#### Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub-THE TIGGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable, price of Onz Dollar per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended 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 hast paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man

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The Agitator is the Official Paper of the Coun The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is seat free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

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### PSALM XXIII,

Amidst the dark scenes of this world's weary strife, When the heart grows weary of earth and of life; How sweet is the thought—when for rest our souls pant, "The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want."

His hand gently leads me where green pastures ware, His o'er burdened soul in still waters he laves; And leads me, when from his safe fold I would break, Into righteousness' paths, for his own names' sake.

Yes, the' I should walk thre' death's valley of gloom, Without e'en one ray the dark path to flume; Yet will I not fear for the rod of his lore, And his staff to support me, are stretched from above, From His hand, shall my table with plenty abound, Although the fierce foe should my pathway surround; On my brow, the oil of peace ere glows, My full cup of bliss with His goodness o'erflows.

His mercy shall follow me surely through life, My heart in His goodness shall ever delight; Oh! surely my sout shall find Joy in His lore, My feet press the courts of His house evermore, Northumberland, Pa.

#### The Spider and the Snake.

ASTONISHING FEAT OF A HOUSE SPIDER.

It would seem that there is no living thing so obnoxious as not to find some admirers. What creatures so repulsive as rats and spiders? Yet the London Quarterly finds something beautiful and even loveable in the former, and Dr. Asa Fitch, in Harpers' Monthly, labors to show that the latter "delicate little objects" are worthy of our esteem and admiration! He denies that their bite is fatal to any sane insects, and extols their worthy of all praise. In support of these views he tells the following curious story concerning a heroic spider who captured a snake. The affair came off last summer, in the store of Chas. Cook, in the village of Havana, Chemung County N. Y., and is attested by the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Corning, who nimself witnessed the phenomena, as did more than a hundred others.

An ordinary looking spider of a dark color, is body not larger than that of a common house fly, had taken up its residence, it appears, on the under side of a shelf beneath the counter of Mr. Cook's store. What may we suppose was the surprise and consternaion of this little animal on discovering a nake about a foot long selecting for its abode the floor underneath, only two or three spans from its nest. It was a common silk nake, which, perhaps, had been brought into he store unseen in a quantity of sawdust with which the floor had been recently The spider was well aware, no 'carneted." doubt, that it would inevitably fall a prey to his horrid monster the first time it should neautiously venture within its reach. We should expect that to avoid such a frightful loom, it would forsake its present abode, and seek a more secure retreat elsewhere. But it is not improbable that a brood of its eggs or young was secreted near the spot, which the parent foresaw would fall a prey to this monster if they were abandoned by their natural guardian and protector. We can conceive of no other motive which have induced the spider so pertinuctously to remain and defend that particular spot at the mminent risk of her life, when she could so asily have fled and established herself in

omé secure corner elsewhere. But how, we may well ask, was it possible or such a weak, tender little creature to ombat such a powerful mail-clad giant? What power had she to do anything which ould subject the monster to even the slightest im by throwing her threads of cobweb vail here than the cords upon the limbs of eustomed mode was useless, how did she acquire the knowledge and sagacity requisite for devising another, adapted so exactly to the case in hand-one depending upon the structure and habits of the serpent to aid in rendering it successful? How was she able Ah! I have an idea!" o perceive that it was in her power to wind s loop of her threads around this creature's hroat, despite all his endeavors to foil her in this work-a loop of sufficient strength to hold him securely, notwithstanding his struggles and writhings, until by her tackle-like power she could gradually hoist him up from the floor, thus literally hanging him by the neck until he was dead? for this was the planning and execution of this stupendous can take in a thousand or two I guess!" achievement, there was not forethought, reasoning a careful weighing of all the difficulties and dangers, and a clear percention in the mind of this little creature that she | ced behind it, ready for business, possessed the ability to accomplish what she undertook; in short, an exercise of faculties which is commonly supposed to guide and fifties, hundreds. govern these lower animals in their movements 1

By what artifice the spider was able in the first of the attack to accomplish what it did, we can only conjecture, as its work was not discovered until the most difficult and daring or three that sailed off wounded and were part of its feat had been performed. When lost. first seen, it had placed a loop around the single thread was carried upward and attach- the spoils when we get tired of killing." ed to the under side of the shelf, whereby shelf, adding thereby an additional strand to did not fire a single charge of shot all that the thread, each of which new strands being | day.

