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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 14, 1863.

Selected Poetry.

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something best,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, kindly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
With a firm unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
These things shall never die.

The great and the better word,
That would be so to fill;
The willing hand of sympathy,
We had but never tell,
The best that ever dwells the heart,
The best that ever dwells the heart,
The best that ever dwells the heart,
The best that ever dwells the heart.

Let nothing pass for every hand,
Let nothing pass for every hand,
Let nothing pass for every hand,
Let nothing pass for every hand.

Miscellaneous.

MILCAH.

A SKETCH.

Anguish and despair stalk like giants through the camp of the Israelites. The fiery serpents have come among them, and many of the murmuring Hebrews now lie cold and lifeless. Moses has been petitioned to intercede with that Great Being whom they have offended; but will his intercessions avail? Is not their God about to doom them all to death? Fear and confusion reign triumphant.

Behold that young girl who rushed from a tent near by; grief and horror in her look, her long hair disheveled, scarcely have the folds of the entrance closed behind her, when one of the instruments of death wings its way towards her. Oh, she is young and innocent! May she not be spared?

Deep in her tender flesh the fiery fangs are plunged; born down by pain and fight she sinks swooning on the ground. While she thus lies, another form is seen slowly approaching; this too, is a woman, young and beautiful, but with depths of gloom in her dark eyes. She sees her friend prostrate before her, and though wounded herself, seeks to help her. With uncertain steps she draws near the spot; the deadly virus is in her veins, and the thickening blood labors heavily through her oppressed and struggling heart as she stoops to raise the unconscious girl. The poor sufferer, waking once more to pain and anguish, looks wildly around her.

"Ah, Milcah," she cries with a sob, as she recognizes the face bending over her. "I am bitten by one of the serpents of God's anger. Oh, save me, canst thou not save me, dear Milcah?"

She moans and pants as the poison creeps through her quivering form. On Milcah the virus has progressed further in its work—the death-like pallor of her face, the swelling limbs, the frequent gasping for breath, show that too surely death draws near; turning on Tirzah her eyes, darkening beneath the shadow of death, she murmurs in hollow tones:

"God's wrath falls heavily upon us. Tirzah, for thee I could weep; for myself I have no tears, bitter is my heart; Jehovah is a fearful God who has led His people from the pleasant land of Egypt, to suffer famine and thirst, and a death of agony in the wilderness."

But Tirzah, lifting her head from her companion's knee against which it rests, replies in gentle, trembling tones:

"Milcah, beloved; speak not in these words, they are displeasing to our God. He now justly punishes the sins of His people; how often have murmurs and rebellion been the returns for the mercies bestowed upon us, the miracles wrought in our favor. The land of Egypt was to us the land of oppression, and when the Lord in His might and power brought us thenceforth by the way of the Red Sea—"

"With a cry of despair Milcah interrupts her. "Woe on the hour when I passed through the waters of death that closed on the one dear to my soul! Woe on the hour when Miriam's song of triumph sounded in mine beloved, or that I had tarried in the pathway between the mighty waters, until he came among the hosts of the Egyptians; then we would have been buried together beneath the waves. But my father, cruel and unrelenting, forced me on—now he lies buried in the wilderness, and for me anguish is left but to curse."

"Hail, Milcah! Let not thy lips utter the words of blasphemy. Oh, may the Lord soften thy heart. If we must die, I fear we must, let us submit, bearing our sorrows with patience; we have received that which is good from the hand of God; shall we not also take evil?"

Milcah turns towards the meek and gentle speaker, her haughty and queen-like face pale with agony; sudden gloomy and despair sit in her eyes and rest upon her lips. "Submit,"

she echoes, "submit I say, so Moses bids us do. Let those bend who will; for me, I say, let the day perish wherein I was born, let that day—"

Her voice fails her; the thickening blood can scarce be forced through the burning arteries by the stiffening heart; sinking on the ground, she draws her mantle around her, shrouding her face. Tirzah, rising with a cry of grief, strives to draw aside the robe. At this moment a shout is heard pealing over the camp; it is the accents of joy and thanksgiving. Milcah in her bitterness and desolation hears it not; Tirzah hears, but with her anxious eyes bent upon her friend, looks not for the cause. An aged Israelite approaches them as his feeble limbs permit.

