

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, FEBRUARY 4, 1858.

NO. XXVII.

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:—

Square, (14 lines),	3 months,	6 months,	12 mo's
2 Squares,	\$2 50	\$4 50	\$6 00
1 column,	1 00	1 50	2 00
1 column,	1 00	1 50	2 00
1 column,	1 00	1 50	2 00

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, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

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 in 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 post-office may be in an adjoining County.

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

The Moral Dispensation—War—Slavery and Polygamy.

"Good morning, Mr. Dodge," said Rev. Mr. Corbin, "what do you think of my lecture last evening?"

"O it was nice," said he; "it was a feast to me. Call at my store Mr. Corbin and select for yourself, cloth for a suit. I feel under great obligation; and I read, 'The workman is worthy of his hire.'"

"When do you design to start on your voyage, to join Gen. Walker?" inquired the very polite and smiling clergyman, whose tongue grew fluent by the unexpected prospect of a costly suit of clothes. "When do you sail John?"

"Within two weeks, Mr. Corbin; and you shall hear from me often," said Mr. Dodge. "Thank you John," said C; "you are very kind, very kind indeed."

The great saloon, where purse-proud toppers who visit New Orleans, from every land delight to drink, was now filling fast of men who hold the mysterious political wires; by bankers, stockholders, by lordly planters, by speculators in sugar, in cotton and slaves, by fillibusters and genteel priests. How grand the sight! Men walked to and fro, over the vast floor of the saloon, with stately steps, with necks erect; every face, though smiling, bore the mark of independence; for every man was armed, and able from instinctive impulse, to discharge the contents of a six shooter in a moment.

Many recognized in Mr. Corbin, the eloquent clergyman, whose lecture on conquest, they had heard with so much pleasure, and hearing his enchanting voice, gathered around him, and bestowed on him such smiles, as they bowed complacently, that he was induced to reiterate the substance of the lecture. He went through all history from Nimrod to Gen. Walker, and showed to the satisfaction of his hearers, that conquest had been the civilization of the world. He dwelt long on Roman conquests; especially their conquests over our German and British ancestors—on the influence of the Normans, in elevating the spirit and manner of the English, and giving that lofty and noble carriage, seen in the English gentry, and in the wealthy masters of America—and finally to the astonishment of some, who traced their pedigree to the Cavaliers of Charles I, he bestowed boundless eulogium on Cromwell.

Some murmured in an under tone, "He's a Yankee by birth; a Connecticut Yankee; but never mind, he is with us, and King Charles has been too long dead to care for their praise on old Noll."

Our orator had armed himself for his grand work, by a glass of wine when he began to walk with Cromwell, and here the powers of his great soul, his vast eloquence were developed. With Cromwell he walked back through dim ages to the Mosaic dispensation, and took his pattern from Joshua; and while describing the destruction of the Canaanites, and the fall of Jericho—the hewing of Agag—the wars of Gideon, Sampson and David—we thought of Demosthenes. He thundered, he lightened, the earth seemed to rock, by an earthquake's upheaving power. In this astonishing drama, when Joshua and David left the stage, Cromwell stood forth in brilliant majesty, the modern Joshua, the protector!

Protector of what? muttered a man back in the crowd, "Protector of Calvinism, and Local Church Independence," muttered another, pinching his elbow. "Protector of the Liberties of his country, and all lands; of his age, and all ages, thundered the eloquent spirit of the Pilgrims. He then followed the spirit of his modern Joshua to America, and traced it in the destruction of the Indians, the modern Canaanites. Here he fell into the cant, the tone and manner of Cromwell's age, spoke of the Lord delivering the Indians into the power of his elect people—spoke of the burning of six hundred, including squaws and children in one brush fire.

When he came to the American Revolution, long and loud hurrahs for a time drowned his voice. "Bring the orator a glass of wine," cried a score of voices at once. A glass of wine was brought. After drinking he employed his brilliant powers on the glorious achievements of our fathers. He seemed a Rhabdus thus, consigning every torty to hell, and every vig to the celestial gardens.

