

# The Middlebury Register.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1859.

NUMBER 7.

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THE FAMILY BIBLE,  
With Notes and Instructions. Published by  
the American Tract Society. Also the Family  
Testament, for sale at  
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## POETRY.

For the Register.  
**The Welcome Home.**  
Unto thy native hills  
We welcome thee once more,  
To these swift murmuring hills,  
Where thou hast strayed of yore—  
Upon their banks again,  
Come! and sit down to rest,  
As free from care and pain,  
These broad and tranquil streams,  
The trees beside the stream  
Are shady as of old,  
As broad their branches seem,  
As wide their leaves unfold,  
The skies above thy head,  
As tranquil and serene,  
The earth on which you tread  
As fruitful and as green,  
The friends you left behind,  
As gentle and as true,  
As when they roamed with you.  
Was aught that thou didst see,  
As pleasant to thy sight,  
As beautiful to thee,  
As glorious and as bright,  
As these lofty verdant hills?  
Like Eden's garden plains?  
These foaming mountain rills,  
This land where plenty reigns?  
The orchards and sylvan shades  
Of birch and waving pine?  
These happy smiling maids,  
The friends of thee and thine?  
As this, thy native spot,  
Beside the purling stream?  
A bliss and happy spot,  
Where youth passed like a dream,  
From sorrow care and strife,  
Oh! then thy heart was free—  
And happy was thy life—  
So may it ever be—  
Did the sun as brightly shine,  
In the regions of the west,  
As in this land of thine  
Like Eden's garden bliss?  
Or didst thou find one place,  
In lands that thou didst see,  
More pleasant than thy home,  
More beautiful to thee?  
Home! all the wealth of kings,  
The honors they bestow,  
The splendor and grandeur bring,  
I value far below  
The pleasures that await,  
On those who cling to thee,  
The humble life thy state,  
From strife and sorrow free,  
Thy doors are open wide  
To the wretched and oppressed,  
In safety they abide,  
Upon thy peaceful breast,  
Around thy blazing hearth,  
In winter chill and cold,  
The hours are spent in mirth  
Alike by young and old,  
And 'tho' the wind should blow,  
More welcome to thee,  
No danger shall they know,  
Beneath thy peaceful roof,  
Thou welcome, welcome home,  
Where hearts beat warm and true  
And never, never, roam  
From those so dear to you.  
Middlebury, May, 29, 69. A. A. F.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**A First Rate Love Story**  
It is our taste to have things of this kind done something in this way.  
Annie had arrived at the natural age of (do not start, reader, twenty-seven, and yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or another, she had not even fallen in love as yet. "Had she no offers?" What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million of dollars go begging offers? It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position? Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution, but she was a resolute girl. We must go back six years.  
One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking com-  
pactly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting-room, really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Breman. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said "I am he."  
The stranger might have been some thirty years or so of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. Breman was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader:  
—, 11 mo., 18—,  
"Friend Paul—This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon him for aught that he can do and shall not lean on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, most prudent and prudent benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice,  
"Thy former and present friend,  
"MICHAEL LOOMIS."  
It is not every one who can get old. Michael Loomis' indorsement on his character," said Paul Breman to himself as he folded up the letter of a well known associate of former days. Old Michael is good for a quarter of a million or for anything else—it will do—I want him—getting old—business increasing—must have help—now as well as any time."  
The old gentleman looked at all this as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips.  
"Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?"  
"I have had a few years' experience."

