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4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it, *if he takes it out of the Post Office.* The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. [dec8:1yr

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DR. S. G. STATLER, near Schellsburg, and Dr. J. J. CLARKE, formerly of Cumberland county, having associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Schellsburg and vicinity. Dr. Clarke's office and residence same as formerly occupied by J. White, Esq., dec'd.
S. G. STATLER,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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On Pitt street two doors west of B. F. Harry's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa., is now prepared to sell by wholesale all kinds of CIGARS. All orders promptly filled. Persons desiring anything in his line will do well to give him a call.
Bedford, Oct 20, '65.

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Bedford Inquirer.

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

DURBORROW & LUTZ Editors and Proprietors. BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1868. VOLUME 41: NO. 4.

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Poetry.

THE SNOW.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara,
Come Chanticleer's ruffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down—
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mount in sweet Auburn,
Where a little head-stone stood—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All-father
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mount was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hasbeth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under the deepning snow.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIRST PRINCE MENCHIKOF.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The most careless reader of newspapers must be aware that one of the chief families of Russia is that which bears the name of Menchikof. More than one prince of this name has been prime minister, and several members of the family have been distinguished in the military service. The wealth of the Menchikofs is prodigious, and there is probably no noble family in the Russian empire which ranks higher. The reader, therefore, may be interested in a brief account of the first man of this name who emerged from obscurity.

Alexander Menchikof, born at Moscow in 1670, experienced, during a life time of sixty-nine years, almost every variety of fortune. His father was a pastry cook. While Alexander was still a boy, he caught the notice of that famous General Lafort who, for so many years, was the instructor and favorite of Peter the Great. He was a boy of an exceedingly striking and intelligent-looking countenance—an active, sprightly fellow, prompt to run upon errands, and skillful in executing them. General Lafort took him, at length, into his service as a valet, and he was thus brought near the person of the young Czar. Peter the Great was always much attracted by a handsome exterior, and that of the youthful Alexander was pleasing in the extreme. The Czar took him away from General Lafort, and gave him in his own household an appointment which was something between a valet and an aid-de-camp, and also caused him to enter that celebrated company of soldiers which was formed and drilled by Lafort, and in which the Czar himself once served as a private. The duties of his post obliged the youth to be with his master day and night, and to accompany him on all his journeys and excursions. Never was there a more alert, assiduous, or obsequious aid.

His name first appears in history on that memorable and bloody day when Peter attacked and dispersed the ancient militia of the empire, called the Strelitz. Assergeant of one of the regular regiments, he was charged to go over the ground strewn with his wounded countrymen, and put an end to their misery by blowing out their brains—a species of surgery often practiced in barbarous times and countries. So completely did he win the confidence of the Czar that, upon the death of Lafort he took the place of that great man in the councils of Peter, and was recognized as the first favorite.

During the long and desperate warfare which ensued between the Czar and Charles XII. of Sweden, Menchikof distinguished himself above all the other generals in the Russian service, and it was after one of his brilliant victories that he received the title of Prince from the emperor of Austria, which his own sovereign permitted him to accept, and which his descendants enjoy to the present moment. During this war, he was so lucky as to find a wife for his master—that remarkable Catharine whose strange career has already been related in these columns. The reader may remember that the lovely Catharine was one of the spoils which the conqueror appropriated after the capture of a Swedish town. Peter saw her in Menchikof's house, fell in love with and married her, but not before the prince had secured a lasting claim to her favor.

On that decisive day when the Czar finally overthrew and cut to pieces the last army of Charles XII., and drove the Swedish monarch, wounded and powerless, into Turkey, it was Menchikof who executed the manœvre which gave the victory to the Russian arms. Peter's army was half beaten, and the enemy were preparing for the final onset, when Menchikof led his troops between two divisions of the Swedes, which were about to unite, prevented their junction, totally destroyed one of them, and left the other an easy prey to the Czar.

