THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XIIII. "REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER." NUMBER 45.

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

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, July 3, 1852.

Selected Poetry.

From the Northern Christian Advocate.

THE OLD PHILOSOPHER'S ADVICE.

TO A YOUNG ONE WHO WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK HIS MIND ON A GREAT QUESTION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Shame upon thee, craven spirit!
Is it manly, just or brave,
If a truth has shone within thee,
To conceal the light it gave?
Captive of the world's opinion—
Free to speak—but yet a slave.

All conviction should be valiant,—
Tell thy truth—if truth it be;—
Never seek to stem its current;
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea;
It will fit the widening circle
Of Eternal Variety.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it;
Let it jostle whom it may.
E'en although the foolish scorn it,
Or the obstinate gainsay,
Every seed that grows to-morrow,
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

If our sires, the noble-hearted
Pioneers of things to come,
Had, like thee, been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselves, and dumb—
Where would be our present knowledge—
Where the hope Millenium?

Where would be triumphant science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite creation,
For the soul that underlies—
Soul of Beauty, soul of Goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies.

Where would be all great inventions,
Each from by-gone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launched 'mid apathy and scorn?
How could noon-time ever light us,
But for dawning of the morn?

Where would be our free opinion—
Where the right to speak at all,
If our sires, like thee mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

Though an honest thought, out-spoken,
Lead thee into chains or death—
What is life compared with virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen! trembler, what it saith!

It demands thy thought in Justice,
Debt, not the tribute of the free;
Have not ages, long departed,
Groaned, and toiled, and bled for thee?
If the past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to futurity.

THE INTREPID MOTHER.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The diligence from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening, just after dark, *some* miles beyond the little town of Rouvray, to set an English lady and her child at a lonely roadside Auberge. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to Chateau de Senart, a distance of some leagues, whither she was repairing on a visit, but was told that it had not arrived. The landlady, a tall, coarse-looking woman, who showed her into the vast hall that served at once as a sitting room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night there was little chance of her friend arriving before morning. "You had better, therefore" she said "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you and you will be much more comfortable between a pair of clean warm sheets, than knocking about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs Martin though much fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect, but she felt so confident that her friends would not neglect her, that after a moment's pause she replied: "thank you, madame, I will sit up for an hour or so, it is not late, and the carriage may come, after all. Should it not, I shall be glad of your room, which you may prepare for me at any rate."

The hostess, who seemed anxious her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above; but Mrs M. found herself so comfortable where she was—a pile of faggots was blazing on the hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, about five years of age, soon went to sleep in her lap; and she herself found that while her ears were anxiously listening for the roll of carriage wheels, her eyes occasionally closed and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the objects around her. The apartment was vast and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle stuck into a filthy tin candlestick, that stood on one of the long tables. Two or three huge beams stretched across half way up the walls, leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, &c.—There were few signs that the house was much visited, though a pile of empty wine bottles lay in one corner The landlady sat at some distance from the fire place with her two sons, who laid their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her mind that she had fallen into a resort of robbers—and the words "*C'Este elle*," (it is she,) which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to alarm her. The door leading into the road was left ajar, and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation, and if the people of the house entertained any evil designs, her attempt would only precipitate the catastrophe. So she resolved on patience, but listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard was the whistling of the wind, and the dashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door opened and a man dripping wet came in. She breathed more freely; for this new comer might frustrate the evil designs of her hostess, if she entertained any. He was a red haired, jovial faced looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manners.

"A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking himself like a dog who has scrambled out of a pond. "*What have you to give me?* Salute, *messieure*, et mesdames. I am wet to the skin Hope I disturb nobody. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a surly, sleepy tone, told her eldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said:

"You see your friends will not come, and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You had better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply, which elicited a kind of shrug of contempt.

The red haired man finished his bottle of wine, and then said:

"Show me a room, good woman—I shall sleep here to-night."

Mrs. Martin thought as he pronounced these words, he cast a protecting glance towards her; and she felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in that house. When therefore, the red hairman, after a polite bow, went up stairs, she said, that as her friends had not arrived, they might as well show her to her bed room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Pierre, take the lady's trunk up stairs."

