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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

THE DEPARTED.

In her robe of snowy muslin,
Lith she so pale and still;
With her small hands meekly folded
Above the heart so chill.
Flowers, fit emblems of the maiden,
Withering on her peaceful breast;
Gleam she in all her beauty,
To her long, unending rest.

Let the father stand beside her,
Press the lips no more to speak,
Part the hair from off the forehead,
Press the hand unyielding cheek.
Let him weep, for tears fast falling
Will afford a sweet relief,
They've a mighty power of lighting
The heart's full weight of grief.

Cometh now in all her loveliness,
She who bore a mother's part;
None may know the grief and anguish
Of her overflowing heart.

She hath nurtured her from childhood,
And hath loved her all too well;
Let her weep—for tears fast falling,
Ere the bosom's bursting swell.

Sully gather round the children,
Let them look upon her now;
Oh! to mercy let them linger,
Getting on that placid brow.

One last look upon the casket,
That the soul it living is fled;
The loved and loving sister,
Is numbered with the dead.

Dear her from her childhood's dwelling
Which she never may enter more;
Dear her feet have trod of yore.
Dear her face, oh! very gently,
The she is but lifeless clay;
Dear her where she'll sleep in quiet
Till the resurrection day.

Selected Tale.

[From the Edinburgh Journal.]

ETTY;

OR,

THE BLIND HARPIST.

Not such a very long time ago—but when there were no railways, when steam-navigation was in its infancy, and the electric telegraph not even dreamed of—a journey to Cornwall was a formidable undertaking; while the navigation of the island population in the hands of foreigners. Fluctuations, however, were known to be in these adventurous fortunes were made, and fortunes were made when the latter reverse befell Mr. Mordaunt, a great mining speculator, attended a very distressing circumstance, he had a strong mind to bear up against calamity, but speedily sank beneath the blow, leaving three orphan children totally destitute.—The eldest, a youth just about to leave home, obtained, through the influence of a friend, an appointment in a mercantile house in London, whither he at once repaired. His father was considered particularly in lack of a distant relation, respectfully settled in London, offered to receive the poor orphan and to retain one of them as nursery-boy in her own family, providing a similar situation for the other. It was a sad parting between the brother and sister; for, in the young man's mind, there was a deal of feeling, and he was not without the hopes that he would meet again; but, the eldest of the two girls, in protest, she became the wife of a thriving London merchant, and died while their only daughter was still a child. Ethel Traher, Harry's little sister also became a wife; but her marriage displeased her relation, who proposed her positive conviction, that so pretty a creature might have done far better. Mary, the youngest, was she ought to be called—she had joined in the displeasure occasioned by Ethel's matrimonial choice; and not only so, but she had instilled the same feelings into the mind of her husband, and even taught her to look down on "the Mordaunts."—The girls from Harry were few and far between; but he was prospering; though fortunes in his hands were not made so quickly as in those of his own dear native Cornwall.

For some years, Mr. Mordaunt, Ethel's husband, turned his talents to account by drawing, contrived, by dint of unobtrusive industry, to support his delicate and infirm wife in comfort, if not in affluence. Ethel, who had named after herself, whose sweet disposition endeared her to both her father and mother, and made amends to her mother for the loss of a sister's countenance and affection, with deep emotion, however, Mrs. Mordaunt read in the public printer's announcement of the decease of her daughter; she was so overcome by the grief, that she could not dispel the mother's girl, her niece for whom she was named. But so devoted was she to the memory of her daughter, that she had the remains of the family to approach the rich and powerful, and to beg for the spoiled child of luxury and indulgence, proud, arrogant, and unfeeling, but whose handsome person and agreeable manners she did not even know where the daughter was to be found—she made it a point of conscience to cut all such disgraced relations, and the more particularly as they were in the same city.

