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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, and is published steadily increasing circulation, with a large and growing neighborhood in the reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
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THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1858.

NO. 7.

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), - \$2 50 3 months, 12 mo.
2 Squares, - - - 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.

DREAMINGS.

Oh seldom in life weary solitude,
Does the heart rest beneath a pleasant shade;
And seldom on earth's altars hewn of wood,
Are its best offerings calmly, trusting laid.
But should we chance to find a peaceful shade,
Or breathe our vows upon a holy shrine;
Weren't best to teach our footsteps to evade
The path that leads to blessings so divine?
No! let us mock them not, for ah, on earth,
Drearily little that the saddened soul may prize
Brightest flowers are scorched by sorrows death,
And droop, 'ill gathered to their native skies.
For o'er earth's dreary, burning, desert waste,
Few fragrant breezes on the traveler blow,
And from the green hills of the distant past,
Its sweetest, softest, clearest cascades flow.
While on the sanded shores of life we stray,
Few are the pearls that drift beneath our feet;
Should these be cast in careless scorn away?
Is it not sinful? were such wild waste meet?
And of the flowers that bloom beside our path,
But one in many doth true incense give;
And should we spurn that, when the genial showers
And kissing sunbeams, bid its love to live?
It may not be, for all too many hearts,
Have felt like mine the bitter roll of fate;
Have learned too well how dark deceit can blight,
The fondest heart, and make life desolate.
Then let us cling to all of goodness,—truth,
The brilliant life-waves to our hearts may roll;
And treasure fondly all bright dreams of youth,
That pure as stars, still the wayward soul.
Cocington, Pa.

THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of schoolmates who were coming towards the school-house; "she cuts the most comical figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as men and boys wear."
"Oh, yes, I've seen her, replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washer-woman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through suds as well as any. It is cleaner of course."
And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.
"Come let us go in and examine her; continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school-house; "I am thinking she will make some fun for us."
The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly clothed, tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling, and blushing in one corner of the room, without even venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.
When they entered school, they found that the little girl was far in advance of those of her age in their studies, and was placed in the class with those two or three years her senior. This, seemed on the whole, to make those girls who were disposed to treat her unkindly, dislike her more; and she being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.
"And do you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she had entered the school, "that you are going to get the medal? It will correspond nicely with your cloak!"
And she caught hold of the cape and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in a loud laugh.
"Calico dress take the medal! I guess she will; I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.
"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen; "do answer Uncle William's letter and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'calico cloak' and 'brogans' and you don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me."
"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet those who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right my child, and you will come off conqueror."
Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew she had to meet with very severe trials for one so young.
"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie, "there is not one who loves me."
And the child buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.
In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls; and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak," as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each sportive word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.
Mrs. Lee, learned that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although he was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that while there, her child could continue her studies, and perhaps, through his influence, lead a more happy life among her schoolmates.
Accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville, and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the Academy beneath the despised garment.
Weeks, months and years glided away to the students of the Bridgeville Academy, and

the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten.—Those who were at school with her, had left to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman came into Bridgeville, and was settled as pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following his ordination, that it was expected he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks.

A few weeks after, Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first,) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such occasions.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much, it certainly has improved very much within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked somewhat surprised.

"I was here a few months, when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

"Their curiosity was excited."

"Have you friends here?" asked a third after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage, which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store on the corner of Pine Street."

"The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the Academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized, "but I am really ashamed that my memory proves so recalcitrant."

"I was known in the Academy as the 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features which in a few minutes was seen deepening upon the face of the others present.

There was a silence of some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age, by making herself known.

"Oh! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy," said an old lady, as she looked over her glasses, and I think if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology.

