Terms of Publication.

THE TIGGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers in the very reasonable price of

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The AUTATOR is the Office of the last paper.

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The Asitator is the Official Paper of the County,
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with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent
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free of paring to any Post Office within the county
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in in softening country.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included St per year.

From The N. Y. Tribune. A SHIP SAILED OUT TO SEA.

Over the pathless deep
A thousand miles away,
Where spicy breezes sleep
To wake at shut of day: A gallant ship went down— A thousand fathoms down, Beneath the waters blue— Ship, passengers and crew!

No eye beheld the wreck
Sare the All-seeing Eye;
But, from the crowded deck
Went up a fearful cry,
Ere to their nameless graves
Beneath the pitiless waves,
Five hundred and a score That foundering vessel bore.

"No tidings!" rang the press;
"No tidings of the ship!"
A city paused in mute distress,
And whitenened, every lip:
No tidings? can it be,
A thip went down to sea and shall return no more To homeward port, or shore!

"No tidings!" day by day The clanging press rang out;
Thus swept the months away;
A year of awful doubt.
"No tidings!" nevermore To port on homeward shore, Will that good ship return, To comfort those who mourn!

And thus for many a bark, With its immortal freight, In chill suspense and dark Shall men in anguish wait, The while they sadly sayalas! they sailed away Over the pathless main, And came not back again!"

Lest—lost at sea! and yet,
I see their phantom shapes
With gleaming sails all set, Doubling the shadowy capes; The capes that fade away, Like shades at shut of day, Into the waste of Night! into the utter Night!

THE JOURNEYMAN GENTLEMAN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Le Conway was an oddity. He especially delighted in mysteries, disguiunexpected denouements, intrigues, and mances generally.

Consequently he was always getting into bad mes. and-superfluous assertion-there was Tays a "lady in the case."

This made him a bit of a misogamist—an Esteur woman hater. Yet, for all that, he could not let the sex

A profound love of nature and dissipation, racted Joe and myself to the little village of -, on the banks of that charming stream, Erchwon. We went to fish, to sketch, to the scenery, and to drink, for as Joe recarked, the waters of the Erchwon possess eculiar refreshing qualities—when mixed with little cognac.

The afternoon of the second day of our soern found us seated upon a flower spangled wee, skirted by willows, whose gnarled roots ere bathed in the pellucid Erchwon. We had ught the spot, to smoke, converse, and digest at, with the nature before our eyes.

is very apt to be the case, when two ang men get together, our talk was of woman. Weman! what an inexhaustible subject for stemplation, conversation, writing, oratory, ating, sculpture, and matrimony!

'h's all gammon," said Joe Conway, a don't appreciate cultivation, intellect, or of fellowship. All they look for is wealth those amiable qualities, they won't love, if a fellow hasn't got them, he had better the sex alone. It takes a gilded key to untheir precious little hearts. That's so!" "You are sadly mistaken, Joe," said I, "and a worst of it is you know it. You are angry the husband hunters that have given chase, and revenge yourself by damning whole institution of dimity. You are A man like you, young, rich, and-Fes, without flattering, I think I may say ably good looking, has no chance. You only the designing ones, who are bound to ary your bank account in spite of yourself, they play off their charms upon you, ad

But where are the artless ones, who don't ant money—who are willing to sacrifice themes, and all that, for the sake of the tender

They are modest. The brazen-faced for shunters crowd about you, and accustom to being sought. The really good girls rethe seeking, and as that isn't in your line, never know what nice women there are in

"I'll tell you what I'll do!" cried Joe-start-Eupsuddenly, and half choking himself with authors of cigar smoke—"I'll test that stion. I'll do it here in this very place. turn mechanic, ignore my money and my his, make up to the prettiest, proudest girl the tillage, and show you that she won't show you that my cash is puissant do that which my conversation and acquire-What, marry her ?"

Act much—make her ask me to, and laugh

Cafes that I secretly hoped that Joe would test the question. He was a capital fellow, in accomplishments and cultivation, as Shey. Now I knew that D _____ contained very charming girls—daughters of re-Sa-captains, merchants, &c., who, how anch they might love a mechanic, would him hanged before they would marry him. contraine, a young gentleman of wealth solition, would probably prove very accep-

But he was determined, and when I returned becity, in a few days, I left Joe arranging test of carpenter's tools, and getting himpair of blue overalls and a paper cap. had a wonderful talent for doing every-Etolerably well. He played upon a half a instruments, could survey, and dabbled turn. and medicine, was a finished jockey, half ringlets, half disordered—on each side of turn.