On the death of Mrs. Danvers, Harry had returned home; long illness might account for the press of business, or the inertness of the climate, or, it might be, that he was being his own sister to correspond

with, absence caused forgetfulness, and he did not care to see the handwriting of the new generation. Hence the name of "Uncle Harry" was seldom mentioned, either by the dashing Miss Danvers, or by the quiet pale girl, Etty Mordaunt, whose young life was passed in tending her now afflicted mother. Ere middle age had dimmed the lustre of her eyes, or changed a single dark hair to white, poor Mrs. Mordaunt lost the use of her limbs through paralysis, and Etty saw the sunshine of this world through the haze of a sick room. Yet had they much to be thankful for; and a contented, happy family they were. They rented the upper part of a small house in a genteel street; and Mr. Mordaunt's pupils were principally in the vicinity, with the exception of some schools in the suburbs. His emolument was certain and regular; and although he had frequently complained of a singular weakness in his eyes, attended by some pain, no serious apprehension of danger had disturbed the drawing-master's serenity of mind. All his leisure time was devoted to the improvement of Etty's docile mind; she learned everything readily, save drawing—that she could not manage; and her father, half in jest, half in earnest, shook his head, and called it a "deficiency of intellect," and Etty herself, the gentlest and most humble-minded of human beings, lamented this "deficiency," because it vexed her dear father. But, as if to make amends for the want she deplored, nature had gifted Etty with a remarkable fine voice—thrilling, rich, melancholy. A harp, which was her poor mother's only relic of better days, stood in one corner of their sitting room; and not only had Etty learned to accompany her voice on this old harp very respectably, but Mr. Mordaunt also was a performer, and what with his brilliant touch and Etty's sweet warbling, these humble family concerts were quite delightful.

Mr. Mordaunt had never hitherto consented to receive pupils at his own home, not liking this infringement of domestic privacy; but on the urgent solicitation of a former pupil, who had materially benefited by his instructions, Mr. Mordaunt waded his objection, and gave a few lessons, always in the evening, to a young man whose peculiar circumstances prevented the reception of a master in his father's dwelling. This youth was the second son of Mr. Rutherford, the senior partner of Mr. Danvers. Mr. Rutherford was not only a keen man of business, but so miserly in his habits and pursuits, that although he had but two motherless sons, and had already amassed an immense fortune, he grudged them all participation in the pleasures and luxuries of life, and kept them chained to the desk from morning till night.—This kind of plodding existence suited well with the disposition and habits of the eldest brother, who resembled his father in all respects; but Herbert the younger brother, was of a higher character, and although a dutiful son, and tolerably steady and industrious, he felt bitterly the want of a happy home.

At the house of Mr. Danvers, their father's partner, both young men always found a cordial welcome; indeed, it was the first wish of Mr. Danvers's heart to see his only daughter united to John Rutherford, whose talent for business and money-making rendered him so very desirable as a partner for life. John had no objection to the young lady; she was much the same to him as younger ladies in general; and he thought it would be a good plan thus to cement the union of the firm of Rutherford, Danvers & Co.

Laura Danvers, however, had a strong will of her own; and although she would willingly have changed her name to Rutherford, it was not as "Mrs. John," but as "Mrs. Herbert."—But although Herbert Rutherford bestowed the full meed of admiration on the beautiful Laura, as gallantly demanded, his heart continued untouched, and his fancy unoccupied. There was a vein of deep feeling and romance in Herbert's nature, concealed beneath a reserved exterior, which required to be aroused by a far different nature than that of Laura Danvers. Since he had left school, his taste for drawing had been uncultivated; but on seeing the progress made by his friend under Mr. Mordaunt's auspices, the slumbering taste revived, and Herbert succeeded in persuading Mr. Mordaunt to grant him a small portion of time, snatched from the hours of domestic leisure. Mr. Rutherford, sympathizing in no intellectual culture or accomplishment, would have scouted the idea of a drawing-master for the grown-up boy Master Herbert, and certainly would have grudged the cost of lessons. Hence the permission given to Herbert by Mr. Mordaunt, of a weekly visit to his private retreat, where the presence of his wife and daughter was no hindrance to study, their silence, while Etty pursued her occupation of needlework, remaining on these occasions unbroken. After the first slight introduction, Herbert instinctively felt that no approach to a more familiar footing would be permitted by Mr. Mordaunt or the ladies; his presence was a check to social intercourse; Etty demurely composed herself to fulfil an appointed task, like a girl in school hours; and Mrs. Mordaunt was absorbed with a book. Nevertheless, Etty soon ascertained that the young stranger was good-looking, and had a very agreeable voice when addressing her father; nay, she learned the color of his eyes, and thought them the most penetrating and expressive dark eyes in the world. Herbert also, though busied from the moment of his entrance with the single purpose for which he was there, yet found opportunity to remark the graceful outline of the tall slight form, ever bending over needle-work; and to detect the fact, that Etty's eyes were of the softest, loveliest violet color, shaded by silken fringes; and that in Etty's long golden ringlets a kind of sunshine seemed to linger, though little of sunshine ever penetrated the close atmosphere she inhaled. Herbert, being a quick observer, remarked also the old harp in the corner, and the flowers tastefully disposed in baskets; he saw, too, how often Mrs. Mordaunt's glance was earnestly and anxiously fixed on her daughter, when she seemed to be engaged with the page open before her.

