Terms of Publication.

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THE INQUIRY. BY MEETA MELGROVE.

Speak to this aching heart, oh winds!
Speak to my heart to-night;
My sinking spirit always finds,
In you some new delight;
Your wild and whispering tones at night,
Bring to my spirit great delight. Bring to my spirit great designt.

Arise oh winds, from your chill bed,
In this stilly twilight hour;
For the dearest hopes of my heart are dead,
And laint my spirit's power;
Come then, oh winds! from your cold bed,
And tell me of the slumbering dead. Tell me deep winds! for oft you go. In darkening gloom of night; About the chamber dark and low, Where sleep the dead; and light

Comes not through all the gathered gloom, Oh! sleep they well in the dark tomb? Speak to me roving winds, and say,
If in the grave be rest!
For oh! hie's brief and flitting day, For on the store at best;
Then in this still hour speak and say.
If death will bring my lone heart rest? Charleston, 1858.

Be Polite to All.

"Hallon Limpy, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up or we shall leave you be-

The cars were waiting at a station on one ef our Western railroads. The engine was puting and blowing; the baggage master ms busy with baggage and checks; the men were hurrying to and fro with chests indvalises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the lomotive puffed, and snorted, and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attennon to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a glance one might have supposed that he was a man of neither regish nor influence. The conductor of the train gave him a contemptuous look, and slappag him familiarly on the shoulder he called

"Hailon, Limpy better get aboard or the ars will leave you behind !' "Time enough, I reckon," replied the indiridual so roughly addressed, and he retained

ha seemingly listless position. The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. "All abourd!" cried the conduclor. "Get on. Limpy," said he as he pass ed the carelessly dressed lame man.

The lame man made no reply. Just as the train was slowly moving away, he stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly, took a seat. The train moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here." "I don't pay," replied the lame man very

"Don't pay?"

"We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station!" and he seized the value which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned, looked up at the conductor and asked him:

"Bo you know to whom Tyou were speaking just now ?" "No, 811."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that ?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation. "I know him."

The color rose a little to the young man's face but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat. None of those who were near him could unravel the expression of his countenance, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he-of what thought he! He had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come perhaps through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the di rectors the sample truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once.-Should he do it? And yet, why should he care! He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little Otenge pedlar, he stood by the street-crossing, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now .-Should be care for a stranger's roughness or faunt! Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With sleady energy he walked up to Mr. Warbistion's side. He took his books from his ocket, the hank bills, the tickets which he al collected, and laid them in Mr. Wararion's hand.

"t resign my place, sir," he said. The President looked over the account for moment, then motioning to the vacant seat

at his side, suid : "Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with

As the young man sat down, the President lurged to him with a face in which was no lagry feeling and spoke to him in an under-

"My young friend, I have no revengeful felings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have wall."—N. Y. Tribune.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1858.

been very injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your station, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future, remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears, and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has hap-

still continued. Good morning, sir I" The train of cars swept on, as many a train had done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of that lesson ran somewhat thus-don't judge from appearances.

pened shall injure you. Your situation is

Visit to a Powder Magazine. The precautions in visiting powder magazines in Europe are greater than in this country, where the "free and equal rights Democracy" would hardly submit to such rigid rules as are there enforced. It would be considered quite condescension enough on the part of an American "sovereign," particularly one of the Young America school, to throw away a lighted cigar. He would have to do something more than that before gratifying his curiosity with a sight of the stores of powder in some of the fortresses on the other side of the water. Yet, with a rigid observance of "the rules," established and printed, perhaps a century ago, danger of being blown up, is not always avoided. A friend tells us an anecdote illustrative of the fact that old rules are not always applicable to a new state of things. He visited a large fortress in the northern part of Holland, and being the son of an old soldier and an artist, in pursuit of objects of interest to sketch with his pencil, he was permitted to look into the powder-magazine, where more than a hundred thousand pounds of powder were stored. The strong stone building was fenced around with a strong wall, outside of which was a little ante-room, where the applicant for admission entered and rapped upon the wooden door with a wooden knocker, when a little wicket opened upon its wooden hinges, and the keeper showed his visage and demanded his pass. This being all right, he was directed to pull off his boots on the further side of the room, the wooden floor of which was kept free from all possible sign of dirt. Then after brushing his stockings and dusting all his garments, he was furnished a pair of cloth slippers, and then put through the course of questions that were tied up with "red tape" at the "war-office" in the time of

his great-grand-sather.
"Do you smoke! Then leave your pipe and tobacco, and your flint and steel and tinder."

