The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XIX. MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1855. NUMBER 46.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

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

TERMS.

The Register will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for.....$1 50
Delivered by carrier, *paid strictly in advance*..... 2 00
If not paid within six months 50 cts. additional.

☞ No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the proprietors.

☞ All communications must be post-paid.

☞ E. P. Walker is agent for this paper in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
done in modern style and at short notice.

Law of Newspapers.

I. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

II. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due be paid.

III. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

IV. If subscribers move to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

V. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

VI. A Postmaster neglecting to inform a publisher when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for the subscription price.

TO PARENTS AND CHILDREN
HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A Monthly Series of Narratives, Dialogues, Biographies, and Tales, for the Instruction and Entertainment of the Young. By Jacob Abbott. Embellished with numerous and beautiful Engravings.

NOW READY.

I. BRUNO; or, Lessons of Fidelity, Patience, and Self-denial, taught by a Dog.

II. WILLIE AND THE MORTGAGE: showing how much may be accomplished by a Boy.

It is the design of the Publishers to render this in every way the most attractive and valuable series for the young ever offered to the public. They are confident that they have facilities for giving to it that wide circulation which will warrant them in expending upon it all the resources of typographical and illustrative art. The illustrations will be numerous and in all respects equal to those furnished in "Harper's Magazine." The successive numbers of the "Story Books" will embrace a variety of subjects and different styles of composition, including narratives, dialogues, descriptive essays, and entertaining stories of a character to interest and delight the youthful mind, while imparting information that will be important in subsequent life. It will be the constant aim of the Author to furnish a series of volumes adapted to family reading. He hopes so to combine the presentation of important and interesting facts with the circulation of sound principles in taste, morals, and religion, that the "Story Books" shall form a welcome and efficient aid in the work of home education. Though not intended to be of exclusive religious character, they will be so designed to exert a moral and religious influence on the minds of the readers, as to adapt them to the use of Sabbath School Libraries.

Terms.—Each Number of "Harper's Story Books" will contain 100 pages in small quarto form, very beautifully illustrated, and printed on superfine calendered paper.

The Series may be obtained of Booksellers, Periodical Agents, and Postmasters, or from the Publishers, at Three Dollars a year, or Twenty-five Cents a Number. Subscriptions may commence with any Number.

The two Periodicals, "Harper's New Monthly Magazine" and "Harper's Story Books," will be supplied to Subscribers at Five Dollars a year, and will be published on the first day of each Month.

The Postage on "Harper's Story Books," which must be paid quarterly in advance, is Two Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

——We will furnish a copy of the above work, in of the *Middlebury Register*, one year, for $1.50 in advance, or *Harper's Magazine*, at the same rate. Send in your orders at once.

4137 BARRETT & COBB.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK'S
History of a Zoological Temperance Convention held in Central Africa.
Containing Twenty Illustrations.

Read the following notice from a distinguished Clergyman:—

"We are not accustomed to laugh outright, or be convulsed with laughter, yet we have never found it more difficult to restrain our risibilities than while perusing this most ludicrous satire; and yet with all its comical, diverting, and laughable scenes, the most solemn, important and instructive lessons are couched in every page. Youth should read it—parents, teachers, preachers, every body."

NATHANIEL NOYES, Publisher,
No 11 Cornhill, Boston.

Price, muslin, 12 cents; gilt, 38 cents. ☞ Can be sent by mail to any part of the United States.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town to sell this Book. Circulars furnished. Apply to the Publisher.

Boston, Jan. 15, 1855. 19 3m.

MORSE'S
AMERICAN TELEGRAPH!
NEW YORK & BOSTON DIRECT!
OFFICE NO. 3 BREWSTER'S BLOCK.

Where can be found at all times the
LATEST PUBLICATIONS,
as soon as published. Also,
School and Miscellaneous Works.

STATIONERY of all kinds constantly on hand, by the ream or quire, Pens, Pencils, Cards, Envellopes of various styles, Account Books of all kinds, Almanacs, Games, Backgammon Boards, and a variety of articles too numerous to mention, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price for cash.