These drawing lessons had continued without interruption for some weeks, and Herbert frequently looked in at Mr. Danvers's, but with

out mentioning the progress he was making in art—and of course the name of Mordaunt was never mentioned there—when the drawing-master's increased weakness of sight obliged him to give up several of his pupils, Herbert among the number. Vainly the young man strove to find some pretext for continuing his visits at more distant intervals; all his friendly overtures were received so coldly by Mr. Mordaunt, who was a proud man in his way, that Herbert dared not persist, fearing to wound the feeling he so much respected. He thought of the sick mother, and the sweet devoted Etty, both dependent on one whose affliction might eventually incapacitate him from working to support those dear and feeble beings. But Herbert was a stranger, and Mr. Mordaunt was not a man to encourage or foster the sympathy of those outward expression only he felt sure.

It seemed, indeed, as if fate was adverse to Herbert's wish to be on more friendly or intimate terms with his former master; for after an interval of time had elapsed, which to the young man appeared considerable, on calling at the door one day to inquire after the health of the family, he found they had removed, and no one could afford him the slightest clue to their present whereabouts.

"I'm afeared," said the fat lady, "that the poor gen'l'man will get into great distress, tho' he owed me nothing, and always paid me reg'lar as clockwork. But he was so honest to stay where he couldn't see his way clear, poor gen'l'man; and I don't much think he'll see his way clear for long, anyhow; for his eyes failed him utterly afore he went; and that failure of his blessed eyes was the cause of his leaving these elegant apartments, because he were obliged to give up his pupils. And I don't know what they will do, that I don't; for Miss Mordaunt was helpless, and Miss Etty just like one of these lilies she were so fond of nursing—easily broke down, I should say, by an angry wind. Howsomever, I'm very sorry for them; but we've all troubles of our own, and I've my share, too, sir, though you haven't seen so many years by half as I have."

Herbert sighed as he turned away from the quiet street, after making several fruitless inquiries concerning the object of his interest.—Sight failed, and pupils given up!—what would become of them? Where had the poor family gone to hide their distress from the gaze of the world? That sweet, gentle, loving young girl—that pale, sinking mother—the silent, uncomplaining father and husband, whose every glance towards those dependent creatures bespoke deep affection and tenderness? Oh, it was deplorable; and Herbert determined to persevere in his search, and to assist them as far as he was able, for Mr. Mordaunt must permit him to be a friend now. But the former pupils, of whom Herbert knew sufficient to hazard inquiries, could give him no intelligence of Mr. Mordaunt's movements; they only knew his loss of sight had deprived them of an able master; and they concerned themselves no more about the matter, except by saying that it was a heavy calamity to befall so good and industrious a man.

For many months, Herbert Rutherford had visited at the house of Mr. Danvers more rarely than of yore; Miss Danvers smilingly upbraiding him for his absence, but welcoming him charmingly when he came. Her father had heard from Uncle Harry, who had returned to England with an enormous fortune, and who was coming to visit them, under the chagrin and disappointment he had experienced in Cornwall, from finding all his friends and relations dispersed or dead.

