Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published rety Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers it the very reasonable price of: ::::

ST ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, ST .. FOULD DURAR FER ANNUM. S. . Interiable in advance. It is interided to notify every interiable when the term for which he has paid shall interestified, by the stamp. "This Out," on the mar-hare styined, by the stamp. "This Out," on the mar-hare styined, by the stamp. "This out," on the stopped of the hast paper. The paper will then he stopped for a forther remittance be received." By this ar-mult a forther remittance be brought in debt to stamil s issuer remittance be received. By this ar-nogement no man can be brought in debt to the profile.

THE AGUTATOR is the Official Paper of the County, THE AGITATOR IS INCOMENTAL Paper of the County, with slarge and steadily increasing circulation reach-ing into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent ing into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent into a pathoge to any Post Office within the county hundred house most convenient post office may be himited from the county.

is an adjourney of the second ing 5 lines, paper inclu-Burgets (ards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-ded \$4 per year.

[From the Boston True Flag.] HEART WOUNDS.

Heart wounds are strange delusive things, At first how keen the feeling; Bat time its soothing balsain brings— We think the wound is bealing; We calmly meet what is to be, We view the past receding, And deem the danger o'er,—but see! The old wound is bleeding.

Why flows the life-tide ?-who can tell ? Why flows the file-file /- who can be Perhaps some triding token Of by-gone days renews a spell We thought forever broken; The mention of a well-known name, To gentle mem rise leading.--It matters not--'tis all the same,

It matters not-'tis all the sar The old wound is bleeding.

Well let it bleed-the human heart

VIRGINIA Tioga Co., Pa.

For the Agitator. Letters From Over The River.

γ. To avoid disappointment, expect nothing. This clever preventive prescription occurred to me just as, a moment ago, little Dolly Reed left me with tears falling adown her haby cheeks. Poor Dolly! she watches my goings out and comings in as sharply as a French policeman could do were I over the sea, in place of being "Over the River." She has come to know that my pockets are a museum of "unconsidered trifles." She thinks in her baby igperance, (or innocence, which is about the same thing.) that your correspondent is a kind of confectionery shop, dealing heavy in taffy and peanuts.

The other day she very gravely informed me that her father was a very big man, as also her uncle Thomas. Furthermore, she said that her mother was a great lady. I could not restrain a smile at the precocity of the child. We grown-up people very well know that those half-divine, half-human creatures whose circumferences are ever-widening circles, and whose bonnets are every year getting beautifully less; Isay that we very well know them to be, not "women," but "ladies," per courtesy. It somewhat startled me to hear this patent fact promulgated by "babes and sucklings." Yet why not? There is a Young America;" why not a Young Americania ?

Now there is not a chick or child about the house where I domicile. It was a pretty bright day-but I fancied that the sunshine that came through the locust tree and sported on the carpet renewed its glow when little Dolly, from her play in the street, stepped slyly enough over the threshold. "So, so ! my little lady, here is pastime," thought I. And with half a dozen words, backed by a bit of taffy, Dolly and I were old acquaintances.

She told me that "her folks" had another little girl and a little boy. After a little preliminary conversation I suggested that perhaps, as we had neither little girls nor boys in our house, she would come and live with us. For, said I.

"As your folks have another little girl and a little boy, they would not miss you-you are so little."

She demurred to this that "her ma" wanted twe little girls and a little boy; and besides, that "the doctor only gived us my little sister the other day."

"And what did you pay for your little sister ?'

THE TIGGS CLEANES AGITSTOR

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

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1859. NO. 46.

stranger. To attain, to a state of soul-independence in which there is but one individuality, and that one's own; to have nothing in common with individual man, and everything with the collective man; this, however selfish it may seem to the casual observer, is the esthetic excellence of solitude. The ordinary recluse is the most selfish of mortals. He retires from man in had humor. There is no philosophy in his isolation. His aim is petty-it does not rise above his own private benefit or behoof. He sees no world to shun; therefore he escapes all the discipline of a healthy resistance to its wrongs and follies. He retires beyond the influence of its temptations; therefore he deserves no praise that he is neither principal nor accessory to the crimes and excesses which stain its record.

VOL. V.

