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Basiness Cards, in cluded, \$1 per year. WHEN I WOULD DIE. VOL. V.

Taste in Dress.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

Devoted to the Brtension 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.

A Scrap for Lovers of Molasses.

BY MEETA MELGROVE. I would not die in Winter, When snows are falling round; They would so coldly cover My new made, frozen mound. Friends could not bend above me. And with affection's care, Plant violets blue apon my grave, Or scatter roses there.

I would not die in Spring time, When tuneful birds are near, And rare and thrilling madrigals And rate and thinking the strength of the stre

I would not die in Summer,

hen flowers are blooming round And the bending grain stands thickly Upon the thirsty ground. When harvest fields are ripening fast, And harvest songs are heard, Richer than rarest, joyful notes Of sweetcst singing birds.

Bat in sad, sober Antumn, When leaves are brown and sere; When the deep winds breathe a requiem For the waning, passing year. When bright things fade from earth away Without one murmuring sigh; I too would lay me quiet down, And calmly, peaceful die. Covington, Pa.

The Grand Mistake.

Every person who has at any time passed up Tchoupitoulas street, near St. Mary's markel, says the N. O. Picayune, must have observed the pair of tall steamboat chimneys, elevated over the door in front of Long, Aldich & Smith's sheet iron and stove establishment. The other night two drunken flatboatmen came round the corner of St. Joseph's street, arm in arm with a wide lurch, and brought up against a fence.

"Halloa! halloa! halloa!" said one of our hero staring with all his eyes at the chimneys across the street-"Simon my boy, stick ber in fast for shore, or we'll be run overhalloa! there ahead ! stranger, give her a lick back-you'll be over us !

Simon rolled up his eyes, and thought the stars were sparks from the chimneys, while the fire doors below remained closed. He happened to be grasping a loose board of the fetice, and thinking it was his oar, he commenced rowing with an energy peculiar to men when terror-stricken in drink.

"Stop! stop! stop! Simon," said the other again. "Keep cool! keep cool! darn me, l elieve she's only wooding after all l" Without any joke at all, the two boatmen

were confusedly blue, with but the faintest glimmering of sense left, and just sight sufficient to see and know the steamboat chimthe river, close in shore, at the moment, with confirmed the terrors of the benighted navigators.

"Look out there," bellowed Simon, with Back her, stranger! back her ! or by thunier you'll be over us !"

rapid haste, and went to work at the loose and the aspect is hideous and ludicrous. The

Yesterday we stood looking at a flowerbed, into which some really exquisite roses. besides pansies, mignonette, English daises, verbenas, and other blossoms, had been trans-Leslie's Magazine : planted. Kate, our Irish cook, and a beautiful girl, by the way, was hanging out the Monday's washing to dry, over a plat of rich new grass, green and velvety, and delightful to the eyes and feet. She sympathized with our admiration of the grass, and the delicate, soul-enchanting roses ; "but this," said she, "is the purtiest flower of them all, I think ;" and she pointed out a sprig of the scarlet bloom of the fish geranium. It was the gayest, and therefore handsomest to her-she required not the yearning holiness of the hly, nor the grace and love inspiring perfumes of the roses and pansies. We would not give one half-expanded rose-bud, with the blush diffusing itself outward from its odorous heart, for a basket-full of fish-geraniums.

TFR

But which of us was right? Often, when we have been thinking upon dress, as a subject for study, to be cultivated as a fine art, we have gone to nature, who is the mother of art, for lessons. We have seen that she mingles all colors with effects which are truly harmonious; and why should we be more arbitrary than she in her adornment of the flowers, when we would prescribe the hues and combinations for a lady's toilette? The "puritan pansy" puts on a yellow vest with its purple velvet robe ; the queenly tulips are gorgeous with streaks of red and yellow, gay enough for an Indian squaw; the florist labors for rainbow effects in his pet dahlias; the poppy daunts her scarlet looped petticoat, and the peony shakes out her dozen of crimson jupes; the morning glory trims her blue robe with a scarl of pink; while one and all, without exception, find a mantle of green becoming. Nature tries all kinds of experiments with the materials at her command, and her success is always certain. If nothing in nature is ugly, then is nothing in art ugly when it simply copies nature; and it cannot truly be said (though it is often asserted) that good taste limits the colors of the toilette, and that drab, or black, or white, slightly relieved by some trimming in harmony, not in contrast, is the only really elegant costume. If a dahlia can look well in purple, black, and yellow, then why not a lady? If a maiden fastens the flounces of her azure ball-dress with pink garlands, she is only

