# The Middlebury Register.

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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.
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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JUSTUS COBB, .......... RUFUS MEAD.

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Middlebury, June 1, 1858.

N. HARRIS M. D.,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.
Teeth filled with Crystallized Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the little Park.

H. KINGSLEY,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist,
Rooms in Brewster's Block, Main St., one door North of the Post Office.
All operations upon the Teeth will be performed in accordance with the latest improvement in the Art and warranted. 17

DR. JENNINGS
Would take this method to inform the public, that he has concluded to make this place his residence, and would here express his gratitude to his numerous patrons in this, as well as the surrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their patronage.
Dr. Jennings, would inform his patrons that he has again taken rooms at the Addison House, where he will give his undivided attention to all who give him a call.
Middlebury, Nov. 25th, 1857.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR

GRATEFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, Dr. O. J. Eells would announce to his hitherto patrons, friends, and the public generally, that he has taken into connection, in the practice of Homœopathic Medicine and Surgery, H. G. Greene, M. D., a graduate from the *Western Homœopathic College*, at Cleveland, Ohio. By this arrangement Drs. Eells and Greene hope to be able (in a good degree) to supply the constantly increasing demands for *Homœopathic Remedies* for the Sick.
West Cornwall, March 31, 1858. 50

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

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
☞Office, in the Engine Building.
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856.

A. H. COPELAND,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
Newspapers, and Cheap Publications
*At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.*

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

E. McCLURE & CO.,
BAKERS,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. 46

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR,
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
Wanted — a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26;tf

MIDDLEBURY
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
AND
IRON STORE.
JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE
CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

ADDISON HOUSE.

THE subscribers would respectfully give notice that they have leased the "Addison House" for a term of years, and that the proprietors have re fitted the house in every part, and the subscribers have re-furnished it with a large amount of new furniture, and nothing shall be wanting on their part to make everything comfortable and pleasant for their guests. Excellent stables and the best attention for horses will be provided. Country residents will find a pleasant and convenient home at the most liberal rates. Special inducements will be offered for county customers. Large and small parties will be accommodated at short notice.
ADAMS, BROTHERS.
Middlebury, July 15, 1857. 14


## POETRY.

For the Register.

### Sonnet.

*To a little bird that flew into church during service on the Sabbath.*

What think'st thou of this motley group, sweet bird
[illegible] on thy perch with mouth wide ope,
[illegible] down no youth so full of hope
And [illegible] eye, here listening to God's Word?
Think'st thou there is one here who has adored
With heart as pure as thine—with voice as sweet
As that which thou dost daily give thy Lord
In spring time, harvest and in summer's heat?
Is there a maiden here whose inmost heart
Has never been by sin's vile touch defiled?
Is here a youth who ne'er has felt the smart
Of an upbraiding conscience, stern but mild?
Then seek the air and sing in joyful lays,
With thy companions, thy great Maker's praise.

Weybridge, July 1858. CARLTON.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Joe Chickweed's Courtship, and how he was cut out.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

"I vow!" said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Melinda Martin, then I'm a cow. The critter's always acted so peaky skittish there's been no getting round her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes me; but she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd slip me any minute if she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doing her an injustice, and hope I am; but she acts sometimes 'tarnally like a real coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But to-night," he added, fitting an immensely high and an immensely wide brimmed hat upon his shining head, to-night I'll settle the matter—I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Melinda ain't a bad spec, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell if its come to that!" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room, unnoticed by her son, in time to hear his last sentence—"well I've all along had a notion that you was aimin' in that ere direction.

Joe turned red from his eye-winkers to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily too, for a few seconds with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he couldn't reach, but he said nothing.

"There ain't nothin' to be ashamed on, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady, apparently greatly pleased at making the discovery she had, "and you spoke gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Melinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining some courage from his mother's manner, "I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife, if—"

"If what?" asked the old lady.

"Well, if everything's favorable."