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

TOWN'S Series of School Books for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

PORTFOLIOS, Crayons, Pencils, Pens, &c., for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

CHEAP Publications of all kinds for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

INKSTANDS, Sand Boxes and Blotting Paper, for sale by A. H. COPELAND.

CARPET BAGS.—A great assortment cheap as the cheapest, at H WILCOX'S.

A GREAT variety of Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings, for sale by
Jan. 10, 1855. Z. BECKWITH.

Stationery
Of all kinds for sale at the
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Poetry.

Valle Crucis.

A WELCH SONG.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
For there are saluted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green:
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer,
Break softly on the evening air.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy shades to dwell;
For peace has there her spotless throne,
And plants it to the world unknown;
The mountains of the distant rills,
The Sabbath chimes of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven.

—*Rev.*

The Silent Land.

Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand!
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Whither, O whither,
Into the Silent Land?

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Von Stolle translated by Longfellow.

Miscellany.

Schinderhannes.

THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

Very famous at the latter part of the last century was the robber-band of the Rhine, commanded by the renowned Schinderhannes. This remarkable person was born at Nastatten, of parents in the lowest grade of society, in the year 1779. A public whipping, which he received for some juvenile delinquency, determined his course of life. His young heart was filled with shame and bitterness; and from that moment he sought to ally himself only with those who set at defiance the laws which had degraded him forever. Having made himself worthy of such fellowship by committing a daring robbery, and escaping from prison after his apprehension, he sought out Fink, surnamed Red-head, who received him with open arms, and introduced him successively to Mosebach, Seibert, Hris Jacob and Zoglietto. At that time the most celebrated bandits of the district. The young desperado soon showed that it was his mission to lead, rather than to follow, and in a very little time he became the captain of the band. His capture thus became a matter of consequence, and he was so closely watched that at length the authorities succeeded in apprehending him in the mill of Weiden. While they were conveying him to Oberstein he contrived to get upon the roof of a prison where they halted for the night, and attempted to descend by a rope he had manufactured of the straw of his bed. Midway, however, the rope broke, and, reaching the ground with more noise than he contemplated, he was resaken. Secured at length, in the strong prison of Scarbrack, everybody believed that the career of this young chief was ended; when, in three days, the country was thrown into consternation by a circular announcing his escape.

When Schinderhannes rejoined his comrades, he found them under the command of Petri, surnamed Peter the Black. This worthy was a tall gaunt man, with a forest of black hair, and a thick and matted beard hanging upon his breast. His complexion was sallow, and his voice resembled the croak of a raven, both in sound and augurs. When sober he was plunged in a dull and easy apathy, in which he would do whatever he was bid, to the cutting of a throat or the burning of a church; when drunk, he was a compound of the wolf and tiger. In the intermediate state, however, when his mind was fully awake without being over excited and when he could murder on principle, rather than from passion or mere stupid instinct, he was the equal of any bandit chief nothing. He did not long, however, remain a bar to the young robber's ambition. Being taken and plunged into a subterranean dungeon, where no brandy was to be had, he received such a disgust at the French side of the Rhine, that on effecting his escape, he crossed the river, and did not return for some years. Schinderhannes himself was soon after captured, and lodged in the same dungeon at Simmern. This was merely a deep vaulted hole, twenty feet under the foundation of a prison-tower on the ramparts, with only a single small opening at the top, through which the captive was let down by means of a rope. The opening of course could not be shut without stifling the prisoner, but, at any rate, there seemed to be no possibility of climbing to it, placed as it was in the middle of the lofty roof; while the chamber into which it led was itself a strong dungeon, tenanted by another malefactor. The young chief, however, was nothing daunted. He twisted a rope of the straw of his bed, threw it to his neighbor above, who made the end fast; and by this means he ascended with ease to the upper chamber. Here he broke through the wall into the kitchen, forced away the defences of one of the windows, and leaped into the ditch of the town, dislocating his foot in the descent. In this state it took him three days and nights to crawl to the house of a friend, lying couched in the forest like a wild beast by day, and resuming his painful journey at night.

