The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XXII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1857. NUMBER 3.

THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

OFFICE IN BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MAIN-ST.

COBB & MEAD,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
JUSTUS COBB, ... RUFUS MEAD, JR.

TERMS.

THE REGISTER will be sent one year, by mail, or delivered at the office, where payment is made *strictly in advance*, for...$1 50
Delivered by carrier, *paid strictly in advance*.....2 00
If not paid within six months, 50 cents additional.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING
Done in modern style, and at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN W. STEWART,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. 26

CALVIN G. TILDEN,
Fire and Life Insurance Agent.
☞OFFICE, in the Engine Building ☜
Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1856. 32;

CHARLES L. ALLEN, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Having resigned his Professorship in the Castleton Medical College, and also having terminated his engagement with Middlebury College, will give his UNDIVIDED attention to his profession.
CHARGES—Those established by the Addison County Medical Society.
Office at his residence, first house North of the Congregational Meeting House.
Middlebury, Nov. 26, 1856. 22;1y

S. HOLTON, JR.,
HAS JUST RECEIVED THE
LARGEST AND BEST
ASSORTMENT OF
JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,
EVER OFFERED IN THIS COUNTY.
Middlebury, February 18, 1857.

EDWARD MUSSEY
Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has taken the
ADDISON HOUSE,
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.
Middlebury, May 21, 1856. 5:

A. H. COPELAND,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Magazines,
NEWSPAPERS, AND CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
At the Telegraph Office, near the Bridge.

S. HOLTON, JR.,
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
AND FANCY ARICLES,
Near the Bridge, ... Middlebury, Vt.
All work done in a neat and durable manner.
☞At low rates.☜

MIDDLEBURY
AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE
AND
IRON STORE,
JASON DAVENPORT,
Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
IRON, STOVES, HARDWARE
CUTLERY, JOINERS' TOOLS, &c.
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

GEORGE M. BROWN,
TAILOR,
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line.
Cutting done to suit customers.
WANTED—a good Journeyman.
Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26,tf

Elegant Illustrated National Works.

THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS—selected and chronologically arranged, from Ben Johnson to Scott. Illustrated with an immense number of steel plate engravings. To be published in 47 Fortnightly Parts, at 25 cents each. Monthly Parts 50 each.

MORSE'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD, containing 70 Maps drawn and engraved from the best authorities, with descriptions and statistics of all nations to the year 1856. To be completed in 33 Semi-Monthly Parts 25 cents each.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT; By Rufus W. Griswold. To be published in 21 semi-monthly, Nos. 25cts. each.

THE PICTORIAL CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOGRAPHY; Embracing a series of original memories of the most distinguished persons of all times. Illustrated with 600 engravings and steel plates. To be published in Fortnightly Parts, 25cts. each.

DRED; *A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp* by Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Two vols. 12mo. Muslin. Price $1,75. Portraits of Fremont, size 25X31. Price 25cts. plain and 50cts. colored. Portraits of Fillmore and Buchanan, plain $1,00, colored $3,00

☞Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber.
☞Canvassers wanted.
F. S. MARTIN.
Williamstown, Vt. 21:tf.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY in Rutland and Addison Counties, *ACTIVE INTELLIGENT YOUNG MEN*, to canvass new important *SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS*. The best works of art ever published. None but *good, reliable* men wanted. Those who have had experience in the business preferred. A liberal per centage allowed, or a monthly salary given. For full particulars, enquire of F. S. MARTIN.
Williamstown, Vt. 48tf

A NEW LOT of Groceries expected this week March 2. by BECKWITH.

50 FULL BLOOD MERINO EWES, For Sale by J.G. WELLER, Hinesburgh, Feb. 13, 1857

LETTER PAPER of various kinds, style and colors, at prices to suit all, for sale at COPELAND'S.

POETRY.

The Sabbath.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder hails the mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be,
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
And God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave;
And now thy wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,
What image charms to lift thine eyes!
The spice reflection on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass a guest to Heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet on one day in seven at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
Oh, Dives! from the banquet hall;
The seventh—the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Swedish Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In Falun, a mining town of Sweden, a hundred years and more ago a young miner kissed his fair bride, and said to her:

'On St. Lucia's Day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall build us a little nest of our own.'

