

THE TIoga COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL GRAB, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1859.

NO. 40.

**SUMMER LONGINGS.**  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the pleasant ramble,  
When the fragrant hawthorn bangles,  
With the wondrous blossoms,  
Shall be scattered all around,  
And the dewy way,  
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—  
Waiting for the May,  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May,  
Longing to escape from study,  
To the young folks and frolics,  
To the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day,  
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May,  
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May,  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying,  
All the winter lay,  
Ah! my heart is sick with sighing,  
Sighing for the May,  
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May,  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-worn willows,  
Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
Tells the sweet way,  
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing;  
Throbbing for the May,  
Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May,  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary,  
Lives still ebb away,  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May!  
D. F. McCARTHY.

### Letters From Over The River.

Man is ever separated from that which he fears or hopes for, by running water. The scales upon the outcast from Euphrates. Promised Land lay beyond Jordan. Hades and Styx, and Destiny dwelleth over the River. I might bring forward still more abundant evidence of the truth of the initial declaration, but this will suffice. And if it were argued by any, I have only to refer to the doubtless fact, that to the entire Christian world, there lies "over the River."  
But do not, gentle and considerate reader, conclude that the writer indites this rather Eden, Canaan, Hades, or the "Better East." Nor must it be presumed from the fact, that a river really flows between us. It is a convenient term to express separation, one from another. Whether the obstacle be a river, a mountain, or a gulf, matters not, since the writer, like the river, and the lines of which he may write, must ever remain external to you who read.  
The people who dwell "Over the River" are like their neighbors on the opposite shore. The rights of the entire population worship alike; one-fourth live to eat and sleep, and the remaining one-eighth eat to live, and live to take the world better for their having been numbered among its citizens. Of course it is not exactly the right thing to talk about one's neighbors; but there is my neighbor over the river who may be called a representative man; and he is the type of a numerous class.  
My neighbor over the way is not very unlike them in his outward appearance. When he sits under my window, with his hands pressed hard down into the depths of his breeches, and his head pitched sideways and forward, and his eyes fixed intently upon his boots—like a man wrestling with a difficult problem in arithmetic—I fancy I see in him a genuine downcast look. But when he jerks out his customary "two cents," I know by the accent of his language that he is a native.  
My neighbor has an occupation which I will mention. It is an honest one—an honor-able one; yet it is not one calculated to develop the finer feelings of human nature. It suits my father and that is enough. It suits him because it puts much money in his purse. You might suspect that the individual standing before me is absorbed in deep thought, and that the dilapidated hat, and soiled coat, and tattered pantaloons;—you might not suspect that that individual was rich in rents and bank stocks. So is he reported to be, however. He reads but one newspaper (a German one) and every day threatens to stop that one, because, as he declares, "it is so much alike every time." I have discovered the nature of his "likeness" of which he complains. He reads the Markets and Stock Board transactions. No wonder my neighbor complains of likeness.  
There is a railroad passing directly by my neighbor's door. Almost every hour of the twenty-four, a little locomotive, looking very like a demon with a live brand in his teeth, passes by my neighbor's door. He has an affection for that restless locomotive. He seems to have found "his affinity" as the fiery lovers say. I believe he does on that fiery thing. For some days I puzzled my brain inventing a name for his strange love. At last the truth flashed through the medium of vision. I read the name, thus: "UTILITY." Utility! Well, what consists that name as nothing, after this? There was the charm. My neighbor never reads the wonderful beauty of that little locomotive. He never observed its levers and wheels, nor heeded the precision of their movements. It will do a powerful sight of work, and it is "faster than horses!"—says he. Were he married to a wife he would view her from the same point of view.  
My neighbor is not devoid of humor, withal. His wit is entirely unpremeditated—is with him from other points of view than his own. He never seems anything to be afraid of. He never could endure mirth. His appreciation of the fine arts is confined to the work on our national coins, and the engraving on our bank notes. His housekeeper, a stout woman, though not precocious in the matter of intellect, lately subscribed for the new edition of the Bible published in numbers. A number of one of the painfully pictorial newspapers of the day, got into my neighbor's house by some mischance. He picked it up and examined its course cuts with great attention, and comparing the two, first measuring the difference in the difference in superface, and then subjecting the pictures to a rigid com-

