Terms of Publication.

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THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County The Agranor is the Omeial Paper of the County, The Agranor and stendily increasing circulation reaching increasing circulation reaching interest neighborhood in the County. It is sent incred panage to any Post Office within the county free of panage to any to convenient post office may be units, mains county. n as aujourne Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-gustness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclun an adjoining County.

ALICE MAY.

Near a gently murmuring river
Where the moonbeams brightly play,
Lired a fair and lovely maiden
And her name was Alice May. There she wandered by the river,
Where the air was sweet with flowers—
Wandered when the day was closing In the pleasant twilight hours; There she wandered and and lone,

There she wandered sad and lone,
Ever wishing, ever longing
For one heart to call her own.
And one day, when all the shadows
Darker had, and longer grown,
Came this one to gentle Alice—
Came to be hers all alone.
Well she loved this youth so noble,
And together, now they strayed,
Errayed beside the rippling river
Where the moon-beams sweetly played.

But one morning when the dew-drops
In the flowers still were electing.
By the murming, purling river
Wandered Alice sadly weeping. Wandered Alice sadly weeping.
For the noble youth was lying—
Dreamless, sleeping on the bed,
And too well did gentle Alice
Know that she was cold and dead. One short moment she is standing Where the flowers are blooming ever. Then she plunged into the waters, And her eyes were closed forever. And the peasants sometimes say,
"At the closing of the day,
Wanders there the youthful lover
And the gentle Alice May."

E. SOPHIA.

The Greased Pole.

dansfield, Pa.

HOWING HOW ZEKE PHILPOT GOT SUCKED IN, AND THEN AGAIN HOW HE DIDN'T.

EZEKIEL PHILPOT was born in America, emirhere near the headwaters of the Penobgrand when he arrived at the age of nine-Fi he had got his growth and "cut his eyegth," a circumstance which was generally adsited by all who knew him. One bright mor-LEgin June, Zeke placed his long body in a can shirt, run his long legs through a pair of gaped trowsers, wrapped a span new waisttal about his breast, hauled up his stiff cottadickey, and tied a checked gingham about ineck, and then donned his swallow-tailed cat, the brass buttons of which looked like a AW of newly risen stars. Zeke was literally a mager in the "Bloomer costume," at least one sold have thought so to see him as he now med. He disdained to have the trowsers legs cingling in the mud, or to have the cuffs of his est slopping in the washbowl; so his blue sakings peeped forth from beneath the tops d his cowhides that looked up full six inches to the trowsers bottoms, while his bony wrists had free scope from either shirt-sleeve or cuff. Like's hair was no color in particular, but bore all the lighter shades of the vegetable kingdom, ras down flat with pure bear's ile, and directly in the top of his head he put a white hat, smewhat resembling an inverted butter-firkin, and after gazing at his presentment in the boking glass for four and a half minutes, was eard to say : "Thar, Mr. Zeke Philpot, if you don't slide

in that, then I guess what ain't what, that's Zeke was bound to Bosting with a load of ganuine apple sass, and he expected ere he remed, to make a light commotion, if not more,

the great metropolis. The old mare was expressed, and in due course of time Zeke and a bad arrived in Bosting, where the "sass" in his pocket, our hero began to look around usee the sights.

"Hd-lo" exclaimed Zeke, as he stopped one ming before a blazing placard which arnec 's of the back walls in Flag alley; "what'n tration's that? A Golden Ladder—a road Fert-u-n-e-oh, fortin' that's it-a road to

Lite went on to decipher the reading beneath, El gradually he gained the intelligence that Blick Bay there was to be a pole twenty thigh, on the top of which the proprietor Field place a prize of \$200, to be owned by Ey one who could obtain it. Chances \$3. "Well, tew hundred dollars is some punkins," E lequised Zeke. "I've clumb pooty skinny less in my day. I'll just wade into that felar's two hundred, rot me ef I don't."

With this feeling of cupidity, Zeke started the scene of action, and it was not till he tad run down a dozen apple women that he tenembered his entire ignorance of where Black Bay might be, and when this information vas gained, he appeared to remember that the "ld mare" hadn't been seen to.