"Look, my children," he cries, "in His mercy God has given us a cure! Behold the brazen serpent, which Moses has raised on high by the command of the Mighty One of Israel; turn your eyes upon it with faith, and you will be healed."

"Dost thou hear, Milcah?" exclaims Tirzah. "Oh, uncover thy face; look on that which through the power of the Lord, will restore thee."

In hollow tones Milcah replied: "I have no faith in the mercy of the Lord. Let death come, I will not look."

In solemn accents the aged man speaks: "Child, reject not the help God offers thee; look, repeat and be saved. I must not, to tell others, who like thee are lying with their faces covered, and know not the joyful tidings."

But Tirzah gasps for breath; her eyes close, she is about to fall. "O, whether shall I look? I cannot see! O, Rock of my strength and my salvation, be Thou my help and refuge." Her throbbing heart, with a mighty pulsation, once more forces the blood through the stiffening veins. Her eyes unclose, and she dimly beholds, afar off, in the center of the camp, the brazen serpent. Her heart beats with renewed strength, her sight becomes clearer; as she gazed on the life-giving emblem, she gradually stands erect, the flush of health once more passes over her face, her eyes beam with thankfulness and admiration and raising her arms and looks to Heaven, she exclaims:

"Thanks be unto God, for He hath remembered His mercy towards the house of Israel. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me bless His Holy name."

Then stooping, she lifts Milcah, crying:—"O, my sister, my friend! look, thou wilt live if thou wilt! look! I am restored, do thou but turn thine eyes towards the center of the camp, thou wilt see and live."

But Milcah refused the mercy of God thus offered her. "Let death come," she replied in sullen tones, "my soul is weary of my life; for thee, Tirzah, it is well to look; for me it would not avail. Both with heart and lips I have murmured against God, and I would look but to be again stricken; and now my sight is failing, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth."

"Milcah, dear Milcah, but one look, it will restore thee; the mercy of the Lord is everlasting. He will forgive thee thy sin if thou wilt but repent and implore His pardon. O, Shepherd of Israel, make haste to deliver her." So she prays in an agony of supplication, with tears and sobs, as she withdraws the mantle from the face of the unhappy one, who has no longer the strength to oppose her. Milcah's heart begins to soften: "My God and my King, have mercy," she faintly sighs; her breath has almost gone; as she raises her eyes dim with the shades of death, she can scarce distinguish the hand of Tirzah pointing in the direction of the brazen serpent. "Save me and cleanse me from my sin, O, God," is her voiceless prayer—it is heard. She can now perceive the outlines of the object towards which she so earnestly gazes. As she looks, tears of penitence and thankfulness fall from those eyes which so lately gleamed with defiance and despair; and from her parted lips issue prayerful words of humble adoration; kneeling beside her, Tirzah's praises and thanks blend with those of the forgiven penitent.

Many years ago, in England, when travelers were wont to journey on horseback, and to sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following occurred at Chester:

Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going up to bed late at night (it being hot weather) they discovered the door of one of the bed-rooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and Irishman were both asleep in the bed; and the Irishman had "kicked the kiver off" and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed.

"I'll have some sport now," said one to the other, "if you'll hold the light a minute." The candle was held while the young chap went in, and taking up one of the Irishman's spurs, buckled it on one heel of Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door. Paddy—though not awakened—drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur.

"The deil d—n you!" exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "and if you dinna get out o' bed, an' cut your toe nails, I'll soon be gettin' up, an' throw yer out th' window, yo' loot."

