

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. V.

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THE SUNSET LAND.

Oh! dimly through the mists of years;
That roll their dreary waves between,
The gorgeous sunset land appears,
Arrayed in hues of fabled green,
And from that far-off sunny clime,
Old half-forgotten songs arise,
And stealing o'er the waves of Time
The sweetly lingering music dies.
As some bright islands of the sea,
Forever blooming—ever fair;
Though cold, dark billows round it be,
Eternal sunshine hovers there.
Thus o'er the silent sea of years,
Our eager longing looks are cast,
Where robed in fabled spring appears
The sunlit Eden of the past.
There memory weaves her garlands green
Beside the lone, hope haunted shore!
And music 'mid the Arcadian scene,
"Twines flowers that bloom for no more.
"Hallowed clime! blest land of love!
Sweet paradise of early dreams!
Still through thy vales may fancy rove,
Still back beneath thy evening beams.
And there they dwell—those cherished ones—
With snow white brows and waving hair;
I see them now—I hear their tones
Of sweetness sigh along the air.
Hark! how their silvery voices ring
In cadence with the wind's low sigh;
Not sweeter is the wind-war's string
That wakes at eve its melody.
They call us; see, they wave their hands—
As by the mirage lifted high,
That clime in all its beauty stands
Against the forehead of the sky,
With wreathed brows—war's laugh and song,
With tender looks—hand clasped in hand,
They more along, that love linked through—
Within the haunted sunset land.

DUTY AND KINDNESS.

There was an angry frown on the countenance of Deacon Jones Browning. There were tears on the face of his wife.
"He shall be sent to sea!" said Deacon Browning sternly.
There was a pleading look in the eyes of Mrs. Browning, as she lifted them to the iron face of her husband. But no words passed her lips.
"Philip is very young, Jonas," said Mrs. Browning.
"Not too young for evil, and therefore not too young for the discipline needed to eradicate it. He shall go to sea! Captain Ellis sails in the Fanny Williams on next Monday. I will call upon him this very day."
"Isn't the Fanny Williams a whaler?"
The lips of Mrs. Browning quivered, and her voice had a choking sound.
"Yes," was firmly answered.
"I wouldn't send him away in a whaler, Jonas. Remember—he is very young, not thirteen until next April."
"Young or old, Mary, he's got to go, said the stern deacon, who was a believer in the gospel of law. He was no weak advocate of moral suasion, as it is familiarly termed. He went in for law, and was a strict constructionist. Implicit obedience was the statue for home, and all deviations therefrom met the never withheld penalty.
Mrs. Browning entered into no argument with her husband, for she knew that would be useless. She had never succeeded in changing his purpose by argument in her life. And so she bent her eyes meekly to the floor again, while the tears crept over her face, and fell in large bright drops upon the carpet. Deacon Browning saw the tears but they did not move him. He was tear proof.
Philip, the offending member of the Browning family, was a bright, active, restless boy, who from the start had been a rebel against reasonable authority, and as a matter of course, not unfrequently against authority both just and reasonable. Punishment had only hardened him; increasing instead of diminishing his power of endurance. The particular offence for which he was now in disgrace was, it must be owned, rather a serious one. He had, in company with three other boys of his age, known as the greatest reprobates in the village, rifled a choice plum tree, of all the fruit it contained, and then killed a favorite dog, which happened to discover them at their wicked work, attempted to drive them away from the garden.
The neighbor had complained to Deacon Browning, accompanying his complaint with a threat to have Philip arrested for stealing.
"If you don't do something with that boy of yours," he added with considerable feeling, "he'll end his days in the State Prison or on the gallows."
Hard words were these for the ears of Deacon Browning, the rigidly righteous! Hard words and with prophetic conviction in them. He had not a very creative imagination, but, in this instance the prediction of an angry neighbor conjured up in his mind the image of a prison and a gallows, causing a shudder to pass over his nerves, and the cold perspiration to stand upon his forehead.
From that moment the resolution of Deacon Browning was taken.
The boy was on the brink of ruin, and must be saved at all hazards. As to the means of doing this, it never entered into the heart of Deacon Browning to conceive of any other than such as involved harsh discipline. The Canaanite was in the land, and must be driven out with fire and sword.
With him the word duty had a stern significance. He had always tried to do his duty, and was steadily onward in the path of life, and crushing down all vanities and evils that sprung up by the way, under a heel shod with iron.
"He shall go to sea!" That was the last desperate remedy. In his mind, as in the minds of many like him, some years ago, when a boy was deemed incorrigible, he was sent off to sea, usually to have his evil

inclinations hardened into permanent bad qualities.