Zeke was economical in his horse keeping. He hired a single stall in a small shed near the foridence depot, brought his own hay, and the care of his own animal. Thither he has-Ened his step, and having watered and fed his han, he took from his wagon box an old wool and and raked down the mare in the most apfixed manner. To be sure the steel teeth Geneia little more harshly over the bones than egal-but then Zeke was in a hurry, for that icw handred" was in his eye.

At length, by dint of much enquiry Ezekiel haper found his way to the spot where the Goiden Ladder."

"lielo" exclaimed Zeke, as he came up, what's the chap wot keeps this ere pole?" "Jam the man," answered a burly fellow thated nose and pimpled chin, who occua chair near the pole. "Want to try Walk up, gentlemen, walk up—only dollars 1 Who wants the two hundred? "Hold, on, old feller," interrupted Zeke, yer mean to say as heow there's tew hundollars in that 'ere bag up to the top o'

In ef I ken get it, it's mine?" You can have a chance for three dollars, Leke."

lackly. Wal, now, there's yer three dol-

and neow here's what goes in for the hull

Lete divested himself of his cont, rolled up electes, and giving a powerful leap, gras-el the pole about ten feet from the ground. tingle second—no longer—he staid there, and supped back on terra firma. Zeke looked | friends or our choice, at his hands, and then down upon his striped | hold. Goden's Lady's Book.

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, APRIL 7, 1859.

trowsers. Then he looked at his hands again; and raising them up to his nose, while a deep, long smell seemed to set his doubts and queries at rest, uttered: "The duce! Hog's fat by thunder!"

A broad laugh from the crowd soon brought Zeke to his senses, and convinced him that he had been sold. But ere he could find his tougue again an old salt, about "three sheets in the wind," paid for his chance and essayed to climb the pole. The sailor hugged half-way up and then slid. The crowd laughed again, at this time their attention was turned from Zeke to the new aspirant; after waiting a moment in a sort of "brown study," our hero quietly slipped away, remarking to the red nosed man, "he was goin' to get three dollars more: he'd be darned ef he didn't try it again!"

In an hour Zeke was again upon the ground. "Neow, ole feller," said he to the man who took the entrance money. "I want to try that ere thing wunst more, an' I want yew't understand 'at I shall jis' take eff my shews this with the crowd of human beings behind, their

"Got nothing in your stocking?" suggested the red nosed man.

"Nothin' but my feet," returned Zeke, as he

Zeke paid his three dollars, and minus coat, vest and "silews," he grasped the pole. Slowly, yet steadily, he crept up from the ground. He hugged like a blood-sucker to the greased pole, and by degrees he neared the top. His hand was within a foot of the bag of dollars, and he stopped to get his breath. One more lift, and then another, and the prize was within his grasp. Zeke slid to the earth with the two hundred dollars.

"Thar! know'd I could dew it. I hain't clumb spruces and white maples all my days the toe of the right foot, while with his hand for nothin'! Good by, folks, an' ef enny of yeou ever come down east, just guv us a call." best of his way to the stable. He shut the door to the shed, and then pulling up his trowsers, he untied from the inside of each knee one-half of the steel-toothed leather of his horse

"Wall, old Dobbin," said Zeke, patting the mare affectionately on the back while he held the piece of card leather in his hand the scattering teeth of which had been filed sharp, "rather guess I ken ford to buy yoon a new card neow."

The Courtesies of Home Life.

Let us, my dear countrywomen, reflect what a charm would be diffused in every domestic circle were each member constantly striving to do his or her best, as they do before strangers, and making the same effort to please each other which they would consider the law of politeness imposed on them were they in a large social circle, or even with indifferent people. The good Vicar of Wakefield required his family, upon meeting at breakfast, to salute each other with proper courtesy. "I always thought fit," says he, "to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom even destroys friendship."

These "mechanical forms" ure very useful in reminding us of what we owe to another. and in preventing carelessness from degenerating into selfishness. "Politeness" (we quote from Dr. Johnson) "is fictitious benevolence. adsposed of at good advantage and with It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets

her, and imitates her where she is not." Is it not surprising that persons who are quite able to be amiable in company can not estrain their bursts of petulent ill home, though they thus wound and often out. To see the gleaming sun flash as the iron came rage the feelings of those they love best in the

What can quell these domestic hurricanes?