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.

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

ten an epic, and half-soled a pair of boots!

With these somewhat varied accomplishments, he had no fear, of course, but what he could get on very well as a carpenter. No one self objectionably at home. She only opened knew him at D_____, and when he introduced her large gray eyes, hesitated a moment, and himself to the "boss" carpenter of the village, said: he succeeded in persuading him that he was a journeyman of unusual talent.

He received several commissions, during the first fortuight of his experiment, but on the whole, it was rather lucky that he was not compelled to subsist on the proceeds of his labors. Otherwise, he might have found it difficult to pay his board—especially as he commissioned ne to send him some five dollars' worth of segars every week.

One day after he had nearly exhausted his patience, and had done no end of plotting and planning in vain, the village carpenter asked him to undertake the restoration of a cornice on one of the oldest and most aristocratic houses in D-

Joe agreed, and in a short time was mounted upon a scaffold, and about the level with the you have doubts. Harmony, in music, appeals third story windows of the mansion of the old to the intellectual, or reasoning portion of the Commodore Hulkington, dexterously making his measurements and plans for the new cornice.

It was not an easy task, for the work was elaborate, and the weather warm. Two days elapsed and Joe had only got ready to com-mence putting up the brackets which sustained the heavy mouldings. Lunch-time came, and the amateur carpenter getting into the shade, unpacked his little tin dinner pail, and began a repast at once simple and nourishing, when he saw the window nearest him was open, and that some papers, lying on an escritoir inside, were disposed to blow away.

"I know it is a trespass," he meditated, "but it is for the proprietor's good-I'll step into the room, and save, perhaps, some valuable documents."

A little gymnastic exercise brought him down from the scaffold, through the window and into

an elegant chamber.
"Hem," said he, "a woman's room."

There were paintings-statuettes, ormolu ornaments-and forty other luxurious nothings, them. A guitar reposed upon the bed, with some books in French and Italian. The couch itself bore the impress of a form, as if the tutelar deity of the chamber had been lying down, and passing her time with literature and music. There was a portfolio open upon the table, with a very pretty little water color sketch, half finished; a well stocked library in the corner, bore evidence to the cultivated tastes of the occupant, and everything about the chamber, from the bed, with its showers of snowy curtains falling from a massive gilt ring, to the canary bird in the window, bespoke a refinement and delicacy on the part of whoever had arranged the apartment, seldom found, except in young and beau- his diction. tiful women, who aspire to have the surroundings like themselves.

"Something elegant about this," said Joe, gathering up the scattered papers, and placing pressure. them beneath a paper weight on the escritoir, "I must investigate this—here's an opening for a splendid romance—poor young carpenter, and rich, lovely woman, eh? Lord bless me, there have been bushels of novels written on the very same plot."

After a hurried examination of the room he regained his scaffold, and consuming his lunch, set once more about his labors, a little more hopefully than before.

Thus passed a week. Joe got into the very imprudent habit of entering the chamber almost daily, in hopes of meeting the occupant of so charming a temple. He became familiar with all the books and music, whistled the canary bird into a convulsion of song, and drove himself half crazy with speculations on the fair unknown.

He had heard her sing very sweetly of a morning when she opened the window, and just caught a glimpse of her form; but she seeing him, had withdrawn suddenly, and he had not been able to discover whether she was beautiful as a rose, or ugly as a camel.

He had found upon a half finished sonnet, on the table, several long, brown hairs, apparently plucked out in a fit of abstracted meditation

Evidently, this girl was a blonde.

He had found gaiters, of delicate color and wonderful smallness-gloves of corresponding delicacy-tasteful and artistic dresses and

sacques. What will you say, oh, my matter-of-fact and practical reader, when I tell you that my friend, Joe Conway, fell in love with a woman whom he had not yet seen, of whom he knew next to nothing. Yet he did.

Quite naturally the erecting of the cornice

progressed but slowly. The master-carpenter wondered at it, but Joe assured him every norning, that it would only take a day or two

One fine afternoon, Joe found, lying on the escritoir, an essay upon music, written in the same beautiful hand which he had so often seen and admired on the margins of books, and the papers in the chamber. Grown impertinent to an alarming degree he laid down the saw which he had unconsciously brought with him, and perused the essay carefully.

It was well writen and powerful, but there was an error in the philosophy. It would be dull for me to explain here, the mistake which Joe saw at once-it is enough that the fair writer had confused the laws which govern melody and harmony, and Joe devoutly wished an opportunity to point out the error to her who made it.