Having rejoined his band, he soon made it stronger than ever, by the addition of several important members—among others, of Karl Benzel, a young man of family and education. At this time he was so well known on the banks of the Rhine, that mothers terrified their children with the name of the young and handsome Schinderhannes. In his own immediate neighborhood, however, he was beloved by the peasantry, who would have died rather than have betrayed him, and one of the most beautiful girls in Germany ran off from her parents to join his fortunes in the forest, and accompanied him afterwards in some of his most daring expeditions, dressed in boy's clothes.

Gay, brave, gallant, generous, and humane, there was a high romance about his character which attracted even those who most abhorred his crimes. He was fond of music, and even poetry; and to this day there is a song song on the banks of the Rhine which he composed to his mistress. He was addicted to pleasure, and a worshipper of women; but the charms of Julia Blasius, the young girl alluded to above, at length concentrated his wandering desires, and converted him from a general lover, into an affectionate and devoted husband.

It is no part of our present task to touch upon the more remarkable exploits of this remarkable personage; and we therefore hurry him to the end of his career. Being captured on the German side of the river, under circumstances involving a good deal of romantic mystery, he was conveyed to Frankfort, and from thence to Mainz for trial by the French authorities. In this last journey his companions and fellow prisoners were his beautiful and faithful Julia, and the famous robber Petter. On the way a wheel broke, and the carriage stopped.

"Comrade," said Petter, "that is like the wheel of our life, which is about to stop forever."

At Mainz they found a great part of the band waiting for trial; and when the important day came, headed as usual by their chief, escorted by numerous brigades of troops, and surrounded by half the population of the country these desperate men marched slowly through the streets to the ancient electoral palace. On entering the vast and magnificent saloon of the academy, whose marble walls had heretofore echoed to the strains of music, Schinderhannes stepped lightly to his seat, and looked round upon the concourse of the fair, the noble, the learned, and the brave, who had come there for the purpose of gazing on the redoubted outlaw. He seemed to feel a strange pride in being the hero of the scene. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to the despised childhood—his bitter and degrading stripes—and even on the brink of destruction, his eye lightened, and the pulses of his life throbbed high at the contrast.

As the trial went on, he was seen frequently to play with his young infant, and to whisper to his wife, and press her hands. The evidence against him was overpowering, and the interest of the audience rose to a powerful pitch. When the moment of judgment drew near, his fears for Julia shook him like an ague. He frequently cried out, clasping his hands, "She is innocent. The poor girl is innocent! It was I who seduced her!" Every eye was wet, and nothing was heard, in the profound silence of the moment, but the sobs of women. Julia, by the humanity of the court, was sentenced first, and Schinderhannes embraced her with tears of joy when he heard that her punishment was limited to two years' confinement. His father received twenty-two years of fetters; and he himself with nineteen of his band, were doomed to the guillotine. The execution took place on the 21st of November, 1803, when twenty heads were cut off in twenty-six minutes.

Shocking Fall.—A Drop too Much.

A gentleman at Chicago, in a private letter to a friend in Boston, says:—"I might as well mention that Judge ——— had a narrow escape, a few nights since. He was at a place some miles from here, where they are digging for lead. The Judge had been out, spending the evening with some friends, and I think it likely was a very little "sprung." At any rate, the night was very dark, and as he proceeded to his lodgings, he found himself in the vicinity of the deep excavations or shafts sunk by the miners. They are two or three hundred feet deep, and at night planks are thrown over them to prevent any stray traveller falling in. But notwithstanding the precaution, the Judge came upon one of them, slipped through between the planks, and catching hold of one of them, hung his head some two or three feet below the top of the aperture. This was a terrible position. He could not reach the sides of the excavation with his feet, and as for raising himself up with his hands alone, it was as utter impossibility for one of his weight and inexperience, or want of practice in gymnastics. He dared not loose one hand to spit upon it, and relieve him for a moment, but was compelled to dangle just as he fell, certain that an awful fate awaited him. He screamed at the top of his voice, but there was no one near to render help. Covered with perspiration and committing his soul to Heaven, his hands unloosed, and he fell—to the enormous depth of six inches! The Judge scrambled out in some way, and after taking an airing on terra firma, made the best of his way home. He had merely fallen into one of the excavations which had just been commenced; but as he could not see, and was slightly exhilarated, he naturally supposed that he was going heels foremost into the bowels of the earth. No man was probably more frightened, or imagined he had reason to be. You ought to hear the Judge tell the story himself."

