The Middlebury Register.

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Middlebury Register,

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LIFE INSURANCE! Taking the mortality in the thirty-three companies which did business in the State of N. York, for four years, (65, 66, 67, 68,) as a basis, the *cost of insuring* in the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL BENEFIT COMPANY will be 75 cents per week for $5,000; 38 cents per week for $2,500; it being less than one-third the cost of insuring in any other company in the United States.
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Middlebury, Vt. 46y1

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The weekly expense of Insurance for $1,000 in the HOMŒOPATHIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York, is as follows:

At 20 years		29 cents
At 25	"	33 cents
At 30	"	38 cents
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S. B. ROCKWELL,
Agent for Addison County. 34y1

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MANUFACTURERS OF
DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,
Mouldings, Architraves,
Brackets and Lumber,
Which are kept constantly on hand, or will be made to order on short notice.
☞ Planing, Wood turning, Scroll sawing.
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1870.
The Bread Loaf Inn is open for winter parties. Those desiring a sleigh ride can hardly go amiss in driving to the People's Inn. Prices will be held as low as can be and a high reputation of excellence maintained. Dinners, 75 cents; Oyster Suppers, $1. For Oyster Suppers we should prefer a short notice.
The Summer Season will open at the Bread Loaf at the usual date, May 20. Terms for May, June and September, $40 a month, $10 per week, $2 a day; for July, $50 a month, $12 a week, $2.50 per day; for August, $60 a month, $14 a week, $2.50 a day. To parties remaining through July and August, the terms will be $100 for the two months. To parties remaining three months, we offer the low price of $130. Children under 10 half price; between 10 and 15, and servants, 3-4 price. A good livery connected with the Inn.
JOSEPH BATTELL.
Ripton, Jan. 6, 1870. 42

A FIRST CLASS MELODEON For sale at Dickinson & Co.'s. Only used one year, and will be sold very low for CASH.
April 19. 4tf

AGENTS WANTED.—($10 PER DAY.)—by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE Co., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. (13:3m)

WHAT ARE
DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS
They are not a Vile Fancy Drink.
Made of *pure Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and refuse Liquors*, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Restorers," "appetizers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, *free from all Alcoholic Stimulants*. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions and remain long unwell. $100 will be given for an incurable case, provided the bones are not destroyed by mineral poisons or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and and 34 Commerce St., N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. (13w4)

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is *licensed*, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch," and is warranted for 5 years. Price $15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for $15 or less are infringements. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE Co., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass. (13;3m)

IT DOES IT.
What lifts the sick man from his bed?
What brings the wife and mother up?
What strengthens feeble curly head?
And cheers them all like vinous cup?
(13;4w) *DODD'S NERVINE.*
For sale by all Druggists. Price one dollar.

$10 A DAY—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal inducements. Descriptive circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. (13;3m)

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price, $25. It makes the "Lock Stitch," (alike on both sides) and is the only licensed under-feed Shuttle Machine sold for less than $60. Licensed by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker and Singer & Co. All other under-feed Shuttle Machines sold for less than $60 are infringements, and the seller and user liable to prosecution. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. (13;3m)

Agents, Read This!
$30 to $200 per month made by agents selling *THE HOME OF WASHINGTON*, or Mount Vernon and its Associations, by Benson J. Lossing. 150 illustrations, tinted paper, handsomely bound. Only book on the subject. Every family wants a copy. Sold only by subscription. Very liberal terms given. Send for our illustrated circular, and notice our extra terms. A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn. (13;4w)

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
Well's Carbolic Tablets.
They are a sure cure for *Sore Throat, Cold, Croup, Diptheria, Catarrh or Hoarseness; also a successful remedy for Kidney Difficulties.* Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price, by J. Q. KELLOGG, 34 Platt St., New York, sole agent for N. Y. Sold by Druggists. (10w8)

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12;4w LITTLEFIELD & DAME.

SILVER WINGS.

