

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Monday Morning, August 13, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

From the *London Leader*.
THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

A life once could only show
The signs of noble birth,
But now of rank were years ago
The signs of the earth.
The great ones of the world
The crowd should shrink,
But she the poor should think,
And regret to keep them down.
These were the days when books were things
The "People" could not touch;
Made for the use of lords and kings,
And meant for such.
To read the costly gem—
To read the costly gem—
Was then a grand thing.
Time was when to read and write
Were thought a wondrous deal,
For those who were with the morning light
To read the costly gem—
To read the costly gem—
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THE MONOMANIAC.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

I was arrested in London in 1831, I took lodgings at No. 10, Mile-End Road, not far from the Whitechapel. My landlady to do so was very cheap and neatness of the accommodation, and particularly the landlady's maternal uncle, Mr. Oxley, was slightly known to me. My landlady knew by reputation only, but she had a slight knowledge and slight regard. I had had a logical event had had a deep shadow over his life; that he had been for some months the inmate of a private lunatic asylum, and that some persons believed his brain never thoroughly recovered its originally healthy action. In his opinion both my wife and myself were soon cured; and yet I am not sure we could have given a satisfactory reason for our recovery. He was, it is true, usually kind and gentle, even to the verge of simplicity, but his general mode of expressing himself, and conducting his business, was queer and sensible; although, in spite of his resigned cheerfulness of tone and manner, as at times quite evident that whatever mental he had received, it had left a rank, pre-occupied portrait in his sitting room suggested the nature of the calamity which had befallen him. It was that of a fair, mil-lim-eyed woman, but of a pensive, almost mournful expression, as if she were coming, and I saw that she was never right hand corner of the portrait. It was already during life and health, cast in a shadow over her. That brief record of Laura Hargreave, born 1804; drowned in the North Sea on the 15th of May, 1830; and whose name, in my hearing, although, for being the daughter of Yorkshire scenes and times had become excellent friends. Still, there was something from time to time, significant in her conduct, that it would place in evidence, that she had never had been wholly quenched, and that she had concealed it from the "careless" casual observer. Exciting circumstances, which after my arrival in the metropolis, they kindled those brief wild sparkles into a bonfire and consuming flame.
Mrs. Oxley was in fair circumstances—that is to say, she was derived from funded property alone, and had some £300 a year; but her habits were close and frugal. His personal appearance was not very gentlemanly, but he kept no servant, and he came once a day to arrange his household to perform other household work, and he was very simple, at a coffee-house or otherwise. He was, with the exception of a sitting room, was occupied by lodgers. Amongst them was a pair, weakly-looking young man of middle years, who was suffering from pulmonary consumption—a disease induced, I was informed, by his careless folly in remaining in his study at night at a large fire at a coach-factory, and in using gold and silver lace-work—Gullion and "son"; and as he had a good command of several western establishments, his case appeared to be a thriving one—so much so, that he employed several assistants of both sexes. He occupied the first floor, and a workshop in the garden. His wife, a pretty-looking woman, of about twenty or thirty years of age, was the daughter of a schoolmaster, and certainly had been carefully and carefully nurtured. They had one child, a sprightly, curly haired, bright-eyed

boy, nearly four years old. The wife, Ellen Irwin, was reputed to be a first rate hand at some of the lighter parts of her husband's business; and her efforts to lighten his toil, and compensate by increased exertion for his daily diminishing capacity for labor, were unwearied and incessant. Never have I seen a more gentle, thoughtful tenderness than was displayed by that young wife towards her suffering, and sometimes not quite evenly-tempered partner, who, however, let me add, appeared to reciprocate truthfully her affection—all the more so, perhaps, that he knew their time together upon earth was already shrunk to a brief span. In my opinion, Ellen Irwin was a handsome, even an elegant young person; this, however, is in some degree a matter of taste. But no one could deny that gentle kindness, the beaming compassion, that irradiated her features as she tended the sickening invalid, rendered her at such times absolutely beautiful—angels, to use an expression of my wife's, with whom she was a prime favorite. I was self-debating for about the twentieth time one evening where it was I had formerly seen her, with that said mournful look of hers; for seen her I was sure I had, and not long since either. It was late; I had just returned home; my wife was in the sick-room, and I had entered it with two or three oranges. "Oh, now I remember," I suddenly exclaimed, just above my breath; "the picture in Mr. Renshaw's room! What a remarkable coincidence!"