"Any objections to a place here? Pretty close work—a thousand a year  
"None in the world."  
"When can you begin?"  
"Now."  
A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, upon those seemingly hard dark features.  
A stool was pushed to the new comer books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and, in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that he and the old man had known each other for years.  
In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and although he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general acquaintance with the most note-worthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick and fast upon him. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world, save his two lovely daughters.  
As years after years passed away he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, although he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.  
Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting-room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Breman was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young man before him. Something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, too, at times he looked so curiously. The Irish servant was puzzled. "Sure," said James, "something's a coming." Annie too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.  
"What is it father?" she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face, "what is it? Do tell me."  
"I wish you'd have him," burst forth like an avalanche. "Know him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold."  
"Have you father? What are you talking about?"  
"My head clerk, Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen anybody else worth an old quill."  
Annie was puzzled. She laughed however and said?  
"Marry my father's clerk? What would people say?"  
"Humbug, child, all humbug—Worth forty of your whickered, laughing, lazy gentry: say what they please, what do I care? What's money, after all? Got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it; all humbug."  
"What's all humbug, father?"  
"Why people's notions on these matters—Copeland's poor—so was I once—may be again world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't stay here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him."  
"Father, are you serious?"  
"Serious, child? And he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block; a strong minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.  
"Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland, I'll get acquainted with him. But he must love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?"  
"Go ahead my child, and do as you like. Good morning."  
"Stop a moment, father. I shall alter my name a little, I shall appear to be a poor girl, a companion of our friend, Mrs. Richards, in H—street; she shall know the whole affair; you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton; I shall be a relative of yours; you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself."  
"I see, I see," and one of these rare smiles illuminated his face. It actually got between his lids, parted them assunder, glanced upon a set of teeth but little worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting-room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and looked "good morning" to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles—so many, so peculiar,

and so full of something, that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that too with some alarm. What was coming? At last the volcano burst forth.  
"Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?"  
Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet he could not have been more astonished. Did Mr. Breman say that, and in the counting-room, too? The very lodger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the page before him.  
"I say—why don't you get a wife?—now just thing for you—prime article—poor enough, to be sure—what of that?—a fortune in a wife, you know—a sort of relation of mine—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs—know your own business—best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her!"  
Now, the fact is that Charles had some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should completely divine his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Breman's hand by James his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of a smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a sealed document of rather imposing form to Charles saying,  
"Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at No. 68 H—street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is directed—don't want to trust it to any one else."  
The clerk saw on the outside, "Mrs. Richards, No. 67 H—street. The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed and inquired for Mrs. Richards.  
"She is not in, but is expected presently; will you be seated?"  
There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self command about this person which to Copeland seemed peculiar. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people) made some common place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented. A glance at the outside.  
"Mr. Copeland," Charles bowed.  
"Miss Peyton," the young lady bowed, and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining longer, and our friend took his departure. That night Annie said to Mr. B., "I like his appearance, father."  
"Forward—march," said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with a vast satisfaction.  
"The old man's as sweet to-night as a new potato," said James the cook.  
"The next day Charles came very near writing several times. "To Miss Peyton, Dr.," as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.  
"Delivered the papers last evening!" Copeland bowed.  
"Mrs. Richards is an old friend—humble in circumstances—the young lady, Peyton, worth her weight in gold any day, have her myself if I could."  
"How much you remind me of Mr. Breman, said Charles one evening to Annie; "I think you said you were a relation of his?"  
"I am related to him through my mother," was the grave reply.  
"Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile."  
Somewhat later than usual on that day, Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there.  
"I see, I see," said the old man, "the account is closed—books balanced—have it all through now in no time. You are a sensible girl—no foolish puss—just what I want—bless you child, bless you."  
The next day Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to his counting-room. Casks and boxes seemed to be strange with wonder.  
"Copeland you are a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposal to my relation, Peyton—all right—done up well. Come up to my house this evening—never been there yet, eh?—eight o'clock precisely—want to see you—got something to say."  
"How much interest he seems to take in this matter," said Charles. "He's a kind old fellow in his way: a little rough, but good at heart."  
"Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for."

