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

TOWANDA:

Mednesdan Morning, Inly 25, 1849.

(For the Bradford Reporter.) A FRAGMENT.

Breakers ahead! The cry rang wildly out Upon the evening air; a hundred half Distracted mortals rushed upon the deck Frantic with fear; a hundred voices rose, And blending into one, gave a wild shriek.

Of deep despair.
All day that noble ship had sat upon A calm and waveless ocean; not a breath Of air had trembled—not the slightest breeze Had kissed her wide-set, snowy sails that hung Without a motion from her towering masts. But when the bright, unclouded sun went down And twilight deepened o'er the sea, a breeze. Gentle at first, but growing fast-arose And filled her sails and sent her on her way rejoicing.

On sped that gallant ship Like a wild bird freed from her pent-up cage; All hearts were glad to see her bound again O'er the green waves now wakened into play, For all were wearied with the sluggish res Sweet songs went up from happy hearts, and tones Of mingled symphony trilled light o'er The freshing ocean.

Anon the breeze grew wild, and stiffened to a gale.

The ship sprang wildly o'er the waves,
That fiercely rose, and roughly lashed her sides.
But suddenly before her bow appeared
A sea of dashing foam. In vain they tried
To turn the gallant bark. The winds now roar'd A tempest! On, on she swiftly sped A tempest: On on she switch speed Bound to her own destruction. Craggy rocks Loomed darkly out before her. Hark! one wild cry! She strikes the rocks, and backwards reels, stunned By the fearful blow,—then plunges on again, Borne by the over-powering, mad'ning gale

As if with rage.
One wild, terriffic shrick Rose from the foundering wreck, upon the air. And all was o'er. The wild waves closed, And buried in its secret depths at once A hundred lated, unexpecting souls,
Whose friends long waited for them at the hearth Which they ne'er graced again. The fierce winds ceased

Their wild, destructive rage; the moon arose In all its silvery grandeur, and looked down With sheen of soothing softness on the scener And all was calm, nor told the tale Of what had been. Herrick, Pa., June 1849.

THE FATAL TRICK.

"Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty Brute
"Wide waving to said fro
His angry tail; red rolled his eyes, dilated glow,"
"Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies."

Upon one evening a party of collegians and young bloods of the town had met together at my room to play and carouse. In fact it was a regular niceting of the Sub-hunters, who assembled twice in every week. We kept it up jollily until midnight, having by that time managed to get full of Bacchus, when Somers proposed that we should sally forth and astonish the town by some wellplanned and well-directed piece of mischief. Without any one of us having a very clear conception of our actions or intentions, we hailed the proposition with drunken rapture and started forth.

A travelling managerie had arrived in the town ed was a young bear. The poor animal had been so well-beaten, that he had acquired a number of amusing tricks. Of this we were well aware, having visited the managerie the day before. Just as we passed the spot where the animals were confined, it occurred to me what rare sport it would be to capture young Bruin and place him in the chemical lecture room, to astonish on the next day, the professor and the class.

No sooner had I made a proposition to this affect than it was adopted and all volunteered their assistance in carrying it into execution. The tent or pavillion which covered the beasts, was erected in the great yard of the principal tavern. The cages each containing one or more animals, were iron grated boxes, standing on wheels, by means of which they had been dragged into town. They were ranged round the interior of the tent, forming a circular array of wood and iron. Not imagining that any one would disturb the animals, the showmen and keepers had retired to rest along with the inmates of the tavern, leaving the tents entirely unwatched. Thus we were afforded a clear field in which to execute our plan. After several of our number had been posted as sentinels, the rest crent in under the canvass, and entered the arena. It was some time before we could in the deep darkness of the place, identify the cage in which our friend Bruin had been placed to sleep. After stumbling over divers things which lay scattered about and peeping here and there in the dark, we found the object of our search. There in a substantial cage, was the dim outline of the animal, his two white eyes flashing drops of fire at being aroused from his quiet slumber.

