Tems of Publication.

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eluded, \$4 per year.

TO E. M.

I'm gazing on the moon to-night,
Full many a mile away
From where I've stood with thee, dear friend,
To watch its glimmering ray.

For I have left the city's streets. In other paths to roam; Mid trees, and flowers, and murmuring brooks I now will find my home,

The moon's bright rays are still the same. As on that happy eve,
When we together watched its light
Mid clouds, fantastic, weave.

Strange forms in yon blue fields of space,
Which ever shifting fied,
Like hopes, which I have cherished long,
But now to find them dead.

No more I stand as then I stood, A free and careless child: For we were both but children then, Gay, innocent and wild.

What cared we then for life's cold cares-For cares that were not known? Ah, what was then the world to us?-A nath with roses strewn. But now, alas, the thorns appear

To wound the tender heart: The first great grief we ever knew, The fate that bade us part. But time has passed and left his mark, And now I feel that life, To me must henceforth be a field Of constant, earnest strife.

Delmar, Sept. 1.

The Lost Child.

Many years ago, there occurred in Obion county, Tennessee, one of the most thrilling domestic tragedies which move to tears by the pathos of their mournful details. A farmer named Riley, who lived near the alluvial bottom which borders the Obion river, had an only child, a daughter, some six or seven years old. Little Ella was the darling of her parents, and a favorite with all who knew her. To great beauty of person and sprightliness of manner, she added an uncommon share of the winsome graces of childhood. Her merry prattle and ringing laughter were like the cadences of a sweet song echoing through the home and the hearts of her parents.

Having no companion in her sports, her playground was limited to a small area immediately around the family mansion. There, busy as a bee, she romped and sported, communing with nature and herself in the thousand unnamed and unnamable ways which the beneficence of Providence has provided for the amusement and instruction of children. Her prolonged absences from the house, being almost daily, were consequently seldom no-

One asternoon, in mid winter, she was observed, immediately after dinner, to take her bonnet and gloves and go out, apparently in an unusually frolicsome mood. For some time she was seen or heard merry-making in her usual places of resort. Mr. Riley was absent from home on some neighborhood errand. His wife and few other inmates of the house, busy with household duties, had not observed that the voice of the child had been for some hours silent in her play-

The shades of a long winter night were darkening over the fields, when Mr. Riley returned home, and found his family in con-Ella. The search for her, which had commenced at dusk, was continued by all the members of the household until every nook and corner of the premises had been minutely and repeatedly inspected. The child was nowhere to be found.

The painful conviction now forced itself upon the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Riley, that little Ella had wandered off from home, and was lost. The night had fully set in. A culting wind blew fiercely from the north. The cold was intense. Every moment sharpened the agony of her parents, and made them tremble for the fate of their child, exposed to the fierce inclemency of the wind

As soon as the domestic-search had proved fruitless, it was decided to alarm the neighborhood, and extend the search to the surrounding fields and woods. Mounting a still unstabled horse, Mr. Riley flew to his nearest naighbor, with the tidings of his calamity. Thence a message was despatched to the next neighbor, and so on in succession, until a circuit of many miles in extent was in active commotion. All knew and loved little Ella, and respected her parents, for they were good hoof or foot could bring them, they came pouring in from all quarters, men and boys, gloved and coated for the winter night's exposure, and the loving search for the lost favorite of the neighborhood.

A plan of operations was adopted, and in small bands, with a prescribed circuit around the premises, widening outwardly with each addition signed to each squad, they began the search by torch-light, and, with concerted signals, to indicate its progress and result. It was a touching, and, at the same time, a goodly sight, to see those bold drumbeat of their benevolent feelings, through cold and darkness, to seek, and if possible, the great dramatist nad made them all feel of kin to the missing child.

hausted company. An area of more than a mile in diameter around the house of Mr. Riley had been searched. No sign of the lie, our children will be liars also." lost child had been discovered.

New recruits arriving from the more disble business compelled to retire, the search real wit.

