Terms of Publication.

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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, bly in advance. It is intended to notify every ther when the term for which he has paid shall spired, by the stamp—"TIME OUT," on the marpired, by the stamp—"TIME OUT," on the marpired he has paper. The paper will then be stopped the last paper. The paper will then be stopped to farther remittance be received. By this arterior no man can be brought in debt to the

E ACITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, a AGUATOR is the Official Paper of the County, a large and steadily increasing circulation reachage reign and steadily increasing circulation reachage reign and prost office within the county parties and Post, office within the county to the state of t juining cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

"THE BABY." In public how we loudly boast of liberty, and glory; looker-on behind the scenes, Might tell another story; The misest freeman when abroad, When once at home, it may be goods humbly down, not to a crown, But to a little baby.

His hair by tiny fingers pulled
Altho' 'tis rather trying,
Nor dare he call his nose his own, Nor dare ne call his nose his own,
When baby dear is crying.
The pain to him can be but slight,
And the he chokes, and sneezes,
"His only boy shall have the joy
Of doing as he pleases."

The little monarchs then, at home Rule over all severely, while some may think the joy they give Is purchased rather dearly. and stony-hearted bachelors
Who fear not smiles, nor simpers
Will turn and beat a quick retreat, If but a baby whimpers.

We stand beside a sleeping babe, And dream our idle fancies,

When when! a cry as war-whoop shrill Dispels all sweet romances. ther calls it "angel one" And o'er it still rejoices;
And we stand by, and wonder why
The angels have such voices.

Well! to such tenderness and care. We all stand much indebted, fo let us not at partial love, Or children spoiled, be fretted; Nor wonder, that all parents think Their baby best and brightest; To every crow as well we know, Its own young are the whitest."

OBLIGING A FRIEND.

BY T. S. WILSON,

Rined!-ruined!-ruined!" was the wildhered exclamation of Mr. Fleetwood, as he tastily into the room where his young at embroidering a scarf; and, throwing of at full length upon the sofa, he hid his and lay shuddering like one in an ague fit. needle-work dropped from the hands of fleetwood, and for a moment or two she is one paralyzed. Then, rising hastily, mng across the room, and, dropping on hees beside her husband, put her arm and! what has happened?" But the only ase she received was a groan so full of rish that it sent a shudder through her "Speak Edward!" she said.

ined!" he replied, "hopelessly ruined!" k, Edward, look up! Let me see your dear husband." And she tried to lay her down against his, but he kept his face ed from her.

ry, very pale was Mrs. Fleetwood, as she herself from a kneeling posture, and, g a chair to the sofa, sat down, and laid her hand upon her husband. One she had been a bride; and this was the cloud which had darkened her sky-the cloud; but it held a desolating tempest

enife's deep love had given strength to eart already, and her voice was regaining sess. "Edward," she said in tones strangeaddent, "not ruined; that is impossible!" suble and actual," he answered, with sgitation, but in a low, solemn voice.

min I say impossible, Edward," said fleetwood, her voice growing yet firmer. Fleetwood slowly raised himself from his thent position on the sofa, and looked into

precious husband!"-the tones of Mrs rood were overburdened with the tender-"-"don't sav heartbroken-don't say in it-lon't say ruined. God is in heaven, Jou are still a man !"

suddenly falling and unexpected blow I am stricken to the earth. My all is red to the winds."

the man is safe!" said Mrs. Fleetwood. ing in the sentence, and in a voice almost

Fleetwood, looked at his wife half won-2gly. A light seemed at the moment to in upon him, and he replied, "Yes, Anna, can is safe, I trust. There has been no ct of honor."

here could be none, Edward, and therefore i, 'not ruined; that is impossible!' With ton your side, dear husband, and love on cour little world is safe. No enemy can ien its doors."