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Breman's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by his friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and then turning round abruptly, introduced him to "my daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Breman," and immediately withdrew.  
"Charles you will forgive me this?" He was too much astonished to make any reply. "If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would."  
That the motives and feelings were very soon explained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.  
"Copeland, my dear fellow," shouted old Paul as he entered the room, "no use in a long engagement!"  
"O, father!"  
"No use now, get ready afterwards, next Monday evening—who cares what it over, feel settled. Shan't part with Annie though, must bring your wife here, house rather lonesome, be still no worse, must have it so, partner in business, Breman & Copeland, got the papers all up to-day, can't alter it. Be quiet will you. Won't stay in the room."  
I have now finished my story, reader, I have given you the facts I cannot say, however, that I approve of the deception practiced upon our friend Charles. As however, our Lora Commended the "un-just steward because he acted wisely," so I suppose, the good sense shown by the young lady in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has moral courage enough to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart which the world can neither give nor take away.  
**Be Truthful, Always.**  
This little story, copied from an exchange paper, is excellent. Read it, boys and take its lessons well to heart:—  
"Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging, their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:—"What a fine large melon; I think I must have this for my dinner. What do you ask for it my boy?"  
"The melon is the last I have sir; and though it looks very fair there is an unusual spot on the other side," said the boy turning it over.  
"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "it is very unbusiness-like to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"  
"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.  
"You are right, my little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God, and man also. You have nothing else I wish for this morning, but I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?"  
"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.  
"Harry, what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now, you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."  
"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."  
And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never invested another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, continually patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future hopes and prospects. To become a merchant was his great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his store, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until having passed through the various gradations of clerkship, he became at length an honored partner in the firm.

**EUROPE IN A STATE OF BANKRUPTCY.**  
Louis Napoleon asks for a loan of \$100,000,000, to carry on his campaign in Italy. Russia has just put a loan in the market amounting to \$50,000,000; Austria has been in the market unsuccessfully for \$30,000,000 more, and on failure to negotiate his proposed loan, seized on the metallic currency of the Austrian Banks. Prussia proposes to negotiate for \$45,000,000; Sardinia for \$25,000,000; and England for \$30,000,000, on behalf of India.  
This makes the total amount of new loans in the market, on behalf of the European States, \$280,000,000, to which is to be added more than \$10,000,000,000—or ten billion dollars—already due from these same governments! And yet they talk of going to war when every one of them is incontestably bankrupt. The war will be likely to break them into fragments forever, as governments, and it is more likely than ever that better and more popular political institutions will rise from their ruins.  
England has to pay \$120,000,000 annually on her debt. It costs her nearly \$160,000,000 to maintain an efficient army and navy. And her entire annual expenses amount to \$340,000,000. It costs Russia about \$75,000,000 to support her army and navy, while her entire debt is \$88,000,000. And the finances of France are in no better condition. The moment any of these governments signify their inability to pay the interests on these huge debts, crash goes everything; there is no political power on the carpet that could stand for a day before the indignation and rage of a defrauded and overborne people.—And they may come to see, much sooner than is now expected, that the aggrandizement of Emperors, and Kings, and Princes is in no sense essential to the safety of the well-being of the people.  
**TROUBLES OF TELEGRAPHING IN INDIA.**  
The telegraphers in India make great complaints, not only that the rebels cut the wires, but that the elephants and other animals rub against the posts and prostrate them, while the monkeys, under a complete misapprehension of the objects of the telegraph system, delight to use the wires for athletic sports and pastimes. Mr. Russell says—"I have seen half a dozen great monkeys or baboons at work on one feeble stretch of wire, posturing, grinning, and chattering away in the highest spirits—some walking tippy-turvy along it, others tugging it up and down with main force, considerably increased by the circumstance that other monkeys were hanging on by their tails and other striving to detach the wire from the posts, so as to give their friends a sudden fall; while ants eat the base of the posts away; sudden gusts of wind blow miles of wire and posts flat to the earth."  
In addition to this, it is hard to transmit the messages in a smart active, wide awake and intelligent manner, when the thermometer is ranging between 90 and 120 degrees.—*Boston Traveller.*  
**PHOTOGRAPHING SOUND.**—A singular discovery has been made in England, by a Mr. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether these sounds are those of musical instrument or of the voice. Professor Wheatstone, during a visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbe Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised at what he saw. The mark made on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice is faithfully recorded. As yet, no practical advantage has resulted from this discovery, but Mr. Scott is sanguine that his apparatus will be capable of printing a speech, which may be written off verbatim.  
**A CONSTANT MIRACLE.**—The Bible itself is a standing and an astonishing miracle. Written, fragment by fragment, throughout the course of fifteen centuries, under different states of society and in different languages, by persons of the most opposite tempers, talents and conditions, learned and unlearned, prince and peasant, bond and free; cast into every form of instructive composition and good writing, history, prophecy, poetry, allegory, emblematic representation, judicious interpretation, literal statement, precept, example, proverbs, disquisitions, epistle, sermon, prayer—in short, all rational shapes of human discourse, and treating, moreover, on subjects not obvious, but most difficult; its authors are not found, like other writers, contradicting one another upon the most ordinary matters of fact and opinion, but are at harmony upon the whole of their sublime and momentous scheme.

