

Terms of Publication.

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THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated to the Extension 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.

VOL. IV.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1857.

NO. XIV.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 31 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly, and Yearly advertising:—

MEANING ME, SIR.

It is not Scrub, in the comedy, who says, "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." Scrub in the Club says the same; and in the drawing-room; and in the church. There is nowhere Scrub isn't perpetually on the watch for the faintest sound of laughter, in order to show his logical sharpness and prove that he is the subject of conversation. Nor does it need laughter to attract his notice. Hissing would do just as well. Even silence has its stings. "They say so little." "They must be trying to spite me, they look so happy." "She must be utterly forgetful of me, she smiles so sweetly." Scrub, in short, is a disgusting fellow, whom all of us meet fifty times a day—apt to take offence at imaginary neglect, attributing false motives to the most reasonable actions; egotistical, exacting, self-tormenting—a prose Othello, whose Iago's his own insufferable vanity, which makes him the victim of jealousy and suspicion, and who is only prevented from having a real Dездемона by never having had manly confidence enough in any of Eve's daughters to confer on her the inestimable honor of bearing his name. A happy escape for Eve's daughters, as you will find if you will peruse the following lines, which I hope will be seriously laid to heart by any of her numerous sisters who are about to marry Scrubs.

Delamour Wormwood, the chief of the distinguished family, was engaged to Phillis Daisyfield, with his entire approbation. She was the gentlest and simplest of her sex—very beautiful and very young; never laughed unnecessarily, though she had the reddest lips and whitest teeth in the world; and, therefore, Delamour never suspected she was talking disrespectfully of him. And indeed, she was so tender-hearted and so modest, and believing, she never spoke disrespectfully of anybody. She thought Delamour very handsome, and in this she was not altogether mistaken; she believed a great part of the vows of attachment he made to her, and in this she was ridiculously wrong; for among them was one of complete confidence and unbounded trust. As he said the worst he watched the expression of her face.

"You don't believe me," he said. "Oh yes, I do. What interest can you have in saying so if you don't feel so?" "But your eyes are so inexpressive, your mouth is closed, your cheeks are neither flushed nor pale. I should like to see you more agitated." "Oh, I should be," said the innocent Phillis, "if I did not believe you. But as it is, why should I change my ordinary looks?" "Well, there may be something in that," said Delamour; but still he was not perfectly pleased with the gentle Phillis's self-possession.

Phillis lived with her aunt in Hertfordshire, and had only a brother who could have any right to interfere with her proceedings. He was a gallant lieutenant in the Blazing Hussars, and was stationed so far away that it had not been thought worth while to ask his consent to his sister's becoming Mrs. Wormwood. Besides, he was soon coming home, and the wedding was not intended at least for a year.

Delamour, radiant with delight, got into the railway carriage to visit Mrs. Ogleton. This was the name of Phillis's aunt; and as the train stopped at Neddithorpe, the enraptured lover stepped upon the platform and ordered a fly for this lady. While he waited for the vehicle, he walked to and fro in deep meditation on his own perfections, and took no notice of two other gentlemen who had apparently arrived by the same train; two pleasant-visaged, loud-voiced, military-looking men, swinging their lower integuments, as is the habit of English cavaliers.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one continuing a conversation which had been interrupted by the arrival; "I never saw such a spooney in all my life."

"A regular pump," replied the other. Delamour's attention was attracted.

"Spooney?" he thought, "snob—pump!" "What are the fellows talking of?"

"And yet, I believe the booby thinks he has made a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Heris!" continued the first speaker. To which the other, who was not so eloquent, said only, "Ha, ha! what a muff!"

"Oh, by George, this won't do," thought Delamour. "I'll let them know I overhear them." So saying, he coughed so loud a cough that it seemed like a crow of defiance and looked at the unconscious speakers as if he wished to assault them on the spot. A policeman, however, came out of a booking-office and changed the current of all his thoughts.

"I advise you to be on your guard, gentlemen," said the policeman, addressing the two young men who had excited Delamour's wrath; "one of the London swell-mob came by last train and is perhaps lurking about still."

The friends instinctively looked at the only other person on the platform, but seeing only a very good-looking, well-dressed gentleman, they resumed the conversation after thanking the policeman for his warning. The look was not thrown away upon the irritated Delamour. He vented his rage on the policeman.

"Why didn't you give notice also to me?" he inquired in a very bitter tone. "I believe," he added, when the two companions had come within ear-shot, "that the swell-mob frequently hunt in couples," so saying, he fixed his ferocious eyes on the countenance of the friends, and generally pretend to be military men.

