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THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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POETRY.

The Child's Dream.

"Mamma, I've had a sweet, sweet dream,  
I thought the spring was come,  
And standing by a cool, bright stream,  
I heard the brown bees hum.  
The countless seed beneath my feet  
Scattered drops of yellow gold,  
And the wind that tossed my hair was sweet  
With odors unconfined.  
And oh, mamma, you cannot think  
How gay the blossoms grew!  
A host upon the river's brink  
Were clad in white and blue.  
While others stretched across the wood,  
And lay the hill-side round,  
As if a bunch of rain-bows had  
Been flung upon the ground.  
And as I watched, in ecstasy,  
Their bright heads toss and flare,  
A stream of sweetest melody  
Came surging through the air.  
And oh, mamma, I weared and sang  
And seemed the sky to fill,  
An Eden snatch amply sung  
Above that flow'ry hill.  
And while I knelt with strange sweet awe,  
I never felt before  
These words came mingling with the song,  
"And school down the shore—  
"Sweet child! No doubt or fear or care  
Hath sought to do with thee,  
Thou art too pure to see or share  
The false world's fate."  
And, bright-eyed darling, ere the sun  
Another round shall take,  
Thou'lt stand where sorrow never comes—  
Where pure hearts never break—  
And then the music soft and low  
Died out along the stream,  
The landscape faint and fainter grew,  
I woke, and 'twas a dream!"

When twilight's clouds of purple hue  
Sailed o'er the far-off sky,  
That child, with dreamy eyes of blue,  
Lay calmly down to die.  
And ere with morn's first gash of song  
The eastern hills were rife,  
He stood amid that shining throng  
Beside the Stream of Life.  
S. E. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Footprints in the Rocks.

Unbelievers in geology often ask, "How was it possible for animals or reptiles to make the impressions which are now said to be their footprints preserved in the solid rock?" Hugh Miller had a rare faculty of finding apt illustrations from daily life of the abstract theories of science, and in his "Popular Geology," just published a work of singular fascination and eloquence, he tells the following incident, which answers this perplexing question:—"The strange reptiles of this ancient time, in passing over the tide-uncovered beaches of the district, left their footsteps imprinted in the yielding sand; and in this sand, no longer yielding, but hardened long ages ago into solid rock, the footsteps still remain. And with truly wonderful revelations—revelations of things the most evanescent in themselves, and of incidents regarding which it might seem extravagant to expect that any record should remain, do we find these strange markings charged. They even tell us how the rains of that remote age descended, and how its winds blew.

Let us see whether we cannot indicate a few of at least the simpler principles of this department of science. The artificial sheet of water situated among the Pentlands, and known as the Compensation Pond, was laid dry, during the warm summer of 1842, to the depth of ten fathoms; and as a lake, bottom ten fathoms from the surface, is not often seen, I visited it, in the hope of acquiring a few facts that might be of use to me among the rocks. What first struck me, in surveying the brown sun-baked bottom from the shore, was the manner in which it had cracked in the drying, into irregular polygonal partings, and that the ripple-markings with which it was fretted extended along only a narrow border, where the water had been shallow enough to permit the winds or superficial currents to act on the soft clay beneath. As I descended, I found the surface between the partings indented with numerous well-marked tracks of the feet of men and animals, made while the clay was yet soft, and now fixed in it by the drying process, like the mark of the stamp in an ancient brick. And some of these tracks were charged with little snatches of incident, which they told in a style remarkably intelligible and clear. At one place, for instance, I found the footprints of some four or five sheep. They struck out towards the middle of the hollow, but turned upwards at a certain point in an abrupt angle, towards the bank they had quitted, and the marks of increased speed became palpable. The prints, instead of being leisurely set down, so as to make impressions as sharp-edged as if they had been carved or modeled in the clay were elongated by being thrown out backwards, and the strides were considerably longer than those in the downward line. And bearing direct on the receding footprints from the opposite bank, and also exhibiting signs of haste, I detected the track of a dog.

