

I Love the Eventide.

Aurora's beams have charms 'tis true, And mid-day suns are brilliant too: Yet better than their joy and pride, I love the calm of eventide.

The shrill-voiced songster's waking song, Whose notes the evening groves prolong, In dear to me, yet dearer still The notes of evening's whip-poor-will.

Night's sorrow morn doth oft dispel, And phantoms flee at matin bell; Still, day with cankering care is rife, Ere evening calm allay its strife.

An inspiration morning brings, A strange enrapturement round it clings; But brings not to my spirit tried, The soothing power of eventide.

I love to roam at dawn of day While round my head the sunbeams play, Yet better than Sol's golden car, Love I to watch pale evening's star.

Though evening emblems life's decline, Yet, fearful heart, do not repine, It bodeeth not eternal night— "At eventide it shall be light!"

Lawrenceville

REMEMBERED.

Long years ago, in early June, When brooks and birds were in high tune, I sat beneath an oak at noon.

A gnarled oak of grateful shade And at my side, a dark-eyed maid Did sit, and was not afraid.

Her eyes were moist with pearly tears, She whispered that in later years We would divide our hopes and tears.

For years—long years, it was my dream— An idle, ignis fatuus gleam, Of moonlight, on a frozen stream.

I passed that way when years had fled, I could not find the streamlet's bed— The oak was withered, sore and dead.

Oh as I brush my locks of gray I muse upon that summer day, The shady oak and streamlet's play.

G. W. S.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

From The Cayuga Chief.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"He's a scoundrel—a base, heartless, unprincipled scoundrel and deserves to rot in jail. Don't talk to me about pity and mercy, when he owes me twelve hundred dollars, and hasn't been the man to pay a cent of it. Ought to pity him?"

"You do wrong, my dear husband, in speaking so harshly of Mr. Milton. He is unfortunate, it is true, but honest. No man stood higher in this community than he did two years ago. You certainly should look more leniently upon the misfortunes of a kind neighbor and brother in church."

"Yes, a great neighbor and church brother he is,—break down and cheat me out of my pay, and after waiting on him so long, too. Don't talk to me about brother. I'll have him turned out, see if I don't!"

"Supposing you were to have had fortune, and become poor, would you like to be denounced as a scoundrel by your neighbor?"

"I always pay my debts. An honest man always pays his debts. Can't trust nobody in these times. I never will sign for a man again as long as I live."

It was in vain that Mrs. Wilson pleaded with her angry husband for the unfortunate debtor. She sadly bowed over her work, and he passed to his stor.

William Milton had failed, and the little village was astir with the news of the event. Those who were before his friends, now remembered that they always saw something in the man which was not right,—they had expected something of the kind before. He was certainly a dishonest man. And so his old neighbors turned in to give him a kick in his down-hill course.

A more honorable, high-souled man than William Milton, never lived. He was the soul of honor. His heart, hand, home and purse were always open, and many were the good deeds on record in his favor. Nor had he in his neighborhood forgotten his past goodness. While business men turned to rend him, there were poor people who deserted him no.

Milton was a crushed man. Misfortunes had come thick upon him, and his strong spirit at last gave way. His lovely wife had died, and lay in her grave, with her youngest-born upon her breast. His son, a promising child of ten summers, had died a few weeks after the mother. His shop had caught fire about the same time, and burned up. Sickness came on to paralyze the strong arm, and when Milton again stood on his feet, everything was a wreck. His well-to-do neighbors shunned him as though there were contagion in his presence, and debts came upon him to finish what sickness had so sweepingly commenced.

On the morning of the conversation at the head of this story, he had asked employment as a journeyman, and been tauntingly refused. He now sat in his house, his great heart swelling with bitterness and dark with gloom. He involuntarily cast his eye about as if looking for a familiar counselor, his lip quivered a moment, and a tear dropped from his cheek. The wife and two loved ones had passed away, and but one of his little flock was left him. While he was sitting dreamily by his hearth, the door opened, and a ragged form half entered the room, and stood hesitatingly looking at him. And then by sudden impulse, the boy went up to where Milton was, and put a paper in his half open palm, quickly disappearing through the door into the street. Milton opened the paper, and a half-dollar dropped upon the floor. Milton read:

"You have clothed and fed the needy; you have been good to the widow and the fatherless. Accept the widow's mite in the hour of your trouble."

