

THE AGITATOR.

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

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"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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For The Agitator.

EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

BY MISS M. L. DOUD.

There is no love, however gay and bright,
But knows a shade of care;
There is no eye, of pure and lustrous light
But knows the burning glare.
There are few hearts that within their doors
Scarcely feel the grief;
Where the proud spirit sits alone, and weeps
The woes it will not breathe.
Far down the spirit's deep of doops there lie
Great griefs of golden thought;
A thousand forms of gorgeous imagery,
Which the blind world sees not.
And in its silent chambers, many a joy
Sleeps on its early bier;
And of the rolls time cannot destroy
Falls many a burning tear.
And how the hopes have withered, droop'd and died,
While bursting late bloom
And the pale phantoms of lost pleasures, glide
Around their early tomb.
Ye know not, as ye mark the smiling brow,
Or watch the sparkling eye,
The griefs that weigh upon the spirit now,
Though veiled when ye are nigh.
Deal gently, then, with every human heart—
Add not one drop of woe
To the full goblet,—which a rose's leaf
Might cause to overflow.

Select Miscellany.

From the New York Ledger.

THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The night had shut in with snow, and by nine o'clock the wind which drove gustily from wood to meadow, and from meadow to wood, had piled a great drift against the door of a small tavern, where sat three men around a bright a wood fire as ever, with its red sparkles, drove away the thoughts of a black and stormy night.

The snow was of that fine and flinty quality which strikes against the traveler's face like needles and the wind of that prying and familiar description that ruffles and tumbles hair and garments, turns umbrellas inside out, and causes the luckless wayfarer to peep about him for the friendly glimmer of some wayside light.

Our travelers were therefore nothing surprised when the door opened and a stranger entered. He was a little pale-faced man, with a quiet look; and having placed his small bundle noiselessly on the floor, and brushed the snow from his thin cloak, he advanced toward the landlord and inquired in a voice singularly sweet and modest whether he could be accommodated with lodgings.

"No," answered the host, in a tone meant perhaps to be only decided, but which was in reality rude, greatly beyond the requirement of denial, for in truth he liked not the threadbare garments and altogether unpromising appearance of the stranger—besides, his entrance had interrupted a charming story which one of the three accommodated travelers was relating.

"I suppose your little tavern is already crowded," said the pale, little stranger, speaking sweetly and modestly as before, "and I ought to have known better than to intrude—pardon me, my good friend"—and stepping toward the candle, which shone across the well-spread table, he took from his pocket a lank purse, and with one hand shook out of it half a dozen pieces of silver into the palm of the other. The frozen expression about the landlord's mouth began to thaw into something like a smile, as he said—

"Perhaps, if one of my guests should consent to share his bed, I might manage," and the gentlemen at the fire began to draw back their chairs, so as to widen the circle.

Not heeding these friendly premonitions, however, the stranger selected the price of a night's lodging and supper, and presented it to the landlord saying, "I looked through your window, my good sir, and in imagination warmed at your fire, and feasted at your table—take what I owe you, for though you blessed me unwearily, I am none the less your debtor."

And having said this, he closed the door softly, and stepped out into the snow. The landlord sat down, grim and troubled—the candle began to grow dim, and the fire which a little while before had blazed so high and so bright, to fall together and darken.

"I wish the young man had cursed me," said the uneasy landlord, breaking silence, at last. "Instead of leaving me this silver," and rising with abrupt energy, he threw the money out into the snow, as if the holding of it burnt his hand.

"I can appreciate your feeling, my dear sir," said one of the three travelers, unbending his great coat and drawing a long breath, as if to relieve himself of some troublesome thoughts. Then striding the fire, he answered the looks of inquiry directed toward him by saying, "One stormy night like this, when I was a lad somewhere about ten years old, there was a knocking at the door, and I ran to open it, supposing I knew who was coming, for we lived in a secluded country neighborhood, and were not likely, especially after night, to see strangers. When, therefore, I saw by the light of the candle I held in my hand, a tall, gaunt fellow, with great black eyes, hugging a rifle within one arm, and a knapsack in the other, I drew back with a manner that was unmistakable—the stranger grunted, and there was a smothered rattle in the circle about the fire. My first glance at the stranger, as he stepped within the door, was one of flushed and fiery indignation. He returned it with a respectful nod, but there were some twitches about the corners of his mouth that showed me how much he enjoyed my confusion."