The next difficulty that occurred to us was the mode of conveying him to the college, which was several hundred yards distant. Some of the revellers proposed that we should throw a halter around his neck and so drag him along. We rejected this, not from any personal fear, since we arrived at the point which makes one oblivious of danger, but less we should be seen by some late straggler, and have our fan spoiled. A better plan was, after much fect." scheming, devised, and one which met with universal acquiescence.

In the tavern yard stood a water hogshead, with a sliding lid fastened by means of hasp and staple. that made the blood curdle and the marrow thrill-We had only to roll this in, slide down the box from the wheels, open the door immediately in had mistaken the care-there leaped forth, infuriafront of the hogshead and drive the animal in. We ted with the burning liquid that streamed over him could then push down the lid of the cask, secure it by means of a rope passed through the staples, and roll the prisoner and prison-house to the college.

No sooner was this suggested than we hastened efforts, was slid quietly down from the wheels-Bruin growling all the time in anger—the hogshead was rolled in and placed the open end in front

With a terrific yell he rushed in, and we closed coming with a message, unwittingly entered. She between a friend and foe.

the lid suddenly down upon him, fastening it at screamed and Sell. The tiger, frantic with the scthe same time in a secure manner. The yell of id, which was eating to his very flesh, heeded her the bear had roused the other animals, and ourcears not. On he passed, and the girl lived, were regaled for the next ten minutes with a variety of hideous sounds that wakened fearfully the sleeping echoes of the night. The animal in the hogshead growled, and his voice came like distant thunder, so deadened was it by the wood in which he lay. His fellows had no incumbrance to their yoices and they howled as clearly as if they were in their native forests.

Fearful of being discovered, we remained quiet for a time, holding our breaths in suspense. But no one disturbed or thought of disturbing us. The animals ölten started a chorus of strange noises during the night, and the keepers thinking nothing unusual to be the matter, cursed the unruly beasts for destroying the unity of their rest, and turning over the cause. He spurred his horse, who started went to sleep again.

As soon as quiet was restored, we slit a hole in aperture which faced the tavern, rolled our hogshead through the yard to the back gate which we unfastened, and then passing into the road, started and over went the hogshead, the animal within, growling at the rough treatment he received, we he made.

lege, when one of our party climbed over the wall royal brute was severed and he died on the instant. and unfastened the gate. We rolled in our prize to But he did not release his hold-Still, with the the back door of the laboratory, which was the death grip, he clung to his place, his eyes glassed place where our professor of chemistry lectured. and glaring, and his claws sunk deep into the flesh. We found that in consequence of the narrowness of the door the hogshead would not enter. Such in mingled pain and terror—on he went, until exbeing the case we were about to start the animal through the open door, when an idea more redolent of fun struck the fancy of Somers.

Back of the lecture room was a small apartmen containing odds and ends, and which was not visited perhaps once in a month. He said rightly that if we placed Bruin in this apartment, he would not likely be discovered until sometime during the lec- his hand the friendly knife. ture of the chemical professor, when the noise he would be apt to make would attract attention, and the plot would readily be brought to a crisis. We ioined our strength, and upon our shoulders up went the hogshead until it was placed on a level with the window. A light young fellow, the smallest of the party, climbed up, hoisted the window, and slided up the lid of the cask. We shook the hogshead violently, but at first to no purpose. The animal was thorougly frightened, and lay still, or with only an occasional growl. We shook it again and the brute gave a spring through the window-There was a crash of glass, a howl, and the terrified animal crouching in the comer remained silent Our little companion closed the sash and leaped down. We rolled the hogshead up into a comer of the yard, and returning to our rooms, continued our revelry till near day-light.