"If Menchikof," says Voltaire, in his life of Charles XII., "planned this manœvre himself, to him Russia owed her salvation; if the Czar ordered it, he was a worthy adversary of Charles XII."

At the close of the battle, Peter rewarded this eminent service by presenting to the prince the baton of a field marshal. His military career continued to be brilliant and effective until a bullet through the brain of the King of Sweden gave peace to northern Europe.

When Peter was building St. Petersburg, he appointed Prince Menchikof governor-general of the new capital, and during his frequent long absences in the other countries of Europe, Menchikof ruled the empire with almost absolute sway. As a civil ruler, he incurred as much infamy as during his military life he had acquired glory. The Czar was spending millions in rearing a city out of the sea, and Menchikof availed himself of his opportunity to gain for himself a colossal fortune. The Czar was compelled at length to notice such gigantic corruption, and caused him to be brought to trial. A fallen favorite has few friends; and his judges, who had long been his rivals, condemned him to death. Peter, however, was content with his humiliation and part of his ill-gotten gains. The Czar continued to employ him in public service, and testified a particular affection for him to the end of his reign.

Peter was one of these strong men who can govern an empire but cannot govern themselves. Menchikof perceived that the outrageous licentiousness of the Czar and his excessive drinking would shorten his life, and he held himself ready to so direct affairs at the Czar's death that the supreme authority would fall into his own hands. The Czar died, after having directed that his wife, Catharine, should succeed him. As soon as the breath was out of the body of the emperor, Menchikof conveyed the imperial treasure to a fortress commanded by one of his own adherents. Then conducting Catharine to the senate of the empire, he stood by while she pronounced the following speech:

"Suppressing my grief, I come here to dissipate the uneasiness which must prevail in your minds. I declare to you that, agreeably to the intentions of my husband, I am ready to consecrate my life to the painful administration of the government until it shall please God to reunite me to himself in the life eternal. I trust I shall have the consolidation in my unhappy widowhood to prepare for you a sovereign worthy of the name and of the blood of him whom you have just lost."

Prince Menchikof then advanced and addressed the empress thus:

"The circumstances in which we find ourselves are so grave that they demand of us a mature consideration; and we ask permission to deliberate upon them freely, that we may not incur the censure of the nation and of posterity."

The empress resumed, in an humble tone, as follows:

"Since I place the good of the state before my own advantage, I do not dread your just judgment. I not only authorize you to decide this affair, but I enjoin it upon you to weigh it deliberately, and I engage beforehand not to act until you have decided."

After this well acted scene, the empress withdrew. After a slight show of discussion, interrupted by the shouts of the populace without, Menchikof suddenly cried:

"Long live our august empress, Catharine!"

And immediately went to the next apartment, and said to the empress, in the name of the senate:

"We recognize your majesty as our gracious sovereign, and we consecrate to you our fortunes and our lives."

Then conducting her to a balcony, he presented her to the army and the people, while he threw handfuls of money among them to stimulate their enthusiasm, already inflamed by a copious distribution of brandy. By such means it was that the daughter of a Polish serf was raised to the throne of an empire, to the temporary exclusion of the legitimate heir.

Menchikof now governed Russia. His fortune, which, before these events, was so large that fifty thousand serfs lived upon his estates, he doubled by his enormous and unprecedented peculations. Upon the death of Catharine, he possessed himself wholly of the young Czar, Peter the Second, and carried his audacity so far as to induce the pliant youth to betroth himself to his daughter, and to promise the hand of his sister to his son.

But the vaulting ambition of this insatiate minister overleaped itself. His exactions, his tyranny, and his cruelty, could no longer be borne. The ancient nobility of Russia succeeded at last in convincing the young Czar of the infamy of his servant, and in rousing him to resent it. Four months after the death of Catharine, the nobles persuaded the emperor to put his signature to the following ukase:

"It is our will that the Prince Menchikof be conducted to Ranemburg, and that he remain there in perpetuity, and without leaving the city. A battalion of guards will accompany him, the officer of which will never leave his person; and we deprive him of all his titles and orders, leaving him only the enjoyment of his property."