copying the pattern of the morning-gloriesand would she ask to be more modest and tasteful than they ? Still, there seems to be such a thing as the

correspondence of attire with the complexion height, style, and years. The fragile lily of the valley does not depend from a mullenneys towering with their broad white tops stock, nor is the superb japonica nestled nght in front of them. As if to complete the amid the moss and grass with the violet, illusion, a large steamboat came puffing down Therefore ladies may well and profoundly study, which of all the various patterns and a loud whuh ! whuh ! whuh ! that at once hues best assimilate with the character of each; and therefore it is that we enter our protest against the blind adoption of any and every color and shape which fashion may

dictate. Upon the brow of fashion is written, change; she is a chameleon; yet there is no woman (almost none) but will pronounce They both now pulled off their coats in her beautiful, whatever aspect she assumes ;

We copy the following from a long and interesting article entitled, "Rambles in Surniam," which appeared in the last number of

"We went to the boiling house, and saw the molasses dipped out of the cistern and put into barrels. The molasses that runs from the sugar barrels is conducted by a gutter into the cistern, which is under ground and swarms with roaches and rats, many of whom are found dead in the molasses, by which they are preserved from putrefaction. I could not help thinking that the country would be an elysium for Chiniamen, for they might feast here on their favorite dish-rate abundantly, and molasses cured rats into the bargain. I do not know if the molasses which is imported into this country is used for anything else besides distilling rum. It is certainly not fit for table use, for beside the above mentioned abominations, it is handled by the negroes in such a filthy manner, that a description of it will disgust everybody with the same. The molasses is dipped out of the cistern with large copper spoons, to which are attached long handles, but when the majority is removed, these spoons cannot be employed any more, on account of the quantity of sugar which has settled at or near the bottom, imparting a great toughness to the molasses. Some negroes have to get down into it, dipping it out with large gourds, and it reaches often over their knees. Cleanliness is not to be observed, and their feet and legs are generally covered with jiggers and other sores. If our delicate ladies and gentlemen only had an idea of the manner in which our imported niceties are handled, they would surely abstain from the use of them. I once saw a dog fall into a copper in which cane juice was boiling intensely; he was nearly done when the negroes succeeded in getting him out. It happens sometimes that a negro who sits on the mason work into which the coppers are imbedded, slips into the foaming syrup, while dozing, and is boiled to death instantly. In neither case is the syrup thrown away, for it will granulate all the same, and nobody is the wiser for it.

Earthquake Panic in London.

There were (in 1750) wild prophecies and alarming convulsions of nature such as England had yet little known. The first cays in February were as sultry as the hot-test days in June; thunder and lightning were frequent; and on the eighth of the in her great labratory bowever frequent work this Summer?" month the first shock of an earthquake was felt throughout London and Westminster. On the same day in the next month the inhabitants were awakened from their slumbers by their pillows rising, the bells ringing, and a strange rumbling as of carriage wheels. It was said that Sir Isaac Newton had foretold that there would be a great change at this time, and had expressed a wish that he could live to see the phenomenon. As the second shock had occurred exactly a month after the first, it was affirmed that earthquakes were now to be periodical in Engtake place on the 8th of April, would swallow up the metropolis. The panic now be-

Like a blue tinted mirror reflecting the sunshine, we remarked the lake about seventy

The Salt Lake of Utah.

AGITATOR.

five miles to the northwest. It is now about seventy miles long from north to south, and ning. I owe several calls, and it's best to thirty miles wide from east to west. It once filled, and most probably formed the entire season for parties you know." "great basin," as it is termed, extending 500 miles from north to south, and 850 miles from east to west, hemmed in by the Sierra see you. Walk into the parlor." Nevada mountains on the east and the Goose Creek and Humboldt ranges on the west .been !" Mountains were then jagged islands, ravines and strait, weeping hollows and gulf and though for my taste." shores of this vast and silent sea. It has shrunk away to its present dimensions, and comers, across the street ?" is the immense reservoir into which all the

streams and rivers of the "basin" pour their whether they would be recognized by the first melied sorrows. society. I am rather shy of strangers." It has no apparent outlet, although gradually diminishing, apparently more rapidly case. I have not called yet, but Mrs. Newman said she did, a week ago." than can be accounted for by mere evaporation,

