Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT MONTPELIER, NORTHFIELD, WATERBURY, &C.

BY E. P. WALTON, JR. | FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1854. | VOL. XLVIII, NO. 21......WHOLE NO. 2479.

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1854 Vt. Central Railroad. 1854

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JAMES MOORE,
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Northfield, Vt., Feb. 28, 1854.

18 54.

Northern Railroad, N. H.

British & U. S. MAIL ROUTE,

—VIA—

Boston, Lowell, Concord, Northern, Passumpsic, Vermont Central, Ogdensburgh and Montreal Railroads.

TO AND FROM

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Concord, N. H. Dec. 10, 1853.

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NOW OPEN AND RUNNING THROUGH to Albany without change of Cars.

1853. Fall & Winter Arrangement. 1853.

Shortest and quickest through Mail Line from Ogdensburgh, Montreal, Rouse's Point, Plattsburgh and Burlington to Troy, Albany and New York,

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in connection with Rutland and Burlington, and Hudson River Railroad.

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This is the ONLY ROUTE by which passengers can with certainty go through from Montreal to New York the same day.

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FIRST TRAIN leaves Burlington 9.15 A. M.

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THOS. H. CANFIELD, Sup.

Burlington, Nov. 9 1853. 58tf

Poetry.

Haste Not---Rest Not.

BY GOETHE.

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell,
Storm or sunshine guard it well,
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for e'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all your might!
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and DARE before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! *Rest* not! calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate,
DUTY be thy polar guide—
Do the RIGHT, whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

[From the Spirit of the Times.]

An Original Love Story.

Dear P.—Your city poets may as well "hang their harps" on the Park trees. The Pegasus of Gotham is not fast enough. We in the country can beat his time, and not half try. Any jury of the "free and intelligent" would certainly award a leather medal to the Cattaraugus "lover" who penned the accompanying lines.— There is something in them that city folks never dreamed of. The poet's description of Courtship and Love in a Cottage is very touching. As they are not copy righted you may have them.

Yours, &c.,
ELMER.

ELLICOTTVILLE, N. Y. March 16, 1854.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same,
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" and off he avaunted

But when he returned, with the *fiendishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatening by main force to carry her *off*,
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow donted

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said "Can't you?"—and the dear girl re-canted.

Then softly he whispered—"How *could* you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted.
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go:
Say wilt thou, my dear?" and she wilted.

Then gaily he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See! here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shan-tied!

Miscellaneous.

For the Watchman and State Journal.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES OF VERMONT.

MR. EDITOR:—We often hear the remark that Vermont in mineral deposit is the richest of any New England State, and propose briefly to examine the authority on which the statement is made. If true, it calls loudly upon her Legislature to make a sufficient appropriation for a thorough, practical, Geological Survey of the State. A Survey has been, or is being made, we believe, but its practical results thus far prove its inefficiency. Such a survey may add little, perhaps nothing, to science, and were this the object in view, we would not urge its necessity; but the fact that it will still further develope the hidden treasures of her hills and mountains, makes the question one of importance to her as a State, and should be a subject of interest to her people, since by such a survey, accessions may be made to her wealth, and consequently to the prosperity of her citizens.

The mineral resources of a State, in the general acceptation of the term, include not only her beds of Ore, but quarries of Stone. And to both these sources of wealth in Vermont every year is adding new discoveries—many of them, at present made by chance, and operated at a profit that commands the capital of the Atlantic cities as an investment. Her facilities for transportation to the western States and sea-board place her in a favorable position to compete with the Atlantic States in all her branches of industry. What she loses in transportation, she more than redeems in her ability to lessen the expenses incident to other operations. Hence, many of those deposits of Mineral and Stone, that a few years since would not pay for working, may now be operated to advantage, and be made to pay a large per ct. to their possessors.

That mineral deposits, the existence of which has been known for years have not been thoroughly tested, would appear from the fact that the Copper of Strafford, although once worked, has been abandoned for some years,—while in the opinion of scientific men, the sinking of a shaft to the depth of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, as is done in the Lake Superior region, might pay well on the investment. Copper is found here, not only in connection with Iron as pyrites, but native.— This deposit is now worked for Copperas alone, a large amount of which is manufactured every year from the ore dug while the mine was wrought for Copper. Surface Mining proved unproductive here, as it does everywhere.

In Mining, as in Quarrying, it has been fully demonstrated in Europe as well as in our own country, that the deeper the shaft the better the quality, and in the former more productive This deposit is the outcrop of a vein supposed to extend for several miles, and in the town of Corinth a bed of equal probable richness exists.

