

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted 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, DECEMBER 24, 1857. NO. XXI.

## Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of ten 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 a year: Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising—

3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's.		
square, (14 lines). -	\$2 50	\$6 00
do. -	4 00	8 00
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All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, printed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and ready to order.

## THE BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

The queenly moon was shining bright,  
The stars looked down with softened light,  
The earth lay sleeping in their beams  
Like a wearied child, gone to its dreams.  
Winds were sighing a lullaby,  
And low and mournful was their cry,  
So like the wail of a saddened heart  
Whose chords sore grief hath rent apart.  
But a sweet, low tone fell on mine ear,  
A tone which thrilled my soul to hear,  
Like music on the evening air.  
Were the tender words of that beautiful prayer,  
Laurenceville, Dec. 1857. AGNES.

## A Yankee Story.

The funny columns in the English papers give more of their stuff "for smiles" from this country, than from any other source. We find in one of them a ludicrous anecdote of the "bewitched clock."

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Phas Barberry's kitchen window. The person was followed, finally, by the entire person—a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-hellin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously won his way to the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made orderin' me not to darken his door again?" blurted the old gentleman. "Promised in I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about orders. Winders is as good as doors, else airn't no nails to tear your trousers into. Wonder if Sally'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm afeared to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over methin or norther and wake the old folks. Old enough to freeze a Polish bear here. Here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a radiant smile, a tallow candle, a box of luster matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love runs in a whit smother in old Barberry's kitchen as it does elsewhere, and Joe who was just taking up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," said Sal; and corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak, "Good gracious! its father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe—"Hide me Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"O, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case." And without another word he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadin' you better feed the critters first?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment. But r-r-r-whizz-ding! ding—went the clock.

"Tormented lightin'!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n airth's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally, tremulously.

"Whizz-ding! ding-ding!" went the old clock furiously.

"Power of creation!" cried the deacon. "Strikin' five! it's struck more than a hundred times already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hardly robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the universe is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man, "it's been a hundred years in the family, and it never carried on so afore."

"Whizz! ding! ding! whizz! went the clock again.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock. "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh, don't cry your daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other, "Don't!" chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon. "I ain't feared of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go; so deacon slipped off his coat, and while from the sudden sensation of resistance, they fell heavily upon the floor, he pitched forward and seized the knob of the clock. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a death grip.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an

unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell head long on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the candle—the deacon the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed extricated himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, yet some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that vagaries of the clock case existed only in a disordered imagination.

However, the interdict being talked off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

## Farming of a Female Beauty.

In these days of exhausted he-mergencies, it is as well to remember that there is a she-mergency, which, in our country, as yet, has never been called upon. We refer to the yearly crop which is regularly brought to market in the south of France—that of female hair. At Morlaix, in the lower Pyrenees there is an 'Annual Hair Fair,' of which the Boston Courier gives the following account:

"The hair dealers were crowding into the place from all quarters—from Toulouse, and even from Bordeaux; and the young peasant girls of the neighborhood, famous for their fine and abundant heads of hair, were flocking to the market like sheep, to be shorn of their locks, for the adornment of prouder heads. Even young husbands accompany their wives, to insist upon their despoiling themselves, for a trifling consideration of their beautiful heads of hair, and a majority of the damsels part with their locks for a tenth part of that sum.

This singular market is held in the open street, and attracts crowds of curious as well as interested persons. Girls are seen to be sheared in public, while others are waiting their turn, with their caps in their hand, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. The shearers are men as well as women. Some of our fair readers will conclude that this must be a degrading scene. But how else could the stock of wigs, frisettes, bands and top pieces and curls, which is needed to prop up the tottering beauty of the sex, be supplied? Tons of black silken hair, sheared in the manner above described, from the heads of the peasant damsels of the south of France, are imported into this country annually.

There are fairs in other places in the south of France and Brittany, where adventurous virtuosi buy up and shear the crops of the fair-haired damsels. At first blush, it would seem that female vanity would effectually prevent such a traffic as this. But cupidity and indolence are stronger passions than vanity; and fashion even lends its aid to this singular custom of parting with the finest ornament to the person which nature affords.

