

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.

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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 post-office may be in an adjoining County.

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

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.
Square, (14 lines.)	\$2 50	\$4 50	\$8 00
2 Squares	4 00	6 00	8 00
3 columns	10 00	15 00	20 00
4 columns	18 00	30 00	40 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.

OUR LOSS.

She is fading, slowly fading,
Hour by hour, and day by day,
And we feel that she is passing
From our fond embraces away;
But a holy beauty lingers,
On her snowy cheek and brow,
And though death in youth's first blooming,
She is nearer, dearer now.

She is leaving, sadly leaving,
Many a true and earnest friend;
Oh, how sweet is the commingling
That must quickly have an end!
But, when over silent graveyards
Shine down the silvery moon—
Well she knows they will remember
Her who went to rest too soon.

She is thinking, fondly thinking,
Of the long departed years;
And, as memory paints each picture,
Oh, her eyes are dim with tears;
But her faith and trust grow stronger,
And her spirit hopes unfold,
As her life is passing from her,
"Like a tale that hath been told."

She is sleeping, calmly sleeping;
Morning comes, she will not wake!
One soft lock of hair we never—
Treasured it for her dear sake.
In the home that has received her,
She will feel no pain or care,
While our bitter tears are falling
And we miss her everywhere.

But we know that in our household
Dwelleth now an angel guest,
And that tenderly she watches
Over those she loved the best;
And when comes to us the slumber
Which shall pale heart and hand,
She will welcome us so gladly
To the happy Spirit Land.

VIRGINIA.

THE MILLS FARM.

It was the first day of July; the hot, dusty city had grown almost intolerable, and yet the inhabitants lingered and suffered, while the far-off breezes were wooing them to cool haunts by the sea-side, and the deep forests were inviting them to their delicious shade. The sultry air was full of dusty particles, and above the city hung the great, burning July sun, through the long, long day.

Gliding along under the shadow of the tall building where the sidewalk was less burning to the feet, went the little feet of Rose Hayward on her way to see her friend Ednah Hamilton. Running up stairs, into Ednah's room, where she was at all times privileged to enter; she found her friend lying on the couch, looking as if she had been weeping. Rose bent over and kissed her cheek.

"What is it, darling?" she said, in a tone such as one would use to a grieved child, "has anybody been hurting her?"

"Don't, Rose! I can not bear it this morning. I don't feel at all well; and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Nothing now, dear—don't tease me. I am not in a humor to bear it."

"Why, Ednah, this is not at all like you. What has happened? Has your pet bird escaped, or has one trodden on Juno's tail, or pinched her ears? for I cannot imagine any greater calamity happening just now to disturb the rich Mr. Hamilton's daughter."

"Yes, Rose—Mr. Hamilton's daughter has just waked up to the fact that she has a part to perform in life, above petting canaries or lap-dogs, or even wasting time on those equally insignificant dandies who favored us with their weak and frivolous conversation that set me to thinking. The question came up, 'What is Ednah Hamilton doing with her immortal nature?' And you may believe me, Rose, I was shocked to find I could only answer 'Nothing.' I felt that I was passing away my youth without a single object, except to swell the tide of fashionable beings that float around the ball room or promenade the streets. I felt that, in common with the rest of our class, (you too, Rose!) I was worshipping gold instead of God; gazing at the flash of diamonds, instead of the glorious stars; admiring the tints of satins and velvets, instead of the beautiful array of colors which nature displays—inhaling the artificial breath of perfumes, when I should be breathing that of the fresh flowers; and in short, Rose, I can not tell you all I felt, but one thing I know, this life of ours is all wrong."

"In short, Ednah—don't be offended, but let me finish your catalogue—in short, Stephen Crosby has been gazing on Isabel Harrison, when he should have been looking only at Ednah Hamilton! Now don't deny it—you know that is true."

"Well, Rose, I will not deny it. The first put me to thinking—and then I began to feel how sad a life is that which has no higher pursuit than the admiration—mind, I don't say love, for that would be worth living for—the admiration of human beings; and then I thought how good it would be for one like me to be transported suddenly to a different sphere, where the chain of fashion and the restrictions of society (such society as we have) should be taken off, and we should for a while have freedom to act naturally without asking the world if we might be permitted to travel out of the prescribed life."

"Have you thought of any plan whereby this freedom may be attained?"

"No—if I go away, I only carry my block and chain with me, as I remember a poor crazy woman did once, in my childhood. For what are our watering places but cheap editions of our rapid city life? I would wish them as a pest, did not my father insist on my going to one or another, as punctually as August sees in."