parison; and having satisfied himself, he turned to the wondering housekeeper, with—  
"Look! I dis, (holding up Frank Leslie's sheet) is two times so big as dis, (pointing to the Bible) and two, tree, times so much picture."  
And then he horrified the simple woman by urging her to stop the "Pictorial Bible," and take "Frank Leslie" in its place. The poor woman tried to explain, but all to no purpose, and my neighbor went out muttering about the extravagance of women.  
So much about my neighbor. The only apology I have to offer for meddling with his business is, that the things herein related are strictly true.  
Thus endeth the first letter.  
INSOMNIE.

### THE BROKEN VASE.

From Godley's Lady's Book.  
BY T. S. ARTHUR.  
"What will father say?"  
This was the frightened exclamation of a lad who, in playing about his father's room, had knocked down a beautiful agate vase, and shattered it into a dozen fragments. A moment before, his eyes were sparkling with pleasure, his cheeks glowing with excitement, and his whole air that of conscious enjoyment; now, he stood pale, shivering, panting, his eyes heavy and his lips quivering.  
"What will father say?" Mournful were his tones, as he repeated the words, after a brief silence. Poor boy! how suddenly, was the bright sky of his spirit overclouded. The vase, of rare workmanship, the gift of a friend, and much prized by his father, lay ruined at his feet. It was not in the power of human skill to restore it; of that the unhappy lad felt hopelessly conscious. For awhile, he brooded over the shapeless fragments, vainly searching in his mind for some light; then, as all remained dark and threatening, his feelings sought relief in a gush of tears. For some minutes, he wept and sobbed bitterly; then he grew calm.—Seated in a chair, with his sad face resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on the broken vase, he remained for a long time, meditating on the new aspect of affairs, and trying to see clearly what it was best for him to do. "No one heard it," said he at length, speaking to himself, mentally; and as he did so, a feeling of relief was experienced. "If mother had heard the noise, she would have been here in a minute."  
The lad rose up quickly, and went silently from the room, not that he had made up his mind to deny all participation in the accident; he only wished to retain the ability to do so, if, on reflection, that course were determined upon. No one was stirring in the passage; the dining-room and kitchen doors were shut; and away off in the third story of the back building was his mother, sewing in the nursery. So far, all was safe, and the boy felt still farther relieved. On one of the landing-places, down stairs, he saw his little sister's favorite cat fast asleep. At once, the thought was suggested, that here was a "scapegoat" for him. "I'll shut pussy up in the room," said he, with a suddenly formed purpose, "and they'll think she knocked down the vase." And with the words, he caught up the cat, and went silently towards his father's room; but ere he reached the door, he felt so disturbed and uncomfortable, such a pressure of guilt for deliberate wrong, that he let the cat fall from his hand. Singularly enough, the animal, instead of running down stairs, bounded off in another direction, and actually entered the very room where the vase lay broken on the floor.  
"I didn't put her in there, any how." So the boy thought, as he went slowly and noiselessly down stairs. Still, he didn't feel right about it. But for his action in the case, pussy would still be quietly sleeping on the landing.  
"O dear! O dear!" sighed the unhappy boy, as he sat down upon the stairs, "what shall I do? Father will be so angry! Oh, I wish I hadn't gone into his room!"  
At this moment the nursery door opened.  
"John! John!"  
It was the voice of his mother.  
Instead of answering the call, the lad slipped noiselessly down stairs, and going into the parlor, took a book from the center-table, and, opening it pretended, for a few moments to be reading.  
"John!" the mother continued to call.  
"Here I am, mother," John answered, from the parlor door.  
"I want you, dear."  
John went up to his mother with a new burden on his already heavy heart. He had pretended not to hear her first call, and in this had acted unfairly towards her, and in a way to diminish his own self-respect.  
"Go round to the trimming-store, and get me a skin of black silk, John."  
Not venturing to lift his eyes to his mother's face, John took the change that was reached to him, and turned quickly away. He was gone a good while, so long that his mother became slightly impatient at the delay, and, when he appeared, uttered a few reproving words.—These hurt him a good deal, and prevented the revelation he was about to make. The fact was, his mind had been so exercised in relation to the broken vase that he had partially forgotten his errand, or rather, the necessity of doing it promptly. On his way home from the trimming-store, he sat down on a step, to con over a suggestion which had come to his mind. It was, to go at once to his mother, and reveal the fact that the vase was broken, leaving it to her to make the dreaded disclosure to his father, who was of rather a hasty temper, and man who, in too many cases, acted first and reflected afterwards. It was because of this peculiarity in his disposition that John was so much distressed. He knew that, in the first emotions awakened on receiving intelligence of the disaster, he would not look at all beyond the fact, or imagine that there might be any extenuating circumstances. And so John came in from the trimming-store prepared to make a clean breast of his mother; but the displeasure she manifested in consequence of his delay repelled him, and he shrank, with the air and feeling of a delinquent, from her presence. Down into the parlors he went, feeling wretched in the extreme.  
"O dear! I wish father knew it. What will he say? I will tell him as soon as he came in,

