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 advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's

Square, (14 lines,) \$2.50 \$4.50 \$6.00

Squares, 400 600 800

2 column, 1000 1500 2000

column, 1800 3000 4000

All advertisements not having the column.

All advertisements not having the number of in-

All advertisements not naving 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, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and existed to order.

YOUNG MOTHER, SLEEP!

Young mother, sleep !- 't is well; For on the morrow A wail of sorrow

Thy darkened life shall knell. Sleep! sleep, from care and suffering, By that little bed, Where rests a fair young head— Thy treasure-Heav'n's own Sad dreamer, why that sigh? Why dost thou weep
In thy troubled sleep?—
Dost see the spoiler nigh? Feel'st thou the breaking As silent lies Thy babe, in sleep unwaking? Behold that shining band, Bearing afar
Thy earth-loved star,
To the glorious Spirit-Land!

Young mother, weep no more! Thy babe's gone home— Never to roam
On earth's tempestuous shore: But when thy tears are streaming, Kneel thou in prayer!— Oh, look up there!—

Where thy lost star is beaming!

Lawrenceville, Jan. 2, 1858.

AGNES. From the Boston Ranner of Light

The Tory Preacher and Young Major: OR, CHURCH DISCIPLINE IN OLDEN TIMES.

"Have patience, child, and I'll come to the

point at last. Well, you see, our minister was a tory, and though he didn't say so in plain words, I've no doubt but he believed in the divine right of kings. At any rate, he had a great deal to say, about the "powers that be, being ordained of God," and he always prayed for our lawful sovereign, as he termed King George, and that "we might be his true and loyal subjects. But Safford was a staunch Republican, and would have fought the old King any day, could he have a chance. So there grew up a moral enmity between the parson and the young man, and when the former, with all his dignities, viz: powdered wig, three cornered hat, and silvered buckles, walked the streets, Safford never bowed, but walked straight along as if he scorned obedience to one who would bend the knee to an earthly King. But he still continued to go to meeting, and would sit as patiently through the long sermons and loval, prayers as good old Deacon Burr himself. The truth was, this same Deacon had one daughter, and a prettier girl than Polly Burr never entered a village church; or, I might say, graced a palace. She had a roguish black eye, and her hair curled naturally; you never saw it in paper even in the morning; and then she was so neat and trim in her gingham short grown and white petticoat, and at meeting she looked pretty enough to make a young man's heart ache.

"She was the belle of the village, and at quiltings, and paring bees, and dances, she was the life of the company. I had long had my eyes upon her as the choice of my heart, but there was so many that went to see her on Sunday evenings, it was but seldom that I could find a chance to speak with her. But I was industrious and prudent, saving all I could earn that I might have a pleasant home to offer. The Deacon, too, favored me, and seeing I was of a steady turn of mind, often invited me to his house. But young Safford, it seems, all unbeknown to the Deacon, loved her also, but he was such a wild youth, and moreover, so at sword's point with the minister, that he never dared reveal his feelings, save by sundry little attentions, noticed only by Polly herself. Now it happened that the Deacon had, with great labor, cleared a patch and planted it with corn. It was growing finely on the new, rich land, and the young ears were already formed, and promised a fine harvest, but for several successive Sundays, there was great destruction in the corn field. In vain he made scare crows and set traps and even put one of his old coats on a pole, a sight that would frighten the worst boy in the village, for he was the tithing man the terror of rogues. But the next Sunday the mischief was repeated, till the patience of the old gentleman was nearly worn out. But he belonged to a church remarkable for the rigidity of its tenets and the strictness of its disciconsidered a heinous offence.

"I declare," said the old deacon one Sunday after sundown, "we shall lose our corn, he accidentally looked at Polly.

looking somewhat sad.

"Why, Polly," said the deacon, with more my troubles lately-I have been bothered for a wife. I have a mind to say that who-

steals my corn, shall have you for a wife." Polly looked up in surprise at this novel mode of disposing of her hand: but her next instant there was a roguish twinkle in her black eye, and turning to her father she said gaily, "A bargain, if you please."

She knew very well who would be first upon the field, and whose courage and perseverance would be the most likely to hold out the longest.

"But will you keep your promise, father?"

This conversation was overheard by the

## AGITATOR. THE

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy 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, JANUARY 28, 1858.

NO. XXVI.

I rode far and near; I examined the cornfield by night, and devised every means in my power to ascertain the offender. Indeed, one whole night I watched behind the stump of an old tree. But there was no avail.

