Bedford Gazette.

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Select Poetry.

From Putnam's Magazine.

TWO LITTLE STARS.

Two little stars, at eventide,
Rose in the azure, side by side,
And 'mid the glittering orbs on high,
Floated serenely through the sky.
Then sparkled with a trembling ray,
But lovingly pursued their way,
Though others blazed, more brilliant far than they!

The night stole on—but, with it came
A sweeping storm of mist and flame,
Which hung with gloom the starry dome,
And lashed the billows into foam,
While like a phantom, stern and stark,
Stretching its thin arm in the dark
Thro' the wild chaos tossed my trembling bark!

The night wore on—the angry blast
Had spent its fury and was past,
And gentle zephyrs wooed to rest
The troubled Ocean's heaving breast—
When, far above, amid the blue,
As one by one the clouds withdrew,
Those little loving stars came beaming thro'!

And on they went with rising force,
Up to the zenith of their course,
Till the Orient's rosy light,
Melted the shadows of the night;
And then, with undiminished ray,
Still side by side they stole away,
Lost in the glory of the coming day.

Thus, dearest, onward, side by side,
Through youth, the spirit's eventide,
Up to the night of Life have we
Humbly fulfilled our destiny—
And though around the rich and great
Are glittering stars of loftier state
Contentedly we share our lower fate.

And thus, though storms may come and go,
Shrouding with gloom the world below,
Above the tumult, as we rise,
In calm communion with the skies,
Still be it ours, serenely bright,
To bless the darkness of the night,
Cheering the tempest toss'd with heavenly light!

And when at length, each end attained,
The zenith of our course is gained—
As side by side those stars withdrew,
Still beaming with unbroken ray—
As gentle may we glide away.
In the effulgence of immortal day!

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

Bedford, June 8, 1855.

From the Reading Gazette and Democrat.

Front View of Know Nothingism!

The political organization, sporting the ugly name of "Know-Nothingism," is now nearly two years old. A thing of meanness, and the offspring of lunatics, the "Angel Gabriel," a Scotch Bedlamite, and "Ned Buntline," a kind of land pirate living in open rebellion to the law, are its founders. They it was was, who first preached it into existence, and impressed it with their own deformity. They christened it in innocent blood, and taught it to walk over the prostrate and lifeless corpses of its victims! As an evil wind or a dangerous hurricane flies the quickest, this dark cloud of evil, this raven from the ark of politics, swept over the land, and like the plague, it shook for a while the nerves of every American of just and honorable mind and feelings. And this political leprosy broke out in all parts of the country, manifesting most clearly the prevalence of a raving disease.—Every State and territory of the Union soon became polluted by the contagion carried and scattered abroad by the "Lazars" of the North. In nearly every township of this republic, between the two great oceans, "Lazarettos" have been established, and strange to say, not for the eradication, but for the spread of the disease.

How can this doctrine, monstrous in appearance, and barbarous in its tendencies, be productive of anything else than evil, when, as has been often shown, it had its first life breathed into it by "Ned" and the "Angel"? The former an outlaw and an enemy to all mankind, and the laws by which men are governed; the latter an Antichrist, blasphemously proclaiming himself to be an angel of light.

It can now be pretty plainly seen why those infatuated and misguided people, who were blind enough to rally round the black flag of the "fallen Angel," chose the dark and storm of midnight to meet and do their business. No honest work or profession was ever yet conducted in the dark. Who, in pursuit of his honest business would wriggle in the gutter, and twist himself into dark alleys with the noiseless step of a cat, as if stealing his neighbor's sleighing-harness, and wanted to prevent the tinkling of the bells? But even a starless sky and the silence of midnight, have not been found sufficient to screen them from recognition. If they would hide from their neighbors, 'tis all for nothing. They are all known, nor could the mask of the veiled prophet of Kohrassan, make it otherwise. The leopard is known by his spots.

Well, we were saying that Know-Nothingism is now nearly two years old. Only two years, and is old already. Yes, like the favorite dog of Ulyses, ready to die of sheer old age.—Worn down by repeated excesses, it only staggers under a presure of excitement, and suffocated with crime, is like a bloated sot, ready to topple in the ditch.