'And peace and love shall dwell in it,' said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, 'for thou art all in all, and without thee, I would choose my grave.'

But when the priest, in proclaiming their ban in the church for the second time before St Lucia's Day, pronounced the words, 'If now any one can show good reasons why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony,' Death was at hand

The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window, and said good morning—but he never returned to say good evening He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile time passed on; the Seven Years War was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free, The French Revolution and the long war began, Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen—The husbandmen sowed and reaped, the miller ground and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in the subterranean workshops.

As the miners of Falun, in the year eighteen hundred and nine, a little before or after St. John's day, were excavating an opening between two shafts fall three hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitrol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitrol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before or had fallen asleep while at his work.

But when they had brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances had long been dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything of his misfortune, till she came who was once the betrothed of that miner who had one day gone to the mine and had never returned—Gray and shriveled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, when, more in joyful extacy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form.

As soon as she had recovered her composure she exclaimed—

'It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and now permit me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time, he went under the earth and never returned.'

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and now, after the absence of fifty years her youthful lover awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she finally as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the churchyard. The next day, when all was ready and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding day, and not the day of his burial.

As they laid him in the grave of the churchyard she said:

'Sleep well now, for a few days, in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again.' As she was going away, she looked back once more and said: 'What the earth has once restored it will not a second time withhold.

The Northern Esqumaux.

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

In an article in *Putnam's Magazine*, giving account of the Kane Relief Expedition, we find the following interesting account of the Esquimaux:—

"These unsophisticated children of the frostland never wash off dirt—for the simple reason that of dirt, they have no conception or idea. If their faces get so foul as to clog their nostrils, they open air passages just as they clear away the offal from the door of their tents when it impedes their ingress. On our explaining to a woman that we wished her to wash her face, she at first refused; but being bribed with a paper of needles she caught a bird, skinned it, and spitting on its fresh bleeding skin, polished her face with it. My friend Mayouk had dirt on his face one quarter of an inch thick when I first saw him. The next time I met him I did not recognize him, and actually requested Mayouk himself to send Mayouk to me. Two of our sailors had caught him and in spite of his struggles, insisted on washing his face. He did not seem to appreciate the improvement in his appearance; on the contrary, he was quite mortified, for he had become the laughing stock of his fellows

"I would like to speak plainly of the personal habits of these people, if it were only for the benefit of a class of philosophers around us who delight in chanting the vices of civilization, and dreaming of what man might be if he could only get back ot a state af nature. But there are pictures, and life like ones, that we cover with a curtain.

"Improvidence is another trait of these 'fresh children of impulse.' We were at their village as late as the 19th of August. Yet, although the auks were flying around them in such quantities that one man could have been able to catch a thousand an hour, they had not enough prepared to last two days. They were disgustingly fat, always eating—perhaps an average ration of eighteen pounds per diem—yet they had lost seven by starvation during the last winter, though relieved, as far as we could make it, by Dokto Kaynes (Doctor Kane.)

"They suffer dreadfully from cold, too yet there is abundance of excellent peat, which they might dig during the summer. They know its value as fuel, and are simply to lazy to stack it. The little auk, which forms their principal food, may be said also to be their principal fuel Indeed it quite fills the place which the seal holds among the more southern Esquimaux. Their clothes are lined with its skins; they burn the fat, and setting aside the liver and hearts, to be dried as bonbons during the winter, they eat meat and intestines, cooked and raw, both cold and at blood heat I remembered one night a child woke up crying with cold feet. His mother reached out to one side of the tent, took up a pair of birds, killed them, skinned them, turned the skin inside out and drew them, while still warm, on his feet to serve as stockings, pulling his little boots on over them

"They are very hospitable; the minute we arrived all hands began to catch birds and prepare them for us. Tearing off the skins with their teeth, they stripped the beasts to be cooked, and presented us with the juicy entrails and remaining portions to eat raw, to stay our appetites. The viands did not look inviting to us who witnessed their preparation; but they looked so hurt at our refusal to eat, that we had to explain that it was not cooked, but raw birds we wanted. This was satisfactory.—They set out at once to catch some for us, and in a few moments three of them were on the way down in the boat, loaded with birds.

