The Middlebury Register.

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Our Works being situated in the vicinity of the celebrated Rutland Quarries, our marble is carefully selected from the entire production, and we furnish better grades of stock, and manufacture at lower rates than can be afforded elsewhere. Parties desiring first class cemetery improvements can have designs prepared and work forwarded to and erected in any part of the country. 34

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
CASTLETON, VT.
This institution will be opened for the reception of pupils on Wednesday, 15th September next, under the charge of Rev. R. G. WILLIAMS, of Connecticut.
The two courses of study required by the Board of Education, will be pursued by the pupils according to their option.
Lectures will be given by professional gentlemen on subjects important to scholars and teachers.
Tuition, $7 per quarter.
Board can be obtained at reasonable prices in families in the village, or with the Principal, and opportunities furnished for those who may desire to board themselves.
For further information address the Principal, or to C. M. WILLARD, Sec'y.
Castleton, Vt., Aug. 19, 1869. 22

ON AND AFTER SEPTEMBER 1,
The prices at the Bread Leaf Inn will be per day, $2.50; per week, $14; per month, $50. Children and servants one-half and three-quarters price. Dinners for pleasure parties, $1. Feed for horse, 50 cents.
22 JOSEPH BATTELL, Jr.

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The subscriber will keep constantly on hand, Choice Flour, of all kinds.
Fresh Ground
WHITE WINTER FLOUR,
" AMBER, "
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" CORN-MEAL
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" CORN,
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FINE FEED, BRAN,
OIL MEAL,
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We shall endeavor to suit our customers, and give them prices that will compare favorably with any similar establishment in the State.
VALENTINE V. CLAY,
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Poetry.

Lost Nellie.

BY ELLA M. WOODCOCK.

She sleeps in a distant church yard,
Silently and lone,
The wild birds sing above her grave
In low and plaintive tones.

The pine tree sighs, the willow weeps
When sister Ellen calmly sleeps;
The tall grass waves above her head,
But she heeds it not in her narrow bed.

With her pale hands folded on her breast
Gently we laid her down to rest:
The boatman carried her safely over,
And angels welcomed her on the shore.

Her spirit seems ever hovering near,
Softly whispering words of cheer.
I hear her voice in the calm of life's
And amid its sounds of violent strife.

She bids me hope in the deepest gloom,
And points to a life beyond the tomb,
She leads me on with her shadowy hand,
Safe to the shore of the spirit land.

Manchester, Vt.

Terrible Adventure in Iceland.

Mount Hecla, in Iceland, is slightly under a mile in height. It has three peaks a little elevated above its body, and along its sides are numerous craters, the seats of former eruptions. The crater of the principal peak is about one hundred feet in depth. It is composed chiefly of basalt or lava, but slug-sand and ashes cover a great part of its surface, and obsidian is among its most remarkable products.

There have been forty-three eruptions of Mount Hecla recorded within the last thousand years, five of which have been simultaneous with Vesuvius, four with those of Etna, and one with those of both.

The last eruption began September 2, 1845, and lasted until April 6th, 1846. On the 23d of November the torrent of lava, two miles from the crater, was a mile in width, and from forty to fifty feet in depth.

Carl Steinman visited Hecla just previous to this terrific eruption, and had one of the narrowest escapes from a horrible death that ever befell an adventurous man.

We give his narrative in almost his own words;

On the next morning after my arrival at the small village at the foot of the volcano, I engaged a guide, a faithful, honest fellow, and set out for a visit to the noted crater.

From the very first it seems as if I had passed the confines and was entering a new world, so entirely different was the scenery.

As you pass upward toward the focus of all the horror of burning stuff, you find the peril, dreariness and desolation increases, until around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow, the lava black as ink, the snow of dazzling whiteness—and not in all the region the slightest brush, shrub, plant, or living creature except the guide and myself.

