Terms of Publication.

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THE ACTUATOR is the Official Paper of the County AGITATOR is the Umcual Paper of the County, a large and steadily increasing circulation reachance transport of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the county of pators to any Post Office within the County, and the County of the County, and the County, and the County of the County, and the County of the Cou an adjoining County.

adjoining Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

TO THE WAVERING.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE. Be hold, be firm, be strong, be true, Be bold, we man, we strong, we true, And dare to stand alone; Surve for the right, whate'er ye do, Though helpers there be none.

Not, bend not to the swelling surge of popular sneer and wrong, Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge, With current wild and strong.

Stand for the right, though falsehood rail, and proud lips coldly sneer— A poisoned arrow cannot wound A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right, and with clean hands Exalt the truth on high; Then It find warm sympathizing hearts Among the passers by.

Men who have seen, and thought, and felt, Yet could not singly dare hattle's brunt, but by thy side Will every danger share.

Empd for the right! proclaim it loud! Thou'lt find an answering tone
In honest hearts; and thou no more
Be downed to stand alone.

From the Boston Olive Branch. The Scandal Monger.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot. Aunt Lizzie was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister a maiden lady of about fifty she went to the meetings—kept a regular account of every th, death and marriage, with their datesictured all the babies, and knew every yarb the neighborhood-showed all the young mied women how to make soap, and when it had bad luck, made every child in the see set cross-legged until the luck changed. in fine, she was a kind of village factotumsent her time in going from house to house ending out a grist of slander to each, as occan required, but always concluded with "the my of transgressors is hard;" "poor Mrs. A. zE (as the case was,) I pity her from the ham of my heart," or some such very soothing ection. Aunt Lizzie was always very fond disking strangers and others, without regard time or place, "the state of their minds; r they enjoyed their minds," &c. These petions were generally followed by a string sandal, which was calculated to destroy the and happiness of some of her best neighas and friends; but she, like other narrators d this kind, considered intellectual murder as sher establishing her own fair reputation. as the only mode of entertaining the village,

thereby rendering her society agreeable. One warm summer's afternoon as Squire P us sitting near his office door, smoking his pice, Aunt Lizzie was passing by with great need, ruminating on the news of the day, then the Squire brought her suddenly to, as the sailors say, by "what's your hurry, aunt Lizzie? walk in." The old lady, who never ranted a second invitation, went into the office and, the following dialogue soon commenced. "Well, Squire P., I have been thinking this m'd only leave off your light conversations, athe good book says, and become a serious min-you might be an ornament to both church nd state, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzie, a cheerful untenance I consider as the best index of a miesul heart, and you know what the Bible MIS on that subject-"When ye fast, be not as hypocrites of a sad countenance, but annoint ad and wash thy face (aunt Lizzie began feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was wher of snuff,) that thou appear not unto act to fast."

"Now, there Squire-that's just what I told 2-see how you have the scripter at your kague's end; what a useful man you might be nour church, if you'd only be a doer as well as hearer of the word."

'4s to that, Aunt Lizzie, I don't see tha ar "professors" as you call them, are a whit Mer than I am, in private. I respect a sinre profession as much as any man; but I an enough of one of your church, whom a think a great deal of, to know that she is better than she should be! At these inuendoes, Aunt Lizzie's little black

yes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the dure, in order to speak in a lower toneread her hanpkerchief over her lap, and been to tap the cover of her snuff box in true sple, and all things being in readiness for a eqular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she

"Now, Squire, I want to know what you San by one of our church? I know who you ©:an-the trollop—I didn't like so many curls that her head, when she told her experience." Tat Squire, finding curiosity was putting his is on, had no occasion to add spurs to the hear, for the old lady had one in her head that Mu worth both of them. Accordingly he had Li peace until he consented to explain what he Least by the expression "in private"—this raa dear word with Aunt Lizzie.

