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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

ANGELS.

Thin shadowy forms are hovering
In the air around us spread,
And we feel their hallowed presence
In the daily paths we tread;
Their soft eyes are kindly glistening
Down in many a golden beam;
And their hands that gently scatter
Heavenly roses on our dream.

Robust gems of thought they bring us
From their far and distant home;
And they often make us shudder,
When they weave sweet spells of music
Over our troubled hearts to guide,
And a glad heart almost sinking
Down in life's cold, rapid tide.

They sustain and cheer, and comfort
When our spirits fall and shrink,
Save us from the dark abysses
When we tremble on the brink;
And they cheer when fiery passions
Would our hasty bosoms stir;
Angels, sad, deeply sorrow,
When our human spirits err.

Low they speak in soothing whispers,
When in grief we bend and moan,
And soft they bear us messengers
From the sainted loved ones gone;
They that still the fever burning
In our sickened, weary hearts—
For angels, by the crystal fountain
Whence the cooling tear-drop starts.

Oh, they bring us daily visions
Of a world more pure and fair,
While their sweet low voices whisper,
"God and love and home are there."
They that keep a deathless vigil
At the portals of the soul—
They that read the angry tempest
When the waves of trouble roll.

Through the veil of gloomy shadows
See our fainting souls they bear,
While their tuneful songs of heaven
Stir us in our passing there.
Oh, how rich, how high, how precious,
Must be in God's pure sight,
That he sends us guardian angels
From his realms of fadeless light.

THE CIRCASSIAN CAPTIVE.

A WILD TALE OF THE CAUCASUS.

In the summer of 1837, the plains of Circassia and Georgia were filled with a Russian host, whom the general, who commanded with his already bound empire, and not knowing the spirit with which he would have to deal, had sent for the "subjection of these favorite countries. The whole army, which numbered not less than thirty thousand, while advancing by different roads and passes, leave the garrisons in the conquered towns, and afterwards unite at one locality, as circumstances might require. One of these detachments had, with considerable difficulty, penetrated to the village of Teherzi, which, itself on elevated ground, to be reached only by the hardest labor, over snow covered summits, up to the bosom of the Caucasian chain, and so completely surrounded by the loftiest mountains of the range as it had been deemed impregnable. Nevertheless, with invincible valor and perseverance, had the Russian general, Boroff, fought his way up to last, after a bloody struggle, the enemy had yielded, retired to the mountain fastnesses, and thus acknowledged the foe masters of the field. Had a better winter the Russian army could never have penetrated to this point, nor, having reached it, could they have survived the intense cold and scarcity of provisions. It was now, however, hardly the middle of summer, a season which, in the Caucasus, brings with it the most delightful weather that can be imagined: the rate abounded in provisions of all kinds, which the inhabitants, not anticipating such a issue to the battle, had no time to destroy; and Boroff, though well aware of the necessity of a speedy action, had determined to remain here a few days, to see to the wounded, and to refresh his army, which had suffered much during the arduous march. It was his intention to push a little farther on, where there was another Circassian village, containing a garrison, of some size, to keep the garrison in check, and to return—all of which he hoped and expected to accomplish before the winter snows should set in, or the cold become sufficiently severe to impede the operation of his army.

It was on the day after the battle, and General Boroff was seated in a rude hut which formed his quarters. He was a man who had seen much service, and whose experience in military matters peculiarly fitted him for the command of a military expedition like the present. He had given his orders for the day; had with his own eyes seen the disposal of his soldiers, and had returned to his quarters, in company with Colonel Godinski, a brave, noble looking man, and one of his principal officers.

"I may think the saints, Colonel, for escape," observed General Boroff; "some of our brother officers have not fared so well; poor Troitz received a cut upon his cheek that will mar his beauty for life. By heaven! those mountain savages fight like lions; their swords are keen, their horses are strong and like as the Arabians, and though we conquer them, it is with little of our advantage; they are so fleet in escaping, and having such mountains to shelter them."

