#### Terms of Publication.

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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is pubsined every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of One Docate per 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 within every within 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 AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation ty, with a large and steadily increasing circulation the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.

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THE ROSEBUSH.

Translated from the German. A child sleeps under a rosebush fair, The buds swell out in the soft May air; Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wing flies, To play with the angels in Paradise, And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the resebush fair, The opening blessoms scent the air; She presses her head to her throbbing breast, With love's first wonderful rapture blest,
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rosebush fair, Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air, Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise, And tears of anguish bedim her eyes, And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rosebush fair, Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air; Withered and dead they fall to the ground, And silently cover a new made mound, And the years glide by.

# The End of a Woman's Caprices.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated florers' are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a sipe cherry, and a real parcel of strongmindedness, self-reliance, and masculine digmy, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toe of his boot to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the vain attempt to say something sweet-O gracious!"

So said saucy Sophie Lyon aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the coshions of a luxuriant arm chair, and playher lap. "It also seems so strange, not to say tire-

some," she continued, with a running musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry, and talked nonsense, with anybody, till one is puzzled to know which plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintance! For my part, I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had had more than one) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris; I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins; he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, nuffed, and perspired! He called me an "Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth puffed, and perspired! He called me an

Here Sophie started. She heard the doorbell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown har with a taste truly comical.

"It wen't do to seem interested," she said. as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jewelled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back to her old seat by the window, tecking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicket thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her fretty face. "Tell him I will be down presen'ly, ' she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window, that the cool fresh air might fan away the extra rosiness from her completion. Then she went again to the mirror, and, offer composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descending to the parlor. A smile broke over the guest; but, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and, with formal bow of recognition, she passed him, and seated herself in a further corner el the room.

It was very evident that something was please. Could it be that she had foreseen when was coming? That a presentiment of that visit and its result had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before later, by the way, was nothing wonderfulhere in the same place where Capt. Morris's ond Dr. Wilkin's had been before them.

The first man that I ever heard say such Sophie, emphatically from behind bet fan, as she sat blushing and gratified, tel without deigning any reply to the galan, straightforward speech in which her offer had risked his all of hope.

be fun? And wouldn't it plague Harry if phie among the rest.

# 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.

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1858.

talking ?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy should know all-so said Sophie. Perhaps breathings, and followed them up with a she could advise her what to do, for to give nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox dea. Harry up forever seemed every day more con. It was well done, and theatrically and more of an impossibility. done; and poor Harry sprang bolt upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch-you mischief-you spirit of evil !" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side, and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behaviour!" Then, lowering his voice, he added,

gravely: "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? And if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture, for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they never before had been before towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her raillery then. She would go one step further from him, ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing

laugh, danced across the room to the piano. She seated herself; she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it ing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon generous, is it just, to trifle with me so? To turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections?

"I have loved you, because, beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly one of the two is most heartless, one's self feelings, that would bathe with blessings the or one's companion, to hear him come down whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat my suit so thought it was because he was poor and I scornfully, you are less the noble woman was rich; and all the time I was thinking I than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry other man, only I was too proud to tell him ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly-carrying it carelessly in our hands, you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile breathed

would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done.

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her-the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face -his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his compressed lips, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop too much to your cruel sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you wou would have dared, had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

Not till he had gone-gone without a single world of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good-by" and the memory of his pale face to plead for him-did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had

him beside her one short moment longer. "Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will her features, and she reached out both hands be back again within twenty-four hours, and dreams of youth had fied; the hopes and broken steers and colts, set traps for skunks as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh that was half a sob followed the words: and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went along the street, or the bright face stong with Sophie; that she had made up that leaned away out through the parted her mind either not to be pleased, or not to blinds, with such a wistful look, as he displace of the pleased or not to blinds, with such a wistful look, as he displace to the pleased or not to blinds, with such a wistful look, as he displace to the pleased or not to blinds. appeared, it might have been his turn to tri-