The man who wants the bayonet and the law to enforce his opinions, admits, from bygone conclusions, that his arguments are not in themselves sufficient to enforce conviction.

In retrospection we shake away the snow of time from the evergreen of memory; and behold the fair years of childhood, uncovered, fresh, green and balmy, standing afar off before us.

A London Reporter.—Probly had never been out of London, never in a boat, never on the back of a horse. To the end of bag-wigs he wore a bag. He was the last man that walked with a cane as long as himself, ultimately exchanged for an umbrella, which he was never seen without, in wet weather or dry; yet he usually reported the whole debates in the Peers from memory, without a note, for the Morning Chronicle, and wrote two or three novels depicting the social manners of the times! He was a strange feeder, and ruined himself in eating pastry at the confectioners' shops (for one of whose scores Taylor and I bailed him): he was always in a perspiration, whence George Colman christened him "King Porus;" and he was always so punctual to a minute that when he arrived within sight of the window, the cry used to be, "There's Proby—it's half past two," and yet he never set his watch. If it ever came to right time I cannot tell; but if you asked him what o'clock it was, he would look at it and calculate something of this sort: "I am twenty six minutes past seven—four, twenty one from twelve, forty—it is just three minutes past three." Poor, strange, and simple, yet seriously informed Proby! His last domicile was the Lambeth Parish Workhouse, out of which he would come in its coarse, gray garb, and call upon his friends as freely and unceremoniously as before, to the surprise of servants, who entertain "an 'orrid" jealousy of paupers, and who could not comprehend why a person so clad was shown in. The last letter I had from him spoke exultingly of his having been chosen to teach the young children in the house their A B C's, which conferred some extra accommodations on him.—*Jerdan's Autobiography.*

Illustration of Ignorance.—Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston, who has travelled in Europe,—states the following facts:

"In Italy you will see a farmer breaking up his land with two cows, and a root of a tree for a plow, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on. In Rome, Vienna and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw your wood, he does not bring a horse. He never had one, nor his father before him. But he places one end of the saw on the ground and the other against his breast, and taking the wood in his hands, he rubs it against the saw; and he will be all day doing two hours' work. It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with the triumphs of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole, he does it with a red hot poker! This results not from want of industry, but of sagacity of thought. In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel, and you will see a string of twenty mules bringing little sacks of it upon their backs, when one mule would draw it all in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps twenty mules and feeds them."

Too Many Teeth.—In a recent lecture before the Mercantile Library, Oliver Wendell Holmes said:—"The climate of the country has acted upon us even to a change of our very muscular forms, has altered the shape of our bones, and acted upon our teeth. As an evidence that the climate has acted upon the last, he need only mention that America was the acknowledged paradise of dentists, the place where they were the most numerous and the most skilful, the last quality being the result of continued and abundant practice. He had the statement from one of the most distinguished of the profession, that our very jaws have so altered their shape, that where our fathers had the use of sixteen teeth, we must be content with two less, our jaws having become so contracted, that for the large number there is now no room, and children should, while yet they are young, be subjected to the loss of their molars, in order that room enough for the growth of the remainder be allowed.

Birds.—A bird is a model ship constructed by the hand of God, in which the condition of swiftness, manageability, and lightness are absolutely and necessarily the same as in vessels built by the hand of man. There are not in the world two things which resemble each other more strongly, both mechanically and physically speaking, than the carcass and framework of a bird and a ship. The breastbone so exactly resembles a keel, that the English language has retained the name. The wings are the oars, the tail the rudder. That original observer, Huber the Genevese, who has carefully noticed the flight of birds of prey, has even made use of a metaphor thus suggested to establish a characteristic distinction between rowers and sailors. The rowers are the falcons, who have the first or second wing feather the longest, and who are able by means of this powerful oar to dart right into the wind's eye. The mere sailors are the eagles, the vultures, and the buzzards, whose more rounded wings resemble sails.—*Household Words.*

Fact.—The man who devotes his whole life to accumulate wealth is a donkey. The moment he obtains a competency he should quit trade, buy a neat little coop in the country for his hen and chickens, and immediately give himself up to the cultivation of drum-head cabbages.

