

THE AGITATOR.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. Thursday Morning, Nov. 14, 1854.

The Wellborns' Lyceum will hold a Public Session in the Court House on Friday evening, Nov. 17th, 1854. All are invited to attend. I. S. SMITH, Pres't.

The Beauty of Charity.

Perhaps it may seem out of place for us, who have so little to bestow, to descend upon the beauty of giving. Perhaps an army of stony-eyed beggars will come down upon us, grumbling—'It's mighty easy for poor folks to see how forehanded folks ought to dispose of their surplus gettings!'

Well, why should not 'we poor folks' find it easy to point out a better use for the surplus gettings of you rich ones, than letting them rust in your till and old stockings! Isn't it 'we poor folks' that dwell in the republic of Want, separated from yours—the kingdom of Abundance—by the narrow filth of selfishness, whose tide is forever lapping? It is not strange then, that poor folks become good theoretical financiers, living in the contrast of your Much and their Little. There are a good many 'foot-bridges' from one land to the other, but no common highway. Some of these are toll-bridges, and those who cross from your side somehow think that they pay down a few pennies' worth of consideration every time they cross. Perhaps they really do; but 'we poor folks' don't exact any such fee.

Come over free, or stay at home, is the motto. We do not purpose to meddle with the silvermouths of Ephesus, or their conceits, very extensively, in this article. Charity has a multitude of appellations, and the doing out of stipends to blind beggars, or dollars to Foreign missions, &c., does not seem its only significance. Such are but too often peace, or bribe-offerings laid on the shrine of Conscience with gloved fingers; but sometimes they are given with pure intent, for which the Recording Angel jots down an item on the credit side of the great Ledger.

The beauty of Charity lies in single-heartedness. There are some who astonish the world by the magnitude of their donations; and somehow, when we see their charities ostentatiously paraded in the public journals, the simple story of the 'Widow's Mite' glides into sweet remembrance, and the trumpeted and blazoned gifts of millionaires like stars in the clear light of morning fade away. It may come of perverseness, but so it is—and when we recall the moral of that story, we would rather be the legatee of that mite than of the golden millions of a Girard or an Astor. The one would bring perpetual dividends of sweetest recollections, but the other would only declare semi-annual dividends of yellow dross at the terrible sacrifice of millions of leaves that otherwise might have chased hard-fetured Want from the bare cupboard of a million homes, besides an hourly interest of cares and anxieties. With the mite, we should grow tender-hearted and sympathetic; with the other, it might be, hard-hearted and selfish. For sudden wealth sometimes makes men forget their manhood, while a little discipline in the ranks of poverty, has, ere now, revived the embers of humanity that the pride of prosperity had well-nigh extinguished.

The charity of mammon consists not in giving much, but well. There is more real charity in giving a loaf to a starving family, than in donating a thousand dollars to any enterprise whatsoever, of a popular nature. If but one is to be done, let it be the first, by all means. If both are done, so much the better. It is a mockery—bestowing thousands upon the Remote while the Immediate glares up in to our faces with the fierce energy of unrelieved Want. True, there are thousands without moral or spiritual food; but no bad man or woman ever grew better on garbage and scant raiment. No, never. Man's physical cravings are first in the list. You cannot teach him a moral lesson, sitting at your groaning tables while he starves. Satisfy the demands of the body, and then the higher natures will hunger and thirst, and you may feed them.

Now is this a new view of the matter? Howard and many other celebrated philanthropists lived up to this belief, and later, we behold the Five Points' Mission founded and conducted on the very same principle. What does Mr. Pease with the miserable children he picks up from the reeking den and gutters? Does he, with all their filth cleaving to them—with ravenous Hunger consuming them, sermoneize, or expound morality to them? Oh no!—he first cleanses them of their filth, clothes them and gives them wholesome food. He lifts them from filth up to purity, from hunger to satisfaction, and then, up from the cheerless pits of Vice to walk in the pleasant fields of Virtue. Step by step, heaping charity upon charity, he leads them up from that society whose religion is Hate and Distension, and ushers them into a congregation where all is Love and Harmony.

How sublime is the beauty of Charity! How strange that men should gaze across oceans and continents till vision is reversed—until the Remote becomes magnified and the Immediate belittled. Alas! that Nature should be forced to beg even at her own gate. Let Africa be all to men it was to Mrs. Jellyby, but let them not like her remember Africa only to forget home duties. Would that Dickens might be placed side by side with Judson in every book-case in the land. The one is a powerful helper in the cause of Home Missions, and the other, actuated by a high sense of duty, left all to encounter dangers and difficulties on a savage shore, and died in his harness, faithful to the last gasp.