But the very next Sunday, when Parson Goodman was saying, "the ninth head of my discourse," the congregation was startled by the report of a gun.

There was a general rising, and great commotion among the women. Our first thought was of Indians or Tories. There was a rush for the door, a tumbling over

children and a screaming of their mothers. But what was your surprise when fairly landed upon the green, to see young Safford dragging with all his strength a huge bear that to all appearance had just breathed her

"I've caught her, deacon!" he shouted, "I've caught the rascal at last!" he repeated; "and caught her too, in the very act, you can see for yourself;" he added, pointing to the distended mouth, half filled with yet unchewed corn. The poor deacon stood mute with astonishment, for he recollected that. Jeptha like, he had made a rash vow.

The minister was the first to break the silence. His indignation at being disturbed in his discourse, and his anger at such an open violation of holy time, were at boiling point. He exclaimed in his loudest tones :-

"Young man, who are you, that you should disturb the worship of the sanctuary? Know you that you are breaking the laws of God and man. Constable Chapman, arrest this man and hold him prisoner until further disposal can be made of his person!'

Poor Safford was thunderstruck; he had intended no harm, but in his eagerness to display his prize, and supposing service over. he had hastened toward the village. It had not once occurred to him that he was a church member, and as such liable to cen-

He knew that it was wrong to absent himself from meeting, but he thought the offence would be pardoned, because of the benefit conferred. Seeing he was about to be taken prisoner, he at first resisted, but recollecting that he was in the hands of a legal officer, he thought best to submit quietly. His confinement, however, was short, and another mode of punishment proposed.

During the week a church meeting was called, and young Safford cited to appear thereat, and give reasons why he should not be excommunicated from church for his highhanded wickedness. The deacon was present, but Polly was nowhere to be seen. When her father proposed so summarily to dispose of her hand, her first thought was of Safford, and knowing his bold and daring spirit, she felt sure that he would win. Poor girl! She little thought of such a sad termination of the affair. To be excommunicated from church was, in the eyes of that little community, a most grievous infliction. Such unfortunates were considered as losing caste, and were ranked among pagans and infidels. Safford plended his own cause with all the eloquence he could command. In vain did

the Sabbath day; he spoke before judges determined to condemn. He was accordingly condemned to be present on the next Sabbath, when the would be read. In the meantime the lovers had an Interview. Poor Polly could do little

he contend that it was lawful to do good on

else but weep. Her father said nothing, but looked stern and displeased. "But, you say, Polly," repeated Safford that if I am not excommunicated, your

father will consent ?" "He cannot help doing so," she answered;
"but'he thinks the Bible condemns church members marrying non-professors, and he would not dare to give his consent to our mar-

riage if they turn you out of the church," "But I tell you I am not going to leave the church; that tory minister will find that he cannot manage me so easily."

"But it is already decided," said Polly; the papers are already made out, and tomorrow it will be read."

"They will not read it, trust me, Polly;" and thus they parted.

Sunday came, and with it the whole conpline; to have permitted any one to stay at home to watch a corn field would have been All except young Safford. But when the afternoon service was about half over, he entered his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge-box on his side, and unless we catch those rascally thieves. Who his knapsack on his back with six day's proknows but they are Indians?" As he spoke visions in it. He marched into a corner and tuate, it won't deteriorate with rumors of war She sat in the corner of the great oak benediction was pronounced, Parson Goodsettle which stood before the fire, watching man began to read the excommunication, but the puffing steam from the tea kettle, and had not proceeded far when Safford entered lips; so little Paul thought-at least, so he the aisle in his martial array, cocked and said .- It was thus: levelled his pistol, exclaiming: "Proceed, if animation than usual, "among all the rest of you dare! Proceed, and you are a dead that is a good and expressive daguerreotyp man!" The poor man, overwhelmed with by two or three young men who want you astonishment and fear, shrunk behind his a passage at arms with I witnessed over the pulpit, and handed the paper to one of his ever will shoot or take prisoner the thief who deacons. He, trembling from head to foot, endeavored to obey. The same threat was repeated, and Safford added, "Desist and it occurred to me that the occasion was a march, or you are all dead men! I will not proper one for improvement of that "afflictive leave this house in shame!" Not many dispensation" to the future weal of the young

minutes elapsed before the house was cleared, apostle; and so I said: and the daring young man left its sole occupant. He locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and sent them the next day, with his respects, to the minister. He thus remained a member of the church in "good and regular standing," until the day of his

of wouldn't have it said that the deacon of death. Deacon Burr received such evidence the church ever told a lie; so I say it now— of the perseverance of his self-elected son, whoever will shoot or take prisoner the thief; that he dared not to refuse his consent to the shall have you for his wife."

hired boy, and he soon circulated it through said little Alice. the village. Great was the commotion among

the young men of the place. As for myself, walk, from the Sewing Society? she'll have a batch of news all fresh from the manufactory," he replied, "run and meet her."