The Irishman slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, when the young joker who had put on the spur stole up to the bed and pinched his leg the second time. In went the leg again, the spur striking the Scotchman's leg, who got in a terrible passion and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming, as usual,

"Get out o' and cut your toe nails, yo' loot! Do you fash a Christian man to stand such a diggin'?"

This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment bringing the spur to bear on his other leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment.

"By me sowl," said he, "what a stupid fool is the hostler of this inn: sure an' he tek on my boots when I went to bed, and has left on one o' my spurs. Strange it is he din't notice it."

Swindling by Machinery.

We do not know who is the inventor of the system of machinery described below, but he or they managed to obtain possession of large sums of money by the operation of it, which, fortunately for the Government, was nearly all recovered. We once read an account of a machine, used in a Paris gambling house, which operated by smothering the "unfortunate-fortunate" winner after he had retired for the night; the top of the bed, wherein he was reposing, descended by a screw working through the ceiling above, and thus extinguished him. The apparatus was detected by one person who refused to be "put out," and he escaped by the window and brought the detective to the house immediately. Modern gamblers are more polite; they are averse to the shedding of blood, and therefore confine their irrepressible genius to simply robbing without the possibility of failure. Annexed is a description of the apparatus used in Cleveland, Ohio, to rob Paymaster Cook, whose case was recently noticed so generally by the press. Conlisk, one of the men concerned in "flooding," the paymaster Cook, was a frequent visitor to Cleveland, and occupied rooms in the third story of the Parsons Block on Superior street. The rooms occupied by Conlisk consist of a sitting-room, where the gambling was done, and a bedroom. The sitting-room was finished in the usual manner, and had a faro table near the windows, and a draw-poker table in the center of the room, with chairs placed in each. The walls and ceiling of the room were papered with paper of a star pattern. Directly over the rooms are two other rooms, also occupied by Conlisk, but not furnished. A portion of the flooring has been removed in the room immediately over the gambling room, and a small hole bored through the ceiling of the room below, above each of the tables. As the hole comes directly through the center of a star pattern in the paper, they are scarcely distinguishable from below. Each hole is so placed as to enable a person applying his eye to it, to look directly into the hand of the player seated in the chair. An ingenious telegraphic signal machine was discovered communicating between those holes in the room above and the chair of the gambler in the room below. A wire, having a handle near the hole, passed along between the flooring of the room above and the ceiling of the room below to the corner of the gambling room and bedroom. It enters the bedroom and passes down in the corner, being concealed by a strip of board nailed up and paper over. It then passes under the floor of the gambling-room to the table, where a small piece of the flooring has been cut away close by the table leg, where the left foot of the gambler would be placed whilst playing. There it terminates in a spring and hammer, concealed by the carpet. The method of working this invention for robbing by machinery seems to have been as follows: The victim to be operated upon finds two chairs drawn up to the table. In one of these the gambling thief seats himself, at one placing his foot over the telegraph hammer. The victim is obliged to take the other, which is placed in the proper position for playing. The gambler's accomplice in the room above stretches himself on a mattress, with his eye at the peep-hole—and one hand grasping the telegraph handle. The hole is so placed that he can look directly down into the hand of his victim. As soon as he sees the cards he telegraphs their description according to an arranged code of signals by pulling the handle, when the hammer strikes the desired number of raps on the sole of the gambler's boot or slipper, the sound being muffled with the carpet. Of course, it is easy to see that the man who sits down to play with such a gambler is robbed as surely, completely and systematically, as if he had been bound hand and foot, and delivered over to a highwayman; and of the two robbers, the highwayman would be the more decent man.

It will thus be seen that the gambling mind is equal to all emergencies. There are gamblers in this city, and it behooves those persons who are fond of throwing away their money, to consider the above paragraph well, for if they be not robbed through the agency of the method described, they may be assured that some other plan equally forcible, will be put in practice, whereby they are surely, but not slowly, deprived of their money. We read in the "Vicar of Wakefield" that poor Moses (son of the vicar) was badly taken in by a sharper who represented himself as of the reverend "persuasion," and did the inexperienced youth out of a promising colt which the worthy vicar hoped would bring him a large sum of money. The "spectacles in shagreen cases," the only equivalent received for the beast, operated as well as the best machinery for the purpose; even they, however, did not prevent the same swindler from enveloping Moses in his coils a second time, if our memory serves us.

