Terms of Publication.

Terms of Publication. THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub-hshed every Thursday Morning, and mailed to sub-scribers at the very reasonable price of OAr Doz-Las per annum, invariably in advance. It is intend-ed to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp — "Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further re-mittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer. The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Coun ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation

The Agiraroa is the Ometal raper of the Country, with a large and steadily increasing circulation , aching into nearly every neighborhood in the fraunty. It is sent free of postage to any Post office . A finite the county limits, and to those living within the those most convenient postoffice may a an adjoining County. Summers Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in-

cluded, \$4 per year.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

Darkly the Winter day, Dawns on the moor How can the heart be gay, Who can endure; See the sad, weary wight, Wanders from noon to night. Shelterless, homeless quite ! God help the poor !

Now the red robin here, Sits on the aill; Not e'en a grain of bere Touches its bill, So with the houseless poor, Wand'ring from door to door, Seeking a morsel more! Lord, 'tis Thy will!

White is the virgin snow, Bitter the morn ; See those starved children go, Wretched, forlorn ! Feet without shoes or hose, Backs without warm clothes, Strangers to calm repose— Why were the born?

See that lone, aged man, Snow white his hair ; Mark his sad visage wan, Deep his despair, Craving the rich man's food, Owner of many a rood, Lord, thou art always good; Hear his heart-prayer!

Yonder a woman goes, Ragged and old, Barefooted o'er the snow, Famished and cold; How her poor children cling To her side, shivering, Chickens beneath her wing Doth she enfold !

Fast falls the sleet and rain, Slowly they go, By force: side, sheltered plain, Wailing their woe; City street now they see, Here they roam wild and free, Canst thou say "no?"

Night spreads her sable wing, Where can they lie? Sorrows like theirs must bring Tears to the eye; Fall the cloud torrent falls, Down they must lie in halls, Each to his maker calls, "Lord ! let me die !"

Ye whom heaven bless, Give from your store; 'Twill no'er make your treasures less. Must make them more; For he that gives cheerfully, God loves so tenderly; Give to them-pray with me, God help the poor !

Standing up with the Schoolmaster. BY HENRY L. BOSTWICK.

"Schoolmaster-Lizzie Wayne laughed out loud "' cried a big boy from the corner of Whe schoolroom. The teacher, a handsome young man of twenty-two looked around in amazement.

"Is that true, Elizabeth; he inquired taking a few steps toward a luttle girl in one of the back seats, who sat with crimsoned cheeks, and downcast eyes, the very image of shame and terror. There was no need to repeat the question.

"What? You, Lizzie! one of my best girls! I am very sorry." And in truth he was deeply sympathising with the child; for Lizzie Wayne had been an especial favorite, and never before had he had occasion to punish brown eyes, when he read in the child's countenance that her thoughts were more on "fun than study" was the only check he had as yet found necessary in Lizzie's case : though we are speaking of a district school twenty years ago, when, as many of us know, school discipline was quite another thing from what it is at present. Then, too, Lizzie, was so docile, so smiling, so apt to learn, and repaid his exertions for her improvement so abundantly, that it was impossible to help feeling more than common degree of interest in her. If a difficult test question was propounded, or a puzzling sum to be wrought on the blackboard Lizzie's black eyes never failed to sparkle, and her little hand to raise, in token of her readiness lo answer. Though not yet thirteen, she had distanced nearly all the older scholars, and invariably occupied the highest place in her classes. And now she was in disgrace-poor liule Lizzie! The school was large, and not a few of the pupils, particularly among the older boys, disposed to insubordinate, and even open disobedience. In fact the teacher of the previous winter had actually been conquered and expelled from the house by them. In view of this Mr. Clinton had deemed it necessary to adopt stringent rules, and adhere to them. He had got on exceedingly well through the first half of the term; but of late, symptoms of rebellion had manifested themselves, which induced him, among other new regulations, to give notice that any scholar guilty of laughing aloud in school hours, should be punished by standing on the floor by the teacher's side. Lizzie, though not the first, was the oldest girl who had incurred the penalty, and this added to the fact that she had never in her life received correction in school, made her mortification and grief painful to witness. Mr. Clinton, however, suspected what she do you want to do with it ? did not-that it was jealousy of her high the larger boys to watch her conduct, and inform against her. He knew that he was accused, in school parlance, of "showing parto Lizzie Wayne, and felt that it would be hazarding his authority over his pupils now to make an exception in her favor. he entered her scal and said gently : Eliza. beth, your conduct has been hitherto unex-

