Middlebury Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
THE REGISTER PRINTING CO.
L. E. KNAPP, JUSTUS CORE, W. J. FULLER.

TERMS:
SUBSCRIPTIONS—In advance, $2,00 per year, and no deductions.
ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient; one inch one week, $1,00. Each week additional, 25 cts. Business Cards, $5,00 for one half inch per year. Notices in editing columns, 10 cents per line.

Business Cards.

DR. EMMA H. CALLENDER, Weybridge Street, MIDDLEBURY, VT. Office hours, 2 to 4 P. M. 12;3m

E. P. RUSSEL, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at the residence of the late Dr. W. P. Russel. Office hours 9 A. M. till 4 P. M. 6 P. M. till 8 P. M., unless professionally engaged. 41

H. C. Powers, Physician and Surgeon, 22;y1 RIPTON VT.

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

H. ROWE, Marble Dealer. Shop half mile East of George Hamilton's. Prepared to do anything in the line will be well to call and see. 16;tf

W. RIDER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. BRISTOL, VT.

H. KINGSLEY, Dentist, UP STAIRS, DAUGETT'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT. Dr. H. Kingsley is Agent for Goodman's Cabinet Pipe Organ, and for Chickering & Sons' Pianos. 42

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

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

W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Middlebury Marble Co. 1tf

W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of Repairing done at the lowest rates. Brewster's Block. 1tu MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. TRIPP Sheriff for Addison County. Office in Stewart's Block. 42tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

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

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

ASON DAVENPORT, Fire Insurance Agent, representing the companies tately represented by E. L. Cook, Esq. Also the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Office at Battelle & Slade's Hardware store. 49

R. SAVRE, Dealer in Household Furniture, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, Lard, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Oil, Tobacco, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter at my store any day in the week. 19tf MIDDLEBURY, VT.

S. PUTNAM would inform the citizens of Middlebury and Addison County that the Middlebury Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and batting of superior quality, at the lowest cash prices. Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 30tf

DR. H. TURRILL is fully prepared to execute all work upon the Natural Teeth, or in the various styles of Artificial Work "with all the modern improvements," in a superior manner and at reasonable prices. Extracting free of charge, when teeth are inserted on a plate. Ether or Gas administered when desired. Office hours, 9 to 12, a. m., and 1 to 5, p. m. 52;1tf Middlebury, Vt.

MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on hand all the latest and most approved patterns. Work executed with satisfaction and despatch. Also sole Agent for the Grover and Baker Elastic and Lock Stitch Sewing Machine. Middlebury, Vt. 51;6m

THE MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.
ORGANIZED IN 1842.
F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.
Assets, 58 Millions Cash.
NO NOTES.
THE OLDEST IN THE U. S.
LARGEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

Cheapest because expenses are far lower than any other company, and dividends, which are paid annually in cash, are much larger than any other company. Insurance is the best test for a sure you lives while in health to this grand old company, the largest and strongest mutual corporation in the United States.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York is the best possible kind of Savings Institution for those in health. If the insured die soon after paying a few dollars in premiums, thousands of dollars are at once secured. If he lives many years, it is a good investment in this Company, each are its large dividends, as will be seen by the following illustration: Policy No. 11,470, for $3,000, dated April 22, 1855, on the life of the late Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

Eighteen annual premiums of $203.01 were paid, making in all $3,274 72
The dividend additions to this policy amount to 6,108 57
Which is $2833.85 more than all the premiums paid.
The original amount insured $3,000 00
Has been increased by dividends 6,108 57
Present amount of policy, $9,108 57
Which is $5,833 85 more than all premiums paid.
The premiums on this policy, at 6 per cent compound interest, amount to only 3,599 99
Leaving a profit, over and above premiums and compound interest thereon, of $5,508 58
Another dividend, from April 22, 1872, to date of Mr. Greeley's death, will be paid.
Call with Judge of Probate, in the Brick Block, near the Court House.
M. A. MUNROE, Agent.
Middlebury, March 1, 1873. 26;tf

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE

Work on this New Street
IS BEING FORWARD.
Over 100 Posts Set
LAST FEW DAYS
SEVERAL LOTS
ALREADY PURCHASED.
Others in Negotiation!
The Popularity of
BUILDING LOTS
On this Avenue is universally admitted. 10

The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXVIII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JUNE 17, 1873. NO. 13.

Recommended.

'And so you are going to answer that absurd letter?'

'Of course I am going to answer it. Do you think I would throw away so rare a chance for fun in the first water? Recommended! Ha! ha! that is glorious! Now for a young lady of twenty-five, not killingly handsome, I think my chances are looking up, don't you?'

'I wish my chances were half as good,' said Lina with a slight pique.

The fact is, Lina was a little jealous of her friend—as was consistent with sworn friendship—on account of one Ralph Chester.