"I understood or imagined," said Herbert, "that you were Mr. Traher's only near living relative, Miss Danvers?"

Miss Danvers blushed scarlet at this simple remark, so innocently made by the speaker, and replied in some confusion: "Oh, I believe we have relations who come from Cornwall; but I suppose they are dead or abroad, as we know nothing of them. But I've always heard Uncle Harry was a true Cornishman in his local attachments; but I hope we may succeed in reconciling him to remain among us, poor lonely old man!"

"Poor lonely old man!" thought Herbert, with a suppressed smile; "rich lonely old man, or he would not be welcome here!"

John Rutherford's attentions to the beautiful Miss Danvers had become more marked and assiduous since Uncle Harry's arrival in his native land. Miss Danvers was the natoli's nearest, nay, probably, his only living known relative, and it was high time to secure the hand of his niece. But John was prudent, and liked to feel his way, until the time seemed ripe for the experiment; so he contented himself by paying his devoirs attentively to the lady of his love, and by redoubled energy and perseverance in business, to win the favor and approval of Mr. Danvers. Herbert, on the contrary, had been absent and indolent of late—careless about ledgers, and incorrect in calculations of importance. The image of the young sweet girl and her suffering mother absolutely haunted him; what could have become of them when the bread-winner was struck down? Etty's pensive loveliness had made, indeed, a deep and lasting impression on the young man's fancy; and those evenings devoted to the drawing-lessons—although no words were spoken between them—were recalled as the most cherished memories of his heart.

Uncle Harry was received by Mr. Danvers and Laura with the embarrassment due to a bachelor Indian relative with lace of rupees at his disposal; but Uncle Harry was fidgety and ill at ease, and almost his first question was about poor Ethel. He had been to their native place place in the hope of finding her; and he could scarcely believe it possible that Mr. Danvers and Laura knew not where she was. They spoke of disgrace and vexation, and hinted their certainty that Mrs. Mordaunt must be dead; or no doubt, if otherwise, they would have been applied to long ago. Poor relations who had behaved shamefully always found out rich ones, and never ceased pestering them with begging-letters.

"I think you may rest satisfied, Uncle Harry," said Miss Danvers, "that my late mother's

sister is no more; for, depend upon it, if she had left children, or had herself lived (for of course they were poor,) we should have heard from them quickly enough."

But Uncle Harry did not rest satisfied even with this lucid explanation given by his beautiful niece; and, moreover, the sorrow but healthy nabob quietly informed Mr. Danvers, that he thought it would be as well to insert an advertisement in a leading paper, in order to discover poor Ethel, either dead or alive. It was monstrous, suggested Mr. Danvers, absolutely monstrous, to make the thing so public; but remonstrance was vain, for Uncle Harry was obstinate, and might not be offended with impunity; so the utmost Mr. Danvers or Laura could effect, was to persuade him to wait for a few days, when, meantime, private inquiries should be set on foot.

Mr. Traher was in a hurry to return to Cornwall; he had determined on purchasing an estate there, and settling down for the remainder of his days. He detested London, and seemed quite proof against all the blandishments lavished on him by the beautiful Laura. He did not say how unnatural he thought them all, for deserting poor Ethel, but he looked and acted it; and Miss Danvers could scarcely conceal her spite and indignation—her only hope being in the belief that Mrs. Mordaunt had really passed away from the face of the earth. But, worse than all, this tiresome, fidgety Uncle Harry had spoken of the poor Mordaunts before Herbert; and Herbert had started and blushed, and seemed so confused and interested in the subject, that Miss Danvers attributed the start to surprise—for she well remembered having led Herbert to suppose that no very near relations existed to share Mr. Traher's affections or money. Yet Miss Danvers well knew that Herbert Rutherford was no mercenary, and cared little for wealth or its allurements; and she was puzzled as to what the strong interest was attributable to which Herbert displayed concerning these "odious people." Mr. Traher seemed more pleased with the young man than with any one or anything in Mr. Danvers's house; and the avowal which Herbert made to him, as they were walking out together, of his own acquaintance with the Mordaunts, more closely cemented the bond of union between them. Herbert dwelt on Mr. Mordaunt's excellent qualities and industry; he spoke of Mrs. Mordaunt; and the tears stood in Uncle Harry's eyes as he murmured: "Poor Ethel, poor thing!" But when Herbert attempted to describe the fair girl, who had been as a bright angel in that humble room, then the youth broke down in confusion; and Mr. Traher, with a long piercing look at his companion, exclaimed "Humph!" However, both gentlemen agreed that no time ought to be lost, and that other means falling, the advertisement should be inserted forthwith; "for they must be in destitution," sighed Herbert, "for I know they depend entirely on Mr. Mordaunt's exertions for support. God grant we may soon find them!"

