Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of Advertisements will be charged at per square of burteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 burteen lines, to one, or three insertions. All advertise, ents for every subsequent insertion. All advertise ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a nents of less than fourteen lines considered as a nents of the following rates will be charged for quate. The following rates will be charged for quate. The following rates will be charged for grantly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising: 3 months. 6 months. 12 mo's

Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 Squares 10 00 column \$4.50 6.00 15.00 column, 18 00 30 00 40 00 column, 18 00 at the number of in-All advertisements not naving the number of in-rtions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-tred out, and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all

Posters, Handblis, I.I., and in country establishments, inds of Jobbing done in country establishments, could nearly and promptly. Justices', Constacted and the BLANKS, constantly on hand and the state of the BLANKS, constantly on hand and

LINES, Sectionate'y dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. James Hongland;

BY MEETA MELGROVE

affish mother hush." said a dying child,
And she raised her eyes to the Heaven's above;
These dark eyes gleamed with the fires of death, Those dark eyes greamed with the fires of deaf But her voice had the softened tone of love, what is it Jeanette—my darling child? Lored daughter speak! what dost thou see! of hear the angels golden harps, and a white winged throng are waiting for me."

The waters of death ere gathering round, And the harps sound nearer, mother dear; And the maje south neutrer, mucher dasay Kind parents! say when I am gone, You'll breathe no sigh, and shed no tear. God's ways are just, His acts are wise; Oh! murmur not at His decree; Fer you leved friends, alone I grieve; Not that my God is calling me."

"Mr father, whom I love so dear, Oh: meet me on you Heavenly shore; Where pain and sorrow never come; Where friends united, part no more. Place both your hands upon my heart, Vrs Beath's cold fingers grasp its strings: Then kiss me quickly ere we part, for I hear the rustling of his wings.

Good bye!" she said and her soft eyes closed. And her throbbing heart had ceased to beat; And they laid her down to a dreamless sleep, To awaken in bliss, -where the sainted meet d they brushed the curls from her youthful ! and in snowy robes they draped he With her white hands folded upon her bi the sleeps secure from the world's cold storm

hear friends! though the 'light from your home is gone The' your brilliant and gifted child is dead; y are not for Jeanette as the hopeless mourn. Remember the grave had for her no dread.

The tis sweet to be called in life's morning away, To the trilling of harp notes, the songs of the blest; find parents! prepare thee thy loved one to meet, Where friends are united,—where wearled ones rest.

THE GRINDSTONE,

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY ANDREW DUNCAN.

"This is not the same country that it was ony years ago. When I first squatted at e foot of yonder dark mountain you see far way to the North, I had to live like an Indin in a wigwam, for over fourteen years, remember when the field we are now stand. ing in was covered with a dense field of hem-lacks; now you don't see a stump. I remember when, for twenty miles around, the most splendid mansion to be met with was a og cabin, of one room, with boys and girls the principal furniture. Now, sir, just ook around you, and count from fifteen to enty good frame buildings, all polished off a red and white paint. I feel that the world s running away from me; it goes too fast for the ideas of an old man, and I must even let it go. I love to think of the past, and ook forward to the future. Recollections of the past, and the hopes connected with the future, are all that is left me now."

Thus spoke Mr. B., a resident of a northem county in the State of New York. Anxous to hear a little more of things incidental to the life of a hardy forest pioneer, we invied the old man to take a seat on the fence, here we had ourselves come to an anchor With our invitation he cheerfully complied. eming happy at having met with one who ppeared to take an interest in the things of

For," said he, "the world now-a-days is go-ahead, seldom taking time- to look be-

"Had you any grist mills or stores," said ays of this selflement? "Well," said the old man, "do you see that irge spruce, that stands by itself, a little to east of a red building?"