He was just meditating an epistle, to be left with the essay, as the door opened, and his deesse inconnue entered!

Figure to yourself a young girl-say of nineteen or twenty—whose every line and contour spoke of grace and health—whose peach tinted cheeks, bright eyes, and lips like the inner fold of some tropic shell, told of vivacity, freshness, and purity. Her hair was of that peculiar pale brown-almost a wood color-which may perfine arts, understood short hand, a little and golden tints, and fell in tangled masses haps be best described as a mingling of ashy

a fair gardener, had built a stone bridge, writ- a neck white and delicate as the petals of the

She did not scream when she saw the carpenter sitting coolly in her arm chair, making him-

"Well sir!" with an accent between surprise and disdain.

Joe arose, and bowed politely. "What do you wish, sir?"

Joe was put somewhat to his trumps. "I wished to see what kind of a fairy inhabted so delightful a domain!"

Truly, a nice speech for a journeyman carpenter to make to commodore Hulkington's nly daughter. "Possibly you are not aware that you are

intruding, sir. You will oblige me by depart-"Certainly," said Joe, now in the full enjoyment of the romance of the thing, "certainly

I will go, but you must pardon me one thing— I wish to explain a little question, on which soul-melody, to the passions and feelings."

The young girl looked a little alarmed, and drew back a few steps.
"No!" said Joe, divining her thoughts, "I am not insane. In your essay on music, you say that 'education refines and intensifies our preceptions of melody.' You should have said harmony,' for that rules the brain, which organ is susceptible to the influence of education. Melody is lord of the heart alone, and you, mademoiselle, ought to be well aware that the heart cannot be taught-either in music or in love !"

Miss Hulkington was astonished.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know what to make of your conduct. You are very imprudent and very—very—"

"Audacious! Yes, I acknowledge that," interrupted Joe, "but you must pardon me. I first entered your room to place some papers in safety, which the wind was about to blow out of the window. Once inside, the air of ele gance and refinement exhibited here attracted such as women of taste love to gather around me. Doubtless, you have noticed one's surroundings become permeated, as it were, with something of one's sphere-so in your room I experienced an emotion of pleasure, a consciousness of the presence of some invisible but charming spirit, and I have made bold to enter often, believing that, if you knew my motives, you would forgive me."

The young lady was beginning to feel pleased. All women like admiration, even from their (so called) inferiors, if it is delicately expressed. The conversation proceeded. Joe proved to the fair essayist that she was in error, and astounded her by the depth of his thoughts, the variety of his knowledge, and the elegance of

On leaving, he held out his hand-almost as soft and white as her own—and she, stifling the last traces of a false prejudice, gave it a cordial

"You have not long worked at your trade?" she said.

"Since my boyhood," unblushingly answered Joe, "but—" and he glanced at his hands—"I have generally done the nicer kinds of work-joinery, and the like."

This excuse passed very well with a woman who had never had the honor of the acquaintance of a mechanic before.

The next day, when Joe heard the window opened, he presented himself, and after exchanging salutations, the twain again fell into a discussion, which became so earnest that Joe was compelled once more to enter the room

Alas, for the progression of the new cornice! For two weeks this state of affairs continued, and at the expiration of that time Louise Hulkington was compelled, maugre her pride, to ac-knowledge to herself that she loved Joe Conay-the journeyman carpenter.

He would not believe it. It contradicted his heory of the mercenary character of woman. And, I notice that we never believe anything which contradicts our theories.

Finally when the cornice had to be finished, Louise pettitioned her father to have an ornamental wardrobe put up in her chamber. Of course, Joe had the task, although the old Commodore grumbled terribly about employing such slow workman.

It took Joe six weeks to make the wardrobe By the time the job was done-very nicely done it was, too, Joe's theory was quite done up, and the sweet Louise Hulkington had omised to become his bride, in spite of her father-in spite of Joe's blue overalls and paper cap-in spite of the notions of the world

Sensible girl! There was only one thing left, for Joe to do -to reveal to her his true position, which I was

very happy to corroborate. Three months afterwards, I said good-bye to a newly wedded pair just starting for Europe

a honey moon trip.

As I held the tiny, white-gloved hand of the bride, and saw her charming face beneath the gossamer tissued veil, depending, from her "love of a bonnet," I said to the proud and happy bridegroom-

"Well, Joe, if you remember our conversation on the banks of the Erchwon, last summer, you can tell me what you think now, of the senti ments you then expressed."

