

Terms of Publication.
THE TOGGA 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 which he has past on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.
The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation, reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the County limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WELLBORO, TOGGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1858. VOL. IV. NO. XXXVII.

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 space: The following rates will be charged for space: Quarterly, Half Yearly and Yearly advertising—
3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
Square, (14 lines) - \$2 50 - \$4 50 - \$6 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.

SPRING.
Joyous Spring, once more is here,
Perfuming sweet, the atmosphere,
Nature's radiant with delight—
Flowers are springing fresh and bright.
Smiling meadow,
Grassy plain,
Birds, with rapture
Sing again;
Winter's cold, and dreary way,
Has yielded to the gentle May.
Fairest flowers, scent the air,
With delightful fragrance rare,
Buds are bursting, leaves are springing,
Feather'd songsters, sweetly singing.
April showers,
Gently fall,
Fair May flowers,
Softly call;
Winter's cold, and dreary way,
Has yielded to the gentle May.
Gentle Spring, once more we hail;
Let thy gentle power prevail.
We rejoicing welcome, sing,
To thee, returning balmy Spring.
Sunlight playing,
Over the land;
Beauty's magic
Golden wand,
Drives old Winter far away,
And proclaims the reign of May.
J. A. H.

Leaves by the Wayside.
BY AGNES.
"Your health, dearest!" and a pair of dark eyes gazed fondly into another pair of eyes, that looked lovingly and trustingly into his own. Susie's sweet lips parted with a smile, her glass touched his, and the ruby wine was drained.
On flew the hours, amid gay laughter, sweet music and dancing. None there seem'd so happy as Susie and Herbert. A twelvemonth had scarcely gone by since they became man and wife, surrounded by kind friends, they dwelt in their pleasant home, happy, even as our first parents in Eden.
On going into the dressing room an hour later, I found Susie there, debating as she said, whether she should go home or not. May, I am weary; home is so pleasant and Herbert's society so much more preferable to your butterflies of fashion, I have half a mind, notwithstanding it is early, to make my adieu and leave you."
"I don't know, Susie, but that I should become a candidate for matrimony myself, if I thought a twelvemonth, like the touch of a fairy's wand, could change me from a roving wanderer, into as quiet and contented a housewife, as your sweet self. Yet I find in every bright picture of life there may be seen dark clouds looming in the distance, which unless guarded against may bring a storm that would destroy all its bright tints and fade the picture altogether. Susie, will you excuse the liberty of an old friend, if she tells you what those clouds are that overshadow your bright home?"
She placed her hand upon my mouth and whispered, "I know what you are going to say, May, dearest, you are needlessly alarmed. It is only a glass of wine when in society, so as not to appear singular. Herbert does not taste of intoxicating drinks at home, or abroad, unless necessity compels him."
"What do you call a necessity for the use of intoxicating drinks Susie?" I asked.
"Well, father Matthew, when your husband meets with agreeable gentlemen—men whose talents, perchance, give them a high position in life, and those gentlemen, including your husband, from a desire to do something kind and handsome by each other, offer to treat, would you have your husband draw back, and thus dampen their kind efforts to be civil? By doing so, friend May, means you pay your companion for life a compliment so far as concerns his capacity of doing right and taking care of himself."
"Susie, this is no time nor place for me to discuss this question with you as I should like to leave this place to-morrow to see an indefinite length of time, I will say to you know your true and tried friend would say, only in kindness—"touch not taste not, handle not" intoxicating drinks. By all means, let not your lips, that could open always but to bring an angel's voice upon your husband's moral, physical and spiritual nature, taste the fatal poison in his. For, be assured, Susie, the serpent lurks within that poisoned glass, whose sting will destroy the beauty, the harmony of the life and happiness of your earthly home."
She went the dance—louder swelled the while pleasure flung her wreaths of from brow to brow, and cheeks grew bright with the smiles of hope and love, and yet of earth's sorrows were forgotten in excitement of those few festive hours.
"She is dead! Oh, she is dead!" I cried, as I went over the form of my friend. I placed my hand upon her pulse, then her heart, but she was still. Yes, the weary, the broken-hearted lay like a lily before me. A sweet smile, the first that had rested there for months, and those lips; her hands were crossed softly upon her breast; the long lashes upon her cheeks sunken by sorrow. Dear friend, this is Susie!
Two days before I received a note from requesting me to come to her immediate aid. When I arrived I found her lying upon the foot of her bed, with her arms above her head, and such a hopeless expression of sorrow upon her face, that my own soul was with anguish, clasped her hands in my own, imprinting a kiss upon the lips. I said, "Susie, May loves you, and she here to comfort and sustain you in all your grief."
I looked into my eyes a moment, and saw her arms about my neck, burst into