Onward and onward our orator moved, with increasing light, over the falling wigwam, the bleaching bones of Indians, in the holy march of the Lord's elect, to the possession of this land of promise. Still with majestic march he introduced us to the glorious conquest of Mexico, the taking of that barbarous people under our humane and Christian care, compared Walker to Joshua and Cromwell, and said his prayer should ever be offered for the divine blessing on his efforts, until the blessings of our Christian institutions should come up from Darien to the Rio del Norte. Loud and long continued cheers rang and echoed through the great saloon when the noble orator closed.

Fillibusters crowded around him, and even offering it possible that he had forgotten the offer of a new suit, Mr. Corbin felt that this was a beautiful world, and its people were very polite and very kind. Even gamblers seemed to him fine gentlemen, as they subscribed largely for his salary. "Wine that maketh glad the heart," put Mr. C. in the best of all humors. He shook hands most cordially with every man of pure and power, and exchanged invitations to dine with himself many times, and thought of visiting a planter, the owner of a thousand slaves, and breaking the reverie of his self-complacency, by asking him to lecture on the Divine Institution of Servitude—intimating that his knowledge of history and facility with which he

applied the institutions of Abraham and Moses to our time, would enable him to do great service to the interests of the South.

When all eyes were on Mr. Corbin; when it was evident that he was the lion of the saloon, he anticipated his lecture, spreading before his astonished admirers all of the statistics of Moses relating to servitude, introduced the venerable slaveholding patriarchs, and made capital for the quiet of some peculiar concidences, out of the case of Hagar.

Among those who shouted applause, was a short man, very strongly built, whose round head rested, nearly without a neck, between his great shoulders. His large face was equally divided; horizontally, by an enormous mouth. His gray sack was buttoned to his chin, and his fists were pressing the bottom of his pockets, when he cried, "Gentlemen listen to me! I have heard with attention the speaker and have admired his profound reasoning on the subject of conquest, and the subject of servitude; and have been thinking with what ease polygamy can be supported from the same source. Why should my friends, and myself at Salt Lake be under duress?"

Cromwell is with propriety called the modern Joshua, and our Puritan fathers, killing the Indians are properly compared to the ancient elect, destroying the Canaanites; and that venerable Planter, standing by the speaker, the owner of three hundred slaves, is compared to Abraham the venerable slaveholder of yore. All this is very well; but gentlemen be consistent and listen. Who pattern after the patriarchs more truly than we!—We respect your institutions. Will you respect ours? When you go to the mosaic dispensation, to the example of the patriarchs, why should you be astonished to find us with you? You are after law, and example for war, and slavery; we are after example and law for polygamy; and our authority is as clear as yours. Gideon, whose examples you follow in war, we follow in the blessed institution, which gave him seventy sons from his many wives. You pattern after David in his wars. We follow David in his effort to propagate his noble nature; his first seven sons being born of seven different women. None of our saints have been able to come to the glory of Solomon. Your patriarchal slaveholder, Abraham, is our example; and I judge, by the bleached faces of many of your slaves, that you follow Abraham in more respects than one. I saw significant countenances when your eloquent speaker alluded to Hagar.

On the slavery question gentlemen, we Mormons have decidedly the advantage of you, and on the war question you have no advantage of us. "Blasphemy" cried Rev. Mr. Corbin. "Ha, ha," cried the chubby orator, "the barking of dogs never frightens me," your cry of blasphemy is powerless; either never again enter the Mosaic field, to justify slavery and war, or acknowledge the saints to be the true successors of Joshua and the Lord's ancient Israel.

WILLIAM W. CRANE.

MEMORY NEVER DIES.—One of the survivors of the Central America, in narrating his sensations while floating on the waves, after the vessel had sunk, gives the following forcible illustration of the powers of memory: "I guess I had been about four hours in the water, and had floated away from the rest, when the waves ceased to make any noise, and I heard my mother say, 'Johnny did you eat sister's grapes?' I hadn't thought of it for twenty years, at least. It had gone clear out of my mind. I had a sister that died of consumption more than thirty years ago, and when she was sick—I was a boy of eleven or so—a neighbor had sent her some early hot house grapes. Well, these grapes were left in the room where I was, and I ought to have been skinned alive for it, littleascal that I was) I devoured them all. Mother came to me after I had gone to bed, when she could not find the fruit for sister to moisten her mouth with in the night, and said, 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I did not add to the meanness of my conduct by telling a lie. I owned up, and my mother went away in tears, but without fogging me. It occasioned me many a qualm of conscience for many years after; but as I said, for twenty years at least, I had not thought of it, till when I was floating about benumbed with cold, I heard it as plain as I ever heard her voice in my life; I heard my mother say, 'Johnny, did you eat sister's grapes?' I don't know how to account for it. It did not scare me, though I thought it was a presage of my death."

