Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

3 months. 6 months. 12 no's
1 Square, (14 lines.) . e2 50 \$4 50 \$6 00
2 Squares. . . . 4 00 6 00 8 00
½ column. . . . 18 00 30 00 40 00
All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all linds of Jobbing done in country establishments.

Posters, hinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humble shadows hover Over the starry spheres, And the melancholy darkness Gently weeps in rainy tears, 'Tis joy to press the pillow Of a Cottage-chamber bed, And listen to the patter Of the soft rain over head.

Every tinkle on the shingles Has an echo in the heart, And a thousand dreamy fancies Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof, As I listen to the patter Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, As she used to, in years agone, As she used to, in years agone,
To survey her darling sleepers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
I can see her bending o'er me
While I hear the soft refrain Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little scraph sister, Mith her wings and waving hair,
Mith her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherab brother,
A serene angelic pair,
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise of mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me

With her eyes delicious blue, And I forget gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue;
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to puin, And the hearts quick pulses vibrate To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in Art's bravuras That can work with such a spell In the spirit's pure deep fountains, Whence the holy passions well, As that melody of nature, That subdued, subduing strain Which is played upon the shingles By the patter of the rain.

Initiating a Domestic.

Mrs. Walter Fairfield wished to initiate a new domestic in the secret of doorkeeping. "You will be sure, Biddy, and not suffer a person to stand long in the vestibule without answering the bell."

"Certainly not, ma'am, may it please your ladyship."

"And there will be ladies calling, Biddy, about whom I must give you certain instructions. I hope you will learn to discriminate character. All is not gold that glistens." "And don't I know that by the brass-pin Michæl O'Flathery gave me of a Thanksgiv-

"Biddy, there will be a young lady very genteelly dressed, with a pink drawn hat and ever she inquires for me be sure and say, 'she

"Riddy looked wild-."And what else should I say if you're gone mistress ?" "But that's not it, you stupid girl; at any rate you are to say I am out, even if I am in my parlor chatting with a friend."

"And to another who comes in a brown velvet hat and marabout feathers, and short satin cloak, you are to say the same, 'she

Biddy nodded assent, and awaited further

"To a young lady who calls with a music book under her arm, I am out. To a young gentleman with a little file of papers, who has a large quantity of whiskers about his face-recollect, Biddy, to him say, I am out -yes, out of the city for a few days. To an elderly lady who is dressed in black, who will demand very uncivilly to see me, be sure Biddy, and say to her, I am out."

"Lord help me, ma'am, and to whom shall I say you are in?"

First let me see your power of memory. To whom, Biddy, have I directed you to say

"To the man so very hairy-to the sun like woman in black-to the pink hat and the velvet one."

"Right, Biddy; you certainly promise well-now be sure and practise as well. All other ladies who may call from twelve to two, be sure and admit them in the farther drawing-room."

Biddy courtesied. "I think," replied Mrs. Fairfield to her husband that same evening, "we shall have a treasure in this young Irish girl—she really seems to have a good understanding." Mr. Fairfield hummed a tune to the words, "when I can read my title clear," &c.

The next morning a gentleman called and inquired for Mrs. Fairfield. He had huge whiskers, but Biddy concluded it was not the young man she was warned not to admit, so she threw open the drawing-room. "Say to Mrs. Fairfield, Mr. Sykes has called.

"Mr. Sykes, why Biddy, that is our minister; just uncover the mirror in the front rocm-it looks hideous, and the minister will not observe what you are doing in the distance,"

"I called, Mrs. Fairfield, to secure your valuable aid in inducing housekeepers to patronize Mrs. Wheeler's Intelligence office.-Mrs. Wheeler is a member of our church, and a very worthy woman, dependent on her own exertions; she will select only those females whose moral characters are well established."

"A worthy object, Mr. Sykes! I certainly will give it my warmest encouragement. Of course she will secure no places for those given to theft, lying, and similar vices, and this will make quite model homes for us all. The practice of artful deception, Mr. Sykes, has caused me unparalieled mischief. Church members and all others, ought to instill sound principles into domestics."