"You seem to be pretty well up to the

dodge," said the guardian of the laws, who was offended at the tone and manner of Delamour's address. "You can, perhaps, be on your guard against their tricks." And, pulling from his breast pocket a half-sheet of paper, he began to read with great attention, casting angry glances from time to time, on the indignant Delamour. His patience could stand it no longer. He went up to the man and said—"You insolent caitiff! How dare you think me a thief?"

"I don't, sir,—leastways, I never told you so," said the man, amazed. "Aren't you reading a description of a swell-mob man, in that extract from 'Hoe and Cry?'" continued Delamour, "measuring my features, noting the color of my eyes and the length of my hair? I will report you to your superiors—you shall be turned out of your crops if it costs me a thousand pounds."

"I say, sir,—what has the man done?" asked one of the gentlemen, arrested by the noise. "Copying the example of gross impertinence set him by you and your friend," said Wormwood.

The fine manner of the gay stranger instantly disappeared. He spoke plainly, and like a man. "You are either under a great mistake," he said, "or are desirous of picking a quarrel with people who have never offended you. I desire to know the meaning of your language."

"Didn't you call me a pump, a few minutes ago—a spooney snob, a muff?" "I hadn't the honor of being aware of the existence of such an individual," replied the gentleman, "and certainly never honored you by making you the subject of my conversation."

"Then I'm exceedingly sorry if in the heat of the moment—" "There is need of sorrow," said the stranger, smiling, "and still less for heat. I should be inclined to be more exacting if I thought you were a gentleman; but after your altercation with the policeman, I take no notice of what you say. Good morning, sir."

"Here's the paper I was reading, sir," said the policeman, "my instructions for the luggage-van by the next train. And now what have you to say?" Delamour was in such fierce wrath at the two young officers who had just stepped into their fly, that he could say nothing to the triumphant constable.

"Who are you, hoping to be overheard by the objects in question. 'If I knew the com-comb's names, they should answer for their behavior.'" "They're Captain Harleigh and another officer of the Queen's Blazers, you can find them at the barracks, easy," said the policeman with a malicious grin. "But I advise you to be quiet if you want to keep a whole bone in your body."

Delamour gulped the information and the insult. The name of the Queen's Blazers had struck him dumb. Phillis's brother was a lieutenant in that ferocious regiment, and if he was told of his absurd behavior, of his quickness in taking offence, his ungovernable temper, what would he say? In perfect silence he took his seat in the fly when it drew up, and placed half a sovereign in the policeman's hand. With a cautious look to see that his inspector was not on the watch, the policeman pocketed the money and said, "Don't be afraid. I won't tell the captain where you are gone, or you'd get as good a kicking as e'er you had in your life."

If a look would have strangled the good-natured policeman, B 30 would have been a dead man. As it was, it was a murderous glance thrown away, and Delamour pursued his way through country lanes and wretched hedges, toward the residence of his charming Phillis.

When he arrived at the Hall he expected to find her in the drawing room. Mrs. Ogleton had gone out, he was told, and Miss Phillis also; but they had both left word they would soon be back.

"Was I expected at this hour, do you know?" said Delamour to the footman. That functionary was new to the establishment, and was not acquainted with Mr. Wormwood's person.

"Didn't a letter come this morning post?" he inquired; "from London—pink envelope—red seal—coat of arms?" "Yes," replied the man; "from the hair-dresser, wasn't it?" he inquired, a little doubtful, but not very, as to whether Mr. Truefitt's representative stood before him.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Delamour; "you insulting scoundrel, I'm Mr. Wormwood, and wrote to announce my arrival."

"I humbly beg your pardon sir; but Miss Phillis mentioned nobody but the barber;—and of course sir, you see—but I'm very sorry. I hope you won't allude to the mistake."

Delamour left the house and pursued his way through the park. At the side of an ornamental sheet of water, beyond a rising knoll, he saw his adored Phillis. She had a crook in her hand and a round hat on her head, tastefully ornamented with flowers of her own gathering. A close-fitting dress revealed the matchless symmetry of her figure; her petticoats were very short, and her feet the smallest and prettiest in the world. The shepherdess smiled when she saw her lover, and blushed at being detected in her festival attire.

"It is so pleasant to watch the sheep," she said. "Oh, how I had lived in the days of rustic simplicity, when everybody was so kind and innocent. It must have been charming to fold in the flock when the sun began to descend, and then to assemble for a dance

upon the grass—no drawing-room false refinements.

"And Strephon?" inquired Delamour, a cloud beginning to darken his brow.

"Oh, he would have been some gentle villager, some neighboring farmer's son, soft-voiced and musical, for of course he would have sung and played delightfully on his oaten reed."