"I have no intention, whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but as it may seem to some that such was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little 'Calico Cloak'; but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And, as I again hear the old academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me, by supposing I cherish an unkindly feeling towards any one. I know that, whatever the past may have been you are now my friends. But, ladies, let me add if you have children, learn a lesson from my experience, and teach them to treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection, and as sensitive to sorrow, as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child who shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell it the story of the 'Calico Cloak'; it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest and best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady again, as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; "and I do believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the old academy. At that very time a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But, when the story of the "Calico Cloak" reached the scholars, the little boy became very popular in school and the children from that time were very kind to "Little Patchy," as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of "Little Patchy," she felt that she was well repaid for all she had suffered in her childhood.

"Sir," said a burly fellow, of no enviable character, "I have the largest neck of any man in the city." "Very likely," said his neighbor; "and I saw yesterday the largest rope in the city—put that and that together."

What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?"—"I should be stationary."

Curiosities of Commerce.

Turning over the pages of the Cyclopaedia of Commerce, just published, a few matters attracted our attention as curiosities, which we propose to transcribe for our readers.—We were looking for the small things in commerce, matters that in taking a magnificent, broad and comprehensive view, would be overlooked—just as the invention of the greatest importance for domestic purposes would be overlooked and unnoticed in its homely attire, when placed in exhibition and surrounded by works of polished art, costly machinery, and gorgeous furniture. A humble inventor once placed in such an exhibition a few bunches of friction matches. They were unnoticed. Visitors went there looking for some great thing, not realizing that the despised package of splints, tipped with chemical fire, was the greatest thing in that proud collection, destined to work a revolution in the means of procuring artificial light and to become a universal necessity, to be deprived of which would be one of the greatest inconveniences that could happen.

It is not more than twenty years ago since that the tinder-box was in universal use. It is abolished now. The invention of the friction match spread slowly; but who, at this day would venture to say they could do without it? Insignificant as they appear to be, single factories, with expensive machinery, cut up large rafts of timber annually for matches.

Under the head of pin, we find that the manufacture of this indispensable little instrument was commenced in the United States between 1812 and 1820, since which time the business has extended greatly, and several patents for the manufacture of pins have been taken out. The manufacture in England and other parts of Europe is conducted upon improvements made in the United States.—Notwithstanding the extent of our own productions the United States imported in 1856, pins to the value of \$40,255.

Still keeping our attention directed to small things, we find that the imports of needles into this country for 1856 amounted to \$246,000. It is said that needles were first made in England, in the time of the bloody Mary, by a negro from Spain; but, as he would not impart his secret, it was lost again at his death, and not recovered again till 1266, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a German taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the greatest perfection.—It is stated that the construction of a needle requires about 120 operations, but they are rapidly and uninterruptedly successive.

The temperance people will find an argument to enforce their doctrines in the fact that 41,071,136 bushels of grain, paying \$25,000,000 duty are annually converted into malt in Great Britain for ale and porter. It may reasonably be inferred that a great quantity of these beverages is drunk there.

Ground nuts are quite an institution with Young America, 800 tons having been imported into the United States from Gambia in one year. We, however dissent from the cyclopaedist, when he says they are most used here at desserts, roasted as chestnuts are elsewhere.

Under the head of Hair, the Cyclopaedia says that 200,000 pounds weight of women's hair is annually sold in France, and that the price paid for it is usually six cents an ounce. One hundred thousand roses are required to give a yield of 189 grains of attar or oil of roses. There are doubtless, in this compendious work, many curious, interesting and instructive facts, if one had the time to search them out. And now, as we are closing, we notice quite a number of items, such as that a bale of Sea Island cotton weighs 333 pounds, and only measured 15 cubic feet, a fact of great importance in the question of transportation. What makes this great difference in cubic proportions?—*New York Sunday Times.*

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—How true and exquisitely beautiful is the impressive passage, which is taken from an article in the Dublin University Magazine: "To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, the little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle, and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting into the presence of its all-wise father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of heaven."

ONLY ME.—A lady had two children—both girls. The elder one fair child—the younger a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her whole love was centered in it. The elder was neglected, while "Sweet" (the pet name of the younger,) received every attention that love could bestow. One day after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlor, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favorite.

