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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

There is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-bye,
But sadder far than this, I ween,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.

The press of a loving hand
Will cause a thrill of pain
When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again!"
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But hark! are the tears we shed
When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew how musical
Till it was last of all.
Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear that last footfall.

And years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that seemed forgot
Flash through the mind like meteor light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as naught,
But now will be our all,
(Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!)

Miscellaneous.

Subtlety vs. Strength—Spider Against Snake.

An ordinary looking spider, of a dark color, is body not larger than that of a common house fly, had taken up its residence, it appears on the under side of a shelf, beneath the counter of Mr. Charles Cook's store, Havana, Chemung Co., N. Y., last summer. What may be supposed was the surprise and consternation of this little animal on discovering a snake, about a foot long, selecting for its abode the spot underneath, only two or three spans distant from its nest. It was a common milk snake, which, perhaps, had been brought into the store unseen in a quantity of sawdust, with which the floor had been recently "carpeted." The spider was well aware, no doubt, that it would inevitably fall a prey to this horrible monster the first time it should incautiously venture within its reach. We should expect that to avoid such a frightful doom, it would forsake its present abode and seek a more secure retreat elsewhere. But it is not probable that a brood of its eggs or young was secreted near the spot, which the parent forsook would fall a prey to this monster if they were abandoned by their natural guardian and protector. We can conceive of no other motive which should have induced the spider so pertinaciously to remain and defend the particular spot at the eminent risk of her own life when she so easily could have fled and established herself in some secure corner elsewhere. But how, we may well ask, was it possible for such a weak, tender little creature to combat such a powerful mailed giant?

What power had she to do anything to subvert the monster to even the slightest inconvenience or molestation? Her ordinary resort of fettering and binding her victim by throwing her threads of cobweb around it, in plain, would be of no more avail here than the cords upon the limbs of the unshorn Sampson. Aware that her accustomed mode of attack was useless, now she did acquire the knowledge and sagacity requisite for devising another, adapted so exactly to the case in hand—one depending upon the structure and habits of the serpent to aid in rendering it successful? How was she able to perceive that it was in her power to wind a loop of her thread around the creature's throat, despite of her endeavors to foil her in this work—a loop of sufficient strength to hold him securely notwithstanding his struggles and writhings, until by her tackle little power she could gradually hoist him up from the floor, thus finally hanging him by the neck until he was dead—for this was the feat which this little heroine actually performed at last besides which all the fabled exploits of Hercules in overpowering lions, and serpents, and dragons, sink into utter insignificance. And who can say that in the planning and execution of this stupendous achievement there was not forethought, reasoning, a careful weighing of all the difficulties and dangers, and a clear perception in the mind of this little creature that she possessed the ability to accomplish what she undertook; in short an exercise of faculties of a much higher order than mere instinct which is commonly supposed to guide and govern these lower animals in their movements?

By what artifice the spider was able in the end of its attack to accomplish what it did, we can only conjecture, as its work was not observed until the most difficult and daring part of its feat had been performed. When we saw it had placed a loop around the neck of the serpent, from the top of which a single thread was carried upward and attached to the underside of the shelf, whereby the head of the serpent was drawn up about two inches from the floor. The snake was moving around in a circle as large as a dinner plate, and would allow, wholly unable to get down on the floor or to withdraw its head from the noose, while the heroic little spider, sitting on a shelf, was the success of its exploit was now sure beyond a peradventure, and ever anon, passing down to the loop and drawing it up, adding thereby an additional thread to the thread, each of which now strands were tightly drawn, elevated the head of the snake gradually more and more.

But the most curious and skillful part of its performance is yet to be told. When it was in the act of running down the thread to the loop, the reader will perceive it was possible for the snake, by turning his head vertically upward, to snap at and seize the spider in its mouth. This had no doubt been repeatedly attempted in the earlier part of the conflict; but instead of catching the spider, his snake-like thereby had only caught himself in an additional trap. The spider probably by watching each additional opportunity when the mouth of the snake had thus been turned toward her hind legs, was then throwing a thread around a fly, had thrown one thread after another over the mouth of the snake, so that he was now perfectly muzzled by a series of threads placed over it vertically, and these were held from being pushed asunder by another series of threads placed horizontally, as my informant states he particularly observed. No muzzle of wire or wicker for the mouth of an animal could be woven with more artistic regularity and perfection; and the occasionally making a desperate attempt to open his mouth, would merely put these threads upon a stretch.

The snake continued his gyrations, his gait becoming more slow, however from weakness and fatigue; and the spider continued to move down and up the cord, gradually shortening it, until at last, when drawn up so far that only two or three inches of the end of his tail touched the floor, the snake expired about six days after he was first discovered.