GENUISE ELOQUENCE.—There is no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal a gift as the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was a traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squallor and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back. "If you are in want," said Ritchie, with some degree of peevishness, "why don't you beg?"—Sure, it's begging I am, yer honor.—You didn't say a word.—Ov course not, yer honor; but see how the skin is speakin' through the holes of me trousers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me in me eyes, and the famine that's starvin' in my cheek! Man alive! isn't it beggin' I am with a hundred tongues?"

The details of the incident thus recorded in the hardened mud were complete. The sheep had gone down into the hollow shortly after the retreat of the waters, and while it was yet soft; and the dog, either acting upon his own judgment, or on that of the shepherd, had driven them back. A little farther on I found the prints of a shoe-foot of small size. They passed onwards across the hollow, the steps getting deeper and deeper as they went, until near the middle, where there were a few irregular steps, shorter, deeper and more broken than any of the others; and then the marks of the small shoes altogether disappeared, and a small naked foot of corresponding size took their place, and formed a long line to the opposite bank. In this case, as in the other, the details of the incident were clear. Some urethra, in venturing across when the mud was yet soft and deep, after wading nearly half the way shod, had deemed it more prudent to wade the rest of it barefoot than to bemoir his stockings. In each case the incident was recorded in peculiar characters; and to read such characters right, when inscribed upon the rocks, forms part of the proper work of the ichnologist. His key, so far at least as mere incident is concerned, is the key of circumstantial evidence; and very curious events, as I have said—events which one would scarce expect to find recorded in the strata of ancient systems—does it at times serve to unlock.

In some remote and misty age, lost in the deep obscurity of the unreckoned eternity that hath passed, but which we have learned to designate as the Triassic period, a strangely formed reptile, unlike anything which now exists, passed slowly across the ripple-marked sands of a lake or estuary. It more resembled a frog or toad than any animal with which we are now acquainted; but to the batrachian peculiarities it added certain crocodilian features, and in size nearly rivaled one of our small Highland oxen. The prints it made, very much resembled those of a human hand; but, as in the frog, the hinder paws were fully thrice the fore ones; and there was a gigantic massiveness in the fingers and thumb, which those of the human hand never possess. Onward the creature went, slowly and deliberately, on some unknown errand, prompted by its instincts; and as the margin of the sea or lake, lately deserted by the water, possessed the necessary plasticity it retained every impression sharply. The wind was blowing strongly at the time, and the heavens were dark with a gathering shower. On came the rain; the drops were heavy and large; and beaten aslant by the wind, they penetrated the sand, not perpendicularly, as they would have done had they fallen during a calm, but at a considerable angle. But such was the weight of the reptile, that, though the rain drops sank deeply into the sand on every side, they made but comparatively faint impressions in its footprints, where the compressive effect of its tread rendered the resisting mass more firm. "We have here, in a single slab," says Dr. Buckland, in referring, in his address to the Geological Society for 1840 to these very footprints, and their adjuncts—we have here, in a single slab, a combination of proofs as to meteoric, hydrostatic, and locomotive phenomena, which occurred at a time incalculably remote, in the atmosphere, the water, and the movements of the animals, from which we infer with the certainty of cumulative circumstantial evidence, the direction of the wind the depth and course of the water, and the quarter towards which animals were passing. The latter it indicated by the direction of the footsteps which form the track; the size and curvature of the ripple-marks on the sand, now converted into sandstone, show the depth and direction of the current; while the oblique impressions of the rain-drops register the point from which the wind was blowing at or about the time when the animals were passing."

