

Manufacturing Glue.

It is generally made from the ears of oxen and calves, and the parings of the hides, skins, &c.—The parings of ox and other hides make the strongest, and afford about 45 per cent. of glue. The cuttings and parings of hides are first macerated in milk of lime in pits or vats, and the liquor is renewed two or three times in the course of two weeks. They are then taken out with the lime adhering to them, and washed in water in baskets, and are then placed on hurdles to dry. When exposed to the air whatever lime remains on them is converted into chalk by absorbing carbonic acid gas from the air. A small portion of chalk will not be injurious for the after process, although quick lime would.

The next process is the extraction of the gelatine or glue from the pieces of the skins, &c., so treated. For this purpose they are placed in a large bag, or rather net, made of thick cord, and spread open within a large caldron. A light framing within the caldron prevents the bag from sticking to its sides. The water of the caldron is then gradually brought up to the boiling point, and as the prepared skins in the net gradually melt and mingle with the water, more are placed in the net, and they are frequently stirred up and pressed with poles. The condition of the caldron is tested occasionally by taking out some of the liquor and setting it aside to cool in a glass.

When a clear mass of jelly is produced, the boiling is judged to be sufficient, the mouth of the net is then closed with its cord, and it is raised or hoisted above the caldron over a roller, and left to drain. The liquor of the caldron if not strong enough to make glue may be farther concentrated by boiling. The contents of the net are boiled a second time, to make size, and when the solutions are too weak to make glue or size, they are economically used instead of fresh water. The gelatine liquid of the glue caldron are drawn off into a vessel called a "settling-back," which is surrounded with warm water, and the temperature is kept up for about five hours to maintain it in the liquid state until the solid impurities settle to the bottom. The clear liquor is then drawn off into wooden coolers, which are about six feet wide and two feet deep; here it becomes a firm jelly, which is cut out into square cakes with a spade; these are deposited in square cakes in a wooden box having slits in it, through which a brass wire attached to a bow is drawn to cut it into slices. These are placed on nets stretched in wooden frames and exposed to the air to dry. They are frequently turned and carefully watched until they are about two-thirds dry, when they are removed to a room, and they are left to dry still farther, and then they are finally dried in a warm room. The drying of the glue is an operation which requires great care and attention.

Good glue should contain no specks, but be transparent and clear when held up to the light. The amber colored glue is the best kind for cabinet makers, not the black kind, as some suppose. The best glue swells without melting when immersed in cold water, and it renews its former size on drying. The best method of softening and dissolving glue for use is first to immerse it in small pieces for about twelve hours in cold water, then set it over a fire and gradually raise its temperature until it is all dissolved.

Fine white glue is made from careful selections of white clean skin parings; and there may be bleached in a degree by immersing them in a weak milk of chloride of lime instead of simple lime.—Size for stiffening straw and leghorn hats is made of clippings of parchment and fine white sheep skin dissolved in boiling water. White glue is employed in the stiffening or dressing used for silks and other fabrics which are re-dyed and redressed.

If glue which has been steeped in cold water until it has swelled be then immersed in linseed oil and heated, it dissolves, and forms a glue of great tenacity, which, when dry, resists damp.—Glue is employed for making molds for castings in wax and plaster of Paris. Mixed with molasses it forms the ink rollers of the book printer.—[Scientific American.]

FRICTION MATCHES.—We have lately received a number of letters requesting information relating to the composition employed in making friction matches. The following is an answer to such inquiries, and all others to whom it may be useful:

The first lucifer or friction matches used were prepared with sulphur, chlorate of potash and gum. The ends of these, when dipped into a bottle containing asbestos moistened with sulphuric acid, took fire at once. Such matches have been superseded by more simple locofoco matches, which ignite by friction without the aid of an acid. These matches are first dipped into molten sulphur cooled, then coated with a composition of 16 parts, by weight, of gum arabic, 9 of phosphorus, 14 of nitre, and 16 of fine peroxyde of manganese, and a little sulphuret of antimony.—These ingredients are worked up with water to form a thick paste, into which the matches are dipped, and then dried. Small and cinnabar are employed to color the ends of the matches.

