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ORATION,
Delivered before the Tioga Co. Teachers' Institute.
BY F. D. RITTER.

Ladies and Gentlemen: History tells us that far back in the early ages of the world, when it was shrouded in comparative darkness, civilization began springing up here and there like springs in a desert, shedding joy and peace around, and forming an oasis in the great desert of human degradation. Following farther down the great stream of time they become more frequent, and uniting, form large streams that sweep on with irresistible impetuosity. When impediments to their progress were presented, it sought outlets through other channels or swept away all obstructions. Civilization began wending its way through ancient Greece and Palestine, penetrating the confines of the darkness which encompassed them, until they were acknowledged as the cradles of learning, the sources from which emanated all light, and to which art and science pointed as their birth-places. But alas! how changed our condition. To accomplish the present refined state of society, mighty struggles have been made. As the beautiful influence of civilization advanced, society improved, and the same bright standard of reform that waved o'er the shores of Gallilee now unfurls its bright folds o'er the "cradle of Liberty," where it is the pride of each true heart to raise it still higher; where no case of obscurity or birth dooms man to ignominy and disgrace, but where by their industry and moral worth, each may attain positions of honor and dignity. Woman, once the slave of eastern climes, here takes the place to which by nature she is designed. Anciently a nation's delight and highest glory consisted in bloodshed and carnage. Rome, whose praises have been so loudly sung, delighted in her gladiatorial combats, and in maddest frenzy revelled in human blood. Greece, around whose name clusters so much of glory, also indulged in scenes that will forever tarnish and dim the brightness of her glorious career. Yet these by their downfall and ruin furnish us examples that we may shun the shoals and quick-sands upon which they were cast. In short, civilization transforms man from a mere animal, without one high and lofty aspiration, with no enjoyment but the gratification of low animal nature, to a reasonable and intelligent being. Yet in all the darkness the mind is still there. But what is that mind, that vital part which the Creator has bestowed upon man, but a perverted power to plunge him still deeper into degradation and woe? Contrast the condition of the civilized with that of the savage. Go with me to the heathen shores, where the nature of mankind has never known the healthful influences of civilization, or the arts and sciences broken through the misty atmosphere of the darkened understanding, where the religion of the cross has never illumined the fogs of ignorance and superstition that envelop them. Behold what scenes present themselves to our sight. The mother tearing the babe from her bosom and hurrying it into the flood, with no heart to pity the helpless thing as it sends up its cry of distress, but with seeming joy sees it writhe in agony; and the victim of idolatry, throwing himself to be crushed to death beneath the wheels of the car of Jugernaut. Behold these things and thank God that your lot has been cast in a land of reason and christianity. As civilization advances, ignorance and superstition give way, and instead of heathen idols are seen the spires of christian churches gleaming in the rising and setting sun, and true christian worship ascending from hearts that formerly revelled in heathen idolatry. To civilization we owe the privileges and luxuries of life. It has given us laws by which we are protected and by which we may be governed. It affords us the means of enlightenment by establishing the printing press—that mighty engine of thought, and by building our school houses, placing knowledge within the reach of millions; thus enabling mankind to see the position they occupy in creation, to know partially the end for which man was created, and to enjoy the thousand beauties that are given for our enjoyment upon the right hand and upon the left. It proclaims the gospel of Jesus Christ to a dying world, and points with living hope to a bright and glorious hereafter. It alleviates the sufferings of mortal man by teaching him the laws of nature upon which his happiness depends. It has placed the products of a world at our disposal, by placing upon the mighty deep, means of transportation, and upon the ocean rail the engines that speed along our valleys, making woods and hills re-echo back their thunder; thus rendering the elements themselves subservient to the will of man. It has taught man to bring down the forked lightning from the murky cloud and attach to it the thoughts and send it forth the faithful servant of his will; thus annihilating time and space by stretching the magnetic wire from town to town, from state to state, nay, even from continent to continent, communicating in an instant with places so distant that formerly weeks and even months were necessary to accomplish what it now takes but a moment to perform. In view of all this it is but natural to enquire by what means so great results have been brought about. Far back in the dark ages when all seemed submerged in blackness, here and there might have been seen some minds, having tasted of the cup of inspiration, towering in intellect above the rest of mankind, bringing forth bright jewels from the rubbish around and shedding forth rays of healthy reform, and standing boldly forth, dared in the face of all opposition to proclaim what they knew to be right and just. And although they had to fight against superstition, ignor-