We replied that we saw the tree. "Well, there stood the first and only mill settlement had for sixteen years, and it as just fifteen miles from my cabin. I conered myself very lucky in living so near he mill, as we had to back all our grain, at east for the most part. As for stores, we had little use for them, and had none nigher an Sandy Hill about forty miles South .me neighbor would go out occasionally, nd bring in tobacco, snuff, and such like in dispensables; besides, the Squire, when he ent out to get his barrel filled, would bring

p any nick-nacks the women wanted." "What did the Squire fill his barrel with ? Had you a rum-selling tavern in those days? "Not exactly a tavern, like the taverns they have now a days, but we had two grindstones, one in my neighborhood, and one about ten miles north. Old Squire Sis now dead—some said he made way th himself, but that was never fully known. r.S moved into this country about o years before I moved in; he was a pretcunning old fellow; understood himself ery well, at least he thought he did; but all did not end well with him. When he came alothe country, he brought with him a grinddone and a barrel of whiskey, two very good of property in those days, and the man who had them was pretty sure to pick up all the loss change that was affoat. When noney failed, a bushel of corn would answer, and when corn failed, a day's chopping was Many an acre of land did the oquire clear with a few gallons of whiskey. rery man had an axe, and you know axes get dull; then they must be carried to grindstone, and as Mr. S-could not ford to have his stone worn out for nothing. was kept straight by spending a shilling streence in whiskey. Before one barrel es out, the Squire would always manage to are another on the spot; and on this ache was considered a public benefactor. was elected Squire, an office that he held more than twenty years. I shall never orget the last time I was at the grindstone. eter, Never! shall I forget that day!"

What happened on that day," said we, that makes you remember it so well?"

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.

AOT' A' - '(WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1858.

ed man, stranger, very wicked, a blasphemer, wife and six remaining children huddled to- into the house while the men kindled their off from the surrounding bushes, with which

bushel of corn on my back, and, as the day Mary! was long, and I had got an early start, I thought I could get out to mill and back again pendent mainly upon meal and milk for a living, as pork at that season of the year was extremely scarce. I did not take my axe that morning, as I was in the habit of doing, having determined not to make any stop at the Squire's although it lay in my way .-Having got along to within about half a mile of the house, I was overtaken by three of my neighbors, with their axes going to have a grind, and of course the stone must be wet. them, in a drop of the new barrel, for it had been reported that a barrel of a very superior quality had arrived a few days previous. Of course I did not need much pressing.-The new stock was announced by all hands to be excellent, and I turned the grandstone and drank whiskey until noon. I now tho't it time to start for the mill, and it did seem to me that I walked on a great deal faster by the help of the spirit than I otherwise could have done. I made no doubt but that I could get home by night. But for, all the speed

found, on arriving at the mill, that I had been

five hours in traveling nine miles. I could

not believe it, but the miller showed me his

noon mark, and calculated the time so that

there could be no mistake. He told me that

the water was low, and he could not do my

grinding short of an hour. It was not a

mill like the mills we have now-a-days, that

can grind a bushel of corn in a 'jiffy.'-

Somewhat sobered, I felt vexed at this state

of things; I saw plainly I could not get home

that night, and my children must go to bed

supperless. I felt ready to cry, for no man

ever loved his children better than I did;

drunkard that I was, my heart was never

clean gone. I cursed the squire's grindstone,

whiskey barrel and all, but it was of no use;

my cursing did not mend the matter in the

least. At last, I thought the children might

make out with milk for supper for one night,

and I should get home bright and early in

the morning. I got in my grist about an

hour before sun-down, and returned four

miles, when I put up at the house of a neighbor, (we were all neighbors within awenty "I was up in the morning as soon as it began to get light, and while engaged with a bowl of bread and milk, some one knocked; the woman of the house went to the door, and was asked by a young man if Mr. B. was there. Being told that he was, the man

"'Mr. B., two of your children are lost in the woods.

entered, and coming up to me, said-

"I told him that he lied, for I knew not what I said, but had some kind of thought

that the man wanted to scare me. "'It is true,' he said; and I have been clear down to the mill, looking after you .-And some of the neighbors have been hunt-

ing for the children all night.' "I saw the man was in earnest. I cannot inat mothe whole weight of the heavens coming right upon your head? Did you ever feel your heart knocking against your breast like a sledge hammer, and threatning to force a passage up through your throat? If you ever felt so, you know something of my feelings on that terrible morning. But after all my feelings did not bewilder me, nor render me inactive. I rushed from the house like a madman-soon leaving the messenger and the grist far behind. Neither stump, stone, nor fallen tree impeded my progress. I was young then, and few men were more fleet afoot than I was in those days. I remember nothing of my thoughts, until I had got within a half a mile of my own house. I then began to conjecture which of my children it could be that was lost, (for I had forgot that the man mentioned two.) Could it be my own dear little Nelly, who used to come dan cing to meet her father every night, with her little eyes sparkling like diamonds? Whether I came home drunk or sober, Nelly was

always rejoiced to meet me.