"Their way of catching them is peculiar. They have small scoop nets, attached to long poles, not unlike those used for catching entomological specimens. A man will take one of these, and having stripped off his jamper, and tied its sleeves so that he may use it as a sack, will lay himself down on a hill-side and net the birds, three or four at a time, as they fly over, cramming them into the jumpers as fast as caught When he has got enough he proceeds deliberately to kill them, taking them one by one and biting their heads; or, if he does not wish to take their lives at once, merely locking their wings. We saw piles of auks lying about the village in this condition.

"They have no regular hours for meals or sleeping, but each sleeps, wakes and eats as best pleases him. I don't know anything which impresses one more forcibly with the disgusting nearness of man to the beast, than to see a human being thus wake from sleep, stretch out his hand, seize a bird, and after devouring it raw, like a wolf, turn over and go to sleep again And yet they are not wanting in courtesy, of quite an elevating character. Mrs Mitek, the wife of a chief, apologized to me for her seeming want of hospitality on one occasion, and explained to me by most expressive signs, and no inconsiderable exposure of her person, that she hoped she was about to present the house of Mitek with an heir She was fortunate as she hoped, for I saw them not quite an hour after, with a 'fine boy,' both parties looking as unconcerned as if nothing had happened to either. The small image was the image of his father, and was dressed in a costume similar in cut and color to that of the great chief, boots, breeches, and jumpers all complete—the only difference being that the skin of the white fox was substituted for that of the bear.

"They always take off their clothes on going to sleep; and men, women and children all lie huddled up together to keep themselves warm. If you come on them suddenly in this plight, they are not the least abashed, and will offer to make room for you to join the group—It is well, however to accept these hospitalities with some reserve. Burns had not slept in a Etah hut, or he never would have sung of the *solitary* 'beasty on the lady's bonnet'."

Country Girls.

Meta Victoria Fuller, in the Ohio Cultivator, in a sisterly way, thus talks to country girls:—

"The farmer's daughters are soon to be the life as well as the pride of the country—a glorious race of women, which no other land can show. I seek not to flatter them, for before they can become this, they will have to make earnest efforts of one or two kinds.—There are some who deprecate their condition, and some who have a false pride in it, because they demand more consideration than they merit. A want of intelligence upon all subjects of the day, and of a refined education, is no more in a country than a town-bred girl, in this age of many books and newspapers.—Many girls are discouraged because they cannot be sent away from home to boarding schools; but men of superior minds and knowledge of the world, would rather have for wives women well and properly educated at home. And this education can be had wherever the desire is not wanting. A taste for reading does wonders and an earnest thirst after knowledge is almost certain to attend a sweet draught of the "Pierin Spring." There is a farmer's daughter in this very room which I am writing, a beautiful, refined and intellectual woman, in whose girlhood books were not as plentiful as now, and who gained her fine education under difficulties which would have discouraged any one but one who had as true a love for study.

I will state why I think the country girls are yet to prove the hope of the country The women in towns and cities are becoming almost so universally unhealthy, and so almost universally extravagant, foolish and fashionable, that men are almost in despair of obtaining wives who are not invalids, and of providing them with what they demand, after they have married them. Unless the young man has the fortune (good or bad) to be the inheritor of wealth, he must spend the best bloom of youth in acquiring enough to "start upon," as people are expected to begin now a days. Men, even, in high places, would go to the country for their choice if they met their equal refinement and intelligence. Women are preparing to take a noble stand in history, and they can not do it in ignorence. Town girls have the advantage of more highly polished manners and greater accomplishments; but country girls have infinitely more to recommend them as rivals of their fair city sisters. They have more truth, household knowledge and economy, health (and consequently beauty) simplicity, affection, and freshness of impulse and thought When they have cultivated minds, there are more chances in their favor for good sense and real ability, because so much is not demanded by the frivolities of society. The added lustre of foreign accomplishments could be easily caught by such a mind, from a very little contact with the world.