Regarding this as only a temporary loss of favor, Menchikof left Petersburg with a pompous and brilliant retinue of equipages and servants, but before he had gone far on his way, his servants were dismissed, his money taken from him, and his carriages were changed for country wagons; and when he had reached Ranemburg, he was informed that his property was confiscated, and that he was banished to Siberia.

His family at this time consisted of his wife, two daughters, and one son, all of whom accompanied him to the desolate place of his abode. At least, they all started with him; but his wife died upon the way. In his downfall, it is said, he displayed remarkable firmness and equanimity, and never murmured against his destiny. That favorite daughter, who had been affianced to the czar, died a few months after her arrival in Siberia, and, in the second year of his exile, he also died and was buried by his daughter's side in a church which he had himself caused to be built.

In the year following, when the empress Anne came to the throne, she recalled the children of Menchikof from exile, and restored to them part of their father's estate. His second daughter married a nobleman, and his son Alexander rose in the army to the rank of general-in-chief, and died in 1764.

The Prince Menchikof (also named Alexander) who played so conspicuous a part during the Crimean war, and who is still one of the most important of Russian statesmen, is the great grandson of the first prince. He is now seventy-eight years of age, and has been in public life since 1805.

THRIVE SLOWLY.—It is dangerous for a man to grow rich and strong faster than he grows good. I do not think it is wise to grow rich too fast, at any rate. I do not mean to say that there may not be men of such stature that they can grow rich rapidly without being hurt by their riches; but generally God makes the road to wealth one of care, so that the process is one of education, and so that, when a man had attained his competence, he has gone through that which is a strengthener, stiffener, and which prevents his being much injured by it. But when men come into the possession of wealth without having earned it, they are apt to be injured by it, because they have not received that education which is necessary to enable them to administer it properly.

SHALL I GO TO COLLEGE?—SUPPLEMENTARY ADVICE.

BY E. O. HAVEN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Since the publication of my article in the *Ledger* of July 11th, entitled, "Shall I go to College? And if so, Why?" almost every day has brought me letters, or at least one, from young men in different parts of this country or Canada, inquiring how they, without a good supply of money, can accomplish their purpose to obtain a thorough education. They dream about it, but cannot bring it about. Will trouble the other readers too much if I answer them all, and all of this class, in a very few lines?

Money is a good thing well-trained mental power is a good thing. Some prefer one, some the other, and some both. Many know they have little money, suspect they have too little education, and would be glad to obtain enough of either to command the other. The world seems oddly out of joint to them. Many a simpleton is born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth, or near it, and finds himself as soon as he becomes conscious of existence wapped in costly trappings, furnished with ready-made toys, wheeled over the turnpike in pavement in a splendid carriage, crammed with more food than he can digest, and set to the best of schools till he loathes the sight of a teacher. Others are fed with iron spons, or pewter, clad in coarse garments, travel afoot and find themselves unable for a long time to avail themselves even of our excellent public schools.

Would it be well to change this state of things, by violence, if we could? No. It is not outward circumstances that make a man but the soul within him. Some of the highly favored ones resist temptation, cultivate their minds, restrain their passions, and develop into manhood. Many others, and particularly in this country of *parvenus*, and where so few of the wealthy have a family reputation and pride to maintain, and so many are destitute of strong religious principle, blossom and wither before the pith of childhood has hil time to harden into solid wood. They stoke cigars, color meerschaums, concoct and dispose of mysterious drinks, shuffle cards, play billiards, and when beaten pay the charges, row boats—though that and base-ball are a little too much like hard work—wait upon the ladies, live out half their days (and half their nights), spend the old man's money,—and each counts one in the cesus table! That is about all the service they render to their country.

In all our cities (down to some out West which have the enormous population of a thousand, more or less,) there is a class that go through all these moons. But these are *not* the men for whose benefit this article is written.