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days ma-tured into weeks, and still he did not come, Henry Ainslee's hand and fortune—which nor in all that time did she see him. And low she began to think herseif quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under earth, and even in our lamentations for them, the circumstances-grew pale and interesting. it is cheering to know that they have escaped Mariana began to suggest the delicacies to making a fool of himself," Mariana began to suggest the delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child or mingle in the wild strife for wealth and was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile ought to do penance for the pretty smile or abstracted "thank you" was the only hay in which he manages his tongue. He's tecompense. If sister Kate suggested that allogether too calm to suit me. And Sophie Harry's absence was in any manner connectthook her curly head meaningly, holding her ed with her altered demeanor, Sophie would hand before by hand before her for a screen—did she forget toss her ringleted head with an air of suwhat she had been saying? "I wonder if I preme indifference, and go away and cry pious friend. could store the way old Uncle Jones used to over it hours at a time. Everybody thought to church an experiment over it hours at a time. Everybody thought in church in she soliloquized. "Wouldn't something was the matter with Sophie. So-

he thought I had been asleep while he was | Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the true mystery,

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister, one day about a month after her sand dollars worth of your money in my trouble with Harry. "I have something of pocket. Do you redeem?" importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and, flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times .-Harry and I"-

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"--"another sob-"quar-relled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive, for he hasn't been here ince.

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody, if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever didin such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest palace in the world with any Kate; you are much better than I am, and die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept

weag. "Look up, dear, and I'll tell you."
Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms-not of sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day that she has

## At Rest.

"She is at rest," said the village pastor, dead. How sweet, how consolatory these words seemed when applied to her who lay and wev'e been to "huskings" too, and "apple in a dreamless slumber before us! The form, whose dim outline could be seen through the white cerements of the grave, was wasted to a mere shadow of its former symmetry, and it with a straw. We have set up at night in the cold hands folded over the silent heart a saw mill, and have set up all night with a were so thin and so transparent that you "gal." We have high opinion of johnnycould trace each blue vein.

dark hair, gathered back from the broad fore-

its flight heavenward. every trial, every misfortune, she kept her faith in God undimmed. The silver cord was broken now; she was free from toil and grief, she was at rest. Like the tempest tosset mariner she made the perilous voyage of life with her gaze fixed on the day star of eternity, and in that peaceful heaven beyond the river of Death, her sweet repose is endless. What can be more soothing than the thought of eternal rest?

It comes to us with its calm and holy influences, when the young pass away from the snares of the world-that they will nevof anguish. When the poor die in peace we rejoice in the belief that they have found repose in the better land. There no storms come, and no clouds of sorrow lower, but the little drop is a portion of the first water that weary are at rest.

"Pompey, are you willing to be damned if it should be the Lord's will?" inpuired a

plied Pompey.

#### Wild Cats.

A gentleman having in his possession ten or twelve hundred dollars on a certain banking institution away out West, went up to the counter one fine morning, and addressed the teller in the following language:

"Good morning, sir. Beautiful weather, sir! Ahem! I have something over a thou-

The teller says-

"Good morning, sir," smiles blandly and answers: "We redeem sir, but we do not pay specie."

"Do not pay specie, hey? Suspended, I suppose?"

"Suspended!" "What do you redeem them with?" was

the next question. "With bills on the other banks," replied

the clerk most pleasantly. "And those, I presume, are the non-specie

paying banks?" "Very probably they are, sir," bowing

very politely. "Well, then, what kind of bills can you

give me? "Most any kind, sir. Give you Red Cat."

"Can't stand it." "Well then, how's Grey Cat?"

"Wouldn't give a straw for a barrel of it." "What do you say to Black Cat?"

"Taint worth a cuss!" "Well, I'll try and accommodate you with

White Cat." "It wouldn't be any accommodation at all. I don't want your infernal White Cat money -neither Red Cat, Grey Cat, Black Cat, Wild Cat or Tom Cat. I wouldn't use it to litter a horse with. Havn't you got some money on Eastern banks?"

