THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

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For the Agitator.

April.

BY M. L. DOUD.

We welcome thee, Spring, with thy soft falling showers,
Thy pure balmy breath, thy bright blooming flowers;
We welcome thee back with the heart's joyous flow—
Hast thou brought us the joys of one year ago?

When spring o'er us last shed its soft golden light,
Did not our young hearts find a thousand delights
In the bright hopes, which shed o'er our pathway their glow?
Have those hopes been fulfilled, of one year ago?

They bloomed but to fade 'neath the bright summer sky.
Or by autumn's fierce blast to wither and die,
Or in winter they perished—Ah, thus were laid low,
The dear hopes which flourished, one brief year ago!

There have been weary partings, and many a tear,
To make the heart sad in this one little year;
And many loved forms in the grave now lie low,
Who trod by our sides, one brief year ago.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

THE BROTHER HUNTERS;

—OR—

POOR TOM'S FATE.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where, the rocky slopes extend far into the cultivated settlements, and at no great distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which foamed and roared against the sharp ridges of ice with which the extraordinary severe winter threatened to imprison it, two white hunters walked, wrapped in their blankets, along the stream, and seemed to be looking for a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were two powerful looking fellows as they walked on with their rifles on their shoulders, and the elegantly fringed leggins, the closely-fitting and carefully soled moccasins showed that they had assumed the habits of the woods, and not of those "land hunters" who, especially at that day, had begun traversing the western part of the State in order to find out the most favorably situated districts, and purchase, or at least lay claim to them.

"Bill," one of them at last said, as he stopped, "our searching is of no use—you see I was right; the stream is here too wide for us to find a tree lying across it, and if I really went to work with my little tomahawk, and felled one of the nearest plane trees, it would not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm is gathering behind us and I think we should not do wrong were we to make arrangements for passing this night better than the last; it will be bitterly cold."

"It's very annoying, though," Bill answered his brother, crossly, "that we should not reach the ravine over there to-night, for in the first place, we should find famous quarters in one of the numerous caves and then, besides, I should have liked to looked for bears; there are sure to be some there. The water's too cold for us to swim across, and the storm will not be a trifling one; so then, to work; here are old trees enough lying about, and a bark roof can be easily made."

"There are almost too many trees lying about," Tom replied, looking all around him, "and those still standing seem rotten and ready to fall. I do not much like the thought of camping here, for you know the story father told us once about such a place."

"Nonsense!" Bill said, laughingly. "Can we find a better camping place? The little stream runs along at our feet, there's plenty of wood close and handy, the young trees will furnish famous poles, and the bark there is first rate for a roof."

Tom made no further objections; the spot looked too inviting, and they were both soon engaged in raising a rough shelter for that night at least, which could afford them refuge against the collecting storm. Under such good hands the work was easily accomplished, and the next half hour found both under their quickly erected roof, watching the pieces of meat broiling on the fire.

"It's strange how cold it has suddenly turned," Tom at lenght broke the silence; "only look the water in the tin pail is frozen quite hard, and the wind has chopped round to the north east; it blows confoundedly sharp too."

"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped himself closely in the folds of his blanket; "I am tired and want to sleep, Tom, lay a couple of boughs on the fire before you turn in, and the one first awake to-morrow must rouse the other."

Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly expired, but the two brothers slept firmly, and the icy north wind that howled over the snow-clad hills into the valley, could not disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of clouds had, however, collected together from various quarters; darkly threatening they brooded over the rustling forest, and the stately trees shook and bowed their leafless branches, as if in timid forebodings of the approaching storm. A bright flash of lightning suddenly burst from the black heavens, and a terrific peal of thunder almost instantaneously followed the messenger of destruction. One of the terrible winter storms was impending, and the unchained hurricane howled and tore through thhe narro mountain ravines.

"Bill!" cried Tom, springing up in horror, "Bill, get up; we dare not lie down; see how the old trees quiver; and you hear, there's one of tem cracking!"

"Hallo!" Bill replied, as he quickly threw off his blanket, "has it caught us? Hi! Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the confunded northwester won't take it along withit."

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at the same instant such a furious blast burst from the opposite valley that it half uncovered their resting-place in a second, and burning ashes and sparks were carried far away into the gloom of night. A lightning flash again burst forth from the clouds and the thunder deadened the sound of the howling storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the whole earth were torn from its foundations; far, far away on it came, like the crash of a thousand cannons; then nearer and nearer it roared, spreading wild and terrible overthrow and harrowing desolation around.

"Almighty God, a hurricane!" Tom cried, starting up in terror, for at the same moment the storm reached them. The giant trunks, which had withstood centuries, bowed like thin twigs, and with one blow, that struck terror to the hearts of the listeners, the whole forest was mowed level with the earth by the hand of the Almighty.

The hurricane raged further and further with frightful velocity; for miles around it overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like reeds to the ground; for miles around it marked its path with desolation and destruction; but silence, grave-like silence, followed in its track, and rested over the widely-scattered trees; not a breath was stirring, and the calmness of death, after this horrifying outbreak of the elements, affected the poor heart of a mortal with a more agonizing shudder than it had felt even in the most terrible fury of the storm.

Bill had miraculously escaped, without even the slightest injury; clinging tightly to an immense tree that had previously fallen; another oak that had fell across it only served to save him, as it guarded him from the other continually falling branches and smaller trees; but now, as soon as the first most pressing danger passed, he jumped up and cried, filled with terror, to his brother:

"Tom—brother Tom—do answer, Tom. Great God! has such a terrible end fallen to your share."

No! it would have been well for him if that had been his lot; he still lived, and his weak voice, at no great distance, struck the hunter's attentive ear.

"All-merciful Heavens!" the latter cried when he had quickly leaped over a couple of trees lying in his way, and with a blazing pine-torch in his hand, stood before him he sought.

"All-merciful Heavens!" he repeated in almost maddening agony, and covered his face with his hands, for close to him pale as a corpse, with both his thighs buried beneath an immense oak, which was shattered from top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother, the playmate of his youth, the darling of his heart.

"It's very cold" the unhappy man whispered, and looked up imploringly to the hunter, who apparently incapable of any further movement, stood near him as if hewn out of stone—"it's very cold, Bill; can't you bring me a little fire?"

These words broke the charm which seemed to possess his half unconscious brother.

"Tom, Tom!" he cried, as he threw himself with groans on the mutilated body of his dearest companion.

"You hurt me Bill, the latter entreated; my arm pains me, and it is so cold."

"Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds," Bill now cried, as he sprung hastily up, "lie there a minute longer, and I'll fetch you some ashes, and then help you up—only a moment's patience;" and in haste he flew back to the still burning camp-fire. Ah! he did not notice the features of the unhappy man, as he begged him have patience. He hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning wood his arms could hold—the flames scorched his hunting-shirt and hands—he did not notice it, and flew back to his brother's side, plenty of drift-wood lay around, and in a few moments a bright, cheering fire flared by the side of the tree, under whose giant weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.

Bill now regarded with a shudder the terrible scene, and madly threw himself on the tree, which a hundred men could not have raised, and tried his utmost strength on an impossibility.

"Bill!" Tom gently begged him, "come here, come—give me your hand—that's right. And now, Bill—do you really love me?"

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand answered this question; speak he could not, for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty suffocated every sound.

"Will you do me a service?" Tom implored, drawing the unresisting man closer to him.

"A service!" Bill whispered—"a service! What can you ask that I would not do for you if it was in my power?"

"You promise to do it?"

"What is it?" the hunter asked, in terror.

"Take your rifle," Tom begged, "and put an end to my sufferings."

"Tom!" the brother cried, as he sprung up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings," the unhappy man entreated. Bill! brother! if you ever loved me prove it now. Do not let me perish here, slowly and horribly.

"I will save you, if it cost me my life," Bill cried. "I will return with assistance this very night,"

"That is not possible," the poor fellow replied, sorrowfully shaking his head. The next settlement is by the nearest road, at least fifteen miles from here; but the road you would have to take to go round the rocks and ravines, is twenty; and if you come back, if you brought fifty men with you, what help could they give me? Both my thighs are shattered, and the nearest doctor lives in Little Rock, hundreds of miles from here, and whither we scarce know the direction.—Bill will you let me lie here for days, and afterwards see me perish miserably?"

"Ask my own life, and you shall have it with pleasure; but don't require such a terrible thing from me; it must be possible to save you—I have my tomahawk—I can cut this tree through—I can——

"Can you cure wounds like these?" Tom interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and the brother fell upon his knees, with a groan.

"I cannot murder you," he gently said.

"And do you call that murder? Oh, Bill!" he continued, "could you only fancy the pain I am now suffering, you would take compassion—would not let me beg in vain."

"I will give you a rifle—don't make me my brother's murderer," Bill groaned.

"My right arm is also broken; I cannot even if I would."

"Tom!" the powerful man sobbed, as he threw himself by his brother's side, "what is it you want of me?"

"What did you lately do to Nestor when the bear had torn him so terribly?"

"I shot him."

"He was your favorite dog."

Bill only answered with sobs.

"And you loved him more than me?" Tom now asked, almost reproachfully.

"Oh? why did I not heed your warning when we last night reached this unhappy spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees that threatened us on all sides? why——"

"Bill?" the unhappy man interrupted him, "do you mean to free me from my torture?"

"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his brother's neck. They held one another in cold embrace for a long while, but when Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother only held him the tighter. Day at length broke in the east, and the sun shone on the chaos of wildly-scattered trees around.

"Let us part," Tom whispered, "be a man."

He quickly pushed his brother back, and he at length stood up.

"Well, then, be it so! I see you're right it is impossible to save you. I know, too, that I should have asked the same of you in a similar case, and you would not have refused me. Pray to God for the last time, and pray too for me, that he may forgive me the murder of my brother."

Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but he turned in a few moments with a firm and certain step. With his gun in his left hand; he swung himself with his right hand over the scattered trunks, and soon stood again by the side of his brother, who looked affectionately in his face.

"I am ready;" said the latter, with a smile," do not tremble, and God reward you for your kindness—good—bye! He offered him his hand as he turned his face away.

"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in agony, and threw himself again on his breast. Once again they held each other in a close embrace, till Tom entreated gently, "Do not delay any longer." With a hasty bound the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to his cheek, and lay the next moment unconcious by the side of the brother he had shot.

What more have I to tell? Shall I describe how he awoke and piled branch upon branch on his brother's corpse, so that wolf and panther might not fasten their greedy teeth in the beloved remains—how he tottered away, and wrestled with death for many months in the wild dreams of fever, carefully nursed by friends?—No! enough of this sorrowful tale. His brother's blood-covered face did not long trouble him in his nightly dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition against some plundering creeks a compassionate bullet put an end to his life, and friends buried him where he fell! But his memory is still retained in that neighborhood, and when a hunter camps at night, and turns an inquiring glance towards the giant trunks which menacingly surround him, then a gentle prayer of even the roughest and wildest of the band arises, and whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's fate."

Alcohol.

Alcohol is that combustible fluid which rises by the distillation of the juices of sweet fruits; from the infusion of malted barley or other grain: the solutions of sugar, honey and other substanees that are capable of being converted into sugar after they have undergone that spontaneous change which is commonly known as fermentation—the vinous fermentation. The word alcohol is of Arabic or Hebrew origin, and signifies subtle or attenuated; but although it has for many ages been used to designate the material in question, it does not appear to have become popular; "spirits of wine," or "spirits," being the general interpretation of alcohol. As alcohol is well known to be derived from sugar, malt and grapes, it is generally, though erroneously believed that these substances contain it. By the hand of Power "a Greek Slave" can be produced, from a solid mass of marble, chained to a pedestal. No one will believe that the beautiful form pre-existed in the marble, and that Power merely removed the stone veil that enclosed it! In like manner, when a chemist manipulates sugar, barley, or grapes, for the purpose of making alcohol, he does not separate it as a material pre-existing in the substances operated on, but merely uses the ingredients contained therein to create alcohol. It is an ascertained fact that alcohol can only be made from sugar, although at first sight it appears to be made from a variety of things, such as potatoes, treacle, &c. When it is known that any materials that contain starch can be converted into sugar, the mystery of making alcohol from potatoes becomes solved. Moreover, when starch is manipulated in another way, chemists, can produce from it vinegar, sugar, alcohol, water, carbonic acid, oxalic acid, carbonic oxyd gas, lactic acid, and many other substances; but it must not be supposed that these materials have any pre-existence in starch—no, they have been created from the elements composing starch, but not from that substance itself. The starch is broken up, and its elements are re-arranged into new forms. When alcohol is made from barley we merely complete a change which nature had begun. Barley contains starch. When barly is malted the starch becomes sugar; this we extract by the use of water, and call it wort. Fermentation is now set up, and the sugar is changed into "spirit." How quickly this can be turned into acetic acid—that is, vinegar—is well known to all beer drinkers. —*Septimus Piesse.*

THE Man that was "transported with bliss" has returned to his native land, having served out his time. Bliss has two years longer to serve.

PATIENCE;

—OR—

THE BEST COMPANION ON THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

"I would not go unattended," said I, as I set out upon the journey of life. "May I not be allowed *one* attendant?"

"Yes," he replied, "and one only. A number shall appear before you, and you may choose one of them. Great wisdom is required to select the most desirable companion."

"Grant me the power," said I, "to select one who will prove the best friend and the most profitable companion."

I waited awhile, communing with myself on the subject, and inwardly praying that I might be guided aright.

Soon a train of attendants appeared, and one by one they passed before me. First came one who called himself Ambition. He was a haughty, aspiring person—full of promises. He spoke to me of wealth, and fame, and glory, and told me that if I selected him for my companion, he would lead me to the highest pinnacle of wordly eminence.

"Thou art not needed, Ambition," said I; "thou wouldst rather be a hindrance to me in my onward progress. Pass on thy way."

Next came a beautiful creature, full of life and beauty.

"Thy name?" I asked, while I read her answer in every motion of her youthful frame.

"I am Health," said she. "Take me for thy companion. Thou never canst enjoy the journey without me. I will fill thee with new life, and thou wilt weary never with my company."

I sighed as I gazed on her beautiful form, and longed for her sweet company. "Thou art indeed most desirable, O Health," said I; "but thou art not everything. I can have but *one* companion."

Next appeared Wealth, and he promised much of prosperity and ease and bodily comfort; but I let him pass.

Then came Pleasure, with her bight array of smiles and alluring hopes—full of joy and fair promises; but beautiful and tempting as she seemed, I said: "Thou art not for me."

"And lo! what a form of perfect loveliness!" I exclaimed, as one of the most heavenly mien appeared before me, with her finger pointing heavenward.

"Who art thou?" I cried.

"I am Hope," said she, "and I will cheer thee in the darkest day, and ever point thee to thy journey's end."

"Stand aside, Hope, for a moment," said I; "I cannot easily relinquish my desire for thy sweet company; but let me see who comes next in the train."

Another advanced, whose face was irradiated with goodness.

"I am Mercy," said she; "I will extend a helping hand to thee in all thy troubles, and pity thee in all thy weakness."

"Thou wouldst, indeed, be a most soothing companion; but Mercy, pray, for the present, wait with Hope. I may not yet quite dismiss either of you."

And now another approaches, with sedate, though cheerful step.

"I am Contentment," said she. "Thy road will never appear long or wearisome to thee with my company. I can teach thee submission to all the evils that may await thee."

I gazed on her gentle eye, and bade her take her place with sweet Hope and Mercy. And now another approaches more lovely than any I had heretofore seen. Her downcast eye was timidly raised to meet my own—her attire was lowly; and when asked her name, I bent my ear to catch the sound,—so low was her sweet voice.

"I am Humility," said she, and she uttered not another word.

"How can you benefit me on the journey of life?" said I.

A delicate blush overspread her fair cheek, as if fearful of speaking her own praises, while she said:

"I will benefit thee in a simple way; I will fill thee with no vain desires; but I will teach thee to follow in the footsteps of our divine Master, who was a pattern of Humility."

"Stand close by me, sweet Humility," said I, "while I await another's approach, and it is one beautiful indeed."

A look of heavenly peace was upon her brow; there were traces of tears upon her cheek, but withal such an expression of perfect composure, that it seemed to me as if all the graces of hope, contentment, mercy, and humility, were all perfectly combined in her.

"I am Patience," said she.

"Patience!" I exclaimed, "and such a lovely aspect! I thought thou wert an older person, and less inviting in thy form. What service canst thou render me?"

"I dare not recommend myself," said she; "but thou wilt discover my virtues as we pursue our journey. I will teach thee how to bear up against any evil that may assail thee, and to meet, as thou shouldst, all the joys or woes that may be allotted thee on thy journey—and yet will I ever tell thee of the rest beyond."

"Oh, Patience!" I exclaimed, "thou, and thou alone, shalt be my companion."

"I hope thou hast well chosen," said she. "And, you know, I bring Contentment in my train, and Hope and Mercy, too; and Humility is ever at my side."

"Oh, I am indeed blessed," said I. As I took sweet Patience by the hand, she clasped me to her heart.

"Will you trust me fully?" said she. Behold here are the two chief requisites for our journey—the guide book which we must consult daily to know what is before us, and how to overcome obstacles. Without this we are lost; but with it we need fear no evil. And here, too, is the glass of faith, through which we may have glorious visions of the better country to which we journey. Keep it clear, and let nothing intervene between your eye and the things that may be discernible through this glass. Many have lost the joys of heaven by losing this invaluable treasure."

I received the two gifts from the hand of my kind companion.

"Let us not delay," said she.

"I am ready," said I; and hand in hand we began the journey of life. I cast a look behind, fancying I heard slight footfalls; and, lo! Hope, Contentment, Mercy, and Humility, were close behind us, and we were all but one company.

"These ever follow in my train," said my companion; "they never leave me. In choosing what few others would choose thou hast unexpected attendant blessings."

Sleep—Dreams—Mental Decay.

The following passages are from a brief review in a London paper, of Sir Benjamin Brodie's Psychological Inquiries:

Dreams are next discussed, as also the problem, "what is sleep?" which our author declares insoluble. The sense of weariness appears confined to those functions over which the will has power; all involuntary actions are continued through our resting as well as waking hours. Sleep "accumulates the nervous force, which is gradually exhausted" during the day. But these are words only; for who can define or explain the nervous force?" Darwin's axiom, "that the essential part of sleep is the suspension of volition," still holds good, and is accepted as satisfactory. Talking and moving in sleep, though apparently phenomena irreconcilable with this theory, are not so in reality; for there are degrees of sleep, and these things only occur whore the slumber is imperfect. It may be urged, again, that the mere absence of volition would not produce that insensibility to sight and sound which is the characteristic of the sleeper. But few persons are aware how much the will is concerned in the reception of impression on the senses. One who is absorbed in reading or writing will not hear words addressed to him in the ordinary tone, though their physical effect on the ear be the same as usual.

Dreams are inexplicable; Lord Brougham suggested that they took place only in the momentary state of transition from sleep to waking. But facts contradict this theory, since persons will mutter to themselves, and utter inarticulate sounds, indicative of dreaming, at intervals of several minutes. The common puzzle as to how dreams apparently long can pass in a moment of time, presents no difficulty to the psychologist. Life is not measured by hours and days, but by the number of new impressions received; and the *limit to these is in the world without us*, not in the constitution of our minds. To a child whose imagination is constantly excited by new objects, twelve months seem a much longer period than to a man. As we advance in life, time flies faster. The butterfly, living for a single season, may really enjoy a longer existence than the tortoise whose years exbeed a century. Even between the busy and the idle among human beings there exists a similar difference, though less strongly marked.

It has been usually held that large heads are more powerful thinking machines than small ones; and as a general rule, experience justifies the conclusion. But Newton, Byron and others, were exceptions to it; and it is quite certain that a large brain may be accompanied with the most dense stupidity.

Many remarks scattered through this little treatise are worth the recollection of all ages and classes. "The failure of the mind in old age," says Sir Benjamin, "is often less the result of natural decay than of disuse." Ambition has ceased to operate; contentment brings indolence; indolence decay of mental power, ennui and sometimes death. Men have been known to die, literally speaking, of disease induced by intellectual vacancy. On the other hand, the amount of possible mental labor is far less than many persons imagine. If professional men are enabled to work twelve or fifteen hours daily, that is because most of their business has become from habit, a mere routine. From four to six hours is probably, the utmost daily period for which real exertion of the mind can be carried on.

WHEN YOU THINK, THINK EARNESTLY.—Of thoughts there are many kinds; there is desultory dreaming, and wandering thought, and there is earnest thought, which is the greater lever of the world. The latter is such thought as brought to light the immortal "Principle" of Newton; gave us the Telegraph; brought down the fierce lightning from the clouds and tamed, and made good use of it; taught the sun to paint pictures superior to those of any mortal; constructed the telescope and microscope, and blessed us with a knowledge of the elements and nature of things through the medium of chemistry and natural philosophy generally. Everything great has come from the workings of thought, and those who think the most, know most of things which make man superior to the brutes.

Are there giants in the world, who work and evolve ever-living truths without thought? Nay, those who gem eternity, know the hard thought that blanches the hair, sows wrinkles in the forehead, dims the eye, and makes nervous the hand. Thought perfects genius; it raises the artist, the scholar, and the poet above the mass, and makes co-equal with the angels. Thought is the moving principle of the whole universe, for God's thought fashioned the conception of it.

A New Flying Machine.

We are not so skilled in the mystery of cogwheels as our friends of the *Ledger*, but we have heard one of them talk much of the theoretical if not the practical possibility of a Flying Machine. In connection with this, we see the Paris *Patrie* states that the Academy of Sciences is a good deal interested by the invention of a flying machine, by Don Diego de Salamanca. With this machine, Don Diego's daughter, Rosara, rose in the air, some time ago at Madrid, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards, who are but little accustomed to this sort of miracle. Don Diego de Salamanca and his daughter are about to arrive at Paris, to show the effects of his marvellous invention. The machine is very simple; it consists in a case two feet long, and one foot wide, adapted to a band of leather round the waist, buckled behind.—The two iron rods, fastened to the case, support a small piece of wood, on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that employed to set an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle.—It sets in work two large wings, ten feet long, made of very thin caoutchouc, covered with feathers; and the wings may be so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has to be turned every quarter of a league, to regulate the distance; the operation of turning lasts a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult; the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of a swan when it swims. By means of this curious machine, a man can go almost as rapidly as a carrier pigeon, from the Hotel de Ville to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile in eight minutes, and in half an hour to Versailles. The experiments, which will be made in Paris, will be on a small scale, and the flights of Don Diego will not extend beyond the department of the Seine; but at a later period he proposed to

Beginning with Economy.

Nearly thirty years ago, a youngster, some sixteen years of age, a native of New Hampshire, was learning the art of printing in a small village in Vermont. His pay was forty dollars a year and board. He had but one suit of clothes, and these were of coarse, home-made cloth, not cut to fit very nicely. He was studious during his leisure hours, and taking part in a Debating Society, began to distinguish himself as well informed, and able in argument. Crowds attended the debater, and on one occasion an associate suggested to him the propriety of furnishing himself with a suit of clothes. He replied that he had better wear what he had than get into debt. That person is now at the head of an establishment in New York city, got up by his own ability and industry, that brings in weekly from three to five thousand dollars.—The outsets, to be sure, are considerable; but it is a concern that pays well This is the *N. Y. Tribune* office, and Mr. Greeley, the editor, is the person that was so economical in youth, and so diligent in storing his mind with knowledge.

There are young men now, who within a few years have earned about as many dollars per month as the above did in a year; and who have spent it nearly all in dress and other things. Whether they will rise to such eminence as the one we have named, remains to be seen.—*News Letter.*

The Drunkard.

"O, I have sometimes looked at a bright, beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there is a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I was once playing with a fine boy in the city of Norwich, Connecticut; I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "O, yes," was his cheerful reply. We went together, saw a man lying listlessly there, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that cheered and illumed us, lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I beheld the poor degraded man, and then looked upon the child with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white and his eye grow dim gazing upon the poor drunkard; then did I pray to God to give me an ever increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make *such a thing* of a being *once as fair as that child.—Gough.*

Hydropathy.

A good story is told of a lady in New York who was entertaining a party of friends in a new house, into which she had just moved, and of which she was quite proud. She had taken them through the various apartments from kitchen to garret, and expatiated in glowing terms upon the peculiar advantages of each.

At last she reached the bath room. "Here," she said, "you see we have a bathing tub, here are two faucets, one for hot and the other for cold water.

"Here is a shower bath, you have only to step in so, and the water comes down when you pull the string in this manner," said she, suiting the action to the word, and sure enough it did come down in a perfect torrent, drenching her to the skin. It is impossible to imagine a more complete picture of bewilderment than she presented, at the consequences of her absent mindedness.

In spite of the sympathy her friends expressed, it was a very hard matter for them to preserve sober faces. The lady was obliged to undergo an entire change of clothing, and lament the ruin of a new silk dress, to say nothing of suffering from a cold for a fortnight afterwards. We believe she hasn't repeated the experiment.

THE following is from an Ohio paper:—"Notice is here By Given that no pursen is pur Mitted to take Ene Nute of Ene kind out of Mi Woods My hogs Must Live Look oute."