"My dear George," said the Journeyman Gentleman, "there are exceptions to all rules."

pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "I suppose so, and everybody has that's got common sense." Many women are beloved without knowing

"How are you Smith?" says Jones. Smith

t, but more women think they are beloved when they are are not. They generally discover their mistake after marriage. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear

them. Learning makes a man fit company for

himself.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You never lose by doing a good Stephen Girard, the Money Maker.

About the year seventeen-hundred and fifty. in the environs of Bordeaux, in France, there lived an old sea captain, Pierre Girard, with Madame Lafargue, his wife. They had already four children-no matter whether male or female, for they lived and died in the obscurity in which they were born. But in the year seventeen hundred and fifty, on the twenty-first of May, another child came into the world-a

boy, named Stephen Girard. Up to the age of ten or twelve, there is no record of the life and progress of this boy .-At that time he was found, with one eye, embarked as a cabin boy, with no other acquirements than an imperfect knowledge of the elements of reading and writing, on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. His one eye was made the subject of ridicule amongst his companions, and his temper was thus early soured for life. With this physical deformity, without friends, patronage, or money, he was thrown upon the world.

He did not remain long in the West Indies, but bound himself apprentice to a shipmaster, in whose service he first set foot in the port of New York, about the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Morose as Stephen Girard was, he gained the confidence of his employer, and he was made mate of the vessel in which he sailed, and afterwards captain, when his master left the sea. He voyaged several times success fully to and from New Orleans. In this position he first began to accumulate means, and to trade on his own account, and he soon became part owner of the ship and cargo which he commanded. A large gap in the minute progress of his history now occurs, but in seventeen hundred sixty-nine we find him an obscure, plodding, quiet, thrifty trader in Water street, Phil-

At this period he took a liking to one Mary, or Polly Lum, the daughter of an old ship-caulker, who lived in a water-side house down amongst the vessels that traded to that city .-The girl was plain, but comely, and employed as a domestic servant in a neighboring family. Stephen Girard does not appear to have been looked upon with favor by the parents of the girl, for they forbade him the house for some time. They were eventually married, but the union was not a happy one. She was neglectful of her duty; he was morose and austere .-At length he applied to the Legislature of Pennsylvania for a divorce, and obtained it.

He still continued to rent the small house in Water street, to which he had taken his wife when they were married, and he industriously pursued his combined occupations of sea-captain, ship-owner and merchant. About this time he entered into partnership with one Isaac Hazelhurst, of Philadelphia, and purchased two vessels in which to trade to the Island of St. Domingo. The brigs were captured by British men-of-war, and sent to Jamaica: a misfortune which dissolved the short partnership. There is another gap in the story of Stephen Girard, extending from seventeen hundred and seventytwo to seventeen hundred and seventy-six. It is probable that during this time he continued his old business, trading as ship-master and merchant to New Orleans and St. Domingo.

The war put an end to the sea enterprise of Stephen Girard, and he was compelled to turn nis attention to the land.

He opened a small grocery store in Water street, joined with a bottling establishment, where he worked hard with his own hands at the occupation of bottling claret and cider .-About the year seventeen hundred and seventyseven, upon the alleged approach of the British to Philadelphia, he purchased a small tract of land from his former partner, Mr. Hazlehurst, on which there was a house, to which he removed his business; employing his time early and late, in preparing claret and cider for the market, and selling them at a large profit to the American army, encamped near his residence Here he remained until seventeen hundred and seventy-nine, sometimes making a voyage in a boat as a water-pedlar to Philadelphia, to dispose of his wares. His appearance was not much in his favor. His skin was dark and dingy; his form was short and thick; he was coarse, rough, vulgar and ungainly; and his one eye glared ominously on his customers .-He met with jeers and taunts from every side, which he bore with great taciturnity and composure. He had but one object in view, which he followed with all the steady energy of an

iron will. That object was to make money. When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in seventeen-hundred and seventy-nine. Stephen Girard was again found in Water street, this time occupying a range of frame stores up-on the east side. He was no more than twentynine years of age, but so plain, grave and repulsive in appearance, that he was known as 'Old Girard." His business could not have been very prosperous at this period, considering the disturbed and depressed state of the coun try. He was quietly biding his time. His store was well-fillen with old-blocks, sails, pieces of cordage and other materials useful for shipbuilding.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, Stephen Girard again commenced the New Orleans and Saint Domingo trade. In two years he had progressed so far as to be able to purchase a ten years' lease, with renewal, of a range of brick and frame stores, one of which he occupied himself. The rents were low at the time, and the purchase very advantageous—perhaps the turning point in his fortunes.

