Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers if the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, SE

BUNE DOLLAR FER ANNUM, ST Istariably in advance. It is intended to notify every interview when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp-"THE OUT," on the mar-ing of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped gin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped gin a farther remittance be received. By this ar-phil a farther remittance be brought in debt to the printer.

Printer. The ACTIATOR is the Official Paper of the County, The Action of the County increasing circulation reach-with slarge and steadily increasing circulation reach-with a start and the second of the the County. It is sent ing increased to any Post Office within the county ing into every neighborhood in the county. It is sent free of portage to any Post Office within the county free portage to any convenient post office may be just's mine County. in an adjoining County.

In an autor (ards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-bol 41 per year.

For the Agitater. THE QUADROON.

Mid the tangled reeds of a damp morass, Lay a banted young quadroon; And the waving tufts of the tall march grass, And the waving turts of the tail marren grass, Were before her, and covered the narrow pass; For she waited the fitful light of the moon.

The bay of the blood hound was frightfully near, The bay of the oncounter was trightfully nea And her scared heart chilled at the sound; It fell like a death toll upon her ear, And the huntsman's bugle rang loud and clear; As he onward sped the fiery hounds.

The fire-flies danced near the "fetid lake." the nre-mess canced near the "feut lake," And their gay light gleamed around; And the cold damp folds of the slimy snake She had roused, from the shade of the speckled brake, Dragged heavily on the marshy ground.

And she silently clung to the moss-clad pine, And silently breathed a prayer; For 'mid the dark leaves of a poisonous vine, Whose stem with the green sheltering boughs entwined

She knelt in her darkened and deep despair.

No earthly friend knew that young quadroon, From her sad birth-hour a slave; And she wailed, as she esgerly looked for the moon, "Ah ! why have they found my track so soon ! I will seek for a watery grave !"

"For my check is tinged with a dasky hue, And the blood of a race despised; Is corrsing my veins with its darkened flow, Oh! the anguish it brings, God only can know; He only, is good and wise.

'Till yester morn,---I never heard, That there dwelt a God above; Perchance they deemed that His Holy Word, Could not by a sable ear be heard, For they never hear words of love.

Oh God ! she cried, who art ever near. (h God : she cried, who are ever near, My willing spirit take ! Oh! save me from this censeless fear," Then the bay of the hounds rang more fearfully near, And she sprang in the fetid lake. Covington, 1859. MEETA MELGROVE.

A Perilous Hour.

I was apprenticed to a decorative painter, but being of a bold, danger-loving turn, I ran away to sea before my time was out.

After some years of knocking about, I got tired of maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose peculiar line lay in erecting tall chimneys. I had always a very cool head, and could stand on elevations that made most men dizzy, and so I was soon a favorite hand with my master.

We had on one occasion to fasten a lightning-conductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and Mr. Staming chose myself and one James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About a half a dozen of us went that morning with a handcart, containg the necessary ropes, blocks, the kite, and a bux or cradle. Having flown the kite, and dropped its string across the top of the chimney, we with the line drew up a rope, at the end of which soon was a block, through which ran

the line whereby we were to be drawn up. Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stepped into the cradle, the men banteringly asked him if he hadn't a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Staming having shaken hands with us, and bid us be cool and steady, we were drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that the conductor was to be fixed, though as the day was not named, I did not expect we should have many spectators; but as we got higher, and the view opened under our feet, I saw that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet; and when I waved my cap to the people, he said snappishly that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things than how to amuse these gaping fools, who he dared say, desired no better fun than to see us meet with an accident. I had come up in the best heart, thinking. indced, nothing about the danger we incurred ; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, and had nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near us but this straining rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of it, I don't know-he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking out, though I told him he would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might grow used to the height. Good heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and that they mistook our height, and that with the great purchase of that windlass the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the rope, climbed hand over hand to the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. He too, got safe; and still they went on winding up, till the rope sung again with the strain there was upon it. Then it snapped, and credle, hauling line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were two poor men left in a most desperate situation.



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

VOL. V.

five

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1859.

vaist, and telling him as chearily as I could to keep cool, I got him with his arm around the rod. It had, however sprung the stapling for yards down, and was so loose that it swayed with him, and I expected any minute to see him falling head and heels down, and the rod tearing away with him.