AGITATOR Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy Reform. WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WEONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE. VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 30, 1857. NO. I. girl for the sake of order and discipline in the A Home without a Daughter. The Handsome Soul. Our Correspondence. school. One day last winter, a little boy from the HUDSON, Wis. JUNE 24th, 1857.

Lizzie did not speak; but the pitying teacher could see that she trembled in every limb, and that prespiration had started in large drops on her forehead. "If I remit the penalty for you Lizzie, I must for another, and then there would be an end of school government. Do you not perceive that ?

"Yes, sir !" whispered Lizzie.

"Come, then, and show before the school that you love law and order well enough to submit quietly to a just and necessary regulation, however unintentional, your offence may have been."

Still Lizzie did not move. To stand in the middle of that great room, with forty-five pairs of curious eyes bent scrutinizingly, some, I am sorry to say triumphanily upon It was more than her sensitive nature her ! could stand unappalled.

Mr. Clinton saw that it was not obstinacy, but unconquerable fear and diffidence that prevented her from obeying; and righly judging that her embarrassment would increase with continued suspense, he took her arm and whispering, "Come, my child; time presses;" led her gently from her seat. Poor Lizzie rose and with a feeling as if she were being whirled over the falls of Ni-

agara, followed him on the floor. Mr. Clinton did not conduct her to the centre of the room, but left her standing a few feet from her own desk, and facing it, while he went on with the recitations; and in fifteen minutes permitted her to return to her seat. But for more than an hour Lizzie's tear swollen cheek was rested sadly on her desk; and not for the whole day did her bright face fling out its wonted sunshine. Very soberly she put on her bonnet and cloak at the hour of dismissal, and scarcely raised her eyes, as in accordance with usual custom, bade the teacher good evening. "I hope she has not conceived a dislike

for me, and repugnance to the school, from this unfortunate affair said Clinton, as he locked the school-room door, and looked after the interesting culprit, now slowly mounting the steps of her father's house. "So obedient as she has always been, and so sweet tempered. I would rather it had been any other girl in the school."

Next duy, though Lizzie looked a little shy at first, a few kind words and tokens of confidence from her teacher, set all right beween them; and the engaging little maiden kept her place as Mr. Clinton's best scholar lor the remaiader of the winter and even on

the dreaded examination day." Dix years accurated, one clear, starry evening in winter, a target, when the training people, with not a few elderly ones interspersed, were assembled about a bright fire n Mr. Wayne's commodious parlor. A minister is there, looking, however, at this time, anything but solemn; but the cynosure of all eyes in our friend Lizzie, who, more beautiful than even her childhood promised, and most charmingly dressed, withal, is standing at one end of the room, leaning confidently upon the arm of a gentleman, who ever and anon looks down into her beaming

eyes with a proud and tender smile. It was Lizzie's wedding night. Already or reprove her. A serious look of his large the few weighty sentences have been spoken, she stands there waiting to and now w receive the congratulations of her friends, the bride-groom suddenly bends down, and whispers in her ear : "Do you know darling, that you have just now, of your own accord, and with apparent willingness, assumed a position which you once occupied, though not without great reluctance, and if I remember rightly some

south was taking his first lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather too close contact with a lady's rich silk dress. Surprised, mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology "I beg your pardon, ma'am ! I am very

sorry.' "Never mind," exclaimed the lady "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse

about it than I do." "But, dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined I thought that you would be angry with me

for being so careless." "O, no," replied the lady; "better have a dress soiled than a ruffled temper."

"O, isn't she a beauty," exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on.

""Who, that lady ?" returned his comrade ; "if you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is more than thirty years old, and her face is yellow and wrinkled." "I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the little hero, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother he remarked :

"O, mother, that lady did me good. shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to indulge my angry passions, I will think of what she said-"better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

THE CONTRAST.