In Brittany particularly, where the finest and most silken black hair is procured, it is the universal fashion, from childhood upwards, to wear caps, so close as completely to conceal the hair. The peasant girls there have particularly fine hair, and in the greatest abundance. It is so common as not to be a mark of beauty; and the people are morally incapable of appreciating it as intrinsically beautiful and attractive. It is a truth which ought not to be told, perhaps, in the presence of all our ladies, that the charming frisettes and tresses which beautify the heads of our blooming belles, may possibly have been shorn from Breton damsels of very filthy and loathsome habits. The Bretons are neither Normans nor French, but more Welsh than anything else; and they are wild and savage, and as idle and dirty as human nature can well be and exist. The poorer women wear their dresses till they become dirty, patched, tattered and ragged, so that the material of which they are made can scarcely be traced. The houses of the peasants are generally built of mud and without convenience. The chestnut, which abounds in the country, furnishes, to a considerable extent, the food of the poorest classes. Although inhabiting a fine country, capable of rendering them prosperous and wealthy, the Bretons grovel on in supine idleness and dirt. No wonder the women sell their hair which is abundant and marketable. The people are accustomed to subsist upon the products of spontaneous crops. In the Pyrenees, the people are industrious and frugal, and the women are accustomed to regard a fine head of black or dark-brown hair as only a luxuriant burden."

So it will be seen that those of our farmers who have daughters with luxuriant heads of hair, have yet a resource.

A teacher of one of the Sunday schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instruction in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, sir, answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred,

## A Bad Fix.

Once on a time in the village of B— in the State of Mass., lived a beautiful maiden of seventeen, whom we will call Fanny L—, and George B— was her accepted lover. The course of "true love ran smooth," and in due process of time came the usual happy termination of their wooing, and the twain were made one, by the benediction of the holy church.

They were married early one summer's morning, and the same day traveled happily together to New York as the first stage of the wedding tour. As a companion a younger brother of the bride, a mischievous young rascal accompanied them, and well would it have been for the happy couple, if they had trusted themselves to their own society, and left James at home to ornament dog tails and spit-ball the school master.

Well, the party arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel. While George was dutifully attending to the comfort of his young wife, James, in the performance of his duties as groomsmen, went to the office of the Hotel to enter the names and select appropriate apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea struck him, and in pursuance therewith, he entered the names on the register thus:

James L—,  
Miss Fanny L—,  
George B—.

Fanny retired early, being somewhat fatigued with travel. George smoked his cigar for an hour or two, and dreamed of his bachelorhood we suppose, and finally he requested to be shown to his apartment. An obsequious waiter came with a candle in hand and asked what number it was.

"With the lady who came with me," replied George.

The waiter smiled, hesitated, and then approached an exquisitely dressed clerk, and repeated the question.

"With the lady who arrived here with me," George answered again, blushing up to the tips of his ears.

The clerk smiled and shook his head as if in pity of the young man's ignorance.

"It won't do, sir, you have mistaken the house, sir. Such things are not allowed here, sir."

"Won't do? why, I only want to go to bed."

"That you may certainly do in your own room, sir, but not in the lady's apartment."

"The lady's apartment? Why that lady is my wife."

The clerk bowed ironically. "All very fine, sir, but it won't go down, sir; here is the entry, sir."

George looked at the register, and there the entry sure enough, "Miss Fanny L—, George B—."

He saw the whole secret at a glance; he protested and entreated—but it was no use. He called to James to witness his veracity, but James was nowhere to be found. The by-standers laughed and the clerk was inexorable; and the poor fellow was forced to his solitary chamber, to pass the bridal night in peevishness on the whole class of "respectable houses," and younger brothers.

How George justified his conduct to the disconsolate Fanny, this veritable history doth not state.