less you for those words, dear Anna!' Mr. Fleetwood, but not with the air of a who felt relieved from the pressure of a barden. "Your courage, your patience, gre strength in the hours of weakness are sure to come. But let me tell you the thath in plain words; and then you will under that the blow has stricken me down. title fortune has been lost by the treachery than in whose integrity I confided, and for have done what I would never have for myself-used the official signature capany of which I am manager, for Poses not of its legitimate business. ted of his failure an hour ago, and called him instantly. From his lips I received gence that every dollar of his properalready passed hopelessly beyond his Have you not secured me anything? Will not that collateral be protested?" referring to the bills of the company had given him. Everything has passed my hands,' was his cold reply. a rillain, and I am a duped and ruined

answered, and left him." hard, very hard, Edward!" said his running over her cheeks, as she 10 ward him, with her eyes fixed upon suffering face. "But, dear, dear huset me say to you here, in the beginning equences which must flow from this sad that nothing is to be thought of by a affecting me. Shall I sit in the cool summer evenings with my husband stand up by his side when the tempest Only one thing that you have said, has

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 14, 1859.

wood. "Loss of fortune, small as it may be, is minutes afterwards, from the ardor of a sudden- I tore them into a hundred pieces—see?" And a painful disaster to any one; but the thought ly formed purpose. of a dishonored name, is indeed frightful! That ordeal, Anna, I have got to pass; and I fear that strength will fail me. Oh, it was wrong ever to have put my name on paper not strictly for the company's use! It was a breach of trust; so the world will call it, and visit me with terrible consequences. There will be no discriminations between weak consent to aid a friend, confided in as a brother, and fraudulent purpose. The bills were never intended as any thing but security, and were to be returned to me long before they came due. The transaction was considered as a kind of formality. I knew myself to have ample resources to meet the sum they were meant to secure, even if my friend failed to do so. That sum was only five thousand dollars, the security ten thousand, which has been most basely sacrificed."

"Ten thousand dollars! so much as that?" said Mrs. Fleetwood, in a choking voice.

"Yes; so much as that!" said her husband. 'Oh, Anna, this night is very, very dark .-There is no moon; and the clouds have hidden the stars. If it were not for the times, I might save myself, from disgrace through friends once able, and always willing. But ruin is sweeping through the land, and the best, the bravest, and the most enduring are falling all around us. To raise the sum of five thousand dollars and get these notes back again into my hands, is almost impossible. In less than two months they will become due, and then-

The picture wrought by the excited imagination of Mr. Fleetwood was so dreadful to look upon that he covered his face with his hands and shuddered. His wife did not offer any words of comfort; for upon her own heart had fallen an almost suffocating fear. Personal sacrifice had no terrors for Mrs. Fleetwood.-Very brave would she have been under common visitations of worldly disaster. But the thought whom she had been so proud, smote her like a

dagger.
"Something must be done!" It was the wife's voice that broke the silence. "Something must be done Edward! Dishonor? Never! never!" And her slight form lifted itself up. Hope and courage were beginning to revive. This sudden shock has prostrated you dear husband!" she added in a calmer voice. "You will come purpose. The will, I have often heard you say, is creative. Yours will be, I am sure. This sword, suspended by a single hair, shall not fall."

But Mr. Fleetwood only shook his head nournfully, and answered, "At any other time could have met this threatened evil and triumphed. Now, Anna, even to struggle were folly. Everything is in confusion. Fortunes, the accumulation of years, are crumbling into dust; mutual confidence is destroyed; a frightful panic is sweeping over the land. Men who would have opened their purses freely to me a month ago are now in extremity. No, no, Anna! It is in vain to look for help. The brenkers are just ahead, and our good ship is drifting fast upon them. No human arm can save us.