When Deacon Browning met his son Philip, after receiving intelligence of his great offence, it was with a stern, angry repression. He did not see the look of appeal, the sign of repentance, the plea for mercy that was in his tearful eyes. A single word of kindness would have broken up the great deep of the boy's heart, and impelled by the warmer impulses inherited from his mother, he would have flung himself weeping into his father's arms. But Deacon Browning had separated duty from kindness. The one was a stern corrector of evil, the other a smiling approver of good.

From his home to the wharf, where the Fanny Williams lay, all equipped for sea, Deacon Browning bet his steps. Captain Ellis, a rough, hard man, was on board. After listening to the father's story and request, he said, bluntly—
"If you put your boy on board the Fanny Williams, he'll have to bend or break that is certain. Take my advice and give the matter a second thought. He'll have a dog's life of it in a whaler. It's my opinion that your lad hasn't stuff enough in him for this experiment."

"I'll risk it," replied the Deacon. "He's got too much stuff in him to stay at home, that's the trouble. The bend or break system is the only one in which I have any faith."

"As you like, Deacon. I want another boy, and yours will answer, I guess."

"When do you sail?" was inquired.

"On Monday."

"Very well. I'll bring the boy down to-morrow."

The thing was settled; and the Deacon did not feel altogether comfortable in mind. Philip was young for such an experiment, as the mother had urged. And now very opportunely, a leaf in the book of his memory was turned, on which was written the story of a poor boy's wrongs and sufferings at sea. Many years before his heart had grown sick over the record. He tried to look away from the page, but could not. It seemed to hold his eye by a kind of fascination.

Still he did not relent. Duty required him to go steadily forward and execute his purpose. There was no other hope for the boy.

"Philip!" it is thus he announced his determination, "I am going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. It's my last hope.—Steadily bent as you are, on evil, I can no longer suffer you to remain at home. The boy who begins by robbing his neighbor's garden is in great danger of ending his days upon the gallows. To save you if possible, from a fate like this, I now send you to sea."

Very sternly, very harshly, almost angrily, was this said. Not the smallest impression did it seem to make upon the boy, who stood with his eyes cast down, an image of stubborn self-will and persistent rebellion.

With still sharper denunciation did the father speak, striving in this way to shock the feelings of his child, and extort signs of penitence. But it was the hammer and the anvil—blow and rebound.

Very different were the mother's efforts with the child. Tearfully she pleaded with him—earnestly she besought him to ask his father's forgiveness for the evil he had done. But Philip said—
"No, Mother. I would rather go to sea. Father don't love me—he don't care for me. He hates me, I believe."

"Philip! Philip! Don't speak in that way of your father. He does love you; and it is only for your good that he is going to send you to sea. O, how could you do so wicked a thing!"

Tears were in the mother's eyes. But the boy had something of the father's stern spirit in him and showed no weakness.

"It isn't any worse than he did when he was a boy," was his answer.

"Well, it isn't; for I heard Mr. Wright tell Mr. Freeman that father and he robbed orchards and hens' nests; and did worse than that when they were boys."

Poor Mrs. Browning was silent. Well did she remember how wild a boy Jonas Browning had been; and how when she was a little girl, she had heard all manner of evil laid to his charge.