## Brigham Young.

This old reprobate is now one of the most prominent men of our country. We annex a couple of paragraphs giving something of his history:

Both Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are New Yorkers. Brigham lived near the line dividing Ontario and Monroe counties, in the town of Victor, at the time when he became a Mormon. He had always manifested a proclivity to fanaticism, or rather he was a lazy rascal, good for nothing except to howl in pretended religious fervor. He lived in a dilapidated log shanty, with a patient, suffering wife, surrounded by a host of tow-headed children. Occasionally he made up a lot of axe-helves and traded them off for sugar and tea; and in other fits of industry he would do a day's work in the hay-field for a neighbor, hoe the potatoes of his own little patch, or pound clothes for his wife on a washing day. But his special mission was to ramble about and to wheedle his daily bread out of the unsuspecting, in consideration of the union with which he shouted "ga-torah!" On such occasions Brigham took no thought of the morrow, but cheerfully putting on his old wool hat would leave his family without flour in the barrel or wood at the door, and telling his wife that the "Lord would provide," he would put off for a couple of weeks' absence.

Poor Mrs. Brigham managed by borrowing from her neighbors with the small hope of paying. She chopped the wood herself, and with an old sun bonnet, Navarino style, went to the spring after water, thoroughly convinced that her lot was not of the easiest, and that her husband was to use a western expression, an "ornary cuss;" in which sentiment all who knew him joined. People were getting very tired of Brigham when Mormonism turned up. He was just the man for the religion, and the religion seemed expressly adapted to him. He became an exhorter, held neighborhood meetings, ranted and howled his doctrines into the ears of others as fanatical as himself, and finally went west with the rest of them, where he developed his powers until the poor, miserable, rustic loafer is governor of a territory and the chief prophet of a great religious sect. He has just the mixture of shrewdness and folly which is required for success in fanaticism or quackery. A wise man could not hold his place. A man must be half fool half knave to be a successful quack."

## The Redbreast.

Though the redbreast is generally admired for his song, he is still more admired for his attachment to, and confidence in, mankind. In all countries, he is a favorite, and has what may be called a pet name. The inhabitants of Bornholm call him *Tomta Liden*, the Norwegians, *Peter Ronsmed*, the Germans, *Thomas Gierdet*, and in England he is known as the Robin Redbreast, or by the still familiar appellation of Bob. Buffon describes, with his usual elegance, the winter manners of this bird. "In that season," says he, "they visit our dwellings, and seek the warmest and most sheltered situations; and if any one happens still to continue in the woods, it becomes the companion of the faggot maker, cherishes itself at his fire, pecks at his bread, and flutters the whole day round him, chirping its slender pip. But when the cold grows more severe, and thick snow covers the ground, it approaches our houses, and taps at the windows with its bill, as if to treat an asylum, which is cheerfully granted; and it repays the favor by the most amiable familiarity, gathering the crumbs from the table, distinguishing affectionately the people of the house, and assuming a warble, not indeed so rich as that in the spring, but more delicate. This it retains through all the rigors of the season, to hail each day the kindness of its host, and the sweetness of its retreat." The bill of the robin is slender and delicate: its eyes are large, dark, and expressive, and its aspect mild; its head and all the upper parts of its body are brown, tinged with a greenish olive; the neck and breast are of a fine deep reddish orange; a spot of the same color marks its forehead; its belly is whitish, and the legs and feet of a dusky black. It is near six inches in length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail; the former being about half an inch, and the latter two inches and a half.

This bird, in England, has the sweetest song of all the feathered tribe; the notes of other birds are, indeed, louder, and their inflections more capricious, but the redbreast's voice is soft, tender, and well supported; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter.

During the spring, the robin haunts the wood, the grove, and the garden, and retires to the thickest and shadiest hedge-rows to breed in, where its nest is usually placed among the roots of trees, in some concealed spot near the ground. In winter it endeavors to support itself by chirping round the warm habitations of mankind, and by coming into those shelters where the rigor of the season is artificially expelled, and where insects are found in the greatest numbers, attracted by the same cause. The female lays from five to seven eggs, of a dull white color, diversified with reddish streaks. Insects and worms are the principal food of the redbreast. The latter it very dexterously renders fit to be eaten, by taking hold of the extremity of one in its beak, and beating it against the ground till the inside comes away, and then repeating the operation with the other end, till the outer part is entirely cleansed.

