Make the control of t

But the land which the Purlians gave us
Should ever be free from that flour;
That we scottled all attempts to enclave us,
Nor bow'd us to placemen or power.

Wellsboro, January 25, 1856.

# Communications,

## For the Agitator: The Scarcity of Literary Men.

'Alas' how few comparatively obtain; a thorough mental discipline. As we look out over the country, we see here and there an individual fully convinced of the ignorance of man, and he starts out with the firm determination of sparing no labor that will enable him to disnel the clouds which fetter his intellectual vision, but the great mass of men, is contented to live in the dark. The causes, which lend to this sad result, are apparent even to the casual observer; and we are induced to wonder that the number of profound scholars in our land should be as great as it is.

The mind of the young is first called into action by external objects, and how few of these point toward the path of Literature, True, the child who is blessed with educated parents, may by their care and diligence and perseverence be inspired with a love of knowledge, and led on and upward step by step in the nath of wisdom, but where is the charm to fascinate the soul of him who is guided by his own judgement. Such a youth finds himself in the world surrounded by those whose chief pleasure consists in physical enjoyment, and without even dreaming that there is a higher, nobler course, crowded with intellectual pleasures and gorgeously filled with spirlium enjoyments, he eagerly unites with the popular throng, and learns too late that there is no real pleasure in dress, or in money.

The animal routine of the farmer, of plowing, sowing, reaping and mowing-the constant business pressure of the merchant, of measuring, and transporting goods-the labors o' the manufacturer, who turns the raw material into articles of usefulness, are all comprehended to a certain extent by the youth, and his innate desire of activity urges him to enter upon some of these employments as a business of life

On the other hand what is there to induce the boy, who has no advisers, no counselors, no kind friends to guide his footsteps, to pursue a literary course. He may hear of great poets, orators and statesmen, but the road they took to reach their high position will be a myster: This conceptive notions of bards and poets will bear no resemblance to the individuals who live around him. He hears persons talk o' Roman and Grecian orators, but does not even dream that they were men filled with vain ambitious notions. He sees in his imagination a few mysterious beings, lar up on the staircase of tame, but he fails to discover the steps upon which they ascendec. He reveres their power and ability, but can see no method by which he may advance toward then. Should some kind friend whisper and tell him, that it could only be accomplished only by years of arduous study, how presents greater encouragements Thus Literature is robbed of those who would otherwise become its votaries

History, however, presents a few examples which do not approve of our theory. There have been some, who without counsel and even in opposition to the advice of friends. have discovered the golden course and spent their uves in travelling in it, and they have lelt to their countries honorable deeds and honorable names. Their discoveries might have been brought about by force of circumstances rather than superior skill, but the discoveries were mad-

Circumstances in our youth do much to moule our characters and determine our spheres of action. A boy may by chance Take up the biography of some distinguished individua. He reads it without having any particular object in view, and soon learns, to his astonishment, that all great men were once pois, as full of sport and folly as those with whom he constantly associates. He has 8 vague sense of the course they pursued. His desire of improving his own being is aroused to an intensity that can be satisfied only by gratifying the desire itself-he commences study, and having once put his hand to the plow, no obstacle can induce him to turn back.. Another reason why men do not enter upon a literary life is, that they discover none of its pleasures.

knowledge is invisible. It is not addressed to our physical senses, but to our understanding. It can not be estimated unless it be expressec. The wisest philosophers dressed in simple apparrel, have often been mistaken for watters and hostlers, and the simplest ninnies for men of wisdom.

The Scythians were very much astonished when they perceived that the great conqueror of the world, whose same extended thro'out Europe and Asia, was a little man with a twisted neck; but the well trained student of Aristotle had no less influence in the world

on account of his tasignificant form., But the mind of a wise man is no barren desert. His intellectual landscape is filled with valuable treasures. His harvest fields ere always rich with golden thought. Each day he may increase his vast dominion and tender his fields more productive by constant cultivation. His stores of knowledge are well filled with some of the choicest products of earth, and of heaven; and all these he can

nse and enjoy as he sits quietly in his study. Those who think that the scholar receives nothing in return for his study-nothing for his midnight investigations, have been decerved. He possesses vast stores of wealth in the form of intellectual enjoyments-constant pleasures in the form of associated thoughts, and hours of happiness, as he rides in imagination from one country to abother COUNTY AGITATOR DOIT HHI

the paper which desires his from a constitution to take

GOBB. STURROCK & CO..