A low, chuckling laugh, close at my elbow, caused me to turn quickly towards the door. Just within the threshold stood Mr. Renshaw, looking like a white-stone-image rather than a living man, but for the fierce sparkling of his strangely gleaming eyes, and the mocking, triumphant curl of his lips. "You, too, have at last observed it, then?" he muttered, faintly echoing the under-tone in which I spoke: "I have known the truth for many weeks. The manner, the expression, not the words quite started me. At the same moment, a cry of women rang through the room, and I immediately seized Mr. Renshaw by the arm, and drew him forcibly away, for there was that in his countenance which should not meet the eyes of a dying man."
"What were you saying? What truth have you known for weeks?" I asked, as soon as we had reached his sitting room.
Before he could answer, another wailing sound ascended from the sick-room. Lightning leaped from Renshaw's lustrous, dilated eyes, and his exulting laugh again, but louder, burst from his lips: "Ha! ha! he is Death's!—Death's! I know that cry! It is Death's!—Death's! Tricentennial Death, whom I have so often ignorantly cursed! But that," he added quickly and peering sharply in my face, "was when, as you know, people said—and he ground his teeth with rage—"people said I was crazed—mad!"
"What can you mean by this wild talk, my dear friend?" I replied in an unconcerned and quieting tone as I would immediately assume. "Come, sit down: I was asking the meaning of your strange words below, just now."
"The meaning of my words? You know as well as I do. Look there!"
"At the painting? Well?"
"You have seen the original," he went on with the same excited tone and gestures. "It crossed me like a flash of lightning. Still, it is strange she does not know me. It is sure she does not!—But I am changed, no doubt—sally changed!" he added, dejectedly, as he looked in the mirror.
"Can you mean that I have seen Laura Hargreave here?" I stammered, though bewildered—she who was drowned ten or eleven years ago.
"To be sure—to be sure! It was so believed I admit, by everybody by myself, and the belief drove me mad! And yet I now remember, when at times I was calm—When the pale face blind staring eyes; and dripping hair, ceased for awhile to pursue and haunt me, the low, sweet voice and gentle face came back, and I knew she lived, though all denied it. But look, it is her very image!" he added fiercely, his glaring eyes flashing from the portrait to my face alternately.
"Whose image?"
"Whose image? Why, Mrs. Irwin's, to be sure. You yourself admitted it now."
I was so confounded, that for several minutes I remained stupidly and silently staring at the man. At length I said: "Well, there is a likeness, though not so great as I imagined."
"It is false!" he broke in furiously. "It is her very self!"
"Well! I'll talk of that to-morrow. You are ill, over-excited, and must go to bed. I hear Dr. Garland's voice below; he shall come to you."
"No—no—no! he shall not!" he screamed. "Send me no doctors—I hate doctors! But I'll go to bed—since—since you wish it. But no doctors—no for the world!" As he spoke he shrank coweringly backwards out of the room, his wavering, quiet eyes fixed upon mine as long as we remained within view of each other. A moment afterwards I heard him dart into his chamber, and both of us double lock the door.

It was plain that lunacy, but partially subdued, had resumed its former mastery over the unfortunate gentleman. But what an extraordinary delusion! I took a candle, and examined the picture with renewed curiosity. It certainly bore a strong resemblance to Mrs. Irwin: the brown curling hair, the pensive eyes, the pale fairness of complexion, were the same; but it was scarcely more girlish, more youthful, than the young woman was now, and the original, had she lived, would have been by this time approaching to thirty years of age. I went softly down stairs, and found, as I feared, that George Irwin was gone. My wife came weeping out of the death chamber, accompanied by Dr. Garland, to whom I forthwith related what had just taken place. He listened with attention and interest; and after some sage observations upon the strange fancies which now then took possession of the minds of monomaniacs, agreed to see Mr. Renshaw at ten the next morning. I was not required upon duty till eleven; and if it were

