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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, January 8, 1863.

Original Poetry.
CARRIER'S
NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,
TO THE PATRONS OF
The "Bradford Reporter."
1863.

A happy New Year! friends and patrons all,
We have only come from morning call,
With a rhyme or two, for the pleasant day,
Which dawned when the Old Year passed away;
Did you hear his sigh at the midnight hour,
When the New Year came in his mighty power?
Ah no! there was gladness o'er all the earth,
When the Old Year died—for the New Year's birth.
Manifold blessings the dead year brought—
Golden dreams braided with sorrowful thought;
Much that was beautiful, mournful, and sad,
Earth like an Eden bloomed fresh and glad,
Morning came up with fair banners unrolled,
Ere crowned the hills with rare crimson and gold,
Broad were the harvest fields yellow with grain,
Soft and refreshing the cool dropping rain,
Only one shadow swept dark o'er the land,
Staining the air with a murderer's brand,
Yet this shadow of a murderer's name,
Brought the Best of the Nation with pain.
Not much of change for our little town,
(The three town of Bradford—wide its renown)
Indeeds has kept up a prosperous way,
Fashion as yet holds her limitless sway,
Devotes faithfully kneel at her shrine,
Waiting her goddess-ship more than divine;
Hail she may be, for we followers all,
Smile at her nod, and respond to her call.
Yet we're not idle; our town has sent forth,
Brave ones to die in the cause of the North,
There are tears for the absent this festival day,
Hearts wait for footsteps that linger away.
By all our hearts to a dear one is missed,
The boy that mother-like fondly have kissed,
When shall they come again? Leave and to rest?
Lament now not, our harvest and best.
A change of political views, it is true,
Has come into favor, like every thing new;
Men who seemed firm as a rock in its price,
Left the good ship to the wind and the tide.
But dear though darkest of tempests should frown,
Shall the good ship Republicanism go down,
Nearer her timbers are staunch and her sails
Woven to battle the strongest of gales,
Brave hearts and true ones yet trust in her might,
Hoping to wait for God and the Right!
And by our leader, brave Lincoln, we'll stand,
Long as the Stars and Stripes wave o'er the land,
Looking aghast through the turmoil and strife,
We can see Freedom yet clinging to life,
Appalled not, nor chilled by the desolate storm,
But bright as Liberty and glowing and warm,
"Union and Liberty," the dearest of names,
We'll see our fathers through carnage and flames,
We'll see no armistice like yours, fair claims,
We'll fight and win our own battles in time,
We're kind to us once—America keeps
True love for the soil where Lafayette sleeps,
And we strive to believe you mean what you say,
But France, sunny France! you are fickle as clay,
We prize all kind wishes that come from afar,
Thank you! but please to stay just where you are!
England, more cautious, yet truer behind,
Cowardly fears to make up her mind,
Favoring the South, yet striving to show,
Friendship for us like a treacherous foe,
We know you of old, oh! fair, haughty dame,
Have conquered you once—no conquer again,
Still you're our mother—our language we speak—
Tear the veil of each other's shield seek.
Beautiful poems whose musical tones,
Strengthen all hearts with their wonderful flow,
Bringing us Paradise—visions below—
And the sweet singer is one of a kind,
Making immortal his name and his land,
Oh! you have hearts just as gifted as ours,
You've warm azure skies and blossoming flow'rs,
We should love and trust you, fairest of isles,
If you would not repay with treacherous smiles,
We sorrowed with you, forgotten of pride,
O'er the nation's loss when your young Prince died,
Now we have sent from our plentiful store,
Ship loads of bread to your suffering poor,
You've quite enough, if the truth you should own,
To care for the "Slavery Question" at home,
Which is better we ask—please answer us right—
The bondage accrued of the black slave or white,
We shall not always be crippled at home,
Peace for a time our country has down,
Only a little time, now it may be,
White wings are folding the land and the sea,
When the broad banner is proudly unfurled,
"Union and Liberty," all shall behold,
Yes, we remember the many defeats,
Wearisome marches, and hasty retreats,
When the June roses were blossoming red,
Long was the siege, and brave martyr-hearts bled,
Fruitless, oh! yes! but the annals of Fame
Shall bear on their pages each patriot's name,
When the last roses were dead, and the leaves
Hasting, were borne on the chill winter breeze,
Then we had news of a conflict begun,
And hoped for the best ere the year should be done,
But 'twas well! we're defeated, and thousands were slain,
But 'twas hope, and we wait for the dawning again,
Wide the digression—our village you know,
Was the theme of our gossip a long time ago,
Our muse, like Pegasus, flew off on the wind,
Leaving the town and its gossip behind,
Is it worth while after soaring like that,
To take up the topic of every day chat?
Yet could we say less for the land than we've done,
Laid of the bravest hearts under the sun?
Through the War Demon stalk onward, and Death
Chatter the lip and heart with his breath,
Though the dead faces lie close to the sod,
They are not hopelessly turning to God,
He will arrange them—the day is at hand
When the last "Traitor" must flee from the land,
And the long years of Prosperity's reign
Down with their sunshine and blessing again.
A happy New Year then! a happy New Year!
Patrons and friends, may the goodliest cheer
Be found in your homes, and 'mid festival joy,
A plaster give to the CARRIER BOY.