Many flats, blackened with an incrustation of dazzling salt crystals, were covered with water when the Mormons first went there, and their flat boat was pushed easily over long stretches of now baking and cracked She dresses very richly, and her house is elsoil. Its bottom is very flat, however, and a egantly furnished ; velvet carpets, mirrors, very slight increase of water would again rosewood and damask furniture, &c. They submerge miles of now exposed surface.-The density of the water varies necessarily in different season from quantities of fresh water pouring down into it. It averages from 1.16 to 1.18 of specific gravity. It is ing ?" the strongest natural brine in the word hold. ing in solution over 32 per cent of different salts.

Its dark, sluggish waves forcibly recall the Dead Sea to the mind of the gazer, and Pike ? I declare I'm real glad to see you; were it not that this is 400 feet above, and I've been awful lonesome all day. Our men that lies 1000 feet below the level of the folks are changin' works this week, and they ocean, and this is completely locked in by go away just after breakfast, and I don't see abrupt and surrounded mountains, while that nothin' of 'em again till chore time! Take rolls over the "Cities of the plain," it would off your things, do; you've brought your be easy to fancy ones self in Palestine, and work I see ; that's right ; we will have a real in that scene of human corruption and Di- sociable visit. I never could see for the life vine vengeance. The water is extremely buoyant, and it occasions a singular feeling kiting round, up and down street, making to be unable to sink in it, and very difficult calls they say, stay about filteen minutes and to swim through it. Its water produces then off. Now, when I have company I like immediate strangulation, excessive smarting to have them come early and stay to supper. in the eyes, nostrils and ears, and on com- Don't you ?" ing out convert even negroes into crystalized white.

Numerous salt boilers are erected on the and me and the post, 'taint many of their thousands of bushess of coarse crystals, and Mrs. P.—"Well why don't you keep her at home?—I would." deposits them on the shore. Teams and wagons come from from the cities and shovel it up, and it sells often as high as fifty cents ner 100 pounds.

Oliver Cromwell's Head.

A correspondent of the New York Express, who is now traveling in England, has seen the head of the Great Protector, of which he gives the following description :

and Bill that we must lay up, for old age .--"Before leaving England, I had an op-Nancy and Bill say sometimes, that if we land; and a mad life-guardsman prophesied portunity of seeing a great curiosity, a telic had given 'em a better chance for school, and that the next shock, which was punctually to of antiquity, which few Englishmen have books and papers, they would have made it seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps all up to us; but "a bird in the hand, is worth kind have resulted successfully. incredulous, when I say I have seen the two in the bush, and I tell you what, Mrs.

bards, rowing away at them ready to break woman who adored her elegance in large came general. On the day before that of head of Oliver Cromwell-not the mere Pike, I've worked, and dug and slaved too

cy terribly though."

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged SI per square. fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 2. cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertise-ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a

3 months. 6 months. 12 more 3 months. 6 months. 12 more Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00 2Squares, - 4 00 6 00 8 00 1 column, - 10 00 15 00 20 00 Sector 10 00 10 00 column, - - - - - - - - 18 00 30 00 40 00 All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-dered out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all

Fosters, manonins, bin, and letter means and the kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, excented neatly and promptly. Justices', Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and ripted to order.

NO. 10.

Communications.

Social Intercourse -- Fashionable Calls.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hatch."

"Nora, I think I'll go out calling this eve-

Mrs. H .- "No, not yet; I did not know

Mrs. B .- "No need of being so in this

keep two girls, and altogether live in good

style. She is a member of our church, too.'

must call on her soon ; but you are not go-

Mrs. Pike .- "Yes indeed ! I don't like the

town folks' way of visitin', and between you

Mrs. H .--- "Really ! you surprise me; we

they must be somebodies."

