The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVIII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1853. NUMBER 24.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK ON MAIN-ST.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.

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☞ All communications must be post-paid.

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By whom all kinds of **Book** and **Job Printing** will be done on favorable terms.

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Phelps & Stewart,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
—AND—
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE
At the office of Peter Starr, Esq.

SAM'EL S. PHELPS, } *Middlebury, Vt.*
JOHN W. STEWART, }
Aug. 2, 1852. 16:tf

ADDISON
Daguerrean Gallery,
Painters' Building, over R. L. Fuller's Store!

As good a **Daguerreotype Likeness** can be obtained at this **Establishment** as at any other GALLERY in Vermont.

C. E. TAPLEY, Artist.
Middlebury, July 4, 1853.

Notice.

The Middlebury Brass Band are prepared to furnish music for Exhibitions, Celebrations, &c., on reasonable terms.

All orders addressed to R. E. Whitcomb, (Leader of the Band,) Cherry, will receive prompt attention.

Middlebury, May 25, 1853. 5:1

1853.
SPRING TRADE.
Cabinet
FURNITURE
AND
UPHOLSTERY.

JAMES P. BUNTINGTON,
No. 2, up Stairs, Nichols' Building,
IS NOW COMPLETING HIS ASSORTMENT OF CABINET FURNITURE,

Consisting of entirely new and Fashionable patterns, all made of the best material and offered on terms as favorable to the buyer as can be obtained at any other place in this region of country. Every description of

MATTRESSES & BEDDING

Is manufactured at his rooms in Nichols' Building; is offered at fair prices, and may be returned if not proving as represented.

An examination is solicited.
Middlebury, May 10, 1853. 3;1y.

PRICE of Window Sash Reduced. Present price 2½ to 3 cents per light. For sale by July 5, 1853. Z. BECKWITH.

FRESH ARRIVAL,
—OF—
NEW GOODS
JUST RECEIVED BY
H. LANGWORTHY.
AUGUST 24 1853.

Groceries & Provisions.
A GOOD supply on hand and for sale, by Aug. 24, 1853. H. LANGWORTHY.

Black Dress Silk and Silk Shawls.
A SPLENDID article for sale by Aug. 24, 1853. H. LANGWORTHY.

FOR SALE.
A RARE CHANCE!!

The subscriber will sell the following described property, situated in the village of Middlebury, Vt., at a great bargain. A good fifty per cent business may be realized, with comparatively a small out-lay at the commencement, in the manufacture of Lime. In the first place, there is a Quarry of beautiful white Marble, not to be excelled by any other quarry in this region, which on being burnt makes the best of Lime. On the delivity of the hill on which said quarry is situated, I have erected a perpetual burning Lime-Kiln, in which wood or coal may be used for converting the stone into lime. The Kiln is enclosed in a suitable building for packing and storing Lime. A railroad and car is attached, for conveying stone to the kiln from the quarry, which is distant only one hundred feet. Also, I have a quantity of wood on hand which will be sold to the purchaser at cost, together with sufficient land. The whole is entirely new, and ready for operations.

I candidly consider the above a rare chance for making money, and had I better health, would not part with it. Gentlemen from city and country are respectfully invited to call and view the premises and purchase at once. References will be given if required, to good judges in this place. I have a quantity of lime on hand for sale, both for mechanical and agricultural purposes at present. Address
SIDNEY MOODY.
Middlebury, May 17.

Hay-Forks & Knives.
The latest pattern, for sale at
June, 1853 DAVENPORT

STRANGE YET TRUE.

SOME two or three years since, the subscriber ventured the prediction, through the Register, that the time would soon arrive when **FRUIT TREES** would be produced in the Nurseries of our own vicinity, equal in vigor of growth and beauty of form, to any brought from the Southern or Western Nurseries—affording to our own fruit growers the important advantage of procuring trees raised in our own climate, and consequently not liable to the loss and damage incident to the acclimation of those brought from a milder latitude.

He has now the satisfaction of announcing to his friends and the public, that his prediction is already fulfilled. He is prepared to offer for sale at his nursery the coming Autumn and Spring, Apple, Pear, Plum, and Cherry Trees, of nearly all the most desirable varieties, and of a character fully to justify the above declaration.