# AGITATOR. THE

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1857. VOL. IV.

ightly drawn, elevated the head of the make radually more and more,

But the most curious and skillful parts of its performance is yet to be told. When it was in the act of running down the thread to the loop, the reader will perceive it was possible for the snake, by turning its head vertically, to snap at and seize the spider in his mouth. This had no doubt been repeatedly attempted in the earlier part of the conflict; but instead of catching the spider, his snakeship caught himself thereby in an additional trap. The spider, probably by watching each opportunity when the mouth of the enake had thus been turned towards her, adroitly, with her hind legs, as when throwing a thread around a fly, had thrown one thread after another over the mouth of the snake, so that he was now perfectly muzzled, by a series of threads placed over it vertically, and these were held from being pushed asunder by another series of threads placed horizontally as my informant states he particularly observed. No muzzle of wire or wicker work for the mouth of the animal could be woven with more artistic regularity and perfection; and the snake occasionally making a desperate attempt to open his mouth, would merely put these threads upon a stretch.

The snake continued his gyrations, his agility, adroitness, sagacity and heroism as gait becoming more slow, however, from weakness and fatigue, and the spider continued to move down and up on the cord, gradually shortening it, until, at last, when drawn upward so far that only two or three inches of the tail touched the floor, the snake expired, about six days after he was first dis-

A more heroic feat than that which this little spider performed is probably nowhere upon record—a snake a foot in length hung by a common house spider! Truly, the race is not to the swift, nor is the battledo the strong! And this phenomenon may serve to indicate to us that the intelligence with which the Creator has endowed the humblest, feeblest of his creatures, is ample for enabling them to to triumph in any emergency in which He places them, if they but exercise the faculties He has given them. It is only the slothful, cowardly, timorous, that fail, and they fail not so much before their enemies as before their own supineness.

#### Shooting Pigeons Without Shot.

A correspondent at Chillicothe, Ohio, under date of August 25, records the following anecdote as a veritable fact :

lots around this city were "perfectly alive" with pigeons—as indeed they are every fall not adopt the strong expression, which I once and spring. Among the many who seized their double barreled guns and rushed to the slaughter was my friend Kau, so Gager upon that hour, he had effectually "turned the this occasion, indeed, that after driving at the seautiful appeal—"my son 2.40 speed some five or six miles out from give me thy heart," had not been thus silently give me thy heart," had not been thus silently made in vair. The lad told his associates. the town, and seeing his horse properly put made, in vain. The lad told his associates, away, he discovered with dismay that he had that, though others had said he was a bad lest his shot bag at home! Here was a di- boy, Mr. Towne had told him he believed he lemma for you! And to make the incident was a good boy, and he was sure he wished intolerable, the morning was simply perfect, to be a good boy. and the birds setting and rising in clouds!—
Not long after, the school agent came again,
What was to be done? That was a question and earnestly required, that this boy be diswild subject the monster to even the slightest without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion? Her ordinary sign. Having gyrated two or three times sort, that of fettering and binding her victory having her threads of cobweb some profane exclamations, he became calm tration of the law of kindness, he would make enough to make up his mind for the return himself known in the world, as a useful round it, it is plain, would be of no more enough to make up his mind for the return trip pigeonless. Inst at that moment he saw citizen." he unshorn Samson. Aware that her ac- another sportsman drive up to the fence near by, and soon recognized Capt, R----. "Ah, how lucky!"-thought Sam; "I can beg, buy or borrow some shot of him. But-but what if he has a short supply, and declines a divide in view of the multitude of birds?

are as thick as blackberries."
"Coot'n morgen, Herr K——k," responded the new comer, who is one of the most gentlemanly, but not one of the sharpest of of Connecticut, as an instructor. This course kraut and sausage consumers; "me think we have plenty of shooten dis day."

"Yes, plenty sport, Captain. But I say, leat which this adroit little heroine actually do you see you coffee not tree at the edge of performed—a feat beside which all the fabled the timber? its big leaves hanging down, filled many stations of the very first important exploits of Hercules in overpowering lions look like pigeons. Now that tree will attract and serpents and dragons sink into utter in- the birds to light upon it. S'pose we build a significance! And who can say that in the | blind there, and shoot together to-day? We

> "Very coot, Herr K---k," responded the German, and in a few minutes the cornstalk blind was erected, and the sportsmen enscon-

On came the long line of birds, circling around the feeding ground for a moment, and of a much higher order than the mere instinct, then settling upon the coffee nut tree in tens,

"All ready now, Captain ?" asked Sam.

