garages is the Official Paper of the County mann is the Outer Layer e and steadily increasing circulation reach-tery neighborhood in the County. It is sent early non-Young Office within the county whose most convenient post office may be ining County.
Cords, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

RUSINESS DIRECTORY. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, IS. MANNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will mend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean st. (Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. B. BROOKS, TORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELKLAND, TIGGA CO. PA.

DR. W. W. WEBB. FIG. First door below the bridge on Main Street, rads Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST. OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and [April 22, 1858.]

DICKINSON HOUSE CORNING, N. Y.

Proprietor.

Proprietor.

Prests taken to and from the Depot free of charge. PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE WELLSBORO, PA.

L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

End serielly logality house is centrally located, and

mainly life the putronage of the travelling public.

1. 25, 183, 17.

AMERICAN HOTEL. CORNING, N.Y., FREEMAN, - - Proprietor. y.ds. 25 ets. Lodgings. 25 ets. Board, 75 ets. per day. (uring, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,

Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon, ELKLAND. TIOGA CO., PENNA. Educat patients in all parts of the County, or re-grethem for treatment at his house. [June 14,] H. O. COLE,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. puop in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in halme will be done as well and but in will be done as well and promptly as it are done to the city saloons. Preparations for related batterial, and beautifying the hair, for sale and library library and whiskers dyed any color. Call and map Hair and work. We'lsboro, Sept. 22, 1839.

GAINES HOTEL. E. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines. Tioga County, Pa.

Mall well known hotel is located within easy access

fractional fraction and hunting grounds in North'rn

No pairs will be spared for the accommodation chers and the traveling public.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Tapablished at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Polar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The real is Republican in politics, and has a circularization of every part of Steuben County.—Leaders, as of extending their business into that nine adjoining counties will find it an excellent advance medium. Address as above.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL. COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.

D. F. Glassmire,

THE HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of
the head waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and

cochanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make scome for pleasure seekers during the trouting sea-

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

AVING opened his shop in the room over Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the cases of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared screenic orders in his line of business with prompt-

Cutting done on short notice. Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858 .- 6m

WATCHES! WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine ansortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silver Watches, which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. is will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. all kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a ... of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party

Past tavors appreciated and a continuance of patron-age indly solicited.

ANDIE FOLEY. age kindly solicited. Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

HOME INDUSTRY. THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga, there he is prepared to furnish

Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c., VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE

will respectfully solicit the patronage of this and ad-ming counties. Histing a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex-

twee all orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
All work delivered if desired.
JOHN BLAMPIED.
Tiga, Tiga Co.. Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

WM. TERBELL, CORNING, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in

DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zine, and Colored Prote, Ods, Varnich, Brushes Camphene and Burning Food, Dye Stuff, Sosh and Glass, Pure Liquors for Medicus, Patent Medicines, Artists Points and Brushes, Perfunery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

Also,

A general assortment of School Books—
Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationary.

Physicians. Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small change on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!

OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices.
Large No 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trimmings for \$15,00.
All kinds of
Tin and Hardware

in proportion for Ready Pay.
It will pay any one who wants anything in this line to call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Recollect the place—two doors south of Farr's Hotel, or epposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE April 21, 1859.

1.

H. D. DEMING, Would respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Peach Cherry, Nestarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous Organization trees. Also Currants Raspberries, Gooseberries Elackberries and Strawberries of all now and approved varieties.

ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss. Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Beagel or Chua. and Climbing Roses.

SHRUBBER Y—Including all the finest new reflectia. Lilace. Spiraces, Syringias. Viburumum, Wiglass &c.

FLOWERS—Paeomes, Dahlias, Phloxes. Tulips, Beate, Granum, Ryacinths, Narcissis; Jonquils. Lil-

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VI.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 12, 1860.

NO. 24.

LUCIA.

There is one name I never speak In tones of carcless mirth,
For she who hallowed it for me,
Has passed away from earth.
Yet ever in my heart, her face,
Her name, and memory have a place.