**THE ELDER BUSH A PREVENTATIVE OF INSECTS.**—It is not known to many persons that the common elder bush of our country is a great safeguard against the devastation of insects. If any one will notice, it will be found that worms or insects never touch the elder. The fact was the initial-point of experiments of an Englishman in 1694, and he communicated the results of his experiments to a London magazine. Accident exhorted his old work, and a Kentucky correspondent last year communicated to the *Dollar Newspaper* a copy of the practical results as asserted by the English experimenter: that the leaves of the elder, scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shields them.—The plum, and other fruits subject to the ravages of insects, may be saved by placing on the branches and through the tree bunches of elder leaves.—*Herkimer (N. Y.) Journal.*  
**SAVING SOAP GREASE, AND MAKING IT UP.**—In order to keep soap grease clean and sweet during summer, run off some lye, and boil it down until it will eat a feather, if put into it. Then but it away in an iron or other vessel, and throw your meat rinds and scraps therein. When you make your soap, boil down lye as before, but it into an iron kettle, add this grease with other, if you have it, and let it boil, and stir occasionally. In order to test the proportions of grease and lye, take some out into a dish, let it cool, and if it does not get hard, your soap needs more boiling and more lye; if too much lye, it will settle to the bottom, when add more grease and boiling. The experienced can test the presence of too much lye by its keen bite, and its absence, vice versa, by a touch of the tongue. A half day is time enough ordinarily to make a kettle of soap, which done, should cut out like gingerbread.  
Champlain Co., 4th mo., 1856 A. W.  
**HOW TO MAKE A PLEASANT SUMMER DRINK.**—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows:—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger, and two ounces of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to a boil, and continue boiling for an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar.—When nearly cold, put in a teaspoonful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made and after it has worked for two days, strain and bottle for use. Tie the corks down firmly.  
—A young minister, in a highly eloquent sermon which he preached while supplying an absent minister's pulpit, said several times, when giving some new exposition on a passage—"The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning, as he was running on with his performance, a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very good one and as he said: "the comon tators did not agree with him here," he had sent some of the very best Jersey blues.  
—If lamp oil is spilled on a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a tub of cold water. A portion of the oil will be shortly seen to rise on the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the top. Again pour off the water, and fill the tub anew, repeating the process till no more oil can be discovered on the surface. Then take out the dress, wring it well, dry and iron it.  
—Are you the Judge of Rebobates? asked Mrs. Partington, as she walked into an office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probates," was the reply. "Well, that's I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my father died detached, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executor."  
—Donald, said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism to her son, what's a slander?"  
"A slander, gude mither!" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "a sweet, I hardly ken, unless it mayhap own true tale which one gude woman tells of another."  
**PHYSIC FOR PILES.**—A gentleman farmer, who has been inoculated with homopathy, perseveres in attempting to cure his bacon with infinitesimal globules.  
**THE CONTRADICTIONARY SEX.**—A young girl at school wishes she could have two birth-days every year, as she grows up she wishes that she had but one birth-day in every two years!