The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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WILLIAM S. LANE,
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☞ Office with J. W. Stewart, Esq.
Middlebury, Oct. 1, 1856. 24.6m

WILLIAM F. BASCOM,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Stewart's Building, over R. L. Fuller's store.
Middlebury, May 27, 1856. 6

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 share of public patronage.
Middlebury April 22, 1856. 1tf

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

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☞ Canvassers wanted.

F. S. MARTIN.
Williamstown, Vt. 21:tf.

POCKET MAPS OF KANSAS, for sale by L. W. CLARK.

Legal Notices.

State of Vermont—Addison Co., ss.

VALENTINE V. CLAY vs. HENRY W. WALKER & ROBERT HUSTON. } In Chancery. December Term, A. D. 1856.

Whereas Valentine V. Clay, of Middlebury, in the county of Addison and State of Vermont, has filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Chancery in and for said county, his bill against Henry W. Walker and Robert Huston, setting forth in substance, that on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1850, the said Henry W. Walker, then of Salisbury, in said county, but now of Union, in the state of California, executed to William Nash a mortgage deed of certain land situated in said Salisbury and described as follows, to wit: All his, the said Henry W's interest in the grist mill and privilege, and all his interest in the land formerly belonging to Aaron Barrows, owned by him, the said Henry, in company with Sumner Briggs, E. H. Weeks and Franklin Bump, also the woolen factory then occupied by him, the said Henry W., including all the land and privileges and betterments thereon, deeded to him, the said Henry W., by Sisson Chase, by deed dated October 2, 1839, on record,—said mortgage deed being conditioned for the payment of the sum of eleven hundred dollars, specified in a promissory note dated March 29th, A. D. 1850, payable on demand with interest, and which is now due and unpaid. And said bill further sets forth that the said Nash has released his claim to the grist mill property and privilege, and that the orator is not interested therein, but that on the first day of December, A. D. 1852, the said William Nash, by his deed of that date in due form of law, conveyed said remaining property described in the said mortgage together with the note above described, to the orator, his heirs and assigns.—And on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1850, the said Walker in consideration of the sum of two thousand dollars, by his deed of that date in due form of law conveyed the said premises to one Robert Huston, of Marshal, in the state of Michigan. Whereupon the petitioner prays that the equity of redemption of the said Henry W. Walker and Robert Huston in the premises may be foreclosed. And now it being made to appear that the said defendants reside without this state so that a subpœna cannot be served on them, it is ordered that the said Henry W. Walker and Robert Huston be required to appear before the Honorable Court of Chancery next to be held at Middlebury, in and for said county of Addison, on the second Tuesday of December, A. D. 1856, and make answer to said bill, by publication of this order three weeks successively in the Middlebury Register—a public newspaper printed at said Middlebury—the last of which publications shall be at least twenty days prior to said next term.

Given under my hand at Middlebury, in said county of Addison, this 27th day of October, A. D. 1856.

DUGALD STEWART, Clerk.
J. A. BECKWITH, Sol'r. 28;3w

STATE OF VERMONT, } The Hon. Pro-
District of New Haven, ss. } bate Court for the district of New Haven:

To all persons interested in the estate of Henry G. Sumner, late of Bristol, in said district, deceased, intestate. GREETING:

Whereas, the administrators of the estate of HENRY G. SUMNER, late of Bristol, in said district, deceased, presented to said court their petition in writing, representing to said court that the deceased in his lifetime was seized in his own right in fee of about one hundred and fifty acres of land with the buildings thereon in Bristol aforesaid, and being the farm on which he lived at the time of his decease, and twenty-five acres of land in the south-east corner of New Haven and adjoining Bristol on the east, and Middlebury on the south and that it would be beneficial to the heirs, legatees and divisors and those interested in said estate, by reason that a part of the legatees and divisors reside out of this State, and that the estote cannot be divided without great inconvenience, and prays the said court to license them to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, although the same is not necessary to pay debts or legacies, and that such license will not be inconsistent with the provision of the will of said deceased, and the consent and approbation in writing of all the heirs, divisors and legatees residing in this State has been filed in said court, signed by said heirs, divisors and legatees, and by the guardians of such as are minors: Whereupon the said court did appoint the fourth Monday of November, A. D. 1856, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the office of the Judge of said court in Bristol, as the time and place of hearing and deciding on said application, and made an order an order requiring notice to be given of said application and of the time and place of hearing to all persons interested, and the nature of the application and the reasons for the same; For which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at Middlebury, in this state—all of which publications shall be previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

HARVEY MUNSILL, Judge.
A true copy of record.
27;3 H. MUNSILL, Judge.