Selected Tale.

(From Chamber's Journal.)
A Night of Terror.

The first object that caught my eye as I sat up in bed was James; he was staring at me in the same confused state in which I looked at him, and both of us listened intently for some sound or cry which would tell us what was the matter. Screams we could hear plain enough, but nothing intelligible. There was a sound as of barefooted people running with all their might along the passage, outside our door, and the idea suggested itself simultaneously to our minds that the place was on fire. Without stopping to dress ourselves, we got out of our beds, and I had my hand on the gimlet with which we secured the latch of our door, when I felt a shock that caused me to reel across the room, till I fell against the wall on the opposite side; the bed followed me, and falling against James, seriously bruised his legs, and pinned him against the wainscot. For a moment we remained in this position, and then the house began to settle on its foundations, and I was able to drag the bed a little way from the wall, and set him at liberty. We got to the door and removed the gimlet; but the house was still so far from being level that we had to break the door down before we could get out of the room. Many of the boards in the passage were torn apart and split to pieces; and between the passage and staircase there was a gap into which I slipped but, fortunately, though the fall hurt me very much, the opening was not wide enough to allow of my body passing through. Dragging my legs out as quickly as I could, I followed my husband down stairs into the street, no longer at a loss to understand the cause of the commotion which had roused us from our sleep—it was the first shock of an earthquake.

By the light of the moon, we could perceive that the two shocks had reduced several houses in the streets to dust and broken timber, and from among these ruins rose cries, moans, and prayers, which chilled my blood, and almost paralyzed the power of movement. From the houses that still remained standing, the people were bringing out what they considered most valuable, some their children, others boxes of furniture. With our arms I held together, we pushed our way as well as we could through the crowd of fugitives that filled the street, now stumbling into holes so deep, that the sudden shock was painfully felt through the whole frame, and a moment afterwards scrambling over heaps of rubbish.