'But Amelia, you must not do this. The gentleman—foolish as his action is—is evidently in earnest, and you might excite hopes in him that you never meant to fulfill. Besides, it is dangerous; you will commit yourself, and—'

'Pshaw! what a timorous creature you are, Lina. It's fun, I tell you. And, oh, now I think of it, I am to send my photograph in response to this;' taking up the 'false presentiment' of a fine looking gentleman of about thirty years of age.

'Let me see that, Amelia,' said Lina eagerly. 'You didn't tell about that.'

'Didn't I? Well, here it is. Not a bad looking face after all. More character in it than I should have given him credit for—judging by his imbecile act of seeking a wife solely upon the recommendation of another.'

'Upon my word, Amelia, he's a splendid fellow. Not exactly handsome—but—what fine, earnest eyes! and what a mouth—so firm and yet so gentle in its expression! Were it not for Ralph, I should really expect to fall in love with him myself. I am almost inclined to take him off your hands.'

'Capital, Lina, capital? I have it!' exclaimed Amelia, clapping the prettiest imaginable pair of hands. 'You shall send him your photograph, and I will answer his letter—and thus puzzle his consciousness by making two impressions instead of one. What a lark it will be.' And her merry blue eyes fairly danced with delight at the thought.

'And what will Ralph Chester say? asked Lina demurely, yet with the faintest shadow of blush on her face.

Amelia regarded her quizzically for a moment, and then answered, 'Oh I shall tell Ralph you know. He will enjoy the joke as much as you or I. The only fear I have is, that you may fall in love with this paragon, yourself.'

'Well, and why shouldn't I?' asked Lina.

'Why, indeed—of course!' said Amelia with a slight tinge of raillery in her tone.

Frederick Upton was a physician, who having taken his degree at twenty-five, had ever since been established in the thriving town of Auburn, and by dint of fine talents and solid acquirements in his profession, had been steadily rising in public estimation ever since his outset. Dignified and gentle in his manner, yet cheerful withal, he was a favorite everywhere; and the only bar to his complete success as a physician was that he was a bachelor. There is a great prejudice in the minds of many against employing an unmarried physician.

Now, Dr. Upton had many lady friends any of whom would have been only too happy to help him in his search after this great desideratum; some of them, indeed would no doubt have been willing to sacrifice themselves to him on the strength of their good wishes in his behalf. But his time was so much occupied with his profession, that he really could not visit people except in the exercise of that profession. So that when Mrs. Smith invited her pretty niece, Aurora, to visit her house for the express purpose of making her acquaintance with the doctor, and when Mrs. Brown sent for her own daughter prematurely from boarding school, for the same charitable purpose, the fates arranged it that both the Smiths and Browns should be so remarkably healthy that there was no occasion for the doctor's visits, and so both plans, like the demonstrations of Euclid's fifth proposition, fell through. And when the blooming widow Mrs. Vance, suddenly left off her mourning, and came to church in a perfect love of a hat, with her flaxen ringlets flowing temptingly about her piquant face, she was much disappointed to find that Dr. Upton's pew was empty, in consequence of his having been called that morning to a very urgent case.

Now, Dr. Upton had one friend, Mrs. Grant, on whose sound judgment he was in the habit of relying. This lady said to him one day:

'Fred, I am not generally in favor of recommending marriages; but to one situated as you are, I think the experiment allowable, especially as I have thought of a lady in every way calculated to make you a pearl of a wife, if you can persuade her to accept the situation. In addition to other charms and virtues, she is the daughter of a well to do lawyer, who one day come into possession of a pretty competency that will not be unwelcome. What do you say, now, of writing her a letter, inclosing your photograph, and proposing a correspondence with a view to acquaintance, and, perhaps—future matrimony—not mentioning my name, of course, as proposer of the scheme?'

'It seems indelicate, Mrs. Grant, with all apology to you for the remark. I have to much respect for the sacredness of marriage to—'

'To enter into it as a matter of expediency, you would say. My dear Fred, I don't ask you to do that. I would not for the world have you marry a woman if you did not love her. But since I believe your heart to be disengaged, I really believe that an acquaintance with Amelia Fanshaw would ripen into love. She is really so lovely, that I am only able to account for her single blessedness on the ground of her extreme fastidiousness.'

'Fastidious, is she? Then I suspect my chances would be poor,' said Upton, with a grimace.

'Of course I can't admit that doubt, knowing you so well,' was Mrs. Grant's flattering reply.

'I declare, Mrs. Grant, I wish you was twenty years younger,' said Upton, gracefully. 'I shouldn't have to look far for a wife then,' and he gallantly kissed the cheek of the handsome old lady whose widow's cap had not lost an iota of its severity in all the years she had worn it.