But my lamp gets dim. Good night. INSOUNTE,

From the Boston Olive Branch. Steve Alant's Bear Story.

BY ARTHER L. MESERVE.

A few weeks ago we gave the readers of the Olive Branch an account of old Steve's adventure in the capitol. Now we give them one of his wonderful bear hunts, in which he shines

brighter than in his career as a legislator. Old Steve had but one hand, having lost the other by some means. One night when some half dozen of us were seated in the office of the Bartlett House, after taking his accustomed dram, he seated himself by the fire, and was immediately importuned to tell a bear story. "Tell them about the one in which you lost your hand," said the landlord in a low chuckle. "Yes, that is it; let us have it !" exclaimed several.

"Wall, seeing you must have one, I don't care if I do tell that ere one," replied old Steve, and throwing his quid behind the back-log, he began:

You see it was a good many years ago, when I had a tussle with that ere bar. I was a young feller then, and had jest built my cabin by the foot of Chouara, and had translated my old 'oman and the two young cubs she had, (his two first boys,) into it. I want a bit afraid of wild beasts in them days, for I calculate I could have throwed the Old Nick in a fair wrestle. I was 'siddered great at hugs in them days, and that was the way the bars, the tarnal critters, liked to fight; so I want 'tall skittish, tho' it was near two miles to the nearest nabors. Wall, we moved in the spring, and as soon as

the snow was gone I planted my corn and ta-ters, and when I had finished, I built a fence round to keep my old cow and a sheep, and lamb, I had, out of it, but I needn't have done it, for the cow broke her neck over a log, and the bars catched the sheep before I had got it done.

"One day I was out hoeing my corn; it was an awful hot day in June, when what should I see but a large bar come out of the woods and make straight towards me, jest as an independent as a drunken man on a Fourth of July My old 'oman see'd the bar the same time I did, and come to the door of the cabin and screeched for me to run as fast as my legs could carry me. But I didn't run. My dander riz when I thought of the sheep and lamb, the pesky critter had eat up; and so I riz my hoe-handle over my head and waited for him.

"The bar kept on till he got within 'bout

with his paws held out ready to give me a huggin. My old 'oman, seeing that I want agoin to run, come a cantering out to where we were with her two cubs a following arter, and squalling with all their might. I spects they come to see that we had a fair fight. "Wall, we eyed one another kind of sharp for some time, but at last I begun to think it was about time to bring things to a climax, so I sidled up toward the old bar, and gave him a whack rite on his snout, which broke my hoehandle into two pieces. He gave one awful growl and sprang rite toward me with his mouth wide open, but I met him half way and stickin my left hand into his jaws, I caught him by the tongue, while with my right I grabbed him by the tail !" "The tail !" exclaimed one of old Steve's auditors. "Yes, his tail. Don't 'rupt me. He had mighty long tail for a bar, and I hung to him like all persessed. The old bar tried to hug me, but he couldn't do it: and as Nance was pelting him over the hed with the broken hoe, he thought it best to leave ; so he brought his jaws down smash onto my arm, and started, and I was in such a plight that I had to go to. And we went. That pleasure ride of Johnny Gilpin was nothing compared with it. 'O'er stumps and trees, o'er hills and vales,' as the poet has it, we went; my old 'oman a coming on behind at the rate of two-forty, and yelling, 'Let the bar go, Steve, or you are a goner.'-Jest as tho' I could let go, with that ere bar's teeth in my arm. Putty soon we come to the fence that I had built, and I knew that there was a holler behind it full of snow; and thinks thes to the privacy of her closet to hold closer I, old har, if I dan get ye into that, I've got ye. So I kinder steered him that way by his rudder, and over the fence we went and I landed on top, and as he kinder opened his mouth to spit

SIMON SUGGS. JR. "You never heard tell of my molasses candy, adventure, did, you, Squire?" said Sam Stack-pole to me, when I called at his house to take the census of his family. I shook my head and he proceeded. "I speculate it rayther a won-derful affair, and if Sally here would tell it, you would expeciate, certain; I was courtin' Sally at the time; and was in love up to my eyes. But her old daddy was opposed to me out and out. And he was a stupendious man-the crossest, ugliest old varment that ever wore spectacles; and I often wondered how Sally could be such a charming little creature, with such a crusty old fellow for a father. She was a mannum donum gal, sure at that time, a little faded now you see, but that's to be expected. Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes to the

Stackpole's Adventure.

bone. "Well one day I went to town and bought a whole heap of fancy doings, ribbons, beads, goose grease for the hair, ecetra and so forth. was determined to coax her up, and putting my purchases snugly in a bundle I locomoted toward her daddy's house, true as a rifle.

