

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 limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining county.

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A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come!
When she who had your earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The noblest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose for you a goodly one—
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and love, and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said her faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the soother in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing or her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—Remember, boy.

Perils of Sea Diving.

We had a terrible excitement one day last week, says a correspondent writing a private letter home from one of the vessels of the American expedition in Sebastopol harbor. One of the divers, Harris, the English marine, a first rate fellow, and bled as a lion, went down examining the outside of the ship on which they were at work. He had been forward and was going aft, along the bottom, in sixty feet of water, when he suddenly signalled for more air, and though the pressure was instantly increased, two more signals for "air," and to "come up," followed in rapid succession, and then ceased all reply to signals given. Thinking the fault was in the air pump, the speed was increased until a pipe bursting near the engine showed that the hose was foul. They then shifted to the other diving party, in a row boat at a little distance, to come to the rescue. That diver was brought up by his tenders, and they recommenced rowing for the steamer. Mean-while poor Harris made no more responses to the anxious signaling of his tenders, and they had tried in vain to haul him up—the "life-line" was also foul. The pump was kept slowly in motion, but we knew that no air was reaching him.

The row boat was coming as fast as possible, but I thought it would never arrive. At last they came alongside. The diver's helmet was closed, strong hands worked rapidly and silently, and in an instant he was lowered out of sight—the hose of his suffocating companion in his hand; there was an interval of two or three minutes of fearful suspense, in which no word was spoken by any of the score of men who gathered there, save the whisper—"it must be too late." Suddenly, a second column of rising air bubbles appeared. "The hose is cleared—has air," several voices spoke eagerly. Then followed the signal for rising, and up they came, poor Harris all stark and motionless. "Stop the pump, he is dead," said one, unscrewing the eye-glass through which he saw the ghastly countenance and frothy lips. But the host air striking his livid face, his eyes half opened and closed again. "He is alive!" they all cried joyfully, and removing the helmet and dashing water on his head and breast, he presently began to breathe perceptibly, and after an hour's diligent rubbing from as many strong and willing hands as could get around him, he began to come to consciousness. He suffered great pain for hours in the head and breast, but is now altogether recovered, and diving as usual.

On the whole, it was such an occurrence as I hope may not happen here again; that ten minutes, in which we had the consciousness that a man was dying for want of assistance which we could by no means give, I cannot think of without a shudder. The way he got fast under a port-cover in such a way as to cut off the air suddenly and entirely. The life-line was fast on some old pegging down in the mud under the bottom of the ship, where he had crawled in his zealous search after holes or injuries. He owes his life to the coolness and dexterity of the other diver, who providentially followed the hose and cleared it before descending to him, thus giving him air two minutes sooner than he could otherwise have received; and it came late enough.

The diving dress is of gutta percha or rubber cloth, large and loose, in one piece, pants, boots, waistcoat and sleeves, into which the diver is inserted from above by his tenders, after substituting heavy fannel drawers, &c., for the ordinary apparel.

Once tucked into this ample casing, the head is covered with a close-fitting woollen cap, the brassplate and helmet of iron put on the latter, a hollow globe, much larger of course than the head, and provided with three little windows, graded and glazed, called eye-glasses; the front one is always open while dressing. The upper part of the dress is now fastened to the brassplate, being placed between its edge and a covering metallic rim, which is then firmly screwed to its place by means of a wrench, making the connection water-tight. Heavy cowhide brogans with soles of lead three quarters of an inch thick, strong rubber wrings for the wrists, which prevent water from entering the shoes, and the girdle of shot, weighing some seventy-five pounds, complete the attire. The life-line is tied round the waist, the sheath knife placed in his belt, the pump is started, the eye-glass screwed in, and he is ready to descend. The dress being now filled with air, the shapeless body and limbs

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 29, 1858.

NO. XXXIX.