The Austrian War.—Position of the Belgians. Paris, April 20. I commence my letter to you this day under impressions as solemn as in the course of my life of journalism I have yet experienced. Everything tends to the belief that a war is on the point of breaking out on the Continent of Europe, the incidents and casualties of which, and above all, its mode of termination no human being can foresee or predict. I spoke to a Courier yesterday, who had just arrived from Milan and Venice, and who waited only a certain train to take him to Calais, on his journey to London. The accounts he gave of the situation of the Milanese at the moment of his departure from it, and of Lombardy and Venice on the one hand, and of Piedmont on the other, lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the commencement of hostilities is at hand—indeed, he said, it might be expected at any moment. Every private house, every Palace (and you know these are not few in Venice and Milan) was crowded with Austrian soldiers, of whom 220,000 had already arrived and yet continued to arrive by thousands, yea tens of thousands, with trains of artillery, shot shells, powder magazines, and all the host material requisite for the destruction of human life, and the converting of peaceable cities into ruins, and farmfields and landscapes into quagmires saturated with human gore and enlivened with human fragments.

Italy requires reform. That is an uncontroversial fact. Austria desires to retain possession of Milan, Lombardy, Venice, and their respective territories, and of the great fortress of Mantua in particular, and even (but this is not with her a sine qua non) Ancona. She wishes also to maintain in their Dukedoms and Principalities the Sovereign Princes who lord it and have for too many centuries lorded it over Central Italy, and who have dwindled into second infancy, but she seems to have not the slightest intention of modifying the despotism she herself exercises in her Italian or Lombardian holdings, or of permitting either popular or foreign interference with the arbitrary rule of the day Princes who govern under her protection in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, &c. Of the Pope I speak not. As a temporal power Rome can hardly be said to exist. She is at the mercy of all who are able to attack and overwhelm and take possession of her. Neither do I speak of that unhappy kingdom Naples, over which King Ferdinand tyrannized so long (but Heaven forgive him, he is at his last gasp), for Naples is too remote from the contemplated theatre of struggle for mastery between the Powers now about to contend for dominion in fair Italy, to be taken into and kept in view. I have said that reform is necessary in Italy, and that Austria, powerful in possession and in influence, is opposed to it; but I am not quite sure that she would not, seeing the whole to be in jeopardy (at least about to become a bone for contention), I am not sure, I say, that she would not acquiesce on counsel honestly, reasonably, and disinterestedly given, and make concessions to popular calls for, or even foreign recommendations, of reform. The sovereigns of Sardinia, whose continental kingdom of Piedmont connects them with Italy, and constitutes them an Italian power, it may be said, have during now two generations perceived that Central Italy is broken. They saw inevitable popular insurrections against the Dukes and Grand Dukes and Duchesses who misgovern those subdivisions of the Peninsula. They adopted towards their own subjects that species of liberalism which kings know how to parade, and even changed their form of government from absolute to constitutional. By this latter proceeding they wisely rendered their own position secure from disaffection and treason, and being safe at home, speculated on attaining thereby to popularity with the Italians of other States, and thence possibly to arriving at the sovereignty of United Italy, which for them loomed in the distance as the necessary result of those outbreaks and insurrections which without any great or superior claim to clairvoyance, their vision represented to them as inevitable in States so egregiously misgoverned. Twice, if not thrice within those forty years, the reigning sovereign of Piedmont attempted or was committed to an attempt to precipitate these results. You know how the proceedings of 1820 terminated, and how completely the similar effort of Charles Albert was defeated and crushed

at Novara in 1848-9. His son inheriting, at least, as much ambition as did Charles Albert himself, (and they say much little more acumen (and they say much less principled) saw that single-handed, or only supported by the malcontent subjects of the Italian States over which the Austrians held sway per se, or by influence, he could never hope to drive the latter out of Italy, watched zealously for an occasion to render service to France and England, and thus oblige them in some sort to become his friends, (France above all.)