## Jefferson and Horses.

Jefferson had but one extravagance. He would ride fine horses.

"When his saddle horse was led out, if there was a spot on him that did not shine as faultless as a mirror, he rubbed it with a white pocket handkerchief, and if this was soiled, the groom was reprimanded. His decided, preserence was for the Virginia racehorse; he did not ride, and was scarcely willing to drive any other. Two or three pages of his farm book are devoted to the pedigree of his choicer ones. He usually kept a half a dozen brood mares of high quality, and we find among Lord Cornwallis, victorious achievements in Virginia, the carrying off all his serviceable brood mares, and the butchering of their foals! Though Mr. Jefferson was no turiman, and though, as has been said, he never run but a single race, he retained the partiality of a Virginian for this sport. He rarely lost an opportunity of witnessing a promising race. When President of the United States, he was not a few times seen on the contiguous race courses. As riding horses, he desired not only powerful but fleet and high mettled animals, even though the latter quality was obtained

at the expense of a tameless temper. Until after mid-l.fe he rarely drew rein on broken ground; and when in haste, unhestatingly dashed through the Ravanna, even when the usually quiet stream was swollen into a wide and rapid river by the rain. Instances of his fearless horsemanship and anecdotes of his superb horses, "Cucullen,"
"The General," "Wildair," "Caratasus,"
"Tarquin," "Arcturus," "Diomed," "Jacobim," "Celer," "Eagle," &c., are yet rife in family recollection and tradition. The fleet, fiery, but gentle tempered Eagle was the last, and was ridden by him when, he was so feeble that he required assistance to mount him, even from the terrace side, which was on a level with the horse's back. Yet this animal was so spirited, that when a young kinsman of Mr. Jefferson's rode him with a company to meet Lafayette, at his visit to Monticello in 1825, the brave old horse became so ungovernably excited by the approach of the roll of drum and trumpet bounding and caracoling in the air, that the young rider was fain to fairly turn and retire.

On one occasion, when Mr. Jefferson was old and decrepit, after the last accident to his wrists, a messenger arrived to inform him that a grandson had met with a disaster, and lay seriously injured at Charlottsville. The weather was dark and lowering, night was setting in, and he was more than usually feeble. He directed Eagle to be brought to the door. His family entreated him not to set out, at least on horseback, at such a time; but his order was repeated in a tone which brooked no further opposition. The moment he was in the saddle he struck the noble horse, which bounded forward at full run. His family held their breath with suspense. expecting that he would draw bridle at the "notch," where the mountain begins to descend abrupily. But the clatter of hoofs from the rocky masses showed them that the fearful race was continued. He swept by the returning messenger, like an arrow, and reached Charlottsville in a time that, over such ground, the boldest rider in Virginia might without suspicion to his courage, have pronounced appalling.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker tells the following story:

"For a cracked lip, or an obstinate sore on the face there's nothing like powdered burnt alum. It cured our little Paul of a sore down on the corner, where the cherry of his lips was cleft, though we had to sprinkle it on the squirming little victim after he was sound asleep in his "crib house."

I wish you could see him, reader. Have you got an interest in a little bouncing boy about two and a half years old, two and a half feet high, and nearly two and a half feet thick? Whose "cheeks like lillies dipped in wine" seem to be bursting with fatness; whose hazel eyes with their long lashes, are always flashing with mirth and spirit under a fore-head which has no shadow on its broad, unsullied page, but those which are cast there by his golden curls?

If you have such an interest in such a boy, hold on to it; it's good stock; it won't flucthere took up his position. As soon as the or the price of cotton; if you haven't, invest as soon as possible. But about the burnt al um; it's good for other things beside cracked

"Rip, (we called him so 'for short' although of his disposition.) Rip and his mamma had edge of my last "Knick," the result of which was, that Master Rip had a "spanking," duly, judiciously, and softly administered. Then

"Paul come here."

"Es. Papa." "You are a naughty boy, sir, to disobey your mamma, as you did just now." "Not do it any more, dee papa. Sure

"Well, be sure you don't, for you will break your mamma's heart. Just look at her now; see how sad she is because you were naughty. I suppose her heart is broken in "And grandpapa, didn't you feel badly?" two or three places."

