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I select and put up all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, for all my customers, and deliver them myself.
☞ Make out your Orders and I will call on you.
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The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand
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And shall pay the highest Market Price for Prime Butter.
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Middlebury, May 21, 1866. 8tf

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have formed a Partnership in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and sale of Drugs and Medicines.
The sale of Drugs and Medicines will be conducted at the old stand of W. P. Russel, where a complete assortment of goods in their line will be always found.
W. P. RUSSEL.
E. P. RUSSEL.
July 1st, 1866. 14tf

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1866. NO. 30.

"The wonderfull progress of Medical Science during the past six years only, makes it possible for the conscientious Physician to declare now, that CONSUMPTION is as CERTAINLY CURED as Intermittent Fever, and as CERTAINLY PREVENTED as Small Pox."—Charles E. King, M. D., LL. D., etc

KING'S
PREPARED PRESCRIPTION,
[Made from the Prescription of Rev. Chas. E. King, M. D., LL. D., &c., lately presented to the public for the Prevention and Cure of
CONSUMPTION,
(IN ITS MOST ADVANCED STAGES.)
For the Radical Cure of ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS CATARRH, and all affections of the THROAT and AIR PASSAGES; for General and Special Derangements of the NERVOUS SYSTEM; and for all Functional Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels.
It immediately increases the strength and deepens the color of the blood. It subdues the Chills and Fever, and diminishes the Expectoration. It checks the night sweats, always in seven to fourteen days. The appetite is at once invigorated, and the patient rapidly gains flesh; the cough and difficult breathing are specially relieved; the sleep becomes sound and refreshing; the strength regular and uniform. ALL THE GENERAL SYMPTOMS DISAPPEAR WITH A REALLY ASTONISHING RAPIDITY.
The PRESCRIPTION should be used in every case where the POISON is supposed possible to TAINT. Iron, Acids, Bark, Quinine, Cod Liver Oil, Whisky, &c., are in many cases, in whatever form it is said to be, there is exhibited any one or more of the following:
SYMPTOMS:
Difficult Expectoration, Night Sweating, Loss of Breath, Cough, Weakness, Fever, Hectic Fever, Loss of Sleep, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Night Sweats, Pleurisy, Pains through the Shoulders, Chest, Limbs & Joints, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness on Rising, Excessive Paleness, Sore Throat, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Strength, Hemorrhage, Diarrhœa, Shortness of Breath on Slight Exertion, Cold Feet, Cold Hands, Night Fever, &c., and especially in all Female Diseases or Uterine Irregularities, such as Dysmenorrhœa, Painful, Suppressed, Scanty, Excessive, Delayed, Premature or too Frequent Menstruation.
STATEMENTS FROM PATIENTS, &c.
"Your Prescription saved my daughter's life, and has saved me hundreds of dollars."—Rev. E. Humphreys, Romeo, N. Y.
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"Every one to whom I have recommended it has benefited much by its use."—Rev. C. D. Jone, Racine, Wis.
"I have had Nervous or Spasmodic Asthma for eleven years. During the last six years I never lay down in order to rest. It even seemed to me that I would die before I could get air into my lungs. I was haggard and spiritless, and suffered so greatly from shortness of breath, that I was compelled to take frequent rests in walking from my residence to my place of business.
"The night before I obtained the 'PREPARED PRESCRIPTION,' was the worst I ever passed. On obtaining the remedy, I took a teaspoonful at noon and again at night, and slept all night without waking. I have not had a broken night's rest since. * * * I no longer look 'haggard,' have gained in strength and spirits, and am not at all afflicted with 'shortness of breath.' I shall be glad to have any one afflicted with Asthma call and see me.
"EZRA C. LANGDON,
"No. 341 Fourth St., N. Y."
The "PREPARED PRESCRIPTION" is put up in a $1 bottle, and is sold by Druggists generally, or orders may be addressed to the Sole Proprietors, OSCAR G. MOSES & CO., 27 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Consultation Free. Circulars, containing particulars of many cases successfully treated, will be sent free to all.
Sold in Middlebury by
H. A. SHELDON.