"Well, dear, I know of a place, a long way off, where primitive manners and customs are not yet absolutely rooted out, and where, as yet, no attempt has been made to engraft fashionable vanities on solid worth. It is not of consequence enough to have a name, for three farmers comprehend its whole extent; and, as it is yet innocent of a rail-

road track or a factory, no name is needed to designate it. On one of these farms lives an old and highly valued friend of my father. He has written often to have me pass the summer there, but I have not been there since I was a child. If you can get your father's consent, I will engage to have mine, and I will write to Mr. Mills to-day. What say—shall we go?"

"Go! it will be delightful! But let us go privately—that is, without a soul knowing our destination except our own families, and we must enjoy them all to secrecy."

"Well, Ednah, don't fall back now, for I have set my heart upon it. And another thing! If you are not very particular about being known as the rich Mr. Hamilton's daughter, I should prefer keeping it secret, as our good Mr. and Mrs. Mills would feel much more at their ease."

"The very thing I should like best, Rose. That would be the most delightful part of it; and the moment we get consent, we will go, and buy our dresses; for none of these we now wear will answer at all."

"I'm off," said Rose, "and will come back as soon as I know certainly what we can expect."

Half an hour later, she was again in Ednah's room, planning their simple dresses. No jewelry, not even a ring, was to be worn. Not a particle of silk nor lace; but their gingham dresses were of excellent quality and made beautiful. Busy hands were put in requisition, to make them up speedily, and on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," when pop guns, oratory and crackers were loudest, our two city ladies, transformed into very pretty country damsels, were on their way to Mills Farm.

No announcement was needed, Rose said. They would be just as glad to see them, as though they had a month's notice. The cars carried them within fourteen miles—then a stage to the middle of the nearest town—and lastly, Rose chartered a great, clumsy Albany wagon, with an old man (it was haying time, and no "able-bodied" man could be spared) for driver, to take them to their destination.

Their way was through thick woods on either side; no dust, no annoyance in the road, no person to be seen, except an occasional foot passenger, and one solitary traveler on horseback. The glimpses of sunset between the trees, the perfume of wild roses by the wayside, and the refreshing calm of the deep forest through which their road wound, were delightful to the senses of the two young travelers. As the sun sank behind the hill, they burst into a glad song, such as the old man had never heard, and which he begged and entreated them to repeat. No loud encore to an opera singer was ever more sincere. No prima donna ever received a bouquet more gracefully than the girls took the branches of sweet brier and wood laurel that the old driver insisted on gathering for them. Soon they came in sight of the farm house. Such hay fields! such orchards! and such a dear old brown, roomy house!

The open windows and doors gave them a sight into the large room, where a long table was set with the evening meal. No need of putting on more food! there was enough already there, to have satisfied all the passengers on the railroad that day. No need of apologizing for the quality! Was not such food—cream, real, fresh cream, and butter like lumps of shining gold, and those large loaves of brown bread and white bread, and sweet cake, and those delicious strawberries, enough! And what a cordial welcome from Mr. Mills and his wife! And then they sat down to the table.

"Tea or milk, Miss Hayward?"

"O, milk, by all means, but don't call either of us Miss—we left our titles in Boston. We are plain Rose and Ednah."

"Ah, that is a great deal better, and now you are fairly seated, let me introduce 'Rose and Ednah' to my family. Here is little Susy, the youngest. She rules the family—that is, she rules her mother, and her mother rules me, and I rule the family. This little fellow is Wally. His true name is William Wallace, but we call him Wally. This larger one is Mark—you met him driving the cows. Here on my left is Alick; and riding home on brown Bess, is Lyman, and I hope to see him here before it is quite dark; and let me whisper it in your ear, my little Rose, Lyman is worth all the rest." The whisper was quite loud, and was heard all over the table.

After tea, to which they had insisted upon the company of the "ancient" driver, who brought the ladies, they adjourned to the front yard, where seats were provided under the trees. Alick brought out his flute, and Mark's noble bass voice was put in requisition, and with the clear, beautiful voices of Rose and Ednah, a very tolerable concert was performed, which lasted till the great kitchen clock told nine.

The little Susy waited upon the new comers to the large and handsome chamber, with its cool straw matting, white quilt and curtains, and even its bathing tub; a thing not hoped for. But Lyman contrived it all, Susy said, and she turned a shower of water into it from the wall, to show how nicely he had fixed it.