Let a stranger enter, and the scene changes as if by magic; all is sunshine and apparent peace; politeness comes when it is needed for show before strangers. Alas for the happiness of that home where Selfishness is thus found to be more powerful than Love! There are others who think they do enough at home if they do not give way to unkind feelings .-They consider a negative behavior quite sufficient for "the family." But is this enough? Ought we not to exert ourselves, and try to make home ar agreeable as well as a safe place, where must, after all be our stronghold of comfort? Would it not be well if children were trained to exert their talents, acquirements, and accomplishments more in the family and less for the world? to enliven and entertain the home circle, rather than to show off in the ball-room or the musical entertainment? The efforts made to amuse and please the "world," which never succeed, would, if as perseveringly made at home, confer_unspeakable delight on those who should consider first in our love, and who, are best and only true friends. In this way the young can best reward their parents and older friends for the affectionate cares and self-privations undergone often by the elders to give the education and accomplishments which make youth so charming. Will you not, my young friends, endeavor to make home happy by your courtesies and sweet amiability conduct? to make your family circle the place of enjoyment every day, every hour, every mo-

If nature has not gifted us with great talents, if we are not learned, or accomplished, or witty, or wise, still there is a charm in kindness that never fails to please. There is a consideration for others that saves the feelings, because it is never guilty of rudeness, never utters a cutting sarcasm nor vulgar epithet to wound the selfrespect of another, or inflict a pang on a heart manner, this charm of giving pleasure, do not require genius, or learning, or accomplishment, though these will add to the power of those

who possess them. Happy the home where the real art of life's courtesies is understood and practised. There, selfishness conquered by the generous desire to promote the general happiness; and thus "the friends whom God has given us," as Mrs. Barhauld prettily calls the family, become the

The Western Hunter

BY A BRITISH OPPICER.

A British officer, who was at the battle of New Orleans, mentions an incident of thrilling strangeness, and very descriptive of the Western hunter, many of whom marched to the defense of New Orleans as volunteers in the army under the renowned Andrew Jackson:

We marched, said the officer, in a solid column of twelve thousand men, in a direct line upon the American defenses. I belonged to the staff, and as we advanced watched through our glasses the position and arrangements of our enemy with that intensity an officer feels when marching into the jaws of death, with the assurance that while he thus offers himself as a sacrifice to the demands of his country, every action, be it successful or otherwise, will be judged with the most heartless scrutiny.

It was a strange sight, that long range of cotton bales-a new material for breastworkheads only visible above the line of defence. We could distinctly see their long rifles laying over the bales, and the battery of Gen. Coffee directly in front, with its great mouth gaping planted thirteen inches of flesh and bone into toward us, and the position of Gen. Jackson, with his staff around him. But what attracted our attention most was the figure of a tall man standing on the breastworks, dressed in linsey woolsey, with buckspin leggins, and a broad rimmed felt hat that fell around his face, almost concealing his features. He was standing in one of those picturesque and grateful attitudes peculiar to those natural men-dwellers in the forest. The body rested on the left leg, and swayed with a curved line upwards; the right arm was extended, the hand grasping the rifle near the muzzle, the butt of which rested near he raised the rim of the hat from his eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath intensely upon our Zeke left the crowd in wonder, and made the advancing column. The cannon of General est of his way to the stable. He shut the Coffee had opened upon us, and tore through our ranks with dreadful slaughter; but we continued to advance, unwavering and cool, as if nothing threatened our progress.

