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"TAKEN IN THE MORNING."

From the cares and the trials that come to us here, From the sorrow and wrong that each mortal must see, From all we must suffer, and all we must fear, At once, and forever, dear Ida is freed. Oh! bitterly, bitterly, you who remain, Will miss her sweet presence, and mourn your sad lot, Time only can lighten your heart's heavy pain, But oh! for your darling in Heaven, weep not.

Justice Fifty Years Ago.

In the early part of the present century, one of the principal towns of the north of Scotland, lived a family of the name of Bussel. It consisted of a husband and wife and their two children, a brother and sister. They tenanted a small, self-contained house, on a narrow back street. The sunshine streamed in at the front-parlor window, making the motes dance in its rays, like a million storm wiles, and causing everything to look mean and dusty. It was always light and shady, some might say dull—not for we love, of all things in the shape of apartments, a quiet little parlor; but so did Jessie Bussel, and so did not her favorite place, for he would not sing when she hung her gaiter in the parlor window; and she could sing without him; so the parlor was left to her repose. The kitchen that looked to the back was quite a contrast to the front of the dwelling. There the sun shone all day long; and the window looked out on a small patch of ground, whose scanty space was economically divided into a bleaching green, a flower and kitchen garden. Beyond this, was only the open sea, with its white-crested gulls and everlasting murmuring—now loud and near, as it almost washed the wall of the little garden, now coming on the ear as a distant whisper over a track of glistening sand.

The sun shone in at the little window, when it shone at all; and there are more days than cloudy ones, even as we believe there is more happiness than misery in the world, though we hear most of the latter, for they that are the loudest in their prurims are the faintest in their praise. There, in the linen whistled all day long, and she went about her work, singing to him, while her mother sat spinning in her clean white cap and check apron. And in the afternoon, Jessie would sit down to her wheel, and her mother throw her apron over her head and take a nap in the easy chair; then she did not sing, and the linen, as if in sympathy, ceased his warbling too, as if he did so, the warning finger of his youthful dress checked his notes. Then she had to raise her head to see her father at work in the garden—his sole occupation, for he was quite blind; yet he could feel the growth of his plants and flowers, and distinguish them one from another. He knew every inch of the ground, and to sow, and water, and it was his hourly and daily avocation.

The family were, at the time we write of, in peculiar circumstances than ever they had known. Mr. Bussel, who was by trade a cooper, lost his sight by inflammation when he was a boy at school, and Jessie, an infant in arms. His wife literally day and night for her husband and children, and with some assistance from her own former employer, bravely struggled; but health was lost in the struggle, and one better day had arrived, she had become a sad-spirited, broken-down woman. She had found happiness in her husband, and now every blessing of her lot had been doubled, from the trials that had passed over her. James, the pride of his mother's heart, had grown up to manhood, and was repaying her for all her toil and care with the fruits of his talents and industry—his genius and industry which promised a yet more abundant harvest.

He had profited by the education which his mother had striven hard to obtain for him, and was now a clerk in the post-office of his native town. His salary was but small, very small, considering that he had to maintain a house and sister; for, owing to the delicate health of his mother, and the household of his sister, their joint earnings added little to the general fund; yet, with economy, it was sufficient, and James, as he had done his earnings into his mother's lap, had made a sacrifice.

# 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.

WELLSBORO, TOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1858.

NO. 9.

as they left the house of the former, arm-in-arm, for an evening stroll and a visit to one of Allen's acquaintances, "she's a sweet lassie, that sister of yours; but I was going to whisper something fine in her ear to-night, and if you had only seen the look she gave me!"

"Allen, you must not trifle with my sister," said the young man, gravely.

"But, man, I was only going to call her pretty; they all like that. I intend to court her some of these days, and make her my little wife, and you my very good brother."

"This was a thought that had already passed through James's head, and he had the flattering words as a confirmation of his dearest wishes, for his attachment to and reverence for Allen was unbounded.