In a few minutes, Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large fire burning on the hearth. Her first care, after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked around for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table to increase the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it, it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and she felt her heart sink within her—But the echo died away and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the walls. They were well papered, and after careful examination, seemed to contain no secret door.

Mrs. Martin now sank down into a chair to reflect on her position. As was natural after having taken all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that it might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping tranquilly, its rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame while the unsnuffed candle burned dimly.—The room was full of pale, trembling shadows, but she had no superstitious fears. Something positive could alone raise alarm. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind over the roof, and the pattering of rain against the window panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigue—which had been forgotten—began again to make itself felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed. She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch. Stopping to pick it up, her eyes voluntarily glanced towards the bed. A great mass of red hair, a hand a gleaming knife were revealed by the light of the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her pesence of mind returned She felt that she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into the bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

The bed was so disposed that the robber could get from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose, from prudence, this means of exit. There was no certain in the way, so Mrs. Martin, with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running noose with her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her own life and that of her child.

The position was an awful one; and probably, had she been able to direct her attention to the surrounding circumstances, she might have given way to her fears and attempted to raise the house by her screams. The fire on the hearth, unattended to, had fallen around, and now gave only a dull, sullen light, with an occasional bright gleam. Every object in the vast apartment glowed with a restless motion. Now and then a mouse advanced stealthily along the floor, but, startled by some noise under the bed, went scouring back in terror to its hole.—The child breathed steadily in its unconscious repose; the mother endeavored also to imitate slumber, but the man under the bed, uneasy in his position, could not help occasionally making a slight noise.

Mrs. Martin was occupied with only two ideas. First she reflected on the extraordinary delusion by which she had been led to see enemies in the people of the house and a friend in the red haired man; and secondly it struck her that as he would fear no resistance from a woman, he might push away the chairs that were in his way, regardless of the noise, and thus avoid the snare that was laid for him. Once she thought that whilst her attention was strongly directed to one spot, he had made his exit, and was leaning over her; but she was deceived by a flickering shadow on the opposite wall. In reality there was no danger that he would compromise the success of his sanguinary enterprise; the shrieks of a victim put on its guard might alarm the house.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time, until an old clock on the chimney-piece told one after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presents itself—the fire had nearly burned out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noose hanging, like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture. "What," she thought, "if he delay his appearance until the light has completely died away? Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill this assassin—to save myself and my child? O, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A cautious movement below—the dragging of hands and knees along the floor—a heavy suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulders; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down upon the spot where the question of life and death was soon to be decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out, every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an indistinct medium of blending light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head carefully forward, Mrs. Martin bent down. There was half-choked cry—the sound of a knife falling to the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! pull!—Mrs. Martin heard nothing—saw nothing, but the scarf passing between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and holding her scarf with both hands pulled with a desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a sound escaped his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

* * * * *

"Well, Mother Guerard," cried a young man, leaping out of a carriage that stopped before the door of the Auberge next morning, "what news have you got for me? Has my mother arrived?"

"Is it your mother?" asked the landlady, who seemed quite good humored after her night's rest. "There's a lady up stairs waiting for some friends, but she does not speak French easily, and seemed unwilling to talk. We could scarcely persuade her to go to bed."

"Show me the room!" cried Arthur running into the house.

They soon arrived before the door.

"Mother! Mother!" cried he, but received no answer.

"The door is only latched, for we have no robbers in this part of the country," said the landlady.

But a formidable obstacle opposed their entrance. They became alarmed, especially when they heard the shrieks of the little girl, and burst open the door.

The first object that presented itself was the face of the robber, violently upturned from beneath the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was the form of Mrs. Martin, in the position in which we had left her. She was still pulling with both hands at the scarf, and glaring wildly towards the head of the bed. The child had thrown its arms around her neck, and was crying; but she paid no attention. The terror of that dreadful night had driven her mad.

WILL YOU TAKE A SHEEP.—A valuable friend and an old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was begining to exert a healthful influence in the country, said to his hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you, that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh,' said Jonathan, 'I don't care much about it—you may give me what you please.'