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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ance, and worse than all, the jealousies of potentates, yet they persevered, and many testified to their faith in the works which they did by expiring amid the faggot's blaze; yet their ashes spoke eloquently for the doctrines they taught. And still the work went on.—Others caught up the strain, and it burst forth with an impetuosity that the potentates of earth with bloody hands were unable to stay. Under this genial reform the arts and sciences sprang up; and the civilization thus begun in the old world extended westward until it reached its culminating point in the new.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."
Not the least in the aid to civilization and reform is education, preparing the mind for greater exertion in true reform, by expanding and developing its natural state. For 'tis the mind that gives to man his boasted power. What is the puny arm of man compared with nature animate and inanimate. Man sinks into insignificance when compared with inanimate nature. The lightning that flashes athwart the sky, shivering the mighty oak to atoms; the fierce wind that tears the forest trees from the earth; the vast wave of the mighty deep; the myriads of revolving worlds, do all bid him wonder and admire.—Yet with reason at his side, man can subdue these and make them his servants.

Leaving the mind out of consideration, what would be the power of man to combat with the most insignificant of animate nature. The horse, that so patiently submits to be his servant, would be far his superior, and could withstand the combined strength of many such feeble creatures as man. It is reason that gives man the strength to subdue. Then how important that it should be cultivated aright, while the mind is yet tender and susceptible of being moulded either right or wrong, for as learning and virtue appear, civilization shines out bright and speeds more rapidly. As were in ancient times the philosophers and reformers to the world, so may the school teachers be to the present day. As the philosophers and reformers held the destinies of their nations within their grasp, so in a measure does the teacher, by training the mind of the young and disciplining it to toil and rigid thought. For 'tis thought that makes the man. It is not a knowledge of facts, (true these are necessary) but the disciplined mind has precedence over these. Many a school boy of the present day knows more of the facts contained in philosophy, than Sir Isaac Newton ever did. Then why is he not as great a man? Simply because so great original thought is not his composition. He has not plunged into the mysteries of nature and brought forth those things which were concealed; but he has only to look at those things which have been searched out by others. To the teacher peculiarly belongs the duty of so training and developing the intellect of those under his care, that

"With minds inured to rigid thought,
In love, in science and in virtue taught,"
they may be prepared to act well their part in the drama of life. Civilization has drawn aside the pall of darkness which surrounded the understanding. Education has awakened the slumbering powers of man and given to him new energies, discovered to him new and hidden beauties, and whispered in his ears words of heavenly import. With mind no longer trampled by ignorance, but quickened and refined, the present time limits not his scope of vision. In contemplation he can dwell in eras beyond the flood—tread the walks of Eden where Jehovah first spoke man into being—commune with patriarchs and sages of olden time—can stand at the foot of sacred Sinai and behold the lightnings playing from the clouds—penetrate the dark confines of the future, and watch the ever varying scenes its dark vista yet conceals from the uninspired. How vast the contrast between the cultivated and uncivilized mind. How sad and dark the history of the latter. Millions have groveled along the pathway of life in ignorance, beholding no ray of light to guide them—have been wrecked at the gates of vice, victims to a thousand crimes—have left the world and a darkness dreary as the tomb. But that darkness is fast disappearing before the onward march of civilization. Who shall tell the results of the labors of the missionaries who have left home, friends, and everything dear to them but the cause of Christ, and gone to the heathen shores to proclaim the Gospel, and to carry civilization with all its benefits to the very doors of the savage. Although many perish by cruel hands, yet their blood may be the means of redeeming a fallen nation, and enveloping them in a halo of light. Tradition's tales may pass away. Monumental marble may crumble into dust, yet time can not obliterate from the memory of ages the moral influence of such men. Their monuments shall be raised in Heaven. Let us each of us try to do something worthy of the privileges we enjoy.

