THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1859. NO. 2.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 10 lines for three insertions, and *25 cents for every* subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS
[illegible]	$3,00	$4,50	$6,00
[illegible]	5,00	6,50	8,00
[illegible]	7,00	8,50	10,00
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Advertisements not having the number of insertion, marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Letters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,

Invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"TIME OUT," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. *By this arrangement* no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

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

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, $5 per year.

For the Agitator.

FRIENDSHIP.

How few there are in this bleak world
In whom we can confide;
How few who sail on life's broad stream
But change with every tide.

I've often thought some friend was mine
To cheer me in my woe;
When but an idly spoken word
Has made that friend a foe.

I have no confidence to give,
So oft it has been broken;
My heart alone must bear its griefs,
And bear them all unspoken.

Oh! why may not the heart be true
To those whose love it bears?
Why may not earth in smiles be robed
Instead of doubts and fears?

[illegible], July, 1859. HORATIO.

The Force of Imagination;

OR, THE SWEIGHOFFER'S ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

[illegible]le of strong nervous temperament are slaves to the whims and caprices of their [illegible]ations; and hence, people of good men[illegible] of very ordinary physical acquirements, are most subject to this tyranny of mind [illegible] matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary [illegible] person—that is, an individual of con[illegible]ble mind, but whose mental capacities [illegible]ained, and so partially undeveloped—[illegible] from this peculiar fact in a most dis[illegible]ng degree. No doubt (says the best phys[illegible] authority) one-half the ills that flesh is heir [illegible] superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer [illegible]. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms [illegible]holera, yellow fever and plague, induced [illegible] dread and fear of those terrible mala[illegible].

[illegible] case is recorded wherein a felon condemned [illegible]eath by phlebotomy had his arm laid bare [illegible] shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a [illegible]on, while he was fast bound to the oppo[illegible] side: the hidden executioner, upon the [illegible] side, applied the lances to his arm with a [illegible], the poor culprit heard the muddy stream [illegible]ing, and soon growing weaker and [illegible], he fell into a swoon, and died; when [illegible]act was, not a drop of blood had been shed, [illegible]geon having merely snapped his lancet [illegible] the arm, and continued to pour a small [illegible] of water over the limb and into a basin! [illegible]nother case in "pint" was that of a Phila[illegible]hia amateur butcher, who, in placing his [illegible] upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, [illegible] of his beef, upon the barbed point.—[illegible]agony was intense—he was quickly taken [illegible] and carried to a physician's office, and so [illegible] was his pain (in imagination) that he [illegible]ously upon every motion made by the [illegible] in cutting the coat and shirt sleeve from [illegible] the wounded arm! When at last the arm [illegible]ared, not a scratch was there! The hook [illegible] merely grazed along the skin, and [illegible] the shirt sleeve!

[illegible] will not multiply the various facts extant [illegible] of the force exercised by a misdirected [illegible]nation, but will mention one case so lu[illegible]ously imposing as to cause a pretty broad [illegible], if not prove otherwise interesting.

[illegible] years ago, near the town of Reading, [illegible] county, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy [illegible]rmer, named Sweighoffer—of German de[illegible] and accent too, as his speech will indi[illegible]. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as [illegible]ember in the legislature, and was therefore [illegible]ted," and as he had also long ago com[illegible]ed a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he [illegible] hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. [illegible]n Peter was his only son, a strapping lad [illegible]eenteen; and upon old Peter and young [illegible] devolved the principal cares and toils of [illegible] old gentleman's farm, now and then assist[illegible] by the old lady and her two bouncing daugh[illegible]—for it is very common in that State to see [illegible]men and girls at work in the fields—and [illegible] extra occasions some hired hands.

[illegible]ell, one warm day in haying time, old Pe[illegible] and young Peter were hard at it in the [illegible]low, when the old man drops his scythe [illegible] bawls out:

"O! mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader!" answers the son, [illegible]ightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh! mine Gott, Peter!" again cried the old [illegible]

"Hunder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying up [illegible] the old man.

"Oh! mine Gott: *der snake bite mine leg!*"

If anything in particular was capable of [illegible]ghtening young Peter, it was snakes; for he [illegible] once nearly crippled himself for life by [illegible]ping upon a crooked stick, which clamped [illegible]ankle, and so horrified the young man that [illegible]ked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back [illegible]ly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in [illegible]—

"Where is der snake?"

"On my trowsis, Peter—O mine Gott!"