ROWLAND T. ROBINSON.
Ferrisburgh, 8th Month, 1853. 19:tf.

ELGIN SPRNG HOUSE.

THE SPRING HOUSE is open for the reception of visitors. The proprietor will spare no expense to make it a desirable place of resort for invalids or parties of pleasure.

The medicinal qualities of these Springs are equal to any in the world, and are highly recommended by the best physicians in the state. Reference may be made to Drs. Allen and Russel, of Middlebury; Drs. Bradford, Maxfield and Hopkins of Vergennes; Drs. Cram and Stone of Ferrisburgh; Drs. Hineburg and Welch, of Burlington; Dr. Horton of Colchester; Dr. Warner of New Haven; Dr. Hazelton of Bristol; Dr. Bromley of Huntington; Dr. Wetherby of Westford; and Dr. Cole of Williston.

The proprietor will run a carriage to the Depot in Vergennes in connection with the Mail trains of cars. The one moving south arrives at Vergennes at 8 A. M. That moving north arrives at 3,55 P. M., for the accommodation of visitors; or at any other train when requested. All orders for water promptly attended to and forwarded by the bottle or gallon to any part of the world.

Post Office address, Vergennes, Vt.
SOLOMON ALLEN, Proprietor.
Elgin Springs, May 2, 1853. 2;1.

STATE OF VERMONT, } Be it remembered
District of Addison, ss. } that, at a Probate Court held at Middlebury in and for the District of Addison, on the 16th day of Sept. A. D. 1853:

George H. Sanders, guardian of Oliver H. Sanders, William W. Sanders and Ruth F. Sanders, all of said Middlebury, minor children of the said George H. Sanders, represents to this Court, that it would be conducive to the interests of his said wards to sell all their right, title and interest in, and to a certain piece of land, situated in the village of East Middlebury, bounded north and west by a lane or passage way leading to F. A. Leland's land, south by the centre Turnpike road, and east by land of Sally Eldridge, containing one half acre, which was conveyed to their late mother Ruth R. Sanders by Daniel Bidwell by deed dated the 31st day of December A. D. 1852—for the purpose of putting the proceeds thereof at interest; and makes application to this Court to grant him licence to sell his said wards' said real estate for the purpose aforesaid; It is thereupon ordered that said application be considered by this Court, at the session thereof to be held at the office of the Register in said Middlebury, on Tuesday the 6th day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that said guardian give notice thereof to all persons interested, that they may appear and make their objections, if any they may have, to the granting said licence, by publishing a certified copy of this order in the Middlebury Register a newspaper printed at said Middlebury three weeks successively previous to the time of said Court.

JED. S. BUSHNELL, Register.
A true copy of record.
223w. Attest JED. S. BUSHNELL, Register.

For the Public.

PAINTED PAILS and TUBS.—Butter Tubs and Sap Buckets for sale by the subscribers at their Factory, (formerly the Judd marble factory,).

☞ Cash paid for SAPLING PINES;—a few cords more wanted this season.

☞ Ware sold to the trade on as favorable terms as can be obtained in Massachusetts.

SKEELE & MERRILL,
By N. H. HAND, Agent.
Middlebury, Jan. 15, 1852. 38:1y.

New Ohio Flour.
100 Barrels choice brands Family Flour, from new wheat, this day received, and for for sale by E. VALLETTE.
Sept 5, 1853.

Canes! Canes!!
Black and Yellow crooked Canes, for sale at the TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

HARPER'S & PUTNAM'S
MACAZINES
For September, just received and for sale at the Telegraph Office, by
A. H. COPELAND.

GRAHAM'S & GODEY'S
MACAZINES
For September, for sale at the Telegraph Office by A. H. COPELAND.

KNICKERBOCKER, PETERSON'S & NATIONAL
MACAZINES
For September for sale at the the Telegraph, Office, by A. H. COPELAND.

1500 SHEEP FOR SALE

I have on hand 200 Wethers 3 years old.
300 " 2 " "
200 " 1 " "
200 Good Young Ewes.
300 " Breeding Ewes.
300 " Lambs.
Which I will sell as low as can be bought
U. D. TWITCHELL.
Weybridge, Sept. 12, 1853. 21:

BARGAINS.

WISHING to close my business before another season, I will offer the whole of my Barege DeLanes AT COST.