"Your highness is right," answered the colonel; "though they taught them a lesson they will be sometime forgetting. They lost many a good swordman, as the appearance of the field well testifies. If your highness had but another regiment here we would be more than a match for them."

"The garrison we have left behind has somewhat thinned our ranks," answered the general; "nevertheless, Colonel, I think we can finish the campaign with honor. It is a pity that the most beautiful women the world can boast, should have for enemies such fierce and bloodthirsty spirits."

"Nay, general, you forget the adage, 'none but the brave deserve the fair.' But apropos of beautiful women; your highness must know that there was captured yesterday after the rout, while retreating herself to the mountains with all the speed she could use, a lovely Circassian, charming as Circe, and majestic as the Queen of Sheba." (Godinski had been to the University of St. Petersburg, and loved to show his learning.) "She is yet undisposed of, and I would ask her as my share of the booty. She would make me a rare slave."

"You are modest, colonel," answered Boroff, "to rate your value no higher than that it may be rewarded by a slave. Nevertheless, take her; I am too old for the delights of love, and I will swear no other has half so good a claim as you. Take her, Godinski, but let her not keep you from your duties—we cannot spare your services; and when this war is over you will have plenty of time for dalliance."

"Fear not, your highness, an hour spent with this Venus will give a keener relish to the pleasures of the field. With your permission, I will even now retire, to bestow her in my quarters, that she may be free from insult."

Occurrences like this were not infrequent, the general gave way in the present case, the honor of the prisoner, whom he regarded as in all respects a slave, without for a moment reflecting on the consequences which might arise from this simple act. It was the indulgence of such licentiousness in the Russian soldiers and officers that had called forth the fierce resistance they had met with from these mountain tribes. Nowhere, perhaps, in the old world, is the honor of women prized more highly than in the Caucasus. Beautiful to a proverb, yet it is not their beauty but their chastity on which they set the highest value. Outraged by the licentiousness of the invading hordes, many a mournful had registered in heaven a solemn vow of vengeance.

CHAPTER II.

Scarcely had Godinski left the general's hut, when the door was again darkened, and Boroff, looking up, beheld a tall majestic figure in the act of entering. His wild accoutrements, his singular dress, his peculiar sword, made in his native wilds, proclaimed him to be a native; while his air of command and step of dignity, told the Russian general he was in presence of one by no means low in rank. He was a man who looked to be some five-and-twenty years of age, and his countenance was peculiarly prepossessing. The stranger slowly advanced and extended his right hand in which he bore a branch of oljva.

Boroff, at first, started at this sudden apparition; but instantly recovered himself, on perceiving that he was accompanied by two soldiers, who announced that he had presented at the outpost, and requested to confer with the general.

"Advance," said Boroff, rising. "Who are you, and upon what errand have you come?"

"I am Alexander!"

"Alexander—the Lezhini chief—who has contended with us, inch by inch, for the soil we hold? Alexander—the renegade Russian?"

"Hold!" cried the young man fiercely—"I am Alexander, the Lezhini chief, whom by the fortune of war you have thus far conquered. I am Alexander, the banished Russian who is still hunted like a beast. I have forsworn a land of tyranny. I am no longer a Russian exile, but a Circassian chief!"

"It seems to me you are bold to throw yourself into our hands, young man."

"I know the honor of a Russian general," answered Alexander "I come on an errand of peace. When I have finished I expect to depart as freely as I came; if not there are swords in the mountains, and the destruction of a phial will not be likely to dull their keenness."

"By the saints! Alexander, traitor or chief, whatever you may call yourself, you have not misjudged us. I will pledge my word you shall return in safety. And now for your business."

"Russian," answered the young man, advancing nearer to the general, and speaking earnestly and slowly, "you have felt the power of a fragment of the Lezhini as you advanced hither. A few of us have taken the field to impede your march and delay your advance. Russian, the tocsin has now been sounded through the Caucasus, and thousands are marching hither. Beware! push us out far! it is easy to advance, it is hard to return."

"To what end is this?" interrupted the Russian general impatiently. "Am I so young and inexperienced that you have come forth to teach me my duty?"