I would not speak as though our farmer's daughters were deficient in education Many brilliant scholars and talented women may be found among them; in New England this is especially so; but I would seek to awaken the ambition of all to become that admired and favored class which they ought to be, if they will but unite refined culture with their most excellent graces, A sweet country home, with roses and honey suckles trained to climb over it—with good taste, intelligence and beauty within, toil enough to insure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintance with books and flowers, and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty, and love, is surely one of the paradises which heaven has left for the attention of man.

Things not Generally Known.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows: When Gen. Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the revolutionary war, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means for its defense; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety—Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing the greatest reliance on his excellency's judgment, remarked, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject.' The general did so; and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase. 'We must consult Brother Jonathan;' and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.—*Dictionary of Americanism, by J. R. Bartlett*, 1842.

"THE STARS AND STRIPES.—The American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, June, 13. 1777, "That the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The combination is thought to have derived from the arms of Gen. Washington, which contains three stars, in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon; if this is not correct, the coincidence is striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans—Formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union, until the flag became too large; when, by act of Congress the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the Union at the accession of each new State.—*T. Westcott, Philadelphia—Notes and Queries, No.* 141, (abridged.)

"FILIBUSTERS."—The title of filibusters, is a mere corruption of the English word freebooters—a German term imported into England during the Low-Country wars of Elizabeth's reign. It has been erroneously traced to the Dutch word *flyboat*; but the Jesuit traveler Charlevoix asserts that, in fact, this species of craft derived its title from being first used by the filibusters, and not from its swiftness. This, however, is evidently a mistake, as Drayton and Hakluyt use the word; and it seems to be of earlier standing in the French language. The derivation from the English word freebooter is at once seen when the s in filibuster becomes lost in pronunciation.—*C. W. Thornbury.*

The Value of Fresh Air.

The human lungs possess upwards of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which vast surface is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired. Let us, then, consider the quantity of air which is daily presented to this surface. It will, of course, vary according to age, constitution, and mode of living. The quantity of air received at an ordinary inspiration, without any effect at all, is, according to Dr. Smith, about one pint. Considering eighteen respirations to take place in one minute, about eighteen pints of pure air are necessary for sustaining healthful life during that short period. One little minute of healthful life cannot be enjoyed without about eighteen pints of pure air being diffused over that wonderful extent of delicate capillary net-work connected with the lungs. The quantity requisite for an hour of health will thus be one thousand and eighty pints. And, to continue the calculation, during one day's healthful existence, twenty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty pints, or no less than sixty hog-heads of pure atmosphere must enter the lungs; and this is allowing but one pint for each inspiration, and but eighteen inspirations for each minute, though it must be clear to all that during active exercise it frequently happens that in one minute of time more than twice eighteen inspirations take place, and considerably more than a pint of air enters the lungs at a single inspiration

Now, this immense volume of air is on purpose to give life to the liquid essence of our food—life to the dead blood. Until acted upon by the atmosphere, the fluid which is traversing the lungs is, to all intents and purposes, dead; and, consequently, totally incapable of repairing worn structures, of carrying on functions or maintaining any vitality in the system; nay, it even contains in its elements a considerable quantity of pernicious poison, brought to the lungs to be given out in the act of breathing, lest it should kill the human fabric The poison alluded to is carbonic acid. To breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid is death, as rapid as it is certain.

Allow me to remind you that in the human body the blood circulates once in two and a half minutes. In two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the system traverses the perpiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes has every part of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital, less capable of repairing structures, or of carrying on functions; and the longer such air is inspired the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupt grows the blood. Permit me to repeat that, after breathing two and a half minutes an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the fluids which are traversing the lungs, every drop of blood in the human being is more or less poisoned, and in two and a half minutes more even the minutest part of all man's fine wrought organs has been visited and acted upon by this poisoned fluid—the tender, delicate eye; the wakeful ear; the sensatives nerves; the heart, the brain; together with the skin, the muscles, the bones, throughout their structure—in short, the entire being—There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vitiated blood—not a point but must have suffered injury.