The roar of cannon seemed to have no effect upon the figure standing on the cotton bales, but he seemed fixed and motionless as a statue. At last he moved, threw back the hat rim over the crown with his left hand, raised the rifle to his shoulder, and took aim at our group. Our eyes were riveted upon him. At whom had he leveled his piece? But the distance was so great that we looked at each other and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, and my right hand companion, as noble looking a fellow as ever rode at the head of his regiment, fell from his saddle. The hunter paused a few moments, with out moving his ritle from his shoulder, then reloaded and resumed his former attitude.-Throwing the hat rim over his eyes and again holding it up with the left hand, he fixed his piercing gaze upon us as if hunting out an-other victim. Once more the hat rim was thrown back, and the gun raised to the shoulder. This time we did not smile, but cast short glances at each other, to see which of us must die; and when the rifle again flashed, another of us dropped to the earth. There was something awful in marching on to certain

death. General Coffee's battery and thousands of musket balls played upon our ranks. We cared not for them; there was a chance of escaping unscathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was leveled toward us, and its bullet sprang from the barrel, one of us must surely down, and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know, when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full-primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still

march on, was awful. I could not see anything but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming, through the smoke, the supernatural appear ance of some giant spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unfailing aim; and it was with indescribable pleasure that I beheld as we neared the American lines the sulphureous smoke gather around us and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle, and to my mind the Kentucky rifleman contributed more to our defeat than anything else; for while he remained to our sight our attention was drawn from our duties. and when at last we become enshrouded in the smoke, the work was complete-we were in utter confusion and unable, in the extremity, to restore order sufficient to make any success

attack. So long as thousands and thousands of rifle remain in the hands of the people; so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer, at one hundred and fifty yards, in the most vital part; so long as there is a great proportion of the Republic who live as free as the wild Indian, knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquera ble, and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Alleghany mountains, would not be able to subdue the fresh-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

Time's gratitude and revenge .- Time is good and faithful friend, but a most revengeful that loves the one who has thus cruelly or care and remorseless enemy. Like a deep feeling lessly made it suffer. And all these graces of and love desiring human heart, it treasures up a grateful memory of kindness and good ser vice; and is sure, sooner or later, to make payment with the addition of compound interest. But for every instance of neglect or abuse it takes certain and terrible vengeance; and none who incur its anger can escape its punishment; for, like death, time is inexorable.

Piccolomoni replied to a serenade at Troy : -"Shentlemen: I am veer mooch obligee for the slipped back on terra firma. Zeke looked friends of our choice, one heart in one house- dis complements. I am veer poor speak Anglish, unt I feels shleepy."

Artemus Ward again. [From the Cleveland Plaindealer.]

Baldinsville, Indyany, Feb. 10, 18&59. GENTZ; Ime in a sad & sentermental Mood ternite. I thawt at 1st Id kourt the Muze & pound based upon traits already developed .did so try to do, but the Muze refused to be kourted & so methines I'll let my thawts express themselves in proze. & spekin of kourtng remines me of how I wood and one Mrs. A. Ward, which I desay will intrest the reders of destitute of refinement, of sociality, of domes-yure valerable paper. Twas a carm stil nite in oon, when al natur was husht & nary Zeffer disturbed the sercen silense. I sot with the objek of mi hart's afekshune on the fense uv her which he goes, of his own will, and is even then father's pastur. I had experiunsed a hankerin after her fur sum time but darsunt proclame my pashun. Wall, we set there on the fense a swingin our fete 2 & frow & blushin as red as painted, & lookin very cimpul, I make no dowt.

on the fense while my rite was wounded affekshunitly round her waste. Sez I, "Suzanner I thinks very muchly of yu," & I side deeply.

Sez she, "How you do run on."
Sez I, "I wish there was windows to my sole

soz yu cood see sum of my feelins." I pawsed heer, but as she made no reply I

continuered in the followin strane: "Ar cood ver know the sleeplis nites I para on yure account, how vittles has seased to be attractiv to me & how my limbs is shrunk up yu woodnt dowt me not by no means. Gaze on this wastin form & these sunken ize." I cride, jumpin up & I shud hav continuered sum time longer probly, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse & fell over into the pastur ker smash, teering my close and severely damagin myself ginerally. Suzanner sprung to my assistance & dragged me 4th in double quick time. Then