and explain all about it; I would tell him how sorry I feel, and that he may sell my silver fork and napkin ring, and that he needn't buy me the gold watch he promised for a birthday present; but it wouldn't be of any use. The moment he learns the vase is broken he will be angry, and say he don't want to hear a word from me; and most likely, he'll drive me to the garret, and not let me come down for two or three days. O dear, dear! I wish I hadn't gone into his room. It was wrong, I know; but I wanted a book, and when there, I forgot myself. I wish father wouldn't get so angry when I do wrong. I want to tell him all about this. I'll never have any rest until he knows that I broke the vase; and yet I'm afraid to say a word about it."

While such thoughts were passing through the mind of the unhappy boy, he was aroused by the sound of his mother's voice, who appeared excited about something. Instinctively, he assigned the cause; and he was right. She had discovered the broken vase. Pale and trembling John stood at the bottom of the stairway, and, as he stood there, his little sister's cat came rushing down and out into the yard, a heavy stick striking the last landing an instant after she had cleared it. The blow, had it reached, would probably have killed her.  
How rebuked John felt. Poor pussy had been discovered in the room, and for his fault, she had come near losing her life. More and more troubled and perplexed was he. Oh, how he yearned to go to his mother and tell her the whole truth; yet he shrank from a thought of the consequences which would follow when his impulsive father learned that his cherished vase was broken, and who had done the deed.  
"John! John!"  
"I'm here, mother," answered John, in a faint voice.  
"Where?"  
"Down here in the passage."  
"Come up to me, John."  
John crept slowly up the stairs. "What has the cat been doing, mother?" said he. How his conscience smote him for this duplicity, and how his trouble increased with the thought that he was widening the gulf which was already between him and an honorable confession of his fault! He had ever been a truthful boy; he loved the truth; but, in dread of his father's anger, he had acted a falsehood. To recede involved, now, double consequences. He would expose his duplicity—to him most painful and mortifying—as well as meet the dreaded anger of his father. Ah, if that father—not a hard, harsh, deliberately cruel and unjust man—could have looked into the poor boy's heart at this moment, he would not only have been affected with the tenderest pity for him, but been appalled at the danger to which his own want of self-control was exposing his son.  
"What has the cat been doing, mother?" repeated John. "Worse and worse," he was widening the gulf still farther.  
"She has been into your father's room, and knocked down and broken his beautiful vase. He'll be dreadfully angry about it."  
It came instantly to the lip of John to say, "It wasn't the cat, mother; I broke the vase." But the visage of his angry father was too palpably before him, and he could not utter the words; and so he stood beside his mother, gazing upon the fragments of the vase, in a kind of stupid dizziness. It was in his thought to screen himself by saying harsh things to the cat, but he checked their utterance. To do so seemed dastardly as well as wicked.  
An hour went by—how full of suffering! and then after a long and painful struggle with himself, John came to where his mother sat sewing, in the nursery, and sitting down on a low chair beside her, leaned his arms upon her lap, and looked up, with sad tearful eyes, into her face.  
"Why, John, what ails you?" said his mother, in surprise.  
"I broke the vase, mother."  
How mournful were the poor boy's tones!  
"You, John?"  
He said not a word more, but hid his face on his mother's lap, and cried bitterly.  
"How come you to do it, John?" asked his mother, after he had grown calmer.  
"It was all an accident, indeed it was; but oh, what will father say?"  
"He will be grieved and angry. You should not have gone to his room."  
"I went for a book, and intended to have come right out, but something interested me, and I forgot myself. Oh, what shall I do?"  
"You must tell your father about it as soon as he comes home."  
"But he'll not forgive me. He thought so much of the vase; it was so beautiful. But he needn't give me the gold watch for a birthday present. Couldn't he buy another vase for the money that would cost? I don't care anything about the vase. Oh, I'd rather never have a watch or anything else, than that he should be angry with me; and he gets so angry and says such dreadful things to me when I'm in fault, and it seems as if I am always doing wrong. Won't you tell him about the vase, mother? I wish you would. Tell him I didn't do it on purpose, that I am so sorry, that I'll try never again in my life to do anything to offend him."  
That mother saw deeper into her boy's heart than she had ever seen before. "I have been so tempted to conceal it," he said. "Father's anger seemed so dreadful to me, that I thought I could not bear it."  
"Nothing is so hard to bear, my son, as the burden of a troubled conscience," said the mother. "Oh, never forget this!"  
"You'll speak to father about it, won't you?" John asked, entreatingly.  
"Perhaps I had better do so."  
"Tell him how sorry I am, that it was all an accident, that he needn't buy me the watch."  
The mother's heart was deeply touched at the distress of her boy, and she felt it to be her duty to stand lovingly between him and the quick anger of an impulsive, yet not cruel minded, father.  
Evening came, and with it the father's dreaded return. As soon as the mother was alone with him, she said, "Your agate vase is broken."  
"What!" His face grew instantly crimson.  
"Broken? Who did it?"  
"John? Where is he?"