The deposit of Galena at Thetford, is an evidence that we may look nearer home than the Western States and Territories, for an article that enters largely into the arts and manufactures. This deposit has been worked to some extent, but like the Copper of Strafford, has, we believe, been abandoned.

The Iron deposits of Brandon and Plymouth show us that the Mountains of Vermont are "iron ribbed" and that these deposits are worked at a profit, is demonstrated by the furnaces they support, and the manufactures they send forth. Iron has also been found in Troy, Colchester, Putney, Stockbridge, and at Roxbury; in the latter place, in the form of Magnetic or Chromic Iron.

Tin has been discovered at Royalton under circumstances that strongly indicate its presence in veins. This is one of the rarer minerals of our country, and any locality where it may be found deserves the attention of a practical Geologist. This, so far as we know, is the only instance where this valuable metal has been found in the State.

Native Gold has been found at Bridgewater, in quartz, specimens of which have been exhibited rivaling in richness the gold-bearing quartz of California. How extensive the deposit may be, or whether in the aggregate the quartz is sufficiently rich to pay for working, has not yet been proved. Native Gold has also been found in Somerset.

Graphite or Plumbago, Argentiferous Galena, and Steatite or Soapstone have all been found in various sections of Vermont, inviting inquiry into their extent and capability of being worked to advantage and profit.

The Slate of Vermont has received a large share of public attention in the past few years, and the Slate now being quarried by the West Castleton Slate Company is pronounced, by competent judges, equal to the Wales Slate, and must eventually supply its place in our markets. But to the Marbles of this State public attention has been for a longer period directed than to the Mineral resources she may possess, and each year is adding to their value and importance. At no former period have her Marbles occupied so high a place in the estimation of the public, as at the present time. This is partially owing to the increasing favor with which all American productions are being received, but mainly to the fact that, in the early history of her Marble interest, she was offering surface productions to compete with blocks furnished by the quarries of Europe that have been worked to a great depth. It is now proved that for beauty of color and variety of styles as well as finish, we are able to compete successfully with foreign Marbles. The Marbles of Vermont are now worked to the extent of nearly three millions per annum, and yet the demand exceeds the supply. Among the varieties furnished are the White, Black, Blue Veined, Fawn colored and Verd Antique.— Of the White, there are several varieties and qualities, most of which are coarse in texture, and consequently used but little, except for building and sephulchral purposes. In the past few years beds of limited extent of the finest White Statuary Marble have been opened, furnishing an article preferred by many sculptors even to the Italian. The Black, in richness of color and fineness of texture, equals any Marble of the kind at present worked. The blue veined resembles an Italian stone that has long been used for ornamental purposes, and is being extensively used in its stead. The Fawn-colored has lines of brilliant black, and is one of the most beautiful of American Marbles. The Verd Antique is a recent discovery, and being a kind of Marble but little known in this country, deserves a more extended description. This Marble is of a brilliant green color, embracing every variety of shade, from blackish green to very light, with white intermingled in masses, cubes, and veins giving to many portions of the stone a brecciated appearance. As an Ornamental Marble, it is unequalled by any former discovery in this country. In style it is almost a perfect fac simile of the Italian Verd Antique from which it derives its name; and has been pronounced by numerous scientific men who have examined it to be the same in character and composition.

Prof. C. U. Shepard, in his Geological Report of Connecticut, says of the Verd Antique Marble: "This precious Marble was originally obtained as is supposed from Thessalonica in Macedonia, or as some maintain, from Lacedemonium in the Morea. At present, however, it is only to be met with in small fragments and scattered blocks, among the ruins of Roman and Etruscan cities, and so scarce has it become that its price in Paris is thirty dollars the cubic foot. Its use therefore is very limited, and confined only to the more costly articles of furniture."

The Quarries of this recently discovered Marble are located in Roxbury, on the borders of the Vermont Central Railroad, and within a few rods of its track. From a statement recently published by the American Verd Antique Marble Company, to whom these quarries belong,—we learn that the Company have nearly completed "a large Mill with ample machinery, including a powerful Engine, which will be set at work the earliest possible day, preparing for market the large quantity of blocks quarried the past season."

Judging from the specimens already exhibited, their favorable comparison with the foreign article, together with that peculiar style and color, which has always recommended the Verd Antique Marble for ornamental purposes, and the greatly reduced price at which it can now be afforded,—we see no reason why this Marble interest may not become the most important and valuable in the State. We understand the Company have already orders for several thousand dollars worth of the stone to be delivered the coming season.— This interest deserves the attention, not only of the capitalist, but of all, who are interested in the resources of Vermont, showing, as it does, that beneath the slopes of her green hills, lie buried productions as rare and beautiful as the sunniest clime can boast.