Let us see what good it has ever done for the dear people by whom so much good was expected, and to whom so much good was promised, that is, all those who were silly enough to be deluded by the hypocritical whinings of the Know-Nothing crocodile. What abuses have been redressed? What wrongs have been righted? In a word, who has been benefited by this now almost defunct political night-mare? None at all. On the contrary, the people have lost much. In all quarters of the country, respectability was made to blush at the mawkish ignorance and footy-bungling of these fanatical zealots. In Philadelphia, the people have been plundered by a set of lazy rowdies (so say the best authorities of the city, and not contradicted) who, astonished at their very lucky and sudden elevation to office and power, clenched their harpy claws deep into the pockets of those who were not prepared to experience such a system of semi-legal plundering. In our Legislative halls, too, at Harrisburg, more ignorance, venality, sneaking and bribery were unblushingly exhibited last winter, through the "fungi element," than would be sufficient to shame an equal number of our rude ancestors in the days of the Norman invasion. Members of our Legislature have been swerved every day by the agents of some Railroad or Banking corporation. They have in some instances broken their word of honor to their constituents, and trifled with the Testament, the contents of which they hypocritically profess to believe. And this is Know Nothingism! In Massachusetts, oh! behold Massachusetts running crazy after the smallest things, but cannot behold Satan, altho' running riot in her midst! Her Legislature, full of recreant Ministers, to the exclusion of intelligent Statesmen, present a lack of ability never experienced there before. Under the guidance of her present degenerate rulers, her great name and fame for every thing learned, noble, and patriotic, is fast fading away, and will, unless the management of affairs gets into better hands and wiser heads, become a mockery and a delusion. When Legislators disgrace their calling and the State, by perpetrating acts of meanness too low and vulgar for publication in a newspaper, and that in the most public place and manner, it is time to think of stopping and stripping such knaves, and allow them to bleach in their naked deformity. When members of a Legislature are so dead to every pulse of shame, so deficient in every principle of honor by which man is made the noblest work of God, as to descend to acts of meanness more in accordance with the character of a Mameluke of the Nile, or a Musselman of the Tigris, than with the "Sons of the Sires of '76" it is time to say to such a man or such men, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further."

From the Boston Post.

First Know-Nothing Legislature.

The labors of the first know-nothing legislature are completed and are before the country. Gardner announced in his inaugural address that Massachusetts was "once more permitted to take the lead in that legislation believed to *be necessary to perpetuate religious and civil privileges.*" He spoke as the head of a party, and frankly announced that its purposes required that it should obtain a President and a Congress.—Thus, the know-nothings here aspired to be a national party; and to lead other States.

Let us take a brief glance at the ways which a legislature, with such objects in view, devised to perpetuate our "religious and civil privileges."

And, first, as to our religious privileges, of such vital consequence. Liberty of conscience and liberty of worship are of the natural rights secured in our constitutions, federal and State; and these say that one denomination of Christians shall neither be favored above another, nor in any way harmed on account of their religion. Now, how has this know-nothing legislature complied with these provisions, securing a primordial right of man? Let its fierce onslaught on Catholics answer; let its miserable pandering to bigotry answer; let its proposed laws as to education, and its actual violation, by its committees, of private rights in visiting Catholic schools, answer. But why specify details? Mr. Speaker Eddy has confessed the whole in his parting speech. "*By your speeches and your votes,*" his words are, "*you have spoken for temperance, liberty, and* PROTESTANTISM: and he might have added, have trampled under foot the rights of Catholics, over which the ægis of the constitution is as broad as it is over Protestants. Is this, forsooth, the way to perpetuate the glorious foundations of our religious privileges? Is not this rank bigotry? Pray, where did this know-nothing legislature—Mr. Speaker Eddy at their head—derive the right to ignore and persecute a sect? Is this in accordance with the genius of Protestantism? Pray, is not its corner-stone and brightest jewel the right of private judgment? We tell Mr. Speaker Eddy, and these know-nothings, that were in what should be the impartial halls of legislation they have only "votes and speeches" for Protestantism, and persecute the conscientious Catholic, they belie the great American name and deny the first principles of Protestantism. Mock not the country by terming such speeches and votes and acts perpetuating *our* religious privileges—they are for introducing, substantially, the old test acts of England.