Mr. Sykes admired the Christian spirit that pervaded Mrs. Fairfield's discourse .-

HRAGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. IV. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, 1857.

The bell rang, and a young man inquired for Mrs. Fairfield. Biddy bowed him in also; but not a sign of a name would he give as to

"Is he light complexioned, Biddy ?"

"Yes, ma'am, baring his hair." "O, I know who it is," and all compla-cency and smiles, Mrs. Fairfield entered, when lo! Mr. Simonds had called for the payment of a Parisan head-dress, amounting to the sum of ten dollars, worn at Caradori's last cencert! She could have killed the Irish girl for admitting him.

The next morning the lady in the pink hat called, and Biddy of course let her in,

forgetful of her orders. "Mrs. Fairfield, I have brought you Miss Ellen's tuition for dancing three quarters-

seventy five dollars.

Mrs. Fairfield put it in the card rack, remarking that "she would show it to her husband"-and again gave Biddy a tirade for disobeying orders.

Finally the lady in deep black called, and bade, me say she was out." The woman looked imploringly—"will you say to Mrs.
Firfield that that small bill for making a dozen of shirts for Mr. Fairfield, is again presented, and must be paid,"

Biddy did as the woman directed, but the poor seamstress had to wait a little longer. And Biddy was that day dismissed for "stupidity and want of discrimination."

Mrs. Fairfield, in future, is going to Mrs. Wheeler's office, to procure good, truthful, honest help; for she says it is a duty she owes to the woman, on account of being connected with her in the same church. Shesays, moreover, she must have a new cloak similar to Mrs. Blair's, which only cost fifty dollars; so the dancing master, and the seamstress, and the music master and the French milliner, must wait, for she has already expended twice that sum over, when her husband had given it to her expressly to pay these bills; but she still maintains, like many nominal Christians, that one must dress fashionably to be respected.

Elder Fawsil on the "Speerits."

Elder Spike of Hornby, Me., has written letter to the Portland Transcript describing the doings of the Elder in Hornby. We do not see how any one can resist the Elder's

"Elder Phine-as Fawsil preached agin is last Sabberday. It was a great aoutburst of the Elder's, an gin comfort to many. I do suppose that Elder Fawsil, when he's fairly the divil ever wrasled with t don't raaly spose he'd be a bit more affected of Belzebub, of a yerlin coalt. You orter hear him talk of the divil-jest as easy and famillyer as though he knew he'd got the critter under his thumb, an' was sartin he had holt of him whar the hair was short. But I was goin to say suthin of this last sarmint of hisn.

"The Elder laid daoun seving pints, at proved em all. "Fust. Specritocalism is the works of

Satin. "Second. Its the tow jints, worked by odd

force an vitalized super carbonick electric "Phird. (This pint I didn't get holt of egzactly, he not speakin very legibly-but it

was ither Mesmerism or Mormonism, but it dont matter much, as which ever it was, he "Fourth. Its Annymill magnitudes.

"Fifih. (This pint, nythey, I-cant give verbunkum: but it was some kind of a bug -saounded suthin like Jewn-bug.)

"Sixth. Ef it war speerits, they war evil ncerits...

"Seventh. Thar is no speerits, no-how. "The discourse was chock full of Scripter bearing on the several pints, an hysterical facks-for he's just as larned as he can be, an I do actorally bleve, of by accident, (he wouldn't do it noinly,) he should get any more into him, he'd bust right up! he'd handle them great Greek and Latin words in sich a way that nobody can understand, just as easy as I kin say caow, or tater, or any other simple household word.