"Oh mine Gott!" echoed Peter, junior, "kill [illegible], fader, kill him."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come [illegible]—get off my trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame [illegible] filial affection, while his fear lent strength [illegible] legs, and he started like a scared locomo[illegible] to call the old burly Dutchman who was at [illegible] in a distant part of the field, to give his [illegible] a-lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bound[illegible] along as soon as he heard the news, and [illegible] along the fence wheron Peter and his [illegible] had hung their "linsey woolsey" vests, [illegible] grabbed one of the garments and hurried [illegible] the old man Peter, who still managed to keep [illegible] his pins, although he was quaking and trem[illegible] like an aspen leaf in a gale of wind.

"Oh! mine Gott! Come, come quick, Jacob. [illegible] bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to [illegible], but few people, young or old, are dead to [illegible] when a "pizenous" reptile is about.—[illegible]thering up the stiff dry stalks of a stalwart [illegible], old Jake told the boss to stand steady, [illegible] he would at least stun the snake by a rap [illegible] two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the [illegible] man Peter, less loth to have legs broken [illegible] to be bitten to death by a snake, designa[illegible] the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have [illegible]. The first blow broke the weed and knocked [illegible] Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a haycock [illegible]—o-him!

"Oh!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de tam shnake's gone!"

"Vere? vere?" cries old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Jacob; help me up. I'll go home."

"Put on your vhest, den; here it is;" said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made the effort he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end, "like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes—he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

"O! Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat! Ish nodder shnake in your trowshers?"

"No-a—look, I'm swelt all up! Mine vhest wont go on my back. O! O! mine Gott!"

"Tunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter or half a mile to the house.

"Young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings and so alarmed the girls that they were in a high state when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle-top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizhened to death. Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vest—O dear, mine vest not come ober mine body!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old woman, "Vat a fool! *You got Peter's vhest on!*—haw! haw! haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up,—"Bosh! Jacob, vat a tam ole fool you musht be, to say I vash schnake-bite! Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.

From the Chickasaw and Choctaw Herald.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

BY F. E. PINEY.

"I'll tell it as 'twas told to me."

A very long time ago, in the western part of England there lived an aged couple whose times had passed away, since early youth, in the every day round of farm life, who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling towards each other since the time when the good old parson Heriot had united them in the holy bonds of wedlock, twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their conjugal happiness known that they were spoken of, far and near, as the happiest pair known. Now, the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name,) had been trying for twenty years to create what is so commonly called "a fuss in the family," between these old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old gentleman to grumble about breakfast being late once, or the old lady to give a single curtain lecture. After repeated efforts, the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he walked along in a very surly mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop and chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly this beautiful morning, isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service?"

"Yes."

"Isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything else is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but," and here he looked as sour as a monkey in a crab apple tree, "old Blueford, and his wife, over here, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example, and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say I consider them hopeless."

The old hag stood for a moment in deep thought.

"Are you sure that you have tried every way?" she asked.

"Every one I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes."

"Well," replied she, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly assented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Blueford's house and found old Mrs. Blueford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from the work. After the usual compliments had passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together."

"Five and twenty years come next November."

"And in all this time you have never had a quarrel."

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it continued the hag, "I consider it my duty to warn you, though this is the case you must not expect it to last always. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so, observed Mrs. Blueford.

"I know it," continued the hag, "and let me warn you in time to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did not think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag "that your husband has a bunch of long coarse, gray hair, growing on a mole under his chin, on the right side of his throat?"

"Yes."

"These are the cause of the trouble, and as long as they remain you had better look out.—Now as a friend, I would advise you to cut them off the first time you get a chance and thus end the trouble."

"If you say so, I will," replied the old lady.

Soon after this the hag started for home, and made it convenient to meet Mr. B. on the way. Much the same talk in relation to his domestic happiness passed between him and the old hag.

"But, friend B." said she, "I think it my duty as a Christian, to warn you to be on your guard, for I tell you that your wife intends your ruin."

"Old Mr. B. was very much astonished, yet he could not wholly discredit her words. When he reached home he threw himself on his bed in great perplexity, and feigning sleep studied the matter over in his mind. His wife, thinking this a good opportunity for cutting off the obnoxious hair, took her husband's razor and crept softly to his side. Now the old lady was very much frightened at holding a razor so close to her husband's neck, and her hand was not so steady as it was once, so between the two she went to work very awkwardly and pulled the hairs instead of cutting them off. Mr. Blueford opened his eyes, and there stood his wife with a razor at his throat. After what had been told him, and seeing this, he could not doubt that she intended to murder him.—He sprang from the bed in horror, and no explanation or entreaty could convince him to the contrary. So, from that time forth there was no more peace for that house. It was jaw, jaw, quarrel and wrangling all the time.