Silver Wings.	The	Silver Wings.
Silver Wings.	New	Silver Wings.
Silver Wings.	Sabbath	Silver Wings.
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Price, in Boards, 35 cents; Paper, 30 cents.
Sample copies sent post-paid on receipt of retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
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STEAMER CURLEW.
CAPT. N. CRANE.
The Curlew will run between *VERGENNES AND PORT HENRY*, Landing at Fort Cassin, Basin Harbor and Westport, connecting at Vergennes with the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, at Westport and Port Henry with Lake Champlain steamers, as follows:
Leave Vergennes daily (Sundays excepted) at 9 a. m., after arrival of train from Rutland.
Leave Westport at 11 a. m., arriving at Port Henry at 12.30.
RETURNING.—Leave Port Henry at 2.30 p. m., connecting with the line boat from the South. Arriving at Vergennes at 6 p. m.
Arrangements have been made for transporting merchandise from New York, Albany and Troy, to Vergennes, with dispatch and low rates.
New and Direct Route to the Adirondacks.
By Rutland and Burlington Railroad to Vergennes; by steamer Curlew to Westport; thence by stage through Elizabethtown and North Elba to the Lower Saranac. Tourists and sportsmen will find this route to the New York wilderness, unequalled by any, for its wild and romantic scenery.
The Curlew is a new and powerful Propeller, having good accommodations for passengers, ample room for *CARRIAGES, HORSES AND FREIGHT*, and combines
Speed, Comfort and Safety.
She cannot be surpassed by any boat of her class on Lake Champlain.
EXCURSION PARTIES.—Excursion and pleasure parties will be carried to Wesport, Port Henry, Crown Point and all intermediate places, at a large reduction from regular rates.
Apply to the Captain on board, or to
W. G. BIXBY, Sec. & Treas.
Vergennes, April 26, 1870. 7;tf

KNIFFEN MOWERS.
Those who intend to purchase Mowers the present season should see this Mower before purchasing. For simplicity, ease of management, lightness of draft, as well as durability, the Kniffen beats all others.
ALBERT CHAPMAN, Agent.
Middlebury, June 14, 1870. 12

WOOD'S MOWER.
121,000 IN USE,
48 FIRST PREMIUMS IN 1869.
THE most perfect floating Finger Bar Machine yet produced. Embracing in its construction both the Elastic and Hinged Connection between the Finger Bar and Frame.
The Elastic Connection serves effectually whenever the finger bar is driven against a solid obstruction to save the machine from breakage; being sufficiently strong to stop the strongest team, and elastic enough to fly back to its original position when the strain is recovered.
The length and peculiar construction of the Hinge Connection prevents all sagging back of the finger bar, and breakage of knife bar, a feature to be found in no other Machine.
The perfection of Wood's cutting apparatus is guaranteed in the fact that it has been adopted and imitated by several Mowers, thus combining in our Machine, all that is desirable and practical, or valuable in other inventions. We assert their superiority in point of simplicity and perfection of construction, durability, lightness of draft, facility of management, adaptability to any and every condition of crops and surface. That these claims are well founded we believe the record is sufficient proof. The sales increased from 8,500 in 1865 to 17,000 in 1868, and 23,000 in 1869, with hundreds of orders unfilled.
IF YOU THINK OF BUYING A MOWER
please remember, that I do not scour the country spending money, horse flesh and gas (for all of which you would have to pay), and if you will call on me, or my local agents, you can save a liberal commission in buying a Machine.
For sale by T. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Vergennes, TWITCHELL & BROOKS, Middlebury, And in the north-east part of the County by E. J. EASTMAN, of Shelburne. Extras at Twitchell & Brooks, Middlebury, and Wright's, Vergennes.
C. W. STRONG, Agent,
12w3 West Addison, Vt.

A Clever Capture.

A well known inspector of the detective force once related to us a clever capture, effected by himself, of a daring thief, who had more than once escaped from prison. The inspector himself had had considerable experience, and tracked his man to a low public house; and, under pretence of being an old thief himself, threw his companion off his guard by relating anecdotes. He was warned himself, and knew that the real burglar—who was known to the fraternity as "Bill the Cracksman"—had a revolver in his breast pocket, with the use of which he was thoroughly acquainted; and the question was how to arrest him single-handed. Story followed story, and reminiscence reminiscence, till Bill and his companion—who called himself Jerry Blake—became as thick as members of the former's profession are proverbially supposed to become.

"Now," said Mr. Blake, after a pause, "a last bit of anecdote, I'll show you how Joe the Tinman was took. He'd sworn as there wasn't any man in the colony or out of it as would take him single-handed. Well, as the reward for his capture was a heavy one, a chap named Simmons, who was then one of the mounted police, determined to try it on. So what does he do, knowing some of Joe's haunts, but bribes a stockman, who lived in a lonely hut, on the side of a deep gully among the hills, to let him take possession of the place for a week or so. It was a hut where Joe was accustomed to call when he wanted to pick up news, or to get a fresh supply of rum, for the stockman had been a convict like himself, and a pal of his; but pal or no pal, he sold Joe this time, and no mistake."