VOL. 2.

I THE ACITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM. I WAR WELL WITH

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA GOUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1856.

mingles with the wise of all ages, drinks in their virtues and is inspired by their examples -then as it were, leaps off into the future is lonesome hours, for his mind is filled with for he comprehends to some extent the vast' machinery of heaven, and the insignificance of human plans—he has no envy, for he disambitious, who seek to accomplish no object except to elevate themselves, nor the ranking astray the populace, for all such have perverted their natures, but to the humble seeker after truth, who labors and investigates that nature and apply them to human actions. He may have a laudable ambition and seek the praise of his fellow men, but he will do it by trying to render himself worthy of their praise. He may even long for the glory that clings to the names of the wisest and best men who have lived, but he will wish to obtain it only by trying to elevate man, and by performing such deeds as are worthy of com-

Could these things be understood in youth is they are in manhood, the number of literary men would be much greater than it is. But by many the lesson is learned too late to be of any advantage; and thus literature, the great moralizer of the world, can claim but few who have drank deeply from the cup of science. COLLEGE.

### Across the Isthmus.

That devoted and adventurous traveler and public benefactor, the late John L. Stevens, was one of the projectors of the Panama railroad, which may be considered the pioneer in the great inter-oceanic commercial enterprise, to be perfected by the construction of the proposed ship canal. The road was begun in December, 1850, at Chagres, but its eastern terminus was afterwards fixed at Asomwall, eight or nine miles northeast of Chagres, which has superior advantages with respect to the approach from the sea and other circumstances. It was finally completed to Panama on the Pacific, a distance of fortynine miles, from ocean to ocean, January 27 1855, at a cost of a little over \$6,000,000. according to Col. Totten, the chief engineer. Before the completion of this road, passengers crossed the Isthmus on mules, occupy ing several days in the toilsome and dangerous journey. They now cross it by railroad in four hours. On account of the defective condition of the Pacific terminus of the road and the want of suitable wharves for the direct shipment of goods, it is not yet suited to the carriage of heavy freight. The road soon he would enter upon the course; but as is owned by a New York company. Its fuit is no turns and pursues some business which ture ownership will depend upon the willingness of the Government of New Granada. to which the country traversed by it belongs, to continue the privilege temporarily granted by the present contract, which stipulates that Now Granada can redeem the privilege after twenty years from the date of the completion of the road, on payment of \$5,000.000. If it should not then avail itself of this stinulation it can redeem it for \$4,000,000 after the lapse of ten years; and if not then, for \$2.-000,000 after the lapse of ten years more; giving, in each case, one year's notice of its intention to redeem. There are five proposed routes for the ship canal; the first, from Port San Juan, on the Carribbean Sea, up the San Juan river, across Loke Nicaragua, and thence to the Pacific by different routes; the second, across the Isthmus from Chagres or Puerto Bello to Pannama; the third, from the mouth of the river Contzaconico to Tehnantenec: the fourth, from the river Choco, along the Atrato and the Naipi one of its branches, and then by canal to Cupica bay on the Pacific; and the fifth, across the isthmus of Darien. An attempt to explore another route by way of Chucanique bay, by a corps under the direction of the United States, in 1854, failed utlerly with the loss of several lives and after the most appalling hardships. It is generally supposed that the route by way of Lake Nicaragua is the only practicable one. The cost of the canal is variously estimated at from six to thirty millions of dollars. If, however, as some have supposed, it should exceed many times that amount, the outlay would be justified by the immense advantages accruing from it to the commerce of the world. A grant was made by Nicaragua, in 1849, to Cornelius Vanderbilt and others, of New York, for the construction of a canal through that State, but the work has not yet been undertaken, tho' the route has been surveyed. It was for the ioint protection of the contemplated canal by this route, that Great Britain and the United States concluded in 1850, the Clayton Bul-