A more heroic feat than that which this little spider performed, is probably nowhere upon record—a snake a foot in length hung by a common house-spider! Truly, the race is not to the swift, nor is the battle to the strong! And this phenomenon may serve to indicate to us that the intelligence with which the Creator has endowed the humblest, feeblest, of his creatures, is ample for enabling them to triumph in any emergency in which He places them, if they but exercise the faculties he has given them. It is only the slothful, cowardly, numerous, that fail, and they fail not so much before their enemies as before their own supineness.—*Harper's Magazine.*

NO USE FOR TROWERS.—On the morning of the meteoric shower in 1833, Old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the world was on fire, and that the day of Judgment had come.

He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and here in his effort to dodge them he commenced a series of ground tumbling that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife being awakened in meantime, and seeing Old Peyton jumping and skipping about in the yard, called out to know what in the name of sense he was doing out there, dancing round without his clothes. But Peyton heard not—the judgment, and long back account he would have to settle, make him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed and running to the door, shrieking to the top of her lungs—

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean, jumping about out there? Come in and put your trowsers on!"

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawling on the earth—

"Trowsers, Peggy! what the H—ll's the use of trowsers when the world's a fire."

HOW HE MARRIED THEM OFF.—A thriving trader in Wisconsin, claiming the paternity of eleven daughters, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbors, succeeded in marrying them all off in six months. A neighbor of his, who had likewise several single daughters, called upon him.

"I should like to know friend," he said, "your secret of ready husband making with such success."

"Pooh!" said the other, "no secret at all. I make it a rule after a young man has paid attention to one of my girls a fortnight, to call upon him with a revolver, and civilly ask him to choose between death and matrimony!—You may imagine," continued he, "which of the two he preferred!"

Very civil question, indeed, and no mittens at all in the case.

The officer of the deck on board a man-of-war, asked the man at the wheel one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind.

"South-east," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add, sir, to his answer.

"You'd better put a few more S's in your answers when you speak to me," said the buffy lieutenant.

"Aye, aye, Sir—er—er," returned the witty Irishman.

A day or two after, the officer called out again, "How does she head now?"

"South-east and be south, half south and a little southerly, sir—ree, your honor, sir," screamed Pat.

A FITTING REBUKE.—Having to my youth notions of severe poetry says a celebrated Persian writer, I used rise in the night to watch, pray and read the Koran. One night as I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading. "Behold, said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' he answered 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'

"Shall we take a 'bus' up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the city. "Oh dear, no!" said the frightened girl, "I wouldn't do that in the streets."

The Female Spy.

At the time General Howe landed upon Staten Island with a well-appointed army under his command, with the object of wresting from the Americans possession of the City of New York, there was, in a neighboring town of New Jersey, a young lady—a young girl, we might say, for she could not have been more than sixteen summers—who was eminently distinguished for her beauty, talents, wit, vivacity and all those striking characteristics which, in a female, please and fascinate the opposite sex, and win her admirers among the old and young. She was the daughter of a Major Moncrieffe, of the British Engineer Corps, and her gifted mind gave evidence of the lavish expenditure which his affection had induced him to make to secure to her a brilliant education. The occupation of Staten Island necessarily brought the war into her immediate vicinity, and the neighboring towns on the Jersey shore having become unsafe as a place of residence, she adopted the plan of appealing to General Putnam for protection. The General sent for her under his own individual guardianship, and while he remained in New York she continued to be a member of his family.