With great difficulty we had got as far as Montada's store, when we felt a movement of the earth, which made me feel as though my heart were rising in my throat, followed instantly after by a motion which made it appear to me that the ground was falling away beneath my feet, and leaving me suspended in the air. This was repeated several times. Houses were falling on our right and on our left, pieces of timber and stones were driven about us with a force as great as though shot from a gun; many were struck dead, and others were beaten down and sunk to the ground, where they were trampled to death. Just before us was a woman with one side of her face torn in a most frightful manner, whom I recognized, on seeing the other side, as the keeper of a shop where James and I had spent nearly an hour the previous evening in buying some gold-embroidered leather. I spoke to her, but she did not heed me: and so great was her terror, that she did not appear conscious of the horrible injuries she had received, notwithstanding that the blood was streaming down her neck, and oozing the front of her night-dress a vivid crimson. With rolling gate and uncertain steps, we staggered forward, as it seemed to us, but in reality we did not advance a yard; Montada's store was still in front of us, and rocking frightfully. Great exertion in a sidelong direction, we put a little more space between us and it; when down it came with a tremendous crash, throwing a volley of stones over the very spot where we had been standing, and burying many persons beneath its ruins. One poor man carrying two children in his arms, was crushed at most at our feet by the end of one of the beams, and lay screaming with agony, without its being possible for us to help him. The fall of this house was succeeded by a cessation of the motion of the earth, and a rush was made over the ruins, regardless of the wretched creatures below. The merciful Providence which had protected us heretofore, enabled us to reach the open space in front of the civic hall without injury, and here we halted, feeling that we should be safer than in the narrow streets.

For the space of half an hour or thereabouts there was no renewal of the earthquakes, and we had begun to hope that the evil was over. Hundreds of people, most of them with little beside their night-dresses on them, were huddled about us, when suddenly without a sound to give notice of what was coming, the earth opened in a zigzag line right across the Plaza, a crowd of persons dropping into the chasm which closed, opened, and closed again, and all in an instant. We were so close as to see this distinctly, and though it was over so quickly that comparatively few of those on the Plaza knew what had happened, the cries of mortal terror which were uttered by those who had been on the brink of the new disaster, and the air was so filled with shrieks and prayers for mercy that I grew sick with terror. Some cried aloud that it was the day of judgment, and sank groveling to the earth; a desperate look came upon the faces of those who gave no cry or breath a prayer, was violently beating his own head with a large stone; and another was savagely attacking every person within his reach, like a wild beast.

All this time the moon was shining brilliantly in a cloudless firmament; and when we looked upward in our terror, it caused hope to spring up in our hearts to see how serene everything was above; but when our attention was again directed to what was passing about us, it added an indistinguishable horror to the scene, and for a moment shook our faith in the

existence of a merciful Creator at the very time when we most needed its support. Our great desire was to escape to the hills, the mind associating stability with these masses of earth; but it was impossible to get through the crowd which hemmed us in on every side; and seemed afraid to venture again in the narrow street. Instead of half an hour elapsing before the next shock was felt, there could not have been half that time, and this shock was far more violent than the previous one, and lasted longer. There was the same sickening motion, not altogether unlike what is experienced on shipboard; but the motion itself was nothing compared with the effects of the terror it caused to feel the earth rocking beneath us, and this, too, heightened by the spectacle of houses crumbling to dust, bleeding bodies, shrieks, and every species of woful utterance which human organs are capable of forming. From constant travel, I was physically almost as strong as my husband, but with the most earnest desire not to add to his alarm or distress, I was obliged to cling to him for support while this horrid din was raging about us. The dull roaring sound which accompanied the movements of the earth gradually died away, and at the same time the openings of chasms in the Plaza were renewed. Wherever these gaps occurred, a number of individuals disappeared, and until it closed again, there was a long dark line, from which persons made frantic efforts to recoil. Sometimes these chasms were straight as an arrow; at other times they were as crooked as forked lightning. To try to change our position while this was going on, was useless, for there was nothing to indicate what direction the next opening might take, and motion on the part of such a multitude could only increase the loss of life. Once, indeed, we found ourselves on a small triangular shaped piece of ground, with a chasm on both sides of us of about a yard in width. Persons fell into this gap all around us, but several were drawn out again alive; James drew out three himself, and very few were crushed in it when it closed. This sudden closing of the earth caused some of the most heinous sights which it is possible to conceive. The ground did not always open wide enough to admit the human body, or it opened into chasms of several feet, but not of a great depth than four or five feet; and the inconceivable rapidity with which they opened and closed, caused many persons to be caught in them by their legs, in the case of the narrow chasms; and in the case of the broad but shallow gaps, men, women, and children were crushed together in one mass, as regarded the lower part of their bodies, leaving their heads separate, and the upper part of the bodies blended together as closely as though they were one body with many heads.