"He proved to be an adventurer—a young back-woodsman in search of his fortune, which he hoped to find as the 'third man' of some farmer. The night was as wild as this, and it was soon agreed that the young man should remain with us till morning, and his proposition meanwhile be held under consideration."

"During the evening, I was the object of many a satirical shaft—and the young man, whose Christian name was Bartlett, suggested that I was admirably calculated to hunt bears. To keep a steady eye upon one of them critters, he said, and step backward from him, just as I had retreated from himself, was the true way to cow them down."

"You might imagine that my first prejudice against him was deepened considerably by this and kindred allusions, and that I parted from him for the night with feelings bordering very closely upon hatred. I lay awake, I remember, trying to compose a challenge, and selecting from among my school-mates a boy who I thought would have courage enough to present it. To make the story short—my father hired the man—he was to perform such farm labor, errands and chores as were required of him, and to receive for a term of three months of this sort of service twenty-five dollars, having also his board and washing, but that's neither here nor there. For the life of me I could not overcome my first dislike, but it softened somewhat, and I delayed my revenge indefinitely."

"The first week of Bartlett's apprenticeship I was busy most of the time in a small shop adjoining the stable, where harness and tools of various kinds were kept, in an attempt to make a handsled—which was the greatest object of my boyish ambition. Once or twice, when Bartlett stopped at the door, I slammed it in his face, and by other little attentions of the same nature gave him to understand that any amicable relations between him and me was altogether out of the question."

"At last the sled, a rude and clumsy affair, was completed, and hung up on a peg opposite the door.

"After supper I went to view my treasure once more, and to persuade myself that it was better than it was, for I had not equalled my expectations, and was very much dissatisfied, notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary."

"What was my surprise and indignation to find Bartlett curiously examining my clumsy mechanism?"

"My first impulse was to shut and lock the door, and having once done it, I was ashamed to undo my work, but went suddenly to the house, resolved that I would return when it was quite dark and set my prisoner at liberty. The key of the padlock was still in my hand when I entered the house, and for the need of doing something I slipped it over my finger, and began swinging it about. Naturally enough, I lost control of it presently—it flew across the room and hit my father in the face—he quietly put it in his pocket, and sent me to bed in disgust. I might have stepped on the rack as well—not once did I close my eyes, and such fearful imaginations as haunted me, heaven grant I may never be troubled with again."

"The night was intensely cold—the workshop was open, and in the best winter weather decidedly uncomfortable—perhaps Bartlett would freeze to death! The more I thought of it the more likely it seemed to me that he would; then, of course, I would be taken to prison, and in the end either have my head cut off, or be hanged! I wished I had never seen Bartlett, and above all things, I wished I had not locked him up in the workshop! That night was so long, I thought I could have walked around the world before the first glimpse of daylight. Be sure I was up at cock-crowing time, and at the door of the workshop a minute thereafter, trembling in every limb. I listened, but not a sound could I hear. Bartlett was, no doubt, past making any noise. At length fear lent me courage, and I called—no answer; then I knocked and shouted—still no reply. At last I fell on my knees and wrung my hands, and prayed with all my might. The cold was certainly very intense, and my cheeks were stiff, as with the whitening daylight pressed my face against the cracks of the door, to see if I could discover the corpse of Bartlett."

"Presently my eye began to distinguish objects, and it was not long in fixing itself upon one—not Bartlett, but the most workman-like and beautiful new sled imaginable, hung up in the close neighborhood of my poor and unsatisfactory one."

"While I stood lost in wonder and admiration, I heard a footstep, and turning round, stood face to face with Bartlett, who, safe and sound, was coming into the barn-yard to attend to his morning work. He seemed not to observe me particularly, but went about his chores as if nothing had happened."

"Shame, mortification, and sorrow weighed me to the earth, and in spite of the desperate effort I made to divert myself, by picking the burrs from the tails of the oxen, I finally burst into tears."

"Why bless me, my little man, what is the matter? Are you freezing?" exclaimed Bartlett, approaching me; and dropping from beneath his arms two bundles of oat-straw, which he carried preparatory to feeding the sheep, he began to chafe my hands, while he bent over me in the tenderest and most affectionate manner."