AGITATOR. THE

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.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1858.

was resumed upon the same plan that had been pursued during the night. Every possible place of concealment for a dead body was examined. Shouts were exchanged be-tween the different detachments, and occasional guns fired to attract the attention of Ella, if still alive, and elicit some guiding voice or sound in response. The echoes reverberating through the woods, or flung back by the hills, soon died away upon the wintry air, and all was again silent and voiceless as the grave. There was no sign to indicate the direction she had taken. The frozen

earth refused to retain even a little footprint

to guide the deliverers upon her track. Still that noble band of youths and men faltered not. Cold, fatigue, and wakefulness, and hunger, combined to oppress them. But what were cold, exposure, and hunger, to them, when they remembered that a lone child, the beloved of all their hearts, was wandering, without food or shelter, through gloomy solitudes and over frozen earth, or that, perhaps, her fair little form, rigid in death, was lying unburied in some dark covert, or exposed on some wintry hill? The thought quickened their pace and speeded their search.

By noon of the second day, the area of the search had extended to more than five miles in diameter. No tidings or sign of the lost child had been heard or seen. Hope had clouded into doubt, and doubt was fast sinking in despair. About three o'clock in the afternoon, on the circumference of the outermost circle of the search, and in the direction of the Obion Swamp, a freshly-torn fragment of some garment was found clinging to a bush. It was identified as of a piece with the apron worn by little Ella on the evening she lest home. The news was soon communicated to all, and at once concentrated the company and the search in the direction which it was now certain the child

Mr. and Mrs. Riley had kept even pace with the rest until the morning of the second day. Buoyed up with the hope of finding their child, and driven almost to madness by the tortured agony of a parent's heart, they could not be persuaded to absent themselves from the search. They were compelled, at last, to yield to the conviction, that two bitterly cold nights and one bleak winter day had made them childless. With a grief too deep for tears, they returned and awaited, in their now desolate home, the result of the search for the body of Ella. Alas! for the riven hearts of those who sit in the silence of an unutterable sorrow, awaiting the return of the lifeless form in which have been garnered up the rich treasures of a parent's

In a short time after the discovery of the torn fragment of Ella's apron, her body was found. It was lying upon the ground, cold and perfectly rigid. She had evidently died of cold and exhaustion many hours before. Forming a rude hearse of poles and bark, with an overcoat for a covering, they placed the body upon it, and began their tearful and silent procession towards the residence of Mr. Riley.

Ye who dwell in great cities, and see the sternation at the prolonged absence of little

Ella. The search for her, which had comwealth and blazonry of pride, scorn not the severe simplicity of this rustic procession. It is the tear of the mourner, and not the nodding plume and the sable drapery of the hearse, that sanctifies and ennobles the funeral cortege in the eye of reason and of

> Few persons, indeed, could have witnessed hat rustic procession to the home of sorrow, bearing the cause of that sorrow in their midst, and withheld the tribute of a tear to the scene. Innocence and beauty had faded from the earth, and old men and young men mourned for its departure. A sweet voice was silent, and forever, in those rural retreats, and all wept that its cadence was stilled, and its melody gone, like the hushed tones of a broken lute to return no more. The veil of darkness had been drawn over the lustre of bright eyes; light had gone out in the house of a neighbor and a friend, little Ella was dead, and there were old men and young men in tears, bearing her lifeless form to the home of her parents.

With slow and measured step they bore the body of the maiden, and deposited it in neighbors and excellent people. As fast as the presence of the parents. Little Ella was buried the next day in the neighboring graveyard, where a neat tombstone, with the inscription of her name, age, and catastrophe, point out to the visitor the last resting place of the lost child of our narrative. never known how she came to wander off carried into immediate execution. Detailed from home on the fatal afternoon of her loss. -Home Journal.

KEEPING PROMISES WITH CHILDREN .- A gentleman of very nervous temperament once called on Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College. One of the Doctor's boys was rather boisterous, and pestered the nervous gentleman somewhat, whereupon he said to him, "My boy, if you will keep still while I am to save one little wanderer from their rural circle. The touch of nature spoken of by dollar." Instantly the boy hushed down as quiet as a sleeping lamb. At the close of the gentleman's remarks he attempted to leave All night long the weary and fruitless without giving the boy the dollar; but Doct-search went on. The morning rose, cold and clouded, upon the benumbed and ex-based and ex-b promised my boy a dollar for good behavior. Give him that, as you promised. If sir, we

BEAUTY AND WIT-Handsome features tant parts of the neighborhood, to fill the alone are incapable of expressing real beauty places of those whom fatigue and indispensa. as speech alone is incapable of expressing "Another Hat Full, Joel."

A short yarn was spun to us last evening of and concerning the experiments in milling of a couple of friends of ours, now or lately sojourning for health and pleasure at the Talladega Springs. It is unnecessary to give the names of these gentlemen, but we for convenience will call them, respectively, John and Joel. They, it may be remarked, have great similarity of tastes, and among other penchants, are very fond of fishing; and everybody knows that the vicinity of the Talledaga Springs offers fine opportunity to the skillful knight of the fly.

