Middlebury Register,

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The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JUNE 4, 1872. NO. 11.

Business Cards.

J. M. BOYCE, Carpenter, Builder and Architect. 42 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. W. THOMAS Teacher of Vocal Music. Agent for Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons. 26 BRANDON, VT.

W. P. RUSSEL, M. D., has resumed the practice of his Profession, and will again answer calls Office at his House, first door North of Gov. Stewarts. 13.tf

W. H. ROWE, Marble Dealer. Shop half mile East of Georg Hammond's. Those desiring anything in the line will do well to call on him. 46;tf

JAMES M. SLADE, Jr., Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue. 1st District, 2d Division Vermont. Office 2d floor Stewart's Building. 48 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent. Office in Lane & Clay's Block. East end of the Bridge. Middlebury, VT.

A. P. TUPPER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery. 38 EAST MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Furs and Ladies' Furnishing Goods. MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

ZERO MEACHAM, Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Vases, Furnishing Goods, &c. BRANDON, VT.

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I. M. TRIPP Sheriff for Addison County. Office in Stewart's Block. 41tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. 41 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DR. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Physician. At his residence on Seymour St. 9tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

JASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, representing the companies lately represented by C. L. Cook, Esq. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Office at Battolph & Miner's Hardware store. 49

L. R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household Provisions, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Oil, Tobaccos, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week. 10tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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Mouldings, Architraves,
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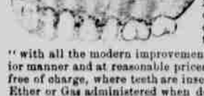
Which are kept constantly on hand, or will be made to order on short notice.
Planing, Wood turning, Scroll sawing.
Blinds painted and sash glazed to order.
Newels Stair Rails and Balusters on hand or made to oder.
Laths, Shingles, Clapboards, Floor-boards and FinishinLumber constantly on hand and worked desgred. MIDDLEBURY, VT.
T. W. DOWNER. S. D. BOLTON. WM. R. ALLEN.

SMITH & LISTER
Would respectfully announce to the people of Middlebury and vicinity, that they have bought out the Coffin and Cabinet shop lately occupied by J. B. Steele & Co., over Sweeney & Burrows, Door-factory, and are prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work to order. We will furnish on short notice Business Desks, Side Boards, Wardrobes,
BOOK CASES,
Window Cornices, &c., &c.
We are also Wholesale Manufacturers of Coffins and Caskets.
All kinds of Furniture neatly repaired.
H. A. SMITH. J. LISTER.
Middlebury, June 19, 1874. 13;y1



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52;tf Middlebury, Vt.

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PONY PHAETONS,
COVERED BUGGIES (all the late styles.)
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To be found in great variety at
Gray's Carriage Manufactory
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BURLINGTON, VT.
P. S. All work from this establishment is manufactured on the premises, and thoroughly warranted. 8;2m

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These Tablets present the Acid in combination with other efficient remedies, in a popular form, for the Cure of all Throat and Lung diseases.
Hoarseness and Ulceration of the Throat are immediately relieved, and statements are constantly being sent to the proprietor of relief in case of Throat difficulties of years standing.
CAUTION Don't be deceived by worthless imitations. Get only Wells' Carbolic Tablets. Price 25 cts. per Box. John Q. Kellogg, Platt St., N. Y. Send for Circular. Sole agent for the U. S. (9;w1)

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It regulates the bowels, quiets the nerves, acts directly on the secretive organs, and by its powerful tonic and restoring effects, produces healthy and vigorous action to the whole system.
JOHN Q. KELLOGG, 18 Platt street, N. Y, Sole agent for the United States. Price $1 Send for Circular. (9;w1)

AGENTS WANTED for "Convent Life Unveiled," by Edith O'Gorman, Escaped Nun. A brave, true book. One lady made $25 in a week. CONN. PUB. CO., Hartford, Conn. (8;4

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It is by odds the most taking and salable book in the field. 1 It is on a vitally important subject. 2 It is by America's most popular writer on health 3 It is, for the price, the largest and handsomest book ever sold by subscription. Agents, the people are eager for such a book, and will urge you to bring it to them. Write for terms, &c., free GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 3 School Street, Boston, Mass. (8;4)