Those matches which ignite with a small crackling noise, are prepared with the chlorate of potash. It is a dangerous substance to use in their preparation. When it is employed, care must be exercised that the gum paste in which it is mixed with the phosphorus, does not exceed 104 Fah.—These matches are dried in a dry and warm, but not hot, room.

On October 24th, 1836, Alonzo D. Phillips, of Springfield, Mass., obtained a patent for manufacturing locofoco matches with a preparation of chalk, phosphorus, and glue. An ounce of glue is dissolved in warm water; to this is added four ounces of fine pulverized chalk, and stirred until it forms into a thick paste. One ounce of phosphorus is then added, and the whole are well incorporated together. Into this the ends of the matches—which have been previously coated with

sulphur and dried—are dipped, and then laid in rows on slips of paper cut wide enough to lap over the ends of the matches.—[Scientific American.]

THE GOOD FELLOW.—Proverbs have been called 'the current coin of wisdom 'mong mankind'; and one of these sayings, which has been coined in the mint of modern every-day society, runs as follows:—

'A good fellow means good for nothing.' Who is the good fellow? By observing a number of the individuals who have received this label in their daily intercourse, we have concluded that he may be characterized as follows: He is very democratic in his tastes and habits. He never refuses to make an acquaintance, however unworthy the proposed acquaintance may be. He is hand and glove—joke and laugh—with loafer and knave, equally with those persons of position who will condescend to accept him in spite of his associations. He will spend his last cent with a pot companion of the meanest stamp, while his family may lack some ordinary comforts at home.

The idea of allowing a group of his associates to wait for anything while he can command a sixpence, would be preposterous. But to deny his children some little trifle for their amusement is simply a matter of economy. He can't afford it. He would be a mean fellow to leave his associates before two and three o'clock in the morning—a straight-laced, sober-sided homesick nunny. But to keep a wife waiting up till those hours—to rob her of her natural rest, is an affair to joke over when the next bottle is uncorked. To squander hundreds in dissipation among the low and vile is liberal and generous. To cheat the baker, the tailor and the shoemaker out of their hard earnings is simply smart—a standing joke with the good fellow. In short the good fellow is rendered a nuisance to society by being always generous before he is just—always liberal in dissipation and miserly where money is really wanted—always attentive to pot companions to the neglect of his family, and finally, because his career generally ends by his going to the almshouse to be supported at the public expense.—[Ex.]

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—A farmer, attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for payment. But the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what he meant and was quite sure no such sum had ever been deposited in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Bardolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord civilly—tell him you have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred, in the presence of your friend, and come to me."

He did so, and returned to his legal friend. "And now I can't see how I am going to be the better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again—but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsel.

"Ay, sir, asking won't do, I'm afraid, without at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel, "do as I bid you, and return to me." The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find that safely in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see as I am much better off."

"Well, then," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found he had been taken off his guard, while our honest friend returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.—[Life and Works of Curran.]

PRAYING TO THE POINT.—At a religious anniversary in England, a few years ago, a very eccentric clergyman was called on to close the meeting with prayer, and as the exercises had been protracted to an unusually late hour, and many of the audience had already left the house from excessive fatigue, he was requested to make a short prayer, which he did in the following manner:

"Oh, Lord, forgive the tediousness of the speaker and the weariness of the hearers—Amen."

Another anecdote of praying was related to us some years since, in Portsmouth, N. H., of an old clergyman who once resided there. He was in the habit of making very long prayers in the pulpit. So one of his deacons admonished him on the subject.

"Well, brother," said the minister, "you must take a seat in the pulpit with me, and when you think I have prayed long enough you must pull my coat tail."

Accordingly, the next Sabbath, the good deacon took his seat behind the minister, in the pulpit, and when he thought the prayer had occupied time enough, he pulled the minister's coat tail. But the minister still went on. So the deacon pulled again. This occurred a number of times, till at last the clergyman paused a moment, and then continued:

"Lord, thou knowest that I have still much to ask and to offer, but as deacon Godding keeps pulling my coat so, I will add no more—Amen.—[Olive Branch.]

It is a singular fact that in all heathenism but few can be found who speak or use the names of their dumb gods irreverently, while there is scarcely a Christian community destitute of blasphemers and swearers.