To digress. Calumny has tried its worst upon Dickens. It has gnashed its teeth among his heart-strings, and pruned him even into the secretary of the closet with its envious hiss. But he will live when his detractors have passed from the memory of men now living, for his monument is reared in every heart that ever trembled at the touch of sorrow. Nor is he a writer of fiction. Truth is upon the forehead of his every hero and heroine. His characters are pen-pictures of living men, women and deeds in human shape. He strays vicariously of every hue and form in its appropriate habit, makes it hateful to the beholder, and a terror to the guilty.

On the other hand, he strays Virtue in robes of light and surpassing loveliness, and pictures her with an angel's face beaming with such benignant smiles as we may hope that angels wear. There is a moral grandeur about his pictures of good men and women that no one susceptible of elevation can contemplate without being irresistibly drawn into the charmed circle of its influence. His life pictures have attracted the sympathies and active charities of thousands. Wherever his heart-lessons are read, there will be found hearts with their sunny sides turned towards the victims of Misfortune. Thus, he is the benefactor of the poor.

Calumny and abuse have been heaped upon the pioneer of the Five Points' Mission. Mr. Pease has been called a mercenary. Why? Simply because he is an apostle of practical Christianity. This practical Christianity is a sworn foe of ostentatious giving. 'For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; naked, and ye clothed me, sick, and in prison, and ye visited me'—is its text, and the daily walk of its possessors must be so many living sermons flowing out of it. Its charity is lovely beyond description; so charitable that voluntary perishes like stubble before its fervent burning.

A MINISTERIAL STRIKE.—On the 6th ult., at Urbana, Ohio, the bell of the Presbyterian church rang the second time—the congregation sat waiting and watching, but no minister came. After the lapse of an hour a note was handed to one of the elders who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach for them any more till his salary was paid up.

There is kind of charity which left hand bubbles of the generosity of the right. And this kind of charity has been of immense good to suffering humanity. But the motive power is Approbation, slightly disguised. Charity in the fitness of its beauty and excellence, both.

Bless him who gives and him who takes. The first only blesses him who takes—thus falling short of the good of true Charity. It is generally impolite to creep behind a good action to scrutinize its parent motive; but it can do no wrong to say that the motive of a generous act, must in some sort be beauty, or disfigure the act itself. Yet love of approbation lies at the bottom, or forms the capital of seven-eighths of the charitable enterprises now being prosecuted in the civilized world.

The cool and calculating may inveigh against the charity born of impulses to their hearts' content; yet surely charity is its beauty. For, though it sometimes subjects the giver to gross imputation, it always blesses him who gives—generally, him who takes. Whoever does a charitable deed from impulse, only permits sympathy to lead, instead of cool-blooded caution. Even if it lead men to bestow their bounty unworthily sometimes, a good motive never loses its merit.

So much for the charity of Mammon. Next week we may take up the subject under a different signification.

California.—A Noble Woman.

The news from the land of gold, is, as usual, spiced with murders, stabbing affairs, robberies, forgeries and shipwrecks. We cannot afford to give you a respectable (I) digest of the various villainous accidents and incidents related of that bright, particular star of our union. By so doing, we should only furnish material for lightful dreams to our readers, without amusing them in the slightest degree, unless they possess dispositions akin to the South Sea cannibals. Were we publishing a daily journal, and bound to publish the infinitesimal items of news from the golden State, we would have a stereotyped form something like the following:

Murders..... Usual quantity. Affrays..... Innumerable. Robberies..... 1,000,000,000. General Villainies..... 999. Unparalleled Atrocities..... 10. This would be an average summary of events, which, stereotyped, would save a heap of labor, besides the trouble of reading a six column page of fine print to induce a fit of the horrors.

The most important item of news by the last steamer, is the wreck of the steamer Yankee Blade, two days out from San Francisco. She had on board 800 passengers, some 40 of whom are thought to be lost. The circumstances attending the wreck of this vessel are suspicious, and the baseness of the captain in abandoning his vessel soon after she struck, deserves, and must receive the severest condemnation of the public. The facts go to show that this perilling of some 800 lives, was a thing of design. A band of cutthroats were shipped as hands previous to the vessel's leaving San Francisco, and their refusal to do duty, may be considered the immediate cause of the disaster. The captain put off for the shore, about a mile distant, amid the wildest confusion, and having gained it, like a poltroon was never attempted to relieve his passengers on the wreck. There, deeds of violence were being perpetrated, at which the bravest may well shudder. No sooner had the captain departed, than the ruffian crew began alluded to, armed to the teeth, began a work of robbery and death. More cruel than the threatening sea, these desperadoes took possession of the vessel, and murdered every one that opposed them. Ripping open the baggage, they took possession of the money and valuables, and with their knives destroyed the witnesses of their fiendish acts.