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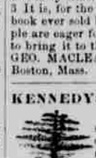
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From Calisaya Bark, Golden Seal, Wormwood, Valerian and others of the best Vegetable Medicines. Price one dollar. Every family should try it.
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SUPERPHOSPHATES.
I have for sale three of the most reliable superphosphates ever offered in this market, viz:
GREEN MOUNTAIN.—Manufactured at Burlington, under the direction of Prof. Peter Collier, by a new process. The most valuable ever offered anywhere.
RUSSELL COE'S.—Which analysis proves the most valuable of any ever offered before this season.
CUMBERLAND.—That Prof. Collier says is "a perfectly honest superphosphate, and worth what is asked for it."
These three are undoubtedly better than any others in market. In barrels, or 100 pound bags, or smaller quantities. ALBERT CHAPMAN.
Middlebury, May 14th, 1872.

For the Register.

The Ghost of the Lake.

A CHAMPLAIN LEGEND.

In the cold and northern clime where aurora loves to dwell,
(Listen, all ye youth, to the story I'm to tell,)
Where the weird and ghostly spruce its barren arms uprear,
To fling within its grasp the snow-births of the year.
Where never song of bird awakes the icy plain,
Where silence holds her court with awfulness of reign,
A traveller was seen, at the dawning of the day,
To drive upon the lake with his pony and his sleigh.
The morn was amber clear, the sun like glazier shone,
And all the northern hills were wrapt in icy zone;
No kindly cottage fire, no smoke of chimney nigh
Sent up its curling folds to warm the pallid sky;
Save the retching of the lake and its hollowness of roar,
To the panting and the wheezing of the burden that it bore,
No silence ever woke from such a sleep before.
'Twas in mid winter time, the coldest of the year,
When all the sky is white, and all the earth is drear,
This traveller set out, wrapped up in warmest gray,
(As I have said before,) with his pony and his sleigh,
To cross the frozen lake, full thirty miles or more.
Where faintly, like a thread was discernible the shore.
On, on, with ceaseless tramp, and long majestic stride,
With never pause or break, without compass, without guide,
This easy-gaited beast, her white breath like a spray,
(That is thrown upon the rocks when the ocean is at play,)
Is frosting in her mane and fading far away.
Now ghastly, yawning seams are made, and all the surface rocks;
And tremors all the air with horrid ice-quake shocks;
And now upon the lake, a single speck remote,
All trackless as a ship that never more will float.
The pony holds his course till the skies are overcast,
And drifting, whirling snows are blinding him at last,
And burying the track, so sudden is the change.
And night is coming down o'er all the eastern range.

The morning came again but with the break of day,
No traveller was seen with pony and with sleigh,
And he never more was seen, at least in mortal mold,
And every one believed he perished in the cold,
Or, dropping through some fissure that opened on his way,
The stranger lost his life, his pony and his sleigh.
And now when winter comes and keenly bites the air,
When Aurora flashes light from all her jewels rare,
Across this frozen lake, and through the trackless snow,
A phantom form is seen driving to and fro.
The ghostly steed speeds on, the stranger sits upright,
And his bearing seems to be the terror of the night.
He comes and goes again, and in his stately round
He glides across the lake with never word or sound,
And from the pony's mane, and from his spectral tail,
That flashes in the moon, or quivers in the gale,
Icicles gleam like spears, and form with every breath,
In mockery of pain, and in mockery of death,
And all the night, until the morn, no other holds the way,
But the Ghost of the Lake with his pony and his sleigh.

Hartford, Conn., Dec., 1871. B. S. W.

From Darkness to Light.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The following little episode of real life I give as I had it from Nancy Farwell's own lips, and as corroborated by another who was an actor in the scene.

Allan Farewell who served in the Union Army through the late war, found himself not so strong in purse as he might have been had he remained at home. He had received no big bounty, and his soldier's pay had not accumulated upon his hands.

The time came when Allan Farewell was in distress. During his absence in the army his two little children had been sick—very sick—and with what nursing, and doctor's bills, and caring for the farm, his wife, Nancy, had been forced to run into debt. And after Allan's return he struggled for years before the debt was lifted off. He paid the last dollar of his indebtedness on the first day of January, 1870, and before February had come, he was prostrated with fever, which lasted away into the spring.