The winds of Spring will lightly blow,
And Summer Rowers will wave,
And Winter snows fall cold and deep
Above her lonely grave;
And I can never on it gaze
And dream of other earlier days. And sisters! we are scattered wide,
We all bear different names,
Yet one sweet tie uuites us still,
One spot our reverence claims.
Tis where we laid in love and trust,

Our father's, and our mother's dust. I have a little daughter now, With graceful childish ways; With graceful children ways;
They say, and there could be to me
No more endearing praise,
That she has Lucia's eyes of blue,
And Lucia's form and features too. And if that "country farther on," And if that "country lattuer on,
Is nearer than we deem,
If many graves now wept above
Are emptier than they seem;
Oh! may my mother calm and mild
Bend gently down, to bless my child.
VI

[From "Once a Week."] How an Advertisement got a Wife.

VIRGINIA.

"Tobacco is the tomb of love," writes a modern novelist of high standing; but with every respect for his authority, I beg to say it was quite the contrary in my case. Twenty-one years ago, I was sitting by my

fireside, totting up innumerable pages of my housekeeping book, taking exercise in arithmetic on long columns of "petty cash"-comprising items for carrots and Bath bricks, metal tacks and mutton chops, until, tired and wearied, I arrived at the sum total, and jerked the book on the mantel-piece. Nearly at the same time I placed my hand in the pocket of my dressing gown, drew out a leather case and lit a principe. Well, having lit the principe, I placed my feet on the fender and sighed, exhausted by my long job of domestic accounts. I was then in business—'twas a small wholesale business then, 'tis a large one now-yet one morning's tottings of carrots and bath bricks, would tire me a thousand times more than twenty-four hours of honest ledger work. I sighed, not from love, but from labor; for, to tell you the truth I had never been in love. Is this to go on forever? thought I, as I took my third whiff, and looked dreamily through the thin smoke as it ascended between me and a large print of the capture of Gibralter, which hung over the chimney piece. Am I to spend my prime in totting up parsnips, and computing carrots, and comptrolling washing bills? I sighed again, and in the act, off flew the button of my neck band, as though some superior power had seasonably sent the accident to remind me of my helplessness.

The button settled the business; though, as it slipped down inside my shirt, and passed with its mother-o'-pearl coldness over my heart, it for a moment threatened to chill my matrimonial resolution. I pitied my own lonely state, and pity, we know, is akin to love. But how was the matter to be accomplished? Most men at my age would already have adjusted their inclination to some object; so that having made up their mind and counted the cost, little more would have remained to be done than to decide upon the day, and lay hold upon the li-cense. This, however was not the case with me. I had been too much occupied, too idle, or too indolent to devote the time, or make an effort to "form an attachment." It was through no disinclination or difficulty to be pleased; for had any young lady of moderately agreeable powers taken the trouble, she might have married me long ere then. I should even have been grate-

ful to her for taking the trouble off my hands, but I was too bashful to adopt the initiative. I was a bashful man. This weakness came from the same cause as my Uncle Toby's-a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause in my case-namely, too close an application to busi-

Accordingly I thought of an advertisment; yet with no practical design of doing business, but as I persuaded myself, for a joke. So I scratched with a pencil on the back of a letter, the following:-

WANTED A WIFE.—None but principals need apply. The advertiser does not require cash, but only a companion. He is six and twenty and tired of single, he thinks he can settle down to married life. As gle, he thinks he can settle down to married life. As men ga, he believes he has a moderate share of temper, and want of time is his only reason for having recourse to the newspapers. He has enough means for himself and a second party, and is willing to treat at once.—
He is quite aware that a great many attempts to convert his honest intentions into an extravagant joke will be made, but he warns all rash intruders. If he finds a man hardy enough to make sport of his affections, he will thrash him: if a woman he will forgive her. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impertinent. In either case all applications will be promptly attended to, if addressed to P. P., at the office of this paper.

I fall proud of my composition and puffed

I felt proud of my composition and puffed away at my principe with a vague glee and anticipation of something coming out of it. I had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; and I certainly had not the slightest notion of involving myself in a personal collision with any one. Still the presentiment that it was not destined to be a barren joke pressed upon me. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by all my friends, and it was jokingly suggested by more than one, that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it

forth. On Monday morning I sent a boy to the newspaper office for P. P.'s letters. I expected he might be followed by some curious and in quisitive persons; so I told him on his way back to call at a bachelor neighbor's of mine for a book. The trick told. The lad was followed by some persons who never lost sight of him until they ran him to my friends, and then they went back and announced that he was the advertiser. I thus discharged in full one or Do If Like Leg.

GRAPER—All varieties.

GRAPER—All varieties.

Graphys New Haut-bois Strawberry. 4 doz. pfants, \$5.