"I am not freezing, Bartlett," I sobbed at last. "I am crying because you worked in the cold and made me such a nice sled, and after I had locked you up, too!"

"O never mind the locking up," said Bartlett; "if I never have a worse jailer I may thank my stars—but come, let us try the new sled!" and bringing it out of the workshop (he had the key in his pocket) he placed me, together with the two bundles of straw upon it, and away he ran, dragging me after him, down the hollow, and up the hill to the sheep-pasture, my fine new sled dividing flocks of gobbling turkeys and gabbling geese, as we went."

"After that you may be sure that Bartlett never did the morning 'chores' alone; and ultimately the morning of the sled was not more firm than that which joined our hearts."

"How did he escape from your prison?" asked one of the three travelers, with a peculiar expression of face which showed that some secret feeling of his own had found sympathy."

"Ah, I forgot that," replied the storyteller—"in one end of the workshop there was a window not much higher than the ground than a man's head, from which I always supposed he let himself down; I never really knew, for the subject was one which I was very careful not to revive. I would give a great deal to see Bartlett now; musingly concluded the traveler. It must be twenty-five years since we parted; but I have the little sled at home in a state of perfect preservation."

"Ha ha," laughed the third traveler, who had hitherto sat silent in the dimmest corner. "I am very glad to hear it, sir, for I considered it quite a triumph of ingenious workmanship, at the time; especially in view of the circumstances under which I wrought—my only light being manufactured from a rag and cup of grease, previously used for brightening up the harness!" As he finished speaking, he arose and shook hands with the storyteller, so heartily, that all present must have recognized by the generous maker of the sled; even without the confirmation of words.

The landlord punched the fire with terrible energy, and having turned toward it, back and face repeatedly, said as he hastily drove on his overcoat—"its no use!—all the fire in the world could not make one warm while that poor young man is out in this miserable storm." And opening the door without more ado, he dashed out into the night and the snow.

"Your story reminds me," said the second traveler, "of an early experience of my own which has probably had a greater influence on my life and character than any other single event of my life, but the confession involves a degree of guilt on my part which I might well shrink from, were I not sure that it links itself to no similar transgression anywhere along my subsequent life."

"Your face sufficiently attests that," remarked the old sled-maker, encouragingly, and the third traveler went on: "When I was about thirteen years old there came to live in our neighborhood a rich man—a General Brown. He had wife, children, and servants—horses, carriages, and dogs; but of these I have more especially to do with two—one of the daughters—a beautiful and saucy little girl of ten years—and one of the dogs—a beautiful and saucy little puppy—the latter, the property of the former."

"I was a poor boy, but independent in disposition, and perhaps from a sense of disadvantage, a little insolent in bearing—especially towards my superiors. It happened that I passed General Brown's house twice every day as I went to, and returned from school, and this little puppy barked at me regularly, morning and night, with a degree of malignity which I construed into a pointed insult from the whole family—especially from Miss Jenny, the mistress of the offending puppy. She was often in the door-yard, and it appeared to me that she took pleasure in the belligerent manifestations of her favorite. One day when she flew at me with unusual demonstrations of ill will, I shook my fist in her face, which so angered him that he followed me some distance down the road snapping at my heels. Seeing that Miss Jenny was watching us from the grass-plot, and apparently enjoying my retreat, I picked up a sharp stone, and sent it at the young tiger with such force as to send him back limping. Truth is, I construed the ill-manners of the puppy into an insult from all the members of General Brown's family, as before remarked."

"The spirit of Pet, for so his mistress called him, was not at all subdued by the blow I had given him; on the contrary, I found him more troublesome than before, and once when he took me at disadvantage and startled me into a betrayal of fright by growling suddenly at my heels, his pretty little mistress clasped her hands in a most provoking way."

"That day I determined on revenge, and it was not long in coming—I stole the dog, and sent him out of the neighborhood! Two years afterwards he was brought to me, as noble a specimen of his species as ever was seen. He soon grew very fond of me, and I, notwithstanding my old dislike, came to believe he was the best and bravest creature in the world."

"I had seen Jenny Brown a great many times, meanwhile, for as she rode in her carriage to the academy, and I walked behind to the district school at much about the same hour, it not unfrequently happened that we met, but we had never bestowed upon one another so much as a recognizing glance."