Fellow Teachers, let us not yield to discouragements. We can see many things to encourage us, and our present position should cause our hearts to swell with gratitude as we turn our eyes to the rock first pressed by pilgrim feet and as our thoughts linger on the scenes of their sufferings, may we remember the inheritance they have left us and what it cost, may we ever guard with constant care this priceless treasure, and resolve to prepare for a "mysterious future, fathomless, o'ercast." Whatever may be the dreams and fancies of youth, life is a stern reality. Then it demands of us that our notions of it be real, that we cultivate proper tastes and habits, for in the morn of life is the time to be armed for its sterner duty, for the vicissitudes of its decline. How sad and filled with remorse must be that mind which can look back upon a life spent in vain display, culti-

vated in naught but trifles. When the golden hours of youth, which might have been devoted to exalted attainments, preparing it for usefulness, are gone never to be recalled, then all regrets are vain, remorse of no avail. Few know the duties, cares and perplexities of the teacher till they have assumed the responsibility. And few there are who can realize the anxieties of every faithful teacher for the immortal minds under their charge. Souls undying are being moulded, either for the weal or woe of every youthful voyager. Impressions are being made that will be carried with them through the endless ages of eternity as enduring as the characters made by the finger of God upon tablets given to Moses on the sacred Mount Sinai. With these reflections before the mind, what teacher can have a heart so indifferent as not to feel the responsibility of his position and his duty to those beneath his care; and whom they are bound, socially and morally to watch over with prayerful solicitude. Although we have but little sympathy from without, let us do our duty and leave the rest to God. Finally, may I not hope to see our Institute leading to glorious results. And that many of its members stand proudly conspicuous in this empire of mind. May the star of its destiny ever shine with unshuffled lustre, and as the impersonation of real genius, the embodiment of all that is great and noble. The world has need of such teachers to take charge of the rising generation. All departments of life loudly call for such men and women. Who, with earnestness stamped upon their brows may pursue the right with a zeal that knows no diminution. Then shall those who have spent their lives and energies for the cause of civilization and reform know that they have not lived in vain.

SPARE MOMENTS.—A lean, awkward boy came to the door of a principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. —," said he.
"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."
"Thank you," said the boy; "I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me."
"Some old clothes may be your want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I guess he has none to spare—he gives away a sight." And without minding the boy's request, the servant went about her work.
"Can I see Mr. —," again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.
"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must. He does like to be alone, sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. She seemed to be very foolish to take such a boy into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow.

Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."
I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened the business; but I know that after talking a while, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new-comer. The examination lasted for some time. Every question the principal asked the boy, was answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why my, boy, where did you pick up so much."
"In my spare moments," answered the boy.
Here was a poor, hard-working boy, with few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly are spare moments the "gold-dust of time." How precious they should be. What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, very many other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, and in the house of correction, in the gambling-house, in the tipping shop, who, if you were to ask them where they began their sinful courses, might answer, "in my spare moments."

Oh, be very careful how you spend your spare moments! The tempter always hunts you out in small seasons like these; when you are not busy, he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments!—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

THE DOCTOR'S WELCOME.—Down East there resides a certain M. D. One very cold night he was roused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at the door. After some hesitation he went to the window and asked: "Who's there?"
"Friend."
"What do you want?"
"Stay all night."
"Stay there then," was the benevolent reply.

The Duke Marlborough passing the gate of the tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow thus: "How do you do, my Lord Duke? I believe your grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe friend," replied the Duke with surprise, "this is the only jail I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest."

The Death of the Tigress.

The time for action, however, was nearer at hand than any of the party imagined, which was to test our nerves and bring us into somewhat close proximity with the game, which with the exception of Lieut. F., none of us had seen killed, much less encountered on foot. Immediately beneath where we stood in the lower fort commenced one of those ravines of fissures with which the mountain side was furrowed. Boulders of rock betwixt the openings of which sprang trees, cactus and grass, served to conceal its shadowy depths and to afford a safe retreat for the larger descriptions of game we hoped to find. At this juncture of our tale, when the cries of the beaters announced their approach below the mouth of the ravine, and the hopes of the expectants above became fainter from the little space of ground that remained unbeaten, one of the nearest beaters shouted to Lieutenant F., who had clambered a little way down the hill-side, that he had seen something in the jungle for a moment like "a small cow of a yellow color" making for the mouth of the ravine, and the next instant the officer addressed fired a shot at some object below, which was responded to by a roar that left little doubt of the nature of the game about. A call for volunteers from the party above was quickly followed by the addition of Lieutenants P. and W. to the storming party, consisting now of three tall, active young men, fit for the ugly work before them.