Each of these articles had to be deposited separate, so as to be sure the flint and steel should not by any charm get together, although a hundred feet from the powder, and behind two thick stone walls. Happily our friend had none of these inflammable articles.

"Have you any knife, key or article of steel?" He had, as was required to lay them away carefully in separate places.

"Have you any gold, silver or copper coins?" Fortunately, although a traveling artist, he had some of these needful accomto show what he had, and make a special deposit, without retaining a single red.

"Have you any other piece of metal, flint, glass or mineral of any kind about you? If so, you must leave that behind."

Having gone through with all "the formalities," the door opened upon its noiseless wooden hinges, and the "safe visiter" was permitted to enter the courtvard, which was crossed upon a path of anti-friction materia to the wooden door of the magazine, which he entered and walked up and down with noiselsss trend between the long rows of powder casks, piled tier on tier, in quantity sufficient to destroy as many lives and as much property as the late great explosion at

"You are very particular," said the visiter to the keeper, "to avoid all possible chance of accident?"

"We simply obey the rules," he replied. How those rules do need amending and adopting to the present age of the world, thought our friend just at that moment, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket and applied it to his face, more to hide any change of countenance than for any other purpose, at the same time hardly declaring himself fully satisfied with what he had seen, and expressing a wish to retire, and, without wasting time, making a decided movement toward the door. "Here," thought he, "under the rules, they have divested me of every harmless copper, lest I might carelessly drop one upon the floor and ignire a grain of loose powder. They have questioned me, as they did an old Dutch burgomaster a hundred years ago, about my habit of smoking so as to take away my flint and steel. They have ordered me to divest my pockets of all metallic substances, lest by some possible mischance some of them should ignite. I wonder they did not inquire whether "saltpetre will explode." Fortunately they allowed me to retain my cambric handkerchief, and in feeling in my pocket for that I have discovered the box of friction matches that I use to light my cigars. I think I will retire, resume my coppers and my keys, my watch and finger rings, put on my boots, and give the customary coins to the attendants, and go away quite satisfied that I have conformed to all the rules, and have visited a powder magazine with a box of friction matches in my pocket. It is all right; but, thank Heaven, I am now on the outside of the outer

Beautify Your Home.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides thing agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children .- as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit chershes its pure-t thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree (wines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do on the name of the Lord as they had done in for you. Benuty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being if he fails to fulfil this beneficent pur-

A Wife's Influence.

pose of his creation.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Enquirer, ells the following of Judge William of South-

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women, whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff .n his worst days, she never upbraided him by word, look or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him, and made him ween like a child.-This serience, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named, and to those who knew the stern unbending public character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself

told it: "The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty writs to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office-he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the writs, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes .--She spent the night at work-Mr. Smith in riotous living.' At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amnable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work -fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived.' 'This promise,' snys my friend Col. Williams, the faithfully kept, and, said the judge to him, from that day, everything which I touched turned to gold.' His entire success in life,' says Col. Williame, the set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise.'

"No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York District, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, and total abstinence, need be

WE cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is destrengthen the family affections and the de lights of home. that it could not be renovated except by its which the heart ever turns as the path of its ers is a swindler, because he chisele lights of home. We have also the future, remember no act of conscientious fortunate Greek girl out of marble.

Communications,

Familiar Letters on Geology, Etc.