"Not so. The Lezhini are a great tribe. I have influence with them. If they cease to resist, the conquest of the Caucasus will be easy."

"And the upshot of all this is, that you will use your influence to bring about this result, for a good round sum," again interrupted general Boroff, contemptuously. "Away, young traitor! my blood is the only coin with which we will buy your submission."

"Gen. Boroff," answered the Circassian, with a dignified air, "twice you have called me traitor, and twice most courteously interrupted me. This will I pass over; and now listen to the close. I hate your country—I hate every Russian—I hate you. Nevertheless, I smother this aversion, abandon my scheme of revenge, and leave you unmolested, provided you will restore unhurt, and in all honor, the daughter of a Circassian chief, who fell yesterday into your hands. He is dead; the Lezhini revive his memory, and to save from Russian lust the daughter, whom in his dying moments he left to their protection, they will disband their forces, leave the field, and place no further obstacles in the way of your advance." He paused.

"And what if I do not comply, Circassian?"

"We swear a war of extermination, till death shall take from us all hope of vengeance!"

Gen. Boroff was silent a moment for reflection.—The Lezhini was unquestionably the bravest and most powerful tribe of the Caucasus; their retiring from the conquest was certainly a most desirable object, and to be gained by what seemed a trifling

consideration. Yet he had pledged his word—he had given the slave to Col. Godinski. Could he retract? Could he ask for the Circassian without wounding his friend? Impossible!

"I have considered your request," at length answered Boroff, "and most decline accepting your proposal."

"One word more, general Boroff. That Circassian maid was my affianced bride. If you are a husband, if you are a father, I conjure you by your own daughter, abandon not Zairah to the fate which awaits all of your female prisoners! Free her, kill her, but disgrace her not!"

"Circassian," said the general, "you seem to be a gallant fellow. I would accord to your request, but to be plain with you, it is too late. Just as you entered my door, Col. Godinski left it with my promise that this Circassian maid should be his slave. A Russian general cannot break his word."

Not a muscle in the noble Circassian's face changed as he heard these words, the confirmation of his worst fears. Mute he gazed for an instant on the speaker with an intensity before which the latter trembled.

Then slowly raising his hand he drew from his girdle a small dagger. Gen. Boroff involuntarily started back and seized a pistol which lay upon a table. The precaution was useless. The chief aimed not the blow at the Russian, but cast the blade upon the floor of the apartment with a force that imbedded it nearly to the hilt. Then turning in the same silence, he walked in dignity from the hut, found his way to his horse which was fastened near, he mounted, and putting spurs to the noble animal was soon seen in the far distance, making his way up the rugged mountain's side.

CHAPTER III.

A week had elapsed since the occurrences narrated in our last chapter; a week which had been so well improved by the Russian leader, that he had found his army much refreshed, and in a condition to advance. Accordingly, as no time was to be lost, he had determined on the following day to take up his line of march. All the officers were in high spirits at the anticipated change, for the time had passed rather heavily at their encampment.—One or two circumstances, indeed, had occurred to vary the monotony, but a soldier never notes in the middle of a campaign, and even those who have suffered in previous engagements were anxious to press on.

It was early in the evening, and the officers were seated around the table in Gen. Boroff's hut. There was not there, to be sure, the magnificence of good cheer to which they were accustomed, but they strove by their hilarity to make up for this deficiency. A good dish of boiled mutton was flanked by sturgeon-roes, and that excellent cheese which can be found only in the Caucasus.

"How is Colonel Godinski, this evening?" enquired one at the lower end of the table. "Has your highness heard?"

"I returned from his quarters at dark," answered the general. "He is somewhat better although in considerable danger."

"Gen. Boroff," said Capt. Troitz, whose face was still covered with bandages, though his wound was doing well, "you are aware that this is my first appearance at the table. I have therefore missed all opportunity of receiving any accurate information concerning this accident of Col. Godinski, nothing has reached me but a few reports which have served only to increase my curiosity. May I ask how this wound was received?"

