

Man's Mission

Human lives are silent teaching—
Be the earnest, bold and true
From the one who preaches true
Post-priests their anthems sing
Hero sword on corselet ringing
When Truth's banner is unfurled
Youthful preachers, gentle words
Pouring forth their souls in words
All the preaching done in words
Each man's work as God has given
Heroic or poet—
Work is duty while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole
Gentle spirit, early to bed
Lift their white heads up, appealing
To the throne of Heaven's King
Stronger nature, cultivating
In great actions, incalculating
What another can but think
Pure and most-eyed as an angel
We must preach the saint's evangel
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize
Work for all—for work is holy
We fulfil our mission solely
When, like Heaven's throne above
Blend our souls in one ecstacy
And the social dispensation
Bonds the perfect chord of love
Life is combat, life is striving
Such our destiny below
Like a wild, unbridled fire
Through our onward pressing
Deepest sorrow, soon and true
Will but teach us self-denial
Like the light that burns in night
Pass the one through flaming fire
Our spirit would aspire
To be God's refined gold
We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night
But we wrangle on it morning—
Lo, the eastern sky is bright
We must watch. The day is breaking
Soon like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise in our hand
We shall raise our voice to Heaven
Chant a hymn for conquest given
Seize the palm nor heed the wound
We must bend our thoughts to earnest
Would we strike the idols down
With the purpose of the sternest
Take the Cross and leave the Crown
Sufferings human life can hollow
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla
Noblely bear the burden of life
Like a man with soft tears flowing
Like a god with soft tears flowing
So to love, and work, and die!

THE BATTLE FIELD. THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The National Monitor, a new literary paper published in New York, contains a sketch of a portion of the military operations entitled "Life in the Army, or Reminiscences of the Mexican War, by a New York Volunteer." The style of the writer is plain and lucid, and he narrates with much liveliness, and directly to the point. Here is an account of the storming of Chapultepec:
It was a somber morning, the heavens being obscured with dense black clouds—therefore, not a wall of the castle was visible to the eye—noting but the lights, that illuminated it, attracted the eye—presenting a grand, imposing spectacle—a concentration of brilliant meteors, suspended from the black clouds above, in the nearest similitude to...
As we neared the castle, the greatest possible caution was observed. The men were cautioned not to allow their tin canteens to strike against their muskets or cartridge boxes—not a word was allowed spoken in the ranks—every possible precaution was taken to keep the enemy in ignorance of our approach. Onward we marched, with noiseless steps, silent tongues, and palpitating hearts. Nearer and nearer we approached the formidable castle, bristling with heavy artillery, and containing 12,000 of Mexico's best troops, and commanded by one of her bravest and best generals. Suddenly we were brought to a halt—the division to which I was attached being intended to support a battery under the command of Captain Drum, which had been erected during the night, directly under the castle. Just as we halted, the shrill notes of a trumpet assailed our ears. Then the rolling of drums were heard, and presently a full band joined in. "It was the enemy playing the reveille. A death-like stillness prevailed in our ranks at the time—not a whisper or a breathing could be heard—therefore, so unexpected was the music, that when it struck the ear, it caused a momentary thrill to shoot through my frame—I felt a peculiar indescribable sensation. I have no doubt others experienced the same.
The music was suddenly interrupted.—Bang-r-r-r! went one of the huge pieces of artillery from Drum's battery, and for a moment the dreadful whizz-z-z of its iron death-messenger was heard through the air, and then its fatal crash as it struck the castle. Instantly every light in the castle was quenched, and it was invisible—shrouded in darkness. Silence was no longer observed in our ranks; the commanding voice of Baxter to "Forward!" was heard. We marched a short distance, filed to the right, and halted—taking up a position in supporting distance of Captain Drum's battery.
Presently the somber clouds, that obscured the heavens separated, a streak of light was visible in the eastern horizon—the day was breaking. Lighter and lighter it gradually grew; objects that had been previously invisible, now appeared to the sight.—Aston, the blazing sun peeped forth from its hiding-place, diffusing a flood of light upon the earth, and revealing Chapultepec, the huge muzzles of a hundred heavy pieces of artillery, that peered from their respective embrasures, and the glittering bayonets of at least eight thousand infantry in the woods surrounding the castle, and at the base of the high hill upon which it stood.