For the Register.

Letters from the West.—No. 25.

Visit to the Ohio Penitentiary—Lock-step—Dinner—Visit to the work-shops—Productions—Lunatic Asylum—Asylum for deaf mutes—Literal copy of a mute's composition—Inference.

Columbus, Ohio, Feb., 1855.

During our stay in this city, we paid a visit to the State's Prison, or, as it is termed here, the "Ohio Penitentiary." The grounds in front of the buildings, or prison, are laid out with much taste, and ornamented with rare shrubbery and gravelled walks. We were introduced to the warden by Mr. Wm. H. Slade, as a friend of his from Vermont. The customary fee was tendered by Mr. S., and politely refused by the officer. We were asked to be seated. Soon a guide came, and invited us to the large yard or enclosure, containing some two or three acres. Ten or twelve deer, as many peacocks and other rare fowls, were the only tenants of this fine yard, carpeted with living green and studded with shade trees.

It was near the dinner hour for the convicts, and very soon they were ordered from their workshops to the yard where the whole number (six hundred and eight) were packed in companies of thirty-five, as close as they could stand, in single file, one behind another. An officer attended each company. They were then made to march to a large dining hall, with what is termed the *lock-step*. This *step* consists in each one of the thirty-five shoving forward the right foot all at once, some ten or twelve inches and then the left foot in the same manner, then again the right, followed up by the left, and so on until they enter the hall. This wiggling, wriggling motion caused us to laugh heartily, notwithstanding we sincerely pitied them. The convex pavement stones are worn down flat and smooth, by this lock-step. In its movement the foot is not allowed to leave the ground. By this system they can be more easily controlled, and made to feel, also, that they are *fixtures* of the spot and place.

As they enter the hall door, they immediately disband, and take seats at the tables. They sit upon benches; before them is an elevated stationary board or table, about one foot in width and running the entire length of the hall. The tables number six or eight. The dinner consisted of a cup of soup, cold corn bread, and warm boiled beef. Care is taken to see that each has all he needs. They were not hurried in their meal. Sufficient time was given them. After dinner, they banded together, took the lock-step, and wiggled their way back to the work shops. * * * *

We proceeded to the work shops. The first room we entered was devoted to the weaving of coach lace; the next to the manufacture of saddle trees; the third to the manufacture of plane woods; another to that of hoes; another to boots and shoes; another to grain cradles; another to axe helve turning; and another to the manufacture of *large wooden type*. These types are cut by an eccentric lathe, and are becoming of high repute among publishers. They find a ready sale for all they choose to make. They are used mainly where *large* type is required.

To the credit of the sex, be it said, that of the whole number of convicts, (606) only eight are females. Of the males, forty are colored and the remainder white. We noticed a few quite young (from fifteen to eighteen apparently). There were very few old men in the number. The average age we judged to be about thirty. Had these all had christian parents, and the advantages of the sabbath school, very few, doubtless, would have broken from these virtuous restraints, and found their way through crime to this prison. Let parents feel their responsibility and act wisely.

We next visited the Lunatic Asylum, which is situated at the extreme north end of the city. The grounds are fine and extensive. The buildings are of stone, and upon an enlarged scale. They are warmed by steam. This is an expensive mode, but considered much the safest. It requires 140 bushels of coal every twenty-four hours. The halls and rooms are kept in a mild and uniform temperature, night and day. It is intended, during the year, to have the buildings lighted with gas. The number of patients at present is 260—one hundred and twenty of which are males. The salaries of officers amount to $4,000 per annum. The contingent expenses are $35,000 more—in all $39,000 yearly, with the above number of patients.

From this place, we directed our steps to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. We were received just as they had all assembled for prayer, by the teacher, which was to close the school for the day. The number of mutes in the institution is 150. As we entered the spacious chapel, the mutes were held in breathless attention, by an address from the teacher. He continued to address them by signs for about half an hour. He then requested them to arise and unite with him in a petition to their heavenly Father for his blessing to rest upon them. All arose and fixed their eyes upon the hands of the teacher, which were dextrously employed in spelling out a fervent petition to Almighty God. The petition was lengthy, but, if we may judge from the appearance of the pupils, was highly interesting. The teacher informed us that the signs he used on that occasion, were such as convey whole sentences or ideas—not such as simply convey words. After the close of the school, the girls assembled in a large play room, and engaged heartily in such sportive exercises as were conducive to health and spirits. It being too late in the day, to pay a visit to the Asylum for the Blind, the pupils of course had to forego the pleasure of *seeing us*.