Orders percettally solicited.

The Driver for Grafting. Budding or Pruning will be name, and still more suggesting places of meeting. The property attended to. Address

If D. Driver, Fa.

The answers well my nie, you know, and name, and still more suggesting places of meeting. Where I was to exhibit myself with a Do you wonder have to exhibit myself with a discovery content. played upon me. The answers were of the dear friend to you. (You told me so once, Minusual character—several seeking to elicit my nie, you know, and so you won't chide me for

flower in my button hole and a white handker- so particularly this morning? Not that I don't and straightforward in my advertisement, that she was convinced it was real, and she could rely upon my keeping her name secret, if, after we met, nothing came of the meeting. She would, therefore, see me at the —, at —, on a certain day, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why there was no harm done.

Most people would have put down this as trap to give me a journey for nothing. I did not. A presentiment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement.

This was in the old coaching days, when a man had time to make an acquaintance in forty miles, not as now, when you are at your journey's end before you have looked around your company in a railway carriage. There were but two insides-myself and a pleasant, talkative, honest-faced, elderly gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed animated and agreeable enough amongst my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making

ourselves agreeable to one another; so much so, that as the coach approached G-, and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stop there that night, he asked me to waive ceremony and have a cup of tea with him after I had dined at my hotel. My "fair engagement" was not until next day, and, as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer.

After my pint of sherry, I brushed my hair and went in search of my coach companion and my promised cup of tea. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was a man of substance and some importance in the place. I was shown into the drawing room. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and five daughters, "All spinsters, sir," said he; young ladies whom an undiscriminating world seems disposed to leave upon my hands.

"If we don't sell, papa," said the eldest, who with her sisters seemed to reflect her father's fun, "it is not for want of puffing, for all your introductions are advertisements."

At the mention of this last word, I felt a little discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night, perhaps, my providential opportunity

I need not trouble my renders with all our sayings and doings during tea, suffice it to say that I found them a very pleasant, friendly family, and was surprised to find I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their goodtempered ease and conversation. They did not inquire whether I was married or single, for where there were five young unmated daughters, the question might seem invidious. I however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood: I thought I had no source communicated the fact than the girls passed round a glance of arch intelligence from one to the other. I cannot tell you how odd I felt at the moment. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion crossed my mind, and helped, I felt, to color my cheek. Presently, however, the eldest with an assumed indifference which cost her an effort, asked where I was staying.

"At the ---- hotel," I answered with some embarrassment.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh; they bit their lips, and I had no longer a suspimusic, when I rose to depart I mustered courage, as I bid them good-bye, to say aside to the

"Shall P. P. consider this the interview?" say innocence, told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I pressed the matter no further at that moment, but I did her

I remained in my hotel the next day until an hour after the appointed time, but no one made their appearance. "Then," thought I, brushing my hair and adjusting my cravat, "since the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain;" so I walked across to my old friends. The young ladies were all in. The eldest was engaged with some embroidery at the window. I had therefore an opportunity, as I leant over the frame to whis-

"S. S. is not punctual."

The crimson in her face and neck was now so deep, that a skeptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more; that evening in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sisters had conspired to bring me up to - on a fool's errand, never meaning of

course, to keep the engagement.
"Then," said I, "since you designed to take
me in, you must consent to make me happy !"

"And what did she say, papa?" asks my second daughter, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

"Why, you little goose, she promised to be your mama, and she has kept her word."

The First Snow of Winter.

When you finish reading this little bit of sentiment, Minnie, you won't wonder how I came to write it, nor do I think you will be at all displeased that I did so; perhaps you may say, with that sweet smile on your face, of me s you often said to me, "It is just like him;" and then you will read this little paragraph over again, and with a very honest sigh, (almost loud enough to be heard by little Willie who plays at your feet,) say, "Poor Harry-poor Harry!" At least, if you don't, you won' blame me for thinking so-will you? Besides, too, there can be no harm in writing these thoughts of mine, because, even though I have addressed you as Minnie, although that is not the name that I once called you by-still you will know who I mean, and honest John, your husband, who believes you one of the best of wives, (and so you are) will not; so you can enjoy the treat all to yourself, without causing John to feel that you ever think of one who, before you were married, was a very near and Do you wonder how I came to think of you filence in him to believe it.