A company of boys were playing ball upon the common, while a would be beautiful lady clad in a beautiful plaid silk, was successfully performing the office of street sweeper. A tiny little fellow, in full pursuit of his ball, made a mis-step, and inadvertently stumbled upon the trailing skirt.--Frightened at the sound of ripping stitches, he sprang to his feet, and with a burning cheek began to say he was very sorry. But the half-uttered apology was arrested by the angry exclamation :

"You little scamp, what did you do that for ? Now just see my dres ? ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No," replied the boy, "I ain't ashamed ; I am glad of it."

"You are a naughty boy !" said the woman with a stern look. "Do you know where wicked boys go when they die ?" "Yes, and wicked ladies too," was the

careless reply. Meeting an older boy who had witnessed the whole scene, he was asked there! The form that once was hers reposes if he was really glad that he had torn the

but I wouldn't tell her so, after she flamed up in that way. I tell you, Bill, I feel as though I'd like to do it again, just to see her cyes snap."

Alas! the angry spirit had done its work, and who can calculate the result ? 'Twas but the intercourse of a moment, yet upon that moment's intercourse may hang the destiny of an immortal soul.

A MANIFESTATION OF STUBBORNNESS.-On the Reading turnpike, just this side of the St. George's Brewery, within the corporate limits, there is a very bad spot in the road .---

"A home without a girl in it is only half blest; is an orchard without blossom, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughnot tarry long in this place but hastened on ters by the fire side, are like the roses in through a heavy timbered country towards the head of the Rapids, until we reached the

Well may the daughter of the household

lack tenderness. They may not be wanting in inclination to contribute their quota to the Paradise of Home, but they may be wanting in the ability to carry out their inclination. The son of a household is like a young and constitutions, temperament, tastes, habits are different. We may not love Cæsar less if we love Rome more.

the sunny smiles and the musical accents of an only daughter. She was a lovely childwomanly beyond her years.

more affectionate reverence, or a more reverential affection for her parents than did she Instead of waiting for their commands she anticipated them-instead of lingering until they made known their wishes she studied their wishes out. Morning broke not in that household until she awoke-the night was not dark until her eyes were closed. How they loved her I did her father and mother; and of how many blessed pictures of the fu ture was she the subject. "It is a fearful thing that Love and Death dwell in the same world," says Mrs. Hemans. "Fearful !" It is maddening-it is a truth that is linked

-saying that the Lord had need of her.-came back no more!

Of truth, "A home without a girl in it is

GRADUAL CONVERSION.-A colored preacher at the South was having a revival-a 'powerful time,"---and got all the negroes in for lost time. We have had a great deal of the vicinity into a serious mood. Only one rain for a few weeks past which has swollen held out, Coon Squash, a notoriously hard the streams and in some instances done cuncase in both head and heart for he had been For some distance there is just room enough | known to "buit" a hole in a lime kiln, and for a wagon to pass over. Go either side of had the heart to eat rattlesnakes. He attend that, and you plunge into holes. About six ed service, however, with great regularity, but could not be brought to his knees. One night the preacher determined to "fotch him down," and went at it in a powerful prayer. He first told how sinful Coon was in shutting up the bars of his heart to keep the Spirit out and holding his head up as stiff as a sugar house stack. Old Coon began to think he was a hard case, and so resolved to unbend a little and lean his head forward on his hand. Then the preacher took hope and waxed warmer, telling Coon that one bar being down, to let down another and see how he would feel. To this Coon assented, and placed his face in his hands and shut himself up like a jack knife. Then the preacher came down in his grandest swoop, and cried "now, Coon, de bottom bar !" Down went Coon upon his knees, and up went such a shout from the preacher and his people as convinced outsiders that the bars were all down, and that

Bates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 91 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertise-ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a squale. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising :---

 3 months, 6 months, 12 mo's

 1 Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50

 2 Squares, - - 400

 6 column, - - 1000, 15 00

 1 column, - - - 18 00

 30 00
All advertisements not having the number of in-sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-

dered out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, excented neatly and promptly. Justices', Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