"Is that you Sweet?" she inquired.
"No, mamma," was the sad and touching reply, "it isn't Sweet; it's only me."
The mother's heart smote her, and from that hour "only me," was restored to an equal place in her affections.

Journal of a Defeated Candidate.

The following is timely. It may suit the case of hundreds of individuals:

Thursday—Received the nomination of an office in the City Council. Surprised and indignant. Remonstrated with committees. Was told I must place myself in the hands of my friends. Eventually did so.

Friday—Immense poster on a brick pile opposite my house; my name in two feet letters. Great anguish on the part of my wife and family, who believe that every officer of the city government must, according to law, be indicted and tried at the end of his term. Friends meet me in the street say that there is a rumor about town that I am up for office, which rumor ought to be publicly contradicted. Other friends offer ironical congratulations, and leave me in doubt whether the office is unfit for me, or I for the office. Old gentleman says that he won't believe it; for he knew my father and he was a very respectable man.

Saturday—Man on stoop of my house, with a big stick and terrier. Broad shouldered, slovenly person, with a sanguinary eye. Came to advise me to beware of a class of ruffians that go round election times extorting money from candidates. Offers his service to tend the polls. Customary, he says to pay in advance. Refer him to my committee. He whistles to his dog. Engage him at \$5, cash down. We part with expressions of mutual esteem. Going in, find six men smoking in my parlor. Delegates from a target excursion. Customary, they say, for candidates to give prizes on these occasions. Refer them to my committee. Captain very polite; tells me he will give me time to think about it, and will come on Sunday with the whole guard to see what a fine looking set of men they are. Result, \$10 for a prize. Evening. Excited person calls for a subscription for a banner. Refer him to my committee. Threatens personal violence and swears awfully. Subscribe for a banner. Man comes with a wooden leg; want's a new one. Three more banner men. Clergyman for a subscription to a deserving charity. Seventeen men to attend polls. More cripples. Delegation wants their fire engine painted. Men without arms to post bills. Woman for subscription for coffin. Children all crying up stairs. My wife in hysterics. General terror and confusion. **Midnight**—Torchlight procession; kettle drums; serenade; make a speech; rotten egg hits me in the eye; general fight, spammers, brickbats, clubs, banners, torches and fists.

Wednesday—Wake up defeated. Tell all my friends that I don't care for myself, but feel sorry for the city. My wife goes home to her mother, the children are sent where they cannot be under my influence. No home, no friends, no wife, and no money.—*N. Y. Times.*

Life in Nebraska.

A citizen of Nebraska thus posts up an eastern correspondent who speared a variety of questions at him as to the territory and life there:

"What kind of country do you live in?" Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water.
"What kind of weather?" Long spells of weather are frequent.—Our sunshine comes off principally during the daytime.
"Have you plenty of water, and how got?" A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pails and whiskey.
"Is it hard?"
Rather so, when you have to go a half a mile, and wade in mud knee deep to get it.
"What kind of buildings?"
Allegoric, Ionic, Anti Caloric, Long and Slabs. The buildings are chiefly out of doors and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof.
"What kind of society?"
Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed. Any aristocracy?
Nary one.
"What do your people do for a living, mostly?"
Some work, some laze around; one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whiskey.
"Is it cheap living there?"
Only five cents a glass and the water thrown in.
"Any taste for music?"
Strong. Buzz and buck saws in the daytime, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting nights.
"Any pianos there?"
No, but we have several cow bells, and a tin pan in every family.
"Any manufacturers?"
Every household. All our children are home productions.
"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"
Work, shave notes, fish, hunt, steal, or if hard pinched, buy and sell town property.

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these years, as he was looking for them he saw not the heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

Communications.

Carbon.