chief in my hand. One only looked like business. It was from a lady who proposed an interview in a neighboring city, about forty miles | ing outside, and how fleecy are the flakes that north. She said there was something so frank mantle the ground? And then don't you remember that it is the first snow of winter? And then, again, don't your thoughts recur to something very important that happened on the first snow of a certain winter? Yes, there you are again, and you can't hide it; Minniethere you are, with your arms folded tightly across your breast, and your face shaded with such a sweet sad smile; there you are—thinking of Harry, of the day when he plead-oh! how earnestly—that you would love him as he loved you; that you would be to him the dearest object on earth; that you would wed him, and that he might call you his "bonnie wife;" and now you are thinking how the first snow of that winter fell upon his heart-how the life blood paused for a while in his veins when you told him (you are telling those words to me again, this snowy day, Minnie.) "that it could not be so; henceforth we must be but as friends." Well, if you have ever regretted those words, (mind, I don't say that you have,) I won't be so cruel as to stir up again the recollections of by-gone days, and will stop here.

I have said enough, I think.
You are married, now, Minnie, and if before you never had an object for which to live, you have now. Willie and Katie are sweet little children-so rosy-faced, and with their mother's smile, for all the world. Katie I met just outside the door the other day-the little runaway having no doubt strayed from the nursery; and just as I passed she looked up so sweetly into this homely face of mine, that-I couldn't help it for the life of me-I stooped down and kissed her! No one saw me_I think—except a ragged little urchin on the other side of the way, who immediately fell to smacking his lips in roguish imitation of the "buss" I had given little Katie. Do you wonder what my thoughts were at that time? (There you are, with that same roguish twinkle

in your eye.) I am a clerk yet, Minnie, with Suggs & Muggs, "down on the wharf." They are very kind to me; and with my economical mode of life, I manage to lay by a pretty snug sum of money yearly. You havn't seen me for some time, I know, although I caught a glimpse of you, one sunny day, some months ago, on Chestnut street. I am somewhat changed they say; they-that is the good old lady who keeps my boarding-house, and the boy, "Walt," who does the errands at the counting-house. Not quite as lively as I once was, and not as cheer ful; but then you know I am getting old, Minnie, and old age brings its cares, which with the naturally-to-be-expected disappointments of life, drives away much of the freshness of our

younger days. that you may ever be possessed of the purest and best of life's blessings. But here comes "the firm," and I must finish this little bit of reverie, for which this snowy day is to be debited. "Walt," who sits by the stove indulging in a one-eye-open nap, has been cast ing occasional suspicious glances at me, all the while I have been writing this-no doubt thinking that I have been writing entirely too long to "post" a single leaf of the ledger, under which pretence I have been jotting down these lines. Well, Suggs, Muggs, or "Walt," stroyers of property. Every one of the crew quaked many a day afterwards, but nothing a long time; neither shall you, Minnie, if I mouth was bombarded. have fallen into the old fault of saying more han I ought to, for which you so often used to chide me. But this "first snow of winter" has done it all; I couldn't help it.

A Hoosier, an awful ugly man, relating his travels in Missouri, said that he arrived at Chickneyville in the forenoon, and just a few days before there had been a boat busted and a heap of people scalded and killed, one way and another. So at last I went into a grocery a squad of people followed in, and one bowed and said.

"It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bustin' of the Frankling." Upon that he axed me to drink with him and

as I put the tumbler to my mouth he stopped me of a sudden. "I beg your pardon, stranger, but-,"

"But what?" sez I. "Just fix your mouth that way again," sez

I done it jest as I was gwine to drink, an I'l be hanged if I didn't think they'd all go into fits. They yelled and hooped like a gang of

wolves. Finally one of the gang sez:

"Don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over bein' blowed up yet. Let's

make up a puss for him." Then they all throwed in and made up five dollars.

As the spokesman handed me the change; he axed me: "Where did you find yourself after the 'splo-

sion ?" "In a flat boat," sez I. "How far from the Frankling?" sez he. "Why sez I, "I never seed her, but as nigh

s I can guess, about three hundred and seventy-five miles." "You'd oughter seen that gang skedaddle."

An Irishman who had jumped into the water

save a man from drowning, on receiving a sixpence from the person as a reward for his services, looked first at the sixpence, and then at him, and at last exclaimed, "Well, I'm overpaid for the job."

A lawyer in Lowell having found ninetyfive dollars, returned the money to the owner. The papers say the act may be honest and honorable, but it is exceedingly unprofessional.