The paper trembled in Milton's hands, and he bowed his head and wept. Then lifting his form more proudly he arose and strode restlessly backward and forward through the room.

"No! thank God, they are not all against me—not all. The poor remember." The bankrupt was happier, and had again faith in humanity.

The creditors made short work with Milton's affairs, for poverty finds little mercy. His household effects did not near pay off the demands against him. After all had gone

THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 1.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1856.

NO. 49.

under the hammer, the remorseless debtor law came in and attached the body, and the high-souled Milton was taken to the debtor's cell. His frail daughter followed him, and as her pale and wasting features passed through the streets, the light word was hushed, and the more feeling yielded a tear for the fate of the family. It was at the instigation of Wilson that Milton had been arrested and imprisoned. When his wife told him of the pale faced daughter, and how sad she looked as she went to the cell, a sickening, guilty sensation crept into Wilson's heart. But he was too proud to acknowledge his wrong. The law was with him, and he would not relax.

Six months wore away, and the case of Milton was seldom spoken of. His daughter sickened and died in jail, and for the first time since his imprisonment, he was taken out—taken out to attend her funeral. As Wilson looked upon his old neighbor at the grave, he half made up his mind to forgive him his debt. But he feared to retrace the step he had taken. Milton had not asked any favors of him, and he had no reason to expect clemency! Had the debtor sued for clemency, the merchant would have taken great credit in opening his prison doors.

When Milton first came into the village, there was an orphan boy, wild, uncareful, and singularly vicious, the dread of all in the neighborhood. For some petty act laid to his charge, he was sent to jail. Milton was jailer and being a keen judge of human nature, soon found the boy had been more sinned against than sinning. Putting money into the orphan's hands, and a letter to a friend in New Orleans, Milton unlocked the jail door, and bid his prisoner good-bye. Fifteen years had passed since then.

Late one summer afternoon, Milton sat in his cell, his face buried in his hands, and his broken spirit wrapped in gloomy thoughts. The door was slowly opened, and a stranger stood looking upon the prisoner. The stranger was of noble form and mein, his features swarthy but handsome, and his apparel of the richest material. Milton stirred not supposing the jailer stood before him.

"William Milton!"

The prisoner started at the sound of the strange voice, and looked vacantly upon the visitor.

"You have forgotten me, Milton!"

"I know you not," mechanically answered Milton.

With a quick movement, the stranger stepped forward and knelt upon the floor, and clasped the prisoner's hands, kissing them again and again.

"Don't know me! and yet for fifteen years no waking hour has passed that I have not thought of you as my earthly savior. From this same cell you once led me forth, and gave me money and your blessing. I have come a long journey to see and bless my savior and weep upon his knee. I am rich,—William Milton—do you hear that? I AM RICH! As you helped the orphan, and opened his prison doors, so shall the orphan now do by you. I am 'Ugly Mark'—Mark Douglass."

Milton's eyes were streaming with tears, for such gratitude and such words had been strangers to him for many a year. Hope, faith, ambition again sprang up in the despairing debtor's heart, and he bowed his head upon the broad shoulder of the orphan, and sobbed like a child. A while the two lingered and talked in the begrimed cell, and then passed out arm in arm.

There was astonishment in the village when they recognized the forgotten William Milton leaning upon the arm of the distinguished-looking stranger. The prisoner's hair had grown gray in the last years of his imprisonment, and his manly form had lost some of its vigor and fullness.

Mark Douglass and Milton entered Wilson's store, and the former pulled his purse from his pocket, and threw the sum, as agreed upon before he entered the jail, contemptuously upon the counter. Then turning his black eye upon the merchant, he slowly said:

"You once sent an orphan to jail when he was guiltless of wrong or of crime. Again you sent an old neighbor to jail for no crime but poverty. They both stand before you. And should misfortune ever come upon you, James Wilson, may you find others more humane and forgiving than you have been.—This is a world of changes, and disease and bad luck may waste you and yours in such an hour as you know not."

A paleness crept over Wilson's face, and before he could reply, Douglass and Milton had passed from his store.