"No, sir,"-softly and very polite-"Eastern banks are principally specie-paying institutions."

"If not eastern, then, have you bills on any other banks that do pay specie?"

"No, sir," bowing most courteously. "Well, then," drawing his package from his pocket with a desperate expression of countenance-"Can you give me tolerably executed counterfeit notes on any bank that does pay specie?"

"No, sir," very loud, and looks as if he felt insulted.

## A Yankee.

The Boston Olive Branch having called the editor of the New York' Atlas a Yankee, the Atlas man gets off the following:

But we own up to the Yankee, and feel no little pride, in it; but we didn't bail from Berkshire exactly. We have dropped pumpkin seeds and have eaten hasty pudding and milk in New Hampshire, and have plowed, mowed, resped and logged it in the State of Maine. We have fished for minnows with a pin hook, and carried our bread and butter to school; and we have seen log driving on the Kennebec river; we have coaxed a club footed girl to slide down a hill made slippery by the fall of pine leaves, on her feet, for the fun of seeing her catch her toes and roll over and over, and we have gone into the swamps with two yoke of oxen and a bob sled, when the snow was five feet deep, and felled trees, and "twitched" logs all day, and went home as we stood around the shrouded figure of the at night fall to "bean porridge hot;" we have been to a few prayer meetings, that's a fact. bees," "raisings," and "militia musters."

We have helped make cider, and afterwards set "a-straddle" of a barrel, and sucked cake and "sassenger," and we have frequent-There was many a silver thread in the ly had a finger in the making of the latter, we have eaten our share of codfish and pohead; many a deep furrow on the pale and tatoes, with pork scraps, and we guess we rigid face. Care and sorrow had swept the have licked a proper portion of lasses candy, bloom from the cheek, and cast a gloomy and also boys; we have pulled flax for nine shadow over the spirit, which had now taken pence a day, because we had a sick headache s flight heavenward.

She had learned bitter lessons in human teeth pulled with a piece of strong thread; sufferings; her home had been darkened by we have traveled over the fields in Spring death, and her husband and child had long with a maul, knocking about what you call been tenants of the tomb. The rosy visions 'ems, and have popped corn in the ashes; of childhood had thus melted away like the we have turned the grindstone all day to tints of the rainbow; the bright passion sharpen a new axe, swopped jack-knives, plans of mature years had been grasped by and woodchucks, tapped our own shoes, the iron haad of adversity. Friends had "licked" the schoolmaster, robbed the milk deserted her, and love had grown cold. Her pans of the cream, and laid it to the cat, existence was a perpetual struggle, yet amid pitched into the apple-"sass," hooked maple sugar, and numberless other things "too numerous to mention," but for particulars of which see small bills.

DROP OF WATER IN A QUEER PLACE. We were shown, while attending the annual examination of Union Academy, at Pleasant Ridge, by Dr. E. F. Bouchelle, one of the most interesting Geological curiosities we ever saw or read of. It consists of a specimen of rock of the primitive order of foundation, and of the pentædral order of crystalization, containing in its center a globule of water movable and visible. The water is, if there be any truth in geology, far more ancient than the waters in the flood of Noah. To use the language of Dr. Bouchelle, "it is a drop of the waters that covered in the face of the great deep, when the earth was without form and void; in others words, this was created during the six days of Genesis. and became entangled among the particles of the rock during the act or process of crystalization. The rock being primitive, or the first of creation, the water must also be primlogical wonder, can do so by calling on the unto salvation"—our law of life. So if our I'll have more such lumps, and that's what I Doctor.—Eutaw (Ala.) Observer.

brother or sister refuse his dominion and want."

## Communications.

For The Agitator.

NO. I.

printed to order.