"Yah!" exclaimed the excited captain. "Fire together, then"-bang! bang! went both guns and a dozen birds were fluttering on the ground beneath the tree, besides two and that proper direction and change of poli-

"Pretty well done!" exclaimed Sam .neck of the serpent, from the top of which a Buylet them lie, Captain; we will gather up under God, Mr. Marcy was deeply indebted

And so they shot all day long, Sam taking the head of the serpent was drawn up about especial pains to fire simultaneously with R; two inches from the floor. The snake was and when on one or two occasions, he acciwas moving around and around, incessantly dentally fired alone, the "d—d gun hung in a circle as large as its tether would allow, fire," or "something got in his eye just as he wholly most! wholly unable to get its head down to the pulled the trigger," and resulted in a clear floor, or withdraw it from the noose; while miss. In the evening they divided some one the heroic little spider, exultingly no doubt in hundred and forty birds between them, and the success of its exploit, which was now drove home in high, glee over their good sure beyond a peradventure, was ever and sport and heavy game bags. To this hour, anon passing down to the loop and up to the Captain has not learned the fact that Sam particular please in proclaiming them openly.

#### Turning the Switch.

How much excellent material has been wasted, and utterly spoiled, by unskilful fingers! This ejaculation is not less applicable to inanimate matter, than to mind and heart. How many a boy, of fine parts and excellent natural disposition, whom accident has thrown upon the wrong track; and given a false direction, has been ruined forever, by absurd mismanagement, and for the want of a judicious and friendly hand to turn the switch!

This is a short preface to a short story,

which interested me when I heard it, many

years ago, and which a recent event has freshened in my memory. I cannot remember the year-it was long ago-that I passed the night, under the hospitable roof of the Hon. Salem Towne, of Charlton, in the county of Worcester. As we sat together in the evening, and were speaking of education and of schools, Mr. Towns informed me, that about the year 1800, he taught a school in he south-western district, of Charlton. An inhabitant of Sturbridge, the adjoining town, had a son, of whose abilities and general character he appeared to entertain a low estimate, and of whom he spoke to Mr. Towne 'disparagingly, as a boy, who gave him trouble." Mr. Towne, notwithstanding this paternal forewarning, consented to receive the lad, on probation. On the evening of the very first day, the school agent came to the teacher, and told him, that the boy was a bad boy, and he would disturb the whole school, and must be turned out. The agent, very probably, received his impressions, from the judicious parent, who seems to have made no secret of his opinions. Mr. Towne rejected this hasty counsel, and informed the agent that he should keep a watchful eye upon the lad, and that he thought it would be time enough to turn him out of school, when he made any disturbance, and that he was entitled to a fair trial, When the boy came for the first time to recite his lesson, and had gotten through, Mr. Towne told him to shut up his book. He did so, but instantly recoiled, and dodged his head, as if he expected a blow. The teacher enquired what was the matter;-the boy replied that he supposed he should be beaten; and, being asked if he had been accustomed to such usage, he replied in the affirmative. Mr. Towne then quieted his alarm, and assured him, that he had nothing to fear, if he conducted himself well; and encouraged him, by commending his recitation; and was so impressed, by the lad's manner of receiving this approbation, that he ventured to say to him—. I believe you are a good boy!" These words not only entered the ear-they reached the heart. I will

Not long after, the school agent came again,

This youth continued to attend the school. daily, and steadily, and profitably, for two winters. At the close of the second winter, the father came to Mr. Towne, and said-"Bill says, that you say I must send him to College, and have him fitted, with some private family, not at an academy." The fath-"Good morning, Capt——. A beautiful er inquired of Mr. Towne what he had seen morning this, for shooting; and the pigeons in Bill, to justify the idea of sending him to College. "I see," said Mr. Towne, "a boy that you will hear of in after life." Mr. Towne recommended the Rev. Mr. Lyman, was followed; and the boy went to College, and the predictions of his kind and judicious primary teacher have been verified—the boy was heard from in after life! After having ance in our country and passed the seventieth mile-stone, in the path of man from the cradle to the grave, he is now numbered with the