There was a great bustle down below; people were running round the yard and pushing to get in, but as yet there were but some score of men at the foot of the chimney, and, by close looking, I saw them put somebody on a board, and carry him gently away towards the engine-house. One of the men walked after with a hat in his hand; then I knew that somebody had been hurt by the falling cradle, and that it must be poor Mr. Staming, as none of our men wore hats. Not a face was turned up to us. I learned afterwards that our men were so taken up with sorrow that so kind a master should be killed, that for a while they had never a thought about us; and the people outside imagined that we had come down with the cradle, so thus were we left in total isolation for full twenty minutes

While I was watching them below, feeling very sorry for my poor master, I was startled by a wild laugh from Colly, who began making cat-calls, and yelling as if he was possessed.-Then I knew, of course, that he was gone mad. Even now I tremble when I think of that time; it was horrible to peer down the shaft, black and sooty, and yawhing, and scarcely less so to look outside and see a flight of pigeons sweeping round at considerably less height than we were. Then Colly-thank God, he was so dazed that he could not see me-called my name three times, as I sat fairly cringing in dread that his sight might clear, and with a ghastly grin, and chewing with his mouth, he began working himself towards me. I worked way from him as noiselessly as I could, with every hair of my head standing on end. He followed me twice around that horrid coping, making most hideous noises, and then being come a second time to the rod, he got an idea in his muddled head that I was fallen over, for he never lost a sense of where he was all through this trying time. Then he tried to get on his feet: but, at the risk of my own life, I could not let the poor fellow rush on certiain death without one more effort; and I cried out for him to sit down, and he cowered down like a whipped dog, all trembling. I suppose it had been put into his head that I was a dead man speaking to him.

That morning my wife had got a letter from her sister in Canada, and as there were parts we could not make out, I had put it in my pocket, intending to get our time-keeper to read it for me. It had a scrap of uncovered paper at the bottom; and by another good providence, I happened to have a bit of red lead-pencil in my pocket. I wrote on the paper, "Got us down —Colly's gone mad;" this I shut in my tobacco-box, and was fortunate enough to drop it just at the feet of a couple of men who were standing by the engine house door.

Directly all was bustle to rescue us. They got the kite up again, and I watched it mounting slowly; and when the slack twine fell between Colly and myself, I took it in my hand and could have kissed it. Poor Colly, with his teeth chattering, still fancied I was a spirit, and I did all I could to favor that idea until they got another cradle up to us. Then having got him in, I scrambled in myself; and clutching him fast, I shouted for them to lower; and so we were got down, he wrestling and fighting all the way.

The following amusing sketch of the manner which an irascible President of old Cambridge was once mollified by a mug of flip, is from the pen of "Jack Robinson :"

A Good Story.

Apropos of Porter, whose name I have just taken in vain: I heard a good college story the other day, which I may as well set down here. Porter is an institution in Cambridge. He is a person of varied accomplishments, and keeps a house of call." None like him to brew bishop or mingle a shandy grog. But his chef d'œuvre is flip. It is reported among the stu-dents that Ganymede, when dying-because it's all nonsense about Ganymede being immortalhe left Jupiter's service, married Hebe, set up an inn with his savings, and died at a good old age-it is reported that Ganymede left Porter the recipe for making both nectar and ambro-sia, which recipe he surreptitiously copied from Juno's receipt book, and Porter, improving on the idea, conceived the happy thought of making both divine materials, and producing an ineffa ble beverage—something which should combine the elements of the supernal drink-a harmony of solid and fluid, to which each element should contribute its celestial flavors. He carried out the idea. He mingled the ambrosia and the nectar, and all Olympus turned pale with envy

for the result was flip. With such classic origin it was not to be wondered at that under-graduates, who are notorious for their love of mythological matters, should find themselves attracted to Porter's, and there refresh their reminiscences of Olympus with draughts of the divine beverage. In fact, such was their devotion to this branch of classic study, and so inspired did they frequently get -inspired even to the Pythonic pitch of being unintelligible in their speech-that the matter attracted the attention of the President of the College-a venerable gentleman of the period, whose name I have forgotten. Heartless and ignorant persons entirely misconceiving the spirit in which the under-graduates visited Porter's, reported to this worthy person that the students were in the habit of getting drunk every night on flip. It must be seen to.