This was our first sight of the castle, and I gazed upon its imposing appearance with admiration—contemplating at the same moment a convulsion which was to follow an attack upon its impregnable walls—the lives that must necessarily be sacrificed; the wives made widows, the parents childless; brothers and sisters mourners, and helpless children, perhaps, fatherless! Casting my eyes over the gallant little band that stood before me—companions who had escaped through storms of lead and iron—who had fought by my side in all the preceding battles—the sad and awful conviction forced itself upon my mind; that, in a brief time, many of them, whose smiling faces and cheerful hearts were looking up at the thought of the morrow, would lie in the cold, icy embrace of death."
"The loud report of a gun from the castle,

THE AGITATOR

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and the starting noise of grape and cannon, as it went crashing and tearing through the fall dense pulque plant, in my immediate vicinity, checked all further reflections on my part. The enemy had discovered us, and was evidently determined to do us all the injury he possibly could. Cannon after cannon, and huge mortars on the wall, vomited forth, unceasingly, their ponderous round shot, grape, canister, and shell, doing us, however, but little injury, as we had taken the precaution to occupy a secure position.—The guns from our several batteries, at different commanding points, promptly answered the enemy's sounding forth their deadly contents in reply. All day—from daylight until the eagle curtains of night shrouded the contending armies in darkness—the booming of cannon, the bursting of shells, the crashing of grape and canister, and the sharp report of musketry, greeted the ear.
Various incidents that came under my observation during the day, now force themselves upon my memory.
Captain Drum's battery, which kept up a constant and destructive fire upon the castle the whole day, was stationed about sixty yds from the right of my regiment. Our whole division, commanded by Gen. Quitman, consisting of the second Pennsylvania and South Carolina volunteers, and a battalion of United States marines, besides the New York volunteers, also occupied a position in supporting distance of the battery. Attached to the South Carolina regiment were several negroes—slaves, who had accompanied their masters; some of them privates, too—on the campaign; and on several occasions displayed commendable gallantry. One of the negroes—a huge, black, muscular fellow—stood about ten yards from one of the guns, and at every discharge, he would eagerly watch what effect it would have upon the castle. If a favorable one, he would jump up in the air, clap his hands, and exclaim: "Golly, massa, you give 'em goss dat time—gosh!" Then he would resume his position, behind a tree, and await with anxiety the discharge of another cannon, with straining eyes watch for the shot to strike the castle, and then rush into the road, and go through the same performance as mentioned above. The fellow had conducted himself in this manner for two or three hours, when a shot from our battery made desperate havoc with one of the outworks of the castle. The terrible crash could be distinctly heard, and the clouds of dust that arose into the air from the demolished masonry presented a picture similar to a vast conflagration. The negro's delight, was unbounded.—He threw himself on the ground, rolled over, and over, and kicked and squirmed like a dying animal, uttering loud and joyous exclamations. Thus, suddenly springing to his feet, he leaped about five feet from the ground, struck his heels together, clasped his hands, and exclaimed: "Who-o-up!—Hoo-rah! By grashus, massa, dat was the best of 'em all! Give it to 'im again!"
Just as he concluded the last sentence, the loud report of a mopper cannon was heard from the castle, then the whizzing noise of a ponderous shot, as it came flying through the air. It was the poor negro's death-messenger; before he had an opportunity to resume his position, it struck him in the stomach, completely tearing out his entrails, and of course instantly depriving him of life.—The poor fellow's merry voice was silenced in death.
