

JONES & ROE, WELLSBORO' PENNA. ARE now receiving their full supply of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTING, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, WOODEN WARE, HARDWARE, WINDOW GLASS AND SASH, CUTLERY, & C.

Eastern Clocks from the best Manufactories, and warranted to keep good time. Nails from the best manufactories always on hand, and in fact nearly everything in the line of Goods can be found in this establishment and prices that cannot fail from suiting the closest buyers. Thankful for past favors we would still invite our customers and buyers generally to an examination of our new stock, believing that if GOOD GOODS and LOW PRICES are an inducement they will make their purchases of us. JONES & ROE, Wellsboro' May 31, 1855.

LADIES SHOES & GAITERS.—Ladies will find a beautiful assortment of Shoes, Gaiters and children's shoes at JONES & ROE'S. May 31, 1855.

LAWNS & GINGHAMS.—A large stock of the above Goods, also Merino and Cashmere prints just rec'd. [May 31] JONES & ROE'S.

NEW STYLE MANTILLAS.—Just received some beautiful styles of Mantillas at JONES & ROE'S. May 31, 1855.

LONG & SQUARE BROCHA SHAWLS, at very low prices at JONES & ROE'S.

BONNETS, RIBBONS & LININGS, also children's dresses just received at JONES & ROE'S.

READY MADE CLOTHING.—Just received a large stock of Ready Made Clothing for the spring and summer trade, which will be sold at a very small profit. JONES & ROE'S.

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES & GAITERS.—Also Boys shoes of every description at JONES & ROE'S. May 31, 1855.

TRUNKS, Valises, Carpet Bags and Satchels a large lot just received at JONES & ROE'S.

MACKEREL, by the barrel, 3 bbl., and 1 bbl., at May 31, 1855. JONES & ROE'S.

OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEE, at May 31, 1855. JONES & ROE'S.

DOCTOR YOURSELF The Pocket Esculapius: OR EVERY ONE HIS OWN PHYSICIAN.

THE Fifth Edition, with One Hundred Engravings, showing Diseases and Malformations of the Human System in every shape and form. To which is added a Treatise on the Diseases of Females being of the highest importance to married people, or those contemplating marriage.



By Wm. Young, M. D. No father be ashamed to present a copy of the ESCULAPIUS to his child. It may save him from an early grave. Let no young man or woman enter into the sacred obligations of married life without reading the Pocket Esculapius. Let no one suffering from a hacking Cough, Pain in the side, restless nights, nervous feelings, and the whole train of Dyspeptic sensations, and let up by their physician, be another moment without consulting the Esculapius. Have the married, or those about to be married, any impediment, read this truly useful book, as it has been the means of saving thousands of unfortunate creatures from the very jaws of death.

Any person sending Tenets-Five (5 cents) enclosed in a letter, will receive one copy of this work by mail, or five copies will be sent for one Dollar. Address, (post paid) Dr. WM YOUNG No. 152 Spruce St., Philadelphia. June 7, 1855.

HARNESS MAKING. NEW ARRANGEMENTS!!!

THE subscriber having introduced the HARNESS SHOP OF W. CROW & CO'S WAGON SHOP, Wellsboro, Pa., is ready to make to order all articles pertaining to the business, in the best manner and of the very best material.

TO FARMERS AND OTHERS he would say that he sells articles in their line of business CHEAPER FOR CASH than any other establishment in the county. A good assortment of Whips, Harness, &c., &c., constantly on hand.

REPAIRING done on short notice and in the best possible manner. All orders promptly filled and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

Call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. "Live and Let Live" is his motto. All kinds of Counter Produce taken in exchange for work at the best market price. A fair share of public patronage respectfully solicited. L. L. KIMBALL, Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1855.

Turning & Chairmaking. STURKLEY, Turner, and Chairmaker, would say in honor of the public that he has recently fitted up his shop in good style, and is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of CANE & COMMON CHAIRS, of the best material and finish. Also Turning done in silver, brass, and on ornamental cast iron.

