

Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1856.

VOL. 3.—NO. 15.

A PRETTY LYRIC.
We'll part no more, oh, never!
Let gladness deck thy brow;
Our hearts are joined forever,
By each religious vow.
Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
That caused our bosom's pain;
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.
Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
And tells of joy returning
To cheer our rural home.
It shines through gloom to gladden,
Dispelling grief and care;
For sorrow ne'er can sadden,
While it remaineth there.
Mid flowery vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms glowing fonder
Nestle Love's enchanting beam.
In yonder cot reposing,
In plenty, side by side,
Each morn fresh joys disclosing,
Through life we'll gently glide.

PARADISE LOST.
My knapsack was on my shoulder. So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company of us were sitting together the other evening.

My knapsack was on my shoulder, my ashen stick in my hand; three leagues of dusty road had whitened me like a miller. Whence I came, whither I was going—what matters it? I was not twenty years of age. My starting-place, therefore, was home; my goal was Paradise—any earthly Paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque, and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest laden fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet, there a solitary farm house, yonder a wood, on each eminence a wind-mill. Some peasants that were in the field sang, and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons, dragged by oxen and horses, slowly moved along the tree-bordered road. I sat down on a heap of stones. A waggoner gruffly asked me if I was tired, and offered me "a lift." I accepted; and soon I was stretched where dung had been—jolted into an uneasy half slumber, not without its charms, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears, until I thought silver voices were calling me to some home that must receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road, and taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm, honest waggoner? I am not going anywhere; "I am only going to Paradise." There was no village of that name in the neighborhood, he said; but he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his poor-borie. "Drink my health, good man, and injure your own. Let us see these grounds." The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged) and left me, tossing the silver piece I had given him in his hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing.

A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods and solitary trees; and lakes, and streams of sufficient grandeur; and, when once the wall disappeared amidst the heavy foliage, I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon; that all subjects which might ungraciously intercept the view, or deform a landscape, had been removed. There was no sham ruins nor artificial cascades; but the strangers steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt, and was thankful, for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavored to conceal itself; but being at that time, as most young men are, inclined to compare great things with small—thinking to be epigrammatic and knowing—I exclaimed aloud, "The toilet of this park has been admirably performed."

"A vulgar idea, vulgarly expressed," said a clear, firm voice above me.

I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in a tree, and to my surprise, saw a young woman upon a fine large horse, holding a riding-whip playfully over her head. She had approached across the turf unheeded, and heard my exclamation, which, I assure you, was meant for no ears but my own.

"Madam," replied I, when I had recovered from my confusion, "I think you misunderstand me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect in which every superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away, to a woman, who, instead of loading herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilet to display all her beauties to the best advantage."

"The explanation will not do," she replied; "it wants frankness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited; and that you thought it necessary to exert the manly privilege of contempt. If I had not seen you yonder using your sketch-book, I should take you for a travelling hair-dresser."

The tone and manner of my acquaintance puzzled me exceedingly; and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude she assumed on such slight sounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest; for, at the moment, I did not understand that her real desire was to suppress the formalities of an introduction. I returned to the charge;

she replied. A broadside of repartee was fired off on either side; but insensibly we met upon common ground; affectation was discarded; and, as we streamed irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista—she gently walking her docile genet, I with my hand upon its mane—we made more advances towards familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible under any other circumstances in a season.

Let me describe my impressions as I received them; otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavoring to show, by example, what an immense structure of happiness may be built upon very flimsy ground; that the material sequences of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments; that—but I must not anticipate.

The lady, dressed in a silk riding-habit, was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show. And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It is made from memory; but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enough, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it reappears in nearly all your pictures, like Raphael's Fornarina. Last year you made it do duty for Medea; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the *salon* as Charlotte Corday. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your Juliet and your Heloise? One would imagine that instead of being associated with pleasant recollections, it suggested nothing but strife, violence and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good nature to make concession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end. It is not far off."