It was about noon when I awoke. I hurried or my clothes, passed a wet towel round my head, swallowed some soda water and afterwards a cup of coffee, and then hastened to the college. It was the hour of the professor of chemistry, and I entered the reom just as he had commenced to descant mon the subject. The class were all-wrapped in in attention-for the lecturer was an able man, and was treating upon "Light," a matter of interest, and capable of beautiful illustrations. He had scarcely finished his short and eloquent exordium. before we heard a low startling sound in the next room. The professor started, stopped a moment, while those of the class not in the secret, looked each other in astonishment. There was a pause of

a few seconds duration—and the professor procee-I began to be alarmed. I remembered what had been done the night before. Under ordinary circumstances there was no danger to be apprehend ed. The bear was tame enough, and had been whipped until he had imbibed a proper notion of the superiority of man. But from the sounds I indaed Bruin had worked himself into the room, only separated from us by a thin partition, full of windows, in which were kept the various drugs used in illustrating experiments. There was a great many carboys and bottles of acid in that room. Should he upset any of these, and their contents touch his skin, he would be apt to break through the windows of the apartment, and do some mischief before we could secure him. By

the same fears. There was another crash and a growl. The professor stopped again, and the class looked around in dismay. Those who were acquainted with the cause of the noise, could scarcely keep their countenance. In spite of the alarm under which they that the diminution of his woodpile continued aflabored, there was something so ludicrous in the ter fires were out, lay awake one night in order to growl, especially when we figured to ourselves the hardly retrain from laughing outright. The profes- hearing an operator at work in the yard, he causor could not tell from whence the sound proceeded, and thought it a trick of the class, reproved them severely, and then continued his lecture. "Gentlemen," said he, preparing for a brilliant experiment. " I will show you a most startling ef-

the looks of my companions I saw they entertained

And he did. Hark! there was sudden crash, as if every bottle in the place had been destroyed at once—a smoke rose up—there was a terrible howl, help me." and through that frail glass-Father of Truth! we -horror!--an untamed royal tiger!

No words can describe the consternation of the class. Not one stirred. Petrified by horror-motionless-breathless there we sat. Not a muscle to put it into execution. The eags with our mited | quivered, so rigid were we with our intense fear. It was our preservation. Maddened with pain, the animal rushed on with terrific bounds, and meeting with no obstacle passed down stairs into the great of the cage, and the animal stirred up with our hall. There as he leaped and rolled and howled out motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust said the cook. The knives have all been cleaned, in his agony, the eldest daughter of our jamitor, in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate and they are to go on the table to eat with."

the light of reason on her vacant eves. From that day forth she was a gibbering incurable idiot. On dashed the figer-on! on! through the streets with the populace flying to every side for shelter-passed his old prison, where the keepers stood wondering at his escape-on he went, bound after bound, howling, screaming with agony. On he went, while behind, before, and around, rose upon the air, the mingled cry of men, women and children-" The tiger ! the tiger !"

At the extremity of the main street, a traveller was riding quietly to his home. He heard the noise behind him, and casting his eyes around, saw snorting with terror, for he saw the coming of the mighty animal as well as his master. It was in the canvass, for we were afraid to emerge by the vain. The tiger noted not the man. He only saw the terrific steed. One leap, the distance was just saved, and he struck his claws into the hind quar ters of the horse, who unmindful of his double at a quick rate for our spot of designation. Over burden, rushed on, bearing the fearful load as though it was a feather's weight. With the presence of mind and coolness the most determined, for it resulnearly convulsed with laughter at the uncouth noise ted from despair, he drew his bowie-knife from his bosom, and with a firm stroke buried it to the hill At length we reached the back part of the col- in the neck of the tiger. The spinal morrow of the On went the horse, snorting, plunging and rearing hausted by fatigue and loss of blood he fell prostrate. Those who came that way an hour after cau tiously and timidly, saw the three stretched tozether. They watched awhile and found they did not move. They stole up; lo, the horse and tiger were dead, and over their lifeless forms was the traveller, insensible, though alive, still grasping in struction.

Statistical Information.

The population of the British Empire, including India, is about 160,000,000.