"'Well,' said the farmer, 'I will give you a sheep in the fall, if you will do without.'

'Agreed,' said Jonathan.

The oldest son then said—

'Father will you give me a sheep if I will do without rum?'

'Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without.'

The youngest son, a stripling, then said—'Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without'

'Yes, Chandler, you shall have a sheep also, if will do without rum.'

Presently Chandler spoke again—

"Father, had not you better have a sheep too?"

This was a poser; he hardly thought that he could give up the "good creature," yet, but the appeal was from a source not to be easily disregarded. The result was that, the demon was henceforth banished from the premises.

RHUBARB PIE.—Strip the skin off the tender stalk of rubarb, and slice them thin. Put it in deep plates lined with pie crust, with a thick layer of rhubarb. A little grated lemon peel may be added. Place over the top a thick crust, press it tight round the edge of the plate, and perforate it with a fork, that the crust may not burst while baking, and let the juice of the pie escape. Bake about one hour in a slow oven. Rhubarb pie must not be quick baked. Some stew rhubarb before making it into pies, but it is best without stewing.

☞ The King of Siam has given assurances that he will not eat the missionaries.

The Odd Bridegroom.

A young clergyman sat in his study composing a sermon. It was a bright spring morning and in order to concentrate his thoughts on the subject he was writing Mr. Burton *was* obliged to close the window blinds and shut out the beauty of nature, which to him was most attractive. In an obscure light, his pen was beginning to move quite rapidly when the wind blew his blinds open, and sent his manuscript fluttering across the floor. The sunlight gushed in, and at the same time, Mr. Burton's ideas flew out.

He turned his chair and looked out of the window. Beauty charmed his eye, and the music of singing birds fell on his ear. Nature at that moment, appeared considerably more attractive than theology. The green leaves of the trees caused him to forget the leaves of his manuscript. The plumage of the birds made him disgusted with his grey goose quill. Yet Mr. Burton felt that he ought to labor that morning.

In casting about him to find an excuse for his idleness, he saw a chaise drive down the street and stop before his own door. A good looking, plainly dressed young man helped out a graceful, pretty girl and they mounted the steps together. Mr. Burton heard the door bell ring, and presently a domestic came in to inform him that a young gentleman and lady wished to see him on particular business.

"A marriage I am sure," thought the clergyman smiling.

He was not mistaken, The young man in a frank, off-handed manner, told him that he had called for the purpose of being married to his companion; and the girl's blushes told the same story.

"Very well," said Mr. Burton, "I am always ready to make young people happy. You love each other?"

"We would wait a day or two if we did not," replied the youth.

His companion blushed again.

"Have you witnesses?" Asked the Clergyman.

"We are not rich," answered the bridegroom, and could not afford the expense of bringing any of our friends with us. If you think we had better have witnesses perhaps you might call in somebody.

"It will be well to do so," said the clergyman smiling.

He called in a younger brother and the housekeeper.

"We are in something of a hurry," said the bridegroom, as Mr. B. paused in the doorway to give some orders to a domestic.

"I have got to go to mill this afternoon, and its a long drive home."

"Stand up here then, and I will dispatch you," said the clergyman with a vain attempt at gravity.

"You, George Chambers, promise to take this *woman* to be your lawful wife?"

George nodded.

"To love her in sickness and health, to share with her your joys and sorrows, your bed and board—do you promise?"

Another nod.

'And you Mary promise to take this man to be your husband?'

A nod and blush from Mary.

"To love him—honor him?"

Another nod.

"And obey him,"

A doubtful look from Mary.

"In all things reasonable?" asked the clergyman.

And she nodded.

"And to make him a true and affectionate wife—will you promise?"

Mary gave a decisive nod. Mr. Burton added a few words, and pronounced them man and wife.—Mary wiped her eyes and George drew a long breath. The clergyman made out his marriage certificate to which the witnesses put their names; and ended by giving them a few words of advice. At the same time, George slipped something into his hand, done up in a piece of white paper. Afterwards, the bride and bridegroom rode off in the chaise; the house-keeper went to the kitchen laughing, the younger Burton returned to his book, and the clergyman to his sermon.