The prejudices formerly existing to a great extent against American productions simply because American, have always to a greater or less extent retarded the developement of our resources; but to the credit of a more enlightened appreciation be it said, this feeling is fast passing away, and the *preference* is now given to an article of equal beauty and value, precisely upon the same grounds that it was formerly rejected. The spirit of enterprise, always one of the principal elements of American character, has demonstrated in the past few years, that in all the departments of the useful arts and manufactures,— we are not dependent on Europe either for Material or Manufactures. The man who was forcibly ejected from a house in Philadelphia a few years since, for offering for sale "black rocks" from the present coal-bearing district of Pennsylvania, with the presumptuous statement that they would burn and were valuable for fire, has been fully avenged. His "black rocks" *are* burning, and their value everywhere is acknowledged.

The past history of our mines of Gold, Silver, Platina, Mercury, Iron, Copper, Galena and Coal proves that in many of these metals we are probably the wealthiest nation on the globe; and although dependent to some extent on Europe now for Marble, Slate, and some of the metals, it requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that the time is not distant when we may export more of these articles than we are at present importing. Already have orders been received from Russia and from Italy—that land of marbles,—for Marble from Vermont to furnish the material for some of their finest works of art, and it is said the Czar has an agent already here commissioned to make still further purchases from her quarries.

If in this brief, disconnected, and necessarily imperfect enumeration of some of the principal minerals and quarries of the State, we but succeed in helping call attention to the importance of this subject, and awaken ing to some extent an interest in a Geological Survey, we shall have accomplished the object we had in view.— Three thousand dollars, the amount appropriated at the last session of the Legislature for this purpose, may be sufficient for the operations of a single year. But would it not be more likely to accomplish the object in a thorough manner, were three thousand a year appropriated for three years? This would be a sufficient amount probably, and give ample time to do the work thoroughly, while it would command the best talent the country affords. We leave the question with those interested. M.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

BY MRS. CAROLINE SOULE.

Service had commenced in the neat little sanctuary, which the inhabitants of Fairmont had consecrated to the worship of God. The minister had read the Psalm and the Scripture lesson, and the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him for he was not only a good, sound, eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking one too, and thus engrossed, usually, not only the attention of the true but of the false worshipper.— The house was very still—the clear, melodious tones of the speaker were the only sounds that throbbed on the balmy golden air which the midsummer Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place. The first syllable of the second line was trembling on his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second every eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary interest the progress of the couple. A most searching ordeal were they subjected to, and when they were fairly and quietly seated in the front pew, immediately before the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was, aye, and how many whispers too.— In vain sought the good, the sound, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. to steal again the attention of his hearers. They had eyes and thoughts for nobody but Widow C., and Widow C.'s young and dashing looking attendant.

How she had cheated them!— Hadn't she said a hundred times or more, that her heart was in the grave of her buried one: that she would never marry again? Hadn't she refused always to walk with any of the unappropriated gentlemen of the village? Hadn't she said she didn't feel as if she could wear anything but mourning? And in spite of all the protestations hadn't she come out and, all at once, dressed all in white, and walked into church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman?

Yes, indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last, too, how many witnesses might be subpœnaed. She was actually dressed in white. A beautiful robe of India mull, tucked to the waist, with an open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemisette, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest of Mechlin lace, undersleeves of the same expensive material, a white crape shawl, and white lace hat with orange buds, white kid gloves and light gaiters;—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end to repeat over as soon as services were closed. And the gentleman—he too was dressed in style. Didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of 'satin finish,' and white kids too? and didn't he sport a massive chain, and didn't he gaze often and tenderly on the fair creature beside him? Ah, yes, he did so, and there was no room to doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, put on a bridal attire, and was agoing to be married in church. But who the beau was, or whence he came, was more difficult to solve.

Service proceeded. The choir sang, the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place. But to their utter astonishment they were left to wonder, for when the benediction was pronounced, Widow C., with the rest of the congregation, walked quietly out of the church.— When they reached the pavement, he offered his hand very gracefully, and she placed her arm very confidingly on the beautiful soft coat sleeve, and they passed on.

