

Mutual Forbearance.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all—
A blemish, or a sense impaired—
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary by attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flames decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure;
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is. [Cowper.

The Blacksmith of Ragenbach.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

In the Principality of Hohenlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Württemberg, is a village called Ragenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following heroic event took place:

One afternoon in the early autumn, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women having assembled from the village, sat at their ease. The smith formed one of the merry company, a strong, vigorous man, with a resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were like bars of iron, and his fists like forge hammers, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when, all at once the doorsprang open, and a large dog came staggering into the room, a great, powerful beast, with a ferocious, frightful aspect; his head was hanging down and his eyes bloodshot, his lead colored tongue hanging half way out of his open mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, when he became deathly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, with a horrified voice—

'Good heavens! the dog is mad!'

Then arose an outcry! The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance; no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left, no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrunk from the dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood up among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled, and an elevated resolution shone from the smooth brow of the simple-minded man.

'Back all!' thundered he with his deep strong voice. 'Let no one stir, for no one can vanquish the beast but I! One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and whilst I do so, make your escape.—The smith had scarcely spoken these words, when the dog started towards the shrieking people. But he went not far. 'With God's help!' cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed! The dog bit furiously upon every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose.—Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp the snapping, biting, howling brute till all had escaped.—Till all, all were rescued and in safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows.

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. 'Be quiet, my friends, do not weep for me,' he said, 'one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me, for I have only performed my duty. When I am dead think of me with love, and now pray for me that God will not let me suffer long or too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad.' He went straight to his workshop, and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs and around the anvil so firmly, that no power on earth could break it.—'There,' said he, 'it's done,' after having silently and solemnly completed the work. 'Now you are secured, and I am inoffensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit.' Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through, and you will find no action more glorious and sublime than this deed of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach.

Declaration of War from an M. D.

The Scalpel, for November, has a broadside aimed at some of the capital sins of man and womankind, which amounts to nothing less than a medical declaration of war. Hear him:

Come here, thou filthy, stinking, nasty, contemptible tobacco-chewer, whose breath would poison our sewer, and whose slavered lips would frighten away a night scavenger!—here, take The Scalpel in thy smelling hand, and read thy doom! Wilt thou take a respectable muck?—Throw away thy tobacco. Get into a big spittoon, and let the water run over and through thee, for the next two months; then get into a vinegar vat, and undergo a thorough pickling, and by the 4th of March next thou mayest become a decent citizen.

Hallo! you flicking, hiccupping, stupid and spewing spalten of a drunkard; lie down in that gutter, and let patiently our fervid virulence.—What in the name of decency and manhood, are you about putting that Beelzebub compound of alcohol, aquafortis and alum into your alimentary stew-pan? Here, take this; it is one of your emetics. Swallow it down and vomit it up, and then let a swab you out with wormwood tea and some of our capsicum catsup. We know what's good for you. Hand over your money, and let your muddled brains (if you have any left) work on its pages, and go anywhere that we send you—Blackwell's Island, if we say so; but do at once and have our prohibitory liquor law enforced at the point of The Scalpel. Give up the liquor, or give your carcass for dissection. Deconscience or the crows be satisfied.

You take snuff, do you? Well, if your nose is of no more worth than to make a dust hole of, it's make your mouth a garbage barrel! Here, open it, and let us put these withered cucumbers and rotten apples and cabbage in! Hold! there are some stinking scraps of scrofulous cow beef, and some cigar ends that have been twice smoked and sucked. Stay! there's a few rotten onions, and the contents of a spittoon from a grocery store, where you go to buy your dinner. Don't be angry. It's just as nice as any of your unripened, excremented, dried and ground snuff! We shall have to put your nose under the hydrant until winter, and then begin to apply oil and turpentine until spring.