Meanwhile, some true hearts than the captain, manned two boats and assisted many of the unfortunate to the shore. Before they were all landed, the steamer Goshawk in sight and getting out her boats, took off the survivors. A steamer was despatched to the relief of those on shore. And now you who are forever rating women as inferior to men, ponder this fact and repent in sackcloth and ashes: While this dastard captain, one of the race superior, remember, was skulking manfully among the rocks ashore to escape his duty and preserve a life that a decent dog would disdain to live; while a band of cut-throats—lords of creation also—were murdering and robbing the shipwrecked passengers—a woman—one of the inferior sex—was dispersing with the mad sea for the possession of the bodies of drowning men and women? Many a stalwart, but strangled lord of creation did she rescue from the jaws of death and bear away up into the sheltering rocks. Her labors were indefatigable; to and from the shore she went, returning each time with a half-drowned burden. No one alone the rescued women stripped off every garment that decency could spare, and wrapped them around the bodies of half-naked and shivering men. Thus, as usual, woman played the Good Samaritan, while things of the masculine gender played robber and murderer, and priest and Levite!

A monument in honor of the heroine of the wreck of the Yankee Blade? Folly! Her deeds are more durable than marble piles!

STATIONERY.—We take the liberty to suppose that an honest man may starve considerably before he snuffs out the eighth commandment by some rash act. We try to be honest, but are awful thankful that our neighbors' 'pertinacities' are carefully stowed in their respective cellars. We do hope, they will see that their backways are secured every night. There is no telling what a despotism man might do.

Yesterday, we went home to dinner in tolerable good humor with mankind generally and womankind particularly. We expected Mrs. Agitator had fixed upon something nice. She met us at the door, looking as smiling as a basket of chips, and announced that the vegetables were in order for dissection. We took a look at the table, and felt something very like a chunk of lead thumping away at our left ribs. The fact was, the vegetables—potatoes were invisible. We hinted this in a very gentle manner to the lady aforesaid, when she bridled up and very pertly informed us that potatoes were not *not* intended; adding, indirectly, that—that—well no matter.

That night we dreamed a troubled dream. In a fit of desperation we thought that we had feloniously entered somebody's cellar in search of potatoes. We carried an ample bag, and groping about, found the object of our search, and filling our bag, hastily turned to escape. Alas! the precious load was too phreatic for the breach through which we entered. Vainly we tugged—as for dear life—heard a step—felt a hand laid heavily on our shoulder. Oh, shame! caught in the very act! Hope shrieked and fled as a strong hand hurried us into the august presence of offended Justice. Overwhelmed with the consciousness of guilt, we pleaded guilty, and stood tremblingly up to receive sentence.

substantialities of life are not for you and yours. Graybeard Cullen has decreed for the printing less expensive, which untoward seasons cannot affect, I trust, being given on its sealings. The food is promised! Had you been content with them and covered not your neighbor's potatoes, I had not had the sentence of the law to pronounce, which is that you be taken from hence, and fed with promise to pay the printer, until your eyes shall stick out with fitness, your heart expand to the capacity of those that beat under the mailed shirts of the knights of the Round Table, and your waist equals in girth, that of the gallant Falstaff, and may your patrons

We awoke!

Literary Record.

WATER-CURE JOURNAL.—Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, New York.—The November No. is our table, brimming with practical truths and useful information. Every family should take this Journal and less medicine. The laws of life and health are rendered so plain that he who reads, cannot fail to understand.

PARANOMASIOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—(published by the same.) This monthly is a mine of knowledge in itself. No man can keep thoroughly posted in the progress of science and art unless he reads this periodical. The publishers offer these two Journals and Life Illustrated—a new paper, and the most splendid paper ever saw—all for the low price of \$3 per year! The reading matter in either of these works would make, in one year, a \$3 volume as books are selling. There can be no more profitable investment, both for mind and purse. Subscriptions received at this office.