> This construction is, however, denied by the British Government, and practically negatived by the continued possession of the port of San Juan, the proposed Atlantic terminus of the canal, which was seized by the agents of that Government in 1848, under the pretext of supporting the territorial rights of the Mosquito King. The continued occupation of this port by the British, in violation claim to admiration. So, if my hat and of the American construction of the treaty abovementioned, would give them the entire control of the proposed canal, it built.

wer treaty, understood by Mr. Clayton as

putting an end to the dominion of Great

Britain over the Mosquito shore.

decided by English and American statesmen. Filing party.

## Gilbert Stuart.

The Yankees have, become notorious for peoples it with another race for more elevated their question-asking propensity," yet somethin ourselves, and to be made so by the times John Bull exhibits so remarkable a decauses which are now at work. He has no velopment of this trait, we must conclude that Jonathan and John are at least cousins. A pleasing images—he has no haughty pride, good anecdote is related of Gilbert Stuart; a pt our town in a small ravine, through which celebrated American portrait painter, whose a streamlet takes its way beneath its crystal replies puzzled the inquisitiveness of his Eng. covering, and whose irrigation has produced lish traveling companion, in their attempts to tall grass, and shrubs that make a hiding.

whom were sociable and full of animation. His brilliant conversational powers attracted demagogue who labors to deceive and lead much altention, and his companions became desirous to know who and what he was. They asked many roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Mr. Stuart he may become acquainted with the laws of answered, with a grave face and serious tone. that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair.

"You are a hair-dresser, then" remarked one of his companions, inquiringly. "What !" said he; "do you take me for a

barber?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I inserred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

"O, you are a valet then to some noble-

man.' "A valet? Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant to be 'sure,' I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"O, you are a tailor?" "Tailor! Do I look like a tailor? I asa roasted one."

By this time the passengers were all in a roar; and one of them exclaimed, "What are you, then?"

"I tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured all have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oho! a boot and shoemaker, after all." Guess again, gentlemen, I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs vet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing then,"

remarked one of the party. After checking his laughter, he said to them, very gravely, "Now, gentlemen, I will that seemed to cover, like a transparent skin upon my honor, as a gentleman, bona fide my profession, I get my bread by making out and placed them again in form. The faces. He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage in a manner such as Foote or Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter, had composed themselves, each took credit to himself for having, all the while, suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre; and now they all know that he must be a comedian by profes- Bough," had concealed herself from her lovsion. But to their utter surprise, he assured er in the heart of this old tree and become them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of any theatre.-His companions now all looked at him and at each other with astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companons, "Gentlemen, you will find that all that have said of my various employments, is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush your coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you, if in need, with a wig, of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces or you."

On parting with him at the inn, they begged leave to inquire in what part of England, he was born. He answered them, "I was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for them; where then !" was their eager inquiry.

"I was born at Naraganset," was his reply "Where's that?"

"Six miles from Poltawoone, and ten miles from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the Pequots was fought."

"In what part of the East Indies is that. sir?" was the response, "East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the State

of Rhode Island, between Massachuseus and

the Connecticut River."

\*ry heavens, with a † in 1 thand a ~~ of pistols in the other. We Ndeavored to attract his attention by ling to a T in a paper desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike we held in our ( , relating 2 a young man the atal blow while he stooped for a bowl. in that & of country who had left home in a The executioner did so, but with such dexterstate of M N tal Derangement. He dropped ity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. the † and pistols from his the with the!: | fle thought indeed that a cold breath of air

my friends knew of my Dsign. I had so self hack with a shrug, his head dropped forthe Cor of a girl who refused 2 lis 10 2 me, but smiled boly on another. Imadly from the house uttering a wild to the zing it firmly rolled it at the pins. All of "aid in replenishing the exhausted Treasury god of love, and without replyin to the ???? of them fell; and the head was heard to exclaim of the Lord." Beecher seemed disinclined my friends, came here with this t & as it rebounded from the farther wall: "Hurof pistols to put a , to my Xistence. My rah! I've won the game!-Portfolio. case has no | in this §"

When a stranger treats me with want of respect, said a philosopher, I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which to say the truth have no particular coat choose to fret about it-let them, its nothing to me.