What a nooning that was in Fairmount! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober matter-of-gentlemen. The like of such a thing had never occured before in the annals of the village. There was something new under the sun—a lady had a beau and nobody knew it. Widow C.! Didn't your ears, not only on the right but on the left, burn that day? Ah, we wonder they hadn't dropped off—surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him though. The magnet was in the pew before him. Every one was sure that the wedding would take place then; but every body was sadly disappointed, and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they traveled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and his sermon would have been quite as edifying. But one subject engrossed the village mind. The widow's beau—that was the topic.

It actually seemed, too, as though the lady tried to make all the talk she could. After tea, arm in arm, with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village and away out into the cemetery, and never returned till the moon was high.

'A nice looking dress I guess she had on,' drawled out old grandma W———, as she listened to the widow's wanderings 'I'm glad I haint got to wash it, all dabbled up as it must have been—but I don't suppose she thought or cared a word about it, she's so carried away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind the first time that I have a chance, see if I don't. Cheat us all this way.'

But the good old dame began to fear, by the next Wednesday night, that she should never have the desired chace. She hurried through her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as possible, and one of the neighbors said, Mrs. C. and the gentleman went of in a carriage, nobody knew where, very early in the morning. 'Yes, and did not return until very late in the evening.' Look out Widow C———! your character is on the carpet!

If she knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went a sailing with her beau, and on the next afternoon went with him to the station house, and there not only wept as she parted from him—but actually embraced and kissed him.

'What, in broad day-light?' exclaimed Grandma W———. 'Well if I ever seed or heard the like on't.'

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it were any worse in broad day light than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder too. We do at least.

There was a very large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the sewing society. Every body went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was after the bustle of assembling was over. There was but one topic, but that *one* was all sufficient—all engrossing— the widow's beau—for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least he ought to be.

Every body had something to tell, something to wonder about. But suddenly every magpie tongue was hushed, a universal stroke of numbpalsy seemed to have fallen on the group, as looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the door-way.

'Good afternoon, ladies,' said she, in her usual quiet way. 'I'm glad to see so large and happy a gathering It is a beautiful day for our meeting;' and then she proceeded to the table, helping herself to a block of patch work, enquiring for the sewing silk, which having received she sat down in the only vacant chair, and commenced hemming a very red bird with a yellow wing on to a green twig, which latter had been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole completed was designed to form a twentieth part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wondered if she had heard what they were saying when she came in, but her placid countenance soon re assured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old Grandma W——— was the first to do up the matter very delicately, in so 'round about a way' the lady should not suspect her of curiosity. So she began to praise Mrs. C———'s dress. 'Why, it is a real beauty,' said she; 'where did you get it.'

'I bought it,' was the quiet reply. Here?'

'No.'

'Where, then?'

'In New York, last spring.'

'O, you did, did you? But I thought you wasn't going to wear anything but black again.'

Every eye scrutinized the lady's face this time in search of a blush, but it continued as pale as usual, whiles he answered:

'I did think and say so once, but I have finally changed my mind.'

'You have, ha!' Here the hearers and the lookers on winked expressively at each other.

'But didn't you spoil your beautiful white dress Sunday night, wearing it way up there to the burying ground?'

'I did not.'

'You didn't! du tell! But how could you help it? There was a wonderful heavy dew.'

'*I didn't wear it.*'

Here was a damper to the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she was so determined to do it, too, when, unfotunately for her eloquent strains, Mrs. C———'s dress had hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a time the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be so baffled again. She would find out all about that beau before she went home, 'that she would.' So she began by saying, 'your company went away this morning, didn't they?'

'*They* did,' was the answer, a wee bit of emphasis resting on, they?'

'He did'nt stay very long, did he?'

'Not as long as I wished he had,' was the emphatic answer this time.— And how the ladies looked at each other. It was as good as a confession.

'When did he come?'

'Saturday evening.'

'Was you looking for him?'

'I had been expecting him a fortnight.'

'Why, du tell, if you had then, and you never told on't either. Had he business in the place?'

'He had.'

'What was it?' This was rather more direct and blunt than the old lady meant to put it, and she forthwith apologized by saying, 'I didn't mean that—I—I only thought that —I—'

'I'd as lief you'd know as not,' said the lady with a charming air of *naivete*: 'he came to see me.'

O, Widow C———, didn't your good name go down then? Be careful what you say next, or you'll have only a remnant of character to go home with, and remnants always go cheap.

'He did, did he, and he din't come for nothing else, then? But was you glad to see him?'

'Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existance.'

'Well, well,' said the lady, hardly knowing how to frame her questions, 'well he's a real good-looking man, anyway.'