The President puts on his most authoritive wig and stern countenance, and sallies out to blow up the Classical Porter, for leading his students astray. First of all he thinks, in order to be able to speak more decisively, that he will taste this noxious beverage with his own lips. Then there can be no mistake. With much dignity he enters Porter's. He is greeted with respect. He interrogates Porter:

"Sir, many of the under-graduates come here, I understand ?" "A few," modestly replied the landlord.

"They come here frequently, Mr. Porter ?" "They drop in now and then, sir." "And they drink a beverage called flip, sir?" "Sometimes, sir."

"They drink a great deal of it, Mr. Porter?" "Well, sir, they do take considerable." "They get drunk on it, Mr. Porter ?" The discreet Porter remained silent.

"Make me a-a-flip," at length says the renerable President ; still frowning and indig-

nant. Porter, whose sang froid has never for a mo ment forsaken him, employs all the resources of his art.

Presently a superhuman flip, with an aromatic foam, which Venus might have arisen from, creaming over the edge of the goblet, is the result of his efforts. He hands it respect-fully, and with some anxiety, to the President, licial thunder-cloud gathering. The President tastes it gloomily. He pauses. Another sin. The thunder clouds have not yet flashed forth any lightnings. Porter, resigned, awaits the outburst. The President gazes wonderingly at his glass. A general emollient expression seems to glide over his face, and smooth the frowning brows. The lips re-lax, and a smile seems about to dawn. He lifts the glass once more to his lips, heaves a sigh, and puts it down. It is empty !

Gen. Washington's First Love. A correspondent of the Century in giving some reminiscences of the old country seat called "The Cottage," in Hanover County, Vir-

Her hair was as black as a two-year-old crow, And her brow was far whiter than chalk; Of her features and form but little I know, And of these it is best not to talk. But her brow! her beautiful snowy brow, I will sing of until I grow hearse; And her hair! her beautiful raven hair, I will sing of that too, of course. ginia, gives an account of General Washington's suit and rejection by Mary Cary : "Her father was Wilson Cary, Esq., of "Celeys," in the county of Elizabeth City, descended

Upon that brow three beau-catchers sat, from the noble family of Hunsdon, in England. Upon that brow three beau-catchers sat, One in front, and one on each side: They were curled like the tail of our porker so fat-Of our dear little porker that died. What a trouble they were to that charming girl, As she fussed with each soparate look; But she felt as if each individual curl Was a dart in the heart of each bachelor churl Who might happen to gaze at her beautiful hair. And she felt that a curl on a brow so fair, Was of beauty the principal stock. His relative, Col. Archibald Cary, of "Ampthill," in Chesterfield was at his death the heir apparent to the earldom. The worthy old gentleman seems from all we know of him, to have been as proud as the Coureys or the Somersets; and to have thought his family the noblest in the land .- He lived in great state, with chariot and horses, plate and velvet and embroidery-But her beau-catchers never a beau did catch, a worthy of the old school, fully satisfied with For bachelors always are shy; But I know that she patiently keeps up her watch, And ne'r lets a carl grow dry And time, and affection, and trouble, and talk, the "order of things," and enjoying serenely the good gifts of Providence. His beautiful daughter was a great heiress, and had many suitors-the accident which befell one of them has made her remembered in many books .--He was a young man of very high character, a There's a moral, dear girls—as you probably know Playing hide-and-go-seek through these lines, And the moral is this: "If you do want a beau, You must not hang out any signs." relative of Geo. Wm. Fairfax, Esq., who lived at Belvoir on the Potomac; and here he met with Miss Cary, who came to visit Mrs. Fairfax, her eldest sister. The young man at once proceeded to fall in love, which he did with an ardor characteristic of his nature. When Miss Cary went back home to "Celeys," on James COMMUNICATIONS. River, he followed her like a courageous gallant, and laid open siege to the fair fortress. In the Why, of course it is ! Would you have woman good old times, however, something more was anything else but a bona fide lady; whose blood necessary than the consent of the young lady; dances through her veins in tune with the hapand so the youth duly asked a private interview py, healthful emotions of her heart; whose with the awful old lord of the manor, who lisface beams upon you in frankness and feeling; tened to him silently throughout. When the whose lips drop words of kindness for all lover had finished, Mr. Cary rose, made him a whose taper fingers, fear not to tarnish their low bow, and said that if this were young Mr. beauty in administering comfort to others; whose fairy feet, "which shine like snow and Washington's errand at "Celeys," his visit had better terminate; his "daughter had been acfall on earth as light," shrink not from the toil