Ten years later, and two of the characters of our story, are again brought together. A change has been wrought in the affairs of James Wilson, the rich village merchant.—Disease has been in his household, and his store and dwelling have been laid in ashes. Financial reverse followed in quick succession, until all his property was swept away, and he found himself several thousand dollars in debt. Driven to desperation, and struggling to save his falling fortunes, he attempted to secrete a portion of his means by the aid of a friend. The scheme was detected, and he arrested on a charge of swindling, and sent to prison. It was then the ruined man learned the bitterness of poverty and desertion.—Not a friend would be his bail. The fickle populace turned against him as quickly as they had against William Milton years before. He complained of this bitterly—he could not see why all his old friends should desert him because he was unfortunate—surely that was no crime. So reasoned the man who sent William Milton to the debtor's cell. His integrity had not passed the ordeal as untarnished as did that of his early friend.

Dark and gloomy were the days between

the arrest and the trial. Wilson had little to hope from the magnanimity of the prosecuting attorney, as that official had been rejected by one of his daughters on account of the attorney's poverty. From the prisoner's box, Wilson looked in vain for friends in the sea of faces. He had lost property and had no friends.

To the inquiry of the Court who would defend him, Wilson answered that he had retained none, his face burning as he answered, for he had no means to employ counsel. One and another of the lawyers in the bar, plead prior engagements and begged to be excused from acting as Wilson's counsel at the request of the Court. This marked reluctance to defend him stung the prisoner keenly, and he bit his lip until it bled. Any one of the brood, a month before, would have most eagerly performed any service for the wealthy merchant.

At this juncture, a tall and muscular gentleman strode up to the bar and tendered his services as counsel for the prisoner at the bar. The stranger's head was grey, but his presence was singularly noble and commanding, and his eye full and lustrous. The finely chiseled mouth told its own story of daring, firmness, and iron will. The prosecuting attorney looked a little blank as the distinguished looking gentleman took his seat within the bar, and answered for his client. The interest in the audience became intense, for they expected something from so fine a looking man. And the presence of that personage—his lofty bearing and eagle eye—was already making interest for his astonished client.

The trial proceeded. The counsel for the defence asked few questions of the witnesses, contenting himself with playing with his pen-knife, now and then looking upon those who swore "swif." There was a terror in his very eye, and the swift witnesses quailed as they read its scornful glance. The District Attorney indulged in frequent coarse aggravated remarks as the testimony proceeded.

The plea of the stranger was a most finished specimen of logic, irony, and pathos. The tide of feeling in the people, re-acted under his eloquence, and rushed again to the merchant. A few words, calm, but most fearfully withering, crushed the prosecuting attorney's attempts to wound the unfortunate.—The testimony was picked and torn in a thousand shreds, and strong men blushed that they had ever doubted the honesty of the prisoner.

"You are but men," said he to the jury, "with the same frail nature of him whose honor or you now have in your hands. You know not your own strength. In prosperity, it is no hard matter to present a clean sheet to the world it is adversity that tests men. The strongest among you, might fall were misfortunes to come upon you. Misfortune or poverty, are certainly no crimes, as prosperity is no virtue. Summer weather friends are they who bask in a man's favor to-day, and when a dark hour comes upon him, turn to heap opprobrium upon his name. As men exceed mercy at the hands of him who wept over and forgave the sins of men, so let them remember mercy when judging each other.—Should either of you gentleman, by any reverse of fortune, ever become poor and a subject for the debtor's cell, and see your professed friends desert or turn against you, you will experience one of life's bitterest lessons, and learn how cruel is the had which crushes and brands with shame the name of the poor and unfortunate. God is the avowed friend of such, and men should be careful how they are less forgiving than our common Father."

The manner of the stranger was intensely thrilling, and carried the multitude for his client. The prosecuting attorney writhed in his seat, and in his plea, blundered continually. He grew feverish and annoyed under the full gaze of his powerful antagonist.

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving their seats, and the sheriff was ordered to release the prisoner from custody. And what a change in the manner of the people. All were eager to take him by the hand and to congratulate him upon his acquittal. They were friends again! And yet Wilson could not shut out the reflection that had been convicted, the same man would as heartily approved the verdict, as now.

