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## TOWANDA:

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### Miscellaneous.

#### A TALE OF WYOMING VALLEY.

"Do you see that landscape?" said the old man to me, as we passed upon the edge of the mountain road, and looked down into the Wyoming valley beneath us. "Well, that spot, calm and beautiful as it now is, was once the scene of massacre. God help me! the agonies of that day almost wring my heart to think of them; even after the lapse of fifty years."

"I have heard it was a fearful time, and you have often promised to tell me the tale of your own connection with it. Yet if the subject be so painful to you, I dare scarcely make the request."

"No, boy, no," said the old man, sadly; "I will tell it, for the promise is of long standing, and I feel to-day as if I could narrate that tragedy with less emotion than usual. Sit down on this rock and give me a moment to rest; I will then commence my story."

While the old man wiped away the perspiration from his brow, and sat fanning himself with his broad-brimmed summer-hat, I took the place pointed out by him, near his side, and spent the moments that elapsed before he began his narrative in gazing on the landscape before me. Sitting on a huge boulder, on the slope of a mountain, just where the hill began to slope down into the valley, we commanded a view of one of the most untroubled landscapes in the world. To our left rose up the mountain, bold, rugged, and barren, like the back of some vast monster reared against the sky—but on the right interposed to prevent the view; whose loveliness so far exceeded my expectations that for some minutes I gazed upon the scene in mute admiration. Beneath me stretched the valley diversified with gently sloping elevations, and sprinkled with fields of golden grain; while here and there a patch of woodland, with its dark green hue lay slumbering on the landscape—the surface of the forest ever and anon, varying to a lighter tint as the wind swept over the tree-tops. Right through the centre of the valley, meandering the river, now rolling between bluff-banks, and now stealing gently among the rich meadow-lands in the distance, until at length it turned to the left, and striking the foot of the far hills, was lost behind the profile of the mountain before us. In the centre of the valley the village, with its white houses and airy church-steeple, smiling over the scene. Far away on the horizon stretched a line of hills; their dark blue summits hid by the clouds which wrapped them in a veil of gauze. No sound came from the valley. Occasionally the twitter of a bird would be heard through the surrounding trees, while the low tinkling of a tiny waterfall on the left, kept monotonously sounding on our ears. The morning rays of a summer's sun poured down upon the landscape, and every thing around was bright and gay, and beautiful. It was still lost in admiration at the loveliness of the scene, when the old man signified his readiness to commence the tale.

"It is now fifty years ago," he began, "since I came to this country a young frontier man, with a hardy constitution, a love of adventure, and the reputation of being the best shot on the border; the place was at that time settled principally by families from Connecticut, and even then bore marks of its present luxuriant cultivation. Many of the families were in good circumstances, others had seen better days, and altogether the society was more refined than was usual on the frontier. Among all the families, however, in the valley, none pleased me so much as that of Mr. Beverly; and of his fireside circle his second daughter, Kate was, in my eyes, the gem. How shall I describe her beauty? Lovely, without being beautiful, with a sylph-like form, a laugh as joyous as the carol of a bird, a step lighter than that of a young fawn in sportive play, a disposition so amiable as to win irresistibly the love of all who met her; Kate Beverly was scarcely seventeen, before she had a host of admirers, and might have won any youth in the valley. Why it was that she preferred me over all the rest, I cannot say; perhaps it was the conscious ownership of some mysterious sympathy linking us together, or perhaps it was that we both came from the same place in Connecticut, and had been schoolmates in childhood—so it was, however. It soon began to be known throughout the valley that before another season should elapse, Kate Beverly would become my wife."

"Oh! how happy were those days—too happy indeed, to last. I will not dwell upon them, for they fill my soul with agony. Suffice it to say, that while dreaming of bliss such as mortal never before experienced, the war of the revolution broke out—and, after a hard struggle between my passion and my duty, the latter conquered, and I joined the army. Kate did not attempt to dissuade me from the act—she rather loved me the more for it. Though her woman's nature caused her to shed tears at my departure, her reason told her it was right, and she bid me God speed."

