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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 15, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

HARVESTHOME.

BY FREDERICK TENNISON.

Come, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blows
Up from the campaign and the town.
Lovely lights, smoothly shadows sweet,
Swiftly o'er croft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;
Up groves, its halls, its grange that stood
When Bess was Queen, its steeple rude;
Its mill and patters in the wood;
And follow where the brooklet curts,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirrs,
Or silvery o'er its crosses purrs.
The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on a main;
Pale streaks of clouds scarce veil the blue,
Against the golden harvest hue,
The Autumn trees look fresh and new;
Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;
See the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and bodice staid,
Mid the stout striplings half afraid;
Her red lip and her soft blue eye
Mate the poppy's crimson dye,
And the corn-flowers waving by;
I see the sire with bronzed chest;
Mad babes amid the blithest nest
Scam leaping from the mother's breast;
The mighty youth, the supple child
Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled,
The toil is nigh, the mirth is wild!
Old head, and sunny forehead, peers
O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
Drowned amid the waving ears;
Barefoot archers run, and hide
In hollows 'twixt the corn, or glide
Toward the tall sheaf's sunny side;
Lusty pleasures, hobnobbed fun
Throng into the noontide sun,
And 'mid the merry reapers run.
Draw the clear October out;
Another, and another bout,
Then back to labor with a shout!
The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.
Hark! through the middle of the town
From the sunny slopes run down
Brawling boys and reapers brown;
Laughter flies from door to door
To see fat Plenty with his store
Led a captive by the poor;
Fettered in a golden chain,
Rolling in a bony main,
O'er valleys, moor, and plain;
Eight through the middle of the town,
With a great sheaf for a crown,
Onward he reels a happy clown.
Faintly cheers the tailor thin,
And the smith with sooty chin
Lends his hammer to the din;
And the master bilk the boon
Pours forth his boys that afternoon,
And looks his desk an hour too soon.
Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
And silence sits where they have been,
And the gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away;
Diss away and leaves me alone
With dim ghosts of years ago,
Simmers parted, glories flown;
Till day beneath the west is rolled,
Till gray spire and tatted wold
Purple in the evening gold;
Memories, when old age is come,
And stray years that flock the gloom,
And echoes of the Harvest-home.

A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

During the celebrated Black Hawk war, the Indians attacked a small white settlement, at midnight, massacred the men and most of the women and children, and took five women captive into the wilderness. The names of these unfortunate creatures were Mrs. Jenks, Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Martin and Miss Rose.—Mrs. Jenks was a large woman of great strength and with a courage of a lion. Miss Rose was only seventeen, fragile, and in poor health. The other three captives were of ordinary make, make both in body and mind.

When the party struck into the woods, by the light of the blazing cabins, the captive women were heavily laden with the spoils of their own homes, which they were obliged to bear away for the benefit of their captors.—All but Miss Rose managed to keep pace with the savages, but that poor girl's strength utterly failed her after the first half-hour, and with a weary moan she sank upon the ground. A ferocious savage at once approached her with uplifted tomahawk. Perceiving her peril, she made a frantic effort to regain her feet, which despite her burden, she succeeded in doing. But it was the last struggle of exhausted nature. After staggering a few rods, she fell, helplessly, to the ground. Again the savage sprang forward and raised his tomahawk in the air. Uttering a wild cry, the poor girl tried to shield her head with her thin hands. But the gleaming tomahawk cut through them as though they had been paper, and sunk deep into the brain. The other women, frantic with terror, pressed hurriedly on; and their fear was still more increased when a few moments after, the inhuman savage rushed past them, waving in triumph the reeking scalp of their murdered sister.

It would be too sickening a tale were we to narrate all the particulars of the sufferings and death of these poor women who, one after another, sinking under their burdens, were tomahawked and scalped by the same brutal savage, left lying in the forest. At the close of the eighth day, Mrs. Jenks was the only survivor of them all; the savages, admiring her strength and courage, complimented her, in a coarse way, upon her superiority to the other "pale-faced squaws," and treated her with less severity. She was permitted to eat a good supper, and a couple of bear skins were given her for a couch. She awoke in the morning much refreshed, and after eating a hearty breakfast, was about to resume her heavy pack, when the leader of the party told her she need not carry it farther. She exhibited no sign of pleasure at this unexpected good fortune, as she knew that savages greatly admire a stoical indifference alike to good and ill; and she wished them to think as well of her as possible, for she had determination to seize the first opportunity to avenge the murder of her companions.

