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How I Came to be Married.

It is notorious that Bachelors, like Jews are a persecuted race. Their most active persecutors (I speak of the bachelors—I am a persecutor of the Jews myself) are those who are bound in the bonds of wedlock, and who will persist that everybody shall be "both almost and altogether such as they are," including "these bonds." I was a victim of this persecution for I dare not say how many years, and for a long time was the special care of a society instituted in Connecticut (my native State) for the "conversion and coupling of single men and women."

It was plain from the beginning that I should have to give in. I was a marked man.—Stephen Pearl Andrews could not have saved me. But I fought long and manfully against my fate, and fell at last under circumstances which it was impossible to resist. Let the reader judge.

During the long period of my single life my most intimate companion was a young man by the name of Driggs, who was one of my classmates in college. Now, if any one of an antihetical turn of mind will describe a character the exact opposite of what is called a fast man, he will describe my friend Driggs to the life. He was the slowest man in the world—slow in thought, slow in speech, slow in gait, slow in everything but eating, drinking and paying his scot. But though slow, he was sure. Whatever he undertook he accomplished. You could no more move him than you could move a mountain; but he would move you, or anybody or anything at will. How he did it nobody knew, but there was no resisting him. He asked nothing and got everything. He came upon you when he had an object to gain (as he generally had) unawares, and without observation, and moved steadily on, as though drawn by a million or two snails, who could not be hurried on any account whatever; but on the other hand, he couldn't be stopped, and carried everything along with him. One day he resolved to marry. He went to a farmhouse, told the farmer that he wanted his daughter, told the same thing in the course of conversation to the daughter herself, and the next week came in a one horse chaise, took the young woman to church, and got the minister after sermon, to marry him to her, which, of course the minister did without asking a question; he would as soon have questioned his off-deacon.

As Driggs "never told his love," or anything else for that matter, his friends found out that he was married by reading the announcement in that beatific corner of a village newspaper, decorated (very appropriately) with a transixed heart. None of us were surprised, for nothing that he could have done would have surprised anybody. We all thought that he should like to have seen the courtship. He managed the matter in his own way. He didn't "pop" the question like a cool headed lawyer; and the poor girl doubtless said "Yes," because no mortal could have met that stolid face of his with a "No," and the one and a half (I repudiate the idea of the equality of the sexes) were forthwith made one—and that one, Joseph Driggs.

Now Driggs had an affection for me, and a devotion which nothing could shake—not even sitting up with me a fortnight when I had the chills and fever. It was his firm belief that I couldn't take care of myself, and that he was my special providence. He was resolved, therefore, whatever happened, to "put me through"—not that he ever used so fast an expression, but that was his idea to put me through. Being the exact opposite of himself, he took, or, as Fanny Kemble would say, cottoned to me. He was the best scholar in our class, and helped me through all my troubles, though in such a droll way as to make me half suspect that I was helping him; in fact, I got the credit of so doing, though I don't now remember ever having helped me in any other way except through an occasional dinner. And having seen me safely thro' college, he determined to see me safely thro' life. Indeed, I found out the other day, that he had actually secured a place for me at Greenwood, and had composed my epitaph!

Now, a part of his plan, it seems, was that I should marry; but understanding the weak point in my character, he knew very well that I should never fall in love with any woman whom I was at all likely to obtain, though he gave full credit to my sensitiveness (another weak point) to female charms. Unfortunately, I had always found those women most charming who were married, or, at any rate, engaged. The question was, how to obviate this difficulty, for marry I must, if I had to be chloroformed into it. It is needless to say that this resolution on the part of my friend was never even suspected by myself, else he had surely been foiled, and Miss—had now rejoiced in the name of Mrs. Crawfish! In fact, though he was always speaking to me about my future, he never once alluded to marriage. I often led him up to the subject, but he didn't appear to like the look of it: it was like leading a horse that had just been drinking to a spring; he would glance at it, pause for a moment, and then turn his long head round at me, (very horse-like that), as much as to say, "How stupid you are!"