Here she passed the time, in company with Mrs. Putnam and her daughters in spinning and weaving clothing for American soldiers. The battle of Long Island, and the subsequent retreat of Washington and his army from the city, caused a change in the aspect of affairs, and we find her soon afterward at the house of a Mr. Wood, near Peekskill, on the Hudson River. The advent of such an accomplished and beautiful creature as Miss Moncrieffe could not be otherwise than a subject of interest to the residents of Peekskill and its vicinity, and she soon became the centre of attraction of a brilliant circle of beaux, among whom were a number of the officers attached to the American army in the neighborhood. Although at heart a bitter uncompromising Royalist, Miss Moncrieffe managed so admirably to conceal that fact, and lead those about her to believe that she entertained the warmest feelings of interest in, and earnest desire for, the success of the American cause, that none hesitated to converse before her regarding the plans and operations of Americans without the least reserve. She took advantage of this fact to get hold of important information, which she was in the habit of transmitting to General Howe, through the means of a poor wretch who served as a convenient instrument in her nefarious plans. Being a splendid equestrienne, it was customary with her to ride along the banks of the Hudson in pleasant weather; and she seized these opportunities to communicate with her messenger and, through him, with the British commander. At regular intervals she would ride down the road, and, at a spot where it passed through a wood, she would stop, as though upon some ordinary occasion, and hum a bar of some tune agreed upon. In a moment after, the head, followed by the shoulders and body of a man, would emerge from the dense underbrush; and while, he pushed back the leaves with one hand, the other was held out to receive the message which he knew was prepared for him. In this way the English General received much valuable information, and so secretly and discreetly was it managed that the Americans never once suspected that their fair enchantress was the spy to whose activity and efficiency they owed the frustration of many of their plans. Accident at length unveiled her duplicity and crime. On one occasion, as she was taking her accustomed ride down the road, her horse was startled at the barking of a dog which darted out from yard which she was passing, and shyed to the opposite side so suddenly as to throw her to the ground with violence. The females in the house, who had witnessed the accident, ran out, took her tenderly up in their arms, and conveyed her within doors, while the man went in pursuit of a horse. The force with which she had fallen had rendered her insensible, and she was laid upon a bed, while every means at the command of her nurses was used for her resuscitation. Anxious to give her a freer respiration, one of them opened the front of her riding habit, and, as she did so, a letter dropped from that receptacle upon the floor. It was picked up and placed upon the table without exciting curiosity. At this moment the man returned to the house, and in a few moments the young lady began to recover her consciousness. Upon being fully restored and seeing strange faces about her, she started up and seized the open laps of her vest, while horror and dismay were strongly depicted upon her countenance as she discovered that the message it had held was gone. In tone which gave evidence of the most excited feelings, she asked for the letter. One of the females took it up, and was about to hand it to her, when the man, whose suspicions were aroused by her manner, took it from her, and finding that it was directed to New York, he refused to let her have it. Her earnest entreaties only served to strengthen his doubts that all was not right, and, notwithstanding her threats and offers of rewards, he resolutely determined not to deliver up the important document. Finding all her efforts for its recovery unavailable, the young woman readjusted her dress, mounted her horse, and returned to Mr. Wood's, where she made immediate preparations to take her departure for the city. Fate was against her, however, as the farmer had hastened with the suspicious message to headquarters; a party of soldiers rode up to the house soon after, and the officer in command informed her that she was a prisoner. Without giving her time to destroy or secrete her papers, she was removed to the opposite side of the river, where she was securely guarded until her case could receive the attention of higher authority. Meanwhile, her trunks and effects were carefully searched, and gave the strongest evidence of her guilt. Several papers relating to military matters were found, and the letter which had caused her arrest proved to contain important information relative to the movement of the American army. And, as if to place her conviction beyond peradventure, the messenger whom she had employed, appeared against

her at her examination. Hearing of her arrest and learning that his connection with her might affect the welfare of his family, he resolved to offer his evidence, in hopes that it might mitigate, if it did not avert his own punishment.

Her examination presented a scene worthy the pencil of the most accomplished artist; and affording, as it does, the subject of a striking and exceeding graphic picture, it is earnestly to be desired that it may one day live upon canvas, to depict for future generations an interesting episode in the "Domestic History of the Revolution." Although her guilt was self-evident, yet the question of her punishment was one difficult of solution. A gibbet and a rope would have been the fate of one of the opposite sex; but to punish in this manner a delicate and highly accomplished female—and one, too, possessed of the attainments and accomplishments of Miss Moncrieffe, was too revolting to humanity to be entertained for a moment. The solution was made easy by the earnest appeal in her behalf of her relatives and highly influential friends in New York. She was carefully conducted under a flag to the British lines, where she was delivered into the hands of her father's friends.—She subsequently went to England, where she spent the rest of her life, and although for a time she moved in the first society, yet the qualities of her heart were not calculated to make her path in life a happy or pleasant one, and we naturally anticipate the fact that her end was amid all the surroundings of poverty and disgrace. The treacherous messenger who had aided in her crime, and in the hour of her trial had turned upon her in hopes to secure his own escape, was imprisoned for a long period, but whether he suffered a severe punishment is not recorded.

SAY YOUTH.—"Everything is arranged for your marriage with Susan Tompkins," said a father to his only son; "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair, despatching a piece of bread and molasses. His only answer was a sigh accompanied by a frown of tears.

The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded:

"What objections can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be, sometimes or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different thing. You married mother, but I'm sent away to marry a strange gal!"