"He said this sort of thing was nothin new to him. Alluded to the Witch of Endor, an the hogs which got the divil into them. At this pint the Elder went off on a target about pork-said it was pis'n-that ef the divil ever got aout of the pesky hogs he'd got in agin naow, in the shape of whiskey sweetened with strucknine. Then he tuk up the meejums, an the way he made their feathers fly is a solum warnin to all wrappers. Said thar want a second hand chaw of terbacker's difference atween em an that ere Simeon Magog spoken of in Scripter. Then he struck aout into abaout the allmightiest pea roar-rashun ever heern in this subloonary spear. He actooally seemed to take the divil right up by the tail, an shake him like a cat. would a mice. I beant much of a poick an dont run much to imagenation, but-I swan stay here." Accordingly he dismounted,to man—I eenjest thought I could hear the He deposited his saddle bags in the house, and old critter holler, as the Elder whanged and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the cuffed him abaout. Ef I war in his place, mother and daughter were debating the point I'd think twice abaout it, afore I'd go smellin

raound agin within the Elder's reech.' Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts of learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment and sinks us into contempt. The path of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; shelled Baptist." one artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, He wished all his church was as worthy; but we are left entangled in our snare.—Dr.

A Capital Story.

Some years since an eccentric old genius, whom for convenience we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having "progressed" downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going out early to his work, that the well had essen-tially "caved in" and was full nearly to the top. So having the desire, which men have, of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his hat and frock upon the windless over the wall .-At length breaklast being ready a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family as-Biddy made no scruple to say "my mistress sembled, it was decided first to eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did inappropriate, and accordingly he was allowed not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what was

to be seen. Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain. 'For," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin; and in the day of iudgement it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come out in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that "it would be a useless expenditure to his family or the town to disinter him when he was so effectually buried," and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife thought that as "he had left his hat and frock, it would be hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain.

But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, laid quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape; then he quietly decamped to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for about three hatless and frockless as he went) at the door that gloomy court-room.

If the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig "What have I said to wound your feelthe unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upom him as to his mysterious re-appearance, &c., would old man bore it all quietly, and at length told that I should live to be suspected in influence them that on finding himself buried, he waited for them to dig him out, until his patience than I can bear. Send me to prison, now, was exhausted, when he set to work to dig and I won't object." himself out, and only the day before had succeeded; for his ideas being confused by the pressure of the earth, at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he had come out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river!

No further explanations were sought for by who were so distressed and sorrowful over his, as was supposed, final resting place.

A HARD CASE. - Poor people have a hard matters of religion there is a vast difference between Lazarus and Dives, as the following anecdote, sent us by a friend, will illustrate: "Old Billy G- had attended a great revival, and in common with many others, he was converted and baptized. Not many weeks afterwards, one of the neighbors met him reeling home from the Court ground with a considerable brick in his hat. "Hello, uncle Billy," said the friend, "I thought you had joined the church?" "So I did," answered uncle Billy, making a desperate effort to stand still-"so I did, Jeems, and would have been a good Baptist if they hadn't treated me so everlasting mean at the water. Didn't you hear about it, Jeems?" "I never did."— "Then I'll tell you about it. You see, when we come to the baptizing place, thar was me and old Jenks, the rich old squire, was to be dipped at the same time. Well the minister tuck the squire in fust, but I didn't mind that much, as I thought it would be just as good when I cum; so he led him in, and after dippin' him under he raised him up miley keerful, and wiped his face and let him go out .---Then cum my turn, and instead of lifting me out like he did the squire, he gave me one slosh, and lest me crawlin' about on the bottom like a d---d mud turile l"

A TRAVELER called at nightfall, at a farmers house-and the owner being away from home they refused to lodge the way farer .-"How far, then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodgings?" "Oh! if you are a preacher," said the old lady, "you can as to what kind of a preacher he was. "He cannot be a presbyterian," said the one, "for he is not dressed well enough." "He is not a Methodist," said the other, for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist." "If I could find his hymn-book" said the daughter, "I could tell what sort of a preacher he is." And with that she thrust her hand into the saddle-bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, perfume. she exclaimed-"La! mother, he's a Hard

The Christianity of the Bible is very different from the popular Church Christianity of the present day. Which is the best?

An Indignant Boy.