customed to ride in her own chariot." And and dust of labor? with this allusion to the poor condition of the younger son, the interview terminated. Young pearls, shells are taken; for the pearls lie hid Washington bowed and turned away, and in from sight, so that the wisdom of man, (those due time married Martha Dandridge Custis, worthless scamps this side of the Rocky Mountwho "resembled Miss Cary," says my authorains) fails to discover the gem in its uninviting ity, "as much as one twin sister ever did ancover.

other."

But the old tradition does not end here .minded women, who are fitted to fill every ca-Many years fled away-Mary Cary was Mrs. pacity in life, social and domestic, yet are de-Ambler-and her discarded suitor was the man who had just received the sword of Cornwallis frivolous sisters of theirs? at Yorktown ; whom the whole civilized world hailed as the greatest among the great—"the foremost man," not only of America but of "all the world," He passed through the old ciety? Do they render themselves so attractive that the friend lingereth long by their side? metropolis, Williamsburg, at the head of his victorious troops, and the people were crazy may be the result of modesty, or too great a with joy and adoration almost. The vast mulfear of display, make you wish for the hour of titude nearly prevented his horse from proceedparting-and when that comes, make you wish for a big fire to warm up the frozen faculties of ing-the calm statue on horseback passed on serenely. All at once he perceived at a winyour mind. dow, or in the crowd, his old love, Mary Cary. Let the heart be right, and the conduct of all be less regulated by the conventionalisms of society, (which keeps one in constant fear of He raised his sword and saluted her profoundly. She fainted.

But it does not seem that the lovely woman having set Madam Grundy's cap strings quivwas to blame. She had not been able to return the affection of the youth-that was all. She ering) and we should all like each other better, and see fewer faults in one another. And permarried him who won her heart, Edward Amchance the sober industrious men, this side of bler. He was not unworthy of this noble lady the Rocky Mountains, might not be called upon in rank or in character. He was descended to weep themselves into despair by witnessing through his mother from the great Huguenot the departure of the sound minded women for house of La Roche Jaqueline, in Vendee, and Oregon, in search of husbands. inherited the honest instincts of his race. At twelve he had been sent for his education to England; he graduated at Cambridge, and then

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-Yearly and Yearly ad-variants. 2 wowere \$ 5 wowere 19 w

		молтнз.	O MUNTHS.	AA MONTHS.
Square, -	-	\$2,50	\$4,50	\$6,00
2 do.	•	4,00	6,00	8,00
± column, .	-	6,00	8,00	10,00
t do.	-	10,00	15,00	20,00
Column,	-	18,00	30,00	40,00
Advertisem	ients n	ot having	thenumber	of insertion,
desired marks	sd upo	n them. w	ill be publis	hed until or-

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-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mort-gages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

NO. 48.

THOMAS BROWN

For the Agitaton

"The Demand is for Ladies."

Sometimes, fair Magdalena, in gathering

May it not be so with many of those strong

rived of the privilege of so doing, by those

Can it not be possible that the fault lies in

hose sound minded women, rather than in so-

Or do they by a chilliness of manner, which

Change.

From the Potter Journal.

THE BEAU-CATCHERS.

EDUCATIONAL. The Body and the Mind.

The system which is deprived of needed physical recreation, must break down. It is the height of folly to suppose that we can ignore the demands of Nature in any respect, without paying the penalty. A step has been taken in the right direction