DON'T MIND WHAT HE SAYS.—A certain Judge while attending Court in a shire town, was passing along the road where a boy was just letting down the bars to drive in some cattle. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing, bawled out; "John! don't you drive them cattle in there, I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house!"

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and a third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity:

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, ya-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge, and then at the parent, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and 'twixt she and I, we've got the dog so he don't."

A GERMAN CELEBRATES THE FOURTH.—At Buffalo a German, intending to celebrate the morning of the fourth in a becoming manner, placed a hoghead in front of his house the night before, and at day-light lit half a dozen packs of fire-crackers and threw them in the hoghead, while half a dozen young Dundersplaffs stood around to watch the effect. A scattering explosion was heard, a yell, and the next moment a ragged loafer, who had been sleeping in the hoghead all night, sprang forth all in flames, and before the little Dundersplaffs could even raise a yell, pitched into the old Dundersplaff, and gave him a tremendous licking. Dundersplaff kept in a dark room the balance of the day, with a piece of raw beefsteak over both eyes, and a piece of brown paper, wet with whiskey over his nose.

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.—Teach your children to be industrious. It is the best preventative to crime, the best guardian to virtue. Read the histories of the hundreds who fill our prisons and learn that idleness was the chief cause of their ruin. Young men of industrious habits are seldom found in the sinks of pollution; disgracing themselves or their parent. The increase of crime among us is chiefly caused by the distaste of honest labor. If we would preserve the generation from those sins and vices which degrade the present times, learn them good trades, and bring them up to good and industrious habits. Idleness, late hours, a disregard of the Sabbath, drink and the perusal of obscene sheets are causing the ruin of millions.

Brilliant thoughts are often slow in their formation, like the diamond. Thomas Moore was frequently occupied three weeks in writing a song. Theodore Hook often took about the same time to perpetrate an impromptu, and Sheridan was frequently a whole day in getting up a joke, which was supposed by some to be an inspiration of the moment. Neither of these great men would have been worth a fig on a daily paper, where the editor writes as he runs, and catches a thought on the wing, and transcribes it with a momentary flourish of his gray goose quill. The daily editor has to time to cudgel his brain for thoughts or to polish them when they come, to time to take the sage's advice to think twice.

The Mocking Bird of America.

The American mocking bird is the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fullness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the humming bird to the eagle. Pennant states that he heard a caged one imitate the mewing of a cat, and the creaking of a sign in high winds. Burlington says, his pipes come nearest to the nightingale of any bird he ever heard. The description, however, given by Wilson, in his own inimitable manner, far exceeds Pennant and Barrington as the bird excels his fellow songsters. Wilson tells us that the ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in laying up lessons, mark the peculiarity of his genius. His voice is full, strong and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear and mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accents, he faithfully follows his originals, while in strength and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native woods, upon a dewy morning, his song rises above every competitor, for the others appear merely as inferior accompaniments. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of one, three, or at most five or six syllables, generally uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardor for half an hour, or for an hour at a time. While singing, he expands his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music; and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy: he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain. A bystander might suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce the utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and even birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon in this admirable mimic. In confinement, he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hur about with feathers on end to protect her injured brood. He repeats the tune taught him, though it be of considerable length, with perfect accuracy. He runs over the notes of the canary and the red bird with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters confess his triumph by their immediate silence. His fondness for variety, some suppose, injures his song. His imitation of the crowing of cocks, and his exquisite warblings around the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their nocturnal excursions, know that the moon is rising, the instant they hear his delightful solo.

After Shakespeare, Barrington attributes, in part, the exquisiteness of the nightingale's song to the silence of the night; but if so, what are we to think of the bird which, in the open glare of day, overpowers and often silences all competition? The natural notes of the American mocking bird are similar to those of the brown thrasher.—*Arctureus.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"I like to 'tend weddings," said Mrs. Partington, as she came back from one in church, and hung up her shawl, and replaced the bonnet in the long preserved box. "I like to see young people come together with the promise to love, cherish and nourish each other. But it is a solemn thing, this matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with the surplus on and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man—I declare I never shall forget when Paul put on the nuptial ring on my finger and said, 'with my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it meant only a calico dress a year."

AN OLD MAN'S WIFE.—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote to his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth. And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect."

How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary, and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife.

"She made home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love and piety, and common sense? Rather different was the testimony of an old man some three years ago, just before he was hung in the Tombs yard of this city. "I did not intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "which am I?"—*Emerson's Magazine.*

HAZLITT.—In one of his brilliant essays, says of certain very testy dogmatists who are not less common now than in his day, that you may hear one of these Quixotic declaimers preaching the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder or expatiating on the beauty of a Guide with features distorted with rage and scorn!

