

stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good bye, he straightened for home as fast as he could go.

Mrs. Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs. Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr. Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something" that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr. Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterward, Mrs. Guttridge was heard to say, that "somehow, ever since that 'ere trial, Mr. Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed!"

LACONIC.—From a French wife to her absent husband:—"Je vous écris parceque je n'ai rien à faire. Je finis parceque je n'ai rien à dire."

FOR THE LIFE BOAT.

The Power and Influence of the Press.

BY "MURDOCK"—A YOUTH.

Though many centuries have passed over the grave of Lawrence Keoster, still his name is cherished and revered by millions of human beings. Nor can this be wondered at when it is remembered that, next to religion, the art of printing has conferred more real benefits on the world than any other discovery—ancient or modern.

The moment that this invention became circulated and understood, man—who had hitherto been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and depravity—began to assume the exalted sphere for which he was created; and progressively, though gradually, he continued to rise, until he had attained his present happy state of civilization, enlightenment and humanity. Knowledge, too, soon commenced to be diffused abroad; and, since then, has kept steadily increasing amongst all classes of society. Books, at one time the hoarded treasures of a few, are now the priceless gems of many. so that the poorest man has thus afforded him equal facilities as the wealthiest, for obtaining general education: the rich streams of classic lore, or the more practical (and therefore more desirable) learning of this utilitarian age, are open to both.

Truly the people of the nineteenth century have cause to be thankful for the many channels, opened up by this wonderful art, through which valuable, nay indispensable, information may be acquired almost gratuitously! Does any one require proof of this—reference need only be made to the noble Literary and Scientific Institutions, with their well-selected Libraries, every where to be found; to these Magazines published monthly, at prices to suit the pockets of every individual; but more especially to that mighty agent of improvement—the Newspaper Press—which, possessing the numerous advantages of the others combined, is better adapted for the requirements of those three great sources of a people's prosperity or happiness—the Merchant, Agriculturist and Mechanic.

"The invariable objects of the Press," to use the comprehensive words of Knox, "have been to enlighten the understanding of mankind, to exalt and improve their nature; to preserve and vindicate their rights as men, and teach them to pay no implicit obedience but to Truth, to Reason, to Conscience, and