With a heart too full for utterance, Wilson attempted to thank his strange friend. While he held that individual's hand and poured out his broken thanks, the sheriff again arrested him for debt. The District Attorney had been foiled in the criminal suit, and now determined to have revenge at last.

"Hold a moment," said the strange counsel. "How much is claimed of my client?"

"Some three thousand dollars," sneeringly answered the counsel.

"Make out your papers, sir, and you can have your money."

The abashed officer proceeded to do so, while the crowd gathered and looked on. The stranger, from a heavy purse, counted out the amount in bills and gold, and then handed the receipts to the bewildered Wilson; afterwards lifting his hat politely to the people and passed away.

But the overpowered Wilson could not be left thus. He followed his deliverer and persisted in knowing who to bless.

"James Wilson!" replied the stranger in a sad but thrilling tone; "you have fallen as others have fallen. This is a world of changes. While visiting the graves where my loved ones are, I learned of your reverses and the charge against you. Fifteen years ago there was another poor debtor sent to jail for no crime, and his child died there. You sent him there. He was poor and you oppressed him. He was sick and in prison and you visited him not. Never again Mr. Wilson,

forgot the "golden rule" of the master you serve, or oppress the poor and unfortunate.—The poor debtor of fifteen years ago, owed you. You now owe him. William Milton has returned good for evil. You will not hate him as you once did, will you, Mr. Wilson?" and a sweet smile shone through the tear on the stranger's face.

"William Milton? God forgive me. And you are him."

"Yes, the once poor debtor, but now rich man, is before you. Go home to your family, Mr. Wilson, and be kind to all. We all need kindness and forgiveness."

While the tears were streaming, fast from Wilson's face, the stranger passed rapidly away and disappeared. The poor merchant returned to his home a better and a wiser man. Coals had been heaped upon his back, and from that day to the close of a long life, James Wilson never forgot to do good. At night and in the morning he invoked blessings upon his friend, and in kindly deeds to the poor and needy, endeared himself to all.

The tables were turned to his good.

A Fortunate Kiss.

The following little story by Miss Bremer is taken from Sartain's Magazine. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible;

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lovely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor, and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prattling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young, elegant lady, who at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place.

It was the daughter of the Governor of Up-land, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men now stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face exclaimed as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What!" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?" &c. "Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

"What in this place, before all our eyes?" "In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely," "Freely," "Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and the bets ran high on so improbable an event; the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time;) immediately walked off to the young lady; and said—(min fraulen!) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related, simply and truly, what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness—"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;"—and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were now passed since the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became, later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever among the work of science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden even at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

NOSE AND LIPS.—A sharp nose and thin lips are considered by physiognomists certain signs of a shrewd disposition. As a criminal was once on his way to the gallows, a proclamation was made that, if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with the rope around his neck, he would receive pardon. "I will," cried a cracked voice from amid the crowd. The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did, and he began to examine her countenance. "Nose like a knife," said he, "lips like wafers!" "Drive on, hangman!"

AN INDIAN TIGER HUNT.

One of the warmest friends I had in California was Major Heath, of the British Eighteenth. He was celebrated for the number of tigers he had killed, and bore the reputation of being the boldest hunter on the Peninsula. He often expressed his wish to show me a tiger hunt; but at that time I had no expectation of witnessing the sport. About six months afterwards, however, we met in the Peninsula, and I enjoyed the long wished for opportunity of witnessing the exciting and dangerous amusement.

It was a bright sunny morning when we set toward the thicket, in which after being driven from a surrounding jungle, it was said a magnificent tiger had taken refuge. Our company consisted of the Major, a half dozen brother officers, and myself, mounted upon elephants, with a numerous train of natives on foot, whose business it would be to start the game from its retreat. We were all armed with rifles, and were confident of success. The Major however coolly informed us that we must take our chances of a spring of the animal, who, when forced to abandon his covert, would most likely single out some one of us for his leap. We laughed gaily in reply, and set out.