Now, Aunt Lizzie, will you take a Bible that you will never communicate what I ta dout to tell you to a living being, and that keep it while you live as a most invio-

Squire, I declare I-won't never tell both nothing about it as long as I breathe breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath there, surtin as I live, Squire, before you any other magister in the whole country." field, then, you know when I went up to

wa a year ago." Tes, Jes, Squire, and I know who went with -Susey B. and Dolly T., and her sister

Never mind who went with me, Aunt Liz-

there was a whole lot of passengers—But,

None of your buts, Squire—out with it—if ts will act so a trollop"

But Aunt Lizzie, I'm afraid you'll bring into a scrape_" by- told you over and over again, that no-

by here shall know nothing about it, and for wife knows I ain't leaky—"

"If wife! I wouldn't have her know what

well, don't be afear'd Squire, once for all, him in the vestibule of the church.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Brtension 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, MARCH 24, 1859.

I'll take my oath that no living crittur shant

never as long as I live, know a lisp on't." "Well, then-if you must know it-I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members nearly half the way up!!!"

Aunt Lizzie drew in a long breath-shut up her snuff box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susey B .- likeliest !- this comes of being flattered-a trollop. Well, one thing I know—'the way of the transgressor is hard; but I hope you'll never tell nobody on't, Squire for sartin as the world, if sich a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

- In a few moments Aunt Lizzie took her departure, the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good by-let me alone for secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. re ceived a very polite note from Parson G., re questing him to attend a meeting of the church, and many of the parish, at the south Confer ence room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P to be present.

The Parson, whe was a very worthy man knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters as Aunt Lizzie call'd them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P.'s, requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by 2 o'clock, and he would call for

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Susey B .- Mrs. P. stared and Susey looked as though she had been cryin a fortnight. The Parson, with softened tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story about Susey B., which he observed was in every body's mouth, and which he did not himself believe a word of-and Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness -after painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzie in presence of the meeting, and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath? Aunt Lizzie's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't-and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't-and so it went through the whole church and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he told Aun Lizzie, slept with a church member, half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inas much as she never would hear or retail slander All eyes were now alternately on Susey B, and Squire P.'s wife-Aunt Lizzie enjoyed a kind remoon what a useful man you might be, if of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member, to whom

he alluded, was his own lawful wife!! Aunt Lizzie drew in her head under a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire, as usual, burst out into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susey B. and even the Parson, could not refrain joining—and Parson G. afterward acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village which all his preaching could not have done.

The Deacon and the Irishman.

Under this head we find the following amu sing story going the rounds.

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swamp scott, R. I. was traveling the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggins in that vi-

Pat was a strong athletic man, and a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, (his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls and in a whisper which could be heard all round inquired:

"Sure, an isn't this a hirritick church?" "Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I spake at all," eplied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat shouted "Glory!"

"Hist ye divil ye," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan. "Hist-t-t ye blackguard have you no dacency at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the Deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped and extending his hand in a

supplicating manner said-"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yis your riverence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the Deacon, and to the utter laughter and asthe sign to say for the world—why, Aunt the whole congregation, he dragged him through the size and with a tremendous kick he landed the aisle and with a tremendous kick he landed the actionle of the church.

A Midnight Adventure.

Female often possess presence of mind, and the power of self-control, under circumstances of imminent peril, which seem almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate physical organization. A striking instance of self command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares is given in Cham-ber's Journal for October. We copy the adventure, presuming by way of explanation that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country village, and was upon the eve of marriage.

The wedding-day was on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened-Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separ ate room from her sister, sat up late-long after all the household had retired to rest. She had had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight-As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguished nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride elect, without a thought of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pis-

tol in his hand, standing before her. She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for was old, feeble, and suffering from her complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise I beg of you.

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied, sullenly, if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her ewels-not without a pang, for they were precious love gifts—remarking at the same time, that two more masked ruffians stood at the halfopened door. As he took the jewelcase and atch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked if he intended to go into her father s room. She received a surly affirmative: "He wasn't a going to run all risk and leave half the tin behind!" She proposed instantly that you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you." The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old tor's room the Chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully, and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out be-low, and that they couldn't let her out of sight and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down le and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows-eight in number when assembled meal. They ordered her to get them out wine; and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this exfraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of car and eye, had thus time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled, but it was not a pork. In this estimate of the hog, the mass of the wondrous eyes of the villagers, and the consultation against her, as it proved. The leader, approached her, told her that they did not wish to harm her-that she was "a jolly wench, regular game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the as man has canine teeth, and lives by drawing alarm until nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent and then they all in sisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed. during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, into a disturbed slumber. The consternation with pure air and pure water. of the family next morning may be imagined, and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent from London, and they, aided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no to the discovery. The stolen property was declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter.