On the evening of that very day, the family party—namely, Mr. Danvers, Laura, Uncle Harry, and John Rutherford, who had joined them at dinner—were assembled in the drawing-room, at Mr. Danvers's, and it being early summer and warm weather, the balcony windows were open, while the sweet scented flowers outside shaded the interior from observation. The room was brilliantly lit with wax-tapers, and the soft moonlight streamed down on the flowering shrubs and exotics, and on the broad airy street which led into a magnificent square. John Rutherford was just asking Miss Danvers to favor them with some music, which John cared for no more than he did for the Paradise Lost, when from the street beneath arose a strain of song, preluded by a few simple chords on the harp, which arrested the attention of Uncle Harry, who exclaimed "Hush! what a thrilling voice!" and with finger upraised and quick steps, he crept towards the balcony, from whence, however, he could not obtain a view of the performers, on account of the leafy screen which intervened. Miss Danvers followed him and she also stood entranced, for the wandering minstrel's were of no common order—that was clear from the masterly harp accompaniment, and the simple pathos, clear and brilliant, of the young voice which rose on the evening air, and entered that luxurious apartment wafted with the odors of the flowers. The song ended, Uncle Harry took his purse to reward the itinerant, when John Rutherford remarked, that "these kind of people must realize a vast deal of money in the streets; and, for his part, he considered it was giving encouragement to vagrants to give them anything.—Or to give anybody anything," gruffly muttered Uncle Harry, crushing in among the flower stands, in the vain hope of reaching the balustrade, and throwing a handful of silver to the poor wanderers below. But ere he could manage to do this, another harp-prelude, of a wild and mournful character, hushed them all into silence; and as the voice again swelled into the full burst of song, he trembled; and so uncontrollably agitated did he become as the song proceeded, that Mr. Danvers, fearing he was ill, asked what was the matter in a tone of great alarm.

"Hush!" said Mr. Traher—"hush!" and so peremptorily was the word repeated, that Mr. Danvers retreated, looking somewhat offended. His visitor, however, was far too engrossed to remark this; and when the sweet voice ceased, and the harp music died away, Uncle Harry exclaimed, in a voice choked by emotion: "I haven't heard that song since I was a boy. It is a Cornish ballad, which poor Ethel used to warble; and I must go down and give these people something for the painful pleasure they have afforded me. But, hark! they begin again." And after a brief space, Uncle Harry cried, in a state of the utmost excitement: "This is strange!—another old air which I'm sure only Cornishers can know. It was our mother's favorite. I must see who these poor folks are."

Miss Danvers followed the impatient nabob down stairs, and placing her hand on his arm, said: "You must not go out, dear uncle; you may take cold in the evening air. We will have the harp and singer in the hall; and

turning to a domestic, she gave the order. The gorgeously liveried servant soon returned followed by two persons—one, a man, bearing an old harp, who was led by his companion, a female, whose face was not distinguishable, from the slouched bonnet which overshadowed it. The man was blind, middle aged, but prematurely care worn, and with silvered hair; yet there was a resignation and touching benevolence in his countenance, and a demeanor which so plainly bespoke the gentleman, despite his shabby attire, that Uncle Harry felt quite abashed in addressing him, and turned to the muffled female in an apologetic manner when he tendered the silver coins. But Miss Danvers had no such delicacy; and she addressed the singer saying:—"This gentleman wishes to hear the songs repeated—the two last. They are Cornish melodies, he thinks; and he wishes to know where you learned them."