On the morning of the tenth day, the party of savages separated; four going on with her, and the rest (with a large and ferocious dog belonging to the chief) striking off in another direction. Her spirits rose. At last the hour was coming! That night, after making a fire and cooking their supper in which Mrs. Jenks assisted them with apparent cheerfulness, the savages lay down to rest without setting a sentinel, but not without taking the precaution to bind their captive's hands and feet with a stout cord. As soon as all was still, the heroic woman began to work her hands, in hopes that she could release them. Joy! joy! the cord relaxes. One hand, though with intense pain, is torn from the fastening, and she is free!

Cautiously peering round, she discovers the four Indians lying asleep, with their heads to the fire, and all near together. Stealthily as a leopardess, she crawls toward them. She crouches by the side of one nearest her, and gently draws his tomahawk from his belt. It is the same savage which had killed Miss Rose, and four of her poor helpless sisters; and from his girdle now hangs their scalps. Poising the keen edged tomahawk with her muscular arm, she measures the position of the savages with her eye, takes a station which brings them all within her reach, and then deals three rapid blows, and three of her foes are beyond the power of harming her more. But ere she can strike the fourth, he awakes and springs upon his feet. She deals him a staggering blow, however, before he can draw his weapon, and follows up her advantage so rapidly, that he, too, soon lies dead at her feet.

As soon as she felt that she was victorious, the heroic woman's strength forsook her, and she sank powerless to the ground. But she soon rallied, and taking the scalps of her dead companions from their murderer's girdle, and securing a tomahawk and knife, and as much provision as she could carry without burdening herself, she set out on her return to the borders of civilization. Nothing occurred to retard her progress or to incommoder her, until the afternoon of the seventh day. She was just about entering a small brook to wade across it, when she was startled by a fierce growl, and on looking about, she saw at a little distance on the opposite side of the brook the ferocious dog of the chief who commanded the party that had taken her and her now murdered neighbors prisoners. At sight of this well-known brute, our brave heroine's heart sunk within her. She knew that the chief, and perhaps his party, must be near at hand, and that she should in all probability be retaken, and her killing of the four Indians discovered. And she knew enough of the Indian character to be aware that the slaughter of her comrades would be terribly avenged upon herself. She stood in the water of the brook as these thoughts flashed through her mind, watching the behavior of the dog, by which she expected soon to be attacked. In a few moments he uttered a fierce growl, and rushed towards her. She raised the tomahawk and stood on the defensive; but a deliverer she little dreamed of what was at hand. When the dog had come within a couple of rods of the brook, a huge panther suddenly springing from the overhanging branches of a tree alighted on his back, and a desperate struggle at once began.

Mrs. Jenks, knowing that the cries of the brutes would soon bring the savages to the spot, did not stop to see which would be the victor, but stepping into the middle of the brook, she ran down stream as fast as she could go, until she came to a spot where the branch of a gigantic tree stretched across the stream, at a height which she could reach by springing with all her energy. She summoned all her strength, making a desperate leap, succeeded in clatching the stout branch. After an exhausting struggle she managed to draw herself up to and climb upon the limb, without leaving any trace of her footsteps to guide a pursuer. This accomplished, she soon reached the trunk of the tree, ascending among its obscure foliage, and selecting a strong branch for a seat, sat down to wait the issue of events.—First thanking Providence for sending the dog to be the panther's victim, which would have certainly sprung upon her, as she should have passed directly under the tree in which he was hidden.

In a few minutes she heard the report of a rifle, then another, and then a third. She knew by this that the Indians had arrived within sight of the dog and panther, and had shot the latter. Now, if they should pass the brook at the spot where she entered it, and behold the track of her footsteps, her detection would be almost certain, for who could successfully elude those sons of the forest, who so well understood the stratagems of savage warfare? Parting the branches, and cutting off the twigs with her scalping knife, until she could peer out, she gazed in the direction of the Indians, and soon saw them, twelve in number, cross the brook at the fatal spot. They had scarcely reached the opposite bank before she saw, by their actions, they had discovered her foot-prints. They traced them back from the brook a short distance, and then returned and gazed about in all directions. After a short consultation, they divided into four parties of three each, two parties tracking down stream on both sides, and the other two tracking up-stream.