A YOUNG HERO.—Master Walters had been much annoyed by some of his scholars *whistling* in school.—Whenever he called a boy to account for such disturbance, he would plead unintentional—he forgot all about where he was This became so frequent that the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender, The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud, sharp whistle broke the stillness Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief maker and a liar. He was called up, and though with a somewhat stubborn look, he denied it again and again—commanded to hold out his hand At this instant, a little, slender fellow, not more than seven years old, came out, and with a very pale, but decided face, held out his hand, saying, as he did so, with the clear tone and firm air of a hero:

"Mr. Walters, sir, do not punish him—I whistled. I was doing a long, hard sum, and in rubbing out another, rubbed it out by mistake, and spoiled it all, and before I thought, I whistled right out, sir. I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and act a lie, when I knew who was to blame. You may ferule me, sir, as you said you should." And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out his little hand, never doubting that he was to be punished.

Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he looking at the erect form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity. "I would not strike *you a blow for the world*. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, sir."

The boy went back to his seat with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sum. He must have felt that every eye was upon him in admiration for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct. —*Twilight Hours.*

THE POPE.—An amusing instance of the Pope's accessibility took place at the Vatican a few days ago, when a little boy presented himself in the outer antechamber of the apostolic apartments, and begged to be admitted to the presence of the Pontiff It may be imagined with what surprise the request was received by the palace servants, and how they endeavored to make the child understand the incongruity of his demand Whilst this affair was under discussion, a *cameriere segreto* of his Holiness passed through the ante-chamber, and having the curiosity to learn what was the matter, referred it, as a good joke, to the Pope himself. Pio Nono, however, gave orders for the child to be admitted to his presence, and, having questioned him as to the reason of his wishing for an audience, heard that the boy had an earnest desire to study, but that his parents unable to procure him the necessary books, always put him off with an assurance that the Pope would buy them for him. To effect the realization of this promise, the boy had made the best of his way to the Vatican, and promptly informed his Holiness that the works indispensable for the prosecution of his studies would cost fifty three paulı The Pope directed the *cameriere segreto* to give him two doll rs (20 pau's), but the boy said that he could not buy his books with that, so his Holiness benevolently took out two gold coins of five dollars each, and presented them to the enraptured child, who forthwith made towards the bookseller's shop, followed by an officer of the Pope's household, who had orders to observe his movements. Being informed that the boy had really appropriated the required money to the purchase of books, and that he had consigned the remaindor to his mother, the Pope took interest in him, and allotted a monthly sum for his education in the career of letters to which he seemed so much attached.—*Cor. London Daily News*

POINTS OF A GOOD HORSE.—The New York *Spirit of the Times* gives the following directions for examining the condition of a horse:

"In purchasing a good horse, sight, wind, and limbs must be the uppermost objects of inquiry; for nine horses out of ten are defective in one of these particulars. First, then, examine his eyes, and do this before he comes out of the stable; see that they are perfectly clear and transparent, and that the pupils or apples of the eye are exactly alike in size and color. Next examine his pipes; if good and sound on being nipped in the gullet, he will utter a sound like that from a bellows; but if his lungs are touched and he is broken-winded, he will give vent to a dry, husky, short cough; look to his limbs also, and in passing your hand down his legs, if you find any unnatural protuberance, or puffiness, or if feeling first one leg, then the other, you discover any difference between them disease, more or less, is present; he may not be lame, but he is not clean upon his legs. If he is broad and full between his eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to almost anything. If you want to get a gentle horse, get one with more or less white upon him; many suppose that the parti-colored horses belonging to circusses, shows, &c., are selected for their oddity; but it is on account of their docility and gentleness; in fact, the more kindly you treat horses, the better you will be treated by them in return.

SLEEP.—We have often heard young men remark that four or five hours' sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required The habit of going without sufficient sleep is very injurious Thousands, no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way—We live in a fast age, when everybody seems to be trying to invert the order of nature. If folks will persist in turning night into day, it is not to be wondered at that few last out the allotted time of life. No matter what be man's occupation—physical or mental, or, like Othello's 'gone,' and living in idleness—the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep John Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a just published volume by a medical man, there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. 'Four hours' rest at night, and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of body and mind.'—Certainly not; and the consequence was, that Hunter died early. If men will insist on cheating Sleep, her 'twin sister, Death,' will avenge the insult.