"I wont listen to your infurnel noncents env onger. Jest yu say rite strate out what you air drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, Ime

drawing herself up to her full hite sed:

purposes & we went to the parsun's at onct & not have the brawn of the Englishman, nor the was immejitly made 1. Ive parst through a impossibility of the German, nor the levity of grate many trying Ordeels sins that memorable the Frenchman, nor the laziness of the Italian. nite, but Mrs. A. Ward has been troo as steal. He will not be able to eat beef by the cord, nor By bein virtuous Ive one a repartashun fur hon- drink brandy by the pipe; will soar high above esty whitch few showmen, (alars, alars for the lager beer and pretzel, look down with disdain perfession!) injoy & by attendin strick!y to biz- upon frog legs and sour wine, and utterly scorn show is ekalled by few & exceld by none, em- of feature, active in motion, persistent in effect, bracin as it doz a wunderful culleckshun of liv- inquisitive in nature, slightly obtrusive in adin wild Beests and Snaiks, a endlis variety of dress, independent in conduct, careless in atwax figgers of life sise & the only trained Kangeru in Ameriky-the most amuzin littel cuss

ever introduced to a discriminatin publik.
& why am I sad? methinks I heer yu ask Jentle reader. Becawz I feel that the Show Bisniz, which I've stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as they air kalled, the in my pinion they air poplar humbugs.-Eastern individiwals, mostly from Bosting, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin bisniz .black close & cum out West to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. They aint over stockt with branes, but they have brass enuff to make sufishunt kittles-to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensewin sixteen generations. Peple well conducted noospaper-price 3 cents-than there is out of ten poplar lecturs at 25 or 50 dollars a pop, as the case may be. These same peple, bare in mine, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests. They say these things is low. Gents, it greeves my hart in my old age, when Ime in the "Sheer and yeller leef" (to cote from my Irish frend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show biznis is pretty much plade out. Howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring. Ime negoshiatin with the larst Joory in the Hiram Cole kase & if I kin get them remarkabil livin curiositys I think Lishall make a payin sesson of it.

Very Respectively, Yurs

ARTEMUS WARD. INTEMPERANCE .- What hopes so precious that it has not withered? What career so promising that it has not arrested? What heart so tender, what temper so fine, that it has not destroyed? What things so noble and sacred that it has not blasted? Touched by its hellfire flame, the laurel-crown has been changed to ashes on the head of mourning genius, and the wings of the poet scorched by it; he who once played in the light of sun-beams, and soared aloft into the skies, has basely crawled in the dust. Paralyzing the mind even more than the body, it has turned the noblest intellect into drivelling idiocy. Not awed by dignity, it has polluted the ermine of the Judge. Not scared away by the sanctity of the temple, it has defiled the pulpit. In all these particulars, I speak what I know. I have seen it cover with a cloud, or expose to deposition from the office and honors of the holy ministry no fewer than ten clergymen, with some of whom I have ances or friends .- Guthrie.

A good story is told of a fellow in Ohio driving a crazy one horse wagon over a railroad vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unburt, about two rods from the scene of disaster .-

Fanny Fern says she once had a narrow es-Fanny doesn't tell what the minister "escaped." | send Cowards here !"

NO. 36.

The American Man.

We copy the following amusing conjectures as to what the American man will be, from the Baltimore American. It is evidently a com-The American takes the several threads and weaves them into one piece. The result is natural-a man full of energy, full of everything that constitutes the business man, but totally ing to gratify it at home; restless and prying, attracted to it by inquisitiveness, to satisfy his curiosity as to what changes time may have effected. When the rest of the continent is thickly settled and the "coming man" can find the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust no new place upon which to set his foot and painted, & lookin very cimpul, I make no dowt. make a "nice thing" by speculation—when, by My left arm was okupide in ballunsin myself | the force of circumstances he shall be compelled to stay at home-when this time arrives, the 'coming man," unless some wonderful change be wrought in his nature, may be about as insignificant a type as the world has ever produced. But we will append the pen sketch which the American has drawn out:

"What sort of a man is the American man

going 'to be?' That is the great question with the Massachusetts prophets. The answer may be easily inferred. Men whose boast is the universal Yankee nation is 'the greatest in creation,' are not apt to admit the inferiority or even the equality of any other men whatsoev er. Hence the speculative New Englanders conclude that, although the existing American man may be afflicted with a few trivial defects and ephemeral blemishes, the 'coming American man' will be a gentleman such as the world never saw. He will be no weak copy of his ancestors, no duodecimo Britisher, nay not even an enlarged and revised edition of John Bull, illustrated with cuts and copious appendix but an entirely new, original, unique, unrivalled, and unsurpassed man, different from any that ever walked the earth, and better than any I considered that air enuff for all practical in fine, the very climax of humanity. He will ness Ive amast a hansum competuusy, & my maccaroni and garlic. Lean of person, sharp tire, inventive, acquisitive, communicative, locomotive, recuperative and indomitable, he will 'stand upon his hind legs;' the wonder of the sun and the joy of the planetary system. He will no longer be dyspeptic; he will quit chewing tobacco, cease to drink whiskey, devote more time to healthful recreation and less to en nutmegs, and peddle tin ware no more forhousehold and kitchen furniture of the land assumes the aspect of perpetual motion. To remedy any inconvenience resulting from this universal nobility, he will hold a grand auction, the 'coming man,' as depicted in the essays of the New England seers."

Exciting Scene.

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, gives the following incident in the Representative career of Joshua R. Giddings:

1846, the Indian Appropriation bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole.-Mr. Giddings attacked an item which proposed to pay the State of Georgia for certain runaway slaves who had found shelter among the Creek Indians. Mr. Black, of Georgia, replied in a grossly foul personal assault upon Giddings. Amid such excitement, Giddings standing in the side-aisle at the left of the Chair, was responding with great severity to this attack. Black, armed with a pistol and heavy sword-cane, and followed by three or four Southern Members (one of whom is now a distinguished Senator,) crossed the hall, and coming within striking distance of Giddings, said, "Repeat those words and I'll knock you down!" He repeated the words and went on with his speech. At that moment Mr. Dawson of Louisiana, rushed to the spot, cocked his pistol and shouted, "I'll shoot him! by G-d. I'll shoot him !" The peril of Giddings was imminent. Quick as thought, Mr. Causine of Maryland, his hand on his pistol, leaped into sat down at the table of the Lord, and all of the aisle between Black and Giddings, to defend whom I have numbered in the rank of acquaint- the latter; Kenneth Rayner, of North Carochusetts, planted himself on the right; while Solomon Foot, of Vermont, now in the Senate, track. He was run into by the locomotive, his stood immediately behind him, to prevent an assault from that quarter. And there, surrounded by Causine and Rayner of the South, The engineer stopped the train to see if any and Hudson and Foot of the North, with Black, one was killed. "Well, friend," said he to the Dawson, and other armed and incensed men in fellow, "are you badly hurt?" The reply, front, stood Giddings, his head towering above Yankee like, was by another question, long: the crowd, delivering his speech with great vig-drawn out: "Will-you-s-e-t-t-le now, or-wait till-till morning?" the beginning to the close of the melee, losing the thread of his subject, except when, as Black approached him, he hurled at him the the world; and no talent, no circumstances, no cape from being a minister's wife. The witty defiance, "Come on! the People of Ohio don't opportunity will make a two-legged creature

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 raiss will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS. - \$2,50 \$4,50 \$6,00 \$,00 - 6,00 \$,00 10,00 - 10,00 15,00 20,08 do. -column, - -15,00 30,00 40,00

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

The Inquisitive Yankec.

The following 'new edition, with improvenents,' of an old anecdote; is excedingly rich : A gentleman riding in an eastern railroad car, which was rather sparsely supplied with passengers, observed in a seat before him, a lean slab-sided Yankee, every feature of whose face seemed to ask a question; and a little cifcumstance proved that he possessed a most "inquiring mind." Before him, occupying the whole seat, sat a lady, dressed in deep black; and after shifting his position several times and manœuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye.
"In affliction?"

"Yes, sir," responded the lady.

"Parent?—father or mother?" "No sir."

"Child, perhaps?—a boy or gal?"
"No sir, not a child, I have no children."

"Husband?" "Yes," was the curt answer.

"Hum :-cholery ?-a tradin' man, may be?" "My husband was a sea-faring man-the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholers, he was drowned."

"Oh, drowned, eh?" pursued the inquisitor hesitating for a brief instant.

"Save his chist?" "Yes the ressel was saved; and my husbard's

effects," said the widow. "Was they?" asked the Yankee, his eyes brightening up. "Pious man ?"