Well, about six months after Driggs had set the example he meant I should follow, I met him in Broadway, with a lady on each arm, and looking for all the world like a steam tug being towed down stream by two little yachts. "Yacht No. 1," said I to myself, is evidently Mrs. Driggs. What a splendid woman she is, to be sure! What luck some people have in this world! What could she have seen in Driggs? Yacht No. 2 I didn't much like, I approved neither her cut nor rig; she looked too much like a

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

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smack. I had just got this ridiculous idea of the smack in my head when I came full up to the party, and hailing Driggs, asked him where he was bound, and (sotto voce) how he happened to be under such charming convoy? The result was an immediate introduction all round, one of the ladies turning out as I had supposed, to be my friend's wife, and the other her sister—Miss Thorp.

"Will you join us?" said Driggs; "we are going to take an ice cream?" Nothing of course would give me greater pleasure; so I offered my arm at once to Miss Thorp (though not without a look at her sister which said plainly enough that I had no choice in the matter, else, etc.) and in a few moments we were at Melhair's, where we spent nearly an hour—my friend Driggs in such unusual spirits that twice he positively smiled, and I the unhappiest and awkwardest of mortals. The only moment I enjoyed was that spent in congratulating my old classmate, and consequently complimenting his wife, who looked—well, if I must say it, looked divinely. But my chief attention had to be paid to Miss Thorp, whom I decided at once to be very pert, very homely, very matter of fact, and in a word, (under the circumstances,) a great bore. Still, I departed myself gallantly to her, spilled but one spoonful of cream upon her dress, and doubtless gave her the idea that she had made a most favorable impression. Ice cream finished, conversation run out, and the hour growing late, we separated, and Driggs invited me to come the next day and dine with him, the invitation being cordially seconded and thirded by the ladies.

Now, was ever a man in such a fix! I was positively in love with Mrs. Driggs! In love with my friend's wife! I had never seen a woman who came so near to my ideal.—She had all the bloom of the country and all the grace of the city. She was intelligent, refined, and (I had no doubt) accomplished. Her hands, to be sure, were rather large, but their whiteness was ravishing. And then what a neck, and what teeth! Such expression too! Her smile, instead of being confined to her lips, reached to her very eyes; indeed, eye and lip, cheek and brow, all contributed their part to it; and when it grew more and more animated, until at last it broke out into a clear ringing laugh, why it seemed as if her happy soul, no longer able to contain itself, had broken loose and flooded her whole countenance!

As for Miss Thorp, I hardly gave her a thought. I really had not noticed her enough to know the color of her eyes. I don't believe I looked her fair in the face the whole evening. The idea that she was single, perhaps free, and that possibly my friend Driggs imagined she would "do for me," prevented my taking the least interest in her. The only feeling I had in respect to her was that she ought to have been Mrs. Driggs, and that Mrs. Driggs ought to have been Mrs. Crawfish; and I pitched into the Fates that it was not so. What right had Driggs, a slow, dull, unromantic creature, to up and marry an angelic, seraphic being like Kate Thorp? Who would dare to talk to me after this about matches being made in Heaven?

Twice I wrote a note to my friend, pretending that circumstances—"circumstances over which I had no control" would deprive me of the pleasure of dining with him, but in neither instance had the resolution to send it.—The fact is I was conscience stricken. Suppose a second sight of Mrs. Driggs should make me love her still more—should "feed my guilty passion," as the gossivets say.—But was it my fault that I loved her the moment I saw her? Again, if I am so made that a certain combination of feature, a certain air, a certain feminine make up, in fine, a certain style of woman, set my heart on fire, am I to blame for it? To all my conscience replied, "Fool that you are, do you not know that you love that woman only because she is another's? That if she were single and attainable you would not perhaps, deign to look at her? That, in truth, her beauty had nothing to do with the matter, and you ought to cure yourself of this terrible propensity of coveting what is another's?" But I appealed to conscience to answer me if Mrs. Driggs was not the most beautiful of women! If, therefore, I could help admiring her? If Driggs himself did not introduce me etc? But it was of no use; the little monitor stuck to its text and I stuck to mine—and went to Driggs' dinner.