"It was rather late when I arrived, and old Scrags was bilin' sum molases candy for Sally to peddle the next day-there bein' a show in town-Sally and her mammy havin' retired.

"The first thing I done, however, arter enter ing, old Scrags had stared at me a few, was to sit right down in a pan of hot merlasses, he'd put on a cheer to cool, which made me jump up and howl amazin'! Gingerbred, how it burnt! but as he didn't see the accident, I squatted on Sally's band box which contained her Sunday bonnet-not noticin'-and went to rubbing like sixty six ! Well, arter I'd sot there a spell, groaned for myself and wondering how much damage I'd done, the old man gave me another terrific look and said :

"Sam Stackpole, what have you come here

arter—say ?" "Mr. Scraggs," ses I, not darin' to stir for fear he'd discover my perdickerment. "I've character. come here on very important business (Oh, Lordy ! how that merlases smarted !) and if utes, I'll endeavor to inform you with that degree of accuracy that I'm so perminently and conspiciously developed.

"The old fellow didn't understand that ar powerful language, and in course he didn't nothin', an so I kept as easy as I possibly could and went on:

"Perhaps," says I, "you've noticed that I have been pain' numerous attenshuns to your daughter, and I am gratified to stait with infinate popularity. Now, if you'll give Sally to me, I'll vote for you for Governor, and leave the country if you ain't elected. "Well, after I'd delivered myself in that ar

benevolent style, what do you thinkt the old codger's reply was? Why instead of saying take Sally, and welcome, he actually pinted to the door, and told me to scatter!

"I vow I got out of patience then, sure, and didn't care then what occured-if Sally's bonnet was smashed.

"Mr. Scraggs," ses I, "I should be very happy to oblige you, but the fact is, I sat down here and can't leave nohow, unless you cut a hole in my trowsers."

When the old man seed how I was stuck fast as I set, he jest catched up the pot of hot can-"The bar kept on till he got within bout three feet of me, and looked me rite in the face, and shoulders, true as I'm alive! Jehu! how the stuff made me cavort and holler! But I was so mad that I grabbed a great gob and let

To Preserve Health and Beauty. A sensible writer gives the following excel-

lent rules for the preservation of health .-They are worthy of the strictest observance ; Be careful to retain a good digestion and clear conscience. 🦷 Use the bath sufficiently, for clean litess and

the agreeable sensation of the skin. Take frequent exercise in the open air, by walking, riding, ranning, etc.

Have suitable employment for the mind and ody, agreeable to the taste. Eat slowly till hunger is satisfied, but not to

epletion. Avoid constipating articles of diet. Quench your thirst frequently with pure cold water. Avoid thirst provoking condiments. If you have pain or uneasiness in the stomach after drinking coffee or leating pastry, take a draft of cold water. Better still to avoid the use of coffee, tea and alcholic drinks.-

for comfort. Let your shoes, belt and other parts of your

and to digestion. Do not retire to bed with a head full of troub lesome thoughts, but relieve it by pleasant conversation, music, a hymn, a dance, or a run in

On retiring the head should be cool and the

Be bold enough to speak the truth, and do not bow your conscience to any power.

to others. Be temperate in your enjoyments, religious

on the whole, shall be most comfortable. Take sufficient labor or exercise to keep the body lithe, the head erect, and all the motion easy

The true lady, as well as the true gentleman, should be perfectly upright both in person and

your relatives and friends; cultivate your own Endeavor to be happy yourself and assist others to be so.

dred, your country and the world.

be found. "Her ways are ways of pleasant ness, and all her paths are peace.'

Authors of Popular Quotations.

"Entangling alliances."-George Washing ton. "Where liberty dwells, there is my country:"

Benjamin Franklin. "The post of honor is the private station."-Thomas Jefferson.

"Ebony and topaz."-John Q. Adams. "The Union must and shall be preserved."