"When the weather was unusually fine, Jenny would sometimes walk home in the evening. Upon one of these occasions, and by one of these ordinations that mete out justice to all, my dog, that I had named Snarler, in remembrance of his old tricks, flew at the little girl and bit one of her hands severely. Forthwith he was reported mad, and the indignation of the whole neighborhood was directed, not only against my dog, but against myself—"What business had the little rascal to keep such an ugly great brute, at any rate?" was the general exclamation. Some went so far as to say it was a pity it had not been me who was bitten instead of the dear little girl, while others declared that they only waited the opportunity of salting their own dogs upon me. Poor Snarler had to pay with his life for his bad behavior. 'In vain I pleaded for him—in vain I proposed to confine him

so that he could do no farther harm, for I could not at first be persuaded that my brave and beautiful favorite was really mad. Public opinion ran against me with such desperation, however, that I was forced to yield, and indeed my own fears were so wrought upon by reports of Jenny's critical condition, that I would scarcely have objected to lay my head on the block. My apprehensions were carried up to the point of distraction almost, when I learned that the great Dr. —, who lived fifty miles distant from General Brown's had been sent for to visit his daughter. Night after night I lay awake, and I cannot think that the sufferings of any martyr who ever felt the fire's wrapping about him a sheet of flame, can have exceeded what I endured."

There was one reflection of peculiar bitterness in the circumstances—I had stolen the dog! then, too, by causing him to forget his mistress, I was the occasion of his bringing her to the most horrible of deaths."

If there had been in the neighborhood a confessor to whom I might have gone with the terrible truth that was pressing the very life out of me, it would have been the greatest imaginable relief, but with that awful secret stifled in my heart, it seemed to me that I must die. When it was told me one day that Gen. Brown had just driven up to the door of our house, in his carriage, I positively trembled with agitation and fright—and even after he had shaken hands and spoken kindly with me, I could not help fearing he had a hangman's rope concealed beneath his cloak."

"He came, simply to ascertain our opinion as to whether the dog was mad or not, and also to assure me of his deep interest in me, and sympathy for me. 'Suppose you ride over with me,' he said, when he was about to take leave; 'it would be a great relief and comfort to Jenny to hear you, yourself express the belief that the dog was not mad.'"

"I was an awkward youth, and my embarrassment rendered any sensible apology utterly out of the question, and if the General had asked me to accompany him to London, I must have done so."

"Through a great hall, and up a wide staircase I was conducted, seeing nothing distinctly, but feeling almost overborne by a dim consciousness of magnificence, and thence into a room of such luxuriant elegance of furnishing, as might, I thought at the time befit a queen. There reclining on a low bed, pale almost as her white dress, was the unfortunate Jenny. She lifted herself up when she saw me, and, reaching forth her hand, smiled so sweetly as to make my evil doing seem darker than it had ever seemed till then. I thought she was an angel, and I a devil, and resolved that I would not add hypocrisy to my other wickedness. I stripped off the mask the first moment I found myself alone with her, and showed myself in all my evil deformity. Hearing the footsteps of her father approaching, she hurriedly, and with a look of sweet trouble in her face, lifted up one little white hand, whispering at the same time the softest of hushes! There was something in the tone and the manner that unlocked a deeper depth in my heart than had ever been touched before—something that said as plainly as words could have said it—"don't let father know how bad you are—I don't care anything about it."

"A secret of any sort between two young persons is dangerous—we found this one of ours so, extremely, for it led to another one before long, the revealing of which would have been the spoiling of all our happiness. When Jenny was fifteen, we were engaged, Mrs. Gen. Brown's decision to the contrary notwithstanding. She had brought her husband a good deal of money, and though she had chosen a man with no fortune whatever, she was violently opposed to having her daughter follow the example she set. What the result was you can all guess—we stole away one rainy midnight, and at sunrise were man and wife; and Jenny, God bless her, notwithstanding the bite of the dog, has never to my knowledge been mad for a single instant."

"And were the old folks ever reconciled?" asked the first traveler.

"Heaven only knows," replied the happy husband. "I have never seen the face of either of them since—but I have no doubt that our runaway match was the best thing that could have happened—it threw me upon my own energies; fortunes smiled, and I rather think," concluded our traveler, leaning back in his chair complacently, "that I could buy Gen. Brown's grand estate to-day, without much inconvenience to myself!"