There was a silence, which was broken by the harpist whispering to his companion—"You may tell where you learned them, my dear."

The timid form beside the blind man seemed to shrink nearer to his side, as she said, in a low, almost inaudible voice—"They are Cornish airs, ma'am, and I learned them from my mother."

"Is your mother Cornish, then?" bluntly asked Mr. Traher, as he vainly essayed to gain a peep of the face hidden beneath the slouched bonnet.

"Yes, sir," murmured the sweet voice again; and again there was a silence.

"I'm a native of Cornwall myself," at last blurted out Uncle Harry; "and one of those songs you sang so beautifully was a favorite of my mother's; and it's an odd coincidence.—Be so kind as to sing it again."

The voice and the harp were more enchanting in the hall than in the open air, and Mr. Traher almost sobbed with emotion as he listened. "Thank you, thank, my good friends!" he exclaimed, pressing to the blind man's side, and placing in his hand a glittering coin:—"you must come here again before I go, for this is a treat indeed. I haven't heard that song for so many, many years. Poor Ethel!" he sighed, half speaking to himself; but the words had reached the ears of the strangers, and they caused the old man to move forward involuntarily a step or two, as if listening to hear more. But Mr. Traher was far away with memories of the past; and the harpist, fearing to intrude, made a low bow, and uttered thanks—thanks so impressive, and so unlike a common itinerant, that Miss Danvers felt convinced he was not what he appeared.

"Come, Ethel, my love!" said the blind man, as he took the female's hand, advancing to the hall-door, the liveried lackey condescending to carry out the old harp.

"Ethel!" cried Uncle Harry, placing himself before the retreating pair—"are you Ethel, too? And pray, what's your other name, and are you this worthy blind gentleman's wife or daughter?"

The female was silent, and evidently alarmed by this abrupt address, keeping tight hold of her companion's hand.

Again the blind man spoke. "This is my dear and only child, sir," he said; "and I do not know why we should be ashamed of mentioning our names to one who has so bountifully rewarded our humble efforts. My name, sir, is Mordaunt; and my daughter is called Ethel, after her dear mother."

"O merciful Providence!" cried Mr. Traher; "and is her mother living?"

"Yes, sir," rather coldly replied the harpist, still retreating towards the door, and not understanding this unusual interest evinced by a stranger.

"Poor Ethel! poor Ethel!" sobbed Uncle Harry, now quite unmanned, and, without ceremony, clasping the astonished harpist's hand, and arresting his progress. "Did you never hear her speak of Harry—her brother Harry? I'm he, Mordaunt; and I was going to advertise for you to-morrow; and now let me look at my niece; and he pulled away the slouched bonnet, and a shower of golden ringlets fell down the pale girl's shoulders; and Uncle Harry clasped her in his arms, crying: "Tis poor Ethel herself; why is she not here?"

"Here?" said Mr. Mordaunt. "Alas! she is alive to us but dead to the world."—And then, in a few words, drawing the blind man aside, Mr. Traher heard the lamentable tale of distress unfolded.

Miss Danvers had vanished; she would not stay to witness so terrible a denouement before the servants. A wandering ballad-singer her cousin! Oh, it was disgusting—it was not to be endured.

Uncle Harry found presently that it was time for him to think of a home elsewhere; and all his arrangements were zealously aided by Herbert Rutherford. So, bidding farewell to Mr. Danvers and Laura, he soon returned to his beloved native country, accompanied by the poor Mordaunts; nor was the old harp left behind. Their troubles were over—so they declared, with deeply grateful hearts.—It is true, one was stricken with paralysis, and one was blind; but what of that? Even in their utmost desolation, God had heard their prayers, nor left them to perish.

Mr. Traher casually mentioned to old Rutherford his intention to give his niece Etty a handsome portion, provided she married to please him; and when Herbert signified his desire to run down into Cornwall to visit Mr. Traher, who had given him a hearty invitation, Mr. Rutherford offered no objection to the plan.