As far as the eye could discern, when the sweeping clouds afforded a view, was a succession of dark hills, glistening glaciers, snow-capped peaks and frozen streams—a world devoid of life, the awful solitude of itself—filled with gaping caverns, terrific abysses and Stygian caves, which echoed only to the sullen reverberations of thunder or the groanings of the troubled earth beneath.

So impressive was this scene that I felt a strange chill creeping through me, and I shouted to break the horrified stillness which was more awe-inspiring than the thunders of a thousand Niagaras. I frequently found myself imagining that I was dreaming, and I was only assured by pinching my limbs or conversing with my guide.

Drawing my blanket around me to shelter me from the chilling atmosphere, and carefully puncturing the ground with my sharp-pointed stick before me, to make sure of my footsteps, I began to pick my way over piles and heaps of lava, and pitfalls, and patches of ice and snow, my guide keeping near me, and often warning me when he imagined my footsteps leading me into danger.

Occasionally I struck the fragments of lava that rolled down behind me, and as yet discovered no signs of the crater, which, eighty years before, had vomited forth its tremendous volume of melted black sand. At length, however, I reached the summit, and looked down into a a sort of basin, open at the lower side, and having several deep seams or chasms in the center, into which the melted snow or ice on its sides was running in small streams.

A repulsive odor, in the shape of a thin, smoky vapor, came up, and I fancied I heard a distant rumbling noise that sounded far down in the earth.

I turned to my guide, and was about to speak, when I observed he was trembling and as pale as death.

"What's the matter!" I asked, "you seem to be frightened."

"Oh, my God!" he gasped, "there's going to be another eruption."

"How do you know that? Have you ever been here before?"

"Yes, but I never saw it look like this. When I was here last there was no hollow there, but a level piece of snow and ice."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, with intense interest; "and you judge that fact to be decisive, with regard to an eruption?"

"Oh, my master," said he, in the greatest agony, "what else could have caused this change? There must be fire below, or what has melted this glacier? You see the ice is nearly gone, and what is left is fast melting, and will soon follow it."

I observed at this point that my feet had a sensation of warmth, and stooping down found the ground quite hot.

"How is this?" I inquired,

He shook his head.

"All wrong, there's trouble brewing, master, as sure as you live. You had better leave."

I recalled the fact that the last eruption of Hecla occurred eighty years before, long previous to the birth of my guide, and consequently he could know as little of that as I did. This foolish thought prevented me from putting the faith in his words that I ought to have done.

"There is no hurry," I replied; "I have been so long finding my way to the top, that I am hardly disposed to leave until I have seen more of the volcano."

I observed his paleness and trembling increased, if possible, but I still felt a reluctance to retreat so ignominiously, after toiling so hard to make the summit.

He stood a moment in silence, and then ventured again:

"Let us go while there is time. I am afraid to remain here. We may be overwhelmed at any moment."

"Hold on," I said, sensible of a curious fascination, such as sometimes comes over one when on the brink of the most appalling peril. "It is true the ice has melted, but it has done so very gradually. I have spent a great deal of time to reach Iceland, and when I started it was with the resolve to see Hecla.

"Heaven knows I have see too much already," he replied; "more than has ever been seen by living man."

"How do you know that?" I demanded, somewhat annoyed at the dogmatical manner of my guide.

"At least I think so."

"And I think you are mistaken. I cannot consent to go back until I have descended into this basin and looked down into one of those chasms."

"Let me beseech you, do not. It will be the death of you!"

"If you are afraid, you can return," said I, with an unfeeling tone, for which there was no justification.

"Oh, no, my master, I will not desert you."

"All I ask, then, is that you will merely wait for me."

I had no right to ask even that, and I considered the guide a simpleton because he heeded my request.

"I will wait," he replied, "but remember when you go down that I kept entreating you not to do so."

"I hold you blameless whatever should occur, so have no apprehensions on that score."

The crater was about twenty yards in depth, with sides that slope so gradually that it could be descended without difficulty if ordinary care was only exercised.