In seventeen hundred and eighty, his wife Mary Girard, from whom he had been divorced, was admitted an insane patient into the Pennsylvania Hospital. Here she remained shut up, twenty-five years and one month, while her husband was busily pursuing his one object in the world; at last she died in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. On being told of her death. Stephen Girard selected her burial-place. and requested that he should be called as soon as all the arrangements for her funeral were completed. She was buried in the manner of the Friends. Her husband was there, glaring with his one tearless eye, silent and unmoved; after taking one short look at the remains, he departed saying, "all is well." He returned home, and began to give largely to the local charities and hospitals from this day.

A circumstance occurred at this period which materially aided Stephen Girard in his cherished determination. He was engaged in the West India trade-particularly in the Island of Saint Domingo-and at the moment of the wellknown outbreak of the slaves, he had two vessels lying off the port. The affrighted planters rushed to the docks, and deposited their most valuable treasures in those ships for safety, returning to secure more. They were nearly all, with their families, massacred. Stephen Girard advertised liberally for the owners to the property, but very few claimants ever appeared, and it was transported to Philadelphia to swell the store and increase the power of the one eyed

capitalist, who commenced the building of those

NO. 27.

large ships engaged in the trade with China and Calcutta, which were, at that time, the pride of America.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, a ful pestilence broke out in the city of Philadelphia. The yellow fever left whole streets tenantless; the hearse was the vehicle most frequently seen in the streets; those who wore the adge of mourning on their arms, were avoided even by their friends; and the fumes of tobacco and camphor filled every house in the city.
While the pestilence was at its height, a square repulsive man boldly entered one of the most prowded hospitals, and bore out in his arms a victim in the last saffron-colored stage of the disease. For days and weeks, this man continued to perform the same terrible office of attending upon the sick and dying, discharging the most painful and dangerous duties of the lowest servant in the place. This repulsive looking Samaritan was Stephen Girard, with his strong will, his bodily energy, his stout heart, and his one eye. The hard, griping trader was not so selfish after all. When all the paid attendants, all the visitors of the poor were either dead, dying, or had fled; when no offers of money would purchase that labor which was required for the re-organization of the pest-house hospital at Bush Hill; two men nobly volunteered for the forlorn task-Stephen Girard and Peter Helm. On the afternoon of the same day on which he offered his services, Stephen Girard, a foreigner, with no ties of country between him and the afflicted city, entered upon his dangerous task with all the perseverence and decision of his character. He soon established order and cleanliness; provided accommodations, and procured supplies; and for sixty days continued to discharge his duties at the hospital.

In eighteen hundred and twelve, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed cabin boy of Bordeaux, purchased the banking premises of the old Bank of the United States (whose charter was not renewed,) and started the Girard Bank: a large private establishment, which not only conferred advantages upon the community greater than the State institution upon which it was founded, but, while the public credit was shaken, and the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard Bank could command large subscriptions of loans, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country. In eighteen hundred and fourteen Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan from patriotic motives, and in eighteen hundred and seventeen, he contributed, by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the resumption of specie payments. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one his operations were so extensive, that when the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause specie to flow into the

Stephen Girard began his remarkable tr career with one object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life-the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail trader, willing to labor in any capacity to make those profits secure. He practiced the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due to him; and paid the last farthing that he owed. He took every advanage which the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just so far as they would accomplish his purpose; he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died, he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provision for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret for his loss. He would higgle for a penny with a huckster in the streets; he would deny the watchman at his bank, the customary Christmas present of a great-coat. To add to this singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old rickety chair, remarkable for its age, and marked with the initials "S. G." drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality, no friend to share his house or his table. He was deferential in appearance, to rank and family. Violent and passionate; only to one man-an old and faithful clerk named Roberget. His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Roussedu. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted city and country; he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the

daily worship of his life. Thus he attained his eighty-second year. In eighteen hundred and thirty, he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphia roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon, his face was bruised and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye, which before opened slightly, was now entirely closed; he gradually wasted away, and his health declined. On the twenty-sixth of December, Stephen Girard expired in a back-room on the third floor of his house, leaving the bulk of his large fortune, upwards of a million sterling, to found charities, and to benefit the city and country in which he had acquired it.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 14 lines, one or three insertiens, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements.

2 do, - 10,00 15,00 20,00 Column, - 18,00 30,00 40,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads Posters, Handonis, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishmonts, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mort-gages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, of printed to order.