Andrew Jackson. "Better to be right than to be President."-Henry Clay.

"Union-now and forever, one and inseperble."-Daniel Webster.

"Squatter Savereignty."-Lewis Cass. "To the victors belong the spoils of office."-W. L. Marcy. "Mint drops."-T. H. Benton. "The almighty dollar."-W. Irving.

"Face the music."-J. F. Cooper. "The largest liberty."--W. C. Bryant. "The bone and sinew of the country."---W. Leggett.

. For the Agitator. Women. "Isn't there a great demand for women ev erywhere?" What a feeling of indignation arose in my

. COMMUNICATIONS.)

mind as I read those few words in last week's Agitator. No women ? why the world is full of them-pure-minded, self-sacrificing, sensible women. Of course they are more valuable than gold, but not one-tenth part as scarce. TI the writer of that article has found more gold than women it is because he has been more diligent in his search for the former, and if his estimate of our sex is so low I am inclined to think he has never associated with any but soft-headed, dainty ladies; he has been gathering shells, while the pearls were passed without a notice, because he could not comprehend their value. Sound minded women are far more numerous than that class of men who are seeking for such, and this very class of women so much "in demand" are the most neglected. Guided by a feeling of modesty, dictated by good sense, they avoid that display which is characteristic of the vain and empty minded, and consequently pass through life unnoticed. It is a pity some of might possibly find sober, industrious husbands -a very desirable commodity which few of them will be likely, to secure this side of the Rocky

Mountains. No, the demand is for ladies. It is no wonder that girls are vain and frivolous and think more of their personal appearance than mental qualification, they have everything to encourage them; society demands it. A woman may spend all the best years of her life in self-improvement, may garner up stores of knowledge, make the best possible use of her mental endowments, and by zealous application fit herself for every capacity in life, social or domestic, and then have the mortifying conviction that those she knows to be her inferiors are preferred before her. And yet I would say to such, persevere ! You are securing for yourselves an internal source of pleasure, an exhaustless fount from which you may drink deep draughts that will be refreshing to the sinking heart, when weary in well doing" you have fulfilled your duty to yourself and your God.

MAGDALENA. Tioga, 1859.

For the Agitator. Home Thoughts.

Had we talent we might write on the superiority of country over city life. We have a véneration for the grandeur of nature, and admire the beautiful. How pleasant and exhilerating to walk ont on a clear Spring day and inhale the air pure and untainted by the contaminations of a crowded city. Presently we enter a grove; there the locust is in bloom; its sweet-scented odors borne on the whispering breeze is ever delightful, while the sylvan brook flows meandering abour feet, ornamented with its thousand beauties, and murmuring soft enchantment to the sweet songsters perched on an overhanging branch. Seated on a mossy knoll amid these beauteous attractions, we gaze enraptured upon the little cascade as the pure water comes dashing down, the celestial drops made brilliant by the rays of a golden sunlight, while in the pool below is seen the silver trout darting to catch some stray grasshopper, then runs off, pursued by his mates, who continue the chase until the insect is devoured. A rustling among the leaves diverts us and we turn to admire one of nature's ornaments, a squirrel digging for roots upon which he feeds. Cun-teacher will leave him to manage it entirely by hims and shy, he ceases to dig and listens, then himself, and in his own way, if he cail. Or, if ascending a tree he seats himself on a lower branch, spreads his bushy tail and commences to chatter; at length leaping from branch to branch and continuing his chattering he seeks the comforts of his neat little nest and leaves us again to our reflections. Turning our eyes heavenward we see the azure-tinted clouds moving on in their splendor, seeming to beckon us to holier themes. We gaze intently on until our vision seems to penetrate the mystic space, and our whole soul becomes absorbed in the fanciful magnificence of the eternal home be-J. C. P. yond. Mansfield, Pa. IF AND ITS PROGENV .--- If every one were honest, we need not lock our doors. If everybody would mind just his own bus iness, there would be more business done. If we would talk less of other people, other people would talk less of hs

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 14 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yesrly and Yearly ad-vertisements. vertisements :

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS. - \$2,50. \$4,50 \$6,00 - 4,00 6,00. 8,00 - 6,00 8,00 10,00 Square, do. -column, - -10,00 18,00 15,00 30,00 20,00 40,00 do. Column, - 18,00 30,00 40,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertion,

Auvertusements not having the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until or-dered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-cented neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mort-gages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

EDUCATIONAL.