A Western paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances af death are very rare.

Ir a man calls you a liar, a thief and a

How Portsmouth was Bombarded.

The town of Portsmouth, in the gallant Granite State, is a place of quiet habits and commendable decorum, even in this fast age .-Thirty years ago, in the course of examining into the state of the town, some of the chaps discovered a dozen old cannons "laying around loose," upon a wharf close to what was called Liberty Bridge, a solitary, unfrequented place at night, though busy enough by day. Those guns had been left upon the wharf by a privateer, at the close of the War of 1812, and although the barn, everywhere where they supposed it possible that a savage could crowd himself, but Inwardly, they might be termed constipated by ever, had the two men returned to their labor, an accumulation of dirt and rust, and unfit to decided, however, that these "barkers" had they were taken captive. Grandfather's neighbeen still long enough, and their throats should bor, dropping his flail, sprang for his gun, but be cleaned and allowed to speak once more.— After many weeks of hard night toil, the whole dozen guns were reported in good, clean, reliaswung his flail about his head and with a deadble condition for public service. In pursuance of the great rule not to let the left hand bother the duties of the right, the boys waited till a very dark, dreary night, for the grand display. On such a night as that, about the owlish hour of one, those twelve guns were loaded with a full three pounds or more of powder each; the the hair, and was brandishing his gleaming same were wadded quite up to the muzzle with green grass; twelve slow matches of proportioned lengths were set in full-primed touchholes; and each slow-match was fired by those twelve dutiful servants of the public, who fled to their homes the instant the deed was done. "You go with me" spoke Sasanoa. The render must imagine the innocent character and habits of the good people of Portsmouth -the darkness and lateness of the hour-the startling nature of the interruption to their dreams, to have any sort of conception of the scenes of confusion and positive terror that ensued. The first gun that thundered upon the sleeping town, waked about everybody in Ports-bis home, whom should he meet in the street mouth. After some ten minutes, the second but the identical savage who had three times boomed its warning of danger at hand, and half the nightcaps in town were dotting the opened windows. The third gun, put every soul into clothing and a cold sweat; the fourth, filled the streets with excited citizens; the fifth, proved the truth of the report that the British were bombarding Fort Constitution and the town; the sixth sent the Selectmen futher saw his home once more, and in the gen-into most solemn conclave and deliberation; eral joy at his safe return the Indian partock. the seventh, found rusty Oid Queen's arms and He was made fully welcome, and remained a shot-guns in the hands of volunteers; and so week or more in the family, very happy in the on until the firing ceased, about three of the clock, A. M. Of course, there was no more at last Sasaona felt that he must return to the going to bed in Portsmouth that night, and no woods and to his own wigwam, he bade his and to the reasons for the awful event that had friends farewell, and took leave of grandfather occurred. Daylight revealed the whole story. Every "son of a gun" had recovered more than pristine vigor, under the peculiar stimulants applied to them. Three of them had whisked themselves up into the air, and were them half through the venerable bridge; two had reared up and plunged bodily through an old building on the wharf; while another, no less frisky, had skipped and gone through an innocent oyster boat which had sank under the affliction. Three of the excited pieces had cast themselves into the deep, and the rest were scattered in various attitudes about the wharf. The people were mostly indignant at first, but became good humored at last. The Selectmen offered a large reward for the discovery of the wicked disturbers of the public peace and destroyers of property. Every one of the crew quaked many a day afterwards, but nothing mouth was bombarded.

A Slow Steamboat.

Some time during the year 18- there was a night, and the captain, according to time-honored usage, was playing cards in the social hall. The mate stepped in.
"Captain, out of wood; not enough left to

make the water hot enough to shave with."

"Ring the bell," replied the captain. "Show light, and scare some up along the shore."

The mate went out, and the captain went on with the game. In a few moments the mate

returned: "Found a vard, sir." The captain left the table and went out. "How do you sell your wood?" shouted the captain to the people at the yard.

"Two and a half." "Too much," said the captain. "However I'll take a cord or two, and look farther." A couple of cords were taken, the game was resumed in the social Hall, and the boat went

A half hour elapsed, when the mate again appeared: "Out of wood, sir."

"Bell and light-my deal." The orders were obeyed, and the mote again announced a wood-yard. The captain went

"What's the price of wood?" "Two and a half."