Very unexpectedly—at least to Mr. Browning the minister called in on the evening of that troubled day. After some general conversation with the family, he asked to have a few words with the Deacon alone.
"Is it true, Mr. Browning," he said after they had retired to an adjoining room, "that you are going to send Philip to sea?"
"Too true," replied the father soberly.
"It is my last hope. From the beginning that boy has been a rebel against just authority; and though I have never relaxed discipline through the weakness of natural feelings, yet resistance has grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until duty requires me to use a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. It is a painful trial; but the path of duty is the only path of safety. What we see to be right we must execute with unflinching courage. I cannot look back and accuse myself of any neglect of duty, towards this boy, through weakness of the flesh. From the beginning, I have made obedience the law of my household, and suffered no deviation therefrom to go unpunished."

"Duty," said the minister, "has a twin sister."

He spoke in a changed voice, and with a manner that arrested the attention of Deacon Browning, who looked at him with a glance of inquiry.

"She is as lovely and gentle as he is hard and unyielding."

"The Deacon looked still curious.
"When the twin sister of duty is away from his side, he loses more than half of his influence; but in her beautiful presence, he gains a dignity and power that make his precepts laws of life to all who hear them. The stubborn heart melts, the iron will is subdued; the spirit of evil shrinks away from the human soul."

There was a pause.
"The name of that twin sister is Kindness."

"The eyes of Deacon Browning fell away from the minister's countenance, and dropped until they rested upon the floor. Conviction flashed upon his heart. He had always been stern in executing the law—but never kind.

"Has that beautiful twin sister ever been by the side of duty?—has love been in the law, Deacon Browning?"

Side by side with the minister stood duty and kindness—the firm, unshrinking brother, and the mild, loving sister—and so his word had power to reach the deacon's heart, without giving offence to pride.

"Kindness is weak, yielding and indulgent, and forgives, when punishment is the only hope of salvation," said Deacon Browning, a little recovering himself from the first emotions of self-condemnation.

"Only when she strays from the side of duty," replied the minister. "Duty and Kindness must always act together."

Much more, and to the same purpose, was urged by the minister, who made only a brief visit, and then withdrew, that his admonitions might work the desired effect.

When Deacon Browning came in from the front door of his house, after parting with the minister, he drew a chair up to the table in the family sitting room, and almost involuntarily opened the large family Bible. His feelings were much softened towards his boy, who, with his head bowed down upon his breast, sat a little apart from his mother. The attitude was not so much indicative of stubborn self-will, as suffering. Deacon Browning thought he would read a chapter aloud, and so drew the Holy Book closer, and bent his face down over it. Mrs. Browning observing the moment waited for him to begin. The deacon cleared his throat twice. But his voice did not take up the words that were in his eyes and in his heart. How could they?

"As a father pitieth his children"—
Had there been divine pity in the heart of Deacon Browning for his rebellious and unhappy boy? Nay—had there not been wrath instead?

"As a father pitieth his children"—
From a hundred places, in the mind of Deacon Browning, there seemed to come an echo of these words, and they had a meaning in them never perceived before. He closed the book, and remained in deep thought for many minutes; and not only in deep thought but in a stern conflict with himself. Kindness was striving to gain her place by the side of Duty; and cold, hard, imperious Duty, who had so long ruled without a rival in the heart of Deacon Browning, kept all the while averting his countenance from that of his twin sister, who had been so long an exiled wanderer. At last she was successful. The stern brother yielded, and clasped to his bosom the sister who sought his love.

From that instant new thoughts, new views, new purposes, ruled in the mind of Deacon Browning. The discipline of a whaler was too hard and cruel for his boy, young in years, by no means as hardened in iniquity as he had permitted himself to imagine. A cold shiver ran along his nerves at the bare thought of doing what, a few short hours before, he had resolutely intended. Kindness began whispering in the ears of Duty, and crowding them with a world of new suggestions. The heart of the stern man was softened, and there flowed into it something of a mother's yearning tenderness. Rising up at length, Deacon Browning said in a low voice, so new in its tones to the ears of Philip, that it made his heart leap—
"My son, I wish to see you alone."

The deacon went into the next room, and Philip followed him. The deacon sat down and Philip stood before him.

"Philip, my son"—Deacon Browning took the boy's hand in one of his, and looked him full in the face. The look was returned—not a defiant look, but one of yielding wonder.
"Philip, I am not going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. I intended doing so; but on reflection, I think the life will be too hard for you."