in the physician's opinion desirable, I was to write at once to the patient's uncle, Mr. Oxley.
Mr. Renshaw was, I heard, stirring before seven o'clock, and the charwoman informed me that he had taken his breakfast as usual and appeared to be in cheerful, almost high spirits. The physician was punctual. I tapped at the sitting-room door, and was desired to come in. Mr. Renshaw was seated at a table with some papers before him evidently determined to feel cool and indifferent. He could not, however, repress a start of surprise, almost of terror, at the sight of the physician, and a paleness, followed by a hectic flush, passed quickly over his countenance. I observed, too, that the portrait was turned with its face towards the wall.
By a strong effort, Mr. Renshaw regained his usual composure, and in reply to Dr. Garland's professional inquiry, as to the state of his health, said with a forced laugh: "My friend Waters has, I suppose, been amusing you with the absurd story that made him stare so last night. It is exceedingly droll, I must say, although many persons, otherwise acute enough, cannot, except upon reflection, comprehend a jest. There was John Kemble the tragedian for instance who—"
"Never mind John Kemble, my dear sir," interrupted Dr. Garland. "Do, pray, tell us the story over again. I love an amusing jest."
Mr. Renshaw hesitated for an instant, and then said with reserve, almost of dignity and manner: "I do not know sir—his face, by the way, was determinedly averted from the cool, searching gaze of the physician—"I do not know, sir, that I am obliged to find you in amusement; and as your presence here was not invited I shall be obliged by your leaving the room as quickly as may be."
"Certainly—certainly, sir. I am exceedingly sorry to have intruded—but I am sure you will permit me to have a peep at this wonderful portrait."
Renshaw sprang impulsively forward to prevent the doctor reaching it. He was too late; and Dr. Garland turning sharply round with the painting in his hand, literally transfixed him in an attitude of surprise and consternation. Like the Ancient Mariner, he held him by his glittering eye, but the spell was not an enduring one. "Truly," remarked Dr. Garland, as he found the kind of mesmeric influence he had exerted beginning to fail, "not so very bad a chance resemblance, especially about the eyes and mouth!"
"This is very extraordinary conduct, broke in Mr. Renshaw, and I must again request that you will both leave the room."
It was useless to persist, and we almost immediately went away. "Your impression, Mr. Waters," said the physician, as he was leaving the house, "is, I dare say, the true one; but he is on his guard, and it will be prudent to wait for a fresh outbreak before acting decisively—more especially as the hallucination appears to be quite a harmless one."
This was not, I thought, quite so sure, but of course I acquiesced, as in duty bound; and matters went on pretty much as usual for seven or eight weeks, except that Mr. Renshaw manifested much aversion towards myself personally, and at last served me with a written notice to quit at the end of the term previously stipulated for. There was still some time to that; and in the meanwhile, I caused a strict watch to be set, as far as was practicable, without exciting observation, upon our landlady's words and acts.

Next Irwin's first tumult of grief subsided, the next and pressing question related to her own and infant's subsistence. An elderly man, of the name of Tomlinson, was engaged as foreman; and it was hoped that the business might still be carried on with sufficient profit. Mr. Renshaw's manner, though at times indicative of considerable nervous irritability, was kind and respectful to the young widow; and I began to hope that the delusion he had for awhile labored under had finally passed away.
The hope was a fallacious one. We were sitting at tea on a Sunday evening, when Mrs. Irwin, pale and trembling with fright and nervous agitation came hastily in with her little boy in her hand. I correctly divined what had occurred. In reply to my hurried questioning, the astonished young man told me, in substance, that within the last two or three days Mr. Renshaw's strange behavior and disjointed talk had both bewildered and alarmed her. He vaguely intimated that she, Ellen Irwin, was really Laura somebody else—that she had kept company with him, Mr. Renshaw, in Yorkshire, before she knew poor George—with many other strange things he muttered rather than spoke out; and especially that it was owing to her son reminding her continually of his father, that she pretended not to have known Mr. Renshaw twelve or thirteen years ago. "In short," added the young woman, with tears and blushes, "he is utterly crazed, for he asked me just now to marry him—which I would not do for the Indies—and is gone away in a passion to find a paper that will prove, he says, that I am that other Laura something."
There was something so ludicrous in all this, however vexatious and insulting under the circumstances—the recent death of the husband, and the young widow's unprotected state—that neither of us could forbear laughing at the conclusion of Mrs. Irwin's story. It struck me, too, that Renshaw had conceived a real and ardent passion for the very comely and interesting person before us—first prompted, no doubt, by her accidental likeness to the portrait; and that some mental flaw or other caused him to confound her with the Laura who had in early life excited the same emotion in his mind.