No time was lost in moving for the mouth of the ravine below, which, it was judged the animal must have made for; and knowing that it had been struck by the shot fired by Lieutenant F. the beaters were ordered to form in the rear of the officers, who began their ascent up the bottom of the ravine and through a tangled mass of brushwood, trees and rocks, towards an abrupt cliff that appeared to terminate it. Here an opening in the cliff formed a cave of some ten feet wide and as many deep, at the further extremity of which appeared an ominous looking circular hole about three feet in diameter—a snug retreat for the animal we were in search of.

The ground around was strewn with sand, and from the unmistakable foot-prints, of a cheese plate size, surrounded by smaller ones of a similar form, the starting fact announced itself that we stood within a few feet of a wounded tigress with cubs! Nothing animated, however, was visible, or audible, except the suppressed voices of the beaters outside the den. We looked at other in silent question as to what was next to be done. To return to our party above, empty handed, after having run our game to earth, was not to be thought of. As a reconnaissance, F. now cautiously crawled with rifle cocked, to the mouth of the hole, and listened; but nothing was heard from the darkness, though from the recent foot-prints, it was clear it had a resident; but how to draw him out was the difficulty.

Smoking at last was determined on, and a quantity of dry grass was heaped up at the mouth of the hole and set on fire. The blazing pile now lighted up the rocky niche-chamber in which the expectants sat, or rather knelt, with their rifles cocked and presented in the direction from whence we expected her advent. Not a sound was heard but our deep breathing and the crackling of the burning grass and sticks, the smoke from which rolled in volumes into the hole. Our nerves, strung to tension for several minutes, were on the point of relaxing, and the expiring flames of the grass as it shot forth its last flickering gleams, revealed our compressed lips and somewhat pallid faces—paled, but not, I trust, from fear.

A glance around the space within—six feet from the mouth of the hole—at once assured us that our game could not escape; or rather, what more probably suggested itself at that anxious moment even to the boldest heart of the party, was that the tigress could not possibly pass out without the loss of life to one or all of us! In other words, three armed men, with the door behind them, stood in a room with a wounded tigress. The fire had now burnt low, and no longer obscured the aperture; and seeing nothing of the enemy, hopes gave way to fears that she had in some mysterious way eluded us, when at that moment a volume of smoke gently rolled back from the aperture, and hardly gave us time to exclaim, "Steady—here she comes!" ere the chest and head of the tigress slowly developed themselves. At first she stood within six feet of us, her eyes glaring, and her mouth open, from which the gouts of blood slowly trickled down, turned towards us; happily for us, she appeared momentarily blinded by the smoke. But little time was left for reflection; in a moment more our rifles were discharged into the white field of her chest; a roar and a spring, and the next moment she lay dead, touching our feet.

NEW WAY TO KILL RATS.—A writer in the Rochester Union proposes a new method for killing rats. His own house being overrun with the vermin, the servant girl, who had seen the effects of "old bourbon whisky" on bipeds, thought she would try an experiment on the rats. Accordingly she took a small quantity, made it very sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats gloriously "fuddled," engaged in throwing bean pods and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of; those not killed, left the premises immediately, suffering with a severe headache. The writer adds that the medicine is quite agreeable to take.

Marriage.

Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.—Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities, churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and unites man into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their ruler, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

The marriage life is always an *insipid* *recreation* or a *happy* condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been through reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence towards those above them.

The *recreation* life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company; and too great familiarity alone. When they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone, they revile each other's, persons and conduct. In company they are in purgatory; when only together, in a hell.

The *happy* marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our make.

There is no one thing more lovely in this life, more full of the divine courage, than when a young maiden, from her past life, from her happy childhood, when she rambled over every field and moor around her home; when a mother anticipated her wants and soothed her little cares, when brothers and sisters grew, from merry playmates, to loving, trustful friends, from Christmas gatherings and romps, the summer festivals in bower or garden; from the rooms sanctified by the death of relatives; from the secure backgrounds of her childhood, and girlhood, and maidenhood, looks out into the dark and unilluminated future away from all that, and yet, unterrified, undaunted, leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see but I believe. The past was beautiful, but the future I can trust—with thee!"