SYMPATHY OF BIRDS .- Lord Brougham, in a work entitled "Subjects of Science," pub. lished in London, in 1838, relates the following remarkable instance of instinct and sympathy which he once witnessed among the feathery tribe :

"A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout on one mouth of Rock Creek, where, as it was near of his outhouses, and, by endeavoring to esnight, we determined to camp. We accord-ingly selected an éligible site and atter buildcape, had drawn the knot light. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempt to fly, it uting our camp fire spread ou'r musketo barrs and resigned ourselves (not to the arms of terred piteous cries, which assembled a vast Morpheus) but to the ceaseless tortures of flock of other swallows. They fluttered untold thousands of half famished musketoes, over their unfortunate companion for a few minutes in evident consultation, and then one of them darted at the string and struck it I had read of musketoes, heard of musketoes, and seen and felt musketoes, but all of the with his beak as he flew past. The others musketoes I had ever read of, heard of, seen followed in quick succession, doing the same; or felt would make but a drop in the bucket and thus they continued to strike at the same part for half an hour, when finally the string gave way and their companion was set at liberty. They all continued flocking and hovering until night, only, instead of the tuconclusions while exposed as I was to the phlebotomizing propensities of these blood-thirsty insects. At early dawn in the mornmult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering gleefully over their success." ing we were again pursuing our way up the river, and in a short time reached the head of

The National Intelligencer gives another beautiful instance of the same character:

the rapids. Here it suited our purpose to "A gentleman observed, in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of in an eastern direction, and after traveling brown thrushes, who for several days attract. ed his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last they were so much excited that he determined to see if he could as. certain the cause of the flutter among them. On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was the nest, containing several half-grown (mostly prickly ash) and oak openings, we birds. On retiring a little distance, a comagain found ourselves at the village of Taypany of thrushes appeared with worms and lor's Falls. We took lodgings at the "Chisother insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young, cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the inter-esting scene, until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dis. persed to their abodes.

> MONEY.-Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. ' Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client and the judge decides the question of life and death for his salary, Money makes the man; therefore the man must make the money, if he be respected by fools; for the eye of the 0070 27 cornices and rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It drives us to church in splendid equipages and pays the rent of the best new. It buys silks and jewelry for my lady—it commands the respect of gaping crowds and insures obsequious attention. It enables us to be charitable, to send bibles to the heathen. and relieve domestic indigence. It gilds the rugged scenes of life and spreads over the rugged path of existence a velvet carpet soft to our tread; the rude scenes of turmoil are encased in a gilt frame. It bids care vanish. soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness. tops at short of nothing save t stroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all rank and mortal distinction, and teaches poor, weak humanity, that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity; the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod, to rise in equality to answer the final summons. CARRYING OUT THE IDEA. - The Marshal Castellan took a fancy not long since. on a very hot day, to have a representation of a battle on a plain near the city of Lyons .----While the firing was at its height, he perceived a couple of grenadiers, who, tired out with exercise and the heat, had betaken themselves to a shady spot, and were comfortably stretched on the grass. The Marshal put his horse to his speed, and galloped straight to

Sharon.'

be compared to the apple-blossoms, springsongs and the roses of Sharon. When she is there, the eye and ear of those who love her are satisfied ; when she departs, she carries with her the golden treasures that she

was wont to dispense. Boys may not lack affection, but they may vigordus sapling-the daughter is like a fra-gila vine. Their natures are different-their

We know a home which once rejoiced in

"Full of gentleness, of calmest hope, Of sweet and quiet joy !"

The child never breathed who evinced a quality. At this point we again changed our a hard days travel through Brush Prairie

with despair Suddenly, like a thief in the night, there came a messenger from Heaven for the child She meekly bowed her head-breathed out her little life-and at midnight, "went forth to meet the bridegroom." The last minute of the last hour of the day of the month was hallowed by her death. She went and

Years have worn away since then but still there is agony in the household whose sun went down when she departed. The family circle is incomplete-there is no daughter amid the congenial charms of nature and art "No," he replied, "I was surry at inst, Hit?" h? mergrass by oriers of bpz. roc. "your! it is because it is kep: wet with tears.