The deaf mutes are required to write compositions. We saw and read several. We give the following, *verbatim et literatim*, uncorrected copy, written by a boy fifteen years of age, under instruction two years:

"An Amusing Story.—Some years ago, it snowed much in Vermont. The roof of a man's barn was heavily covered with snow. The man thought that the roof would break down. He put on his hat and gloves, and took his shovel and rope. He carried them into his barn, and went up to the top of his barn. He tied one end of the rope around his waist, and threw the rope to his wife. He told her to hold the rope, while he was shoveling the snow off the roof, and thought that all the snow would fall off the roof with him. He told his wife to tie the other end of the rope around her waist, and hold him. His wife tied the rope pround her waist, and was holding the rope. Soon all the snow slid with him off the roof, and the rope drew up the woman. So the man and his wife hung up some time. Some people passed the barn, and saw the man and his wife. One of them carried a ladder, and put the ladder up against the barn. The man and his wife came down the ladder. The people and the man and his wife laughed very much. (Signed) A C—."

We confess, that the reading of the above was illy calculated to inspire us with any exalted notions of the ingenuity of our countryman. The woman knew better, of course. S. R. R.

[From the Ohio Farmer.]

Winter Management of Sheep.

BY EDWIN HAMMOND, ESQ.

Friend Brown:—I have in the following arrangement, given a description of our mode of treating our sheep during the winter season. I know it is in some respects incomplete, but it may subserve the interests of wool-growers, by inducing other flock masters to give the public the result of their experience and observation, and thus indirectly at least aid in disseminating such knowledge as the breeders of good stock may desire, and thus contribute to the advancement of one of the noblest departments of agricultural life.

The *winter* management of sheep, in our climate, really begins in part, in the month of October, as we not unfrequently have a fall of snow about the the 20th or 25th of this month, and if there is not snow enough to cover the ground the severe frosts greatly injure the quality of the feed, and make it necessary that some more substantial food be provided for them, at least once a day, such as hay or grain, or both, as the age and condition of the sheep may require.

FALL FEEDING.

There is no season of the year that requires greater care than this, when we are compelled to take our sheep from the succulent food of the fields, and confine them to dry hay. The art is to manage them so that the shock produced by the change will be least felt, and the condition of the animal may improve until the winter sets in severely. We practice feeding hay for some time before the sheep are wholly taken from the fields and if they are not already in *high* condition, grain must then be fed, and it can never be fed to better advantage especially to lambs, and breeding ewes, that are advanced in age.

It is much easier putting flesh on sheep while the weather is mild, than during the season of pinching cold.

And if they come into the winter in low flesh, and not in a thriving condition, it is well nigh impossible to improve their condition, till the next spring.

SHEEP HOUSES AND RACKS.

They should be carefully housed from the fall and winter storms, both by day and night. Sheep barns should be double-boarded, and made warm, and furnished with good doors, and glass windows, so as to completely shut out the driving storms and winds. It is in no wise sufficient to furnish open sheds for the sheep to go under, when they choose, for they will almost universally leave the sheds and stand in the rain, either in the fall or winter, till they become thoroughly drenched with water, and if the rainstorms are succeeded by severe cold, as is often the case, they frequently take a violent cold, from which they will not recover for a long time, and perhaps never.

After the grass of the fields is mostly gone, which will generally be the case in the early part of November, our sheep are brought into the yards, and not suffered to go into the fields again till the next spring, after the grass has attained sufficient height to furnish a full supply for them.

HOW WE FEED.