In our consideration of oxygen, we found that when wood or other combustible material was burned with free access to atmospheric air, nearly the entire matter, first solid, then gaseous, had escaped—nothing being left but a few ashes, the non-volatile part of the thing burned. But had we instead of admitting atmospheric air without stint, excluded all of it but a limited quantity, and then allowed the combustion to go on, imperfectly, as it necessarily would, we should have obtained a much larger residue after the escape of the gaseous and other volatile matters, which residue would be carbon more or less pure as our process had been more or less carefully conducted. In the former instance from its rapid combination with the abundant oxygen of the air, it became volatile, and passed away. In this latter case, the supply of air being restricted, its combination was prevented, and it itself remained as a black residuum. It is highly combustible, being the illuminating material while the candle burns. There may be a combustion with scarcely any illumination, but admit carbon and the burning becomes luminous, not from any particular inherent quality of this element, but that any solid heated to incandescence will do the same with different degrees of brilliancy, according to the intensity of the heat and the completeness of the combustion. But carbon being an ingredient of nearly every animal or vegetable product, is thus abundant, affording a combustible, the cheapest, as also the most readily applicable to daily wants.

Combustion, as we have seen, is the uniting of the oxygen of the air with carbon and other combustibles; yet do these two elements of chemistry remain ununited during an indefinite period at common temperatures, but should the heat rise to a certain degree and there be maintained we would get immediate and continued burning; hence, as coal is carbon and also as almost all combustibles contain more or less of this substance, we can perceive the wisdom of this regulation. Carbon so universal; oxygen even more abundant, and did they combine at low temperatures, what havoc; the earth's surface incessantly on fire and the variety in beauty of our terrestrial globe be—what? Yet many say, "no contriver but all the happenings of chance."

This substance exists in nature in two distinct crystallizations—as the diamond (always in crystalline forms) and graphite (commonly not crystallized). The former being perfectly pure carbon, only differing from coal in its purity, yet is its high value well known and appreciated, being the hardest of all known substances and almost infusible.

Graphite is also pure carbon with oftentimes a trace of iron; it is ordinarily known as the lead of lead pencils—somewhat rare and valuable. Also other forms are familiar to us and capable of artificial preparation, viz., coke, soot, charcoal, animal carbon &c. In the form of charcoal it possesses an additional interest and utility, from its power of absorption, thus being capable of purifying from and removing of deleterious gases, whether disseminated throughout the atmosphere or confined to cess-pools, stagnant water, or other mephitic situations. It is also useful for preservation from decay and removing impurities from liquids. It is the sine qua non of pure water in many large cities, so indispensable for the process of filtering. Its power of absorption and condensation may be approximated, when we say that it is capable of "using up" from twenty to ninety times its own bulk of different fluids, i. e., a piece of charcoal, the size of a hen's egg will absorb of the gas ammonia a quantity equal to all that ninety hen's eggs could contain.

The cause of this astonishing property in coal is said, and believed to be dependent upon its porousness, since all solid bodies which have many pores and consequently much surface attract fluids, probably upon the principle of capillary attraction, whereby water, and other liquid rises in a tube increasingly in proportion to the decrease of the tube's diameter, hence the more and finer the pores the greater the power of absorption, within certain limits. The exact cause of its condensing power is not satisfactorily determined, some assigning one reason, others another. But whenever condensation of liquids is going on, heat is generated, or otherwise the latent caloric is made sensible, so that many times "it may even amount to a spontaneous combustion." Especially is this liable "by heaping together large quantities of charcoal in a pulverized state, and many an unfortunate accident has occurred from this same cause." And generally the greater the condensation the more the heat given off,—hence the heat imparted to the carboniferous charcoal depends *ceteris paribus* upon the amount of fluid absorbed, (in the same space), its condensation, as also the rapidity of these actions, wherefore the pile of charcoal ignites, when at the same time the lump would remain intact.

Yet another interesting consideration is found for carbon in the respiratory functions of animals, where it is continually expired in the form of carbonic acid, or rather united with oxygen, whereby its excretion is favored. The purifying the blood from this excrement being as indispensable to the continuance of life as is the inspiration of oxygen. Either process stopping or becoming impeded, equally will the powers of life be destroyed or impaired, this carbon before it is oxidized, being an essential aid to the heat-producing process of living animals. In fact it is its combination with oxygen which generates

the caloric within us, the oxygen passing in through the lungs, and the carbon gaining access with the food in the form of fats, oils, sugars, &c. Without the one the other would be needless, and without the other the one would be almost useless. Now after these cursory glances at oxygen and carbon, we will be better prepared to undertake the consideration of the respiratory process as manifested in mammalia, a consideration replete with interest as well as instruction, a process neither ceasing day nor night, but perpetually acting as long as life may last.