tears. Then, clasping her hand upon her heart, she became deadly pale. "It's gone now May! I am often so!" she said. I laid her upon the pillow, and taking her hands within my own I knelt and prayed. When I arose from my knees she looked more calm, and faintly smiling, closed her eyes.
All day long I sat by her side, soothing her by caresses and gentle words. At evening, after the physician had left she opened her eyes and taking me by the hand, said—"May dear, kind, good May, do you know I'm going to die? I feel it! I have dreamed it! Do you remember reading to me these words, 'This life is but a dream, and if the dream becomes painful beyond endurance the guardian angel of sleep—the beautiful angel of death, will touch you on your brow, and you will awaken—to your true and immortal life?' My existence has become much more painful than I can endure. This form will soon be sleeping in the icy arms of death.—And where will this spirit be? Something in my own heart tells me that there is an existence beyond the grave—aye, a bright and glorious existence, where the high and holy aspirations of our souls will be satisfied.—"It seems, dear May, we were formed for greater happiness than earth often gives. Can we for a moment suppose that God would create us with such capabilities for happiness, and prescribe such meager limits to our chance of opportunity for the exercise of these capabilities? I would not take away all the sunshine of earth. There are many, very many spots of joyous sunlight, wherein we bask, and often forget that earth is not heaven. May, when I stood beside the altar as the chosen bride of Herbert, my soul was overwhelmed with a tide of joyous emotions, and I blessed God in my heart for so fair a world—a world so fraught with joy; whose rainbow tints seemed then a covenant that the future would be as bright as that day.—The future, May, is indeed a sealed book, wherein the sad and joyous lessons of our lives are wisely hidden. Could I then have opened the book of destiny and have seen my earthly idol broken and shattered, as he afterwards became, so that but a faint resemblance remained of his once beautiful and manly integrity of soul. Oh May, I should then have died in anguish of spirit instead of abandoning myself like a careless child, to happiness."
"I have often asked myself why I did not listen to your warning voices in regard to the wine cup, in the hospitalities of friends towards each other. I was like those enchanted knights, who sit like statues, and feel no danger, until the spell is broken by the loss of their treasures."
"If women, May, would only consider how they wield their influence! They are to a certain extent, the regulators of society.—How prayerful and cautious they should be, lest they be the first cause of evil practices in the sterner sex. The angels in Heaven fell, and why should we feel that our loved ones are in no danger of falling, when temptation to do evil is placed before them in the alluring garb of custom. When the wine glass flashes in fair hands which carry it to woman's lips, can we blame our husbands, our brothers and friends for doing the same? And when we see them in after years, in their degradation and desolation, we may well shudder, lest in the great day of judgment before God, their sin be traced to our own door."
"No! no! May, I am not talking too much. I feel that I must say now, all I wish to say to you. I wish to talk of Herbert—still the fondly remembered idol of my soul. At first, how gradually the signs of his ruin crept upon him. I saw, it is true, that excuses came more frequently for the use of intoxicating drinks—a headache—a sudden cold—but I thought nothing of them, and in my desire to please him I often prepared the various beverages he wished, as medicine. After a while I never met him without detecting the nauseous fumes upon his breath. Then, May, I grew alarmed, and remonstrated with him upon a too frequent use of liquor. He carried me fondly, laughed at me and left me. I forgot my alarm. Only one week later, as I sat weary and alone by my fireside, listening to the bell as it tolled the hour of midnight, I was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps—unfamiliar to me; for Herbert's always came like the sound of sweet music, and I could not mistake them. The ringing of the bell called me to the door. I opened it, and what a sight met my gaze! There stood Herbert, reeking with the filth of the gutter, from which he had been rescued by two strangers who stood before me. All that long night I knelt by him in bitter agony of spirit. Oh! how I remembered your warnings at our social gatherings.—"How my soul groaned in sorrow as I thought that I, his wife, had stood beside him and smiled as he drank the fatal poison; little dreaming it would prove the serpent whose sting would be felt through life—whose venom would destroy every vestige of happiness in our quiet home. I felt, had I used my influence against intoxicating drinks in all their various forms, that hour of bitter sorrow would have been spared me, and Herbert would have been the star of that home that now lay in darkness. The next day I knelt at his feet and implored him never again to touch intoxicating drinks. As I wound my arms about him he wept like a child, and promised. But, oh! May, when once the appetite for strong drink is formed, it becomes an unquenchable fire, which burns and burns, destroying the beautiful workmanship of God, and scattering desolation and ruin in many places of earth. I need not tell you the downward progress of Herbert. It was like that of all lost and ruined men. How all the angel purity of his nature seemed obliterated, and he became a blackened, seared and deformed image of that birthright of beauty, manly integrity and lofty intellect, in which his God had created him.
The heaviest stroke came last. His love, which had been the great principle of my life, burned lower and lower, until it seemed to go out. Then, my life was desolate and without support. It seemed a stretch of weary time, without one ray of light to guide me through it.
"May, the sighing of the wind to-night reminds me of that hour when he was brought home—dead—cold, and dripping from the river. It was my last gaze at the face I loved. Weeks went by ere I was conscious of the world around me.
"In my dreams I see Herbert. He tells me I shall soon be with him. And when I clasp my hands upon my heart, as I often feel a sharp, lancinating pain there, even in sleep, he weeps, and points to an overflowing cup wherein well up great drops of blood from the hearts of widowed wives and weeping orphans, whose cries ascend to the throne of the Most High, and call for vengeance upon 'him who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips.'"