As soon as there was a longer pause than usual between these gings, we were able to make our way off the Plaza, in consequence of the great thinning of the crowd; and taking the broadest of two openings which presented themselves before us, we proceeded slowly, keeping as near the middle as possible, for every now and then a house fell to the ground without the slightest warning, though while the earth was steady, with little danger except to those immediately opposite to it. We might have advanced about a quarter of a mile, when James stopped to knock at a door. I did not look there attentively, I discovered that we were at the house of a man of whom we had frequently hired horses during our stay in Nambuisaco. Nobody answered his call, though he beat at the gate with a stone with all his might. I urged him not to wait for horses, which might be unable to make their way with us, and told me he could walk no further; and then I saw that a vein against the wall must have been cut open, for he was standing in quite a pool of blood. I turned back as fast as my own wounded feet would allow me to a place where I tore some strips of linen sufficient to bind up my husband's feet and my own. Greatly relieved by the protection this gave us from the sharp stones, and the accidental kicks and tread of other fugitives, we left the shelter of the gate way, and joined those who, like ourselves, were making for the open country, not on the supposition that we should be safe there, but that we should have, at all events, one danger less to encounter.

I have omitted to say that for some time we had perceived that it was becoming sensibly darker. The clouds of dust which rose from the falling houses, combined with that raised by the trampling of feet, concealed the moon from us, and made it difficult for us to avoid rousing against the houses, and impossible to prevent falling over heaps of rubbish. We could just distinguish a large, square, white house, with a flat roof, which we knew to belong to Luis Torellas, a friend of ours, when a gentle rise of the ground, accompanied by a low moaning sound, told us what was coming. We stood still, and the ground had hardly subsided, when there came another and louder roar, and with it an upheaval of the ground compared with which all that had preceded it were insignificant. We were forced to drop on the ground from actual inability to remain upright; and here we sat tossed up and down in a frightful manner, and every moment apprehensive that one of the chasms like those we had seen might open beneath us and swallow us up. It now became so dark that we could see nothing whatever; and but for the incessant crashing of the falling houses, and the renewed cries and prayers, we might have supposed ourselves buried in the very center of the earth. Vainly did we strive to distinguish if Torellas's house was standing; we could not even see each other's face, so dark. Almost even that source of courage. Presently the dull roar of the earthquake was mingled with, or drowned by, the crashes of thunder following the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever saw, which, though it left me no doubt at times whether I had not been struck blind, did us no service, that it allowed us to see that Torellas's house was still erect, and apparently uninjured. To add to the horrors

of this night, a fire broke out in a street near us in two or three houses, at the same time, caused either by the broken timbers falling over an unextinguished fire, or by the lightning. The dryness of the wood caused the flames to spread with amazing rapidity, and I confess that the light caused a feeling of satisfaction in my mind, which nobody can realize who has not been in a position of imminent danger in the midst of total darkness. If I had been able to see what was passing in those houses and in the street between, I should have felt far otherwise.

The undulations of the earth, though fainter, still continuing, James proposed we should take refuge with Torellas for a time, seeing that the house had withstood the recent shocks, and not thinking it likely that we should have any others more violent. We rose, holding each other tightly, and making our way to the door as direct as we could, groped about till we had found the fastening, when we pushed it open, and fell our way along the passage to the staircase. We knew our way to the principal apartments from having visited it at the house so frequently, and we made our way from one to the other of these, notwithstanding the dead silence which followed my husband's calls for Torellas. We had opened the doors of several rooms, and had found them all in total darkness, and we were on the point of leaving the house, supposing that Torellas with his family had abandoned it, when we remembered a room which gave a fine view of the city and of the environs. In the intense darkness which prevailed, we had to grope a long time before we could find the door, but when we had found it and pushed it open, the glare which rushed into our eyes was terrible. I believed the building was in flames, but so horrible was the pain in my eyes, and so great the bewilderment caused by the brilliant light after being so long in such pitchy darkness, that I could not have led if I had felt the fire laying hold of me. I covered my face with my hands, and as the pain diminished, I parted my fingers little by little, and let in the light gradually, till I was able to open my eyes to the light without protection. Madame Torellas was most kind in her attentions to me, even at such a moment, and her daughters were willing assistants. They brought water to wash our wounded feet; but my husband would not suffer the bandages to be removed, for fear of causing inflammation of the wounds by exposing them to the air in such a hot climate, especially as we might within a minute have to rush out of the house. We were glad enough, however, to avail ourselves of their offered kindness in the matter of clothing; and when these arrangements were completed, we went to the window and looked out.