My dear Miss Letitia, why do you wear tight boots and high heels? Your fascinating foot will be spoiled. The pressure will make the toes swell. You will have most agonizing pains from corns, and swelling from bunions. The beauty of your foot will be lost; the springing gracefulness of your tread will be gone; the legs will be stiff and painful, and cannot dance the fascinating schottische; you will have to shuffle and amble like a spavined nag, and perhaps your ankles may give out, and you be lame for life.

You can cultivate and improve your natural possessions and gifts of body and mind, but you cannot alter or change them for the better. Your foot is just the right size. Take care of it, wash it, rub it, keep it clean and warm, and cultivate every toe and joint, and make it an elegant and reliable carriage for the body. If you put it into bonds and imprisonment, expect an ugly and troublesome enemy. A compressed foot is one of the most awful of botherations. Pray you, avoid it!

O madam! I tell you it is thoroughly outrageous! I was speaking to you, Lady Veronica Perfect! Well, Sir, pray what is 'thoroughly outrageous?' Your dress, my lady. And pray, sir, what is my dress to you? An abomination, madam! I and your Scalpel, to me, is an impertinent bore. I shall dress as I please, sir. I wish you would, madam. At present you dress to please that vulgar mob of fools called 'The Fashion.' You who have such good taste and cultivated understanding, to put yourself in the shape of a parakeet, and be hooped up like a hog's head of sugar, with tackling enough about you for a packet ship! You ought to be ashamed of it! With a shell on your head and a dry goods store about your heels. Are not you a foolish woman to make yourself a slave to the dry goods seller and dressmaker? You'll fill the Crystal Palace alone, soon! Why, you'd positively have to undress in the entry, if you came to see us, for you couldn't get into the doorway of an ordinary parlor as you are. What will become of you at the equinox.—[Cal. True Delta, Nov. 26, '56.]

THE CIRCASSIANS.—All travelers seem to agree that the Circassians naturally are a brave, high-spirited and noble race—and yet, they sell their children for Turkish seraglios and take the money to purchase arms and ammunition, to defend their native mountains against the Russ. A recent French traveler, whose letter has been translated for the N. Y. Tribune, thus narrates their explanation and defence of the practice:

I felt a thrill of horror run through me when I looked at those obdurate and heartless men, smoking and laughing and coolly talking about the fate of their own flesh and blood. I wished to leave the odious scene, but the doctor begged of me to stop and not condemn them men before I heard them in justification of the conduct. He took aside a hale old man, the quick flashes of whose eye denoted birth, intelligence and communicativeness. The latter, being interrogated by the doctor, said that it was from a sentiment of tenderest affection for their children that he and his countrymen were addicted to this traffic.

It is no trifling sacrifice that we make,' said he, 'in thus separating ourselves from our dear children; but we are consoled by the thought that this separation will be useful to them. In the mountain regions where we live our daughters are subjected to the greatest hardships. We have neither bread nor clothing to give them. But once that they are sold, they become ladies—they enter the harems of the Turks, they lead a quiet and easy life, they feel no want of clothing in the winter, and they have always bread to eat. And those who chance to get into the harems of

the great people have not only clothes and bread at their command, but also, luxury, grandeur and power. They amuse themselves in baths of amber. They have head-dresses of pearls. They have perfumes and music, and everything that the love of their masters can procure for them.

By their side our sons who have been received by the Turks may become officers in the army, captains, cadis, pashas and viziers. They can bless their parents who have had the courage and good sense to emancipate them from a life of hardships, of struggles and of cruel labors. And then, when we rear them with the intention of selling them, they know that no happiness awaits them in their own country, and therefore they leave it without regret. The Russians who wish to enslave us under the pretext that we follow an inhuman trade, are not better than we are. The great Prince (Schamyl), who knows them well, who has lived in their cities and studied their manners and their laws, has often told us of the horrible deeds committed among them.