Bury Me in the Garden.
The following little sketch by Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," is certainly one of the most affecting ever written, and shows that the writer is gifted with all the finer traits of the human heart:
"There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of paternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and the other unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright dewy morning it had followed out before its father into the field, and while he was there engaged in his labors, it had padded around among the meadow-flowers, and had sucked its bosom full, and its burnished tresses with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheel had ground it down into the very cart-path—and the little crushed creature was dying.
We had all gathered up closely to its bedside, and were hanging over the young, bruised thing, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little farther, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those aching lips:—"Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold grave-yard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother!"
A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the melttings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its tears: "Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?"
The last, fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection. Its soul was on its lips, as it whispered again, "Bury me in the garden, mother!—bury me in the—" and a quivering came over its limbs, one feeble struggle, and all was still!

He Died Rich.
People said this everywhere, when the morning papers announced the death of John Russel, President of the Bank. They said it on Wall street, where they counted wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city; they said it, too, in dark alleys, and in squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millipaire one hour of the life that to them was a burden and a misery. Everywhere it was the same story. "He died rich."
His family and his friends thought so, as they gathered around the bedside of the dying man; and you, reader, would have thought too, if you could have looked around that chamber, into which death was entering with his dumb footfalls and his ghastly presence. Oh, it was a princely room! Rare pictures glistened the walls, that winter day, with the glory of Arcadian summers; the fairest blossoms of Southern Mays were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than threescore years, he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich! He had bought lands, and sold them; he had sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports; he had owned shares in railroads, and stock in Banks, and now!
Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russel in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him; no generous, noble, self-sacrificing deeds, which would have been pearls, and gold, and all precious jewels in the hand of the angel; so he wrote down at the close of the last chapter of John Russel's life, "He died poor."
And John Russel saw the words as his soul followed the angel on that journey which sooner or later we must all take, and he knew then for the first time, that all the labor and toil, and struggling of his life on earth, had only brought him this verdict at the bar of the kingdom of Heaven. "He died poor."
"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of a small dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russel's residence. The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs, a table, and a low bed in the room. By its side stood an old black woman, whom the dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood, or a loaf of bread. She moistened his cold lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes, so that he might see once more the light of this world. He had not a dollar upon earth; his fortune had taken wings and flown away; his wife and his children had gone before him, his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, and now none remained to watch with the old man till death called him, but the grateful old black woman whom he had saved from starvation.
But the angel with the book stood there, too, and looking over that old man's life, he saw how many good, and gentle, and generous deeds, brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrongs as make men fiends, and striving, through all the trials and temptations of his long, sad life, to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this old man's life, and every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "He died rich."