JANE EYRE'S OPINION.—I know that if women want to escape the stigma of husband seeking, they must act or look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into the attempting to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because you showed too much imitation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pale to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his insanity.

The Syracuse Standard says that one of the ladies on board of the Minnehaha, at the picnic recently, exposed her under skirts during the shower. On the back of the skirt was printed in a circle, in large blue letters, "Extra Genesee, 49 pounds."

The Rattlesnake.
Incredible Story Relating to its Poison.
—To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the State of Pennsylvania some twelve or fifteen years ago.

A former was so slightly bit through the foot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn fields, that the pain felt, was thought by him to have been the scratch of a thorn not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home he felt on a sudden, violent sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, and died within a few hours.

Twelve months after this, the eldest son who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours afterwards, he was awakened by violent pains; complained of a general giddiness frequently, and expired before any succor could be applied with success; the cause of his illness was also quite a mystery.

In the course of time, his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them on, he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister, being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother died before them.

These repeated and singular deaths being rumored in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint, were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it, the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours, from the poisonous effects it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans that ~~any one dipped in rattlesnake venom, would carry death for ages after.~~—Audubon's note on the rattlesnakes.

A NOBLE IRISHMAN.—The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvania Inquirer relates the following incident in one of his recent letters:

"The discipline of party compels the officials of the House to make a clean sweep in their appointments, and not one of them has been left a free agent. In the case of doorkeeper, the whole matter is in the hands of a self-constituted committee, of which a distinguished member from Virginia is the head, which distributes the various positions nominally in his gift, without reference to him. A curious circumstance worth relating is told in connection, as having occurred a day or two ago. The chairman of this committee brought a stalwart young Irishman to the Capitol, to introduce him to his new station and his former occupant, whom he requested to explain to him his duties.

"The new comer looked at the man he was about to displace, and discovered that he was a cripple. On asking him how he had become thus mutilated, he was told he had been shot and cut to pieces in the battle of Buena Vista, left for dead on the field, and only recovered to find himself hopelessly maimed for life." The generous hearted fellow looked first at one and then the other, and finally blurted out, as he turned on his heel—"If this man's place is the only one you have got for me, I'll not have it at all!" Such an incident as this is certainly refreshing amid the wild hunt for office."

PAT'S ENCOUNTER WITH A HORNET'S NEST.—An I was a mowin of a mornin, just a while since, on the marsh forinst the wood, I I seed a big, beautiful bird's nest on a bush; and I axed Mr. Davis what kind of a bird's nest it was, as he told me, bad luck to him, 'twas a hum bird's nest; and I went up an peeps into it, but divil a bird could I see, nor a bit of a place for her to lay; and then Mr. Davis told me—may the divil run away wid him—to shake the bush an the old bird wud come out; an I shook it, shure, but instead of a bird, out cum a thousand, ten thousand—och, a million of the big green heads, and they flew into me eyes, an into me hair, an into me mouth, be jabers, an they bit me till shurely I thought I was dead jist; an I screamed, an I ran—och, didn't I run? but they stuck to me, an no more could I run away from the varmints than I could run away from meself; an the first I know'd I tumbled into a ditch ov about two feet ov water, an thinks I now, me honies, I'll cum the St. Patrick on ye, who jist give the likes ov such spalpeens a little howly waither in ould Ireland. So I ducks me head under the waather, and jist hid it there till I most kill meself, and intirely kill every mother's son ov the hum birds—bad luck to 'em.

Can a body eat with these things?" asked an elderly lady who is handling a pair of artificial plates in a dental office, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist describes them.

"My dear madam," responds the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself."

"Yes, I know," replied the lady; but can a body eat with them?"

Communications.

Education and the Educator.
BY J. WALBRIDGE.