How to Dispose of Old Stock.—A peddler of tin ware, who had been traveling from plantation to plantation with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a large stock. In despair of getting rid of them, he offered them at what he called a very "reduced price," yet he found purchasers as scarce as clover in sand hills. At length a tavern keeper directed him to a farmer who, he said, was very much in want of the article. To the house of this ready customer went Jonathan, determined to get his trouble's worth out of him. The first person he met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road. "You don't want to buy a lantern, do you?" asked Jonathan. Yes, though, I reckon I do," returned the overseer; "how much mought you ask for one?" "Only thirty-seven and a half cents." "Wall, spouse you gin me one."—The peddler accordingly gave him a lantern, and receiving his money, proceeded onward.

"You don't want to buy a lantern, do you?" he said to the overseer's wife, who was washing at the spring. "Yes," was the reply, "Mr. C. has been wanting one this long while." Jonathan accordingly served her out one at the same price he had bargained with her husband for. At the barn before he reached the farm house, he met the son of the planter—"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do you?" "I don't want one myself," replied the young man, "but I'll tak one for father, who has been after one this long while." Jonathan accordingly pocketed another thirty-seven-and-a-half cents, and became one lantern lighter.

He now advanced boldly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her—"You don't want to buy no first-rate lanterns, do you?" "Indeed, but I do," said the old lady; "my husband has been wanting one these six months past, and I am glad you've come." Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, in return for another thirty-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the spec he had made. At some distance from the house, in a field by the side of the road, he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question—"You don't want to buy no first-rate lantern, do you?" "How much do you ask a piece?" inquired the planter. "Fifty cents," replied the tin pedlar; "and I guess that's cheap enough, considerin' they've come all the way from Connecticut." "Well, I'll take one," said the old gentleman, putting his hand into his pocket. "Haden't you better take 'bout half-dozen?" asked the tin pedlar; "there's no knowing when a tin merchant may pass this way again. If you'll take a half-dozen, I'll let you have them for thirty-seven and a half cents a piece." The planter took him at his word, and the pedlar took to his route, after having disposed of ten lanterns where only one was really required.—[Ex.]

EDMUND KEAN.—While playing at Exeter, in England, and at the height of his popularity, Kean was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced, the table sumptuously decorated, and the landlord, all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found everything to their satisfaction.

Kean stared at him for some moments, and then said,

"Your name is —?"

"It is, Mr. Kean. I have had the honor of meeting you before."

"You kept some years ago a small tavern in the outskirts of this town?"

"I did, Mr. Kean. Fortune has been kind to both of us since then. I recollect you, sir, when you belonged to our theatre here!"

"And I, Sir," said Kean, jumping, "recollect you! Many years ago I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife, and a sick child, all of us wet to the skin. I asked you for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands, until you had received the trifle which was its value."

"I left my family by your inhospitable fire-side while I sought for lodgings. On my return you ordered me, like a brute, to take my wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune, as you say, has done something for us both since then; but you are still the same, I see—the same cringing, grasping, grinding, greedy money hunter. I, sir, am still the same. I am now in my zenith—I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man—the same Kean whom you ordered from your doors; and I have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat nor drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel!"

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to his friends, "I beg pardon for this outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time-serving, gold-loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me."

Kean kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.—[Knickerbocker.]

Mark, says a sensible writer, the laboring man, who breakfasts at six, and then walks perhaps two or three miles to his work. He is full of health, and a stranger to doctors. Mark, on the other hand, your clerk, who takes tea and toast at eight, and gets down to the store at nine or half-past. He is a pale effeminate creature, full of sarsaparilla, and patent worm medicine, and pills and things. What a pity it is that this class of people do not lay down the yardstick and the scissors, and take up the scythe or the flail for a year or two. By remaining in their present occupation, they only help to fill up cemeteries, and that's about as miserable use of humanity as you can name.—[Ex.]

War with England.

We have read the voluminous correspondence between the English and American governments, upon the enlistment question. It amounts to this:

John Bull. We've declared war against Russia, my son. But mind—no privateering.

Jonathan. All right, old fellow. I've always been opposed to that sort of thing. Let's make it a rule in future.

John Bull. (Judiciously holds his tongue.)

INTERVAL OF TWO MONTHS.