The sight was grand and horrible. The flames which now rose from the houses on both sides of the street lit up the tower of the convent, which had hitherto resisted the shocks of the earthquake, with a bright red glow, and showed us every projection and crevice, even to the bird sitting in her nest, either kept there by her maternal instinct or too bewildered to fly away. A little below this convent, the road widened several feet beyond what it was just below us, and at the bottom it narrowed again, and was shut in by a tanner's yard. This factory or store was blazing fiercely, and Torellas told us that one part of the building was used to store a large quantity of saltpeter. Most of the inhabitants had probably made their escape; but there were still many in the street who might have delayed their flight to save something from the general wreck, but were more likely plunderers who were taking advantage of the confusion and terror to help themselves to the property of others. If this were so, they paid dearly for their crime. A repetition of the shocks, so violent, that the broad, solid building in which we were shocked and trembled, brought down the convent tower, which crumbled the opposite houses on the two sides of the street into one mass, so that a low but flaming barrier cut off their escape, and shut them in on all sides. It was a dreadful sight to see the poor creatures running to and fro, seeking with frantic gestures an outlet, and finding none. Some fell in the middle of the street, insensible or dead; a few leaped among the burning ruins, and were either consumed or made their escape, for they returned no more; but the greater part of them huddled together in the broad part of the street, the stronger struggling savagely to force themselves into the center of the group. The intense heat soon reduced strong and weak to one level, and for some minutes before motion ceased altogether we could distinguish nothing but a writhing mass. Soon a pale bright flame seemed to be hovering over it, like a bird of prey over a dying camel in the desert, sinking lower and lower, till it suddenly seized upon it and wrapped it in a shroud of fire. Faint with horror, yet with something like a feeling of thankfulness in my heart that we had not wandered away from the window and sat down on a couch—James said he intended to try and get out of the town as soon as it was daylight, but Torellas declared that his confidence in the stability of his house was so perfect that nothing would induce him to abandon it, but that his wife and family were free to go with us if they chose. At the first appearance of daylight, we all ascended to the roof of the house to get a more perfect view of the extent of the damage that had been done. The shocks were still frequent, but less violent, and we comforted ourselves with the belief that the worst was over. In every direction there were gaps where a heap of rubbish alone remained to indicate the place where a building had formerly stood; and while we were looking, the air at a particular spot would be filled with dust, showing that another house had been added to the list of the fallen. Our host brought us some food and wine, and had gone down to get some cigars for himself and James, when a prolonged dull roar told us that another shock was approaching. The house trembled with a vibratory motion which made me stretch out my hands to lay hold of something to steady myself. All at once the vibratory mo-

tion changed for one of upheaval, the house parted in two, and we felt ourselves descending to be earth with a rapidity which took my breath away, and I became for the time insensible. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was of my husband. I opened my eyes, and found him still alive, and as it turned out, with limbs unbroken, though greatly bruised. He was feeling my pulse and looking anxiously at my face for signs of recovery, and his joy when I opened my eyes was evident even to my feeble vision. After a moment, I thought of Madame Torellas, and her daughters, and asked him in a faint voice if they were safe; but he only pointed to what appeared a heap of torn clothing without speaking, and I comprehended that they—who at the moment when the division took place were standing at the edge of the terrace, looking at the still burning ruins—had been precipitated into the street and killed.