"And his good will you always had," exclaimed the old sled maker, coming out of the shadow in which from the beginning of the story he had been sitting, and shaking hands as heartily as he had done with the first traveler. "How is Jenny? how is my little runaway?—bless her dear soul!"

Tears were in the old man's eyes, as he spoke, which neither of the younger travelers thought incompatible with the dignity of his grey beard, as they fell and glistened upon it.

At this juncture there was a great stamping at the door, and the next instant it opened and our host entered, followed by the little pale man, smiling at the good fortune which had overtaken him. If the storm howled after that, nobody heard it, and four more general travelers never sat down to a good supper with better appetite, than did those who write of, and never landlord brushed the cobwebs from old wine bottles with a ready hand, than did our host of the wayside tavern."

TRIZOR is continually the precursor of truth; we must pass through the twilight and its shadows; to arrive at the full and perfect light of day.

Communications.

For The Agitator.

The Location, Construction and Maintenance of Common Roads.

An eminent engineer and writer says on this subject, that, "The common roads of the United States are inferior to those of any other civilized country. Their faults are those of direction, slope, shape, surface and generally of deficiency in all the attributes of a good road; most of which arise from a want of the true principles of road-making, or of the advantages of putting them into practice."

The faults of direction and slope are invariably connected, for if there is a fault in the latter it shows a fault in the former, as the slope is increased or diminished by the direction of the road in ascending that slope.

As there is always more or less hill to be overcome in every route, we must consider how much hill, or how steep a slope is admissible, and how these can be overcome to the best advantage.

There is a variety of opinions concerning the greatest allowable slope, varying from three degrees to as high as seven or even ten degrees. Those who laid out our old roads seemed to have had no limiting angle, and in fact, no fixed principle of road-making at all, but like Marshal Wade had "formed the heroic determination of pushing their way through, and of defying nature and wheel-carriages both, in one valiant effort of courage and science."

Many times they seemed to act on the principle that the bafe of a kettle is much shorter when turned in a vertical position than when lying horizontal; and to such an extent was this often carried as to make the road absolutely more crooked to keep within this all important principle. They introduced Hogarth's "line of grace" on every possible occasion, and often remind us of how

"The king of France with forty thousand men,
Marched up a hill, and then marched down again."
But because roads were laid, having steep slopes in them, it is no reason why we should adopt that in our new ones, or even follow the old ones, as if all their makers did was as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The greatest allowable slope varies slightly when considered as an ascent or a descent. In the latter it should never exceed the "angle of repose" in mechanical science, which is the angle made with the horizon by the steepest plane, down which a body will not slide of its own accord, its gravity just balancing its friction, so that the least increase of slope, or the least force applied, will cause the body to descend with a uniform and unaccelerated velocity. This slope will of course vary with the nature of the surface, being much less on a smooth than an uneven one. But as we earnestly look forward to an improvement in surface, it is best to take such a surface for our data, as would do credit to any community to possess. On the very best class of broken-stone, or plank roads kept in the best order, this limiting slope is, according to experiments by Sir Henry Parnell, 1 in 35, or falls 151 feet to the mile, which therefore should be the maximum on such roads, and if this slope be much increased, the speed must be slackened or there is danger of injury to the animal or carriage. If the slope is increased so a carriage cannot be driven down it with safety at a greater speed than four miles an hour, there is evidently a loss of ten minutes in every mile, and therefore it would be true economy in time saving to adopt a level route three times as long as the steep one.

Considering a slope as an ascent, its maximum will vary according to the amount of extra exertion a horse can put forth. This is not very well ascertained or defined, and depends very much on the length of the ascent, but is assumed by Gayffer to be double his usual exertion. Assuming the same class of roads as before, it is found that on such a load on a level is about one-third-fifth of the load, and if the horse is capable of exerting twice that amount, the slope that would require that extra power to overcome the force of gravity, is found to be just 1 in 35, hence on this hypothesis, this would be the maximum. These two results become equal because the amount of extra exertion is assumed as double the usual force of traction, although for a very short hill, a horse is capable of exerting six times his usual force, still about twice his usual exertion seems the most reasonable. Hence the greatest allowable slope, should never exceed 1 in 80, or 1 in 35, which is one degree and fifty-eight minutes, or one degree, fifty-five minutes.