"Have you any children, sir?"

We answered in the affirmative. "You will not wonder then at the old man's tears, when remembering and speak ing of the strong pure love of a little daughter. But none can tell how dear a child is, until it is lost in the woods. It is nothing, comparatively nothing, to lay a child in the grave. I have had the experience of both : the one is a hard thing, but the other awfully terrible. As I came in sight of my house new idea struck me-a strange idea to enter a head like mine. I thought, now, if there is a God, he can save my child. I don't know why it was, but for the first time in my life I felt sure there was a God. My infidelity had in a moment completely vanished, and I roared aloud again and again-'O Lord! save the lost child of a poor sinner! This was the first prayer I ever had uttered -but thank God! it was not the last. I discovered, on approaching the house, a few men standing about the door, and as soon as I could make myself heard, I enquired which of my children was lost. I was informed it was Nelly and Jamie. This was a dreadful blow; but the madness of my grief had

an infidel and a drunkard. I was going to gether in a corner. They had all cried until fires and prepared to cook their supper. I they had formed a shelter. On leaving this tell you about the last time I was at the their faces were swollen, and my wife looked found my poor wife much calmer than when camp they had ascended the steep face of Squire's grindstone. Well, I started one fine the picture of utter despair. She could not morning in the latter part of May, with a speak, and I could only say, 'Oh! Mary,

"The children came clinging around me, their faces grew brighter, they felt sure that by night. Indeed, it was necessary that I their father could find Nelly and Jamie. I should return the same day, as I did not leave kissed them all, and told them they must stay a pound of meal in the house. We were de- in the house with mother until I came back. I was about joining the party at the door, who were deliberating upon the best plan of proceeding, when my wife arose from her

seat, and laying hold of my arm, said—
"'John, the Lord can save our children.' Arrangements were now made for commencing the search. We were to go forth, two and two, each party having a gun, and if either party should be successful in finding roaring of the thunder, or the hissing flash of the discovery, and an old musket was the children alive, the fact should be announ-They invited me to turn in and partake with ced by the firing of six guns, and if dead,

three guns. "Perhaps I had better give you some idea of the geography of the woods. My house was situated about a mile from the foot of the mountain to the North; along the base of the mountain runs a considerable stream, holding a course from west to east. From the south bank of the stream, rose rock on rock, up to the very summit of the mountain; so steep and rugged, that a deer could hardly get a foot-hold. With the exception of two or three small fields, all the distance from with which I was getting over the ground, I the house to the brook was covered with heavy timber. It was while hunting up the cows, about the clearings, that the children got lost, and it was reasonable to suppose that they could neither cross the stream or climb the moantain, being only eight and six years of age. We therefore determined to confine our search between the house and the north bank of the brook, extending a few miles east and west. Doctor P .was my companion in the search said all he could to cheer me, but that was a dreadful day. I could not take time to walk, but ran from one thicket to another, calling out with all my strength, 'Nelly! Nelly! Jamie! Jamie!' But no Nelly, no Jamie answered.-No gun was fired during the day; and night, a very dark night, began to get in. I determined to continue the search, but the doctor persuaded me to return home, saying, 'we should have more help by morning, and would

go in larger parties.' "We accordingly returned; found the others had got in before us, but no traces of the lost ones had been discovered. Fires were now kindled on all the hills around the house, and a little after night, about twenty men joined us. The news had gone out through the neighboring towns, and they all turned put, every man with his bag of provisions and his gun, determined, they said, to find

them, dead or alive. "In the course of the night, about thirty more arrived, so that by morning we mustered between fifty and sixty men. My hopes of finding them alive were getting very feeble, yet I spent the night praying: 'O Lord, save my poor little children.' The sufferings of my wife during that long, long, dark night, were awful, and may not be described. She sat in the door watching for the first dawning of day, and when she saw the light, she leaped for joy, as if the day would bring dren. We all went out in a body, spreading back her lost infants.

"'Ah! it has been a long night!' she said, ment. Did you ever seel as if the earth Poor little Nelly-poor little Jamie; where was sinking away from under your feet, and have you been all the night? Why don't you come to your own mother, who has watched all the night long, for your coming?