He who says all he likes, will often hear what he does not like.

Use of Pork as Food.

The Scientific American having endorsed the opinion that "A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbonic acid gas, and that fat pork was never designed for human food, making no red meat or muscle," etc., Dr. Holston, of Zanesville, who is one of the most intelligent physicians of Ohio, wrote to the

A fat hog is truly the quintessence of scrof-ula, for scrofula in Greek is hog, and the derivative scrofulous means hoggish. The disease scrofula was so called when medical science was in its infancy, from its supposed resemblance to some diseases of the bog, and then the inference was easy, that eating the hog (scrofa) produced the hog-disease (scrofula.)-It is well known, however, that our American Indians and the Hindoos, who never use pork, are liable to this disease; and that in Europe it prevails chiefly among the ill-fed poor, who hardly taste meat of any kind.

On the other hand the Chinamen and our own pioneers, who hardly eat any other flesh, are remarkably healthy and exempt from scrofula -a disease we have much more reason to suspect as originating long ago from the hereditary taint of an unmentionable disease favored by irregular living and poor diet.

In the South, from their sleek appearance and exemption from scrofula, you can at once distinguish the bacon-fed negro.

These examples may suffice on that head. Fat pork is not in any sense carbonic acid, but hydro-carbon, a combination of hydrogen and carbon. It becomes carbonic acid and water by combining with oxygen in the act of being burned, or digested, which is much the same thing-giving off during those processes large amounts of heat and light.

It is true the fat of pork does not make blood or red flesh, though the lean which is always eaten also, does. It is as your article says truly, material for breath. Well, that is a good deal. It is supposed that if the writer's breath had stopped five minutes before he took his pen, we should never have seen his article on fat

pork. But it does more. All the fat that goes into the stomach, and thence into the blood, does not undergo slow burning in the lungs by the process of burning, but is deposited in the body as human fat. Now a certain amount of fat is so necessary for the proper play of all the parts, muscles included, that without it, the body, like an ungreased engine, wears itself out by its own friction. In consumption, the waste of fat is one of the most alarming and most dangerous symptom, and the far-famed codliver oil acts perhaps chiefly by supplying the blood with fat.

I am satisfied by experience that fat porkwhen the stomach will receive it-does just as Moreover, few of those delicate persons that have so great an aversion to pork or other fat, ever live to see forty years. They die young, of consumption. Butter, sugar, starch. vegetable oils, act to some extent as animal fat, and in tropical climates are used as substitutes.

But go to the Arctic regions and see the re-fined Dr. Kane and his men devour raw walrus she should go herself, saying: "I will bring blubber with a gusto, as he would take a dish ed brow of the sufferer. Though the pale face of ice cream, and you will conclude that "fat pork," particularly in our Arctic winters, is not so bad an institution.

We could not live on fat pork alone-nor on oth for breathing and making blood and red er even than lean beef or any other single arti as beans, peas, potatoes, etc., is always eaten with fat pork, so there is a sufficient supply of blood and flesh-making material. However, excess is bad, and the fat pork must not consti tute the bulk of a meal.

Chemical analysis is a poor substitute for the observation of facts in the living body, nor can we even base very much on experiments made stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid on Mr. Martin, the man with the hole in his wedding-breakfast had been laid to save troub- stomach, by which food can be introduced and digestion observed, for that is not nature's way of getting it there, and a stomach with such an seated themselves and prepared to make a good unnatural opening is much like a leaky dinnerpot with a hole in the bottom stuffed with a rag. Extended experience alone can settle such a question.

