

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1856.

NUMBER 17.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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J. COBB, W. J. FELDER.

TERMS.
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W. J. FELDER is agent for this paper in Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

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

WILLIAM F. BASCOM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's store.
Middlebury, May 27, 1856.

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

DR. WM. M. BASS
Would inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he will be in readiness to attend calls in his profession, and will accept gratefully a shared public patronage.
Middlebury April 22, 1856. 117

EDWARD MUSSEY
RESPECTFULLY informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the

ADDITION HOUSE.
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first-rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.
Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 5.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Near the Post Office, Middlebury, Vt.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
At low rates. 21

MIDDLEBURY AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND IRON STORE.
JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, & HOUSE WARE,
CUTLERY, JOHNSON'S TOOLS, &c.
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FREE OF CHARGE!!!
Two Splendid Parlor Engravings, "Faintly," a Bolten Abbey in the Olden Times, a splendid steel engraving, from the celebrated painting by Landseer, and the "Departure of the Israelites from Egypt," a large and beautiful engraving from a painting by D. Roberts. The retail price of the above engravings is \$2 per copy, but will be sent free of charge as follows:

The subscribers have established a Book Agency in Philadelphia, and will furnish any book or publication at the retail price free of postage. Any persons by forwarding the subscription price of any of the 23 Magazines, such as Harpers', Godley's, Putnam's, Graham's, Frank Leslie's Fashions, &c., will receive the magazines for one year and a copy of either of the above engravings. Every description of Engraving on Wood executed with neatness and dispatch—Views of Buildings, Newspaper Headings, Views of Machinery, Book Illustrations, Lodge Certificates, Business Cards, &c. All orders sent by mail promptly attended to. Persons wishing views of their buildings engraved can send a Daguerrotype or sketch of the building by mail or express.

Persons at a distance having saleable articles would find it to their advantage to address the subscribers, as we would act as agents for the sale of the same.
BYRAM & PIERCE, 33
59 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.
B. BYRAM, P. M.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION
Respectfully announce to the public their 8th GREAT EXHIBITION
—OF—
AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AND MECHANIC ARTS.
To be opened at
FANEUIL AND QUINCY HALLS,
On Wednesday, 10th September,
IN THE CITY OF BOSTON.

New inventions, improvements in the arts, and specimens of rare handiwork in every department of industry, will be welcome to the halls, and every facility will be afforded for a good display and the proper care of contributions.
Medals of Gold, Silver and Bronze, and a new Diploma designed by Billings, will be given to those whose articles merit such awards.
Communications from those who wish more particular information, and from whom we will require much space, may be addressed to the subscriber.
JOSEPH L. BATES, Secretary.
Boston, June 4, 1856. 10.3m

Rutland Brass Band.
WILL ALLEN, Leader.
THE BAND would take this method to inform the public that they are now prepared to furnish Music for
Military and Civil Parades, Processions, Pic-Nic Parties, Races, Procections, and all occasions where Brass Band services are required, on the most reasonable terms. Application made to Geo. H. Cole, F. J. Farr, or S. Weeks, Clerk, will receive prompt attention.
Rutland, June 4, 1856. 11.1f

LETTER PAPER of various kinds, styles and colors, at prices to suit all for sale at
COPPLELAND'S.

STEEL PENS—Several gross Cutler & Towler's, R. Wallace's, Connor's and Leeman's Steel Pens, at
COPPLELAND'S.

Poetry.

A Hymn.

Written for the recent Centennial Celebration at Bridgewater, Mass.

Two hundred times has June renewed
Her roses, since the day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream, that strayed
Through pathless deserts then,
The calm, heroic women prayed,
And grave, undaunted men

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
From hearts that faltered not,
And undimbling lips that spoke
The free and guileless thought.

They prayed, and thanked the Mighty One
Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them towards the setting sun,
Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them he made that desert place
A pleasant heritage;
The cradle of a free-born race,
From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set, a little vine,
Hath stretched its boughs afar
To distant hills and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields, these fields that smile
With summer's early flowers—
Oh, let their fearless souls be gulfed
And love of truth be ours.

"I Could Not Get my Lessons,"
BY A SCHOOL GIRL.

I could not get my lesson,
With the book before my eye,
For the thoughts of canny Willie
Came a bobbin' in between.

And like a work she simple,
Had nought to Ellen mean,
For the thoughts of canny Willie
Came bobbin' in between.