"Heaven bless you Harry," she said, "and bring this war to a speedy conclusion! I cannot bid you stay, but I pray that the necessity of your absence may soon cease."

"Time rolled by—the American cause was still doubtful, and the war bid fair to be protracted into years. I had to be a captain in the regiment, when I received information that the Tories and Indians intended making a descent on the valley of Wyoming. I knew the unprotected situation of my adopted district, and trembled for the life of those I held most dear. At first I discredited the rumor—chance, however, threw in my way an opportunity of ascertaining the reality of the reported descent, and I became convinced that a moment was not to be lost, if I would save the lives of those I loved at home. My determination was at once taken—I solicited for leave of absence—it

was refused; I then resigned my commission, and set forth to Wyoming.

"I never shall forget my emotions when I drew near that ill-fated place; it was on the very day of the massacre—and the first intimation I had of the calamity was the mangled body of one of the inhabitants, whom I had known, floating down the stream. A cold shiver ran through every vein as I gazed on the terrible sight, and a thousand fears agitated my bosom; but my worst surmises fell far short of the truth. When, hours after, I met some of the fugitives, and they rehearsed to me that tale of horror, I stood for a moment thunder-struck, refusing to believe that beings in human form could perpetrate such deeds—but it was all too true."

"Almost my first inquiry was for Kate—no one knew, alas! what had become of her. One of those who had escaped the fight told me that her father had been killed at the beginning of the conflict—and that deprived of a protector, she had probably fallen a victim to the infuriated savages, while the other inhabitants were severely engaged in protecting themselves. How I cursed them for this selfishness! And yet could I expect other than these of human nature, that each should protect those dearest to them, even to the desertion of others?"

"But my mind was soon made up. I resolved, come what might, to ascertain clearly the fate of Kate—so that if dead, I might revenge her, and if living I might rescue her. Bidding farewell to the flying group, I shouldered my rifle, and struck out boldly into the forest, trusting to the guidance of that God who never deserts us in our extremities."

"I will not tire you by a protracted narrative: I will only say, after numerous inquiries from the fugitives I met, I learned that Kate had been last seen in the hands of a party of savages. This was sufficient for a clue—I once more began to hope—I waited until nightfall, when I sought the spot which had been described to me, as the one where Kate had been last seen—and never shall I forget my feelings of almost rapturous pleasure, when I found in the neighboring forest a fragment of her dress sticking on a bush, by which it had doubtless been torn from her in passing. I was now satisfied that Kate had been carried off captive—Fortunately, I had met in the groups of fugitives, a hunter who had been under some obligations to her family, and he was easily persuaded to join me in the search. Together we now began a pursuit of the savages. He was an adept in the forest warfare—could follow the trail as a hound the chase—knew the course which would most likely be chosen by a flying party of Indians, and whilst was one of the keenest shots that carried a rifle on the border."

"It's my opinion," said he, "that these varmints did not belong to the regular body of Indians who followed Butler, though even they were bad enough. I think, however, he wouldn't suffer a deed like this. These villains seemed to have acted on their own behalf—and if so they would fly to the back country as quick as possible. You may depend upon it we shall overtake them if we persevere that way."

"I felt the truth of these remarks, and assented to them at once. In less than a quarter of an hour after we first discovered the trail, we were in pursuit of the savages."

"Let me hasten to the close. Hour after hour all through the livelong day, we pursued the flying savages—crossing swamps, clambering over rocks, affording streams, and picking our way, until nightfall, we reached the edge of an open space, or, as it were, a meadow, shot in by gently sloping hills."

"Halt," said my companion, "we are upon them. Do you not see that thin thread of smoke curling upward over the top of yonder beech?"

"Ay, it must be them—let us on!"

"Softly, or we lose all. We know not certainly, that this is the party we seek—let us reconnoitre."

