battle against their enemies, the cranes, this small folk must have presented an animated miscroscopic appearance. I thought we had caught a pigmy at last in our late Aztec visitors, but it appears that Central America has since repudiated them as her sons; we shall, therefore, probably seek for specimens of the race in vain, except in the dog drawn carcass of my artful friend the self asserted possessor of the ultra-splendid badger, which is responsible for these remarks.—*Household Words*

ABUSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—The London Morning *Advertiser* has the following:—

"If we seriously reflect, we shall no longer lend ourselves to dig, so to speak, our own grave. It is bad policy to abuse vehemently everything that is American. It is bad policy to rejoice over the insults offered to the representatives of the great Transatlantic Republic. It is bad policy to stir up exasperating questions at a time when we are not in a position to give force to our views. Better policy it would be to defer those questions to more opportune times, and to compel our own Government to adopt in this war such measures as would both strike effectually the only vulnerable side of Russia, and secure to us, at the same time, the hearty assent of our brethren beyond the sea. The people of the Union, despite unprincipled factions, can never be insensible to the progress of freedom. The United States have been founded by men who fled before political and religious tyranny; the constitution of North America is the most Democratic in the world. Year after year, the population is swelled by the influx of millions, who seek a free home. The heroic struggles of continental nations, such as Poland and others, have ever found an echo in the American mountains and backwoods; and only a year ago the cause of Hungary was defended in the person of Koszta, with a bravery that constituted a brilliant contrast to the cowardice of European Governments."

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—The universally accredited theory, that the moon is uninhabited, because she has no atmosphere, has received, from a recent discovery, a blow that will unsettle it at least. That the moon, as far as we have yet been able to examine her, has no atmosphere, or at least none of sufficient density to conform to our optical laws, and the demands of any animal life known to us, is unquestionable. But this can be positively affirmed of only one side of our satellite; for, as will be remembered, although she revolves upon her axis, she constantly presents but one side to the earth. Now it has been discovered by calculation, and demonstrated as a geometrical fact, that the moon's centre of form is eight miles nearer to us than her centre of gravity, through which, of course, her axis of revolution must pass; or, in other words, *this side of the moon is sixteen miles higher than the other.* If, therefore, we suppose that the moon has an atmosphere such as ours, it would be of such extreme rarity on the only side exposed to our observation, that, for optical effect and animal life, it might as well not exist. For mountains upon the earth, none of which are over five miles above the level of the sea, have been ascended to a height at which life could not be supported for any length of time, and still mountains have stretched above the panting traveller. What, then, must be the atmosphere at four times such an elevation? The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although the bitter side of the moon is uninhabitable for want of an atmosphere, the remote side may be perfectly adapted to animal life. It is at least certain that the mere want of an atmosphere perceptible to us, is no longer conclusive as to the uninhabitableness of the planet that rules the night. We announce this discovery on the authority of one of the most eminent mathematicians and astronomers in the world. It will soon be formally declared in a scientific quarter.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

It is, perhaps, not improper to add that the discoverer of the above interesting fact in Science is Prof Peirce of Harvard College.

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*, writing from Boston, complains of the annoyance of the kind of profane language he hears. The profanity of that region strikes him as particularly mean and despicable, as well as blasphemous. He speaks, he says, "of well dressed swearers, as well as of ostlers." There is something particularly repulsive in their way of committing the sin, beyond what he meets with elsewhere. But he adds a few sentences of general application,—thus:

"Let us hope that the swearing most common in Yankee Land, is only a bad—an *awfully* bad—habit, and not an index of the general character.—There is a large class—a class which, if not the majority, is yet the one which rules, and which holds and includes the most of what is desired in life—of those who strongly disapprove of the practice. A great many families, and not too religious either, and young gentlemen who love to hurry into the habits of men may do well to think of it, will not accept the acquaintance of those whose language is like a garden that needs weeding.