SAMUEL HERZOG, having rented part of J. Stuebel's shop to prepare to manufacture all kinds of CABINET WORK from the best material and in superior style. He has on hand several superior Mahogany Bureaus for sale cheap. Wellsboro, April 15, 1855.

WANTED: TOIRNEYMAN WAGON-MAKER wanted to work by the day, month, or shares, at the shop of the Subscriber in Clinton township, Tioga Co. Pa. I have a large quantity of seasoned lumber on hand, ready to be worked, and would prefer to give the workman a share of the proceeds. CHARLES PRITCHARD, Clinton, June 14 1855.

NEW GROCERY & PROVISION STORE. and O. BULLARD, Dealers in PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Wood & Willow Ware, Tobacco, Cigars, Fruits, Confectionery, &c., &c. At the Stand recently occupied by Robert Roy, Wellsboro, Pa.

Plaster! Price Reduced! THE subscriber has just received at his mill near Mansfield, 350 tons Cayuga PLASTER stone, which he will keep constantly on hand fresh ground plaster, or supply all that may give him a call. No mistake! This time lightning never strikes one tree twice. Price \$5.50 per ton. AMOS BIXBY, Mansfield, Feb. 15, 1855.

W. W. WEBB, M. D. HAS established himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery in the Township of Liberty Pa., where he will promptly attend all calls in his profession. Liberty, Feb. 1, 1855.

PARASOLS.—A beautiful assortment just received at [May 31] JONES & ROE'S.

DR. MURCIAEUS Private Medical Companion. For Sale at BAILEY & FOLEY'S.

TRUSSES.—Benjamin's Superior Brass Truss, for sale by [June 22] V. CASE.

MILL SAWS & FILES.—A large lot just received at JONES & ROE'S.

THE AGITATOR.

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

COBB, STURROCK & CO., "THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS. VOL. 2. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 23, 1855. NO. 6.

A Beautiful Poem.

[For the Agitator.] REST. BY M. L. DOUD. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away."—Rev. xxi.—4. While through life's wilderness we roam, Without a resting-place or home, While snarers on every step surprise, And parting tears dim our eyes— How blest the hope to meet one day, Where God shall wipe all tears away. When o'er the lowly mound we bend, The hallowed spot which holds a friend, While from the echoing eyes and heart The tears and groans of anguish start— Then faith points up to worlds above, Death cannot reach that place of love, Sorrow shall never enter there; No tears of grief no pain or care, No scenes of strife, no aching heart, In that bright world shall have a part— But all be one unclouded day, Where "former things have passed away." Pleasant Valley, Iowa. [We think the above is a beautiful poem. Ed.]

A Domestic Story.

ADY AND JANE: OR— The Drunkard's Good Angels. BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come Ady and Jane, it is time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her little girls, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa has not come home yet," answered Ady.

"No dear; but it is getting late, and it is time you were in bed. He may not be at home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her book and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantel piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she spoke, when she saw the children had put on their bonnets and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came in her eyes and her voice trembled as she said—

"It is a very cold night children."

"But we won't feel it mother," replied Ady, "we'll run along very quick."

And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word more. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward and murmured, "God bless and reward the dear children."

It was a black winter night, as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other firmly by the hands, and bending their forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on their way where they were going as fast as their feet could move.

The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Hope filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome lamp, bearing the words "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing a few minutes they pushed against the green door—it turned lightly upon its hinges—and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar room.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood near the door, and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar and said timidly to a man who stood behind it pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way,

"I don't know any thing about your father—and don't come here again—if you do I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door, with sad faces, when the person who first marked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him—

"Come here my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes sir," replied Ady.

Half intoxicated and asleep, it was with difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened and he found that Ady and Jane had each grasped tightly one of his hands, he rose up and yielded passively to their direction; he suffered them to lead him away.

"I guess you never saw them before?" said one of the barkeepers, lightly.

"No, nor never wish to again, at least in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman the lawyer."