"Slowly and stealthily, trembling lest a twig should crack under our feet, we crept up towards the edge of the meadow, and peeping cautiously through the underwood, beheld the objects of our search in six tall swarthy savages, sitting smoking round the remains of a fire. At a little distance, with her hands bound and her eyes upraised to heaven, sat my own Kate. Oh, how my heart leaped at the sight. I raised my rifle convulsively and was about to fire, when my companion caught my hand and said—

"Softly or you spoil all. Let us get the varmints in a range, and we shall fire with some taste—Halt!"

"This last exclamation was occasioned by the sudden rising of one of the savages. He gazed a moment cautiously around, and then advanced towards the thicket where we lay concealed. I drew my breath in and trembled at the beating of my own heart. The savage still approached. My companion hid his hand upon my arm, and pointed my rifle to one of the Indians. I understood him. At this juncture, the advancing savage warned of our presence by the cracking of an unlucky twig between my companion's feet, sprang back with a loud yell towards the fire."

"Now," said my companion sternly, "Quick as lightning I raised my piece and fired. My companion did the same. The retreating savage fell dead upon the ground. Each of us then sprang to a tree, loading as we ran. It was well we did, for in an instant the enemy was upon us. Shall I describe that dreadful fight. My emotion forbids it. A few minutes decided it. Fighting from tree to tree—jodging, loading and reloading to get a night on a foe, we kept up a fight for nearly five minutes—at the end of which time I found myself wounded, while four or five savages lay prostrate on the ground. The other two, finding their companions dead, and despairing of being able to carry off their prisoner, suddenly rushed upon her, and before we could interpose, had seized the hapless victim. I had only been prevented, hitherto, from rescuing Kate, by the knowledge that

an attempt of the kind, while the savages were still numerically superior to us, would end in the certain death of us both; but words could not restrain me, and, clapping my rifle, for the piece was unloaded, I dashed out from my covert, shouting to my companion—

"On! on! In God's name, on!"

"Take care of the taller varmint!" thundered my companion.

"The warning came to late. In the tumult of my feelings, I had not observed that the savage farthest from me had his piece loaded, and before I could avail myself of my companion's cooler observation, I received the ball in my right arm, and my rifle dropped powerless by my side; had I not sprung involuntary aside at my companion's cry, I should have been shot through the heart."

"On! on!" I roared in agony, as I seized my tomahawk in my almost useless left hand.

"Stoop," said my companion, "stoop lower." And as I did so, his rifle cracked on the still air and the Indian fell dead.

All this did not occur an instant. I was now within a few feet of her I loved, who was struggling in the grasp of the other Indian. He had already entwined his hand in her long hair—his tomahawk was already gleaming in the setting sun. Never shall I forget the demoniac fury with which the wretch glared on his victim. A second only was left for hope. My companion was far behind, with his rifle unloaded. I made a desperate spring forward, and nudged my tomahawk at the savage's head. God of my fathers! the weapon whizzed harmlessly by the wretch, and buried itself in the trunk of a neighboring tree. I groaned aloud in agony. There was a yell of triumph on the air—a sudden flashing in the sun, like a glancing knife, and—but I cannot go on. She as I loved as my own life—she who was the purest and loveliest of her sex—she with whom I promised myself a long life of happiness—oh, me! I say it—she lay a mangled corpse at my feet! But her murderer—ay, he was cloven to the breast by a blow from his own tomahawk, which I had wrenched from him with the strength of a dozen men."

The old man ceased. Big tears rolled down his furrowed face, and his frame shook with emotion. I saw the remembrance of the past was too much for him, and I sat by his side in silence. I subsequently learned his sad tale from others, and then learned the manner in which Kate had been carried off. The old man's companion was right—she had been made a prisoner by a predatory band of Indians, who had followed Butler, and deserted him directly after the massacre. Beautiful as the Valley of Wyoming is, I never have seen it, from that day to this, without thinking of the sad fate of KATE BEVERLY.