PERSEUS'S MAGAZINE.—The December No. is already on our table, and is one of the best volumes that has reached us. Important improvements are promised by the publisher for 1855. The reading matter will be increased to 300 pages. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the gifted author of "Fashion and Famine," is one of the editors, and writes exclusively for it. It is afforded at the low price of \$2 per annum, single copy, three copies \$5, 5 copies \$7.50 and eight copies for \$10. The January No. begins a new volume—subscribe now, ladies.

THE LECTURES.—We are happy to announce that Mrs. E. OAKS SMITH has agreed to lecture in Wellsborough early in December. Mrs. Smith is one of the most engaging lecturers in the United States. She is the author of several popular works, and ranks among the first female Poets in America. One of her poems, "THE SUNLESS COUNTRY," has been pronounced a masterpiece by the best English and American critics.

Her lot has not been all sunshine; and whoever looks into her face will see there the unmistakable traces of Care and Sorrow. She has been tried severely, and her reverses have only served to develop in her a true Womanhood. She is a worker, and as such, intolerant of idleness. She has liberal views of Woman's sphere and woman's duties, yet cannot be called an ultraist.

She will probably lecture two evenings. Subjects: "Woman Considered as Inferior to Man;" "Madam Roland and the French." Timely notice will be given when the day is fixed.

GLORY ENOUGH.—Illinois, once the home of Douglass, has gone anti-Nebraska by a rousing majority. This sweeps the last plank from under the traitor's feet, and he swings suspended by a rope that never breaks—Public Opinion. Michigan has likewise elected a Republican Congressional delegation and Governor. Huzza!

GOVERNOR.—We get no certain news as to who is the Governor elect of New York, up to date. The Tribune gives Seymour 3000 ahead, while the Times and Herald, also two of the Albany papers make Clark some 2000 ahead. Full returns next week.

Exciting Times in Kansas.

We make the following extracts from a letter published in the Boston Atlas, dated Lawrence City, Kansas Territory, Oct. 13: Our party is expecting to be compelled to fight, this afternoon, several Missourians, who are coming up here, as they say to drive us into the river. They make pretensions to be strong enough to do it. About a week since they were here for the same purpose, but our party turned out armed with guns, pistols, etc., and showed the Missourians how strong our party was. No fighting was done. The Missourians retreated, and ever since that time they have been laboring to get all their forces together to destroy us this P. M. Our party have been busy all this morning cleaning their firearms, and practicing shooting, etc., and if we are sent home this P. M. to Massachusetts, at the point of bayonet, you will probably see us in Boston soon. We will march in as the soldiers did, a few years since on their return from the bloody fields of Mexico.

Considerable excitement was manifested to-day by some members of our party, who had been out to look at the country and were successful in finding an abundance of coal, in mines along on the banks of the Kansas river. Some of this coal, (and nearly a bushel is in this table where I am writing, brought in to-day by some of the exploring party) appears to be of the best quality of coal used in this country, (United States).

The great battle is over, the smoke has cleared away and the city is quiet, unusually so, considering the circumstances of the day. Our expectations are over, as far as danger is concerned, no one dead, no one wounded, all are well. The brave and would be considered fearless Missourians, have retired from the field of action. They came here this noon, and their number was so small that they considered if of no use to any thing desperate.

The People's Victory.

The Philadelphia Bulletin complains that in some of the Whig papers claim Judge Pollock's election as an exclusive Whig victory. We are not of that number. Although Judge Pollock is a Whig in principle, and was first nominated by that party, his election was the result of a fusion of all the opponents of the present State and National Administrations, and is, therefore, emphatically a victory of the people! We announced it as such in our first issue after the election, and Judge Pollock himself, in a speech at Milton, on the evening of the 11th inst., said, "he wished it to be distinctly understood, that although he was now, and had been for years, identified with the Whig party, he did not claim his election as a Whig victory, but as a triumph of the people over the advocates of principles which they could not sanction or support." And having been elected by the people, Judge Pollock will be the People's Governor, instead of a mere tool in the hands of a corrupt partisan faction as the present Executive has been.—Telegraph.

National Views.

The Charles Georgian, published at Marietta, Georgia, discourses sensibly on the state and course of public feeling, North and South. It thinks there is a want of reflection in many of the positions taken in regard to Northern sentiment, and that the Southern people are not truly advised in reference to it. The "Georgian" does not admit that a majority of the Northern people are Abolitionists. It says:

"With no sort of justice can it be said that opposition to the Nebraska territorial law is an Abolition movement. In nine cases in ten it has resulted from what was regarded as the impolicy of superseding a long-established law, the terms of which had settled the legal rights of the free States with regard to the territory in question.