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 months
2 Squares	\$2 50	\$4 50	\$8 00
1 column, - - - - -	4 00	6 00	8 00
1 column, - - - - -	10 00	15 00	20 00
1 column, - - - - -	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.

of the monster swelling to a size fitting that of his head, makes altogether a hideous figure, which you are not sorry to see vanish out of sight, wondering what sort of reception the mermaids will give him if he falls in their way. The fish are not afraid of them—they sometimes bring up a pocket-full.

The hose which supplies the air is of gutta percha, of half-inch bore, and attached to the helmet just at the bump of self-esteem.—The escape-valve is below it. The life-line, by which signals are transmitted, is passed through a loop on the right eye-glass, so that the slightest motions are felt. He usually descends part of the way at least, on a rope ladder, but is sometimes lowered by the life-line from the first. The pressure of air is gradually increased as he goes lower, more force being required, of course, to supply the air. If the pump is worked by hand, it requires four men to tend it—two of them turning at once, and frequently changing. Two "tenders" stand by—one holding the hose, and the other the life-line; the latter literally holding the diver's life in his hands, as any inattention to the signals frequently might cause his death. Once on the bottom, or on the ship, our merman walks about as elsewhere.

Our divers for months past have averaged perhaps, four and a half hours under water, and hard at work, per diem. They have frequently, however, been down six, and even eight hours, in water from thirty to sixty feet. They can descend one hundred and fifty feet, but do not like to work deeper than one hundred feet—the increased pressure sensibly affecting the head at a greater depth.—The large pay which divers receive, and the extra accommodations which they have on board here, made all the fore-castle men anxious to enlist when a recruit was required; but very many were obliged to give it up on a single trial, while others, (like Harris,) went regularly to work from the first day.—They all have staterooms to sleep in, and a place at the mate's table; and, for some of them, who have always been sailors before the mast, at ten or fifteen dollars per month, with fore-castle fare, the change, with triple pay, makes quite a favorable turn of fortune.

Be a Whole Woman.

Young woman, you are entering upon the voyage of life which is a part of destiny.—Before you, wide open, is the path of honor, right and upright womanhood. You are to become a wife—a mother—a counsellor—an adviser—a friend. Duties more delicate than others, because they underlie all others, will be devolved upon you. You must do your part towards fashioning the character of a generation, and shaping the destinies of a State. To accomplish the task set for you, you must be a whole woman. Aim to instil into every act of your life the noblest principles of your sex, and stamp in burning letters upon your conduct the whole truths of womanhood. Turn aside from the gilt and gauze, and the meaningless butterfly display of the world's Vanity Fair. Shut your eyes and stop your ears to the alluring forms and tongues of vice. Be a whole woman. Learn to sew, to wash, to cook, to bake, to read, to talk, to act. Give us the true lady, who is not afraid to soil her hands by contact with honest dough, nor twirl her finely moulded arms in a pot of greasy water. Give us the woman who knows how to keep a house in order, to make beds, to dust chairs. Let her be able to shed the graces of intelligent conversation around the pathway of her daily life, and to impart the energy, the vigor, the honor, which shapes the impulse of her own life, to all with whom she comes in contact. Leave the feeble accomplishments of the unmeaning fashion to her who is made up of silks and furbelows, big bustles and paper-soled shoes, whose powers of admiration are excited only by carefully cultivated mustaches, and whose sympathy is kindled only by the last flashy, sensual and foolish French novel. Let them continue to weaken and poison society, and become the mothers of worthless and wicked sons. But the true matrons of America are of another class.

Old Barty Willard was a wheelwright by trade, and though an excellent workman was remarkable for his habit of procrastinating. He would promise, and then break his engagement over and over again, with as little scruple and as many "positive lasts" as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer for the third time, that he would have his cart done by a certain day, Barty again failed to keep his engagement, and on the arrival of the owner, the cart was still unfinished. "Well," said the customer, "you have got my cart done by this time of course." "Yes," said Barty, "I had done the work, and supposed it was quite ready for you, when I discovered I had made a mistake—a very unaccountable mistake—that will put me back for a fortnight." "Ah, indeed," said the customer, "what's the trouble?" "Why you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder before in my life—I have committed the ridiculous mistake of making both wheels for the same side; they are both off wheels." "Is it possible?" said the customer, who was thoroughly mystified, and allowed Barty another fortnight to finish the cart.