Prints at 11c
Do. fast colors at 8c
And all other goods at reduced prices. Those in want of goods will do well to call.
C. G. WAINWRIGHT.
Middlebury, July 19, 1853.

Hats! Hats!!
Fall style of Hats, of Superior quality and finish, just received and for sale low by
C. G. WAINWRIGHT.
Sept. 20, 1853. tf.

Stray Cattle.
Came into the enclosure on or about the middle of August a brown yearling heifer. Also a spotted yearling steer.
The owner, or owners, are requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.
JOHN SHELEY.
Middlebury, Sept. 7, 1853. 20:3w

Poetry.

For the Register.

On the Departure of a Friend for the South.

We may not meet again; we may not meet again.
Perhaps we have breathed the last "good bye,"
Perhaps the last tear has dimmed mine eye,
No more may be heard the heavy sigh.
We may meet not again; ne'er meet again.

We may not meet again; we may not meet again.
The past was too bright to last forever,
Too pure, too happy, for earth to say never
Shall Love and Happiness meet ne'er to sever,
We may not meet again; ne'er meet again.

We may not meet again; we may not meet again.
We parted! A dark cloud then bent over
Where the tiniest cloudlets were wont only to hover,
Thou'rt gone, over the wide world a rover,
We may not meet again; ne'er meet again.

We may not meet again; we may not meet again.
Hope, like a star, beams undimmed and bright,
And the untried future, shadowy, light,
Looking beyond, with Faith's radiant sight,
We may not meet again; ne'er meet again.

We may not meet again; we may not meet again.
Till through shadows and sunshine, trial and pain,
Our bark has gone down on that fearful main,
And the tempest-tossed has seen all things vain—
Till the earth-heart has ceased its vigils to keep,
And the great soul looks out from Eternity's deep,
Awakened at last from its earth-troubled sleep,
There again may we meet—meet ne'er to weep.

A. A. H.

New Haven, Sept. 15th, 1853.

Miscellany.

The Fatal Trick.

Upon one evening, a party of collegians and young bloods of the town, had met together at my rooms to play and carouse. In fact, it was a regular meeting of the hunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jollily until midnight, having in that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some well-planned and well-directed mischief. Without one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture, and started forth. A travelling menagerie had arrived in town the day before, and among the wonders, was a young bear. The poor animal had been so beaten, that he became very humble and acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were all aware, having visited the menagerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin and place him in the chemical lecture room, to astonish, on the next day the professors and class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this effect than it was adopted, and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavilion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages, each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into town. They were ranged around the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tents entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our scheme. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, we crept in under the canvass and entered the arena. It was some time before we could, in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our Bruin had been placed to sleep. After stumbling over divers things that lay scattered about, and peering here and there in the dark, we found the object of our search; there, in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his white eyes flashing drops of fire, at being aroused from his slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him into the college, which was several yards distant. Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck, and so drag him along. We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we had arrived at that point which makes one oblivious of danger, but lest we should be seen by some straggler and have our fun spoiled. A better plan was, after much scheming, devised, and was one that met with universal acquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hogshead, with a sliding lid, fastened by means of a hasp and staple. We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in front of the hogshead, and drive the animal in. We could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll our prisoner to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened to put it in execution. The cage, with our united efforts was slid quietly down from the wheels—Bruin growling all the while with anger—the hogshead rolled in, and the open end placed in front of the cage, and the animal stirred up with our canes. With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at the same time in a secure manner. The yell of the bear had roused the other animals, and our ears were regailed for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshead, growled, and his voice came like distant thunder, so deadened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their voices, and they howled as clearly as though they had been free in their own native forest.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a time, holding our in breaths suspense. But no one disturbed, or thought of disturbing us. The animals often started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, merely cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning back went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in the canvas, for we were afraid to emerge by the aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshead through the yard to the gate, which we unfastened, and then passing into the road, started at a quick rate for our destination. Over and over went the hogshead, the animal within growling at the rough treatment he experienced and we, nearly convulsed with laughter at the noise he made.