FRIEND AGITATOR: On the first page of your issue of May 13th is an article headed 'Knoxville," in which is propounded the question, "Is it right to inflict capital punishment?" The writer takes the affirmative, (and as you remark in a very candid argument,) would try to satisfy the public of the correctness of the system with which he seems to be well satisfied, viz. the right of human sacrifice upon the altar of public convenience. It must be obvious to all, that the very attempt to prove the righteousness of an alhuman law, is evidence of its unpopularity, or, at least a dissatisfaction or doubt in regard to the statue in the minds of a portion of community; for it has been aptly observed, that "That which is clean needs no washing." It is also apparent (though the writer did not say as much) that, as the death penalty is already an established legal right; the author of the article in question must have meant moral right-or right in the abstract sense of the term. As one of "the people" we dissent from this; and as a friend to human progress we rejoice in the fact, that humanity in our land is generally but slowly appreciating and exercising the inalienable right of censorship, and that law, or custom, or superstition, which is obnoxious to common sense or right reason, is roughly handled by a people who begin to feel what it is to be or Southern "institutions" desirable for this free. Antiquity and sanctity are no longer indispensable; and "Young America" (the name is becoming as dear as philanthropy) will not spare a statue—even though it wear If God had designed man a stationary being a gray beard. But while there is progress, there will be fogyism-honest minded no fixed him beyond the possibility of fall. doubt, but fogyism nevertheless. We have But man fell; and the laws given him in his the charity to think that most of the latter as degraded state, were suited to the improvefound among us, is the result of great vene- ment of that state. All those laws have ration in the individual character. For ourself, we claim less of that virtue, (for virtue all things made new, and a better way openit is when well directed) and so we dissent from your communicant's judgment, theory, and reasoning. Let us see: We admit that to our privilege) press into it; why put stum"governments are instituted for the good (osbling and violence in the way of light and tensibly) of the governed," and that they peace? In seems an established fact in po-"have a right to do just as much as duty de-mands, and no more." We also accept his admission that "one man has not the right to abound. Contrawise; the more liberty the take the life of another on his own responsi bility, or for personal revenge," and also the mantraps and detective police; and Switzerother admission that "no man's life can (rightland, with her open shops and indefinite freefully) be taken, unless it be forfeited by God, dom, and empty jails. Noisy and persisted who is the author of life." Well, "governadvocacy of death penalty, proves nothing ments are instituted for the good of the govfor the system; it only proves what we have erned; i. e., to protect the masses from indibefore stated, viz., that fogyism is the same, vidual encroachment. Can this be done in all places and in all times. CHATHAM. more effectually and humanely by choking the offender to death, than by putting him to work for the State? If not, then it follows that the choking process merges into revenge -the revenge of an enraged community of men, which your communicant denies to an individual man. It is hard for common sense to make a wrong of an act performed by one man, and a right of the same act performed pledge in his own way, which he did in these by a company of men. And if the confinement of criminals at labor would secure society as effectually from their violence as drink no more intoxicating drinks for one would the breaking their necks; then does year." not government do more than is required for Some thought he wouldn't stick three days, public good? i. e., when it does break them? others allowed him a week, and a few others Again, "no man's life can be taken, unless it gave him two weeks; but the landlord knew be forseited by the law of God, who is the author of life." This is taking high ground, which ought to be reverently approached; let us put our "shoes from off our feet, for the ground is holy. Does your communicant mean to be understood that the text of Genesis which he quotes—or all the old testament together, is the divine law of God to us?— Such was our inference on perusal of his article; but upon better consideration he must see that it is testimony. Said Christ to the Pharisees, "Search the scriptures; in them ye think ye have the words of eternal life: and these are they which testify of me."-Now this, in common with all other testimony, refers, not to itself, but to something beyoud itself; and these testimonies, even with those of the new testament superadded to them, would never do for our law of life and practice. God knew they would not; and does a chicken. so we see that they are not co-extensive with the vicinage of man, insomuch that comparatively few of the immortal souls which have been spoken into life, have ever so much as have such a lump on my side. heard of them. Will it be said that all these anterior to the advent there were many apos- rate. tates from God's law; even as now. Israelites had a law from God-one suited to away?" the moral advance of the people; insomuch that Paul said to them, "The law is our just such a lump on the other side." schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ." brings us to the "law of God" as affecting us; for if he is anything to us, he is what arms, back, breast and head; you will be Paul declares him-"The power of God un- covered all over with lumps." to salvation," And in reference to his promised coming and eternal reign, the Lord declared through Jeremiah, "In those days I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; I stuff from the decanter into the glass, gug, will pour out of my spirit upon an acces, will be to them a God, and they shall be to gug, gug.