A long ride through the jungle at last brought us within convenient distance to the thicket, and obeying the Major's instructions, we looked at the state of our rifles, and then gave orders to the native hunters to begin. Hitherto all had been careless gait upon our part, but as the danger began in earnest our laughter was hushed, and we sat silently waiting the proceeding of our allies on foot. It was not long that they kept us in suspense. Fairly approaching the thicket, they set up their wild cries, and finding this ineffectual, they sent their dogs into the covert, urging them forward with shouts, and now and then pricking them with their long spears.

A hoarse growl, or rather scream from the inmost recess of the covert, at this moment, betrayed the position of the game, and convinced us that the monster was rising from his lair. We all stood in expectation, waiting for his deadly spring. But after a momentary rustling in the thicket, all was again still as if the animal had risen to reconnoitre his foe, and convinced of the overpowering number, had sullenly retreated to the most impenetrable part of his fortress. Half an hour succeeded in unavailing attempts to dislodge him, but save a deep growl at times from the centre of his covert, there was no evidence of the monster's neighborhood.

"This will never do," said the Major at length. "We must scorch the fellow out. Hillo. Here, you villains! why haven't you begun it before?"

The thicket was of no very great extent, but apparently utterly impregnable. It was an oversight that the lighting of fires had not been attempted before, but perhaps the native hunters had trusted to their mutual efforts to dislodge the monster. Now, however they set about it with alacrity, and in a short time had completely surrounded the royal beast.

A scene of intense interest ensued, which every moment became more exciting. The shouts of the men, the heavy tread of the elephants, the heavy crackling of the ruddy fires, and at intervals the deep growl of the enraged monster, awoke in the mind sensations of strange delight not unmingled with a consciousness of imminent danger. As the fires became more fierce, the louder and more frequent growls of the impatient beast warned us that he would soon break from his covert, and forgetting everything but his approaching appearance, we grasped our rifles, keenly fixed our eyes on the thicket, and breathlessly waited his desperate spring. The hunters meanwhile ceased their shouts, the elephants were silently posted in convenient positions, and nothing for a few minutes was heard but the crackling of the fires, and the now quick and angry voice of the infuriated monster, until suddenly a roar was heard; a few short rapid leaps followed in the covert, and instantly the huge beast was seen sailing through the air, his tail streaming out behind, and his very hair bristling upon him in his rage.

Almost simultaneously the Major shouted, "Look out there! Here he is! A quick eye, boys, and a steady trigger!"

But before his warning had reached us the tiger had alighted on our elephant, and was clinging within a yard of me to the bleeding side of the beast. For a moment, I confess, I was too startled to do anything; that instant of bewilderment has almost cost me my life. The situation of the monster was such that my companions were fearful of firing lest they should hit myself—while native spearsmen, dreading the despair of the ferocious animal, would not approach near enough to succor me. A second, however, of bewilderment, followed by another of cool, clear, and thinking, and I placed my rifle almost at the heart of the monster and fired. But at the very instant a frantic movement on the part of the elephant, jerked the tiger so that he partly slipped off, and I saw with horror, that my ball had only grazed the upper part of his head, inflaming him doubly without the least injuring him. I should have had another rifle, but when I turned to grasp it, I saw that in the frenzied struggle of the elephant to get rid of the opponent, it had fallen upon the ground. I had no weapon left but my hunting knife, and the huge beast was already collecting himself for another spring. My very blood seemed to freeze within me, and a cold icy shiver shot through my frame. Destitute of firearms, despairing of succor, without the least spark of hope, I resolved, notwithstanding, to make a desperate resistance, selling my life as dearly as I could. All this, however, had not occupied a minute, for the monster was just recovering himself for his last spring. But that minute was suf-

ficient. Already I could feel his breath upon me—already I beheld the foam upon his lips. Holding my weapon firmly before me, in expectation of the last mortal struggle, I heard the voice of the Major, shouting, "Lie low—down—down!"

Mechanically obeying the instructions, and casting myself at full length on the cushions, I heard the next moment the sharp crack of the rifle—then another—and a third echoed in the morning air; the vast monster gave a quick, short movement, struggled so frantically as to shake even the gigantic beast on which I rode, and almost instantaneously fell back dead upon the ground. He was a perfect colossus, measured fifteen feet from the tip of his snout to the extremity of the tail. Such was my first tiger hunt in India."

Phrenology in the Pulpit.

TESTIMONY OF REV. HENRY WARD SWEEDEY.