At length we reached the back part of the college, when one of our party climb over the wall and unfastened the gate. We rolled our prize to the back door of the laboratory, which was the place where our professor of chemistry lectured. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the passage through the door, the hogshead would not enter. Such being the case we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers. Back of the lecture room was a small apartment containing odds and ends, and which was not visited but once a month. He said rightly, that if we placed Bruin in this apartment he would not be likely to be discovered until some time during the lecture of the chemical professor, when the noise, he would be apt to make, attracting attention, the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We joined our strength, and upon our shoulders up went the hogshead till it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thoroughly frightened, lay still, or with only an occasional growl. We shook it again, and he started.—There was but one possible mode of progression, which was strait forward—and the brute gave a spring through the window. There was a crash of glass, a howl and the terrified animal, crouching in the corner remained silent. Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into the corner of the yard, and returned to our rooms, continued our revelry until it was near day-light.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried on my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water, and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the room just as he commenced to discant on the subject. The class were all wrapped in attention—for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon a "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustration.—He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium, before we heard a crash of bottles, and a low, startling growling in the next room. The professor started and stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked at each other with astonishment.—There was a pause of a few seconds duration—and then the professor proceeded. I began to feel alarmed as I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehended. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper sense of the superiority of man. But from the sounds, I judged that Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated him from us by a thin partition full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There were a great many carboys and bottles of acid in the room. Should he overset any of these, and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do more mischief before we could secure him. By the looks of my companions I saw they entertained the same fears.

There was another crash and growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they labored, there was something so very ludicrous in the growl, especially when we pictured to ourselves the coming consternation of the class, that they could scarcely refrain from laughing outright. The professor, who could not tell from whence the sound proceeded and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture." Gentleman," said he, preparing for a brilliant experiment, "I will now show you a most startling effect."

And he did. Hark! there was a sudden crash as if every bottle in the place had been broken at once, a smoke rose up, there was a terrific howl that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill, and through that frail glass—Father of Truth! we had mistaken the cage—there leaped forth, infuriated with the burning liquid that streamed over him, horror! an untamed royal tiger!

No words can describe the consternation of the class. No one stirred Petrified by horror—motionless—there we sat. Not a muscle quivered, so rigid were we with our intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with the pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds and meeting with no obstacle, passed down the stairs into the great hall. There as he leaped and rolled and howled in his agony, the eldest daughter of our janitor, coming with a message, unwittingly entered. She screamed and fell. The tiger, frantic with the acid which was eating his very flesh, heeded her not. On he passed and the girl lived. Better had she died, for never more shone the light of reason in those eyes. From that day forth she was a gibbering, incurable idiot.

On passed the tiger—on!—through the streets, with the populace flying to every side for shelter—passed his old prison, where the old keepers stood wondering at his escape—on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind him, before and around, rose up the mingled cry of women and children—"the tiger! the tiger!"

At the extremity of the main street a traveler was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and looked around saw the cause. He spurred his horse, which started, snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in vain. The tiger noted not the man. He only saw the terrified steed. One leap—the distance was just saved—and he struck his claws into the kind quarters of the horse, who, unmindful of the double burden, rushed on bearing the fearful load as though it was a feather's weight. The man received no hurt. With presence of mind and coolness most determined—for it resulted from dispair—he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke, buried it to the hilt in the neck of the tiger. The spinal marrow of the royal brute was severed, and he died on the instant. But he did not release his hold. Still, with the death gripe, he clung to his place, his eyes glassy and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. On went the horse, snorting, rearing and plunging in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour later, cautious and timidly, saw the three stretched together. They watched awhile, and found they did not move. They stole up—the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was the traveler, insensible, though alive, and still grasping in his hand the friendly knife.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

Commander Ingraham.

We have been favored, from a reliable source, with a biographical sketch of Commander Ingraham, whose late gallant conduct in command of the St. Louis, in the harbor of Smyrna, has given him a world-wide reputation.