The father was already on his feet, resolved upon the blind impulse of that moment, to punish his son with extreme severity.  
He had asked no explanations; everything against the poor boy was taken for granted.  
"It was an accident," said the mother.  
"But what business had he to touch the vase!" was angrily responded.  
"He was getting a book from the shelf, when it fell from his hand upon the vase."  
"That's his story."  
"He's a truthful boy," urged the mother.  
"He's a meddlesome fellow, always interfering with matters in which he has no concern. I'll teach him a lesson that he'll not soon forget." And he moved towards the door; but the mother laid her hand upon his arm.  
"He has been punished enough already," said she.  
"Who punished him? You?"  
"If you had seen him as I have seen him, you would feel pity instead of wrath. Don't speak a harsh word to him. He is nearly sick now, from dread of meeting your anger. He says you needn't buy him the gold watch for a birthday present, but keep the money for a new vase. He was strongly tempted to conceal his fault, and he might easily have done so, for I found the cat in your room, and thought that she had done the mischief."  
"Did he know that you thought so?"  
The father's voice was softened.  
"Yes; and he saw that he could escape without suspicion; but truth and honesty prevailed over fear. He came to me of his own accord and confessed all."  
For some time, the father remained silent steadily repressing his excited feelings until his own mind was clear and calm again; then he said, "Tell John to come here; I would like to see him alone."  
"John your father wants you."  
How pale the lad grew instantly.  
"Don't be afraid," whispered the mother.  
And yet, his knees smote together, as he went, almost tottering, from sudden weakness, to his father's room. Entering, he scarcely dared raise his eyes from the floor.  
"My son."  
Oh, what a load fell suddenly from his heart! The voice was neither loud nor angry, but low, sympathetic, and tender. To have restrained the impulse that instantly seized him would have been impossible.  
"Father! dear father!" exclaimed the boy clasping his arms about his neck, "I am so sorry! It was all an accident. Oh, what shall I do?"  
"Only be more careful in the future, John," said the father, as soon as he could command his voice. "The vase is broken, and no grief or regret can mend it. You have told the truth about it; you have shown yourself an honest boy. How clear and all-penetrating was the light which fell upon the spirit of that unhappy boy! The dark clouds that filled threateningly his sky were instantly dispersed. And was he not strengthened in all his good purposes by this forgiveness of his faults? He was strengthened. Kind forgiving words from his father filled him with good impulses; angry words would have left him under a sense of wrong, all exposed to temptation, and in the darkness of suffering that followed, he might have gained a bias to evil impossible, in all after life, to overcome.  
Impulsive, quick-to-be-angry, hasty father, shall we warn you, in serious words, against rash judgment of your children? No! The picture of life we have given needs nothing more to enforce the lesson it is designed to teach; and so we leave it with you to do its appropriate work.