"And anywhere, in Boston or New York, let a young man fall into the vulgar and mean style—let any young American adopt the low profanity, he will hear most of—the drawling "Bai" —, or no matter how he pronounces—let him follow the fashion of swearing by him upon whom was laid the iniquities of us all—and he may depend upon it, his place among men is fixed, at least anywhere in the Christian world. An invisible circle will form around him which he cannot pass; nor can any success help him out of it.—The best associations of life he can by no means aspire to; there is a mark upon his tongue. He is like an instrument with a defect in its tone. Placed along with others he may appear well enough, but the moment he sounds, the good violins start and say, what is this! a *fiddle* among us!"

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER.—Soon after the Mexican war, an American captain and an Englishman met in Venice, at dinner.

"You are an American, sir?" said the Englishman.

"I reckon I am," returned the captain.

"You have the name of being great warriors?"

"Yes," said the Yankee, "we shoot very well."

"But how is it you were so anxious to make peace with Mexico? This does not look much like spunk."

"You are an Englishman?" interrogated the Yankee.

"Yes," replied the Englishman.

"Wall," said the Yankee, "I don't know what our folks offered to do with Mexico, but stranger, I'll jist tell you one thing. I'll be hanged if we offered to make peace with yeou!"

This home thrust at the Englishman set the whole house in an uproar of laughter.

Alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia, nine hundred and fifty years ago. Now-a-days it performs the same office for a gentleman's nose.

For the Register.

Letters from the West.—No. 22.

A resolve—Troy and the Trojans—Union Railroad and Depot—American Express Company—Syracuse and Salt-works—Definition of "Hoosier"—Vermonters in Cleveland—a stranded vessel—meaning of the term "Yankee"—Hits.

LANCASTER, Ohio, Jan., 1855.

December, with its intense cold, its snow and ice, winds and frost, brought us to the firm resolve, to seek for our winter quarters a more southern latitude. Accordingly, on the 26th, we left the 44th and started for the 40th degree of latitude, which would give us the climate of Baltimore and Wheeling. The first night was spent in Troy. To say that Troy is a very neat and pleasant city, is to utter a truism. The Trojans are very proud of their city, and have some ground to be proud of themselves. Their Railroad and Depot reflect great credit on their enterprise. It is a road not over two miles in length, and called the Union Railroad. The large and elegant Depot in Troy is owned by this company. It has one feature, showing that the Trojans have beat the world. It is said to be the largest building in existence, the roof of which is entirely unsupported by any central pillars. It is two hundred feet in width by five hundred in length, and consequently covers an area of over two and one quarter acres of ground. Its cost, including land, was one million dollars. It contains a suite of rooms for the various Railroad companies, all of which are warmed by steam, lighted by gas, and furnished in the best manner. It is supported by a tax upon every train that enters its spacious and costly enclosure.

In passing westward, we fell in with H. Benedict, Esq., formerly of Cornwall, Vt. He is engaged for the American Express Company, at a yearly salary of $1000. The capital of the company is equal to $750,000. It has 488 offices, exclusive of those in California, located in all of the principal towns in the United States. Its daily expenses last year amounted to twenty-one hundred and seventy dollars—rising of six hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the year. This large sum is required for office rents, salaries, team-hire, &c. The amount of property and moneys sent forward through this agency, reaches several millions yearly, and is rapidly increasing. It forms a safe and expeditious mode of forwarding specie, bank notes, light merchandise, &c., and is found to be not only the offspring, but a demand of the age.

At Syracuse we made a few notes. The manufacture of salt at this place, forms a large and lucrative business. The amount inspected during the year, reaches *five millions and eight hundred bushels*, which is the largest amount manufactured in any one year, and an increase of four hundred thousand bushels over last year. The whole amount manufactured is about six millions bushels—some two hundred thousand bushels of which are still in the works. The price per barrel through the season has averaged one dollar and forty cents. The price of wood has been about $4.50 per cord. Barrels have been high. When all of the fires are in operation, 1000 cords of wood are consumed every twenty-four hours, costing $4,500. Quite extensive additions have been made to the number of solar and boiling works. The water is elevated and sold by the State. The manufacturers pay a small tax to the State for every bushel of salt they make. Salt is a great staple of the Empire State. So also of Virginia. These two great States are doing their best to *preserve* the nation.