Very firmly, yet kindly, the deacon tried to speak, but the sister of Duty was playing with the heart-strings, and their tone of pity was echoed from his voice, which faltered when he strove to give it firmness.

The eye of Philip remained fixed upon the countenance of his father.
"My son"—Deacon Browning thought he had gained sufficient self-control to utter calmly certain mild forms of admonition; but he was in error; his voice was still less under his control, and so fully betrayed the new-born pity and tenderness in his heart, that Philip, melting into penitence, exclaimed, as tears gushed from his eyes—
"O, father! I've been very wicked, and am very sorry!"

Involuntarily at this unexpected confession, the arms of Deacon Browning were stretched out towards his repentant boy, and Philip rushed, sobbing into them.

The boy was saved. From that hour his father had him under the most perfect subordination. But the twin sister of duty walked ever by his side.

Let's Take a Drink.

"Let's go and take a drink, boys," said a well dressed young man as the cars stopped at Waukegan station. And so the boys did, re-entering the cars with their language and persons marked by the bar-room odor.

Take a drink! The young men were well-dressed fools. They have taken a step which will bear a fearful retribution. Years hence a thousand woes will blossom in the footprints now made in young life. A false light glids the deadly miasma which dogs their footsteps. They see not the smoking altar towards which they are tending. A host of shadowy phantoms of vice and crime are flitting on before. Red-handed murder laughs at their folly; and death is waiting at the fresh opened grave. There are tears to shed by those who at this hour dream not of the sorrow which these false steps shall bring them.

Take a drink! All the uncounted host of drunkards whose graves in every land mark the pathway of intemperance, took a drink. They took drinks and died. The drunkards of to-day are taking drinks.—Three out of four of the murderers of 1856 took a drink. Their steps were towards the dram shop, and then from the scaffold upon the fearful waste that lies beyond. The palsied wretches which totter in our streets all took drinks.

We involuntarily shudder when we see young men crowding the deeply beaten path to the dram shop. They are all confident in their own strength. With the glass in one hand where coils the deadly adder, they ha! ha! about the fools who drink themselves to death! They boldly leap into the tide where stronger arms have failed to beat back the sullen flow. They dance and shout in the midst of the grinning and ghastly dead, and riot upon the reeking fumes of the grave's foul breath! They boast of their strength, and yet they are but the reed in the storm.—They wither like grass under the sirocco breath of the plague the nourish. A brief time and they are friendless, homeless and degraded. Another day and the story of their lives is told by a rude, stoneless grave in the Potter's Field.

Don't take a drink! Shun the Dead Sea fruits, that bloom on the shore where millions have died. The bubbles which float upon the beaker's brim, hide the adder's fang. The history of ages points sadly to the maddening hosts who have offered themselves soul and body to the demon of the cup. The bondage of iron, galls but the limbs. That of the dram fetters the soul.—*Cayuga Chief.*

What an Editor Might Have Been.

Holland, the editor of the Springfield Republican, has been up in Vermont, to where he came from, and he thus sketches what he should have been, if he had not left home and become an editor:

"Your correspondent would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands, and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters, worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying for fifteen days in July, and taken for pay the iron work and running gear of a wagon.—At two and twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attentions to a girl with a father worth two thousand dollars, and a spirit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school, and 'sat in the seats,' and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl, any way. Well, after seeing her home from singing school one or two years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about a hundred dollars together he would have married her and settled down.

Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl would have had eleven children—just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a hard time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able enough to do the milking, and help their mother washing days, and I getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, should be elected a member of the legislature having been assessor and school committee man for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and my newspapers in my hands, I should sit and look over the markets, through a pair of gold spectacles, and wonder why such a strange, silly piece as this should be published.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had for us, when we were children. Yet a little while all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and then we shall be laid in silence and darkness, for the worm.—And it may be for a little time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

If all the rascals who, under the semblance of a snug respectability, sow the world with dissensions and deceit were fitted with a halter, rope would double its price, and the executioner set up his carriage.

Communications.

Leaves by the Wayside.

BY AGNES.