"I'd have blown his brains out if I'd been Joe," observed the cracksman, with a savage oath.

"I honor your sentiments," responded Mr. Blake; "and from what I know of Joe he shared 'em. But, you see, when he looked in one night at the hut, no stockman was there; but in his place Simmons, looking the very pictur' of a rough shepperd, was seated over the fire, making his tea and cooking damper

"Hilloa! where's the stockman here?" asked Joe, stalking into the hut and approaching the fire; for Joe wasn't afraid of the devil himself. Besides, he was all stuck round with six-shooters and bowie-knives, so that he was a caution to look at.

"Where's the stockman?" says he.

Simmons only looked up for a minute, and then went on cooking his damper.

"He's gone."

"Gone where—dead?"

"Pretty nigh it. He's down at the station with marsh fever. I've been ordered up here in his place."

"And who may you be, mate, when you's at home asked Joe savagely, for he was dissappointed at losing his friend.

'When I'm at home said Simmons, still busy with his damper, 'if by home means England, I might be Lord mayor, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, for any chance I have of getting back there; but being here where I am, Im only a jail-bird, like your mate.

Joe who wasn't accustomed to bold speaking of this kind stepped back a pace or two, and laid his hand on a six-shooter.

'Who do you take me for?' he asked with an oath.

'I don't take you for any one but your proper or your improper self,' said Simmons, quite unmoved, and filling two tin mugs with the sweetened tea.

'And Who am I?'

'Joe the Tinman.'

Joe handled his pistol as one prepared for action, but Simmons burst into a laugh.

'Leave of handling your barking-iron,' he said, 'and take the mug of tea I'd advise you to put a taste of rum in it, for the nights a nipper. You know where the bottle is, so make no bones about it. When Old Mike (that was the name of the stockman sent me up) was here in his place, didn't forget to say who was his friends and his best customers.'

All this was said in so easy and comfortable a way that the bushranger was thrown off his guard; and no wonder for Simmons was a tall, thin, young feller at that time, and the tinman, besides being armed to the teeth, was middle-aged, short, thick set, and with the muscular development of a bull. The hut was miles from any other habitation, and the night what with wind and rain, was a screamer.

'So, Joe the Tinman and Simmons 'the trap' sat down to their tea together, and a jolly night I've heard, they had of it. The pitcher of spirits was filled and emptied again and again. Songs were sung and tales were told till the noisy revelry within the lonely hut almost rivaled the dash of the rain and the scream of the blast without.

'Toward morning each took to boasting of his powers of doing this thing or that thing, and among other things, Simmon's who'd been when a mere boy a sort of acrobat a circus, boasted of his powers of jumping.

'Now,' he said, 'supposing the traps were about me, and you was one of em, I'd clear a short man like you at a bound and, provided you wern't armed, I'd defy a dozen like you to catch me.'

'The Tinman, who was bumptious in his cups, denied this.

'Why,' said he, if you was to try to leap over me as you say I'd just up with my arms and pin your two threadpaper legs so.'

'He illustrated his words by action, but Simmons only laughed.'

'Nonsense! I'd skim over you as a swallow skims over a bit o'water. You wouldn't even touch my shadder as I passed.'

'The Tinman, drinking more rum, grew angry.

'I'd like to see you try it. You're more of a grass hopper than a properly built man, that's what you are! Come I'll bet you this gold watch that you don't jump clean over me as I stand now, back toward you.'

'Watch be hanged! says Simmons I'll bet you a bottle of rum against that bowie you've got in your belt that I clear a short chap like you, hold up your hands as high as you can at a jump, only give me the run of a few yards.

'Done!' And, drawing the bowie-knife from his belt, the bushranger laid it on the table.

'Gammon! observed Bill, who had listened with much attention to the story. It's a thing as Leonard, or any one o them springy chaps couldn't do.'

"It's only a trick," replied Mr. Blake, 'a mere circus trick—which every clown in the ring understands. Here I'll show you how it is done in a minute—that is I'll show you how Simmons must have done it, according to my belief.'

With ready obedience Bill stood up, and turned his back to the operator.

'I suppose that's how the Tinman stood.