I read frae top to bottom
Owre many a page I ween;
But the thoughts of canny Willie
Came bobbin' in between.

And like a leaf was pattered
With Willie's winsome look,
And my thoughts were a' wi' Willie,
And nae upon my book.

Bye-and-Bye.
There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name's "Bye-and-Bye."

What we ought to do this minute
Will be better done, he'll cry,
If to-morrow he begin it—
"Put it off"—says "Bye-and-Bye."

Those who heed his treacherous wooing,
Will his faithless guidance rue,
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor
If on "Bye" we more rely,
But unto the realms of "Never"
Leads the pilot "Bye-and-Bye."

Miscellany.

The Dream-Child.
There is something very touching in the following story of "My Dream Child." And let our readers be well assured that it is wholly true. Moreover, it is "all the woman."

"How well I remember my fifteenth year! so bright and happy—not entirely so, to be sure, but far happier than all the succeeding ones have ever been.

"As I entered that year, there came to reside in my father's family a gentleman double my age, but whose courtly manners, fine mind, and elegant person riveted my attention; and for he possessed in an eminent degree an intellectual exterior.

"Of course, as the only daughter, I was at once caressed and chided by all, and bade fair to grow up as my own wardrobe dictated. Mr. Everton knew me first as a bright, willful school girl, too young to be even treated as other than a child; yet when at times he saw flashes of a mind beyond my years, he became possessed with a desire to train and cultivate it in those branches that most suited his own fancy. The succeeding fall, health failed, and for many weeks I lay very ill. Every morning, as Mr. Everton passed my door, he knocked, and inquired of my nurse how I was that day; and there was a world of gentleness in his constant reply: 'Poor child! I came at last to watch and wait daily for his voice. My pulse would flutter as I heard his foot descend the stair, and I listened eagerly for the word of sympathy always vouchsafed. Toward winter I was well enough to be carried down into the parlor for the day, but all thought me too frail to see the coming spring. During the month of December Mr. Everton was troubled with an attack of inflammation of the throat, that confined him also to the house for a month. All that time we were together, reading of ten from some brave old poet or some younger and warmer author. Thus was my fancy trained; so my heart taught."

"I had heard rumors, strange and undefined, of a broken engagement, broken some time during his college life, in a city far away, and I seriously, almost jealously, sought to know the truth. He brought me a small and beautiful Bible, with the simple words, 'From Kate,' written on the fly-leaf, and told me proudly that what I had heard was true, but why his betrothment had been broken, no one ever knew, nor ever should.

I was satisfied; from that hour the conviction that he loved me grew stronger than any spoken word could have made it. I was too conscious of my plain thin face and tall, unformed figure to have believed a declaration. There was a shielding tenderness in his manner, a loving interest in his care, that was far more convincing than words.

"Soon after this, I was sent away with an older brother for a change of climate, and thence to school. During my absence, our correspondence, through the influence of this brother, very suddenly terminated, because from his representations, I saw the propriety of my never replying to Mr. Everton's last epistle. Many stories were told me, many misrepresentations made, and I knew that he had left our house. Of this, I own I was glad, for I had heard many things that made it desirable. When I returned, I met him coldly, indifferently, carelessly; for though but sixteen, pride is a finished teacher, and there never was a spoken word of love between us. At this time Mr. Everton met a lady whom the following spring he married. It was not a love-match; but grew out of a flirtation so kindly fostered, so tenderly tended, so anxiously watched by a cousin of the lady, and herself, that ere so long it blossomed into matrimony. Of this woman I own I was never jealous. She was a mark beneath jealousy—too inferior to excite the feeling. She was very shrewd, but she was not genuine. She had a pretty face, and much cultivation, but her mind was poor, her heart barren, by nature. Nothing bloomed spontaneously on that soil. No unforced fruit delighted in its freshness. She was not good; she was not original. She used to repeat sounding phrases from books; she never offered nor had an opinion of her own. She advocated a high tone of sensibility; but she did not know the sensations of sympathy and pity. Tenderness and truth were not in her' (Jane Eyre). I knew she was not beloved as I had been and still was. I cared but little that she was his wife. I was too young to know how strong the laws of God and man make that tie: I was too young to know how long life is. That I suffered, no one knew; that I lived on, proudly calm and quiet, is not to be wondered at: hundreds do the same.

