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TOWANDA.

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1804. It is generally accepted that of any other planet, Venus was discovered by Dr. Olbers on the 29th March 1807.

Long before the discovery of these small planets, Astronomers had suspected the existence of a planet between Mars and Jupiter from this law of arrangement, and this was rendered still more probable after the discovery of Herschel in 1781, which follows the analogy.

Hence an association of observers was formed on the continent of Europe, by twenty four astronomers, who divided the sky into zones, each taking his respective portion for examination, and the result was as stated. When two of these had been discovered having a common node, it was at once conjectured that they were the fragments of a larger planet, that had been disrupted by some convulsion. La Grange, a French mathematician, immediately investigated the force necessary to cause this disruption. He found that a force one hundred and fifty times greater than a cannon ball would send off the fragments in a parabola; that a force twenty times greater would make them describe an elliptic orbit. Finally, after giving up looking for any other fragments of the body which was supposed to have been shattered, in December, 1845, Astrum, discovered by Hencke of Gise, and then the planet Hebe is discovered. An English astronomer next discovers Iris, and before he had hardly known this, he had found Flora; all between Mars and Jupiter, and by their joint action fulfilling the above law.

Professor Mitchell then turned his attention to Jupiter, which he said was one of the largest and oldest known. How do we know this? In the old times the names of the planets (including the Sun) were given to the days of the week. [The Scandinavian Thor, whence comes Thursday, was probably confounded with the Roman Jupiter.] This is traced among the Hindus, Chinese, Persians, Egyptians and Chaldeans, and it is remarkable that though they do not begin their week on the same day, yet the order is the same. Therefore they must have come from some common origin, and hence be back of tradition itself. [Applause.]

The Professor then related the effects which followed the invention of the telescope, and the astonishment which seized upon old Galileo, when he first directed his tube to the heavens and saw the four moons of Jupiter; he alluded to the war among the scientific men at that day in reference to the rival theories of Copernicus and Ptolemy, the one making the earth, the other the sun the centre of the solar system; the difficulties which Galileo presented to the opponents of the Copernican system, in accounting for the motions of Jupiter's moons on the Ptolemaic theory, how he finally incurred the displeasure of the church, and was obliged to bend his knees to confess that he was wrong, that the earth did not move round the sun, but when he rose up, as he brushed the dust from his knees, said, "it does more though."

It was then shown how the velocity of light was computed by observing the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. If the earth was on the side next to Jupiter when this happened, it would be 130 millions of miles nearer than if on the opposite side, or double our distance from the sun. It was observed that these eclipses happen sixteen minutes sooner in the former position than in the latter. But the skeptic asks for confirmation. We have it, said he. It was observed that the stars were moving in orbits; this was occasioned by the velocity of light and the revolution of the earth on its axis.

The revolution of the earth on its axis causes the astronomer to misdirect his instrument, in the same manner that one would misdirect his boat in steering directly across a river, for the purpose of reaching the opposite point without regard to the velocity of the current. It is found that the telescope has to be elevated just in that ratio which accords with the supposition that light moves twelve millions of miles in a minute. Again, this had been confirmed by observations on the binary stars. Prof. Mitchell said that he had just received a letter from Prof. Struve, which states that he finds the velocity of light to differ from the established law by a small decimal, and suggests that there may be a difference between the velocity of direct and reflected light, at the same time requesting that observations be made by him, (Prof. M.) for ten years to decide the question.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The following is related by the correspondent of the Saturday Courier: "An incident much to the Duke's credit was mentioned to me as having taken place at the Aspley House. A few years since, soon after the statue of Napoleon had been placed at the foot of the grand staircase, some few ladies of high rank, on ascending to the ball room, intentionally or thoughtlessly threw over the outstretched arm of the statue their costly cashmere shawls, murmuring as they did so, that if Napoleon were alive, his proper place would be, where his statue then stood, in the hall of his conqueror. In the course of the evening, the Duke, descending the stairs, saw with indignation the insult offered to him in his own house, as he thought, and calling his body servant, ordered him to take charge of those shawls, pointing to the statue, and hold them until he called for them. As the ladies were approaching the Duke, previous to their departure, he turned and whispered to a servant in waiting. Immediately the shawls were brought in, and the Duke, holding them up, stated what had occurred, and how deeply mortifying it was to his feelings—though that it was both indecent and thoughtless, especially in his house. The shawls were then sent to the ladies' dressing room, and there remained, no one claiming them. After a few months had elapsed, and it was called for by the body servant, the Duke held them in his hand, and the proceeds were placed in the funds of the Waterloo Orphan Society."

COLOSSUS.—In a very old copy of a work now extant on astronomy, is the following quaint passage.—Question. How to rise a devil?—Answer. Contradict your wife.

Commodore Paul Jones.

BY J. T. HENLEY.

Paul Jones, or John Paul, was born July 8th, 1747, in Kilsbarn, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener, on the estate of Arbrington. The name of Jones was entirely assumed, though for what purpose is not stated. It was probably assumed to render him unknown to his friends in Scotland, who might regard him as a traitor, if they knew he was fighting against his country. At all events, he rendered his name immortal, and the real name, John Paul, is sunk to that of Paul Jones.