On each side of the dressing-table were pretty glass shades, within which burned immense candles made of some kind of perfumed tallow, while large vases of flowers occupied the mantel and bureau, and the wide fire-place.

In an old-fashioned open book-case, Rose found further room for wonder. Not only Milton and Shakespeare were there, but many of the modern poets, as well as the novelists, and one or two French and German books.

All these had "Lyman Mills" written beautifully on the fly leaf.

"They were up bright and early on the following morning, paid a grateful tribute to Lyman Mills' ingenious bathing apparatus, and were out on the green, with their clean dresses and shining hair, before the sun rose.

At breakfast they were introduced to Lyman Mills. They had expected to see a different person altogether from the one now presented to them. Their idea of him was of a country boy; aping city manners, yet falling far short of his aim—a clever youth, perhaps, but clumsy and uncouth; or worse still, an under-bred student, with Byron collar, and talking out of his depth on subjects that he could not be acquainted with.

"But the French and German books, Rose!"

"Poh! bought from some pedlar at the door, probably."

"The fine and beautiful hand writing!"

"Written by the district school teacher, doubtless."

This was said while dressing—but the breakfast hour showed Lyman in his true light—that of a cultivated scholar, a loving son and brother, a gentle, unpretending companion, and yet wearing a look that told strongly that he need but to stretch forth his hands for the gifts of fortune or fame, and they would be his.

The sudden rain which had driven the girls into the house, prevented the anticipated haying, and the farmer, therefore, did not mind prolonging the time at the breakfast table. It was the true farmer's table—abundant in its quantity, good, relishing and healthful in its quality. What struck the city damsels particularly was the delicate cleanliness of everything pertaining to the house and family. The clothes were coarse enough—suitable to the work they were to perform—but they were spotlessly clean, and the linen was as white as snow.

Mr. Mills, in his strong homespun suit, and his sons all dressed alike in linen blouses, and straw hats, looked the very picture of health and cleanly habits, while the mother in her nice morning gown and cap, looked far more respectable than many ladies in their shabby genteel finery. It was beautiful to see the sons go up and give her the morning kiss, and shake hands with their father. Lyman set them the example, and then turning to the visitors, he greeted them kindly and courteously.

"My son Lyman, Cousin Rose and her friend," was the simple introduction which Mrs. Mills gave them; and they were soon talking gaily together. After breakfast, Rose talked with her host and his wife alone; and told them that she and her friend Ednah wished to obtain board there for the season, if they could do so without incommencing them, and if they could be left to run about at their own pleasure without being waited upon.

Mr. Mills at first refused any payment, but Rose convinced them both that it would not be pleasant to either party; and they agreed to receive a suitable compensation. Thus they were all established on the best of terms—Independence and equality.

How much they lived in those summer days! Out of door exercise they enjoyed to the full. With little Susy, they followed round after Mr. Mills, who did but little now of the actual farm work. He left it mostly to his sons, and a few day laborers who went to their homes at night; while Mrs. Mills entrusted her butter and cheese solely to Mrs. Martin who had lived with her ever since Susy was born. Mr. Mills patronized newspapers extensively. He wished to know and have his children know, what was passing in the great world, but had no wish that they should enter it, as long as they could be contented with their own quiet home. He had expected that Lyman, with his active and inquiring mind, would see a broader field, but as yet he had shown no such desire.

In addition to the newspapers, Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hamilton, finding that the girls were really carrying out their project, had sent large boxes of new publications, directed to Mr. Mills; and the genuine pleasure which the family derived from these, repaid the girls richly for their share in procuring it. Never did summer pass so quickly. Never had the city girls passed one so rationally. If the hue of their cheeks was browner, and their hands had lost something of their lily whiteness, it was aptly atoned by the healthful look and the added spirits. Nature had proved a kindly mother, as she ever does to those of her children who seek her.

But the evening came, whose morrow was to separate them from the friends to whom they had become so tenderly attached. Farmer Mills could not speak of their going, without complaining of a cold which had suddenly seized his eyes; and the "boys" and little Susy had an unusual hush upon their voices which betrayed deep emotion.

They lingered long under the old trees, and parted with the children there—for Lyman was to drive out with them to meet the stage, at three the next morning. Despite the excitement of going home, the spirits of Rose and Ednah were subdued almost to the gravity which appeared in Lyman's face. Contrary to their express injunctions, the farmer and his wife were both up, and waiting breakfast; but no one could taste it. The light which had been shed over the old brown farm house for the last ten weeks was about to be withdrawn, and they could not think of it without emotion. The soft, gray light of morning was appearing, and they must be off; and with tears and prayers and blessing, they departed.