"In time, I found there was a child coming to my old lover, and I began to dream and work lustily for the little one, till it became mine. Little clothes such as a woman loves to fashion, grew beneath my busy fingers. Nothing could be pretty enough for the darling; nothing satisfied me. At last it came—a boy; not pretty, but so dear. I held him in my arms before his father's return (for he had left Mrs. Everton alone among strangers, and did not return for some time).

"Oh! how I putted and dreamed of that dear baby! As he grew older, he came to love me, and kiss me, and there was a heavenly tenderness between us. I went every week to see him; and once, of a winter evening, as he lay in my arms with his little head upon my shoulder, his father entered, and I saw a flash of love unutterable, as his eyes rested upon us both. While my dream-child lived, I was very happy. I thought of him, I loved him; and it made very holy the love I bore his father.

"One night I remember I went to see his aunt, in a very pretty costume, ready to attend a fancy ball. My dream child was ill; he had a high fever, and a hard, dry cough. Mrs. Everton, too, was dressed for the ball. I wondered at her leaving her child; and after they were gone, I sat down with his grandmother by his cradle, and silently held the little burning hand, kissed the hot lips, and pitied his poor father, who was many miles away, and little dreaming how ill his baby was or who was tending him. I feared then he would die, but he did not.

"Fonder and yet more fond grew we of each other, my dream-child and I, till the summer of the pitiless cholera. At early dawn it struck my darling, and we went to him, to see him struggle with his disease, not like a baby, but a man. Clinging to the rings of his little crib, he would raise himself up, and then sink back in agony, uttering no moan, no cry, till death came.

"Oh! how desolate all became then! The little spirit that gave life to that cold, inanimate clay had flown. All gave way to their grief, and Mr. Everton was hopeless; but it was part of my sorrow not to show what was within my heart. We dressed him in his death-clothes, and set down. All night I stayed with my child. In the morning I smoothed the soft, fair hair and kissed the noble brow of my dream-child that was dead. In the clothes I had wrought for him I laid him in his coffin, straining flowers white and pure as my dream-child himself around him. I went about preparing for the funeral, and when all was done, awaited quietly the end.

"The minister came. The ceremony was soon over. Mr. Everton was fearfully stricken, for to the child he had clung despairingly. He was the father's only comfort on earth.

"I staid and watched until the clouds were piled high upon his little breast, and when but a little before had been laid the object of the most unselfish affection of which I was capable, there remained now but a mound of earth, which every passer-by saw to be a child's grave. How much was buried there! How bitterly, yet how unavailingly I wept. After this, the time was soon severed that bound the Everton and our own family together. That was years ago; and while I am writing, a baby lies upon my breast and pats my cheek. I love him as only a mother can; but the memory of the dream-child who is dead is fresh and green as the seed that covers his grave.

TAVSTON, Mass., Oct. 30th, 1855.

Outside Glimmer and Inside Gloom.

Many houses are elegantly furnished, with small addition to domestic comfort. In this fast age, the Mrs. Potiphars of ten lives in palatial residences, overlaid with gorgeous decorations for the eyes of fashionable visitors, while the home-loving Mr. Potiphar sighs for the quiet ease of the humble old homestead. The Marysville Tribune gives an amusing sketch of the inner life of one of these comfortless households:

"I declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad. Here you are stretched out on the sofa, musing it up, and my nice carpet is all spoiled by the tramps of your coarse boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep everything nice. I do think Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how much trouble you give me. If I had no more care than you have, we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new house and furniture would be just as bad as the old," said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up early and answered—"I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little. I thought when we were building a new house, and furnishing it, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not so comfortable and desirable, and that I and my own dear Mary, would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms, and if we choose, in lounging on the sofa and rocking in these cushioned arm-chairs, away from the noise of the family, and the smell of the cooking stove."

"I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa, this warm afternoon. I noticed when Merchant Swell, or Colonel Bigman, and their families are here, you appear to be delighted to have sofas and arm-chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon. I thought the house and the sofas were to me; that we were seeking our own pleasure when we paid a large sum of money for them; but I suppose I was mistaken, and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old kitchen, and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood house; and if you want to rest, you can go to the children's trundle-bed, in the little close bedroom, where the flies can have a chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and seeing himself threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that he would get tired of gaining victories over her in argument, before she would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out, and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and took a seat on an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day—in the kitchen where no one sees it.