NUMBER THREE. MY DEAR MARY: Before resuming the thread of my argument, I would remark that there are two classes who cling to the Usher Chronology and the literal theory. The first, honest and devout it may be, but who do not let their minds expand so as to see the great and glorious intent of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, or who perhaps are timid avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of and conservative, or it may be, have not been removals. Apart from this, there is some placed in a position to get rid of the contracted theories taught them by predecessors, equally pious, but with equally unexpanded intellects. The second class, the unreasonable and unreasoning infidel, who from choice adopts the exegesis which is most unreasonable in order that he may have a stand point from which to attack the Scriptures. I would further remark, and more of this hereafter, that man has a spiritual as well as a physical history and nature-that the history of both natures has been progressive-that both the physical and spiritual natures are still progressive, depending in life mutually, though inysteriously upon each other, yet separate and distinct, so much so that we feel an internal consciousness that the soul or spiritual nature may exist independent of the physical conformation. I would also remark that a man's piety does not depend on what is denominated his intellect, but upon an individual nature, that seems to be, as it were, of indigenous growth and transmitted by infusion, which however when so infused is equally capable of expansion and growth. But to

You will observe that the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses of the fourth chapter are entirely disconnected from what goes immediately before, nor does the subject seem to be connected with what follows in the next chapter. It seems to be a short prophetic declaration that when the generation known under the representative name Cain-a name for national corruption—had overcome and completely extirpated all righteousness in the world, then was born unto Adam, or was raised up in the earth, a new generation of people under the representative name of Seth and Enos, when a new era of righteousness and an advanced morality was inaugurated, and under them the people began to call upthe Abelian ages. For, observe the phraseology of the twenty-sixth verse-"then began men to call upon the name of the Lord,' This phrase seems to refer to the days of both Seth and Enos; it may refer only to the days of Enos. This according to the Usher Chronology, would be only about two hundred and fifty years after the creation of man and Adam's converse with God in the fully the Bible. Yours truly, garden-less than that time probably by a hundred years, when Cain and Abel both offered sacrifices to Him and when Cain talked face to face with God and bitterly felt his power to punish. Admitting that all this is to be understood literally and not as a prophetic tablet, we have an age of righteousness -an age when God is entirely banished from even the language of man, and then again an age when men begin to call upon the name of the Lord, in the space of at least three

generations. of the fifth chapter and the peculiar phraseology there made use of-"male and female created he them and he called their name Adam." Now this peculiar phraseology alone would go very far to prove that the name Adam was here made use of as representative, to denote the first age as well as the creation of the human race, and if so then Seth and Enos and all the names made use of in the fifth chapter are but representative in like manner, for if Adam was, the analogy of the use would imply that all were. Adopting, too, this theory or exegesis will reconcile the apparent clashing of the genealogies of the fourth and fifth chapters.-Read the eighteenth verse of the fourth chaper and compare it with the fifth chapter from the eighteenth to the twenty-fifth verses inclusive. There is certainly a very singufar coincidence of names if they do not synchronize—the two last being identical in form and order, and the three first reversed and

slightly changed in form. The flood or great general deluge was, according to the chronologists in the year of the world sixteen hundred and fifty-five. During this antedituvian period, we have the discovery of iron and its various manufactures, the combination of zinc and copper into brass, and consequently the discovery of the ores of zinc and copper and the art of smelting both them and iron. We have also distinctly recognized the occupations or professions of the iron-smith, the brass-smith, and by implication workers in copper and zinc. We have also the art of architecture carried to a great state of perfection, as witnessed in the building of the ark, a vessel to sail upon the wa ters, and by implication, navigation. We have also in music, players upon the harp ness almost unpardonable. And who suffer and organ, and by consequence, manufacturers of such musical instruments.

We have also the institution of marriage coeval with man, and after a few short years man again so degraded and so destitute of

building of cities, and the gathering together of population into such cities, and by implication, trade and commerce.

NO. 18.