Still the young wife would not abandon

"I will trust in Heaven to bring you a safe deliverance," were her words some hours later. "No wrong was intended, and therefore, I must believe that the dreaded consequences will not be permitted to full with their crushing weight upon you. Two months yet remain, if I un-

Edward. Oh, do not despair!" "Dear comforter!" said Mr. Fleetwood, looking down upon the face of his wife, "I should hardly deserve the name of man, were I to give up wholly, with your sweet solicitations to exert myself filling my ears. But what, what can I do? I stand at the foot of a tall mountain, the sea on either hand; and stretching my gaze far away upward, I see only a perpendicular wall of rock. I have no wings and cannot rise, like the eagle, and escape the danger that is hastening towards me, and threatening swift destruction.'

"In whose possession are the bills?" asked Mrs. Fleetwood, desiring to give direction as well as activity to her husband's mind.

"They are gone wholly beyond my reach," was the answer. "Instead of being left in the hands where they were first placed, as collateral security, they have been discounted-the original obligation of five-thousand dollars has been paid, and the balance of the money appropriated by my false friend. They stand now as any other debt of the company, and, as I have said, are wholly beyond my reach."

"Would it not be well," suggested Mrs. Fleetwood, "to find out who has them?"

"I can see no good result likely to flow from that knowledge," replied her husband. one way to recover them, and that is for me to take them up in advance of the time when due. If they are in the grasp of some money lender, the case is quite as hopeless."

But Mrs. Fleetwood urged her husband to find out who held the bills, if it were possible to gain accurate intelligence respecting them. 'Then," said she, we can measure the full magnitude of the evil and find the way of escape, if that be possible."
"It is impossible, Anna," returned Mr. Fleet-

wood, almost impatiently.

do, should he meet the man who had wronged him? The heart of Mrs. Fleetwood began to

eyes filling with tears; "but I cannot cease to tremble. arge this thing upon you. Hope only lies in the removal of these bills out of the way .-First, then, we must learn where they are.' "We?" said Mr. Fleetwood, and his voice

had in it a tone of curious interest. "Yes, we, Edward. There is too much at stake now for you to reject, or even think lightly of strength. But her eyes were bent eagerly of aid or counsel, come from whence it may. Even a woman may suggest something by which a man may profit in an extremity like this, though the common language of business may to say "Edward," but could not. be to her a strange language. Again, then, let me urge you to find out where these dangerous bills are to be found."

"Let it be to-night, then, if possible," replied his wife. "The sooner the truth is known,

the hetter." "I need not say, be very circumspect Edward," were the wife's parting words, as her husband left her that evening; for she saw an unusual sternness in his face, as if some des-

perate resolutions were forming.
"Thank you for your caution! I need it,"
was his answer. His voice had in it a low thrill of excitement.

"Is Mr. Floyd at home?" The inquiry was made by Mr. Fleetwood at the door of a handsome house not far distant from his own dwelling, and within ten minutes after parting from his wife.

"What name shall I say?" asked the servant.

"Mr. Fleetwood."

"Mr. Floyd wishes you to excuse him tonight," said the servant, returning into the parlor into which he had shown Mr. Fleetwood.

"Say to Mr. Floyd that I cannot excuse him to-night. He must see me to-night and now." The servant hesitated. "Is he alone?" inquired Mr. Fleetwood.

"Yes sir," replied the servant.

"Entirely alone?"
"Yes sir."

"And his room is-

"On the second floor." "Front?"

"No sir-back."

"I will find him," said Mr. Fleetwood, as he passed the surprised servant, and went with rapid, yet almost noiseless step along the passage and up the stairs. Only a moment he stood at the door of the room indicated by the servant. Then without knocking, he opened it silently and went in. As he closed the door hehind him, Mr. Floyd looked up from the table at which he was sitting-a table covered with of the dishonored name of her husband of various papers, letters, notes of hand, titledeeds, mortgages, bonds, certificates of stock, and other representatives of value.

"Sir!" Mr. Floyd had started to his feet, and his eyes were fixed angrily upon the face of Mr. Fleetwood. "This is an unwarrantable intrusion!"