When the sheep are confined to the yards or barns, we fodder them, say, three times a day, and always under cover, in permanent racks made around the outside of the barn, and even with the top of the sill, and two feet wide, with a tight floor, with slats, seven inches wide, and two and a half feet long, nailed to the sills, and seven inches apart, giving each full grown sheep fourteen inches; younger sheep two inches less. In addition to the racks, boxes are used. If necessary we store the hay for our sheep in the upper part of our sheep barns, which renders the labor of foddering much less than any other place of storage. During the time of foddering we turn the sheep into the yards, and close the doors, until the hay is properly distributed into the racks and boxes, if both are used, and then we roll back the large doors, which are ten or twelve feet wide, and the whole flock enters and all commence eating at once. If sheep are allowed to be present during the time of foddering they huddle very thickly around, which renders it difficult to move around among them, and their wool becomes filled with hay seed and dust, that much injures the appearance of it.

In addition to the three fodderings of hay, we feed straw, twice, say at ten in the forenoon, and at three in the afternoon, and the straw is fed in boxes standing in the open yard. These boxes make the division in the yard for the different flocks. We usually divide our sheep into lots of about 50 each, according to age and sex. Though sheep would winter but poorly on straw alone, yet their fondness for variety induces them to eat a portion of it freely, so that what remains in the boxes is gathered up and used for bedding horses and cattle. So that the straw during the winter is all economically disposed of. Horses or cattle, old or young, are never allowed to run with sheep in the winter.

HAY AND SALT.

Our hay is moderately salted at the season of cutting it, say, from two to four quarts per ton; and we always keep salt in small boxes nailed to the side of the barn, in a position easy of access, that sheep may eat so much of it as their appetites may require. After sheep have been kept for sometime without salt they will frequently eat enough to destroy life, if they can have free access to it. It is no doubt as healthful for beasts to use salt moderately, as it is to man.

Long experience and careful observation convince me that a small quantity taken daily is much better than a larger one taken once a week or once in two weeks, as the case may be.

If their daily food could be duly seasoned with salt it would create a regular and healthful thirst for water, which should always stand in the barns where the sheep are foddered.

In very cold weather some sheep will not go three rods for water, particularly in the night time, and sheep consume more water from the time of the evening foddering to eight o'clock, than during any other part of the twenty-four hours, during the same length of time.

Since we have adopted the practice of salting our hay and having salt stand constantly by the sheep, we have not lost one by the stretches or scours, by both of which diseases we formerly sustained some loss.

VENTILATION.

Barns where sheep are kept should be well ventilated with glass windows below and above, so as to let in a supply of air and light when the doors are closed, as it is sometimes necessary to have them in stormy weather. In pleasant weather the doors are open, and the sheep run in the barns or yards as suits them best. The yards being nearly in the form of a square are enclosed on three sides by barns, and on the fourth, in part, by other buildings.

In the winter season, the yards are divided into as many apartments as we have flocks of sheep, with boxes as before stated.

WATER.

As the success of wintering sheep depends much on water, this part of the subject requires due attention. If running water can be furnished in the yard, from an unfailing spring, it is desirable, as running water is a little sweeter than that which has stood for a time in a tub or trough; but if this cannot be had, the most convenient mode we can adopt, is to dig wells in such positions, as will best accommodate the flocks, and if living water cannot be had in the wells, the eaves of the barns should be turn into them, together with the water that will drain into them during the wet season. This will furnish a supply where the soil is a strong clay, as is generally the case with us.

FEED FOR EWES.

Breeding ewes that come into the winter in high flesh, will do well on hay alone, if it is of the best quality; if the hay is poor or damaged, it would be well to feed them some wheat bran or shorts, through the winter, or up to the time of lambing, which commences about the middle of March with us. We do not feed oil meal before lambing, but after they have dropped their lambs, they are put in a place by themselves; we then use, if we have it, corn, rye, oats, and peas ground, mixed with oil meal, and shorts, in about equal quantities by weight. We feed as much as is necessary to keep the ewes and lambs in a growing condition, as much so as a good bite of grass would do, if they were in the pasture. Much depends on the quality of hay.

CARE OF LAMBS.

Lambs, during the first winter, require special care, and should be kept growing during the whole winter, as steadily as in the summer season.

Oats ground, mixed with oil meal, makes a good feed for them. Here the quantity should be regulated by the condition of the lambs and quality of hay.

PAIRING BUCKS AND EWES.