Laughable as the matter was in one sense, there was—and the fair widow had noticed it, as well as myself—a serious, menacing expression in the man's eye not to be trifled with; and at her earnest request we accompanied her to her own apartment, to which Renshaw threatened soon to return. We had not been a minute in the room when his hurried steps were heard approaching, and Mrs. Wa-

ters and I stepped hastily into an adjoining closet, where we could hear and peep see all that passed. Renshaw's speech trembled with fervency and anger as he broke at once into the subject with which his disordered brain was teeming.
"You will not dare to say will you that you do not remember this song—these pencil marks in the margin were not made by you thirteen years ago?" he menacingly ejaculated.
"I know nothing about the song, Mr. Renshaw," rejoined the young woman, with more spirit than she might have exhibited but for my presence.
"It is really such nonsense. Thirteen years ago I was only about nine years of age."
"You persist, then, unfeeling woman, in this cruel deception! After all, too, that I have suffered, the days of gloom, the nights of horror, since that fearful moment when I beheld you dragged, a lifeless corpse from the water, and they told me you were dead!"
"Dead! Gracious goodness, Mr. Renshaw, don't go on in this shocking way! I was never dragged out of a pond, nor supposed to be dead—never! You quite frighten me."
"Then you are I, your sister, and that thrice-accused Bedford, did not, on the 7th of August, 1821, go for a sail on the piece of water at Lowfield, and the skiff was not, in the deadly, sudden, jealous strife between him and me, accidentally upset? But I know how it is; it is this plot, and the memories he recalls, that—"
"Mrs. Irwin screamed, and I stepped sharply into the room. The grasp of the lunatic was on the child's throat. I loosed it somewhat roughly, throwing him off with a force that brought him to the ground. He rose quickly, glared at me with a tiger-like ferocity, and then darted out of the room. The affair had become serious, and the same night I posted a letter to Yorkshire, informing Mr. Oxley of what had occurred, and suggesting the propriety of his immediately coming to London. Measures were also taken for securing Mrs. Irwin and her son from molestation.
But the cunning of lunacy is not easily baffled. On returning home the fourth evening after the despatch of my letter, I found the house and immediate neighborhood in the wildest confusion. My own wife was in hysterics. Mr. Irwin, I was told by half-a-dozen tongues at once, was dying; and the frightful cause of all was, that little George Irwin, a favorite with everybody, had in some unaccountable manner fallen into the river Lea, and been drowned. This, at least, was the general conviction, although the river had been dragged to no purpose—the poor child's black beaver hat and feather having been discovered floated to the bank, a considerable way down the stream. The body, it was thought had been carried out into the Thames by the force of the current.
A terrible suspicion glanced across my mind. "Where is Mr. Renshaw?" I asked. Nobody knew. He had not been seen since five o'clock—about the time, I soon ascertained, that the child was missed. I had the house cleared, as quickly as possible, of the numerous gossips that crowded it, and then sought a conference with Dr. Garland, who was with Mrs. Irwin. The distracted mother, I found, was profoundly bled and cupped, and it was hoped that brain fever which had been apprehended, would not ensue. The physician's suspicions pointed the same way as mine; but he declined committing himself to any advice, and I was left to act according to my own discretion. I was new to such matters at that time—unfortunately so, as it proved, or the affair might have had a less painful issue.
Tomlinson and I remained up, waiting for the return of Mr. Renshaw; and as the long, slow hours limped past, the night silence only broken by the dull moaning and occasional spasmodic screams of the poor Mrs. Irwin, I grew very much excited. The prolonged absence of Mr. Renshaw confirmed my impressions of his guilt, and I determined to tax him with it, and take him into custody the instant he appeared. It was two in the morning before he did so; and the nervous trembling, for full ten minutes, with his latch-key, before he could open the door, quite prepared me for the spectral like aspect he presented on entering. He had met somebody, it afterwards appeared, outside, who had assured him that the mother of the child was either dead or dying. He never drank, I knew, but he staggered, as if intoxicated; and after he had with difficulty reached the head of the stairs, in my reply to my question as to where he had been, he could only stammer with white trembling lips:
"It—cannot be—true—that—Laura—that—Mrs. Irwin—is—dying?"
"Quite true, Mr. Renshaw," I very imprudently replied, and in much too loud a tone, for we were but a few paces from Mrs. Irwin's bedroom door. "And if, as I suspect, the child had been drowned by you, you will have before long two murderers on your head!"