Jonathan. Hullo! What's this! Enlisting soldiers on my Territory? That won't do.

John Bull. Oh, dear, no. It's a mistake. We haven't done anything of the kind. Some Yankees wanted to enlist, but Crompton just told 'em to go to Halifax.

Jonathan. John, how dare you? Look at me, that's a ridiculous subterfuge, and you know it. So, no more of your nonsense.

John Bull. Dear Jonathan! How can you say so? Don't you know I love you? Haven't I told you so a hundred times? Am I not your old daddy? Would I do anything to offend you my boy?

Jonathan. Why, you impudent old serpent!—You're at it again! What I say is just this:—Stop it, or—I'll know the reason why!

John Bull. Well, well, I've told Crompton to give it up. Say no more about it. Let's shake hands and be friends again.

Jonathan. I won't—so there!

John Bull. Why not, my dear fellow? It was all a mistake, you know. I thought you would stand it; but the moment I found you wouldn't, I gave way didn't I? What can I do more?

Jonathan. Turn out Crompton! We don't want him here, after what he's said and done.

John Bull. Turn out Crompton? Why, I'm perfectly satisfied with Crompton.

Jonathan. But I am not. He can't stay here, I tell you; and if you don't call him home, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of telling him to go to Halifax.

John Bull (aside). What a boy it's grown to be! An impudent young rascal; but I like the dog better for it. I won't send for Crompton, though. He managed the thing all wrong, it's true; but I'll not be bullied into turning him out of his place. I'll see myself bombed first.—[Life Illustrated.]

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COINS AND OTHER CURIOSITIES IN VIRGINIA.—While some hands were digging out a cellar in Botetourt county, Va., they came upon a quantity of coin, consisting of some eight pieces in an iron box about fourteen inches square. The coin was larger than a dollar, and the inscription in a language wholly unknown to any person in the vicinity. Upon digging down some sixteen inches lower, they came to a quantity of iron implements of singular and heretofore unseen shape. Several scientific gentlemen have examined into the matter, and had come to the conclusion that the coins, together with the other curiosities, must have been placed there at an extremely early date and before the settlement of the country.—[N. Y. Dispatch.]

ANCIENT RUINS IN TEXAS.—The Washington (Texas) American states that the ruins of an immense stone structure have been discovered by some gentlemen hunting in the Big Thicket, near San Jacinto. The foundation of the edifice covers an area of 310 by 260 feet. Marble columns sixteen feet high, and beautifully ornamented, were discovered, as also were marble slabs, supposed to have been used as steps. The ruins are situated in the midst of a dense thicket, almost impenetrable, and in all probability would not have been discovered by these gentlemen, had it not been for a pack of dogs having overtaken a bear near the spot, in quest of which the gentlemen went.

MORE MAIL ROBBERIES.—It would seem as if the mails were destined to feel the full force of the organized villains who are traveling the country, making robbery a trade. Within the last thirty days their onslaught has been general. Yesterday morning a bag, from New York for Chicago, was found in a vacant car standing in the Toledo railroad depot, cut and rifled. Letters, land warrants, drafts, checks and money letters were scattered about in profusion. There is evidence of considerable money having been taken. The government is making efforts to detect this gang.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer, April 19, 1856.]

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—A most singular phenomenon is now to be seen around the docks in the water. Immense numbers of white fish last fall were cleaned on the docks, and the offal and spawn thrown into the bay. This spawn has "hatched," and now around the docks may be seen millions of miniature white fish. Here is a fact in the breeding of fish which the knowing ones ought to investigate; for, if fish can be cleaned, and from the spawn hatching can be induced, what is the use of all the artificial arrangements now proposed to propagate fish?—[Sandusky Register, O.]

In the French army, the soldiers, during the winter wear wooden bottom shoes. The result is that the French army is less afflicted with tooth-ache and rheumatism than any army in the world. A wooden bottom shoe is always dry—a fact that should give them preference.—[Ex.]

DISPARITY OF FORTUNE.—It was the remark of an elderly gentleman, while speaking of disparity of fortune—especially on the wife's side in marriage—that when he married he had twenty cents and his wife twenty-five, and that she had been holding up that five cents at him ever since.—[Ex.]