> only half blest; it is an orchard without endless chain of saw logs, logs in rafis, logs blossoms and a spring without song. A loose" in all (it is estimated) enough to make house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside, are like roses in Sharon .- Syracuse Journal.

ittle constraint ?" "No !" answered the bride, looking up in perplexity, "what position do you mean pray ?"

"Standing up with the School-master !" he replied, gaily, just as a merry troop of beaux and belles came up "to kiss the bride." One rogueish hoyden, who remembered the circumstance well, had caught his words, and now increased Lizzie's confusion by exclaiming :

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Clinton ! Have you been laughing in school again? Take caretake care ! Its a dreadfully mortifying thing to stand on the floor with the schoolmaster !" -Arthur's Home Magazine.

SCENE IN A JUSTICE'S COURT .--- The Hartford Times says the following story is strictly true, and we see no reason to doubt it :

"Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery of Mike Sweeny."

"I've the money in my pocket, and I'll pay this fine if your honor will give me a re-

sate." "We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You'll not be called upon a second time for your fine."

"But, your honor, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate."

"What do you want to do with it?" "If your honor will write one and give i to me, I'll tell you."

"Well, there is your receipt. Now, what

"I'll tell your honor. You see, one ol standing in his esteem, that had led some of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St Peter will say, "Who's there? and I'll say, It's me, Pat Malone," and he'll say, What do you want ? and I'll say. I want to come in ; then he'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a dacent boy in the other world, and pay all your So it was with a feeling of real concern that | little fines and sich things ?' and I'll say, 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them,' and then he'll want to see the resates, and I'll put my ceptionable, and I can not help thinking this | hand into my pocket and take out my resate, matter a sad accident; nevertheless you will, and give it to him, and I'll not have to go to liquor to every man, woman and child in the submit willingly. submit willingly to the penalty, as a good a bad place to find your honor to get one."

o'clock, a few evenings since, a stone-wagon and a buggy, going in opposite directions, met in this part of the road.

"Turn off," said the owner of the buggy. "I won't do it," replied the stone hauler. "My wagon is heavily loaded, and if I was to get the vehicle into those holes I could never get it out."

"Your wagon is stout, and can stand the rubs," said the man in the buggy. "Drive out of the way, and let me pass. "I won't do it," responded the teamster .-"I shall wait until you go by."

"So shall Is" said the man in the buggy. The dispute by this time had arrested quite a crowd, who were much amused at the stubbornness of the two. The teamster was invited to a beer house to take a drink, and accepted the invitation ; the owner of the buggy was befriended with a newspaper, and throw ing himself back, endeavored to beguile away the hours as pleasantly as possible. Both declared their determination not to drive off the smooth part of the road.

Seven o'clock came and both vehicles were still there. The teamster had drank several glasses of beer, and the occupant of the buggy had devoured the contents of two or three newspapers. Eight o'clock came, and they were in the same position, as stubborn as ever. The teamster, however, grew impatient ; his horses were tired and hungry, yet he did not wish to knock under. At last a lucky thought struck. He proceeded to the road, unhitched his horses, and rode home, leaving his wagon in the road. The owner of the buggy was completely out-generaled; he had to give way, or remain in the road all night. Giving the teamster a good hearty curse, he drove his buggy over the hazardous part of the road and started homeward, a very mad individual .- Cin. Commercial.

OUR DRINKS .- There are in the United States 1517 distilleries, in which 5240 per sons are employed; a capital of \$8,507,074 is invested. They consume yearly 11,367. 761 bushels of corn, 2,787,070 bushels of barley, 2,143,027 bushels of rve, and 57,440 hogsheads of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,926 gallons of ale, 41,304 gallons of whiskey and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum-being about four gallons of country.

Coon was vanquished. An old woman who had lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvelous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of the soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights whom

she had frequently saluted before-"What's the news!"

"Why, good woman," said he, "the Indi ans have fixed a crow bar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world !'

"Oh, mercy, what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell her neighbors of the danger, and inquired of the minister how such a calamity might be averted.

-we have our Maker's promise that he will not again destroy the world by water."

ly. "He has nothing to do with it, it's them

Two weavers, working in one shop in the village of Houston, were conversing one day on authorship, when one of them observed that the man Finis was a great author; he had seen that writer's name attached to a great many books. "You must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other, "that man Finis is the printer."