"That, my dear Captain, is a great mystery to us as yet. The second morning after our battle here, Col. Godinski was found by his servant, lying upon the floor of his apartment, weltering in his blood. On examination he was found to have a severe stab in the neighborhood of the heart, which our surgeon pronounced highly dangerous though with due care he thinks it will not prove fatal."

The Colonel has either been in a state of unconsciousness or delirium ever since this disaster, so that we have been unable to learn nothing from him respecting its origin. Were this all, we might suppose either that some assassin had been in the camp, or that our friend had attempted to terminate his own existence; but as to the first supposition, the murderer would in all probability have rifled the Colonel's body of its valuables, whereas his watch and purse were found untouched; and as to the second, no one who knew our friend's happy disposition, would for a moment entertain the idea of his suicide. There is another fact that affords a more likely key to the mystery. A beautiful Circassian, whom I have since learned was the daughter of a Lezhini chief, and affianced to the renegade Alexander, who leads the enemy, was, at Col. Godinski's request, assigned to him by me as his share of the booty. The Colonel had her removed to his quarters, and her disappearance on the following morning leaves no doubt but that she committed the act."

"Your highness omits to mention another fact," said an officer, who sat immediately on his left.—A dagger was planted erect in the floor, by the side of his body, as if it had been cast there with considerable force.

"And this dagger," continued Gen. Boroff, "was of Circassian manufacture, and the exact counterpart of one which Alexander himself, the Lezhini chief, threw down in the same manner in this very room."

"Alexander, the renegade, here your highness?"

"Yes," answered the general, "he came to treat for the release of the fair maid, his bride that was to be; and when I declined, intimating that she had already been disposed of, he drew his dagger, and instead of aiming at me, as I supposed he intended, the stupid fellow expressed his dissatisfaction by throwing it into the door."

"By the saints, gentlemen, there is more in this than you suppose," exclaimed Troitz earnestly.—"I have served longer in the Caucasus, and I know the habits of this tribe well. The butting of a dagger in this way is an expression of a deadly defiance; I have known them to follow up the ob-

ject of their revenge, when threatened thus, for a year until at last an opportunity offered of consecrating it in the most terrible manner. Nay, if they seemed to be no other way of effecting it they would accomplish it, even if their own death were the inevitable result. A Circassian considers himself cursed forever if he forgets this vow of vengeance."

"Nay, Troitz," interrupted the general, "I'll wager you make more of this than the result will warrant."

"I trust I do, General," answered the Captain; "I have lived long in the Caucasus, and never have I seen this vow forgotten."

Scarcely had he spoken, when the door opened, and a sentinel entered. "Pardon your highness," exclaimed he hastily, "but every height, as far northward as the eye can reach, is ruddy with a watchfire, and every moment as we look, we see new flames springing up, and sending their crimson glow to the very sky."

"A chain of signal fires, your highness," interrupted Troitz, "which these mountaineers resort to when engaged in some great enterprise which renders communication necessary between different parts of the country. It is even so," continued he, "approaching the door; it already I can count thirty, and see, another flares up on yonder crag not three miles from the camp. I am no false prophet, your highness; the hour of their meditated vengeance is at hand."

"To arms, then gentlemen," cried Boroff, hurrying to the door. "They shall find us prepared. Troitz, I see there is no blazing signal behind us. We must try to sever this burning chain, lest we be surrounded on all sides, and it fares badly with garrison we have left. For you marshal the soldiers, and have them ready for action at the shortest notice. Scarcely a quarter of a mile off, I have noticed a strange looking rock, so situated, and of such elevation, that a fire upon its top would be visible for miles. They will not be likely to overlook such a beacon; while, if we possess it, we will be able to cut off the communication, and prevent any action on the part of those in our rear. I will forward, gentlemen, to occupy this all important point."

"Nay, General, it will be a work of some peril, if these savages are in earnest," said a grey-headed Major; "let me go, and do you remain to see that all is right in the camp."