'I think so too, and he's not only good-looking, but he's good hearted; one of the best men I ever knew.'

'You don't say that though! But is he rich?'

'Worth a hundred thousand or so,' said the lady carelessly.

'Why, du tell if he is. Why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what's his name?'

The old lady's curiosity was now roused to the highest pitch.

'Henry Macon.'

'Macon, Macon! Why, wasn't that your name before you was married?'

'It was.'

'Then he's a connection, is he?'

'He is.'

'Du tell if he is then? Not a cousin, I hope. I never did think much of marrying cousins.'

'Henry is not my cousin.'

'He isn't. Not your cousin! But what connection is he, then, du tell us now?'

'He is my youngest brother.'

If there was ever rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes.

The Improved Art of War.

Among the many arts which the conceptions of genius are constantly combining to perfect and develope, is the art of war. Every succeeding generation seems to introduce among us still more powerful and efficient agencies for accomplishing the destruction of our fellow men. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from England, gives an interesting description of a few of the warlike engines which it is supposed will contribute materially to the successful termination of hostilities in the great European struggle which is probably about to occur.

One of the most terrible of these machines, he says, is Wagner's floating gun—which is simply a long congreve gun, designed to be propelled along the surface of the water in a straight line, on the principle of the rocket, until it strikes the vessel at which it was directed, when it thrusts into its sides its iron head, containing two pounds of fulminating powder of mercury. When fire reaches this reservoir, the powder explodes, blowing a hole in the vessel ten or twelve feet in diameter—so large that it cannot be closed up by any ordinary method. This machine, says the writer, has been a long time maturing in the Woolwich arsenals, and is now completed, and ready to go forth on its mission of destruction. It can be made available at a distance far beyond the reach of any other gun, and it is thought will be of service in attacking the Russian fleets when anchored under the unapproachable fortresses of Sebastopol and Cronstadt.

The correspondent of the Gazette also says that submarine boats have been so perfected that they can attach a burner to an enemy's ship without incurring the least danger to those who manage them. Large numbers of explosive balls have been embarked on board the English fleets, of such a nature as invariably to explode whenever they strike the side of an enemy's ship, scattering on every side devastation, death and flames. Experiments are also being made with an asphyxiating ball, which does not kill, but *paralyzes an entire crew for several hours*, or until they are made prisoners.

Two small steamboats are building, designed to carry each two enormous Paixhan guns. These vessels are built in the strongest manner, with oaken walls near six feet thick, covered with a mattrass of cotton one and a half feet in thickness, and this again covered with a sheeting of iron and lead. The roof or upper deck is covered in the same way, so as to allow the bombs of the enemy to glance into the sea without damage. They are designed to be bullet proof, and bomb proof. These ships are to be sent at the proper time into the midst of the enemy's fleet, where they will attack the vessels around them, fore and aft, with bombs thrown between wind and water, at the same time sprinkling them with showers of Greek fire.— It is believed that one of these little vessels, operated by the labors of a few determined men, might, under favorable circumstances, destroy an entire fleet of ships.

The English fleet is also largely provided with balloons, intended to carry inflammable materials to scatter over towns, villages and fleets, when the wind favors such operations: and it is said that another invention, whose results will be still more terrible than any of the above, but of which the construction has not yet been made known, is also about to be sent out to destroy the Russians.

A Modern Joan of Arc.

A curious story is told at this moment, of a second Joan of Arc, who has appeared in the Turkish army. A girl named Gara, a descendant of Soliman Pacha, formerly Governor of Apana, on her way to Constantinoble. She marched at the head of a corps of regular cavalry; many persons tried to persuade her to abandon the strange enterprize; but nothing shook her courage or resolution to combat the enemies of her country. Some persons tho't to intimidate her by saying that if she was determined to remain in the army she must give a trial of her skill by an assult at arms. The Governor of Adana, who was informed of the act, ordered that the young girl should be brought before him, and he asked her if she still persisted in her resolutions. She responded in the affirmative, and added that she would engage willingly in the trial at arms to which they had said she must submit, provided they would give her for an adversary the barvest and most vigorous of the 2,000 cavaliers of which the detachment was composed. The combat took place immediately, and after a contest of some mineutes, the cavalier chosen for her adversary was disarmed by the young girl and declared vanquished. The Governor ordered that she should be regularly enroled, counted her down one thousand five hundred piasters, ($75) and gave the rank of office to her brother, who served in an inferior grade.— *Correspondent of the Cincinnati Gaz.*

Vermont Marble.