Commander Duncan N. Ingraham is the son of the late Nathaniel Ingraham, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and belongs to a family eminently naval in its character. All of them, with one exception, were officers in the Navy. His father, being the intimate friend of Capt. Paul Jones, volunteered under his command, when he left France in the Bon Homme Richard, in 1779, and fought with him in the battle with the British frigate Serapis, one of the most desperate actions in the annals of naval warfare. His Uncle, Capt. Joseph Ingraham, U. S. N., was lost in the U. S. ship Pickering, which went down at sea, and was never heard of, at the beginning of this century. His cousin, William Ingraham, was killed at the age of twenty, when a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

The sole exception in the family, was his uncle, Duncan Ingraham, Esq., from whom he received his name. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and though intimate with the leading political men of our country, yet from taste and early associations, he was a loyalist in his views. At the opening of the Revolution, in 1774, he went to Europe, and remained there until its close. John Adams when Commissioner to France, in 1779, frequently speaks of him in his Diary, lately published, as his associate in Paris. He returned, however, to this country in 1784, gave in his adherence to the Government, and permitted his son to enter the Navy—the Lieut. William Ingraham whom we have mentioned as being killed in the service.

Capt. Ingraham received his Midshipman's warrant, at the age of nine years, during the last war with Great Britain. Commodore Smith, of South Carolina, the intimate friend of his father, being about to sail in the frigate Congress, requested Mr. Ingraham to allow him to take his son with him. "We shall probably have an engagement"—said he—"and it will do him good." He accordingly went to sea at once, at that tender age, and remained in active service for two years till the end of the war.—He then returned home, at the age of eleven, and resumed his education at school. Since then, he has, most of his time been employed in active duty. He commanded the ill-fated Somers in blockade duty in Vera Cruz and other parts of the Gulf, during the whole of the Mexican war, and being prostrated by sickness, was sent home but a short time before she was lost. For two years previous to his sailing for the Mediterranean, in the St. Louis, he was attached to the Navy-Yard at Philadelphia, the society of which city will long remember him and his accomplished family.

Captain Ingraham married Harriet Rutledge Laurens, of South Carolina, a grand-daughter, on the paternal side, of Henry Laurens, the President of the first Continental Congress, and who, afterward, was captured by a British frigate, while on his way to France as American Commissioner, and confined for a long time in the Tower of London. On the maternal side is the grand-daughter of Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His eldest son, Henry Laurens Ingraham, is now a Midshipman at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis.

It is a curious circumstance, that by intermarriage with the American family, the Ingraham blood flows in the veins of some of the most distinguished officers in the British Navy. Among these was the late Captain Marryatt, C. B., (the author,) and Sir Edward Belcher, K. C. B., who lately commanded the exploring expedition round the world, and who now commands the Arctic Expedition, lately sent out by the British Admiralty, in search of Sir John Franklin. The grandmother of both these officers was an Ingraham, the near relative of Commander Ingraham.

Bill Johnson's Pledge.

Rev. John Abbot, the sailor preacher used to relate the following:—

During the last war with Great Britain an American soldier expressed a strong desire to have an opportunity of displaying his valor, but when the opportunity offered itself, he was the first to seek a hiding-place. His eye caught sight of an old hollow tree, in which he snugly ensconced himself and watched the movements of the red coats through a knot hole, with the same interest that a Texan lover did, when he beheld his gal sewing her bear-skin petticoats, though with very different feelings.

At last when they passed, he sighed, "I hope every one of them will be taken prisoners!"

His whole heart was in the cause, like many people who say they are friends of temperance; but when kindly solicited to lend the influence of their names and examples to the good cause, they advance reasons for refusing to do so, as futile and cowardly as the soldier of hollow tree memory.

Mr. Abbot concluded with the story of Bill Johnson who was raised from the pit of inebriation through his instrumentality. Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must be permitted to sign the pledge in his own way, which he did in these words:

"I William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating liquor for one year." Some thought he wouldn't stick three days, others allowed him a week; and a few gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew him best, and said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would be on a real bender.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbot, 'Bill, ain't you going to renew the pledge?' 'Well, I don't know, Jack but what I will. I have done pretty well so far, will you let me sign it again my own way?' 'O, yes, any way, so that you won't drink rum.'

'He writes, 'I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to take out a lease for life.'

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. 'Oh landlord!' wailed Bill, accompanied with sundry extortions of the body, as if enduring the most excrutiating torments, 'I have such a lump on my left side.' 'That's because you have stopped drinking; you wont live two years longer at this rate.' 'If I commence drinking will the lump go away?' 'Yes. If you don't you will have another just such a lump, on the other side.' 'Do you think so, landlord?' 'I know it, you will have them on your arms, back, breast and head; you will be covered all over with lumps.' 'Well, may be I will,' said Bill.