We reached a grotto on the border of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready; and Fifiue, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together—sustaining or sooning each other. "Once or twice a reflection on the oddity of this reception flitted across my mind; but I thought I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle—such as one reads of in the middle-age romances—who was proud to give hospitality to a wandering artist. The lady called me Hector, and I called her Andromache; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in the dessert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded, and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstasies of delight by the frank reply, that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that Fifiue scolded me, and said that, for a well-educated man I was dreadfully forward.

What a delightful halt hour was that which succeeded! The entrance of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little beach of sand that seemed of gold dust; the path by which we had come along ran at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water—possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory—nestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes. We sat side by side, hand in hand; but Fifiue, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away; and Andromache was, perhaps, of my opinion, but she did not venture to agree with me aloud.—Thus the hour passed in silent happiness—for our hearts soon became too full for words; and I solemnly declare that, to spend such a nother day, I would discount ten years of my existence.

As evening drew nerr, and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin of the lake, Fifiue pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The word grated harshly on my ear, I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad, or a nymph living ever amidst the trees and grottoes. But prosy Fifiue carried her point; and in half an hour we were in the saloon of a most comfortable modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very common-place-looking servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once received a shock. Five minutes afterwards a post-chaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentleman, accompanied by a tall, handsome young man, issued therefrom.

Why should I give you the ludicrous details of the explanation? Andromache was betrothed to Monsieur Hector Chose; but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighboring town. The young lady, who was of a romantic disposition, had described me in the park, and fancied this was a pre-arranged surprise. She had got up the breakfast in the grotto; and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of Hector; she naturally retorted Andromache. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. I was overwhelmed with shame when the father and the real Hector, with vociferous laughter, undeceived me; and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation. For a moment I hoped that I had pro-

duced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I had insulted Hector. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay long time helpless in a neighboring hamlet.—Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage was celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my Andromache; but when Madame Duclique, her cousin, came to see me, she destroyed all my illusions. Andromache, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love-passage only as a ridiculous mistake.—She had married Hector, not only without repugnance, but with delight. He brought her everything she desired—a handsome person, a fine fortune, an exalted position; and she was the first to joke on the subject of "that poor counterfeit Hector."

This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the Paradise I had lost. Madame Duclique, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage, and drove me to the town of Arques. I feel grateful to my Andromache for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty. "Let us drink her health."

KANSAS.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Nov. 25.—The news here at present is very scarce. Except the anxiety entertained by the whole people of the Territory, as to the result of the murder trials, nothing of general interest is taking place.—On Monday last fifteen men were acquitted who had been on trial for murder, because they were found with arms in their hands, a right which is sacredly guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and which is, therefore, a right sacred to American citizenship. These fifteen men are a part of the hundred and odd who were arrested by the United States troops by order of Geary. Not being able to convict them even before a Pro-Slavery jury, some of the jurors, notorious as having taken part in the late struggles, not being able to convict them of murder, notwithstanding the manufactured testimony and the strong outside pressures, and others of the Pro-Slavery editors, impartial (?) officers of the ill-fated Territory have recourse to another judicial expedient.—Seven of the fifteen just released have been arrested for fobbing the Franklin Post Office! These men who had first been released from that sickening prison, and had enjoyed an hour of liberty [such as it is in Kansas] are once more thrown into it, there to remain, perhaps, until the April term of court. The prisoners are still hopeful and in better health than usual. They have been ably defended by Messrs. Parrott and Stevens. Mr. Bassett, of Lawrence, has been indefatigable in his attention to their wants, visiting them nearly every day. Others have visited them when they could.

THE PLANET JUPITER.—Jupiter is now the evening star, and will continue so until April 11, 1857. Jupiter is the largest of all the planets, and next to Venus, the most brilliant. It is one thousand three hundred times larger than the earth, is about four hundred and ninety-million eight hundred thousand miles distant from the sun, and is accompanied by four moons, which help it to its light. It is twelve years in revolving around the sun, and turns about on its axis once in ten hours, which gives it a velocity at its equator of four thousand six hundred and fifty-eight miles in a minute, or a speed of two thousand times greater than that of a cannon-ball. Its axis being nearly perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, the sun is almost always in the plane of its equator.