Poor mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I. And yet many are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out-house built to live in, and they confine their families to a few small rooms, poorly furnished, while the main room, well furnished, is never seen by the family, only when visitors come! Both house and furniture are too grand for use. The carpet is too fine for the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use. Just so it goes—we dress, we women, I mean, and I am sorry that many men are as foolish as we are, to please others, or rather to excite their remarks—we build houses, and furnish them for those outside of the family, and live as poorly when we are rich as we did when we were poor; as poorly in the new house as in the old.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for use; and yet many have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and such furniture as is suited to everyday use—the house large enough to accommodate one's friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR MECHANICAL ASTRONOMICAL MOTION.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect this, he has, in maturity and health, 60 bones in his head 60 in his thighs and legs, 26 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 424 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are, also, three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings, and of inanimate bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence—nor has comparative strength; though one body giving any quantity of motion to another, is said to lose so much of its own. The stoth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in one day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly 20,000,000 times its length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly 18 leagues in an hour; and a Osprey falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of 19 hours. A violent wind travels 90 miles in an hour; sound, 1142 English feet in a second.

The Little Lone Grave.

The over-land emigration to California in 1852, was immense, and attended with much of sickness and death. Hardly a company that was not decimated, and many doubtless so. New-made graves that, during the first ten days upon the plains, possessed at least a passing melancholy interest, sufficient to turn the steps of the traveller, if only just to know the name and where from, at length became so numerous as hardly to attract a passing notice, unless in the immediate vicinity of our camping-grounds. We had encamped upon one of the very small streams between the Little Blue and the Platte rivers; we were all joyous and happy; our animals as yet in excellent condition, our company all in good health, and we had not been long enough upon the plains to know or feel fatigued. It was Saturday afternoon, and we had stopped early, where water and grass were abundant, and intended to remain there over Sunday.

Tents were pitched, our horses quietly grazing, and mirth and gaiety re-echoed throughout the camp. More than one of us had observed a little strip of board no wider than a man's hand, standing upright amid the green grass but a few rods from our wagons. One of our company thinking it would make good kindlings, went out to get it, but returned without it, saying nothing. Another went, and he too, returned without it; and yet another and another; and as they returned all seemed less joyous than before. Our own curiosity was excited, and we, too, with a companion, went out to see it, and discover if possible its apparent sacredness. On approaching it, we found ourselves approaching a lone little grave! The puny mound of earth was fresh, and the green grass around it had hardly recovered from its recent trampling; and newly cut, as with a penknife, upon the frail monument were these words:

OUR ONLY CHILD:
DEAR LITTLE MARY:
FOUR YEARS OLD.

But we had no means of ascertaining whose little Mary it was. As the sun was yet an hour high or more, it was proposed that we should go on a mile or two to other camping grounds; and without a question being asked, or a reason given, it was unanimously approved and carried into effect. But the true and only cause was, the nearness to our camping ground of that lone little grave and its frail monument! Isn't this a touching incident?—*Knick.*

Homely Women.

We like homely women. We have always liked them. We do not carry the peculiarity far enough to include the hideous or positively ugly, for since beauty and money are the only capital the world will recognize in women, they are more to be pitied than admired; but we have a chivalric, enthusiastic regard for plain women. We never saw one who was not modest, unassuming and sweet tempered, and have seldom come across one who was not virtuous and had not a good heart. Made aware early in life of their want of beauty by the slighted attentions of the opposite sex, vanity and affection never take root in their hearts; and in the hope of supplying attractions which a capricious nature has denied, they cultivate the graces of the heart instead of the person, and give to the mind those accomplishments which the world so rarely appreciates in women, but which are more lasting, and in the eyes of men of sense, more highly prized than personal beauty. See them in the street, at home, or in the church, and they are always the same, and the smile which ever lives upon the face is not forced there to fascinate, but is the spontaneous sunshine reflected from a kind heart—a flower which takes root in the soul, and blooms upon the lips, inspiring respect instead of passion, emotion or admiration instead of feelings of sensual regard. Plain women make good wives good mothers, cheerful homes and happy husbands, and we never see one but we thank heaven it has kindly created women of sense as well as beauty! for it is indeed seldom a female is found possessing both. To homely women we therefore lift our "Hail" in respect; to beauty will extend the same courtesy to beauty.

INFLUENCE OF THE SMILE IN GIVING BEAUTY OF EXPRESSION.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes as an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, stupidly is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm bitterness and pride, some soften the countenance by their laughing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn and gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswayed from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

THE GERMAN PRESS.