'I should fancy just so. Raise your arms a little above the level of your head. That's it. Throw them back a little and I'll show you how the trick was done.'

Bill following every direction, raised his hands high over his head, then let them decline slightly in the direction of his new friend.

The latter, taking Bill's wrists in his hands brought them gently together.

'This is how the thing must have been done,' he said. 'Simmons must have taken advantage of a position that placed the bushranger absolutely in his power to draw a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and, before the other could make a movement, slipped them on so.'

The thing was done in an instant, and before the crackman could realize the fact he found himself seated in one of the chairs, his hand fettered, and his captor, calm and smiling, standing over him.

"What do you mean by all this?" Bill gasped out at last, looking about him with bewildered amazement; "is it a joke?"

"A capital joke," replied the other. "It was I who tried the same joke on the Tinman, and it succeeded capitally."

"You?"

"At that time I belonged to the colonial police. Now I'm Mr. Inspector Simmons. My address is Scotland Yard, and I'm very much at your service."

VERGENNER, June 18, 1870.

Dear Register:—A trip on the steamer "Curlew" to Fort Cassin, or to Westport or Port Henry, N. Y., seems to be reckoned by our citizens as the nearest approach to mundane bliss, and scarcely a day passes that she does not take one or more parties of excursionists. Having made several trips on her, we think they are not far wrong.

Leaving Vergennes at 9 A. M., and passing over as delightful a stretch of river as we have ever seen, we arrive at Fort Cassin, at the mouth of the creek. The location derives its name, as you are doubtless aware, from the fact that during the war of 1812-14, whilst McDonough's fleet was being built at Vergennes, the British made an attempt to pass up the creek to destroy the fleet and military stores, which attempt was frustrated by Lieutenant Cassin, who threw up breastworks at the point. After the exchange of a few shots and the grounding of one of their vessels on the bar, the British withdrew.

Fort Cassin has always been esteemed one of the most beautiful points on the lake, and is much resorted to by pleasure parties, fishermen and sportsmen. It has a good hotel, whose proprietor, Mr. Scott, (late Scott & Morse) prides himself upon keeping a first-class house. He has excellent boats, also oarsmen, fishing tackle, &c. We spent a portion of a day there last week, and had fine sport catching perch with a fly, having taken, in less than two hours, upwards of three hundred. While there, we met Messrs. Gifford and Bottum, of New Haven, who were rejoicing over a buggy full of fine pike.

Leaving Ft. Cassin, the steamer proceeds directly to Westport, passing obliquely across the lake, and affording a fine view of one of the most rugged portions of the Adirondacks; or, if time permits and the passengers desire it, the captain will, doubtless, run directly across the lake, and thence to Westport, keeping close up to the mountains, which in places rise to the height of 150 to 200 feet and project over the water, and passing a number of harbors enclosed by the mountains, the mouths of which, in some cases, afford barely sufficient room for the entrance of a vessel. Arrived at Westport, a drive of two or three miles will take you on to a good trout brook which may be fished quite down to the village.

The scenery between Westport and Port Henry is not quite as wild, but to many would prove as interesting, especially as, on approaching the latter place, both Chimney Point and Crown Point form features of the landscape.

Now, dear Register, we have not told half the story, as we hope to be able to prove when yourself and wife come to test our VERACITY.

For the REGISTER.

Is the practice of driving cattle on Sundays, in order that they may be put on the cars Monday morning, a violation tion of the Christian's Sabbath?

The practice is pleaded for, on the grounds that if cattle for the market are driven to the rail road on Saturday, they would have to be kept over Sunday near the station; and there might be some difficulty in finding pasturage for them, and it if was obtained it would cost something.

Now, in reference to these pleas, it seems plain, that as to the first, Christian men near the road, who think such driving of cattle a violation of the Sabbath, would take some pains to furnish pasturage or feed for one day, and unruly animals might have some special care. And in regard to the second reason: that it would make additional expense; any one can see that that amounts to saying, "we work on the Sabbath for the sake of saving a little money." And if the driving of cattle or other animals to market on Sunday, is for the sake of increasing the profits of the sale, a trifling sum, then the practice is equivalent to laboring on the Sabbath for the sake of gain. Do not all Christian men see, when this subject is looked at, out of the murky atmosphere of self interest and business, that this practice is not necessary, and is not consistent with an upright, Christian character? Will not all Christian men and all lovers of the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath unite to condemn this practice which only has money and worldliness to sustain it?