We extract the following from the Annual Report of the State Superintendent of Common Schools to the Legislature, 1354.]

The County Superintendency.

Whatever opposition has been thus manifested towards the office of County Superintendent, results more perhaps from opposition to the entire system of popular education, than to this, or any other particular feature of the law. It is to be regretted that there are still those who are so blind to their own true interests, as to oppose any system that would call upon them for taxes, and would be hostile to any system of education, unless they were especially ex-empt from taxation. There are those, who even in this day and generation of activity and progress, of cultivation and refinement, who gravely deny the right to tax them for the purpose of educating the children of others-for the support of schools to which perhaps they have no children to send. And it seems useless to reply to such that they and their property are protected by laws which emanate from the entire people-or that they contribute willingly their taxes for the construction of roads and bridges and public highways over which possithem cannot be transported to Oregon, they bly they never travel-or for the erection of court houses, prisons and houses of refuge, which they never enter, or in which they have no direct personal interest. And yet, how much greater is their interest in the education of the rising generation; because in the moral and intellectual culture of society, more than in the strong arm of the law, do they find the surest security for the safety and protection of themselves and property. The law never interposes to prevent the perpetration of offence, except by way of example-never exhorts or entreats. Its only mission is to detect and punish, or to reform through punishment .---But education, moral and intellectual, like an angel of mercy, precedes the action of the law, and enables the young to guard against the temptations that might otherwise beset them through life. Has it ever struck the minds of such, that just in proportion as we diffuse the blessings of education, we lessen the public expenditures for the admiration of justice-for the support of jails and penitentiaries? It could be demonstrated to such, if demonstration would avail, that ignorance ever has been, and ever will be the prolific source of crime; that the higher the standard of religious, moral and intellectual culture of a community, the less pauperism to be supported, and the less vice and crime to be detected and punished at public expense. A glance at the criminal statistics, should be sufficient to satisfy those who regard their maney as thrown away, when applied to educational purposes, of the appalling agency of ignorance in filling up our prisons, poor houses and houses of refuge. The startling disproportion of those committed to these institutions, who can neither read nor write, as compared with those who have had some educational training, can be explained in no other way, than by attributing it to the fact

that ignorance, under all circumstances, is truly the parent of crime.

THE TEACHING OF ARITHMETIC .--- When the scholar does not understand the question or proposition, he should be allowed to reason upon it in his own way, and agreeably to his own associations. Whether his way is the best or not, on the whole, it is the best way for him at first, and he ought by no means to be interrupted in it, or forced out of it. The judicious

Do not dress more warmly than is necessary

dress be easy, giving free course to the blood

the open air.

feet warm.

Preserve your self-respect, and your courtesy

without bigotry, and liberal without wounding the prejudices of any.

As a general rule, pursue such a course as

Associate with agreeable companions, love you'll keep your ebenezer down about five.min- | mind, taste and sentiments, and instruct others.

Contribute to the improvement of your kin-

Learn wisdom, in general, wherever it may

Lasked. Did n't give anything; the doctor gived it to

05." "Perhaps you are sorry it was not a little by," continued I. "No thir ! I don't like little boyth."

"Oh, well! you will get bravely over that one of these days, Dolly," said I. "How would you like to be a boy yourself?" "I don't want to be a boy; coz I would hav

to climb trees if I was a boy." "But suppose the trees had nice cherries on

them ?"

"Oh, goodie! goodie! has your trees got cherries on 'em ?" cried she, clapping her hands in great glee.

"My trees? bless your little heart! I have but one tree in the world-a locust-like this one here by the door, Dolly, and it is a hundred miles away, at that."

Her black eyes opened very wide. "Have you got any little girlth ?" she asked,

siter a moment's silence. "Yes, one; she is asleep under my locust

tree, Dolly," "Doth she climb up after the pretty white

flowerth ?"

"No: the pretty white flowers fall down to her."