A drunkard upon his death-bed demanded a glass of water before receiving divine consolation. "Upon one's death-bed," he observed, "it is but right to be reconciled with our mortal enemy!"

Why are lawyers like a lazy man in bed in the morning?
Ans.—Because they lie first on one side, and then turn over and lie on the other.

O'Connell and the Irish Bank Crisis.

A run was being made for gold by the peasantry of the surrounding counties; and clouds of clamorous frieze-coats might be seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in L—. The Bank, however (which has since proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the most set upon. I had a few of their one pound notes, though I believed they were very good, if people would only have faith in them, still, as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe apprehended, and it was *sunt qui peat* everywhere, I thought it would only be prudent in me to save myself; so I mounted my nag, and trotted with my bundle of notes into L.

On arriving at the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There, you have torn the coat off my back making us much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a pack load of ten-pounders you had."

"Arrah, ye'll be all served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd.—"Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door. "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out, and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand; "Didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it hard and fast as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they're shovelling them out upon the counter as hot prunes from a pot." and he blew again upon the sovereigns and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was the gold, warm, as if from the crucible.

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlour to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing? you can't break a bank, when they're melting out money like that!" My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks lading out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might, roasted chestnuts.

They say the run was not a new one, and that O'Connell revived it, in the case of the Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back parlour heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire; and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back parlour.

The plan had a double advantage—it inspired confidence, and made the process of money-taking so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers, that the bank, with a very limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot sovereigns.

The run, which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained as perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and he thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven, could never, of course want gold, in the imagination of a simple people.

A ROUGH BEFELLOW.—There is a good story going the rounds of the papers, told of a man in Arkansas, who had been drinking till a late hour at night, and then started for home in a state of sweet obliviousness. Upon reaching his own premises, he was too far gone to discover any door to the domicile he was wont to inhabit, and therefore laid himself down in a shed which was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs. They happened to be out when the newcomer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. The weather being rather cold, they, in the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, gave their biped companion the middle of the bed, some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by exposure. Towards morning he awoke. Finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodation of a tavern in company with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of the stiff brussels of a hog, exclaimed: "Hallo my good friend, you've got a ———— of a beard! When did you shave last?"

Puns and Punning.

Do you mean to say that the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbiicide*—that is, violent treatment of word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; or whether the Deluge was not a great deal bigger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such a case, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return the verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, "When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to bum." Doe then—and not till then—struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the Monthly Rag-Bag and Stolen Miscellany, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, "Just so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a dead-end, but not claimed.

People who make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witicism.

I wish to refer to two eminent authorities. Now, be so good as to listen. The great moralist says, "To rifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse, is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue, would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

And, once more, listen to the historian: "The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The Lords Temporal carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have his Royal quibble. 'Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'but ye shall make less stir in our realm than our Lord of Leicester.'" The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of Og, the King of Bushan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier, who brought him water, for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw Othello performed at the Globe Theatre, remarked that the blackamore was a brute, and not a man. "Thou hast reason," replied a great Lord, "according to Plato's saying; this be a two-legged animal with feathers." The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The infection spread to the national conscience. Political double-dealings naturally grew out of verbal double-meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of Tudors, grew to regicide and revolution in the age of Stuarts."

Who was that border who just whispered something about the Macaulay-flowers of literature? There was a dead issue. I said, calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my hearing house. Do not plead my example. If I have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken Helot. We have done with them.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Recently, in one of the San Francisco courts, a young lady, his school teacher, was prosecuted by the mother for severely welling a young rascal's back. The verdict of the jury was in effect, "served him right." We give a portion of the boy's testimony, the wit of which atones for his rudeness: "I asked her to do a sum for me, and she refused." "What was the sum?" asked the counsel for the defendant. "To subtract nine from twenty-eight." "Could you not do it?" "I suppose I could, but the arithmetic said I couldn't subtract nine from eight without borrowing ten, and I didn't know where to borrow it."

