

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXIII.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1858.

NUMBER 16.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.
OFFICE IN COBB'S BLOCK, MAIN-STREET.

COBB & MEAD,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JAMES COBB, EDITOR.
JAMES MEAD, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, when payment is made in advance, for \$1.50. Delivered by carrier, paid directly in advance, 3 c. per copy. If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

No paper discontinued until arrangements are made, unless at the option of the proprietors.

All communications must be post-paid.

S. H. NILES, (Successor to V. B. Palmer, New-England Advertising Agent, No. 1, Scoville's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements for this paper, at the same rates as required by us.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PROF. A. BOTT,
TEACHER OF
Vocal and Instrumental Music
AND COMPOSITION.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.
All descriptions and best selection of Music will be furnished.

D. H. HOWARD,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Teacher of
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Careful attention will be paid to tuning Pianos and Melodions, at home and abroad. All instruments carefully handled and perfectly tuned. For proof of this give me a call.

A. W. POWERS,
BURLINGTON, VT.
AGENT FOR BOARDMAN, GUNN & CO.'S celebrated Police Cannon attached and regulated Simulating Cannon, which for purity and richness of tone, durability and elegance of style and finish challenge competition. Mr. Powers continues to give careful attention to tuning and repairing Pianos, Fortes, and from several years successful experience is confident of his ability to give satisfaction in every respect. All orders by mail or otherwise promptly and faithfully attended to.

J. C. O. REDINGTON,
NORTH BURLINGTON, MASS.
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music—Agent for PIANOS, FORTES, MELODIONS, and all kinds of musical merchandise. Melodions of any make and of any price. A personal warrant given for selected instruments. In the fall months Mr. R. contemplates attending personally to delivering instruments. Orders filled promptly, and satisfaction guaranteed.

N. HARRIS M. D.,
Surgion and Mechanical Dentist.
Teeth fitted with Crystalized Gold, all operations done in Dentistry as usual, office at his residence on Park Street, west side of the little Park.

H. KINGSLEY,
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.
Resides in Brewster's Block, Main St., one door North of the Post Office.
All operations upon the Teeth will be performed in accordance with the latest improvement in the Art and warranted.

DR. JENNINGS
Would take this method to inform the public, that he has concluded to make his place his residence, and would have express his gratitude to his numerous patrons in this, as well as the surrounding towns, and hopes he may still merit their patronage.

Dr. Jennings would inform his patrons that he has again taken rooms at the Addison House, where he will give life and attention to all who give him a call.

SIMILIA SIMILIABUS CURANTUR
GRATEFUL FOR PAST FAVORS, Dr. O. J. KELLS would announce to his little patrons, friends, and the public generally, that he has taken his connection in the practice of Homeopathic Medicine, and Surgery, at G. G. GIERKE, M. D., a graduate from the Western Homoeopathic College, at Cleveland, Ohio. By this arrangement, Dr. Kells and Gierke hope to be able to supply the constantly increasing demand for Homeopathic Remedies & the Sick.

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHARGE. 26

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
Office in the Engine Building.
Middlebury, Nov. 25th, 1856. 32

A. H. COPELAND,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATION.
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTEN, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, GLOCKS, JEWELRY
AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Near the Bridge, Middlebury, VT.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
At low rates. 24

E. MCCLURE & CO.,
BAKERS.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. 16

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR.
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
Wanted—a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26 1/2

**MIDDLEBURY
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
AND
IRON STORE.**

JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

ADDITION HOUSE.
THE subscribers would respectfully give notice that they have leased the "Addition House" for a term of years, and that the proprietors have refitted the house in every part, and the subscribers have re-furnished it with a large amount of new furniture, and nothing shall be wanting on their part to make everything comfortable and pleasant for their guests. Excellent tables and the best attention for horses will be provided. Country residents will find a pleasant and convenient home at the most liberal rates. Special accommodations will be offered for county entertainments. Large and small parties will be accommodated at short notice.

ADAMS, BROTHERS
Middlebury, July 15, 1857. 15 1/2

Poem Delivered on Senior Class-Day, July 14th, 1858.
BY JULIUS WILCOX.