Mrs. Partington, after listening to the reading of an advertisement for a young ladies' boarding school, said:  
"For my part, I can't deceive what an air of education is coming to. When I was young, if a girl only understood rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing and common dominator, and knew all about the rivers and their tributaries, the covenants and dominions, the provinces and the empires, they had education enough. But now they have to study botany, algebra, and have to demonstrate proposition about cyclopaths of circles, tangents and Diogenese of parallelogram, to say nothing about the exiles, erotics and abuse triangles!" Thus saying, the old lady leaned back in her chair, her knitting work fell in her lap, and for some minutes she seemed in meditation.  
DOUGHNUTS NOT "GREASY."—The American Agriculturist gives the following instruction to prevent doughnuts from absorbing fat while cooking:  
"After preparing and moulding them just before immersing them in hot fat plump them into a well-beaten egg.—This will give them a thin coating of albumen, which will effectually keep out the grease. Furthermore, this coating will retain the moisture, and they will keep much longer in a good condition, and besides can be eaten by persons of delicate stomachs." This suggestion is worthy of a trial by such as dislike greasy doughnuts.

A young man having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards, fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense, if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half way, enjoying his secrecy.—  
"Don't be afraid," said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."  
We heard a man call another man an extortioner the other day for suing him, a day or two before.  
"Why friend," replied the man who brought the suit, "I did it to oblige you."  
"To oblige me indeed how so?"  
"Why to oblige you to pay me."

There are many men who have never gambled, and many women who have never flirted. There are many dogs, too, that have never killed their own mutton; yet very few that having once began, have ever stopped.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

The past never dies, but lives embodied in the present, and indeed is our fate if we dare not look it boldly in the face. It may be that errors and follies innumerable, may glare upon us from its many thoughtless yesterdays; but we may not hope to escape them by plunging still deeper into the follies of the present, for by so doing, we shall only increase the number of pursuing spectres, and arm them with scorpions, instead of rods.  
Each place of life has its own pleasures, and pains; its own joys and sorrows. Childhood, with its unquestioning faith, and gushing love, finds its happiness in pleasures at which maturer age will smile. But are they not purer and holier than those which youth or maturity can boast? Ah! is not that happy childhood one of the green spots in life's desert. How its memories cling to us in after years—a word, a tone of voice, a song, or the mere glancing of an eye, will often remind us of those whom we have loved and mourned, and awaken a thousand associations, which we had deemed forever forgotten.  
But, at the slightest ring, memory flings open the portals of her sacred temple, and there comes trooping forth, a long array of the de-throned idols of life's early spring-time, overwhelming and crushing the heart beneath the myriad remembrances which they arouse. For a time we seem to live our childhood over again, and we are present once more at the gathering of friends, within those old familiar walls, and happy faces smile on us again as they did of yore; yet little thought we then, how deeply those smiles were sinking in our hearts, recesses. And then come to us again, but for a moment, the gay companies who gathered with us around the loved fireside, delighting us with their songs and mirthfulness; making our youth-time a paradise, from which the tempests and turmoils of life too soon recalled us; and which we now remember as another oasis in life's arid desert.

Mournful indeed are those breakings up, which sever youthful friends, or those more directly endeared by nature's ties; and send us forth by separate paths, to struggle for a living and at last to find a grave. Would not life's darkest clouds be bordered by a golden fringe, if those who started with us in its early dawn, might linger by our side until its goal was reached? But when the warm heart-gatherings of our youth are fled, they come no more to cheer us with their presence, save in the countless memories of the past. We begin to hold strange sacred converse with the outer world. The calm, the storm, the quiet eve, the song of birds and twitter of flowers, the zephyrs, floating over a twilight sea, the silver streamlets gliding be-voice for us.  
The brooding quiet of the evening sky, is to the gifted vision, like the first unfolding of the scroll of prophecy; in the glowing cipher of which, it fain would read its future destiny. Then, the human soul becomes conscious of its god-like nature; and the grandeur of its immortality; and looking forth from its vaulted sanctuary, bows before the august divinity of nature, and tenders its solemn spirit-worship.

