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

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 1, 1860.

Tell us a good long story about the rand old times when proud lords lived in gloone castles, high up on the beetling crags; that people have such feelings and sufferings at their flaunting banners waved proudly in as we read off in stories?" ning sunbeams, and the warder's call ng wildly on the rushing breeze. I love to ar stories of those fine old days, when, when lies were all as one crowned queens; and gay ights and warlike lords knelt before them

No my love ; I cannot tell you a tale of obbing heart, of whose inner life we know

"What, that silent, yet bustling old fudge? "What, that silent, yet bustling old fadge? won like other silly damsels by a fair face and fine speeches?"

"No. She made a good choice, so said the old be like a story. We know her well

rearet cannot be interesting ; but as the se with a song in her heart to blend less inebriate. glad gush of music that swelled on

se that played in changeful blushes on Who can imagine the agony—the darkness round cheek, and the pure high brow and desolution that presses on the heart of the her mental character. But the charm- was working a curse on his sensitive spirit. see the cold, hard brush of reality ap- stranger to the mysteries of iniquity. to the alluring picture, and rainbow tints

spell must last while the life stream ebbs through its mystic channels."

ady, and took her little sister Barrie upon her or woe, which is only successfully imitated by as they were laid on the coffin pillow; and sin that brings blight and ruin to so many noher or woe, which is only successfully imitated by her soul yearned for that rest which they had ble hearts—so many happy circles, began to

"Imitated! Why do you really suppose

"Stories of fiction are of course exaggerations, so far as the writers are concerned; vet however graphic, dilineate the sorrows that corrode the secret springs of life in many a heart that is veiled from us by a mantle of coldness and reserve. We seek the dreams of held the listening multitude in rapt admirae olden times to night. You can read plenty imaginative writers to wile away the idle tion, had been shrouded in a pall of self degthem in a few years. But I will tell you a hours, and forget in their perusal the hearts radation; and he who had sworn before the be story, such a one as transpires in our that are suffering, wasting away under disapholy altar to love, to protect and cherish the looking wistfully toward the village. She midst, in the charmed experience of many pointment and fruitless exertions;—that are fair girl by his side, was now dependent upon would smile—a faint, sad smile as I apholy altar to love, to protect and cherish the looking wistfully toward the village. She ne story, such a one as transpires in our that are suffering, wasting away under disap-I will tell you of one you already and breaking under concealed tortures for nature required.

ough, and she is always the same-always world. Horace Nelson was one of the world's rk, working, and petting that little blue favorities; an only son, the beloved of his ed fairy that is pretty enough to be a king's father, the joy and pride of his mother and sisaughter, to be sure; only she wears such old ist off clothes. When we want a story, we had won the highest collegiate honors, and ow we want something grand, dreamy, ro had been admitted to practise at the bar with ntic; not the humdram affaire of poor old a high reputation for forensic abilities. All But two days elapsed ere little Flora, the last went brightly for awhile with Margaret. The remaining daughter, was folded in the mantle "Ah, Ellen; your twelve years wisdom years swept by on happy pinions, and the young of the shadowy angel, but the beauty that each you that the history of such as old wife became a happy mother. And when the crowned the other dying cherubs, and rested bright blue orbs of her young son looked smil- on their cold still lips, even in the coffin, was of life are unrolled by the busy fingers ingly upon her from day to day, she felt how , you will learn that the history of the great was the responsibility resting upon her

ret has had her deams. I knew her in her joyons and the mother's love and that blighted flower, to brighten no more the pride grew stronger in the heart of Margaret, dark pathway of her life. But when their s, the idolized favorite of loving broth- and so absorbed was she in the guidance of nd sisters. The sunny radiance of hap that young immortal entrusted to her care, that heard rambling in the distance, she heaved a ss ever smiled on the rosy lip. Her dark she failed at first to notice the occasional long absence of the husband she adored. But as time sped by with noiseless wing her heart bef rainbow splendor, and she dreamed not gan to feel that a change had passed upon that orrow could ever efface the glorious thats heart where her own reposed. She could not ove and happiness penciled upon the own to herself that he, so loved, so trusted, on of her life's opening sky. Everything could fall from the high place where her adora charm for her young spirit; when the ing soul had enshrined him; but at last the morning looked forth from his orient fearful truth was pressed upon her bleeding poured-out her sorrows into the ear of Him schasing away the dark shadows that heart, and she bowed her head in agony to the who watches the young sparrows when they d the slumbering world, the happy painful assurance that her husband was a hope-fall; and worn out with sorrowful vigils with

and gush of masse that swelled on and fear; the lonely night vigils which sorrow sleep of exhaustion, with her head resting on seat apward to the throne on high held by the desecrated shrine of wedded life; the couch of her only son. He awoke at soft mists that creep so silently up the bitter tears of hopless misery, that bring early dawn to find his mother reclining by his shady vale or the bosom of the silvery no relief to the breaking heart. Seasons of side. Remorse smote that young spirits to the purer air that flows around the sted mountains. No dream of lovelito the purer air that flows around the sted mountains. No dream of lovelithe cheek of that devoted wife, yet she still experience that shrouds the life of the soul. rested mountains. No dream of loveli-at ever wood almost to madness the d soul of the artist, was more beautiful dright-eved Margaret Clifton."

the cheek of that devoted wife, yet she still hoped on—hoped even against hope, that the hour of redemption might yet arrive, and the idol of her young love be freed from the blight

eed my child, she was beautiful as a of morning, when the glorious hoes of dark and gloomy; and at last the spectre, want, threw her baleful shadow over the home Her dark eyes shone with the circle; and such wretchedness as cannot be ight of a lofty and poetic mind. The portrayed, was the bitter portion of Margaret

couned with waving curls of glossy lonely and neglected wife, as she sits through that danced in their silken softness to long night hours, watching the radiant stars h of the wooing zephyr. But she that shine so coldly on their thrones of light beauty of a loftier stamp that of while he who swore at the altar to protect eled features, rich tresses, or com- and cherish while life should last, is debasing filly and rose. The high beauty of the godlike intellect which proves him, akin to hers; and through the good pro- the angels. How often she knelt in her desola that God she adored in her child- tion, and prayed that he who hushed to peace still leans upon and worships in her the stormy waters of Galilee, would still the the still retains that beauty. She wild tempest of sorrow, and once more bind d in those young days ; joyous as her brow with the galarnd of peace. She had a hat floats upward on the wing of removed with her husband to a distant city; ing, to pour the fall tide of song on her parents were dead, and their wealth had her waves of the atmosphere; and passed into the hands of strangers. A sad lot among the roseate clouds, the sweet was hers, yet she never wavered in the high has learned from the dreamy tones faith which had shed a halo around her young flowers that have swayed mur. spirit; and she walked humbly, trustingly, to the cool breath of the summer though sorrowfully along her weary way, winds. Her spirit was attuned to music, striving with woman's hopeful love to shield onies of the universe met a response her boy from the contaminations of a large adoring heart Her soul leapt up to city. But her son wearied of the close, hot air chant of the gale, as at rang through of the miserable rooms which poverty obliged and listen to the robin's carol among the chernding solitudes of the dark old forests: them to occupy. He must play in the clear ed in thrilling sympathy as the nighein- bright sanshine that glanced on the flashing illed her plaintive melody through the waters, and drink in the pure breezes of heavered glens, until the inanimate forms of en, that came cool and fresh from the shimseemed rocal with the low voiced echoes | mering seas, or wafted the aroma of blossoms gres, as they swept on viewless pinion from the green fields and flowering shrubs. - sky, and gathered rich lessons of wisdom from he mystic cerulean, swelling the har- O that some angel might meet the children of Imphonies of praise to Him who poor the poor, when they congregate together in the the page. Through the long days of her sickay spring from on high to flood with crowded streets of great cities. George Nelrevolving earth, -- who studded the son had no father; no kind heart to watch a half-consciousness that deluded the fluttering sanners of night with gems of eternal over his young footsteps, and lead his active and penciled with hues from the spirit in the way that leads to purity and peace. of light, the gorzeous coronet of the Dearly as he loved his mother, and the little Yes, she was a vision of beauty, in sisters that looked sadly on him with their soft form; the personification of loveli- bright eyes, yet the sight of their privation

women was upon her, the bright, the None can guess, save those who have wit-Margaret. The lot to tread awhile in nessed the result, how wrong and sorrow can ed bowers of dream land; to have warp the young soul, and drag it down from isions of human excellence, and sweet it loveliness and innocence. Disrespect, aungs after that spiritual beauty that sets ger, hetred, took the place of that confiding gh seal on the reverent brow; to dream love, which is the child's only safeguard from elasive dreams, that wrap the yearn- sin; and when George was eighteen he was onlin the golden glow of paradise; and insured in the degradation of poverty, and no

A deeper grief was weaving its mantle of and the purple bues of morning gloom for the soul of Margaret. Two of her room for new improvements, and the old time-Te the dark shadows of the storm .- little ones sickened, and in a few days passed worn church had been taken down, and a new ous realms where truth nuroils her star gemmed playing without them, or both sides of the oved as one of her pure, romantic na- from the darkness of their wretched home, to and imposing edifice stood in its place. And banner on the cloudless air; and the kind analone can love; and when she stood in the bright gardens above, where angels train when she entered the sanctuary of worship, gel who wore on earth the pale lineament of when she entered the sanctuary of worship, gel who wore on earth the pale lineament of when she entered the sanctuary of worship, gel who wore on earth the pale lineament of the blossoming vines in the fadeless bowers she felt indeed that she was a stranger. I of sorrow, lifts her radiant brow to the arching the plant and had been bearen that is bright with the glory of the earts are pledged for weal or woe, no that bloom on the banks of life's glorious river knew her when a young girl, and had been heaven that is bright with the glory of the nors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, it was when nobody did nothing, and some that gathered throng but heat more Ought we to mourn thus sadly when the young present at her wedding; so when I heard of Father.

shore? They escape the sorrows that blight her that friendship she so much needed. the trusting spirit-the low sad wail of misery "O, now you are making a real love story shall never thrill their young heart-strings, for of it. Who would ever have thought of any- they stand on the flowery margin of the crystal not the canker that had preyed upon his heart,

gained. Darker and darker grew the sky above her, more desolate the wide world in that sweet little cottage just over the brook, around. The husband to whom she had plighted her soul's truth when life's young morning smiled on the sweet flowers of hope, no human imagination can realise-no pen and become a thing of terror and scorn. The light of intelligence that once lit up the beamthrobbing with anguish under our very eye, her labor for the scanty food which his abused proached her, and rise to go into the house

In the frightful period when the pestilence went abroad on destroying pinion, breathing blight, and terror, alike at noonday or at the solemn midnight, Horace Nelson was among the first who fell a victim to the terrible scourge. When the holy stars looked quietly down on the rippling waters, and the hushed breeze scarcely woke an echo amid the silent leaves, the dead cart bore from that miserable home the once loving, high-souled man of honor, to rest in the pauper's burying ground. not here. The distorted features, the livid glad and loving spirit to train the face that had nestled so towns, the fearful, mysterious human heart, is piness, for honor, and high usefulness.

His morning had dawned brightly, but what her bosom. She sunk in despair almost, and never stirred when stranger hands bore forth never the face that had nestled so towns, and her bosom. She sunk in despair almost, and never stirred when stranger hands bore forth footsteps died away, and the wheels were quick gasping sigh, and said like one of old "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away." Then the long scaled fountain of tears welled forth, and the sore and throbbing brain found relief, and the burdened heart at last grew still, baptized in the soothing dews the dead and dying, and wasted with hunger Then come the long days of alternate hope and bitterness of spirit, she slept the weary

> The stricken spirit struggled in that hour grey twilight to rise above the dark influes that had clouded the young heart's pure trusting love, and holy innocence; and he resolved to break the dark bands that bound him down to poverty. Strong hope sprung up in his heart. He would be a man, he would strive with the world, and win for his poor mother a home and a competence. Alas for the resolves of neglected childhood and con-taminated youth. Few are the hands reached forth at the right moment to rescue the fall-

For a while he strove to stem the tide of opposing influences, but the mother was sick long months, and attended by the hand of charity, and the lonely boy had none to cheer. none to encourage him, save outcasts like him self. In that lonely period habits long begun, had gained an influence over him which could

never be counteracted.

When Margaret arose once more from her bed of sickness, she yearned to come back to the old place. It seemed to her sorrowing heart that she could find somewhat of the happiness that blest her youth, if she could hear the winds sing again through the apple boughs. ry trees, or the whippoorwill's plaint in the adjacent thicket. She pined for the sweet breath of flowers that bloomed by the remembered window, where often she had watched the mellow twilight fading from the arching the open volume, tril gathering darkness veiled ness there had been intervals of blissful ease. spirit with visions of the olden times, when sit ting by her mother's side she breathed the rich perfume of lilac or rose; and listened with rapture to the chant of the fresh breeze that bore on its wings the wild moan of the waves, and mingled its dying cadence with the melody of forest-lyres that floated from mountain and valley, and rose in a harmonious swell like the song of the lute or the light-toned guitar. And when her health was sufficiently restored, she came by weary and toilsome stages, to this | ing spirit, is a talisman to sustain the sorrow- | all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and pleasant valley where her happy infancy and childhood had been passed. But poor Margaret found not the home she knew in the bright | ed within the circles of ineffable light, will its millions af darkly groping men, and all the of her parents. The grove was gone to make and calmly lead the soul down the shadowy

quickly as the solemn words were said whose immortals seek early their homes on the spirit her return, I sought her out, and extended to

Her son, by this time near twenty-two, was a fine looking young man, and to us who knew My Grandmother's Story.

"Come now, grandma, tell us a story," said lee, as she drew her chair near the old of around us, we should read the tale of bliss and took her little sister Barrie upon her or woe, which is only successfully imitated by as they were laid on the glad song that rings from the lyres of the blest, though the lapse of eternal years.

Yet the head of that worn mother bowed in bitter grief over those sweet young faces, as frail. It was not long before the besetting of the plant song that rings from the lyres of the blest, though the lapse of eternal years.

Yet the head of that worn mother bowed in bitter grief over those sweet young faces, as frail. It was not long before the besetting or woe, which is only successfully imitated by show its fearful influence. George Nelson lived whose silvery song makes music through the live-long night, and its cool, damp breath gives a richer green to the shrubbery that half hides the building from view. Oh, how often our hearts ached at sunset, when we walked over the little bridge, to spend a few moments with the lone widow : for in a little nook near the brook-side, sheltered by the interlacing boughs that shut out the prying sunbeams, we were almost sure to find the poor, pale Agnes, with me, talking all the while in a merry strain, or singing, may be, some light carol of the olden time. But I was not deceived. I knew this feigned merriment was but the white foam that gatheres on the wave, that seems so calm and still; while far down, the

waters are fretting against the ragged rocks. A few more months and Agnes lay on her death-bed. Those small white hands, where the delicate veins seemed like purple threads, were thin and transparent and but for the tracery of life's mysterious meshes would scarce be noticed on the snowy counterpane. Her life was slowly ebbing out, yet the spirits oncentrated love beamed in her soul lit orbs, and rested ever and anon upon a tiny bud of a being that lay sleeping by her side. She had looked for love, the high and pure; she had given her soul's adoration to one whom her fond imagination had endowed with all noble qualities. She had made her an idol, and bound it around with the tendrils of her own heart, and gave it the rich incense of woman's undying love. She found that idol clay, yet hers was not a nature to bewail that wors So for a few short months she looked sadly out on the ever varying beauties of nature and then lay quietly down to find that rest in the embrace of the Savior, which human love had denied her. That long tried mother stood by her, consoling her in the solemn hour of departure, and the young husband was there oo; crushed and heart-broken by a sense of his own sin. "I have murdered you, Agnes," he cried in husky tones, "I have murdered you, my own life; yet God knows how well I have loved you. O if you could live, I might

"Weep not for me, George," said the young mother in the low sad tones that speak of the cold, dark grave. "Do not accuse yourself; you have always been kind to me. Never has a frown, or an unkind word from you cast a shadow on my heart. Remember love, we ow you are footing us, grandma, laughThe Lee. "Isn't it funny that you should making us believe that she was ever desolation of that mother who had ever been desolation of that mother who had ever been mitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall come to skeep. I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall come to skeep. I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall come to skeep. I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall come to skeep. I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall come to say any.

An University of the sales as they rattled me to say any.

I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permitted to visit the scenes where the soul has been gladdened I shall not forget you in the land to which I go, and if the beings of that sphere are permit though unseen; and wait with joy to greet you on that starry shore."

> now. I have poisoned the cup of life for you, and that corroding memory will soon wear out the links of life's mysterious chain."

> He spoke but too truly. In three days Agnes was laid in the quiet mansion where earth's weary ones forget their sorrows. One would think the circumstances of health would exert a restraining influence on the erring man ; but sorrow and remorse increased the madness that follows intemperance. Before little Margaret was a year old, ber wretched father filled a drungard's grave. Poor Margaret did not bear this all unmoved; she had been more or less than woman if she had. But she still trusted in that God she had worshipped in her youth-who adorns the green meadows with he smiles of his love, -who beedeth the cry of the famishing raven, and careth for the sparrows of the field. She has lived for the lovely little grandchild, who is now the only link that binds her to earth. To cultivate that infant mind-to inspire it with a love for all things pure and beautiful-to lead it up to maturity in that trusting love which is a shield and a support in the hours of human trial, is

> her highest ambition. And she will go on in her secladed pathway striving to fulfill her mission in the mauner most acceptable to that Savior who toiled sorrowfully over the dusky thoroughfares of life. to show us the excellency of that life, which in humble trust leads us ever nearer the throne where gush the pure waters of spiritual peace. All the bright dreams of her youth have faded; those yearning hopes which are the crown of joy to woman's heart so long as she can dream of their fulfillment, have been crushed and blighted. Yet her faith in God has not failed, and she looks forward with joyfull hope to that glad morning when she shall rest from earth's trials in the bosom of eternal love .-Nor is her lot wholly unblest even here. Sympathy, and love and trust are meted out to her,

as to one of the noblest of sorrow's children. Now from the simple story of poor Margaset learn this truth : that a pure, loving, trusting heart in the darkest hours of trial-that a rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, firm dependence upon Him who sits entbron- railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all days of youth. Strangers dwelt in the home lessen the burden of poverty, wrong and woe, scrence and progress of ages will soon be given

Educational Department.

The annual examinations for Teachers for 1860, will be holden at the following times and places, viz:

Nov. 1, at the Black house, Tuscarora. Nov. 2, at the Merryall house. Nov. 3, at the Ingham house, Wilmot.

Nov. 5, at the McGuyre house, Terry ; also

at the Frenchtown house, Asylum. Nov. 6, at the Brown school house, for Albany and Overton; also at the Stevens house,

Standing Stone, (at which last named place the examination will commence at 11 o'clock, Nov. 7, at the borough house, Monroe; al-

so at the Herrickville school house. Nov. 8, at the borough house, for the To-wandas; also at the Academy at Rome.

Nov. 9, at the Gore house for Sheshequin. Nov. 10, at the Myersburg house, Wysox. Nov. 12, at the Varney house, Franklin; also at the borough house for Burlingtons.

Nov. 13, at the Taylor house, Granville ; also at the center house, Sprinnfield.

Nov. 14, at the center house, LeRoy; also at the Burnham house, Ridgbury.
Nov. 15, at the Corners house, for Canton

and Armenia; also at the Gillett house, South Nov. 16, at the borough house, Troy : also

at the Rowley house, Wells.

Nov. 17, at the Academy, Smithfield; also at the Morgan Hollow house, Columbia.

The examinations will commence precisely at 10 o'clock, A. M. No candidates will be examined who do not come in before 11, unless the tardiness be unavoidable. No person will be inspected who does not intend to teach in the county during the year, neither will any be examined that have attended inspections in other townships. Private examinations will in no case be granted, except in accordance with the provisions of the school law, as found on page 51. Each teacher will bring a Read-

er, one sheet of Foolscap Paper, pen and ink.
Directors and parents are earnestly invited to be present at the examinations in their respective townships.

C. R. COBURN, Co. Sup't. Towanda, September 4, 1860.

-From the Educator School Grounds.

As the time of opening schools is once more

returning, we hear much spoken of making them attractive. But, however, much may be place to study. But me thinks I hear Johnny and Tommy and Jenny and a host of other say have named her after your mother; cherish her as a sweet blossom to remind you of me. There can be no necessity for me to say any "You will not wait long. I cannot live nia, we find nearly all our school houses situatvery likely two roads meet somewhere, cutting off a piece of ground nearly the whole of forty feet square; or a steep hill somewhere; upon which you will surely find a school house .-Why is all this this? simply because school directors are afraid a fine situation costs too much, and their school tax might be raised a few cents thereby. They will cause rivers of tears to flow from the eyes of their own chilren, as well as from those of all the inhabitants of the district, merely for the sake of saving a few dollars as they think, but in which they are greatly mistaken. Every penny exended for proper school grounds is a dollar from the Doctor's bill and will bear a hundred per cent. interest to all who invest it. Scholars are able to study twice as much if they can exercise properly during the hours of play than if they are deprived of this necessary requisite to the student. O, do not deprive our scholars of something which they need as much as the food which sostains their lives ! Let school directors, if they want to save money, have healthy and intelligent scholars, advance their schools, and confer a blessing on their posterity ; select the most pleasant spot which they can find whereon to erect the "Peoples every possible manuer, and scholars will soon not. ove their place of instruction, their teste will be healthy, vigorous, intelligent and happy, and directors will have done their duty, and not ere this done, will the object of Common schools have been accomplished. A WORD TO BOTS .- The learned Blacksmith

says, "Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with over the hands of the boys of the present age? boys like you, assembled in school rooms, or Atlantic? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Gover-Teachers, Men of the future, all are boys, whose body went and told of it.

feet like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages - Teacher's Advocate.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA. -Pennsylvania has spoken in thunder tones in behalf of the Union, of Industry, of Freedom. Her people have met at the combined hosts of sectionalism, disunionism, free trade and all others who sought markets for their suffrages, and a majority of 32,000 for Governor, twenty Congressmen, and more than two thirds of each branch of the Legislature, attest the fidelity of our State to the integrity of our institutions, and the common prosperity of our coun-

Indiana, Ohio and Minnesota have joined the Keystone State in demanding that sectional discord, wanton profligacy, and the desolation of the National Government.

The decisive battle has been fought-a nation has been redeemed from disunion and dishonor by the verdict of Tuesday last. The issue was made by our foes and accepted by our friends, and millions to-day greet the triumph as the unerring harbinger of our national disenthralment.

Let the friends of the right not be content with an ordinary victory—Abraham Lincoln can be called to the Presidency by a clear majority of the people of the United States, if all who shall rejoice at his coming will but cast their suffrages for him. To that Majority Pennsylvania can and will contribute full fifty thousand. We have but to be faithful to our great cause, and it is done. Let every man at his post on the great day, and the largest majority ever given in Pennsylvania to a Chief Magistrate will be cast on the 6th of November for Abraham Lincoln, for Union, for Freedom, for Fraternity! A. K. McClure. Chairman People's State Committee.

People's State Committee Rooms, Philadelphia, October 11, 1860.

GEN. SCOTT'S SNAKE STORY.—During a dinner given by Fernando Wood in his Mayoralty of New York, in 1855, Gen. Scott, who was present, having been toasted, was called upon for his rattle-snake story. It seemed, that, during the Florida campaign, the General and his staff were quartered for a night in a rough building constructed from the ground, and the door open at various places. Scarcely had the preparations for bivouse been completed, when a noise from below of rattling told conclusively that rattle snakes had their bivouac on the said, there has still not been enough said. We ground under the floor. Indeed, they were have many school-houses still, which are not soon seen from above as a goodly battallion .more attractive to scholars, than Chefry Hill prison is to its inmates, and into which they must consequently be driven by force. Much of course depends on the teacher, in this respect, but still more on the directors. It is est rattlesnake ever known. I knew as a boy their duty to furnish the school-room with the from experiments, that the rattlesnake never necessary apparatus, which will never fail to jumped or darted. He stood up as far as he make it at least in a measure, an attractive | could reach only and then bit. I returned and told the officers that I intended, nevertheless, to sleep on the floor, and pronounced it safe. shall soon meet, where the flowers are all deathless, and the bright skies are never overcast with clouds. Take little Margaret, for I Indeed, I rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the snakes as they rattled me to sleep, and

> AN UNPLEASANT BEDFELLOW .- The Rapnity of enjoying their hours of sport. In day night last, after retiring, we were aroused travelling over the greater part of Pennsylva- by feeling something move in our bed, apparently between the sheet and the ticking .ed at such places as to be entirely unfit for Thinking it to be a mouse, we arose, lighted a such a purpose. For instance near a creek or candle and commenced examining around the some other body of water, which softens the bed, and much to our surprise, and horror, ground to such a degree as to render it entire- we perceived a hooded adder glide from the ly unfit for cultivation or habitation; or pro- bed and disappear mysteriously. On Tuesday bably on a tract of land so rocky that the afternoon, while sitting in our sanctum, we squirrels have difficulty in crossing it; or heard the venomous reptile in a waste paper box, and with some trouble and great danger. we succeeded in ousting him from his quarters and qu'ckly dispatching him His snakeship measured 3ft. 8in. in length, and 4 in. in diameter, and had we been bitten, death would have ensued in a few hours. This is no snake story-the curious can see the reptile hanging in our office.

> > GREAT EASTERN .- A fatality seems to attend the Great Eastern ; unlucky in its launching, unlucky in its trial-trip, deprived of its captain by an unfortunate accident, mismanaged in the port of New York, and grossly mismanaged in its Cape May trip its entire career thus far has been excedingly unfortunate. It was advertised to leave for New York on the 19th ult., but its usual ill-luck attends it. Its coal could not be got on board in time, while to add to the chapter of accidents, its propeller is said to be much out of order as to interfere with its making a successful voyage.

A Juryman was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. "Well," said he, " the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and College." Then after the house is built, plant stares over the crowd gin us a lecture, but I trees, lay out flower beds, and beautify it in don't know whether he charges anything or

> A pedagogre was about to flog a pupil for having said he was a fool, when the boy cried out, "Oh. don't! I won't call you so any more-Y'll never say what I think again in all the days of my life."

> "Landlord," said a pedagogue somewhat given to strong libations, "I would like a quantum of spirits, a modicum of molasses, in conjunction with a little water-but deal largely with spirits, thou man of mixtures."

> "I wish" said a beautiful wife to a studious husband, "I wish I was a book." wish you were an Almanac," replied her lord, and then I would get a new one every year." Just then the silk rustled !

> The best definition we ever heard of bearing false witness against your neighbor, was given by a little girl in school. She said