-A young American lady being asked by a

# A Singular Discovery.

We find in the Kansas correspondence of he St. Louis Republican, the following very singular occurrence of paving actually transpired doring a wolf hunt upon the prairie,

A levy days since, while riding in the rear covers at a glance, that the world is wide enough for all to act. In a word his life is one of activity and happiness. This view of a literary man does not include the vain and men who were strangers to him, but all of ished for water. Seeing me he started in full run for the forest in the river bottom. I kept upon his heels, and tried to ride upon termined she should leave the school. I him. He was almost exhausted, and just as I supposed he would give out, he slipped into the hollow of a large cotton-wood tree.

I stopped the hole through which he entered and came back to town and got an axe, and the dogs, and the assistance of Frank Mahan and William Palmer, and together, we returned to cut him out. The dogs were anxious and we were prepared with our guns to receive him.

When we had made a large hole, about four feet from the ground, the dogs jumped at it on the outside and the wolf on the inside, and such barking, growling and snapping and howling I never heard helore. 'It made the woods resound for a great distance and brought several neighbors to the spot. Things continued so for a while and we consuffed what was best to be done. We could not shoot the wolf through this opening without too great risk of killing the dogs, for he only appeared at the igside. We finally concluded to stop the hole we had made, and fall love." sure you I never handled a goose, other than the tree by cutting a narrow gash around it.

The tree came down a little sooner than we expected. Frank Mahan had the ax lifted for another stroke as it went over with a to intefere but I wouldn't let him say a word. crash. The wolf, with a bristly back and glaring eyes and glittering teeth, leaped at down, and made him hollar in short order .his throat with a terrible ferocity. The descending ax met it half way, cleaving its skull and laving it dead at his feet.

We had no time to express our wonder and congratulations at his singular and narrow escape, when our attention was called to that which filled us with amnzement, if not dread. It was a human skeleton, of medium size and of a female, hidden in the cavity of the tree. It's posture was erect, and the bones severed several joints, and we drew them all proportions were perfect and the limbs strait -indicating a contour, when in flesh, of perfect symmetry. Who could it have been, that thus perished years ngo, in this wild forest? and how came her death in this strange place? were queries that were immediately suggested. Could it have been some maiden -who, like the bride in the "Mistletoe fastened there and died? Or, in fleeing enemy, had sought this refuge? Or, in es caping wild beasts, had climbed up in this close retreat, whence she could not extricate herself? These were the natural suggestions for the skeleign fitted closely in the cavity and seemed to have been fastened there.

How many years ago this frame possessed vitality, and how many years it had inhabited this time-worn, storm-weecked tenement. and how it came there, and to what race it belonged, will remain a mystery until the fi-

nal revelation. A REMARKABLE EXECUTIONER .- We have observed several wonderful stories of lare respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead." We recall to mind however, the story of a Ge.man executioner, who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion, it happened that a criminal who was condemned to death had a singular itching to play at ninepins; and he cmplored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer; and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the gamethe pins being all set up and the howls being We once saw a young man gazing at the all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. - After a while, the sheriff observing that he showed no inclination to "It is I of whom U read. I left home b4 was blowing upon his neck, and drawing himward into his hands. He naturally supposed to subscribe to the funds of the church—or, that it was a bowl which he grusped, and seist in the language of the Reverend solicitor,

> Julius was you ever in business? . ."In course I was. "What business?"

" A sugar planter!

"When was that?"