Go IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.—This appears to be the motto of the youth of the present age, says some one. Yes, go it while you're young, no matter if you violate every law of nature; no matter if you palsy the nerves of youth; no matter whether you weaken the mind God has given you; no matter if you peril your immortal soul. Go it while you're young. Life is short at the best, and a few years more or less makes no difference. Go it, and show your recklessness of life, by laughing to scorn all the laws which should regulate your existence. Go it, peril your soul and scoff at the goodness of God, by showing that you entertain no fear for caloric, or, in the language of a drunken boy whom we met on the street a few nights ago, "Hurrah for h—ll; who's afraid of fire?"

Yes, go it while you're young—smoke your cigar, chew your tobacco, drink your whiskey, spend your nights in licentiousness, and be a man. Yes, by all means go it—laugh at old fogies who tender you advice—tell your father he is not fast enough for the present age, and when your mother remonstrates with you upon late hours, inform the "old woman" that in your opinion women are weak minded, and know very little of what is proper for a man.

Yes, by all means, "Go it while you're young," and rest assured that "when you get old you cant." Plant the seeds of dissipation in the garden of your hearts, and if the devil don't reap the fruits of your husbandry, we are not a true prophet, that's all. Go it while you're young.

VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered as sad a truth as if he had said "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli, the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. "The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the face of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

## Communications.

### 'Tis the Fashion.

What a common expression this is. What a common excuse for folly, extravagance and imprudence. We hear it from the old as well as the young, and it seems to settle every disputed point. If fashion requires a style of dress that is unbecoming, uncomfortable, or even very injurious to health, (and many fashions are one or all of these) that dress is adopted, and "It is worn," is reason enough for the fashionable. If it is customary to live in large houses expensively furnished, to dress to the extent of one's means, to go continually into gay society, and leave such trifling affairs as children and house-keeping to the care of hirelings, these things must be done, or the cry of "old fashioned" is raised at once. Economy, prudence, and a sweet home life, are getting out of date, and labor, real useful labor, is still more behind the age.

Perhaps it is not very strange that these things are so, among the young and the worldly—those who have not named the name of Christ, and who do not claim to be his. They are "of the earth earthly; but how is it with the followers of 'The Lord from Heaven.' Do fashion and folly stop at church doors? Among all the Isms is not Fashionism the most popular and the most widely embraced? Sects who differ on many points, agree here, and their ministers tread gingerly around this sore spot, and preach learned doctrinal sermons or flowery discourses on faith and love. But it is written in a very old-fashioned book, that "Faith without works is dead," and "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Some few there are among the clergy, who dare openly to reprove what they inwardly condemn, but more keep silence and perhaps follow in the train. If any one is bold enough to speak of the extravagance of the present day, of the domination of fashion, the love of wealth and the respect that is paid to it, and to remind his hearers that Christ did not thus teach—he is censured for introducing worldly topics on a holy day; he does not preach the pure gospel. To be sure many hundred years ago, a minister of high standing in the christian church did say, "The love of money is the root of all evil;" and "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare"—also, "Be not conformed to the world;" and earlier yet, One who was higher and holier than he, declared, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

But suppose for a moment that our Lord had delayed his coming till the present time. We are all familiar with the story of his advent, more than 1800 years ago. How the Jews have been condemned, and justly, for their hardness of heart. But let us beware lest we fall into the "same condemnation."—If instead of being born in "Bethlehem of Judaea," and dwelling in "Galilee of the Gentiles," Jesus had chosen one of our modern cities for his abode, would he "find faith on the earth?" Would not the inquiries be, Who is he? Where was he born? Are his parents wealthy or influential? Does he move in the first society? And when it was known that he was born in a manger, that his reputed parents were poor and lowly, that they lived humbly and had so trained their child, and that his society was composed of "publicans and sinners," his nearest friends and disciples a few poor fishermen; would not our refined and aristocratic churches conclude at once, that such a Savior would not do for them, and reject him with contempt, as did the Scribes and Pharisees of old, when they said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Every one who will reflect calmly and without prejudice, must see that our country and our people are changing. Within a few years our rural villages have altered greatly, and not for the better. City customs, city manners, city everything, are intruding into our quiet little country places, and striving to make each of them a miniature of the turbulent, restless and wealth-worshipping metropolis. Extravagance increases with each year, and nearly all are willing "to spend and be spent" in the service, not of Christ, but of the world. It is hard to stand by and refrain from raising a warning voice, when we see the young wrecking their health, and the middle aged their fortunes, in this eager strife to be foremost in the ranks of fashion. But warning probably would be in vain. They are deaf to remonstrance, blind to the consequences of the life they are leading, and determined to remain so. "Ephraim is joined to his idols—let him alone."