"Don't you fear anything's agin it.—You just do your duty Joe, and Melinda's yourn. Remember the farm

"It is a fine farm, no mistake!" said the young man earnestly.

"No better farm of its size in the whole country than the Widder Martin's!" said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone.

"No, I think not."

"And then see how it is stocked; two yoke of the best steers in all these parts, besides their two horses, sayin' nothin' of the rest of the critters. And, of course they'll all go with Melinda when the widder's dead, and before, too, for you will go right onto the farm as soon as you marry, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good opening, that's a fact," said Joe: "but I put a higher value on Melinda than all the property."

"And well you should; though the farm and fixin's aint to be despised."

"Oh, I aint one to despise them."

Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way as expeditely as the gloom of evening would permit, towards the residence of the Widow Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn, so that he could not get a view into the apartment as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door and was admitted by the widow in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor.

It was already occupied by two persons—Melinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who recently returned to Springfield from California, and who was looked upon with special disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady, not so cordially as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way, that raised his ire inwardly. However, the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that it was perhaps time for him to be returning, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Melinda at once asserted that it was very earley indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to remain a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Melinda should be so taken up with the company of a young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his discriptive accounts of the country, and what he had done there.

"Then you weren't in the diggin's?" inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.

"By no means," replied Sparks, loftily.—"I left digging to those that were used to it. I hadn't a tase that way."

"Oh, then you stopped in town?"

"Certainly."

"Business, I spose, first rate there."

"Yes. A young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment!"

"Then I spect you must have done extraordinary well!" said Joe, in a tone he intended should be sarcastic.

"Oh!" replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking with one eye at the young lady, who appeared to 'take' and enjoy it accordingly—"as for that matter I can't complain. I think I improved my chances—I *rather* think I did. No, I don't complain by no means."

"Then why didn't you stay longer?—You weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and made yourself independent."

"Perhaps I am independent already; I say *perhaps.* Of course can't tell you the exact amount I made—that, I think, is quite unnecessary."

"Oh quite."

"And perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world as alluring as gold."

He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke and gave her another wink, which that young lady seemed to relish, though she blushed and appeared wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't at all fancy the course affairs seemed to be setting. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage, if he remained much longer, and so he hinted that it was about time for him to be going—and what served to enrage him more than aught else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself, as he walked on through the dark; 'she's altogether too tender with that chap to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there's a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought money enough from Californy to buy a rope to hang him. He's after the widder's farm, now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes sir he means to catch Melinda, and I've been fool enough to wait till this time before coming to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet!" he added, after a few moments reflection; "maybe she'll consent to have me yet, if I lose no time in asking her.—I'll try it, I vow I will. I'll go over again to-morrow, and have the thing settled."

And having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Melinda Martin, the widow, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparkses, who were endeavoring to chase him up a steep hill, and beat his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eye, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and with a look of determination stamped upon his features, he once more set out to visit the fickle Melinda.

He found her at home and alone.

"Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the young lady.

"Oh, yes, I did, I assure you," was the reply.

"Mr. Sparks, I should say, is a very entertaining young man"

Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary.

'He is indeed,' responded Melinda.

Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence. At length he turned to the young lady and spoke:

'I came here last evening,' he said, 'with the intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—so—'

'Here you are,' said Melinda, smiling at his embarrassment.

'Yes, here I am. And now that I'm here I'll tell you what I have come for.—You know I love you. I've told you as much more'n once, and I've flattered myself that I weren't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?'

Joe, having arrived at this important question, looked tenderly and appealingly into her face, and breathlessly awaited her reply. She colored slightly, and bent her eyes to the ground.

'You are quite right,' she said, 'in supposing that you are not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly.'

'Then all my fears have been groundless!' uttered Joe, exultingly.

'But,' continued the lady, 'I cannot very well grant your wish regarding—'

'What!' cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.

'I cannot very well marry you!'

'And why can't you? I'de like to know what's to hinder your marrying me you think enough of me."