When a young wife leaves the society of her own kindred, and goes to reside among those of her husband, she passes under a new set of influences, favorable or unfavorable to her character and wishes. If she finds their sentiments harmonious with her own, and if both are elevated and refined, then the union is the augmented flow of a bright and tranquil stream. More happy still for her, if superior worth or social standing on their part affords a welcome influence to light her to their level. But often she becomes allied to those whose views and ways are quite diverse from hers. The two families, or races, have been trained on different systems, trained to different habits, prejudices, and aims. Then supposing their standard to be inferior to hers, it will usually and almost necessarily happen, either that she will elevate them or they will depress her.

BEAUTIFUL.—The following lines are from the pen of Geo. D. Prentice:
"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold the nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?—And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in almighty torrents upon the human heart? We are born of a larger destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the stars will be set before us like islands in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever!"

After the flight of the Pope from Rome, the King of Naples, who had come to visit the Holy Father in his exile, went with him on board an American frigate. The commander welcomed them in these terms:—"Pope, how are you? King, how d'ye do? Here, Lieut. Jones, you speak French—*parlez vous* with the Pope while the King and I go down and have a drink. Come on King."

Women are true to each other in all things but babies, and there it must be confessed, they do flatter each other a little bit.

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for: Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

	3 months.	6 months.	12 mo's.
Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50	\$4 50	\$6 00	\$6 00
2 Squares, - - - - - 4 00	6 00	8 00	8 00
1 column, - - - - - 18 00	30 00	40 00	40 00
1 column, - - - - - 18 00	30 00	40 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.

LOOK BEFORE YOU KICK.—A minister recently, while on his way to preach a funeral sermon in the country, called to see one of his members, an old widow lady, who lived near the road he was traveling. The old lady had just been making sausages, and she felt proud of them they were so plump, round and sweet. Of course she insisted on her minister taking some of the links home to his family. He objected on account of not having his portmanteau along. This objection was soon overruled and the old lady, after wrapping them in a rag, carefully placed a bundle in either pocket of the preacher's capacious coat. Thus equipped, he started for the funeral.

While attending to the solemn ceremonies of the grave, some hungry dogs scented the sausages, and were not long in tracking them to the pocket of the good man's overcoat. Of course this was a great annoyance, and he was several times under the necessity of kicking those whelps away. The obsequies at the grave completed, the minister and congregation, repaired to the church where the funeral discourse was to be preached.

After the sermon was finished the minister halted to make some remarks to his congregation, when a brother, who wished to have an appointment given out, ascended the steps of the pulpit and gave the minister's coat a hitch to get his attention. The divine, thinking it a dog having a design upon his pocket, raised his foot, gave a sudden kick, and sent the good brother sprawling down the steps. "You will excuse me, brethren and sisters!" said the minister, confusedly and without looking at the work he had just done, "for I could not avoid it. I have sausages in my pocket, and that dog has been trying to grab them ever since I came upon the premises!"

Our readers may judge of the effect such an announcement would have at a funeral.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VISIT TO THE "TENTED FIELD."—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked a commissary as he met her at the entrance of the marquee. "You mean the century?" said she smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment into line myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chateau and left me."

The commissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself. "This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is subjected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes. She was so affected at the idea, that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."—*Boston Post.*

A MISER'S PRAYER.—The following singular prayer was made by John Ward, of Hackney, England. The document, which was found in Ward's own hand-writing, might be called the miser's prayer. It is one of the examples on record of men combining in themselves the utmost fanaticism, with the total absence of anything like feeling:

"O, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine estates in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee-simple in the county of Essex; I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Middlesex and Essex from fire and earthquakes; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased. O, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills and make my deb's on good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said the days of the wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine upon the death of that profligate young man, Sir I. L. Keep my friends from sinking, and preserve me from thieves and house-breakers; and make all my servants so honest and faithful that they may attend to my interests, and never cheat me out of my property, night or day."

THREE GOOD REASONS.—Mr. Brandy-toddy's three reasons for not drinking are very characteristic of that gentleman. "Take something to drink?" said his friend to him one day. "No, thank you," replied Mr. B. "No! why not?" inquired his friend in great amazement. "In the first place," returned Mr. Brandy-toddy, "I am Secretary of a temperance society that meets to day, and I must preserve my temperance character. In the second place this is the anniversary of my father's death, and out of respect to him I have promised never to drink on this day. And in the third place, I have just taken something."

Beware of contracting friendship with servants. When you must require their services they will only be too glad to oblige you.