Mrs. B .- "Oh don't talk ! she don't neighoor much with anybody. She's a great reader, and I guess she feels rather stuck up because she's been to school more'n the rest of us. She's mighty delicate too; cant do her own work, and keeps a great girl a slattin' keep up these matters ; it will soon be the and slashin' round, wastin' as much as her

wages come to, *Pll* be bound. They say to be sure, that the doctors say, Miss Harris is "Ah, Mrs. Bond, good evening delighted to really alive, and has got to be careful, but she rides out more'n twice-to my once, and Mrs. B.—"What a lovely day this has I'll bet one half of her sickness is hysterics, and t'other half laziness."

Mrs. H .- "Well, yes, rather too sunny "Massy sakes ! if 'taint four o'clock. I must go and get tea.12 Mrs. B.-"Have you called on the new

AFTER TEA. -- Mrs. P.-"Well, Miss Baker, I must be agoin."

Mrs. B.—"Oh ! not yet, must you ?" Mrs. P.—"Yes, I guess I must. We have

ten cows to milk, and the men folks think it's a dreadful thing if I aint round at milkin' time. Let's see, have I got all my work. Here's my knittin', and my measurin' stocking, and Mrs. H.-"Mrs. Newman! indeed! then that skein of blue yarn. (I didn't knit up all I had wound, after all.) Well do come over Mrs. B .- "Oh ! yes, and Mrs. N. says that to our house just as soon as you can."

Mrs. Tracy is very pretty, and very intellec-Mrs. B .- "I shall, before harvesting. Good tual she thought, but extremely fashionable. niaht."

Verily, social intercourse is a "great institution." AUNT BETSY.

Decay in Fruit Trees.

We have often heard the practice recommended of driving nails into decaying fruit trees to restore their vigor. But we have Mrs. B.-"Oh! I must indced : I have never seen the result set forth so strikingly several other calls to make, and I have made as in the following from the Southern Plan. ter:

such a long stay here." (Just ten minutes.) A singular fact and one worthy of being re-AFTERNOON VISITS .- "How d'ye do, Miss corded, was mentioned to us a few days since by Alexander duke of Albermarle. He stated that whilst at a neighbor's his attention was called to a peach orchard, every tree in which had been totally destroyed, by the ravages of the worm, with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifiy and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superority known to his of me what good it did the town folks, to go host was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of worm eating timber into which nails were driven were gen. erally sound. When his trees were about a year old, he had selected three of them, and driven a ten penny nail through the body, as near the ground as possible. Whilst the balance of his orchard had gradually failed and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, those three selected at random, treated in precisely the same manner, with the exception of the nailing, had always been vigorous and healthy, furnishing him with the greatest profusion of the most luscious Mrs. B.—"May be you would and may be you wouldn't. Wait till Selina Jane gets growed up and you'll see how 'tis. You see, fruit. It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nail is offensive to the worm. whilst it is harmless, or perhaps even bene-Nancy she wants a sight of clothes, and ficial to the tree.

A chemical writer upon this subject says; books and a great many notions. Now I The oxydation or rusting of the iron by the never had 'em, and she needn't to, and if she sap, evolves ammonia, which as the sap rises must have 'em she must work for 'em, that's will of course impregnate every part of the all. Her father says so too; and tells her foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insect." This writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of this

"ASKING PA."-I am not pleased with a

their backs or strain their shoulder blades.

here men?" said an astonished passer-by, who stopped to observe these extraordinary oceedings.

"Lend a hand !" roared Simon and his companion and his companion with one voice ;--"all-fired wrath, dont you see the steamboat nght over us? There by thunder the thing's u-here we go !"

A section of the old fence had been sway. squeezed into dainty ladyslippers; and anon. s, with their united efforts-a motion which

oat in the steamboat swell-and now gave Let word come over from Paris that green ay with a crash, falling inward and pitchg the two bacchanalians into a puddle of ater in a lumber yard. There our informt left them, to find their way out as soon they were damp and cold enough to get ober. They were thoroughly convinced hat their boat was smashed, and that they re bound for the little back parlor of Davy aes, Esq., for the last words they uttered, they grasped hands in the puddle were, long ones. It is imposible to arrive at any fixed stand-

"Hezekiah; good bye, Hezekiah." "Good bye, Simon-good bye."

