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PSALM OF LIFE.

DY H. W. LONGFELLOW. Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem. Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal.
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest," Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act-that each to-morrow Find us better than to-day. Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's red field of battle-In the bivouse of Life, Be not dumb, like driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife! Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,

Let the dead past bury its dead!
Acr—act in the Living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead. Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

MY LITTLE BOY. CHAPTER I.

I was out a childish mother. I had not forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood than as a human soul given into my hands for its earthly training. But my husband—ah he was grave and wise enough for both mother and child alike.

My husband was many years older than day my nurse was holding me (a helpless, his youth and the mother of his children .-

thorne was familiar to me from my earliest away and remember him all my life, while the guardian angel ever by his side. he forgot me! This was my dream!—how different the reality!

We met suddenly, unexpectedly, embarrasof life, and was kind and benevolent to all.

But when I raised my eyes to the handsome lace, and saw it marked with lines of care accomplished. and sorrow-when I saw the luxuriant flow--that rested upon my girlish face and form?) my own dropped, my heart beat quick, and i stood before him, timid, blushing and trembling, like a frightened bird.

who had scarcely dreamed of love, won his! I, who knew nothing of the great world beyond my home, pleased him who had seen its fairest women! I, who had no beauty, no grace, no talent, won him who had all, and won him too from a throng who were far more worthy. And yet-were they? - | the setting sun sank slowly in the sea. They were lovely-they were wealthy and fashionable, but they had grown cold and hard in a long apprenticeship to fashion-'equipages-I gave him all! To them he ing he slept, I laid my weary head upon my my very heart.

Our home was a little paradise beside the sea; a small, low roofed, brown cottage, with a rustic porch and latticed windows overmer of the occan soothed me into a happy sleep each night-the sweet song of the swallow waked me to a happy day each morning. And here in the pleasant summer time, my blue-eyed boy was born, and my cup of joy was full to running over.

My boy, like all other's boys, was beautiful. And yet his loveliness made my heart turned away and groaned in agony. ache. So frail! so fair! His colorless, waxen cheek, his slender form and large and melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thousand fears, How often have I bent above with all a mother's earnestness that his life might be spared. It was a foolish prayer, an

unwise one, but then I could not see it. My very life seemed wrapped up in that of my baby. With him by me every day I for the first time. Did I hear, or dream I could not see him fading, and the moaning heard the one word I had vainly tried to sea could sell no tales. But now and then a learn him! "Mother?" shadow came over his father's brow as he I could not tell. For the next moment the

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quite drive away. I thought him growing one short sigh, and my little boy had left us. stern and cold but oh, I wronged him!-Never had he loved us both so tenderly be-

smiled whenever I came. But still those little lisping utterances that thrill the heart so deeply were silent, and all my loving lessons

fell on an unheeding ear. * The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper as he watched my unceasing efforts. At last the blow came. I had been sitting in the door way with little Ernest in my arms, trying to teach him to say "Papa." His large blue eyes were fixed upon me with a wishful expression, but still the lips were mute, and vexed and disoppointed, I heaved a deep sigh, and laid him back in his cradle. Something in the look my husband gave me startled me. went beside him, and put my arms about

"What is it, Arthur?" I cried. "God help you to bear it, Mary!" he answered solemnly, "Our child is dumb!"

CHAPTER II.

Dumb! Could it be possible? What have I done that so deep a sorrow should be sent to chasten me? Other mothers might hear their children's voices calling them, but mine would be forever silent. It was so long a word! Had it been for weeks, or months, or even years. I could have borne it: but to know that it could never be-that through childhood, youth and manhood he could never speak my name-oh! it was too much to

Autumn and winter passed away, and my baby and I threw daises at each other on the when they laid my baby on my breast, and I lawn before the cottage, while Arthur looked looked upon him more as a curious plaything smilingly from his study window. I had not grown to the great misfortune, only accustomed to it, and the mute kisses of my child were almost as dear to me as his spoken words could have been.