We have recently seen a specimen of rich marble in the possession of Mr. Coburn, the agent at the Rolestone House, Fitchburg, which came from Roxbury Vt. on the line of the Vermont Central Railroad. It is equal to some of the finest of Italian marbel. The ground is black, with veins of white, light and dark green, yellow and red, each distinct, while at the same time the several colors are so exquisitly blended as to impart a harmonious whole, beautiful to behold It exhibits spots so transparent as to enable the eye to trace the veins for nearly an inch under the surface. The outside of the specimen block which we saw bore as brilliant a polish as we ever witnessed upon the face of German or Italian stone. This is said to be a fair sample of all the marble got out, thus far; so it appears that our own green hills are beginning to vie with those of sunny Italy, in producing the richest and most beautiful block of ornamental stone in the world. The above named company has just been formed under a charter from the Legislature of Vermont, with a capital of $150,000, and is the second organized for the purpose of working this quarry. The first company has been very successful.

The Roxbury Market is creating quite a sensation in market. All accounts represent it as fully equal to the best specimens of the Italian. No State in the Union has more substantial internal sources of independence than Vermont.—*Boston Times.*

MORE DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH. A letter from Mosul, in the N. Y. Tribune, states that a new palace has been uncovered in the ruins of Nineveh—a palace whose beauty excels any yet found in Assyria. The letter describes the new discovery:

"Huge monsters—compounds of the lion, man and eagle—guard the entrances. The slabs are in fine preservation, representing the King and his officers at a lion hunt, a war scene and a victory, a state procession led by eunuchs, the King's chariot being drawn by men, with altars and priests and griffins, in fine, a picture of Assyrian manners and religion as they were three thousand years ago. The workmanship is most exquisite. The slabs are to adorn the walls of the British Museum."

FROG AND RAT.—A desperate encounter took place between a frog and a rat, at a brook near the slaughter-house of Uriah Wiggin, in this town—a rat came down to the brook to drink, and discovering a frog, "with force and arms" made an attack upon him, by making a firm grasp with his teeth; no sooner did the rat make his hold, than the frog plunged into the water, dragging his antagonist with him, where he remained until the rat was compelled to let go, and made for dry land, closely pursued by the frog. As soon as the frog appeared above water he was again attacked by the rat, and a second time the latter became the subject for cold water bathing. This feat was several times performed, until the rat, from exhaustion and drowning, fell a prey. After the frog became assured that his antagonist was dead, he seated himself upon his carcas, with all the complaisance imaginable, where he remained for half an hour, exulting over his hard won victory.—*Dover Gazette.*

ANAGRAM.—The following anagram of Napoleon's name, is translated from a French Journal, which says that the name is composed of two Greek words, Napos and Leon, which signify the Lion of the Desert. The letters of the name, ingeniously combined, present a phrase which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man.

1	Napoleon.
6	Apoleon.
7	Poleon.
3	Oleon.
4	Leon.
5	Eon.
2	On.

By striking off the first letter of this word, and pursuing the same course with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which, literally translated in the order designated by the figures, signify Napoleon, being the lion of the people, became the destroyer of cities.

The Plow & the Hoe.

BY E. P. WALTON.

"He that by the Plow would thrive
Himself must either HOLD or DRIVE."

ITEMS FOR FARMERS.—Plain and substantial clothing Donation parparties, at the Clergyman's houses, are becoming more and more fashionable in our rural districts. The internal value of the barrel of apples, the bag of potatoes, the pot of butter, the tub of lard, and the hundred other nameless but necessary comforts of house-keeping, are indeed good in themselves, to the country Pastor, but the kindness of heart that dictates the gift, improves the flavor and doubles its value.——— A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as true as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. When a boy is old enough to play in the street, he is old enough to be taught how to work. But do not give him *all* work and *no* play. Give them in due proportion to the value of each.———Fond as a man is of sight seeing, active life is the great show ground for every man. He that sets the best examples is the best citizen of the Republic.— Leisure is preeminently the prerogative of busy people. Lazy folks never have any. They dream they have; but it melts away in their possession like ice in a heated oven. The sluggard wants a day to do a job in—the active man, an hour only.———"John Taylor! if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talk is of oxen; but remember this: that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. Jno. Sanborn, or his other neighbor, Captain Burleigh."——— "I was, said Daniel Webster, in one of his dinner speeches, ten days a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I turned my thoughts to the search for some good object, in which I could be useful, in that position, and after much reflection, I introduced a bill which, with the general consent of both houses, passed into a law, and is now a law of the State, which

(See 4th page)