To tell all that passed that afternoon and evening would require a three volume novel. Driggs alone shone as he never shone before, and seemed to be the happiest man in the world. Why should he not be, I asked, with such a wife? After coffee, we had singing. I had heard Jenny Lind and Grist; but what were they to Mrs. Driggs? I verily believed that she would sing them off the stage. Miss Thorp sang also; but to be frank, I took her powers for granted, and retired to the other parlor with Mrs. Driggs. And there for hours (so the clock said, but it seemed incredible) we talked about every imaginable subject—about the weather, the country, the city, the opera, the fashions, the last new novel, about poetry and sentiment, and love—until at last one of my hands, without the slightest consciousness on my part, had slipped into hers, and the other I verily believe was about to clasp her to my heart, when in came—Driggs! My hands were transferred to my pockets in a second, and I shrunk from my friend as if I had been stealing his silver.—I had not said a word to his wife (so at least she has told me since) which was not perfectly proper; but I felt as if I was the blackest villain in the world. Judge however, of the state of my brain, of my utter bewilderment, when, as I stepped to the window to hide my emotion—or to jump out, were it

necessary—I overheard the lady saying to my friend:

"My dear, what a charming man Mr. Crawfish is! How intelligent! He has read everything. And then how beautifully he talks; and how affectionate he seems. Ah! If I had a husband like him I would be perfectly happy."

This was terrible. I had made her discontented with her husband. It was too much to bear; I seized Driggs by the arm, hurried him into the hall, owned up to him my villainy, asked him a thousand pardons, promised never to cross his threshold again, and then rushed for my hat, when, with the most imperturbable coolness he walked between me and the door, looked me quietly in the face, and said:

"My dear Crawfish, be calm. Come with me into the garden and let us settle the matter at once."

"Settle the matter! What, fight with my old friend Driggs, the dearest friend I have in the world, and fight with him on his own premises! Never. I own up that I have grossly outraged you and beg your pardon if necessary, on my knees. Moreover, if you—"

"I tell you again, my dear friend, keep cool."

By this time we were in the garden, and Driggs, forcing me into a chair, continued thus:

"Now, Crawfish, be quiet and listen to me, while I too, make a confession. I have a secret to tell you. All right!"

The words "all right!" relieved me immensely; but what manner of man was this who could use them under such circumstances? The mystery was soon solved.

"My good fellow," said Driggs, in a tone severe but kind, "do you really fancy you love Mrs. Driggs? Don't be afraid to answer; tell me honestly and truly. Remember, you have met her but twice, and it may, after all, be nothing but a mere caprice."

"My dear Driggs, you are cruel. Why torment me thus? Have I not made a clean breast of it and confessed it all?"

"Then you do love her. Good! I believe you. Listen, now, and hear my story. I sympathize with you most profoundly, for I, too, cold as I appear, know what it is to love, and to tell you the truth, do this moment love—love with my whole soul—the lady to whom you have hardly spoken a word this whole evening."

"What, Miss Thorp! Impossible! Compared with your wife, she is not worth a th'! Why—"

"Hold, my friend, not so fast. You may praise your own love as much as you please, but not a word against mine, for know you I not only love that lady, but she loves me in return, and, in fact, is my wife."

"Your wife!"

"Yes, you duncie, and any one but a crazy pate, like yourself, would have discovered it long ago. So, my good fellow, if you really love her sister, now is your chance."

I did love her; it was my chance, and I improved it; so the reader knows how I came to be married, and, I may add, why I now love my friend Driggs more than ever.

AN APPEARANCE NOT SET DOWN IN THE BILLS.—On the first night of Cooper's engagement at Cincinnati the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play: The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the inside of a play-house. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the duke and senators; the audience was unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box where a gentleman handed her in without ever taking his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about her for a moment, as doubting whether she was in her proper place, until casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It was probable this circumstance alone would have induced her to take the step she did; but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal much more sociable; and as fate would have it, just at the moment, Othello looked nearly towards where she was standing, and said, "Here comes the lady." The senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona, when lo! the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on the stage, and advanced towards the expecting Moor. It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the duke and senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation; even Cooper himself could not help joining in the general mirth. The uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who handed her in the box helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

—Burlington Encyclopedia of Wit and Humor.