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish girl who had recently landed in New York, and had been hired in a splendid mansion of the Fifth Avenue, was observed by the lady of the house to come down the staircase backwards. Upon being asked the reason of this, mode of retrogression, Biddy answered, "Lor' bless you, ma'am, we always come down that way, 'sould ship."

Terrific Accidents on the Fourth.

Dennis Bulgreddery, in consequence of firing off Chinese crackers in his teeth, had the corner of his nose blown to flinters, and four teeth transferred from his lower jaw to the roof of his mouth.

Jenkins, being absent-minded, put his lighted "punk" into his coat pocket, instead of his knife, said pocket containing one-quarter pound of powder. Result!—the entire basement blown out of his pants, and an indisposition to sit down, except upon his stomach, being prevalent ever since.

Vandickerslop went to look into a fire-cracker, to see if it had gone off, when it exploded, putting one eye in darkness forever, and setting his whisker on fire. Taken to the hospital.

Several young men carelessly played with loaded bottles, towards evening. The bottle exploded with a crash. Three of them were injured in the throat, one in head, and the other in the stomach. They were taken home on stretchers by four gentlemen of Irish persuasion, with short sticks.

Dundersplaff intended to celebrate in a brilliant manner, in the Fifth ward. So he placed a hoghead in front of his house the night before, and in morning at day-break lit half a dozen packs of fire-crackers and threw them in the hoghead, while half a dozen young Dundersplaffs stood around, to watch the effect. A scattering explosion was heard, then a yell, and the next moment a ragged loafer, who had been sleeping in the hoghead all night sprang forth all in flames and before the little Dundersplaffs could even raise a yell, pitched into old Dundersplaff, and gave him a terrible licking. Dundersplaff kept in a dark room the rest of the day, with a piece of raw beefsteak over both eyes, and a piece of brown paper, wet with whiskey, over his nose.

HOW HE LOST HIS HAIR.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story:

Uri Osgood and Jonathan Aiken were on opposite sides of politics last fall, Grundy county, and the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew warm and desperate. One day, when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should therefore have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation, turned upon Jonathan, and said:

"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one, if it should swell, it would burst it."

Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?

"Say on," said Uri.

"Well, I think you haven't one in your head and never had. There's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off; but it's never got in, and never will."

Uri was silent.

THE DARK DAY OF 1780.—The phenomenon of the dark day which occurred in the greater part of New England and Canada, in May, 1780, we would inform a correspondent has never been fully explained. It occurred on the 19th of this month. For several days previously the atmosphere appeared to be charged with a dry smoky vapor, so that the Sun could scarcely be viewed with the naked eye. At 10 o'clock in the morning the darkness had increased to such a degree as to impede regular transactions of business. Between half-past twelve and one, it approached its height. Ordinary business was wholly suspended, and many superstitious people began to think that the last day had really come, and to fall upon their knees and pray lustily for forgiveness. The darkness continued to increase and the excitement waxed higher. Whatever was done was done by candle-light though at noonday. Fowls sought their roosts, cattle retired as at night, and many cool and intelligent people began to think things were getting to be rather gloomy. About one o'clock the wind, which had been at South-east, changed to the Southwest, the darkness began gradually to diminish, and at two o'clock man, beast, and fowl were about again. A very little rain had fallen in the morning. During the whole time the air had a sooty smoky smell, which was also communicated to the rain water that was saved. The supposed cause of this strange phenomenon was supposed to be vast fires, which were known to be raging in the forests, in some parts of the country.

There had been no Millers about before the dark day came upon the people of the Eastern States, and no prophecies had been made hence with reference to the coming of the judgment hour. However, there was as we have hinted the greatest possible trepidation; an old gentleman told us, once when talking about it, that he every moment expected to hear the sound of the dreadful trumpet. It came not, the world still rolls upon its axis, when to stop, is only known by the great Creator himself.

A SKEW NOT DOWN IN THE BELLS.—In the City of Providence, there was a large audience collected within the walls of the old theatre. The performance had reached the crisis wherein the dreadful villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim, the house was wrought up to the most intense excitement, and all was still as death. At this breathless period a highly respectable citizen in the stage box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale and a thumb thrust into each ear, said:

"Mr. Duffy Mr. Duffy, don't shoot the villain just yet!" For love's sake desist!—*Melville's friend of a gun.*

The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duffy waited, but they couldn't.

STERNE USED TO SAY.—"The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles, and then bring up their acquaintance."