A choking, bubbling noise came from the wretched man's throat, and his shaking fingers vainly strove to loosen his neck-tie. At the same moment I heard a noise, as of struggling, in the bedroom, and the nurse's voice in eager remonstrance. I instantly made a movement towards Mr. Renshaw, with a view to loosen his cravat—his features being frightfully convulsed, and to get him out of the way as quickly as possible, for I guessed what was about to happen—when he mistaking my intention, started back, turned half round, and found himself confronted by Mrs. Irwin, her pale features and white night dress dabbled with blood, in consequence of a partial disturbance of the bandages in struggling with the nurse—a terrifying, ghastly sight even to me; to him utterly overwhelming, and scarcely needing her frenzied execrations on all the murderer of her child to deprive him utterly of all remaining sense and strength. He suddenly reeled, threw his arms wildly in the air, and before I could stretch forth my hand to save him, he heavily backwards from the edge of the stair where he was standing to the bottom. Tomlinson and I hastened to his assistance, lifted him up, and as we did so a jet of blood gushed from his mouth.

He had otherwise received a terrible wound near the right temple, from which the life-stream issued copiously.
"We got him to bed," Dr. Garland and a neighboring surgeon were soon with us, and prompt remedies were applied. It was a fruitless labor. Day had scarcely dawned before we heard from the physician's lips that life with him was swiftly ebbing to its close. He was perfectly conscious and collected. Happily there was no stain of murder on his soul; he had merely enticed the child away, and placed him, under an ingenious pretence, with an acquaintance at Camden-Town; and by this time both he and his mother were standing, awe struck and weeping, by Henry Renshaw's death-bed—He had thrown the child's hat into the river, and his motives in thus acting appeared to have been a double one. In the first place, because he thought the boy's likeness to his father was the chief obstacle to Mrs. Irwin's toleration of his addresses; and next, to bribe her into compliance by a promise to restore her son. But he could not be deemed accountable for his actions. "I think," he murmured brokenly, "that the delusion was partly self-cherished, or of the Evil One. I observed the likeness long before, but it was not till—the husband was dying, the idea fastened itself upon my aching brain, and grew there. But the world is passing; forgive me—Ellen—Laura—"
He was dead!

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—A dandified looking chap, who was waiting for the mail to arrive at the post-office, took his seat in a chair and stuck his feet on the window sill. Presently Patrick came from Squire Lewis's letters. Pat chewed tobacco; and as he too had to wait, he began spitting his juice round the floor.
"I say, you fellow," said the dandy, "ah—ah—what the—! makes you spit so, eh?"
"Tobacco, yer honor," said Pat, with a merry twinkle in the corner of his eye.
"Ah, possibly," said the dandy, in a rather drawing manner; "but don't you see you have made the place into a regular hog-pen?"
Patrick turned round, and looking the dandy directly in the face, replied—
"Be my soul, yer honor, if it is a hog-pen yer making yourself at home, any way!"
The effect was startling upon the dandy. He bounded from his chair, and throwing a furious look at the grinning Irishman, he strode out of the room, muttering as he went, that "the vulgarity of these dem fawneigners was quite preposterous."
—Curlet Bar.

AN ANECDOTE AND A GOOD ONE.—We find in the "Courts of Europe at the close of the last Century," by Henry Swinburne, just published in London, the following illustration of American manners: "An English officer, Col A—, was traveling in a stage coach to New York, and was extremely annoyed by a free and enlightened citizen's perpetual spitting across him, out of the window. He bore it patiently for some time, till at last he ventured to remonstrate, when the other said, 'Why, Colonel, I estimate your're poking fun at me—that I do. Now, I'm not going to chaw my own spit-water, nor for no man; besides, you need not look so thundering big. Why, I've practiced all my life, and could spit through the eye of a needle without touching the steel—let alone such a gross salva box as that there wid'ow!"
Col. A—remained tranquil for some time; at last his anger got up, and he spat bang in his companion's face, exclaiming—
"I beg you a thousand pardons, squire, but I've not practiced as much as you have. No doubt by the time we reach New York, I shall be as great a dabster as you are."
The other rubbed his eye, and remained bouche clos.

THE STARS.—The unusual spectacle is now presented of all the visible Planets being above the horizon early in the night; and they are so distributed as to mark the line of the Equator, or the plane of their own and the Earth's orbits, with distinctness. With Venus in the West, said to be more brilliant at present than at any time within the last ten years; and Jupiter with the usual splendor in the East, with the "letter lights" Mars and Saturn between them, the arrangement of the planetary orbs affords an interesting view to all who take pleasure in such contemplations. Mars now appears much reduced in size and brilliancy, on account of the relative position of himself and the Earth in their respective orbits, but still retains his ruddy glow. The pale white light of Saturn makes him appear like a star of the second magnitude. These, with the fine constellations of the Scorpion, Lynx, and the Great Bear, all visible at present, make the contemplation of the "starry heavens" interesting and instructive.
EXCESSIVE MODESTY.—D'Israeli tells us of a man of letters, of England, who had passed his life in constant study; and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest friends would not permit him to expose to the eyes of his critical brethren. He promised to leave his labors to posterity; and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that "they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death, his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favorite and mysterious labors, he pined; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying. Suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burnt his papers, and smiled at the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted his remaining strength, and he soon after expired. Chambers' Journal.

