

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

VOL. XX.—NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, June 16, 1859.

### Selected Poetry.

#### HAUNTED HOUSES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the door-way, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invite; the illumined hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
But he perceives what is; while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house and lands;  
Owners and occupants of other dates  
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts thro' these early mists and vapors dense  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise  
By opposite attractions and desires;  
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,  
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perambulations, this perpetual jar  
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,  
Come from the influence of an unseen star,  
An undiscovered planet in the sky.

And as the moon from some dark gap of cloud  
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,  
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,  
Into the realm of mystery and night—

So from the world of spirits there descends  
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,  
O'er whose unsteady floor, this ways and bends,  
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

### Selected Tale.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

#### LOO LOO.

A FEW SCENES FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

##### SCENE III.

In a world like this, it is much easier to plan generous enterprises than to carry them into effect. After Mr. Noble had purchased the child, he knew not how to provide a suitable home for her. At first, he placed her with his colored washerwoman. But if she remained in that situation, though her bodily wants would be well cared for, she must necessarily lose much of the refinement infused into her by that environment of elegance, and that atmosphere of love. He did not enter into any analysis of his motives in wishing her to be so far educated as to be a pleasant companion for himself. The only question he asked himself was, How he would like to have his sister treated, if she had been placed in such unhappy circumstances. He knew very well what construction would be put upon his proceedings, in a society where handsome girls of her parentage were marketable; and he had so long tacitly acquiesced in the customs around him, that he might easily have viewed her in that light himself, had she not become invested with a tender and sacred interest from the circumstances in which he had first seen her, and the innocent, confiding manner in which she had implored him to supply the place of her father. She was always presented to his imagination as Mr. Jackson's beloved daughter, never as Mr. Jackson's slave. He said to himself, "May God bless me according to my dealings with this orphan! May I never prosper, if I take advantage of her friendless situation."

As for his *protege*, she was too ignorant of the world to be disturbed by any such thoughts. "May I call you Papa, as I used to call my father?" said she.

For some reason, undefined to himself, the title was unpleasant to him. It did not seem as if his sixteen years seniority need place so wide a distance between them. "No," he replied, "you may be my sister." And thenceforth she called him brother Alfred, and he called her Loo Loo.

His curiosity was naturally excited to learn all he could of her history; and it was not long before he ascertained that her mother was a superbly handsome quadroon, from New Orleans, the daughter of a French merchant, who had given her many advantages of education, but from carelessness had left her to follow the condition of her mother, who was a slave. Mr. Duncan fell in love with her, bought her, and remained strongly attached to her until the day of his death. It had always been his intention to manumit her, but from inveterate habits of procrastination, he deferred it, till the fatal fever attacked them both; and so his child was also left to "follow the condition of her mother." Having neglected to make a will, his property was divided among the sons of his wife, and she was placed with an elderly French widow, who was glad to take her small income by taking her into her household, and giving her instructions in music and French. The caste to which she belonged on the mother's

side was rigorously excluded from schools, therefore it was not easy to obtain for her a good education in the English branches. These Alfred took upon himself; and a large portion of his evenings was devoted to hearing her lessons in geography, arithmetic, and history. Had any one told him, a year before, that hours spent thus would have proved otherwise than tedious, he would have believed it. But there was a romantic charm about this secret treasure, thus singularly placed at his disposal; and the love and gratitude he inspired gradually became a necessity of his life. Sometimes he felt sad to think that the time must come when she would cease to be a child, and when the quiet, simple relation now existing between them must necessarily change. He said to the old French lady, "By and by, when I can afford it, I will send her to one of the best schools at the North. There she can become a teacher and take care of herself." Madame Labasse smiled, shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Nous verrons." She did not believe it.

The years glided on, and all went prosperously with the young merchant. Through various conflicts with himself, his honorable resolution remained unbroken. Loo Loo was still his sister. She had become completely entwined with his existence. Life would have been very dull without her affectionate greetings, her pleasant little songs, and the graceful dances she had learned to perform so well. Sometimes, when he had passed a peculiarly happy evening in this fashion, Madame Labasse would look mischievous, and say, "But when do you think you shall send her to that school?" True, she did not often repeat this experiment; for when she did it, the light went out of his countenance, as if an extinguisher were placed upon his soul. "I ought to do it," he said within himself; "but how can I live without her?" The French widow was the only person aware how romantic and how serious was this long epistle in his life. Some gentlemen, whom he frequently met in business relations, knew that he had purchased a young slave, whom he had placed with a French woman to be educated; but he had told them the true state of the case, they would have smiled incredulously. Occasionally, they uttered some joke about the fascination which made him so indifferent to cards and horses; but the reserve with which he received such jests checked conversation on the subject, and all, except Mr. Grossman, discontinued such attacks, after one or two experiments.