"Within musket range of Captain Drum's battery, a small force of the enemy, perhaps fifty, occupied a position that enabled them to annoy us very much, and occasionally kill or wound one of the men stationed at the guns. These men were undoubtedly sharpshooters, and were stretched along, for perhaps sixty yards, in a ditch.—Taking advantage of every opportunity that presented itself of making their services available, to our detriment, they would partially raise up, discharge their weapons at us, and then quickly resume their lying position. These fellows had been harassing us so long and so fatally, that General Shields (who commanded the brigade to which my regiment was attached) deemed it advisable to dislodge them. For that purpose a detachment of thirty men, under the command of a lieutenant, was sent forward.—The lieutenant gallantly and rapidly advanced with his men, under a sharp fire from those occupying the ditch. Before he had advanced forward sixty yards three of his men were shot dead.—Still this did not intimidate him or his men. Onward he pushed—rapidly nearing the enemy. Now he was within thirty yards of them, and still they maintained their position. Forward the lieutenant pressed, and just as he was within about ten yards of the ditch, a missed battery in its immediate vicinity opened its murderous fire upon the little party. (When the smoke cleared away, but three of the gallant band stood upon their feet—the remainder, with the lieutenant, were stretched upon the blood-damp ground, frightful mangled corpses. The three survivors stood bewildered for a moment, and then recovering themselves, speedily rejoined us.
We, too, had our sharpshooters stationed at advantageous positions around the castle, and the many Mexicans that we found the next day, stiff in death, with their foreheads pierced with the balls, bore proof of the accuracy of their aim. The mounted rifleman is the regiment that I allude to. This regiment was composed of the best body of men—nearly all American—that I ever saw.—They were all crack shots, each man being sure to "fetch his man." At Chapultepec they were scattered in different directions, near the castle, as they possibly could get, and hundreds of the enemy that day perished by their unerring, deadly aim. An incident that I witnessed on the 12th, suggests the

mentioning of the regiment, in order to introduce the incident itself.
"From the base of the hill, on which the castle of Chapultepec stands, running up to the road, in a broad paved road, down this road, during the morning, a horse, mounted by an officer, was frequently seen, to dash furiously.—The rider was doubtless an aid-de-camp, carrying orders from General Bravo, stationed at the foot of the hill.—He was a very stony chap, and therefore I wondered he escaped our rifles.—His horse was richly and showily caparisoned, and he himself was dressed in a gorgeous uniform—in short, he was as gay as a peacock; as the eccentric but gallant Captain Fairfax remarked at the time: "I had my eyes fixed intently upon him the last time I saw him dashing down the road, expecting every moment to see him fall from his saddle. But he escaped. Then I awaited his return. Presently he came dashing up the road, as he had repeatedly done. He had proceeded about half way, when suddenly I saw his horse stumble and fall. He immediately disengaged himself from the stirrups as the horse fell, stood erect over the fallen animal, and waved his sword over his head, as if in defiance.—The sharp crack of a rifle suddenly greeted my ear, and at that moment the temerarious officer fell dead beside his dying horse."
"Another incident is recalled to my recollection, which serves to show the effectiveness of our artillery, particularly the battery commanded by Captain Drum. Late in the afternoon, a party of the enemy were engaged bringing a heavy piece of artillery from the castle to the support of their troops at the foot of the hill.—They had succeeded in getting it about half way down, losing, however, so far, two or three of their men in the attempt, by the deadly aim of our riflemen—when Captain Drum's attention was called to the proceeding.
"'I'll see if I can't put a stop to that,' was his cool remark, which was presently followed by the deep-toned thunder of one of his heavy pieces of artillery. The effects was astonishing; the shot from his gun striking the enemy's cannon, and killing three or four of the men. The rest immediately retreated to the castle. No similar attempt was made by them that day.
"Hundreds of incidents occurred during the day—too many to undertake to relate in this article.
"The firing on both sides continued, as I said before, all day; there was no cessation whatever until night threw her mantle over the earth; then comparative quietude more reigned. I shall not here detail the proceedings of the night—the laborious duties that had to be performed; suffice it to say, that the rising sun never received a more hearty, cordial greeting than I gave it next morning.
"At daylight, we took the same position that we had occupied, the day previous.—Whether we were to remain there during the whole day, we were, at the time, perfectly ignorant. It was, however, the general wish that we were not, for the position—exposed as we were to the scorching rays of a tropical sun—was a most disagreeable one. We were soon, however, informed that we were not to remain long in our present position.—That the castle was to be stormed! At this announcement every eye was, in a moment, directed towards that formidable, imposing structure, and a deep murmur throughout the ranks betokened that the news was received with the greatest satisfaction. We were now anxiously awaiting the order to move forward. I could not help remarking, at this awful crisis, when so many in our ranks were on the brink of being dashed into eternity, a solemnity and silence among the men deeper than I ever witnessed before. With hearts beating, each was waiting to hear the expected order to "Forward!" At last it came. Standing on the right of the regiment, his face pale from excitement, and his eyes sparkling like jets, Lieutenant Colonel Baxter exclaimed, in a loud voice, "FORWARD!"