"Who does not love the dreamy, rich coloring of our autumnal days, which come to us like a picture, where in all warm, emotional life fades from our sight in one gorgeous tint and coloring," said Lillian as she fished up one more shining lily from the depths of the Merrimac.

"But I," exclaimed Zaidee, "love winter! she comes so regally, with her flourish of music in the martial blasts of her night-winds, and reigns proud queen of that portion of the world over which she throws her mantle."

"But I love spring!" exclaimed Maggie. "She comes in tears and sunshine, and with an earnest soul warmth seeks to sever the monarch chains of winter, and to infuse life and freedom into every fettered thing of nature! Hers is a toilsome mission; but I love her all the better for the struggle."

"And I," exclaimed Mattie, "love summer, with her blue skies and her fragrant flowers! I even love her scorching breath which falls upon my brow, for it speaks of a healthy development of our earth, without the signs of decay."

"But I," said Metta, "love the sky, the stars, the earth in the deep hush of midnight, when the great stampee of life is checked and the soul is free to hold communion with invisible forces of worth and beauty, whose love for us blends with the worship of the Great Eternal."

"But I," exclaimed Walter Wenters, "love to roam in the regions of thought, add by the power of my intellect bring men to my feet in admiration! Aye! by the sound of my voice and the force of my will I would overturn political dogmas, church creeds, and make this nation a truly free and happy one, after the order of my utopian notions!"

"Hurrah, for our future statesmen!" cried I, "and now for my choice of destiny: I love —" ere the sentence was finished, there came a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, which caused us to hide our faces in terror. After the threatening aspect of the sky had passed away, I said:

"You see, my school fellows that the thunder-bolts of Jove pursue me. In ten years from this time, I will, on this same spot, summon you to meet me, that we may compare notes, and see what the journey of life has meted out to each." "Familiar spirits!" I cried with mock solemnity, "will you come?" They all arose, and promised by the golden ties of that friendship which bound us, to meet me there in coming years.

"Home again!" echoed musically through my soul, as I stood upon the shores of America! I had been a wanderer; England, Spain, and last, "bright, sunny Italy" had been visited. My soul was awed by a presence—a mystery as it were, as I gazed upon the wilderness of paintings, and sculpture of the old time, whose silent forms spoke to me of the great masters of art who long since had played their part upon the drama of life, and had left the serene beauty of their Madonnas to tell of the exquisite conceptions of their minds.

But now I had come home. As I wandered among the scenes of former days, I felt it was but a sepulchre. My mother and sisters were sleeping in the churchyard. My old friends had gone their several roads in life. I was alone!

One morning as I watched the sun rise, a sudden flash of recollection shone upon my mind. I saw before me the old trysting place of our school-friendships—the gathering of the water lilies—and my summons to my school-fellows to meet me again in the same place. I resolved, as it was just ten years that day since the above had happened, to visit our play ground; not that I expected to meet any of my childhood's playmates, but I yearned once more to lay my head upon the grass at the foot of the trees, beneath whose shadow I had sported in boyhood. I longed once more to gather some of those fragrant white lilies, which reminded me of the time ere the thunderbolts of sorrow had rendered life a tempest-tossed, tragical performance.

As I stood beneath the trees that shaded the waters of the Merrimac, how strangely throbbed my heart. I had felt no such emotion for years. Was it a foreshadowing of coming friends? Yes, surely! For there soon fell a shadow by my side, and turning, I met a pair of eyes of which I had often dreamed, but had not seen for years.

"Ernest!" came in glad tones from her lips. "God grant, much loved Lillian, that a greater number of our school fellows may be here to-day!" Taking both of her hands within my own, "Ernest, there will be no more here! I will tell you the history of our school fellows if you have not heard already."

I assured her that I had not heard one word from them, since my return home.
"We will commence with Zaidee! She married a millionaire. That was well; if she had not wedded the position, instead of the heart of her husband. She reigns queen over a circle of votaries of fashion and of folly, and like the season she loved best, is dazzlingly beautiful, but cold and arbitrary."

