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TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., JUNE 28, 1866.

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WHO ENJOY THE MOST?

I will say, for example, that you are a working man, earning a pound or two a week, and I am an independent person with an income of ten thousand a year. I will not take the example of king, because I apprehend few persons in their senses would aspire to that uncomfortable position. Well, then, we are both men, with the same senses and the same appetites. As regards our animal natures, you eat, drink, and sleep; I can do no more. Provided we both have sufficient, there is no real difference in the satisfaction we derive from these indulgences. My meal may be composed of the so-called "delicacies of the season," while yours may be simply a working man's eating a pound or two a week, and I am an independent person with an income of ten thousand a year.

I began with salmon, for instance. You think you would like to have salmon every day for dinner. Try it three times running. Why, in old days before railways established a ready and rapid communication with the London markets, the servants of country gentlemen residing on the banks of the Severn, the Dee, and Spey, made a stipulation in their terms of engagement that they would not be fed upon salmon more than three times a week. Pheasant and partridge are delicacies of the season; but always to dine on pheasant and partridge would be less tolerable than perpetual bread and water. There is nothing for which a man should be more thankful than an ever recurring appetite for plain beef and mutton—nothing except the means of indulging that appetite. Those highly spiced dishes, called by fine French names, which are set upon the tables of the rich and great, are mere cooks' tricks to stimulate the languid appetite. To hanker after such things is to have a longing for physic, not for wholesome food. Any grand folks who habitually eat delicacies are miserable creatures, who have to coax their stomachs at every meal—pitiable victims of dyspepsia and gout.

People who envy the luxurious feasts of the rich should know that the wise men who sit down to them only make a pretence of partaking of the so-called good things that are placed before them. I have heard that the cabinet ministers, before they go into the city to the Lord Mayor's banquet, dine quietly at home on some simple and wholesome food, knowing that there will be many dishes on the "grooming tables" of Guelph which they dare not touch. The Queen spreads her table with all the most elaborate productions of the culinary art; but she herself makes her dinner out of simple mutton. Cook as you will, and lavish money as you will, there is no exceeding the enjoyment of that carter sitting by the roadside thumping his bread and cheese!—All the Year Round.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN AND HIS HORSES.

—A correspondent of the Evening Post writes:—

Perhaps the most striking thing to an American visiting England is the size and perfection of the stables. For instance, at Knowlesy, near Liverpool—the Earl of Derby's estate—the stables are very complete. They consist of a quadrangle two hundred feet square, including a paved yard; in the centre a covered place for washing carriages, and beyond this a circle in straw, also under cover for exercising horses in bad weather. Lord Derby's stables consist of a series of rooms from fifteen to twenty feet square on two sides of the quadrangle, and rooms fifteen by fifty or seventy feet on the third side. The fourth side, likewise divided into apartments, is appropriated for carriages. The state carriage, which is very ornate, has a room—parlor in fact—attached; then comes an endless succession of coupes, park and pony phaetons, Landaus, Alberts, Victoria, &c.; and in a long hall beyond this is an apartment filled with a great variety of four-wheeled and park "cages" vans for conveying luggage to and from the railways, dog-carts, an omnibus for conveying the servants to church, &c. The prevailing color for the state and dress carriages is yellow, with crimson silk curtains to plate-glass windows. All the drags and park carriages are scarlet, the running-gear being picked with black.

The stables and rooms at Knowlesy are paneled in dressed oak about six feet high, the walls and ceilings being half-finished and painted some light neutral tint; the floors stone, pipe-clayed daily, a single plate-glass lantern, with gas, being in the centre of each. The rooms contain one pair of carriage horses, the room being sometimes (generally) divided into two horse boxes. There were fifteen pairs of these, all dark brown, about fifteen hands three inches high, except two pairs of slate-colored horses, each sixteen and half hands high, and with their names daunted over their heads, all beginning with D—such as Doncaster, Diomed, Damon, Dancer, Donerell, Dust, Doom, &c. &c. There were all in super condition when we saw them, so far as flesh and lustre of coats were concerned, but with many of them the legs were bandaged, the animals having come down from town the day before "considerably knocked up." The groom said, by the hard work of the London season. Although the day was warm, they were all hooded and double-blanketed, the under blanket and hood being scarlet, and the upper (half warp-blanket) being white cloth, with the Earl's coronet and crest worked in scarlet and blue in the corner. The single horses, hacks, riding horses, &c., were in stables containing each twelve stalls, six and one half feet wide. Day and night the horses are kept well bedded with fresh, bright straw.

Everything is, of course, in the finest possible order, there being a groom and a stable boy allowed to four horses. There are thirty-five grooms and six coachmen at Knowlesy in the garden; twenty-five lodges and gates in the Park, and fifty other cottages for gardeners, game-keepers, foresters, &c. There were about sixty horses here; the carriage horses costing from three hundred to eight hundred pounds a pair.