"You know, I suppose, Miss Daisyfield, that I neither play nor sing; and to tell the truth, I despise any one who does either."

"But I am only painting a fancy sketch," replied Phillis, alarmed at the sharpness of his tone. "You didn't think I was serious, Delamour? I was a kind of actress for the time, and thought I would speak in character." So saying, she threw away the crook and took the wreath from her little straw hat.

"And now," she continued, taking his arm and turning homeward, "I will be as steady and sensible as you please. Let us go in and see my aunt."

Delamour brooded over the previous part of the conversation. He didn't like the allusion to Strephon, nor the rapture about the pipes and singing.

"The girl can't be wholly devoted to me, or she wouldn't talk such nonsense about dancing with shepherds on the grass. I am no shepherd, and she knows that very well."

The aunt received them at the door. "The post," said she to Phillis, has just brought me a letter from your brother. He has been unexpectedly ordered to join his headquarters, at Neddithorpe, and arrived there last night."

"Oh! I'm so delighted!" exclaimed Phillis. "Dear Edward! when does he come to see us? Oh! let us go and see him at once!"

"He promises to be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Ogleton, in a cold tone; "and I should like to see Mr. Wormwood for a few moments alone."

Mr. Wormwood had just resolved to ask Phillis why she was in such rapture about the return of her brother. Wasn't he, her lover, by her side? But he followed Mrs. Ogleton into the drawing-room, and Phillis saw there was something wrong, but could not tell what.

The letter from Edward Daisyfield, began the lady, "is exceedingly unpleasant. He tells me that he has long promised the hand of his sister to one of his brother officers, and he has received with great disapprobation my announcement of your engagement. Indeed, he says, 'What has he or any popinjay in the Blazers to say against me?'"

"Oh, nothing against you," replied the lady; "for he never heard of you before. All he says is, he prefers Captain Belford, and refuses his consent to your suit."

"And does Phillis agree with him?" inquired Mr. Wormwood.

"I have this moment got the letter," replied the lady, "and she knows nothing about it. I have given my approval, you are aware, Mr. Wormwood; but the decision, I suppose, will rest with Phillis herself."

"It is a little too late, I should think, to make it a matter of choice," said Delamour bitterly.

"I have announced my approaching marriage to all my friends, and I won't be made a fool of, by either brother or sister. Why, the world would laugh at me, and I am not the man to be laughed at with impunity."

"I never heard of Captain Belford," said Phillis, when she was informed of her brother's epistle. "I will have nothing to say to him, and I'm sure Edward only requires to know you as well as I do to see that I can never be happy with any one else."

"Dearest girl! you make me happier than ever I was before."

"You are always so kind and trusting," continued Phillis, and Delamour looked searchingly in her face.

"You are so generous, and open, and unsuspecting."

A cloud darkened on the lover's brow. "And I'm sure you'll be great friends with Edward, and indeed, with all the Blazers, for he says they are the most gentlemanly fellows in the world. It will be so pleasant when he brings some of them here."

"I trust he won't, for a more disgusting set of snobs and puppies—but pray excuse me, dearest Phillis, your assurance of affection is all that I require, and I laugh at the pretensions of a regiment of Belfords; so let them come whenever they like."

He was delighted with the transparent truth and simplicity of his artless Phillis, and took his way to London more satisfied with her (and himself) than ever. But on reflection, (and he took three days to reflect,) he perceived that he must come to an understanding with his rival.

It was necessary for his self-respect that he should show that gentleman how thoroughly he despised him, and accordingly he wrote an insulting letter to the distinguished Blazer, and was about to send it to the post, when his servant entered with a card, and said, "The gentleman is in the hall."

Delamour looked at the card, and saw printed thereon the name of "Captain Belford."

"Show him in," he said, and prepared for battle. There was no battle in the face or manner of his visitor, however. Fair, honest, happy-looking, as becomes perfect health and three-and-twenty years of age, the captain smiled graciously as he entered.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Wormwood," he said, "but the fact is, I think it right to come to an explanation."

"Exactly what I wished sir," said Delamour, biting his lips.

"My friend, Ned Daisyfield," he continued,

"is too flattering in his estimate of my merits. He wished me, of course, you know, to offer my hand to his sister. He introduced me to her two days ago. A charming girl, I confess, very pure, very beautiful, and, as her aunt is very rich, I believe, an heiress, if she pleases the old lady in the choice of a husband. I dare say time and assiduity, with the favor of her brother might enable me to make an impression on her heart; but—I am not going to try—I resign all claim into your hand, and trust sincerely you will make her happy, for no one can deserve it more. Good morning."