The systematic pursuit of gaming as a passion, and not as a profession, in England and France, during the last fifty years, led several men of more than ordinary mathematical abilities to make accurate calculations of the real chances of various games. In doing this it was discovered that, in all cases, the "banks" so arranged their games that there could be no positive fair play. In *rogue et noir*, which was once a very fashionable game in the gambling halls of this country, the certain and invaluable advantage of the banks against the players, made by a peculiar rule of the game, amounts to about 1-2 per cent. on all the moneys staked on one event—or to about 100 per cent. per hour against each steady player! And this deadly odds neither skill nor calculation on his part can in the slightest degree divert. The vice of gambling assumes as many different aspects, as a chameleon does colors. There are individuals in this city who live by commanding various unseaworthy watches to public favor, and who make an immense profit by swindling countrymen who come to this city. There is such an establishment near the Museum, but the cries of the auctioneer are likely to be hushed for a time, as we saw, the other day, a stalwart policeman peering

down in front, for the purpose of warning off all persons in danger of being "flooded." Wrath and futile anger were depicted on the faces of the sharps, while the expression on the countenances of the pseudo-purchaser, who arched as decoys, was ludicrous in the extreme. There is no law, it seems, that will reach their cases.—*Scientific American.*

It would be hard to match the following for the truthfulness of Irish character, and the unfoamant experience of some who have had Irish help.

Patrick had been recently hired to do the chores, but I was not altogether sure of his being able to do all that he promised. He boasted so loudly of his universal knowledge of out-of-door work that I doubted of his knowing much of anything. I said to him one day:

"Patrick, do you think I could trust you to give the black filly a warm mash this evening?"

Pat stared for a minute or two without replying, and I repeated the question, when he broke the silence and said,

"Is it a mash, sir? Sure an' I'd like to be plazin' yer honor any way; that's no lie."

As he spoke, however, I fancied that I saw a strange sort of puzzled expression flit across his face.

"I beg yer pardon, Sir, 'tis bothered inferly I am. Will I give her an Ould Country mash or an Ameriky mash?"

"Look here, Patrick Mulrooney," said I, impatiently, "I want you to put about two double handfuls of bran into a bucket of water, and after stirring it well give it to the black filly. Now, do you rightly understand me?"

"Good luck to yer honor," replied Patrick, looking very much relieved, for he had now got just the information he was fishing for.

"Good luck to yer honor; what would I be good for if I didn't? Sure it's the Ould Country mash after all!"

"I thought as much," said I; "so now away with you, and be sure you make no mistake."

"It's not likely I'll do that, sir," said he, looking very confident; "but about the warm water, sir?"

"There is a plenty to be had out in the kitchen."

"An' will I give her the full of the bucket, sir?"

"It will do her no harm," I said, and with that Patrick made his best bow, and left to do his work. It might have been ten minutes after this that my wife entered the room where I was sitting, and as she was somewhat of an invalid I laid down the book I had in my hand, and leading her to the sofa, arranged the pillow to her liking, when she remarked,

"I wish you would go out into the kitchen, George. I am afraid there is something wrong about that Irishman of yours and the old cook, Phillis. They seemed to be quarreling as I crossed the hall, and I heard him saying something about its being yer orders."

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear," I replied; "I understood it all. Pat requires some warm water, which Phillis, I presume, who bears him no good will, has probably refused to give him."

My wife said nothing more, and I returned to my reading, looking for some passage that I thought would please her, when we were startled by a crash of crockery, as if the end of the world had come, and then a suppressed shriek, which told us too plainly that something unusual was to pay in the kitchen. I hurried out of the room, and soon heard the voices of the parties to a desperate struggle. First came squeaking voice of Phillis, as if she could hardly speak for being choked.