But the young men of nerve and ambition who find themselves hampered by want, who look upon the treasures of thought and discipline as inclosed behind iron gates, to be opened only by a golden key, which they would not steal if they could, and are ashamed to beg,—these are the men who inquire, How shall we obtain an education?

To such I would say, Are you sure that you desire it? Is the passion which you feel something more than a transient impulse which will evaporate in a few weeks? There are many other pathways open to you besides this narrow gateway—why look so wistfully at this? To win the race, you must not make a false start.

If you are confident that you have a "passional attraction" towards a higher education, whether you have any ultimate purpose well formed or not, enter the lists, and "go in to win." Earn in some way enough to support you in school or college one year and try it. At the end of that time, some new path-way of success may open—will open; and what you will have gained will not be lost. Judging from many instances, I affirm you will not regret it. If you find yourself to have missed some good opportunity to enter into business or make a hand some speculation, new opportunities will arise. The world will not be finished up in the course of the next year. This will still be a new country, and mind and muscle will command a high price, at least as long as you have any to spare.

The men who ought not to go to college are those who have got driven or coaxed. Supply and demand must be left to regulate the matter. Free colleges do but little more good than free gingerbread shops or free soup. Education is worth all it costs to those who earn it.

The good days will not come when the great mass of laboring men will have time enough every day, besides their manual labor, to investigate science, beginning naturally with those departments connected with their employment; and even now, those students who spend from a third to a half of their time, in sections, in other labor—such as teaching, or any other pursuit, advance as rapidly as the most of others who study continuously, or waste their vacations in lounging about.

To all those who inquire, "What shall I do?" my answer is the same. Begin where you are. Command one year's study as soon as you can. Test the value of it by experiment. Maintain strict integrity. Abjure useless indulgences. Work; and, even if you accomplish but little and slowly, it will be all clear gain.

SOMETIME.—It is a sweet song flowing to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and fill the whole air with such joy and gladness as the birds do, when the summer morning comes out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call "sometime." Beautiful and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in far off strains, the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "sometime!" When the hills and vallies of time are all passed, when the wear and the fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life is over, then there is the peace and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow of even clouds, across whose threshhold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnicles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow, nor pain, nor the sound of weeping.

A RICH JOKE.—Recently a would be sharp young gentleman, went to the country to teach a school. On arriving at his boarding place, the man of the house was in the yard making a hog trough, whom he accosted thus: "Mr. W., haven't you furniture enough yet?" "Oh, yes; I have enough for my own family, but as I expect to board the school master this winter, and, thinking I might be a little short, I thought I would make this." The young man blushed "muchly," but had nothing further to add.

THEATRES and balls are often the mere embroidery on the tattered clothes of civilized life.

From the Report of the Department of Agriculture

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING WOOL.

In commercial circles at least, most erroneous views concerning the quality, consumption, present supply, and the influence of existing import laws upon present prices, appear to prevail—a few of which are noticed, viz:

1. *That the quality of American wool has deteriorated.*—It has been boldly asserted that the dissemination of American Merinoes has been injurious to the quality of the wool. The most judiciously bred and carefully housed thoroughbreds have, indeed, furnished very oily unwashed fleeces, unprofitable to manufacturers on account of the loss in cleansing; but for one of these there are scores, if not hundreds of their progeny, whose wool is vastly superior to that of their coarse-wooled ancestors, and of that quality most in demand at American factories, answering for all except the finest cloths, and of sufficient length to become a substitute for combing wools in delaines. This breed has so far affected a vast improvement upon the coarse mongrel sheep constituting the great mass of flocks of former days. It is not necessary to affirm this fact before intelligent wool growers, but millions of American citizens may be misled by widely published statements of the inferior condition of our wool clip, resulting from crosses of American Merinoes upon the sheep of the west.