"The one who a few years ago conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home, as they had just done, said it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him—sometimes when I see them I am almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another, "but I am afraid they are not quite strong enough to lead him back to the path he has forsaken."

"You may think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke the landlord, "but I can tell you I wouldn't give much for a mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of those who expressed interest in the little children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness—

"And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company. "And here is my hand to that," said another.

The landlord, finding that a majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silent. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the forepart of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said,

"I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult I will certainly resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I came with the design to do you a great service."

"Very well, say on."

"I was at Lawson's Refractory last night?"

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night it was only to dream of it. I have two little girls and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir, the thought of their coming out, in a cold winter night in search of me, and at such a place, makes the blood run cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected coming upon Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen by the hand of monster intemperance and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may rise yet if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babies, who have shown in so wonderful a manner, their love for you, conjure you to rise superior to that deadly foe. Reward these good children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire.—Come with me, and sign the pledge of Freedom: Let us, through strangers to each other, unite in this one act."

Half bewildered, yet with a new heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm through his, to lead him away. Before they separated both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said, in a low whisper, bending his head down and drawing them closer to him—

"You will never have to come after me again."

The children lifted up their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

Humorous Sketch.

TOO PUNCTUAL.

The hour was fast approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers, and friends of passengers, newsboys, fruit-vendors, cabmen and dock loafers, were assembled on and about the boat.

We were gazing at the motley group, from the foot of the promenade deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantions, and a fancy vest. He stood near the starboard paddle-box, and scrutinizing sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious sabb, by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang-plank and up the wharf, re-appearing on board almost instantaneously, with flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety.—

"This series of operations he performed several times, after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating:

"What's the time er day? Wonder if my repeater's fast! What's the cap'n? whar's the steward? whar's the mate? whar's the boss that owns the ship?"

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood still for a moment.

"Hain't see nothin' of a gal in a blue sun bonnet, with a white Canton crape shawl—cost fifteen dollars—pink gown and brown boots, hey? come aboard while I was lookin' for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship, have ye? hey?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lightning! she's my wife!" he screamed; married her yesterday. All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple.—

The darn'd black nigger says he can't hand it out, and I won't leave my baggage anyhow. My wife—only think on it—was to have come on board at half-past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped. We haint been married long enough for that. You don't think she's been abducted; do ye mister?" Speak! answer! wont ye? O! I'm ravin' distracted! What are ye ringing that bell for? Is the ship afloat?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will ring in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so! Whar's the Cap'n?"

"The gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the captain's side.

"Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes wont ye?"

"I can't do it, sir."

"But you must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye tax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give you tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half! he kept repeating dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely, said the captain, shortly, and turned away."

"O, yeou stunny hearted heathin!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears. "Parting man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle wheels began to paw the water, and the walking-beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang-plank; the fastenings are already cast loose.

"Leggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave ye in the dock."

"Ye—yo! shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway."

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or their'll be an ugly spot of work."

The plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled off his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

Communications.

For the Agitator. COMMON SCHOOLS—3. SCHOOL HOUSE FURNITURE, AND TEXT BOOKS.

But very little attention has been paid to this subject in our county, and considering the quality of school houses, and the onslaught made heretofore upon everything moveable about a school house, it is well that but little expense has been incurred for what would in all probability have been destroyed. What is the appropriate furniture of a good school house? 1st, a broom. 2d, a water pail and cup. 3d, a black-board. 4th, Webster's Dictionary. 5th, outline maps. 6th, a geographical globe, one foot in diameter. These, with a few cards, blocks, numeral-pane, &c., for beginners in the A, B, C's and arithmetic may be considered a very good outfit. The broom and water pail are so essential that the teacher can generally tease them out of the directors. In only about one half the houses are black-boards, or in many cases apologies of black-boards introduced. The composition to prepare black-boards is given on the 368th page of the Pa. School Journal. If teachers or directors would be to very little trouble and expense, this very great convenience would never be dispensed with in our school rooms. But there are many teachers who have not enjoyed the benefits of a black-board in their own education, and do not know how to use them successfully in a school; so the absence of them in some cases is no great loss, and the difficulty goes back of the black-board. These black-boards should not be a loose board or a single hung to the wall; but a permanent part of the wall itself.