All this, remember, was in the very infancy of the world—in the first sixteen hundred years according to the Literalists; and remember, too, that when the flood came, i erthrew and destroyed the knowledge of all these arts, except what might be supposed to have been known by Noah and his sons, and that too whether the flood was partial, according to Hitchcock, Lyell, Miller and other geologists, or general, according to the common opinion. For these very geologists, while they agree that the flood, happening twenty-three hundred and fifty years ago, could not have been general, admit that i overflowed and destroyed all the inhabited parts of the globe, and that no human beings were saved but Noah and his family. So far as the destruction of the world and its improvements were concerned, the flood was a universal cataclysis, and a new world began with Noah and his sons. Take the exegesis of the Literals, or the

Usher chronologists, and the whole seems to be pinched down into a mere childish narrative, unworthy the prophet and derogatory to the honor of the great Creator. Admit the exegesis that I have indicated, and it is a most sublime prophetic tableau of the ages before the flood-of man in his, to us, primitive state, and of the great changes brought about in society by man's evil passions in his progression from a primitive state of innocency to that state of society, when "every imagin ation of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually"—man beginning with the sacrifices, not of the affections and of the intellect, but of lambs and of bullocks, and ending in murder, debauchery, and every

other evil device. But my dear Mary, I must draw this letter to a close, for I do not wish to crowd your mind with too many facts at once, of to pro-ceed so fast that you will not find time from your arduous duties to examine theroughly for yourself all the authorities I quote and all the arguments I use. Let me also recommend you to procure if within your reach-"God revealed in the process of Creation," by James B. Walker-Prof. Guyot's "Earth and Man"-some good work on volcanoes, I do not know what one to recommend-Smith's "Natural History of the Human Species," though I would by no means have you stumble on a modern deluge and so be compelled with him to adopt a trinal origin for man, as Caucasian, Mongolian and Negro -Dr. S. G. Morten's various works on the human crania, &c., and -but I have recommended enough for one week at least and with Miller and Professor Hitchcock, more than you will probably consult; and in conclusion, let me recommend you to consult care

For the Agitator. Heart-Trials.

Heart-trials! What are they ? They are not what the world commonly call trials, and sympathizes with as such. They are fur deeper, harder to be borne than hat grief which admits of consolation through the medium of kind words.

Perhaps all may not fully comprehend the term. But let me for one moments appeal to the experience of sensitive, loying, and aspiring natures, and I am sure they will tell me, heart-trials are the hardest trials of life. There may be sickness, poverty, and a thousand other griefs, which friends by their presence will lighten of half the burden; but who will look into the inner sanctuary of the soul, and read the record there, of strug-

gles which the heart has known? The constant strife between duty, and a desire to cultivate, and gratify these aspirations for knowledge which our Father has implanted in the soul of many, in no ordinary degree, may pale the cheek, and sadden the young life-but who shall know it ?

The sensitive heart hides away in its deep been a blooming flower, and mourns over what might have been," but asks not for sympathy.

There are records there of unappreciated friendship; of cold, unkind words, flung back like ice, upon the warm spirit, which, in its self-devotion has striven hard to light up the way of loved friends; alas! how disheartening has been the requital!

None, perhaps, are better acquainted with these trials, than sensitive, diffident children. How often are we grieved, at beholding the want of appreciation, the positive unkindness manifested toward such natures. Oh, ye, who have the care of the young, who are brought into constant companionship with feelings of their natures, how ye turn into a wild, self-destroying channel, those capacities which may bless the world with a holy influence, if nurtured with affectionate care!

There is a want of love, and forbearance in this great world of ours, there is a selfishmore from it than the young?

My heart instinctively goes out toward children whom I have met with in many homes, where the light of affection is so dim the institution overthrown and destroyed, and as scarcely to be visible—so faint as to shed polygamy and all its kindred vices pervading no warmth, to bring to maturity the seeds of every department of society—the institution kindness and love, which are implanted in of sacrificial offerings to the Lord—a true every nature. Would that a voice might reach recognition of the supremacy of Jehovah - every being so situated, and whisper to them "words of cheer"-tell of a brighter future, any religious sentiment that the age of Seth and bid them, even in an ungenial atmoand Enos was a complete and perfect begin-sphere, still keep in existence those holy ning of the worship of God as compared with feelings, which shall vet find hearts to read the godlessness of all men in the past, and and understand them. Though feeling that nied to none. We can all of us increase and then again, the whole world so sunk in vice life is sad, that the way is hedged up, to

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per squere o fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertise. ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

2Squares, 400 1 column, 1000 column,- - - - 18 00 40.00 30 00

All advertisements not having the number of in-sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-dered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and orinted to order. printed to order.

self-denial shall fail of its reward. "There is a silvery lining to every cloud," and that lining will yet be visible, and the wearied, overtasked spirit will joy in its brightness!