'There is one reason in particular.'

'What is it?'

'I'm engaged to another!'

Joe turned pale.

'Sparks!' he cried—'tell me, is it Sparks?'

'Well and if it is?'

'I knew it! Blast him, I knew what he was after!'

'I don't know that Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not!' remarked the young lady warmly.

He's a cheatin' villain!' replied Joe indignantly.

'You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind!'

'It's you that don't know him; but you will before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so!' continued he snatching up his hat; 'it's the money he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as like as not you wont be able.

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer him in return.

For two or three days following, Joe Chickweed said very little, but he thought much. One morning he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of a triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at the sudden change in her sons manner.

'Why, what on airth's the matter now, Joe?' said she; 'hope you ain't goin' to go crazy.'

'Not by a long shot,' replied Joe; I ain't quite so big a fool as that.'

'Then what ails you?'

'Oh, I've got it all arranged at last—I've got 'em now.'

'Who? What?'

'Why Melinda and that vagabond Reuben Sparks— ha! ha!—I'll surprise *him.*

'Well, how are you goin' to do it?'

'Oh, it's all right!' said Joe, laughingly—I'll do it, darned if I don't. I'll fix the sneaking critter!'

'But how—*how*, Joe. Can't you speak out? What's got in the boy?' cried the old lady, dying with the curiosity to know what was his plan.

'Well, now, I'll tell you all about it,' began Joe, assuming a more sober tone.

"Well, I just wish you would."

'You know the widder has always favored my keeping company with Melinda.'

'Well?'

'And I do believe she is a desp'rate down on that feller, Sparks, coming into her family.'

'Yes?'

'In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands.'

'But according to the will of old Mr. Martin, the property ain't to go out of her hands till she is dead.'

'Just so—but Sparks would have all the benefit. And now I'm coming to the point—it's just there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks!'

'Well do let me hear!'

'The widder Martin herself ai'nt a bad looking woman!' Joe remarked, in a sort of a mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.

'No—but what's that got to do with the matter?' replied the old lady, impatiently 'And she ain't very old, neither,' continued he with the same air.

'Why, she can't be more'n forty.'

'So I should think; and she has a good chance of living forty more.'

'Well, and what of it?'

'Just this,' said Joe leaning over to reach his mother's ear—'*I'll marry the widder!*'

Mrs. Chickweed, expecting as she was, something startling, wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of unbounded surprise, started upward from her seat, and then sank back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

'Well,' said Joe, 'I hope you don't see anything agin it.'

'No—no!' stammered his mother, recovering somewhat from the shock she had received; but are you really in airnest Joe,—will you marry the widder?

'To be sure I will, and that's the whole of it. I'm going up to see her this very day. I'll marry her if she'll have me, and be revenged on Melinda for cutting me as she has for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach 'em what's what!'

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, considering her years, she had never given over the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could possibly procure so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.

Joe made it a special proviso in his proposal, that they should be married privately the day before the marriage of Sparks with the widow's daughter, and it should be kept a secret till that wedding had taken place. To this the widow readily agreed although it was a hard task sometimes for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced, and prevent the secret being discovered

The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Melinda at length arrived, and all the preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed. When darkness had fairly set in, while Melinda was so occupied with the company and conversation of her soon-to-be husband as to be completely oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the Chickweeds. The minister, who had been duly admonished to secresy, was in attendance; and in less than half an hour thereafter Joe was a married man, and the no longer widow was on her way back to her home—parting from Joe with a single but enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow from so doing on the morrow.

The wedding passed off next day to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The affair took place in the morning at the residence of the bride, and at the hour of noon all the guests, with the exception of Joe Chickweed, departed. Why he remained so long it puzzled the newly married pair to surmise, as they had not supposed he would be present at all. Joe took it very easily, however, and seemed quite unembarressed by the occasional banterings of the happy Sparks.