"I thought my cup of affliction was already full, but I now saw that more might be added. I was afraid my wife was about to lose her reason. On being pressed to go and take a little rest, she gazed on me for a moment, and replied-

"'Yes, John, I will rest. I will try to give them up into the hands of God.

"I felt relieved; she promised to go to bed, and we all prepared to renew the search. As we were about to start, the 'Squire made his appearance, and on his back a small keg of whiskey; he said he had been from home, until late last night, or he should have come sooner to our assistance. He then drew some of the spirit, and offered it to me.

"'No,' said I: 'Squire I have drank my last glass, and it has been paid for with the life of my two lovely children.

"'What do you mean?' said the 'Squire; 'I don't understand you.'

"Well,' said I, 'if I had not tarried six hours at your grindstone, as I went out to mill, I should have got home the same day, and my children would have all been here this morning. Yes, sir, I have paid a fearful price for my last glass; either you or I are their murderers."

"I was sorry I said quite so much to the

'Squire, but I felt all that I said. "Some of the men took a little of the pirit, and our plan of operation being setled, we divided into two lines, extending from the fields to the brook, one line moving vest, the other east, every man -keeping within a few rods of his right hand man, and in this order the whole line moved forward, making careful examination as they progressed. That day passed away like the former; no gua was fired, no traces found. At night we again met at the house, tired and hopeless. Over ten miles from east to west, had been so closely examined that no living thing, the size of a-woodchuck, could have escaped detection. The men looked exhausted and sad. All hopes of finding them alive had now fled, and but little, if any hopes remained, of finding their bodies. Why, if you have time to hear it, I will ed, 'Lord! save the lost children of a poor less. I thought so myself, and yet trembled, have passed a night. Little pieces of bark whole story. I was once a wick. sinner. On entering the house, I found my lest they should abandon the search. I went had been collected, and small branches broke and stains from the dead.

we left in the morning. She said she was sure that God would do right.

"Our friend the Doctor, gave us all the consolation he could; told us hew long a sometimes on their hands and knees, they person could live without food; and insisted that there was still hope.

"If any spark of hope remained in our hearts, it had completely died away by tween two large rocks, that lay near together. morning. That night about eleven o'clock, some flashes of lightning were seen in the south, and in less than an hour a most fearful thunder storm raged around us. Rain fell in torrents, the wind blew with destructive violence. The crashing of trees, torn up by the roots, or twisting, splitting like reeds, and in a short time placed them by the side seemed louder and more dreadful than the of the lightning. I really thought I could see the huge and broken limbs of the falling | tor in his joy had used his powder rather freetrees mangling the dead or the dying bodies of my helpless infants. I have seen no thunder storm like that since. The morning at last came : it was mild and beautiful : the sun rose without a cloud, and the men, though much exposed to the violence of the storm, during its continuance, had early re-kindled their fires, cooked their breakfast, and were preparing for another day's search. The plan was changed, and they went out in two's and three's, wherever each party should thing best; the signals, however, were to remain the same as agreed on at enjoy a good hope through grace.' first. This day, for the first time, I began to feel my strength failing me. I had to sit down and rest every half hour. I would sometimes (ancy I could hear the report of a gun,) and would hold my breath to hear the report reneated, but no repetition would follow. As evening settled down upon the woods, we now wore an expression of deep and settled hopelessness, and little for a time was said. At last the question was put by the Doctor-

"Shall we continue the search?" "A pause followed, but the Doctor added-

I for one will not give it up.' So said the greater part; but the prospect of finding the children was so doubtful, that about fifteen had left during the night. In seemed quite discouraged. And the question again occupied their minds, whether it was conclusion that farther efforts would be

"I went to the house, found the Doctor and informed him of the conclusion to which the men had come. I begged he would endeavor to change their minds—just to try one day more, and then I should be resigned to my fate, whatever it might be; I did not expect to find them alive; but I thought it would be a great comfort to know where they were buried. My wife on hearing the determination of the men, went out and pleaded with all the earnestness of a bereaved mother. that they would try one day more-only one day more! The men (for they were men, and could not stand a mother's tears,) quickly replied, to satisfy her, they would continue the search another day, not that they had the slightest expectation of finding the chilin every direction, and every man taking his own course. I had got about two miles from the house, when, near noon, I distinctly heard the report of a musket. I fell down as if a bullet had gone through my heart. There I lay breathless, trembling in every limb. Another loud report like that of a cannon-I jumped to my feet, staggered forward a few paces, and fell again to the earth. A third report soon followed, and then all was still. The story was now told-the dear children were found, but they were dead!