2. *That domestic wool is inferior to foreign.*—The very reverse of this statement is true. In strength of fibre and durability of fabric our home-grown wool is far superior to that which is imported. Every manufacturer who has tested the matter will corroborate the statement. Writers in the foreign wool selling interest freely declare that a proportion of foreign wool is necessary for mixing with the domestic, and that in its absence the manufacture of the home fleeces must decline. The statement is utterly erroneous. The only pretext for it is in the adaptation of machinery, in certain factories to this mixture. Every month is removing this mechanical impediment to the supremacy of domestic wools. The progress of manufacturers, in this respect, has been wonderful the past year. Cotswold and Leicester combing wools are in fact scarce, but the deficiency can be easily supplied in a few years, and the invention of our manufacturers, impatient of delay, has found an excellent substitute in the long fibre of Merino grades, by the aid of changes, in the machinery by which it is wrought. Very little wool, except carpet grades, which are admitted with less duty than the wool grower pays as taxes, is now required by manufacturers from foreign sources. When the broadcloth manufacture shall be extended here, a finer Merino will be wanted, and can be supplied without foreign aid.

3. *That we need seventy millions of pounds of foreign wool to supplement the domestic supply.*—The imports of all wools, in four years of war, were but sixty-three millions per year, with six millions of shoddy—in all more precisely, 279,183,049 pounds. In 1860 the imports were only half as much, and the home product but sixty millions; the actual manufacture but eighty millions. It is folly now to talk of sixty or seventy millions deficiency, when the trade is suffering from a surfeit of wools and woollens, notwithstanding the decrease of imports of wool since the war. On the other hand, there are persons who prefer to believe that the domestic wool product is in excess of the demand, a position equally unfounded.

4. *That the recent law has not benefited wool production and manufacture.*—The close of the war found full supplies of woollen goods, and immense stores of unused army clothing; and in anticipation of legislation affecting importation, nearly as many woollens were introduced, in a single year, as were imported during the entire period of the war. In this state of facts, utter annihilation of wool growing and manufacturing was only prevented by the operation of the law in repressing further importation, and inspiring confidence in the future, when the immense surplus should be exausted. It has produced all the advantages that its most sanguine friends could claim for it, in preventing in a large degree, ruinous depression and the sacrifice of flocks, and in paving the way for entire success in the future, which shall benefit every interest of agriculture and every branch of industry.

CURE FOR INHERENT LAZINESS.

Now and then one meets with an exceptional case in which energy seems to have been entirely omitted in the moral "make up" of the individual; but human beings totally devoid of this element of worldly success are about as rare as brawnless living skeletons. Given a single spark of energy, it may be increased and utilized by cultivation, just as an insignificant amount of muscle may be developed and invigorated by proper exercise.

When other means fail, the sharp spur of necessity will sometimes rouse the indolent from their apathy and *drive* them ahead. The parent who has tried "moral suasion" in vain upon a slow-going, effortless son, should place him in a position where he must either labor or suffer. When it depends upon himself whether a man shall "sink or swim, survive or perish," in nine cases out of ten he will strike out and swim. If, on the other hand, not even the instinct of self-preservation can overcome his *vis inertia*, he might as well go down. He can do no good in this working world, and the sooner he leaves it for live men to bustle in, the better for himself and all concerned. But if there is a particle of the motive principle in the human drone, privation is pretty sure to render it active. The individuals who are dead to all the noblest incentives to exertion, should be subjected to the penal rule "he that will not work, neither shall he eat." The terrapin is naturally a dull traveller, but if you put fire on his back he makes extraordinary time for a cold-blooded reptile, and, a "bone-lazy" youth may generally be induced to bestir himself by an analogous appeal to his sensibilities.

ADVERTISING AND ITS REWARD.—In few things are business men more "penny wise and pound foolish," than in the matter of advertising. There are enough of them who are not too heavily freighted with modesty to accept advertising gratis, nor lacking in benevolent expedients for obtaining it under the plea of public good. A volume can't tell the instances of small means acquiring princely fortunes through faithful advertising though probably the records of their gratitude would not make a big book. The following however, is an illustration of both business sagacity and generous appreciation well worthy of remembrance.