PROFESSOR VAN BUSKIRK'S
GREAT GERMAN
LIVER REMEDY.
Having been used in the private practice of one of the most eminent Physicians in Germany, it is now offered to the people of the United States. When the Remedy has been subjected to a fair and intelligent trial, it will speedily take precedence of all other Liver Remedies in use. It is the last contribution of Medical Science to the treatment of that extensive, troublesome and dangerous series of Disorders growing out of
DERANGEMENTS OF THE LIVER.
Few persons are aware of the Debility and General Derangement of the whole system produced by a Morbid or Unhealthy Action of the Liver, and yet, not one person in ten is so fortunate as not to have suffered in some way from these Morbid Sensitiveness. Health of course is dependent in a great measure, upon the Purity of the Blood, and the Purity of the Blood is directly dependent upon a Healthful Functional Action of the Liver.
The diseases arising directly or indirectly from Affections of the Liver can not, of course, be enumerated in a bill or advertisement, nor is such an enumeration necessary.
PROF. VAN BUSKIRK'S
GREAT GERMAN LIVER REMEDY
Strikes at the root of ALL Diseases which originate in Derangements of the Liver, Jaundice, Acute or Chronic Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Sallow Complexion, Sick Headache are promptly and radically cured by Professor Van Buskirk's Liver Remedy.
Hundreds of testimonials might be given from persons who have been permanently cured after trying other remedies, without any beneficial effect, but ONE TRIAL of the Liver Remedy is better proof to the afflicted than a volume of recommendations.
This medicine is Purely Vegetable, and does not contain either ☞ Mercury, Aloes Gamboge, Scammony, or any drastic drug.
Sold by all Druggists. Price one dollar per bottle. Ask for Professor Van Buskirk's GREAT GERMAN LIVER REMEDY, and take no other. One dollar and fifteen cent, either in stamps or currency, sent to any Accredited Agent, or to the Proprietor, OSCAR G. MOSES & CO., 27 Cortlandt Street, New York, will ensure a bottle of the medicine by return mail, post-paid.
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LIFE—HEALTH—STRENGTH.
Hundreds and thousands annually die prematurely, who, if they would give the Great French Remedy,
DR. JUAN DELAMARRE'S
Celebrated Specific Pills.
Prepared by GARANCIERE & DUPONT, No. 214, rue Lombard, Paris, from the prescription of Dr. Juan Delamarre, Chief Physician to the Hospital du Nord on Lariboisiere, a fair trial, they would find immediate relief, and, in a short time, be fully restored to Health and Strength. It is used in the practice of many eminent French physicians, with uniform success, and highly recommended as the only positive and Specific Remedy for all persons suffering from General or Sexual Debility, all derangements of the Nervous Forces, Melancholy, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Emissions, all Weaknesses arising from Sexual Excesses or Youthful Indiscretions, Loss of Muscular Energy, Physical Prostrations, Nervousness, Weak Spine, Lowness of Spirits, Dimness of Vision, Hysterics, Pains in the Back and Limbs, Impotency, &c.
No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change it produces in the debilitated and shattered system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as an unfailing cure to the maladies above mentioned.
Suffer no more, but use The Great French Remedy; it will effect a cure where all others fail, and, although a powerful remedy, contains nothing hurtful to the most delicate constitution.
Pamphlets, containing full particulars and directions for using, in English, French, Spanish and German, accompany each box, and are also sent free to any address when requested.
Price One Dollar per box; or six boxes for Five Dollars.
Sold by all Druggists throughout the world; or will be sent by mail, securely sealed from all observation, by inclosing specified price, to any authorized agent.
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Authorized Agent for Middlebury,
9,1y H. A. SHELDON.

POETRY.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered by the village, Tom, I've sat
beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playing-ground, which
sheltered you and me;
But none are left to greet me, Tom, and few are
left to know,
Who played with us upon the green just twenty
years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom; bare
footed boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then, with spirits
just as gay;
But in ster sleeps upon the hill all coated o'er
with snow,
That adorned us a sled ng-place just twenty
years ago.

The old school-house is altered some; the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our pen-knives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the
bell swings to and fro,
The house just the same, dear Tom, 'twas
twenty years ago.

The boys are playing the same old game, beneath the same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—you've played
the game with me,
On that same spot 'twas played with knives,
by throwing so and so,
The leaders had a task to do three twenty
years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom; the
stream appears less wide
The grapevine swing is ruined now, where
oft we played the can
And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls, just
twenty years ago

The spring that babbled 'neath the hill, close
by the spreading beach,
Is very high; 'twas once so low that we could
almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom,
I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty
years ago!

Down by the spring upon the clay, you know
I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and
you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut died twenty
years ago.

My kin have long been dry, dear Tom, but
tears are in my eyes;
I thought of those I loved so well, those early
broken ties,
I visited the old church yard, and took some
flowers to strew
Up n the graves of those we loved some twenty
years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep
beneath the sea.
But few are left of our old class excepting you
and me;
But when our time shall come, dear Tom, and
we are called to go
I hope they'll lay us where we played just
twenty years ago

MISCELLANY.

A Sunday a Century Ago.

An old brown leather covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible from time and decay; evidently an old neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Gloucestershire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters, a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father, "an awkward lubber! he holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas, I felt I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick set, strong; but very clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any one of my neighbor's sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him at carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burned his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use, he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to do? There, look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment, and utterly spoiled. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his fingers gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! at that moment there came from the room against the door of which I was standing the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled and forgot the precious burden in my hand; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments. And she came out.