We next turn to "civil privileges." What has been initiated here in this line worthy to be copied by other States? What has been done to perpetuate those privileges we enjoy?

The guardian protector of them all is our UNION: and to every person and every interest of the State the preservation of this ought to be paramount. To every true patriot and true American this is a consideration that transcends all others, and before which all other considerations—inasmuch as by this only can our rights be preserved—dwindle into nothing.

We have not overstated this test. But let us use another's words setting forth its magnitude. When all sane men and loyal parties invoke the highest personification of honest purpose and sterling patriotism, they instinctively turn to Washington. We will not cite the often-quoted passages from the Farewell Address on the value of our Union, but take others that will apply closer as a touchstone to try know-nothing labors. Take the memorable words as to the authority of the general government: "Respect for its authority, *compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures* are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxim of true liberty. The constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacrdly obligatory on all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government." Such were the just, true, wholesome words of the Father of his Country; and he held up "ALL OBSTRUCTIONS TO THE EXECUTION OF THE LAWS" as destructive to the fundamental principles of our polity and of fatal tendency.

With these principles in view, let us ask what have our know-nothings done in harmony with them? How have they discharged their constitutional duties? How do they stand before the country as to fulfilling the obligation of that work of the fathers which was designed to secure "a more perfect union," and the blessings of liberty regulated by law to the future American generations? Have they shown themselves a party of patriots, with a basis of action country-wide—with feelings national in the stamp? Or have they proved that they are but a sectional party, looking only to sectional objects, and pandering only to the views and purposes of local faction?

For the answer we present the statute book.—There is the record of the law designed to nullify a measure of the general government: designed to resist the authority of the general government; designed to obstruct the execution of laws made in pursuance of the constitution designed, therefore, to uproot "fundamental maxims of true liberty." "There stands Massachusetts," at the close of the first know-nothing legislature. There she is, boldly arrayed in a Catiline robe.

For this piece of political treason to the best government man ever framed—to which the eyes of struggling nations are turned—the know-nothings, as a party, are responsible. They did the deed. In doing it, they tell the country who they are and what they mean to do. Their platform is embodied in the practices and laws of their first legislature. They proscribe men for their birth and they persecute men for their religion. Their secret, oath-bound lodges stamp them as Protestants Jesuits. To these enormities—monstrous in this free America—they add the paramount enormity of RESISTANCE TO THE LAWS AND CONSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY.

MASSACHUSETTS—The blue laws of Massachu-
MORALITY—setts a penal offence to give shelter to a houseless Quaker, and witches were devoutly executed as burnt offerings to bigotry the most intense, and to superstition the most attrocious. In these latter days, however, after two hundred years of active purification and reform, Massachusetts claims to have risen to the rank of the most enlightened, moral, religious, and liberty-loving State in the Union. Her capital is the "Athens of America:" she plumes herself upon her colleges, her common schools, her churches, her liquor laws, and her benevolent institutions. Now for the fruts of this boasted enlightenment and Christia civilization. First we give a specimen of Massachusetts humanity. We copy from one of our exchanges:

"Mary Williams and her infant daughter, the latter born in Massachusetts, were sent to Europe on Monday, from the town of Monson, Mass., for the crime of being too poor to live in that commonwealth. The woman had come away from Ireland because she was too poor to live there. According to the two facts, the poor creature has no right to live at all.—Massachusetts, about a year ago, was in a terrible ferment because the law sent Burns back to Virginia. The Boston Advertiser says:

"The treasury of the United States bore the expense of the rendition of Anthony Burns.—The treasury of Massachusetts paid for the rendition of Mary Williams. But she was a negro, "a man and a brother;" she was only a white woman, a woman and a mother."

Can anything be found more revolting to every feeling of humanity in all the horrid and disgusting Massachusetts blue legislation of two hundred years ago? If the Puritanism, what is barbarism?—if this Christianity, what is Paganism?—if this liberty what is despotism? If this is the humanity of a refined civilization, the wild Apaches who drink the blood of their enemies, have wofully libelled. They are accounted as, yet they are at least true to their own. They have neither churches, colleges, schools, yet they are evidently competent to our excessively Puritanical brethren of Massachusetts the first principles of Christian and civilized society.