By succeeding in imposing upon them "the strong ties of obligation," he would (he convinced himself) be entitled to claim their sympathy and support in any emergency in which he might demand their reciprocal aid, fully resolved that no such necessity should be wanting. The opportunity for carrying out the well matured speculation for which he thus yearned, presented itself in the Crimean war, with an adventitious accompaniment, of which I shall speak presently and for which he could not have hoped—and, into that War he plunged, or rather entered uninvited, without the shadow of a reason. "What was Heubia to him or he to Heubia, that he should fight for her?" He did it however at great cost of Men and Money—for his little means) and with very great credit—and as men in difficulties in private life would do, his assistance was accepted by the allies, and the War over, he repaired to Paris and London to demand a prospective *quid pro quo*—in plain English, payment for his co-operation. Those Powers might, it is true, reply as shabby men would do, of the ordinary class. "We did not ask your help. It was a spontaneous gift or perhaps the indulgence of your own spirit of pugnacity. We tolerated rather than accepted the brilliant services of your truly gallant little army and owe you nothing, for we have thanked you." England and France did not answer in these terms, because of their own sense of honor, dignity and common honesty for the wily Victor Emmanuel under the guidance of his very clever Minister Cavour rendered such mode of compensation impossible by reminding them of the adventitious circumstance above alluded to, and which he used effectively with both barrels securing both birds. French and English acknowledgement of their debt of gratitude to him, and bringing down Austria by renewing French and British indignation at her shuffling and hesitation, and in fact refusal to aid them at the very moment when he, Victor Emmanuel, so chivalrously (I) rushed to their assistance. "I," said he, "like your British bull-dog flew at your enemy, while Austria like a full-fed mastiff marched and counter-marched and growled and (as does a horse in a mill) walked round and round her own premises and expended all her care and vigilance in protecting her own property."

This was a *coup de Maître* in diplomacy, and was peculiarly acceptable to France, who has an old grudge to Austria ever since her powerful co-operation under Schwartzberg in the invasion of her sacred soil in 1814, after her infamous defection from Napoleon in 1813. The present ruler of France, who idolizes the memory of his great predecessor—who forms himself upon his model—who parades all his aphorisms—hates profoundly all who betrayed or abandoned his immortal uncle in his hour of need. Moreover, he on great political grounds views the presence of Austria in the Italian States with something like abhorrence, and if truth must be told, with envy and jealousy, for His Majesty is suspected of a *hottish* craving of that which the first Napoleon called his "Kingdom of Italy." He hearkened therefore with avidity and "adhesion" to the claim of Victor Emmanuel, and in the present situation of affairs you have the proof and result. Not exactly so did England, however, who had neither the resentments to indulge, the vengeance to satisfy, nor the appetite to gratify which I have ascribed to the Emperor of the French. She saw in the representations of Victor Emmanuel much lamentable truth, she admitted that Italy needed reform, and that Austria was an interloper in the Italian Peninsula, whose presence excited indignation, and whose rule there was detestable; but she also comprehended the interested views of the King of Sardinia, and (for she is superior to law or trivial considerations, although herself be obnoxious to a charge of selfishness) she recollected the counsel of the immortal Irishman, Burke, to "preserve always on the Continent a great ally in order to qualify and obviate the inordinate ambition and grasping policy of France." Hence she hesitated to make common cause with Piedmont or France,