by""the Teachers' Association of Middlesex county, Massachusetts." Its members have adopted resolutions, expressing the opinion that "children in the primary schools should not be confined to study in their seats, more than three hours in a day, and if the convenience of their parents requires that they should be under the care of their teachers a longer time each day, the aditional hours should be devoted to exar-cises calculated to promote the morals, the social and physical welfare of the pupils." We have not met with anything more sensible or more commendable for a long time. The modern plan of education is full of error and danger. In the great majority of cases, the development of the mind is alone taken into consideration while the physical constitution is totally disregared. There, are, it is true, exceptions, and we are glad to learn that several of the most popular and experienced teachers of Philadelphia, have of late years united the two systems—physical development with mental train-ing. A similar course should be pursued in all our public schools. The mind cannot strengthen when the body is neglected or enfeebled .---The one is measurably dependent upon the oth-er. It is beyond all question, that the seeds of lisease are implanted in many constitutions, by long confinement in schools, while it is equally certain that the minds of the young are overtaxed and overtasked, and often with the most deplorable consequences. We fear, moreover, that in some cases, the emulation or competition system is carried to a hazardous extent. A boy or girl may be exceedingly ambitious, and yet lack the ability to compete with one whose intellectual gifts are of a higher character, or whose memory is particularly retentive, and thus in the struggle, the mind may overstrain itself, and sickness, insanity, or even death en-sue. Is this view of the case duly considered by parents and teachers? Or, do they not, ometimes, in their efforts to render their children or their pupils objects of admiration, for-get the true welfare of beings who are confided to their care, and by the hot-bed of forcing process, break them down before their faculties are sufficiently developed. How common it is to find a pert, smart, precocious child pushed forward with a sort of silly pride, and made an object of exhibition. The parent, the teacher, or the guardian, vainly supposing that a being who, while so young, can accomplish so much, is destined to achieve still more extraordinary intellectual prodigies in the time to come. And yet, how rarely does it occur, that those who are so wonderful in childhood. are characterized by anything remarkable, in a mental point of when too young, and after having progressed to a certain extent, their minds refuse any further development. It should be remembered that the brain, physically, is only half grown at an early period of life, and undue application, in-

[We make the following extracts from the Report of E. Guyer Esq., the Superintendent of Bradford County in 1856.]

stead of assisting and strengthening, impairs

or dwarfs its power.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with af fright; and the moment he got on the coping, which was only a foot-and-a-half broad, he called out, "Where can I pray? where can I kneel and pray?" and so I said, very solemnly, "Sit down, Jem ; God will hear us if we pray to him eitting down."

The color of his face was a transparent blue; and it was distorted and twitching, as if he was in a fit. His eyes were very wild, and drawn into a squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain that he must topple over.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said thinking to take the fright off him; "it's bad enough, but it can't be mended. Hitch up a bit, and put your arm around the rod-may be it will steady

"Where are you? and where is this rod?" he asked, in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and the rod was only a foot or two to his left. By this I knew that he was gone blind with the fright; and self-pres ervation said, Don't go near him; but then I remembered his new-wedded wife, and that taking him all through, he was always a very decent fellow; and I thought how I should have liked him to have done if I had been in his alternately. case; so I determined to run a bit of risk in

his favor. Of course I durst not get on my feet; but working myself on by my hands, I

He was in a madhouse for some months, and then went to scavengering, for he never could face any height again; and I have nover had the same clear head since that adventure .----Chamber's Journal of Popular Literature.

"Consider Me Smith."

There is a very good story in the papers of the day, of a joke (?) which was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina

The old doctor was a small man, and lean but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he still they were winding away, without slacking did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was, speed in the least! I guessed in a moment among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile anong he anonalg ones, repute to be as agree as a "cat;" and in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble art of selfdefence." Besides he was as cool as a cucumber. Well, in the freshman class, of 'a certain year, was a burly beef mountaineer of 18 or 19. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Bolus' physical dimensions; and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

Poor Jones-that's what we'll call him-had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under, and be controlled despotically by a man that he imagined he could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the gentleman a genteel private thrashing some night in the College Campus, pretending to mis-take him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him abruptly :

"Hello, Smith! you rascal-is that you ?" And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that had nearly felled him.

Old Bolus said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight and muscle made him an "ugly customer;" but after a round or two, the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the

other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head. "Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Doctor

Caldwell-a mistake-a mistake-for heaven's sake, doctor !" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up. "I really thought it was Smith !"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow

And, it is said, old Bolus gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented plied she, that one bosom as false as yours is, his ever making another mistake as to personal for to him, and putting my arm around his identity—at least on the College Campus. study.

"Mr. Porter," he says, "the students get drunk on this, sir?"