At the opening of the May-time Nancy Farewell, weak and worn, stood by the side of her husband's chair and wept. She had done all she could do. Allan tried to arise, but his limbs would not support him.

"O, my soul!" he gasped, "I cannot send them out so! My children begging!"

"But we cannot starve, dear Allan. There is not a crust in the house, and of money I have not a penny."

"O! this is hard!

Allan, do you remember what the people said when you went away to the war? They said if you would go, your family should never come to want. It was proclaimed from the platform, and it was published in all the newspapers. Don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Allan, "I remember."

"Then why not send for the selectmen." They joined in that promise.

Allan looked up with a frightened expression.

"Nancy," he said, "I have seen Mr. Osmond. He was here while you were out yesterday. He says the town will help us—he will order any help we may desire—he will do it cheerfully—"

"O—Allan!"

"But Nancy—"

"But what?"

"The moment we receive that benefit, that moment *we become* PAUPERS!"

"What!" cried Nancy, starting back from her husband's chair.

"Yes, dear girl," he repeated mournfully, "under the laws of our State, the recipient of pecuniary aid from the town becomes a pauper. Were Mr. Osmond, acting in his capacity as overseer of the poor, to bring us a barrel of flour as I asked him, I should become a pauper, and should be disfranchised."

"What!—not loose your right to vote?"

"Aye, Nancy—even so."

The wife staggered back and sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"If," went on her husband, "we were in a town where there was an organization of the comrades of that Grand Old Army, or, if there were even well-to-do soldiers in our town, I should not want; but there were very few went to the war from this far-off place and of these few, I am the only one left."

"A PAUPER!—*Loose a freeman's right to vote!*" exclaimed Nancy, following her own thoughts. "You who gave your life to your country for four long and weary years! who never shrank, and never quailed, and never complained! *You*—you—to be thus branded and cast out! Do they not know that if you had remained at home during those four years and others remained, this want would never have come upon us? Is this the way they would keep the promises of faith and good-will made to us when I and my little ones gave up our husband and father to the great trial? I do not see how Mr. Osmond can look you in the face and tell you the verdict."

"It is not Osmond's fault, Nancy. It is the law of the State, by which the town is bound."

"Then that avenue is shut to us?"

"Yes, I think I would starve first!—But, for you, my wife—and for our children,—I cannot see you suffer. The shame—the brand—will be mine—not yours."

"Never! never?" cried the wife. "While we have life I will hope. The end is not yet. We can pray to God for strength."

And she sank down upon her knees, and buried her face in her husband's lap. And she prayed. And in the midst of her prayer she heard a heavy foot-fall in the entry—and she heard the opening of a door behind her, and upon arising she beheld a stranger who had entered unbidden and unannounced.

Half an hour earlier a man of middle age, tall and strong, with full, dark beard slightly mixed with silver, and with a limp in his gait, had alighted from a carriage and entered the bar room of the little village inn, and had there inquired for Allen Farewell, and the landlord had told him of the present sufferings of the poor man, and he had asked the gentleman,—

"Do you know him, sir?"

"I think I knew him once. Was he in the army?"

"Yes, sir. He was through the whole of it."

"Aye," continued the stranger, "I knew him well. He was one of the bravest of the brave; and he once saved my life. At Antietam my regiment held an exposed position under a charge of the enemy. I was shot down with a ball through my thigh. Our men were forced to retreat. The enemy were pouring down with a triumphant yell. Allan Farewell saw me where I lay, unable to rise. He rushed forward and caught me up. I bade him leave me and save himself; but he would not. In his strong arms he bore me from before the foe. The bullets flew around us like hail, but he did not falter. With prompt and cool decision he found a cover, and finally landed me safely under the care of our own surgeons. Surely I owe that man something. Will you direct me to his abode?"

And this was the man who now stood in the humble cot, and whom Nancy Farewell beheld upon arising from her prayerful kneeling.

"Farewell!" said the visitor advancing a step.

The sick man looked up, and presently his worn face gleamed.

"Colonel Douglas!" he cried. He fairly started to his feet, but the effort was too much for him, and he sank back with a sharp gasp of pain.