"We have no doubt of the fact, that all the people of the free States are Free Soilers, and just as naturally Free Soilers as that we are the friends of the institution of slavery. It is a question of interest with both, and though it has been differently decided North and South, we are as far from believing that the North decided wrong—that slavery would be profitable, beneficial there—as we are from believing that it is not peculiarly adapted to the climate, soil, and productions of the South. This is the true basis of public opinion at the North on the subject of slavery. That such an opinion can ever produce a crisis between the free and slave States, involving an abandonment of the Union, we do not believe, and as an illustration of this view of the subject we submit the opinions of two prominent men at the North, who may be properly regarded as expressing the Free Soil sentiment of their section. We cannot see why the South may not tolerate the freedom of such opinions, especially as they are strictly compatible with the protection which the Constitution affords us, and with the principle of non-interference."

The opinions of Gen. Cass and of Judge Bronson are referred to show that men may think "slavery a great social and political evil," and yet be in favor of the South even regarding every one of her constitutional rights. The "Georgian" then asks, with much force—

"Why will the Southern Press persist in misrepresenting Northern sentiment to the Southern people? What more does the South ask than Free Soilism concedes, respect for our rights in the Union and equality of rights in the Territories? We know there are people at the North who hate slavery as much as some of our Southern friends recently hated the Union; but we should also know that they possess just about as much ability to give effect to their hatred. They talk of not admitting any more slaves States, of moving the repeal of the fugitive slave law; but their efforts are utterly powerless. The great mass of the Northern people will, on future occasions, as they have in the past, prove themselves true and loyal to the Federal Constitution of our fathers, and it is wicked, even in demagogues who live upon sectional excitement, to wilfully abuse the minds of Southern people with a contrary impression."

The "Georgian" then wisely refers to the past to show that most of the "speculative conclusions as to what the North will do on the subject of slavery" are idle, and that we should gather charity enough from the past to believe that Southern rights are not seriously menaced or in jeopardy. Let patriots in all sections cultivate and inculcate a just toleration of opinion, and all will be well.

Later From Europe.

SEIGE OF SEVASTOPOL NOT FINISHED.—Two Russian batteries destroyed.—Successful Russian sortie. An English Lord captured.—Great rumpus about Mr. Soule.

The progress of affairs in this summing up by the London Times: The latest telegraphic intelligence which has been received by the French and English Governments is dated from the Crimea on the 20th October. At that time the siege was going on favorably. The bombardment from the trenches of the besieging armies had been resumed on the 19th, with effect, but the enemy is not reported to have sustained the loss of any essential part of the fortress. From the moment that it was clearly ascertained that Sevastopol could not be reduced, even from the south side and by land, without the operations of a regular siege, there ceased to be reason to be surprised at the length of the proceedings.

It is stated from a private source, without date, that the authorities at Sydney have seized an American ship in the harbor there. On board her were found eight brass guns, also Russian colors, from which it was surmised she was going a privateering.

Mr. Soule and his affairs are at present exciting some interest in Europe. The Queen-mother of Bavaria is dead, of cholera, at Munich. Prince Vincent, youngest son (a child) of the King of Naples, is dead.

SOLACE FOR THE SORROWFUL.—Several of the Southern Democratic presses are finding a drop of comfort in the fact that the "Know Nothings" of Pennsylvania have assisted to elect Mr. Mott, Democrat, to the office of Canal Commissioner, by a much larger majority than Mr. Pollock received for Governor; and they come to the sage conclusion that if these same persons had nominated Bigler instead of Pollock he would have been elected by a much larger plurality than that by which Pollock is now elected. We had been laboring under the innocent delusion that it was a majority that elected Bigler. The same papers too, paraded Mr. Mott's declaration that he does not belong to the secret order, and does not approve of their objects. The declaration is a timely and altogether a safe one, now that the election is over and Mr. Mott is Canal Commissioner for two years. But the pith of the matter is, that the Democracy are not at all scandalized in this case by the "Know Nothings" support. It is only when the "fantastically" vote for a Whig that they become conspirators and deadly foes to liberty! Well, well, who can begrudge this small modicum of consolation? Who can refuse a glass of cool water to the parched lips of the sick heart?—Nat. Intelligencer.

Charge of Cruelty to Slaves.