The moon was rising—calm, and clear, and cold,
Ringing the captured earth in pearly white,
On a moonlit night, a mortal's eyes beheld,
Slamming the curtain down by lustre's light,
The air, replete with beauty, did exult
To witness such a lovely, bounding day
Had gone—the white-robed, white in her own
Light
Revealed and moved,—while slumbers Nature lay
In soft and dim repose, and dreamed her life away.

A land of stillness and unearthly joy,
Its lighted air fanned by no niggard thing,
Its calmness such as nothing could destroy,
Its zephyrs light as music's fairy's wing.
The centre of the world it was,—as the widening
Of desert sands and dark, jewels look,
At blackest darkness from itself may bring
Light-sparkles,—in this land, which could unfold
Only the unfilled,—frames of no mortal mould.

Through a long vista of half-opened trees
I saw a mother's face,—in glowing tones
Its nursing mother, Earth, at length the breeze
Thus stirred its bloom, and the arching blue
Above it, it would shrink from—dim in view,
Stray clouds were mirrored in its depths,—and far
Into its end, a peak of changing hue,
Whereon the night with dew and welcome war,
Heron's light—its dusky robes,—now crested with a star.

The silence was invaded—not by sound,
But by the dipping of a fairy's ear;
From out a lily's petals peering round,
The queen-spirit stole,—then leaped upon her
The dower, delicate, deeply did deplore
His recent guest,—who, in her beauteous
Bright shroud, urged her lovers more and more,
Nighly prices rule by day, and
And softly sang, meanwhile, their quickening
Strokes between.

Far from the realm of mortal life,
From all its haunts,
Far from red fields with milder life,
Far from all sounds of tears and strife,
We live, and love, and sing,
Nighly prices rule by day, and
And softly sang, meanwhile, their quickening
Strokes between.

Peace comes with the setting sun,
Now, while Nature lies reposing,
And all human cares are closing,
And the stars their vigils keep,
Lovers fold their wearied arms,
Sobbers rest from wars' alarms,
Sleep transports us into rest,
Till the trumpet's shrill blare,
Rising through all the shuddering air,
Calls us from our slumber again,
Dusts, rest ye while ye may,
Death will meet ye with the day.

But now the earth, by which we rest a prey,
In heavy slumber lies,—the night is o'er,
Bathed in the hazy of sleep,
Then, thus, lightly rose,—the night is o'er,
The silver lake,
Whose rippling break
So peaceful on the pebble-dotted beach;
O softly rose,—our dancing boat full soon will
reach.

Her welcome, moonlit life,—and then we'll have,
Lain the sunning shall the hills-side leave,
Joy crowned with flowers.

The song was sung,—it's body now was spent;
But the spirit, it was young, there was more,
Still to the soul, in sweet bewilderment,
It's spirit rolled in echoes up the shore.
To welcome a guest, a guest, a guest, a guest,
Of battlesome faries down the lake's side,
And as she of old days in days before,
With waving hand she bade the crowd divide,
And, as if moved through all, in still and royal
proud.

All the four quarters of the globe, it seemed,
Had in its dream, from its own land and near,
All that sad lovers in their sleep had dreamed,
Of smiling cliffs, now were gathered here.
Six Pucks, to wit, in airy-maid appear,
And, as if moved through all, in still and royal
proud.

The fairest of them was a pale, pale maid,
In shining beauty and resplendent gown;
In work, it was a miracle of art,
Outshining stored Eastern diamonds.
It is to the wayward, and foreign, who contains
The pomp and vanities of life, as those
Unworthy trifles,—clothing apothegms,
And, as if moved through all, in still and royal
proud.

The castle, built of alabaster, stood
Viewing its builders with a half-disdain,
As though alone, in staidest solitude,
Had it to the wayward, and foreign, who contains
The pomp and vanities of life, as those
Unworthy trifles,—clothing apothegms,
And, as if moved through all, in still and royal
proud.

To chronicle their wanderings time would fail,
The books which held their earth could not contain,
No vice they had been too timid to reveal,
Yet had they tried thus far almost in vain.
The good they wrought had been destroyed again,
Woe was a thing which by resistance grew,
On hardened hearts Sin's stamp would still remain.