The Cincinnati Volksblatt publishes a carefully prepared statement showing the political position of the German papers in the U. S. From this it appears that ten dailies and thirty-five weeklies support Buchanan, and fifteen dailies and thirty-four weeklies Fremont. All the Catholic Jesuit papers, support the so-called Democratic party.—*Pitts Gazette.*

Travelling Power of the Camel.

Mehemet Ali, when hastening to his capital to accomplish the destruction of the Mamelukes, rode without changing his camel, from Suez to Cairo, a distance of eighty-four miles in twelve hours. A French officer in the service of Pacha, repeated the same feat in thirteen hours, and two gentlemen of my acquaintance have performed it in less than seventeen. Laborde travelled the distance in the same time, and afterwards rode the same dromedary from a point opposite Cairo to Alexandria, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-four hours. But the most extraordinary well-authenticated performance of the dromedary is that recorded by the accurate Burckhardt in his Travels. The owner of a fine dromedary laid a wager that he would ride the animal from Esneh to Kenob, and back, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, between sun and sun. He accomplished one hundred and fifteen miles, occupying twenty minutes in crossing and re-crossing the Nile by ferry, in eleven hours, and then gave up the wager. Burckhardt thinks this dromedary would have travelled one hundred and eighty or two hundred miles in twenty-four hours without serious injury. The valuable paper extracted from the notes of General Harlan, and printed in the U. S. Patent-Office Report of 1853, Agriculture, states that the ordinary day's journey of the dromedary of Cabut is sixty miles, but that picked animals will travel one hundred miles a day for several days in succession, their greatest speed being about ten miles an hour. Captain Lyon affirms that the mahari of the Sahara will travel many successive hours at the rate of nine miles an hour. The Syrian delon goes in five days from Bagdad to Sokhne, a distance which the loaded caravans require twenty-one days to perform, or from the same city to Aleppo in seven, the caravans generally taking twenty-five. Couriers have ridden, without change of dromedary, from Cairo to Mecca, in eighteen days, while the ordinary camels seldom accomplish the journey in less than forty-five. Lyard gives several instances of apparently remarkable performances, but as the distances are not stated, it is not easy to compare them with those recorded by other authors.

A late and apparently credible writer says: "I knew a camel-driver who had bought a dromedary belonging to a sheriff of Mecca, lately deceased at Cairo. This animal often made the round trip between that city and Suez, going and returning in twenty-four hours, thus travelling a distance of sixty leagues in a single day." The performance of the dromedary is rather understated by the writer. The actual distance between Cairo and Suez is eighty-four English miles, and the animal must consequently have accomplished one hundred and sixty-eight miles in twenty-four hours. He remained four hours at Suez to rest, and therefore travelled at the rate of eight miles and four-tenths per hour.

Upon longer journeys, the daily rate of the best dromedaries, though not equal to these instances, is still extraordinary. A French officer of high rank and character in the Egyptian service, assured me that he had ridden a favorite dromedary ninety miles in a single day, and five hundred miles in ten. Mails have been carried from Bagdad to Damascus, upon the same animals, four hundred and eighty-two miles, in seven days; and on one occasion, by means of regular relays, Mohon Ali sent an express to Ibrahim Pasha, from Cairo to Antioch, five hundred and sixty miles, in five days and a half. But the most remarkable long journey on record is that of Col. Chesney, of the British army, who rode with three companions, and without change of camel, from Basrah to Damascus, a distance of nine hundred and sixty miles, in nineteen days and three or four hours, thus averaging fifty miles per day, the animals having no food but such as they gathered for themselves during the halts of the party. These dromedaries averaged forty-five steps a minute, with a length of step of six feet five inches, giving a speed of about three and one-third miles the hour.—*The Camel!* by Geo. P. Marsh.

THE IMPERIAL SERIC.