'You will scarcely find a more appreciative wife, my dear Fred,' said she with a gratified blush. 'But now to return to Amelia. I have set my heart on this match, because I love you both as if you were my own children, and because I really believe you would make each other happy.'

'Well, my dear friend,' said the doctor, after he had sat for a few moments in reflection, with it, it must be confessed a rather quizzical expression on his handsome face, 'I would not take anybody's advice but yours in such a matter, I assure you. But if you really and seriously recommend it—'

'I do in all truth and soberness,' was her answer.

'Then I will write.' And the reader knows how the letter was received. Two days after its receipt by Amelia Mrs. Grant received the following letter from her:

A——, September 24th.

MY DEAR MRS. GRANT.—I have just been favored with a very curious letter, a copy of which I endorse for your perusal. Somehow I cannot help connecting you in my mind with this most singular proceeding of Dr. Upton's—in fact I have no other friend in Auburn that I could forgive for conspiring in a plot to interfere with my future independence. Of course I must regard the whole matter as a joke—and to carry it out to perfection, I have endorsed Lina Edward's photograph in my answer to his letter. Please do not undeceive him—let him continue to imagine the picture mine; then, if he should happen to fall in love both with my letters and Lina's picture, we shall be able to verify the fact that a man's heart has one of the common properties of matter—divisibility. Yours affectionately,

AMELIA FANSHAW.

'I don't like slang, as a general thing,' said Mrs. Grant, to herself, as she folded this note, after reading it; 'but the most expressive thing I can say now is, that I have decidedly 'put my foot in it' this time. Well, the only thing that remains for me to do is to keep my mouth closed and let matters take what course they will.'

'I have received the lady's answer, Mrs. Grant,' said Upton with a smile as he seated himself that afternoon on her tete-a-tete.

'Well, and what does she say?' asked the old lady demurely, as she picked up some stitches she had dropped in her knitting.

'Oh, her answer is very nice and lady-like, indeed—exquisitely worded in fact. She has handled the extremely peculiar circumstances as few ladies would have done, I admire her epistolary gifts extremely.'

'And how about her face? Hasn't she sent you her photograph?'

'Yes—but I was going to reserve my judgment on that. The fact is, my first impressions of the face are unsatisfactory. There is an incongruity between it and the letter which puzzles me.'

'Not so obstruse as the imagine,' thought Mrs. Grant. But she merely remarked: 'Faces cannot always be understood at the first reading.'

'That is very true. But some faces are harder to read than others. I should imagine for instance, from the letter, that Miss Fanshaw is a sort of a Beatrice; and from the face that she is a Hero. Now a Hero would make too tame and sentimental a wife to suit me. I never could love a woman however amiable she might be if she had no sense of humor. And the face depicted here lacks the virtue of that I am surprised that you have never noticed this yourself, observant as you are.'

Of course he misunderstood the smile that played around Mrs. Grant's features at this remark. 'You think I am hypocritical,' said he, 'I know. But I assure you that I am altogether anxious to be pleased with Miss Fanshaw.'

'Ah, well,' said Mrs Grant, 'I think you will be pleased with her; photographs are often deceitful.' The good old lady had been revolving in her mind a plan which she resolved to carry out

Accordingly, about two weeks afterwards she sent for Dr. Upton professionally. There was a young lady at her house, she said—one Miss Lina Edwards—who was suffering from a severe headache. She had arrived from the city only the day before, and having a short time to stay in the village, was anxious to be as well as possible, so as not to lose her anticipated pleasure in her visit.

When the doctor called, in the course of the morning, he was ushered up stairs to the best room, and introduced to his patient. She sat in an easy chair with a handkerchief tied round her head, which pushed the wavy red gold of her hair away from the most attractive face, Dr. Upton thought he had ever seen. A white brow with a pair of the sauciest blue eyes beneath it, rather nearer together than the strict laws of beauty admitted, but just near enough to make her face all the more piquant; a nose that the fates had undertaken to make *retrousse*, but for beauty's sake had come short of it; a mouth, the rosy roundness of which harmonized exquisitely with its extreme firmness. And when she spoke, the soft gaiety of her tone and the merry flow of her conversation, quite completed the capture of Dr. Upton's fancy. 'I think your headache will soon be relieved,' he said, as he took his hat to say good morning; 'it is a slight neuralgic attack, and will easily yield to medicine. But I will call in again to-morrow.'

Miss Lina Edwards' behavior, on his leaving the room, was rather odd for a patient. She tore the handkerchief from her pretty brows, and tossing her abundant 'tawny' curls into shape and laughed a little mocking laugh, in which there was the slightest suspician of sadness.

'Oh, Mrs. Graat, what a farce!' she said, with two little tears of vexation gathering in her eyes.