How could the rotting old give place to new,
By low could aged, lying lips be changed to true.

Tyrants they had deposed,—new pers slain,
Judges who worshipped Justice less than gold
They had removed,—but tyrants rose again
And, as if moved through all, in still and royal
proud.

What good could water do, on sea of fire,
Could any force the oak of centuries bend,
How could the scald the greatest runner fire,
Or how could death with grief's runner fire,
If it was vain such messengers to send,
Butter, they asked, with a long-drawn sigh,
Such messengers' discordant notes would not blend,
To let the world in all its misery lie.

The sovereign waved her hand, and hushed the
gathering cry.

Lifted above the assembled multitude,
The queen-spirit stood, with conscious loft' air,
Her zone a strip of rainbow, many-hued,
Cast off and was the fairest of the fair,
A sunbeam was her wand,—above her bare
And airy arms she drew her purple cloak,
Out from a sunbeams' cloud,—above her hair
There gleamed a diamond,—in a voice which
lurked

Hardly the stealer, tearful still,—Titans spoke,
We do not reckon them as mortals do,
Began the queen,—yet now I well recall,
When from this throne I saw each one of you
Prostrate before me, newly-crowned, fall,
New-shed with royalty, both one and all,
Then were all obedient,—throughout my reign,
No riotous ones such as off-appeal
Most rulers, have reached me,—all things remain
In rest,—and if I would, yet could I have complain,

You ask of me, my father, foolish things,
That I, unempowered, should give your way

Of ever roughness,—in your murmurings,
Forgetful of your promise to obey,
Grow restless under burdens,—in array
Before me, piece your troubles; and the tears
So bright and dim your eyes, as you survey
Your field of labor, that it now appears
To need the work of giants, through eternal years.

My friend Merle Vernon was a bright
attractive girl, well educated and intelligent,
and as good as she was intelligent.
She married according to her choice. I
might, if I had the power, and were inclined
for a romance, instead of a straight forward
story, tell of the first meeting, and the first
impressions, and the mutual attractions, and the
conclusion to which she and Henry Dale were
irresistably drawn, that they were made for
each other, and could not by any possibility go
through life except together. I saw them when
they met, twice accidentally, and to him
unexpectedly, and I built a whole romance
on his start and blush of pleasure, and his
animated greeting. (I wish I could have
seen the same thing ten years later.) Well,
time went on; they were married, and every
one argued the most sunny life for them.
Both well educated, cultivated, and with
similarity in taste, even their religious
feelings in harmony; on one point
only was there any difference. His early
life had been a hard discipline, and he had
never known the charm of a pleasant
home and social intercourse.

It is desirable in married life, in order
to perfect harmony, that the education and
habits of life of each should have been
similar.

Well, as I said, they were married, the
wedding journey was over, the wedding
visits received and paid, and then Henry
threw himself back into his profession,
with the more zeal for the time he had
lost. His wife entered into his pursuits
and interests, devoted her evenings to him
when he could be at home, helped him to
look for authorities, or took her work or
book, and sat quietly by, while he knotted
his brow over knotty cases.

She had expected some sympathy in
her pursuits also; not much time given to
her, but some help now and then, advice
as to reading, refreshing discussions on
topics of interest. Evening after evening,
week after week, she watched and waited
but there was always something of more
importance, or very often engagements out
in which she could not share. There were
always the best reasons in the world; no
one could question his propriety, but there
were always reasons.

So she learned to plod on by herself;
helped her husband still when she could,
and then read as she might, turning over
what she had read in her own mind, for
want of sympathy in the communication.

Still she said to me, "next year," and
"next year, Henry says, he will not work
so hard; he will have more time."

I smiled inwardly at her woman's faith,
and said to myself, "next year, and next
year, my dear child will never come."

You can break a few threads easily, but
let me wind around you the habits of
many years. (I wear yards,) and it will
take more strength than you have to break
them.

Henry grew renowned in his profession,
made himself famous; but he paid dearly
for his renown. Years gathered on his
head; they had position, eminence, wealth,
but no home. He was much engrossed,
and, gradually, even his wife was in his
way when he was reading and writing.
So they spent their time asunder.