A letter from Vienna to the Springfield Republican, gives the annexed description of the Imperial seric:

"I have visited some picture galleries, twenty or thirty churches, a great many cabinets of natural history, a few palaces and, most interesting of all the Imperial stables, where six hundred noble steeds are lodged most royally and are sumptuously every day, dutifully attended by three hundred servants. The apartments of their equine highnesses are all of once splendid and comfortable, free from the scent of the stable, and clean as a lady's parlor. Their blankets are embroidered with the Imperial crest, their harnesses, saddles and all their equipments are of the costly kind, and generally in excellent taste. In one large hall are some two hundred carriages, of which the cheapest cost two or three thousand dollars, and the coronation carriage, adorned with paintings by Rubens, and covered with diamonds and gold wheels and all, cost about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Another hall filled with State saddles and trappings of various descriptions is still more magnificent. But the animals themselves, unlike most occupants of palaces, far outshine all their exterior adornments. The bright fiery, intelligent eye; the proudly arching neck; (the horse is the only animal whom pride really becomes); the form of the perfect symmetry; the delicate but powerful limbs, the grace of every movement, the gentleness and courtesy with which they receive every slight attention bestowed upon them, the high bred horse's nobleness and dignity

of their whole deportment filled me with admiration. I would rather have my choice from those six hundred horses, than the Imperial crown of their owner. The carriage horses are all white, but those for riding are of all colors some magnificently black.

BURIED FORESTS.—Extensive forests, covering valleys and hillsides, are overturned, and the uprooted trees form a gigantic barrier, which prevents the flowing of the waters. An extensive marsh is formed, particularly well adapted for the growth of various kinds of mosses. As they perish, they are succeeded by others, and so for generations, in unceasing life and labor, until, in the course of time, the bottom, under the influence of decay and the pressure from above, becomes turf. Far below lies hard coal; the upper part is light and spongy. At various depths, but sometimes as much as twenty feet below the surface, an abundance of bogwood is found, consisting mostly of oak, hard and black as ebony, or of the rich chocolate wood of the yew. Such ancient forests every now and then rise in awe-inspiring majesty from their grave. The whole city of Hamburg, its harbor, and broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a spongy forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel woods, for thousands of hazel nuts are brought to light by every excavation, not exactly made for nuts. The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerated serfs; but her Venice has not less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew, and the great Sir Charles Lyell expresses his belief that it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away to a level with the bottom of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.—*De Vere's Leaves from the Book of Nature.*

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.—"This is a great discovery, to be sure," said Mrs. Partington, with animation, "when people that have experienced salvation through calumny and all sorts of poisonous medicines, can have it soaked out of 'em. We asked what she meant, and looked at her as she sat in meditation on the little low chair in the corner, revolving the idea; which pressed upon her brain like a weight of steam, two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. "Why," said she, smiling like the moon with reflection, "there is a contrivance for soaking a man who has taken calumny and minerals all his life time, till his joints are stiff as wooden legs in the last war, and when he comes out of the bath and wipes himself with a haemetic, towel he hasn't a single mineral in him—he is a perfect vegetable, as limber as an eel!" What a gratified look it was she gave, as an imaginary procession of cripples, the victims of calumny, passed before her mind's eye, like the spirits of Kosanthe's countrymen, as she thought of their leaping all cured from the bath!—*Boston Gazette.*

THE BELLE AND THE BEAR.—At a certain evening party, a haughty young beauty turned to a student who stood near her, and said, "Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L.—is here. Do bring him here and introduce him to me."

The young student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa. "Come, L.—," said he, "my beautiful cousin Catharine wishes to be introduced to you."

"Well, trot her out, John," drawled L.—with an affected yawn.

John returned to his cousin and advised her to defer the introduction till a more favorable time, repeating the answer he had received.

The beauty bit her lips, but the next moment she said, "Well, never mind, I shall insist on being introduced."

After some delay, L.—made a profound bow; how but instead of turning it she raised her eye-glass, surveyed him from head to foot, and then waving the back of her hand towards him, drawled out,—"Trot him off, John! That's enough!"

WELLINGTON.—Speaking to me of Bonapart, the Duke of Wellington remarked that in one respect he was superior to all the Generals who ever existed. "Was it," I asked, "in the management and skillful arrangement of his troops?"

No," answered the Duke; "it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war."

"I have found said the Duke, that raw troops, however inferior to the old ones in maneuvering, are far superior to them in downright hard fighting the enemy. At Waterloo the young ensigns and lieutenants, who had never seen a battle, rushed out to meet death as if they had been playing at cricket."

MIRTHFULNESS.—Mirthfulness has a great power over the excited feeling and the irritation of men; it makes them more generous and more just. It is more powerful, even with good men, than reason or conscience. When an assembly of men have become excited and irritable, they are unjust and implacable, intolerant and intolerable. But let a jest fall like a bomb in their midst, exploding in shouts of laughter, and the clouds lift, the tumult ceases. Mirthfulness is said to be the devil's weapon; but it has exercised the devil a hundred times where he has made use of it once.