It was sometime ere Etty could be induced to leave her dear parents, even to Uncle Harry's tender care; but on Herbert's promise of a long annual sojourn with them, he at length succeeded in carrying off his fair bride. The young couple resided near the metropolis; but "Mrs. John Rutherford" never would consent to call on "Mrs. Herbert Rutherford" nor to own the relationship between them; for soon after Herbert's marriage with Ethel Mordaunt, Miss Danvers became the wife of John, her constant swain. But as this alienation did not disturb the even tenor of the flour-

ishing business system pursued by Rutherford, Danvers and Rutherford, nor ruffle the equanimity of Herbert and Etty, no one thought it worth while to remonstrate with the proud and silly dame.

Uncle Harry and the blind man lived amicably together, long after poor Ethel had gone peacefully down to the grave. The old harp is preserved as a precious relic by Herbert's children; and he always declares the most fortunate day of his life to be that on which he commenced the memorable drawing-lessons.

THE EDYDSTONE LIGHT HOUSE.—The care of this important beacon is committed to four men; two of them take charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens, especially in stormy weather, that boats cannot touch at the Edydstone for many months, a proper quality of salt provisions is always laid up, as in a ship for a long voyage. In high winds such a briny atmosphere surrounds this gloomy solitude that it could not draw his breath. At these dreadful intervals the two forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, and are obliged to live in darkness and stench, listening to the howling storm, excluded in every emergency from the least hope of assistance, and without any earthly company but what is administered from the confidence in the strength of the building in which they are immured. Once, on relieving this forlorn guard, one of the men was found dead, his companion choosing rather to shut himself up with a putrifying carcass, than by throwing it into the sea to incur the suspicion of murder.

In fine weather these wretched beings scramble a little about the rocks when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves by fishing, which is the only employment they can have, except that of trimming their nightly fires. Such total inaction, and entire seclusion from all the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess. Yet this wretched communication is so small, we are assured it has sometimes been a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of these distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we are informed the humors of each were so soured they preyed both on themselves and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals, too, were solitary; each, like a brute, growing over his food alone. The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provision while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible places of preferment in Britain.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—On one occasion while Dr. Franklin was in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, he was busily engaged in some matter just as the chaplain was about to pray. The preacher waited for the doctor to cease his attention to the object of his pursuit and attend to him, but finally the preacher spoke and said, "If the Hon. Philosopher will give his attention we will pray." Franklin, without raising his head replied, "Pray away!"

DERIVATION OF THE WORD BON-FIRE.—In the olden time, fires used to be made in the streets of cities and towns on festive occasions, around which tables were set out with sweet-bread and good drink. Generally these occasions were seized upon to reconcile difference among neighbors, who were brought to sit together at these tables in amity, where before there had been controversy; and hence these fires were called good fires, or bon-fires, on account of the good accomplished at them.

HOMELY BUT FANCIFUL.—I wandered into the depths of the forest, says Sambo, and nature was as beautiful as a lady given to de widdin. De leaf glistened on de maple tree, like new quarter dollars in de missionary box, de sun shined as brilliant and nature looked so gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de ole sheep's neck tinkled softly in de distance.

THE BEST JUDGE.—A Judge and a lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the Judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why?" asked the Judge. "Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being Judge, but of a horse never."

AN OLD GENTLEMAN once said, in speaking of the bad consequences of disparity of fortune—especially on the wife's side in marriage, that when he married, he had twenty cents, and his wife twenty-five—and that she was throwing out that extra five cents to him, ever afterwards.

THE BEST WAY.—Jerry—Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him? "Annie—Oh, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now. (Spoken in a modest manner.)"

A PERSON asked his physician if tobacco was injurious to the brain. "No," replied he, "for no person who has any brains use it."

A CORRESPONDENT, in mentioning the wreck of a vessel, rejoices that "all the crew were saved except four hogheads of tobacco."

"Among other blessings," said Dr. Franklin, "a man should thank God for his vanity, because it makes him feel happy."

Life is too short to spend in nursing animosity, or registering wrongs.