"I hab doan, I say! I won't hab nuffin to do wid theasty stuff, no way, so dar!"

"Ye ugly old contrary nagur, don't I tell ye 'tis the masher's orders," responded Patrick Mulrooney.

"T'aint no such thing! Go way, you white nasty Irisher. Who eber heard of a oowan's taken a mash after?"

The truth flashed upon me at once, and the man of thing struck me so irresistibly that I hesitated for a while to break in upon the scene. Patrick proceeded:

"Arrah, be aisy, can't ye, and take it as ye're tould, like a decent nagur."

"I'll call missus, dat I will."

"I say it's the masher's orders; he tould me to give the bran mash to the black Phillis, and ye've got to take it; so be aisy, and if yer can't be aisy be aisy as ye can."

This was enough. I stepped into the kitchen, seized the fellow as he stood over the frightened cook, and drove him out of doors; but as he went I heard him muttering that he didn't know for the life of him—he was trying to do as he was tould.

DISCOVERIES IN JERUSALEM.—An account of Sig. Pierotti's discoveries in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stand on several layers of ruined masonry, the undermost of which, composed of deeply bedded and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, next to that of Zorobabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the time of the Saracens and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits and sewers leading from the "doom of the rock," a mosque standing on the very site of the altar of sacrifices in the temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flush the whole temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and offal of the sacrifices to the brook of Kedron.

The manner of this exploration was, through interesting. He got an Arab to wash and blow these immense sewers, riddled, by following a trumpet, while, France the exact course the sound, was, two years ago he accidently took a fountain at the pool of Bethany, and on his opening it, a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has

flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes, or whether it goes. This caused the greatest excitement among the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it.

They fancied it one of the signs of the Messiah's coming, and pretended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pierotti with the fountain which Hezekiah built, and which is described by Josephus. The measurement and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historian's descriptions. Some of the Signor's conclusions are disputed, but no one has succeeded in so disinterring the relics of the Holy City.

Letter from Virginia.

CAMP MASSFIELD, Va., April 12, 1863.

* * * We have been pretty busy of late capturing spies. About two weeks ago we arrested a woman, at this place; had her searched and found eight letters sewed in her clothes, directed to Richmond. Last Thursday evening there was a negro came to our camp and reported two suspicious looking persons who had stopped about one mile out of town, to stay over night. The long roll was bent and we were all brought out in line;—we went down to the house and arrested them. They were searched, and about 300 letters found with them, directed to Norfolk, Portsmouth, New York and Baltimore. On breaking the envelopes they were found to contain from two to four each. The Colonel broke open a few of them and sent the balance to Gen. Vela, at Norfolk. There were about 1000 letters in all, mostly from Richmond.—There were some very important ones; the greater part were from soldiers to their friends.

* * * Last Friday night there came a despatch that there was a large force coming to attack us. It was about 10 o'clock at night; the long roll was beaten, and we all came out on a double quick, formed in line of battle, ready to receive them. We sent out scouts to meet them—they came back with the news that there was no danger apprehended. At 4 o'clock in the morning the Colonel got another despatch from the General that we must be on the alert. The long roll again beat, and we were soon in line of battle and remained so until daylight.

* * * There has three companies from our Regiment gone up the canal on a scouting expedition; they went three days ago, and yesterday we received news that they were cut off and taken prisoners. One of the Captains was from Susquehanna county, his name is Rogers Perley Brink.

I will now give you a list of the prices in Richmond, just as they were put down in several letters that I read:

Bread per day	25 00
Beef per lb.	1 25 00
Pork per lb.	1 25 00
Flour per 50 lbs.	50 00 00
Turkey spiced	15 00
Chicken spiced	5 00 00
Meat per lb.	30 00
Butter per lb.	2 00 00
Oil per lb.	4 00 00
Candles per lb.	3 25 00

Yours, &c., S. B. H.

A Monster of the Deep.