He left his monument in the "Girard College;" that marble-roofed palace for the protection and education of the orphan children of the poor, which stands, the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country .-Every detail of the external and internal arrangement of this Orphan College were fully set forth clearly and carefully in his will; showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth, was not the hastily developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life.-Household Words.

A. Visit to the Free Lovers.

The following letter from ARTEMUS WARD, the jolly correspondent of the Cleveland Plaindealer, in the show business, will be appreciated, we think, by most of our readers:

"Here i am at Berlin Hites among the Free-Luvers. I arrove here last Toosday & bitterly doo I cuss the Day i ever sot foot in this retched plais. I hearn tel of these Free-Luvirs for sum time & I thawt ide cum & see what kind of kritters they was. I pitcht my tent in a field near the Luy Cure, as they call it & unfold my bannir to the Breese. Bimby the people kommensed fur to pour into my show & i begun fur to kongratulate myself on dooin a stavin bisness. But they ur a ornary-lookin set, i must say.-The mens fases was all kivered with hair & they lookt half starved to deth. The wimmen was wus nor the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds straw hats, with fadid green ribbins into them, & they all kerried bloo kotton umbrellers in there hands. Bimeby'a perfekly orful lookin famaile presentid hersel to the doar. Her gound was skanderlously short, & hur trowsis wus shaimful tu behold. Sez she, 'Ah, kin it be? yes, tis trou, o tis trou?' Sez i, 15 sents marm.' Sez she, '& so ive found you at larst—at larst, O at larst.' Sez i, 'Yes yu has found me at larst & yu wood hev found me at fust ef yu had cum sunner.' Sez she, 'Ar you a man?' Sez i, i think i ar, but ef yer dowbt it yu may adres Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, injianny, postadge pade, & she wil doutliss giv yu the required infurmashun.' Sez she, 'then yu ar what the wurld cawls married?' I sed, 'Yes marm, i air.' The eksentic femaile then grabd me bi the arm & sez she, in a lowd voise; You air mine, O yu air mine!' 'Scarcely,' sez i, as i releesed miself frum her irun grasp. She agane clutched me by the arm & sed, 'You air my affinerty.' Sez i, 'What upon arth is that?' 'Dost thow not know?' sez she. No marm,' sez i, 'i dostunt.' Sez she, 'Listen man, & ile tel ye. Fur years ive yearned for thee. I knowd thow wast in the wurld sumwhere, altho i knowed not thy name or thy place of residunce. My hart sed he wud cum & tuck currige. He has cum—he is hear—yu air him-yu air my affinerty! O tis two mutch two mutch!' and she bust out a cryin. Yes" sez i 'i think it is darm site two much.'-Has thou not yearned fur me?' she yelled, ringing her hands like a femaile play-actor .-Sez i, 'not a yeern.'-Bi this time a grate krowd of free lovirs had kollectid around us; & thay all kommenced fur tu holler shame, 'brute,' beast,' etsettery, etsettery. I wus jest as mad as a Martch hair. Sez i, 'yu pack of ornery critters go away frum me & taik this rechid woomun along with yu. My name is Artimeus Ward & ime in the show bisness. i pay my bills & mind my own' fairs, ime a married man & my children all look like me if i am a showman; i dont go in fur setting the laws of my country at defiance. I aint in favur of privatearin or nothing else illegal. I think yure affinerty bisness is cussed nonsense, besides bein outrajusly wicked. I pored 4th my indignation in this way until i got out of breth, when i stopt. I took down my tent & i shall leev this evening. Yours til deth. A. WARD.

Forethought.

If a man faints away, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to left him up, lay him at full length on his back on the floor. loosen the clothing, push the crowd away so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting-fit is a barbarity, and soils the clothing unnecessarily. The philosophy of a fainting-fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain: if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill, but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally which requires less power, is apparent.

If a person swallows a poison, deliberately or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, dispatch some one for a doctor: meanwhile run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water or anything that is handly, put into it a teaspoonful of salt and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open, then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer in a large number of cases better than any other .-If by this time the physician has not arrived. make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles,) as antidotes for remaining in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spirts, or jerks, per saltem, as doctors say, be in a hurry or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, out with your hankerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter, and tighter, until the blood censes to flow .-But stop, it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jots, and the arteries get their blood from the heart ; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the spot-in other words, above the wounded. If vein had been servered, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and slow, and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart and there is no need of such great hurry Hill Jonan of Health.