Porter sees that the storm is passed, and boldly answers in the affirmative. "Sir," says the venerable man, walking gravely away, "sir, I don't wonder at it !"

Two KISSING SENSATIONS .- A distinguished poetess thus describes the sensation produced on her by a hearty buss from her "lovyer:" on her by a hearty buss from her "lovyer:" First time he kissed me he only kissed The fingers of this hand wherewith I write, And ever since it grew more clear and white, Slow to world greeting, quick with it. "Oh, list!" When the angels speak. A ring of Amethyst I could not wear here plainor to my sight Than that first kiss. The second passed in height The first, and sought the forebacd, and half missed, Halting on my hair. Oh, beyond meed! That was the cream of love, which love's own crown With sanctifying sweetness did proceed. That third upon my lips was folded down In perfect purple state? since when, indeed, I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own." Our readers a ye left to draw their own com-

Our readers are left to draw their own con clusions as to how she told the tale. Ther may be honest differences on the subject; some may think she tells it exceedingly well, while others may vote her rendition as wanting in es

sential particulars. The well known Sut Lovengood describes similar sensation. The truth of his description will be recognized by all who have had the happiness to be in a similar predicament. Hear he renowned Sut when he met his sweetheart "I happened to pass next day; of course]

stopped to enjoy a look at the tempter as she war mighty luvin to me; put wun arm round my neck, and 'tuther wun war the curcingle goes round a hoss, tuk the 'inturn on me with her left foot, and gin me a kiss. Says she 'Sutty, my love, I've got sumthin' for younew sensashun'-and believed it, for I begun to feel it already. My toes felt like as if minners were nibblin at um-a cold streak run ut and down my back like a lizzard with a wild turkey hen arter him in settin' time, and my stummic was hot and onsatisfied like."

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his much abused consort. "I wish you to make me

sage of the time." a pair of false bosoms." "I should think." rewould be sufficient." Exit husband in a brown

married to Miss Cary soon afterward ; became Collector at York, and was so much respected green and withering leaves. To-day the sun that when Lord Bottetourt came to Virginia as shines in all his splendor, the gentle breeze Governor. he brought a letter of introduction sweeps lightly by, and all nature is in a state to the Collector. He died at thirty-five; and of tranquil repose; to-morrow dark clouds vail the Revolutionary War breaking out soon af- the sun, the tempest moves on with destruction terward, his beautiful widow moved away from | in its breath, the living lightning glares through the scene of her grief, and took refuge in the "Cottage," far up in Hanover."

Was He Insane?

Dr. Wayne, of the New York Medical College, in a lecture upon the importance to the medical profession of a careful study of legal insanity, with a view to their often being called to give testimony on very difficult and delicate questions, quoted the following well-put case from Knagg's work on unsoundness of mind : "There was an old man well known in London during the last century, who was of an ungainly appearance, and subject to occasional attacks of hereditary melancholy. So inconsistent was he in his habits that sometimes he practiced great abstemiousness, and at other times devoured large meals with brutish slovenliness and voracity; sometimes he would persist in drinking nothing but water, occasionally drank wine by tumblers full. His income was far us safe to that haven of eternal bliss. from large, and not of a certain amount, yet he kept a set of old men and women about his house, whose bickerings and disagreements now and then drove him out of doors; he was in general, very loquacious, but he has been known to sit in company and drink a dozen cups of tea without speaking a syllable; when not engaged in discoursing, it was his custom to keep muttering to himself; in walking he performed strange gesticulations, and would not go in at a door unless he could effect his entry in a certain preconceived number of steps, and so as to introduce himself on a particular foot -turning back and recommencing until he succeeded as he desired. There was a row of posts near his house which he would not pass without touching singly, and if he omitted one of the series he retraced his steps to remedy the neglect ; he hoarded up orange skins for some mysterious purpose he never would divulge; he suffered a remorse of conscience for having aken milk in his coffee on Good Friday; he believed in ghosts and went ghost hunting in Cock Lane, and maintained that he heard his mother calling for him in the other world. Yet this man, Dr. Johnson, was so far from insane, that by common consent, he was regarded as being the most vigorous thinker and greatest

A wag on seeing a gobbler trying to swallow a cotton string, remarked, "that was the last attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey. "