But James's heart misgave him as he entered the place of their destination that night. He knew he was to witness the scenes of a gaming table, though he went with the "intention" not to play. But his friend entreated that he would only learn the game; he yielded, the cards were in his hand, the game was learnt, and again was urged to engage with his friend merely for a trial of skill; again the weak young man complied.

At length they played for money, and he lost. His loss was a few shillings more than his purse contained. He apologized, and rose from the table. He and his friend took their leave together. James took notice of the debt he had incurred as they walked home.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," said Allen, "you can pay it to-morrow."

James entered his home with a burning cheek and a disturbed mind that night, and for the first time since his boyhood forgot to kneel in prayer, ere he lay down to rest. But he did not rest. He must defray his debt on the morrow, and he did not know how.

His quarter's salary was nearly due, but then it would so mean to wait till then, and Allen was not mean. His mother, he knew would supply him; but he had already spent too much, and she had none to spare. Besides, he did not meet her questioning. He would borrow it. Fevered with the unusual excitement of the evening, he passed a sleepless night; and in the morning, escaping from the, for once, unwelcome solicitude of his mother and sister, he hurried, pale and haggard, to his office.

That evening he discharged his debt of honor, so-called, and his gay friend pocketed the trifling sum with supreme indifference, and urged him to win it back, but in vain. More than a week passed away, during which time James avoided the company of his friend, complaining of illness, which his look belied not; he retired every evening at an early hour to his own little chamber.

One afternoon, in that quiet home, all were pursuing their usual routine—Jessie was spinning, her mother napping in the old easy chair, and her father at work in his garden—when they were disturbed by strange and unwelcome visitors. These were criminal officers, come to search the house for proofs of a crime, under suspicion of which James Bussel had that day been arrested, namely, for the abstraction of a letter containing a small sum of money. The amount was only one pound; but the penalty for such a crime was then death—certain death.

All were soon assembled in the young man's bed-room. The officers were proceeding to wrench open a box, of which the key, that usually stood in the lock, was nowhere to be found. Jessie stood by, trembling with apprehensions, yet convinced of her brother's innocence. The mother sank into a chair, and hid her face with her withered hands, sick with the agony of suspense and fear; while the father, unable from his blindness to read the countenances of those who surrounded him, or to watch the progress of the search, took from his gray head the worst cap in which he had been working, and stood awaiting the issue, with a soul in the immediate presence of his God.

Nor was that issue long a doubtful one. In the bottom of the box, enfolded in some articles of wearing apparel, evidently for the purpose of concealment, was found the missing letter with the money abstracted, of which it mentioned the amount.

The young man's guilt seemed thus proven beyond the possibility of a doubt, and the unhappy mother, who when that proof was found, had raised her eyes in the full expectation that the nearly ended search was vain, sank into a state of insensibility, from which she awoke to the apathy of despair. She would hot quit her son's chamber, but sat gazing on the box, sighing bitterly, and unconscious of all around her, the firm, possessing a strong mind and a firm trust in the wisdom of the ways of God, bore it better. But the little garden was neglected, and the gray head was oftener uncovered and bent upon his bosom.

Jessie was the first to visit her brother in prison. Poor girl, she had wept day and night, and was sadly altered. But her brother declared his innocence, and it lightened her heart, while she returned to her parents to comfort them with the assurance that all would be cleared up. The young man persisted in his declaration, but to the almost stern questionings of his father he would give no answer; and his father then strove to mitigate the overwhelming sorrow and to strengthen the mind of his son. When they parted, the young man's words were always, "Do not bring my mother here."