The quiet turning of a key, and its low rattle as it was withdrawn from the lock inside, were indications of so questionacle a character, will recover strength soon, and with strength that Mr. Floyd's warm color left his cheeks al most as suddenly as it had dyed them. His visitor noticed this.

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, John Floyd." Mr. Fleetwood had turned from the door, and was now advancing across the room, with his eyes fixed upon the face of his false friend who read in them a purpose that made his coward heart sink,

"It is never safe to swindle beyond a certain in a low but stern voice. You should have been content with robbing me of my little patrimony; but when you left no alternative but dishonor, or a remedy like this, you went a step too far. So I am come now for restitution or retribution."

"In the fiend's name what do you want?" demanded Mr. Floyd, with a slight show of courage.

"The first thing I want is a return of the bills I placed in your hands to be used only as collateral," said Mr. Fleetwood.

"I have already told you that they are be

yond my reach," was the reply.
"It is false!" cried Mr. Fleetwood, in sudden with that she begins and names over all the ladivorce when a man becomes a mason. The said hastily, "Oh, Edward, you are a little less than two months," he replied. In a small pile of papers that lay on the table. The well-known seal of the lay of the were before him! To seize them was the work | wun uv them. This sorter got my dander up as of a moment; in the next instant they were torn to pieces.

"I have : 1:eady told you to your teeth, John Floyd, that you are a villain," said Mr. Fleetwood, his strong indignation repressing all exterior signs of agitation. "I meant it in its general acceptation; for I did not then dream that your heart was corrupt enough for a deed like this. To turn away from a friend whom you have led into danger is bad enough; but to hetray him to ruin is the act of a fiend. But. thank Heaven. I am now safe beyond your power to do me harm."

Recoveridg a little from his bewilderment, Mr. Floyd now advanced towards Mr. Fleetwood in a threatening manner; but the latter stood immoveable, regarding him with such indignant scorn, that his eye quailed and he stood

"My business here is ended," said Mr. Fleetwood, moving backwards towards the door, yet keeping his eyes still upon Floyd-"is ended more easily than was anticipated. I leave you to the enjoyment of your ill-gotten gains, if that be possible, and go forth to try the world again, but with a clear conscience and an untarnished name.'

The key was in the door-the bolt sprungthey were discounted at the bank, there is only and Mr. Fleetwood vanished like a spectrefrom the presence of the confounded man who had betrayed his confidence and well nigh com

passed the ruin of his reputation.

The unusual expression which Mrs. Fleetwood noticed on the face of her husband at parting troubled her. He had seemed to arouse up suddenly, as if some new thought had glanced through his mind, and some desperate purpose been formed on the instant. He was no sooner away than imagination began to suggest danger. What might he not be tempted to do. should he meet the man who had wronged

Half an hour of most painful suspense followed the husband's departure. Then he came in with a quiet, even step, and ascended to the room where his wife sat awaiting him. She was too weak to rise, for her mind had created so many terrible images, that fear robbed her towards the door. The face that appeared there was calm, though a little paler, she thought than when she looked upon it last. She tried

All at once the strong fetter which Mr. Fleetwood had placed upon his feelings broke, and springing forward he caught his wife in his "I will know ere sleep closes my eyes this arms, exclaiming, "Saved saved! dear Anna. "I will know ere steep closes my eyes the name, of the bills, and they are canceled."

"I will know ere steep closes my eyes the name, of they are canceled."

"I will know ere steep closes my eyes the name, of they are canceled."

he threw a shower of fragments into the air .-"And you are the cause of my present happiness, dear wife!" he added in another tone kissing her very tenderly. "I saw no hope of recovering those fatal witnesses. So far as I could see they were beyond recall. But your urgent promptings quickened a new life within me, and nerved me with a new and, I will own, desperate purpose. I went to the house of Floyd, resolved to force him into terms of some kind, when lo! upon his table lay the very

them to pieces. And so the fatal witnesses of a weak, blind nay, almost criminal violation of the faith so nonorably reposed in me, have perished! the property go-I will not throw after it a single sigh of regret, for I am too thankful that a good name-more precious than rubies-is spared to me."

bills. He was wickedly holding them for his

own benefit. I snatched them up, and rent

A Courting Adventure. BY PETER SPORUM, ESQ.