should the latter (which has been done) concur in the contemplated forced ejection of the Austrians from Italy, and, on the political ground just stated cling rather to Austria. And yet the hook had been admirably baited: the pill skillfully gilded. The reigning passion of Englishmen to-day is religious propagandism. For their indulgence in that pursuit, which I am very far from condemning, they tax themselves in millions sterling annually, and to that weakness, as he presumed to call it, Victor Emmanuel adroitly appealed. Regarded as the French Philosophie School (albeit his subjects are Catholics) His Majesty, seeing the staid unbending policy of the British Government, and the enthusiastic religious disposition of the nation, let drop, while in London, some expressions touching her not unwillingness to see active, in Italy, Missionaries from the various societies for propagation of what are termed Evangelical Principles, and thus, as he believed, secured for himself and his projects the approbation of that powerful class of British society, which most interests itself for religious concerns. It was a wise and astute conception—but was not quite new or original. Mazzini and Kossuth had already availed themselves of it to raise the wind and sympathy—but still something might be gained by it, had not the British Government perceived, as I have just said, his whole drift. Nothing loth to co-operate in the spread of religious or social reform in Italy, they were startled by the political and revolutionary quality of King Victor Emmanuel's propositions; and declined the former because of their connection with the latter, and King Victor Emmanuel left London in high disgust. In Paris he is supposed to have been eminently successful, for I must tell you candidly, that it is believed that before he left for Turin, he had brought over the French Government completely to his views—that the two Monarchs concurred in the desirability that Austria and Austrian influence be forever removed from Italy—that the Italian Duchies and Principalities be left to modify or totally change their own existing Governments, that Piedmont and Central Italy be constituted into a single State, "if it so pleases the Italian people after the expulsion of the Austrians and the utter extinction of Austrian power from thence." That the sovereignty of it be given to King Victor Emmanuel, subject to his election thereto, and that, finally, the new National Kingdom be placed under the protectorate of France. Such is the nature of the alleged comparative failure of the King of Sardinia in England, and his agreement with the French Government on Italian affairs with, I am sorry to say it is now considered probable, an additional article which each is also believed to have recognized as indispensable, the accord of Russia. This latter alliance in their imputed projects, each is held to have labored to secure, and it is equally asserted that each and both attained to that object. The ground for this supposition is this—King Victor Emmanuel, who could not be held in much regard by the Emperor of Russia propitiated His Imperial Majesty as you know, recently by the gift of a port in the Mediterranean. Except themselves possibly, no man living knows what occurred between the Emperors of the French and of Russia in their interview (in 1857) at Stuttgart, and that between His Majesty Napoleon III., and the Grand Duke, brother of the Emperor of Russia, last year in Paris, but it is surmised that a combined plan of operations, a Treaty offensive and defensive, *quoad* Austria at least, was agreed upon by the two Emperors, into which the King of Sardinia was to be admitted if occasion should arise.

Elephant Bathing in India.—Beyond the dhooby, in cleaner water by comparison a bevy of elephants are enjoying their morning bath. And they do enjoy it indeed! See how they roll away like so many porpoises, right under the flood, and leave the mahouts shouting and groping with their feet for the unstable black islands which after a time rise up above the surface. Look at the great jets they blow up over their backs, and listen to the deep breath of pleasure or the shrill flourish of delight with which they lie down on the sand while their attendants knead them all over. These great creatures are so sagacious, sensitive to kindness, that even in their wild state I cannot feel any sympathy for those who delight in killing them and call it "sport." But these elephants, found as I am of them, are, it must be admitted, dangerous playmates. In our camp there were no less than nine "kooles," or "murderers,"—beasts which have killed their mahouts, or other at-

tendants. One huge criminal, with a speckled forehead and propositis, is guilty of the murder of no less than three unfortunate natives.

The magnificent mild monster which pelonged to Sir Hugh Wheeler was carried off by the Nana, and was delivered up to us by the Rajah of Furruckabad, died a few days ago, immediately after carrying some officers to church. He was a fine courageous creature, and his trunk and forehead bore marks of the claws of more than one tiger which had charged him, and then been trampled to pulp by his ponderous feet. His "weakness" was fine French rolls, which he swallowed as an Alderman would take Cooke's pills; and the twinkle of his eye, as he gulped the loaf down, and gave a gentle sigh out of his propositis, proclaimed the Syperite. I used to take great delectation in observing the creatures at the bath in the river which flows by our camp. They came down in files, trumpeting gaily in anticipation of the treat, and floundered into the waters of the Goomtee like so many porpoises, enjoying the peaspoup sea of Ostend.

Each takes a long, deep drink, putting his propositis into the water, and then discharging the contents of it when filled by suction, into his cavernous maw. Having thus filled up a wrinkled or two in his side, he deposits himself bodily in the stream, so that one side lies out of water, and the tip of his propositis is kept above the surface for air. On this exposed island the mahouts labor diligently, washing the beast and rubbing him with hard brushes cleaning his ears, kneading and shampooing him, while the pachyderm emits little squeaks of satisfaction. When one side is done, the elephant turns on the other, and he is very angry indeed, if he does not get his full share of manipulation.—*Correspondence of the London Times.*