Alas! she could not come. James had expected that his friend would fly to him whenever he heard of his misfortune; but he was wanted in vain. And, at length, when he was about to be removed to Edinburgh to take his trial, he wrote to him from the prison, requesting an interview. Martin Allen came, but how changed, how cold,

Neither alluded to the circumstances in which they met. James, at length, after a painful silence, spoke of his sister, alluded to Martin's professed attachment to her; for he had wrung from his sister in confidence a confession of the sentiments with which the young man professed to regard her. "And if the worst should happen," said the prisoner, with a falling voice, "Allen, you will stand her friend?"

"But the sentence was cut short by the entrance of another individual, namely, the worthy baker, whose intimacy with the family had increased with their misfortune. And so Martin Allen took a formal leave, and departed from a place where he was evidently ill at ease.

Jessie's pale face—flushed a burning crimson, as she answered "No," to her brother's question, if Allen ever came to see them at home. He had won the heart of the innocent girl with his protestations of love, and she felt a pang at the thought of his heartlessness; but her present grief for her brother was too great and her heart too unselfish to cherish such a feeling, when others demanded her sympathy.

Jessie and her father were to accompany James to Edinburgh. His mother was prevailed on to remain; indeed, her strength was unequal to such a journey. But she saw her son. Such a scene of misery as that meeting presented, it were impossible to describe; and the interview was shortened, for fear that the reason of one or both would give way.

"Sae ye're gaen to Edinburgh, Jessie?" said the young baker, when the day for their mournful journey was fixed. "Folks say they're no canny places, they big towns, for a young bonnie lassie like you; ye wad be better an honest man's wife, Jessie, and then I wuld gang wi' ye," and he held out his hand to her. But Jessie did not give him hers, though her look told how deeply she felt the generosity of the now repeated offer, as she answered, "If ye love me, dinna speak of that again. She does nae deserve ye, that gies ye not the first and best o' love she has to give. Stay and comfort my mother while we're away, for she'll need comfort sare."

The young man expressed his disappointment only by a downcast look, and assured her that he would do everything he could, during their absence to lighten her mother's anxiety and grief—"to keep her up," as he expressed it. And, with this assurance, Jessie and her father soon after took their departure for the capital, followed by the sympathy of many in their native town, for the story had now spread far and wide.

The trial came on, and, through the exertions of several individuals interested in the young man, able counsel pleaded in his behalf. But the letter was traced into his hands, and found in his possession. He was condemned to die. James's integrity of character was unavailingly urged in his defence. Crimes of a like nature had recently been frequent in occurrence. It was the betrayal of official trust; and at that time offences of even a lighter nature were punished by the extreme penalty of the law—a punishment fearfully disproportionate to the offence—a punishment, the necessity for which, if indeed there be one, even in our days, when it is reserved solely for him who imbrues his hands in a fellow creature's blood, is deeply to be deplored by all.

The prisoner was carried fainting from the bar, and many days of his short time of preparation passed away before he fully realized his awful situation. Still he clung to hope, though he no longer persisted in declaring his innocence to his father and the clergyman who attended him; he confessed that he took the money, but only as a loan, and with the intention of restoring it, for which purpose he had kept the letter. It was too late to plead that now, for who would believe it? And even more than this confirmation of his guilt, the stricken father felt the falsehood of his son; and upbraiding would now alike have been useless and cruel.

The clergyman saw that the young man had all along trusted in the innocence of his intention, and in that trust had pronounced himself guiltless at the bar; and, fearful that he might trust in it for acquittal at the higher tribunal to which he was hastening, he said: "Young man, it is a vain thing to trust in intention, for it is written, 'He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.'" James remembered his intention on the night of his temptation with the fatal cards, and bowed his head and wept.

Jessie and her father spent much of their time with their unhappy relation, learning themselves lessons of resignation, which they strove to teach to him. They knew whence alone could come the strength they needed, and, having sought, they failed not to find it. But it was not until he could count by hours the time that intervened between him and death, that a calm settled, which now seemed to deepen as the time sped on.