It was a strange task to teach that soul myself. He had known many a joy and sor. how to expand its wings. It was strange to ruw long before I was born-and on the very learn that child his little evening prover by sign, and ye: as he clasped his small hands, laughing, crowing baby) out to pick the daises for my birth day garland, he was bending often wondered if any labored supplication dearfully over the grave of one who had could have gone more quicky to the Throne made his home happy for years-the wife of of Grace. It was strange to see him sit silently above his playthings, to hear no sound Strange that I, who had no knowledge of from him except the plaintive, half stifled cry sorrow, was yet to dispel his, that he who he uttered when in pain, to feel the delicate had never gazed upon that child's face of hands clasping mine when something new mine, was one day to take its owner to its had puzzled him, to see the wishful, observent heart, as the light and joy of his declining look with which he regarded every one who conversed around him.

Long, long before I met my husband I No wrong or impure thoughts could ever knew him well. The name of Arthur Haw-thorne was familiar to me from my earliest apart to show us what an early childhood years, and the poems he had written were among the choicest of my treasures. In my the Maker's hand first sent the little spirit secret heart I had the wish and hope to meet fluttering into its earthly prison. Could I ask him-some day. I would steal one look at for him happier destiny than this, to pass his face—it may be, touch the hand that had through life shielded by my unfailing love, penned those beautiful thoughts, and then go and safely sheltered by the snowy wings of

We make idols for ourselves out of clay, and they are taken from us. I needed the one lesson more. My little boy failed slowly ingly! I had looked for a sage—a philoso-pher—a man who had outwitted the passion was not so much with him a painful sickness

Many days before he was taken I knew he ing hair, the erect and stately forehead—and must go. I was with him by day and by more than all when I met the glance of those night. I sang him to sleep, and wet the still eyes of fire (could it be an admiring gaze golden curls with tears when he was slumbering quietly. Day by day gathered up my strength for the parting which I knew must come, and day by day my heart sank within me, and the blood forsook my cheek if the

slightest change took place.
We sat beside the bed of our boy; the languid head was resting on my breast, and the tiny transparent hands lay like two lillies in the broad palm of Arthur. I sang in a hushed voice the songs he loved the best, and

Cool breezes, the plash of oars, and the rude songs of sailors down the bay, came floating in upon us. My darling lay and and I gave him a heart that was as fresh and listened. I could not see that his breathing pure as the mountain daises I had loved so grew fainter and fainter, and that the lids of well. They would have given him that love the blue eyes were drooping slowly towards they could not lavish on their diamonds and each other. At last they closed, and thinkwould have been a man-to me he was a God. husband's breat and tried to sleep also. A Did not my perfect love, my faith, trust and strange drowsiness, which was not slumber, sincerity, outweigh their more glittering qual- crept over me. I started from it suddenly, ities! Perhaps I felt it then, and here to-day at last, with an instinctive feeling that all was when the years have made me older, and the not well. Tears fell from my cheeks as I world has made me wiser, I believe it from lifted my head. They fell from the eyes of Arthur, who had, sat and thought while we were still.

I bent over my little boy. The little cheek I had kissed seemed growing cold, and with grown with climbing trees. The low mur. suspended breath I listened to hear the beating of his heart. He moved slightly as I called his name. and then looked up in my face and smiled a gentle smile.

It failed soon, as he seemed to be struggling with some terrible pain. His lips were drawn back, his eyes upturned, and his hand clinched. I could not bear to look at him.

"See, it is all over now!" said Arthur, as he put his arm around my waist and held me firmly to his heart.

I looked. My darling raised his feeble him as he had laid upon my lap, and prayed arms and as he bent my head, they felt heavily around my neck, his pale lips met mine in a last kiss. A sudden trembling seized him. His eyes lit up with a happy light, his cheek flashed, his half opened lips seemed to speak

watched us that not even my kisses could rosy flush faded, the little breast heaved with the press.—Lchigh Register.

Was that little life in vain? Was no lesson taught, no lesson learned, in that brief year of companionship with an angel? Oh, yes! Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked a lesson which the mother's heart can never intelligently into mine, and the little rosy lips farget, while it beats with the love it has felt for the lost. "Dearer is earth to God for his sweet sake," dearer to me, because he loved its beauty so.