"Aye, my brave old comrade," returned the new comer, bending over the chair and taking both the invalid's hands. "It is your old Colonel. I have been looking for you. Cheer up, my boy. You bore me once through a great peril, from death to life. Let me now bear you—if not from death to life, at least from darkness to light.

"Nancy!" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak, the tears coursing down his sunken cheeks, "it is my old Colonel. God bless him!"

The prayer was answered, and the light had come. From his ample means Colonel Douglas rendered a generous due to the brave soldier, and did not leave him until the darkness was all gone and the light had come sure and lasting.

When Nancy Farewell had told to me her story, she added, with strong emphasis.

"It seems to me that our laws are hardly just. Many a poor man, true hearted and brave, though not crippled in body, has yet come to want through his absence from home and business in the war. Would it be asking too much of our law-makers to so amend the statutes that towns may be their own judges in this matter? and if they have within their limits either soldiers who fought honorably in the war, or the widows and orphans of such, reduced to want, that they may be allowed to extend Christian and fraternal help to such waifs of the Grand Old Army without branding them at the same time as paupers? Would it not be right and just?"

From my heart I answered her.—

"RIGHT AND JUST!"

Origin of Tinted Paper.

More novelties are the results of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of Blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. William East, an English paper maker once upon a time set his men to work, and went away on business. While the men were at dinner, Mrs. East accidentally let a blue bag-fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a whole vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it warehouse room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London, to be sold "for what it would fetch." "For what it would fetch!" said the agent, not understanding the meaning; "well, it certainly is a novelty, but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerable advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much more as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr. East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novel tint, until the demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers, discovering the means used, competed with him.

Tillotson very justly says that shame is a great restraint upon the sinners at first; but that soon falls off, and when they have once lost their innocence, their modesty is not likely to be long troublesome to them.

Occasional.

Happy friends, I am to greet you
Once more upon this earthly plain,
I have crossed the dark mystic river,
And your loss is but my gain.
Angels are my teachers now,
And it was my prayer to come,
For Oh, how could I be happy,
While thou wast weeping at home.

Mother, dost thou not sometimes deem me
Standing closely by thy side,
Leaning fondly upon thy shoulder,
As I did before I died?
Little Benny, how I loved you,
And your golden locks to twirl,
But I was called and had to leave you,
To the happier spirit world.

Ten kindred spirits in one band,
Adorned in robes of spotless white,
Chanting notes of heavenly music,
With angels pure and spirits bright.
Listen gently to our whispers,
Father, mother, we will come,
And weave a wreath of immortal roses,
Around thy desolate home.

GRANVILLE, May 16th, 1872.

Notes of a Trip to the Pacific Coast.

FROM SALT LAKE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.

My last letter left us at Salt Lake, after having hurriedly done the "Saints" and their city. A ride through the green valley, overlooked by the snow capped mountains, on Monday afternoon, May 6, gave us another opportunity to see the thrift and thoroughness of Mormon *husbandry*, which is their strongest hold.

We embarked on the cars of the Central Pacific at 5.20 p. m., finding most comfortable quarters in the Silver Palace cars of the railroad. Pullman does not extend his sceptre beyond Ogden, the Central Pacific finding its own sleeping cars, which are not practically different from Pullman's.

The Union Pacific train came through on time, with an observation car attached, from which the passengers had been able to see the beauties of Echo and Weber Canons, the latter of which we had missed, but we hope to make it up going home.

There are some curious things resulting from our journey towards sunset. For instance, the Union Pacific train reaches Ogden at 5.30; makes a stop of about an hour in Ogden, and the Central Pacific train starts West at 5.20—which seems to make the halt ten minutes less than no time. The Union Pacific runs by Laramie time, west of Cheyenne, and the Central by San Francisco time. To keep up with the time by which we travel we are obliged to set our watches back almost as regularly as Capt. Cuttle set his forward.