dead-that Sturbridge boy, WILLIAM L. Maroy, is no more! Upon the tidings of Mr. Marcy's decease, I had a wish to tell this interesting story to the world. Unwilling to trust entirely to my memory, I addressed a letter to my friend, General Towne, and communicated that wish to him. His reply is now before me, in which he says-"Please say as little of me as you can. It can only be said, that a boy, who had been unfortunately dealt with, happened to become a pupil of mine, and I happened to discover that he was a lad of noble mind; cy only were necessary to make him a man, whose influence might in after life, be widely extended." Firmly believing as I do that, to this kind, considerate friend, for thus turning the switch so opportunely, I think the public will not agree with General Towne, in

sulted from an excellent discretion. Among the accomplishments and virtues of Mr. Marcy, he possessed and cultivated a demanded: genial and grateful temper. He never forgot his obligations to the teacher of the village school in Charlton; and on numerous occasions, private and public, evidently took a

Upon the occasion of a military review, and, at the dinner table, that gallant soldier

and perfect gentleman, Governor Brooks, observing the very familiar and friendly relation between Mr. Marcy and Gen. Towne, who were present, inquired of Mr. Marcy how he and Towne had become so intimate; upon which Mr. Marcy replied pointing towards Gen. Towne-"he made me-whatever I have attained I owe to him."-

"That," replied the Governor, "requires some explanation." Mr. Marcy then proceeded in his happy manner, and in the presence of the company who had become much interested in the recital, to narrate the days of small things-his early discouragements -his first recitation before the teacher of the village school, in Charlton-how expecting to be cuffed as usual, he had dodged from the anticipated blow-the teacher's surprise-the effect upon his young heart of the first words. of commendation he had-ever received-the stirring of all his good purposes, upon hearing for the first time in his life, that he was believed to be "a good boy," "Yes," said Mr. Marcy, "Towne made me."

#### Simon Sugg's Land Speculation

Before Suggs opened his saddle bags to pay the Indian woman for the land, General Lawson, who wanted a slice, came to Suggs and said: "Mr. Suggs," said he, "I'd like to have an interest in your contract, and I'm willing to pay for it; "I'll find the money to pay the Indian, and give you an interest of one."—
"Not 'thout I was willing, would ye?" asked
Suggs jeeringly. "I'll do better than that,"
said Taylor, "I'll furnish the money and give you half the land sells for, when we part with it!" "Very proverbly," remarked Simon, "but onless some on ye counts me out five hundred, and furnishes your own money to buy the land with, I shall have to onlock these here," patting the saddle bags, "and buy it for myself." "I'll do it!" said Col. Bryan, who had been making a calculation on the inside crown of his hat-"I'll do it !" "Ah!" said Suggs, "that's what made the chicken squall—Your the man I'm a huntin', with 'certified' to Suggs, who immediately transferred it to Bryan. "Now gentlemen," said the captain, "everybody's satisfied ain't agitation follow their denial of the great they?" "If they ain't they ought to be," powers assumed by him? replied Col. Bryan, who was delighted with Again, was not Hampden and his fellow nis bargain. "I think so, too," remarked chance of profit here; I'll now throw out these here rocks and old iron, for its mighty tiresome to a horse!" and the captain did throw out the rocks and the old iron, for he had not a dollar in the world !- The speculator's unnished mured the captain to himself, musingly, "to get along in." Ef a feller don't make every nidge cut he's in the back ground directly .-It's tile and strive and tussle every way to make an honest livin." "Well!" he continued, in a strain of unusual piety, as he threw up and caught a roleau of dollars; "well, there is a Providence that provides; and ef a man will only stand squar' up to what's right, it will prosper his endeavors to make somethin' to feed his children on! Yes, there is you ef he can-certain!"

MEN WHO NEVER DIE .- Med who are truly great, we dismiss not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such

men can not die.

To be cold and breathless; to feel not and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public posterity.

Tell me, ye who tread the sod of you sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make pious pilgrimages to the shades of Vernon, is Washington in-

deed, shut up in that cold and narrow house? The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent ips that sustained it, are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men. make it life to live," these cannot expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay.
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warned it once can never die,"

Years ago, when as yet the pomps and vanities of the world had not invaded the churches, Father Ostrander was presiding elder among the Methodists in this region.ascribing to chance what has evidently re- To his horror, one Sabbath, as he was reading the hymn, he heard the twang of a musical instrument in the choir, and pausing, he

choir ?"