A RAT ITEM.—The reporter of the Philadelphia *North American* recently stumbled upon a professional rat catcher and speculator, from whom he gathered some curious facts relative to the art of rat catching, and the use to which the animals are put, which is to furnish amusement for the inhabitants of the city of brotherly love. The rat catcher says he is the proprietor of a pit, in which regular exhibitions of rat fighting are given three times a week. The average consumption of rats in this pit is about a hundred and fifty per week. The rat catcher knows all the spots in the city where rats are most abundant, and there are his traps regularly set on every night in the year. His best results are obtained at the breweries, the lively stables, and around the old and dilapidated quarters of the city. He boards every foreign ship immediately upon her arrival, and during the first night generally captures every rat that finds a harbor among its timbers. Sometimes as many as a hundred are caught on a single night from one vessel. The trap which he uses—a patented article—is an oblong box, open at both ends, and baited with roasted cheese, sprinkled with oil of caraway. Walking in to seize the tempting morsel Mr Rat steps upon a sliding trap which lets him down into a grated apartment, and then resumes its former position to accommodate the next customer. After one rat enters, the box fills rapidly. Sometimes the rat merchant's supply increases much faster than the demand, and he accumulates a stock of a thousand rats, which he feeds with dead pigs and other offal. Sometimes he sells to the New York pits, and a week or two ago received \$50 for as many "good, lively rats." The Philadelphia operator has made a decidedly "good thing," pecuniarily, out of his novel trade, and besides two good brick houses, owns a building which rents for \$350, and has \$4000 invested in stocks. All the proceeds of rat catching He has followed the business from childhood, having been taught its mysteries by his father, who was a Scotch rat catcher.

NOT HEARING.—The art of not hearing, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unknown or unpracticed in society. We have noticed that a well bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame from not a little apparent omnivore in dishonorable conversation. "What makes you look so glum Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's pommel while her ma was looking on." "Sentimental youth!" "My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?" "Practical girl!" "How large is your lot, sir?"

Correspondent of the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

The Austrian War.—Position of the Belgians.

Paris, April 20.

I commence my letter to you this day under impressions as solemn as in the course of my life of journalism I have yet experienced. Everything tends to the belief that a war is on the point of breaking out on the Continent of Europe, the incidents and casualties of which, and above all, its mode of termination no human being can foresee or predict. I spoke to a Courier yesterday, who had just arrived from Milan and Venice, and who waited only a certain train to take him to Calais, on his journey to London. The accounts he gave of the situation of the Milanese at the moment of his departure from it, and of Lombardy and Venice on the one hand, and of Piedmont on the other, lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the commencement of hostilities is at hand—indeed, he said, it might be expected at any moment. Every private house, every Palace (and you know these are not few in Venice and Milan) was crowded with Austrian soldiers, of whom 220,000 had already arrived and yet continued to arrive by thousands, yea tens of thousands, with trains of artillery, shot shells, powder magazines, and all the host material requisite for the destruction of human life, and the converting of peaceable cities into ruins, and farmfields and landscapes into quagmires saturated with human gore and enlivened with human fragments.