The night set in rainy, and a thick rain storm is not a very bad thing in this country when one is well housed. A rain of pitchforks would add something of cheerfulness to the arid alkali plains over which we journeyed. We have become accustomed to the motion of the cars, and now only "make one nap" of the night's sleep, as Sancho Panza says. When I get home again I shall sing "Rock me to sleep, mother," and expect to be humored to that extent for a time. I can realize the feelings of the boy who went to sea a week, and then couldn't sleep without having somebody splashing water against his bedstead. We had rain, snow and hail by turns during the evening and the next day. For a dry climate it is doing very well.

There must be a Jonah in our party, and if there was not such a hard chance for whales here we would cast lots and throw him out. I suspected should be the victim myself; but as for fish, we have not seen anything larger than a sardine, and those were tame ones. When we woke up the next morning we seemed to be going in the opposite direction from that which we were going when we went to bed. The road is so crooked, and I am so apt to get 'turned round.' I was not at all sure about it, and tried to make myself think we were still moving towards the Pacific. When I was a boy I once went in swimming without leave, and came home with my shirt wrong side out. It seemed to be a regular fatality on such occasions. My mother interviewed me on the subject, and asked me how it happened. I was unable to make any other explanation except that I had been turning somersaults. Suffice it to say that the explanation—though I flatter myself it was rather ingenious—was not wholly satisfactory. Let us draw a curtain over the painful scene. I never realized until then how *smart* a boy I was—or how well *red* for one so young and fair. But to go back—I was speaking about going back. It was no delusion. The Central Pacific was backing us up. A freight train had been wrecked on the track, and we were going back to make a switch and get assistance. When we got under way again we were eight hours behind time, and mighty slow time at that. This was so much better than getting smashed up that we did not grumble, but it caused a disarrangement of our connection with the eating stations, and those who were not provided with lunch baskets had nothing but alkali plain for breakfast. We had restocked our lunch basket among the Saints—one of whom had a gift of (boiled) tongue—and finding a ranchman who made coffee for us, we fared sumptuously. We took our coffee black; there was not a cow within thirty-four miles of the station where we got our coffee, and we could not wait for the cows to come home.

After the detention we went on merrily, making breakfast and dinner out of our lunch baskets. We saw our first Indians of any account—and they were not of much account—at Toano, about two hundred miles west of Ogden. At this little station on the alkali plains we had the pleasure of seeing America, Europe, Asia and Africa represented in a slab grocery. The Chinese are employed as section men on the Central Pacific, and swarm like bees. The porter of our sleeping car was the distinguished representative of Africa on this occasion. It was quite evident that he did not consider his race very low down in the scale of humanity. Below him he recognized "Lo the poor Indian," and Wang Lo, the Chinaman, and that was low enough. But we can learn something from the most degraded people, if we have receptive minds. An Indian woman here gave us some ideas about carrying a baby, which we have never invented for ourselves, though we rejoice that we have babies to carry. This little Indian had a case in which he was very comfortably done up. The case was made of basket stuff, with a soft lining, and it was carried against the mother's back, being held in position by a strap passing over her forehead. The young brave was thus in an upright position, looking in the contrary direct on from his mother. By an ingenious contrivance the duties of the nursery were lightened, and the little fellow seemed as happy and contented as could be expected of a scion of a decaying race. He was as brown as a nut, and had four teeth, and smiled back upon us with a smile that was child like and bland. Only his face was exposed, and that could be covered at need by a small flannel curtain which depended from a willow portico that served as a shade. It is not customary in this country to give the Indians any quarter, but I had another pappoose of about the same size in my mind, and could not refrain from giving the squaw a quarter on account of the baby.

We finally struck an eating station, Carlin, 300 miles west of Ogden, about 5 p. m., and a very good one too. I am afraid the proprietor of the hotel did not make much out of that day's patronage. Many of the passengers took three 'square meals' in thirty minutes.

Before we went to sleep that night we had an hour of splendid scenery in Humboldt Canon, where the Humboldt river finds a course between beetling "palisades" from five to fifteen hundred feet high not quite equal to Echo Canon, perhaps, but very grand still. The next morning we had crossed the desert and arrived at Truckee valley, through which the Truckee river runs east here, we come to where it flows swiftly between high hills covered with heavy, but sparsely growing pine timber. Here it was that the Maine lumberman took courage after crossing the weary plains in the caravan days, and thanked God that he "smelt pitch" once more. We get accustomed to the entire absence of trees in the landscape, seeing them only at Salt Lake, from the Missouri river to the Truckee, and the stalwart pine never looked so good to us before.