The First Printed Book.—It is a remarkable and most interesting fact, that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied, was the production of the Holy Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years 1450, 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, and Faust, a goldsmith furnished the necessary funds. Had it been a single page or even an entire sheet which was then produced, there might have been less occasion to have noticed it; but there was something in the whole character of the affair, which if not unprecedented rendered it singular in the usual current of human events. This Bible was in two folio volumes which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the lustre of the ink. The work contained twelve hundred and sixty-two pages, and being the first ever printed, of course involved a long period of time, and an immense amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labor; and yet, for a long time after it had been finished, and offered for sale, not a single human being saw the artists themselves knew how it had been accomplished.

Of the first printed Bible, eighteen copies are now known to be in existence, four of which are vellum. Two of these are in England, one being in the Grenville collection. One is in the Royal Library of Berlin, and one in the Royal Library of Paris.—Of the fourteen remaining copies, ten are in England—there being a copy in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh and London, and seven in the collections of different noblemen. The vellum copy has been sold as high as \$1800.

Thus, as if to mark the noblest purpose to which the art would ever be applied, the first book printed with moveable metal types was the Bible.—New York Sun.

INSANE WIFE.—An insane woman, in one of our hospitals, became so unruly the other day, that it was necessary to confine her in a room by herself. This was more easily said than done, however. It was not until she had mastered several of the attendants, that she was forcibly lifted up and carried by four of them toward the room. Finding herself overpowered, her whole demeanor instantly changed, and with a look of comic resignation she said—"Well, I'm better off than my master was. He was carried by one ass, but I'm carried by four."

GENIUS.—They say of poets, that they must be bone and sin; so must mathematicians, so must great generals, and so must lawyers, and they should expect; but with whatever faculties we are born, and to whatever studies our genius may direct us, studies they still must be. Nature gives a bias to several pursuits; and this, though propensities is what we mean by genius. Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost," nor Homer his "Iliad," nor Newton his "Principia," without immense labor.

IN THE ISLAND OF GOA, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable, called "the sorrowful tree," which it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night during the whole year.

## THE PEARL-DIVERS.

A TALE OF MEXICO.

At the commencement of the last year's fishery, there was a man whom, go wherever I would, I was always sure to meet. Like myself, he was a diver, and like myself, moreover, he pretended to have no surname, but went simply by the name of Rafael. At the cleansing trough, beneath the surface of the sea, no matter where it was, we were always thrown together, so that we quickly became intimate; and his remarkable skill as a diver had inspired me with considerable esteem for him.—Alike courageous as skillful, he snatched his fingers at the sharks, declaring his power to intimidate them by a particular expression of the eyes. In fine, he was a fearless diver, an industrious workman, and, above all, a most jovial comrade.

Matters went smoothly enough between us, till the day when his girl and her mother took up their abode at the island Espiritu Santo. Some business that I had to transact with the dealers in this island afforded me an opportunity of seeing her. I fell desperately in love; and as I enjoyed a certain amount of reputation, neither she nor her mother looked with an unfavorable eye on my suit or my presents. When my day's work was over, and everybody supposed me asleep in my hut, I swam across to the island, whence I returned about an hour after midnight without my absence being at all surmised.

Some days had elapsed since my first nocturnal visit to Espiritu Santo, when, as I was one morning going to the fishery just before daybreak, I met one of those old crones who pretend to be able to charm the sharks by their spells. She was seated near my hut, and appeared to be watching my arrival. As she perceived me, she exclaimed:

"How fares it with my son, Jose Juan?"

"Good morning, mother!" I replied, and was passing on, when she approached me, and said, "Listen to me, Jose Juan; I have to speak to you of that which nearly concerns you."

"Nearly concerns me?" I repeated, in great surprise.

"Yes. Do you deny that your heart is in the Island of Espiritu Santo, and that you cross the strait every night to see and converse with her on whom you have bestowed your love?"

"How know you that?"

"No matter; I know it well, Jose Juan, for you this voyage is fraught with a two-fold peril. The fees which my charms can hold harmless during the day, only lie in wait for you each night beneath the waves. On the shore, foes more dangerous still, and over whom my arts are powerless, dog your steps. I come to offer you my aid to combat these double dangers."