Instantly the regiment moved forward to the right of the division, and then led off towards the castle in double quick time. A tremendous cheer at this moment, pealed through the welkin, and every gun that the castle could level against us, poured forth their deadly contents in reply. As we moved forward, canister, grape, round shot, and shell came pouring upon us, with a regular hailstorm of bullets, making awful slaughter in our ranks. But without a pause, our men dashed gallantly forward; and turning to the left into a vast field directly in front of the castle, with a shout that "shook the heavens, onward they rushed, headed by the gallant Baxter. Chapultepec was enveloped in a sheet of flame, so incessant and rapid was the discharge of the enemy's artillery. Discharge after discharge of grape was hurled with awful destruction through our ranks; still our brave boys were not daunted, with the flag of the Empire State proudly waving at the head of our column, onward they pushed.—Van O' Linda fell dead on the green; Baxter, mortally wounded; then Pearson, and a fearful number of our gallant men.—Still our regiment dashed boldly forward, and the stone wall surrounding the base of the hill on which the castle stood, was reached.—Then a short delay was necessarily made, in order to enable the remaining regiments composing the division to come up.—Some sharp fighting took place at this point, the enemy were shortly driven from their position, and aided by ladders, we scaled the lower wall, and dashed up the precipitous hill. Now commenced a struggle that no pen is adequate to describe. The enemy's artillery becoming ineffective in consequence of the steepness of the hill, musketry was brought

into requisition.—The noise of the musketry was deafening, drowning the groans of the wounded and dying.
"The bullets flew among us like hail, mowing in death many a brave fellow, who, with a loud cheer, was dashing boldly and fearlessly up the steep ascent. Now enthusiastic shouts, and the report of musketry were heard on our right and left, proceeding from the troops under Generals Worth, Pillow, and others. The attack upon the castle was made simultaneously at three different points.—Quimán's division advanced directly in front of the castle, while the division of Generals Worth and Pillow charged up the right, left, and rear.—On they came, dashing up the rocky ascent, with a determination to conquer or die. Reanimated by their gallant bearing, our brave boys pushed forward with renewed vigor. Officers and men fell dead and wounded under the murderous fire of musketry that the Mexicans poured in upon us; gallant men, who had preceded us in the scaling parties, were stretched out lifeless upon the hill, with their ladders clutched firmly in their hands, in the last, strong, convulsive grasp of death—but still undaunted, and with a determination to conquer, our troops valiantly continued the charge.—Now the massive walls surrounding the castle were reached, and with a cheer that must have struck terror to the enemy, our men, led by their officers, and aided by scaling ladders, promptly and boldly bounded over them.—Then followed loud shouts from the victors, the clashing of bayonets, and the piercing shrieks of the Mexicans, as they were forced, at the point of the bayonet, over a lofty precipice. In five minutes after, the castle was ours—the gaudy flag of Mexico, that had for years floated undisturbed from its lofty staff, was torn down, and the colors of the New York regiment flung to the breeze over the conquered castle. Nine deafening cheers—cheers such as only men flushed with victory can give—greeted it as its folds were opened out by the wind."

Advertising for a Wife.