"O that ith tho nithe !" cried she with spark-

http://www. http://www. They related to me a very pleasant little an-They related to me a very pleasant little anecone about Dolly the other day. Her mother is a very excellent woman, and not seldom recommunion with the All-Father. On this occaan little Dolly followed her mother, and while the latter was in the midst of her supplication, whispered :

"Ask him to give me a hoop, mother." The effect may be imagined possibly, but not described.

But the little lady is struggling with her first disappointment. She came for her accustomed tions of nuts and candy, and perhaps for the https://www.seat.on.my.knce. I saw her tanding in the doorway with her hands under the little white apron, and eyes stealing wistful glances me-ward. And then she tried "the patter of little feet" in the way of arousing me from a day-dream. It would not do. I saw her, heard her, knew the meaning of her childwh arts; but she came in an ill season. There are seasons when men mingle in bustling He poured it down whole. crowds and note every sight and sound, yet tre as much alone as if night-bound in the midst of trackless wilderness. There are caves and cells other than those hewed out of rock; and be the than those hewed out of rock; and he that dwells in their friendly shelter has made acquaintance with the isolation of isolatoo. To be in the world yet not of it, is a tri-

amph to which the recluse of old time was a him.

out the snow, I pulled my hand out and grabbed him by the car. Then I had him ! "I held him till-my old 'oman came up and

took my knife from my pocket and cut his throat. So I came out best, the' he hurt my hand so that it had to be cut off !"

"But did you used to have snow up there in hoeing time ?" asked one of our number, when old Steve had finished.

"Snow in hoeing time! Why, greeny, I have seen snow up there so old, that it was all grown over with moss. That's a fact !" "Landlord," said the crowd, in one breath, "give Steve a glass of the best liquor in your bar." And it was fun to see him drink liquor.

He who would acquire fame must not show himself afraid of censure." The dread of consure is the death of genius.

"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said when he saw the cat watching

him have it biff-rite 'tween the eyes. "There, take that," sez I, "you old flap-cared

piece of deformity !" and then I started for the door-direct, I jest got it open, ready to dart, when old Mrs. Scrags burst into a loud laugh, and Sally spoke for the fust time. "Sam Stackpole," sez she, "hold. My band-

box and your pantaloons are annexed." "Jerusalem ! sez I, and I leaped. I must a

ocen skeered, for I landed at least twenty feet outside the house and ran like a prarie fire. I never looked behind me till next mornin', and when I did, the kiver of the bandbox was sticking fast to my trowsers.

"That was my merlasses candy adventure, Squire, right hot work it was. But I married Sally at last. The old man give in after a while, and now you can recken up the family in your sinsus as you please."

A GOOD REASON .- Many a glorious specula tion has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story.

"Well, I did come nigh outo taking eight thousand acres onest," said old Joe, mourn fully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues

just below here, for a pair of boots." "For a pair of boots?" I cried out.

to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?' "Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give,' said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobac co, quite as contented as if he owned the two leagues of land.

"HOLD ON DAR !"-The Piqua, (S. C.) Register has the following in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves :

Quite a revival is now in progress at the African church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents, we cannot fail to note one. A brother was supplicating the throne eloquently, when another brother called out in a stentorian voice-"Who dat prayin' ober dar ?"

The response was, "Dat's brudder Mose." "Hold on dar, brudder Mose!" was the dictum of the former. "You jest let brudder Ryan pray, he's better acquainted wid de Lord dan you am !"

Brudder Mose dried up and Ryan prayed.

What a poor world this would be without woman and newspapers. How would the news get about.

"Don't give up the ship."-Captain Lawrence. "He's got an axe to grind."-J. K. Paulding "Valuable water privileges."-George P.

Morris. "Telegram."---National Intelligencer. "He's not worth a row of pins."-Gorhan A. Worth.

"He's as short as a rabbit's tail."-Jacob Barker.

"The loco foco party."-C. Davis. "The Whig party."-P. Hone. "All's fair in politics."-M. M. Noah.

"Happy as a clam at high water."-William Mitchell.

"Cotton is king."-John Randolph. "Handy as a pocket in a shirt."-Southern

paper: "Upper tendom."-N. P. Willis. "Straws show which way the wind blows.

James Cheatham. "The Empire State."-John C. Calhoun. "All's not gold that glitters."-Portfolio. "A good man; but he can't keep a hotel.".