A youth about 16 years of age named Richard O'Neil, was arrested and brought before the Police Court, yesterday forenoon, charged with stealing a bottle of wine, valued at 50 cents. The case excited considerable attention from its magnitude, and some half a dozen fledgling lawyers volunteered in his defence, but the lad had probably read the papers, and knew that a young limb of the law always managed to get his client in the State Prison, the House of Correction, or else heavily fined, so he rejected the offers with lofty disdain, and expressed his intention in a whisper, to Officer Ingalls, of "going in and winning."

O'Neil is as sharp featured as a child weaned on vinegar, and appears about as bright. He seemed in excellent spirits when his name was called by the clerk, and in a loud and distinct tone declared that he was not guilty of the crime alleged. Officers were called to testify in the case, and their evidence seemed conclusive; but the judge thought a few questions by the prisoner, not to ask them.

"Will you swear that I took the bottle?" asked young vinegar of the officer who arrested him.

"I found the bottle on you," was the reply. "Will you swear that it was windfin the bottle?" asked Richard, with a sardonic grin. The officer stammered, and was evidently confused. The boy saw his triumph, and his grin was expanded into a horse laugh, that was promptly suppressed by the officers of the Court.

"That's a pretty witness," sneered Richard; "I'm accused of stealing a boule of wine, and yet I'd like to see the first proof of the charge. Get down, spooney, leave the police, and get into the rum business.'

The Court rebuked such shocking levity, and inquired of the youngeter whether he had drank any of the wine which it was alleged he had stolen.

'I beg your pardon, sir, but what did you ask me?" inquired the prisoner, earnestly. "I wished to know if you drank any of the wine!" repeated the Court, blandly.

For a space of five minutes, the boy looked at the Judge, apparently too astonished to speak. At length his haughty bearing gave way-he turned from the bench, and with his head bowed upon his breast, burst into tears, years, one morning he suddenly appeared and sob after sob disturbed the stillness of

ings?" asked the Judge, in a mild tone.

"I don't mind being accused of stealing the wine," said the boy, digging his knuckles in-

Instead of a prison, he got fined \$5 and costs, and the last our reporter saw of him, he was trying to induce Officer Ingalls to hold his jacket while he went round the corner and got the money .- Boston Herald.

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. - A gentle man in Twelsh street, who is in the habit of sending his boots to be blacked, could not find his understandings one day sent his little son to the darkey's cellar, but he returned, saying it was shut up. The gentime in this little world of ours. Even in theman went himself in his slippers, and after rapping some time, he heard a noise inside. Presently a window opened and Cuffy's head poked through.

"I want my boots," said the gentleman. um," replied Cuff. "Fac' is, I is give out, bursted, failed, broke clean out, jammed up, split, I is."

"But, Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots.' "Cuff, finding his customer rather riled

up, poked one of the boots out of the window and said-"Massa, I isn't tellin' no lie. I is clean bust, and no mistake. Ise taken an' ventory of my 'fecs, and as I b'lieve, on the honor of

a gentleman, dat I shall be able to pay fifty cents on a dollar, I is willin' to gib up yours now. Dar it am. Take de boot." So saying, he slammed the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slipper, with

his boot in his hand-his fifty cents on a dollar. "My Son," said an indulgent father to his

only representative of himself, "you should lways think three times before you speak. One day, as the father and son were standing at the fire, the father's coat tail caught without him noticing it.

The son thought he would think a little and said:

"Father, I think." "Well, what, my son ?"

"But father, I think." "What do you think?"

"Why, father, I think your coat tail's on fire," cried he, getting out of the room for fear of feeling his father's cane.

Gratitude adorns the believing soul,-Praise is comely for the upright." thankful heart must needs be a happy heart. Let us then cultivate gratitude. It is one of the fairest and most useful flowers in the garden of the soul-it should be the first to blossom and the last to fade, in every believer's breast. Its presence is always company. pleasant, and its odor sweeter than the richest

in the vault to make a show.

"Off mit his Head."