"Oh! the agony of thai moment! I feel it yet; I rolled on the earth—I strove to be calm—I tried to be reconciled—tried to thank God, for restoring their dead bodies. I would took once more upon the face of my little Nelly and Jamie, although they would no more come to meet their father. I remembered my poor wife, and rose from the earth. I knew she needed my support, little that it could be, in such afflicting circumstance's.

"When I had got within a half a mile of my home. I was startled by the report of a gun; another, and another followed in quick succession, and for eight or ten minutes there was nothing but firing. All this perplexed me-I knew not what to make of it. At last I thought the men had all got in, and were discharging their guns, they had been loaded for several days.

As I approached the house, a scene presented itself which led me to think that the men had all gone stark mad. They were dancing, and shouting, and capering in the most extravagant manner. Can the children be dead, though I, and all this going on? I rushed through the crowd, and as I entered the house, little Nelly sprang into my arms. crying, "Here comes my father, here comes my own father!' Poor Jamie was very fee-

ble, but he was alive and that was enough. "When the weeping spell was over, I inquired where they had been found, and who found them? As soon as the Doctor could speak, he came forward and said that himself and Mr. T. had taken a direction that led them to the bank of the stream, and the foot of the mountain. The ground had been gone over before, yet they thought it might be well to examine a little more carefully the bank of the brook. It was not long before they discovered the prints of little bare feet, apparently going into the stream. They immediately crossed and climbing a little ways up the mountain discovered what appeared to have

the mountain, leaving traces of their course sufficient to guide the Doctor and his compan-

NO. 12.

ion. After scrambling up for half an hour, saw before them the objects of their search, sitting quite contentedly in a little hut, formed by placing bark and branches as a roof, be-They had lived upon gum, and had laid in quite a little stock for after use. The boy was somewhat feeble, but the girl was lively and well. They knew they were lost, but thought they would find the way home by and by. The men took them in their arms of their mother. Notice must now be given loaded and fired three times, but as the Doc-

ly, at the third discharge the old thing burst. "No one was hurt, but the signals were of course stopped, until the men returned from the search, expecting to find them dead. On learning the facts, a general firing took place. I have now told you the whole story. The loss of my children for a few days made me sober man and taught me that there is a friend that 'sticketh closer than a brother.' That God, whose unseen arm shielded my infants in the darkness and in the storm, has conducted me down to old age, giving me to never tasted whiskey, rum or brandy from that day to this."

"But what became of the Squire and his

grindstone?" . "Well, the old man is dead, and I like to say much about him; some of the best farms in the country where whittled again assembled at the house. Every face down upon that stone. Many are now working as laborers on the very farms their fathers once owned. The Squire made money, but it all went before he died; his two sons both died drunkards before they were thirty years of age, and his only daughter married a poor worthless creature, who finally ran away and left her with three small children. After the old man died, it was found that he was considerably in debt, and his widow, the morning we mustered forty men. All his daughter, and her three children were sent to the poor house. My own family all again occupied their minds, whether it was signed the temperance pledge; my five boys best to renew the search or not. The whole seemed to waver, and finally all came to the are married to good and suber men. Little Nelly lives in the white house you see down n the hollow. She often talks of her trip to the mountain, and says, (in view of change it wrought in her father,) 'That God makes all things work together for good to those that love Him.' Myself and the old woman have seen many a happy day to-gether, and are now waiting the call that will

Didn't See It.

bring us 'to a better INHERITANCE.'

cure him. One day after he had been drinkstepped out of the room, and from a trap room. None of his friends appeared to see smashing the chair in the operation! Another chair shared the same fate, when his friends seized him, and with terror depicted in their faces, demanded to know what was the matter.

"Why, don't you see that big rat?" said he, pointing to the animal, which, after the manner of rats, was making its way around the room, close to the walls. They all saw it, but all replied that they

didn't see it---"there was no rat.' "But there is!" said he, as another chai went to pieces in an ineffectual attempt to

crush the rat. At this moment they again seized him and after a terrible scuffle, threw him on the floor, and with terror in their velled:

"Charley! run for a doctor!" Charley started for the door, when George desired to be informed "what is up." "Up!" said they, "why, you've got th delirium tremens!"