A celebrated wholesale merchant in London, England, has presented the proprietor of the newspaper called the Telegraph with a printing press which cost $25,000 as a token of appreciation. In doing so, he accompanied the gift by a letter which said:

"In your paper, by judicious advertising I have amassed the fortune which enabled me to offer this testimony of regard and good wishes.

ADVICE TO A DYSPEPTIC.

You have asked me to prescribe for you. You expect medicine; perhaps you hope for whisky, just now the rage for chronic maladies; but I shall give you nothing to swallow; you have swallowed too much already. Of all maladies, dyspepsia is the most distressing; to get rid of its horrors you would part with your right arm; I believe you; but will you part with a portion of your table luxuries? I fear not; but presuming you are in earnest, I will prescribe for you: 1. Rise early, dress warm and go out—if strong, walk; if weak, saunter. Drink cold water three times—of all cold baths this is the best for the dyspeptic; after half an hour or more come in for breakfast. 2. For breakfast eat a piece of good steak half as large as your hand, a slice of coarse bread and a baked apple; eat very slowly; talk very pleasantly with your neighbors; cheerful comments on journals; avoid hot biscuits and strong coffee, drink nothing. 3. Digest for an hour, and then to your work; I trust it is in the open air. Work hard till noon, and then rest body and mind till dinner, sleep a little: drink water. 4. For dinner—two or three o'clock—eat a slice of beef, mutton or fish, as large as your hand, a potato, two or three spoonfuls of other vegetables, and a slice of coarse bread; give more than half an hour to this meal; use no drink. 5. After dinner play anaconda for an hour; now for the social. for pleasant games—a good time. 6. No supper—a little toast and tea even for supper, will make your recovery very slow. 7. In a warm room, bathe your skin with cold water hastily, and go to bed in a well ventilated room before nine o'clock. Follow this prescription for three months and your stomach will so far recover that you can indulge for some time in all sorts of irregular and gluttenous eating; or if you have resolved, in the fear of heaven, to present your bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable unto God, and will continue to eat and work like a Christian, your distressing malady will soon be forgotten.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

GEN. HARNEY AS A RUNNER.

Gen. Harney, who is now sixty-seven years of age, is six feet three inches in height, and is as straight as an arrow, and in his younger days used to excel every Indian on the Plains with whom he came in contact in running, jumping, and wrestling. He is known universally among the Indians as the "fastest runner." He tells us that he was never badly pressed but once, and that was many years ago, when he was encamped at the Mandan village, on the Missouri river. The Indians had brought in their fastest runner, and challenged the General to run. All the tribes in that part of the country were present, and all were in high glee, thinking they had a sure thing. Gen. Harney prepared himself, and went about a half a mile from camp across a ravine, which was as near as the Indians were allowed to come to his camp, and met them. The Indians were so confident of winning the race, that they bet everything they possessed on the result, and the officers of Harney's command also backed their favorite to the fullest extent. The Indians would bet a buffalo robe against a plug of tobacco, or a pony against a few pounds of sugar or coffee. The distance ran was 800 yards and one from each side chosen to start them, and as judges of the race. The Indian got almost 15 feet the advantage of the General on the start, but supposing that he could beat the Indian easily he did not mind it at first; but it was a long distance to gain, and by putting forth his utmost efforts and starting every nerve, he only beat the Indian three feet. The Indian dropped upon the ground at the end of the race, exhausted, and was so much chagrined at his defeat that he would, under no circumstances, come near the General again. The General would only accept a few trifling things for his winnings, but gave the best back to the Indian. From that time he has been known among the Indians as "the fastest runner," and his influence is in proportion to his popularity.

VAMPIRES.