Thus John and Joel-there being no religious services at the Springs that day—went out Sunday before last, to the mill of Mr. P., a mile or two down the creek, with a view to a dinner of small trout and bread. With them went their invited guest, Mr. Smith, and "Miles," "contrived" them down a bottle or two of wine.

The party was snug; the wind was propitious, and the fish altogether amiable. A cosy, nice dinner of brown and crisp mountain fish was soon washed down with a few glasses of champagne; and then cigars were it. As the smoke curled languidly about their noses, Satan, (who was invisibly present, without an invitation,) suggested to John, that that mill was a 'slow coach,' and couldn't cut much lumber; and John expressed the same opinion of Joel. Joel thought differently, and so did Smith.

"Let's try her," said John.

"Agreed," said Joel and Smith. It was short work; a large pine log lay at right angles across the carriage of the mill; and it was agreed to "let her rip" through this. Accordingly the gate was raised and immediately the stillness of the "grand old woods', was broken by the rapid, sharp brought up and the saw went rapidly through. "Now stop her," said Joel-Smith and

John essayed to do so. But the mill wouldn't be stopped, but went

clattering away, as hard as ever! "Stop her, John, or by the Lord Harry she'll split herself in two," shouted Joei.-But all the fixtures were obstinate and refused to yield to the exertions of John and Smith. On went the saw, while John and Joel perspired.

Presently the carriage presented some metallic obstruction to the passage of the saw, but "true as steel," it went against the obstruction-and then the teeth flew. [Some pieces of mill-iron had been left upon the carriage way.] But yet it ceased not—up phant elevation of Mr. Buchanan to the high-and down! up and down! the true steel to est office in the gift of a free people. the dull cast iron, until suddenly a small flame broke out among the dust and splinters near the point of contact.

"Great G-d, John," said Joel, "the infer-nal thing is on fire. What shall we do?"

"Run down to the creek and bring up your hat full of water," said John. Joel ooked affectionately at his handsome tile, single issue, should the people of Kansas be which is always kept neatly brushed, but submitting to a dire necessity he straightway their own way? Should they vote on all children come to read it, they will not bethe flames. John and Smith's straws were alone, but on all their institutions—unmolest. Presidential chair in the face of such a peounavailable; nevertheless, they did all those ed by the bayonets of the Administration on ple, covered with the armor of pledges, could wild, inconsiderate things which most perthe one side, and the onsets of a band of forhave gone into that chair to have used his
sons will do, in case of fire, when there is no
eign marauders on the other? No man felt army—aye, his army!—and the treasury of possibility of doing any good.

Still that toothless saw ripped on, singing a demon song as it scraped against the dull about it. In his letter of acceptance, and in down a gallant band of men for standing cast iron. And the fire still kept gaining a the speech which he delivered to the commit-

Joel labored faithfully, and every two minutes brought up his hat full of water and be present and hear it,) he laid stress on the pelled to write that the President was born in threw it upon the fire. John stood despair- great principle that the will of the majority ingly leaning against a post in the mill, and halloed to his triend, as he seemed to pause has said to me a thousand times, "The South unredeemed infamy not one. There has at the brink of the stream-

"Another hat full Joel, for God's sake !-The infernal thing will cost us \$1200 apiece if it burns'!"

the water and poured it on. On went the devilish saw, rasping and

tearing itself to pieces. At this juncture, Mr. P., the owner of the

mill, having heard the racket and seen the smoke, came down to the mill, and with great difficulty the saw was stopped and the fire this struggle from my quiet retreat in Lonput out. Joel was grievously "blown," with carrying water in his hat, and John was quite used up with excitement, while Smith was breathless at his exertions at some lever which he supposed might have some influence in quieting the demon saw.

"Gentlemen," said the proprietor, very politely, "it is easy enough to see why you couldn't stop the saw after you set it a-going. This mill has some new arrangements which I can easily explain-"

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. P." said John, no explanations on that point! It's the first mill I ever set a going, and I shall never start another! Just send us your bill for damages, and let's say no more about it." "The "boys," paid \$60 for not knowing how to stop a saw, and that night John, in a feverish sleep, (he has that blessing, chills and fever) shouted to his room mate-

The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal, is to believe all stories to be false, which ought not to be true.