As we passed up the Truckee valley we were rapidly increasing our altitude, and soon we began to make magnificent sweeps around deep gorges in the mountains, frequently seeing the track over which we had come parallel with us at a lower elevation, or that over which we were to go parallel with us at a higher. It is astonishing to see how many "horse-shoes" have been made here with railroad iron. Snow sheds became frequent at this point, and the ground was covered with snow by the side of the road. As we wound around the gorges and up the mountain side a break in the snow sheds revealed to us a lovely picture of Dormer Lake, far below the snow-clad hills we were encompassing. We passed out of sight of it in our windings, but came to it again and again, each time looking down upon it from a higher altitude, until we left it behind us, and passing through interminable snow-sheds and an occasional tunnel, stopped for breakfast at the summit.

The summit—what we saw of it—was covered by a huge snow-shed, which is here spread out wide enough to cover a side track and a large area extending from the road to the hotel. The hotel is a very good one, and our breakfast was all that could be desired. The snow banks were drifted about us from eight to fifteen feet on this 8th day of May. We had increased our altitude from 3200 to over 7000 feet in the last hundred miles, and were now at the highest point of the pass over the Sierra Nevadas. The pass of the Rocky Mountains, at Sherman, on the Union Pacific, is twelve hundred feet higher, but we reach the highest altitude there more gradually and feel it much less in the weather. The descent on the Pacific side is still more rapid. In less than one hundred miles to Junction—where the Oregon Railroad branches out for the north—we run down from 7017 feet to less than two hundred. Leaving the summit we run through some twenty miles more of snow-sheds, with only occasional gaps, through which we catch glimpses of magnificent gorges, in which the tributaries of the Sacramento river are leaping downward toward the sea. We pass Cascade, Tamarack, Casco, Emigrant Gap, make another horseshoe to get round the Blue Canon, where we see the first signs of placer or hydraulic mining, and then travel for miles through a region which has all been dug over, and excavated from one to fifty feet deep in the search for gold. Work enough has been done here to grade a railroad from Boston to San Francisco. Smart mining towns are perched here on the mountains, from four to six thousand feet above the sea level. Colfax being one of the most thrifty on the line of the road, when we get a little farther down, though there are much larger places off the line "You Bet" and "Red Dog," mining towns, are names redolent of the old days of the placer mining mania. Cape Horn is the most celebrated point of scenery on the route. Here the railroad winds around the face of a mountain on a road bed which is a mere furrow. On one side we look down two or three thousand feet into a lovely valley through which American rivers runs, and on the other side the mountain runs up a thousand feet more. We found the view we got of the great American Canon, some miles before reaching Cape Horn, quite as striking, though it is not so famous. To appreciate Cape Horn one should be in the valley, and see the train winding along the face of the mountain.

The ditches and flumes which convey water over all this mining region form the most interesting feature in the landscape. The miners have tapped the streams far up towards their sources in the mountains, and brought the water in ditches along the hillsides to be used wherever wanted. There must be hundreds of miles of these artificial streams, generally about three feet wide and from six inches to a foot deep, with a sufficient decline to make them run swiftly. Occasionally a flume crosses above the railroad, and sometimes a culvert conveys the water under it. In hydraulic mining, streams of water are played through hose on the auriferous banks, and then conducted away through flumes which are arranged to retain the gold particles. The streams lower down are yellow with the soil which they have dug from the banks above. These evidences of the miner's toil surrounded us all through the foot hills of the Sierras until we reach Junction. We had breakfasted among the snow drifts. We dined where the roses are blooming. It was like jumping from February into July. As we sped along through the broad and fertile Sacramento valley, the ground a carpet of the most beautiful flowers, shaded by spreading live-oak trees, like trees in an orchard, with deep green foliage, it seemed as though we had reached fairy land. A month later and this charming green will be succeeded by a dull brown, and the foilage will be covered with a thick coat of dust. There will not be a drop of rain, in all probability, until next November. Grain has got its growth, and will soon be ripening. We passed through wheat fields stretching on both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach, the grain as high as a man's shoulders, and so thick that the side of it looked like a solid wall. Cattle and sheep were grazing up to their eyes in grass, and bouquets of flowers thrown in. Such tall feed would bewilder a New England cow and make her forget to chew her cud. This land bears great crops now. With irrigation it would yield three or four crops a year and think nothing of it.