And now the poor woman felt an assured conviction that she should soon be recaptured and tortured to death? What should she do? Should she engage in a desperate struggle, and thus court an instant death? Or should she quietly submit, and take her chance for second escape. Before she could determine what course to pursue, she heard the savages under the tree in which she was hidden. She peered down, and saw that they were scrutinizing the limb by which she had clambered from the brook. Their keen eyes soon detected the broken twigs and other signs of a heavy body having passed along the limb; and in a few moments, Mrs. Jenks saw three of them climbing the tree. As soon as they discovered her, they gave prolonged yell, which was repeated by the savages beneath, and soon answered by the parties that had gone up stream.

The foremost Indian of those who had ascended the tree, sternly bid the poor woman to come down, and, knowing it would be useless to resist, she at once began to descend—the savages, either from polite or prudential motives, giving her the precedence. In a few minutes after they had all reached the ground in safety, the up-stream party, including the chief, arrived on the spot; and great was their surprise on beholding who it was that they had captured. They eagerly demanded how she had escaped, and she told them she had taken the scalps of her dead friends, and the tomahawk and scalping-knife, while her captors were asleep, (which was a fact,) and had fled—omitting to say that before fleeing she had killed the whole party. The aborigines seemed puzzled at the fact that their four brethren had not captured before this time, but still it did not seem to their minds that she had killed them. The idea that a "pale faced squaw" should kill four Indian braves, was probably one which nothing but ocular material proof would have made them entertain.

They all returned in silence to the spot where Mrs. Jenks entered the brook. At this place, the undergrowth was slight, and the forest stretched away like an endless grove, through which one could see at some distance; while on the opposite side of the stream, (where the dog and panther fought,) and about ten rods from it was a thick clump of bushes, which intercepted the view in that direction. As the savages were preparing their supper over a fire they had kindled, Mrs. Jenks sat gazing at the clump of bushes, and it occurred to her that, perhaps, if she could get into that, she might hide from her captors so effectually that they could not find her. It was a stupid thought, but not altogether unnatural under the circumstances. She made up her mind to try and escape thus, even if she should be killed for it. Full of this idea, she gradually stole toward the brook, and on reaching its bank, briskly waded across it, and ran for the clump of bushes. Her attempt was instantly perceived; and with a wild yell, several of the savages started in pursuit.

The flying woman ran for liberty—for life. With her utmost strength and swiftness she fled, but her pursuers were swifter on foot than she. She had reached within a few feet of the clump, when the foremost savage grasped her by the shoulder. Quick as lightning came a flash from the bushes, followed by the sharp crack of rifles, and the Indian fell dead at her feet. Crack! crack! crack! crack! and the other four Indians dropped. Then a volley, and all the savages but one on the other side of the brook, but the turf, and the survivor fled swiftly to the cover of the underbrush.—Then with a cheery huzzah, a band of "Rangers" rushed from the bushes, and gathered around the brave woman, who now that she was safe beyond all contingencies, sat down upon the ground and wept bitterly.

The rangers had been in pursuit of the savages for several days, and thanks to the report of their rifles when they shot the panther, and their yells on discovering Mrs. Jenks's hiding-place, they had been found and punished at last. The gallant Rangers conducted the heroic sufferer safely to her friends, where she long lived to recount the story of her perils and her escape, to never tiring listeners.

The Night of St. Bartholomew.

MURDER OF COLIGNY.

Amid the mighty massacre, the mind can scarcely pause to contemplate the fate of suffering individuals on this fearful night; yet, however awful and afflictive in itself, it affords a faint relief from the horrors of the scene, to linger for a moment over the fate of illustrious individuals who perished in the massacre. Among the first victims to fury and treachery, was the noble, the brave, the venerable, the generous, but alas! the too confiding Admiral de Coligny. To secure his destruction, the Duke of Guise, at a very early period, hurried the troops to the Admiral's abode.—Accordingly, accompanied by a number of the nobles and a multitude of soldiers, he hastened to the palace where the Admiral resided, which he surrounded by his military bands.—They forcibly entered the gate of the court, which was kept by the guards of the King of Navarre; these, with many others, they barbarously murdered.