Charley opened the door to go out, when George raised himself on his elbow, and said "Charley, where are you going?" "Going!" said Charley, "going for a doc

"Going for a doctor!" rejoined George 'for what?" "For what!" repeated Charley,

you've got the delirium tremens!' "The delirium tremens-have 1?" peated George. "How do you khow I've got the delirium tremens!" "Easy enough," says Charley you've

commenced seeing rats." "Seeing rats!" said George, in a sort of musing way; "seeing rats. Think you must be mistaken, Charley."

"Mistaken!" said Charley. "Yes, mistaken," rejoined George.

ain't the man—I haven't seen no rai?" The boys let George up after that, and from that day to this he hasn't touched a glass of liquor, and "hasn't seen no rats."

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pub-THE THOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

The Advance is the Official Paper of the County

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

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inluded, \$4 per year.

Wonders of the Created Universe.

What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred and ninery-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstrations, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from ue that a cannonball-shot directly towards it, and maintained its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred million of millions of times in a single second! that it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty two million of millions of time; of vellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madness than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

How to Teach the Alphabet.

At a recent school meeting in Boston, Prof. Emerson (not Ralph Waldo Brama) has something to say of that which he had seen in Europe during his travels :-

He spoke of what he saw in Dresden .-He spoke of teaching the alphabet -- of its usually being regarded as a drudgery, which he called a sad mistake. He cited an exam: ple of forty boys, seven years old, coming to learn their alphabet. It was taught by a man complete for a college President. He commenced by drawing a fish upon the blackboard, inquiring of the boys, "what is that?" One answer was "A fish;" another, "It is the picture of a fish." Right," said A short time since a young man living the teacher to the last. They were then rein Ogdensburg, whose name we shall call quired to make a nice sentence about the George, took to drinking rather more than fish." This being done, he placed before usual, and some of his friends endeavared to them the letters that make the word. They were then required to put the letters together ing several times, they got him in a room so as to spell the word. This was cone; and commenced conversing about delirium also the making of letters on their slates tremens, directing all their remarks to him, forming the word. They were next required and telling what fearful snakes and rats were to draw the picture of the fish. This was always seen by the victims of this horrible the method of teaching the alphabet, by no disease. When the conversation waxed high novice but by the best learned German scholon this terrible theme, one of the humber ar. This method of thoroughness was every. where practiced in teaching-a little at a which was at hand, let a large rat into the time, and constant repetition. "The effect of this method." said he, was surprising," How it; but the young man who was to be the unlike is this method to that pursued in our victim seized a chair and hurled it at the rat, primary schools. "The teachers use books in teaching. Consequently their minds were wholly on the matter of teaching-watching the effect of their teaching upon dren. When their interest tired, their attention was directed to a new subject and thus the happiest results are produced.

LETTER FROM A BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS. 'Deer Mar -- I am now being teached Spanesh langwage! wich my Tuteor says I learn it with grate fasility, ive improved amasinly in the english sints ive been here! I speke and rite the real new stile now! and my compasishons are being wery much admired among the pupils of the school. I come within won of getting the medle for bein the best english scholar, at the clothes of last quarter, and I shood a done it, but I was being sick a bedd and couldn't attend to my studies-for a hole weak? and so I got beehyndand: by the buy, Mar! (what shokin bad english you do rite!) ime eshamed to sho yewr letters to eny of the missesses among my akwaintanfor instants you sa wile the te wotter was bileing the other day etceterah and so forth now you should say wile the te wotter was bein bilte-par too? rites jus as inkorrekly for instents he says in his letter french guds are falling verry fast insted of saying french goods are being fell. ime recally shocked that you and hee don't keep paice with the march of modern improvement but ime being called this minit to excite my spanesh lesson, so i must wind orf. I supperscribe myself your affectionate dawtur,

MIRANDA MACKERBEL."

A celebrated actress, whose fresh smile and silvery voice favored the deception, always called herself "sweet sixteen." She stated her age at sixteen in a court room as a witness. Her son was directly after placed on the stand, and asked how old he was, "Six months older than mother," was the honest reply.

The grave is the true purifier, and, in the dreaming, intending murmuring, talking, charity of the living, takes away the blots sighing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.