"Well, you see arter the 'poker' scrape, me and Sal got along midlin well, for sum time, till I made up my mind to fetch things to a hed. for I luved her harder and harder every day, rite, pestered me orful.

I got sum luv books, and red how the fellers got down on thar marrebones and talked like fools, and how the gals wud gently fall into the fellers arms, but sumhow or other, that way didn't suit my notion. I axed mam how dad courted her, but she said it had been so long sed mam dun all the courten.)

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairly consuming my vitals, so I goes to her dady's (that's Sal) and when I got thar, I sot like a fool thinking how to begin. Sal seed sumething was a trubling me and ses."

Says she, "Ain't you sick, PETER?"

"Yes-no," says I, "that is-I aint adzactly well, I thort I'd cum over tu nite, says I. That's a purty beginning eny how, thinks I

so I tried it again. "Sal," ses I, and by this time I felt mighty

oneasy like. "What?" says Sal.

"Sal," ses I agin.

"What?" ses she.

I'll git tu it arter a while, thinks I. "Peter," ses she, "thar's sumthin trublin you oowerful, I no; it's wrong for you to keep it from a body, fur an innard sore is a consumin'

She sed this, she did, the dear sly creature; she noed what was the matter all the time, an' line, John Floyd," continued Mr. Fleetwood, was just a tryin' to fish it out, but I was so fur gone, I didn't see the pint. At last I sorter gulped down the lump as was risen' in my throte, an' ses.

"Ses I, Sal du yu luv anybody?" "Well," ses she, "thar's dad-an mama countin' her fingers all the time, with her

ise sorter shet like a feller shootin' uv a gun) and there's old Pide-(that wur an old cow u hern) and I cant think uv enybody else jist now." ses she.

Now this wur orful fur a feller ded in luv, so arter a while I tries another shute.

Ses I, "Sal, I'm powerful lonesum at hum and I sumtimes think of I only had a nice purty wife to luv and talk to and to have my good care to have all the best of 'em to yourhein with. I would be a tremenjus feller."

I hitched my cheer up close to hurn and shet my eyes and sed :

"Sal, yu are the very gal I've been a hankerin' artur fur a long time: I luv yu, and I don't keer who nose it, and ef yu say so we'll be jined together in the holy hones of matriscream, and arter a while says-Ses she, "Peter."

"What, Sally" ses I. "Yes," ses she, a hiden uv her purty face behind her hands. You may depend upon it, I

"Glory," ses I. "I must holler, Sal .- Hoo roy for hooray; I kin jump over a ten rail fence; I kin do any and everything that any other feller ever could, would, should or orter

"With this I sorter sloshed mysel down by her, and seeled the bargain with a kiss; an such a kiss-talk about yer sugar, talk about ver merlasses, talk about ver black berry jam -they would all a tasted sour arter that,

h these wimmin, how good and how bad, ly. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle, hi and how lo they can make a feller feel. "And I suppose you'll be going to what you how hi and how lo they can make a feller feel. Ef Sal's dad hadn't hollered out, "it were time I'd staid thar all nite. You orter seen me when I got home. I roared, I laffed, I hollered. I vu ever heern tell on, till dad that I war crazy, an got a rope to tie me with."

"Dad," sey I, "I'm goin to be married."

"Married?" bawled dad. "Married?" squawled mam.