I first felt the lava and found it quite hot; but not unpleasantly so, and using my stick with great precaution, I began to descend. I observed the temperature of the lava beneath my feet constantly increased, but I had thick shoes, and I knew they would be unharmed. I noticed, also, a thick, sulphurous odor, but considered this nothing unusual, although it left a thick, disagreeable taste in my mouth, and gave an unpleasant twinge to my olfactories.

The rill of water made by the melting ice flowed hissing down, and was lost to view in the dark chasm, from which came puffs of hot air, accompanied by a rumbling and trembling of the ground.

The place, the scene, and withal, the sense of danger connected with it, held me there by a sort of magnetic fascination, and I soon found myself strongly tempted to make a fatal plunge into the awful abyss. Conscious that reason frequently loses her power at such times, I forced myself backward a few feet, but still remained fearfully near the opening, heedless of the frantic entreaties of my guide.

Giving no heed, therefore, to his earnest solicitations, I now determined, if possible, to sound the depth of the chasm before me, and then proceed to examine the other.

For this purpose I pulled off a small peice of lava, and stepping to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye.

The depth was so immense that I heard it for fully a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance than to cease from the, block having reached its destination. It was a terrible depth, and I drew back with a shudder, a gust of sulphurous air puffed upward, followed immediately by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow boom, as if a piece of ordnance had been discharged in the bowels of the mountain. By this time I had regained my common sense, and became impressed with the danger that hung over me. I turned to fly, when all at once there came a rumbling crash, and the ground, heaving and shaking and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss.

I was thrown down, and on my hands and knees, praying to God for mercy, was scrambling over it, and upward, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without actually crushing, held them as if in a vise.—Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down into which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breath the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh, the horrors of that awful realization! What pen or tongue can portray them? There over the mouth of that black and heated abyss, I was held suspended, a helpless and conscious prisoner, to be hurled downward by the next great throe of trembling nature.

"Help! help! help!—for the love of God, help!" I shrieked in the very agony of my despair.

I looked up and around to catch sight of my guide, but he, with commendable prudence I could but admit, in my dire extremity, had sought his own safety in flight.

I had nothing to rely upon but the mercy of Heaven, and I prayed to God as I had never prayed before, for a forgiveness of my sins, that they might not follow me to judgment.

It might be a second, it might be a minute, it might be an hour, that I should have to undergo a living death; but be the time long or short, I felt that there was no escape from a doom which even now makes me grow pale and shudder when I think of it.

Above me a clear blue sky—beneath me a black horrible abyss—a round me vapors that made my brain dizzy. Rumbling and hissing sounds warned me that another convulsion might take place at any moment, and another might be the last of me. Home and friends I should never see again, and my tomb would be the volcanic Hecla.

I strove with the madness of desperation to disengage my imprisoned limbs, but I might as well have attempted to move the mountain itself. There I was fixed and fastened for the terrible death I was awaiting. Oh God of Heaven! what a fate.

All at once I heard a shout, and, looking around, I beheld with feelings that cannot be described, my faithful guide hastening down the sides of the crater to my relief. He had fled in terror at the first ominous demonstration, but had nobly returned to save me if possible, by risking his life for mine.

"I warned, you master," said he as he came up, his eyes starting, and his countenance expressive of commiseration and terror.

"You did," cried I, "but forgive me and save me, for I am perishing."

"I will save you if I can or perish with you."

The noble fellow instantly set to work with his sharp-pointed stick to break the lava around my limbs, but had scarcely made any progress, when again the earth trembled and the rocks parted, one of them rolling down the chasm with a dull, booming sound.—I sprang forward—I seized the hand of the guide—we both struggled desperately, and the next moment we had both fallen, locked in each other's arms upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment might see us both hurled to destruction.

"Quick! quick? there is not a moment to be lost!" cried the guide. "Up! up! and run for your life!"

I staggered to my feet with a wild cry of hope and fear, and half carried by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater.

As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion, and looking back, I saw with horror which no pen can describe, the dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood. Without waiting to see more, I turned and fled over the ground as fast as my bruised limbs would permit.