IRON TOES.—A man who can endure to have his corns mashed without grumbling is undoubtedly possessed of a heavenly disposition. One of these true Christians being at a political meeting, he said, in a pleasant manner to a big burly fellow who was standing upon his toes:

"My dear sir, are you not a miller?"

"No sir; why do you ask?"

"Why, sir, the fact is, I thought you were a miller, and a very honest one, too, for you have been grinding my corn this half hour without taking toll."

Anecdote of Aaron Burr.

The interest which Col. Burr took in the education of youth, has before been alluded to. He always had a protegee in training, upon whose culture he bestowed unwearied pains and more money than he could always afford. The story of Vanderlyn, that most distinguished protege he ever had, was one he often related in his later years.

He was riding along in a carriage and pair one day during his Senatorial term, when one of his horses lost a shoe, and he stopped at the next blacksmith's to have it replaced. It was a lonely country place, not far from Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y. He strolled about while the blacksmith was at work, and, returning, saw upon the side of a stable, near by, a charcoal drawing of his own curriole and horses. The picture, which must have been executed in a very few minutes, was wonderfully accurate and spirited, and he stood admiring it for some time. Turning round, he noticed a boy a little way off, dressed in coarse homespun clothing.

"Who did that?" inquired Burr pointing to the picture.

"I did it," said the boy.

The astonished traveler entered into conversation with the lad; found him intelligent, though ignorant; learned that he was born in the neighborhood; had had no instruction in drawing, and was engaged to work for the blacksmith six months. Burr wrote a few words on a piece of paper, and said:

"My boy, you are too smart a fellow to stay here all your life. If ever you should want to change your employment and see the world, just put a clean shirt into your pocket, go to New York, and go straight to that address," handing the boy the piece of paper.

He then mounted his curriole and was out of sight in a moment. Several months passed away, and the circumstance had nearly faded from the busy Senator's recollection.—As he was sitting at breakfast one morning, at Richmond Hill, a servant put into his hand a small paper parcel, saying that it was bro't by a boy who was waiting outside. Burr opened the parcel, and found a coarse, country made clean shirt! Supposing it to be a mistake, he ordered the boy to be shown in.

Who should enter but the Genius of the Roadside, who placed in Burr's hand the identical piece of paper he had given him. The lad was warmly welcomed. Burr took him into his family, educated him, and procured him instruction in the art which nature indicated should be the occupation of his lifetime. Afterward, Burr assisted him to Europe, where he spent five years in the study of painting, and became an artist worthy of the name.

While Burr himself was wandering in Europe, Vanderlyn was exhibiting pictures in the Louvre, at Paris, and received from Napoleon a gold medal, besides compliments and felicitations from the Emperor's own lips. Vanderlyn did all he could for his benefactor in Paris; but unhappily he had the successful artist's usual fortune—poverty embittered by glory. He afterwards had commissions from Congress, and painted the well known "Landing of Columbus" for a panel in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. He also painted the portraits of Col. Burr and Theodosia from which the engravings were taken by which their lineaments are now known to the public. Vanderlyn died only five years ago at Kingston, near the spot where he drew the charcoal sketch which decided his career.—Parton's Life of Burr.

ANECDOTE OF WESTERN STUMP SPEAKING.—The system of canvassing and electioneering, as it is carried on in the South-west, affords much that is amusing as well as instructive. We find in the "Editor's Drawer" of Harper, for December, a rich joke said to have occurred in a canvass in Tennessee, between the Hon. Cave Johnson and Major Gustavus A. Henry. As the story runs, Major H., in reply to an allusion of his opponent as to his manner of shaking hands, said:

"I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential squire, we spent the previous night at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it was all important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the Squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak next morning, and thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on "a light fantastic toe," singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn yard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face ruddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze, was holding the 'cow by the tail'! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfited and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region."

A CHANCE FOR AN INFERENCE.—In passing down one of our back streets, a few days since, says the Mobile Advertiser, we overheard a colloquy between a couple of darkies, and were just in time to hear the following:

"Now, look 'ere yer, Charley, Jim must be an honest nigger, and then agin he mouset; but if I was a chicken, and ' knowed that he was about 'de yard, I tell yer what, I'd roost high, that I would."

Communications.

For the Agitator.

Education and the Educator.