On the heels of folly treadeth shame; at the back of anger standeth remorse.

siderable damage ; but the dark clouds have passed away, and the cheerful rays of old Sol are now reflected from the thousand floral beauties that peep their heads above the soft green coating of the broad and fertile prairie, presenting to the lover of Nature

FRIEND COBB: But to resume: We did

vhose incessant hum "made night hideous."

with which we were deluged. Possibly this

picture is overdrawn, I will not assert that it

is not, for I doubt the correctness of any man's

change our hitherto northerly course for one

some three or four miles through heavy time

bered land of an uneven surface we come to

the head waters of the Rock creek before

mentioned. We found here a fine cranberry

marsh and also several fine pieces of meadow

land, but the soil generally was not of a good

course of march to the south west and after

sago Ilouse," a fine commodious building,

where the gentlemanly proprietor Mr. Webb)

soon gave us all the comforts of a well regulated Hotel.

Having now extended our journey as far

as we had intended, we next morning took

passage on board the "H. S. Allen" bound

for Sullwater, where we arrived the same af-

ternoon, and at evening were again in Hud-

son from whence we had started. The trip

down the river from the Falls was a delight-

ful one-fine weather, a fine boat and genile-

manly officered, add to this a river running.

through a beautiful country and you have the

picture. Seven miles below the Falls we

landed at the village of Osceola the county

seat of Polk County, Wisconsin, which has

watered and timbered, and on the river

boundary fine facilities for the manufacture

of bideline is we accord down the uper we

of the lumbering business carried on on this

stream. On either side we saw an almost

in "booms," and "logs scattered around

when manufactured, two hundred and fifty

million feet of boards; and this is but the

work of the past winter's logging. The weather here is now fine and the vege

table world bids fair to make ample amends

back of it a fine agricultural country, well

"A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here Wantoued as in her prime, and play dat will Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet, Wild above rule or art, enormous blisk." There is not much general news here that

rould be of interest to your readers. The election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Minesota has resulted in favor of the Republicans by (it is said) a good working majority, at least this is the report received from St Paul to day.

Business of all kinds continues active, yet the threatching aspect of financial matters in the east has caused our prudent men to keen aloof from all fancy speculations.

The Land Office here is still closed against entry, but much wild land is changing hands amang private parties. But I must close. Next week I expect to cross the country to the Chippewa River, thence down that valley to the Mississippi and thence to Hudson after which you may hear from me again.

Yours truly, C. V. E.

A YOUNG MAN'S CHARACTER.-No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth, will be of inconceivable value to him in all remain ing years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, "Can I afford this?" is of elevated mind; for this is the foundation of a good character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely. chastened and elevating. Thus the mind has, in its own power, the themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts-if they only realize how frightful are the moral depravi ties which a cherished habit of loose imagina. tion produces-they would shun them as the bite of a serpent.

Not long since, a youth older in wit than ears after being catechised concerning the power of Nature, replied :---"Ma, I think there's one thing Nature can't

do."

"What is it ?" eagerly inquired the mother "She gan't make Bill Jones' mouth any bigger without setting his ears back."

the delinquents. "Rascals !" he exclaimce, "what are you doing here, while your comrades are fighting, you are lying here asleep ! what means this neglect of duty ?"

"Pardon-Marshal !" replied one of the soldiers ; "we are personating the dead bodies !"

The Marshal laughed, and turning his horse, galloped away.

The N. Y. Azirror has the following suggestive paragraph, in an article on large noons:

But, ladies, a whisper in your private car. are you aware that here in New York, the broader the skirt the narrower the line between the saint and cyprian, and that the women who wear the largest "habits" are generally the loosest in them ! Fact.

Old Roger was visiting a friend who had aremarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa ?" said the parent in order to draw out the precocious reply, "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declarc," said Old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgment."

In a back town in Upper Canada, a magistrate who kept tavern sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and tried them on the spot; and besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quarrel;

The love of society is natural, but the choice of our company is a motter of virtue. and prudence. . . .

"Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed "I know that," returned the old lady hasti-

plagued Indians."