We reached our horses in safety, and hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained.

A few days later, when the mighty and long extinct Hecla was convulsing the island, and pouring forth its tremendous volume of melted lava, I was far out on the Atlantic, upon my way home, where I devoutly thanked God again and again that I had lived to tell my wonderful escape from a death in its burning crater.

Miss Briggs's Enemy.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor, and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she lived in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept a canary and two cats, and she hated him because he kept a huge mastiff and a knock-kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say as he plodded up to the door. "I believe he is too mean and miserable to buy one."

Miss Briggs would hardly have felt pleased had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this old worn-out piece of horse-flesh merely for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare by disagreeable manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour by hour beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cats perched upon the sill, and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, and boots a few inches higher than his head, received and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came and ran through her garden, thereby destroying her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his enclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home and informed Miss Briggs that a second offense would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, "for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs Perkins, one afternoon as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea, and remain during the evening. Everyone will be there."

"Will that old bach over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? Oh yes! We couldn't get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter. I shan't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over. Well, it would look a little like it, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceited wretch!

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to everybody why she never married. She had a round rosy face, clear brown eyes, and beautiful hair and a sweet mouth, and if she was near thirty there was not a smarter woman in that town.

She stood before the gilt-framed looking glass in the little chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her maroon colored dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well. There was a bright, healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of light and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins's sitting-room and she found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought she must be in very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mr. Perkins entered, followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well laid plan to make the two become friends.

Miss Briggs bit her lips, and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to give that man her hand in friendship. She hated him.

He was placed directly opposite her at the table, and times forced to pass the biscuits, cake or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper that they almost choked her.

Before evening they were both persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with ease and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for old maid and her enemy, and several times she found herself doing the most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door, ready to depart, when he called out:

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride, and behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out and packed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way, and find it the best he could. He did very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike of the article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him, it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few rods and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was as silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness, until Mr. Perry's "help" came out to her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the village doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs's enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the poor sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her little plump hands administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turnips. She forgot the cats and canary. He only saw a little woman, with a pretty, rosy face, trim figure and tender hands and would you believe it, he fell in love.

How could he help it? She had sat by him through long, dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves, her wine and nice invigorating cordials. She had made blanc mange and custard, and in all probability saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing, but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs," he said, one day, when he was able to sit up.

"Well, Mr. Perry."

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owed you a great deal."

"There, now, stop just where you are. You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little farther on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my natural life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed, and her answer came thus:

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and canary.

The mastiff and the knock-kneed old horse are with their forefathers.

A Nashville correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes as follows:

"The Legislature elect, which is shortly to convene at Nashville, will not ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. There is no longer room to doubt what will be their course in this matter—no room to hope by those who are friends to the amendment, no reason to fear by its enemies. Senter is still for it, but the men elected with him upon the ticket and upon the platform are not. He was the head of the ticket, but the tail is greater than the head, for the head is merely a figure-head, and the tail is power. The Governor is little more than a gubernatorial ornament to preside at receptions, pardon convicts, and board in Nashville. The power is all in the Legislature and they will not use it to advance a favorite Repphlican measure, whether Governor Senter be its champion or not."

A Chicago girl says that she don't get married, for the reason that she don't know whose husband she might be marrying.

Mrs. Linda M. Crapo died at North Rochester, N. H., on the 11th, aged 101 years and 21 days. Five of her children survive.

The drouth in the Prince Edwards (Va.) region has lasted four months.

A Cleveland paper acknowledges the receipt of a bouquet of fresh flowers, cut in California.

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

The following literary curiosity was constructed for the last number of the Aspirant, the reading of which formed a part of the closing exercises of the Concord, N. H., High school. The writer is Miss Ida Bennett:

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine successively, saw Simon's small, shabby shop, still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging silently specifying:

Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed soled superfinely.