The morality of the State has been pretty fairly exhibited in official legislative explorations of Mr. Joss & Co. of the Nunnery Committee. ss says that he has been made the scapegoss of his equally guilty legislative colleagues, at least one hundred and eighty members of legislature, about one-fifth clergymen, familiarized themselves with the Boston of prostitution.—And a New Hampshire, who happened lately to be on a railroad containing a select committee of our Massachusetts law makers, says:

"The committee in the car a great deal like men who had large quantities of wine and brandy. They swored and hallooed freely, and four or so enjoyed themselves in attempting to do each other in relating disgusting worthy of a grog-shop or house of ill-fame. The name of Mrs. Patterson was freely spoken by the legislators, and in terms so as to leave little doubt on the minds of hearers that she is quite a favorite with than Joseph Hiss, of the Nunnery Com-

These two extracts make a pair of blue light spectacles through which Massachusetts humanity is discovered as a vile imposter. And Massachusetts morality and religion, churches, clergy, negro worship, Maine Liquor law and all, appear a repulsive humbug. But we cease to wonder that her authorities should send a native American infant across the seas for the crime of being the child of a poor Irishwoman; that negro fugitives should be invested with the right of suffrage, while foreign born whites are disfranchised; that negro children should be placed upon a footing of equality in the public schools with the whites—we cease to wonder at any of these attrocities, on finding that negro worship, bigotry, and hypocricy are the ruling elements of the Massachusetts Legislature.

There must be another revolution in the Massachusetts politics at the next popular election, or we may next expect some runaway negro to supersede the comparatively true American Know Nothing, Governor Gardner; Mrs, Patterson in the place of Judge Loring; a premium for fugitive slaves, and a general interdict of expulsion against the poor Irish. The Common Schools of Massachusetts! Fudge. Liberty loving Massachusetts!

ANECDOTES OF A PHYSICIAN.

The late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned by many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations.—His wit was equal to his skill. It was hard to say which did his patients the most good, and as he always gave his best of both at the same time, they probably helped each other. Just as it happened when one of his patients revolted at a monstrous dose of physic, and said:

"Why, Doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for a gentleman?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, "it's for *working* men!"

And a good laugh is often as good as a medicine. With him the pleasantry was as certain as the opportunity. Even in *extremes* it would come out of him. He was walking in the street, and a *baker's* cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reigned up suddenly, and just in time to spare the doctor, who took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed, "You are the best *bred* man in town."

At the great gathering in Philadelphia of the Medical Society of the United States, the literary and distinguished Dr. Francis and Dr. Chapman met, as they had done a thousand times before, having been friends for half a century. At said to Dr. Francis, "let me introduce you to Dr. Chapman, the head of our profession in Philadelphia." It was too much for Dr. Chapman, who retorted: "Dr. Francis, let me introduce you to Dr. Mann, the *foil* of our profession in Philadelphia." Little Mann let the lions alone after that.

Very much against his will, the doctor was made a vestryman in the parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gravity to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed, as if he would urge him to think the matter over and give *something*, a little something, and refused to go on till he had seen his silver on the plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the pew nearest the door, where sat an aged colored woman of the old school. To his surprise she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me?" said the astonished doctor, "you must be a *Guinea* niger!" They never troubled the doctor to go around with the plate after that.

Dr. Chapman was a delegate to the convention of the church, which was to hold its annual session at Pittsburg. Party spirit ran high, and the members, both clerical and lay, being men of like passions with other men, became more excited and violent in word and tone than was becoming so reverend and grave a body.

When things had gone on at this rate for two days, and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, one of the most venerable members arose and said, that "he thought these scenes were highly indecorous, especially as they were enacted in the presence of God, whose servants we profess to be." Dr. Chapman for the first time now stood up, and with a peculiar twisting of his words, and the profound attention of the whole convention, remarked: "Mr. President, I think so too. It is too bad. The members ought not to go on so. But I do not feel the force of that last remark. The gentleman says "we ought not to conduct in this manner in the presence of God.' Now, sir, to my certain knowledge, He has not been in this place since we came together."