"One more hat-full Joel!"

We go to the grave of a friend, saying: him, saying, "A man is born."

Habit is everything. It either makes or breaks a man. If they are good, he goes starwards; if bad mudwards.

From the Baltimore Patriot. Col. Forney and President Buchanan.

delphia Press, attended an anti-Administration political meeting which was held at Tarrytown, New York, on the 2d instant, by the friends of John B. Haskin, Esq., anti-Lecompton, for the purpose of securing his renomination to Congress. At this assemblage, Colonel Forney made a long speech, which we find fully reported in the New York papers and in his own journal. It is known that Col. Forney was one of Mr. Buchanan's strongest political and warmest personal

speech—thus: "My fellow citizens, I may be a little personal, because, appearing before you as I do, I am impelled, if not compelled, to refer to a portion of the political history in which I have borne a prominent part. My relations this thing. It will pass by as the summer with the Executive of the United States be- breeze." I told him it was very well for him gan with early boyhood—from a long time to say se; that an Administration surroundbefore I became a voter. I was his intimate confident and friend in early youth; and the time in an atmosphere of flattery, might down to the present hour, or rather to a period one year ago, I sustained towards Mr. Bu. were thousands of expectants who could chanan relations not only of intimacy, but come to him and say, "Mr. Buchanan, you of more than intimacy. Had he been my are right. Mr. Buchanan we are down on father, had his blood run in my veins, I could our knees. Please to walk over us. Please not have been more devotedly attached to to trample on us, and we will be rendered him. [Some applause.] I believe that these happy." I said to him, "You may believe sentiments of affection were reciprocated.-We had tried, in our good old State of Pennsylvania, for many years to elect this gentle- instinctively rejects and abhors fraud, and man to the Presidency. It fell to my lot, this is dishonor. born in the county in which he grew to manhood-born in the county where he read any other man. I have done-as all politi-law-born in the county where he still has cians have-some things which may not his residence-born in the county where he square exactly with the rules of religion and says he expects to die-and knowing him right. I regret that I have done them; but thus well, it fell to my lot, I say, to do a good this I will not do. [Cheers, and cries of strokes of the saw. In a minute the log was deal of the hard work intended for the fulfil- 'Bravo.'] I have reached the stature and ment of the aspirations of himself and of the the years of manhood, and I capnot go back

wishes of his friends." Here follows in detail a full history of the friendly part taken by the speaker towards securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency in 1844, also in 1848, 1852, and finally in the triumph-after long suffering-at Cincinnati, in 1856. During all this time, no sacrifice, personal, financial or otherwise, was too great, in obedience to in his Cabinet. Mr. Pierce tolerated differthe one leading object of serving a friend.— ences in his Cabinet; and here we are, the Day and night, night and day, year in and men who carried you into the place you now year out, it was the same mutual, harmoni- occupy, asking nothing at your hands, havous friendship, the same unceasing oneness ing refused your favors, having trampled on of purpose upon the part of Mr. Forney, to all the patronage tendered to them, because advance the interests and secure the trium- they desire to serve you independently, here est office in the gift of a free people.

Mr. Buchanan was elected, and still the

close intimacy continued, Mr. Forney and his friend cordially agreeing in political sentiment it; but if you make it a test with your offiupon all questions.

"It was not as we are told in Mr. Forney's speech, the Ostend Conference. It was not the Pacific railroad. It was nothing but the must vote for me. It is Fremont or Buchan- not been a single circumstance lacking.an. They must go for me. The North must be secured; and the only way to sewill do right to the people of Kansas. 'I am to do right." now sixty-six years of age,' he said. 'I have reached that time of life when I can have no ambition for re-election; and if I have, the way to secure re-election is to be strong with my own people at home. I have watched don. I have seen what I conceive to be the the Administration of Mr. Pierce: therefore I will inaugurate a new system, and will show to these gentlemen that a Pennsylvania President will stand firmly by the pledges of a Pennsylvania gentleman and a Pennsylvania Democrat."

The speaker goes on to say that he could, if not too sacreligiously encroaching upon private confidence, produce letters which would divulge some singular secrets, but refrains from so doing. Time progresses, and Mr. Buchanan is inaugurated President .-The Kansas question became a bone of con-tention; Mr. Walker was appointed Governor of the Territory, having instructions co-inciding with the original views—embracing popular sovereignty in its widest range-as mutually approved by Mr. Forney. A change however, came over the whole aspect of af fairs. Mr. Buchanan had swerved or yielded darned sight better father than ever you had." to undue influences, while Mr. Forney re mained unaltered in sentiment.