'But isn't he handsome, Lina?' asked Mrs. Grant mischievously. 'And don't you like him ever so much?'

Lina's blue eyes flashed, as though she would have made some saucy answer but the gathering tears soon quenched the fire in them, and she hid her face in her hands sobbing.

'Oh! Mrs. Grant, what an indelicate thing for me to do! What will he think of me when he finds it out?'

'Leave that to me, my dear,' said Mrs. Grant. 'I will take all the responsibility.' Of course Miss Edwards' headache was a great deal better the next morning; but strange to say, Dr. Upton found it very necessary to call every morning for a week afterward. The last time he called Miss Edwards was out and Mrs. Grant received him alone.

'Well,' said she, after ordinary topics had been discussed, what do you think of our Lina?'

'It is precisely about Lina that I wish to speak,' said Dr. Upton, his lip trembling a little. 'I want to tell you frankly that, after having seen her I am quite sure that in Miss Fanshaw's case love will be impossible. Now what am I to do? Miss Fanshaw has every reason to believe me earnest, and in good faith has answered my letters. It is very awkward for me to have to break off with her, and looks very dishonorable; but conscience will not allow me to do otherwise. For to tell you the truth, Mrs. Grant, I do most decidedly love Miss Edwards. Now, what am I to do? You are my best adviser.

'I have not proved so, it seems, in this case,' said Mrs. Grant. 'But it seems to me, the straightforward way is the only honorable way. If you love Lina Edwards tell her so; and if she loves you, marry her—she is well worthy of you. As for Amelia Fanshaw, I can answer for her. She is a girl of good sense and fine feeling, not one to allow herself to fall in love with a man she has never seen. In fact, I'm sure she is generous enough to be delighted with the choice you have made.'

'I wonder,' said Mrs. Grant to herself, after he had left, 'what he will think of my straightforwardness, when he comes to know the part I have taken in deceiving him?'

A day or two afterward, Dr. Upton was driving along a country road leading to the village, on his return from a visit to a neighboring farmhouse. He was driving slowly, and reflecting on the dubious position of affairs. Did Lina love him? was the question uppermost in his thought. He could not expect her to love him on so short an acquaintance, though he needed no more time to make up his mind to his loving her. He wished he dare muster courage to ask her the question. Just as he came to that wish for the hundredth time, he heard a door shut, and looking up, beheld the object of his thoughts coming out of Square Tuthill's house.

'Good morning, Miss Edwards.'

'Oh, good morning, doctor,' said she with a blush of recognition, 'I have just been calling on Mrs. Tuthill.'

'A long walk for you'

'It is only two miles, I believe.—Just long enough for pleasant exercise this fine day.'

'The Fates have sent me along just in time to drive you home tho',' said he, alighting from his carriage. 'Allow me to help you to your seat.'

'Oh, thank you! It will be charming to drive back.' And with a bound she gained her place and he seated himself by her side.

It was very awkward. It always is awkward when two people are left by themselves, who have something very particular on their minds that remains unsaid, to undertake to say naturally the common words of courtesy. So they were both silent. After a while however, Dr. Upton, as if ashamed of his pusilanimity, cleared his throat for speech.

'Miss Edwards,' said he, 'I have changed my previous opinions about love.'

'How so?'

'I used to think it a plant of slow growth, but find I was wrong. Experience is the best of teachers. I love you.'

'On the contrary you ought to despise me.'

He looked at her in amazement.—Her head was bent down; blushes covered her face, and tears were starting from her eyes.

He took her handkerchief and tenderly wiped them away. 'What do you mean, Lina?' he asked.

'That I am not Lina at all, and that I have burnt my own fingers with the fire that I have been playing with,' said she with a burst of mortification. 'I am Amelia Fanshaw. There, now let me get out of the carriage and walk home.'

'And whose photograph was that you sent me, then?' he asked, as if unable to take in the idea completely.

'It was Lina Edwards! You see at first we took your letters as a joke, and sent her picture inclosed in my letter, just to confuse you. If you want Lina Edwards I'm sorry to say you can't have her, for she received a proposal from one Ralph Chester just before I came away and accepted it. Do please let me get out.'

Dr. Upton's face cleared up rapidly, as Amelia went on with her explanation. When she came to the final plea he burst into merry laughter.

'Let you get out? No indeed. Do you suppose you are to go unpunished for playing such tricks on a poor helpless doctor? You are my prisoner now. Get up, Lightfoot?'—and he gaily touched the horse with the end of the lash to accelerate his speed.

He drove like a whirlwind for a while, seeming to enjoy the sensation of feeling her tremble at his side.—Finally he slackened up as they neared the village, and bending his face down toward her, like one not to be contradicted, he said,

'Now, Amelia, before we meet any one else—while none but God is our witness—tell me that you love me.'