With delight the Devil heard of the success of his faithful emissary, and sent her word that if she would meet him at the end of the lawn at a certain time he would pay her the shoes.

At the appointed time she repaired to the spot and found the Devil at the place. He put the shoes on the end of a very long pole and standing on the opposite side of the fence handed them over to her. She was very much pleased with them, they were exactly the article.

"But there was one thing, Mr. Devil, that I would like to have explained; that is, why you hand them to me on that stick?"

"Very easy to explain," replied he, "any one who has the cunning and meanness to do as you have done, don't get nearer than twenty feet of *me!*" so saying, he fled in terror.

After a while the old woman died, and when she applied for admission to the lower regions, the devil would not let her in, for fear she would dethrone him, as she was so much his superior. So the old woman is yet compelled to wander over the world, creating quarrels and strife in peaceful families and neighborhoods.

"Would you know her name?"

It is Madam Scandal. When she died, her children, the young Scandalizers were left orphans, but the Devil, in consideration of past service done by the mother, adopted them, and so you see he is father of that respectable class called *scandal mongers*.

HIFALUTIN.—Perhaps the following may not amuse either yourselves or your readers, but it did me. In our drug store I have a fellow clerk, somewhat celebrated among his acquaintances as a concocter of puns and the utterer of dry jokes. He is a boyish-looking youth, and officiates, when his services are required behind the soda fountain. A few mornings since, a fashionably dressed, poetical-looking young gentleman entered, and seating himself on a stool in front of the counter, in a choice selection of terms requested the clerk to prepare him a seidlitz powder. The following conversation, ridiculous in its earnestness, resulted:

Clerk—With syrup?

Customer—(slowly and methodically)—I require it not as a refreshment. If the syrup vitaite not the effect of the compound, you may mingle with it such an amount of the substance as will render the potation palatable. Or, to be better understood—

Clerk—(Interrupting)—I comprehend you perfectly. Permit me to assure you that the tendency of the syrup will be rather to enhance than diminish the purgative virtues of the drug.

Customer—(Indignant at observing that his style is affected by the other)—Then proceed, miracle of medical literature and wisdom!

Clerk—With dispatch, confounder of fools.

Customer—Then, if not struck motionless use haste.

All this was so quietly, so politely said, that, although amused beyond expression at the conversation, I stared in wonder at the parties. The clerk evidently felt cut at the last remark of the other, but mixed the powder which the stranger triumphantly swallowed, paid for, and started to leave the store, when—

Clerk—Should you feel any uneasiness in the region of the stomach within the period of fifteen minutes, illustrious patron, attribute the cause to the accidental introduction into the draught you have just taken of some drug of vigorous effect and painful consequence.

Customer—(A trifle frightened)—If I do, d——n you, I'll punch your head!

Clerk—I thought I'd bring you down to plain English; but I guess you'll find the powder all right.—*Exit customer, with coat-tail standing straight-out.*

"Conductor," said an over-dressed dandy, the other day, in one of our rail-cars, "do not procrastinate, but push your equine motive power to their greatest velocity, for I have an engagement up town at a stated hour, which I must fulfil, or expire."—"Jem," shouted the conductor to the driver, "push along—here's a lunatic, swearing away like the mischief."

A French bonnet-maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet—"Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights to imagine it?"

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Agitator.

Old Stiles at the Dinner Table.

II.

"And now wife, bring on the pie you were speaking about just now, and we will see whether it bears the encomiums you have heaped upon it." On pronouncing these few words I laid myself back in my chair to enjoy the half expectant, half careless feeling one experiences just before the dessert. My wife, poor dear good soul is an excellent housekeeper and cook, but did not enjoy the advantages of an early education. She is like me in one respect, namely, she is bound to have her *say* and will not bear to be interupted in it till it is all said; and so when I made my last remark about the pie, she looked across the table half indignantly and said, "Encomiums! en-comiums!—What's them? Some new fangled kind of crust is it? or is it a kiver to a pie pan? No sir; I did not heap encomiums upon it or anything else. I made it in the usual way—the best way—*the way I always did make it, and I am* sure, Mr. Stiles there is no use of your grumbling. Not grumbling? Then why say anything about the pie at all? Me brag over it? I beg your pardon Mr. Stiles; I leave it to Jemima Short if I bragged of it. All I said was that it was a good pie and well baked. *I* have seen pies you would turn up your nose at, Mr. Stiles, and rhubarb pies at that. *I* have seen pies cut over at Mrs. Johnson's when the pie plant was a clear yaller color for not being done enough, and the crust burnt too; and then the flavor! land sakes! folks may peel the skin off from the pie plant but you wouldn't catch me doing that; I would just as leeves take Prooceeric acid at once and have done with it. Besides *I* make my pies when the pie plant gets cold, and not bilin' red hot as some folks do.—So you can eat it Mr. Stiles or not, jest as *you* think best; I wouldn't have you hurt yourself by no means, but you wouldn't find no end-combs or what-you-call-ems heaped on *my* pies, you won't."