"I tell you what, Julius, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis morning, down in de cotton patch."
"You don't see so, Cassar; wat! 'spute wid massa?"
"Yes, I tell you for one hour, we 'spute togadder down in de cotton patch."
"Wa, wa, wat you 'spute about?"
"Why, you see, Julius, massa come down da whar I was a hovin', and massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an' I say so too; and dare we 'spute about it for mor'n one hour."

A Mule Bewitched.

The popular idea seems to be that the long-eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and auricular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Broad street, we noticed a little side of the Planter's Hotel, a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and we stepped up to learn, if possible, the cause of the excitement.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules—one of them a rather bad looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats were rarities—the other decidedly better looking and giving unmistakable evidence, we thought, of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with that delightful esculent so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black-eyed, gray haired man, who was busily engaged when we came up in negotiating a trade for one of the mules—and strange to say for the poorest looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, "I want this mule—I have a first-rate match for him and want to make out the pair. How old is he?"

"Five years, last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly! what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Country started—the crowd looked frightened—and one or two colored gentlemen incontinently fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.

"Whv, me!" promptly responded the mule.

"What are you lying about! You know you have had me over fifteen years."

"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age."

"I'll be durned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman, "I know he's only five years old, for I raised him myself."

"There, you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for the moment, and striking the poor animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," said the mule, "or I'll kick you."

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived who recognized the little man as Signor Blitz, the well known magician and ventriloquist—which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman.—*Augusta Dispatch.*

AN ASTONISHED LITERATEUR.—One of our distinguished literateurs, since the breaking out of the revival, was invited to spend the evening in a select company at the house of a common friend. At the appointed hour our friend went, expecting to meet a few kindred spirits and to enjoy the delights of literary and scientific conversation. As he entered the room he thought he detected an air of restraint and solemnity on the countenances of those who had assembled, the effect of which was not at all diminished by one of the number breaking the oppressive silence with the remark: "I see we have present with us a distinguished literary gentleman, and I doubt not all of us would be glad to join him in a petition to the Throne of Grace. Let us pray." At once every eye was directed toward the unfortunate gentleman, who, although an eminently moral man, was rather unaccustomed to vocal prayer. And while trying to think of some courteous phrase in which to decline the unexpected invitation, his embarrassment was heightened by seeing the whole company kneel, as if it were a settled thing that he was to lead in prayer.—Seeing the condition of things, no other alternative was left to him than to pray as best he could. It is enough to say that the company were edified, and that the victim is careful, before accepting an invitation to a party, to ascertain whether he is expected to lead in prayer.—*N. Y. Post.*

Six, &c.—The Chicago poet truly says that sin doesn't always come directly from the devil. A torpid state of the liver, or those cold dumplings at bed time, have provoked the "old man" with his deeds, into masterly activity. Many a time, to be wicked is only to be bilious, and to be diabolical, is just to be dyspeptic. Many a patient has sent for the wrong doctor, calling for a divine when he simply needed a prescription; thinking he had failed in worship, when he had failed in washing; bewailing an impure heart that he could not cleanse, and forgetting a pair of hands, looking like a couple of toads, that he could.

Lucid Verdict.—The following very lucid verdict of a coroner's jury, we find in the last *Unionville (S. C.) Journal*:

"State of South Carolina, Union District: Inquest held before me, J. Hamilton, Magistrate, and twelve jurors, and Dr. R. S. Gilman, over the body of a white infant child, found floating in Tiger river, just below John Thomas' boat-landing, on the 23d day of March, 1858; after a careful examination on the 24th of March, the jurors rendered in the verdict that the child came to its death by being killed, and then thrown into the river."

David Brown courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but being overruled at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said: "Come, David, your old toast." "Excuse me. As I cannot make her *Brown*, I'll toast her no longer."

The Old Village Church.