We have not seen a dictionary or a globe in any of our schools. Teachers, have in a few instances supplied themselves with these necessary instruments of their trade. All teachers that calculate to teach two or four terms, might well afford the necessary outlay for a good quarto dictionary and terrestrial globe. Whatever be their future calling, these two things will always be useful. When the directors can be assured that such things as outline maps, of which we have met with none in the county, will be properly taken care of, they will do well to provide them. We shall have more to say of the equipment of the teacher when we come to speak of, and to them.

A part of the furniture of a school-room, with which every scholar is expected to bring his part is the text books. Our notes on this subject are in our next issue, and are very full. We have often found three kinds of spelling books, two or three kinds of readers, and as many each of arithmetic, grammar and geography. This is the discouraging part of it. Another discouraging thing is, that many boards of directors have as yet taken no measures to suppress this babel of tongues. But there is a brighter side. Some directors are acting very efficiently on this subject. A few have we think, very properly, taken the matter in their own hands, and decided on the books to be used, and authorized their treasurer to keep a depository of such books to be supplied to the schools at cost price. This can not fail to give general satisfaction to the parents, as books can thus be furnished at from 25 to 50 per cent discount on what they have been accustomed to pay.

The determining of the books to be used in the several towns in this county is a great and important business. We have sometimes thought of calling a convention of directors for this purpose, and have not abandoned the idea. The variety of books afloat for school purposes is surprising. There are ten different kinds of arithmetics used in this county. We mean different authors. About as many kinds of geographies, eight authors of grammar &c. &c. We have taken some pains by correspondence and examination to satisfy ourselves of the best books. Though we are satisfied that there is a great choice in the multiplicity of books presented to our attention; yet in the language of Prof. Hamilton, formerly of our county, "the great want is thorough, energetic, live teachers—then it matters less what authors you use. There is a choice in books, but still more, almost infinitely more depend upon the teacher, than books." He adds, "It is a difficult matter to change books," and yet after looking over the catalogue sent him of those in most common use in our schools, he thinks some changes might profitably be made. He adds further, what has always and still is a great question with us, "If it is desirable that the schools of the county should all use the same book, I should hesitate long in selecting one from among two or three first class text books in each department of spelling, reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, algebra, philosophy &c., which he proceeds to mention. As many friends of education in this county would like to see his list I will give it. "O spellers and readers, Sanders new series, Denman's and Webb's are good. Of arithmetics, Greenleaf's Davie's new, and Perkins rank among the first. Clark's and Webb's are among the best grammars. Lawrence or Robinson in algebra, and Parkers revised edition of philosophy are prominent among good books in their department." We have spoken quite extensively to directors on the subject of a uniformity of text books, and are happy to know that a healthful feeling is awaking on this subject.

J. F. CALKINS, Co. Supt.

One James Flaherty was brought up before a magistrate, in New Orleans, for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him "how could he be so hardened a villain?"

"Please your worship," say James, I was trying to get a good one."

Miscellaneous.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Forty-two pounds of nitrate of soda, has, on a quarter of an acre of ground, increased the product of wheat 155 pounds. Anti-book farmers can't farmay.

A working ox requires, of hay, 2 per cent of his own weight. Thus if he weighs 2000 lbs., he requires 40 lbs. of hay a day. A cow that gives milk, requires 3 per cent of her own weight. If she weigh 1000 lbs., she requires 30 pounds of hay.

Potash (the ley of ashes boiled down to a salt) mixed with grease, forms soft soap. For want of soda, soap makers use common salt, which is the muriate of soda, composed of soda and chlorine in about equal parts.