"Der day I berried dat old sweetheart ob mine !" Hoors .- The editor of the Buffalo Repub-

lic went to walk with a fashionably dressed lady the other day, and could not get within

## The Perils of Teaching Grammar to Young Damsels."""

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

durtar Nuncy to a schoolmaster in this naberhood. Last Friday I went over to the school just to see how Nuncy and Bob was get. ting along, and I sees things I didn't like by no means .... The schoolmaster was larn. in' her things, intirely out of line of eddycation, and, as I think, improper. I stayed awhile in the schoolhouse, and heerd one class say their lesson. They was a spelling, and I tho't spelled quite exceedingly. Then cum Nancy's turn to say her lesson. She said it very spry. I was shockt I and dehave heerd, that grammer was oncommon fine study but I don't want any more grammer about my house. The lesson that Nuncy said was, nothing but the foolishest kind uv talk, the ridicles luv talk you ever seed. She got up, and the first word she sed was, "I love?" I looked rite at her hard for doin so improper but she went rite on and said-"Thou lovest, he loves!" and I reck on you never heerd such a rigermyole in your life-love, love, love, and nothing but love. She said one time-"I did love."

Then, the scholars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off and I sed, "who did you love. Nancy; I want to know, who did you love. Nancy ?" The schoolmaster, Mr. McQuilister, put in and he said he would explain when Nancy finished her lesson. This sorter proyfied me, and Nancy got on with awword. She said "I might could or would

I stopped her again, and sed I reckon l would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The schoolmaster tried He sed I was a fool and I knocked him I taukt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show him how heed larn my darter gramer.

McQuillister off in a burry, and I reckon tharl be no more gramer teaching in these parts soon: If you know of any rather oldish man in your regen that doant teach grammer, we would be glad if you would send him up. But in the foorture we will be were held together by a kind of integument | keerful how we employ men. Young schoolsouri Democrat. Tom Hood's Advice to such WRITERS

AS WOULD SEE THEMSELVES IN PRINT .- It

is more difficult than may be supposed to decide on the value of a work in MS, and especially when the hand-writing presents only a swell mob of bad characters, that must be severally examined and re-examined to ar-1 rive at the merits and demerits of the case, him from a position of considerable wealth. o be candid, I have more than once rev or greatly modified a previous verdict, on seeing a rough proof from the press. But, us editors too well know, it is next to impossible to retain the tone of a stanza, or the drift of an argument, while the mind has to scrabble through a patch of scribble scrabble. as slift as a worse cover. The beauties of the prece will as naturally appear to disadvantage through such a medium as the features of pretty woman through a bad pane of glass; and, without doubt, many a tolerable article has been consigned hand over hand to the Balaam Box for want of a fair copy: Wherefore, O ye Poets and Prosers, who aspire to write Miscellanies, and above all, O ye palpitating Untried, take care, pra ye take care, to cultivate a good, plain, bold round text. Set up Tomkins as well as Pope and Dryden for a model, and have an eye to your pothooks. Some persons hold that the best writers are those who write the best hands, and I have known the conductor of a magazine to be converted by a crabbed MS. to the same opinion. Of all things, tice in penmanship. If you have never learned, take six lessons of Mr. Carstairs,-Be sure to buy the best paper, the best pens, and then sit down and do the best you can as the school boys do; put out your longue, and take pains. So shall ye happily escape the rash rejection of a jaded editor; so, having got in your hand, it is possible that your head may follow; and so last, not least, ve may fortunately avert those awful mistakes of the printer, which sometimes ruin a poet's sublimest effusion by pantominically transforming his roses into noses, his angels into angles, and all his happiness into pappiness. -Hood's . Own.

THE LORD'S STOCK .- An eccentric individual of our acquaintance, a Beecher-but not of the Divinity family-was once asked to furnish the solicited aid, and raised numerous and pertinent objections, which were all answered, when, in his sharp, querulous tone, said he-"We read in the Bible, do we not, that the cattle on a thousand hills are the Lords?" "Yes;" was the prompt reply of the Dominic. Well," queried the old infidel, "why the d-I don't he sell off his stock then!!" The solicitor retired, like a sheep before the shearer.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling hypocrife of whom you shall beware,-Whether or not this occupation shall con- boring politician which party she was most nine feet of her person on account of the There's no deception in a bull dog,' It is hoopely, the consenses to layben your back is turned,

Mr. Editor: I have been sending my

Sez, I. "who did you love?"