Italy requires reform. That is an uncontroversial fact. Austria desires to retain possession of Milan, Lombardy, Venice, and their respective territories, and of the great fortress of Mantua in particular, and even (but this is not with her a sine qua non) Ancona. She wishes also to maintain in their Dukedoms and Principalities the Sovereign Princes who lord it and have for too many centuries lorded it over Central Italy, and who have dwindled into second infancy, but she seems to have not the slightest intention of modifying the despotism she herself exercises in her Italian or Lombardian holdings, or of permitting either popular or foreign interference with the arbitrary rule of the day Princes who govern under her protection in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, &c. Of the Pope I speak not. As a temporal power Rome can hardly be said to exist. She is at the mercy of all who are able to attack and overwhelm and take possession of her. Neither do I speak of that unhappy kingdom Naples, over which King Ferdinand tyrannized so long (but Heaven forgive him, he is at his last gasp), for Naples is too remote from the contemplated theatre of struggle for mastery between the Powers now about to contend for dominion in fair Italy, to be taken into and kept in view. I have said that reform is necessary in Italy, and that Austria, powerful in possession and in influence, is opposed to it; but I am not quite sure that she would not, seeing the whole to be in jeopardy (at least about to become a bone for contention), I am not sure, I say, that she would not acquiesce on counsel honestly, reasonably, and disinterestedly given, and make concessions to popular calls for, or even foreign recommendations, of reform. The sovereigns of Sardinia, whose continental kingdom of Piedmont connects them with Italy, and constitutes them an Italian power, it may be said, have during now two generations perceived that Central Italy is broken. They saw inevitable popular insurrections against the Dukes and Grand Dukes and Duchesses who misgovern those subdivisions of the Peninsula. They adopted towards their own subjects that species of liberalism which kings know how to parade, and even changed their form of government from absolute to constitutional. By this latter proceeding they wisely rendered their own position secure from disaffection and treason, and being safe at home, speculated on attaining thereby to popularity with the Italians of other States, and thence possibly to arriving at the sovereignty of United Italy, which for them loomed in the distance as the necessary result of those outbreaks and insurrections which without any great or superior claim to clairvoyance, their vision represented to them as inevitable in States so egregiously misgoverned. Twice, if not thrice within those forty years, the reigning sovereign of Piedmont attempted or was committed to an attempt to precipitate these results. You know how the proceedings of 1820 terminated, and how completely the similar effort of Charles Albert was defeated and crushed

at Novara in 1848-9. His son inheriting, at least, as much ambition as did Charles Albert himself, (and they say much little more acumen (and they say much less principled) saw that single-handed, or only supported by the malcontent subjects of the Italian States over which the Austrians held sway per se, or by influence, he could never hope to drive the latter out of Italy, watched zealously for an occasion to render service to France and England, and thus oblige them in some sort to become his friends, (France above all.) By succeeding in imposing upon them "the strong ties of obligation," he would (he convinced himself) be entitled to claim their sympathy and support in any emergency in which he might demand their reciprocal aid, fully resolved that no such necessity should be wanting. The opportunity for carrying out the well matured speculation for which he thus yearned, presented itself in the Crimean war, with an adventitious accompaniment, of which I shall speak presently and for which he could not have hoped—and, into that War he plunged, or rather entered uninvited, without the shadow of a reason. "What was Heubia to him or he to Heubia, that he should fight for her?" He did it however at great cost of Men and Money—for his little means) and with very great credit—and as men in difficulties in private life would do, his assistance was accepted by the allies, and the War over, he repaired to Paris and London to demand a prospective *quid pro quo*—in plain English, payment for his co-operation. Those Powers might, it is true, reply as shabby men would do, of the ordinary class. "We did not ask your help. It was a spontaneous gift or perhaps the indulgence of your own spirit of pugnacity. We tolerated rather than accepted the brilliant services of your truly gallant little army and owe you nothing, for we have thanked you." England and France did not answer in these terms, because of their own sense of honor, dignity and common honesty for the wily Victor Emmanuel under the guidance of his very clever Minister Cavour rendered such mode of compensation impossible by reminding them of the adventitious circumstance above alluded to, and which he used effectively with both barrels securing both birds. French and English acknowledgement of their debt of gratitude to him, and bringing down Austria by renewing French and British indignation at her shuffling and hesitation, and in fact refusal to aid them at the very moment when he, Victor Emmanuel, so chivalrously (I) rushed to their assistance. "I," said he, "like your British bull-dog flew at your enemy, while Austria like a full-fed mastiff marched and counter-marched and growled and (as does a horse in a mill) walked round and round her own premises and expended all her care and vigilance in protecting her own property."