"Boroff will never send his soldiers where he will not go himself," was the brave reply, as the general hastened to place himself at the head of a small detachment to effect the desired movement. The rest of the army was soon called from their quarters and under arms; they knew not the reason for these sudden orders, and could answer each other's questions only by pointing to the beacon-fires, which still fiercely sent up their ominous light to the heavens.

The general had, in his position, reconnoitered the ground in the neighborhood of the camp, and was well acquainted with the situation of the crag to which he had alluded. It might be termed the summit of the hill range on which the village of Teherzi was situated. It was to be reached by a rough up hill road which passed a few feet from the base of the rock itself was of a pyramidal shape, and distinguished not so much by its height, as by its desolate and distinct position, which enabled it to be seen, as separated from the surrounding mountains, at a considerable distance. A stony path led up the side; but the general thought it would not be necessary to ascend to the top, but determined, after having seen his men in undisputed possession, to leave half his little force in a suitable position, to guard the eminence, and return with the remainder.

The night was dark, for the moon had hid her face, and the general would have been unable to direct their march had he not been familiar with the way. Ten minutes enabled them to reach the base of the rock; the general paused for a moment, but once more ordered them to advance, and clamber up the rugged side to a spot which he remembered to have seen, a few days before, and which he thought would enable them to act with great effect, should the enemy attempt to carry the post.—Rapidly and with as little noise as possible, they reached the place.

"We are safe," exclaimed the general, as he gave the word to halt.

His words were lost in deep shout from the soldiers, and turning to the direction in which he saw them gazing, he beheld a sheet of flames shooting up from vortex of the rock, even more fiercely than from the neighboring summits, and away now on this side, now on that, as the breeze bore it to and fro.

At the same moment, he saw enkindled, far and near to the Southward, the ominous signals of destruction.

"St. Nicholas protect us!" cried General Boroff, as he looked with consternation on the scene.

"We are too late! But hold; Ivan, your carbine; there is one who shall rue this signal fighting!"

He seized the soldier's fire-lock; they looked in the direction of his aim, and saw the figure in clear relief against the flame, almost perpendicularly above them, engaged apparently, in heaping fuel on the furious fire. A flash—a shrill shriek—and the figure fell.

"So perish the enemies of Russia!" cried Gen. Boroff, as he handed the soldier the musket. "In line, men! face about! forward!"

"So perish the tyrant!" cried a fierce voice, as a figure bounded to the General's side; and before a word could be spoken, or an arm intercept him, his uplifted sword smote the doomed Russian, and his corpse fell heavily to the ground.

"On Lezhini! Revenge! Liberty!" fiercely shouted the Circassian, as his arm dealt death-strokes with each word. And from the fern bushes and stunted trees that lined the hill side, poured a host of the wild mountaineers, as madly and irresistibly as the swollen torrent. No wonder that even Russian veterans could not stand before them. Confounded by the sudden appearance, awe struck by the fall of their General, ignorant of the localities

and in a position where their skill and experience availed them nothing they fell with fearful rapidity before their infuriated foes.

"Remember your wives and daughters! No quarter to the spoilers!" thundered Alexander, for it was he.

But he knew his men, and tarried not to see his orders executed. His quick eye had also caught the figure on the summit—he had heard the shriek and seen the body fall—and well he knew who needed there his help.

To scale the height was, for his active form but work of a moment.

"Zairah! Zairah!" he cried, as he leaped the body in his arms. "Awake, my own—it is Alexander—your Alexander!"

The body was heavy—the muscles motionless—the cold eyes glared deathly on him.

"Zairah!" cried he again, in an intense, slower tone, as if his very heart, and not his tongue, were speaking—"Zairah—my beloved—speak to your Alexander!"

There was a moan in the firm—a muscular animation quivered over the whole frame—life returned to the fine eye—the corpse-like look departed—a sweet expression pervaded the face—and a low voice murmured:—

"Thank Heaven! my Alexander!"

There was a pause; the chief saw too clearly that life had almost ebbed; he could not distress her even to attempt to bind up the wound. The moments of life that were left were too precious.