She who had the angel voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face."

"You awkward scoundrel! Look at your work. Thirty pounds! fifty pounds! an invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment! Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it!" I said, waking up. "Drop what! And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "she sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead! There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being.—There was a world where horse shoes, totems, and morrices, right hands or left entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys until eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

What is he fit for? every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering-pots, and when I succeeded felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh, happy months, when after the horrible labors of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener and hear her sing.

My old withered heart beats fuller and freer, when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said—

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be!"

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gates were closed against me.

I led a miserable unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that dreary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back, did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and happiness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I never yet heard her, not loudly but tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew by his bearing, with cruel, hard, gray eyes; and she sang. I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh, guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling as was my wont as I went through the street, when I was slapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him by his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle the Morning Hymn for me."

I did so.

Good very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing"

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to play anything. My soul's full of Music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once.

I went home with him. I found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violincello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wondered over to his little shop, and while he sat stitch stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the Church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought—and perhaps rightly—that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for; and so, for some twelve months, I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every impulse, should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know it.' He told me his plans. At certain times it was customary for the choirs of the neighboring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church and please God, if you do as well as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I ever knew, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother shall say so too.

How I practiced, morning, noon and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the Squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you are playing, and think you're in the little shop. I've brought a bit of leather to help you;" and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once and I felt as calm as if I was indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. O, that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures!—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbors who came in and found in me, the despised, awkward, leather-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumors. O, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chant, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I knew not why or how; but as it progressed a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went throught the anthem; one soul, one spirit, seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and I heard the doctor say:

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would!"

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you!"

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument, and I was the hero of the village for months

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother: "the like never was heard. We saw you there, and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew that you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing, and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecelia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass windows, as if she could see miles away in the sky. Oh, I am sure the like never was! and then when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down, and brought you home in farmer Slade's four-wheeler.

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there in the long winter evenings we used to sit; and while I played song. O, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend, and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her.

THE TARIFF.

LETTER FROM HON. L. P. POLAND.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 15, 1866.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 5th inst., enclosing a copy of resolutions adopted by the Addison County Wool Growers Association, was received the evening before I left home, and I have not been able to reply sooner. You ask me to give my views upon the tariff question so far as it regards the interests of wool and its manufacture. My general views upon the subject of protection for the products and manufactures of our own country, and especially of the entire inadequacy of the existing tariff for the proper protection of the wool interest of Vermont, were briefly, but I believe plainly expressed in a letter to Hon. James M. Slade, which I believe was generally published by the newspapers of the State. The ordinary necessity for protection is now greatly enhanced by the vastly increased cost of production, occasioned by the great events of the last few years, whereby the currency of the country has been largely inflated, and the expenses of the government so increased, as to require a vast burden of taxation upon every form of productive industry. Understanding that the whole subject of tariff duties would come before Congress for revision during the last session, I gave as much attention and study as I could to those interests particularly affecting my own constituents, with the desire to do them what service I could when the subject should come before the Senate.

I understood that the rate of duties upon wool and manufacturing of wool, fixed by the Bill which passed the House at the last session was one agreed upon and adjusted by a meeting of leading producers and manufacturers of wool, and that their agreement was adopted by the Committe who reported the bill. I think it was so stated by Mr. Morrill, the Chairman in the House. I should therefore have voted for the bill with such provisions as it contained on those subjects. At the same time I must say that the result of my own examination of the subject, led me to believe that the rates of duty fixed, were much more beneficial to the manufacturer than to the producer of wool, and that they still would retain their usual preponderance of advantage.

It will be remembered that the Bill was not passed in the House until very near the close of the session, and when it came to the Senate it was at a time when there was a great pressure of unfinished business and when any cause was more likely to be damaged than aided by lengthy debate. The motion to postpone the bill to the next session was urged mainly upon the ground that there was not sufficient time to consider a bill of so much importance and of such extensive details. The importance of a speedy consideration and passage of the bill was forcibly urged by Mr. Fessenden the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and by Mr. Wade of Ohio, and upon consultation of the friends of the measure it was thought not advisable to spend any further time in debate upon it. My colleague in the Senate and myself would have very gladly taken a share in the debate, had there been the slightest prospect of changing the result by our doing so. The Bill was opposed by nearly all the Senators from the Western states, but I did not understand their opposition arose from any objection to the protection afforded to wool, but to the high protection afforded to nearly every species of manufactures. I do not apprehend that any considerable opposition is to be expected to the bill so far as wool is concerned.