Many years have passed since my little boy fell asleep. Other children play around the door of my cottage, and kneel each night at my knee, to say the prayer he only looked; another Ernest, with bright dark eyes and golden hair goes singing through the house, but still my heart is most with him. My children stand outside that grave and listen with serious faces, when I tell them of the little brother who died before they were born, and then steal away silently and leave me there beside him.

I have grown old and careworn; the cheek he kissed is thin and faded, and the sunny hair with which he used to play is streaked with silver. But my child will know me when I meet him, and I shall hold him to my heart the same as when he left me, an infant angel, freed from every taint on earth.

No barrier then between us, no weak, imperfect utterance, or look of pain, for in Heaven my child will speak, and the first word I shall hear him utter there will be the word that lingered on his lips when he was dying. He will call me "Mother" there as well as here. Else I could never have given him up through all these weary years, and fed my heart upon the hope of hearing that half-uttered word bresthed freely when I die.

Singular Circumstance.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Age publishes the following singular statement, under the caption of "how our first church was built." The history of almost everything presents

curious facts. Were we to say, a correct history of Sectarianism in Sacramento could not be written, unless it admitted that gamblers helped to build the first church, the statement might appear wicked and absurd, but this would not impair the truth of an incident which occurred before the "big floods" and before the "big fires." A preacher arrived here among those who unintentionally contributed toward founding a flourishing city, and after a while, when persons were afflicted with a combination of worldly fevers, such as winning and losing at several popu-lar games, he concluded that nothing would be so praiseworthy as an endeavor to establish a religious society. He soon discovered that practical christianity was not a feature near so prominent as others, which gospet rules are not supposed to countenance. But he persevered and at length found a few who approved of his plan. Frequent consultamined to erect a church edifice, if money enough could be obtained for the purpose. Those belonging to the little "moral" at once subscribed all in their power to give, but not half of the required sum was received. The old preacher-we should have referred to his age before-took his subscription paper one day, and walked towards the Sacramento, whose waters were not soiled as now by the gold washers. In passing a crowded, noisy gambling house, where he saw heaps of treasure in "bank," and many with bags of "dust" in their hands, a wonderful thought came hurriedly to him, and not allowing it permission suddenly to depart, he hastened to stand in the midst of the reckless gamesters, and to commence telling them how much he wished to build a church, and needed their assistance. Scarcely had he ceased speaking when large pieces of gold were thrust into his hands; all made liberal donations, and in a few minutes he had collected nearly a thousand dollars .-Thanking his "friends," he was about leaving when one betting at monte called to him in a loud voice, saving: "Hold on, old feller: I'm goia' to bet two hundred on this card, and if I win, by G --- , I'll give ye a clear hundred!" The money was staked, the gambler won, and the promised "clear hundred" was passed to the minister. This is how our first church was built-good came of evil; but the sequel to this story let the present and future tell!

A HARD SWEARER .- A good story is told of a tall, raw-boned fellow, who went into a market house at Boston-perhaps the Quincy -and seeing a large hog on exhibition, was mightly struck with it.

"I swear," said he, "that's a great hog. swear I never saw a finer looking one in my life, I swear what short legs he's got.

[swear~ "Look here, friend," said a liittle drylooking individual, trotting up, you must not

"I swear I should like to know why," said

"Because," said the little man, "swearing is again the law, and I shall have to commit you!" drawing himself up.
"Are you a Justice of the Peace?" in-

the hard swearer, with an ominous look.

quired the swearer. "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I swear," said the profane one, "I am more astonished at that than I was about

the hog." The census of the United States shows that we have two millions and a half of farmers, one hundred thousand merchants, sixtyfour thousand masons, and nearly two hundred thousand carpenters. We have fourteen thousand bakers to make our bread; twentyfour thousand lawyers to set us by the ears; forty thousand doctors to "kill or cure," and fifteen hundred editors to keep this motley. mass in order, by the potent power of public and though you may not be courted by the opinion, controlled and manufactured through | fop and the sop, the good and truly great will carried all the way to the end of the toe.