As Mr. Noble's wealth increased, the wish grew stronger to place Louisa in the midst of as much elegance as had surrounded her in childhood. When the house at Pine Grove was unoccupied, they often went out there, and it was his delight to see her stand under a Gothic arch of trees, a beautiful *tableau vivant*, framed in vines. It was a place so full of heart-memories to her, that she always lingered there as long as possible, and never left it without a sigh. In one place was a tree which her father had planted, in another a rose or a jessamine her mother had trained. But dearest of all was a recess among the pine-trees, on the side of a hill. There was a rustic garden-chair, where her father had often sat with her upon his knee, reading wonderful story-books, bought for her on his summer excursions to New York or Boston. In one of her visits with Alfred, she sat there and read aloud from "Lalla Rookh." It was a mild winter day. The sunlight came mellowed through the evergreens, a soft carpet of scarlet foliage was thickly strewn beneath their feet, and the air was redolent of the balmy breath of pines. Fresh and happy in the glow of her fifteen summers, how could she otherwise than enjoy the poem? It was like sparkling wine in a jeweled goblet. Never before had she read anything aloud in tones so musically modulated, so full of feeling. And the listener? How worked the wine in him? A voice within him said, "Remember your vow, Alfred! this charming Loo Loo is your adopted sister"; and he tried to listen to the warning. She did not notice his tremor, when he rose hastily, and said, "The sun is nearly setting. It is time for my sister to go home."

"Home!" she repeated with a sigh, "This is my home. I wish I could stay here always. I feel as if the spirits of my father and mother were with us here." He sighed for an ivory palace inlaid with gold, he would have wished to give it to her—he was so much in love!

A few months afterward, Pine Grove was offered for sale. He resolved to purchase it, and give her a pleasant surprise by restoring her old home, on her sixteenth birthday. Madame Labasse, who greatly delighted in managing mysteries, zealously aided in the preparations. When the day arrived, Alfred proposed a long ride with Loo Loo, in honor of the anniversary; and during their absence, Madame Labasse, accompanied by two household servants, established herself at Pine Grove. When Alfred returned from the drive, he proposed to stop and look at the dear old place, to which his companion joyfully assented. But nothing could exceed her astonishment at finding Madame Labasse there, ready to preside at a table spread with fruit and flowers. Her feelings overpowered her for a moment, when Alfred said, "Dear sister, you said you wished you could live here always; and this shall henceforth be your home."

"You are too good!" she exclaimed, and was about to burst into tears. But he arrested her course by saying, playfully, "Come, Loo Loo, kiss my hand, and say, 'Thank you, Sir, for buying me.' Say it just as you did six years ago, you little witch!"

Her swimming eyes seemed like sunshine through an April shower, and she went through the pantomime, which she had often before performed at his bidding. Madame stepped in with her little jest: "But, Sir, when do you think you shall send her to that pension?" "Never mind," he replied, abruptly; "Let us be happy!" And he moved toward the table to distribute the fruit.

It was an inspiring spring-day, and ended in the loveliest of evenings. The air was filled with the sweet breath of jessamines and orange-blossoms. Madame touched the piano, and, in quick obedience to the circling sound, Al-

fred and Loo Loo began to waltz. It was long before youth and happiness grew weary of the revolving make. But when at last she complained of dizziness, he playfully whirled her out upon the piazza, and placed her on a lounge under the Cherokee rose her mother had trained, which was now a mass of blossoms. He seated himself in front of her, and they remained silent for some moment, watching the vine-shadows play in the sunlight. As Loo Loo leaned on the balustrade, the clustering roses hung over her in festoons, and trailed on her white muslin drapery. Alfred was struck, as he had been many times before, with the unconscious grace of her attitude. In imagination, he recalled his first vision of her early childhood, the singular circumstances that had united their destinies, and the thousand endearing experiences which day by day had strengthened the tie. As these thoughts passed through his mind, he gazed upon her with devouring interest. She was too beautiful, there in the moonlight, crowned with roses!

"Loo Loo, do you love me?" he exclaimed.