I feel quite able to assure you and the members of the Association you represent, that they can safely rely upon my active co operation in any and all measures tending to give to the people of my own State, adequate and ample protection for their products and manufactures, against foreign competition,

I am very respectfully yours,

LUKE P. POLAND.

VICTOR WRIGHT, Esq., Chairman of Com.

DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—A French journal says that the soundings effected with reference to the new trans-Atlantic cable have enabled comparisons to be made of the different depths of the sea. Generally speaking, they are not of any great depth in the neighborhood of continents; thus the Baltic, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep; and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130 feet. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300 feet, while to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 2000 feet. The seas to the South of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Straits of Gibraltar the depth is only a 1900 feet, while a little more to the East it is 3000 feet. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6000 feet. At 250 miles South of Nantucket (South of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7000 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern Ocean. To the West of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured, and to the West of St. Helena 37,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 25,000 feet, and of the Pacific at 20,000.

Bunkum, in the old North State is undoubtedly the healthiest spot on earth, and it was on that account that some "lower country gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Bunkumite at work upon an ominous loking "hole in the ground." Of course they inquired what he was about.

"Digging a grave, sir!"

"Digging a grave! Why I thought people did'nt die often here—Do they!"

"No sir—they never die but once."

They never asked that question "but once."

An ingenious youth from Granite State, now residing at Denver returned to his lodgings a few nights since, in a state of great independence and erectness.

"My friend," said his wondering companion and room-mate, "are you drunk or sober?"

"Well, replied the youth, with the peculiar, dignified and oracular manner which only an intoxicated person can assume, "for Pike's Peak, sober; but for New Hampshire, pretty drunk."

Orwell Farmers' Club.

The 9th Annual Fair of this Society took place on the 20th of September. The number of animals exhibited was not as large as usual in consequence of the weather being rainy, some time previous to the exhibition: there was however, quite a large collection of horses, cattle and sheep. Of horses, the celebrated "Rutland Morgan," the property of Mr. Cole of Ludlow, Vt., was perhaps the most noticeable of any stock-horse present. The show of single-driving horses was larger and much better than usual, while that of matched horses was very good, though not as large as at some previous exhibitions. The matched tandem team, owned and driven by G. D Griswold attracted considerable attention. There was a large collection of working oxen and steers, some of which made a fine appearance, but most of the cattle were in rather poor condition, owing, perhaps, to the pastures having been pastured with growth, during the summer months. It is to be hoped that the farmers in this section will bestow more of their attention towards breeding good cattle; they being too commonly coarse, hard fleshed, and large-horned, though some of our farmers are making praiseworthy efforts in starting herds of the Ayrshire and Alderney blood, in addition to the Durham and Devon already grown.

The sheep were entirely of the thoroughbred class, comprising specimens from the flocks of Thomas, Branch, Cotts, Abell, and many others, all of which in hold, appearance and quality of wool, do much credit to their breeders and owners. Mr. Charles Sanford's exhibition of thorough bred sheep was one of the finest ever presented. Although they were not entered for competition, they attracted the attention of a large number of people, and received particular commendation from the Awarding Committee.

The show of fruit was not large, though the specimens of apples from the orchards of Conkey, Hopkins Hibbard and others, gave evidence that this indispensable variety of fruit can be brought to perfection even here in the Champlain Valley. The farmers in this vicinity are beginning to get awakened, on the subject of fruit-growing, and many of them are starting new orchards to take the place of those which are old and unproductive. The show of vegetables was quite large—the greatest variety being furnished by J.O.Raymond, to whom was awarded the first premium.

The Hall presented a fine appearance, it having been previously arranged and decorated with wreaths of flowers and evergreens. The show in the Ladies Department was very good, though not as much interest seemed to have been taken this year as at some of the previous exhibitions of the Society. Some very fine specimens of paintings and drawings were presented, while the show of needle-work, embroidery and domestic manufactures was very good, all of which exhibited great taste and skill in their completion.

Great credit is due the Committee of Arrangements in this department for their efforts in adorning the hall, and for their prompt attention and taste shown in the disposition of articles presented for exhibition and competition.

The Marshals were active and diligent, and throughout the day everything passed off pleasently and satisfactorily to all; and as the sun hastened its way towards the horizon, the large crowd commenced wending its way homeward from this the Ninth Annual Fair of the Orwell Farmers' Club.

SECRETARY.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I don't know what to do with John, he is so cross to me."

"Oh, treat him kindly," replied Mrs. Brown; "always say, 'How are you, John, to-night? Can I do anything for you?' and so forth, and it will subdue him—it will be like heaping coals of fire on his head."

"Well," said Mrs. Spriggins, "I don't believe it will answer; I've tried boiling water, and that did no good."

John Billings says, "There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins."