

A thousand leagues from the crime of snow,  
In an evergreen life in a coral sea,  
Where the bread-fruit tree and the cocoa-nut grow,  
Is the dreamy and beautiful vale of Treze.

The reign of summer is ever there,  
Ever the waters like crystal flow;  
Dreamily, faintly sleep the air,  
On hillside clusters, like banks of snow.

Adown the valley a sparkling brook,  
Of silver pebbles which it wily,  
By many an evergreen, shady nook,  
To the coral waves of a land-locked bay.

Up the stream in the soothing shade,  
Its waters expand in a glassy pool;  
And thither goes each Typean maid  
To lave in the waters so clear and cool.

Forms that are cast in beauty's mould,  
Glowing with health and in action free,  
A wealth of charms more precious than gold—  
Such is the maid of the vale of Treze.

G. W. R.

## ORIGINAL.

For the Agitator.

## History of a Tree.

BY MELANIE.

Close by a babbling brook, at a little distance from my early home, lies an old fallen pine, once shaded by green trees, on which I have sat for hours, watching the floating clouds, the sky, and the birds that came to the brook to drink. I have often lost myself in reverie while meditating upon the changes that have taken place, since that tree commenced its growth. As one of our writers has said, "what stories are treasured up in its heart, if we could but get them." Some things that have happened near it we know, and with the assistance of the imagination I have fancied that if the tree could speak, it would tell something like the following story:

Nearly four hundred years ago, I commenced the uncertain pilgrimage of life, by pushing aside the leaves and earth which covered me, and unfolding to the air and light about a dozen small leaves. Tall trees were around me, of which, from my lowly position, I could hardly see the tops. I knew not that I was to be like them, but well pleased with myself and all about me, I was happy. Yet I sometimes wondered what my destiny was to be, and wished for some one to explain to me things that I did not understand.

Then a voice seemed to whisper to me, and told me what I wished to know. "I am the Angel of the Trees," said the voice, "I am commissioned to tell you your destiny." "You shall be," said he, "higher than the tallest tree you behold. For many years you shall flourish, until you fancy that you are too strong to be moved. Yet you shall be overthrown at last; the destroyer will not spare you.

Unlike your own race, I was in no haste to be mighty, for I had happiness enough already, and I sometimes saw that the trees were furiously waved, and seemingly almost overthrown by the wind; once, too, during a violent storm, a gigantic pine was shivered into ten thousand pieces by the lightning's stroke, making me even glad that it would be long before I should be so exposed. Yet I sometimes had cause to fear for my life, for at one time a squirrel in digging a home for himself nearly uprooted me, and sometimes the wild deer, or a passing Indian would trample me down; yet I hoped on, and soon grew stronger for each rude buffeting I received.

But at length the air grew colder, and at night chill frosts settled on all around. My companions were soon disrobed of their summer adorning, the birds were no longer heard, the cricket and grasshopper lay dead on the ground, the squirrel ceased his merry chatter and darted silently by, with his mouth filled with food for his winter store. Everything seemed dying and decaying. The mournful sound of the wind as it rustled the dry leaves, that were sometimes piled higher than my head, filled me with sadness. But I was not suffered to despair. The angel of the trees again appeared, and with words of kindness soothed my troubled spirit. He told me I must be content with my lot, though for a time I should be shut out from the air and light, and all the pleasant sights and sounds I had learned to love. He would still be near, and watch over me, and if I trusted him I should be supported. Soon his words were fulfilled. The snow covered me, I knew not how deep, but through the long winter I was kept in peace. And, as now, spring at length appeared, the trees were again clothed in green, flowers decked the earth, and birds again made the air vocal with their music. With but little variation, thus passed the first few years of my life. I steadily increased in size, and soon outstripped those who had much the start of me. I soon found myself high enough to avoid being covered with snow in winter. As I grew tall enough to see at a distance through the woods, I no longer wondered why the various inhabitants of the forest so often passed that way, or why in just such a spot the Indian's camp-fire so often blazed. That murmuring brook you think you love so well, the Indian loved better still. When weary with the chase, he sought its banks to erect his hut for a night's repose, and drank from its clear water with pleasure, for he knew nothing of the desire for strong drink which has since nearly destroyed his race. The Indian maiden loved as well as you, to watch by its side for the first yellow violet and water-cress that Spring produced. But sometimes its water was stained with blood, for the red man lay in wait, watching for the deer to come and drink, then with his swift arrow pierced his heart. Wild beasts of prey watched there, too, and oft the air was filled with cries and the ground torn in the unavailing efforts of some strong, noble stag to free himself from the claws of the ravenous panther. Thus passed three hundred years of my life. But how changed! Instead of the sprout uprooted by a squirrel, or the sapling in which the Indian boy delighted to swing, behold a lofty tree. I would look abroad for miles over the forest, and long would be my story, if I should attempt to tell you all I have seen. On yonder hillside, now so peaceful and so fair, the savage tribes once mingled in deadly combat. The flinty arrow-heads you sometimes find have known other uses than to pierce the bounding deer, or savage wolf. 'Twas on a lovely summer day that two tribes of red men met in battle, and from the rising to the setting sun, with fearful cries and yells they rent the air, while the arrow and tomahawk did their

deadly work. The conflict at last was ended, but the stars that night looked down on a fearful scene. The funeral fire blazed high for those who had fallen and been taken prisoners. For years, that battle ground might have been known, but time has destroyed the last vestige that marked the spot.

But, "passeth away" is written on all below, and at length the scene was changed again. The hunter seldom came; the camp-fire blazed not within the range of my vision. I wondered long what it meant, but the Angel sighed as he whispered, "take heed, your glory will soon depart."

A strange hunter came, he bore not the visage of the red man, but his brow was thoughtful. "Here," he exclaimed, as he drank of the crystal water, and gazed upon the lovely scene, "here shall be the home of the white man. This brook shall give water to my cattle, and when patient labor has removed the forest, these hills will yield me wheat and corn. Thus he spoke, and after refreshing himself went his way. Then the sound of the axe was heard, and at a distance I saw the trees go down and disappear, while soon great fires gave sign that they were consumed faster than by an Indian's hand. Then frequently too, the fire overspread its intended limits, and ravaged the woods like a devouring monster. These wooded hills wear scarce half the beauty they used to do, before the fire had so often destroyed them.

I had thus far withstood the blasts of winter, and the gales of summer unmoved, but the destroyer was near—not the axe I so much dreaded—but the force whirlwind. You well remember the day when so many trees were torn from their foundations, and laid beside those whom age had destroyed; by that same gale I was prostrated. From that time, you know my history, how often the children have played along the brook and climbed my sides to get the best bushes to build their play-houses, how I have furnished a seat to the woodman who came to drink, or the cow-boy who sought his cattle in the woods beyond. But the axe has destroyed the beauty that surrounded me; the trees and bushes are all gone; I am exposed unprotected to the snows of winter and the heat of summer and soon I expect the axe and fire will end my days.

## A Tough Story.

DAVE CONSTABLE says there is one advantage about old-fashion frigates: they drag so much dead water behind, that if a man falls overboard on Monday, you need not stop till Friday to pick him up again. He never gets beyond a few yards from the stern-post. In confirmation of this opinion, he refers us to a well-known anecdote connected with Capt. Pomposus of the frigate "Wash Tub." One evening while running up the Mediterranean under a one horse breeze, Pomposus came on deck just before sundown, and entered into the following conversation with Mr. SMILE, the first lieutenant.

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smiler. What was the cause of it?" "A man fell from the fore yard, Sir."

Without saying another word, Captain Pomposus returned to the cabin, and was not seen again until next morning, after breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and entered into conversation with the first lieutenant.

"I think you told me, Mr. Smiler, that a man fell overboard from the fore yard, last evening."

"I did, Sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor devil will begin to starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman who had disappeared from the fore yard but eighteen inches further astern than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back, fast asleep.

We get this from an "eye-witness."

## The Kink.

Riding through one of our country villages a short time before our annual election, we chanced to meet a boy, with books, slate &c., under his arm, whom he recognized to be a Protestant clergyman's son, of the same village—when the following dialogue ensued:

Well, my son, have you been to school to day?

I don't know, sir.

You don't know! but what makes you answer thus?

Oh, mother says I must follow the example of my pious father; and that is the way he answers, when he asks him about the Know-Nothing party; and she says he don't lie, cause he says there is a kink in it.

But when I asked you if you had been to school, you said you did not know. Now is that the truth?

Oh, there is a kink in it; they don't call it a school; they call it the Academy!

Truly, thought I, that's young American, and no mistake!

A GIRL'S WAIST.—A school-boy Down East, who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolics with the girls, was following along in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase, "making waste places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused, scratched his head, but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin, and cried out:

"I know what it means, master—it means bugging the gals; for Tom Ross is always hugging 'em around the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

## THE AGITATOR.

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## LECTURE "ON DE POOR MAN."

BY PROF. JULIUS CESAR HANNIBAL.

De subject ob my lecture on dis portiant casion am universally known as "De Poor Man."

Now if dare am enny set of critters dat am disposed more dan anudder, it am de feller named in de text, not from any fault ob his needer, too, but just becase it am so. De world look 'pon him as somfin to loth and hate, and de rich treat him wid dat sublime contempt which de big bulefant in de carrivan bestows pon de wifit poodles dat de ole maids fetch wid dem to de show.

Railrodes hab cars speshly for deir use, and so does de steamboats on de forrid decks; dey aint allowed to mix wid ole ruffle shirts and gold-wrist buttons no more dan de Millerite wim mix wid de Mormons. In fashionable churches dare am a place set apart speshly for de poor, and in odders dar am a part set a place for de same purpose.

Dis universal dislike ob de poor people am, I is afraid, catchin, for do you know I begin to hate dem myself. It's a fac, I got poor relations dat I nebbor care to see from one year's end to anudder, unless dey got deir Sunday close on. I nebbor go to see dem, kase I was once poor myself, and jis know what a disposed pack ob set dey am.

Sum specimen ob mankind, and speshly women kind, knowing how much de poor man am snubbed, contrive by making a great deal on little means and odder false pretences, to 'pear to be as rich as their neighbors, and may by dey am, and richer too, and dat 'counts for de many big Tailor bills and dry goods bills dat find deir way unpaid into de Spermin Court, and one half de misery in de Police office.

Pride and Poverty am as sure to be found together as de toothache and bad temper. When a man gets rich he can afford to kick pride to Belzabub, but while he am poor it sticks to him like warm tar to a bale of cotton, besmerin and spilein him.

We often heah de poor man, as he looks round on his wife, 20 children and 50 dogs, cuss his stars dat he was born in sich a fix, but de more he cusses de less he works; poverty is bad enough, and pride and lazyness all together am just about damnable.

I aint de stars fault at all, it am selfish mankind and nobody else. Kind Providence made dis world big enuff and lubly enuff for all de human mankind famly to get a good liben on if dey go to work and make it, but as fast as de world become popelated dar was all ober it lazy debils sprung up and made up deir minds dey'd let de rest ob mankind do all ob de work, and dey'd do all de cheatin' and skinnin'. Well, sum ob dem hab got rich, but dare aint one ob dem got haff de look for a front seat in hebban dat you fellers hab, as big debils and wicked scorpions as you know you all am.

Do you spose dat de all wise eber intended fur one man to lay off in lavender in de Fil Abeneue and all de rest turn night scavengers to support him in his laziness—ef you do you am a bigger set ob fools den you vuss lass year, when you refused to raise my salary. One haff de poverty in dis world am brought on by pepil demseffs. Sum folks hab got good wages de whole year round, but dey am no better off from one monis end to anudder—and wate de reason ob it—why I will tell you, and I don't care on who's toes I tread, by do in de same.

On a Saturday nite you fellers git paid off, you go home, wash up, and put on a clean shirt, and take your market basket, and strut into Cafarine Market jinglin your ten haff dollars all true de market-house. You come up to de butcher man, and trowin you heds back, ax him how much he sells his best porter-house stake a pound? "Twenty five cents," sez de butcher man. "Well, cut me off six or eight pounds," sez you—you put dat in your basket, den you muss hab a chicken or two, and oysters, &c., but before de followin Friday, your funds run low, and you sneak down to de market, and skulk behind de stalls, and you hail de butcher boy wid a whimper. You can't face de butcher heseff arter cuttin it so fat on him only de Saturday nite before, and you ax de boy—"How do you sell your liver a pound to-day?" "Three cents," sez de boy. "Well, cut me off two pounds and put it in a piece of paper, and I'll take it home in my hat."

De moral ob dis am—don't eat all up on Sunday, and starb tree days in de week to pay fur it.

RECIPE FOR FLOATING.—Any human being who will have de presence of mind to clasp de hands behind de back, and turn de face toward de zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water aye, and sleep there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose, not de top of your heavy head, be de highest part of you and your are safe. But thrust up one of your boney hands and down you go; turning up de handle tips over de pitcher. Having had de happiness to prevent one or two from drowning by this simple instruction we publish it for de benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread dem.

UNAVOIDABLE INCIDENTS.—An editor "out west," (of course) said dat he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns, but unfortunately, a thaw broke up de wedding, and de doctor got sick, so de patient recovered.

PHYSICIANS rarely take medicine, lawyers seldom go to law, and ministers steer clear of other parson's churches. Editors, however, read all de papers they can get hold of.

## Sally Magnus,

THE WOMAN WOT KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE HER MEN.

"Well, here I be, wake snakes, de day is a breakin' now I've set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business beats everything I ever did see. It goes ahead of Sam Fling, when he wanted to buy one of my cheese to make a grindstun. When I had a husband—Devil's whiskers—if he only said beane to me, I made him jump round like a stump-tail cow in fly time.

But dere's Mrs. Fletcher, she's three parts a natural born fool, and t'other part is as soft as biled cabbage. A woman dat don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my sect. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses-candy critter as she is, is one of de secrets of human natur. And as to handsome—handsome never stood in her shoes. For she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play de pianny.

"Now, it's my notion, when a women gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at de same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a bung hole with my thumb, and I've done it too."

I went into Fletcher's this morning and true as I am a virtuous woman, he was abusing on her like a dog for lending his receipt book to Miss Brown, who's fond of reading. I spose he didn't deer for de receipts dat was written in de book, but it was de receipts dat wasn't dere, and ought to be, that stuck into his crop. And Mrs. Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all de world like a duck in a thunder storm. I just put my arms again my sides, and looked her man right in de eye till he looked as white as a corpse. It's always a way everybody's got when I fixes my eye on 'em. And de way my looks white-wash his brazen face, was better than slacked lime. There, says I to Mrs. Fletcher, your husband had ought to had he'd no more think of saying nothing impudent to me, than he'd take de black sow by de tail when she's narin her pigs; and you must learn to stick up to your man jest like a new hair-brush.

I never found any debility in managing these critters, for I always teach 'em what's sare for de goose is sare for de gander. There's no two ways with me; I'm all of a size, sub-twisted, and made of horse shoe nails. I'm chuck full of grit, and a rough post for any one to rub their backs again; any gal like me what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to mill, ought to be able to shake any man of my hells. Some think I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listen to none of their flattery. Though dere was Blarney Bob came flatterin' me like a tub of new butter. For I've no notion of being trammelled up in their halters of hymens. I likes my liberty, and wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

Sam Mooney was shinin' up to me too; and then dere's Jim Sweetbread, de butcher; bu, he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its leg through broadcloth that's going to carry off a gall of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for de bare axing.

Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was walloping him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe brush to clean his teeth with. Wherever dere is a nose, dere is a mouth not far off, and dat proves dat nature has given woman her rights as well as man.

THE FOLLOWING conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge in— This learned functionary was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."

"I had rather not, sir."

"Zounds and brimstone, madam! take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure is de custom elsewhere, and, therefore, I will not take off my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about these matters than de judge himself. Had you not better come and take a seat on de bench?"

"No, sir, thank you for I really think dere are old women enough dere already."

ADJECTIVIOUS.—A rather young and pedantic gentleman, who was pursuing his studies at de University, having occasion to ask a lady to hand him the soufflers across de table, concealed de impropriety of de request under de following cataract of long waisted words:

"Most beautiful and charming lady: will your ladyship, by de unmerited, undeserved condescension of your infinite, supreme goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent bisectars, that I may exorcise de exorcism from this nocturnal cylindrical luminary, in order dat de resplendent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle de vision of our ocular optics more potentially."

An Irishman, on arriving in America took a fancy to de Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife as follows: "Dear Norah, dese melancholy lines are to inform you dat I died yesterday, and I hope you are enjoying de same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jenny O'Rourke, and take good care of de children. From your affectionate husband till death."

## A Sheep Speculation.

A very verdant youth, on de shady side of de thirty, travelled out of sight of home for purposes unknown, and stopped at a hotel to procure refreshments. The usual loungers of de bar-room, together with a couple of drovers bound for de eastern market with a choice collection of sheep, were in dat happy good humor said to be produced by a satisfactory dinner, going in for anything to prolong de cheer. A tip of de eye from one to de other as he entered indicated dat they considered dis awkward specimen 'game' and "mine host" glanced inquisitively at his young exterior, as though taking an inventory and balancing accounts for dinner. The innocent object, seemingly unobtrusive, stared at everything with dull satisfaction, and answered de queries addressed to him, with a stammering, foreign accent, highly amusing. His dinner being ready he addressed himself to de "cold bite," not at all disturbed by de choice bits of conversation coming up from de bar-room below, such as "raw dutchman—fresh from Baden—capital fine fun," &c., mingled with uproarious laughter, which suddenly ceased on his return.

"Sheep, eh!" he said, addressing drover No. one.

"Yes, sheep; would't you like to purchase some four or five hundred to stock your farm with? ha! ha!"

"H-h-how do sell 'um?" asked de Dutchman.

"Seeing it's you," said drover No. two, taking him by de button-hole and speaking with mock seriousness, "seeing it's you, neighbor you may have all you can pay for at two dollars per head."

"P-p-pick!" exclaimed de Dutchman.

"Yes, have your pick, and take all you can pay for at two dollars per head."

"Well, I g-g-guess I will look at 'em," so off went de drovers and Dutchman, followed by all in de bar-room, even mine host himself, to see de fun.

"Gentlemen, you hear de bargain."

"Yes, we hear de bargain; have all you can pay for at two dollars per head. Come, hand out your money, and pick your sheep."

Dutchman rather leisurely opened his capacious wallet, and surprised de bystanders by presenting in all twenty dollars, and proceeded to select his sheep. Here de drovers discovered dat he knew what was mutton, and had probably learned to distinguish wool from another article called hair.

"Hold on, man!" said drover No. one, "you've your number, here's ten."

"Well, but m-may be I-I might find enough t-t to pay for a few more." So he threw over in all one hundred and twenty-five, then straightening up—

"H-here's your money, sir: I s'pose I-I've got all de g-g-good 'uns!"

The drovers found little satisfaction in de roars of laughter that greeted dis announcement, and they cursed de Dutchman most heartily, who proved to be a Yankee after all. Moore's Rural New Yorker.

## Live Yankee in Paris.

Among de Americans who attended de late ball given at de Hotel de Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky, Jack rushed de dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was de observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party dat his friends could not account for. Wherever de marshal of France went, dere went Jack; and when de marshal sat down, Jack did de same, always taking de post of honor. De day after de ball Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, who started up a little conversation in de following manner:

"I hear, Jack, you were at de ball last night?"

"I was, sir, and had a high old time."

"For which you are indebted, I suppose, to de high old company you got mixed up with? By de way, how came you associated with de marshals?"

"How? by virtue of my office—they were marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a marshal of de Republic. I showed my commission and took post accordingly."

"By right of office, what do you mean?"

"Read dat and see."

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whitey-brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight.

"What in de name of Heaven is dis?"

"My commission of 'marshal'—I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking de census in Frankfort."

"You don't mean to say dat you travel on dis?"

"I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'marshal' of de Republic, and I intend to have de office duly honored."

Mr. Mason allowed dat Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if de reader did de same. A census marshal of Frankfort mixing in with de marshals of France is certainly rushing matters in a manner dat requires as much brass as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say, is equal to de requirements.

A young lady recently from a boarding school, being asked if she would take some more cabbage, replied: "By no means madame—gastronomical satiety admonish me dat I have arrived at de ultimate of culinary deglutination consistent with de code of Esculapius."

GATHER up knowledge with a diligent hand, it is de only earthly good dat will not sometimes give you pain.