A GOOD ONE.—There is a distinguished Democratic politician in Mississippi, says the *Memphis Empire*, remarkable for the recklessness of his assertions on the stump, who is not unfrequently called "The Well-Digger." The other day, so it is reported, an old man, a Tennessee, was introduced to him directly after one of his speeches in the State, who remarked: "Well, Governor, I think you are the man who is sometimes called the 'Well-Digger'?"

"Yes," said the Governor, "I believe they do sometimes call me that; but the truth is I never dug a well in my life."

"I thought so," said the countryman.—"They say 'Truth lies at the bottom of a well,' and from your speech to-day, I should judge that you never had been there."

A LETTER WRITER in Australia speaks of a huge eel which is sometimes met with in the lakes or rivers in the interior of that wonderful country. His first introduction to them was somewhat original and piquant. He had been swimming near the shore in a beautiful and secluded bay, and feeling fatigued, seated himself on a log nearly as large as his body, which seemed to be resting on the pebbly bottom. Suddenly the log slipped from under him and moved gracefully away! It proved to be an eel fifteen feet in length, but fortunately not of the man eating species.

An old gentleman of our acquaintance says that he is the last man in the world that will ever tyrannize over a daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care who she loves.

MORMON VIEW OF POLITICS.

Annexed we give a few extracts from a sermon preached by Brigham Young, Governor of Utah and leader of the Mormons, at Great Salt Lake City, on the 21st August, in which he holds that Congress has no right to legislate upon, or interfere with the institution of polygamy, and that the people of Utah are the proper persons to decide whether they will have polygamy or not. That is good "popular sovereignty" doctrine. But we will give Young's own characteristic language. He thus discusses the subject:—

"The different political parties are in opposition. Can the various parties be reconciled? No. Each party wishes to elect a President of the United States. We design to elect Jesus Christ for our President, and the wicked wish to elect Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, and swear that they will have him; and we declare that we will serve Jesus Christ, and he shall be our President. We calculate that he is our right, and we are going to vote for the sovereign we believe in; and when he comes, behold he will go into the chair of state and take the reins of Government. They may kill the bodies we have, they may strive to injure us, but when the day of the great election comes, as the Lord Almighty lives, we shall gain our President, and we anticipate holding office under him. Do you blame the wicked for being mad? No. They desire to rule, to hold the reins of government on this earth; they have held them a great while. I do not blame them for being suspicious of me; men in high standing are suspicious of us, hence the frequent cry, 'treason, treason, we are going to have trouble with the people in Utah.' What is the matter? Wherein can they point out one particle of injury that we have done to them? True, we have more wives than one, and what of that? They have their scores of thousands of prostitutes; we have none. But polygamy they are unconsciously striving to prevent; when they will accomplish their object is not for me to say.—They have already presented a resolution in Congress that no man, in any of the Territories of the United States, shall be allowed to have more than one wife, under a penalty not less than five years imprisonment, and \$5000 fine. How will they get rid of this awful evil in Utah? They will have to expend about \$300,000,000 for building a prison; for we must all go into prison. And after they have expended that amount for a prison, and rooted it over from the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, we will dig out and go preaching through the world. [Voice on the stand: What will be done of the women; will they go to prison with us?] Brother Heber seems concerned about the women going with us; they will be with us, for we shall be here together. This is a little amusing.

"Br. Robbins, in his remarks, said that the Constitution of the United States forbids making ex post facto laws. The presenting of the resolution alluded to shows their feelings; they wish the Constitution out of existence, and there is no question but that they will get rid of it as quickly as they can, and that would be ex post facto law, which the Constitution of the United States strictly forbids.