CHARGING A SQUIRE.
In speaking with a friend the other day about the late Col. Dakin, he related a little anecdote which is so characteristic of the man that we cannot refrain from repeating it, though we think something of the same kind was told by one of our correspondents during the Mexican war.
The Colonel commanded one of the six regiments of volunteers which were raised in this State, after the battle of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and which joined Gen. Taylor's army speedily.—The Colonel was an old disciplinarian, very strict and capable, and in a short time his regiment excited the admiration of veteran regular officers, by the ease and precision with which it drilled and manoeuvred.
One morning the regiment were drawn up and the men were standing at ease, after a variety of marches and charges and evolutions when the Colonel took it into his head to put their discipline to a strong test. The regiment was thrown into a square to receive cavalry. The commander rode off a few hundred yards, and then wheeling his horse, came down sword in hand, at a fierce gallop straight at his men. He and his steel formed an imposing object, for he was a big man, and his steed was a big horse, and neither appeared to fear the glittering and brilliant array of bayonets against which they were rushing. The men stood the charge very well until the horse and his rider were within a few feet; then they broke right and left in confusion, and opened a broad passage for the "cavalry" into their ranks.
Of course the Col. was wroth, and the way the men and officers caught it, for a few moments, was by no means agreeable to their feelings. "You form a square! You repel cavalry! Why would you have done if a thousand dragoons had charged on you as I did?"
"Well, just try us again, Col. and see if we don't butt your feelings!" cried a number of discomfited volunteers. The square was again formed; off rode the Col.; round he wheeled, and here he came again at full speed rushing straight at the bayonets; and looked as if he would crush them to powder under the charger's heels. The bayonets wavered not, though the horse came faster and faster, and finally with a terrible bound, sprang at the square. The square stood the shock, and the next moment the horse was stretched on the ground with a broken bayonet in his side, and his limbs quivering in the death agony, whilst the stout rider lay, with his foot and knee caught, and himself unable to rise. Not a man moved—the square was silent steady and unbroken. In another instant the Colonel was on his feet. He replaced his sword in the scabbard, looked gravely and coolly at the dead horse, and at the firm array of soldiers, and then said in his usual quiet way—"Very well done my boys—both the horse and the square did their duty. Now you're ready for the lancers?"
The men cheered—not a little.

YANKEE HOMESOPHISM.—"When I lived in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground. We got the wood off in Winter, and early in the Spring we began plowing on it. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plow—we did, faith; and I held that plow more'n a week. I thought I should die. It 'en most killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was hold'n, and the plow hit a stump which measured nine feet and a half through it, hard and sound white oak. The plow split it, and I was going straight through it when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on the plow handles; and, though the teamers did all they could, that team of eighty oxen could not tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest. It had monstrous long roots too, to tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haven't worn any other kind since." The only reply made to this was: "I should have thought it would come hard upon your suspender."

THIS following we consider quite neatly said:—"Be not too ready to pronounce what you think, a bad youth will necessarily become a bad man. Younder sturdy oak may have grown from an acorn that had been rejected by a hog!"
OLD Mrs. Pitkin was reading the foreign news by a late arrival, "Colum is declining!" exclaimed the old lady. "Well, I thought as much—the last thread I used was remarkably feeble!"
Never attempt to do anything that is not right—Just so sure as you do, you will get in trouble. Sin always brings sorrow sooner or later. If you even suspect that anything is wicked, do not until you are sure your suspicions are groundless.
Some men devote themselves so exclusively to their business as to almost entirely neglect their domestic and social relations. A gentleman of this class having failed, was asked what he intended to do. "I am going home to get acquainted with my wife and children," said he.
DEATH FROM GILLOPOPM.—The wife of Mr. John Davis, of Holden, Mass., while suffering from a severe toothache, induced her physician to let her inhale chloroform, for the purpose of having the tooth extracted, when upon inhalation she expired immediately.
More persons talk out concerning the right road to heaven, than ever get to the end of their journey.
Three or two things which cannot be too short—pleasure and communications for a newspaper. Be slow in forming intimate connexions; they may bring dishonor and misery.