In some parts of the ocean there are enormous sea animals, called Sepia, which are a kind of polyp. They have very long legs, and are said sometimes to seize upon the coral divers along the coast of Italy. Mr. Deale tells the following adventure with a creature of this sort:

"While upon the Bouin Islands, searching for shells on the rocks which had just been left by the receding tide, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary looking animal, crawling towards the retreating surf. I had never seen one like it before. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of the tentacles only a small distance from the rocks.

"It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humor of endeavoring to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited feelings of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I, however, endeavored to prevent its escape by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but, although I used considerable force for the purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member in spite of all the efforts I could employ, in this way, on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hands and held it firmly, so that the limbs appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly its suckers, which effectually resisted—but, the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head, with its large eyes protruded from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had grasped to the shoulder for the purpose of discovering it into the holes in the rocks to get its suckers to it with shells, and clung to it with its great power between the roots of its arms, I could not bite.

"A sensation of terror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal, for it was about four feet long, fixed so firmly to my arm. Its cold, slimy grasp was extremely sickening, and I immediately called to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from it by taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroy-

ing my tormentor with the boat knife, when disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal was that species of Sepia which is called by whalers "rock squib." Thus are these remarkable creatures, from the adaptation of their tentacles and modifications of their bodies capable of sailing, flying, swimming and creeping on the shore, while their senses, if we judge from the elaborate mechanism of their organs, must possess corresponding neatness and perfection."

CUNOSITY OF STARR.—In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Appenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business he sank into object poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who whenever anything occurred to distress him soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A student at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noonday, sank into profound slumber.

Another person, reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Harnett slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once in four days. Dr. Manich mentions a woman who spent three fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliott quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered.—The venerable St. Augustine of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts:—eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to meditation, and eight to converse with the world.—Mauvais are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its paralyzed light are permitted to fall into their apartments, hence the name of lunatics. Their certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become affected with its noxious air; while travelers who go through without stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till the sleep of death.

TEA IN RUSSIA.—The Russians attribute the superiority of their tea to the fact that it is sent overland from China, and does not get spoiled by the sea air. I should be inclined to think that the real reason is that it comes from provinces in China near the Russian frontier, where there is a better article of tea than in the provinces from which comes the article we use. I think, also, that they understand infusing the tea better than we do. They drink it as soon as the boiling water is poured on it, whilst we allow it to stand until it becomes as black as one's hat and as bitter as hops. The gentlemen mostly drink their tea in tumblers, without milk, sometimes adding a slice of lemon, whilst the ladies take it in cups, with any amount of cream. We were afterward, especially after traveling on the Moscow and Nijai railroads, surprised at the large and constant use of this beverage at all hours of the day and night, but we very soon became as large consumers of it as the native Russians themselves. Indeed, after a night in the railway carriage, we found a tumbler of tea in the early morning more exhilarating than the "best sherry," and more refreshing than even hock and soda water. When at St. Petersburg, we sought a small quantity of a fine sample of caravan tea, for which we paid at the rate of thirty-eight shillings the pound (about ten dollars), but of course this was one of the fancy sorts, and not that which is in common use, which costs about six shillings and sixpence the pound. At the shop where we bought this tea we were informed that they had some as high as seventy shillings the pound. As we were accompanied by a resident in the city who always dealt there, we knew that we were not being victimized.—*Dentley's Miscellany.*

MISTAKES.—The editor of the *Star of the West* furnishes the following modest attempt at correcting rather wide-spread mistakes:

It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a paper is clear gain to the publisher.

It is a mistake to think that he gets his white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is printed without cost.

It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is easy to please everybody.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due a paper would be just as good to us in a year as it would be now.

It is a mistake to suppose that he would not be thankful for what is due him and for new subscribers.

A young lady of eighteen was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mamma," replied she, pettishly, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age."

"That's very true, but he's only thirty-six."

"He is only thirty-six now, but when I am sixty—"

"Well—"

"Oh dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty."