

ed to be an honest and respectable mechanic, he forced him into one of the learned professions, thinking his Ebenezer would get to be President may-be, and find lots of silver in his pathway ; but it proves to be moonshine. The boy isn't rich, nor hardly respectable ; and never will be, I fear.

"Then, there is sister Pike, with her five grown, unmarried girls living on her like so many leeches. It all comes of mistaking moonshine for silver. When they were young, she wouldn't hear to their being taught anything that is useful. She looked upon all labour as degrading ; the girls must not hem their pocket-handkerchiefs, for fear it would mar the beauty of their hands ; they wrought little brown dogs in worsted yarn—although, if they hadn't have told me what the animals were meant for, I should have taken them for horses ; learned French when they should have been studying cookery books, and spinning street yarn when they should have been at home. They have grown to be artificial creatures ; and failing to accomplish what they have been taught is the great end of woman's life, viz : to get married, they live sour, crabbed old maids, almost worrying sister Pike's life out of her. Oh ! oh ! me ! this all comes of neglecting what is useful for what is ornamental, counting that to be silver, and worth a great deal, which is merely moonshine.

"Then, there is Jack Rogers, who left an interesting family, and a good, lucrative situation for the purpose of growing suddenly rich in California. He has come homesick and dispirited. Poor fellow ! if there is gold in California, it proved to be moonshine for him. It's my opinion, that when folks are well off at home, they had better stay there."

Here the old lady dropped alike the thread of her discourse and the thread of her knitting, and we came away.—*Maddison Family Visitor.*



A WHALE WITH THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Among the ailments to which sperm whales are subject, is the jumping tooth-ache. It operates on their nervous system as it does upon those of mankind, rendering them crabbed and fractious. Just at day-break one morning, while we were cruising on the "off-shore" ground, a violent commotion in the water, about two miles ahead, resembling breakers, attracted attention. It continued unabated till within fifty rods of it, when a sperm whale (for such it proved to be) threw his entire body into the air and fell back into his native element with a tremendous report. Of course, the yards were hauled aback, and boats lowered, but several minutes elapsed before it was deemed prudent to approach the monster. Finding, however, that he had no idea of becoming quiet, we advanced with caution, and succeeded in securing one iron firmly in his back, which rendered him more restless. Giving him plenty of slack line, we removed to a respectful distance, hoping he would sound or retreat, but he was not disposed to do either. So taking our oars we pulled sufficiently near to give the boat-header an opportunity to lance him. He seemed to be aware of our intention, for he turned and rushed towards us with the design of giving us a fawing, which we narrowly escaped. During the next half hour he chased us, and it was with much difficulty that we avoided him. When near us he turned on his back and raised his jaw, bringing to view two