"Married?" squeaks ant Jane 4
'Yes married," ses I. "Married, to be sure

-married like a flash-jined in wedlockhooked on fur wusser or fur better, fur life or death, to Sal. I am that very thing-me, Peter Sporum." "With that I ups an tells em all about it

from Alfer to Omeger. They was all mighty well pleased and willing, and I went to bed a proud as a young rooster with his first spurs. I did not sleep a wink; but kept a rollin about, and a thinkin, till I felt like my cup of hap piness was chuck full, prest down and running over. I'll tell you sum of these days about the wedin.

"What is it makes iced cakes, Mike?" "Och, Larry, but it's stupid ye are. Why, don't you see they bake them in a cowld oven,

A married monster said he lately dreamed A married monater said he tately dreamed always writing now presents it was the had an angel by his side, and upon was district. He concluded it must be all moon-line which is written for by Smasher, Blower, bine un found it was nobody but his wife. king up found it was nobody but his wife.

Caudle has been made a Mason—Mrs. Cau-dle Indignant and Curious.

NO. 37.

"Now, Mr. Caudle-Mr. Caudle, I say; oh you can't be asleep already, I know-now what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I'll know all you have been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage state, I think-an end of all confidence between man and wife-if a husbands to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his

own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent man to know, I'm sure, if that's the case, spoken of, but things of life will soon ereep in Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel; there's a good soul, tell me what's it all about? A pack tinue to move on, and laughter and song will of nonsense, I dare say; still-not that I care much about it-still, I should like to know .-There's a dear, eh? Oh! don't tell me there's glisten again with joy, and even our children nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool. Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it, Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, your'e enough to vex a saint! Now, don't think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffered and I had an idea she had a sorter sneaking you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't sup-kindness for me, but how to do the thing up pose I was to know the secret too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's

why I'm determined to know it.
"But I know what it is: oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves especially your wives. It must be something courted her, but she said it had been so long of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have that she'd forgot all about it, (Uncle Joe allers it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a free-mason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for-that is, if they act properlv-to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world be-

"And I suppose they call you Brother Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike manfor that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to free-masonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle-don't let us quarrel Eh! You're not in pain, dear? What's it all. about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secret, eli? You mean to say-you're not?-Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion-not that I care about the secret itself; no I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle: its the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason-when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take

isn't allowed to runmage! "Caudle, you shan't close your eyes for a week-no, you shan't-unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything-and you know it, or you ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a mony, e pluribus unam." she fetched a sorter secret! To whom should I think of confiding it, but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it .-Now, caudle?

"Was there ever such a man! A man in deed! A brute!-yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is-its only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But loved one-that there is mourning and blackvou'll tell me-vou'l! tell your own Margaret? You won't? You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle,

"But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it .-You at your time of life-the father of a fami

call your Lodge every night now? Lodge, infor all honest folks to be in bed, I do believe deed! Pretty place it must be, where they dream! don't admit women. Nice going on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren? Brethcrode like a rooster, I cut up more kapers than ren! I'm sure you'd relations enough-you didn't want any more.

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and for a drink of water; he drank it, and she drink together—that's all. That's the secret.— being the first woman he had seen for several And to abuse women,—as if they were inferior animals' and not to be trusted .- That's the

secret-and nothing else.
"Now Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still Caudle, my love; Mr. Caudle! Dearest, I say! Caudle!"

A White Mountain guide thus philosophically explains why it is that young ladies are more venturesome on the edgos of precipices than the youths of the sterner sex :--

"A gal," says he, "when she gets into a ticklish place, allers expects a feller will be a holding on to her, and she does it just out o' bravery (bravado.) But a man when he makes a fool of himself in that way, knows he's got to sut in a secluded apartment with her husband.