STATE OF VERMONT, } At a Probate
District of New Haven, ss. } Court held at Bristol, in said district, on the 20th day of October, 1856,

An instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of

LYDIA ELDREDGE,

late of Bristol, in said district, deceased, being presented by Charles Lee Smith, one of the executors therein named, for probate: It is ordered by said court, that all persons concerned therein be notified to appear at a session of said court to be held at the office of the Judge of said court, in Bristol, in said district, on the 4th Monday of November, 1856, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and show cause, if any they may have, against the probate of said will; for which purpose it is further ordered that a copy of the record of this order be published three weeks successively, in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at Middlebury, in this State—all which publications shall be previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

HARVEY MUNSILL, Judge.
A true copy of record.
27 H. MUNSILL, Judge.

STATE OF VERMONT, } Be it remem-
District of Addison, ss. } bered, that at a Probate Court held in Middlebury, in and for the District of Addison, on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1856:

Rollin J. Jones, named executor in an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of

AMZI JONES,

late of Cornwall, in said district, deceased, presents said instrument for probate: It is thereupon ordered, that said instrument be considered by this Court for probate at the session thereof to be held at the office of the Register of this Court (J. W. Stewart) in said Middlebury, on Monday the 24th day of November next, at ten o'clock, A. M. and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested that they may appear, and make their objections, if any they may have, to the probate and allowance of said will, by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register—a newspaper printed at said Middlebury—three weeks successively, previous to the time of said Court.

CALVIN G. TILDEN Judge.
A true copy of Record.
28;3w Attest: C. G. TILDEN, Judge.

Poetry.

Autumn Woods.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone,
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest at play,
Flies rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while
The sun, that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valley sick with heat.

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright,
Their sunny colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, the beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where blickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

Oh, autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that makes thy forest glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny moon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain, low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Miscellany.

Love After Marriage.

BY MARY W. S. GITSON.

No wooing had preceded the marriage It was merely a *marriage de convenance*—both parties understood and regarded it so. It was not *they* that were married, but the broad lands and fertile estates of their parents. Strange that any man, and much more, any women, could stoop to so false an act! But Hugh Grandison might and would have loved his beautiful bride, had it not been for the stately coldness of her demeanor; he had been unsoiled by contact with the world, and longed for happiness and home. Alice Charlton cared little for either, and still less for him. In her first girlhood she had plighted her faith to one who left her for a time, and died in a far off land of gold—died before one word of message could be sent to her he loved—died alone and among strangers, and was buried where her tears could never moisten the turf on his breast!

They told the tidings to Alice, little dreaming that the lonely adventurer had been aught to her. She was in her own elegant home surrounded by a brilliant circle of guests; while Hugh Grandison leaned over her chair, and bent his admiring eyes upon her queenly face and form, she heard the speaker, though the rich color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white and stern; her lips shut firmly as if they would repress a shriek of agony; her large dark eyes wandering round the group with a gaze of passionate despair. The wondering looks of all around recalled her to herself, and making a graceful apology for her sudden abstraction, she played her part so successfully, that no one guessed the secret she guarded with Spartan-like firmness.

Not until she was alone in her chamber, did the storm burst forth. She mourned as she had loved, most deeply and passionately, but to the world she seemed unmoved. A little colder—a little haughtier—a little more impatient of our admiration and love, she seemed: but feeling was unfashionable in her exclusive circle, and no one knew or cared to know, that the heart beating within her breast, was a heart of stone.

A year passed away. The father of Alice seeing that she was in no way inclined to choose one from her many lovers, chose for her, and selected Hugh Grandison as his future son in law. The young man was only too eager and willing to accept the fair hand offered him; but when her father brought him to her as an acknowledged lover, she checked all his raptures and said coldly—

'Mr. Grandison, let us have a perfect understanding. I do not love you, I never shall love—' a look of pain shot over her calm face as she repressed the word 'again.' She paused for a moment, and then went on with her cold dark eyes bent full upon his face.