Simon's spry, sedulous, spouse, Sally Short, sewed skirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sons—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Silas, Shadrach—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, spices; simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; skeptical Saul sold silver salvers; selfish Shadrach sold salves, shoe strings, soap, saws, skates; slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son Samuel saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, smart, sensible Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strong symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sung several serenades slyly. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly singing such shameful, senseless songs. "Strange Sam should slight such splendid sales! Strutting spendthrift! Shattered-brained simpleton.

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally.—"Sam's smitten; Sam's spied some sweetheart."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff." Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling, Simon stopped speaking, started swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy. "Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling streets, stop smoking segars, spending scrip superfluously, stop sprucing so, stop singing serenades, stop short! Sell saddles, sell saddles sensible; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's stable, so solicit, see, secure Sophronia speedily, Sam."

"So soon? so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon, surely," said Sally smilingly, "specially since sire shows such spirits."

So Sam somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquises: "Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, Spriggs—Short—Sophia Sophronia Short—Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—she shan't—she shan't?"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching, saluting Sam smilingly. Sam stammered shockingly.

"Spl-spl-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-tin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat sudorific," said Sam, steadily, stanching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbit, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty shelldrakes Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia socially, silencing such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally; "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers's seem saying Samuel Short, Susan Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling springs shall sing soul-stirring strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighings; super-angelic sylphs shall"—Sophia snickered; so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling; Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia."

Sophia stood silent.

"Speak Sophia, speak; such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs, sire Spriggs said "Sartin."

SWEETNESS MINGLED WITH GALL.—The *Nation* thinks that the great law of compensation has come into play in connection with the defeat of the Harvard by the Oxfords. It says:

"What could have been done with Boston if we had won? There would have been no living in the same country with her, and probably she would have dragged us into a foreign war before the year was out. Her pride is almost unendurable now; but with three Bostonians and a Concord man as victors over Oxford, she would have been altogether past bearing. We should have the spectacle that the *World* prefigured the other day, when it described Boston as being 95,000,000 of miles from the sun, slightly flattened at the poles, and revolving on its own axis once every 23 hours 56 minutes 4 seconds, thus causing the alternation of day and night."

Two boys were sent to purchase a watermelon, and as they were bringing it home said one to the other, "Don't let it fall, Billy," cos if it breaks we'll have to eat it right here, and can't take any home." Billy guessed it would'nt fall,—but it did.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave diggers."

"Waiter," said a fastidious gentleman, exhibiting a singular-looking object on the soup-ladle, "Waiter, do you know what that is?" "That, sir looks like a mouse, sir. We often find them in soup, sir. No extra charge, sir!"

New York Letter.

AN APOLOGY—SHOPPING AT STEWARTS—CRAMPED QUARTERS—AVONDALE—ENTERTAINMENT—CONUNDRUMS—ACQUAINTANCES OLD AND NEW—VAN CHOATE AND HIS NEW ARMY GUN—&C.

Metropolitan Hotel, Sept. 22d, 1869.

DEAR REGISTER:—I arrived in Albany at 4 P. M., and left on the steamer Connecticut at eight in the evening, with the assurance that we should be in New York at 6 o'clock next morning, but owing to deficient supply of the element so necessary to nautical progress, we managed to "get aground," and consequently did not come round up to the pier" till 10 o'clock. As a compensation, the humane captain allowed us to snooze till long after 8 o'clock, and did not charge us extra for our lodgings; so instead of a full square letter according to promise, you will please accept this apology; for brevity is the natural inheritance of such a state of things.

Then too just think of writing a readable letter at the Metropolitan with its seven hundred guests and the ceaseless roar of carriages and tramp of horses, which continues from the earliest hours of morning till long after midnight, vieing in turbulence with the very ocean itself.