My only answer was by a loud laugh of contempt. The old Indian's eyes sparkled with fiendish fury as she exclaimed:

"And because you are without faith, you deem me without power? Be it so; there are those who believe in the influence you but scoff at."

As she spoke, she drew from her pocket a little case of printed cloth, and producing amid pearls of inferior value, one of a very large size and brilliant water, she replied:

"Know you aught of this?"

It was one that had given to Jesuita; for such was the girl's name.

"How came you by it?" cried I.

"The witch gave me a look of hatred."

"How came by it? Why, I was given me by a damsel, the fairest that ever set foot on these shores; a damsel who would be the glory and happiness of a young man, and who came to cheer my protection—that protection you hold so cheap—for one she fondly loves?"

"His name?" I exclaimed, with fearful sinking at my heart.

"What matters it?" jeeringly returned the hag, "since his name is not the one you bear?"

I hardly know how I resisted the impulse to crush the cursed witch beneath my feet; but after a moment's reflection, I turned my back to her, that she might not read in my face the anguish of my soul, and coolly saying, "You are a lying old dotard!" I walked on to the fishery.

On the evening of that day, which seemed as if it would never close, I went as usual, to Jesuita, and the welcome she gave me soon dispelled all lurking suspicions. I felt no doubt but that the old woman, in resentment of my contemptuous remark, had purposely deceived me as to the name of him for whom Jesuita had veiled that protection which I had despised.

I had utterly forgotten my scene with the witch, when one night, I was as usual crossing the strait on my return home. The sky was dark and lowering, yet not so gloomy but that I could distinguish amid the waves something which, in its manner of swimming, I could make out to be a man. The object was along side of me. The old crone's words rushed upon my memory, and I felt a thrill of agony convulse my frame. For an enemy I cared but little; the idea that I had a rival unperceived me at once.

I determined to ascertain who the unknown might be; and, not wishing to be seen, I swam under water in his direction. When, according to my calculation, we must have crossed each other, he above and I below the surface, I rose above the water. The blood had rushed to my head with such violence as to render me unable for some time to distinguish aright amidst the darkness, beyond the phosphorescent light that played upon the crest of the waves—herring signs of a coming storm.—Nevertheless, I held on my course in the direction of Espiritu Santo. Some few minutes elapsed ere I again beheld the swimmer's head. He clove the waves with such rapidity that I could hardly keep pace with him. But one alone among all I knew could vie with me in swiftness; I recognized my efforts, and soon gained so much on him as obliged me to strike less quickly. In short, I saw him land up on a rock and ascend it; and as a flash of lightning played upon sea and shore I recognized the face of Rafael. Here, as elsewhere, were we do-

ed to cross each other's path. A feeling of hatred, deadly and intense, was busy at my heart, and me thought it were well we met but once again. However, we were destined to meet on one more occasion than I had reckoned upon.

At first I determined upon calling him by name and discovering my presence; but there are moments in one's life when our cautious nature to second the will. Spite of myself, I suffered him to pursue his way, whilst I gained the entrance he had just quitted. Thence it was easy for me to watch his course. I observed him take the same direction I was wont to take, then knock at the door of that hut I knew so well. He entered, and disappeared.

I fancied, for a moment, I heard, borne along the howling of the gale, the old witch's scoffing laugh as she croaked out, "What matters it to you, since his name is not the one you bear?" and, looming amid the darkness, methought I saw her shriveled arm stretched out in the direction of Jesuita's dwelling; and I rushed forward knife in hand. A few strides, and I stood before the door, and stooped down to listen; but I heard naught beyond indistinct murmurs. I had now partially recovered my sang froid, and bent my whole thoughts upon revenge.