No other branch of the human constitution shows more visibly our distinction for society, nor tends more to our improvement, than the appetite for esteem; for as the whole conveniences of life are derived from mutual aid and support in society, it ought to be a capital aim to secure these conveniences, by gaining the esteem and affections of others. That appetite, at the same time, is finally adjusted to the moral branch of our constitution, by promoting all the virtues; for what means are there to attract love and esteem so effectually as a virtuous course of life; if a man be just and beneficent, if he be temperate, modest, and prudent, he will infallibly gain the esteem and love of all who know him, because genuine virtue embellishes, ennobles, expands, and recreates the human soul. To implant principles of truth in the minds of the young should be the chief aim of every educator. Truth is certainly stronger than fiction. The mind naturally accommodates itself for the reception of that which is the most pleasant in its nature. The power that fiction has over the mind affords an endless variety of refined amusements always at hand to employ a vacant hour; such amusements are a fine resource in solitude; and, by cheering and sweetening the mind, contribute mightily to social happiness. Yet those who have recourse to the perusal of such light trash, will find when too late, that their minds are emasculated and rendered totally unfit to grasp ideas of a more substantial character. Many will find that fiction though pleasing, tends to lower them even below the natural order of intelligences. Fiction dwarfs the mind and renders its possessor a prey to all the base passions of a defective organization. The child should learn to love the truth for the sake of truth.

The nursery is the proper place to commence moral instruction; the mind during the season of childhood is plastic and capable of being impressed by conceptions of truth. If perchance the little child shall have left its parental roof to complete its education in a secular school, it is the teachers duty to see that it regards the truth as its rule of action; he may sometimes find that his charge is destitute of scarcely any knowledge of that principle so essential to the formation of human character; yet it is his duty as a teacher of the young to see that proper instruction is imparted to amend this want of correct moral discipline. To accustom the mind to accurate thinking should be the first effort at mental culture. Those studies should be pursued by the student which require a test of the reasoning powers. He should be taught the necessity of learning to think methodically on every subject presented to his mind, for faculties and powers are of little value, till they are brought into exercise and directed to their proper objects. The study of the natural sciences are eminently fitted to train the mind to habits of careful observation. There seems to be a wonderful adaptation between the young unperverted mind and the natural world with which it is encompassed. The intellect of the young is excited by curiosity; the child pries into the reason of things and seeks for causes and effects; it asks a thousand questions re-pecting the changes incident to the material creation. It often inquires what causes the formation of such and such things? From what are they derived? How do they exist in nature? What are their constituents? And various other questions appertaining to the subject under consideration.

Admitting the importance of the study of the natural sciences as a means to communicate suitable instruction yet I think that no study leads as greatly to strengthen and develop mind as the study of mathematics. The old adage that mathematics cannot lie, is a true maxim. Unity is its basis—unity is the fundamental element of all enumeration. By the repetition of this element, we are able to form numbers to any extent.

These numbers may be combined among themselves and employed merely as expressive of mutual relations, or we may apply them, if we choose, to all external objects whatever, to which we are able to give a common name. The mathematical student is more exact in his observations and calculations than the student of natural science. The basis of his reasoning is definitions and axioms—a basis of first principles which are self evident. By making a proper comparison of propositions he gains an intuitive perception of their agreement or disagreement. Whenever he arrives at the last step, the mind in effect, intuitively, perceives the relation between the conclusion and the conditions involved in the propositions at the commencement of the series, and therefore, demonstrative certainty is virtually the same as the certainty of intuition. But it is not so in moral reasoning. We may arrive at a conclusion on a moral subject with a great degree of certainty; not a doubt may be left in the mind; and yet the opposite of that conclusion may be altogether within the limits of possibility. Mathematics tends to fix the attention and direct the mind to a thorough investigation of its subject. There are few mathematical minds—minds that can grasp and comprehend assumed premises with readiness, and thereby succeed in constructing formulas, solving problems, and demonstrating theories. It requires something more than an ordinary mind to perceive the agreement or disagreement of those established truths which occur to the student of mathematics. The nature of mathematics is such, that its votaries are necessitated to become exact in their requirements, therefore you may put it down as est-

established fact that no person is so apt to cavil about small matters as he who has a mathematical mind, consequently, care should be taken by those who have been officially promoted, lest they inflict permanent injury by placing too much stress on particulars. Notwithstanding persons thus constituted may commit manifest errors, yet I hold that no person can become truly eminent in any calling, unless he has devoted a suitable share of his time to the study of this important branch of education. A good education is that which prepares us for our future sphere of action. But how can we expect to have a superiority of intellectual or natural calibre, if we neglect to pursue those studies which have a tendency to make us intellectually great.