My wife stopped a moment to take breath, and I sought to change the subject by asking Mrs. Bright (my mother-in-law) how her head was; knowing she was subject to headache; but the plan wouldn't work, for my wife proceeded to cut the pie and talk:

"It allers was so Jemima, (addressing herself to my cousin;) women folks may toil and slave the nails off from their fingers to please the men folks, and that's all the thanks they git. It was a massy to yourself that you refused to have anything to do with them. If I was a gal like you and knowed as much about men's dispositions as I do now, *I* would keep clear of them." Here Jemima cast upon my wife a *pitying smile. The latter went into the kitchen* with her handkerchief at her eyes and I ate my pie in peace.

Immediately on my wife's exit, Jemima, who tries to keep on the right side of both of us by tickling our vanity and ministering to our peculiar whims, asked me my opinion, "whether it is not always best to speak plain Saxon words when we can, instead of being 'polite?'" I replied: "When one speaks grammatically and properly, and in language adapted to the understanding of the person addressed, it makes no difference what kind of words are used.—Speaking 'politely' as the vulgar call it, is simply speaking 'correctly.' Do I mean that you are vulgar? Not at all Jemima; and I ought to have said *ignorant* instead of *vulgar*. Do I mean that you are ignorant? No, not quite that; but I was speaking of a class—a class who think because one speaks correctly that therefore they put on airs, are proud, "high feeling" as they say. But this is unjust. Every one ought to speak properly if they can.—I do not mean that people should affect what is vulgarly called the "hifalutin" style; for, as language is intended only as a means whereby to express our thoughts, we ought to use it accordingly. The abuse of language is what we have most reason to complain of, instead of its use. Do I approve of Latin and French phrases introduced into English? No, I do not, unless it is impossible to express the same thought in any other way. I am opposed to this practice because the ignorant make fools of themselves by doing so, and also make of themselves a laughing stock for the intelligent. I will tell you a story which this reminds me of. Old Squire T., a friend of mine now dead, was a *Justice of the Peace. A man was being examined* before him once upon a time upon a charge of arson. He was defended by S., a pettifogger, rather given to the use of bad whisky, strange oaths and hog-Latin. A lady, the wife of the man whose barn had been burned, was placed upon the stand to prove the fact of the burning.

"May it please the Court," said S. the pettifogger, slowly and emphatically, "I object to having this woman's testimony admitted."

"Will you state the ground of your objection?" said Mr. C. the lawyer for the prosecution.

"Certainly," said S. "I object on the ground that she is *com-pus men-tis!*"

"Sir," said old Squire T. sternly, "this Court is not to be trifled with. I don't allow hog-Latin here. State your objection in plain English."

S. the pettifogger scratched his head, looked puzzled for a moment, and then offered the following translation:

"May it please your honor, I thought your honor had read Blackstone enough to know that by *com-pus men-tis* I mean that *she is interested in the event of the suit!*"

(At the conclusion of this story, Jemima Short who thinks it vulgar as well as sinful to laugh, took a severe fit of coughing which entirely broke up the conversation.)

For the Agitator.

He Doeth all things Well.