From Putnam's Magazine. New Defense of Slavery.

The Right Reverened John Henry Hop-kins, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Vermont, has published a work (Pudney & Russel), in which he states that he thinks it wrong for the American citizen to dance the polka, but perfectly proper for him to hold his brother in slavery. The bishop says, he holds "conversation parties" to be innocent, and equally so the selling a child from its mother. He says, that Canaan was cursed, and, therefore, Governor Wise may dispose of black mer and women at the highest rates. The Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins has written some four or five hundred pages to show that the citizens should obey the law; but omits to state what his pastoral advice would have been to mothers with babes under two years age in the latter days of Herod of Judea. He also does not find room in his prolix disquisition upon the duties of the American Citizen, which is the title of his book, to inform his pupil what he is to do when the law of the land contravenes the plain law of God. For it is evident that, if a law is to be obeyed because it is a law, a regulation to lie, or to steal, or to deliver up the fugitive, so it be legally enacted, has the same authority as one to collect taxes. But if the discretion of the citizen or his conscience are ever to interfere, or, in other words, if there be the individual and collective right of rebellion, it would be only complaisant in a bishop, who writes a book in which he finds room to discuss the shoes nearly resembling those now in use. propriety and morality of dancing, to indi- They were somewhat clumsy, it is true, for cate when that right may be asserted. The the Roman shoemaker did not possess the single point of interest in the American Citi- art of our sons of Crispin, of moulding the aen is the elaborate reiteration of the scriptu. upper leather to the shape of the foot, but ral argument for slavery, which is easily laid it over, where necessary, in a fold, and enough refuted by the younger classes of so joined in to the sole, which was in this Sunday-school girls, and which falls at this case at least half-an-inch thick. It was easy day, and in this country, with peculiar edifi. to perceive that the Roman ladies were not cation from the lips of a high dignitary in more accustomed to pinch their feet than their the church of Him who said, "Do unto others waists, and that they were content to let both as ye would they should do unto you." Bish. retain the shape given to them by nature. I op Hopkins anticipates a millenium when could not help contrasting the easy, clumsythe whole world shall behold the happy from her long bondage of barbarism and idolatry." If it were not so tragical, this would be too ludicrous. Let this gentleman days of foot-freedom. consider one question: Even if you knew And why should we have these deformities fields, the gradual imbruting of human beings in a case which is too small for them. reated as cattle, with every natural right and affection out aged—even if you knew some and ignorant feeling that you would call reflection reconcile Bishop Hopkins to naving toes, his house burnt down and all that was dearest toes.

When the naked foot is firmly planted on When the naked foot is firmly planted on the toes separate, show the inexpediency of slavery. But let in a fashionable shoe, is impossible. the bishop take comfort. If the Lord has made slavery right, he will also, in view of its hold upon the country, make it expedient. space provided for them by fushion. And if it be the Christianizing process for Africa, what right has Bishop Hopkins or shoe, they not only ride on over the other, The American Citizen is like a series of country clergyman's weekly lectures. We

Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with children.—Mary Howitt.

LOVELINESS .- It is not your neat dress, vour expensive shawl, or your pretty fingers that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is the true loveliness of your nature that wins and continues ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a dresses, but the wise and substantial are nover caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable lauguage, love to linger in your steps.

TWILIGHT HOUR,

The golden sun has sunk to rest, His rays are fading from the west, The singing birds have sought repose And eve's bright star in beauty glows. Sweet (wilight hour is come.

Twilight hour, with joy I greet thee, When the day with evening blends; Gladly, then, my heart doth meet thee, When the dew from heaven descends, In the pleasant twilight hour. 'T was at twilight when the Savior Sat in sad Gethsemane; Hear him crying—"O, My Father!"— Ere he died for you and me;

See our Lord in prayer. Can we, like the blessed Jesus,
Say "Thy will, O Lord, be done!"
When the storms of life assail us,
Can we trust the Faithful One?
In the twilight of the soul
Seeking God in prayer?