Mr. Michael M'Claskey, a short, puffy old gentleman of forty-five, in the twelfth year of his widowhood, complained to the police of an assault committed on his person by Mrs. Hannah Sullivan, and showed several long purple stripes on his visage, which he declared to be the impressions of Mrs. Sullivan's finger nails. It turned out in evidence that Mr. M'Claskey had advertised for a wife in one of the city papers, notifying applicants for the situation to call at "N.—, Locust street, the residence of the advertiser. Mrs. Sullivan called early in the morning, half an hour after the advertisement was first published, and sent word up to Mr. M. that a lady wished to see him "about a notice in the paper."—M'Claskey was all in a flutter, supposing that some blooming beauty was about to fall into his arms, spruced himself up and came down stairs, where Mrs. Sullivan was waiting. To say that he was disappointed, would be saying too little; he was horrified. "Might it be you that was wanting a wife, Mr. M. d'ye-call-em?" enquired the lady. Mr. M. eyed her with a look of dissatisfaction, and uttered a growling affirmative. "Then I'm thinking myself that might suit you," observed Mrs. Sullivan, "Devil a bit of it," remarked Mr. M'Claskey, "I'm suspicious that you did not look at the advertisement attentively." "Sure I've got it here at the very tips of my fingers," said Mrs. S.; "Wanted, a naje, tidy woman, of thirty or upwards"—"that's me I'm thirty or upwards."—"Yes, upwards," replied Mr. M. with sarcastic bitterness. "Well qualified for a wife, and good looking," continues Mrs. Sullivan, reading the advertisement. "Humph, good looking; that's you, too, I suppose, madam?" growled M'Claskey. "Sure I can look well enough to see a rogue at yard's distance, Mr. M. What's your name and its qualified I am I troth I've had four husbands already, and it's me that ought to know something about the justness of a wife."—"Four husbands, madam?"—"Yes, faith, I can show you the graves of all of them; mightily pleasant ground they are laid in too, and I hope you may never have no worse if ever it should be your good luck to be buried among Christians."—"You won't do, ma'am," roared M'Claskey. "What the thunder should I do with a wife with a head like a blazing chimney, and nose, and chin like a pair of gimlets?"
This seems to have closed the conference, for M'Claskey when relating his story to the Mayor on coming to this period, expressively pointed to his half-skinned countenance. Mrs. S. was held to bail for the assault.
One man sucks an orange, and is choked by a pith; another swallows a penknife, and lives; one runs a thorn into his hand, and no skill can save him; another has the shaft of a big driven completely through his body, and recovers; one is overturned on a smooth common, and breaks his neck; another is tossed off a gig over Brighton Cliff, and survives; one walks out on a windy day and meets death by a brickbat; another is blown up in the air, like Lord Hutton in Guiney's Castle, and comes down uninjured. The escape of this nobleman was, indeed, a miracle.—An explosion of gunpowder, which killed his mother, wife, and some of his children, and many other persons, and blew up the whole fabric of the castle, lodged him in his bed on a wall overhanging a tremendous precipice.—"Perceiving, I mightily disorder, (as well he might), he was going to step out of bed to see what the matter was, which if he had done, he had been irretrievably lost; but in the instant of his moving, a flash of lightning came and showed him the precipice, whereupon he lay still till the people came and took him down."

A Visit to the Theatre.
How silent all, how soft the rest!
Droop'd and profound the sleep.
Eyesid's entranced with weariness,
That will not wake to weep.
The South wind through the willows waives,
To kiss a dreamer's nameless grave.
Here childhood's fairy form is laid,
In white hands on its breast.
Piercing this snow-dakes fresh from Heaven,
Or pearls on ocean's crest?
A daughter, who had been eye now
A bright star on a mother's brow.
And manhood too—abandoned hope
Ambition's hopes all fled.
Thy noble mind, and most of sleep
Till Christ awake the dead?
Incomprehensible O God, but just!
In other name than thine we could not trust.
The bride of scarce a year, sweet friend,
Remembrance of thy home.
Thy babe's low wail, thy mother's sigh,
Thy husband's tears will come.
Alas! the birdling in the oak gnarled bough,
Was never reared more tenderly than thou.
The aged rest as quietly
As though no windy storm,
Nor chilling frost nor scalding tear
Their furrow'd cheeks had worn.
The glided snout shewn on mountain's breast,
Betokeneth their everlasting rest.
—Religious Recorder.
ORIGINAL.
Thoughts at Sunset.
BY MELANIE.