llow TRUE !- There is in every human g a craving for home-felt pleasures, a deor daily communion and interchange of ion with some kindred spirit, who feels e interested in our thoughts and feelings all the world beside, and for this, the wide Universe offers no substitute; yet ^{iples, to} enjoy connubial happiness !--how many do not consider that in choos. ¹ pariner for life, rational and durable ment can only be expected, with a perof suitable age, similarity of tastes and

les; of virtuous principles and of good letstanding. They are captivated with a elly face, agreeable person, and winning hers, or what is equally common in moddays, with the shining qualities of the e; tender looks, and tales of first love, hich is often only first folly,) are exchanthey fancy they are in love, and rush mairimony, like the horse into battle, and out, when it is too late, that the silkbods of wedlock are iron bands, fastened After a short acquaintance, they the weary of each other. The force of auty and passion is exhausted, and glittere enjoyment of those who travel no this

has road to conjugal felicity.

bonnets, coat-sleeves, and sleader skirts, now "What in reason's name are you doing turn from the memory with uplifted hands. The name of fashion is caprice, and of her followers is folly. It is well that nature knows her own mind better ; else, some sea-

sons we should have all the flowers of the garden, regardless of what was intended for them, dressed up in the queenly bell-shaped robe and snowy trail of the calla; again we should have the hollyhock and peonies all

the violets and primroses smothered in the vey imagined was the rocking of the flatmantle of the dahlias.

> is to be worn by Mistress Fashion, and straight way every sallow-face woman becomes "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of jaundice. O let the mandate be blue, and no face is so florid but that it can afford a deeper tint for the sake of being in the fashion .-No woman is too short for plaids or too tall for stripes, when they are fashionable-nor too thick for short waists, nor too thin for

ard of taste in dress; for it is a curious fact

that, what our eyes have become accustomed to, that we regard as becoming. Most new fashion displease when first seen, and become more charming as we grow familiar with them-we regret to change; yet after the change is made, it grows more beautiful than the last. Studying the art of dress is like gazing into a whirlpool of bubbling waterslew are fitted, by education, habits and the longer it is continued, the more confused

we grow. We would only suggest, that while fashion is not neglected entirely, propriety, becomingness, style, and place, be also respected .- A Lady in Cosmopolitan Art Journal.

BEAUTIFUL .--- "Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a little graveside and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened by thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life ended without a strain; and sure if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence h arrows of steel, that give the sharpest emanated the soul of that brief sojournment among us ?"

A tetotaller the other day, asked a neighgold appears like miry clay, but a clog bor if he were not inclined to the temperance society, when he replied : "Yes, for when he saw liquor his mouth watered."

the anticipated calamity, the roads were crowded with the carriages of the fashionable and the wealthy, hastening out of the devoted capital. Seven hundred and thirty coaches passed Hyde Park Corner that morning. Women made themselves flannel wrappers, which they called earthquake gowns, in order to sit up all night in the open air. Not a bed could be procured in Windsor. All the lanes and fields in the neighborhood of London were blocked up with carriages, carts and other vehicles, full of people of all ranks, waiting with trembling anxiety until the dreadful hour had passed. They then returned, laughing and exulting to town, to resume, as though their lives would never terminate, the same pleasures and the same occupations in which they had for one moment been disturbed .- Life and Time of Edmund Burke.

TEARS .- There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquence than ten thousand tongues. They are the messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contritton, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man were not mortal, I would look for it in the strong conclusive emotions of the breast, when the soul has been deeply agitated; when the fountain of feeling is rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O, speak not harshly of the strick. en one-weeping in silence ! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears-they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted in sympathy-they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affliction. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears an awful pleasure. If there were none no earth to shed a tear for me, I should loth to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in neace.

"I wish to procure the Biography of Pollock," said a student to the bookseller at the corner of Water street, Boston .-... "We do not have it sir," was the reply .-- "Can you inform me where I can obtain it ?"-"I cannot, sir; but I dure say you will find it in the "Course of Time."

The best action we never recompense and the worst are seldom chastised.

skull, but the head entire, and in a state of hard for what I've got, to throw it away on paragraph which I read, to-day, in a paper thentic, and there is a verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, convictions, and of his sincerity as a Chris- cheeses yet ?" tian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried at Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts, he was taken up and hung at Tyburn. Alierward his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken, and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterward conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years.

Through a succession of families, which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Broomley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head; and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and land's sake say I said they was married; and myself.