Yesterday we went shopping at "Stewart's." This palatial marble store is now being enlarged to cover one entire block. When completed it will have cost $3,500,000, while the ground on which it stands is worth as much more. Mr. Stewart has a wholesale store on another street which is equal to this in magnitude. The number of clerks in the retail store male and female, is nearly 500, and the number of seamstresses employed in the manufacture of cloaks, dresses, and all kinds of female apparel, together with beds and beddings, are as many more.

Our sympathies were so excited for the poor shopkeeper that we concluded to make a few purchases for his special benefit. And then we never take greater satisfaction than when we feel that our acts contribute to assist the needy.

Notwithstanding we were in cramped quarters at the Metropolitan which is only 300 feet by 210, and seven stories high and can only accommodate about 800 guests, we held on there, that in directly we might patronize the owner Mr. Stewart, for we understand that Leland & Co. refuse to increase their rent, which is now $40,000 per annum, even to assist Mr. Stewart in his indigent circumstances.

Contributions continue to be taken up at public points for the Avondale sufferers. In this age and world of steam, when such vast demands are being made on our coal fields, it is downright folly to neglect to protect human life among the miners to our utmost extent. The lot of the 30,000 colliers in Pennsylvania, doomed to a life of toil, amid darkness, fire-damp and noxious gasses, is hard enough, without being murdered before their time by the inhumanity of capitalists.

A stereotyped di-peptic must be amused or die, so last evening we sought a place of entertainment and realized its salutary effects. The following conundrum about Horace is too good to be lost. "Horace Greeley," shouted the comic man, "is a natural born *orphan*!" "How is that?" cries the manager. "Why, because," responded the comic, "He says he is a self-made man." The severest if not the wickedest thing of the evening was from the same source, "why is a married man like a Mississippi steamboat?" "because he never knows at what moment he may be blown up."

On the street we met several of our former and present neighbors. Mr. Ellis of the class of '68, Mr. Redfield an earlier graduate, Mr. Henry Foote now of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Oliver Severance and Mr. David J. Burk, of our city.

Of new acquaintances formed, is that of Hon. D. D. T. Marshal, President of the Homeopathic Mutual Insurance company of New York. He is a retired merchant, of large wealth, well preserved, looks ten years younger than he is, has a genial face and manners, is truly companionable, yet highly dignified, and is possessed beyond doubt with able financial and executive abilities.

The gentlemanly Secretary, Mr. Stansbury sent greetings to his native State Vermont, and promises to see us occasionally.

But we were greatly pleased with one Mr. Van Choate who has invented an army gun pronounced the best in the world. It is a breech loader, and Col. Prince of our regular army, told me that it was superior to the Prussian needle-gun, and vastly ahead of the new French army gun. It will prove a fortune to its inventor Mr. Van Choate has several other valuable inventions of which we cannot now speak, each of which promise to yield him a fortune. Mr. Van Choate has promised to bring his gun, and spend a week or two with us and give battle to the game on our hills and creeks. Let the squirrels hasten to throw up their breast-works of defence. We also met Capt. S. B. Thompson, of Boston, who sails for Europe Oct. 2d. You shall hear from me next week "*Deo Volente*." S. R. R.

RIVER FALLS, WIS.

Sept. 21st, 1869

I never realized till recently, that Wis. was quite so far away, but when I find myself within 30 miles of St. Paul, I quite reasonably conclude that I shall not see the sun rising over the Green Mountains on the next clear morning. Already I think I hear some reader insinuating, that perhaps I never witnessed that phenomenon while in Vermont, but I assure you all, that is a mistake.

Here "the sun rises in his course and fights" a field of wheat, he sets and his last beam falls on wheat. We may ride for miles, and the wheat fields on either side still continue for miles to come. We may ascend some of the curious abrupt hills or mounds, as they are here called, with which the country is studded, and as far as the eye can reach, extend the beautiful, golden wheat fields. The scenery here is not of that wild, ragged order that we find in Vermont. It has a peculiar, novel aspect, exceedingly pleasing to those who have been accustomed to a mountainous country. As I stand on an eminence and look around me, I can think of nothing but a great number of mountains whose tops have been cut off by a plane a hundred feet from their bases and then covered with wheat, while their sides are covered with bushes, and for a change in the valleys, wheat. The farmers have been quite unfortunate in securing their harvest. They had just completed their work with their reapers, and the grain stood in shocks in the fields ready to be threshed, when heavy rains set in, and day after day continued incessantly, until thousands of bushels of wheat began to grow. It is estimated that the damage to the farmers in this (Pierce) county alone will amount to nearly $200,000.