We sell our children, because the soil of our country is unfruitful, because we cannot afford them any other life than that of constant labor and misery that cannot be removed. Yet we have gentle manners, we love each other, and we oblige and assist each other. Among us you will not find the knout, neither will you see prisoners nor executions. The wishes of our old men are always attentively listened to and respected.—And the stranger who risks his person in our mountains is always sure of protection and assistance.

CIRCASSIAN SLAVE GIRLS.—Circassian girls, at present, in the slave market at Constantinople, can be bought even by poets—that is to say, for a mere song. The price for a handsome one has come down from five hundred to twenty-five dollars. This is owing to a glut in the market; (from the political changes between Russia and Turkey,) and the London Morning Post says:

'In fact, the creatures are eating their heads off, and must be disposed of at any sacrifice, however alarming. Independent of all humane and Christian objections to this abominable state of things, there are several practical ones which have even forced themselves on the attention of the Turks. With low prices, a low class of purchasers come into the market.

Formerly a Circassian slave girl was pretty sure of being bought into a good family, where not only good treatment, but often rank and fortune awaited her; but at present low rates, she may be taken by any huckster who never thought of keeping a slave before. Another evil is, that the temptation to possess a Circassian girl at such low prices, is so great in the minds of the Turks, that many who cannot afford to keep several slaves, have been sending their slaves to market, in order to make room for a newly purchased white girl. The consequence is, that numbers of black women, after being as many as eight or ten years in the same hands, have lately been consigned to the broker for disposal. Not a few of these wretched creatures are in a state quite unfit for being sold.'

HEALTH.—Heaven never granted a richer boon than health, and without it all other blessings are comparatively valueless. Yet it is often lightly esteemed and carelessly thrown away, and never fully appreciated until it is gone. I have seen the mistress of a splendid mansion, surrounded by every luxury which wealth can command, lying upon her couch, pale and miserable, fretful and unhappy. Within her reach were the most delicate viands and exquisite fruits, yet she could partake of none. Health was no longer hers. She had parted with it for the sake of gratifying her vanity, by wearing thin shoes, to display the beauty of her foot; and now, when consumption was preying upon her, she repented her folly, but it was too late; and though she would willingly give all she possessed, the priceless treasure could not be recalled.

The thin, ghastly-looking gentleman, who reclines in his luxurious easy chair, with his gouty foot upon a pillow, sighs and groans in anguish, and thinks of the many weary nights of pain, when the bed of down and the silken covering could bring him no repose. How he envies the plow boy, who whistles on the green fields, whose step is elastic, and whose heart is light and gay at his toil, while his sleep is sound and refreshing.

What is wealth to the invalid but a bitter mockery which can yield no happiness? Then prize the rich boon of health, ye who possess it, and lift your hearts in gratitude to God, even though your lot may be one of poverty and toil.

A simple and modest man lives unknown, until a moment, which he could not have foreseen, reveals his estimable qualities and generous actions. I compare him to the concealed flower springing from an humble stem, which escapes the view, and is discovered only by its perfume. Pride quickly fixes the eye, and he who is always his own eulogist dispenses every other person from the obligation to praise him. A truly modest man, emerging from his transient obscurity, will obtain those delightful praises which the heart awards without effort. His superiority, far from being importunate, will become attractive. Modesty gives to talents and virtue the same charm which chastity adds to beauty.—[Droz.]

Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the 'devil' his rule for punctuation.—Said he, 'I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma, when I gape, insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want another chew of tobacco, I insert a period.' We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable for their simplicity, from the public.

He who has learned to obey, will know how to command.

Camp Meeting Talk.

A chap down South went to a Camp-meeting, and gives the following amusing account of the disjointed conversation he heard there:—

Preaching had not begun, and promenading was in progress. We took a convenient stand, and tried to catch the remarks of the various couples, as they went slowly by us.

'Yes, indeed,' (two girls talking of course), 'and my brother Tom says that Henry Soker brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth, and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by, and I'm sure I should die if people was to talk of me as they do about her.'

'Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make at least six hundred barrels if I make a peck, and consequently—'

'What a spectacle this is, to be swah, Chaw. Ah wondah if these people—dem'd pooly gull, ah! she—build theyah own tents own hiwah men to do it fowah 'em. Must be a gweat boah to—'

'Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it, but you mustn't mentioned it for the world. It is a great secret.'

'Really now, and she's as ugly as—'

'The finest sow you ever saw, sir. Pure Berkshire, and has nine splendid pigs. It was the best trade I ever made, and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for it—'

'Scollopped petticoats! only look, Amy! Nine founcies and hoops in the bargain! Oh how I should love to—'

'Go to picnic on Thursday? Oh, thank you. You don't know how I would love to be present, sir, I am so fond of the exhilarating dance, but father says—'

'I am truly gratified, my dear young friend, to learn that you are so deeply impressed with the necessity of immediate repentance, and I shall this very day make—'

'Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and maroon velvet binding for the neck and sleeves; oh, Emily!'

'The finest baby you ever saw—black eyes and large limbs, six weeks old and weighs—'

'Sixty-one pounds and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from gartie and cockrel, and large grained. I hold it at—'

'Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob Bothsydes the former Congressman, will speak, as he says—'

'Ah, Mr. Pepper, you flatter me so! Just so, how hombly Kate Whitnot is dressed. She will wear yellow, though it makes her look like—'

'Fever and ag, I believe. They've all been up with it, and now the poor man's got!'

'The sweetest bonnet I ever saw. Where did you get it? I must recommend my sister to you!'

'Watermelon patch. Stole every darned one. Some of 'em 'bout half ripe. I sww I'll shoot 'em if they don't!'

'Go to the White Sulphur. It is the best place in the whole world, ma'am. I've seen some of the most wonderful effects of the waters. Tom Holocaust was cured of—'

'Twenty-five pounds of butter a week. And always get a quarter a pound, and sometimes—'

'Four eggs, two handfuls of flour, a dab of yeast, half tin cup full of molasses, and it makes—'

'The best manure I ever used, sir. Vastly superior to guano, or super phosphate. Two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me—'

'The handsomest woman on the ground. I can see none equal to her, except Miss Mary,—and she's got!'

'Both hind legs spavined. And there's a speck in her right eye that's bound to—'

'That beautiful girl in black over there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at—'

'Mr. Muggin's failure, sir. And he has taken to drink awfully, and only last week had—'

'His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger!'

'Between the 10th and 15th of September.—I will get my wheat to market, and it will bring—'

'His grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Oh, it is awful think how!'

'Close she hangs to his arm. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and never saw him until—'

'William was born twenty-five years ago last April. I am an old woman now, and the grey hair makes—'

'Toot! toot! 'Preaching will now commence,' said the Presiding Elder, and we heard no more.

LONGEVITY OF A HORSE.—Some weeks ago we published an account of a horse which died in Scotland aged 36 years, after being worked daily for 33 years. The Editor of the 'Ohio Cultivator' copied the paragraph referred to, and added the following:—Nearly twenty years ago, in connection with a gentleman in Ashtabula county, we purchased an Indian pony mare, then known to be over twenty years old, but lively as a cricket, under saddle or in harness.—She bore us many a mile through the woods of that then aboriginal region, leaping fallen trees and fences like a deer. Last spring she died, having been in active service over forty years.

POWER OF FEMALES.—Aristotle may say that of all animals the males are stronger and wiser than the females, but St. Paul writes that weak things have been chosen to confound the strong. Adam was sublimely endowed, but woman humbled him; Sampson was strong, but woman made him captive; David was religious, but woman disturbed his piety; Solomon was wise, but woman deceived him; Job was patient, and was robbed by the devil of fortune and family; ulcerated, grieved and oppressed, nothing provoked him to anger till woman did it, therein proving herself stronger than the devil.—[Life of Agrippa.]