The rebuke was so just, so pertinent, that priests and people felt it alike, and the business of the convention was conducted with decorum to its close.

Horrid Child Murder in Delaware.

The Dover Sentinel gives an account of a most atrocious affair which happened in that vicinity on last Thursday, the 24th:

"A man by the name of George Parker (colored,) living just outside of Dover, went to Mr. Slaughter's house early yesterday morning and knocked at the door for admission. When Mr. Slaughter came to the door, which he opened cautiously, he found Parker standing on the outside, with a gun levelled at him, threatening to kill him. Slaughter immediately closed the door, when Parker went to his own house, had some words with the girl, who lives with his wife, and shot her, injuring her severely.—He then made off to Mr. Gibbs' house, the door of which he broke open, and rushed upon Gibbs, who made his escape out of a back door, not, however, before the negro had discharged the gun at him.

"Gibbs made off to a neighbor's house, by the name of Moore, to give the alarm, whom he found, when they immediately went in search of more assistance to enable them to secure Parker, who, when he found that Gibbs had fled, returned again to his own house, and entering, seized upon one of his little ones, and in a most cruel and barbarous manner, cut its throat from ear to ear, then threw the body away from him. He then came out into the yard in search of his wife, no doubt to Murder her, who had fled to a neighbor's house with the youngest child, but seeing his other child, he sprang at it, and in an instant he had this one in his grasp, cutting its throat, also, and threw it up as high as his strength would allow him, when it came down upon the hard ground weltering in its gore and blood.

"This fiend incarnate then sought his wife about the premises, but not being able to find her returned into the house, which he set on fire, and left for Gibbs' house, where he was when Gibbs, Moore and others arrived to take him. Mr. Cooper had been sent for, and when he arrived, found the inhuman monster in the hands of his captors, in anything but an enviable position. The prisoner had to be held down on the ground with a man on each arm, one on his breast, one on each foot. In this situation Mr. Cooper found him, upon whom he placed manacles, tied him in a cart and brought him to Dover, and lodged him in jail for safe keeping.

"He shot at his pursuers after holding them at bay a long time; and it was only when his gun had been discharged, that they dare approach the house to take him. Several shots were fired at him, one or two taking effect, when a simultaneous charge was made, and after a severe struggle, he was secured as above described."

An Elephant's Fraternal Feeling and Affection.

While a wagon drawn by several elephants was passing our office yesterday, the following story was told, which we vouch for as true:

Last season a menagerie visited the village of Johnstown, Herkimer County. When the cavalcade left town it passed over a bridge which the road crossed leaving two elephants to bring up the rear. These were driven to the bridge, but with the known sagacity of the race, they refused to cross. The water of the creek, which flows through a gorge in the slate formation, presenting at that point banks of precipitous character and thirty feet in height, was low and by taking a course across a corn field, a ford could be reached. But the proprieter of the corn field refused to allow his property to be so used, ex-
this the agent of the menagerie refused to sub-
mit to. Accordingly the elephants were again driven to the bridge, and again they refused to attempt the crossing. They would try the structure with their great feet, feel cautiously along the plank with their proboscal fingers, but each time would recoil from making the dangerous experiment.

At last, however, goaded by the sharp, iron instrument of the keeper, and accustomed to obedience, they rushed on, with a scream, half of agony, half of anger. The result showed the prudent prescience of the poor animals to have been correct: the bridge broke, and went crashing to the bottom of the gorge; carrying with it both the monstrous beasts. One of them struck upon its tusks and shoulder, breaking the former, and very badly injuring the latter: the other was, strangely enough, unhurt. Now was shown the most singular and remarkable conduct on the part of the brute which had escaped. Its comrade lay there, an extempore bed being provided for its comfort, while no temptation, no force, no stratagem was sufficient to induce the other to leave, and proceed with the main portion of the caravan, which finally went on, leaving the wounded beast and its companion under the charge of their keeper.

Day after day the suffering creature lay there, rapidly failing, and unable to move. At the end of three weeks, the water in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant.—The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up and make it walk as far as a barn near by where it would be out of danger and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed, wheeled and scolded, but all to no purpose. At last, enraged, he seized a pitchfork and was about plunging it into the poor thing's flesh, when the companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it in fragments and flung the pieces from it; then with eyes glaring and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend as if daring the keeper to approach, which the man was not so green as to do again with cruel purpose.

Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot, and showed no desire to return. If this was not reasoning mingled with an affection some men might pattern after, we should like to know what to call it.—*Buffalo Democracy.*

Filial Devotion and its Reward.

An aged rag-picker died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as servant with a greengrocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached.—The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of the savings for her wedding attire, but of all her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of the faithless lover, a young, good-looking man, entered. "So, my good Susette, I find you have lost your place?" said he; "I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?" "I, sir? exclaimed Susette; "you are joking." "No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better." "But every one would laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me?" "Oh, if that is the only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you." Susette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle: it was a cat that he had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal that he determined that even her death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed and placed upon the tester of his bed. As Susette took puss down, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. A thousand gold napoleons were concealed in the body of the cat: and this sum which the old miser had starved himself to amass became the just reward of the noble girl and her disinterested lover.

A Scene in the Caucasus.

The Cau- contains a communication respecting a recent exchange of prisoners between the Russians and the chief of the Circassians. On this occasion Schamyl received back one of his sons, who having been taken away in his boyhood had been educated in Russia, and even served in the army. The *Caucasus* says: Last summer the Princess Tchattchavadse and the Princess Orbelian with her children were captured by some of Schamyl's bands. Their captivity lasted eight months, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the government and of their relatives. They at length succeeded, however, in inducing Schamyl to accept ransom for them to the amount of 40,000 silver roubles, together with the surrender of his son.

On the 23d of March both parties met for effecting this exchange, Schamyl, who to the last moment was exceedingly distrustful, being accompanied by a body of six or seven thousand men, who brought with them some field-pieces. As soon as he had taken up his position on the right bank of the frontier river, the Mitschik, and the Russians on the left, he sent his other escort to the carriage containing the prisoners, Kasi Muhammud with thirty Murids as an to meet the Russians. On the Russian side a party of riflemen crossed the river, accompanied by Major-General Baron Nikolai, Prince Tchattchavadse, and Jamal Eddin, Schamyl's son who was to be exchanged. They were followed by a carriage containing the stipulated sum.

When Jamal Eddin approached the ford of the river thousands of voices repeated, in a monotonous chaunt, the words Estaphir Alla, which is a thanksgiving when any enterprise has come to a prosperous issue. While the son was crossing the river a dress was brought to him as a present from his father, which he immediately put on. As soon as he had assumed his new attire, being accompanied by the Russian officers and his brother Kasi Muhammud, he climbed the mountain where his father was sitting, surrounded by the Murids, while a mountaineer held over the chieftain's head a large dark parasol. Schamyl is a remarkably handsome man, 47 years of age, with a very expressive face and prepossessing manners.

When his son approached him he stretched out his hand for him to kiss, then embraced him and wept. After that he bowed in a very friendly manner to the Russian officers, and requested them to thank Baron Nikolai for the kindness with which he had treated his son. After this he added, as if replying to his own thoughts, "I believe now in the honor of the Russians." The story runs that he was not a little afraid lest the Russians, after the exchange was over, should surprise him and carry back again the money, perhaps his son into the bargain. The report concludes with the remark that this interview is memorable, inasmuch as no Russian, since the year 1839, had ever seen Schamyl.

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.—This fact is either not known to parents, or very little regarded.—The first thing a baby wants is fresh air, and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born it should have air and light; and neither be shut up in a close, darkened room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady after her confinement, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking-chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight. When I inquired for the newly-arrived, the nurse came, and after taking off fold after fold, there at last was the poor, little, half-smothered baby, gasping for breath. Mother and nurse got a lecture that time.

Returning in an omnibus, a pretty woman got in, with her babe completely enveloped in its blanket. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was. The babe had as good a right to breathe, and to have the purest air to be had, as anybody; and as there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

"Madam," said I, "you are smothering that child."

She smiled and shook her head; she didn't believe a word of it.

"You are making it breathe its own breath over and over; and no air is fit to breathe but once. It needs fresh air as much as you do. I am a physician and I can't let you make your child sick."

She uncovered the baby's head; it took a long breath, and if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtly would have said, "Thank you, doctor."