But the courage of the duke and his noble associates began to fail at the dark deed of blood which yet lay before them; and they shrunk from inflicting the fatal blow themselves. Perhaps they were awed by its deep atrocity, or afraid to face their venerable victim—or, perhaps they trembled in the sight of Heaven. Whatever were their feelings, the fears or the silent upbraidings of their conscience,—they dared not venture further than the court below; but, remaining there, they dispatched a band of ruffians to the Admiral's apartments. The unfortunate Coligny, hearing the tumult, the clashing of swords, and the dying groans of his slaughtered servants, started from his couch, and now—when, alas! too late—suspected some dark deceitful tragedy. A sense of deep injury—of horror at the outrage apparently contemplated; a sudden apprehension of danger to himself, and a powerful impression of his own approaching doom, rushed into his mind, and roused a conflict of agitated feeling.

Yet even at this moment of awful suspense, when a painful death seemed rapidly approaching, his courage did not fail—his great mind quailed not before the dreadful prospect. The principles of piety which reigned within his soul, enabled him with calmness to meet the sudden summons, and the energies of faith powerfully and sweetly sustained him in the awful conflict.

He calmly knelt down by the side of his couch and looking towards heaven, and clasping his hands in the attitude of prayer, he poured out his soul in deep, devout, and imploring application.

A few moments passed—moments of strange and mingled emotion—moments of awful and unutterable solemnity to the humble and adoring suppliant at the throne—when Cornaton, one of his faithful attendants, rushed into his apartment with a countenance of awful anxiety and horror.

"We are gone! my Lord!" he wildly exclaimed—"we are gone!—we are betrayed! God calls us to himself! The house has been forced, and no means remain for resistance or escape!"

The Admiral instantly arose from his knees, evincing by the dignity and calmness of his countenance, the consoling, strengthening, and elevating influence of his devout and holy exercise. He mildly replied to the frantic exclamation, "Well! Cornaton, I am ready! Let it come; I have long been prepared. As for you my faithful attendants, save yourselves the best way you can, for you cannot save my life. I commend my soul to the mercy of my God!"

At this moment the murderers burst into the apartment, and advancing towards the Admiral the leader of the band furiously demanded, "Art thou the Admiral de Coligny?" "I am," he replied, with inexpressible composure, with a dignity and grace of ineffable benignity that awed them to silence, and stayed for a moment their murderous design. He then added, in accents solemn and impressive, "Young man! Reverence these grey hairs, my wounds and my infirmities! But, do what thou wilt, thou canst only shorten my poor afflicted life a very few days."

The words were scarcely uttered, when the murderous assailant, mastering his momentary feeling of compunction, plunged his sword, with the fury of a fiend, into the breast of the brave Coligny, who fell to the ground without a struggle or a groan, and expired beneath the daggers, the insults, and the curses of the coward and the furious demons of destruction.

The lifeless form of the unfortunate Coligny was precipitated into the court of the palace, where it was instantly surrounded by the eager crowd below who surveyed the mangled form with satisfaction. Wounds and blood had altered the appearance of the Admiral so much, that none who had known could recognize him now. But when the Duke of Guise, in the joy and triumph of gratified revenge, wiped the blood from his face, his venerable features were distinctly recognized. Though many marks of violence marred his noble countenance, yet its former aspect might still be clearly seen. The stillness and paleness of death which rested over it, seemed but the smile and the pecked look of life which in former days arrayed it. His eyes, indeed, at whose piercing glance his mightiest foes had trembled, were now forever sealed—and the tongue that had been used to counsel or command, was now forever hushed—and the sage and fearless spirit that had swayed the mightiest destinies was now forever fled.

his lifeless foe with a savage exultation. "Now I really know him. It is indeed the same! It is—it is the cursed Coligny!"

Having said this, he leaped upon his horse, and with the direful fleetness of some savage bloodhound, which had been roused to madness by the sight and scent of blood, he flew throughout the city, wherever the massacre raged in hottest fury—galloped through the streets, followed by a band of noble attendants, encouraging the soldiers to deeds of horrid carnage.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—In his valedictory address, ex-Lord-Rector, Glasgow University, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, lately offered the following excellent maxims to the students:

"Never affect," said he, "to be otherwise than you are, either rich or poor. Never be ashamed to say 'I do not know.' Men will then believe you when you say 'I do not know.' Never be ashamed to say, whether applied to time or money, 'I cannot afford to waste an hour in the idleness to which you invite me; I cannot afford the guinea you ask me to throw away.' Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these maxims let me deduce another. Learn to say 'No' with decision, 'Yes' with caution, 'No' with decision whenever it means temptation; 'Yes' with caution whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolate. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can implicitly rely on him. I have frequently seen in life such a person preferred to a long list of applicants for some important charge; he has been lifted at once into station and fortune merely because he has this reputation—that when a man says he knows, he knows; and when he says he will do a thing, he will do it."

THE LOVER.—An exchange says, a love is a young gentleman who lives on sentiment and moonlight—a believer in Byron and fate—a youth who dislikes wise, good advice, and salt pork, and supposes that all that's required to convert this world into a paradise, is a six-keyed flute, and a pair of light blue eyes.

The lover is a great gilder. He converts his brush into converted into cottages. He transmutates red hair into sun-colored ringlets. The lover sets no value in business; very little in weather. All he wants is "The star of Love" and solitude. The lover takes largely in philanthropy, and looks upon the world as "cold and calculating"—the abode of hate, envy, and tribulation. The lover soars above mercantile operations, and terms commerce the mutual cheating of a mercenary mob.—The lover talks much of doves, turtles and rabbits. Sets a priceless value on sighs and other windy products, and esteems no man human who speaks patronizingly of baked beans and mutton pie.

The lover labors under a sort of rose-colored lunacy—the cure for which is marriage, and butcher bills, a slovenly wife, and a pair of dirty-faced twins.

If this does not cure him, the case is a hard one, and beyond the reach of human skill.

PROFESSOR DOESTICKS.—Doesticks is immortalized and he did it himself. He has gone into the Patent Medicine business, and become a Professor. His fortune is made.—He is a great man, and a universal benefactor. Hear him tell how it was done:

"Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of bees-wax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of Professor Doesticks' Patent Self-Acting Four Horse Power Balsam, designed to cure all diseases of mind body, or estate; to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the barefoot, decency to the backguard, and honor to the politician. It acts physically, morally, psychologically and geologically, and is intended to make our subliminary sphere a blissful paradise."

AN ECDOPE OF JUDGE MARSHALL.—Judge Marshall, returning from North Carolina, wrapped in profound thought on some knotty point, found himself suddenly brought to a halt by a small tree which intervened between the front wheel and the body of his buggy. Seeing a servant at a short distance, he asked him to bring an axe and cut down the tree. The servant told the judge that there was no occasion for cutting down the tree, but just to back the buggy.—Pleased at the good sense of the fellow, he told him that he would leave him some thing at the inn hard by, where he intended to stop, having then no small change. In due time the negro applied, and a dollar was handed him.—Being asked if he knew who it was that gave him the dollar, he replied "No Sir; I concluded he was a gentleman by his leaving the money, but I think he was the biggest fool I ever saw."

LORENZO DOW, the celebrated itinerant preacher, once came across a man who was deeply lamenting that his axe had been stolen. Dow told the man that if he would come come to meeting with him he would find his axe. At the meeting, Dow had on the pulpit, in plain sight, a big stone. Suddenly in the middle of the sermon, he stopped, took up the stone, and said: "An axe was stolen in this neighborhood last night, and if the man who took it don't dodge, I will hit him on the forehead with this stone!" at the same time making a violent effort to throw it. A person present was seen to dodge his head, and proved to be the guilty party.

A peasant went to a priest to confers having stolen hay from a large stack belonging to a neighbor. "How many loads did you take?" asked the father confessor. "You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all away before we stop."

The Uses of Home.