Fanny Smith alias Mrs. Hinchley, who keeps a house in St. Louis at between Burgundy and Ramparts-sts., was charged on Wednesday last, with torturing her slaves. It seems on Wednesday morning one of the policemen of the Second District was walking down St. Louis at, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of a negro woman, who rushed out of an alley way perfectly naked with the exception of a piece of blanket, and on questioning her, she told the policeman that she had fled to escape the cruel treatment of her mistress, who had stripped her and was beating her when she broke from her and ran into the street. The policeman took her to the guard house, and on examining her, her body was found to be covered with lumps and scars, the effects of the former whippings. She also stated that her mistress was in the habit of beating all her slaves in the most cruel manner and mentioned a couple of slave boys whom she was continually torturing by burning them with red hot irons and sickling forks and other pointed instruments into them. On hearing these statements Lieut. Monde immediately made an affidavit got out a warrant and had the woman arrested. When brought to the Police office the accused indignantly denied these allegations, and produced a boy and upon whom no marks could be found. The slave woman first arrested however, reiterated her statement, and said that the boys were locked up in the back yard, and no one was permitted to see them. An officer was dispatched to her house and soon returned with the two boys, who did not appear to be more than seven or eight years of age. On stripping them they were found to be marked in a number of places with the scars of fresh and old burns, and punctured wounds were found in different parts of their bodies. The accused was ordered to give security in the sum of \$1,000 for her appearance for examination, which she immediately gave. The slave boys and girl were sent to the Parish Prison.

Be it remembered that a slave cannot give evidence against a white person. The arrest we may safely affirm, is all that will ever be heard of this circumstance.

The Creole, published at New Orleans, is a paper "devoted to sound morals, Christianity and temperance"—and this journal desires a communication in its columns as "of interest not only to slave owners but to all who value peace and good order, which recommends that free and enslaved blacks be subject to the same police regulations as to passers. In the course of the communication the following avowal leaks out: "Free negroes and Abolitionists are a curse to any community, and are annually depreciating by their example and influence, the value of the slave population, both of the city and adjacent country."

Here we have it; the Abolitionists are making themselves felt in New Orleans, and depreciating the value of the slave population! What an awful! Caria!

In the same moral and religious communication gleams the following evangelical bit: "I shall have occasion to refer to this subject in connection with the schools and churches that have been established by and for the use of the black population, and inquire by what law slaves are permitted to attend the former. There are evils in our minds which require correction, and these are at that class."

"Put out the light" if you can. The same pious print praising a gun shop in New Orleans says, "the subject of firearms is one of lively interest especially to the people of the South." Are not "red hot irons and sickling forks" of equally lively interest?—N. Y. Tribune.

The Holders of Jones' Gift Tickets.

Will be glad to learn that this great enterprise has at last been consummated. The committee have distributed the gifts by means of uniform envelopes, containing orders of the prizes. These envelopes have been thoroughly mingled together, and numbered by the committee. Every person holding tickets is requested to send them in immediately, accompanied by a full sized, pre-paid envelope, containing their address in full, in which will be forwarded their "drawn envelope," detailing their prize and the means of getting it. Letters should be addressed as formerly, to "The Committee of Jones' Gift Enterprise, New York,"—pre-paid invariably!

Now is the exciting moment—Who has got the \$40,000 Pantheoscope! The \$25,000 farm! The \$12,000 house? The Carrage, Pianos, &c., &c.? Who has made a fortune? And who has drawn a book? Is the exciting question. Keep cool, friends—must not expect to be the lucky ones—send in your tickets—and a few days will determine.

There are still remaining unsold in the hands of the "Committee," a few hundred tickets, which, with their corresponding "drawn envelopes" will be sold to any persons applying immediately, at the following rates: eleven tickets for \$10, twenty-five tickets for \$20, fifty tickets for \$40! and so in proportion. Here is a rare chance for investment, and immediate return. If any money is received after these "drawn envelopes" are all sold, it will be refunded with a present of the book of California Adventures. Who shall be the lucky one? Who gets the farm?

CURE FOR RATTLE SNAKE BITE.—The Norfolk News says: "Mr. Solomon Buffington of Jackson County, Va., was recently bitten by a rattlesnake, but upon drinking a quart or two of whiskey, was relieved from the fatal tendencies of the poison.

We are not surprised. We should think it would. We only wonder that any effect should be produced by so weak a poison as that of a rattle snake upon any one who could take a quart of whiskey at a dose.—However, it is a principle in medical practice to counteract the effects of a weaker by a stronger poison.

"Why is a newspaper like a tooth-brush?—D'y'e give it up?" "Because every one should have one of his own, and not be borrowing his neighbor's."