(To be continued.)

Our Correspondence.

FRIEND COBB; Eighteen hundred fifty eight is, as yet, an unfamiliar combination. I had scarcely leared to write 1857 when lo! it is gone.

"What's gone without a word?"

Alas! 'tis so. In one brief moment it has yielded up the ghost, and the new year is born.

"Call this a birthday? 'tis alas; too dear. 'Tis but the funeral of the former year."

Yes, the Old Year has gone with all its joys and all its sorrows, and who shall make merry at the parting? who shall stand upon the threshold of the new year and not feel a loneliness steal over him as when parting from an old familiar friend? not call back to his or her remembrance some bright and sunny spot ever dear to the heart? Was there no oasis in the desert? If none dear reader, thy song should be

"For pleasures past, I do not grieve. Nor perils parting near. My greatest grief is, that I leave Nothing that claims a tear."

True, we have remembrance of sorrows as well as joys, but who can say the new friend shall prove better than the old?—Not you or I. But we shall still toil on without ceasing on the great treadmill of life, and as the wheels of time fast glide beneath our weary feet let us struggle earnestly for the right—for a right in abstract is a right in fact—and cling to Hope.

"Of all the ills that men endure, The only cheap and universal cure, Than captive's freedom, and than beggar's wealth! 'Tis love's victory, and that beggar's wealth!"

The New Year has stolen silently upon us, yet it has come with a bright and smiling face—a face all radiant with joy—bright, sunny days and starlit nights. And what more would we? No biting cold creeps in beneath the poor man's door; no snowy mantle covers o'er the fields, but all is bright and warm and beautiful. The great North West, the very name of which makes Pennsylvania shiver, can boast thus far of warm, autumnal days; an eking out of so called Indian Summer; each day it's fellow's counterpart—warm, smoky, dreamlike; while at the close the glorious sun retired to rest upon a golden pillow. The "loving herd" has thus far ranged in freedom o'er the wild prairie, unmindful of the care of man. We have had no cold weather yet, and but two or three slight sprinklings of snow which melted as soon as it fell. A day or two since we had a fall of about four inches which still remains, and owing to the smoothness of our roads makes good sleighing. This is the second winter I have spent in this region, and my experience is that winters here are far more pleasant than those I have passed in Pa.

Business of all kinds is being resuscitated. Money is again being remitted from the east for investments. All are firm in the belief that the "good time coming" will arrive with the first boat in the spring. Provisions are plenty and the laborer has plenty of employment. Money is still scarce, and those who have it are making great bargains from off those who are in debt and hence must sell. Real estate can be bought now for a great reduction in what it will bring in cash as soon as navigation opens. The Land Grant R. R. is located and five miles of the track on the Superior Road from this city northward is under contract for grading and work will be commenced early in the spring.

Game of all kinds is plenty; large quantities of deer and elk come daily into our market. The Sioux and Chippewa Indians and Yankee hunters have been alike successful, and owing to the warm weather the bear have not taken to their dens and the hunters have been enabled to kill an unusual number of them. The number killed in this vicinity thus far will exceed three hundred; they are mostly very large and fat and bear meat has ceased to be a rarity.

Our piscatorial friends are also having a good time. Our market is stocked with pickerel caught in our lakes from 1 to 25 pounds each, and with speckled trout caught in our streams weighing from 1 to 4 pounds. One man caught in one day \$9 worth at 15 cents per pound after being dressed. Quite a fish story, you will say; but the story is not larger than the fish.

In the political world we have nothing new. The democracy with the exception of Gov. appointees, enthusiastically endorse Douglas, Walker & Co., and are even more radical than the Republican party ever was. The Republicans are quietly looking on thinking it a very good fight as it is.

"Corruption, like a horse, Full of high feeding, madly bath broke loose, And beats down all before him."