"Ednah," said Rose, after they had entered the huge, lumbering stage, in which they were thankful to find themselves alone, "I

have been looking for the last three weeks, for a different termination to this visit."

"Indeed—what did your wise head fancy?"

"Nothing less, dear, than some violent demonstration of passion on the part of that highly respectable youth, who has just left us with such a wo-begone countenance."

"Ah! you expected an offer, did you?"

"I certainly expected he would make an offer to one of us. I leave it to your vanity and your friendship for me to divine which of us. But, Ednah? dear Ednah! you are weeping! I have said anything wrong? O, do forgive me! I did not know that you felt so!"

Rose's words had stirred her tears. She had sometimes dreamed of a life in that quiet vale, with one who seemed to her so infinitely above the gay butterflies she had hitherto known. But her dream was over, and she would think no more of it. A few "natural" tears she shed, but wiped them soon; but she inwardly resolved that, having tasted of life's rational and heart-worthy pleasures, nothing should tempt her back into the idle world she had emerged from.

Fortunately, their portion of the "world" were still traveling, and for two or three weeks, the friends could meet quietly, and talk over their summer life, and try to make plans for future happiness and usefulness. They passed whole mornings together for this purpose, and on one of these a letter was handed to Ednah. Rose mischievously watched her countenance, while reading it, and her friend, who had no concealments from her, put it into her hand.

Rose read as follows—it bore the date of their return:

"If I parted from you this morning with less emotion than I could possibly have hoped for, it was not the effect of indifference, but of a feeling I tried to encourage—that this difference between our country life and that which you have always led would prove a lasting obstacle to your happiness. I fancied that you liked our retired home, when summer increased its attractions, and lessened those of the city; but I have asked myself if such would be your feeling when winter came, and shut out from you those sources of enjoyment which that season gives so abundantly, in town. As I could not resolve that question, I decided to lay it before you, boldly and frankly."

First, then, let me say, that I know nothing of your birth, station, nor family. Rose will tell you that I have never inquired of her; and I had no other source to which I could apply. From your gentleness, your simplicity, and the genuine pleasure with which you engaged in our unpretending country life, I have no reason to think you devoted to wealth or fashion; but from the evident superiority of your manners and education, I fear that I shall find you too far above any pretensions of mine.

But the second part is to ask you if there is anything, either in the circumstances I have spoken of or in your own heart, which would prevent you from sharing my home? the home which my two hands must become rough and hard in rearing, but which will be a happy home to me, if I may but see it lighted by your smile. I will not say that it has not cost me pain to write this to you; because it would be vanity in me to think that one like yourself could like to be a farmer's wife; nor can I tell you that I will resign my occupation, if that would induce you to marry me. I have chosen my path, and must abide by it, even if I must abide alone. You could not respect me, yourself, if I did otherwise. I wait your answer, and will have hope and faith, until you bid me give up both."

LYMAN MILLS.

"A truly noble letter!" said Rose, "I am afraid I shall never have a letter like that, Ednah! Some top, who has more money than brains, will, some day, be fluttering around me, because he knows papa is rich—and who me after the approved style, and I have fine clothes and diamonds, and a grand house—and I tell you, Ednah, that one word from that noble hearted man who wrote you this, would be worth a thousand times more than all the happiness I could expect from such a marriage as that. Why don't he like me, I wonder?" she asked, as tears and laughter struggled together. "It was too bad of you, Ednah, when it was really poor dear I, that planned all this. See how ungratefully you have used me!"

Rose's apprehensions of her own misery were not realized; for she married within a very few months, a really noble, high-hearted man whose greatest pleasure was to make his little wife happy. And every summer she goes down to Mills Farm, spending a season alternately with the old people, and with Lyman and Ednah at their beautiful new farm-house.

A young friend of ours tells the following story of himself: "When young he read the well known story of George Washington's love of truth, and his father's love of the noble principle of his son so well manifested on the occasion we refer to, of George's cutting down the cherry-tree, acknowledging his transaction, and received a full and free pardon besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by a noble example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with the hatchet, and going into his father's orchard cut down several choice fruit trees. He then sat down coolly to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance marched up to him with a very important air and acknowledged the deed expecting the next thing to be tears, benediction and embraces from the offended parent. But, sad to relate, instead of this the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an 'all-fired laming.' Jim was do Washington."

Communications.