Revolutionary Reminiscences.
Eliaser Johnson having been born in 1718, and living to 1794, was in the prime of life when English oppression of the Colonists commenced, and his sons were old enough to be participants in the revolutionary struggle. The ship-carpenters were among the most active of the patriots, and Eliaser Johnson was one of their leaders. Indeed, the ship-yards were the hot-beds of the Revolution, and we are not certain that the first aggressive acts against the authorities were not there conceived, and by those men put into execution. It was the fact that Rev. Mr. Parson's society was principally composed of them, that made him among the most active at that time in defence of liberty; as that at a meeting at his house, he furnished what was then called "liberty tea"; and at the close of one of his sermons, called for volunteers to step forward in the church, for the formation of a military company. The same year they built the powder house, (1774), the town voted that the grazing "an excise on distilled spirits was an infringement on the natural rights of Englishmen." For this vote all the carpenters in the town held up their hands. They used to know then when eleven and four o'clock came in the yards.
Next after came the stamp oppression; and here again they were united; and from those ship-yards, more than elsewhere, came the processions that marched about the town with fire and drum, calling upon every man to answer to the question—"stamp or no stamp?" If he replied "stamp," they knocked him down, hissed him, or otherwise showed their displeasure; if "no stamp," the answer was "fall in,"—John was no neutral were allowed. Eliaser Johnson was in the head; ranks of this semi-rebellion. Next came the tea difficulty, and all here heard what was done by the "Mohawks" of Boston with the tea at that port; but as yet none of our historians have given the fact, that before Boston acted in the disguise of Indians, the ship-carpenters of Newburyport publicly and openly burned the tea in Market Square. How this well-authenticated fact escaped them, that the first defiance resistance to the tea imposition in this country was in Newburyport, we cannot tell. But twice was this resistance made; once by burning it in Federal street, and again in the Market. The tea was stored in the powder-house for safe-keeping.
Eliaser Johnson, standing one day upon the timber of his yard, called his men about him, and after a few patriotic words, gave the order, "All who are ready to join, knock your axes from their handles, and follow me." Every ax in the yard was knocked off; and that stout, athletic man, who would have marched through a regiment of "red coats," had they stood in his way, taking his broad ax as an emblem of leadership and for use, marched at the head of the company to the powder-house. There that well tried ax opened a way through the door, and each man, shouldering his chest of tea, again fell into line. They marched direct to the Market, and then in a single file around the old mooring-house, where the pump now is, when Johnson's ax opened his chest, and box and tea were on the ground together. Each man, as he came up, did the same, when, with his own hand, Johnson lighted the pile and burned it to ashes; and on the spot, without disguise, the ship-carpenters of Newburyport destroyed the first tea that was destroyed in America.—Newburyport Herald.

What Maun be, Maun be.
An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmeet of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper. Tailor's and shoemaker's wives, as well as clergyman's, often have this turn, it is accidental, or because these worthies of the scissors, soles and sermons, are always in the house, and, having an opportunity of observing the details in the household economy, wish to have the direction inside as well as outside of the house? If so, we tell the sex to "stand by their order." The tailor's help took ill, and the scythe of Time seemed about to shear through the last stitches that made the couple "one flesh."
"I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife.
"Are ye?" replied the tailor as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his gill.
"Are ye?"—is that the way to speak when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you for ever?
"What wae ye hae me to say?—can I sheek the door against death?"
"Deed no, Andrew, ye canna sheek the door against the King o' Terrors, nor would ye rise aff your seat to do't, though ye could.—Ye're no to lay my bunes here among them o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Withburn, and lay them beside my father and my mother."
Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense, which indeed, he could ill afford, waived giving an answer, but led on a different conversation.
"Do ye hear, Andrew?"
"Oh yes, I hear."
"Weel, mind what I'm saying; tak' me to Withburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye, night and day—do ye hear?"
"Yes, yes, I hear perfectly—is that pain i' yer side ay troubling ye yet?"
"Ay, I'm a pain together, but the main pain to me is, that ye'll lay my dust here."
"Oh, woman dinna distress yourself about that simple circumstance."
"Mind, I'll no lie here, ye maun tak' me to Withburn, or I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't."
"Weel, well, then, if ye maun be buried at Withburn, I canna help it, but we'll try ye at Linlithgow first."