"I heard, on my return to-day, beloved Zairah, from the far distant mountains, with a force to avenge you; that you had escaped. I sought you—Oh! it is sad to find you here—shush!"

"Weep not, Alexander! it is better thus!" murmured the maiden. "Though innocent, undefiled, I could never be thy wife—she who lies in the chief's bosom, must be above the suspicion of dishonor."

"Zairah! my own! one question. The Russian—"

"Died by my dagger," almost screamed the dying girl, "when he attempted my disgrace!"

"The effort exhausted her; she sank back.

"Alexander—farewell—our God will join us—in Paradise!"

Again the muscles contracted—the eye glared—the corpse grew heavier as it leaned upon his bosom—Zairah was dead.

One moment the chief indulged his agony. Then he arose; the flame had subsided, but its light enabled him to see, a few feet off, a little thicket. Thither he bore the body; a bed of moss supported it. One last embrace—he severed a tress with his dagger—dipped it in blood—raised it to his lips—and then to Heaven—cast over the unconscious clay his soldier's cloak—and then bounded down the hill-side.

"To the camp! to the camp!" and, like lions infuriated with the use of blood, the mountaineers rushed onward to the deserted camp. Hundreds joined them on their way, every thicket seemed to lend a hand. Hardly did their shrill war cries echo from the mountains around, and sound a knell for the doomed Russians.

It boots not to tell of the carnage of that night—Suffice it to say, that of three thousand Russians, who lay encamped in Teherzi, hardly a handful escaped to describe the terror of that fatal onslaught. Suffice it to say, that one warrior was the fiercest, one sabre, the most fatal, one arm the most untiring—the passion *Revenge* swayed the soul of Alexander.

That was a fearful night for the invading host; besides the number cut to pieces in the field, the attack had been general throughout the mountain country; the signals had been religiously observed, and four Russian garrisons fell simultaneously before the furious Circassian. The reverse of the autocrat in this campaign are matter of record; the cause that led to them are not so well known—Two years of subsequent warfare hardly sufficient to reduce the Caucasus *etrag* to nominal submission.

The Lezhini still inhabit the wild mountain country, and with hardly less bravery and fierceness than marked at the period to which our story refers. Few travellers dare penetrate this picturesque land for the Russians at Teherzi, tells him, "Beware of the Lezhini!" Nevertheless, those who have made the venture, tell us this tribe is mild and hospitable to men of all lands, save one; but whenever a Russian is named they give way to an uncontrollable frenzy. Unconquered and unconquerable, they hate their invaders with an intensity of passion rarely equalled.

Alexander still lives, and his name is still a terror to his foes. He has never spared Russian, and the fame of his achievements has spread from sea to sea. At the Russian settlement of Tindi, far up in the mountains, near the chief haunts of the Lezhini, I have seen a whole company suddenly grow silent, and look around in terror at the mention of his name.

Health of American Women.

The correspondent of the Independent who has been entertaining the readers of that paper with the notes of his pedestrian tour in Europe, has returned home, and gives in his last communication some of the "impressions" which home made upon his mind, after so long a sojourn in foreign countries. Above all, the want of national health, and particularly the almost universal ill health of American ladies, struck him most forcibly. On this subject he says, "I sat down with a lady lately, and out of a wide circle of acquaintances, in every part of the country, we attempted to reckon the healthy, and we could not think of more than three really healthy women. What is the rule in Europe, seems the exception here, the ladies come before me here as *mitis fine*, more delicate—yes, generally with more of a certain graceful beauty, than in England or Germany; but with far less robust health. There are so few full healthy complexions or vigorous forms. Those who are well are so piously weak, with constitutions which the first rude shock of pain or exposure will shatter."