"But," as he remarks, "when the dark and day that he saw the dog star wag his tail. plause. | Something too much of that, gen- Post.

tlemen. When the cup was presented to my lips, I refused it. [Bravo and cheers.] Administrations might change, Presidents might Col. John W. Forney, editor of the Phila- change; but I had been too fully and too personally committed on this subject to go back to Pennsylvania, and to turn my back to pledges which I had both spoken and writ ten to thousands of men. I did not believe, however, for a moment, that the Administration was resolved to make the betrayal of the principles of the party which put in power s test; and so, when I went to Washington, called on my old friend, and said to him :-"Well, Mr. Buchanan, for the first time in our lives we are at variance; I find myself friends. But we must let the Colonel speak standing by one principle, and, having fol-for himself, in the following extract from his lowed your lead, you have deserted it."— "Well," said he, "cannot you change too? [Laughter.] "If I can afford to change, why cannot you afford to change? If you and Douglas and Walker will unite in support of my policy, you will not hear a whimper of ed by office holders and expectants, living all be led into such ideas. I said that there your policy is right; but I tell you, sir, that there is a still small voice in the people which

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to Pennsylvania and become the slave of power. [Applause.] I cannot But then, Mr. Buchanan, you may tolerate this difference of opinion. General Jackson tolerated differences of opinion in his friends. Col. Polk tolerated differences of opinion, for, as you may recollect, you differed with him on the subject of the tariff, and yet you remained occupy, asking nothing at your hands, havthey are, asking only to be tolerated in the indulgence of an honest opinion!" The reply to that was: "Sir, I intend to make my Kansas policy a test." "Well, sir, I regret cers, we will make it a test at the ballotbox."

"Oh, gentlemen, the chapter that shall detail the manner in which this Administration has used its patronage will be a black one; permitted to dispose of their own affairs in and when our children and our children's made it a fire bucket and commenced fighting their domestic institutions—not on Slavery lieve that an American citizen, elected to the more deeply in respect to Kansas than did the nation, your money and mine, your offi-Mr. Buchanan. No man talked more freely ces and mine, for the purpose of putting honestly by the plain God's truth. [Aptee appointed by the National Convention in plause.] And I would that when the histohis parlor at Lancaster, (and I happened to rian comes to write, he should not be com-Pennsylvania. No, gentlemen, there has in that Territory should prevail. Why, he not been an element lacking to relieve the They have gone on step by step, with the tread of fate and destiny, trying to crush out cure the North is to convince these gentlemen | the brave and gallant spirits that have stood "Besides my hat," said Joel; but he bro't that when I get into the Presidential chair I forth asking for nothing but to be permitted

> An Honest Confession .- A farmer and his son Hans, having been to market in the next town, and disposed of their load of potatoes, got ready to return home. The farmer laid himself comfortably down and commenced sleeping while Hans drove the horses. mistakes of others. I am not responsible for Soon Hans commenced thinking about the big peas and pork his mother had promised to keep for him until his return, smacked his lips and drove the horses faster.

The old man lifted himself upon his elbow and exclaimed: "Hans; don't drive them horses so fast; they had a good full load this morning," laid himself down and snoozed again. A little time the horses were driven slower then Hans thought about the pork and peas, and imagining the old man asleep whipped up the horses to a full speed.

The old man sat up in the wagon a second time and exclaimed: "Hans how many times do you want me to tell you not to drive them horses so fast? Oh, hoy, if I would have done so with my father ! "The devil of a father you must have had,"

replied Hans. "What," cried the father, "Boy, I had a

A railroad conductor who wore a long, roomy, white linen sack coat, with a standing damning deed at Lecompton was perpetrated, collar, and buttoned up to the chin, had a then I saw for the first time, that those gal- dispute with a female passenger. The lady "A man is dead;" but angels throng about lant men in the Territory, Walker and Stan- won the victory gloriously by the following ton, (and those who had sided with them,) brillant and destructive charge:-"You are had been deserted; then I discovered I had a purty fellow ain't you? You are the fust been carried along, and that the entire Demi conductor I ever seed agwine about among ocratic press of the country had been car- a passel ove decent wimming folks in his ried along, by the Administration, and that shut-tal! Ain't you shamed ove yourself? we were called upon to turn back on our He probably was, for he left that car quickly. A fellow in lowa jumped so high, the other pleages, and to betray our manhood. [Ap- and unbuttoned the shirttail coat.—Boston that if exerts an influence on the declination

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TEACHER'S COLUMN. Has a Schoolmaster the Right to Punish a Child?