'But my father wishes us to marry—your parents wish it—you wish it, and I am not opposed to the measure. But I beg of you to understand distinctly that while I give a wife's duty, you must never look for her love or blind submission. From the moment we leave the altar, our lives must be separate, though our house is one. On these conditions, and these only, I will give you my hand. Are these accepted.

The young man stood for a moment bewildered. There was no mistaking her words or manner. Those clear dark eyes, that scornful lip and haughty brow, assured him that she had spoken the truth and no love was there; but he had long cherished a passion for her and hoping that his fervent love might win some affection in return, when they were one in the eyes of the world, he clasped the small fair hand in his, raised it to his lip, and answered,

'I accept. And it shall be the study of my life to make you happy.'

'Be it so,' was her unmoved reply, and then she left him.

The engagement was soon made public, and all eyes were curiously scanning happy pair. They could find no fault with the ill-concealed devotion; and the calm unmoved way in which Alice received his attentions, or listened to his whispered words was acknowledged to be the very perfection of high breeding. 'A queen could not be more tranquilly self-possessed,' was the general verdict, as all looked eagerly forward to the bridal.

It came ere long, on a bright sunny spring day. The splendid parlors were filled with the fashionable friends of both parties, and a murmer of congratulation greeted the lovely bride as she turned from the altar, with cheeks and lips as white as snowy satin robes she wore. Her husband pressed his lips to her cheek. She received that first caress as calmly as though he were but one of the glittering throng around her, and when all had wished her joy, she retired to her own apartments, preserved her unbroken silence, while her dressing maid robed her in her plain traveling dress, and joined the party once again, attired for her journey.—Calmly and coldly were all her farewells, spoken; but when she came with her father, her forced composure gave way, and then throwing her arms around his neck, she clung to him a moment, in silent, tearless agony. It was her last display of weakness. She heard his parting blessing, and sitting by the side of her husband, was whirled rapidly away from the home of her childhood

A month elapsed before the pair returned to occupy their elegant mansion, far 'up town.' But in that month a strange change had taken place in Grandison. He seemed restless, uneasy, and agitated; he followed the stately movements of his wife with anxious eyes; he was unhappy in her society and wretched away from her side; in short he was unlike the merry hearted bachelor his dearest friends had known, and one and all foreswore matrimony on the spot, since it had altered him so.

It was not long ere Madame Rumor reported the startling fact that the princely household was carried on upon the European plan, that the gentleman and lady occupied separate apartments, and only met at stated hours in the great drawing rooms below. Great was the wonder of the 'upper ten;' many the surmises hazarded upon but no one dared question the parties most deeply interested, and hold their peace In public and in private Alice was uniformly kind and polite to her husband; but this was all, and the wondering city had an opportunity of witnessing that anomaly—a man violently in love with his own wife, and seeking in vain to win her.

I doubt if Alice saw the struggle in his mind. Her own feelings were benumbed—her own heart seemed cold and dead. Judging his nature by her own, she deemed him satisfied with the rigid observance of all wifely propriety and dignity—it was all he required of her—she was true to the letter of the vow, and her spirit was at rest.

Two years had passed away. It was the anniversary of her wedding night, and Alice Grandison sat in her *boudoir*, robed for a party and only awaiting the arrival of her husband, who was to escort her. Two years had changed her little. She was fair and proud as ever Her robe of azure velvet—her cornet of pearls and diamonds—her necklace, with its heavy diamond cross, her bracelets and the single ring she wore, were fit adornments for an empress, and right well did she become them. She was alone, and touching a secret spring in her private *escrutoire*, she took from a small drawer, two miniatures cased in gold, and laid them side by side. One was that of her dead lover: and the other of her husband.—Leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed long and earnestly at the two, and her dark eyes dimmed with tears, she could not but acknowledge the shadowy likeness that existed between the loved and unloved. It was a faint and shadowy one, but still it was no fancy. A something on the lip, cheek and brow—the same careless arrangement of the waving hair—and more than all the same earnest, loving intensity of look and expression in the deep blue eyes. This, never seen before, was what now claimed her attention to both.