"Put burnt alum on poor mamma's heart, "There's your Aunt Sally coming up the papa; it make it well. I sure it will."

The Shadow of Life.

We are like children, who, walking in a sunny path, behold their shadow and wonder at it. So do we, walking in the light of life, wonder at our shadow-death. Life is the real, veritable miracle, but we become so accustomed to the beautiful mystery that we are

only surprised at its absence. And yet, why should we wonder? for Death also, as Life, is our continual, abiding guest! He walks with us, and sleeps with us, and break with us our bread. Where we sit and weep, he stands beside us; and where the laugh rings out gayly, there, also, is this solemn, invisible presence. We go on in our accustomed ways-we talk, and laugh, and tell our pleasant jests; but meanwhile our shadows lengthen, as shadows lengthen towards the nightfall, and not far on, whither and the law of conscience is the measure o our feet hasten, sits a solemn presence, waiting for us. Oh! is there no swift, shining that the physical, mental or moral nature angel, who will turn aside our feet into another path ?- another path, where the grass may grow again beneath our feet, and not above our graves? Oh, save us! Oh! guard | we have examples-lamentable examples,

us, angels of pity! Nay, there is in heaven no angel so strong that he may turn aside thine errand, O swift, sure terrible Death! Haste as we will, the Shadow gains apace upon our laggard steps. Nay, look not over thy shoulder, poor, breathless, human fugitive !- even beside thee, in march of intellect shows conclusively the nethe race, is he whom thou wouldst have lest behind.

What drug shall we administer unto thee. under the moon, that thou mayst sleep, and slow, sweet, regretful procession; but this licentiousness and sin. He is devoid of morthe years, the shadow of the world and all save his immediate friends, who are his abet that is therein-this comes, and goes not; tors in wickedness and crime: this is forever with us!

But what land is this beyond us, O our companion?—this immortal land! Is this of an itinerant dandy. He drops the man the clime we have sought so long and vainly, and votes his apparel into majesty. He forwhither have fled all those summers of our gets or has not common sense to conceive that youth which we besought with prayers and weak minds love flattery. Levity produces tears to stay? Here may we find again the imbecility, and imbecility, disgust. What lost glory of those days, the bloom and the has man the creature of a moment to be proud song?

There cometh an answer :- "Out of the night is the morning born." Darkness alone makes visible to our blinded eyes the thousand shining, sphered lights which go on with us in the great world-procession, singing forever. Even so doth our Father order that this Shadow shall open to us the gate of the land of light.

Unbind then from thy garland, O sad angel, the cypress and the willow! Wear instead the violet and the lily, and lead us, swiftly as thou wilt, into the immortal land ant requisite is wanting; they will find when beyond!

WINE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD .- The only thing in the former city (Bremen) which we had time to visit, was the celebrated Raths. keller, or crypt of the old Hall of Council .-This is renowned throughout all Germany for tuns of Rhenish wine, of the most undoubted antiquity. They are in great vaults, distinguished by different titles. That of the "Twelve Apostles" has been immortalized by tellective, sensitive and voluntary beings is Hauff and Heine, but the apostolical wines are not so time as those authors would have us believe. Each cask bears the name of one of the Apostles; they contain wine of the vintage of 1718, which has now, I was informed, a pungent, acid flavor. That of Judas alone, retains a pleasant aroma, and the sinner, therefore, is in greater demand than all the saints together. In the "Rose Cellar" are enormous casks, yet filled with Hochheimer (Hock) of the vintage of 1624. For a couple of centuries it was carefully treas ured, but the City Fathers of Bremen finally discovered the longer it was kept the worse it grew, and sell it to visitors in small bottles at a moderate price. We sat down in the outer cellar, and had

a bottle uncorked. Think of drinking wine which grew when the Plymouth Colony was but four years old-of the same vintage which Ariosto might have drunk, and Milton, and Cromwell, and Wallenstein, and Gustavus Udolphus! Shakspeare had been dead but eight years when the grapes were trodden in the vats; and Ben Johnson may have sung "Drink to me only with thine eyes," over a goblet of the golden juice. We filled the glasses with great solemnity as these thoughts passed through our mind-admired its dark. smoky color, sniffed up reverently its musky, mummy like odor, and then tasted. Fancy a mixture of oil and vinegar, flavored with a small drop of kreosote! This as I afterward recognized, was the impression made upon the palate, though my imagination was too busy at the time to be aware of it. We all said, "It is not so bad as I expected," and by keeping the face of its age constantly beore our eyes, succeeded in emptying the bottle. So pungent, however, was the smoky, oily, aciduous flavor, that it affected my palate for full twenty four hours afterward, and everything I ate and everything I drank in that time seemed to be of the vintage of 1634.