"It is not the prerogative of the President of the United States to meddle with this matter, and Congress is not allowed, according to the Constitution, to legislate upon it. If Utah was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State and we chose to introduce Slavery here, it is not their business to meddle with it; and even if we treated our slaves in an oppressive manner, it is still none of their business and they ought not to meddle with it. If we introduce the practice of polygamy, it is not their prerogative to meddle with it; if we should all turn to be Roman Catholics to-day, if we all turn to the old Mother Church, it would not be their prerogative, it would not be their business, to meddle with us on that account. If we are Mormons or Methodists, or worship the sun or a white dog, or if we worship a dumb idol, or all turn Shaking Quakers and have no wife, it is not their prerogative to meddle with these affairs, for in so doing they would violate the Constitution.

"There is not a Territory in the Union that is looked upon with so suspicious an eye as is Utah, and yet it is the only part of the nation that cares anything about the Constitution.

"Mormonism is true, and all h-l cannot overthrow it. All the devil's servants on the earth may do all they can, and as Br. Clinton has just said, after twenty-six years faithful operation and exertion by our enemies, including the times when Joseph had scarcely a man to stand by him, and when the persecution was as severe on him as ever it was in the world, what have they accomplished? They have succeeded in making us an organized Territory, and they are determined to make us an independent State or Government, and as the Lord lives it will be so. [The congregation shouted amen.] I say, as the Lord lives, we are bound to become a sovereign State in the Union, or an independent nation by ourselves, and let them drive us from this place if they can; they cannot do it. I do not throw this out as a banter; you gentlemen, and hickory and basswood—Mormons can write it down if you please, but write it as I speak it."

These extracts will suffice to give the reader a correct idea of the whole sermon. About the time this sermon was delivered, the women became obstreperous, and caused him much trouble. Their "whining," as he terms it, continuing, he preached a sermon about it, on the 21st Sept., in which he says to them:—

"I am going to give you from this time to the 6th day of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or no; and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, 'Now, go your way my women with the rest; go your way.' And my wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world, or leave for their religion, or they may leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than have scratching and fighting around me. I will set all at liberty."

"I wish my women, and brother Kimball's, and brother Grant's to leave, and every woman in this Territory, or else say in their hearts that they will embrace the Gospel—the whole of it."

In addition to the privilege of taking as many wives as they please, Brigham proposes to also confer upon the saints the privilege of repudiating their wives at pleasure. Brigham is "a broth of a boy," without mistake.

A YOUNG LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.—Nearly a year ago, a young lady in France, named Sophie Van Behr, conceived a singular idea of disposing of herself in marriage by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair at not finding a husband with enough means at his command to suit her views. She announced, therefore that her handsome but rather mature person should be disposed of on the following terms. She created a lottery, with five hundred shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as husband. The subscribers, of course were to be single men. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken—that is, when the sum of half a million francs was complete. The drawing was to be held in the presence of all the subscribers, and the shares were all taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary, who held the subscriptions and the money, in presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand thrust in and No. 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 499 was a Tunisian General, who had already occupied the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Times.*

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BILL TROT AND HIS YANKEE CLOCK.
"Well, sir," Bill said to me one day, "about five years or better, ago, I bought a woden-day clock from a Yankee pedlar, named Tom Jones, who used to travel through this country, droppin' one at most every house. 'Twas the last one he had, and I give him fifteen dollars for it. She was a perfect goer of a clock—and then such a beauty! Her little squat, dumpy figur' dressed out in her painted case, jist filled my eye exactly, to a gnat's heel. I set her on the mantle shelf, so as I might allers see her. I didn't think I'd ever git tired lookin' at her. Her little penjum would swing back'ards and forreds, pickin' off the seckins at a proper rate. That she'd roll it, peckin' away, day arter day, and week arter week, dead bent on keepin', up with the sun and determin'd that nary time-piece in the settlement should git ahead of her. She'd dig ahead at the hours, never stoppin' to ketch breath, but firin' away in admirable style. I'd wind her up of nights, and then go to bed, puttin' every confidence in her, and bein' perfectly satisfied that she'd do her duty faithful, although I wasn't watchin' of her and wouldn't allow the sun to be up before she put her hand to the hour for sunrise. And then, sir, when I'd be restless, and couldn't sleep, or when I was sick, then what company she was to me. To be shure she couldn't talk to me—jist called my name—that's all. Though some times, she'd say 'Dick' so plain, I'd look up at her and almost expect her to lead off a regular built chat. Well, sir, she continued to be good for five years, and was my heart's delight. In fact, I may say she hit on to be good longer than that; but it was about that time she begun monstrous! to rezeemble old Dave Wilson's wife—you know who she was?"