When I attempted to move, I suffered intense pain in my right leg, which was so helpless that I felt it must be broken. My husband examined it, and found that it was fractured a little below the knee, and that any further walking on my part was quite out of the question. He went away for a minute or two, and came back with some strips of linen and pieces of rafter, which he smoothed and cut with his knife into splints, and set the bone as well as circumstances would admit. Of the food which poor Torellas had brought up, and made me swallow a few mouthfuls; but I wanted water most, and this he was unable to get without going some distance, wherefore I preferred to suffer thirst rather than let him go out of my sight. Daylight made no difference in the severity of the shocks; but shortly after sunrise they became less frequent, and about noon seemed to have ceased altogether, and people began to appear again in the streets. My husband appealed to several who passed to assist him in removing me to a place of shelter, but they all refused or pretended not to hear him; probably they had lost relatives the previous night, and were too anxious to discover anything respecting them to pay attention to the words of a stranger. It was impossible to carry me myself in the condition I was in, an account of the pain it gave me to move, and we were obliged, though with great reluctance, to consent to a separation while he went to Batalaha, the horse-dealer, to get a mule to carry me, a vehicle of any kind being useless in such incumbered streets. Every minute seemed an hour while I was waiting his return, and yet minute after minute passed, and he did not make his appearance. I knew the distance was not great, and making every allowance as I thought, for the difficulties he might have to overcome, he ought to have been back long since, when a darkening of the air, accompanied this time by a strong sulphurous smell, gave notice that another calamity was about to burst on the devoted city. The openings of the ground were more frequent and far more terrible to see, now that the daylight illuminated them and showed their unathomable depth. One of these split open so close to me that I was lying, that a portion rolled in. The sun's rays fell directly into it, and I shuddered as I gazed into the gulf, which was deeper than the deepest abyss. I had ever imagined myself falling into the wildest nightmare. I drew back trembling with horror and fright, and buried my face in my arms to shut out the dreadful spectacle. I prayed for my husband's return, but he came not in the direction in which he had gone, if I had been able, but I was entirely powerless; and to add to the terrors of my position, I now discovered that a circular stone building (used, I believe, for the temporary confinement of prisoners), trembled with every shock, and cracked as it was in different directions, threatening every instant to bury me beneath its ruins.

It will not be easy for anybody to realize my feelings as I lay on this heap of rubbish, watching the quivering blocks of stone and the powdered mortar which was grated out from between them, and fell upon me in a shower of dust. I entreated several who passed to come and remove me, if only for a few yards, so that I might be out of reach of the building; and some were about to help me, but when they saw the imminence of the danger, they like the Levite of old, turned away, and passed by on the other side. The good Samaritan came at last, however, in the form of a poor woman, carrying a baby in her arms. In answer to my appeal, she laid her babe tenderly on the ground, lifted me up, and carried me beyond the reach of this last danger; after which she offered to get me some water, an offer which I accepted with a grateful heart, for the pain I was enduring, and the anxiety I had undergone, had parched my throat to that degree that every breath I drew caused me the most acute pain, heightened, perhaps, by the sulphurous exhalations which now filled the air. She was going to carry her babe with her, but I took it from her as she was stooping to pick it up, and told her I would take care of it. Poor little innocent, it wanted no further care. It seemed asleep, but it was a sleep from which it would never wake again; probably it had been suffocated by the pressure of the crowd on the preceding night. The kind woman soon returned with some water, and I raised it to my lips eagerly, anticipating the most delicious sensation; from the refreshing coolness it sent through me the instant it touched my lips. I found, to my disappointment, that contact between it and my throat caused me so much pain that I could only swallow a few mouthfuls, and I was obliged to content myself with the relief it afforded me to hold it in my mouth.