Besides, if this is not a work of necessity, it is a violation of the Statutes of Vermont. In Tille XXIX, Chap. 93, Sec. 1. All labor is forbidden on the Sabbath (works of necessity and mercy are allowed) under a penalty of two dollars; and in Sec. 3, traveling is prohibited, "except from necessity and charity," under the same penalty. BENEDICK.

Hancock.

We think the birds more numerous, this season, in our picteresque, secluded valley, than we have ever known them. At an early hour last Sabbath morn, we were awakened from a profound slumber, by their delightful concerts. The valley seemed alive with the tiny songsters, while strain after strain of sweet music, gushed from the throats of seemingly, hundreds of the bright-eyed, and swift-winged, little darlings, mingling in one harmonious and beautiful whole. Before becoming fully conscious of our own identity, and where we were, it seemed to us, that if we were not in Elysiam, we were at least, in a more delightful sphere, than this world of sin and care. We could not dispel the pleasing illusion until we opened our eyes, and recognized familiar surroundings. With a sigh we turned our head upon the pillow, and were much inclined to wish the sweet vision a reality. And indeed it was, so far as the birds and their melody was concerned. For some time after our awakening, they contined their grand serenade, then gradually subsiding, though heard in lesser numbers, during the day. We have often heard the question asked, "what becomes of the birds?" 'Tis said that sportsmen seldom, if ever, find them dead, unless killed by their own cruel hand; and to their honor, be it said, they do not often take the lives of these fragile, little creatures. Is it not possible, that in some way unknown to us mortals, they have found an entrance to some fairer world, without suffering the pangs of death? A world where summer always reigns; were not their wings given them for some wiser purpose, than we mortals can know of? Can we not imagine, even heavenly skies to be wanting in beauty, if the melody of birds is not added to the great and universal anthem? We are not so visionary as to suppose they have souls. But we have often thought, that the higher order of animal life, were endowed with more than instinct. Our household pets, how much they add to the pleasure of man here below. Is it for us to say, that we may not at least, recognize their semblance in that fairer, better world? We will close this strain of sentiment, by quoting the language of a friend, who was the owner of a noble, or fine looking dog. On being asked if he supposed his dog had a soul? he replied, "My dog knows more than some people, we never knew him guilty of meanness, nor did he ever betray us." And that's more than we can say of some persons, professing to be our friends.

As we remarked, the birds in lesser numbers, are heard much of the time throughout the day; at its close, the crickets, and various other insects, join their notes, perhaps at times a little discordant, but all have an equal right to make their own peculiar noise, chirp or warble, even to toads and frogs. The last named gentlemen take the night for their grand sonorous concerts, when at a given signal some hundreds or more, according to the number of the population, break out into sublime, or sonorous, or to some excruciating strain of melody; at times entirely drowning out the smaller fry of the night musicians, even inanimate nature joins the vocal choir. Its rivers ever onward, dashing, gushing, murmuring sounds, has for us a peculiar and never tiring charm. In our opinion, it greatly adds to the beauty as well as convenience of our secluded valley. It is quite shallow, save at high water, with pebbly and rocky bottom, and rapid current. Flowing eastward through the western half of the village, dividing it at the center, then for half a mile serpentine in its course, from thence flowing east, so far as Rochester, and so onward, 'till its waters mingle with those of the Connecticut. Our village numbers some eighteen private residences, not including some half-dozen buildings a short distance east, consisting of saw-mill, grist-mill, and private dwellings. This miniature village is quite overshadowed by our more pretentious one, which aside from the above named residences, boasts of a hotel, a pretty, and recently remodeled church, a blacksmith shop, and a variety store. Our village, or the valley in which it is located, is some forty or fifty rods in width, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, some two or three hights, may not properly speaking, be termed mountains, but very high and precipitous hills. The greater number are of the principal range of Green Mountains. The only accessible outlets are the east and west roads, and one in a north-west direction, communicating with the next village, some two miles distant. Nature's God has made this little nook a charming residence in summer. If man would only do his share; not physically, but morally, and intellectually, our valley would be far nearer heaven than it now is. You may think dear reader, that the retired, secluded place we here portrayed, one so far apart from the strife and temptations of the great mess of humanity, ought to be reverential, high minded people. Admires of the grand scenery by which they are surrounded. This was our opinion before intimate acquaintance. The greater the culture, the intelligence, and natural refinement of a people, the more susceptible their souls to impressions of nature's beauties, in all her wondrou's forms. The great majority of our people, or rather the people of this valley, cultivate the soil. Were you a stranger here reader, you might exclaim, "surely the people in this vicinity do not live by farming!" we again repeat, they cvltivate the soil, what little the valley can boast, not the mountain sides, they are too perpindicular, but the mountain tops, very many of them have fine farming lands. If we judge correctly, there are but few farmers in this town who live indepedently from the proceeds of their farms; yet they do live so far as we know, until their time comes. We heard a shrewd person, not long since, remark that when hard pressed for macns "they hired upon one another." Was'nt that a wicked say? Don't the world owe us all a living? And is'nt it right we should bare it too. Labor is ennobling, but should we become such dull, soulless, plodding creatures, to the total neglect of the social amenities of life? Even those little interchanges of kindness, and courtesies, which so much tends to unite families and neighborhoods in bonds of friendship. And without which, life seems so cheerless, we are so constituted. God has so made his creatures, that we are not only greatly dependent upon Him, for the chcifest of our blessing, but also, upon each other. And oh! puny men, when the Great Giver ceases to confer benefits upon you, then, and not till then, cease to show favors to your neighbors and friends. Remember every smile, every kind word, every little favor shown your fellow men, counts so much in your favor at the last great day. If you have much of this world's goods, why hoard it? why gloat over it like a miser? If your poorer friend or neighbor needs your help, lend it with a willing hand, you can't take it into the grave, whither we are all hastening. But you can so ennoble self, by kind deeds, that we believe your last rest, will be sweeter, and more peaceful, than had self been the one great aim of life.