The vehemence of his tone startled her, as she sat there in a mood still and dreamy as the landscape.

She sprang up, and putting her arms about his neck, answered, "Why, Alfred, you know your sister loves you."

"Not as a brother, not as a brother, dear Loo Loo," he said, impatiently, as he drew her closely to his breast. "Will you be my wife? Will you be my wife?"

In the simplicity of her inexperience, and the confidence induced by long habits of familiar reliance upon him, she replied, "I will be anything you wish."

No flower was ever more unconscious of a lover's burning kisses than she was of the struggle in his breast.

His feelings had been purely compassionate in the beginning of their intercourse; his intentions had been purely kind afterward; but he had gone on blindly to the edge of a slippery precipice. Human nature should avoid such dangerous passes.

Reviewing that intoxicating evening in a calmer mood, he was dissatisfied with his conduct. In vain he said to himself that he had but followed a universal custom; that all his acquaintance would have laughed in his face, had he told them of the resolution so bravely kept during six years. The remembrance of his mother's counsels came freshly to his mind; and the accusing voice of conscience said, "She was a friendless orphan, whom misfortune ought to have rendered sacred. What to you is the sanction of custom? Have you not a higher law within your own breast?"

He tried to silence the monitor by saying, "When I have made a little more money, I will return to the North. I will marry Loo Loo on the way, and she will be acknowledged to the world as my wife, as she is now within my own soul."

Meanwhile, the orphan lived in her father's house, as her mother had lived before her. She never aided the voice of Alfred's conscience by pleading with him to make her his wife; for she was completely satisfied with her condition, and had no doubting faith that whatever he did was always the wisest and the best.

##### SCENE IV.

They had lived thus nearly a year, when, one day as they were riding on horseback, Alfred saw Mr. Grossman approaching. "Drop your veil," he said quickly, to his companion; for he could not bear to have that Satyr ever look upon his hidden flower. The cotton-broker noticed the action, but silently touched his hat, and passed with a significant smile on his uncomely countenance. A few days afterwards when Alfred had gone to his business in the city, Loo Loo strolled to her favorite recess on the hillside, and lounging on the rustic seat, began to read the second volume of "Thaddeus of Warsaw." She was so deeply interested in the adventures of the noble poet, that she forgot herself and all her surroundings. Masses of glossy dark hair fell over the delicate hand that supported her head; the morning-gown of pink French muslin, fell apart, and revealed a white embroidered skirt, from beneath which protruded one small foot, in an open-work silk stockings; the slipper having fallen to the ground. Thus absorbed, she took no note of time, and might have remained until summoned to dinner, had not a slight rustling disturbed her. She looked up, and saw a coarse face peering at her between the pine boughs, with a disgusting expression. She at once recognized the man they had met during their ride; and starting to her feet, she ran like a deer before the hunter. It was not till she came near the house, that she was aware of having left her slipper. A servant was sent for it, but returning saying it was not to be found. She mourned over the loss, for the little pink kid slippers, embroidered with silver, were a birthday present from Alfred. As soon as she returned, she told him the adventure, and went with him to search in the arbor of pines. The incident troubled him greatly. "What a noxious serpent, to come crawling into my Eden!" he exclaimed. "Never come here alone again, dearest; and never go far from the house, unless Madame is with you."

Her circles of enjoyment was already small, excluded as she was from society by her anomalous position, and educated far above the caste in which the tyranny and custom so absurdly placed her. But it is one of the blessed laws of compensation, that the human soul cannot miss that to which it has never been accustomed. Madame's motherly care, and Alfred's unvarying tenderness, sufficed her cravings for affection; and for amusement, she took refuge in books, flowers, birds, and those changes of natural scenery for which her lover had such quickness of eye. It was a privation to give up her solitary rambles in the grounds, her inspection of birds' nests, and her readings in that pleasant arbor of pines. But she more than acquiesced in Alfred's prohibition. She said at once that she would rather be a prisoner within the house all her days than ever to see that odious face again.

Alfred felt an impulse to seize him by the

throat, and strangle him on the spot. But why should he make a scene with such a man, and thus draw Loo Loo's name into painful notoriety? The old rose was evidently trying to ferment a quarrel with him. Thoroughly animal in every department of his nature, he was boastful of brutal courage, and prided himself upon having killed several men in duels. Alfred conjectured his line of policy, and resolved to frustrate it. He therefore coolly replied, "I have seen such slippers; they are very pretty;" and turned away, as if the subject were indifferent to him.