An Inference.—A man being assured that the sun never rose in the west, said it was very cloth! strange, as he had a cousin in Iowa who was always writing how pleasant it was in that

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3 молтиз. 6 молтиз. 12 молтив. Square, -\$2,50 4,00 6,00 \$4,50° 6,00 8,00 \$6,60 8,00 10,00 20,00 do. - 4,00 column, - 6,00 do. 10,00 Column, - 18,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired narked 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, Mortages, Palestrians and other Blanks constable.

gages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order. AN ELEGANT EXTRACT .- "Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we feel now, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The word shall have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn that it had once for our children .-Yet a little while and all this will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our foneral will find its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall all be left behind in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be

and our names be forgotten. Days will con-

be heard in the room in which we died; and

the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and

will cease to think of us, and will not remem-

ber to lisp our names. Then we shall have

become, in the language of the Psalmist, "for-

gotten and clean gone out of sight." Two men up in New Hampshire went a fishng. One was totally ignorant of figures, the other probably had been to the "Rule of Three." After catching a large tquantity of the finny tribe they proposed to divide them and return. In counting them it was found that they had forty-nine hickory shad (a small fish, very full of bones, and worthless) and one large fine fat bass. They were puzzled to know how to divide them, as both wanted the bass. After a while a happy thought struck the man of fig-ures, and he told his companion he would divide them according to the rules of arithmetic. which proposition was readily agreed to. He then, with pencil and paper, and with a know-

ing look, commenced,—
"Twice five is ten. Five times ten is fifty. Forty nine from fifty leaves one;" and with an astonished gaze said to his companion,-

"The bass is mine." The other, picking up his shad, started off, and remarked.— "What a great thing it is to have a little ed-

dication?'

EDUCATION .- Education is the guardian of liberty and the bulwark of morality. Knowledge and virtue are generally inseparable comnanions, and are in the moral, what light and heat are in the natural world, the illuminating and vivifying principle. * * * * Every effort ought to be made to fortify our free institutions; and the great bulwark of security is to be found in education—the culture of the

heart and the head, the diffusion of knowledge,

piety, and morality.

Education, in order to be perfect in its character, must be adapted to the full development of both body and mind; and must be physical, intellectual, and moral. The mere reception of knowledge into the mind is not education. though there can be no education without knowledge. Knowledge is the mere instrument in Education; and one of the chief ends of education, is to teach the proper uses of knowledge; as the mechanic must acquire the proper use of tools, as well as to procure them.

In a certain city in Kentucky is a man who stands, in the eyes of the community, as a passable business man; but to express the position he assumes in his own would require the addition of several adjectives to the term "busia divorce when a man becomes a mason. When he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart he had his lowered several pegs. A Boston firm sent him a circular setting forth the virtues of several kinds of clocks, among which ranked "fine mantle clocks," "elegant wee-gag clocks," "superior town clocks," etc. Without knowing the reason; he immediately determined to invest in town clocks, and gave an order to Messieurs, the Boston gentlemen, for sixly superior town clocks. The mistake was discovered when the invoice was received. It amounted to \$36,000, each clock costing \$600. A compromise was soon effected.

> They who have not loved have not existed in vain. Whenever and wherever this affection has been bestowed, the noblest privilege of life has been exercised-its highest ordination fulfilled. It may be that the responseless depths of the grave have received the form of the ness where all was once so joyous and beautiful. that clouds have settled down upon our pathway, in such a manner as to leave us but few oys-but there is something superior to all these mutations in the sweet recollections of having once been all the world to another; yea a comfort which ever remainsth even when the cold realities of life threaten to make us think that we have been but dreamers of an olden

Sexsible Girl.—As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud out in the far west he discovered a young maiden standing in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house, and asked the maiden days, kissed her and offered her a dime. The traveler was about to resume his journey, but the maiden having never seen a dime asked:

"What am I to do with this? "You can use it any way you wish," he renlied. "it is yours."

"That being the case," said she, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss?'

Twas twilight. The sun had sunk beneath the western hills, and the bright ray which streaked the eastern horizon had disappeared. A lovely female, who had been but one short week a bride, and had been led to the hymenial altar, with lively anticipations of future felicity, She slowly moved her sylphlike form towards the partner of her bosom-raised her delicate

The remainder of this intensely interesting story will appear in the New York Weekly Gus