Sacramento is a fine city, with handsome dwellings, lovely gardens, and a beautiful State House towering over it, but as we shall visit it before returning, I will say nothing more about it at present. As we go down the valley on our way to San Francisco we are struck by the evidences of cultivation, by the countless windmills which dot the fertile plain, and patiently do the pumping for the inhabitants, propelled by the constant winds, and by Mount Diablo, which rises abruptly from the level, sharply defined against the glowing sunset sky. We pass through Stockton, a great market for cattle and grain and the third city in the State, take supper in Lathrop, where we have a free exhibition of a grizzly bear, climb seven hundred and fifty feet and twist through the pass of the Coast Range, ride out two miles into the bay on the pier of the Central Pacific at Oakland, and pass over the other three miles by the famous Goat Island, to the wonderful young city of the Pacific coast, only two hours late, having made up six hours since our detention. By eleven of clock we were safely housed in one of the best hotels on the continent. We had travelled nearly four thousand miles—our course not having been the most direct one—in about eight days actual travelling time, and with less discomfort and fatigue than our forefathers would have experienced in going from Boston to Springfield. Truly, this is a great country, as Mustapha Hub-a-Dub Keli Khan used to say, and we live in a very fast age. SHIFFERS.

Horace Greeley.

The following extract is taken from a speech delivered at a political meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Hon. Wm. E. Robinson, an Irishman, and a graduate of Yale College. He says: "Over thirty years ago, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Horace Greeley. I was connected with the Tribune as assistant editor 10 or 12 years, afterwards I was his lawyer for 15 years. I ought to know him so as to be able to put a proper estimate upon his character.

Some things can be said of Horace Greeley which no libeler even dare question. He is a natural Democratic Republican of the best type. Burns was not a truer Democrat, nor was Jefferson a purer Republican. I venture to say that no man could detect a change in his countenance, whether a Duke asked him for information or an outcast solicited alms. With him, above all men I ever knew, rank and wealth are nothing; manhood is the gold and mind the true nobility. He is the ablest writer and journalist chief among the giant intellects of our day. His life is one of singular purity and simplicity. He never forgets his friends. His word once given, and you can stake your life on its performance, and his monogram, written on his face and in his heart by the Almighty, and inscribed by himself, on every step of his career from the dawn of early childhood to the noon of honored manhood is honesty. His charity is unbounded. I can convey no idea of this trait of his character. Hour after hour, and daily, I have seen the destitute and heart-broken of both sexes, the unfortunate outcasts and wanderers from all climes and all classes, invade the ever-open door of his charity; and never have I seen any one sent empty away while he had a shilling, or could borrow one. I often looked on with amazement, knowing his antipathy to whiskey and tobacco, as I have seen some poor creature, whom he had known in earlier days, staggering to his desk and asking for relief, which was not denied, even under the certainty that it would be left in the first bar-room. I have seen his hat full of protested notes on which he had lent money, and when, as his lawyer, I have remonstrated with him for taking such paper, he usually replied that any one would lend on good paper. It was those that could not borrow elsewhere, and on paper negotiable nowhere, that complimented him with their business.

He is a singularly pure and modest man. In thirty years of pretty intimate acquaintance, I never heard him use a word that would bring the slightest flutter of crimson to the purest cheek that womanhood ever unvailed to society. I do not believe that he ever told or could be induced to listen to a vulgar story. And this almost superhuman purity of character is perhaps what has made him such a favorite among talented and refined women. For although woman was the cause of our losing Eden, she brought with her more than man did of its purity, and its loss would have been intolerable if Adam had failed to bring her with him.

But there are things in his character about which people differ, or pretend to differ. Even those who concede to him the great virtues I have mentioned pretend to deprecate his election to the Presidency through fear that he lacks sound judgment, executive ability, financial skill, and discr