We have no local news that would be of interest to your readers, but should we get up a fire, or burglary, or murder, or anything of that sort, I'll be "akin notes," and you may "prent 'em." But for the present having nothing to say, I'll commence to hold my tongue, (pen) remembering the while that five words cost Zacharius forty weeks silence.

Yours, C. V. E.

Hudson, Wis., January 11, '58.

A TREMENDOUS FAST HORSE—Many years ago a solitary horseman might have been seen riding towards Toledo, Ohio. The sun had just set in the western horizon. It was the close of an election day, and that solitary horseman was courier from an important township in Lucas county. The returns from every township in the county, but the one we speak of, had been heard from at Toledo, and the vote of this very township was needed to tell how the county was gone.

At length the solitary horseman arrived in Toledo, and reined his foaming steed up before the Indiana house. A big crowd—Democrats and Whigs—rushed for the news, "Better time," said the solitary horseman, looking at his watch, "was never made by live hoss! Fifteen miles in thirty-two minutes! What d'ye think of that, gentlemen?" asked the horseman.

"Cuss the hoss," yelled the excited crowd, how has — township gone?"

"Gentlemen," replied the solitary horseman, "I remember. It went either Whig or Democrat, but I've been so taken with the speed of this ere hoss that I forgot which; but, gentlemen," roared the excited horseman, rising in his saddle and frantically waving his whip in the air, "you may jist rest satisfied on one point: All — can't beat this hoss!"

JUST SAVED HIMSELF.—A pious old gentleman, one of the salt of the earth sort, went out into the field to catch a mare that was wont to bear him to town. He moved on the most approved mode. He shook a measure of corn at her to induce her into the belief that she was glad to get it; but she was not to be deceived by any such suspicious act. She would come nigh and then dash off again, until the good man was fretted very badly. At last he got her in a corner among some briars, and made a dash at her, when she bounded over the wall and left him sprawling among the bushes. His Christian fortitude gave way at this, and gathering himself, he cried, "Oh, hell!" The ejaculation had passed his lips before he thought, but immediately conscious of his wickedness, he said—"lelujah" and translated the profane word into a note of triumph.—Boston Gazette.

HABIT.—"I trust everything to God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wanted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be a habit and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child—grown or adult as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth or carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of impudence which can involve him in distress, and jist as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying or cheating or swearing."

An honest Jonathan from the interior on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night by hearing the cry of "Oyst! buy any oysters!" in the mellifluous tones of a vender of the luscious fish, who, was passing under the window of the hotel. A noise so new to him startled him, and he asked his room mate what it meant.

"It's only oysters!" replied his fellow lodger pettishly.

"Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan, in astonishment; "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

SMITH AND JONES, merchants, were rushing round, just ten minutes before 2 o'clock, raising money, when going toward a corner Jones came in contact with Smith, knocking him down. Smith was excited, and exclaimed:

"Do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week."

"My dear fellow," shouted Jones, "do it and I'll give you a thousand dollars; for if I can only get through till then without breaking I'm safe."

A DEVOUT CONVERT.—Francis, of the Troy Times, says he once heard an ignorant but very sincere and devout convert at a camp meeting, telling his experience, in which, after speaking of the great mercy of the Lord, said: "My brethering, I have crossed the great Atlantic Ocean; I have crossed the Hudson at Albany, and the Oriskany creek at Oriskany; and I've often tho't if the Lord had only a mind to have been a little mean about it how easy he could have destroyed me."

A gentleman gave his little son some whisky to taste; but the moment it touched his lips he flew back, clapped his hand upon his mouth, and cried out in agony of pain, "O papa! papa! it will kill me!" Had the little fellow been inspired by Heaven, he could not have spoken more truly. Kill thee, my little friend! Yes, as it has killed millions already, and will kill millions more.

Snooks' mother and old Mrs. Stubbs were talking about little babies. "Why," said Mrs. Snooks, when I was a baby they put me in a quilt cum and put the lid on." "And did you live?" was the astonishing inquiry of Mrs. Stubbs. "They tell me I did," was the astonishing reply. "Well, did you ever!" and Mrs. Stubbs fell to knitting like one possessed.

It is not great wealth, nor high station, which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.