At last the awful morning came. James was no hardened criminal, enured to shame and scorn, and, though he was prepared to die, shudder after shudder convulsed his frame, as he thought of the vast crowd, the hum of which already reached him, that would look upon his dying struggles. Alas! that men—aye, and women—should crowd to witness such a scene, with its hardening influences, and to add another pang to the anguish of a dying brother, however guilty he may be. His father was with him that

morning. Jessie had taken her farewell the night before, never to meet again he said, as he released her from his arms, till we meet in a better world.

The blind man passed his hand over the face of his son, as he was wont often to do, and felt a smile. He could feel the ravages of sorrow and suffering in the sharpened features, and ere he removed it now, it was wet with burning tears, and James besought him to leave, that he might grow calm again.

"I will see you when we meet again," murmured the father in a broken voice.

We have but to relate another scene of sorrow, and then this catastrophe will close. Jessie's friend fulfilled his promise; he did all in his power to comfort and sustain the afflicted mother. He strove to conceal the truth from her, but in vain. After she learnt the fate that awaited her darling child, she scarcely ever spoke, but remained for hours at a time in her son's chamber, gazing on the box from which had been taken the evidence of his fatal act of folly. And in this situation, on the day and hour of his execution, she expired. Those who knew her said, "it was a mercy to her, it was."

Jessie and her father never returned to their native town; but their kind and generous neighbor sold off his little property, and he soon after disappeared himself. He had no apparent cause for removal, and all wondered why he quitted his flourishing business to settle in a distant town, where it was whispered Jessie and her father had gone to reside.

### The Hindoos.

When asked by Mahomedans or Christians to change their religion, they freely admit that other men's religions are best for them; they only claim that Hindooism is best for Hindoos. To put off their religion and put on that of the Christians seems to them as absurd as it would be to put off their light and graceful cotton garments, so well suited to the climate, and to put on swallow-tail coats and stove pipe hats, and nearly as impossible as to change their bronze and black complexions which wear so well, even into old age, for the marble faces of Europeans, which are only good while youth and health remain. As well renounce themselves as their religion, which enters into their laws, manners, literature—constitutes their nationality, their civilization—forms the ground work of all their self-respect.

One day, after a noisy and idolatrous procession of the Hindoos had taken place, happening to meet a Brahmin whom he had often met for the purposes of business, we inquired of him why it was that his people worshipped idols. His reply would have done honor to Plato: "What you see is only the outside of our religion—the costume, the fashion of the common people. Men of sense everywhere, in all religions, worship the one God. Our outside ways and forms are strange to you, as yours are to us; but, underneath all this outside show and dress, we unre the same substantial truth." But why allow these idols, and especially such coarse and foolish ones? "Children have dolls and toys to help out their thoughts, and so the common people must have their idols, often rude ones." Why do you not teach them better? "That is hard; take from them their idols, their outside forms and helps, and we take from them also the internal reality; we confuse their weak and ignorant minds. Ignorant and foolish people will and must have foolishness in their religion. In your country, have not the ignorant people foolish notions and ways in religion?" This home thrust was as unexpected as it was effective.

With his utmost tenacity of his right to be let alone in his religion, the Hindoo never assumes that the religions of other men are bad and false. He believes that to them their religions are true and sacred, as his is to him. He is educated to hold firmly to his own religion, and to respect the consciences, feelings and prejudices of others. We are educated to believe that we have in our religion a monopoly of all religious truth and merits; that it is one of the solemn duties to invade the religions of others, to thrust our faith upon them in all ways except that of force. It is not enough that we prefer Christianity above all other religions; we are called upon to hate other religions—Even from Unitarian writers, often charged with carrying their liberties to such an extreme as to evince indifference to all religion, we could make quotations showing that they also might take lessons in liberality from the Hindoos. The example of the Hindoos proves that boundless liberality to other religions is entirely consistent with the most ardent and even fanatical attachment to one's own. The 'greased-carriage' rebellion is of itself sufficient proof that the Hindoos are not chargeable with religious indifference. Neither need anybody be, though liberal and tolerant to the widest extent. Strange that we should be importing into New England facts and arguments from the antipodes to prove a point like this.—Christian Examiner.