Did you know kind reader, that there existed a spot on this earth surrounded on all sides by intelligent, christian people, where the sound of the church going bell is never heard? where amid some five hundred souls, there are not twelve or perchance, not more than half that number of professing christians. And that spot of earth, so fair, as the one we have attempted to portray; let me tell you, that in this beautiful valley, the sound of prayer is seldom heard; that the sabbath is habitually desecrated by the daily routine of everyday life, and that the name of the great God is more often blasphemed, than spoken with reverence.

Would those persons who claim manhood, manifest the interest in moral, and religious improvement, they do in assembling in store and bar-room, where profanity, scandal, low criticisms, tattling and medling with the affairs of those, who try by daily life, to be just to all, would they make the effort to elevate their manhood, they do, in so doing, to degrade it. The village would reflect a moral, and intellectual light, whose brilliancy would glorify valley and mountains.

We remarked that we have a church, but not a settled minister. If the people have ever entertained the most praiseworthy idea of settling one, we think it has exploded. The Rev. Mr. ——, who presides over the Presbyterian church of the adjoining town, in connection with the Pastor of Methodist church, of said town, have each, alternately, once in two Sabbaths, administered to the spiritual natures of this people. And to to their honor be it said, their services have been gratuitous. Those gentlemen are far from possessing wealth- having families to support, should their faithful services of a year go unrewarded? The Rev. Mr. — of the Presbyterian church, is an educated, refined gentleman, possessing more than medium talent, and one who is, we think, justly appreciated, and beloved by his church, and a large circle of friends. The Methodist clergyman is zealous, devoted, and active in the cause of his Master. But, really dear reader, we feel that we are trespassing upon your time and good nature. Yet we can't refrain from saying a few more words with regard to the scenery of the valleys and mountains of "good old Vermont." If you love natures in all its varied forms, wild and picteresque, mountains, hills, and valleys, tiny riverlets, and broader streams, grand waterfalls, and mimic cascades, do you like to hold communion with the great architect and maker of all? If so, come up amid the mountains, and stand face to face with His sublime works. Open your heart to their grandeur, till your being is filled with awe, and you fell that you are overshadowed by the presence of the great Infinine: and you reverently uncover your head, and bow to him in holy adoration; feeling yourself to be but an atom, compared to the immensity of His works. But soon the soul cries out, am I not a spark from that Divine Being! A lesser God! born to hold dominion over earth, and all it contains? And when my little time on earth is ended, perchance, soar through undiscovered worlds.

If you like solitude, come up amid the mountain, breathe its pure, and life-giving atmosphere; shake off the dust of city, and village life. Leave its cares, its vexations, and the thousand and one annoyances; come stay awhile, commune with nature, and nature's God, and if you do not go home a better, and wiser man, why we shall fear your soul has lost its powers of appreciation, its original greatness, and is becoming that of a pigmy.