Last evening as we were walking leisurely along, the music of choirs in three churches came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and strange tunes but one; and that one, it was not sung as we have heard it, but it awakened a train of long buried memories, that rose to us even as they were before the cemetery of the soul had a tomb in it. It was sweet old "Corinth" they were singing—strains that we have seldom heard since the rose color of life was blanching; and we were in a moment back again to the old church; and it was a summer afternoon, and yellow sunbeams were streaming through the west windows, and the silver hair of the old deacon who sat in the pulpit, was turned to gold in its light, and the minister, who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had concluded "appellation" and "exhortation," and the village choir were singing the last hymn, and the tune was "Corinth."

It is years—we dare not think how many since then—and the "prayers of David the son of Jesse," are ended, and the choir are scattered and gone—the girl with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air; the eyes of the one were like a clear June heaven at noon. They both became wives, and both mothers; and they both died. Who shall say they are not singing "Corinth" still, where Sabbaths never wane and congregations never break up? There they sat Sabbath after Sabbath, by the square column at the right of the "leader," and to our young ears their tones were the very soul of music. That column bears still their penciled names as they wrote them in those days in life's June, 183—, before dreams of change had overcome their spirits like a summer's cloud.

Alas, that with the old singers most of the sweeter tunes have died upon the air! but they linger in memory, and they shall yet be sung in the sweet reunion of song that shall take place by and by in a hall whose columns are beams of morning light, whose ceiling is pearl, whose floors are gold, and where hair never turns silvery, and hearts never grow old. Then she that sang alto and she that sang air will be in their places once more.

HOW NICH MR. COLE CAME BEING INSULTED.—There lived in Smith county, Mississippi, a man by the name of Cole, who had employed an old, one-eyed, knock-kneed Irishman, by the name of Lockridge, as a school teacher. Lockridge was but a very limited scholar, and a loose disciplinarian, and withal had the weakness of his nation—admiration of woman generally. Cole, with whom he boarded, had two daughters, and Lockridge could not allow so favorable an opportunity to pass unimproved, so he began to breathe soft and winking words into the ears of the elder, and wished to marry her. Cole soon found out what was going on, and became exceedingly indignant. He told Lockridge he must leave his house, as he had offered an insult to his family. Lockridge saw that remonstrance was vain, so he began to speak to Cole in the calmest manner, rather denying, as he decided as he could the imputation: "Mister Cole, I have thought well of ye, and is to be sure, a very large stout, and good looking wench, but she isn't quite as nice a woman as meself would like to call Mistress Lockridge. As for the youngest, Mistress Cole, she is a slatternly, empty-headed, ill-mannered and lazy thing, that nobody, Mister Cole, could think well of. And, Mister Cole, ef it was not that I've always liked you as a gentleman, and would not hurt your feelings, I'd tell you how mighty nice my wife was!" Lockridge left the neighborhood; but Cole always thought he came very high insulting him the way he talked.

WHY MOUNTAINS ARE COLD.—It is a curious scientific fact that the atoms of air, as we ascend, are at greater distances from each other. If the distance between any two atoms is diminished, they give out heat, or render it sensible; whereas if the distance between them be increased, they store it away. The upper strata are sensibly colder than the lower, not because the atoms have less heat, but because the heat is diffused through a larger space when the atoms are further apart. One pound of air at the level of the sea within the tropics, may be said to contain no more heat than the same weight at the top of the highest mountain, perpetually covered with snow. Is it for this reason that the same wind which is warm in the valley, becomes colder as it ascends the sides of the mountain. The diminishing pressure allows the air to expand and store away its heat. It is, therefore, not the snow on the top of the mountains which cools the air, but it is the rarity of the air which keeps the snow itself from melting. As a general law, the decrease of temperature amounts to one degree, Fahrenheit, for every three hundred feet in perpendicular height.

DRINKING HOURS.—On Davy Crockett's return to his constituents, after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day and began to interrogate him about Washington.

"What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" asked one.

"Why," said he, "common people, such as you are here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big 'uns dine at three. As for representatives, we dine at four, and the aristocracy and the Senate don't get theirs till five."

"Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another.

"Old Hickory," exclaimed the Colonel, (attempting to appoint a time in accord with the dignity of the station), "Old Hickory will be foddered at six o'clock."