A Lightning-Rod Man in a Fix.
Mr. Thomas Kingston, who for several years has followed the business of putting up lightning rods, recently had ascended St. Paul's Cathedral, whose spire is about two hundred and thirty-five feet high, near the head of Broadway, and gone to the very top, where having left his ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the last foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work, of a sudden something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold as once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.
Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod, had fallen upon his head causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in a dread perplexity, and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go cleaving the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and his increasing weakness, retain his grasp, more the result of fate than of feeling, much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if he remained he certainly would; and determined at last to make an effort for his life, he put one foot very cautiously, then his arm, and then moved on his other foot; and after a half minute of exertion, and the greatest danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was within the steeple and safe.
Then it was Mr. K's great courage and strength forsook him; and he sunk upon the platform motionless and insensible. He must have lain there half an hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward.—Cin. Enquirer.

Is Salt Good for Animals?
The following article, taken from the Tennessee Farmer and Mechanic, was recently sent to Life Illustrated, by a gentleman living in Minneapolis, Minn:—
Having occasion to call at a lively stable, not long since, in—, my attention was called to some fine looking horses belonging to the proprietor, who was a man of more than ordinary experience in the management of horses, and the cure of those diseases to which they are incident. I asked him how it happened that his horses were in such good plight, and looked so much better than other people's? "Ah," said he, "there is a secret about that which I cannot tell every one; and if I should, they would not follow my directions, and so I may, as well keep it to myself: but as I have not obtained a patent, I will tell you, and then you can act as you see proper." He told me that the whole of his secret consisted simply in this, that he gave his horses no salt, and that he believed the use of it was deleterious to all animals. His horses he assured me, kept in good order without it, and that they were freer from disease than they used to be when he gave them as much salt as they wanted. He believed that salt stimulated the stomach beyond what nature required, that it produced an unnatural thirst, and caused the animals to drink more water and take more food than the stomach could properly digest, and this would necessarily produce disease and premature death in any animal. He said the difference between a salted and unsalted horse was perceptible in the perspiration. In the one, the salt will ooze out through the pores of the skin, and will often dry and settle on the hair, causing roughness on its texture, whereas, from a horse that eats no salt, the sweat will issue through the skin, as clear and as pure as spring water, and leaves the hair and skin as soft, and in a healthy condition.
I have not copied the whole of the article, but simply the facts. Such facts, coming, as these do, from one who makes no pretensions to science, and consequently, has no candid consideration of every lover of truth. In regard to the difference in the perspiration which abstinence from salt makes in the human animal, I can testify from experience that it does exist, and any one may demonstrate the truth of it by experiment for a few months.
Yours Respectfully,
H. N. HERRICK.

A Ludicrous Mistake.
A ludicrous mistake happened some time ago at a funeral in Marylebone. The clergyman had gone on with the services until he came to the part which says, "Our deceased brother, or sister, without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked whether it was a brother or sister. The man very innocently replied, "No relation at all, sir, only an acquaintance."
A KNOWING BEGGAR.—A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny please sir! Only one penny, sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.—Punch.

An Honest Lady when told of the death of her husband, exclaimed:—"Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone? It ain't a week since I lost my hen, and now Mr. Hooper has gone, too—poor man."

Lightning-Rod Man in a Fix.
Mr. Thomas Kingston, who for several years has followed the business of putting up lightning rods, recently had ascended St. Paul's Cathedral, whose spire is about two hundred and thirty-five feet high, near the head of Broadway, and gone to the very top, where having left his ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the last foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work, of a sudden something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold as once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.
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I have not copied the whole of the article, but simply the facts. Such facts, coming, as these do, from one who makes no pretensions to science, and consequently, has no candid consideration of every lover of truth. In regard to the difference in the perspiration which abstinence from salt makes in the human animal, I can testify from experience that it does exist, and any one may demonstrate the truth of it by experiment for a few months.
Yours Respectfully,
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Lightning-Rod Man in a Fix.
Mr. Thomas Kingston, who for several years has followed the business of putting up lightning rods, recently had ascended St. Paul's Cathedral, whose spire is about two hundred and thirty-five feet high, near the head of Broadway, and gone to the very top, where having left his ladder below, he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the last foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal securely, as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work, of a sudden something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold as once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.
Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod, had fallen upon his head causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in a dread perplexity, and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go cleaving the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and his increasing weakness, retain his grasp, more the result of fate than of feeling, much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if he remained he certainly would; and determined at last to make an effort for his life, he put one foot very cautiously, then his arm, and then moved on his other foot; and after a half minute of exertion, and the greatest danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was within the steeple and safe.
Then it was Mr. K's great courage and strength forsook him; and he sunk upon the platform motionless and insensible. He must have lain there half an hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward.—Cin. Enquirer.

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