'Come Bill,' said the landlord, 'let's drink together;' at the same time pouring out the red stuff from a decanter into his glasses, gug, gug, gug. 'No' said Johnson, 'I can't for I have signed the pledge again.' 'You, hain't though! You're a fool.' 'Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I couldn't get off.' 'I wish the devil had that old rascal; well, how long do you go this time?' 'For nine hundred and ninety-nine years,' whimpered Bill.' 'You wont live a year.' 'Well, if I drink, are you sure the lumps on my side will go away?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I guess I won't drink, here's the lump,' continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it, 'and you say I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want.'

Sam Slick on Courting.

'Courtin' a gal, I guess, is like catchin' a young horse in the pasture. You put the oats in a pan, hide the halter, and soft sawder the critter, and it comes up, softly and slily at first, and puts its nose to the grain, and gets a taste, stands off and munches a little, looks round to see that the coast is clear, and advances cautious again, ready for a go if you are rough. Well, you soft-sawder it all the time, so pet! gently, pet! that's a pretty doll! and it gets to kind a like it, and comes closer, and you think you have it, make a grab at its mane, and it ups head and tail, snorts, wheels short round, lets go both hind feet at you, and off like a shot. That comes of being in a hurry. Now, if you had put your hand up slowly towards its shoulder, and felt along the neck for the mane, it might perhaps have drawed away as much as to say hands off, if you please; I like your oats, but I don't want you; the chance is, you would have caught it.—Well, what's your play now you have missed it? Why, you don't give chase, for that only scares the critter; but you stand still, shake the oats in the pan, and say, cope, cope, cope! and it stops, looks at you, and comes up again, but awful skittish, stretches its neck out ever so far, steals a few grains, and then keeps a respectful distance. Now what do you do then? Why, shake the pan and move slowly, as if you were going to leave the pastur' and make for hum; when it repents of being so distrustful, comes up, and you slip the halter on."

☞ Table-talk or knocking may sometimes lead to embarrassing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin: A party met the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, a married lady present put the question. "How many children have I?" "Tap, tap, tap, tap," or four replied the table. "True, wonderful!" exclaimed the lady and all others. Presently her husband came in and asked the same question. "Tap, tap," or two, was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described. This might be termed "scandalous table-talk."

Modern Corinth and its People.

The modern town of Corinth is more completely miserable than even a good stout serviceable imagination, always ready when called upon can conceive. It is literally embedded in filth and mud of all sorts. The people, squalid and half-starving, are half-naked: the houses are all one story high, and all tumbling down. Hungry dogs howl and fight for offal over the ruined baths of Hadrian. The hotel appeared a mere refuge for destitute vermin, for it is alive with them. They swarmed over the seats of chairs, and played at leap-frog with your feet upon the crowded floor. They were upon the walls, the window-sills the curtains, the table-cloth even, and appeared quite wild with delight at the arrival of a fresh and tender stranger—a Greek skin being imprevious to their attacks, or of indifferent flavour should they succeed in penetrating it. The bread, however, looks clean when the crust was cut off, and fortunately our lively little friends could not get into the eggs, so that we managed to appease our hunger, which was extremely sharpened by the mountain air and brisk motion after the confinement of a steamer. We found it quite as well to keep our eyes off the landlady when she came in, in order to enjoy our bread and eggs, for a more revolting old person it would be hard to find. When she brought in a thick glutinous mess, which was stated by Polychonopulos to be coffee, we were too glad to take his word for the fact, and to drink a little fountain water from the palms of our hands instead. The modern Greeks are still a fine race of men, straight, upright, and well-grown: and in the classes a little removed from absolute beggary, the national costume, gay and flowing, add, considerably to their personal attractions, but the women are, without exception fat and uncomely. They are broad where they ought to be slim, and narrow where they ought to be full in figure. Their complexions are oily, and their hair coarse and ill-arranged; their eyes small, and their hands and feet large and clumbsy. Not even the grace of their national dress can conceal a certain waddling awkwardness of gait. They seem born to show how ugly it is possible to be with faultless features; for they have nearly all the Greek profile, the straight nose, the delicate lip. They appear to marry while quite children.