They gradually withdrew from social
life. Sometimes she went out alone; but
she grew tired of that. Sometimes she
invited friends to her house; but when he
either excused himself entirely, or submitted
to the interruption with a very bad
grace, she gave up even that. The fact
is, that, like many another, he mistook the
means for the end, and made that which
should have been the means of supplying
his wants, the aim and object of life.

While Merle was still nursing the
delusive hope of the "next year," his locks
whitened with his toils, and the silver
threads grew more and more plentiful
among her dark locks.

By that time she had almost learned to
live alone; and it had been wise had she
learned the lesson earlier. I heard a friend
say one day, in her hearing, "I don't believe
in polygamy, a man who is wedded
to his profession ought not to take any
other wife." Merle looked as if she understood
it—

"But not a word she spoke."
One day the secret came out. A friend
said to Henry, "You ought to give your-
self more time; you work too hard at your
age."

"Ah," said he, in reply, "There is
nothing else for me. The fact is my hab-
its are fixed, I am not good for anything

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wife's Mistake.
BY GREY MARION.

It is very beautiful, the history of the
"Wife's Mistake," and I have no doubt
such cases are, and such an example may
be profitable. But let me tell a tale on
the other side.

My friend Merle Vernon was a bright
attractive girl, well educated and intelligent,
and as good as she was intelligent.
She married according to her choice. I
might, if I had the power, and were inclined
for a romance, instead of a straight forward
story, tell of the first meeting, and the first
impressions, and the mutual attractions, and the
conclusion to which she and Henry Dale were
irresistably drawn, that they were made for
each other, and could not by any possibility go
through life except together. I saw them when
they met, twice accidentally, and to him
unexpectedly, and I built a whole romance
on his start and blush of pleasure, and his
animated greeting. (I wish I could have
seen the same thing ten years later.) Well,
time went on; they were married, and every
one argued the most sunny life for them.
Both well educated, cultivated, and with
similarity in taste, even their religious
feelings in harmony; on one point
only was there any difference. His early
life had been a hard discipline, and he had
never known the charm of a pleasant
home and social intercourse.

It is desirable in married life, in order
to perfect harmony, that the education and
habits of life of each should have been
similar.

Well, as I said, they were married, the
wedding journey was over, the wedding
visits received and paid, and then Henry
threw himself back into his profession,
with the more zeal for the time he had
lost. His wife entered into his pursuits
and interests, devoted her evenings to him
when he could be at home, helped him to
look for authorities, or took her work or
book, and sat quietly by, while he knotted
his brow over knotty cases.

She had expected some sympathy in
her pursuits also; not much time given to
her, but some help now and then, advice
as to reading, refreshing discussions on
topics of interest. Evening after evening,
week after week, she watched and waited
but there was always something of more
importance, or very often engagements out
in which she could not share. There were
always the best reasons in the world; no
one could question his propriety, but there
were always reasons.

So she learned to plod on by herself;
helped her husband still when she could,
and then read as she might, turning over
what she had read in her own mind, for
want of sympathy in the communication.

Still she said to me, "next year," and
"next year, Henry says, he will not work
so hard; he will have more time."

I smiled inwardly at her woman's faith,
and said to myself, "next year, and next
year, my dear child will never come."

You can break a few threads easily, but
let me wind around you the habits of
many years. (I wear yards,) and it will
take more strength than you have to break
them.

Henry grew renowned in his profession,
made himself famous; but he paid dearly
for his renown. Years gathered on his
head; they had position, eminence, wealth,
but no home. He was much engrossed,
and, gradually, even his wife was in his
way when he was reading and writing.
So they spent their time asunder.

They gradually withdrew from social
life. Sometimes she went out alone; but
she grew tired of that. Sometimes she
invited friends to her house; but when he
either excused himself entirely, or submitted
to the interruption with a very bad
grace, she gave up even that. The fact
is, that, like many another, he mistook the
means for the end, and made that which
should have been the means of supplying
his wants, the aim and object of life.

While Merle was still nursing the
delusive hope of the "next year," his locks
whitened with his toils, and the silver
threads grew more and more plentiful
among her dark locks.