Passing westward from Syracuse, we fell in company with a genuine Hoosier. He was unusually loquacious, and his conversation well spiced with provincialisms. As the term 'Hoosier' may not be everywhere understood, we would say that it is an abbreviation of 'Who's here,'—a question which used to be shouted by travellers in Indiana, when, amid the grass of the prairies, they heard voices or saw the smoke of a cabin, but could see nobody.

We made no stay at Buffalo, but passed swiftly on to the Forest City. A detention here of half a day, gave us ample time to see 'the lions,' and shake hands with old acquaintances; among whom is Wm. Slade, Jr., son of ex Gov. Slade of Vermont. He ranks as a first class lawyer, and has made himself wealthy by the purchase and sale of city real estate. For those east who may have western debts for collection, he is the man. He is both efficient and trustworthy, and undertakes collections throughout all the western States. He has been very successful.

In October, a large schooner was driven by a furious storm on Lake Erie, against the break-water, in the harbor of Cleveland. The storm was an awful one!

"The sun went down in beauty, but the eyes
Of ancient seamen, trembled when they saw
A small black ominous spot, far in the distance
It spread and spread—larger and dark—and came
O'ershadowing the skies;—the ocean rose;
The gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse
And hollow sounds;—the mighty winds awoke,
And screamed and whistled through the cordage
It was a dreadful night.
No moon was seen in all the heavens, to aid
Or cheer the lone and sea-beat mariner—
Planet nor guiding star, broke through the gloom.
The tempest winds
Raving, came next, and in deep hollow sounds,
Like those the spirits of the dead do use,
When they would speak their evil prophecies,
Muttered of death to come!
The ship was tossed,
And now stood poised upon the curling billows,
And now midst deep and watery chasms, that yawned
As 'twere in hunger, *lurch'd*. Behind them came
Mountains of moving waters, with a rush
And sound of gathering power, that did appal
The stoutest heart to look on.
The ship became a tiny plaything for the storm,
Which like a toy the child delights to break,
Or like a wooden God the convert casts away,
Was driven, broke and torn against the rocks,
A helpless, weak, and truly wretched thing!"

The dismantled vessel is still to be seen in the harbor. It was driven with awful violence against the break-water, with six persons on board. The waves ran high—the cold was intense, and it was a perilous undertaking to rescue the unfortunate crew. It *was* undertaken, however, but sad to relate, only four of the six were saved, while four were lost—two of the rescuers, and two of the boat's crew.

One of the earliest settlers in Cleveland was a Vermonter by the name of Johnson. He bought his lands for from $1 50 to $3.00 per acre. Now it is worth that per foot. He still owns a considerable amount of city real estate. He is rich, but not miserly, generous and esteemed. His example can be imitated in scores of places throughout the spreading west, by enterprising young men in the east.

The term Yankee has a general and a local meaning. In New England, it is understood to mean nothing more nor less than—English—a term used by the aborigines of America, in their native dialect, meaning English or an Englishman. They pronounced it *Yonkaw*, and we white folks, Yankee. In the west it means a cunning fellow—a sharper—one gifted in getting the best end of a bargain. He is associated with horn flints, wooden nutmegs, and wooly horses. It will amuse one to listen to the yarns about them. It is said that on a rainy day, two Yankees shut themselves up in a room, and went to trading with each other. They worked sharp all day, and at night it was found that each had made fifty cents out of the other. Another Yankee fell into a stream and was taken out for dead. He was resuscitated, however, by putting a hand into his breeches pocket. His dimes were there.

S. N. R.

WHO IS VICTORIA?—Victoria is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the son of George the Third; who was the grandson of George the Second; who was the son of the Princess Sophia; who was the cousin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who was daughter and son-in-law of James the Second; who was the son of James the first; who was the son of Mary; who was the granddaughter of Margaret; who was the daughter of Henry the Eighth; who was the son of Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the Earl of Richmond; who was the son of Catharine, widow of Henry the Fifth; who was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was cousin of Richard the Second; who was the grandson of Edward the Third; who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Henry the Third; who was the son of John; who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the son of Matilda; who was the daughter of Henry the First; who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of William