Constantinople contains nearly double the population of New York city. In Russia there is one soldier to every sixty in

habitants throughout the Empire. The Great Chinese wall reaches a distance

fifteen hundred miles. The area of France is two hundred thousan square miles

The Pacific Ocean contains an area of 50,000,-000 of sonare miles.

The Antwerp Cathedral, at Antwerp, is tour hun-

dred and seventy feet high. Washington's monument, Baltimore, is 115 feet high. Pompey's Pillar, Alexander, 156 feet high. Portugal has a population of 3,500,000 souls. The far-famed statue of Memnon at Thebes (seat-

ed) is 65 feet high. The wonderful Porcelain Tower of Nankin feet high. There are about eighty colleges in the United

The population of the Ionian Isles is a little less than 200,000 souls. The cross of St. Paul's Church, city of London, is

360 feet high There are fifteen public libraries in the United States, containing 202,800 volumes. The Equestrain Statue of Peter the Great, St. Pe

tersburg, of bronze, weighs 36,640 pounds. The whole number of known languages of th earth is about 1000.

The population of Africa is stated at the immense number of 60,000,000 souls. Pens, it is said, were first made from quills in the

year 635. Watches were first invented at Nuremburg, the 1477.

It is but twenty years since railroads were first hands. used as public thoroughfares. The Imperial Library at Vienna contains three

hundred thousand volumes. The Pyramid of Ghropus (Gazeh.) is the larges in the world, and is 460 feet high.

The highest mountain on the globe is Chamoula rie. 28 000 feet above the level of the sea.

The falls of Fugice, Isle of Fugice, Norway, are one thousand teet high.

The State of Rhode Island contains an area only 1,225 square miles.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A gentleman residing in a to come up here. village not many miles from Exeter, N. H. finding obtain if nossible, some clue to the mystery. At ler's earth and put upon the carpet where the oil coming consternation of the class, that they could an hour when " all honest folks should be in bed," tionsly raised his chamber window, and saw his lazy brother endeavoring to get a large log on his climation to return. His first work there, after dewheelbarrow.

"You're a pretty fellow, said the owner. "to come here and steal my wood while I am asleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and

A CLIMAX.—" What are you doing, my son?" you come down here. aid a farmer to his boy Billy. "Smoking a sweet fern cigar, father: I made it myself." "Throw it away this minute, don't you know that one smokes sweet fem will smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will lie, and if he lies he will steal, and if he steals he will murder, and if he murders he will e-scquitted."

By six qualities may a fool be known-anger with his hand. without cause, speech without profit, change with-

[For the Bradford Reporter.] TO MY SISTER.

It seems long since we have met Sister, but I ne'er forget, How the tears came in thine eye As you spake the last " good-bye "Farewell"-oh! I soon will met thee Parewell -soon I trust to greet thee.;

As a thousand years would seem, As a half forgotten dream; Now appears the time we parted, Weeping sore, and broken hearted— Absent, true, our homes may be, But my heart is still with thee.

Summer's flowers have bloom'd and fled; Autumn's ripened fruits were shed: Winter's snows were on the plain Spring put on her charms again; Summer's here with flower and bee Since I left my home and thee.

Yet my beating heart will roam To my childhood's early home; And 'tis all my heart's desire; It does all my hours inspire, Soon to press my lips to thine Soon to clasp thy hand in mine.

Where the wood-lark soars on high, Where the swallow mounts the sky— Where the scented blossom yields Odors rich from Bradford's fields; There fond memory bids me be In that sunny home with thee.

Oh! I languish all the day, Weep my weary life away; Hoping soon to reach my home: Trusting soon that hour will come-Oh! what rapture then 'twill be

To enjoy my home and thee. Meadville, Pa., July 1849.

The Mother and her Boy.

BY T. S. ARTHUR

"Tom, let that alone!" exclaimed a mother petulantly, to a boy of seven years of age, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window blinds, to the eminent danger of its de-

The boy did not seem to hear and kept on fingering the tassel.