"Coward!" muttered Grossman as he left the counting-room. Mr. Noble did not hear him; and if he had it would not have altered his course. He could see nothing envious in the reputation of being ever ready for brawls, and a dead shot in duels; and he knew his life was too important to the friendless Loo Loo to be thus foolishly risked for the gratification of a villain. This incident renewed his feelings of remorse for the false position in which he had placed the young orphan, who trusted him so entirely. To his generous nature, the wrong seemed all the greater, because the object was so unconscious of it. "It is I who have subjected her to the insolence of this vile man," he said within himself. "But I will repair the wrong. Innocent, confiding soul that she is, I will protect her. The sanction of marriage shall shield her from such affronts."

Alas, for poor human nature! He was sincere in his resolutions, but he was not quite strong enough to face the prejudices of the society in which he lived. Their sneers would have fallen harmless. They could not have taken from him a single thing he really valued. But he had not learned to understand that the dreaded power of public opinion is purely fabulous, when unsustained by the voice of conscience. So he fell into the old snare of moral compromise. He thought the best he could do under the circumstances, was to hasten the period of his departure for the north, to marry Loo Loo in Philadelphia, and to remove to some part of the country where her private history would remain unknown.

To make money for this purpose, he had more and more extended his speculations, and they had uniformly proved profitable. If Mr. Grossman's offensive conduct had not forced upon him a painful consciousness of his position with regard to the object of his devoted affection, he would have liked to remain in Mobile a few years longer, and accumulate more; but, as it was, he determined to remove as soon as he could arrange his affairs satisfactorily. He sat about it in good earnest. But, alas! the great pecuniary crash of 1837 was at hand. By every mail came news of failures where he expected payments. The wealth which had seemed to be so certain a fact a few months before, where had it vanished? It had floated away, like a prismatic bubble on the breeze. He saw that ruin was inevitable. All that he owned in the world would not cancel his debts. And now came the horrible recollection that Loo Loo was a part of his property. Much as he had blamed Mr. Duncan for negligence in not manumitting her mother, he had fallen into the same snare. In the fullness of his prosperity and happiness he did not comprehend the risk he was running by delay. He rarely thought of the fact that she was legally his slave; and when it did occur to him it was always accompanied with the recollection that the laws of Alabama did not allow him to emancipate her without sending her away from the State. But this never troubled him, because there was always present with him that vision of going to the North and making her his wife. So time slipped away, without his taking any precautions on the subject; and now it was too late. Immersed in debt as he was, the law did not allow him to dispose of anything without the consent of his creditors; and he owed ten thousand dollars to Mr. Grossman. Oh, agony! sharp agony!

There was a meeting of the creditors. Mr. Noble rendered an account of all his property, in which he was compelled to include Loo Loo; but for her he offered to give a note for fifteen hundred dollars, with good endorsement, payable with interest in a year. It was known that his attachment for the orphan had educated amounted to almost insatiation; and his proverbial integrity inspired so much respect, that the creditors were disposed to grant him any indulgence not incompatible with their own interests. They agreed to accept the proffered note, all except Mr. Grossman. He insisted that the girl should be put up at auction. For her sake the ruined merchant condescended to plead with him. He represented that the tie between them was very different from the merely convenient connections which were so common; that Loo Loo was really good and modest, and so sensitive by nature, that exposure to public sale would nearly kill her. The selfish creditor remained inexorable. The very fact that this delicate flower had been carefully sheltered from the mud and dust of the way-side, rendered her a more desirable prize. He coolly declared that ever since he had seen her in the arbor, he had been determined to have her; and now that fortune had put the chance in his power, no money should induce him to relinquish it.

The sale was inevitable; and the only remaining hope was, that some kind friend might be induced to buy her. There was a gentleman in the city whom I will call Frank Helper, he was a Kentuckian by birth, kind and open-hearted—a slave holder by habit, not by nature. Warm feelings of regard had long existed between him and Mr. Noble; and to him the broken merchant applied for advice in this torturing emergency. Though Mr. Helper was possessed of but moderate means, he had originally agreed to endorse his friend's note for fifteen hundred dollars; and he promised to empower some one to expend three thousand dollars in the purchase of Loo Loo.