The sun is just setting; just such a sunset,
and such an hour as makes the mind love to
wander back over the past, and call up early
visions, and early friends, from the forgetfulness
which daily toil has thrown over them;
to compare those visions with present realities,
and those friends with what they were,
and with what we are now. We do not all
grow old alike. How is it that some shall
dream on and hug their youthful fancies, nor
realize that they are growing old, and the
world passing away from them, while others
so early see life as it is, and feel its reality
as well as its romance. Yet so it is. There
are some minds so constituted, that it seems
as if no reality could make them aught but
dreams. To others, the first rude shock they
meet while preparing for the battle of life,
seems enough to show them the need of something
but dreams to benefit the world. For
I believe most young people mingle some
dreams of good to be done, with their early
aspirations. Though they think of themselves
mainly, I believe few begin life so
sordidly, as to have no desire to benefit others,
as well as themselves. I have been bringing
before my mind some of my former friends,
from whom I am so early separated. Yet I
hardly lament the separation. There is a
charm thrown around the name of an absent
friend, that is not associated with those who
meet daily, and if we feel that we are
remembered, if perchance, we may communicate
by letter our thoughts, we need not give
way to vain regrets, but in our heart's holiest
remembrance cherish them still, and feel that
this is not an eternal separation. Have you
ever, with some dear friend, watched the sunset,
and asked of each other, when we are
grown old shall we watch the sun together,
shall we ever be aught else than we are?
And did the time ever come when that friend
proved false and sought others for their wealth
or power, and wounded you by neglect or
unkindness? Or did death come between
you, and take one and leave the other? Then
if your heart is a true one, you have known
sorrow.
The sun has set and shadows are gathering
on the sorrowing heart, to endure for a time,
but when the sun rises to be dispelled again.
Not all dispelled either, for I bethink me of
some on whose minds the shadows seem to
rest, not a gloomy darkness, but a tinge, as if
a cloud lingered in the horizon. "What
would I not give to meet once more the circle
of my childhood's friends said one of this
class whom I well knew, but who would
never meet them again as they had met;
That shining circle was broken, never to be
united. From the end of this Union to the
other they are scattered and some are by
death removed. Friend of my childhood, ye
shall be my friends still. And if you have
forgotten the timid little girl who loved you,
when you knew it not, she has not forgotten
you. When she hears of your triumph in
what is good and noble, her heart responds,
and bids you God-speed. Your nobleness
has not all been lost, when you have not
thought of me, your example has burned
deep upon my soul.
And to those who ate my friends now let
me show myself friendly. Let me be what
I shall wish I had been, when we are parted,
when we are thought of as once mine, now
gone. Let me so live that love may lose
none of its charms as I grow old, but if I
live till the frosts of many winters shall silver
my head, I may still say "remember me," to
those who will indeed cherish my memory.
And Oh, to die young and die unloved! can
any endure the thought! Surely not one,
methinks. Yet we may die young. Let us
sometimes think of this when we are tempted
to be unkind, and put away the angry
feeling, check the impatient word before it is
uttered, and
So live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower.
A self-rejoicing thing of power.
Russia, like the elephant, is rather
wieldy in attacking others, but most formidable
in defending herself. She proposes this
dilemma to all invaders—a dilemma that Napoleon
discovered too late. "The horns of it
are short and simple, but strong. Come in
to me with fire, and I will overwhelm you;
come to me with many, and you shall overwhelm
yourselfes."
The way to evade a question.—"What
do you believe?" said a man to his neighbor.
"Why I believe the same as the church believes."
"Pray what does the church believe?"
"Why the church believes the same as I believe."
"Well, then, what do you and the church
both believe?"
"Why the church and I both believe the
same thing."

The Basket of Chips.
BY JOH. A. JEMMY.
It is quite amusing, that tale of little Mary
Day is, and day out, she spins out a string of
words—words—nothing but words, in defining
some trivial incident of no special
interest whatever; yet she is a most
"beet" with her petticoats, her
eyes are remarkably large, and when she
speaks, full of animation. She is smart
above most of her schoolmates, although
she seems to lack ambition or energy
either, of mind. I admire her native kindness
of heart, and often wish she were my own
daughter.
Two of my female pupils thought so much
of me, that they bought two handsome
bouquets of roses and gave them to me. I put
the bouquets in two tin cups, which were set
on the table in the middle of my school-room,
so as to afford my class a view of the floral
beauties. Mary no sooner saw the bouquets
than she tossed her tiny arms aloft, and
exclaimed, "How pretty!" Turning to me, I
wished you would be so kind as to give me one
of these flowers." I shook my head. "No,"
said she. "Well, I'll seek out a flower after
school is over." I won't give it to you, sir."