"Cannot say I do, exactly."
"Why, sir, I thort you knowed—Old Dave used to say that his wife was a charming creature—one of the best of women—that he did not believe, from old Mother Eve down to the present generation, a better woman ever thort a petticoat over her head. To be shure, he sed she had her ways [here Bill snuffed in imitation of old Dave, whom I knew very well.] she would have her ways, and sich ways as she did have.—Well, sir, my clock got to be the same way—some of her works got outer fix, and for spite she done jist as she blamed please. Strike! yes, sir, she did—like all dingsation! She'd take a notion to bogle off sometimes, and she'd ring in on them wires one hundred an fifty times. At first I was tickled at it, and would set and laugh at her for bein' sich a fool as to be cutting up them extra-ways that didn't hurt anybody but herself.—But at last I began to git tired of sich foolery. It seemed to me, whenever I had a tough job before me, and wanted to study it out, or whenever I was right sleepy, then she'd pick her chance to come them big licks! I put up with it a long time—didn't do nothing to her—and thort, by lettin' her have her fun out, she might git tired of it herself, after a while. But she didn't; she still hit on stouter 'an ever. On last Sunday I went up above here to muster, and, as I allers does on sich occasions, ketch rather too much of the *tetch me lightly*. When I got home, I thort the best place for me was in bed—so as to sleep off my boozey, I pulls off, and gits in bed; but no sooner did my head tetch the pillow, than up starts the clock—ch-r-r-ring—ch-r-r-ring—I determined to put a stop to sich capers that night. I got up, loaded my old musket, tuck a cheer, and set down right before her. 'Now, old lady,' sez I, 'yer arter the spite game agin are ye!—Jist go on ef you like—but dar' to strike a hundred this time, and dang me ef you don't ketch h—ll! My threats didn't scare her one bit—she struck away, 'peared like livelier than ever. She went it so peart, she soon got up to ninety—ninety-one—two—three—four—five—six—I see yer gwyn' it,' sez I, and I cocks the old musket, ch-r-r-ring—I puts it to my shoulder—ch-r-r-ring—I takes sight—ch-r-r-ring—I lays my finger on the trigger—ch-r-r-ring, sez she, stouter 'an ever, and was startin' with another chee—when I lums away, and in half a seckin' finds myself flat on my back, in the middle of the floor. As I picked myself up, I heard the old lady still goin' it; and dern me, ef she didn't strike fifty times more, although twenty-five buckshot had tuck effect all among her countenance, and both her hands were taker smooth off. I haint wound her up since; for with the pluck she's got, ther's no knowin' what she might do, if she had the chance. She's without exception, the best game I ever seed."

REGULAR BARBURNERS.—The *Troy Times* mentions a practical "Irish bull" which was recently perpetrated in Saratoga county, N. Y., with rather serious consequences. Some of the Irish voters, elated with the Buchanan victory, resolved to burn a tar barrel in honor thereof. For this purpose they kindled it on a bridge, which was of course destroyed.

A BECCANEER OF THE BIBLE.—I. N. Norris, a candidate for Congress, in a speech at Quincy, Ill., on Saturday previous to the election, said—"If we beat the black Republicans on Tuesday, they will cease to exist, and be swallowed up in the political whirlpool as the children of Israel were in the Red Sea." Yes; that's just the way they will be swallowed up.

VICIOUS.—To persist in kissing a pretty, bright-eyed girl, when she resolutely declares she wishes you not to. It looks as though you wouldn't take her word.

A man tried the other day to purchase a hen that would lay a trick.

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