As the latter sat down to write thinking all the time of the queer marriage ceremony he had just performed, he listlessly untolded the bit of paper the bridegroom had placed in his hands Perhaps the preacher was anxious to know how much so odd a man had felt able to pay for his marriage certificate. From the size of the piece, Mr. Burton judged that his fee must be something handsome. It was larger than a half eagle—larger even than an eagle. Could it be a twenty dollar piece? The paper being folded and re-folded, it was sometime before the clergyman could get at the coin. His curiosity by this time was considerably excited At length he saw something very bright. The sun shone on it. It was a new red CENT! Mr. Burton was a little disappointed; but laughing at the ludicrous mistake, he locked the cent up in his desk, and devoted himself to his sermon during the remainder of the forenoon.

Six years had passed away. The successful clergyman was one evening surprised by a visit from a stranger. A well dressed, fine looking man, lifted his hat, bowed respectfully, and offered Mr. Burton his hand.

"Your memory is better than mine, if we have ever met before," said the clergyman."

"My name is George Chambers."

Mr. Burton had forgotten that he had ever knew such an individual.

"I think I can refresh your memory by mentioning an incident," said George. Do you remember marrying a couple six years ago, and receiving for your trouble one cent.

Mr. Burton laughed, went to his desk, and took from a small drawer a little roll of paper. Unfolding this, he produced the copper in relating to the question.

"Yes; I remember all about it now."

"I am the man,——"

"I remember your countenance."

"You undoubtedly supposed that I intended to insult you?"

"No—I thought you were poor?"

"So I was." I did not know that I could afford you any more. Marriage you know is sort of lottery. Had I given you five or ten dollars, and got a poor wife in return, you must confess it would have been a miserable bargain. Well, sir the wife you gave me is a prize. It has taken me six long years to find out all her virtues.

He placed a purse in the hands of the astonished minister, who hesitated to accept it

"You need not scruple to take it; thanks to my wife, I am now tolerably a rich man."

The odd bridegroom took his departure.

Mr. Burton examined the contents of the purse with lively curiosity; and he was not a little surprised and gratified to find that they consisted of ten half eagles—bright, shining—fresh from the mint.

And that was the last the clergyman ever heard of the odd bridegroom.

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.—In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labor can scarcely be estimated. A late traveller saw a troupe of them at work near Colombo, in the commissariat timber yard, or the civil engineer's department, in removing or stowing logs, and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not (says he) but admire the precision with which they perform their allotted task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of ebony. The lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe these uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunks lift it up on the logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived, than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground, with the other resting on the top of the pile, so as to form a sliding for the next two logs; and having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four legged laborers rolled up the slope they had just formed the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were perfectly square with the rest.—The sagacity of these creatures in detecting the weakness in the jungle-bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon is not less remarkable. I have been assured that, when carrying a load, they invariably pass one of the fore feet upon the earth covering of the bridge, to try its strength; and it that feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotted structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river and the latter was drowned.

☞ In the course of a recent letter to the Editor from a correspondent in Milwauki, there occurs this passage, which struck us rather laughtermoving than otherwise: "Deputy Sheriff P——, of this city was recently called upon to arrest a duly registered "Attorney and Councellor at law and Solicitor," etc, on the charge of having forged city orders; rather a small business by the way. After the arrest of David, the aspersed wished to be accompanied among his friends for the purpose of procuring bail. The sheriff, in whose breast kindness and mercy are blended about, 'af and af,' with the sternness and dignity and justice, complied; but his efforts were all unavailing. Night was drawing on towards its small hours, and he could not wait any longer. The accused must go to jail. As a last small favor, "David," wished to go home and break the sad news of his arrest to the companion of his bosom. In view of this mournful task, he was much agitated. "Oh, Mr. P——," said he, "this is the hardest of all! How will my dear wife bear up under the blow, she is a delicate creature, Mr P——, and her sufferings will unnerve me!" A sympathetic tear started into the north-west corner of the officer's left eye, rolled down his manly cheek, rest for a moment upon his vest, and then diffused itself upon the snow flakes upon the ground, warming and melting even *their* obdurate hearts. They were met by a stalwart Amazonian whose large face shown with the lambent glories of an autumn sunset. David in a faltering voice broke to her the terrible intelligence that she was to be robbed of her "bosom's lord." P—— stood by to bear a hand if she should faint. "I am arrested dear, for forging." "What the d——l is *that?*" was the affecting query of the "sensitive" female. They accuse me of writing other people's names, and are going to put me in jail, my love—" Who in thunder is going to do it, Dave?" replied the "solicitous" wife; and without waiting for a reply, she proceeded to pile up anathemas loud *and* deep on the heads of those who had sought to place him in durance vile. The sheriff was overwhelmed by the affecting scene; yet, with a ruling "passion" strong for the ludicrous, he touched the prisoner lightly under the fifth rib, with: "Break it gently to her, David; she's a delicate creature, isn't she?"—*Knickerbocker.*