In the Court of Quarter Sessions iu Philadelphia, on Thursday, a case of some interest, not only to parents and guardians, but to the teachers in public schools, was on trial. From a report of the cases in the Ledger, we quote as follows:

"The case was one in which a teacher had sued a lady for assault and battery, which, it was alleged, was committed in the schoolhause, Germantown road and Phenix street. The defendant was charged with having en-tered the room, and seizing the teacher by the hair of the head, dragged her to to the floor and otherwise maltreating her. This treatment created:quite an excitement among the scholars many of whom ran out of the room terror-stricken. The desence was that the teacher had severely punished a child of the defendant. This child is about nine years of age, and has lost the use of her right side; and, it alleged, that for talking in school she was struck on the hand with a piece of ratan, which drew blood. This coming to the knowledge of the mother, she immediately called at the school, and committed the assault, though, in answer to a question from the judge, she stated that she id not go for that purpose, but was exasperated by the teacher telling her that she had whipped her daughter, and would do so agaia.

"All the evidence in relation to the treatment of the child was ruled out, as no justification for the assault, and the defendant then plead guilty. Judge Ludlow, in passing the sentence of the court, said : -

"I do not claim to be more honest than "This case comes before the court under peculiar circumstances, as it is intimately connected with the good discipline of our public schools. The rule is no doubt correct, as the law is, that when a parent places a child within the walls of a school, it to be under the care and control of the teacher .--This must be the case in any and every school. When the child is thus placed, the first thing to be inculcated in its mind is obedience to the rules and regulations of the school, and if it disobeys them, it must receive the punishment due to the offence. If it should once become understood that a mother can go into a school-room and interfere with the teachers, imperiling the lives of the scholars by creating a panic, there would be an end to all order among the pupils. If there is any wrong done by the teacher, the parent has a remedy: first, by an application to the directors of the school, and, second, by a resort to the law.

"The evidence in this case is, that the punishment was not unnecessarily severe but under no circumstance could the assault on the teacher be justified. I have therefore nothing to do but maintain the authority of the teacher of the schools in the exercise of their duties. I regret exceedingly to be compelled to do so in this case on account of the mother, who appears to have been very much excited at the time of the assault. The sentence of the court is, that the defendant pay a fine of one cent, and undergo an imprisonment in the county prison for the term of twenty-four hours."

Is the Moon Inhabited.

* It has long been known that the moon revolves on its axis in the same time in which it revolves round the earth, and that it consequently always presents nearly the same side towards the earth, while the opposite side is never seen from our globe. No bodies of water nor clouds can be seen on the moon by the aid of the most powerful telescope, nor is the apparent direction of stars close to its edge changed by refraction, as would be the case if an atmosphere enveloped the moon. Hence it has been inferred by Whewell, the reputed author of a late work entitled, "Of Plurality of Words," that the moon has no atmosphere or water, and, consequently, no inhabitants.

This inference is shown to be inconclusive by a recent discovery by the astronomer Hensel, whose study of the moon's motion. continued for many years, has established the fact that the centre of the gravity of the moon, instead of being like that of the earth. at the centre, of the figure, is beyond that centre, and farther from the side next to the earth than it is from the other side by seventy-four miles. The nearer side of the moon, therefore, is a vast extended protuperance or mountain seventy miles high; and any fluid, whether air or water, would flow downwards from the nearer to the farther side of the moon, where, for aught we know, intelligent living beings may exist. The nearest side of the moon, cannot be inhabited, at least by beings to whose existence air and water is essential, as is the case with all terrestial animals.

The late celebrated mathematician, Gauss. proposed as a means of settling the question whether the moon is inhabited, that a high monument should be erected on the steppes of Siberia, as a signal to the inhabitants of the moon in the hope that they might be induced to erect a similar signal to apprise us of their existence. The discovery of Hensel shows that the experiment could be at tended with no success, inasmuch as the inhabitants of the moon, if there are any, being on the farther side, could never see a

monument on the earth. It may not be uninteresting to add, that it has been discovered, within a few years by means of long continued, hourly observation with the barometer, that the moon exerts an appreciable influence on the pressure of the atmosphere; and also by means of long continued magnetic observations, of the inagnetic needle,