'I do,' she said quite simply.

And so they rode into Auburn together, just as they were destined to ride as Dr. and Mrs Upton.

A Washington special says: Gen. Spinner's back-pay conscience fund increases very slowly. One of the latest additions was a contribution from ex-Congressman Halsey of New Jersey. Mr. Halsey is one of the few retiring Congressmen who has actually covered his back-pay into the Treasury. His letter to Mr. Ordway sets forth the law and rules of the House, showing that the money must be drawn by the officers of the House, and that if not now accepted by a member it can be taken by him at any future time, and that the only way to put it beyond his reach is to cover it by a warrant into the Treasury. All of the officers interested now positively decline to furnish the names of those who have merely declined to take their money and those who have covered it into the Treasury. From all the information obtainable it is safe to assume that about half a dozen of those whose names are circulating about the country as having returned their back-pay having merely declined to it, and still forms a portion of their assets.

Prince Edward's Island is to be committed into the Canadian Confederation on the first of July.

The First Daily Newspaper.

One hundred and seventy-one years ago, on the 11th day of March, 1702, the first number of the first daily newspaper in the English language was published in London. Its appearance was not heralded by advertisement, for, besides the two or three weekly journals then published, and which were wholly devoted to politics and court matters, there was nothing in which to advertise. The proposed publication of the *Courant*—for such the new venture was to be called—was not looked upon with a high degree of favor by the monopolists of the London newspaper field, who affected to regard it with supreme contempt, and spoke of it only as "the pitiful Project of a poor Printer," all the added weight that could be conveyed by a liberal use of italics and exclamation-points. But the publisher was a shrewd fellow, and saw that this display of spite would act as an irritant upon public curiosity, and, judging by what a sharp newspaper-man would do nowadays, he went home, ordered his pressman to "put on two more quires," and awaited the result.

When the *Courant* did appear, upon the above-mentioned date, it was a curiosity. It was about the size of half a sheet of foolscap-paper, printed only upon one side, containing neither editorials, locals, court news, political matter, advertisements, nor English intelligence of any kind whatever. This last omission was the more singular, not to say significant, when the reader will remember that, upon that very date, the 11th of March, Queen Anne went to the House of Peers to deliver her first speech from the throne, King William III. having died upon the 8th, three days before. We have said there was no home news in the first issue of the *Courant*. The assertion was too sweeping. In one corner there are seven lines, four of which relate to the funeral of the deceased king, and three are devoted to the condition of the English army in Flanders; for war at that time, was raging between England and France. The remainder of the contents consisted entirely of quotations from foreign papers, with the exception of half a column in reference to its future prospects and plans. "This *Courant*," says the publisher, "as the Title shows, will be published daily, being designed to give all the Material News as soon as every Post arrives, and is confined to half the Compass to save the Publick at least half the Impertinence of ordinary Newspapers."

Six weeks after the first issue the publisher announced in his largest type that the project had been "so Successful, that hereafter both Sides will be printed." The appearance of over a column of advertisements in the same number is a sufficient indorsement of the statement, and from that time the *Courant* increased in prosperity. Every newspaper has its leading feature, and that claimed by the *Courant* was foreign intelligence. Three months after its first appearance the following notice found a conspicuous place in its columns, which leads to the belief that newspaper publishers were much the same in those days as now as regards the dishing-up of news from abroad: "It will be found from the Foreign prints which, from Time to Time, as Occasion offers, will be mentioned in this Paper, that the Author has taken Care to be duly furnished with All that comes from Abroad in any Language. And for an Assurance that he will not, under Pretence of having Private Intelligence, impose any Addition of feign'd Circumstances to an Action, but give his Extracts fairly and impartially, at the Beginning of each Article he will quote the Foreign Paper from whence 'tis taken, that the Public, seeing from what Country a Piece of News comes, with the allowance of that Government, may be better able to judge of the Credibility and Fairness of the Relation. Nor will he take upon him to give any Comments or Confectures of his own, but will relate only Matter of Fact, supposing other People to have Sense enough to make Reflections for Themselves."