Alkalies—potash, soda and ammonia are called fixed alkalies. Potash and soda are called fixed alkalies, as they will not escape in gas. Ammonia is called volatile, as it always exists in vapor, unless detained by some substance, as plaster or charcoal, for which it has an affinity.

Sow good SEED.—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that he shall also reap, says the scriptures. If you wish cockle, chess, weeds and poor wheat, then sow such, and you have the promise of God, that you will reap such. Go it, you poor anti-book farmers! Verily, you will have your reward.

SUNSHINE.—The roots of wheat have been traced four feet; farmers usually plow 4 inches. Well let the other 3 feet 8 inches take care of itself. A man must be in small business to be fussing over a place for wheat roots to run. The fact is they have no right to run so far.

MANURE.—If the land is too sandy, the best manure is clay and leached ashes. It will puddle it, and render it tenacious of water. If it is heavy clay, it requires sand to render it porous. If it is a muck, it requires lime to neutralize the acid, and destroy the antiseptic or resinous quality of the soil.

WANT OF LIME.—This may be seen in heavy crops of straw, and light crops of grain. In root crops, it is seen in tops, and the roots all branches—or, as they are sometimes called, all fingers and toes. It should never be put on at the same time with manure, as it liberates the ammonia, and allows it to escape.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! What magic there is in that one word. It is the comfort of life, a calm for every ill, and next to the influence of the Bible and Religion, the most potent source of life. If in this world of doubts and shadows we are permitted to taste of the joys and brightness of the world above, it is in the enjoyment of friendship. How shall the true beauties of friendship be described? It is impossible, for any one, however talented, to portray its heavenly language. Imagination itself trembles to fill its proper duty, forced to acknowledge its inadequate powers. The poor mortal, borne down by poverty and distress, bulleing with the cares and turmoils of life, the cold smile of a still more stern and unfeeling world, turns from the scenes of his sorrow and we, turns to his only comforter, soother, and alleviator of his sorrows, and lives anew in the smiles, the hopes, and the endurances of friendship. Sitting side by side with some true and cherished friend, under the star spangled canopy of a cloudless sky, he tells of his wrongs, and of his heart broken by the sordid selfishness of an unjust society—of hopes once bright, whose golden tinted shades of hope soared upward on the wings of thought and love, but now alas! crushed like a beautiful rose under the foot of some thoughtless worldling. He tells of a mother who once taught him to read the Bible—the teachings of the Lord—to usp forth the words of praise—to love his neighbor as himself, and to live so as to die with the assurance of joy eternal—but ah! the misery of the thought—she too passed away, and he stood alone!

One by one the angels of life had been transplanted to the heaven of immortal rest. Gold with all its illusions; honor with all its gratifying thoughts; power with all its magnificent pageantry and tapestry of brilliancy, offer no balm for the bursting spirit. But when wealth, honor, distinction fail—when all that is worldly brings no relief, there is a messenger from God, an angel of mercy, whose melodious strains of peace whisper words of life, happiness, "FRIENDSHIP!"

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.

A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he had conceived a sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed the fair lady the Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—2d epistle of John, 3th—"And now I beseech thee fair lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to Ru'h, ii, 10th—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, why have I found grace in thy eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the 11th verse of the epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink but I trust to come and speak face to face." From the above interview, a marriage took place the ensuing week.—Buff. Republic.

ANECDOTE OF BRANT.—Brant, the famous Indian chief, was as notable for his wit as his bravery, and often made as good a retort as any attributed to the keenest of his white brethren. One day a bragging captain was boasting what he would have done if he had met the warrior in a certain emergency. "I'll tell you," said Brant, "what you would have done, you would have followed the example of another boaster who, on meeting me face to face, took to his heels, and never stopped till he arrived in Albany, which he chanced to enter during a great conflagration. Hearing the Dutchman cry 'Brant! Brant!'—(fire! fire!) he only ran the harder, exclaiming, 'There, that cursed old Indian has got here before me!'"

"MARTHA, have you hung up the clothes!"

"No, madam, I placed them in a state of suspension—hung in vulgar."