I drew my knife, and passed it along a stone to assure its edge; but I did so with such carelessness or agitation that it shivered to the hilt. Thus deprived of the sole weapon that I could rely upon for my revenge, I felt that I had not an instant to lose. I ran in all haste to the beach, and unmoored a boat that lay alongside. My rage renewed my energies; I crossed the strait, rushed to my hut, procured another knife, and again set out to Espiritu Santo. The gale increased in violence—the sea gleamed like a fiery lake. The gaviota's (seaweed) wailing cry re-echoed along the rocks; the sea-wolf's howl was heard amid the darkness. All at once sounds of another kind broke upon my ear; they seemed to proceed from the very bosom of the ocean. I listened; but a sudden squall overpowered the confused murmurs of the waves, and I fancied my senses had deceived me, when, some seconds afterwards, the cry was repeated.—This time I was not mistaken; the cry I heard was that of a human being in the very extremity of anguish and despair. As the voice proceeded from the direction of the island, I at once conjectured it was Rafael who was calling for help. I looked out, but looked in vain; the obscurity was too thick, and I could distinguish nothing. Suddenly, I again heard the voice exclaim:

"Boat ahoy, for God's blessed sake!"

It was Rafael's voice. 'Tis all very well to have sworn to do your enemy to death, to wreak your just revenge on him who has so bitterly aggrieved you; yet when, on a night murky and dark as that, his tones arise forth from a sea swarming with monsters, and when those tones are uttered by a fearless man, and albeit, wrestling in mortal peril, there is in that cry of anguish somewhat that strikes awe to the very soul. I could not repress a shudder.

But my emotion was of short duration. I heard the bounds of a strong arm buffeting the waves, and I rowed in that direction. Amidst a luminous shower of spray and foam I discovered Rafael—singular enough, instead of awaiting himself of his strength to gain the boat, he remained stationary—I quickly perceived the cause. At some distance from him, a little below the surface of the water, there was a strong phosphoric light; this light was slowly making way towards Rafael. Right well I knew what that light portended; it streamed from a lintorena (a species of shark most especially dreaded by divers for pearls, whose untirepidity is such that they fearlessly attack all other species) of the largest size. One stroke of the oar, and I was close to Rafael; he uttered a cry as he perceived me, but was too much exhausted to speak. He seized the gannets of the boat by an effort of despair, but his arms too weakly to enable him to raise his body. His eyes, though glazed with fear, yet bore so expressive a glance as they encountered mine, that I seized his hands in my own, and pressed them forcibly against the sides of the boat. The lintorena still gradually advanced. For a moment, but one brief moment, Rafael's legs bled motionless; he uttered a piercing shriek, his eyes closed, his hands fell loose their hold, and the upper part of his body fell back into the sea. The shark had bitten him in two.

Ah! I might, perchance, have grasped his limbs too firmly in mine, possibly I prevented him from getting into the boat, but my knife was innocent of his blood; besides, was he not my rival—perchance my successful rival? However, severely had he disappeared, had I plunged after him; for although the lintorena had bitten him of a hated foe, still I bore it as a grudge for his brutal proceedings; in thus summarily disposing of poor Rafael. Besides, the honor of the corporation of divers was at stake.—Having once tasted human flesh, the shark would doubtless attack me in turn. Well, nothing so much excites the ferocity of the lintorena, as such tempestuous nights as the one that bore its silent testimony to my rival's fate. A viscous substance oozes from porous holes around the swimmer's mouth diffuses itself over the surface of the skin, rendering them as luminous as fire-flies, and this particularly during a thunder-storm. This luminous appearance is the more visible in proportion to the darkness of the night. By a merciful dispensation of nature, they are almost unable to see; so that the silent swimmer has at least one advantage over them. Moreover they cannot seize their prey without turning on their backs; so that it is not difficult to imagine that a courageous man and a skillful swimmer has some chances in his favor.

I dived to great depths, in order to husband my wind, and also to cast a hasty glance above, beneath, and around me. The waves roared above my head, loud as a crash of thunder; fiery flashes of water drove around like dust before the wind, on March; but in my immediate vicinity all was calm. A black and shapeless mass struck against the face of Rafael. Here, as elsewhere, were we do-

that was left of Rafael. Surely it was written in the book of doom, that I should always find that man in my path.