George Christie. "All fish that comes to net."-Old Mirror. "Northern fanatics and Southern fire eaters." Tammany Hall.

"Two of a trade can never agree."-Boston Journal.

"United we stand-divided we fall."-Watch rord of the American Revolution.

"Bleeding Kansas."-H. Greeley. "Border Ruffians."-J. G. Bennett. "Fifty four forty, or fight."-Western paper "Nary Red."-C. Buck Cotter. Boston Olive Branch.

The following conversation was overheard you know whether he did it. among "the volunteers of the Rio Grande."-Scene, night. Two volunteers wrapped in blankets, and half buried in the mud. Volunteer 1st .-- Jim, how came you to volun-

cer ?" Volunteer 2d.-"Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a cent for me, and so I volunteered; and besides I like war! Now tell me how you came here?"

Volunteer 1st .-. "Why the fact is, you know I-I-I have got a wife, so I came out here because I like peace ! Hereupon both volunteers turned over in their blankets and went to sleep.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life in a good and profitable business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty be-

ing a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a bleshim who is left with a fortune.

If there were fewer novels in the world there would be fewer numsculis.

If you charge your servants with lying they will soon become liars, if they are not so already.

If students would read less and think more, there would be a larger number of really great men in our community.

If young ladies now-a-days did not become women at thirteen, men would have bette wives.

If you want to get rich, work hard and spend little.

If you want to render your husband unhappy, blame him for everything he does, right or wrong ; sould him for doing this or that before

An Irish woman, who kept a little grocery was brought to her death-bed. When on the point of breathing her last, she called her husand to her bodside:

"Jamie, there's Missus Malony, she owes me ix shilling.'

"Och, Biddy, darlint, yer sinsible to the last."

"Yis, dear. and there's Missus M'Craw I we a dollar."

"Och! faith and be jabers yer as foolish as iver."

Two Senators, one from Massachusetts and along a street in Washington together, when they saw a drove of mules : "There," said the Senator from South Caro-

lina, "are your constituents." "Yes," replied the other Honorable, "and

sing : the chance is more than ten to one sgainst they are going to South Carolina to teach He makes a business and not a pastime of his

he meets with a little difficulty, but is still in a way that will lead to a proper result, he will apply his aid so as to keep him in his own way. When the scholar has been through the process in his own way, he should be made to explain how he has done it : and if he has not proceeded by the best way, he should be led by degrees into the best way. Many teachers seem not to know that there is more than one way to do a thing, or think of a thing; and if they find a scholar pursuing a method different from their own or that of the text-book, they suppose of course he must be wrong, and they check him at once, and endeavor to force him into their way, whether he understands it or not. If such teachers would have patience to listen to their scholars, and examine their operations, they would frequently discover very good ways that had never occurred to them before. Nothing is more discouraging to scholars, than to interrupt them, when they are proceeding by a method which they perfectly comprehend, and which they know to be right; and to endeavor to force them into one which they do not understand, and which is not agreeable to their ways of thinking. And nothing gives scholars so much confidence in their own powers, and stimulates them so much to use their own efforts, as to allow them to pursue their own methods and to encourage them in them.--Warren Colburn.

SELECTIONS.

The model teacher places as high an estimate upon the out-door conduct of the pupils, as upon their behavior during the session. He is aware that their conduct, as witnessed by strangers, constitutes the reputation of the school. Hence, he keeps an observant eye upon all their conduct, coming, going, and at recess. The truant fears him, for he finds him so frequently at the corner of some street which he must pass on his way home. The mischief dreads him, for he sees him looking out of the windows every time he intends to perpetrate a trick. That observant cye sees all the actions of all the pupils, and can decide justly, because it relies upon the strongest of human testimony-it is an eye-witness.

In the rural districts, where children have to come a great distance, and suffer great exposure, the model teacher sees that the youngest and most helpless are cared for, that they may not have to take scats in a cold corner, withthe other from South Carolina, were passing out first having a chance to warm and dry .--He is unwearied during the morning, before roll-call, in rendering comfortable all those little persons assigned to his care. In short, he is parental in all his feelings, and in all his duties. He feels as a father, and acts a mother. calling.