I knelt in sorrow by the grave of our loved one, and poured on the green sods my tears.—Softly the blue violets lifted their meek eyes to mine, af if striving to mitigate the deep grief of my soul. But no! I would not be comforted. I would not bow my head under the rod that had been laid upon me and meekly say "thy will, not mine be done." Why, oh why, had Death passed by the door of the aged, ripe for the harvest and ready to be gathered to their reward, and torn the young and beautiful from the grasp of loving friends? Why did he with relentless power rend apart the tendrils of love that had entwined us so closely to her and leave our hearts all torn and bleeding? Alas! God only knows. Twilight's holy shades gathered around, and as the silvery stars shone forth memory wandered back, when the form that rests so peacefully beneath the flowers, was buoyant with health,—when the eye that is forever closed sparkled with life and happiness—the lips that are sealed by Death smiled sweetly on all. But she faded. The beautiful smile came less frequently; her eye brightened day by day, and her form grew frailer, and she died. As I gazed upon the blue sky, gemmed with countless worlds and thought of the beauteous land far above it, where the pure spirit of our loved had flown, I could not wish her back to this world of pain and sorrow; but with an humble heart I bowed my head as I left the spot so dear to us, and said, "He doeth all things well." N. F. N.

Mainsburg, Pa.

From the Telegraph and Preacher.

SORROWS.

Sorrows are never all in vain;
When our first tears are shed,
When time has eased the bitter pain,
And healed the heart that bled;
Strength, earnestness and self-control
Spring up from pain and strife,
And peace, and purity of soul
Make beautiful the life.

Oh! mourner, whoso'er thou art,
Whatever be thy grief,
In life's stern duties take a part,
And thou shalt find relief;
From every soul *some* joy departs,
Thou dost not weep alone;
Dry other tears, soothe other hearts,
As heavy as thine own.

VIRGINIA.

SELLING A JUDGE.—Bob Harper who lived on Kittle Creek, in Wilkes county Ga., was fined five dollars by Judge Dooley during court week. Bob was a wag, and he said he would have the worth of his money out of the Judge. It happened that the Judge was on his circuit (on horseback in those days) and passing by Bob's house on the creek, which was swollen by a heavy rain, he wanted to know if the creek was swimming.

"I reckon it is," said Bob, "you will get a cold bath if you try it."

"I'll strip and make my horse swim it if you will go up the creek and bring my clothes over," said the Judge.

Off went his nether garments and over went the Judge, his horse not going over his knees—the creek being broad but shallow. As the Judge got over, several persons were enjoying the fun from a store piazza, neither Bob nor his clothes making their appearance. The Judge was wrathy, cold, and shivering. Bob was still on this side of the creek, and bawled out:—"Judge you can have your breeches for five dollars."

"Bring them over," said the Judge: "I'm sold; you may fight at the next court all the week and I'll not fine you at all."

LOGIC IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—Devil clearing up "pi"—jour, trying to adjust a stickfull of "squabbled matter." Devil remarks that a printer ought to have more than two hands, since their duties are so unlimited. Jour. having received his "broughten up" under the "old dispensation" sees no necessity of an addition to the number of his "hookers," and fiercely quotes the incontrovertible maxim that "No cat has two tails."

Devil.—Granted. But you will admit that a cat has one tail more than no cat."

Jour.—"Certainly."

Devil.—"Then a cat must have three tails."

Jour.—How so?"

Devil.—"Because if "no cat has two tails," and a cat has one tail more than no cat, then it must have three tails."

Jour. "caves."

EFFECTUALLY "CLEANED OUT."—Col. Nash once demanded the hand of a cross-grained Alabama planter's daughter.

"Squire, my business to-day, is to ask for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What, you marry my gal? Look here, young man, leave my premises instanter, and if you ever set foot here again, I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry my daughter! You——

Nash left; he saw the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would turn off and take a last fond look at the home of his lost idol, when he espied the old man busy shoveling up his tracks from the yard and throwing them over the fence.

A waggish chap, whose vixen wife, by drowning lost her precious life, called out his neighbors, all around, and told 'em that his spouse was drowned; and in spite of search could not be found. He knew he said, the very nook where she had tumbled in the brook, and he had dragged along the shore, above the place a mile or more. "Above the place!" the people cried, "Why what dy'e mean?" The man replied: "Of course you don't suppose I'd go and waste the time to look below! I've known the woman quite a spell, and lar'nt her fashions tol'ble well, alive or dead, she'd go, I swow, against the current anyhow!"

Dr. Barnes being inclined to sleep a little during a dull sermon, a friend who was with him, joked him on having nodded now and then. Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time.

"Well then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?"

"Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about—an hour too long!"

There is a man out in Ringgold county, so infernally lazy that he once lay in bed two nights and a day and a half, waiting for his wife to get up and make a fire. Her grit finally gave out, and she got up and made the fire. Undoubtedly he is "the laziest man in all the town" not only, but also in all the State.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Object of True Learning.