Had we any intention of glorifying the modern daily newspapers at the expense of the *Courant*, we might stop here to draw a very striking comparison between the merits of the two. But that was no part of our original plan, and we leave it for those who have nothing else to do. As we have said, and as is claimed in the above quotations, the strong point of the *Courant* was its foreign intelligence. Clipper-ships, ocean-steamers, and submarine-cables, were alike unknown in those days, and the publisher was obliged to depend upon the uncertain movements of transatlantic shipping, so that the news from America was sometimes two, three, and occasionally even four months old. Even the news from across the Channel was often two and three weeks old. But then this intelligence, stale as it was, was undoubtedly read with as keen an appetite, and discussed with as much earnestness, as if it had come hot from the wires an hour before. A fire might occur in New York, and the destroyed buildings be replaced, by the time the intelligence would reach London; or a colonial official in Boston might die, and his widow be spending her honeymoon with her second, before the news of the first event would be published in the columns of the *Courant*. But the preservative power of time did not allow anything in the news line to lose its savor, and these mouldy scraps, with others gathered from various parts of the world, were served up, day after day, to the public, with great seeming acceptance. Every afternoon the same stream of purchasers flowed into the narrow, dingy street of publication—left its innumerable pennies, and bore away its innumerable copies through the fog and smoke of London. At last there came a day, as there comes a day to us all, when the founder and publisher of the first daily paper in the English tongue, having achieved his work, shut his eyes upon the world, and went out of it. That work, looked at across the hundred and seventy years that have elapsed since its accomplishment, seems, poor enough; but, poor as it was, imperfect as it was, absurd as it was, it was the first placing of the lever, which to day moves the world.

CHARLES E. HURD.

In Appleton's Journal.

"Arthur," said a good-natured father, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you, pa?" replied hopeful, "I knew it at the time."

[From the New York Journal of Commerce]

Philosphy of the Tornado.

Some people who have never seen a tornado at work, or visited places it has made desolate, may suspect the Iowa reporters of exaggeration. But there is no exhibition of power incredible in a full-blowing tornado. Its general movement is a hundred miles an hour, and its rotary motion one of unestimated rapidity. The atmosphere, itself a material and ponderable substance, is compressed in the whirl and dashed against all objects with the force of a thousand battering rams. An explosion of gunpowder is merely the release of pent-up gases, themselves of great tenuity, but producing the known results by the speed of their initial motion. Water, a soft, yielding body in its quiescent state, is capable of lifting up stones hundreds of tons in weight and hurling them high upon the beach. In all these cases the force of the first impact supplies the want of solidity in the materials which do the mischief; as is again illustrated by the familiar experiment of shooting a tallow candle through a board. *A priori*, there is nothing in the least surprising in the accounts received of the Iowa whirlwind. It could tear up trees and blow down the strongest houses and bear human beings, cattle, hogs, sheep, and everything else in its path, through the air for a quarter or half a mile or any other distance. Some of the most extraordinary of the statements made prove themselves, as where it is said that large trees were driven deep into the ground at long distance from where they were uprooted. This is precisely what the tornado might be expected to do with trees. Thrown by the mighty hands of the wind, they would be only javelins or arrows, of which the trunk would represent the shaft and the top the feathered part. It is said that old stumps over which the cyclone swept were, in some instances, cut off, fresh and smooth, as by a circular saw; this would be in conformity with a well-known law of tornadoes, which, when passing over level surfaces, do not quite touch the ground, but expend all their force within a few feet of it. The inconceivably rapid whirl of the air would operate exactly like a saw upon the surface, when it comes to a house, or a forest, or a hillock, or any large-sized object which obstructs its way, then its power seems to be exerted downward; then it strikes into the earth and roots up everything. One of the Iowa stories speaks of scooping out cellars, stones, human inmates and all, which is not at all improbable. We lack exact information about the width of this tornado's path. Probably it was very narrow, not more than two or three hundred feet, the intensity of the action being proportioned to the concentration at the base. A cyclone in Connecticut many years ago left a devastated path of not over two hundred feet, leveling all objects in its course, and not even breaking the boughs of trees just outside that limit. Its swath was as well defined as a mower's in the hay-field. Many years since, a tornado struck a piece of country near Kearsarge mountain, New Hampshire, and prostrated every giant tree in a belt about three hundred feet wide, finally passing up the side of Kearsarge and breaking its force on the summit. The path of this tornado, straight and clean cut, could be seen for a long time on the mountain's side. It follows from these facts that if one is apprised of the approach of a tornado in season, and notes the direction of the wind that precedes it, he may possibly escape its effects. But it generally sweeps too suddenly upon its prey to permit this. Fortunately, in this country, such cyclones as that of Iowa are among the rarest of phenomena.