We commence putting our bucks with the ewes about the middle of October. During the time the bucks and ewes are together, some one is always present to take care of them, and select the buck best suited to each particular ewe. In this, much care and experience are needful to breed successfully. The qualities of the buck and ewe need to be well understood, to realize an expected result.

HOW WE MARK.

Our custom is to let the buck serve the ewe but once, and a mark is then put upon the ewe corresponding to the one on the buck she took; and when the lamb is dropped, it is numbered the same as the *mother*, so that a careful examination may be made during the season, and before the bucks are used again, and a good judgment formed as to the *qualities of the bucks for each ewe*.

USE YOUNG BUCKS CAREFULLY.

All young bucks should be used moderately, and with care, until their stock getting qualities are well established.

CARE OF LAMBS.

As the lambs begin to be dropped about the middle of March, when the weather is often cold, much care is often requisite to see that the lambs do not become chilled before they suck; after that there is generally very little trouble, as every ewe at that season of the year generally has plenty of milk.

We raised in fifty-three, seventeen more lambs than we had ewes.

EWES AND LAMBS.

A warm, dry place is necessary for the ewes and lambs, and in pleasant weather they should be permitted to go into the sun, as they appear to gain strength faster when they are permitted to run and bask in the sun.

MANAGEMENT OF STOCK BUCKS

Our stock bucks we commence feeding again about the middle of September, and continue a small quantity of feed until they are turned out to grass the next spring. They are wintered by themselves, and are placed in the warmest barn we have, as bucks after being used hard, do not appear to stand the cold as much as other kinds of sheep in the same condition.

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 9th, 1855.

Romance in Real Life.—The following bit of romance appears in the St. Louis *Intelligencer*:

Some years ago a very beautiful young lady was the ward of a person in Louisiana, who defrauded her out of quite a large fortune. This lady came to this city, where she married, but not living on good terms with her husband, finally obtained a divorce from him and retired to a convent. While she was there she received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, and that he had heired all his vast property, but that he could not consent to retain that which had been treacherously taken from another, and offering to make restitution. The lady immediately proceeded to Louisiana, had an interview with the heir, and received back both principal and interest, all that she had been wronged out of. The strangest part of the story remains behind. No sooner had she got possession of her fortune than she returned to this city, sought out her former husband, and in a few days was re-married to him. Verily, the love of woman passeth understanding. The parties are now living in St. Louis, and it is to be hoped will agree better than formerly.

Emerson.—The Boston correspondent of the Portland *State of Maine*, writes that Mr. Emerson lives at Concord, in a "large old fashioned, white, green-blinded house," among the trees, just "as a transcendental philosopher should, fashioning in a quiet those strange thoughts which delight those who can't understand them, and confound those who do. Mr. E. has not a large family—himself, wife and three children. He is exceedingly affable and engaging in conversation, and is a great favorite with the towns-people."

A Poor Man's Wish.—I asked a student, what three things he most wished. He said:

"Give me books, health and quiet; and I care for nothing more."

I asked the miser, and he cried,

"Money, money, money."

I asked the pauper, and he faintly said,

"Bread, bread, bread."

I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words,

"Wealth, fame, and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied,

"All that I wish is health, wisdom, and to have a constant love for my Maker and Redeemer."

Boys vs. Men.—Some years ago the venerable Josiah Quincy, then President of Harvard Univesity, and his son, then President of the Common Council of Boston, were tossted or alluded to as two President Quincys. After the usual noisy demonstration, the younger Quincy very gravely arose and repudiated the idea of such grouping of Presidents. He told the audience that he intended to be courteous to others, and yet submit nothing derogatory to his own character. "I beg leave to request the audience to remember that the old gentleman over there, presides over a parcel of boys, while I preside over a body of men." It is superfluous to mention that the uproar among people, who had known both gentlemen long and well, was tumultuous.

One of the Valentines.—A bachelor friend of ours got a valentine which "opened" beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhymes that she was dying to learn a secret which he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to ascertain his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins; for love despised all such considerations. But would he tell her and cure the wound in her soul—and thrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her which riches and honor could not bring; *would* he, would he tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

All that portion of plants which disappears in burning, is derived from the atmosphere and from water—only the small portion which remains in the form of ashes is obtained from the soil.