## A NEW REFORM: SOMETHING FOR THE MEN.

Civilization, de great engine of human progress, has wrought out results which, considered as a whole, are grand and glorious. It has developed de vast resources of de earth, and poured out its boundless treasures to enrich mankind; it has opened de wide domain of science for our investigation, and interpreted de great book of nature to gratify de craving of de immortal mind; it has unlocked de great storehouse of ideas, it has given us a knowledge of de means by which we may obtain de greatest possible amount of earthly happiness; in short, it has raised man from a condition scarcely above dat of de brute creation, to his present high and proud position. These, I say, are de general results of civilization; but as we take a nearer view, we see dat it has also been attended with some of an opposite character, and which are greatly to be deplored. While it has developed de vast wealth of land and sea, it has also developed and exercised de cupidity, de avarice, de meanness of de human mind. While it has given us a knowledge of de great truths of science, it has also given us de power of using dat knowledge to impose upon, and injure our fellow man. While it has given us de means of rendering ourselves very happy, it has at de same time given us de dangerous power of making ourselves extremely miserable. Thus we may conclude dat it has increased de amount both of good and of evil, of happiness and of misery. Under de strong light of extreme civilization de mind of man has been stimulated and quickened to almost unnatural activity, and de car of progress has been hurried onward with astonishing speed, especially during de last fifty years; but, physically, by de practice of refined vices, mankind have degenerated into imbecility, and shortened in no small degree de average period of human life. Truly, "de world grows weaker and wiser!" Many of de customs dat exist in highly civilized society, and which are considered refinements dat necessarily belong to civilization, are, in fact, perversions, contrary to nature, to reason, and to common sense. The truth of these assertions might be shown by numerous examples, but de facts upon which they are based are so plain and obvious, standing out as they do upon de very face of society, dat proof is entirely unnecessary. I shall, therefore, mention, in de present article, but one of de many evils and practices dat prevail in society, and which I consider de wrong results of extreme civilization; and to dis one point I shall confine de remainder of my remarks. I refer to de practice dat obtains so generally among men, of shaving off de hair which Nature, for wise purposes, caused to grow upon de face. De subject I have chosen is a novel one, and has been hitherto overlooked by reformers. And indeed considered with reference to its effect upon de ultimate happiness of de human race, it is comparatively unimportant; but as it respects de present ease, comfort, convenience, and dignity of de male portion of mankind, it justly merits our serious attention. De practice of shaving is, in my opinion, a war against nature, and hence unnecessary, unphysiological, unprofitable, unwise, and unjustifiable by any circumstances dat now exist or ever existed. It is a mark of weakness and effeminacy entirely unworthy of de strength and dignity of manhood; one dat was unknown in de ancient days of grandeur and glory—the days of manly strength, of dauntless courage, of noble daring, of exalted patriotism—the days when Achilles fought and Homer sung—the days dat witnessed de wonderful acts of these demi-gods and heroes, de fame of whose exploits has survived through de lapse of ages;—and it belongs to de multitude of false and foolish refinements dat have had their origin and support only in de luxury and corruption of modern times. De beard is de distinctive sign of manhood; it is de feature peculiar to man and was evidently given him as an obvious mark to distinguish him from de "beardless youth," on de one hand, and woman, on de other. It is important dat such a sign should exist between de sexes, independent of dress and other artificial distinctions dat are continually changing to suit de whims or caprices of de fashion makers; otherwise dangerous impositions might be practiced upon society. Why then should man seek to destroy this mark dat was placed upon him by his maker's own hand?—If dere is anything noble in manhood, anything worthy of pride in de fact of being a "lord of creation," why should he wish to conceal de feature dat more than all others adds dignity to his looks and distinguishes him from de weaker classes of his own species? Does he suppose dat by so doing he improves upon nature, and adds to de external beauty of "God's image"? He does indeed make his face some what smoother and fairer—make himself look more like a woman; but he is greatly mistaken in supposing dis to be an improvement. In de creator's works we always look for a correspondence between de interior and exterior; between de nature of a thing and its structure; for without such a correspondence, nature would present an inconsistency, which would be wholly incompatible with de supreme wisdom of its divine author. Woman is characterized by gentleness and timidity; man, by those opposite and sterner qualities dat fit him to do great deeds, to tame de wild elements, to traverse de trackless ocean, to lay low de Goliaths of de forest, and bring all things under subjection to his almighty will. Fairness of feature, then, becomes a woman, but it does not become a man, it is no part of manly beauty. The following couplet will show how it was viewed in de days of Homer:—

"Ill-fated Paris! Shave to woman-kind,  
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!"

Among de Greeks and Romans, and indeed, among all de nations of antiquity, men who showed signs of timidity and weakness, who were lacking in manly courage, were stigmatized as women. De same practice prevails to some extent among de nations of modern times. Even among de American Indians, dat noble but vanishing race, a man can suffer no greater reproach than to be called a woman. Passages like de following from de Illiad, abound in Homer and all de ancient poets:—

"Oh! govern of Achaia! men no more!  
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
In loves and pleasures on de Phrygian shore."

"Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store  
In loves and pleasures on de Phrygian shore."

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