The Eolian music of life is gone and the bright realms of fancy, over which our young thoughts used to soar, on glittering gilded wings, are swiftly passing from our view.  
The burden begins to weigh heavily upon our shoulders—our steps become more grave—earth's music wears a sadder tone, the dirge steals in upon the dance—the revel is often disturbed by the requiem. Now we begin to treasure up the wasted gems of thought, and turn on this first gentle upland of life, we pursue a lingering look upon the path we have trodden, and the scenes that we are now forever leaving. The sunshine is followed by a cloud, truth has driven away the mists of fancy, and taught us us to take a more correct, and less flattering estimate of the world. Memory too, is preparing to decorate the niches in her solemn temple, with the forms so dearly loved, but early lost. Again we advance, and as the shadows lengthen, the dreams and memories of the past visit us less seldom. As the distance which divides us from the past widens, the gathering mist of years settles down upon its peaceful vales and sunny landscape, and the faint light that flickers down upon the slumbering homes of youth, and childhood, though beautiful as an autumn sunset,—is said as moonlight upon graves.

We still tread on, though now, the life chain binds us closely to its stern realities; the iron has reached our souls; and a feverish and anxious restlessness for wealth or fame, has enthroned itself in our hearts. We feel a proud impulse urging us to struggle for the wreath of intellectual preeminence. Still, ever as we attempt to soar, we learn the limits of our chain.  
We may no more be idle amid the busy throng that is hemming us in, and striving to out-do us in the race. And such are life's changes,—such the fate of all!  
A buoyant imaginative youth, a vigorous manhood—a restless maturity—and a deathbed made beautiful by the abiding love of a few true-hearted friends, then a quiet grave in some lonely church-yard. Yes! such is life! made up of moments too often unwisely squandered away by young hearts who heeded not their value, and forgot that the brightness of sanctity, or the clouds of sin would forever pervade the whole framework of their being.  
Covington 1859. MERRA MELGROVE.

"You exhibit a great deal of vanity, madam. It is always telling what others think of you. It would certainly be no vanity in you, sir to tell what the world thinks of you."

"I should like to see you perform."  
"I can accommodate thee, friend," said the other quite coolly, and seized the astonished customer by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.  
Progress.—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate a hole in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."  
"Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

GRACE NORTON.  
STRAY HUSBAND.—A "duck of a wife," whose husband went off for a few days to enjoy himself abroad as he could not at home, thus advertises him:  
"LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—An individual whom I, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers her umbrella. Answers to the name of John. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, up the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I may chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by HENRIETTA A. SMITH."

PERSONAL.—President Buchanan uses no tobacco. General Cass drinks no "Bourbon"—Senator Douglas uses no pepper, and the Postmaster General eats but two meals a day. N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard. Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. P. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his extemporaneous addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but rarely takes wine; Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The smallest-sized poet in America is Holmes; the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—Gleason.  
"Phairest of the pair," sighed the lover, "phancy my phelling when I phorcee the phearful consequences of our phelling phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have placed the music with so much phortitude as I have; and as phickle phortune phails to smile upon our love, I phind myself phlored to phorgo the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phair Phrancess, pharewell phorever!" "Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrancess. "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin phled, and Phrancess phainted. The remainder of this Phrelling Narrative will be found in the New York Phledger.  
A city book visited the Shakers at Lebanon some time ago, and as he was wandering through the village encountered a stout, hearty specimen of the sect, and thus addressed him:  
"Well, Broadbrim, are you much of a Shaker?"  
"Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way."  
"I should like to see you perform."  
"I can accommodate thee, friend," said the other quite coolly, and seized the astonished customer by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.  
Progress.—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate a hole in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."  
"Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

**Rates of Advertising.**  
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square for 14 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 14 lines considered as a square. The subject rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:  
3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS.  
Square, \$2.50 \$4.50 \$6.00  
do. 4.00 6.00 8.00  
Column, 6.00 8.00 10.00  
do. 10.00 15.00 20.00  
Column, 15.00 30.00 40.00  
Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired out and charged accordingly.  
Posters, Handbills, Bill Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, estimated and promptly. Justices, Constables, and township BLANKS: Notes, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Declarations and other Blanks, constantly on hand, or printed to order.