"He was a member of the Methodist Church." The next question was a little delayed, but it

"Don't yeou think you've got a great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his chist?"

"I do; said the widow, abruptly, and turning her head to look out of the window, the indefatigable "pump" changed his position, held the widow by the glittering eye once more; and propounded one more query, in a lower tone with his head slightly inclined forward over the back of the seat; "Was you calculating to get married again?"

"Sir," said the widow indignantly, "you are importinent!" And she left her seat and took another on the other side of the car.

"Pears to be a little huffy," said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him; "she needn't be mad; I didn't want to hurt her feelin's. What did they make you pay for that umbrel you've got in your hand? It's a real pooty one!"

Women and Babies.

Gail Hamilton, in his last essay to the Naional Era, says:

There is also a vast deal of nonsense affoat in the feminine world about infancy. Let ever so unsightly a baby be brought into a room where there are half a dozen women, particu-'trading,' desist from the manufacture of wood- larly young ladies, and what a billing, and cooing, and kissing, and hugging, and fondling, ever. But, above all he will be intensely spec- and fracturing of epithets, and hustling toge-They cram themselves with hi soundin frazis, ulative. He will continue to prosecute his in- ther of vowels and consonants, and a general frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of vestigations into spiritualism until the entire muddle, and enthusiastic rhapsodies about the beauty and grace, and swectness, and char-mingness of infancy. All of which, and a great deal more, is to be forgiven to mothers.— They have earned a right to indulge in any exsell out the personal effects of the nation, and travagance they choose concerning their own by the ensewin sixteen generations. Tepic sell out the personal elects of the nation, and flock to heer um in knowds. The men go be cawz its poplar & the wimmin folks go to see what other wimmin folks have on. When it is what other wimmin folks have on. When it is over the lecturer goze and regales himself with characteristics heretofore considered entirely an- no hatred against the poor things; that is I gin and sugar, while the people say, "What a tagonistic. He will be a business man and a am willing they should live. A wise providencharming lecture that air was," etsettery, etsettery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't hav no
barlow knives and discuss theology in the same the portals of infirmity to the temple of permor idee of what the lecturer sed than my kan- breath; run an engine eighteen hundred miles fection; and having made a safe passage our garu has of the sevunth speer of hevun. in a day and deliver a lecture on phrenology at selves, we ought not to cherish murderous de-Theres more informashun to be got out of a night; write a poem before going to bed and signs against those who are yet in the narrow open a dry goods store in the morning; start a way. We reverence the great possibilities, the newspaper after breakfast, invent a machine for certain eternities, that lie clenched in their tiny killing cockroaches at dinner, and get elected fists. Our trust for the future should give us to Congress before dark. This appears to be patience with the present. Faith enables us to see what sight can not discern. Their helplessness appeals to our better natures; and thus, by the aid of religion, philosophy and charity, we can learn to contemplate them with a calm and rational equanimity, sometimes amounting to satisfaction. But so far as babies are palpable, obvious, present, isolated facts, they are not to be compared, in point of beauty or interest, to a lamb, a chicken, a gos-We must give one scene in the Old Hall more ling, or a very young pig. The latter are inin detail. We write from recollection. In telligent, lively, frolic-some, arch, timid, inquiring, affectionate. The baby is lumpy, stolid, staring, inert; a mere shapeless mass of flabby flesh, continually threatening to fall to pieces; a gelatinous compound, not pleasant to look at, very disagreeable to hear, and too precarious to be touched. In short, a thing to be commis-erated, nursed, and worked up into something better, as soon as possible.

> A CANDID MIND .- There is nothing that sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor. It was called whiteness by the anclents for its purity; and ill has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practised, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions makes the deepest markupon his fellowmen; whose influence is the most lasting and efficient; whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candor and ingenious truth transmit the heart's lina, also armed, took a position at the left real feelings, pure and without refraction .hand of Giddings; Charles Hudson, of Massa- There are other qualities which are more showy. and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honor, but none wear better, or rather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue .- Green Leaves.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?-The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy-invincible determination-an honest purpose once fixed-and the victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in min without it. - Goelles