### ANTEDILUVIAN.

She stood beside the altar when she was but sixteen. She was in love; her destiny rested on a creature as delicate, and who had known as little of the world as herself. She looked lovely as she pronounced the vow.—"Think of a vow from auburn hair, blue eyes, and pouting lips, only sixteen years old.—She stood by the wash tub when her twenty-fifth birthday arrived. The hair, the lips, the eyes were not calculated to excite the heart. Five cross young ones were about the house, crying—some breaking things, and one urging the necessity of an immediate supply of the lactical secretion. She stopped in despair and sat down, and tears trickled down her once plump and ruddy cheek. Alas! Nancy, early marriages are not the dodge. Better enjoy youth at home, and hold lovers at a proper distance until you have muscle, limb, and heart enough to face a frowning world and family. If a chap really cares for you, he can wait for two or three years, make presents, take you to concerts, and so on, until the time comes. Early marriages and early cabbage are tender productions.

## Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, 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 last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

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 sent 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.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

## Beginning of the World.

The following extract from a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon, the famous English preacher, is a specimen of the eloquence which within a year or two has made his name familiar in both hemispheres:

Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago we thought the beginning of this world was when Adam came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that, God was preparing chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man; putting races of creatures upon it, who might die and leave behind the marks of His marvelous skill and handiwork before He tried His hand on man. But this was not the beginning, when, like drops of dew from the fingers of the morning, stars and constellations fell twinkling from the hand of God; when by His own lips He launched forth ponderous orbs; when with His own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to years gone by, when worlds were made and systems fashioned; but we have not approached the beginning yet.

Until we go the time when all the Universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn; until we enter the eternity where God, the Creator lived alone, everything sleeping within Him, all creation resting in His mighty, gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we may use such strange words, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our imagination would die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashing, in majesty, power and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God from the beginning chose His people, when the un navigated ether was yet unflamed by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of the silence; when there was no being and no motion, and nought but God Himself, alone in His eternity; when, without the song of an angel, without the attendance of even the cherubim, long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of Jehovah were fashioned; even then, "in the beginning was the word," and in the beginning God's people were one with the word, and "in the beginning he chose them unto eternal life."

## Indian Legend.

The following Indian legend, relative to the spirit home of Washington, is extracted from Morgan's "League of the Iroquois." It is curious, as showing the estimation in which the Father of his Country was held by this singular people:

"Among the modern belief engrafted upon the ancient faith of the Iroquois, there is one which is worthy of particular notice. It relates to Washington. According to their present belief, no white man ever reached the Indian heaven. Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provision was made for him in their schemes of theology. He was excluded both from Heaven and the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood pre-eminent above all other white men. When in the year 1783, the Indians were abandoned by the British allies, and left to make their own terms with the American Government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severe measures than the other tribes in their alliance. At this critical moment Washington interfered in their behalf as the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of the most enlightened justice and humanity.

After his death he was mourned by the Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread among them that the Great Spirit had received in a celestial residence, upon the plains of Heaven, the only white man whose deeds had entitled him to the heavenly favor.

Just by the entrance of Heaven is a wall enclosure, the ample grounds of which are laid with avenues and shaded walks. Within is a spacious mansion, constructed in the fashion of a fort. Every object that could please a cultivated taste has been gathered in this blooming Eden to render it a happy dwelling place for the immortal Washington.—The faithful Indian, as he enters Heaven, passes the enclosure. He sees the illustrious inmate as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation. But no words passed his lips. Dressed in his uniform, and in a perfect state of felicity he is destined to remain through eternity in solitary enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit."

An orthodox yankee expresses himself as follows concerning eternity:—"Eternity! why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is forever and ever, and five or six everlasting atop at that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them up, and it would not begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my friends, after millions and trillions of years have passed away in the morning of eternity, it would be a hundred-thousand years to breakfast time."

A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate with another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was ended, called out: "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L— is going fishing with another clergyman."