AN UNPLEASANT BED FELLOW.—A boy once complained of his brother for taking half the bed.

"And why not?" said his mother, "he is entitled to half, ain't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him to take out all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle; and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

A MAN in the right, with God on his side, is in the majority though he be alone.

### A Balloonist Lost in the Sky.

We have learned full particulars of the balloon ascension at Adrian on Thursday, its subsequent descent, and its second ascension and runaway with the aeronaut while beyond his control. It is a brief narrative, but of thrilling interest. A man lost in the sky!—There can scarcely be a more terrible thought. It makes the flesh creep, and sends a shudder through every nerve.

The first ascension took place about 9 o'clock in the morning. The balloon was a large and well constructed one, being about the height of a two-story building when inflated. Messrs. Bannister and Thurston took seats in the car attached to the balloon, and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about forty minutes in the air, sailing toward Toledo, they alighted in the woods about 18 miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing, to be taken back.

In doing this the monster balloon was turned over and partially upside down, to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this Mr. Ira Thurston, one of the aeronauts, took off his coat and got astride of the valve-block. He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon, while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the still inflated body relieved of the weight of the car than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. Thurston along with it seated on the valve of the balloon, and holding on to the collapsed silk of the air-ship in that portion of its bulk.

In this perfectly helpless condition the ill-fated man sped straight into the sky, in the full sight of his companions, even more helpless than himself. So far as is known there was no possible means for him to secure his descent, whether safe or otherwise. The part of the balloon filled with gas was full twelve feet above him, so that there was no chance for him to cut it and escape. He could only cling to his precarious hold, and go whither-soever the currents of air should take him.

Without regulation or control of any kind, the balloon continued to mount upward, sailing off in the direction of this city and Lake Erie. The fatal ascension took place about 11 o'clock, and at a few minutes past noon it was seen in the town of Blissfield, Lenawee County, apparently three miles high, and about the size of a star in appearance. It was still going up and on! At 1 1/2 o'clock it was last dimly visible going in the direction of Malden, as ascertained by compass bearings taken by parties observing it.

What is his exact fate baffles conjecture; but that it is horrible, almost beyond precedent, there can be no doubt. There is not one chance in a million for a successful escape. Whether the unfortunate man was carried up so high as to become benumbed and senseless, death ensuing, or whether he fell off at length from his tremendous altitude, to have his breath sucked from him in his fearful descent, and to be sunk into the lake, or dashed into a shapeless mass upon the earth, it is doubtful if any save God will ever know. The mind stabs appalled in contemplating this fearful disaster, and blindly gropes in mazes of wonder at where his place of sepulture shall be.

"Caught on the Jury."

A certain man who had lived about ten miles from K—, was in the habit of going to town about once a month and getting on a regular spree, and would not return until he had time to "cool off," which was generally two or three days. His wife was ignorant of the cause of his staying out so long, and suffered greatly from anxiety about his welfare. When he would return, of course his confiding wife would enquire what had been the matter with him, and the invariable reply was "that he was caught on the Jury and couldn't get off."

Having gathered his corn, and placed it in a heap, he, according to custom, determined to call in his neighbors and have a real corn shucking frolic. So he gave "Ned," a faithful servant, a jug and an order to go to town and get a gallon of whiskey, a very necessary article on such occasions. Ned mounted a mule and was soon in town, and equipped with the whisky, and remounted to set out for home, all buoyant with the prospect of fun of "shucking." When he had proceeded a little way from town he concluded to try the stuff, and not satisfied with once, he kept trying until the world turned so fast that he turned off the mule, and there he went to sleep and the mule to grazing. It was "just before the break of day," and so dark that he was unable to make any start toward home until light. As soon as his bewildered mind subsided so that he could get the "point," he started with an empty jug, the "whisky" having run out, and afool, for the mule had gone home. Of course he was contemplating the application of a "two year old hickory" or a twisted piece of cowhide as he jogged along homeward.