I got the nabyrs together, and we sent Mr.

therefore, be legible; and to that end, prac-

wälked into one of the largest wholesale dry deods houses on Broadway and entirely decreased a the university of the sautherous salesman, do inspect the latest patterns, he etrode, into the pounting room, where the heads of the establishment were sitting in. solemn, conversation ... After taking a cursory .. glance of the room, and surveying attentive. ly the faces of its occupants he asked with an unctuous Yankee nasal twangs

Have you got any Walls. A tall, gawky looking countryman, during the height of the business senson last fan,

"Say, yeou-got any nails?" "Nuils, sir, nails !" repeated the most dignified Domhey of the firm. "No, what should we do with nails?"

"Wal, I dunno - thought may be you mought. Haint you got no nails, eh!"
"No sir," replied Dombey again with an

emphasis, motioning to the door.
The individual in search of nails, took his ime about it, and then left the counting to ma in turn, he asked every clerk the same question and received the informationaling from all, hat "nails" formed no part of their establishment.

ent, "Well," said he, going towards the door, 'don't keep nails here, no how ?"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he had a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding towards the entrance, and asked him abruptly what he wanted.

" Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails?"

"Nails, no sir. You have been told again and again, that we've got no hails-so you'd bettr go.

"Ain't got any nails, eh? Wal, then, jest look a here, mister, if you hain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in if you'd happen to have the itch!"

### "I Did as the Rest Did."

This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as.

the rest did" has ruined thousands. A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the tavern or gambling room,

or other haunts of licentiousness. He dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, equanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same sitnation of life, do so and so, are indulged in this and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers, and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble.-Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did,"

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughter genteely. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, and dance and several other useful matmasters won't do, especially if they teaches ters. In time they marry: their husbands not play the fool with you, but will tell you, the entire frame. The jar of the felled tree gramer. It is a bad thing for morals. unable to support their extravagance and Yours till deth, Thomas Jefferson Sole. Mis- they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. " The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, I did as the

> An Honest Man, - Many years ago there lived on the bank of the Penobscor, just at its confluence with the dark waters of Kenduskeng, an eccentric old man named Bodge. Misfortune and Rum had reduced Print settles it, as Coloridge used to say, and The people there, especially those who had known him in his better days, had a sy thy for this decayed old citizen, and were not disposed to criticae his somewhat eccentric conduct with much particularity. Moreover, whatever failings he had, Old Bodge was a man of truth. There was a theory that he would sometimes steal, but he scorned to he. This was a distinction upon which he stood with something tike oride,

One summer afternoon there came up upon the lazy tide, the old schooner which was then the chief communication with the metropolis, and among the crowd of men and boys waiting her arrival on the shore; was our friend. A worthy deacon of the village church took him aside and informed him with his business-like frankness, that he had a large variety of merchandize on board, particularly a lot of fine salt fish ; and he proposed to give Bodge five of the latter, with the understanding that he was not to take anyhing else.

Bodge hesitated. "It was a hard case; but if the deacon would allow him to select nine of the best fish on board, he would pass his word," and so the compromise was made.

It was a larger cargo than Bodge expected. The shades of evening began to fall before it was half ended, and opportunity seemed to serve better than he had supposed. He repented his bargain but never thought of forseiting his word. He lest a course like this to his betters; but he deliberately brought back the fish he had received, laid them on the wharf and said-

"Deacon, I've brought back those fish .-The fact is, I think I can do better!"

COMMON-PLACE WOMEN,-Heaven knows how may simple letters from simple minded women have been kissed, cherished and went over by men of far more fostier intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creaturs, who seek to allure by their accomplishments or dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them-her woman's heart. This s why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power, pass by the De Stacls and Corinnes, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing in the world to make her worthy of him, except that she is - what so low of your celebrities are—a true woman,

A country parson had a singular peculiarity of expression, always using the phrase "I flatter myself." instead of "I believe." Having occasion to exhort his congregation tinue, is a yexed question to be hareafter in favor of, replied that she preferred a wed circumroundaboutiveness of her extensive long the cur, that speaks up, and bites you during a revival, he fluttered himself, that decided by English and American statesmen, eding party.