The small pendule over the mantlepiece struck the hour of nine, and with a deep sigh she replaced the portraits in the drawer, and left the room. She rang, on reaching the drawing-room, to ask for her husband. There was a bustle and a sound of many feet in the hall below, before the summons was answered, and the servant who entered looked pale and frightened. A strange, sickening sensation crept over her as she asked—

'Where is your master?'

The servant stammered, hesitated, and cast strange looks towards the door.—Dreading she knew not what, she stepped out into the hall, and looked down the wide stairs. Four men were ascending, bearing a motionless form between them. The long hair hanging down towards the floor, and from a wound in the forehead the dark red blood was flowing freely—They stopped short when they saw her awaiting them; they evidently dreaded the scene, but she was firm and calm, though heavy at heart lay the thought, 'If he is dead, how can I forgive myself for the unhappiness I have caused him!'

Obeying her calmly spoken orders, they laid him down upon a sofa in the splendid drawing room. He had been struck down before his own dwelling, by a runaway horse, and the family physician, who was instantly summond, gave little hope of his recovery. The wretched wife sat close beside him while the unsightly wound was closed; his blood flowing unheeded over her rich attire, and one small white hand was crimsoned, as it held his head; for the first time her pale lips pressed his own, for the first time she laid her cheek to his and called him by a thousand endearing names; for the first time the knowledge that she loved him, came to bring her tenfold misery. The estrangement of years was forgotten; the stone was rolled away from the door of her heart, and its living waters gushed out once more. But he who would have periled life and limb for one unsolicited caress from her, now lay pale and still while she pressed him to her heart; and the love that he had sought in vain during life, seemed given only too late—only to waste itself upon a pallied corpse—a gilded coffin and a lonely grave!

She watched beside him day and night in the chamber where he had spent so many lonely hours. Into this room she had scarcely entered since he had installed her mistress of his household; and everywhere she saw such traces of love for her as pierced her heart. In a small alcove beyond his bed hung her portrait, the first and last thing he saw as he opened and closed his eyes. A small inlaid cabinet held the gifts she had bestowed upon him from time to time: a favorite book—a picture—a tress of dark brown hair—withered boquets—a small golden star, and many things which she had given ceremoniously or lightly, which he had treasured as his choicest possessions.

The glitter of a golden chain upon his neck attracted her attention, as she bent over him one night. Softly she drew it forth, and gazed upon a splendid picture of herself set in a small gold frame. She gazed in silence for a moment, but when upon the other side she noticed a ring, the wedding ring that she had never worn, her composure gave way. Pride had left her heart, and love usurped its place. Sinking upon her knees by the bedside, while the tears fell fast upon the dear hand that lay feebly upon the counterpane, she prayed as she had never prayed before, that God would spare his life, that she might atone for her sins by a patient and enduring love.

Her prayer was heard, for God is merciful even when we sin most deeply. All night she watched beside him. With the early dawn the physician (now domesticated in the house) entered the room. He held the shrunken hand in his for one moment, gave one searching glance into the marble-like face, and turning to her and said briefly:

"Your care has saved him; he will live!"

Late in the afternoon of that day Alice sat beside the bed, waiting for the long deep slumber to be broken, that she might see those blue eyes look up at her once again. She was dressed as for a bridal, in a robe of pearly satin, with no ornaments save a single white rose in her dark hair, and another on her breast. The color deepened in her cheeks as the eventful hour drew near; her fine eyes glowed and sparkled with the love so long imprisoned and so suddenly set free

The golden hands on her watch pointed to the hour of seven, when the sleeper moved silently, drew a long sigh, and opened his eyes. She bent over him with a beating heart; his gaze wandered uneasily around the room, fixed upon her—kindled, and he tried to smile. Very gently she passed her arm beneath the aching head, and drew it towards her, till it rested upon her breast; very gently the tears, which she could not quite repress, fell upon his wasted cheek

He looked up in a strange, joyful surprise, and asked faintly:

"Alice, what does this mean?"

"It means that you must live to forgive me!" she sobbed. "That I love you with my whole heart, and none but you. Do not send me away, my husband!'