Bayard Taylor, LOOKING HIGH .- A tall, raw-boned recruit was put on drill by a little cock-sparrow of an officer: as every order was given him he would look down to see his commander, and was often admonished to hold up his head. Repeated admonitions of this kind at length had the effect to induce the recruit to raise his head at least to a level with the setting sun, and the officer ordered him to keep it there.

"What, always?" inquired raw bone, "Yes, always!" was the stern reply. "Then, good-bye, lieutenant; I shall never see you again."

Communications,

Education and the Educator,

BY J. WALBRIDGE. Man is heaven's crowning work. He has

faculties given him which no other living being possesses. He has a soul—an immortal, intelligent principle, which perceives, com-pares, creates, and seeks for causes and effects. Man's moral nature distinguishes him from the brute and renders him morally accountable for his conduct. Accordingly, when the moral agent in the exercise of all his various powers, does what he ought to do, he stands approved. When, in the exercise of the same powers, he fails to do what he ought to do, he stands condemned. The extent of his capability is the basis of his duty its fulfilment. Is it reasonable to suppose should be set apart and disciplined at the expense of the other two? Do we want an education which is purely physical? If we do, which go to prove that man left to himself without proper mental and moral training, a prey to all the base animal passions of his constitution. He is at the mercy of every casual circumstance which has a tendency to draw him from the path of rectitude. The cessity of correct mental discipline. The mind without knowledge is enveloped in darkness--all nature appears a mystery for the O undesired companion !-what herb growing power of comprehension slumbers. The loafer boasts of his great strength of body, and release us but for an hour from the terrible rejoices greatly that he is not as other men vigilance? There is no medicine. The years are. He blesses himself in his ignorance, and come and go, and the seasons, swift, or in practices all the vices appertaining to a life of blank shade—the shadow of the seasons and al principle and seeks the injury of all others,

> The man of fashion displays his ignorance by attempting to imitate the monkey shines of? He too often forgets that he liveth not for himself alone. He forgets he has duties to perform to the society in which he-lives. He forgets he is forfeiting the respect of all good men on account of his unmitigated in consistency. He forgets he has a soul to save which is of more value than all the tinsel ornaments of his dress. Men whose minds are continually occupied with trifles will never accomplish anything very valuable. They may use empty, high sounding words, but if the sense is lacking, the most import too late, that they have made themselves fit

> subjects for ridicule and scorn. Fashion and folly and volubility of speech do not constitute a wise man. A man of sound judgment cannot have a great flow of ideas; because the slighter relations making no figure in his mind can have no power to in:roduce ideas-hence, what some conceive to be common sense, is truly nonsense.the profligate-that unnatural monster of lust. who has made himself what he is-a despised and worthless outcast of society. He is an object of pity and at the same time an object of abhorrence. When we look at the poor abject wretch we feel to sympathise with him as a member of the human family, but when we take a retrospective view of his past wickedness and folly, we despair of reform and turn away from him in disgust. See him as he wends his way through the pur lieus of some distant city and mark your man; his situation is a peculiar one; the bloodshot eye, the flushed countenance, the unsteady step denote the lowest degree of infamy and crime. There are thousands and tens of thousands of such abandoned persons in this country-a country where all are free and equal, and where labor commands a reasonable compensation. Then why so much ice and pride and profligacy?

Simply because man does not know himelf. Simply because man is not educated aright. If this is the case, you may sav. propose a remedy to avoid all this evil and corruption. Society must in the first place be purified. Ignorance, superstition and predjudice must be driven from the field. Educated, refined and virtuous men must control the thoughts and destinies of the masses -Unless such a reform is established, society must still continue to remain in this sad and deplorable condition. Ignorance knows nothing as it should know. Superstition is as it was in the dark ages-a crowning curse, and prejudice has darkened the mind and debased the affections. There are physical, mental, and moral giants; there are also physical, mental, and moral dwarfs. But how seldom do we see a whole man-one who is physically, mentally, and morally great. The great ends of all study, of all acquirement are ability and disposition to discharge more effectually our duties as men and as citizens. Is it possible that those persons who rely upon others to think for them will ever rise to distinction in any calling. will ever fulfil the design of their creation.-They will invariably have barren intellects, because their ta'ents are unimproved. They will always find the old beaten track of ignorance and folly their favorite resort. And when they come to leave this world how few will mourn their departure, How few will drop a sympathizing tear over their last resting place. They have slighted their privileges here on the earth; they have left undone ultingly, "I told you so."
those things they should have done; they "Sir," said the Doctor, "You must not say those things they should have done; they have failed to improve their time in doing a word, for you can't sing at all."