'I spose,' said Joe, addressing himself to the newly made husband, as they were assembled in the parlor together—'I s'pose you'll take up your residence in the village right away—buy you a nice house and live fashionably!'

'Oh, no, replied Mr. Sparks—'don't know as I shall.'

'What! Well, now, I calc'late you don't have any idear of settling on a farm?—you ain't used to that work, you know.'

'Don't know but I may,' said Sparks, assuming a careless air and tone; 'coming on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in summer. Yes, think I shall try country life for a while; I aint in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me.'

'Well,' responded Joe, deliberately, 'can't say that I'm sorry you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while; and we'll try to make it as comfortable for you as we can!'

Mr. Sparks looked at him; then they looked at one another and laughed.

'No doubt,' remarked Mr. Sparks, 'you'll make a very agreeable neighbor—very agreeable indeed.'

'Oh, we'll be nearer than neighbors, a good sight—of course we will,' said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence toward the former widow.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at one another, but this time they didn't laugh.

'What do you mean?' they asked simultaneously.

'Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what transpired. The fact is, the widow, here, and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night! We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were so engaged—'

'What! Married?' cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.

'Certainly, married,' said Joe, coolly.

'Is this so?' he inquired, turning to the late widow.

'You may rely upon all he says,' she replied.

'Then I have been swindled—imposed upon—deceived! And you knew of this also, and led me on?' he continued, in a violent tone, addressing his wife. 'You worked to get me, while this infernal cheat gets all the property!'

'No—it's not so!' exclaimed Melinda, bursting into tears: 'I knew nothing of it. And thought you married me for myself, and not for money—you pretended to have enough of that yourself!'

Reuben Sparks smiled a sickly and a scornful smile.

'It's even as I thought; his money's so deep in the bank that he never'll be able to dig it out,' remarked Joe.

You scheming rascal!' gasped Sparks looking as if it, would be a pleasure to eat him entirely up, body and bones.

'O, fire away! it don't hurt any; and I've got a long lease of the farm—,

'You scoundrel!'

'And the horses, and the steers—'

'Oh! you miserable cheat!'

'And the fixin's generally—'

'Fool!'

'And moreover,' continued Joe, assuming a more sober and sterner tone, and grasping Sparks firmly by the collar as he spoke—'among other things I've got a word or two of advice for you. You married Melinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug little property, palming yourself off as a man of means to accomplish your end. You are the real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice and it will be well with you; use your wife as you know you should—go to work like a man—and strive to be an honest one. And, finally, don't let me hear you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed upon me, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Remember,' added Joe, giving him a shake, as a terrier would a rat, you're my son now, 'cording to law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your father!'

Reuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and after a little reflection concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could act upon;—and for many a year thereafter Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

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—Old Squire J———, of Addison county, Vermont, was famous for bringing to market a better article of cheese than any of his agricultural neighbors, which occasioned a merchant to inquire how it happened. "I think I can tell you the secret of it," said the Squire. "You may have noticed that when the milk stands for a while in the pans, there is a kind of *yellow scum* that rises on the top of it. Now some women are so dreadful neat that they skim this all off; but my wife ain't so pertickler, but stirs it all in together, and ra-ly, I think the cheese is all the better for it."—*Post.*

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At the funeral of Col. Jenkins, of Lawrence, Kansas, shot by Gen. Lane, Rev. Mr. Nute preached, says our correspondent, from the text, "And it was said by them of old, thou shalt not kill."

'It was a fine discourse, breathing the spirit of justice and love. He attributed the tragedy to the wild recklessness of life that existed in their midst, and earnestly plead for a correction of the evil. He also besought the people to cultivate a spirit of calmness and charity, let justice be done after a fair investigation, but do not let mob law be the ruler in matters of this kind. Mr. Nute was very appropriate in his sermon, and it will be productive of good."

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—The French Gazette Medicale states that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon the burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

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—It is said that Queen Victoria will soon appear in the venerable character of grandmother.