It is not likely we shall be obliged to pay so much," said he. "Bad debts are pouring in upon Grossman, and he hasn't a mint of money to spare, however big he may talk. We will begin by offering fifteen hundred dollars; and she will probably be bid off for two thousand."

"Bid off! O, my God!" exclaimed the

wretched man. He bowed his head upon his out stretched arms, and the table beneath him shook with his convulsive sobs. His friend was unprepared for such an overwhelming outburst of emotion. He did not understand, no one but Alfred himself could understand the peculiarity of the ties that bound him to that poor orphan.

Recovering from his unwonted mood he inquired whether there was no possible way of avoiding a sale.

"I am sorry to say that there is no way, my friend," replied Mr. Helper. "The laws invest this man with power over you; and there is nothing left for us but to undermine his projects. It is a hazardous business, as you well know. You must not appear in it, neither can I; for I am known to be your intimate friend. But trust the whole affair to me, and I think I can bring it to a successful issue."

The hardest thing of all was to apprise the poor girl of her situation. She had never thought of herself as a slave, and what a terrible awakening was this from her dream of happy security! Alfred deemed it most kind and wise to tell her of it himself; but he dreaded it worse than death. He expected she might swoon; he even feared it might kill her. But love made her stronger than he thought. When, after much circumlocution, he arrived at the crisis of the story, she pressed her hand hard upon her forehead, and seemed stupefied. Then she threw herself into his arms, and they wept, wept, till their heads seemed cracking with the agony.

"Oh, the avenging Nemesis!" exclaimed Alfred at last. "I have deserved all this. It is all my own fault. I ought to have carried you away from these wicked laws. I ought to have married you. Truest, most affectionate of friends, how cruelly I have treated you! you, who put the welfare of your life so confidently upon my hands!"

She rose up from his bosom, and looking him lovingly in the face replied—

"Never say that, dear Alfred! Never have such a thought again! You have been the best and kindest friend that woman ever had. If I forget that I was a slave, is it strange that you should forget it? But, Alfred, I will never be the slave of any other man—never! I will never be put upon the auction stand. I will die first!"

"Nay, dearest, make no rash resolutions," I have friends who promise to save you, and restore us to each other. The form of the sale is unavoidable. So, for my sake, consent to the temporary humiliation. Will you, darling?"

"He had never before seen such an expression in her face. Her eyes flashed, her nostrils dilated, and she drew her breath like one in the agonies of death. Then pressing his hand with a nervous grasp, she answered—

"For your sake dear Alfred, I will."

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

**THE FAMILY CIRCLE.**—The Baltimore Sun, alluding to the prevalence of crime among boys, properly asserts that one of the main causes of the decline of morality is the decay of parental discipline. The family circle, the domestic hearth, is the true fountain of purity or corruption to public morals. Most people become what they are made at home. They go forth into the world to act out the character they have formed in the first fourteen years of their lives. It is alleged in excuse that children have become more unmanageable than they used to be. We reply that human nature and human relations are unchanged. Children are just as amenable to authority as they ever were. This is the main purpose for which Providence has made them helpless and dependent—that they may be trained to obedience, order, industry, and virtue. It is not true that parents have not absolute control over their children as they ever had. Where there is dependence, obedience may be enforced. The real fact is, that parents are too indolent, to indifferent, to take pains to train up their children in the way they should go. It requires perpetual vigilance, and they get tired. It requires self-control to exercise a proper authority over others. Self conquest is the greatest victory of all. There can be no just parental discipline where there is no character to back it.

**CURIOS CALCULATION.**—The vast number of inhabitants who do live, and have lived, upon the face of the earth, appears at first sight, to defy the powers of calculation. But if we suppose the world to have existed six thousand years; that there now exist one thousand millions; that a generation passes away in thirty years; that every past generation averages the present; and that four individuals stand on one square yard, we will find that the whole number will not occupy a compass so great as one fourth the extent of England. Allowing six thousand years since the creation and a generation to pass away in thirty years, we shall have two hundred generations, which at one hundred millions each, will be two hundred thousand millions, which being divided by four persons to a square yard, will leave fifty thousand millions of square yards; there are, in a mile square, three millions, ninety-seven thousand, six hundred square yards; by which, if the former sum be divided, it will give sixteen thousand one hundred and thirty-three square miles, the root of which, in whole numbers, is about one hundred and twenty-seven so that one hundred and twenty-seven miles square will be found sufficient to contain the immense and almost inconceivable number of two hundred thousand millions of human beings which vast number rather outnumbers the seconds of time that have passed since creation.