good; they have neglected to make a proper use of the noble faculties given them by their Creator; and finally when they come to die -they die as they have lived-unhonored and unwept because they have lived for them. selves alone, unmindful of the high responsibilities which are enjoined upon them. few do justice to their native powers! How few qualify themselves to elevate poor fallen humanity! How few avoid the fashionable amusements of the day and labor to remodel this miserable fabric of human society! How few know their duty to themselves, to their fellows, and to their God. And yet how many there are whom immorality and sensuality have stamped with eternal shame!-How many wilfully slight favorable opportunities and oppose intellectual and moral advancement! How many unthinking wretch-

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub lished every Thursday Morning, and mailed to sub-scribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOL-LAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intend-

ed to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then he 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 Coun

ty, 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

e in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper in-

:laded, \$4 per year.

ed mortals live lives of infamy and crime! How many, alus! infer, that fate has decreed that they should live as they now live -hated and despised not only by others, but even by themselves. Would that they could see themselves as others see them! Would that they could reform, and thereby become more worthy citizens! Would that they could dissipate the dark cloud of ignorance and prejudice and be able to perceive the light of intelligence and truth! Would that they could see that they who do good in their day and generation, infuse, whether they design it or not, the effulgence of their example into a multitude of hearts which nature has opened for its reception! and thus, with better and higher results, light them upward to happiness and glory.

(To be continued.)

AM I BOUND TO TAKE COFFINS ?-Mr. G, a veteran lawyer of Syracuse, used to tell a story of a client, an impetuous old farmer, by the name of Merrick, who had a difficulty with a cabinet maker. As was usual in such cases, the matter excited a great deal of in-terest among the neighbors, who severally allied themselves with one or the other of the contending parties. At length, however, to the mutual disappointment of the allies, the principals offered a compromise, by which Merrick was to take in full of all demands, the cabinet maker's note for forty dollars, at six months, "payable in cabinet ware."

- was called upon to draft Lawyer Gthe necessary papers to consummate the settlement, which, having been duly executed and delivered, the client was surprised that he matter was fully and amicably arranged. G---- saw no more of the parties until about six months after, when one morning, just as he was opening his office old Merrick rode furiously up, dismounted, and rushed in, defiantly exclaiming:

"I say, squire, am I bound to take coffins?" It seems, on the note falling due, the obstinate cabinet maker had refused to pay him in any other way.

BLACKSTONE A FOOL .- On a certain occasion the counsel took some exception to the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and

dispute arose.
"If the Court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book a moment," and at the same time picked up a law volume.

"There's no use of your referring to any book," exclaimed the Court, angrily, "I have decided the p'int." "But your Honor"-persisted the attorney.

"Now, I don't want to hear anything on the subject," yelled the Court! "I tell you again I have decided the p'int." "I know that," was the rejoinder; "I'm satisfied of that -- but the volume of Black.

stone; I am certain he differs with your Honor, and I only meant to show you what a fool Blackstone was !" "Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the Court, smil-

ing all over, "now you begin to talk," .

THE SIZE OF MAN .- It is a very common opinion that, in the early ages of the world, men in general possessed superior physical properties, and were of greater size than at present. But all the facts and circumstances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as at the beginning of the world. Thus all the remains of the human body, the bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchan\_ed in the most ancient urns and burial places, demonstrate this clearly. The largest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of the ordinary coffin, being six feet and a half long. That we are not degenerating from the effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not exceed us in height.

A COSTLY CANDLESTICK .- Our friend in K---, a son of the Emerald Isle, had occasion to visit the South some time since.-When he returned, he remarked to some friend that the Southern people were very extravagant. Upon being asked why so, he said that where he staid they had a candlestick worth eleven hundred dollars.

"Why, how in the world could it have cost hat much?" gasped Dan's friend. "Och, be jabers! it was nothing more than

a big nigger fellow holding a torch in his hand for us to eat by !".

THE RIVAL SINGERS.-Two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who, having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sung-

"Sir, without offence, you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "There! there!" exclaimed the other ex-