### Summer Tour in Europe.

2.

The Marseilles steamer has mails for Italy, and after touching at Genoa, calls also at Leghorn, at Civita Vecchia for Rome, and reaches Naples in four days. At Genoa,—counting time from an early date in the old countries, they seem to have a plenty of it,—the earlier party had near a day on shore, and here received their first impressions of the graceful architecture and genial skies of Italy. For the first time they made their lunch under the shade of orange trees hung with fruit, and confessed a charm in the atmosphere, awaking a jealousy for the home they had left. "We shall see," said they, "no such land as our own."—At Leghorn the following day, lying equally quiet and kept aboard the steamer by a rain, they stole an hour or two from seasickness for letter-writing, and entered the Bay of Naples on the 10th.—Three days afterwards a rain was detaining them from a projected excursion to Mount Vesuvius. Their party, enlarged at Paris by the addition of a Virginia family, were busying themselves in their parlor, some with specimens of coral they were examining, some with letters, which again there was a time to write, when a young gentleman, one of the most familiar of their neighbors at home, stood quietly among them, as unannounced and unexpected as if from under a shell! Leaving home a week later and having a less rapid passage than themselves, he had landed at Southampton, obtained his passport at the American Embassy in London, crossed to Paris by Folkstone and Bologne, by cars and steamboat, in eleven hours, and arrived on the evening of the fifth. Giving two days to the capital, he took an evening train for Marseilles, and having pleasant glimpses of the country below Lyons, reached his hotel in season for a good dinner on Saturday afternoon, and learning his friends had passed, booked himself for the steamer of Monday morning.

At Naples on a festival day, all giving themselves to its enjoyment, the number of beggars is not so disproportionate. Palaces and churches seem to have left something of a people which is clean. Politically it is the paradise of despotism, morally perhaps of superstition, yet amongst its half a million of population are the cultivated and elegant, the industrious, why not the virtuous. It is not and has never been, it is said, purely an homogeneous race. It wants that beauty of development which comes by the cultivation of a race in civilization, by which its best forces may predominate, and put forth those graces which constitute so high an allurement to the traveller. A mixed community, it has been subjected to various imported dynasties, whom it destroyed by effeminacy.—Vesuvius is the chimney of a more intense fire. The Bay of Naples reflects the beauty of the atmosphere in a change and variety of colors, that gives to sea-water the charm of a sensuous enjoyment. It is beside expanded in extent, definite and unique in figure, a mirror for the sharp and picturesque shores, for islands doubled beneath its surface, for the mountain with its signal of life, for fortresses in its bosom and the city at its border. The position of the strangers was in the new portion of the city along the quay, at the rear of that rich exclusive promenade, the most attractive in Europe, which the genius of the place would seem to have inspired, and placed where the least of regret would intermingle with the spirit of the scene. "See Naples and die"—is an epigrammatic rather than an evangelical proverb doubtless, but to see the magic colors of the surface, the far-drawn but graphic figure of its bay, to pay your court at the baths of Baiæ, where ancient luxury tempered the heats of the South with shades of marble, and mixed the wine of life with snow above the fires of Avernus, to study its remembrances at their grave and read the epitaph of pleasure in moss and ivy, certainly if it be a temptation of passion is a preparation of thought.

The excursion to Vesuvius is described as a merry one. The toilsome labor of the ascent was forgotten for its novelty, not to say its Italian absurdity. From the hermitage which is reached by carriage, ten miles from Naples on a fine road, ponies are taken, which hurrying over fragments of rock in single file, besides their riders, are taxed with towing up a corps of lazzaroni, for the next emergency, by the tail. When the steep cone is reached, ponies are left, and each adventurer, with a leathern strap for a belt, is pulled and pushed up by the lazzaroni. It is in vain to protest or to struggle against the amount of aid that is offered. The pony might as well have protested before. The only escape is to be carried in a sedan chair by four instead of two assistants.