Before Delamour could recover from his surprise, the visitor was gone. "Before I had time to call him to order for his behavior at Neddithorpe, for he is Harleigh's companion," he muttered; "and yet he is a fine fellow—open—noble—and very handsome. Why has he surrendered his chance of Phillis? He admires her beauty, her character, and knows she is to have a fortune. How kind! But is it not rather strange? Why is he so absurdly friendly? Ah!" And here for an hour he sank into a fit of musing.

"Can he have heard anything about Phillis? Is there a vulgar Strephon after all, with his disgusting pipe? I don't like this." And he smiled as he went out—perhaps he laughed when he reached the street. "He rejects her. There must be a reason." And here he mused again.

At the end of three hours meditation, he packed up all his traps, supplied himself with circular notes took out his passports, and went skulking, gloomy, and quarreling through France and Italy for three years. At the end of that time he came home. On landing at Southampton he saw a face he knew. Curiosity as to what had become of Phillis, induced him to speak. He went up and held out his hand. "Captain Belford," he said "I fear you have forgotten me."

"Oh, not at all," replied the gentleman; "you are Mr. Wormwood,—but I am not Captain Belford; I am Ned Daisyfield, Phillis's brother. I called on you, and pretended to be Belford; it was only to try you, Phillis had written you were of a suspicious disposition; but she didn't wish to offend her aunt, who supported your cause. The bait took. You thought something must be wrong,—some trick intended against yourself,—and gave poor Phillis up, without descending to assign any reason.—Charles Belford stepped in. In a fortnight Phillis was quite reconciled to my choice. They have good day."

A COOL AVENGER.—A certain English gentleman, who was a regular frequenter of the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Lord Byron's committee, and who always stood on the hearth-rug there with his back to the fire, was in his usual place one night when a narrative was related by another gentleman newly returned from the Continent, of a barrier duel that had taken place in Paris. A young Englishman, a mere boy—had been despoiled in a gaming-house in the Palais Royal, had charged a certain gaming count with cheating him, had gone out with the count, had wasted his fire, and had been slain by the count under the frightful circumstances of the count's walking up to him, laying his hand upon his heart, saying, "You are a brave fellow; have you got a mother?" and, on his replying in the affirmative, remarked, coolly, "I am sorry for her," and blew the young Englishman's brains out.

The gentleman on the hearth-rug paused in taking a pinch of snuff to hear this story, and observed with great placidity, "I am afraid I must kill that rascal." A few nights elapsed, which the green-room hearth-rug was without him, and then he reappeared precisely as before, and only incidentally mentioned, in the course of the evening, "Gentleman, I killed that rascal!" He had gone over to Paris on purpose, had tracked the count to the same gaming-house, had thrown a glass of wine into his face, in the presence of all the company, had told him that he had come to avenge his young compatriot—and had done so by putting the count out of this world, and coming back to the hearth-rug as if nothing had happened.—Household Words.

HOW TO MANURE TREES IN GRASS LAND.—Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, in a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in within a diameter of six feet, having the body for the center. The tree takes his food from the young rootlets, whose mouths extend just as far on every side as the branches of the tree; hence, this manure applied close to the body of the tree, is not where the roots can take it up, and of course but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve the one as above named, and the other as follows, viz:

Mark a circle around the tree, having for its outer line the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle, a trench two feet wide and one foot deep; mix well rotted manure half and half with the best soil, or the earth dug out of the trench with it; then replace the turf and wheel away the refuse, or extra earth; rake clean and smooth; you will have a good growth of tree; your fruit larger and more fair, and no unsightly or unnatural hillock or mound around the body of the tree.—Ohio Farmer.

One of the boys tells of a scarecrow made by Uncle Ben. It not only scared off every crow that it saw, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he stole three days before.

A Beautiful Little Story.

A few weeks since in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening and one after another seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off their boots and coats, laying themselves down to rest; others, in the attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as their comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine looking boy of about six years of age, following around a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance, and from under his cap fell chestnut hair and thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head, to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but, instead of this, he quietly knelt down upon the floor, put his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, resting his arms upon the lower berth, against which he knelt; he began his vesper prayer. The father sat down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men retiring to rest without prayer; or if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in the steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God to ask his protection and love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hands been laid on the child's head? "A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone, of this worldly multitude, drawn nigh to heaven, I think the parental love that taught him to lip his evening prayer, whether Catholic, or Protestant, dead or living, afar off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of the steamboat's cabin; bending in devotion before his Maker."

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners, gathered about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—mother and two sons, with voice and harp and violin; but no one heeded no one cared for that little child at prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotions, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately; who put him in his berth for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who teach their children to pray at home.—Home Journal.