But again, it is fair weather and the threshing machines can be heard in all directions. They do their threshing in the fields with machines that will turn out a thousand bushels in a day.

A severe wind blew here on Sunday last, accompanied by a thunder storm. A new Congregational church edifice in process of construction was completely demolished, after spending nearly $4000 upon it, work suspended over a year ago, on account of a partial failure in the wheat crop. The loss will be strongly felt by the society. Fruit is not a success here. So far as I can learn there are only two kinds and one variety of each kind, wild plums and crab apples. But before you condemn these, however, let me add that the crab apples are much superior to anything I ever saw East, making excellent pies and sauce, almost supplying the place of ordinary apples for those uses. They grow in large quantities, with but little care. The wild plums are an "institution" peculiar to this region. They are about the size of our common damson plums, and nearly equal in flavor. They grow in the greatest profusion all through the woods; as many as fifty bushels being frequently found in one place. But lest I injure my reputation for veracity, I will cease further description at present. M. B. C.

For the Register

CHESTER, Sept. 23, 1869.

MR. EDITOR:—

Perhaps a few words from one whose educational home is in Middlebury, will not be unwelcome to the Register readers. A stranger among strangers is a strange being. He looks strangely, he acts strangly, he is strange. Your contributor is one of those beings, and that I may be carried back on the wings of memory, to scenes and faces not stamped with the chilling strangeness, I am impelled to put on paper a few thoughts of a semi-sick day.

When first taken from home and familiar faces, and objects, we experience most keenly the lonely, homesick feeling. Four years within the old gray walls on the hill, leave their impress on the heart as well as the mind, and our Alma Mater's last fifteen now scattered and separated, some by thousands of miles, have our common sentiment, that they miss the dear old college days. The vacation seems already too long, and it is more than time that we should be giving Mr. Larned our checks, and we, shouldering our valises, should with happy hearts be marching through the College parks, singing the class and College songs. But those days come again no more, and we appreciate them fully, only when beyond our reach.

The place of my sojourn is one of the prettiest villages of Vermont. In Chester proper we have one principal street, lined a portion of the distance with a double row of trees, protecting its sidewalks from sun and rain. The maple is the favorite shade tree, and the whole village is buried in them. The private dwellings are remarkably white and neat in appearance, but not as much can be said of its churches and academy. A new Episcopal church is in process of building, and looks as country Episcopal churches will look, decidedly wedgy, as though they had the cramp.

As Middlebury depends on its college for its life, and almost for its existence, so Chester lives in its academy. Aside from this it is dead. There is little of public spirit, no common bond of union. Each one lives for self, and that common sympathy which imparts life and vigor to religious, educational and social bodies is not flourishing here. So little of excitement is there that a hand-organ will gather around it to hear its soul stirring music, a crowd after two or three turns of the grinder. Frenchs' Circus turned even lawyers' heads here more than in Middlebury, and a fight that was fought here two months ago, is one of the chief topics of conversation.

Every man, woman and child can tell you the hour of each birth and death which has occurred within their existence, in the place. Funerals are well attended, and I doubt not a double motive prompts the attendance of so many, to pay their last offerings to the dead, and to be enlivened even by a funeral ceremony.

Of marriages I have heard of none, and I believe when any such catastrophe is to happen, the village authorities oblige the mad parties to leave town and have the deed performed, lest the unusual excitement would disturb the equilibrium of the town.

The central point of interest and attraction is the school, which is in a very flourishing condition. It numbers, exclusive of primary scholars, about one hundred and ten, the majority