A NEW HAVEN LADY has a little boy, about two years old, of dark complexion, who was sent in to amuse himself. The boy's mother heard a crash, and on going to the room found a fire mirror broken into small pieces. On being asked what had happened, he said he was sitting on the "merry-head" boy making up faces at him!

sat could hardly see what was doing.—"Master Tomkins says as how he feels summat—'n't ain't only a log"; then a dead silence, and the gesticulating little arms rose again. "They've aound un, they've aound un"; found him, found whom?—Rachel's heart stood still. "Oh! then she felt as if she were praying for the death of another man, and he was it not better that he were the murdered than the murderer?"

Her suspense seemed to make her live hours in the minutes that passed, before the boy who had gone down, in his mad excitement, to the pond again to see for himself, rushed back to her.

It was neither, Maurice nor Leverton, no one knew the face,—it was a stranger's.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O Thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,

Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield

The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,

And look with stony eyes on human tears,

Thy cruel reign is o'er;

In thy dominion crutch and more

Indoctrinate at the menace of this eye;

For he who marks the bounds of guilty power,

Long-suffering, had heard the captive's cry,

And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,

And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled

Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled!

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent,

Thou thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;

Ours rivers roll exulting, and their banks

Stand up hosannas to the firmament.

Fields, where the bondman's toil

No more shall trench the soil,

Seem now to bask in a serene day;

The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs

Of Heaven with more caressing softness play,

Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.

Choked down, muffled, the rebellious thought,

While meager words, mingled with thy train,

Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,

The wrath of God o'ertook thee in thy pride;

Thou sittest at a ghastly banquet; by thy side

Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore,

And they who quailed but now

Before thy lowering brow

Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,

And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.

And they who ruled in this imperial name,

Sold out, and standing sullenly apart,

Swear at the hands that overthrow thy reign,

And shatter at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare

Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part

Husband and wife, and from the mother's breast

Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;

Thy inner hair became

The tint of guilty shame;

Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,

Shed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.

Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide

An harvest of uncounted miseries, grew,

Until the measure of thy sins was lost

Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast.

Go then, accursed of God, and take thy place

With baleful memories of the elder time;

With many a wailing pest, and nameless crime,

And blood that thickened the human race;

With the Black Death, whose way

Through wailing cities lay

Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built

The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught

To savage a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—

Death at the stake to those that hold them not.

Lo! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom

Of the dawn ages, part to yield their room.

I see thee better years that hasten by,

Carry thee back to that shadowy past,

Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,

The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.

The slave-pen, through whose door

The victims pass no more.

And there, and there, the grim black remain

At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet

Souges and engines of restraint and pain

Molder and rust by thine eternal seat.

There, mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,

Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

(Attributed for July.)

Selected Tale.

A STORY OF NO MAN'S LAND.

(CONCLUDED.)

Tom was not long in returning; that of the wood was very unfrequented, but there was a sort of path not far beyond, and he overtook some men going from their work, one with his fork over his shoulder. It was growing almost too dark to see foot-marks, but a little moon was rising, and they could just see it and the waning sunlight, traces of broken boughs and fern where something had been dragged along; a sullen little dark boggy pool lay in the heather just outside the farthest trees, and thither the tracks led.

The woodmen began to tear down pieces of bark and light them, and a number of flaming torches were soon moving about round the pool. How does news, particularly bad news, travel so fast? there were now fifteen or twenty men about, coming from all sides; a discovery of this kind seems to be perceived long distances off as vultures scent a dead body. They began with their rude pieces of stick to sound the ill-looking pool, black with peaty soil.

Poor Rachel could not stir; she watched the glancing lights, the dark forms in and out among the giant trunks, the red glare on the water, as if it were not a horrible reality, but only a picture. Little Reuben had taken his stand on a bank commanding both positions; the men had abused him for getting between their legs in his vehement curiosity, and he now acted as telegraph to Rachel, who had buried her face in her hands, and besides, where she

went on with her ironing or her cooking as if he were not there. She had some sort of soothing influence over him, however, though she did not know it; if she stayed long away he grew restless and uneasy.—He said he was too ill to take to keeping again, even if there had been a place vacant. Altogether it was hardly possible to recognize the high-spirited, overbearing Ralph in the silent, almost sullen, depressed man. Rachel was surprised that people did not remark it, but she exerted herself more in public, and emotions are not delicately noted in village life.

As for the murder, it was a long time ago; it wasn't their business. The man were none of theirs, and Ralph was, and most like he knew naught about it. He had brought his ship papers all right home with him, which everybody might see; and so the matter dropped.

And soon a rumor arose that Maurice was dead, no one could say how or when, but Rachel utterly refused to believe it.—Leverton went on coughing, and he consulted him about everything; he seemed to grow more cheerful as Rachel grew more despondent. At last, after some weeks, she was struggling on a windy day with some drying clothes, when he came out and helped her.