BY J. WALBRIDGE.

The infant comes into life an ignorant and weak being, and morally incapable of distinguishing right from wrong; and since education implies the development of the whole nature moral, intellectual, physical, and social, in order to complete its destiny—to accomplish the end of its being, these weak organs must be made strong and vigorous; these often neglected mental and moral forever must all be awakened, unfolded and trained. The child no sooner has existence than the mind expands itself for the reception of knowledge. Its bodily framework by proper exercise acquires strength and development, and thereby fulfils the design of its Creator. No person can become strong intellectually unless he taxes his physical powers in the same ratio that he does his intellectual. A sound mind requires a sound body, and vice versa. Either should not receive a divorce at the expense of the other.

As respects the moral training—the time to commence such a course of discipline is not of little consequence, for no sooner does the intellect begin its action than the sentient nature follows closely and perseveringly in its train. It cannot be doubted by any one but that the development of the head and heart begins essentially at the same time. As the mind is continually operative as a matter of course, it receives and incorporates into itself moral principles either right or wrong. The child is endowed with faculties which fit it for grasping great and comprehensive principles, yet, it is by nature a helpless creature. Its dormant powers must be drawn out, must be developed, before the mind can know its own nature, its own acts.

The mind in its first stages is wholly destitute of any actual knowledge; hence arises the necessity of education, and its object should be to educate the whole nature of man. Education is not limited as many suppose to the mere training of the intellectual faculties, the moral and physical as well as the mental should also be subjected to severe and continued discipline—these should not be suffered to remain neglected, but should be aroused and put into effective operation. Can it be possible that a man can be a mental giant and at the same time a physical dwarf? Can it be possible that a person can be a complete man while he is deficient in moral principle? What is the condition of that man who has a strong and vigorous body and at the same time does not possess sufficient intelligence to know his duty to himself, to his family, and to the community in which he lives.—

What signifies the word power? to him who does not know to what purpose to apply that power of which he so vauntingly boasts? Brute force does not make the man! great physical strength must yield the palm to superior intelligence. Now what is intelligence? A great many have defined it—a great many constructions have been given to this simple though important word—yet, its meaning is well understood by him who perceives that it denotes a cultivated mind—the developed faculties of the human understanding. Then who does not esteem it a principle worthy of being sought? Who does not desire to have all the discriminating powers of his internal intellect, unfolded to that degree, that will enable him to hold converse with nature in all its phenomena! Who can question that he would not live happier and better if he only knew as he ought to know?

The mind is first brought into action by means of its connexion with the material world and considered in relation to that world it is truly a blank, on which impressions are to be made which will continue unchanged as long as time exists, for nothing is ever forgotten. The power of recollection may slumber, but cannot die. This curious combination of powers made up of the invisible soul and bodily frame-work which surrounds it, is at first voiceless and silent. Nor is it possible that it will ever become operative unless affected by those outward influences which exist in the various forms of the material creation. The basis of all our knowledge is derived from those outward objects which surround us. It is not until we have in some measure exhausted that which is external, that the mind inquires reasons, and compares. Our first knowledge is acquired by means of the senses, yet the eye never saw, nor did the ear ever hear; how true the fact yet how few ever thought of it.—

Deprive man of his ear, and all nature becomes silent; deprive him of his eye, and the universe becomes darkened; and why? Simply because the mind has lost the use of those organs, which it employs as mediums of intercourse with the external world. Why is it that the child does not comprehend abstract ideas—ideas which require a test of the reasoning powers? How can it know what it should not have been taught? How can it comprehend what nature did not intend it to know. Consequently, the teacher attempting to teach the young idea how to shoot, finds that he must resort to some other expedient than abstract theories. He often finds it impossible to conform to the wishes of his patrons, many of whom being ignorant of the true nature of the mind send the child to school loaded with books, expecting that it ought to comprehend what some mature minds can barely conceive. They wonder why the pupil does not make greater progress in his studies. The fact is the child is not prepared to study what it is expected to study; it is not prepared to leave the world of sense and dive into cold, calculating abstractions. During the early period of life, far the greater portion of the minds acts can be traced to a material source. Children