A breathlessly excited individual, save a late number of the San Francisco "Morning Calli rushed into the police office yesterday and inquired for the chief. "What do you want of him?" inquired an

NO. 11.

impassive officer. "I vants," said he with a Teutonic accent. "I vants ein baper to kill a tam tog vot pites

me in te leg.' "Ah, you wish an order of execution issued

against a vicious canine," said the officer. "No I tussent vant no such thing. I vants a baper to tell me to kill te tam bup. He pites my leg so pad. I have got te hydrophobe, and will kill him, or I goes mat, too." "Ah, now I see," said the impassive tem-

with force of arms against the dangerous ani-"Mein Gott; no-dat ish not vat I vants. I vants to Jeaf to give me license to kill te. tog. I vants him to make me baper so ven I kills to tog he can nicht go inter de police and swear against me."

perament; "you require authority to proceed

"The dog?" "Nein, nein-not te tog-te man vot owns te tog. You see if I kills him-

"What, the man?"

"Nein-te dog. Und te man sue me for de brice of te tog, den I vants ter law on mein side, d'yer seo ?"

"Oh, yes!" said the officer, who was quietly chuckling at the caution evinced by the German, and intent on exhausting his patience, "then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so the ani-

mal may not again attack you."
"No, no! Hell for tam! you gits everything by the tail," cried lager beer, who began to think the officer was quizzing him.-"I dink you want to make chokes of me .--Tunder and blizen! I vants shustice, not chokes. I vante to cut te tog's head off, and if shustice will not give me a baper, I cuts his head off anyhow."

And the lover of sourkrout started to leave the Hall; but meeting the "Jeaf uv bolice" at the door, he conversed with him in the German dialect, making known his wants, and received an order to execute the vicious

As he was going out he met the impassive officer.

"All right?" he inquired.
"Yah, all right. I goes straight off to te owner of te tog and kills him."

"What, the owner?" "No, te tog. You make tam fool of your-self by saying tog ven I means man, and ven

I means man you say tog: Now you gone to ler tuyvel!" and the German incontinently "Good to Make Men of:"-A gentleman once asked a company of little boys, what they were good for ? . One little fellow prompt-

ly answered: "We are good to make men of."

Think of that, my young friends; you are good to make men and women of. We do not mean-nor did that little boy-that you men and women. No, we mean a good deal hat will be respected and useful-that will help to do good in the world. No one, who the world better, deserves not the name of man or woman.

You should not forget that, if there are to be any men and women -any that descrive such a name-twenty or thirty years hence, "Sorry to form massa dat you can't hab they are to be made of you who are now children. What a world this will be, when you grow up, if all only make men and women! Will you not ponder this subject, and "Show yourselves men?" "Good to make men of." What kind of

men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? for doubtless there will be such .-It may require a little self-denial, and hard study, and hard work; but such a character is cheaply purchased at that price-and such a character we wish all our readers to bear. - Youth's Companion.

LOOKING GUILTY .- Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to any honest man's cheek in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse-which turned out to be his own property.

Sore Joke .- The following joke going the rounds in the Western papers is too good to

The Superintendent of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad discharged a conductor belonging to that road. The conductor was asked why he was discharged.

"Well!" said he, "I was discharged for giving a free pass." "Well, you see," replied the conductor, "]

got tired riding alone, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to go along for

The conventionalities of the world say to Tom, Dick and Harry. "You shall not do President of a western bank rushes up to as you please-you shall only do as we his friend: "Charley, can't you give me allow you," and Tom, Dick and Harry pass change for a dollar? I see the bank super. the mandate round to all the others. Why change for a dollar? I see the bank superthe mandate round to all the others. Why mouth I am sure to put my foot in it " and intendent is in town, and I want some specie this is sheer despotism! Well, it is nothing she drew a deep sigh as she spoke, indicating else.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. It is intend-LAR pet annum, invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.

The Advance is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post office within the county limits, and to those living within

within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

Businesa Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$4 per year.

Our Correspondence.