The Greeks and Romans esteemed pork as a luxury, and a most wholesome diet; their athletes and gladiators (prize fighters) were fed on pork. Our own Saxon (Teutonic Scandinavian) ancestors esteemed it so highly that they. even in their heaven, provided a great hog with golden bristles, called Gulliborstli, of whose bacon the heroes of Walhalia dined every day, when at night the picked bones again united and became covered with a fresh supply of fat mankind, not of the Shemetic race, (Jews, Turks, Arabs, etc.,) who follow Moses' law, that had a spiritual and representative meaning, have in all ages agreed, and will agree, as long his breath. Whenever the Scientific American, or Prof. Liebig will discover a new process of living without breathing, we may be guided by their opinion; till then, I opine, "good corn-fed pork," (and no other is good) will rule the roast, of which they themselves will not be slow pork,' to partake.

My remarks are of course only applicable to men, women and children with comparatively she stole up to her room, undressed and fell healthy stomachs, who have sufficient exercise,

AN ADVOCATE of a French provincial town was waited on by a sausage-dealer, who said, "Sir, I want to consult you. If a dog devours sausages placed in my window, can I make his owner pay the damage?" "Certainly." that case, please to pay me twelve francs, for difficulty in identifying; and swearing to-the your dog has just eaten sausages of mine to 'three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue that extent." The advocate paid the money.-An hour after, the advocate's clerk called on nearly all recovered, and the old rector always the sausage-dealer, and claimed twenty francs for "a consultation about sausages;" and the tradesman, to his intense mortification, had to hand over the sum claimed.

> Many a man censures and praises so very it is about twenty-seven feet round, made of faintly that he has no enemies except his friends. hoops.

NO. 34.

A Beautiful Sketch. We select the following beautiful picture from a recent published address of Richard V. Oook.

Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on the Education and Influence of Women. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of women's true mission : "I fancy a young man just emerging from the

bright elysium of youth, and commencing the journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted, the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and as a

consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He doesn't stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He doesn't stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin, but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of reasons-because he loves her! He builds his home in some quiet spot where green trees wave their summer glories, and where the bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come! Here, from the

troubles and cares of existence, he finds soluce in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity. Friends may betray him, and foes may op press, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul -the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see a man fall in adversi ty. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go-friends, credit and property-grief-stricken, and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does his wife desert him too? Nay, Verily. When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she

draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellences of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournfully and disconsolate, Themsistocles by the Household of God's Admeths, here is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has often overtaken the wisest and the best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive that she is still near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life .-Industry and energy restore him to competen-

cy; fortune smiles upon him, friends return "Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevergives tokens of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers sugar and starch—though we could on bread. the fortress of life; and the physician solemn-Bread, the staff of life, contains the materials ly warns his patient that death is a approachflesh (muscle) in a supereminent degree, great- love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth the cle of food, and this, or some substitute, such last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills. Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand: while the minister slowly reads the Holy words of promise:

> , 'I am the resurrection and the Life; he that beliveth in me, shall never die.'

Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever. the angels hear the pale wife whisper- I'll meet thee-I'll meet thee in Heaven!""

THE RIGHT BIRD .- Odd and good is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine. As the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract doctor leved to stand in front of the shop and explain its beauty to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed: "Och! and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't

fine! But there's something, a little bit wanting in it." "And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor

"Why, you see," says Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here and not a bit of bird swimmming in it," 'Ay-yes," replied the doctor; "that is a

good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there. Wouldn't they be fine?" "Faith and I don't know but they would, said Pat: "but I'm afther thinking there's an-

other kind o' bird what would be much more appropriate." 'And what's that?" asked the doctor. "Why, I can't exactly think of his name jist

now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings says, 'Quack, quack, quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat he was run-

A GENTLEMAN who had a scolding wife, in answer to an inquiry after her health, said she was pretty well, only subject, at times, to a breaking out in the mouth."

ning for dear life and the doctor after him.

Woman has found her true "sphere" at last;

Rates of Advertising.

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

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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, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

Advice to Young Men.