"Ye work too hard, Rachel; I wish ye'd let me help ye. I wish ye'd let me help ye through life; the thought of ye has been with me all these weary days. Why won't ye hearken what I hae to say?"

"O Leverton," she answered, wrenching her hand away from him, "how can ye? I feel as good as married to Maurice, and I'll never forsake him." "But if he's dead?" said Leverton, sadly. "He be'n't dead; I duna believe it. I shall hae him back again. I wanna b'lieve it."

Leverton set his teeth and went back into the house without a word. Still he came as before; the old man, apparently out of sheer contradiction, seemed as if he could not do without him, and Leverton took it all in good part.

He made no way with Rachel, but she grew used to seeing him there, and, buried in her own thoughts, hardly seemed aware of her was by. He went on with a patience and perseverance, which in a better cause would have been beyond praise, to save her and help her with her grandfather and ward off trouble and anxiety; and she could not but be grateful to him when he turned out a scolding from the fierce and sullen old man, and advised him always, as Rachel saw, wisely and well.

The forest has long been a favorite haunt of gypsies, and the pale blue smoke of their encampments is often seen among its grassy glades. Up one of these went Leverton in search, not for the first time, of the old gypsy grandam of the tribe, who was held in fear and awe by the whole neighborhood. The tents, with their complement of carts and horses, were pitched in an open space where weird old pollard-oaks, covered with the long gray lichen which waves like hair in the wind, fringed a gravel-bank which shut out the wind; a little stream ran below. An iron pot, slung on crossed sticks, hung over a small fire; the old woman, with a red handkerchief tied over her grizzled elf-locks, that protruded from under it, sat and stirred. There was a pleasant savor of savory meat, which was probably not the case with the whole of the witches whom she resembled; but she looked like a Fate as she lifted up her filmy black eyes on him. "Well, mother, here I am again."

"And what do ye want, with me, Ralph Leverton? No good I'll be bound; ye won't get that, with yer years, I'm thinking."

"Nobdy can't say as it's bad this time. I want to be married." She looked at him with her piercing eyes, but said nothing.

"She'd marry me, I believe, now, but that's she tied herself to that poor creetur Maurice, and he's dead, and I know he's dead," he repeated, vehemently.

"And that's what you want me to incense her wi'?" answered the woman, with a sort of savage laugh, and raising herself with a long stick; "yeon as makes yer bed on better men's graves. Not bad! However," she added, for it is pleasant to indulge your sharp tongue, and your love of gain at once, "pay for yer merchandise, and get gone wi' yer."

A few days after, Rachel had gone on one of her rare expeditions to the little market-town. He grand-father was ailing, and she was late in setting out; the long June twilight of a close, hot day had set in as she took a short cut across the forest, and she sat down wearily by a sort of ford where the gravel had been washed away from the roots of the fantastic old beech-trees, and bathed her hands and face in the little stream, which made a pleasant ripple among the stones. Presently she heard the dull tread of a horse on the sward in the still evening, and she drew back among the holly-bushes, for it was a lonely place, and she did not want to be seen. A man on a bare-backed horse passed close beside her, and was turning his head over his shoulder, as if to see whether he were followed.

It was so near that, though the light was fast fading, she recognized him as a loose sort of fellow who belonged to the parish, but had no regular work, and made his bread as he could. What was he doing with Farmer Baker's horse? which she knew also, because Leverton had been discussing it with her father. Both horse and man, however, disappeared quickly over the hill, and Rachel went on. She made her way back to the road as fast as she could, for she did not like the encounter. As she came, however, to the turn which led up to her grandfather's old hag who was always called Queen of the Gypsies barred the way. She was standing in an open glade, under an arch of green boughs, with her scarlet cloak and a staff in her hand.—There is a curious love of stage effect in the race; they are born actors. There seems to be no absolute truth in words for them; they are only used relatively to produce an impression on you.

She began, "I have a word to speak to you, Rachel Russell." Rachel had been brought up in a righteous horror of gypsies, however, and she hurried on, a good deal frightened, and refusing to listen.

"And you're the more fool for your pains, girl; for none but I could tell of the one who is gone, and where he is."

"If ye hae any news of Maurice," said the poor girl, trembling, "tell me, in God's name."

"Ah, now you want my news, when you

haven't the manners to be civil to them old enough to be your grandmother. Pay me for my tale, then."

"I haven't got no money; and what's my father's things," said poor Rachel, wringing her hands.

"Then give me that shawl off o' your shoulders," said the old woman, fiercely. Rachel pulled it off and held it out pitifully to her.

I saw a dark place among the holes of the earth, and there were great wheels and fiery furnaces; and as I looked, the young man was struck down by the fierce heat, and torn asunder by the whirl; and there he lay dead."

Poor Rachel walked away, stunned, without a word. She hardly noticed a young man with a peaked hat and a peacock's feather in it, who came up in front of her when he saw the interview was over.

The old hag looked slowly after her—"I've settled her," she muttered, "with a pain in her heart and salt tears in her eyes."