By that time she had almost learned to
live alone; and it had been wise had she
learned the lesson earlier. I heard a friend
say one day, in her hearing, "I don't believe
in polygamy, a man who is wedded
to his profession ought not to take any
other wife." Merle looked as if she understood
it—

"But not a word she spoke."
One day the secret came out. A friend
said to Henry, "You ought to give your-
self more time; you work too hard at your
age."

"Ah," said he, in reply, "There is
nothing else for me. The fact is my hab-
its are fixed, I am not good for anything

else, and I suppose I shall work on till I
die."

There was the end of all my friend's
beautiful hopes. He had undited himself
entirely for domestic and social life, and
so chose to live and die. Quite so com-
mon a case.

Merle had also made a mistake; or
rather, if she had made a mistake, it was
early in life, and one not very easily re-
tified.

Portrait of a Husband.
One of the go-ahead ladies of this pro-
gressive age thus writes of her husband to
the Boston *Old Time*. It does seem
a pity that such a woman should be caught
in the same net with such a man as this
lady describes her husband to be—but
such accidents do happen occasionally. We
should like to have Solomon's opinion
of his wife:

"Mr. Error!—If you could only see
my husband, Solomon Stillweather! It is
my firm conviction he will be the death
of me. I am naturally a happy, bright
coquette, warm-hearted, chain lightning,
impulsive woman—born after stages were
exploded, and in the days of railroads and
steam engines. I've the most capacious
heart that ever thumped against a silken
bolice; can hate like Lucifer and love in
proportion, and be eternally grateful to any
one who is kind to me. Now S-o-l-o-m-o-n
is a perpetual calm. Nothing ruffles him
nothing disturbs him. Mount Vesuvius
couldn't hurry him; he does everything,
mercantile and matrimonial, by rule,
square and compass.

Were the house on fire, he would stop
to take the lint off his coat, and brush his
coat before starting. If I ask him a ques-
tion at breakfast I never get an answer
until after tea; he walks around the house
with a noiseful, velvet tread, like a su-
perannated pussy cat. Should the chil-
dren in their play knock over the tea table
and its contents, he looks very quietly up
from his book, and says: "A in't-y-o-u-
r-a-t-h-e-r-r-a-d-e-ch-i-l-d-r-e-n?"

I never heard him laugh, he can't
know the luxury of tears. Now, if I
could only get a domestic squabble
(thunder clouds clear the atmosphere, you
know) but it's no use. I've tried to stir
him on politics, but he's on the fence—
had as leave jump one way as another.
I've tried to put on the sulks, and been
distant and dignified—I tell you he likes
it; besides you couldn't freeze him colder
than he is. I've been loving an petting
him. It's a waste of ammunition; he
can't be thawed out. It's my solemn be-
lief he was originally intended for an old
maid, but by some horrid mistake—he's
my husband. I could dole Cape Horn
while he says "My De-a-r." Oh! oh,
when the coroner's jury sits on me, won't
the verdict be—"died of excess of still
weather?"

One summer evening, in the country,
as he sat on the grass smoking a cigar, it
occurred to me whether anything short
of an earthquake would start him up; so I
placed a long string of crackers behind
him, and touched them off, and, as I am a
living woman, he never so much as winked.
You should see him getting ready
for church, as he pairs and polishes his
finger nails, lays every hair on his head
over its appropriate bump, sprinkles a
drop of cologne on the north-west corner
of his pocket handkerchief, and ties the
bow of that cravat for the for-tish time.
—I never saw S-o-l-o-m-o-n excited.

