

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR

WHY DON'T YOU KEEP THE YANKEE THOMAS?

This is a question that might well be sounded in the ears of every young man, during every week in the year. I address it particularly to them. Where do you spend your days? I need not inquire. Some of you pass them in one mode of honorable labor, and some in another—one in the counting room, another in the office, another behind the plow, another on the bench, another over the anvil. But where do you spend your evenings? This is a vital question, as it relates to a young man's whole future destiny.

If you spend them in cards, then I could mention, you are not far from me by it, and must have a correct idea of what you are preparing to spend your evenings in remorse and despair. If you spend your evenings in drinking saloons, whether above ground or below ground, in a basement, gilded and chandeliered, in some subterranean den, I will tell you what you will gain by that. You will gain a few several ways. You will be poorer by several shillings every week; for this business of "drinking" in your fellow-bummers' wherein meat there is not the best thing for its purpose. You will gain a ridiculous amount of self-contempt, and perhaps the contempt of some others likewise. You will gain some habits which it is not very easy to get rid of, and pick up some acquaintances who would rather get their grog-rations out of your pocket than their own, which were emptied long ago. You will gain, if you are careful, the trepiduously fearful habits of the drunkard, and of the end of a wretched life of vice, pauperism, and self-loathing; you may gain that most appalling of resting places, a drunkard's grave! If you do not wish evenings in this life to be the prelude to an eternal night of horrors in the world to come, then avoid the place where men deal out the poison by the glass, and chuckle over the self-immolation of their unhappy victims.

This warning will apply also to many other kindred places of resort—to the gambling saloon, the theatre, and the house of shame. You may not be able to spend every evening at home, and some of you may have no homes. You may often find it profitable to spend your evenings in the house of prayer. You may often leave your own doors, and with a clean conscience, too, visit the temperance meeting, or the lecture room, where popular addresses are delivered. One night the debating club may invite you. On another evening, the music-class may afford you an once a healthy recreation, and a new source of delight. But even these should not occupy all your evenings. To the homeless they may be recommended for every evening.

But if you have a quiet, well-ordered home, or anything that deserves the name of home, then there is the place for the majority of your leisure hours. It is not good to be in public, or "society" (as the phrase is), too much. A good home is the place for a noble soul to expand in—to kindly domestic feelings, to enlarge the kindly sympathies, to avoid temptations, and to prepare for the duties and the perils of after life. If you have a home stick to it. Do not give it up for the club of smokers and swearers, for the drinking-circle or the card table, nor every trifling entertainment got up by travelling mountebanks. Never let the clock strike twelve away from that home. Many a youth is decoyed away to destruction while his parents or employers are asleep. Many a guilty conscience is borne every midnight through the silent streets from some place of unshunned mirth, or wickedness, to a prayerless bed. He who is often out of his bed at midnight, is usually busy in driving some bargains with the devil for his immortal soul. The heavy footfall that we hear beneath our windows on the pavements, is oftentimes the tread of a ruined youth hurrying onward to destruction.—*Presbyterian*.

Modern Democracy.

Hon. R. G. HAZARD, of Rhode Island, lately illustrated the Democracy of the Bucaniers by this anecdote concerning Ichabod Jones.

"Ichabod went West, and not succeeding very well in farming, concluded to try his hand at keeping tavern. He raised a sign in large letters—

"TAVERN KEPT HERE."

ICHABOD JONES.

A weary traveler, allured by the sign, stopped and said, "Mr. Jones, my horse is very tired; I want you to give him some oats."

"Oats! we don't keep oats here."

"Well, then, give him some hay."

"Hay! we don't keep hay here."

"No oats—no hay—why, what do you keep?"

"Why, I keep tavern—don't you see the sign?"

"Well then, let the horse go, but I want some supper for myself; would like some ham and eggs."

"Ham and eggs! we don't keep ham and eggs here."

"Well, then, what on earth do you keep?"

"Why, I tell you I keep tavern—can't you read the sign?"

And thus the weary pilgrim, fleeing from despotism, hungering and thirsting for freedom; who, allured by the flaming sign of Democracy, there asks for the generous sentiments, the liberal principles, the equality of individual right for State rights, self-government and freedom of speech and press, is now told we have none here.

"Well, what then have you?"

"Why, we have democracy."

"Very good, give me some of the principles of Jefferson."

"Principles of Jefferson! We have just driven Underwood from his home, for saying that he hoped these principles would be carried out!" We have none of them we assure you."

"What in the name of conscience then have you got?"

"Why, don't we tell you we have Democracy."

"Well then give us some of the doctrines of Jackson; his proclamation was rather strongly seasoned with Federalism, but if you have nothing better, give me some of the doctrines of Jackson."

"We have had no call for them for a long time; and as to Old Hickory, we did have some of his bark, and though there was no

W. W. ROBINSON,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Blank Books, Wall Paper, English, French and American Manufacture, Tiled utensils and Perfumery, Paints, Pen and Pencils, &c., &c.

All the popular Magazines and leading Newspapers may be had at his Counter.

CORNING, N. Y., Nov. 15, 1855.

WHY NOT BUY THEM?
IT IS A QUESTION difficult to answer, but that the **READY-MADE CLOTHING** is the best and most durable article of clothing that can be had, is a fact which cannot be denied, and which will be easily verified upon inspection of the goods and prices.

Buy them, then, tell me
what you have had you over and over again, and say why they failed.

At a beautiful ballroom given charming ladies were here in abundance, and among them, among the party was Madam W., always eminent in the fashion."

At the commencement of the ball, a young woman, the flower of the sporting clubs, had made the first to ask her to dance.

"With pleasure, sir," replied she; "it is a pretty dance."

"Madame, I puzzled the puzzled cavalier.

"I will tell you what I mean," replied he, smiling; "there is a misunderstanding of the foreign statement."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Power.

"It is a social custom."

"A social custom?" repeated the lady quickly.

"There was a misunderstanding. I thought you asked me for a quadrille, but I see you will give me a waltz."

"I will give you a waltz."

"Madame, I am sorry to trouble you, but I have the honor to ask your hand for a waltz."

"Ah, you are right," replied the lady quickly.

"There was a misunderstanding. I thought you asked me for a quadrille, but I see you will give me a waltz."

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