Two very remarkable meteorological occurences foreran the Iowa event, and it will be worth the while for scientific persons to see if they were not conditions precedent of that grand climax. One was the wonderful solar halo seen on Monday, the 20th, in this city and vicinity, and we do not know where else. Some authorities speak of this as not uncommon phenomenon; and that is true of some circles which appear about the sun, but this particular one was very marked and striking. The attention of the most careless observer was powerfully attracted to it, and its import wonderingly guessed at. Those halos have been explained on the theory of the presence of small ice-crystals moving in the upper air, and when coming between the spectator and the sun, causing the apparation of the halos by their united refracting power. Their passage through the air in great numbers, so as to produce the phenomenon of a solar halo, indicates, we may suppose, a violent disturbance in the atmosphere and presage storms. The movement begun in this part of the country may, perhaps, have terminated in the frightful cyclone of Iowa. The other prodigy of which we would speak occurred in Iowa, as far back as the 14th instant, or a week before the tornado burst forth. At Des Moines, Iowa, and at other places in the State, the air was filled with electricity, although no storm occurred. For several hours it was impossible to work the telegraph wires; but that was the least astonishing part of the manifestations. On the eastern bound express train on the Rock Island road the track seemed a road of fire under and behind the cars. The light was so vivid as to illuminate the track for some distance in the rear. One observer describes it as a "trailing banner of flames. This, of course, was immediately caused by the friction of the car-wheels, but the atmosphere must have been very highly charged with electricity to permit its exhibition through such a simple agency. Des Moines is only nine miles from the center of the tornado track, and that city herself suffered to some extent from a thunder-storm on the eventful 22d instant. The incidents to which we have referred are separated by time or space from the Iowa tornado, but that is no reason why they should be summarily rejected from the equation. Nature works fast in some things and slow in others. It is a well settled fact that the greatest convulsions of the elements, which come upon us suddenly, as if without warning, are, in fact, slowly prepared, and heralded by minor phenomena for weeks beforehand. This is known to be the law in respect of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes; and we believe it also to be true in relation to tremendous outbursts of atmospheric energy. At present the weather bureau keeps itself to reckoning the probabilities for twenty-four hours in advance; but when it has become more familiar with the now little understood laws of the weather, it may be able to fore-tell the coming of tornadoes like that of Iowa, and to fix, proximately, the scene of their ravages.

A pile of wood, containing over 10,000 cords and belonging to Messrs. Witherbees & Fletcher, of Port Henry, caught fire, Thursday, and burned until late in the afternoon, when it was extinguished. The wood was valued at about $10,000, and the loss is estimated at about $7,000.

A letter from Hot Springs, Ark., tells that Senator Morton is thriving enormously. His peculiar and complicated maladies are gradually relaxing before the life-giving powers of the springs, and he is said to be working for dear life on his forthcoming essay on capital and monopoly.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

The graduating class of Kimball Union Academy at Meriden N. H., numbers twenty-four, of whom seven are women. The Vermont graduates to whom were assigned parts are: John D. Haskell, Julia S. Haskell of Ascutneyville; Flora E. Pierce of Springfield; Kate M. Hatch of Chelsea; George A. Brown of Plymouth.

The London modistes have insisted upon their claims to recognition on the opera stage and in the concert room, and singers are now announced to perform in dresses made at certain establishments and thus the unoffending artists are converted into first-class puffs and dress-makers.

A London omnibus company has adopted a novel method of inducing travel by its line. It offers a set of prizes, varying in value from $1 to $25, to be distributed every three months to those persons who can produce the largest number of tickets in proof that they have performed the journey.

The St. Louis Globe complains of the questionable taste of those inconsiderate people who, in their eagerness to swell the list of signatures to certain petitions the law regulating the the "social evil," thrust the document before the eyes of unsophisticated school-girls and boys for their names.

The Homœopathic petitioners, who have been so long on trial, were expelled by a nearly unanimous vote of the Society. It is understood the Homœopaths will carry the matter to the Supreme Court, and it is intimated that an indignation meeting of their friends in this city will be called at an early date.

Credulity still thrives in France. Thousands of copies of a letter said to have been written by the Virgin Mary are now in circulation throughout the country, and those who keep this letter about their person are assured that they will not perish by fire or water, nor meet with sudden death without having received the last sacraments; also that they will be protected from visible and invisible enemies.

There is a difference of opinion between the clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington and the photographer Brady concerning a certain chair taken by the latter from the House nine years ago, for the purpose of taking the picture of Lincoln therein. Brady has used it since for distinguished patrons, and affirms that Mr. Lincoln gave it to him, which the clerk denies, and litigation is imminent.

The latest boon to literary travelers is "Graphine," which is described by the London press as a little packet containing four small sheets of paper, and on cutting off a little bit, no larger than one's finger nail, and soaking it in a tablespoonful of water, it will produce a beautiful purple-colored ink. This condensed writing ink can be carried in the pocket-book, like court plaster, and no traveler need in future take an inkstand about with him.

The three-card monte swindlers that infest the trains on the Union Pacific railroad struck it rich in the shape of a jolly, green English tourist, the other day. After looking on and getting the hang of the game, as he thought, the Englishman drew a wallet out of the depths of his capacious pocket, planked down a round thousand, and said: "There! I'll bet you I can guess the queen." At last accounts the Englishman was heartily abusing the loss of his thousand and roundly abusing the "blawsted country" whose only queen is a pasteboard one.