O. S. S.

How People Walk.

Observing persons move more slowly, their heads moving alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and turn around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down softly, and pich up some little obstruction and place it quietly out of the way.

Calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their head slightly inclined.

Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off from a sidewalk on meeting another, and always go around a stone instead of stepping over it.

Wide awake persons "tod out," and have a long swing to their arms, while their heads swings also miscellaneously.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are at first on one side of the walk and then the other.

Very strong minded persons have their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of a stamp movement.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climbing the fences instead of going through the gate and never letting down a bar.

One idea persons are very selfish, and toe in.

Cross persons are very apt to hit their knees together.

Good natured persons snap their thumb and fingers every few steps.

Fun loving persons have a kind of jog movement.

The difference between sealing wax and women—One burns to keep a secret, the other to tell it.

Most of the Revolutionary advocates of woman's rights are conspicuously men shunned on all sides.

A drunken man, after trying in vain to keep on the sidewalk, was heard to exclaim, "There, now! go in the street if you want to."

Poetry.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Pick your berries, sugar well,
(Get the best you can)
Mix a "short cake," butter, and—
Put it in a Pan.

Bake the cake, nice and light,
Ne'er too thick, nor thin,
Split it half—Butter well—
Put your berries in.

Close again, put it back
In the stove a minute,
Serve it hot, and you'll find—
That there's something in it.

Of all the rich dainties of the epicure's dreaming,
Your trout and young game may the appetite pall,
But for three times a day, and a lunch intervening,
A Strawberry Shortcake is better than all.

And give me a wife that knows how to make it,
(Or if willing to learn, that might answer as well,)
Now the way that the housewife should mix it and bake it,
To assist the unlearned, I am going to tell.

Stir into your flour some cream and rich golden;
No servant should do it, no hand but your own,
Bake quickly, and when it is out of the oven,
Cut open and butter as soon as 'tis done.

Then heap on your berries. How fragrant the odor,
As crushed with the sugar they lie 'neath your hand,
It may not be food for the gods, but no mortal
A piece of this strawberry cake could withstand.

No More Regrets.

Sadly, dear friend, thou say'st "It might have been."
While memory's burden still unfolds its trace
In the faint shadow on thy gentle face.
Oh! though we drink the cup of grief, why then
This bitterest drop need we distil therein?
Ordered by perfect love and sovereign grace
The thorns and darkness that on earth have place,
The thwarted loves, the baffled aims of men
For as what might have been is that which is.
How know we if even God hath other means
Than pain's sharp ministers to make us His?
Though now with Fate's relentless power we cope,
Time's sweet revenges yet may bring
The long delayed yet sweetly cherished hope.

For the REGISTER.

Fenianism.

Mr. Editor:—With your permission I would wish to give your correspondent "Philos" some information as to Fenianism, and show how foolish are his fears as to its being "a movement for building up a papal dynasty, planned and matured in the Ecumenical Council." The story of the persecutions and sufferings of our fathers at the hands of the English is an "oft told tale," and has always evoked in every country, heartfelt sympathy for a people who could endure so much for their native land, and of execration in the foreign rulers who could inflict such cruelties on a people who were overpowered but never conquered. It has always been the interest of the oppressor to weaken his opponents by division, in my dear native land the sacred name of Religion was prostituted to the basest uses, and made the means of separating into bitter and hostile factions the people of Ireland. The Protestant was taught to regard the Catholic as one of an inferior type and distinct race, the Catholic looked on his Protestant brother with dislike and distrust; as years rolled by the bitterness and hatred increased, and their oppressors rejoiced, their object had been obtained; the people were decided.

At various times brave intelligent and lideral men endeavored to unite the people and assert the independence of their native land, but the demons of bigotry and distrust had taken too deep a hold, and their offers were in vain; the tales told by the old to the young of the horrors inflicted by Protestants on Catholics and of the reprisals of the latter on the former fed and fanned the hellish flames of disunion, and the sad sight was seen of a country yearning for independence yet kept from obtaining it by their internal dissensions, such being the state of things and recognising the truth of the words of Moore—

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
Till like the rainbows light
Thy various tints unite
And form in Heavens sight we are of peace.

A number of Irishmen both Catholic and Protestant formed an association having for its object the union of Irishmen of all denominations for the common cause, regeneration of their native land, among other truths it taught that the religion of a man was a matter which lay entirely between his conscience and his God that on