Ah, *his* tears were falling now! Too weak to feel astonishment, he could only thank God silently. He drew her feebly to his breast, and whispered:

"*My wife!* God bless you. Life is worth the living now!"

Their lips met in a long, long kiss of reconciliation and forgiveness. All was silent in the chamber; for happiness like their's there is no language.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—HIS HABITS—He arose about six; wrote from about half-past six till nine; breakfasted and lounged from nine to eleven; wrote from eleven till about two; walked till about four; dined about five, partaking freely, but far from immoderately, of various wines; and then, as soon as the ladies withdrew, taking no cigars and hot whiskey toddy; went to the drawing room soon, where he inspired every body with his passion for Scotch music, and, if anxiously asked, never refused to recite an old ballad or tell any old tale. The house was asleep by eleven. When fitted up for dinner; he was like any other ill dressed gentleman. But in the morning, with the large coarse jacket, great stick and leathern cap, he was Dandy Dinmont or Dick Hatterick—a smuggler or a poacher.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cashmere Goat and Shawls.

It is not as yet generally known that the Thibet goat, from whose wool the famous Cashmere shawls are made, has been introduced successfully into the United States. This enterprising undertaking was achieved a few years since, after many difficulties, by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, S. C., at that time employed by the Ottoman Porte, in experimenting on the growth of cotton, in the Sultan's dominions. Dr. Davis succeeded, at vast expense, in securing eleven of the pure breed, which, on his way home, he exhibited in London and Paris. Since that period, the goat has been introduced from South Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. The value of a flock may be estimated from the fact that no real Thibet goats has ever been sold for less than a thousand dollars. This enormous price, moreover, is not a speculative one, for no fleeced animal has wool of such fineness, softness and durability. The wool of all the Thibit goats in Tennessee, for example, has been engaged, at New York, this year, at eight dollars and a half per pound, the purchasers designing to send it to Paisely, in Scotland, in order to be manufactured into shawls.

The prices paid for the real Cashmere shawls, or those woven in India, have sometimes been almost fabulous. A full sized shawl, such as is called in America a long shawl, ordinarily commands in Paris or London from five hundred to five thousand dollars, according to the quality. Scarfs and square shawls, being smaller, sell for less. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that all these shawls are manufactured in India, in the shape in which they are sold here. Generally, indeed, the centres and borders come out separately, and are put together afterwards in sizes, and often patterns, to suit purchasers.—Moreover, a large portion of the shawls sold as real India ones are actually made in France, for a Thibet goat was introduced into the country more than thirty years ago, and the Cashmere shawls imitated with considerable skill. Judges of the article pretend to say, however, that the real India shawl can be detected, by its having a less evenly woven web, as also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said that the border of the genuine Cashmere shawl is invariably woven in small pieces, which are afterwards sewed together, as the whole border is subsequently sewn on to the centre. But other authorities deny that the skill of India is insufficient to *broche* a shawl; in other words, to weave the border and centre, in one piece, or run the pattern of the former over the latter.

Notwithstanding the successful imitation of these shawls, fashion and luxury still prefer the apperantly ruder original. Just as laces, woven by hand, bring a price more than five times as great as the same pattern woven by machinery, so a Cashmere shawl, known to have come from India, will fetch vastly more than the cleverest imitation. Probably, however, this is not all.—Persons familiar with both the article and imitation assert that the former is softer than the latter, and that this softness arises partly from the way the thread is spun and partly because the Thibet goat, when exported from its native hills sensibly deteriorates. There is also a shawl known popularly as the French Cashmere, which is an imitation of the imitation; but this has none or very little of the wool of the imported Thibet goat. The animal from which this valuable fleece is taken is a hardy creature, at least in its original locality; and their fine curled wool lies close to the skin, just as the under hair of the common goat lies under the upper hair. Eight ounces for a full size goat is a large yield, but the yearlings, from whom the best wool is taken, give less. About five pounds is required to make a shawl of the largest size and finer quality; but three or four pounds is sufficient for an inferior one.

Ancient Ruins in Texas.