There are some of maturer years, who look back to the few, who like guardian angels smiled upon them encouragingly in those childhood hours of trial, and bless heaven for sending into this cold world, noble spirits. who look not with an unfeeling eye, upon the trials of children. Their memory is like bright stars, forever burning. To them, the soul returns thanks, grateful thanks, and to them will heaven send a thousand fold reward in blessings, if the prayers which go up in their behalf are heard and accepted.

Greencastle, Iowa.

Early Piety.

The following story is acknowledged a 'good one," but we have never before seen it

in print∔-A few years since, some rogueish boys in town not a thousand miles distant from the capitol of New Hampshire, persuaded Joseph -, or, as he was generally called, 'Joe,' to a tend Sunday School. Joe was an overgrown, half-witted, profane lad, and the boys had anticipated considerable fun of him; but the answers to the various questions propounded were given so readily and correctly that no one could for a moment suppose that he was not fully versed in theological lore.

Joe was duly ushered in, and placed on a settee in front of the one on which his friends were seated, and the recitation commenced. "My friend," said the teacher, who made he world we inhabit?"

"Eh ?" said Joe, turning up his eyes like an expiring calf.

"Who made the world we inhabit?" Just as he was probably about to give the answer, one of the boys seated behind inserted a pin into his (Joe's) unmentionables about nine inches below the ornamental button of his coat.

"God Almighty!" answered Joe, in an elevated tone, at the same time rising quickly

"That is correct," replied the teacher; "but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering. A sitting posture was just as well.'

Joe was again seated, and the catechism proceeded.

"Who died to save the world?"

The pin was again inserted, and Joe replied-"Jesus Christ?" in a still louder voice, rising as before, from his seat.

"That is also correct, but do not manifest so much feeling; do be more composed and reserved in your manner," said the teacher in an expostulating tone,

After Joe had calmed down, the examina.

tion went on.
"What will be the final doom of all wicked men?' was the subject now up for consideration; and as the pin was again stuck in, Joe thundered out, with a higher elevation of the body-"Hell and damnation!"

"My young friend," said the instructor, 'you give true answers to these questions; but while you are here we wish you to be more mild in your words. Do endeavor, if you can to restrain your enthusiasm, and give a less extended scope to your feelings."

A Speech on Scolding

At a Young Men's Debating Society, omewhere out in Illinois, the question for discussion was, "which is the greatest evil -a scolding wife or a smoking chimney?' After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator rose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted he delivered himself in the following manner.

"Mr. President-I've been almost mad listening to the debate of these youngsters. They don't know anything about a scolding wife! Wait until they have had one upwards of eight years, and been hammered and jamrecesses the withered bud, which would have mered and jawed at all the while, wait until they have been scalded because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because the sun shined, because the hens didn't lay, because the butter wouldn't come because they are too soon for dinner, because they are one minute too late, because they lapped the young ones, because they tore heir trowsers, or because they anything, whether they could help it or not,) before hey speak about the evils of a scolding wife; why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of hammer and stones, and twenty tin pans, and nine brass kettles than a din of a scold. ing wife. Yes, sir'ee, them's my sentiments. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimchildren, beware how ye chill the better ney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife than a little negro is to a dark night."

There was nothing said about drunken, ill-grained, sulky husbands, who come home when they please and still expect the wife to be a persect angel.

WOULDN'T BITE SUCH BAIT. - Our friend Jones has been doing homage to a pair of bright eyes, and talking tender things by moonlight, lately. A few evenings since, Jones resolved to "make his destiny secure." Accordingly he fell on his knees before the fair dulcines, and made his passion known. Much to his surprise, she refused him out flat. Jumping to his feet, he informed her in no choice terms that there were as good fish in the sea as ever was caught. Judge of the exasperation of our worthy swain, when she coo'ly replied: "Yes but they don't bite at bull-heads!" Jones has learned a lesson.

A Western Editor thinks that Hiram Powers is a swindler, because he chiseled an un.