"A bass viol, sir," meekly replied the leader. " "I say it is'nt !" said the indignant elder !

"it's a great, ungodly fiddle ! Take it away!" They took it awayi-

## Communications,

NO. VIII.

#### Agitation.

FRIEND COBB: Since the fossilized democ racy make a great cry about "agitation" and are quite vehement in their denunciations of "agitators," permit me to say a word concerning this dangerous class of persons.

The true principles of a body of men are sometimes the antipodes of the common acceptation of the terms by which they are known, and quite frequently parties seize hold of names that are dear to the people, merely to advance their own selfish purposes. Might not this apply to our union saving, liberty loving politicians who tenaciously cling hold of the magic word democracy, while not a vestige of its principles remain with them.

I hold, that to the religious and political agitators of past ages we are indebted for the greater part of our real liberties. Had it not been for this despised class the world would have presented a very different aspect. The agitators have been the true benefactors of mankind. In their warm hearts the cause of human brotherhood has ever beaten high. They have proved to be men of sufficient nerve to place themselves against public opinion and labor for the principles of eternal justice, long since crushed to the earth by legalized wrong.

Where would true religion have been today if Luther, Melancthon and their coworkers had tamely submitted to the growing arrogance of the Papal power-never daring to lift their voices against its manifold assumptions? Even our most orthodox democrats will admit that their veiws were correct, and that they acted the part of noble reformers in the struggle against the strong arm of Catholicism. But I submit were they not the princes of Agitators? Was not Luther greatly in the wrong for getting up an excitement against Tetzel, for selling indulgences to supply the empty coffers of his Papal Highness?

What will our modern wiseacres say of those renowned English Barons, who in 1215, forced from John the Magna Charta, which to this day is regarded as the great palladium of political liberty ?: And did not a mighty

Again, was not Hampden and his fellow laborers the great agitators that distinguished Suggs, "and bein' as that's the case," he con- the 17th century? Every one gives those tinued, opening his saddle bags, "as I had to great champions of the people much credit act before you all, as if my saddle bags were for resisting the constant innovations of full of gold and silver, or else loose my Charles; even Democrats appliand them for opposing his grievous taxes in the name of "ship money," but did not a civil war follow as the result, long to be remembered? But these "fanatical agitators" succeeded in wrest-But we need not leave our own land to find

a party of crazy theorists, who even our Mulatto Democrats will condescend to praise a little, now and then, in their cut and dried speeches. I mean that crazy set of fanatics vho met in Phila., July 4, 1776, and after a very solemn deliveration came to the startling conclusion that Man has a few inalienable rights, and that rulers may even transcend their constitutional powers! They, by some means, conceived the idea that the Stamp who would say there ain't. I don't hold with against George III. taxing them so heavily no sich. Ef a man says there ain't no Provinthout letting them have a little voice in the idence, you may be sure there's something councils of the nation. Accordingly they wrong here," striking in the region of his concluded that they would "agitate" these breast pocket-"and that man will swindle matters a trifle, and almost every body has heard of the petty struggle which ensued.— Mr. Democrat dont you think Franklin, Henry & Co., a visionary set of "moon struck theorists' for daring to oppose the Royal prerogative?

Who before ever heard of conservative democracy? What would Jefferson say if he were on earth, at the conservative doctrines inserted into their platforms? I once thought that progress was a cherished principle of our nation—that action was a distinguishing characteristic of this people, but by the new dogmas put forth by the self-styled democratic party, it is from now, henceforth, to be treason for a man to think in opposition to the administrationists. But what if they choose to injure the cause of Humanity by calling the Republicans, "agitators?" Is not agitation the moving element of "man's nature? Does not the still water become putrid? Suppose our revolutionary fathers had sextled down in "conservatism" where would have been our "Union" that our democratic friends are so blatant about? In short has not every new discovery in the sciences been brought about by agitation and discussion? When has any great principle been demonstrated without causing an agitation throughout the scientific world? What shall we say of the "agliation" gotten up by Andrew Jackson on the Bank question? But cannot Republicans afford to be called

reform in Church or State every endeavor for Human Liberty or Human Right has been thus assailed? Was not even our own Washington censured and his motives called in question? And his great precursor, William Prince of Orange was publicly branded as "a perjurer and pest of society." Wilberforce and his followers were set down as a "junto of sectaries, sophists, enthusiasts and fanatics." Socrates suffered martyrdom on the accusation of corrupting the Athenian youth, and the Saviour expired upon Calvary for his alleged false teachings. But such "What's that you've got up there in the things should not disbearten the true Republicab. He labors for something beyond present rewards. His mission is higher than when finding his audience gradually deserting dollars and cents. As long as tyranny outbe, so long will the true worker be called upon to contribute his efforts for the meliora- devila-

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 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 square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

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tion of his brother man who is reduced to bondage-crushed to earth by those that cry freedom when they only mean slavery.