must be instructed by means of sensible objects. A teacher cannot succeed in making an abstract statement of an action or event clearly understood by them; they cannot understand it; they listen, but do not comprehend, for the process is without question against nature. But present the object or a faithful picture of it and then explain your abstract language by a reference to the object or picture, and it is found that they learn with rapidity and delight. This is a good reason why a child cannot become a scholar by any abstract forming process. Having made these preliminary remarks I shall proceed to discuss the nature of the education that the people want.—The requirement should be a true education, but true education is development, then what ends should it contemplate? First, there should be a thorough and harmonious development of the whole man. The powers of the mind and body should be cultivated together. One extreme wastes the vital energies; the other degrades heaven-born powers to a level with the brute.

(To be continued.)

"Don't you think we have got the dearest minister in the world?" said Laurina, as she was spending an afternoon at Mrs. Partington's. Mrs. Partington's mind sallied back majestically in review of many ministers who had officiated in the Old North, before she replied: "This is the dearest one, by a heap of money, dear; and if ministers is to be considered good according to their market value, he is the best." "Don't you like his preaching?" said the young lady, cutting the drift of the old lady's remark like a snow plow; "I think he is divine. He's so flowery, and his description so graphic that while listening we can almost hear the sound of water and see the growing herbage. She was very enthusiastic, and the subject called out all her eloquence. "Yes, he is very fluid," replied the dame, "I know—very watery—and I've noticed the herbage also, but I don't think he comes up quite to some of our old pastures in point of real strength. Why, Dr. Verbal used to preach a sermon three hours long, and then have a lecture in the evening, which was well giving us our money's worth. But all to their taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow." She relapsed into a chair and the conversation turned on other subjects. The question is, Did the old lady allude to kiss her cow, and did she make any such remark?

I GUESS YOU CAN COME.—We heard a good story a day or two ago, which we tell naugre the risk of its being second-handed; and it is too good a story to offend even those whose sect it hits. Some good lady, at the outset of Universalism, conceived a holy horror at the blasphemy of its bold supporters in pretending that all would be saved. It was preposterous, outrageous; in the spirit that filled her, she wouldn't have a man in her house who believed in the abominable doctrine. She kept a boarding house, and applied a test of belief to all who sought to obtain board. The first who offered was a sea captain, and she began with—

"Do you believe that all the world will be saved?"

"No, madam," said he.

"How many do you think will be damned?" continued she.

"Oh!" said he, "I don't know—perhaps a million."

"Well," the old lady remarked, in a tone of content, "well that's better than none at all; I guess you can come."—Lynn's Rep.

LITERAL CONSTRUCTION.—Mr. Hurd, the celebrated teacher of grammar, once on a time at Hopkinton, Mass., set his class to parsing the following lines of Pope:

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate; All but the page described," &c. The word "all," in the second line, had been parsed, when coming to the word "but," and directing his eye to the next pupil the master said:

"But," the next.

No sooner was the word out, than plump went the head of the pupil into the bread basket of his next neighbor.

"Boo! hoo! hoo!" roared the latter most lustily.

What are you about there? said the master of the former.

"I'm butting the next, sir, as you told me," replied the lad.

SENTIMENTAL SCENE.—(Romantic young man tenderly pointing with his jeweled digit to the star in question) Marantha Ann, do you see that star?

Young Lady—(expectantly) "Oh, yes."

Young Man—(gazing upon his partner with a look expressive of considerable doubt and great internal agony) "Marantha Ann, do you love that star?"

Young Lady—(tremulously) "I think I do."

Young Man—(big with the consequence of having made a point) "Oh, Marantha Ann, I wish I was that star."

At the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances: in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.—Emerson.

A good pun is a novelty, but N. P. Willis recently got off one. Describing a recent dinner at Delmonico's, at which George Curtis was a guest, Willis devoted a paragraph to the latter, and informs his readers "How adjutated he was."

Sidney Smith says, "The Anglo-Saxon race was made for two purposes—to manufacture calico and steal land which God gave for every man to use." Land-stealers and speculators generally, please copy.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 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—

Table with 3 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 mo's. Rows include Square (14 lines), 2 Squares, 1 column, 2 columns.

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged second and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.