"Maggie married a minister. As she meekly walks her way among the sheep of her husband's fold, I often think she has met the fulfillment of the foreshadowing of her destiny, as it fell from her lips ten years ago, beneath these trees. Is she happy? Ask the murmuring winds as they nestle in the bosom of the great oak which sings in murmured numbers to their carresses."

"Mattie married; but not wisely. Like the hot breath of the season which she loved,

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 months
Square, (14 lines,) \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
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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.

she feels the withering, scorching influence of her husband's nature, quenching every well of gladness within her soul. But "He that tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," sends some comfort to her stricken heart.—For from the stormy clouds which hang over her pathway in life, she catches glimpses of "the better land" where there is rest for the weary."

"Of Meeta: Come with me to-morrow to the church yard, and I will show you a grave, beneath a weeping willow, on which rests a marble slab with these words, 'Meeta, aged 18.'"

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow,
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

"Of Walter: He commenced the practice of law, and by the several stepping stones of political preferment, stands now in our Congressional halls, a law maker for the people. His eloquence and power is felt by all who listen to him. But in his tempest tossed existence, I often ask myself, can he be happy?"

"'Tis strange," I said, that each with such prophetic exactness have foretold their own destiny in life."

"But now, Lillian, tell me thy history and I will tell you mine; and then sweet Lillian, I will bind your brow with the shining water lilies in token of our well kept faith."

I looked upon the moon and stars, but I loved them no more; I listened to the night winds, but they only sang a dirge for me.—How I waited for another coming day, and mingled with renewed zeal in the stampee, bustle and excitement of life. But all to no purpose. My dream of the low, thrilling voice of good, noble Lillian, was only a dream, like no many of the visions of life.
Lawrenceville, Pa.

TEACHER'S COLUMN.

For the Agitator.

"How shall an interest be excited in small reading classes?"

I have adopted this plan sometimes, and succeeded well: I would arrange my class on one line, and if they read correctly I would have them pass over on another mark, opposite the class. If any failed from want of previous preparation, they had the mortification of retaining their places. Again, I have varied the exercises by reading myself; "playing that they were teachers and I their scholar," and they, necessarily, must tell me all the hard words. Again, I have allowed my 1st and 2d Reader classes to thoroughly prepare those lines of spelling prefixed to their reading lesson, and after our usual exercise, request some member of the class to take the book, stand some distance from the class and give out words for the others to spell. This I found to be peculiarly pleasing to them and highly beneficial in making them familiar with the most difficult words occurring in their lesson, also cultivating distinct articulation. We generally give a narration of what we have read, and not unfrequently tell stories which go far beyond "the printed one."

We enlist attention to the punctuation by having the pauses occasionally called off as we come to them in reading. Sometimes we send some member of the class to the board to make them, and have their names specified by others.

We find that a variety is an essential to the improvement of the children, and we aim at gratifying them in this particular.
CONSTANCE BISSON, A. M.

A SWEET BOY.—My neighbor T.— had a social party at his house a few evenings since, and the "dear boy" Charles, a five year old, was favored with permission to be seen in the parlor. "Pa" is somewhat proud of his boy, and Charles was, of course elaborately got up for so great an occasion.—Among other extras, the little fellow's hair was treated to a liberal supply of Eau de Cologne, to his huge gratification. As he entered the parlor and made his formal bow to the ladies and gentlemen, "Look-ee here," said he, proudly, "if any of you smells a smell, that's me!" The effect was decided, and Charles, having thus in one brief sentence delivered an illustrative essay on human vanity, was the hero of the evening.—Every one could call to mind some boy of large growth, whose self satisfaction, though not perhaps so audibly announced, was yet evident, and not better founded.

A NEW RECIPE TO KILL FLIES.—Get a four horse power engine, put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room connected with the aforesaid engine by bellows. On the shafting place fly wheels; smear the wheels with molasses and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the molasses on the fly wheels will light on them, and the wheels revolving rapidly they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a flat shingle, and let him smite them as they fall and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty a day.

A writer in Blackwood says that every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman.

Rum, while in hoghead is capable of doing but little mischief but when it gets into men's heads look out.

He that does good without being good pulls down with one hand what he builds up with the other.