Signs and Whims.
BY MELANIE.

Last evening in attempting to snuff the candle I cut the wick too short, and of course extinguished the light. My friend sitting by, said, "There, you will be disappointed."—"Why?"—"Oh, it's a sign you will if you snuff out the candle." I had heard it times enough before, but happening now to think that a saying so often repeated might perhaps have some reason beyond mere whim, I set to work to see if I could discover any. I imagined it might have originated in this wise: Papa had promised his little boy that on condition of good behavior he should go riding with him to-morrow. But in the evening, in his eagerness to be good and useful, he snuffs out the light, and papa being interrupted in the midst of some interesting occupation, declares Charley shall not go, and being a man of his word, keeps his promise. Charley bewails his disappointment, and being of a reflecting turn of mind, when he sees a companion accidentally put out the light, tells him he will be disappointed. And from this it might easily enough spread, and become so generally known. There is not every time so clear a connection between the sign and what is alleged to follow it, but I thought there might in this case be traced a connection between the carelessness that would snuff out the candle, and that which would suffer opportunities to go by unimproved, or which would blunder and stumble, when attempting to improve them. So, viewed in this way, I found my friend had not said so foolish a thing as I at first imagined. Some people cry "whim," "foolishness," when the housewife prophesies a storm because the water boils out of the pot sooner than usual. But the philosopher knows it is no whim, but a philosophical fact, capable of being accounted for on sound principles.

Since we are told there is such a thing as "old wives' fables," I suppose there are whims that cannot be made to appear so reasonable, so for the sake of our nobility of mind, let us throw them aside as fast as possible, and what we do retain, we will dignify by showing the "why" and "because."

A Good Show.

A lawyer of Ithica, N. Y., recently addressed a letter to the editors of the *Golden Era*, San Francisco, to ascertain the prospects of doing well, should he remove with his family to the gold State. His letter concluded thus:

"I have been in the profession since 1830, have a large library, and would like to be assured of business enough for a fair living. You can doubtless inform me—

- 1st. Whether the business is flourishing or otherwise, and whether the profession is overstocked?
- 2d. What board is at first class hotels or boarding houses?
- 3d. What would be the rent of a dwelling house and office?
- 4th. Any information generally that would be appropriate.

Your attention to this will oblige,
Very truly, yours, &c.

The editor handed his note to a facetious Lycurgus, who, like himself, was once the owner of a "good library," but now a porter in Front street, and in three days received the following in return, covering very satisfactorily all the points of inquiry.

Inquiry First.—Thanks to the three thousand lawyers in San Francisco, "the business is flourishing." Some twenty-five of the profession manage all the legitimate legal business in the city, while the remaining twenty-nine hundred and seventy-five live by treating strangers to "fighting whiskey," superintending their conveyance from the gutter to the station-house, and defending them before the police court the next morning, for two dollars and a half. One such case per month is considered a "flourishing" practice, although some of the more energetic have been known to secure as high as two in a week.

Second.—Board for a family of five or six at a first class hotel may be had for three or four hundred dollars per month. This information can be of little importance, however, to a lawyer. Such of the profession as do not take their chances at the lunch tables, or "ranch" themselves, invariably "board-round," like a country school master, and are kicked out at the end of the week upon refusing to settle. This is practiced for the double purpose of living without cost, and prosecuting landlords for assault and battery in booting them out of the house.

Third.—This question need not be answered. If a lawyer cannot swindle a landlord out of a year's office rent, when once in the possession of the tenement, he is ignorant of the first principles of his profession, and cannot do otherwise than fail in San Francisco.

Fourth.—The only items of general information to be imparted are, that the idea of a lawyer paying board or office rent is an absurdity; that instead of a library, he must provide himself with an armory of bowie knives, pistols and slung-shots; that the safest way for a lawyer to proceed in San Francisco, who expects a "fair living," is to commence practice with twenty thousand dollars in cash, and leave the country as soon as he reaches the bottom dollar.

The Springfield (Ill.) Journal has received the following conundrum from a correspondent: "Why is James Buchanan like a harp struck by lightning?" "Because he is a blasted tyrant."

The best capital for a young man is a capital young wife.

The Somebodies over the Way.