The object is to beget manhood; the means are indifferent, so that the end is secured. How shall it be done? How does the son of the poor man rise amid all his disadvantages of birth and position to wealth, eminence and honor? By labor. How does the son of the wealthy, in spite of all his advantages, descend to poverty, disgrace, and reproach? Through his inability to labor. Without books or schoolmasters, the one is educated and elevated; with them, the other is depressed and degraded.—The difference is, labor. The one is able to comply with the first great law of his being; the other is not. Labor is, therefore, education in its truest sense. The man who knows not how to labor knows nothing; the man who knows how to labor, has within his reach the *elements of everything.* He who has not learned to support himself by industry—which not merely includes the knowledge of some branch of human employment, but the capacity to apply himself to it for the production of substantial results—is, however elaborately he may have penetrated into books of science, uninstructed in that which is, and will be until the entire constitution of humanity is changed, the thing, of all others, first in importance to mankind. Let not the poor boy, weary at the plow tail, or in the workshop, and longing for learning, repine. His labor, and the habits of consecutive industry which he is acquiring, are the best of all education—the highest foundation of personal independence, without which there is no manhood; and his very longing for that knowledge which seems beyond his reach, is, of itself, discipline of no common value. What the mind goes out eagerly for, it either gets, or its equivalent; and the man who earnestly strove for excellence, however meagre his means and opportunities, never failed of his reward in a commensurate improvement.

The practice of consecutive schooling year after year, with the expectation of making the educated and useful man, is undoubtedly wrong, and will often end in disappointment. The child put to school at an early age, readily masters the rudiments—letters, reading and numeration—which require little more than an effort of the memory. His mind then manifests a disposition to rest, the activity of his nature being transformed to his physical organization. If then he is pressed forward to tasks and lessons, both body and mind are liable to be dwarfed and narrowed by the process, and instead of enlargement, contraction is the almost certain result. His capacity to learn, as by the judicious it is sometimes called, is simply a temporary continence of memory acquired at the expense of the other faculties. Now is the time to teach him labor. This is indicated by the expansion of his body and its demand for active employment. The labor should be a productive kind, and such as requires attention and the endurance of fatigue, without overtaxing his energies and driving him to indolence through disgust. The demands of the body being satisfied, the mind again awakes, and thus, instead of being opposing elements in the progress of the man towards his perfect condition, each acts as the friend and auxiliary of the other, and expansion and development go on efficiently and symmetrically.—*Henry Reed.*

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.—In what era, Mr. Flipkins, did Napoleon Bonaparte flourish?

"How's that?" asks Mr. F. in reply, "wont you jest repeat that question?"

"Certainly, sir, in what age did Bonaparte, the warrior, reign?"

"Umph," rejoins the proposed schoolmaster, with an insinuating smile, "you've got me there, gentlemen!"

"Never mind, doctor, about particulars," said one of the committee to a fellow member. "Let me ask him the same question in a leetle dif'rent form. You hear'n the fust question, Mr. Flipkins; now was it before or after Christ?"

"Can I have the question again?" asked Mr. F., "I'm 'fraid I didn't take it 'zackley as 'twas put."

The querist repeated the question. The applicant scratched his head, looked imploringly first at one examiner and then at the other, and made answer:

"Well; re—ally, gentleman, you've got me agin (!) I couldn't say, re—ally" (!!).

HERSCHELL'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.—Choose any well leveled field or bowling green; on it place a globe two feet in diameter; this will represent the *sun.* Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed on the circumference on a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea, on a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the earth also on a circle of 430 feet: Mars a rather large pin's head on a circle of 654 feet; the asteroids small grains of sand in orbits 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter a moderate sized orange in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange on a circle four-fifths of a mile in diameter; Uranus a full sized cherry or a small plum upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half across; and Neptune, a good sized plum on a circle about two miles and a half in diameter.—*New York Teacher.*

But in most schools, in all countries, the moral powers of the young are in a great measure overlooked, and the business of moral tuition shamefully neglected. To improve their tempers and affections and to lead them into that direction which will tend to promote their own hapiness and that of others, is considered a matter of inferior moment, in which teachers are very little, if at all, interested. It forms, at least, no prominent object in our schools, to meliorate the tempers of the young, to counteract the principles of malace, envy and revenge—to inspire them with kindness and benevolence—*and to train them to moral excellence.*

DR. DICK.

"Did I understand you to say I was lousy, sir?" "Oh, no! I merely told my friends that when it rained lice in Egypt, I thought you must have been walking there without hat or umbrella—that's all."