"That never'll do, young man! No use to stand on the sidewalk and whine about hard luck, and say that everything goes against you. You are not of half the consequence that your talk wold lead us to believe. The world hasn't declared war against you. You are like all the rest of us-a mere speck upon the earth's surface. Were you this moment to go down in the living tide but a bubble would linger for a moment upon the surface, and even that would unnoticed. The heart is full of hope and ambition, but is not missed when it ceases to beat. One such as you would not leave a

ripple. You are a coward—a coward in the battle. There's no fight in you. You have surrendered without a struggle, and now whine because beaten. You are not yet worthy of a triumph for you have not yet carned it. In garret, hut, dripping cellar are ten thousand heroes who would put you to shame. They must toil or starve. The strife is a desperate one with them, for they wrestle with want while ragged and despairing ones watch at the lone hearth the fearful contest. Strong men look death in the eye when their sinews are strong by the wail of hungry childhood.

Shame on you! In the full vigor of health and manhood, no mouth but your own to fill, and no back but your own to cover, and yet crouching under the first scourgings of adverse fortune. You know nothing of the storm, for you have seen but the summer. One cloud has frightened you, and you think you are hardly dealt by. You will be lucky if you find no darker shadows across your path.

Stand up, young sir, pull your hands from your pockets, throw off your coat, and take fortune by the throat. You may be thrown again and again, but hang on. Put away the nonsense that the world is all against you .--'Taint so. Your destiny is in your strong arms. Wield it like a man! With an unheeding will, and honor and truth for a guide, the day is your own.

No capital, eh? You have capital. God has given you perfect health. That is an immense capital to start on. You have youth and strength—all invaluable. Add a will to do, put your sinews in motion, and you will win. man in full health and strength should never whine of despair, because fortune does not pour a stream of gold eagles into his pockets. If you have no money, work and get it. Industry, economy, and integrity can do wonders. From such beginnings, fortunes have been reared. They can be again. Will you try it? Or will you wait for the stream to run by, so that you can walk dry shod into the El Dorado of wealth? Or, will you meet the wave defiantly, and be the architect of your own fortune? -Cayuga Chief.

Old Letters.

How true is the following, which we find in an exchange :- "There is a pleasure in reading old letters, almost as great as that of meeting and conversing with the friends by whom they were written. Old letters are the landmarks of our journey through life. They tell us at what time occurred the brightest, and at what time the saddest events in our history-when we formed the friendships, which, through every vicissitude of our fortune have continued unchanged, and when those which were nipped in the early bud, or which ripened, decayed and are forgotten. They point us in living characters to the memory of those who have passed away from this world, and set before us all the amiable and endearing qualities with which they were adorned. By means of old letters we read in manhood, the gay and jocund feats of boyhood; and when age has laid its withering hand upon our faculties, it still delights us to retrace, in the epistles of manhood, the scenes and events which characterised the active

part of our life. To those who would treasure up the series of events by which each year and day are in some way distinguished—to those who delight to call un in distinct review the companions who started with them in life's uncertain race, and whose various fortunes they would wish to remember -to all, indeed, whose condition in life has engaged them in epistolary correspondence, whether of a friendly, literary, or mercantile nature -we would recommend the preservation of old letters. They are faithful monitors which teach volumes of wisdom; and therefore we say again, save old letters.

Editorial Code of Honor.

The subjoined Code of Honor was unanimously adopted by the Editorial Convention which met at Harrisburg a few weeks ago .-Respect for themselves, and respect for their readers, will, we ardently hope, lead all editors to accept the code, not as a mere commendable

thing, but as a rule of duty;

And Whercas, It is the leading purpose of this Union to estalish such a code for the general abservance of this Union as experience shall from time to time dictate, and as shall cause the press to become a more affective agent in the promotion of the general welfare of our common country, we therefore declare.

1st. That that moderation, fairness, and dignity, are, at all times, honorable in the editorial profession.

2d. That courtesy, especially to cotemporaries, is to be cultivated in the profession. 3d. That personalities, which necessarily lead to degradation of the press, are to be deprica-

ted. 4th. That in the conduct of newspaper discussions the rules of "honorable war" should

be observed. That the deliberate and wanton violation of these self-evident principles, and of such additions as may be hereafter made, shall be deemed sufficient grounds for censure by this association, and, if persevered in, for expulsion of a

At an assembly of friends, a lady was apoligized for by an acquaintance; who said she was detained by a little incident. "Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Clatterbell, "a beautiful little 'incident' it was tou-weigs just nine pounds and a half."