"Let that be, I tell you! Must I speak a hundred times? Why don't you mind at once?" The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel and commenced running his hand up and down the Venetian blind.

"There! There! Do for gracious sake let them blinds alone. Go away from the window this moment and try and keep your hands off of things .-I declare you are the most trying child I ever

Tom left the window and threw himself at ful length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made

everything crack again. "Get out of the cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed."

And the mother caught him by the arm and jerked him from the cradle. Tom said nothing, but with the most impertura-

pouring the palm of his little hand tull of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head.-Twice had this operation been peformed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair brush, when the odor of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the lad's mother, who was sitting clamations as these by the way : with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she

saw what was going on. "You!" fell angrily from her lips, as she droped continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau dressing

"There sir." and the child's ears rang with the box he received. "There, sir!" and the box was repeated. "Hav'nt I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair oil? Just see what spots of grease you've made on the floor. Look at your

Tom looked at his hands, and seeing them full of oil, clapped them quick down upon his jacket and tried to rub them clean.

"There! Stop! Mercy! Now see your new tacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Is'nt it too bad! I'm in despair!" And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body drop into a chair.

"It's no use to try," she continued. I'll give up. Just see what a jacket. It's totally mined.-And that carpet too. Was there ever such a trying boy. Go down stairs this instant, and tell Jane

Tom had reason to know that his mother was in no mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fulhad been spilled.

Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom, being once in the kitchen, felt no inlivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee-mill.

"Tommy," said the cook mildly yet firmly "you know I've told you that it was wrong to touch the coffee-mill. See here on the floor where von have scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let

The boy stood up and looked at the cook, seriously, whilst she got the broom and swept up the dirt he made.

"Its all'clean again now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And now you won't do so any more will No I won't touch the coffee-mill." And as

Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it

"Oh, no, no, Tommy! That won't do either." "Then what can I play with Margaret?" asked | patience possessing our souls."

the child as he left the dresser. " I want something to play-with."

The cook thought a moment, and then went to said the mother.

"But under the influence of such a feeling," recloset and brought out a backet filled with clother pins. As she held out her hand, she said-

"Tommy, if you will be exceful not to break any of those, not to scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But, remember, now, that soon as you begin to throw them about the room, I will put them up again."

"Oh no, I won't throw them about," the little fellow said, with blightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket of pins.

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table which he called his fort; inside of this he had men, cantion, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas?" asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his

"I left him down in the kitchen," said Jane. "Go down and tell him to come up here instant-

Down went Jane. "Come right along up stairs to your mother,"

said she. "No I won't," replied the boy. "Very well, Mister! You can do as you like:

but mother sent for you." "Tell mother I am playing here so good. I'm

not in any mischief, am I Margaret" "No, Tommy, But your mother has sent for you and you had better go."

"I don't want to go." "Just as you like," said Jane indifferently, as she lest the kitchen and went up stairs. "Where's Thomas!" was the question with which

"He won't come, ma'am." "Go and tell him, if he does not come to me in stantly, I will put on his night clothes, and shut

she was met on returning to the chamber. -

him in the closet." The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once. It made but little impression upon a child, who was all ab-

eorbed in his fort. Jane returned. In a few moments atterwards the quick angry voice of the mother was heard

ringing down the stairway. "You Tom! Come here this instant."

"I'm not troub'ling anything mother." "Come up, I say."

"Margaret says I may play with the clother pins. I'm only building a fort with them.

"Do you hear me ?"

"Tom! If you don't come to me in a momen I'll almost skin you. Margaret! Take them clothes pins away. Pretty playthings indeed, for you to give a boy like him. No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke. "Tommy, you must go to your mother."