By a large class of men he is regarded as a sort of freebooter turned patriot—an adventurer to whom the American war was a God-send, in that it kept him from being a pirate. But nothing could be farther from the truth. He was an adventurer, it is true; as all men are who are compelled to make their own fortunes in the world; and had all the boldness and rashness which are necessary to success in military life. Born by the sea-shore, where the tide heaves up the Solway—living on a promontory, whose abrupt sides allowed vessels to approach almost against the shore—surrounded by romantic scenery, and with the words of sea-faring men constantly ringing in his ear, he naturally, at an early age, abandoned his employment as a gardener, and became a sailor. Independent of the associations in which he was placed leading to such a course of life, he was of that poetic, romantic temperament, which always builds gorgeous structures in the future. No boy, with a fancy like that of Paul Jones, could be content to live in the humdrum life of a gardener's son. To him this great world presents too wide a field, and opens too many avenues to fame, to be lightly abandoned, and he launches forth with a strong arm and a resolute spirit to help his way among his fellows.

Paul was but twelve or fourteen years of age when he was recruited, as a sailor, on board the ship Friendship, bound to Rappahannock, Virginia. Thus early were his footsteps directed towards our shores, by which his whole future career was shaped. The young sailor, by his skill and industry, was soon promoted to the rank of third mate, second mate, first mate, supercargo, and finally captain. Thus he continued roaming the sea till he was twenty-six years of age, when a brother of his, a Virginia planter, having died intestate, without children, he took charge of the estate for the family, and spent two years on the land.

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress, to serve in the navy, was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the Alfred. As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfolded the national flag—the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and stripes, for they were not adopted till two years after. The generally received opinion is, that it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, as if about to spring, and underneath, the motto, "Don't tread on me." At all events, it unfolded to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly about twenty-nine years of age—healthy—well knit, though of slender frame—a commissioned officer in the American navy—the young gardener saw with joy the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles. A skillful seaman—at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man—he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition was the capture of New Providence with a hundred cannon, and an abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so, but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The Glasgow, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the Alfred, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop Providence, and ordered to pilot to sea on a six week's cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself, one day chased by the English frigate Sable; and despite of every effort, overhauled, so that at the end of four hours, his vessel was brought within gunshot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly resisting the first with his light guns, Jones, though these seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and saved himself by his extraordinary seamanship. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the Sable on his weather quarter, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ty hell!" to the stewardess, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and passing within pistol shot of her. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected maneuver, or bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outdash the frigate, before they could get into a fight.

He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was trying to near the side of Sable, fishing, when the Milford bore in sight. Immediately putting his ship in motion, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could outdash his antagonist, he then approached. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadside on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy,

keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot, crashing through his rigging, might have reduced his speed so much, as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his crew to repeat each of the enemy's broadside, with a single musket-shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect force of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days sailed into Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton, to break up the fisheries; and though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month, with four prizes and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing on his way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American Army. During this expedition Jones had command of the Alfred, but was superseded on his return and put again on his old ship the Providence. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our government towards him; which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against the injustice; and pressed the government to elect to his important and commanding posts, those who had distinguished themselves by their services, and not by their birth. In the meantime, he recommended measures to government, respecting organizing and strengthening of the navy, which showed him to have been the most enlightened officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid.

Soon after, (June 1777,) he was given command of the Ranger, and informed in his commission, that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the Union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he hoisted this new flag, and put to sea in his badly-equipped vessel, steering for France, where he was, by order of his government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again set sail in the Ranger, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, passing through the French fleet, with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given to our vessels. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea, and boldly entered the Irish Channel, capturing many prizes.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. About three hundred vessels lay in the port, protected by two batteries, composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected, and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very artillery of the cannon, was an act unparalleled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds—these appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was, the more enticing it became. Once when government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the necessity of giving him a good one, "for," said he, "I intend to go on term's way." This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight, on the 22d of April, (1778,) when Jones sailed boldly into the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men, and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breast-work, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners, and spiked the cannon. Then, leaving Lieut. Wallingford to fire the shipping, he hastened forward with only one man to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little boat. He was surprised to find the sentinels, not to be the shipping in a haze; and demanded of his lieutenant, why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out, but he disliked his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed, happily, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, overturned.

The people, roused from their slumbers, saw to their alarm, a band of men, with half-burnt candles, in their hands standing on the pier-head, surrounded in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignantly ordered the firing of his cannon, entered alone a large ship, and coolly set down and kindled a large fire in the storeroom. He then hurried for the boat of war, which having loaded, he poured over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and reached the pinnings in the spiral folds, casting a fearful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants, seeing the flames shoot down on the wharves, and Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship, with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment, and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship, and the pandemonium it kindled, he entered his boat, and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea-gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was looking the land and the sea in the face, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered their waters.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell; but their little doubts that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently old. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack till brought her close to the town he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dimm'st thou think it a shame for this vile pirate to rob our folk of Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha ken what he may do? He's nae for trouble for anything. Mickle's the mischief he's done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the wark. And wae me! wha ken but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir women are wadst frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think o' it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord! but gi'e ye dinna turn the wind about and blaw the scoldrigg out o' our g'e, I'll no sir a force; but wi' just sh' here till the tide comes. See tak ye'r wi' o'!" To this no little astonishment of the good people a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones' prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercession brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I pray'd, but the Lord sent the wind."