**The Influence of Association.**  
For the Agitator.  
"A man is known by the company he keeps."  
This saying, has ever since my earliest recollection been a favorite maxim impressed both by precept and example upon my mind, and since passing the infantile age it has been deepening and obtaining a firmer foundation, until I have learned that whosoever will, may observe for himself, by casting even a careless glance upon society, as is presented in the extended panorama of this life we are daily leading, that the mind is moulded and the impress given by the condition of the morals and cultivation of the finer feelings of our constant associates; who will question?  
Many of you no doubt have read and admired this view beautifully brought forth in the anecdote of the piece of sweet-cured bacon, which being questioned as to its origin replied, "once I was but a piece of common clay, but being cast in a bed of roses, I was forgotten and became fragrant after lying there, diffusing sweetness and life whenever I am found." And thus with animate nature. We are but clay susceptible of continual change, and if we associate with those whose every act is pure, whose minds are filled with a sweetness far exceeding the invigorating fragrance of the "queen of flowers," we too shall become imbued with a purity of thought and feeling which shall spread a loveliness and beauty around our every action, wholly foreign to those who mingle with the base and degraded.

It has ever been thus, and ever will remain the criterion by which a man or woman is known. Little confidence would we have for that disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, who should choose for his bosom friends the frequenters of bar-rooms and billiard saloons. He might be so situated by a combination of circumstances that he could not avoid a temporary association, and in such a dilemma his love of the Master would teach him to treat all men with true courtesy; but in no manner by word or look to encourage error. Again, he might seek for holy and commendable motives, the fallen ones to point to these the holy and narrow pathway which leads to life eternal, and manifest an earnest zeal and friendly feeling for their interest, but mark that man; are such his loved ones? are such the ones he delights to unfold his hopes of salvation to? by no means.  
Again, does he who seeks the congregation of the profane, who delights in hilarity and bacchanalian sports, ever turn with willing step to the abode of the profane in heart? never, until the desires of his heart are changed, "for birds of a feather flock together," and in this proverb is contained the germ of a great truth, for virtue is beauty, and when the pearl is formed in its true state, it avoids even the appearance of evil. And to those who would we would say, shun the bosom of society, not hasty in giving your associates; he are known by the company they keep.

GRACE NORTON.  
STRAY HUSBAND.—A "duck of a wife," whose husband went off for a few days to enjoy himself abroad as he could not at home, thus advertises him:  
"LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—An individual whom I, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers her umbrella. Answers to the name of John. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, up the plank road, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I may chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by HENRIETTA A. SMITH."

PERSONAL.—President Buchanan uses no tobacco. General Cass drinks no "Bourbon"—Senator Douglas uses no pepper, and the Postmaster General eats but two meals a day. N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard. Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. P. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his extemporaneous addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but rarely takes wine; Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The smallest-sized poet in America is Holmes; the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—Gleason.  
"Phairest of the pair," sighed the lover, "phancy my phelling when I phorcee the phearful consequences of our phelling phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have placed the music with so much phortitude as I have; and as phickle phortune phails to smile upon our love, I phind myself phlored to phorgo the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phair Phrancess, pharewell phorever!" "Hold, Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrancess. "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin phled, and Phrancess phainted. The remainder of this Phrelling Narrative will be found in the New York Phledger.  
A city book visited the Shakers at Lebanon some time ago, and as he was wandering through the village encountered a stout, hearty specimen of the sect, and thus addressed him:  
"Well, Broadbrim, are you much of a Shaker?"  
"Nay," said the other, "not overmuch, but I can do a little that way."  
"I should like to see you perform."  
"I can accommodate thee, friend," said the other quite coolly, and seized the astonished customer by the collar and nearly shook him out of his boots.  
Progress.—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate a hole in the apex and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."  
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