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again, The eternal years of God are hers; But error—wounded, writhes in pain, And dies amid her worshipers."

FRANK.

MR. EDITOR; Allow me through your paper to say a few words in reply to Philo's

'suggestions to the ladies of Wellsboro'. That our "faces are pale and sallow" is painfully true, but that it is owing to "Slavery to the needle" we hesitate to believe, for

close observation leads us to conclude that few communities of ladies are more freely blessed with leisure than our own. Gertainly there are exceptions but we are speaking of ourselves as a community.

"Confinement" probably in some cases has something to do with our poor health, but are there not more apparent causes than either of these? Is not slavery to fashion killing hundreds where "slavery to the necdle" kills one. Occasionally we find one suffering from long continued use of the needle and confinement to close rooms, but each day shows us hundreds going down to the tomb the slaves of fashion. Can we with any degree of reason expect to live out half our days when in the constant habit of compressing the lungs, exposing the feet in a way which would soon destroy the lives of our healthiest men, and burdening the person with a weight of clothing at once unnecessary and health destroying? Promenade our streets in summer evenings, then tell me if you can why we see so many with heads uncovered, exposed to the heavy dews and fogs somewhat peculiar to this region.

Riding and walking are each a good exercise, but many of us do not keep a carriage, and others might feel it quite impossible to take "long walks." In such cases what do you think friend "Philo" would not reasonable exercise in the kitchen be advantageous? Is it not a wrong idea to be ashamed of this sort of exercise?

We are not a stranger to one who was told by one of the "mushroom aristocracy" when about settling here, that if she would move in the best society she would be expected to keep "a girl." Is it not wrong for our elder matrons to advance such false ideas to the minds of the young? Should not woman be taught that one of her greatest virtues is an ability and a will to make her own home comfortable, and to do this with her own hands is much to her credit? And should she not be taught that the "best society" is found among those who best know how to take care of themselves and their kind mentioned, and as there are many other evils among us will she not be willing to speak of A MOTHER. them plainly?

Moral Suasion .- A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left his bed, and board, which he and Margaret had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he always managed to count himself on hand, when anybody should stand treat.

Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeded in the matter;

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will ye come back ?' "No, I'll not come back."

"And won't ye come back for the love of the childer ?" "Not for the love of the childer."

"Will ye come for the love of mecself Patrick ?" "Niver at all. Way wid ye."

"An Patrick, won't the love of the Church ring you back?" "The Church to the divil, and then I won't

come back." Margaret thought she would try one other nducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her tru-

ant husband, she said: "Will ye come back for the likes 'o that?" "Ah, my darlin," answered Pat, unable to stand such an invitation, "it's yerself that always brings me home again-ye've got such a wingin' way wid ye."

HEAVEN BROUGHT DOWN TO US .- At the Yale commencement, Mr. Perkins of Vermont, ridiculed the aristocratic idea of those who anticipate heaven only as a glorified Fifth Avenue. And this reminds us of a tender mother, who was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of heaven, and the necessity of being a good boy, in order to obtain admission there hereaster. She pictured to his imagi-nation-the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement for him to lead a correct life, said that he would be "like the an-But cannot Republicans afford to be called hard names as long as every movement for "Mamma," responded the urchin, wistfully gazing into his mother's eyes, "mamma, if it makes no difference to God, I'd rather have a jews-harp."

> There is a girl in Troy whose lips are so sweet that they stick together, every morning, by the honey they distil, and she cannot oper her mouth until she has parted her lips with a silver knife. She will be a treasure to her husband-not only on account of her sweetness, but because she can occasionally keep her mouth shut.

A few Sundays ago, a divine preached a furious political sermon at Lemster, N. H., the church, he thanked God, in a fervant rages and wrong is upheld by the powers that manner, that among other things granted him, he possessed the power of "casting out 1.51 1.50