Vampires, so called, are by no means peculiar to Brazil, but the veritable creature insinuated itself into the company of Americans which arrived in that country a few days ago. The writer says:

"A party of Americans went up the Amazon a few days ago, and one of them was bled so badly by a vampire as to wake, in a state of exhaustion, with a face like a corpse; the foot of his hammock and the floor beneath it were saturated with blood, the flow of which was staunched with great difficulty. It is the difficulty of staunching the blood which makes the vampire so dreaded, the quantity which the creature requires to satisfy his appetite being comparatively trifling. Some persons seem to be especially liable to their attacks, while others can sleep in a room infected with them nightly with impunity. A gentleman living near Parra, and whose house stands on the bank of an igarape, tells me that his room is seldom without one or more vampires in it after dark, and they have never molested him, although they have bled an unlucky goat in a shed beneath his window until the creature was unable to stand, and was shot as an act of mercy. A young English lady who was visiting at this house was bitten on the first night of her arrival, and in spite of the precautions used, was again bitten a few days afterwards, bleeding from a wound on the under side of her toe until much weakened. These animals only make their attacks in darkness, and a light kept burning in the sleeping room is an effectual safeguard. A physician, long resident here, tells me that although poisonous reptiles are somewhat plenty in the province, the serious accidents from this cause scarcely amount to half a dozen annually in a population of 30,000. But enough of reptiles for the present."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GENIUS.—It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, that noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance; not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn or a broad expanse of scenery; not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more frequently in adversity and destitution, amidst the harrassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive and wretched, have men labored, studied, and trained themselves until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity, the shining lights of their times—become the companions of the kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

ADVICE.—Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

GOODNESS.—True goodness is like the glow worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.—*Anon.*

VICE AND VIRTUE.—Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but Virtue consoles us even in our pains.—*Colton.*

BEAUTY.—Beauty, though it is a very pretty varnish, is of a frail constitution, liable to abundance af accidents, and is but a short-lived blessing.—*Ibid.*

CALUMNY.—To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.—*Evene.*

When Plato was told that his enemies were making very free use of his name, he quietly replied: "I will endeavor so to live that no one will believe them."

RELIGION AND REASON.—Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion; the one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would lose his reason, in attempting to account for the phenomena of nature, had he not a Supreme Being to refer to; if there had been no God, mankind would have been obliged to imagine one.—*Washington.*

AMERICAN GIRLS.—In our American life the natural dependence of woman upon circumstances is increased by a variety of causes. Here woman has a peculiar delicacy of physical constitution that makes her especially sensitive to influence, even when in tolerable health, and renders it very difficult for her to keep herself in full health. Whether it is the climate, or our way of living, or whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that the American girl is a very delicate plant; beautiful, indeed, in comparison with others,—more exquisitely organized than the English and German girl, and more self-relying than the Italian, yet not generally strong in nerve and muscle, and too ready to fade before her true mid-summer has come. The statistics given of American woman, may be too partial, and too exclusively with the dark side of the subject; yet the facts stated cannot be questioned, and if there be a brighter side the dark side must still be recognized. We have heard persons who might be expected to know what they say, declare that they can hardly name a single instance of perfect health among the young women of their acquaintance, and the physicians whom we hear speaking of the subject not seldom lose their patience in setting forth the miseries of feminine invalidism, with its shattered nerves and morbid circulations.

If half of what is said is true, it is one-half more than ought to be so; and if our mothers had not been better gifted with maternal faculties than the candidates now ready for the bridal ring, the present number of the native American population could be accounted for only by miracle, not by natural descent.

THE TURN ON LIFE.—Between the years of forty-five and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of his life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgement. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has found in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a stand still. But athwart this is a viaduct, called the turn of life; which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass, but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter-staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close the flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of the props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

MARK TWAIN'S TURKISH LUNCH.—I never want another one. The cooking apparatus was in the little lunch room near the bazar, and it was all open to the street.—The cook was dirty, and so was the table, and it had no cloth on it. The fellow took a mass of sausage meat and coated it round a wire and laid it on a charcoal fire to cook. When it was done he laid it aside, and a dog walked