I questioned the charitable creature who had so opportunely come to my assistance as to where she was going, and found, she had no fixed idea beyond getting into the open country, upon which I proposed that if she would remain with me till my husband returned, she would take her with us. She accepted of my offer, and to my great joy she had not

long to wait before he returned with two mules which he had found in a stable in the suburbs, the house to which he first went having been shaken down. He seated me on the mules; and though we had still great difficulties to contend against, in the form of clouds of dust, heaps of ruins, and occasional gaps in the ground, we gradually approached the outskirts of the town, which we ultimately succeeded in passing through, and finally found a place of refuge in a shepherd's hut, which an earthquake might swallow up, but could not shake down, from its being built, except a few stones heaped up round the lower part, of stakes, wickerwork, and dried sheepskins with the wool on them.

We did not return to Nambuisaco till April 1860, some month after the catastrophe, when we found that traces of the earthquakes still remained, in the form of deep chasms, which gaped in a way that forcibly recalled the horrors we had seen on that occasion.

DO BIRDS UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY SAY?

The parrot of a relation of mine used always, whenever he dropped anything he was eating, to say, "Pick up Bobby's crust," by which he was prompted by the same train of associations as those which led another parrot, which I know well, invariably to say, "Thank you," whenever anything is given to him. The following story is not a bad one, but all that I can say with regard to its authority is, *si non e vero, ben trovato*—if it be not true, it deserves to be true, for the sake of both master and pupil. Some parrot fanciers had agreed to meet in a year's time, when each was to show a bird for a prize, proficiency in talking to be by common consent the great criterion of merit. On the day appointed all the rest, each and every one duly bringing his parrot; only one appeared without him. On being asked why he had not shown one according to the agreement, he said that he had tried to train one, but that he was such a stupid bird, he was quite ashamed to bring him. This excuse was held to be inadmissible. All the others insisted that, stupid or clever, he must be produced, and his master accordingly went off and returned with him. No sooner was he introduced than, looking around at the large assemblage of birds, he uttered a long whistle and exclaimed, "My good gracious, what a lot of parrots!" The prize was immediately voted to him by acclamation.—*Stray Notes in Natural History.*

A BEAUTY OF BORNEO.

Mr. Spencer St. John thus describes the Daughter of one of the Datus of Borneo:

"She was the loveliest girl in Borneo. I have never seen a native surpass her in figure, or equal her gentle, expressive countenance. She appeared but sixteen years of age, and as she stood near, leaning against the door-post in the most graceful attitude, we had a perfect view of all her perfections. Her dress was short indeed, consisting of nothing but a short petticoat, reaching from her waist to a little above her knees. Her skin was of that clear brown which is almost the perfection of color in a sunny climate; and as she was just returning from bathing, her hair, unbound, fell in great luxuriance over her shoulders. Her eyes were black, not flashing, but rather contemplative, and her features were regular—even her nose was straight. So intent was she in watching our movements, and condensing at our novel mode of eating with spoons and knives and forks, that she unconsciously remained in her graceful attitude for some time; but suddenly recollecting that she was not appearing to the best advantage in her light costume, she moved away slowly to her room, and presently came forth dressed in a silk jacket and new petticoat, with bead necklaces and gold ornaments. In our eyes she did not look so interesting as before."

A WISE REBUKE.

The following anecdote is related of the late excellent Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, by one of his family circle:

"One night, I remember it well, I received a severe lesson on the sin of evil speaking. A Severn I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it, but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. I did not stand very high in my esteem; and I was about to speak farther of her failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught such a look of calm and steady displeasure that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark speaking eye. It brought the color to my face, and confusion, and shame to my heart. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked very gravely:—
"Dost thou know any thing good, to tell us of her?"
"I did not answer, and the question was more seriously asked.
"Think, is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"
"Oh yes, I know some good things, but—"
"Would it not have been better, to relate those good things than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? For charity rejoiceth not at iniquity."

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN HAS DISCOVERED

that the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper.

"How is the market, neighbor?"
"Very quiet." "Anything done in cheese?"
"Not a miz."

Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife; but doesn't she sometimes turn out a little dear?

Indulgence for a stream which flows slowly on, but get under the foundation of every virtue.