—"When a fellow is too lazy to work, says Sam Slick, "He paints his name over the door and calls it a tavern or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

WHO OUR SOLDIERS ARE.—The standing army of the United States, as organized by law, numbers or should number 12,698 men, of which 1,040 are commissioned officers. By the act of 1850 the President was authorized to increase the number of privates in the 181 companies, last year serving on the frontier, to seventy four men each, which addition if duly made, would give an aggregate of 17,863 men in the American army. It is probable, however, that considering the constant losses of men by death, expiration of service, &c., our military force is rarely greater than that first mentioned. The whole number of recruits during the six years ending September 30, 1855, was 30 066, or an annual average of 5,011. They are principally from our large cities, New York furnishing her full proportion. The difficulties of this service may be imagined from the fact that of the 16 064 enlisted in that city during the year 1852, 13,338 were rejected for various causes. During peace the greater number of recruits are foreigners; but in time of war this is reversed, In the last war with Great Britain nearly the entire army was composed of Americans. The same may be said of the Mexican war. Of five thousand enlistments during the year 1847, 3,630 were native born citizens of the United States. Generally these men were far nobler than the usual recruits of our peace establishment, taller, more intelligent, and less likely to succomb to sickness and fatigue. The average height of native born soldiers gives the State of the preference, it being 7 8272 feet.—The lowest is that of New York, 5.9205 feet Of 241 men six feet and upwards, Georgia sends thirty; North Carolina twenty-four; Tennessee, Kentucky, and Indiana each eighteen; Alabama and Illinois seventeen each; South Carolina, Virginia and Ohio fifteen; Maine eleven; Maryland nine; Missouri eight; New Jersey and Vermont six; Massachusetts and Pennsylvania five; and New York four. The tallest man is from Georgia, 6 feet 6 1-2 inches. Close by him stands one from South Carolina, 6 feet 4 1-4 inches. The average weight of American soldiers is 158 25 lbs.

THROWING THE CAUCASSIAN BEAR.—A comical story is going the rounds of the Parisian saloons, in which one of the most renowned of the French sculptors is the hero.

This gentleman who is possessed of great physical strength, and moreover, is very proud of the same, was sauntering, dressed in a blouse, a week or two ago, along the Barrier de Fontainebleau—a portion of the outskirts of this lively town famous for all manner of shows, montebanks and other cheap and popular marvels, The attention of the sculptor was soon arrested by a tent, over the door of which was a rude picture of a Caucassian bear, struggling with a gentleman wearing the Polish costume. Entering the tent, M—saw a great white bear sustaining the combined attack of three or four scrubby looking dogs of whom he disdained to take any especial notice.

'Gentlemen,' cried the master of the booth, when the dogs seemed to think they had done their duty and paused for a reply to their inoffensive demonstrations, 'gentlemen if any amateur present would like to enter the arena and try his strength with the White Caucassian Bear, he will find that the noble animal understands the art of wrestling like any Christian.'

Upon the invitation M——, taking off his blouse, climed over the paling that surrounded the arena and seized the formidable animal with both arms. The latter got on his hind legs, growled, and closed with his new adversary; when the sculptor, who had thought that the creature felt very thin under his thick fur, was astounded at hearing the bear whisper in his ear the following words, in perfectly intelligible French:

'You can't manage it *mon bourgeois*. I'm too strong for you. It's ten *sous* to *throw* the Caucassian Bear—my little perquisite.'

It is almost superfluous to add that M——threw the bear amidst the frenzied applause of spectators, and that he now professes an inveterate skepticism with regard to the ferocity of the animals so often shown off to the terror and admiration of the Parisians.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, declared that he could tame the most ferocious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said, "Well, there is a mastiff in the courtyard here which is the terror of the nighborhood; will you try your power on him?" Pitt agreed to do so, and the company descended to the courtyard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt a short distance from the animal and stared him sternly in the face, they all shuddered. At a signal gave the mastiff was set loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitts; then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after. During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage on the road near Vienna, I perceived two huge dogs bounding towards me. I recollected what Pitts had done, and tremoling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand quite still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment and went back again.—*Roger's Table Talk.*

—Pious darkey—Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up his treasure in heaven?

Practical Sam—What's de use of laying up his treasure dare, whar he ubber see um agin?