This was a *coup de Maître* in diplomacy, and was peculiarly acceptable to France, who has an old grudge to Austria ever since her powerful co-operation under Schwartzberg in the invasion of her sacred soil in 1814, after her infamous defection from Napoleon in 1813. The present ruler of France, who idolizes the memory of his great predecessor—who forms himself upon his model—who parades all his aphorisms—hates profoundly all who betrayed or abandoned his immortal uncle in his hour of need. Moreover, he on great political grounds views the presence of Austria in the Italian States with something like abhorrence, and if truth must be told, with envy and jealousy, for His Majesty is suspected of a *hottish* craving of that which the first Napoleon called his "Kingdom of Italy." He hearkened therefore with avidity and "adhesion" to the claim of Victor Emmanuel, and in the present situation of affairs you have the proof and result. Not exactly so did England, however, who had neither the resentments to indulge, the vengeance to satisfy, nor the appetite to gratify which I have ascribed to the Emperor of the French. She saw in the representations of Victor Emmanuel much lamentable truth, she admitted that Italy needed reform, and that Austria was an interloper in the Italian Peninsula, whose presence excited indignation, and whose rule there was detestable; but she also comprehended the interested views of the King of Sardinia, and (for she is superior to law or trivial considerations, although herself be obnoxious to a charge of selfishness) she recollected the counsel of the immortal Irishman, Burke, to "preserve always on the Continent a great ally in order to qualify and obviate the inordinate ambition and grasping policy of France." Hence she hesitated to make common cause with Piedmont or France,

should the latter (which has been done) concur in the contemplated forced ejection of the Austrians from Italy, and, on the political ground just stated cling rather to Austria. And yet the hook had been admirably baited: the pill skillfully gilded. The reigning passion of Englishmen to-day is religious propagandism. For their indulgence in that pursuit, which I am very far from condemning, they tax themselves in millions sterling annually, and to that weakness, as he presumed to call it, Victor Emmanuel adroitly appealed. Regarded as the French Philosophie School (albeit his subjects are Catholics) His Majesty, seeing the staid unbending policy of the British Government, and the enthusiastic religious disposition of the nation, let drop, while in London, some expressions touching her not unwillingness to see active, in Italy, Missionaries from the various societies for propagation of what are termed Evangelical Principles, and thus, as he believed, secured for himself and his projects the approbation of that powerful class of British society, which most interests itself for religious concerns. It was a wise and astute conception—but was not quite new or original. Mazzini and Kossuth had already availed themselves of it to raise the wind and sympathy—but still something might be gained by it, had not the British Government perceived, as I have just said, his whole drift. Nothing loth to co-operate in the spread of religious or social reform in Italy, they were startled by the political and revolutionary quality of King Victor Emmanuel's propositions; and declined the former because of their connection with the latter, and King Victor Emmanuel left London in high disgust. In Paris he is supposed to have been eminently successful, for I must tell you candidly, that it is believed that before he left for Turin, he had brought over the French Government completely to his views—that the two Monarchs concurred in the desirability that Austria and Austrian influence be forever removed from Italy—that the Italian Duchies and Principalities be left to modify or totally change their own existing Governments, that Piedmont and Central Italy be constituted into a single State, "if it so pleases the Italian people after the expulsion of the Austrians and the utter extinction of Austrian power from thence." That the sovereignty of it be given to King Victor Emmanuel, subject to his election thereto, and that, finally, the new National Kingdom be placed under the protectorate of France. Such is the nature of the alleged comparative failure of the King of Sardinia in England, and his agreement with the French Government on Italian affairs with, I am sorry to say it is now considered probable, an additional article which each is also believed to have recognized as indispensable, the accord of Russia. This latter alliance in their imputed projects, each is held to have labored to secure, and it is equally asserted that each and both attained to that object. The ground for this supposition is this—King Victor Emmanuel, who could not be held in much regard by the Emperor of Russia propitiated His Imperial Majesty as you know, recently by the gift of a port in the Mediterranean. Except themselves possibly, no man living knows what occurred between the Emperors of the French and of Russia in their interview (in 1857) at Stuttgart, and that between His Majesty Napoleon III., and the Grand Duke, brother of the Emperor of Russia, last year in Paris, but it is surmised that a combined plan of operations, a Treaty offensive and defensive, *quoad* Austria at least, was agreed upon by the two Emperors, into which the King of Sardinia was to be admitted if occasion should arise.