"This head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair is still remaining, and even the large wart over one of the eyes-such being a distinctive mark on his face-is yet perfectly visible."

A priest of Basse Bretagne, finding his du. tics somewhat arduous, particularly the num- act like all possesst; whisperin' and carryin' ber of his confessing penitents, said from the pulpit one Sunday. "Brethren, to avoid confusion at the confessional this week, I will on Monday confess the liars, on Tuesday the thieves, Wed-

nesday the gamblers, Thursday the drunkards. Friday the women of bad life, and Sat urday the libertines." Strange to relate, nobody come that week

to confess their sins.

HE that is proud of his riches is a fool; because if he is exalted above his neighbors because he hath more gold, how much more out, didn't you?" inferior is he to a gold mine? How much

Whatever you may choose to give away always be sure to keep your temper.

remarkable preservation. Is history is au- them lazy editors and book writers. Why don't they go to work ?"

Mrs. P .- Just so I say ; I always set my face against much book learning-it don't giving the strongest evidence of his religious feed you, nor keep you warm. Made many

Mrs. B .- "Yes, quite a lot, my cows do first-rate this year."

Mrs. P .- "Mine don't-'pears to me they fail of their milk every day."

Mrs. B.-P'raps they ain't milked quite dry-I am very careful always to milk my cows very dry." (A pause.) Mrs Baker.—"Have you heerd about Su-

san Dike and Jim Clark ?"

Mrs. P.—"No—what of 'em." Mrs. B.—"Why mercy sakes alive ! they drove off together yesterday and were gone all day, and most every one thinks they went to Elder Snow's to be married, without her folks knowin' a breath about it."

Mrs. P .- "You don't say! Suke Dike was always up to something.'

great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, they might have only gone to meeting, you the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Chapel, know; but Miss Sims said that Suke's bonnet was trimmed with white, and Jim had on a bran new coat, and both of 'em wore white

gloves !" Mrs. P.- "Well ! I'll give up. Of course

won't tell any one what you said. "What for a school marm have you got this Summer ?'

Mrs. B.-"Oh! not much of a one. She haint got no government at all ! the children on in school and rompin' and tearin fround at morning. Why its gettin' so that a body can't go past some of them young ones without gettin' sassed or cussed."

Mrs. P .- "Do tell! why, how long has she kept ?"

Mrs. B .- "More'n two weeks, and its high time she did better, and made those plaguey scholars do better too."

Mrs. P .-- "Well-our school marm is made of quite different stuff. She licks and pounds the children awfully."

Mrs. B .- "Gracious! you took her right Mrs. P .- "I guess I did, and I've heard must he give place to a chain of pearls or a more'n one of the neighbors say, if she laid

a finger on their children, she'd walk out of her school in double quick time. Speakin' of neighbors, how do you like yourn' ? Miss Harris, I mean-"

of extensive influence and high moral tone.

This exceptionable paragraph plainly intimates that if "pa" refuses his consent to his daughter's marrying the man she loves, then she is justified in marrying without this "consent," at any sacrifice !

Is that girl capable of securing to her husband a life of happiness, who can so far forget or ignore her moral obligations to her paent as to ourrage his feelings when he is most solicitous for her welfare?

She who fails to see her duty to her father will soon lose keenness of vision in reference to her husband's happiness, if the circumstances which effect his happines conflict with her inclinations. No matter what the civil law says about it, her obligations to regard her parent's feelings is as binding now as it was ten years previous. And the man who could counsel the violation of those feelings, lover though he be, is not a safe depository for woman's heart.

We have known many to act on the suggestions which this paragraph gives, and in after life either domestic bitterness and distrust turned their lives to gall, or trial and misfortune quenched the fire of their hearth. till they wished the grave to cover their woes. Then they cried in agony, "Thy judgment is ust-thy laws, O God, are righteous !"---Then they remembered their sin, and their advice was-"Wait : if it is good for you to marry that one, your father will after a time see it and consent. But never marry in opposition to his expressed wish." Girls, listen! Be not deceived.

MEMORY.-Overburthen not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, so rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of a gluttonous cu. riosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Spoil not thy memory with thine own jealousy, nor make it by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou will not trust? Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight, thrust and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping about his shoulders.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience, r

knot of diamonds;