Sweet the time for heart communion
And for songs of praise and love;
And we hope for a reunion
With our blest loved ones above.
Pray we, then at twilight hour,
God will hear our prayer.

Tioga County, Pa. [The above is a very pretty poem, and the author, eviden unpracticed, will do well to persevere; but she is request d to forward her real name to us, not for publication, but it eference to our rule in like cases. Ed. Agitator.

How we Treat our Feet.

BY MRS. MERRIPTELD. Looking, a short time since, at a statue representing a Roman lady, my attention was attracted to her feet, on which she wore looking Roman shoes with the neat but artifruits of slavery in the regeneration of Africa ficially-formed productions of a fashionable

that some of the Africans, who should survive and inconveniences now? Simply because the horrors of the slave-ship, and the long, the shoes are not made the shape of the feet, dreadful, compulsory labor in swamps and and because we endeavor to confine the latter

As long as the infunt remains in arms, the shape of its foot is preserved; but as soon as could survive it all and attain a kind of fond it begins to walk, and the assistance of the shoemaker is called in, it is thought necessa-Christianity, do you, as a man, not as a Bish- ry to improve the shape of the foot by forcing op, believe for one moment that the the trader, it into shoes which are too narrow for it. In who paid money for a single one of those order, also, to diminish the apparent breadth victims, was doing anything but an accursed of the foot, the shoe is made to extend in act? Do you think that any honest Chris- length full three-fourths of an inch beyond ian man supposes for a solitary instant that the toes. The immediate effect of the nartrader to be any better than a devil-and a row shoe is to press the toes firmly together; servant of God only as all criminals are !- the ulterior, to change the direction of the Of course God will bring good out of it. God toes and occasion corns and bunions. Let brings good out of everything. Would that us consider, now, the change induced in the reflection reconcile Bishop Hopkins to having shape of the foot by the compression of the

to him by whom the offence cometh." With especially the first and second, and by exthe usual inconsequence of the south-side of tending the base of support, give additional the slavery discussion, after having made firmness to the position. The inside line of slavery the instrument of the Christian regen- the shoe should be nearly a straight line, to eration of Africa, the bishop undertakes to allow for this expansion of the toes, which,

Let us now consider the consequences of the compression of the toes into he small

When the toes are pressed together by the any other pious man to resist the due opera, and thus occasion corns and crooked natis, tion of that process? Excepting the portion but the direction of the bone of the great toe of the volume we have indicated, which at is altered by the ends being forced closer tracts attention solely by its subject and not together; the joint becomes enlarged, and a tracts attention solely by its subject and not at all by the ability with which it is treated, bunion, with its pain and deformity, supervenes. The reader who would avoid these deformities, should rigidly examine the shape do not advise any American who wishes to of her own feet, and if the direction of the improve himself as a man, a Christian, or a first toe is changed, should lose no time in patriot, to leave his South, Tillotson, Hooker, endeavoring to restore it to its former posi-Herbert or Jeremy Taylor, and take to Hop-tion. In youth or middle age, when the distortion is not excessive or of long standing, this may be easily done by placing between THE LOVE OF CHILDREN. - Tell me not of the toes a lump of wool sufficiently thick to the trim, precisely arranged homes where force the toe to resume its original position, there is no children—where, as the good By constantly keeping the wool there, and Germans have it, "the fly-traps hang straight attending to the shape of the shoc, the toe on the wall;" tell me not of the never dis, will at last recover its proper place, and the turbed nights and days, of the tranquil, un- enlargement of the joint will be so apparent, anxious hearts where children are not; I care neither with increase. The same ample not for these things. God sends children for means may be adopted to restore the other another purpose than merely to keep up the toes to their normal shape. If corns should race-to enlarge our hearts, to make us un- be formed, the most effective cure is to be selfish and full of kindly sympathies and found in the application of a circular disk of affections; to give our souls higher aims, to felted wool or of cotton with a hole in the call out all our faculties to extend enterprise middle to receive the corn. This may be and exertion; to bring around our firesides purchased at any chemist's. It is made to bright faces and happy smiles, and loving adhere by brushing one surface of the wool tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great with a solution of isinglass or similar preparation. This relieves the corn by removing from it the pressure of the shoe; and, by persevering in this simple treatment, the corn vill, in time, entirely disappear.

