

Our informant says that a geological examination of the islands will satisfy any man that the guano ships are bringing away from these islands a very different thing from the dung of birds or decomposed animals.

Gibbs & Bright, of Liverpool, have a lease of the Guano Islands from the Peruvian government for five years, which expires in 1857, but hope to get their lease renewed. This house pays the Peruvian government about \$4.50 a ton for the privilege of taking all the guano from the islands, the government furnishing the men to dig the guano.

The ships that load at the island are mostly ships chartered to carry a cargo, or are sent there by the owners to take away a cargo, bought of Gibbs & Bright, who have the entire monopoly of the trade.

CHEESE MAKING.

A Correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, gives some account of the process of cheese making in one of the best cheese districts of New York, which may be of interest to some of our readers:—

"According to our experience we should set it (the milk when ready for the rennet) at 100 degrees. If the rennet is good, the milk will curdle hard enough to cut in 30 minutes. It should then be carefully cut with a curd cutter, made for the purpose. After the whey, which rises, is dipped off, (which is done by putting a strainer over the tub,) the curd should again be broken with careful handling, as too much squeezing works away the richest part of the curd, which will be readily seen by the whey being white. The whey first dipped off is put into a tin heater, set in a kettle of water, either heated by a dairy stove or an arch built in the dairy-room for the purpose; the former mode is preferable. While the whey is heating, there is ample time for working the curd fine, so that it will scald evenly. The heat of the scalding whey, after it is dipped on and well stirred with the curd, should be from 100 to 104 degrees. A thermometer is very convenient for ascertaining the degree of heat needed. When the curd feels a little tough, or will squeak between the teeth, it is sufficiently scalded. It should then be dipped from the tub to a sink with a rack raised enough from the bottom to let the whey pass off through a tin pipe at one end. A strainer is placed over the sink for the reception of the curd. Work it till the whey is well worked out, when it is ready for the salt. The quantity of salt necessary can be ascertained as well by the taste as any rule. Some say one pound of salt to forty pounds curd which I think rather high.

As for mode of pressing; there are several kinds of presses, but the object should be to press the whey all out before the rind forms. The pressing should continue for twenty-four hours, in which time the cheese should be turned twice into clean cloths. When the cheese comes from the press, it should be greased and bandaged. The grease most suitable is made from whey cream, churned into butter, and dried in an iron kettle over a slow fire until it becomes clear like oil; then a little Annatto is added to give the cheese the proper coloring. Before putting on the bandage it should be dipped into the grease and rung out, to give it the color of the sides of the cheese. Cheese must be turned and greased every day, to keep them from moulding. Care should be taken that they do not crack, on account of the cheese fly, which is a troublesome insect among cheese, if not well attended to.

MISERY OF THE MISER.—Of all the creatures upon earth, none is so despicable as the miser. It is not impossible that the profligate may have a friend, for their is usually left about him some touch of humanity—some one unbroken thread of the finer feelings of our nature; but the miser meets with no sympathy. Even the nurse who is hired to attend him in his latest hours loathes the ghastly occupation, and longs for the moment of her release; for although the death-damp is already gathering on his brow, the thoughts of the departing sinner are still upon his gold, and at the mere jingle of a key he starts from his torpor into a paroxysm of terror lest a superstitious attempt is being made upon the sanctity of his strong box. There are no prayers of the orphan or widow for him; not a solitary voice has ever breathed his name to heaven as a benefactor. One poor penny given away in the spirit of true charity, would now be worth more to him than all the gold that the world contains; but notwithstanding that he was a church-going man, and familiar from his infancy with those awful texts in which the worship of mammon is denounced, and the punishment of Dives told, he has never yet been able to divorce himself from the solitary love of lust, or to part with one atom of his pelf. And so, from a miserable life, detested and despised, he passes into a drear eternity; and those whom he has neglected or misused, make merry with the hoards of the miser.