I turned, and the brute I was in quest of would be at no great distance, for the fiery streak I had perceived waxed larger and larger. The lintorena and myself met, I inferred, to equal depths; but the shark was preparing to rise. My breath began to fail, and I was unwilling to allow the monster to get above me, as then he could have made me share Rafael's fate without troubling himself to turn on his back. My hopes of obtaining the victory over it depended upon the time it required to execute this manœuvre. The lintorena swam diagonally towards me with such rapidity that at one time I was near enough to distinguish the membrane that half covered its eyes, and to feel its fleshy fins graze my body. Gobbets of human flesh still clung around the lower jaw. The monster gazed on me with its dim, glassy eye. My head had at that moment attained the level of its own.—I drank in the air with a gurgle I could not suppress, and struck out a lusty stroke in a parallel direction and turned round; well for me I did so. The moon lighted up for a single instant the whitish-gray colored belly of the lintorena—that instant was enough; for, as it opened its enormous mouth, bristling with its double row of long pointed teeth, I plunged the dagger I had reserved for Rafael into its body, and drew it lengthwise forth. The lintorena, mortally wounded, sprung several feet out of the water, and fell striking out furiously with its tail, which fortunately did not reach me. For a space I struggled, half blinded by the crimson foam that beat against my face; but as I beheld the huge carcass of the enemy floating a lifeless mass upon the surface, I gave vent to a triumphant shout, which, spite of the storm, might be heard on either coast.

Daylight began to dawn as I gained the shore, in a state of utter exhaustion from the exertion I had undergone. The fishermen were raising their nets, and, as I arrived, the tide washed upon the coast the lintorena and Rafael's ghastly remains. It was soon spread abroad that I had endeavored to rescue my friend from this horrible fate, and my heroic conduct was lauded to the echo. But one person, and one alone suspected the truth—that person is now my wife.

ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE—"BROTHER JONATHAN"—Gen Washington, placed great confidence in the good sense and patriotism of Jonathan Trumbull, who at an early period of the American revolution, was governor of the State of Connecticut. His character in emergency, when a measure of great importance was under discussion, Washington remarked: "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The result of that consultation was favorable, and words, of the commander-in-chief passed into a common phrase, applied indiscriminately by officers and men in all cases of difficulty which afterwards occurred during the war. Thus from the constant use of the expression, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," which soon passed from the army to the people at large, the Americans received from the English that appellation which has stuck as closely as their "John Bull" to them.

DRINK TO SELF.—The pious Mr. Berridge says, in a letter to Mrs. Wilberforce, when she was in a dying circumstance—"Live as dear to Jesus as you possibly can, but die, die to Jesus. 'Tis a daily work—'tis a hard work. I find myself to be like an insupportable mountain, or a perpendicular rock that must be overcome! I have not got over it, nor half way over! Sell is like a mountain; Jesus is a sun that shines on the other side of the mountain; and now and then a sunbeam shines over the top; we get a glimpse, a sort of twilight apprehension of the brightness of the sun; but self must be more subdued in me before I can bask in the sunbeams of the ever blessed Jesus, or say in everything, "Thy will be done."

AS THE WIND which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and had been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy place has been crested by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its rattling tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recess of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and baring up the broken heart.

PRAYER RECORDED TO GOD'S WILL.—How does your faithship," said the famous Lord Bolingbroke to Lady Huntington, "resemble prayer to God for particular blessings, which absolute resignation to the Divine Will?"

"Very easily," answered she; "just as if I was to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I have the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, 'I wish you to bestow on me such a favor,' but your majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire—I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition and leave the event entirely to you."

THE DARKEST HOUR OF ALL.—An old "Revolutioner," who had been through all of the hardest fights of the war of '76, once said that the darkest and most solemn hour of all to him, was that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally that there was no earthly use in coming back any more.

LETTERS OUT A GRANDMOTHER.—"What are you about, dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along the roof and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit.

"I am trying, grandmother, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting the man see it," said he, pointing to the gentleman, "for papa wants him to think he's out."