Decencies of Life.

There are some persons in the world, says the Cincinnati *Nonpariel*, who in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. Those persons will commit many acts, which, if they had true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the cognomen of not being *decent*:

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for persons to be always talking ill of their neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate others pecuniary means for their own gratification.

It is not decent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to be praising yourself always.

It is not decent for young people to keep themselves for a show.

It is not decent in persons going to places amusement to incommode others in different places.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to be sending clothes for the young negroes of Africa, when you have so many nearer home.

It is not decent to say onething and mean some other.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor, because you have more knowledge than he.

A SCENE IN THE HOLY LAND—THE WELL OF REBECCA NEAR HARAN.—This Well was to the south-west, without the town. This was the direction she would have come from; and of all the wells, this alone was sweet and good. * * * * * *

As we sat, camels came and knelt by the well and then the veiled girls came out in a long file, each with their pitcher on their shoulder, as in Holy Writ it says "Rebecca came with her pitcher on her shoulder." And they one by one let down their pitchers: the bearded men met to indulge in draught they ask for. At such a well could any ask in vain? The Bible says:—"she hastened and let down her pitcher upon her hand." With each family there is a rope; this is attached to handles of the pitchers, and the drawer—generally as now, a woman or maiden—lets down the pitcher, the rope held by their hand. And here we sat and saw this very scene. We might pursue similee further, the dress, even the veil, for we hear, when Rebecca knew the man who sat in the field was Isaac, she took a veil and covered herself. This shows she had done so before, or she would not have one ready, or even at all.

The objection that Eliezar made, was one that would arise this day among all eastern, and perhaps among them only; "peradventure, the woman will not be willing to follow me to this land" The well like many others, had a square stone at the top, with a circular hole to draw water, and near stood—this is usual also—numerous stone troughs, some higher, some lower, for the different description of animals to drink out of, and we read, "she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough."—The pitcher itself, as may be seen from the Ninevah and Egyptian excavations, was of exactly the shape used still. Little did those laughing girls—Rebeccas, Rachels, and Sarahs, perhaps—think of the reason we watched their every motion so closely, and of the deep interest we took in every step of what seemed to them a mere daily duty, but to us, a wonderous record of the past.—*Hon E. Walpoles travels in the East.*

THE BOY AND THE BRICK—A FABLE.—A boy hearing his father say, "'twas a poor rule that did not work both ways," said: "if father applies this rule about his work, I will test it by my play."

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here father," said the boy, "'tis a poor rule 'twill not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent or resemble the first Adam?"

The father replied in the following,

MORAL:

"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate below them. But, my son, this is contrary to that Heavenly Charity which we ought all to possess, and never let it be so with you."

A darkie having been to California, thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:—"As soon as dey landed in de ribber, dar mouth began to water to be on de land, and soon as dey waded to de shore, dey did'nt see any goold but dey found such a large supply of noffin to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a brickyard"

☞ An itemizer, at an *evening* sewing party, reports that one young lady made the expression: "I thought I should have died!" one hundred and twenty-eight times; and she put the enquiry, "Did you ever?" one hundred and thirty-seven times.