will be to them a God, and they shall be to gug, gug.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't for I've. and write it on their inward parts; so that none need say to his neighbor know the Lord, for all shall know me from the least

Elijah's law of life; but he sought him in

vain in tangible objects, such as whirlwind, earthquake and fire; and found him only in

the "still small voice." So, nothing short of

Messiah (God with man) will do for our law

of life. He is with us always and to the end

of all things; which testaments are not .-

The government being upon his shoulders,

and his dominion extending from sea to sea;

(from birth to death;) and all power being in

warring against the law of life, then he or she will soon become unfit associates, or dangerous neighbors; and public safety requires the exercise of restraint upon them. vengeance ;- Restraint! All human laws should be in subordination to, and in accordance with, this higher law of light. It is a serious and responsible business to be viceroy of the King of Heaven on earth, and judge and executioner among his childrenas we do when we take life upon alleged forfeitures by his law. The law of God, then, as written upon the heart by the finger of light, and love, and grace, does not auready existing and long established statute of thorize our taking from our fellows that which we are not delegated to bestow, or return; so we must look alone to human law, for the sanction required to keep the mind quiet under the exercise of this monster wrong. Are human laws perfect? Why then are they not immutable? why not universal? When did hey become perfect? They are not perfect, because man is imperfect; and because man is imperfect, he is progressive. The human code suited to this people, will not do for a progressive people two hundred years hence. The law committed to an idolatrous nation just released from more than four hundred years of bondage, is ill suited to an enlightened people in the 19th century of christendom. Are the "witch" laws of Plymouth colony

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square o fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25

cents for every subsequent insertions, and 23, 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:—

All advertisements not having the number of in-sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until or-

dered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, 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

yield fealty to "another law" in the members,

proper for Pennsylvania now? or the Connecticut blue laws tempting to our statesmen? country? What shall we say then to adopting the laws given to a newly created, progressive being; as those cited in Genesis? and not a progressive one, he would have served their purpose and been fulfilled, and ed to man, suited to his indefinite advancelitical history, that the more stringent and coercive the laws, the more does crime less crime. Witness France, with all her

## Signing the Pledge.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher, relates the following good story of one of his converts to temperance:

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold winter lecture, intimated that he must sign the words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to

him best, and said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would be a good

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott,—
"Bill, ain't you going to resume the

pledge ?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will, I have done pretty well so far: will you let me sign it again in my own way ?" "O yes, any way so that you will not drink

rum. He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for. nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if living at the end of that time. I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old, landlord, who eyed him as a hawk "O, landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied

by sundry contortions of the body, as if enduring the most excruciating torment, "I

"That's because you have stopped drinkwere without divine law? True it is, that ing; you won't live two years longer at this

"If I commence drinking, will the lump go

"Yes. If you don't you'll have another "Do you think so landlord?" "I know it; you'll have them on your

"Well, may be I will," said Bill. "Come, Bill," said the landlord, let's drink together; at the same time pouring the jed

signed the pledge again." "You ain't though! you are a fool!"

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I could even unto the greatest of them." God was not get off." "I wish the old rascal was in Guinea.

Well, how long do you go this time." "For nine handred and ninty-nine years." whispered Bill.

"You won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink, are you sure the lump on my side will go away?" "Yes.".

"Well, I guess I won't drink; here's the lump," continued Bill, holding up something: itive." Any persons wishing to see this geo. his hand, he becomes to us "the power of God with a hundred dollars in it; "and you say