GALEN.

TEACHER'S COLUMN.

Reminiscences of a "School Marm."

Various are the causes that first induced me to become a "school marm." To enumerate them would be an irksome task, as the most important of them are common to all of our profession, and I shall only state such as may have been peculiar to myself.

First; that necessity for employment which the older members of a large family know amid increasing wants. As pride and poverty usually go hand in hand, it was not to be supposed for an instant that I would degrade myself by "working out!" Perish the groveling thought! To be chained for life to the dish-cloth, broom and mop!—Oh, no! There was no congeniality between me and these common offices of life. Besides, did not this properly belong to those coarse, vulgar people who seemed to be born for that especial purpose, and whose ideas never extend beyond their own poultry yard? Let such perform the drudgery. For myself I was convinced there were better things in store.

These romantic views were still further strengthened by the conversation of my parents. "Ah!" said my father, "it is plain our Nellie is none of the common sort; she is nothing but a 'book worm'; she must have an 'education' to teach school!"

That I was decidedly literary was a noted fact throughout the settlement. For before I reached my "teens" I had actually shed tears over the sufferings of Cinderella and of Robinson Crusoe, besides being well versed in other histories, such as Blue Beard, Little Red Riding Hood, etc. But other and still weightier reasons urged me on to an intellectual career. While myself a scholar I had been one of the restless, wayward temperaments that try the patience and call down the anathemas and stripes of the best teachers.—Ungrateful wretch that I was, I inwardly held a grudge toward the whole posse of them and resolved to eke it out.

When the day came for me to sway the "beechen rod"—having attained the venerable age of fifteen, and being well versed in the "abbreviations," "fore part of Spelling Book" and "Jography," and having obtained a certificate, I was fully prepared for the responsibilities of teaching. Applications were consequently made for the best schools in town, but I was somewhat disappointed in finding it difficult to obtain a situation.

At last, when about to give up in despair, I received an unexpected call from "Hard Scratches," an adjoining settlement, where I would be compensated in the sum of six shillings a week and "board round." Then "I felt that my ability had begun to be appreciated. I would be a model teacher,—I was sure of it. On the Monday following, having placed in my basket the "Key to Adam's Arithmetic," the book in which I had copied my sums during the winter, some sweet flag and other nick nacks, I set out for the theatre of future performances. The little log school house with its chimney of huge dimensions, hardly met my anticipations, yet I went through the day nobly, and was convinced long before night that I was "some."

School being closed I was somewhat puzzled to find where to go, as no one was quite ready to board me yet. But urged on by the clamorous calls of appetite I followed the largest group across the lot; over the fences, till we reached the rural hut where I was to spend the night. Five urchins who were with me were soon joined by three more whose shouts deafened me when they ascertained that the "school marm" had really come, as they had never set eyes on one before. I was ushered into the only apartment on the ground and which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen. The family having taken a leisurely survey of each article of my dress and enquired the price, allowed me to feast myself on some fragments of Johnny-cake which remained of the last meal; the children meanwhile busying themselves in examining the contents of my basket and appropriating to themselves whatever they chose.

Being somewhat fatigued, I begged leave to retire at an early hour. I was told to ascend a ladder in company with three of the children who were to be packed with me.—But as I reached the top-most round it suddenly gave way and precipitated me into the trundle-bed below, to the great consternation of the younger branch of the family, who immediately set up such a howl as I never heard before.

Farmington, Pa.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An exchange paper says that a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world—a perfect honeycomb, full of cells. Perhaps this may have been suggested by the man who said, "Brides are given away while the grooms are 'sold.'"

A chaplain of a State Prison was asked by a friend how his parishioners were.—"All under conviction," was the reply.