Mr. H. O. Houghton, of the prosperous Riverside press, tells how, nearly fifty years ago, a little pale-faced man came into the Vermont printing office where he was learning his trade and, handing him a printed slip, said, "My lad, when you use these words spell them as here, theater, center," etc. It was Noah Webster, traveling on foot and visiting country printing offices to persuade people to spell as he did. The apprentice little thought at that time that he should ever be head of an establishment which would manufacture a thousand tons of Webster's dictionaries.

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—The progress of the Hoosac Tunnel for the month of May, 1873: West shaft heading 120 feet, Central shaft heading 155 feet. Distance penetrated from the Central shaft going West, 11,078 feet. Distance remaining to be opened, 1,664 feet. At the bench East of the Central shaft 263 feet were made, leaving only 65 feet more to be taken out, after which all the water at the Central shaft will flow out itself through the East end.

In justice to our friend, the late chief justice, we have to say that, although he died of a disease of the brain, his mind remained clear and able to the last. We know he regarded this administration, as all thoughtful, patriotic men do, as a great calamity. He believed Gen. Grant to be honest and well-meaning, but so ignorant and badly-trained as a military man that his administration was fraught with evil to the republic.—[Donn Piatt.

Mr. Beecher wrote a letter to Bowen, ten days ago, clearing him from all obligation to be silent, and bidding him if he could in any way help himself to do it by the widest possible utterance. Mr. Bowen did not care to avail himself of that liberty, although the letter containing it was read in the presence of Mr. H. B. Claflin and Mr. Frank Moulton.—[Brooklyn Eagle.

Traveling in Europe.

I like English conservatism; for, when our British brothers once enter upon the right track, they are in little danger of switching off. On the other hand, they proceed with unswerving persistence when upon a wrong road. Disposed as they generally are, to run in old grooves, the introduction of such modern inventions as railways and telegraphs must have occurred during a period of mental disturbance; but, relapsing into their normal condition, they have made few improvements in the conveniences of travel. While in the United States the Coach bodies originally adopted on railroads have developed into luxurious cars, in England the inconvenient form of and lack of comfort in the railway carriage still obtains. A British railway director would as soon provide a cab on a locomotive to shelter the engine driver, *thus rendering him effeminate*, as to introduce heating apparatus into a railway carriage for the comfort of the traveler.

On a cold night in last October we left Liverpool for Glasgow; but, instead of occupying a warm and convenient, if not a luxurious car, were obliged to endure discomfort in a carriage of antique fashion, and to shiver with the cold which our wrappings were insufficient to keep out. Truth compels me to confess that my love for convertism was then, like my body, chilled and a faint desire expressed that our cousins possessed more of a Yankee enterprise. It is stated that, owing to the high price of coal in England, no fires are now made in the waiting rooms for passengers at railway stations on some of the roads; an act which has, at least, the merit of consistency.

My first impression of Scotland, as daylight revealed her hills in the chilly morning, were by no means enthusiastic, especially as we were hungry as well as cold, the train being behind time; but a good breakfast in a warm hotel near George Square enabled me to appreciate the excellence of Glasgow.—*Extract from a letter by Edward Young, Ph. D., Chief of the United States Bureau of Statistics.*

A professor of Cornell University recently published a number of hints as to "What to do in cases of accident." One of these was as follows: "If you choke, get down on all fours and cough." One of our neighbors, Woodward, read this, and determined to remember it. Day before yesterday he was eating his dinner alone, and he choked upon a piece of beef. Instantly he got down upon all fours and began to cough. Just then Mrs. Woodward came in, and the impression made upon her by Woodward's extraordinary attitude and his barking was that he had suddenly been attacked with hydrophobia. So she first seized the pitcher of water, and ran from the room. Then she sent one of the girls upstairs for the mattress which was thrown over Woodward, while Mrs. Woodward and the family sat on it and held him down. The madder he got the more alarmed was Mrs. Woodward; and the more he swore and foamed at the mouth, the more she insisted on the hired girl giving an extra turn of the clothes-line around his leg and tying him to the stove. Then the doctor came and pulled Woodward's arm from under the mattress and bled him, and put fly blisters on his feet, and promised to come round in the evening and shave his head in order to cup his scalp so as to relieve his brain.—When the doctor called that night Woodward had a prize fight with him in the parlor, and after sending the medical man up to the bath room to wash the blood from his nose and cool his eye, Woodward went out to hunt for the Cornell professor. There will be pain and anguish in that institution of learning when Woodward arrives. He means war to the knife.—Max Adeler.

The retired list of the army includes 10 major generals, Hooker, Wood, T. W. Sherman, Robinson, Sickles, Hartruff, Carroll, Johnson, Richett and Long. All of these had brevets of present rank in the regular army, while all but Hooker, Sickles and Carroll