It is very hard for a minister of the gospel, standing before a promiscuous audience, to deal with the facts of their minds, and their inward lives. It is a melancholy fact, that men know less about that which is the very element of their being, than about anything else in the world. I suppose if I were to go among the intelligent men in my congregation, I could get every variety of information on subjects connected with the daily business affairs of life—upon questions of political economy, upon various questions of commerce, facts concerning the structure of ships, steam-engines—I could collect any amount of information on all these, and a thousand other kindred subjects. But when I ask them what is inside of themselves, they can tell me of a great manufactory, and explain to me the operation and use of all the machinery in it; but upon the question of the machinery of their own minds, they cannot say a word. In regard to commercial matters, they know all about them; they have examined them, they have compared their ideas on these subjects, and have classified them. They believe themselves to be immortal creatures, that they have throbbing within them a soul that shall live as long as God himself shall live; yet, when I ask them any questions in regard to their inward nature, their only reply is, "I don't know, I don't know." They do not know what their reason is; they do not know what is the nature of their moral powers; they do not definitely understand the nature or operation of any one faculty of their minds!

They understand the nature of the soil of the earth; they know what it is capable of producing; they know the use of the plough, and all the implements of agriculture; they know what to do with a plant that is not thriving, they are skillful to impart to it a fresh life, and make it flourish. But if any plant that ought to grow in the mind is stunted and does not thrive, they cannot tell how to make that grow. They don't know what to do to bring it forth.

It is difficult for a minister of the gospel to set forth the truth intelligibly in respect to its relation to the human mind. I think it is partly because men have not been curious in respect to themselves, and partly on account of the many bewildering systems of mental philosophy that are in vogue in our day. For if there were none of these systems except the old schools of metaphysical philosophy, I would defy any man to obtain by means of them any clear idea about the soul, for at best they are of but little more value than many cobwebs. Men may study them, however, if they have a taste for them; if a man loves logic and discussion, let him take one of the old metaphysical mental philosophies, and he will have means of busying his mind until he grows tired of such business. But if a man wishes to know practically what he is made up of, a man wishes a knowledge of human nature for definite practical purposes, there is no system which will aid him in acquiring that knowledge like the system of PHRENOLOGY; not interpreted too narrowly or technically, but in its relation to physiology and the structure of the whole body.—And I may say here what I have never said before in the pulpit, that the views of the human mind, as they are revealed by PHRENOLOGY, are those views which have underlain my whole ministry; and if I have had any success in bringing the truth of the gospel to bear practically upon the minds of men, any success in the vigorous application of truths to the wants of the human soul, where they are most needed, I owe it to the clearness which I have gained from this science. And I could not ask for the members of my family, nor of a church, any better preparation for religious indoctrination, than to put them in possession of such a practical knowledge of the human soul as is given by PHRENOLOGY.

I have avoided the use of the nomenclature of PHRENOLOGY in the pulpit as far as possible, because I did not wish to seem to be a mere teacher of a philosophical system, while I was a minister of the truth as it is in Christ; but I have now been so long with you, that I am justified in making this statement.

I may say, in regard to the objections sometimes urged against PHRENOLOGY, its tendency to materialism and fatalism, that the same objections may be made to any other system of mental philosophy. I do not think that such objections belong to PHRENOLOGY any more than to any system of intellectual science which you can possibly construct.—Men's more logical and speculative reason will always strand them upon the sands of fatalism or materialism; and it is the practical sense, the consciousness of actual liberty, that redeems us from a belief of the one or the other. Such doctrines dwell in the head, but never in the HANDS.—Phrenological Journal.

THE PEN—in a hand that knows how to use it, is the most powerful weapon known. As the tongue of the absent, how cheering! When the golden tints of virtue guide it, how beautiful! Where self-respect gives it a new vigor, how pleasing! Where honor directs it, how respected! Where wharpoons it, how fatal! When scrutiny yields it, how contemptible! 'Tis the weapon of the soul.

A FUNNY CASE.—An old toper, in the last stages of dropsy, was told by the physician that nothing would save him but being tapped. His little son objected to this operation, by saying—"Father, don't let him, for you know there never was anything in this house that lasted a week, after it was tapped."