JUDGE TANEY FORTY YEARS AGO.—In
1818, at a camp meeting in Washington
county, Md., where many negroes were
present, a Methodist clergyman, Rev.
Jacob Graber, took occasion to denounce
the institution of slavery, and predict
alarming consequences from its contin-
uance. For this he was tried at the Hagers-
town Court the following month, on a
charge of inciting slaves to mutiny and
rebellion against their masters. The trial
resulted in an acquittal. The senior
counsel for his defence was the present
Chief Justice Taney. The course of rea-
soning adopted by the learned counsel is
in striking contrast to the tone of the
Dred Scott decision, recently promulgated
by the same person. He did not merely
confine himself to a defence of his client,
but proceeded to give his sentiments upon
the subject of slavery. In order to show
what he then thought, we copy the fol-
lowing paragraph:

"A hard necessity, indeed, compels us
to endure the evils of slavery for a time.
It was imposed upon us by another na-
tion while we were yet in a state of col-
onial vassalage. It cannot be easily or
suddenly removed. Yet, while it contin-
ues, it is a blot on our national character,
and every real lover of freedom confident-
ly hopes that it will be effectually, though
gradually, wiped away, and earnestly
looks for the means by which this neces-

sary object may be best attained. And
until it shall be accomplished, until the
time shall come when we can point with-
out a blush to the language held in the
Declaration of Independence, every friend
of humanity will seek to lighten the gal-
ling chain of slavery, and letter to the
utmost of his power the wretched condi-
tion of the slave."—*Albany Evening
Journal.*

From the President R. L. Ingham.
NATIONAL TOURS.
YANKEE DOODLE.
This is an old air, and its history is not
precisely known. We copy the following
from the new edition of Bartlett's Dictio-
nary of Americanisms, which is now going
through the press of Little, Brown & Co.
There has been much discussion as to
the origin of the term Yankee Doodle, and
of the well-known tune which bears this
name. We quote from Mr. Duychick's
excellent Cyclopaedia of American Litera-
ture the following:

"The tone of Yankee Doodle is said to
have been composed by a Dr. Shackburg,
attached to the British army in 1765,
when the troops of the northern colonies
marched into Albany, preparatory to the
attack on the French posts of Niagara and
Frontenac. The habits of these re-
cruits presented a strange contrast to the
orderly appointments of the English sol-
diers, and the music to which they uncer-
tainly as antiquated and outre as their
uniforms. Shackburg, who possessed some
musical knowledge, composed a tune for
the new comers, which he told them was
one of the most exalted of those in use
by the army. To the great amusement
of the British, the provincials accepted
the gift, and 'Yankee Doodle' became very
popular among them."

Dr. Duychick further states that the
tune was not original with Shackburg, as
it had been traced back to the time of
Charles I. in England. A little later we
have the first appearance of that redoubt-
able personage Yankee Doodle. He seems
at that early stage of his career, to have
shown his characteristic trait of making
the most of himself—

Yankee Doodle came to town
Upon a Roanish pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat,
And called the girls his own.

The precise date when the old song of
"The Yankee's return to Camp," to which
the first of Yankee Doodle was arranged
was first sung cannot be fixed with accu-
racy; but as the tune was sung at Ban-
ker Hill, may be assumed to have been
in 1775. There have been many varia-
tions.—Farmer and Morris's Historical
Collections of New Hampshire, vol. iii, p.
157, contains the earliest version, with
some of the variations. The song begins
as follows:

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we got the men and boys,
As thick as last year's pudding.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, do, do, do,
And with the girls be handy.

The Cyclopaedia of American Literature
thus speculates about the Dutch origin of
the song:

Yankee diled, duder deen
Died, dind, dander
Yankee vider, vreever voo-
Botermilk and tautler.

That is, buttermilk and taut.
This song our informant has heard re-
peated by a native of that country, who
had often listened to it at harvest time
in his youth.

We quote from the Boston Post, the
following incident as additional evidence
that Yankee Doodle is an old tune:

When Kossuth was in Charlestown, and
was going up the hill where the battle of
Bunker Hill was fought, the band struck
up "Yankee Doodle." This led him to
remark that this tune was familiar to
Hungarians, for it was substantially the
Oszardis of the Hungarian popular dances,
and was an ancient tune. The Hungari-
ans, however, have no words set to the
tune."

TOWN USE.—While Judge Williams of
this State, was upon the bench, he had oc-
casion one day as he was leaving the
Court room to "scratch his back," but
being unable to reach the desired spot, on
of the side judge volunteered to assist
him. "Well," said the Judge, "I have
always wondered what these side judges
were for, and I have now ascertained. It
is to scratch the Judge's back."