—English Paper.

A schoolboy of about six years of age approached the master with a bold look and self-confident air, when the following dialogue ensued:

"May I be dismissed, Sir?"

"What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?"

"I want to take my woman out sleighing, Sir."

"Bid off! O, my God!" exclaimed the

**MORTALITY OF CHILDREN IN RUSSIA.**—A terrible picture of the mortality of children in Russia is given in a journal called the *Rossy Dvenik*. It appears that a vast proportion of this premature death is assignable to that carelessness of mothers, which continually exposes children to fatal accidents. "The indifference of our peasantry," observed a writer in the journal above mentioned, "with respect to their children exceeds all belief. They give themselves not the least concern about their offspring. The consequence is that only a very small proportion of the children brought into the world reach maturity. The mortality of children under five years of age is, no doubt, considerable in all countries, but in Russia it is frightful. Many more than one-half of the children born in this country die in the very earliest period of infancy. One-eighth die between the ages of five and ten, and another eighth between ten and twenty; thus three-fourths perish before reaching mature age. Where are we to look for the cause of this mortality? It cannot be referred to climate, for throughout the whole extent of Russia there is no climate more inimical to health than that of St. Petersburg; and yet in the capital the deaths in infancy are not, as in other parts of the empire, in the proportion of one-half, but only of one-third, to the births. The reason is that the children are more cared for, and their physical development is better attended to in St. Petersburg than in the provinces. The ignorance and superstition of the lower classes of the people have, in many instances, a most fatal influence on the management of children. Of this, the following facts afford a melancholy example. Last August a small box of a very malignant character broke out in several villages of the government of Voronezh, and made fearful ravages among the children of both sexes. The activity of the disease was considerably heightened by the humid climate, the uncleanness of the people, the bad quality and scantiness of food, and the ignorance and negligence of mothers in the treatment of patients. A physician residing in one of the infected districts found a young child suffering under a most terrible attack of small pox. He offered his professional assistance, which was obstinately rejected by the mother, who observed that if it were written that her child must die, no doctor could save him. However, the poor woman was fondly attached to her child, and at length she yielded to the doctor's recommendations, and said: 'Well you may try to cure him, and may God help you.' On being asked why the child had not been vaccinated, she replied that when the men came into the village to vaccinate the children she hid her boy, and though the men came into her several times they could not find him. Vaccination, she observed, was an impious practice, and she could not charge her conscience with the sin of making her child a victim of it. 'But,' said the doctor, 'you could have been compelled to have your child vaccinated.' The woman shook her head sorrowfully, and wept. Another woman who happened to be present, said that she had a child, and that if any doctor were to vaccinate it she would suck the matter or even bite the piece of flesh with her teeth to prevent the diabolical operation taking effect. This opinion on the subject of vaccination is general among the Raskolniks, or schismatics, of the district of Koroistok; but it also prevails in districts in which there is no schism. The Russian peasantry generally look upon a doctor with distrust; and, in cases of sickness, they invariably prefer the assistance of the village sorcerer."—*Bulletin*.

**WORK.**—There is a peculiar nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so mammoth, mean is in communication with nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one and more to truth—to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. Consider how even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself at work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself—all these, like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all of these are stilled, all shrink murmuring far off into their caves. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.—*Carlyle*.

**STRANGE CONCEPT.**—The insane often entertain the most ludicrous idea of their own condition. There is a man in an asylum in one of the neighboring States who has become insane in consequence of a failure in business. He explains the reason of his incarceration as follows: "I am here because of a slight mistake in business. I was engaged during the winter in making mosquitoes' wings, which I expected to sell in the summer. I had ten thousand of them on hand when the season opened, but unfortunately I had forgotten to make them in pairs. They were all left hand wings, and consequently I lost the sale of them, and was compelled to suspend payment." He relates this story with a gravity and earnestness which testifies to the sincerity of his own belief in the explanation.—*Boston Journal*.

"When I arose," said Spriggins, "at the house of my deceased friend, he was perspiring his last. I stood by his bedside and said, as he was too far gone to talk: 'Brother, if you feel happy, just squeeze my hand'—and he squeezed it."

Teacher—Boy at the foot, spell admittance.

Boy—A d, ad, mit, mit, tance, tance, admittance.

Teacher—Give the definition.

Boy—Twenty-five cents—children half price.

The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness are always those of pleasantness and peace.