DODGING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—"Sir," said Fieryfacias, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, "do you say, upon your oath, that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?"

"I didn't say he was ever accused being an honest man, did I?" said Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. P., that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon!"

"Sir," said Fieryfacias, "sir-r, upon your oath, you say Blimpkins is a rogue, a villain, and a thief!"

"You say so," was Pipe's reply.

"Havn't you said so?"

"Why, you have said it," said Pipkins, "what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir-r!" thundered Fieryfacias, the Demosthenean thunder of Thumbton, "sir, I charge you upon your sworn oath, do you, or do you not say that Blimpkins stole things?"

"No sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkins, "I never said Blimpkins stole things; but I do say—*he's got a great way of finding things that nobody lost.*"

"Sir-r!" said Fieryfacias, "you can retire," and the court adjourned.

☞ A hardy son of the ocean on retiring to his ship, after the taking of Vera Cruz captured a donkey, and immediately mounted him; but seating himself on the rump, the animal kicked and came near throwing him off. A soldier told him to set further forward on the mule and he would not kick so. The tar replied—"I'll see you blow'd first; this is mine, and I'd like to know who will stop me from riding on the *quarter deck of my own jackass.*"

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down east there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was aroused from his slumbers by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked,

'Who's there?'

'Friend.'

'What do you want?'

'Want to stay here all night.'

'Stay there, then,' was the benevolent reply.

A lady was passing a blacksmith's shop the other day with her little boy, and as he looked in at the door, he saw the operation of shoeing a horse. 'See, mamma, see?' he exclaimed, 'dey making a horse now; dey making a horse now; dey got him most done—see, see!'

"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to a hopeful son, the other morning. "Remember that the early bird catches the first worm?"

"What do I care for the worms?" replied the hopeful, "mother won't let me go a fishing."

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?—Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in Indian-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk shoes, and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw-bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man the race would long since have been extinct. Here is a state of endurance which man could not bear.

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.—There are some good people who, at this late day, dislike exceedingly to listen to a preacher who makes use of written sermons. A minister whom we fell in company with a day or two since, gave us a little of his early experience on this point, and related the following incident:—He said that just before leaving the theological school he went to a certain Baptist church in New Hampshire to supply for a single Sabbath, and was directed when he arrived to call on one of the members—an old farmer—at whose house it was expected he would put up. When he arrived the old farmer received him cordially, and immediately commenced conversation as follows:—

Farmer—(Eyeing him very closely.) "you have come to preach for us, have you?"

Student—"Yes, sir, I have come with that expectation."

Farmer—"Do you make use of written sermons?"

Student—"I do."

Farmer—"You don't then we don't want you. I'll speak to the people myself first; we want a man that *can open his mouth, and have the Gospel flow like water gushing out the tail of a saw mill, and that will melt down the hearts of the people like honey on a rock!*"

EFFECTS OF WRONG SPELLING.—Not long since, a gentleman, then chorister of a certain choir in Vermont, wrote to a publisher in Boston for a copy of that popular singing book entitled 'The Ancient Lyre.'

In his communication he used the following language; 'Please send me the Ancient *Liar* well *bound*.' The publisher, in answer to his request, replied, 'My Dear Sir,—I do not doubt that the *devil* has been, and still is in Boston; but it will be difficult to comply with your request, for the reason that Boston influence is so strong in his favor, it will be impossible to *bind* him.'

☞ A blacksmith was lately summoned to a town court as a witness, in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not settle the affair—as the cost had already amounted to three times the disputed sum.

'I told the fools to settle it,' he replied; 'for I said the clerks would take their coats—the lawyers their shirts—and if they got into your honor's court, you'd skin 'em.'

☞ "Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid, the other night, of an old veteran of Jackson's army of '15.

"No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in these days I had a military ball come to me, and what 'dye think? It took my leg off."

☞ Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant *arrah* coming out of it."

☞ A man with one eye laid another a wager that he (the one-eyed) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted. 'You have lost.' Said the first; "I can see two eyes in your face, and you can see only one in mine."

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine you are giving my husband. Why, is that right?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

☞ The dandy who was "struck with an idea" was not seriously injured, as the weapon was a very slight one. Such an accident is not likely to happen to him again.

☞ The foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing is a vice so mean and low, that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—*Washington.*