The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly to harbor to go in pursuit of his vessel, that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels, filled with citizens, accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward, and the vessel made feeble headway; but at length she made her last tack, and stretched boldly into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to, till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away, and stood out into the centre of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had a crew imperfectly organized, and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter halted from asking what ship it was, he replied, "The American Continental ship Ranger! We are waiting for you—come on!"

Alarm bells were baring along both shores, and the hillsides were covered with spectators, witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-balls stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside, which was promptly returned; and the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, his fore and main-topgalls were carried away, then the yards began to tumble, one after another; then a fourth his ensign, fallen also, dragged in the water. Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect; while the topmen of the Ranger made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the stripes and stars—a ceremony which, in after years became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris, and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel, he gave up the Ranger; but soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the Indefatigable; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect for Franklin, he named "The Estimable Richard," "The Poor Richard." With seven ships in all, (a huge little squadron for Jones,) he had the different commanders been subordinate) he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon manifested, for in a week's time the vessel, one after another, parted company to cruise by themselves till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Palladus and Vengeance. In a tremendous storm his little army, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland.

Taking several prizes near the Frith or Forth, he determined that a twenty-four gun ship, and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined to cut out, and landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supported his little army to the Frith, and in the opinion of Paul Jones, and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder, and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the tyrant Paul Jones. Jones very politely sent back the messenger with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender, that the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in confusion; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Edin, assembled his flock on the beach to pray the Lord to deliver them. From their enemies. He was an eccentric man, of the qualities of the quaint old Scotch divine; so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell; but their little doubts that the invocation of the excited eccentric old man was sufficiently old. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack till brought her close to the town he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dimm'st thou think it a shame for this vile pirate to rob our folk of Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha ken what he may do? He's nae for trouble for anything. Mickle's the mischief he's done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the wark. And wae me! wha ken but the bluidy villain might tak their lives? The puir women are wadst frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think o' it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord! but gi'e ye dinna turn the wind about and blaw the scoldrigg out o' our g'e, I'll no sir a force; but wi' just sh' here till the tide comes. See tak ye'r wi' o'!" To this no little astonishment of the good people a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones' prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercession brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I pray'd, but the Lord sent the wind."

Miscellaneous.
Lorenzo Dow.—Every body has heard of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow. He once used the pulpit as a sort of alarm bell to call the attention of his auditory to the fact of an immaterial fire existing for those who seemed to be more apprehensive of the material flame. Lorenzo observing a considerable portion of his congregation nodding, suddenly ceased preaching, and shouted aloud, "Fire! fire! fire!" A number of those who were given to church-snores, started upon their feet, and eagerly inquired, "Where?" "In the fire!" he replied, "I have just responded the minister. The sweet charms of sleep were broken, and the rest of the sermon was heard by all present."

Mother.—How sweet is the recollection in after years of a mother's tender training! It was well that to a mother this duty should be confided, if it were only for the delicious pleasure of musing upon, and after many long years of struggle with the cold realities of life. Who is there that finds no relief in recalling to the scenes of his infancy and youth, gilded with the recollection of a mother's tenderness? And how many have nobly owned that to the salutary influence then exerted, they must affectionately ascribe their future successes, their avoidance of evil when no eyes were upon them, but when rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers, and tears of a mother!

Don't Grumble.—He is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot forward, is an old adage good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have unfortunate men for their acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverse come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

A Smile.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It dissipates gloom—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sun-light. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.

Miseries of Human Nature.—It is very common to tell you that human nature is a deceitful and depraved. In our journey of life, we are doubtless annoyed with numerous gloomy discoveries; but are we, not also delighted with many that are agreeable? There is much misery, and guilt hidden beneath the surface of society, but there is also much happiness and virtue. There are innumerable beautiful traits of human nature, which do not afford themselves to the eyes of the casual observer, but which, nevertheless, exist, and which, if they could be forever seen on the surface, would make the world appear as Eden.

File Your Newspaper.—Every person who takes a newspaper, (and especially a weekly paper,) should keep files of it, and every two or three years put them to bed. Every man that does this, leaves a valuable book to his children, who will respect the library and value the books more than ten times the cost. A volume of newspapers fifty years old would now sell at more than cost anywhere. A newspaper is the best history of the times which can be found. After a long lapse of time they are resorted to by scholars and antiquaries with great interest.

Lightnings are like the lightning which flashes in darkness. If the first bolt affrightens and goes out, the happiness which the lightning promised, disappears if the light is prolonged, the storm is not so of.

Birds tend great charms to a landscape; they present a touching contrast to Nature's perpetual youth; like the body where decay has commenced; in face of the spirit eternally young.

That soul, you say, is impossible, for it has given no signs of life; say then, also, that echo is mute, because no voice has come to awaken it.

Said Pat to Bill, "How many legs would a calf have, calling the tail?" "Five," answered Bill. "No, it wouldn't; for calling the tail one wouldn't make it so."