And this does not seem confined to one class. Indeed it is even more true of the village than of the city. The pale, worn looks of the mechanics' wives, or the sickly faces which you see in so many a farmer's household, show it sadly enough. It is very seldom indeed one passes through a village here where the ruddy complexion, the bright glance of health, the full developed form meet the eye, as they do so invariably in the European villages. This subject is of such importance, that we extract two or three other passages from the same article. With reference to the cause of the general decay of health, the author observes: "There is no paucity of Europe, I believe, where women take so little air as they do in this. In England, on many a day, when no lady here would show her shoes out of doors, I have walked with ladies miles and miles through mud and snow, or heavy mist. In Berlin there was never a bright winter's afternoon in which we did not make up a skating party on the meadows, where indeed, all the belles of the city were collected. In Hungary, a horseback scamper over the plains, or a walk in the gardens, with the ladies, was as common as the meals. And throughout Southern Germany, Italy, France, even where there are no more vigorous exercises, an afternoon's promenade in the parks or on the bastion, has come to be almost a necessary of life. It seems as if the people of those countries delighted in the sun-light; much more than we."

The ladies read, sew, eat in the open air, if it were and garden, far more than is ever the custom here. Then in the lower class the women are obliged to work much in the fields, in some respects of thing not to be approved, yet on the whole by no means so degrading a custom as we often think in America. It brings as one happy result at least, the full, cheerful health which God designed to be the natural accompaniment of life. There is an unnatural delicacy among all our women about exposures. If people would only learn that rain and frost and snow are not half such poisons as the close vitiated air which steams all their staid heated walls. An English lady with her stout boots and shortened skirts makes no more of a mud or snow walk than the pleasantest rambles. The walk becomes as much a necessity as a dinner, and there is soon a real pleasure in breathing the rough weather."

The same writer tells us a great but not a happy people. We work too hard, play too little, and eat too fast. "The family meal," he says, "has a higher object than to fill our stomachs. That could be done in a much easier way. It is meant to help on friendliness and sociality, to cherish kindly relations. The mind is connected with the body. We may wish transcendently to be above it; but the truth is, the moods depend much on the nerves. Digestion of good cheer and pleasant, friendly talk seem to aid one another. In Europe the father makes his meals the time for his liveliest talks with the young people. They all sit long at the table. And the dinner and supper hour are often the happiest hours in the day. As I recall my conversation with my friends in Europe I am surprised how much of the highest and noblest converse, interchange of thoughts which will inspire an strengthen me for duty many a day yet, was over the table. There are not wanting, we think, indications of a change, for the better in the habits of our ladies. There are ladies in New York and a great many in Boston to whom their daily walk is as much a necessity as their dinner, and who prolong both nearly to the European extent."

Anecdote.

The following good anecdote, from the N. H. Telegraph is too good to be lost:

Many years ago, there was, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, an old D. D., and though he was an eminently benevolent man and a good christian, yet, it must be confessed, he loved a joke much better than the majority of *honest* jokers. It was before organs were much in use, and it so happened that the choir of his church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture and in it a huge town bull. One day, on Sabbath, in summer, the bull got out of his pasture and came following up the street. About the church, there was a plenty of introduced grass, green and good, and Mr. Holt stopped to try its quality—perchance, to ascertain if its location at all improved the flavor; at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, and "Boo-woo-woo!" went the bull.

The clergyman paused, looking up at the singing seats with a grave face, and said:

"I would thank the musicians not to touch their instruments during service time, annoy me very much."

The people all stared and then the minister went on.

"Boo-woo-woo!" went the bull, as he passed to another green spot.

The parson paused again, and again addressed the choir:

"I really do wish the singers would not touch their instruments while I am preaching; for as I have already remarked, it annoys me very much."

The people tittered; for they knew by the twinkling of his eye that he knew as well as anybody what the real state of the case was. The minister again went on with his discourse but had not proceeded far before another "Boo-woo-woo!" came from Mr. Holt, when the parson, paused once more, and exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to touch their instruments during sermon time. I now particularly request Mr. Le-factor, that he will not touch his double bass viol, while I am preaching."

This was too much. Le-factor got up, much agitated at the idea of speaking out in church, and stammered out:

"It isn't me-e-o Parson B—; it's th-th-that—town bull!"

"O," said the parson, "is it? Then the sexton will please drive away the bull!"

The people laughed; but with a gratified look at the success of his joke, he went on with his sermon.