—Mr. P.'s little daughter came run-
ning to her Aunt one day, saying: "Aunt
Kate, Aunt Kate, little Mattie has swal-
lowed a button!" Seeing her terror, her
Aunt calmly replied, "Well! what good
will that do her?" Said the child, very
seriously, "Not any good, as I see, *un-
less she swallows a button hole!*"

—It has been thought strange that a
dinner to which a man is not invited, of-
fers an exceedingly hard upon his stom-
ach.

Summer Tour in Europe.

Our party of Travellers left Rome June
1st. Florence was the first leading point
of attraction, about 200 miles to the
North, in the way by Northern Italy to
Genova in Switzerland. With some re-
ference to the limited time and lateness of
the season, as it was thought, for strangers
in Italy, more perhaps to the bias of the
course of modern travel from modern im-
provements, which points the way, in the
spirit of the age, to the steamer at Civita
Vesuviana. For this distance, 54 miles, a
railroad is in progress, the construction of
which it is said will deprive the traveller
of little that can interest or instruct.
There they were to "try the fickle ocean
again,"—grave as its steadiness has been
for ages, still it is unwise,—"which
for once put on its best mood, and per-
mitted us to glide over it to Leghorn in
perfect comfort." This was an evening
and night trip of 150 miles, "rocked by
the billows of the deep," "the time made by
the steamer from 3 P. M. to 8 A. M., the
latter of June 2d.

Leghorn is the chief port of modern
Tuscany, next to Genoa, perhaps, the sec-
ond of Italy. Approached with no equiv-
ocal feeling of curiosity and respect by a
mixed party of ladies and gentlemen,
whose early associations had placed her
at the head of maritime towns, even fitter
than Venice in some respects to be the
bride of the sea, what should have been
the impression of the party, if instead of
the courtesy they might naturally expect,
approaching her feet in hand, they were
met by the rudeness of the petty despotism
of an Italian Duke, an unlimited sov-
ereign to be sure, who dominates, it
seems, over other people in the officials of
the custom-house!—"We landed, passed
comfortably through the police inspection
and thought ourselves fortunate, when lo!
we were brought to the custom-house, our
trunks opened, ransacked, rummaged,
turned upside down and down-side up;
they acted like sharks that had been fast-
ing for a month. One of the young lad-
ies had purchased a silk dress in Paris,
had it cut, but was hurried away before it
could be made. The vampires found
that early in the search, it was like the
taste of blood to the tiger; they passed
it from hand to hand and seemed to gloat
over the prize, as if they had detected
smugglers. They dove deeper and deeper
into the trunk, determined to turn over
the last shreds; little paper boxes filled
with lava or gravel stones, or other little
relics of Naples or Rome, were greedily
uncovered, then dismissed and left in a
state of beautiful confusion. When sat-
isfied with the search one trunk was left
in perfect chaos, so that it could not be
shut. In the best Italian I could com-
mand, I directed the official to replace the
articles in order. I am sure he did not
understand my language, but my manner
was probably impressive; he that as it
may, the most classic Italian would not
have secured a more prompt compliance
with my wishes." A duty was exacted
for the dress, a protection for the silk
weavers, we suppose, up the Arno.
Except for its government, Leghorn has a
pleasing commercial aspect, developing
the spirit of commerce in a growth of its
own, and offers an opportunity of leaving
it by sea on the railroad to Pisa.

The distance is 18 miles. The older
city has its reminiscences of republican
prosperity and jealousy, its remnants of
better days, its cathedral where they were
undimmed rather than secured, and its
sarcophagi leaning tower, which was any
thing but symbolical of a waywardness of
spirit that never could fall. This of course
was ascended and ascended at anew. "In
form it is cylindrical, 53 feet in diameter
at the base, 178 feet high. It consists of
eight stories of columns, ascended by 530
steps," and as it is the companion of the
cathedral, it has the belfry with seven
bells, the largest weighing 12,000 pounds.
This structure stands leaning from its
foundation at least thirteen feet out of
plumb, a puzzle of accident or contrivance,
a confusion to simplicity and gravity it-
self. The cathedral is extensive, and rich-<