The laws of Pennsylvania fix the slope at "five degrees whenever it is practicable, (except at the crossing of ravines and streams) where, by a moderate filling and bridging the inclination can be kept within these limits." (See Roads, Highways and Bridges, Sec. A, Art. 3d.) This angle gives us a slope of one in eleven, upon which, the same force of traction will draw only one quarter the load that can be drawn on a level road, of the same quality of surface.

The passion for straightness which is the predominant one at present, is too apt to make the viewers think it is "impracticable" to keep the road within the limit of five degrees, and thus it is we have many roads with slopes of from three to eight or ten degrees. The writer quoted at the commencement of this article says, "It cannot be too strongly impressed on the road-maker that straightness is not the highest characteristic of a good road, but should in all cases be sacrificed to make a road level, or less steep," which may often be done without at all lengthening the route. For instance, let half an egg be laid on a table, and let it be required to draw a line from one end to the other passing over

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the top. This line would appear straight when drawn on a map, while a level line traced round the base of the egg would appear crooked, and of greater length, while both are equally crooked and of equal length. But suppose the apparent straight route to be the shortest, but to have a number of steep slopes, would it be an advantage to lessen these by a moderate increase of length? The "merest tyro in road-making must answer in the affirmative. Then, how far may we with strict economy increase the route? This too, will vary with the amount of friction assumed, but "as a general rule," says Gillespie, "it may be increased to avoid an ascent, to at least twenty or thirty times the height of the slope." Thus if a road up a slope has a horizontal distance of 500 feet, and a rise of 100, that is a slope of 1 to 5, it would be good economy to adopt a road 2000 or 3000 feet longer in its stead, if such a road is level, or in that proportion to obtain one of an easier slope, which can be done either by winding around the hill or ascending the slope by a zig zag line. One of these methods should always be adopted on slopes greater than our maximum. By the latter method any desired grade may be obtained, as the line can be made of any length, exceeding the line directly up the slope.

Thus we see the advantages of making curves instead of straight lines for roads in this hilly region. Colveridge says,

"Straight forward goes
The lightning's flash, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball."

But adds in striking contrast:

"The road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines."
More in the future, C. L. HOYT.

What Makes Old Maids and Bachelors.

We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognize as not outraging the truth of nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, but alas! not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As time passes on, she gradually deepens into old maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Una making a sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections, after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains that most melancholy of all spectacles—a nature with aspirations unfiled. In the next house lives a bachelor—young, open-hearted and generous. Busy in the struggle of life, he has perhaps no time for parties; he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially; a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners at first prevents him from coming in contact with womankind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it is the fact, that some men are much more afraid of women than women are of men, and fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism. Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stones gather in his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has all this time divided these two people. Society does not allow them even a chink, which, like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple, instead of two miserable units.

KILLED MORE THAN HIS MAN.—You have heard of Dr. Thompson, the waggish proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, in Atlanta, in this State. Well, once upon a time, two gentlemen, (one decidedly under the influence of spiritual presence, and the other approximating the same condition), stopped at the Doctor's hotel. In consequence of some extraordinary manifestations on the part of the "lightest" gent, he soon found himself "nigh unto a muss" with the Doctor. His friend, however, carried him off before matters had reached a crisis. After stowing him away, the friend returned, and accosting the proprietor, said very emphatically, "Sir, you have been treading on dangerous ground; that man is not to be trifled with, sir; do you know, sir, that he has killed his man, sir?"

"Killed his man," says Thompson, with a voice like a thunder clap, and a most intense expression of contempt upon his pith, "By Jove! sir let me inform you that I have practiced medicine for twenty years, and you mustn't attempt to frighten me with a chap who has only killed his man. Bah! sir, it won't begin to do." The fellow "collapsed," and forthwith settled his bill.

A neighbor of ours, not long since, introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother, who had just arrived in this world, which all agree in abusing, but none like to part with, even in exchange for a better. The boy looked at his infant brother with some perplexity, and then raising his eyes to his father, inquired—"Where did you get it?" "Bought it, my son," exclaiming the father, with a laudable gravity. Again the boy looked at the baby, and after a short time, anxiously asked, "Why didn't you pick out a white one, father?"