The Washington American has received information of some ancient ruins, which, if correct, must possess great interest for our readers, as furnishing another link in the chain of evidences showing that this continent was inhabited years ago by a highly civilized race of men. The fact that this discovery has, as is reported, been made almost in our neighborhood, in what is called Big Thicket, on the San Jacinto, will probably cause some of our readers to be incredulous. The discovery is said to have been made by a Mr. Smith, in company with two or three other men, while examining a tract of land belonging to Mr Johnson, about twenty miles distant from Montgomery. The fragments show that they are the remains of an edifice of remarkable and magnificent architecture, constructed of material nowhere to be found in this country. We copy the description as follows:

The only portion of this gigantic structure, which remains whole, is a marble column, fluted and surmounted by a capital, upon which is carved on one side a sheaf of wheat, and on the other something which was supposed to be a water-fall but somewhat defaced; on the other two sides is a plain engraving of evergreen. A portion of another column was also found, about the same size. The column that remains whole is about sixteen feet in length. The foundation of the edifice covers an area 313 by 266 feet. There appeared to be four main entrances, and Mr. Smith believes, though it is not certain, there was on each side of the building a portico fronting about one third of the distance. There are a great many fragments of fine workmanship, but the gentleman accompanying Mr Smith had not time to place them together to ascertain to what part of the immense building they belonged.

There where several marble arches, nearly whole which they supposed to have been over the doors and windows. There were also in preservation two or three marble slabs, which are supposed to have belonged to a flight of stairs. The stone of which the edifice is built is a grey limestone, presenting a beautiful polished surface, the most of which are buried, as also was most of the columns discovered. Mr. Smith has no doubt that wonderful and valuable discoveries may be made by excavation, and has promised to return in four weeks to assist in making further examinations into the mysterious affair.

The ruins are situated in the midst of a dense thicket, almost impenetrable, and in all probability would not have been discovered by these gentlemen had it not been for a pack of dogs having overtaken a bear near the spot, in quest of which the gentlemen went.

Mr. Smith is suprised that the surveyor who surveyed the country did not make this discovery, as Mr. Johnson's line passes within two feet of the marble column described, and a line tree marked within thirty feet of it.

There have been a great many evidences discovered proving the settlement of this country anterior to the present race; but this is the surest testimony we have yet seen proving the civilization of the race which preceded us.

The most mysterious part of this affair is the marble employed in the structure, as it is well known that no marble is to be found in this country nearer than Austin, and it would be an utter impossibility to transport so massive a piece as this is reported to be, by land carriage. The only reasonable conclusion we can come to is, that the heavy material was exported from the river countries and brought up the San Jacinto river by water to within a mile and a half of the structure. The fact is, the whole affair is a profound impenetrable mystery, and we should be disposed to doubt the existance of the structure did not our personal knowledge of the author forbid such a conclusion. We shall await anxiously further developments, which will be made in a short time.—*Montgomery (Ala) Mail*

HOW WOLVES CAJOLE AND CAPTURE WILD HORSES.—Wherever several of the larger wolves associate together for mischief there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, lying, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatted on their hind quarters, look on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack their frolicksome approaches become very interesting; it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eye steadily fixed on the ham-strings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind, to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectable distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—A patent has been recently granted to Mr. ALBRO, of Burybamplain, N J., for a culinary contrivance for cooking without fire. The required caloric is generated by the employment of lime and water. Between these two substances there is a strong chemical affinity, and when they are brought in contact, in the proper proportions, they unite with such rapidity and energy as to develop an intense heat. No decomposition takes place, and therefore no gas escapes; thus heat is produced without combustion, The inventor turns this phenomenon into a highly useful purpose in the present improvement. During an experiment made in our office the other day with one of these contrivances, we cooked a slice of ham, stewed a dish of apples, baked some other apples, and boiled a quantity of water, all at once, at a consumption of perhaps a quarter of a cent's worth of lime. The inventor makes several different sizes; the largest does not exceed a lady's bandbox. Among them is a dinner-pail pattern, so arranged that the mechanic, when noon time arrives, has only to pour a half a pint or so of water in the pail in order to cook a warm dinner. The lime and edibles are, of course, arranged at home.—*Farm Journal*

☞ Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, acknowledges a complimentary notice in an exchange, in the following style:—"We scarcely know; dear sir, how thank you sufficiently. We wish we were the son of the President of the United States, and we were your father."