She now took the clothes pins and comme putting them in the basket where they belonged ble air in the world, walked twice around the room, Her words and action had a more instant effect and then pushing a chair up before the dressing than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy "Why didn't you come when I told you!-

> Say !" The mother seized her little boy by the arms the moment he came within reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs uttering such ex-

"I never saw such a child! You might as wel talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Hump! Clothes pins, indeed! Pretty playthings the baby in the cradle. "Isn't it too much?" she to give a child? Everything goes to rack and

ruin! There." And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now take off them clothes, sir," "What for, mother? I hav'nt done anything.-I did'nt hurt the clothes pins. Margaret said I might play with them."

"D'ye hear! Take off them clothes I sav."

"I did'nt do anything, mother." "A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month. Take off them clothes I sav -I'll teach you to come when I send for you. I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not."

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trowsers were removed, and the night drawers ordered to be put on in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting, tearfully that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush?" was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations.

"Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed. He'e

got to lie there all the afternoon." It was then four, and the sun did not set until nearly eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then the mother had some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in the cradle, sundisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut in the chamber above.

"Where's Tommy?" said a friend, who dropped in about six o'clock

" In bed," said the mother with a sigh. "What's the matter? Is he sick?" "Oh, no. I almost wish he were."

"What a strange wish! Why do you wish "Oh, because he is like a little angel when he

him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him. But you know obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children."

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents, as children, they will not obey the law of man." "That is precisely the view I take. And I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a perent. But it is hard work. "It is, doubtless. Still we must persevere and in

"To be patient with a boy like mine, is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I would go wild,"

marked the friend, " what we say makes but little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. never scold my children. Scolding does no good but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable, and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself or in other ways interest him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I be made un-

"But how can you interest him !" "In various ways. Sometimes I read to him, sometimes I set him to doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can; and let him so with the zirls when I send them errands;

happy.

I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind; and therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him when he comes with a request. If I cannot, I try and not my no, for that word comes to coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-minded boy?"

"But how can you help saying no if the re-

quest is one you cannot grant?" "Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well. And sometimes I endeavored to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Temmy's mother, whose heart convicted her of wrong to her little boy, went up into the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was in reality her own fault, and not his .-Three hours ot weary time had already passed -She did not remember to have heard a sound from him, since she drove him away with angry words. In fact she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading, to have heard any noise that was not of an extraordinary character.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with heavy emotion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw that tears were apon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom.-She felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her boy. She laid her hand upon his red cheek. She caught up his hand; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took place of grief for having wrong-

ed her child. She tried to awaken him, but he on-

ly moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever. upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother sat by the side of her sick child, unable from fear and self reproaches to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a glance of affection, his fever was gone, and liss pulse calm. the mother laid her cheek thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her feet straight; and as she did so in the silence of her

overflowing heart, the lad livew his arms around her neck, and kissing her, said-

"Mother, I love you !" That tears came gushing down the mother's face, is no cause to wonder, not that she returned

half wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child, Let us hope that, in her future conduct towards her ardent, restless boy, she may be able to control herself: for then she will not find it hard to bring himunder subjection to what is right.

DOMESTIC LIFE .-- Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves-if immode ly, it withers, it deterorates and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shadows are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

CHALK .- It is a remarkable fact, that chalk has been found nowhere on the western continent. It is said that the material which certain travellers have found in America, and designated as chalk, was a calcarious deposite, or Agaric mineral.

Love or Water.-Some persons shrink from hathing, but when they once get used to it, it is indispensable. A medical writer says:

"Let a child wash himself all over every moming for sixteen years, and he will as soon go without his breakfast as his bath."

Hope is a prodigal young heir, and ExpERIENCE is his banker; and his dra'ts are seldom honored. There is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is notis sick—as good as he can be. No, I had to send | yet in possession, and if he were there, would die-

> "I'll take my pay in advance," said a landlady who lodged her friends on straw beds. "No, you don't" said Jim; "I always sleep on tick."

A smart boy that, who asked his father what

kind of wood the board of health was made out

1 (J. 1) (J. 1) (J. 1) (J. 1) Love labor; if you do not want it. for food, you

n ay for physic.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.