Where lie the clearest proofs of a heavenly watchfulness over our heads, if not in the shelters where we lay those heads at night? Consider what securities home affections bind about tempted virtue; how the man of business carries a zone of moral purity woven about him by the caresses of children, from his home to the market-place; how the false and fraudulent purpose, half concealed in the counting-room, is rebuked and put to shame by the innocence that gazes into his eyes and elings about his neck when he goes home and shuts the door on the world at night. Consider what a household love interposes to stay the erring feet of disposition—what a triple shield it holds up against the sins of prodigality, indulgence, or dishonor! Consider that, with most of us, whatever impulse of generosity visit the soul, whatever prayers we breathe, whatever holy vows of religious consideration we pledge, whatever aspiring resolves we form, are apt to spring up within the sacred enclosures of the house! Consider how the mere memory of that spot, with all its precious endearments, goes forth with the traveler, sails with the sailor, keeps vigils over the exposed heart among the perils of the foreign city, sweetens the feverish dreams and softens the pain of the sickly climate, and by calling his love homeward, calls his faith to heaven!—Consider that the discipline of disease, the purification of bereavement, the tears of mourners, are all implements in the sanctity of home; that closets of devotion are parts of the architecture of the house; that Bibles are opened on its tables; that the eyes of new-born children open, and its first breaths are drawn in its chambers and that the dead body is born out of its door; how fast do the gathering proofs accumulate, that the human dwelling is a sanctuary of the Most High!—Huntington.

INVENTION OF CHESS.—According to M. Basterot, a late French authority, this game was invented during the 6th century by an Indian Brahmin, called Sisa, who presented his invention to the reigning monarch, Sirham, requesting as a reward one grain of wheat for the first square, two grains for the second, and four for the third, and so on, in geometric progression, up to the sixty-fourth; to reach the amount of this humble request, the author informs us, would require the entire wheat crop of France during 140 years.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.—In the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to work with your own hands and diligently to do. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill grinds; not he who comes and goes. Attend to your business; never trust another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled." Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Save the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." Who dauntless love, shall a beggar prove. Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep." Treat every man with respect.—"Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.—Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming a possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may go for a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race." Above all things never despair.

A GAY OLD BANK.—Yesterday a chap who had been slightly pulverized in an encounter with Old Rum went into our leading banks and wished to purchase some gold. The teller, who was busy, answered rather briefly, "Got no gold." "What," said the applicant, "got no gold? Gay old bank, this! Got no gold? Gay old bank"—and off he started in search of a bank that wasn't "gay" and had some gold.

As a rose, after a shower, bent down by tear drops, waits for a passing breeze or a kindly hand to shake its branches, that, lightened, it may stand once more upon its stem,—so one who is bowed down with affliction, longs for a friend to help him out of his sorrow, and bid him once more rejoice. Happy is the man who has one to whom he can look in sorrow's stormy hour.

"Will you give me then pennies now?" said a big newboy to a little one, after giving him a severe thumping.

"No, I won't," was the reply.

"Then I'll give you another pounding." "Pound away. Mean! Dr. Franklin agrees; Dr. Franklin says: 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied—"I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

THE GREAT RACE.—"Ginger?" "Sah!" "When am that great race to come off that dar is so much talk about?" "What great race? I habent heard of any great race." "De human race; de great human race, dat is to come off afore long."

Shakespeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman." A French translation has it, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

Sterne used to say—"The most accomplished way of using books is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance."

DUTIES OF PARENTS TO SCHOOLS.—1. Parents should send their children to schools constantly and seasonably.
2. They should see that they are decently clothed, and cleanly in their persons.
3. They should encourage them to respect and obey the rules and requirements of the school.
4. They should encourage them to be orderly in their deportment, and studiously to regard right.
5. They should encourage them to be studious by manifesting an interest in their lessons.
6. They should have regard for the character of the books their children read, and see that they read understandingly.
7. They should encourage them to be studious by manifesting an interest in their lessons.
8. They should cultivate in their children habits of true politeness and courtesy.
9. Besides visiting the school and co-operating and sympathizing with the teacher, they can do much for its improvement and success, by manifesting at all proper times and in all proper places, an interest in its welfare, and a deep solicitude for its reputation; by speaking well of the teacher and of all its judicious plans; by palliating or excusing its faults or failings, (of which every teacher may be expected to have some,) and by inducing their neighbors to visit the school and take an interest in its exercises; thus showing to their children, in the most convincing manner, that they feel that their present employment is an important one, and that the duties of school are not to be regarded as of little consequence.

INDUSTRIOUS ENVY.—"Moralists," says Fairchild, "may talk as much as they please of the sin of envy, but for the life of me, I can never see a pretty maid without envying the good look of the man who is to marry her."