On everything in nature change is perceptimade the grand tour of Europe, returning to On everything in nature change is percepti-Virginia when he was twenty-one. He was ble. We are reminded of it by the rolling sea-It requires money to educate. If school sons, by the growing and fading grass, by the houses, school teachers and school officers could be had without cost, this theme of popular education would run ahead rapidly, and although people are not all devoid of liberality, yet most of them, save their economy for the schools.-The Legislature may squander millions of the people's money on the rotten schemes of designthe agitated firmament, while the deep-toned thunder mingles with the fury of the contending politicians, and hardly a murmur is heard from the tax-payer ; but if a mite of this same ing elements. To-day fortune favors us with money is applied to build up the schools. pseudo patriots forthwith cry robbery, and the people are exasperated. These men will spend her smile, friends cluster round, and a halo of light beams from heaven along our pathway; again, misfortune spreads a pall over our hopes, sorrowing afflictions cast their gloomy shadows away down the path to pleasure, obscuring our cup of happiness, and changing sweet to bitter

AGNES.

For the Agitater.

money freely, and give of their time without stint to carry an election, or foment sectional strife, that does them, their children and their country no good; but if these same persons are -the rose to a thorn. Yet when the sad hour of adversity with relentless clasp clings to us, we may penetrate the cryptic beauties of nature, and drink in draughts of sweet contentment. When clouds gather, and dark forebodings loom up in the distance-approach and assail us, we may peruse the sacred volume of God's word, and in its richness of wisdom inculcate sacred memories of his goodness, and rejoice that in his love, wisdom, and kind regard for us, he ever is the same unchanging God, upon whom we may call and he will guide

MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTIES .- A clergyman in mining village not far from Riccarton, in the course of his pastorial visits called at a domicile of a collier in his parish. Inquiring of the the wife, if her husband was at home, she answered : "Deed na, Sir, he's at his work." your husband, my good woman, a communi-cant?" "A communicant! He's naething o' cant ?" astonished. "Darkness ! little ye ken o't; had ye been here before we got that extra window in the gable, ye would scarcely has been able to see your finger afore you." The pastor sighed ; it was his first visitation of his flock, and their ignorance certainly demanded his prayers. "I must, my good woman, put up a petition for you here." "Petition! petition " Petition ! petition ! bide awee; nae petitions will be put up here sae lang as I am in the house; but at the term we're guan owre to Newbigging, and then ye may put as many o' them as ye like."

You may insert a thousand excellent things Did I understand you to call me a puppy, in a newspaper, and never hear a word of approsir?" "Yes,-I called you a puppy." "Lucky bation from the readers, but just let a paragraph for you. The insult is too small te notice; but slip in, (by accident,) of one or two lines, not had you called me a dog-an old dog-I would have knocked you down." suited to their tastes, and you will be sure to hear of it.

asked to serve as school directors, or give a little money to build a school house, their business will not allow of the one, and they are too poor for the other. And fathers cannot afford to buy school books for their children ; but can purchase tobacco and whiskey and take their families to degrading circuses. Mother cannot get together sufficient clothing to send the small children to school, yet means can be found wherewith to purchase worthless trinkets, and tasteless furbelows, in which to array ignorant grown-up daughters. These things indicate

some of the obstacles which stand in the way of the education of the masses.

Looking upon high intelligence as the safety and ornament of organized communities, 1 be-lieve its general diffusion to be the most important consideration that can engage the attention woman he saw, and whom he presumed to be of the patriot and philanthropist; but the narrow views which influence the actions of even "Is | the most cultivated amongst us, excites despondency in my heart. For how can we expect the uninformed to stand by school measures, the kind-he's just a collier !" Astonished at the ignorance displayed, the minister could not Lawyers think only of their briefs, doctors only avoid ejaculating, "Oh, what darkness !" The of their patients, divines only of their charges, collier's spouse, understanding the language merchants only of their wares. All these have literally, not figuratively, was also something duties to perform to society in advancing education. But it is neglected, and alone the school man is left to battle with all the elements of opposition that war against this noble cause. Above all is it the duty of the minister to aid in advancing it. The scholar and the christian unite in pronouncing education and religion twin-sisters : and the citizen's duties and roligious obligations units in constituting ministers missionaries of the common schools. Still they stand back. Would that the noble example of Bishop Potter was more generally followed.