Across the way from our window lives a most marvelous family. All of 'em sing—every soul of 'em—and such singing, bless 'em! Old Mr. Somebody sings, his wife sings, and the little Somebodies swell the chorus. Listen at our window almost any hour between sunrise and midnight, and you are morally sure to hear some individual of the Somebodies. They attack music as measles do a family, and never leave off till the stock is exhausted. When you hear 'em you think of all the music in repertoire; of Cassella warbling to Dante in the pale gloom of purgatory; or Amphion fiddling on his fiddle till the gouty oaks and nimble willows went waltzing to his melody; or Orpheus thumping his sonorous shell so bewitchingly that Sisyphus stopped rolling "that stone that gathers no moss" and Ixion ceased grinding knives for Pluto on his ever-revolving wheel; or St. Cecilia dropping, like a star from heaven to immortal harmonies.

A terrible family are these Somebodies.— They must believe Apollo has shut himself up in a castle and will not surrender to a "concord of sweet sounds." They beseege it as the Jews did Jericho; they batter it with ponderous dynamics; they let fly whole quivers of arpeggios at the port holes; they spring sudden mines of basso; they make desperate assaults upon it with symphonies; they run up all the scaling ladders of the gamut with the nimbleness of acrobats; they storm it with chorusses; they try to bribe the guard with sweet arias, and toss little bonbons of melody at them; they summon a surrender in valorous majors, and mourn repulses in dolorous minors.

These Somebodies are indefatigable;— they don't know when they are whipped; like a great many sermonizers, they don't know when they are through. The Maid of Saragossa was nothing compared to them in endurance. You can hear 'em pummeling at the gates of Song, bellowing across the moats, shouting at the drawbridge, and howling in all directions from dawn till dark.— They have the pluck and wind of a quarter horse, and are never "blowed."

The Somebodies have an extensive arsenal of musical weapons. They have a regular seventy-six in "Old Hundred," a Paixhan in "Dundee," a Lancasterian in "Majesty" and they discharge them at the ears of the whole neighborhood at regular intervals. They bombard you through the window incessantly with "Peyel's Hymn," "Martyrs," "Boylston," "Uxbridge," "Ariel," and a hundred others. There is no end to their small arms; they fire 'em up in platoons, in squads, or helter-skelter. The Battle of Prague has been desperately fought over and over, on rickety pianos, by marsh misses; but the din the Somebodies keep up renders that battle utterly insignificant in point of noise.— You are certain to hear 'em whenever you enter into that bailiwick. The rattle of 'buses, the rumble of drays and wagons, the patter of multitudinous feet, the whirr of innumerable spindles, the clatter of machinery—the Somebodies are equal to them all, individually or collectively.

Sunday, however, is the great festival day with the Somebodies. They are in full feather then; they exult in their glory; they raise their Ebenezer; the horn of their singing is exalted. They bring up all their reinforcements—their reserve corps of kith and kin—all into active service—can't say how many there are of 'em; but they must be a legion. We hear 'em—that is enough. They "blow great guns" then; they lash the quiet of the day into foam; they roll up mighty seas of sound, that come thundering and surging upon you as they surf does at Nahant. Then it is that they lift up their heads and voices most proudly, like young robins, agape for food; the caverns of their mouths, threatening to divide the continent of their countenances and make islands of their crow-pieces.

They rush into ecstasies about standing on "Jordan's stormy banks," and you devoutly wish that they did stand there; they assure they have "a charge to keep," and you hope they will not be so indiscreet as to fire it; they cry out for "a thousand tongues to sing," but you are morally positive one tongue apiece is amply sufficient in such a family; they insist that you shall hark to a "doleful sound" from the tomb, but you are quite satisfied with harking to the doleful sound from the Somebodies; they languish for "the wings of a dove" to fly away, and you second the aspiration with an amen; they electrify you with the intelligence of their intention "to sing in heaven to harps of gold," but you hope they will first place themselves under instructions for the improvement of the voice.

There is neither a rat nor a mouse to be seen in the neighborhood of the Somebodies. They have expatriated them. We have all read the legend of St. Patrick, and understand why there are no snakes in Ireland.— The Somebodies are fully equal in their way. They have effectually banished the long tailed quadrupeds from their neighborhood; there is "nary" a Norway that will venture within the bailiwick. Consequently, we have no cats there, which is a blessing; for between the cats and the Somebodies there would be no peace for the wicked "thar or tharabouts." The people in that precinct live in hopes, however, of "a good time coming." They have read of Tom the piper, who piped for good Queen Bess, and how he piped so indifferently and incessantly that he at last piped himself away, and a verdict of "died for want of breath" was returned. The people hope the Somebodies will "pipe out" some day.— *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Why do chickens have no future state? Because they have their necks twisted (next world) in this.