From these observations it will be seen that shoes which are cut very low in the quarter will spoil the shape of the foot. They will not keep on without the support of santo retain the affections of the heart. Young dals, unless they are tolerably tight, and they cannot be tightened across the toes without compressing them and impeding the freedom equally, but not excessively, upon every part of it. The piece of elastic introduced near the insten was a valuable addition to the

In consequence of our mal-treatment, the lits truths.

Rates of Advertising.

kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and

nails frequently become deformed and sometimes grow into the flesh. The first care will the to preserve them from pressure; the next to remedy the deformity. When the flesh grows over the nails the proper course to to pursue is, instead of cutting away the corners, to cut a notch in the centre of the nuil, or to scrape it thin in the middle. Nature, then, in her efforts to remedy this accidental defect, promotes the growth of the nail in the central thin parts, and thus the extremities, which are imbedded in the flesh, are left to recover their former position. This simple and very ingenious plan has been found far more efficacious than removing the nail by a painful surgical operation.
Turning from the consideration of the toes

to the heels. I have to notice another source of distortion, and one which it is feared may increase. I allude to the high heels which are now worn, and which formerly attained an altitude of four and a half inches. The reason why high heels are so injurious is evident. We do not require to be told that nature, when she finished the limbs supporting the weight of the body upon arches, inlended us to rest in a general way equally, or when in movement alternately, upon both ends of the arch, namely, the toes and the heels. By this means the weight is equally sustained, and there is no stress upon either part in particular. But when the heel is raised, as in dancing, the equillibrium is disturbed, and the weight of the body is thrown forward constantly upon the toes. When these are thrust for a length of time into shoes, which, on the inside, form inclined planes, especially when the inclination is great, the sensation is extremely painful, for he weight of the body is thus made to rest on the toes, the muscles of the instep and front of the leg are also stretched, while those of the calves become permanently contracted. The high shoe, so thoughtlessly adopted, then becomes absolutely essential; for the wearer, once accustomed to them, cannot do without them. Let all persons of sense, then, abstain while it is; yet time from following this very absurd and unbecoming fashion. The small additional height which it communicates to the figure does not surely compensate for the deformity which it induces.

In conclusion, then, let those who are desirous of preserving the perfect use of their feet and the purity of their form, give their serious attention to the subject. The reme: dies are in their own hands, and the results vill amply repay the labor attendant on carrying out the suggestions I have ventured to make on this very important subject.

Hoors and High Heels in Church .-The Richmond Whig says: A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our ac-quaintance attended the morning service in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful waive of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her a place, quietly sunk into the seat near the end. When a hymn was given out she skillfully found the page, and with a sweet smile that set his heart must needs be that offinces come; but woe the ground, as in walking, the toes separate, The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knel, and this posture perplexed her friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devoutness. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she looked up, she should detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a lugitive glance at his charmer and was asconished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely and saw that she was much affected, trembling in violent agitation, no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress, The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced, with wonder and astonishment. After a minute. the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand made an unmistakeable beckon to her friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her. and inclined his ear as she evidently wished

to say something.
"Please help me sir," she whispered, "my dress has oaught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles; and in this position the highest hoop of the new fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the lighter she was bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pewthinking no doubt that she was not in kneeling costume.

Archimides said, "Give me a lever long snough, and with my own weight I will move the world." "But," says Dr. Arnott, "he would have required to move with the velocity of a cannon ball for millions of years, to alter thought on their mind. Fools may be won of movement. Those shoes are best for the the position of the earth a small part of an by the gewgaws and fashionable showy foot which cover the whole of it, and press inch. This feat of Archimides is, in matheinch. This feat of Archimides is, in mathematical truth, performed by every man who leaps from the ground; for he kicks the world away from hin whenever he rises, and modern shoe. It were well if it could be attracts it again when he fulls." The vagaries of, science are sometimes as attractive as