THE SHADOWS OF CHILDREN.—Nothing seems to weigh down their buoyant spirits long, misfortune may fall to their lot, but the shadows it casts upon their life-path are as fleeting as the clouds that come and go in an April sky. Their future may, perchance, appear dark to others, but to their fearless gaze it looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace. There is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away, no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft, low voice cannot soothe. The warm, generous impulses of their natures have not been fettered and cramped by the cold formalities of the world; they have not yet learned to veil a hollow heart with false smiles, or hide the basest purposes beneath honeyed words. Neither are they constantly on the alert to search out the faults and foibles with Argus eye; on the contrary, they experience that blessed charity which "thinketh no evil."

CLOUDS.—If it were possible to pass through life with clouds, it is likely that we should complain of too much light. As it is, the clouds appear to come, at certain periods of our existence, some what too loweringly upon us. The hope, the joy of youth, as they glide away, carry with them so many loves that have been so bright romances to our imagination, so many friends that seemed as though they were born to walk with us through the whole length of our days, so many dreams of peace, and proud ambitious thoughts of winning fame, that we become sadder, if not wiser men.

THE STUDY OF THE BIBLE.—On no subject has the world ever been more mistaken than that of the utility of searching the sacred scriptures. Many are the causes which have produced apathy and criminal indifference in regard to this first and most important obligation of man. A few of these might be appropriately mentioned:

Long has the fatal error prevailed that God's revelation to man is a sealed book; and not to be comprehended by any except the few inspired to understand and reveal the truth to the great mass. While this idea abounds, hopes of improvement cannot be anticipated. If a teacher even were to induce a pupil to believe Webster's Speller, or Pike's Arithmetic, was an incomprehensible book, for all but instructors, ten chances to one if he would ever make an effort to investigate any subject discussed in one of these books. No individual can act with energy in any undertaking, unless he is first satisfied of its practicability. We not only live as Christians by faith, but the whole physical and intellectual enjoyments of man are suspended on faith. The child who does not believe the parent's declaration, that fire will burn, will be sure to suffer; and he who is not previously induced to believe much may be achieved in the pursuit of science, will not have courage for vigorous effort. Papists and Protestants have both done much to deter the world from studying the Bible. It has been from this impression, that all men cannot comprehend God's message of salvation to men.

THE SIBERIAN CRAB.—Every farmer should cultivate this beautiful fruit. A few scions inserted into the limbs of an old tree, or in small branches of young ones, will soon afford a liberal supply of fruit, which is an excellent article for preserves and tarts, and brings a high price in the market. The apples are but very little superior in size to the ordinary red cherry; the tree, which is remarkably hardy, resembles the common apple-tree, and is propagated in much the same way.

As an instance of the extreme hardness of the crab, it is asserted in one of the agricultural papers of Massachusetts, that some limbs were detached from a tree in the spring and after having lain exposed to the sun for six weeks, some scions were cut from them and set, and grew well. A distinguished culturist and fruit grower, in some practical observations relating to the propagation of this fruit, says: "The scions we have set, unpresented to us that grew on a scion the same season it was set. A few years since we put scions of different kinds into the same tree, and the Siberian Crab bore plentifully before the other kinds."—N. E. Farmer.

CURIOS FACTS.—Bees are geometricals. The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a nine-killer is an arithmetician. Also the crow, the wild turkey and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus—a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails—casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical feats. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts and dains to keep them dry. The ants maintain a regular standing army. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are day laborers. The monkey is a rope dancer.

DAN RICE HAS A FIGHT.—During the visit of Dan Rice's Circus to Upper Canada, an English bully allowed that he could lick "any two Yankees that ever was born." Dan doubted this, and informed the Englishman that in the absence of "a pair of Yankees," he might try his hand on him. The Englishman of cot and pitched in. Dan encircled, and hit the Englishman under his left ear. The Englishman went up about five feet, leaving his boots behind. Englishman came down again and fell like a log. Dan got a physician, bled the Englishman, and brought him to. Having done this, he sent him home on a shunter.

The affair occurred about twenty miles from Niagara. The licking was so well deserved and so handsomely finished off, that it added to Dan's popularity.

The day after this he performed \$1200; the day afterwards to \$1720. We get this from a person who witnessed the whole affair.—Albany Knickerbocker.

RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.—The following is too good to be lost. It is often made a subject of complaint that ministers of the gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply. "As the reverend gentleman went one time to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked:

"I am sorry Mr. Field to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ said His kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan."

This at once let in a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the officer's cranium, which he never thought of before.