One day I reproved her for imperfectly
reciting her lesson. She raised her apron to
her face and tears and suppressed sobs about
told how her young heart was pained. I
asked her why she cried. "You scold me
you tyrant," said she. "I don't like to be
scolded. I told her she must be respectful
in language. "No, no," said she, and she
sobbed on. "No more weeping," said I.
She let fall her apron from her face, and
looked up in my face. "Are you a good
girl?" asked I of Mary. She made no reply.
"Are you a bad girl?" said I. She kept
mum. "What are you then?" inquired I.
"Neither good nor bad," replied she. "What
do you mean, Mary?" exclaimed I. "Why
sir, I am a sinner by nature," said she. "Do
you think that you will go to heaven?" said
I. She answered, "God alone knows."
The other evening Mary slept over her
lesson. Her companions threatened to report
to her teacher. The next morning she came
into my room, and told me that the morning
before she was so drowsy she could not study.
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mary,"
said I, feigning anger. "Ashamed?" said
she. "I cannot be ashamed of myself, but
of strangers." She did not know what I
meant. She is only nine years of age.
She came up to my side, and her little
fingers played with my whiskers. I asked her
what she was about. She responded by saying
that she was "carressing my whiskers."
I inquired if she did not wish to have her
face covered with whiskers. "Yes, sir," she
said. "Why?" I inquired. She answered,
"To make me look pretty."
Mary is a little girl of warm affections,
not inclined to quarrel, and rather obstreperous.
She looks upon me as her father; she
speaks to me almost all the time. She tries
her skill at cracking a joke, and she generally
succeeds. Her descriptive talents in
pantomime are good. They will no doubt
improve as she grows older. "May her shadow
never be less."
A Rich Mistake.
A gentleman played off a rich joke on his
better half the other day. Being something
of an epicure, he took it into his head that
he should like to have a first rate dinner. So
he addressed her a note politely informing
her that "a gentleman of her acquaintance"—
an old and true friend, would dine with
her that day." As soon as she received it all
hands went to work to get everything in order.
Precisely at 12 o'clock she was prepared to
receive her guest. The house was as clean
as a new pin—a sumptuous dinner was on the
table, and she was arrayed in her best attire.
A gentle knock was heard, and she started
with a palpitating heart to the door. She
thought it must be an old friend—perhaps a
brother—from the place whence they once
moved. On opening the door she saw her
husband with a smiling countenance.
"Why, my dear," says she, in an anxious
tone, where is the gentleman of whom you
spoke in your note?"
"Why," replied her husband, complacently,
"here he is."
"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—
an old and true friend, would dine with
us to day."
"Well," said he good humoredly, "am I
not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old
and true friend?"
"Oh!" she cried distressingly, "is there
nobody but you?"
"No."
"Well, I declare this is too bad," said his
wife, in an angry tone.
The husband laughed immoderately—his
better half said she felt like giving him a
tongue-lashing—but finally they sat down
cosily together, and for once he had a good
dinner without having company.
Discovery in Mississippi.—In the south-
western part of Franklin county, Miss., there
is a platform or floor of hewn stone, nearly
polished, some three feet over ground. It
is about one hundred and eighty feet long,
and eighty feet wide. It extends due north
and south, and its surface is perfectly level.
The masonry is said to be equal, if not superior,
to any work of modern times. The land
above it is cultivated, but thirty years ago it
was covered with oak and pine trees, measuring
from two to three feet in diameter. It
is evidently of very remote antiquity, as the
Indians who reside in the neighborhood had
no knowledge of its existence previous to its
present discovery. Nor is there any tradition
among them to form any idea of the object
of the work or the people who were its
builders. There is also a canal and well
connected with it, which they never have been
explored. A subterranean passage may be
underneath. Further explorations may throw
some light upon its origin.
The way to evade a question.—"What
do you believe?" said a man to his neighbor.
"Why I believe the same as the church believes."
"Pray what does the church believe?"
"Why the church believes the same as I believe."
"Well, then, what do you and the church
both believe?"
"Why the church and I both believe the
same thing."

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