Ned reached home about breakfast time, and "fetched up" at the back door with a decidedly guilty countenance. "What in thunder have you been at you black rascal," said his master. Ned, knowing his master's excuse to his wife when he got on a spree, determined to tell the truth if he died for it, and said: "Well, master, to tell the truth, I was kotch on the jury and couldn't get off."

"You are very handsome," said a gentleman to a lady. "Ah!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so."

"And an you would think," answered he, "though I should not say so."

Table with 4 columns: 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, 18 months, 24 months. Rates per square: Quarterly, 1/2 dollar; Half-Yearly, 1 dollar; Yearly, 2 dollars. 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.

### Graves of Paul and Virginia.

A correspondent of the Baltimore American thus describes the last resting place of the subject of Bernardin de St. Pierre's charming story, "Paul and Virginia," near Fort Louis, on the Island of Mauritius:—

"On arriving at Port Louis I started for shore, and in company with some friends took a carriage for the tombs of Paul and Virginia. On leaving the town we entered a beautiful drive over a fine road, and proceeded several miles very pleasantly. About six miles from town we passed an old Catholic church, and from its antique appearance were induced to alight, and went in, but the services were over, though we amused ourselves by examining its interior. There were several fine paintings and abundance of gold in and about the altar, but the rest of the church was anything but fine.

"After leaving the church we approached the cemetery, where we were both pleased and interested.

"After examining many of the tombs, vaults, etc., we got into the carriage and proceeded further on until we came to a gate, which consisted of two posts with a pole across, where we alighted. The first thing that met our view was a small sign, upon which was written the words, It is expressly forbidden to see the tombs of Paul and Virginia. This, however, did not stop us.

We crossed the pole and went to a house some distance off, where we inquired for the place the tombs were situated, and were very discourteously told that they were behind the house. We started for the place, guided by one of the servants, sent probably to watch us. We passed along a narrow canal-like stream of water for about a hundred yards, when we came to one of the tombs, (Paul's) a small brick monument about four feet high, plastered over. Near this the canal turned in the shape of a horse-shoe, and on the opposite side was Virginia's tomb, in all respects similar to the other. They are about forty feet apart.

"The spot is a romantic and beautiful one, and could one believe the story and look upon this spot, he must have a truly hard heart not to be affected by it. We remained about half an hour at and about the tombs, and although closely watched, one of the party succeeded in getting a piece of mortar off and pocketed it.

"The archives of the government here tell a different story from the tale written of Paul and Virginia, it amounts to this:—that a young Frenchman and his sweetheart eloped and got on board a vessel bound to this place before they could get married, upon arriving at the island a terrible storm arose and the vessel was wrecked. Paul could have saved Virginia if she had been willing to remove her clothing, but this she refused to do, and as he would not leave her, both of them were drowned. When last seen on the vessel they were clasped in each other's arms, and when their bodies were found they were in the same position on the beach, more than half covered with sand. Such is the story on record, and I think by far the most probable."

"Is This True?"

There is a proverb that "a father cannot easily maintain six children, than six children one father." Is this true? Has the ingratitude of children passed into a proverb? Luther relates this story.

There was once a father who gave up everything to his children, his house, his fields, and his goods, and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he and been sometime with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me to-night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come; will you not perhaps go to my brother's, who has a larger room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother's the baker?" The father went, and after he had been sometime with the third son, he also found him burdensome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon house, and you cannot have your noonday sleep; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anything else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor. For the sake of peace, the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after sometime she was tired of him, and told him by a third person that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife at St. Johns, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair and died.

My dear sir," said an election acquaintance, accusing a sturdy wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you."

"Needn't be, I have voted."