QUINDARO, K. T. July 14, 1857. FRIEND COBB: The great topic in Kansas just now is the land sales. The people are assembling en masse from all parts of the Territory at Oswakee, on Grasshopper Creek, where the sale of the Delaware Trust Lands commence to morrow. This is without doubt, as good land as can be found in Kansas. A large portion of it is occupied by "squatters," and it is feared there will be some fighting going on. Many will be obliged to give up their claims for the reason that they have not the money to pay for them. Pennsylvania lands have one advantage over the lands here, in that, you can cultivate both sides. It is a mystery to me why people stay in the east among the hills, where they just barely make a living, when they can come here and get such beautiful land for \$1,25 per acre. One acre of this soil is worth any five of Pa. for raising corn. There are thousands of vacant claims yet to be had; but the sooner a person comes, the better. Many come here with the expectation of finding a claim in sight of Law. rence; but as they fail to do this, get discour-

aged and leave the Territory. Kansas is destined soon to become a densely populated State. It extends from the great waters of the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and is the great geographical centre of U. S. pussessions; joining Nebraska on the North, Missouri and New Mexico on the South, nothing will prevent her from becoming a great, wealthy and prosperous State.— She has tich soil, beautiful flowing streams, vast and wide spreading prairies, and coal and iron is found in abundance.

We are having a very dry season here, and crops are suffering very much. I was informed a day or two since that corn is now six feet high on the prairies. This is a warm climate; in the warmest weather I am informed that the mercury goes up to 110 .--A gentle breeze is blowing here all the while, and the heat is not so oppressive as in the east. While I am sitting at my window writing, I can look across the waters of the Missouri, and glance at the beautiful scenery in that State which has fought so nobly agninst the Freedom of Kansas. It does not seem possible that such a beautiful State co'd be owned by Border Ruffians. They have been triumphant a long time, but their work has now ceased. Nearly every boat that passes up the River, has more or less U.S. troops on board; bound for Utah. A train is expected to leave Leavenworth to morrow, the 15th.

July 18th .- A Delegate Convention was held at Topeka on Wednesday last, to nomigates were present. Lawrence has been of ganized into a City government, and Gov. Walker has gone there with four hundred troops to oppose them. He issued a proclamation from Leavenworth on Wednesday night last, and ere it reached the citizens of Lawrence the troops were more than half way there. It is impossible to tell whether are merely good to grow up to the size of he was drunk, or insane, at the time of writing that proclamation. He accompanied the more than this. You are to make persons troops to the City of Lawrence at 2 P. M. vesterday, where they camped on the to site. Gov. Walker is taking the wrong course. is not useful, and who does not seek to make He is denounced by the pro slavery party. He is satisfied that it will be a sore job for him to try to collect taxes, and he has said several times privately, that he should make no attempt. No one can tell what he intends to do; nor does he know himself. It would take about half a dozen such Governors as him to enforce the Territorial Laws. Considerable excitement prevailed in Doniphan a week or two since, between the Free State and pro-slavery parties. Companies were organized and Gen. Lane took charge of the Free State boys, and the Border Ruffians armed themselves for the contest. Fortunately, the trouble was settled.

The Kansas Zeitung, a new German Free State paper, has just been commenced at Atchison, by Dr. C. F. Kob. It will battle for the Right, faithfully, and help build up Kansas a Free State. But I have not time to give you a longer letter now. I will write again as soon as convenient. Yours, F. A. ROOT.

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister. who proceeded to inform the gentleman, in rather positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added: "I have experienced that change and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" asked his companion. "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eyeing him very attentively, "! shouldn't think it would hurt you to be born oncê more."

A funny old gentleman down in Maine, who was one of the trustees of an academy. lately attended the examination of the scholars, and made and address to them. He enlarged upon the inducements to exertion here in this country, and encouraged the bays to make themselves distinguished.

"Some of you," says he, "may make a Washington; some of you may make a Jefferson; any of you may make a Pierce."

"Well," said Mrs. Partington, the other day as she was engaged with her knitting work, "I wonder if I shall ever be able to express myself correctly. It seems to me E never can use the right word. Every time I undertake to say anything, I make some & blunders or other. Whenever I open my that her mortification was inexpressible.