"Too high; but we'll take a couple of cords till we can do better." As before, a couple of cords were taken in, and not twenty minutes elapsed before the mate

again appeared. "Out of wood, sir. "Ring the bell."

"Better take more this time." "Show a light." "It's done. sir."

up, and the steamer B- went in. "How do you sell your wood?" "Two and a half."

"Well, captain," answered the woodman, "we will put it to you this time at two and a quarter, as this makes the third time you have wooded with us to-night."

The captain had nothing to say, but took the wood and got quickly out of that stiff current which the boat was unable to stem.

The B--- was so solemnly slow, that the captain himself used to say that she must have been intended for a hearse. She is the steamboat which the newspapers once said made the scoundrel, tell him you have not sufficient con- trip from New Orleans to Louisville in six days and-four wicks.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS Square, \$6,00 8,00 10,00 column, -12,50 20,00 35,00 30,00 50,00 do. Columb, -

Advertisements not having the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and [charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

An Indian Story.

My father could have told the story better than I-for it was his father who took these pleasant walks to Canada. He went three timee during the war. This time he and a neighbor of his were threshing in his barn when the loud and continued barking of a dog excited their suspicions that the red-skins were when to their astonishment and horror, their 'vomit forth," or "belch" anything, or indeed dusky foeman crowded in at the broad, open to make any effort in that direction. It was doors of the barn, and announced to them that before he reached it, he was shot dead. ly force he brought it down upon the skull of the Indian who had shot him. The savage fell upon the floor, Instantly the avenger was seized from behind and jerked to his knees, while the yells of the infuriated red men filled the barn. A tall savage had the white man by scalping knife above him, when a commanding voice uttered-"No kill him." Grandfather thought he knew the voice, nor was he mistaken. There before him stood the very Indian

"Very well," said grandfather, not particularly sorry to save his life.

The long march was accomplished; and my grandfather remained a prisoner until the peace was concluded. When the exchange of prisoners took place, he was set at liberty. As he received for him the bounty money.

The old red-skin appeared delighted at the meeting, and the two men heartily shook hands. "You want to go home?"

"Yes, that's what I do," was the answer.
"Me take you safe," said Sasanoa, and he was fuithful to his word. In due time granderal joy at his safe return the Indian partook. company of his old traveling companion. When with these words:

"Good bye; s'pose war come ag'in-we come ag'n; catch you-carry you to Canada."

What Thirty Miles an Hour Does.

42 44444444 44 ingenious contrivance whereby one can sit still and see the world go by him at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Before him, there are the rails converged to a V. and a score of calves humped up and cornered in the vortex, and the houses standing impudently on the track, and the trees clustering about like "green ones" at a race, and hayrinks, squatting unconcernedly in the passi-age, and little bushes nestling about them to see the sport, and the curtaining clouds trailing right over the way, as if the track extended into "kingdom-come."

Jar-r-r go the cars with a spindle-like hum: and clearer and quicker the swath-note pantings of the engine as it cuts down time and

The iron bars open and open as the train drives on: the calves turned four-year-olds steamboat coming up the Mississippi on a dark in three minutes, scamper hither and thither; the large houses and phlegmatic barns fall back to the right and the left, and the little cabins dodge away behind their betters; the saucy little ricks magically roll up into stacks and step aside; the trees hustle themselves with a half-turn off the track, as if the devil had tempted them to waltz for a minute, and they hadn't quite resisted; the bustling little bushes scud away into the corners of the fences, to see you pass, and the clouds are slowly drawn heavenward to let you through.

But behind you, all the while, the world is being set in "minion." The fences recovered from their fright, are slowly swaying round into the road again; the trees come rustling up to take a last look at the wonder; the bushes come slyly out to see who's hurt; the four-yearolds are realizing what poets so often sigh for, without knowing it: "I would I were a calf again;" and the stacks settle quietly down in the middle of the track, like old Knickerbockers to their last meerschaum, as if nothing had

happened.
So man bustles through the world, and whether on railcars or steamboats, on horseback, on foot, or upon his knees, he mistakes his own motion for that of the world eddying around him, and reaches the final "Station" consoled with the sweet but treacherous offspring of his wish, that he, at least, has produced a sensation.

Did he but look behind him, how would the vision vanish; the wake he made, closing rapidly up, and all the world in statu quo, as before he breathed and bustled .- Chicago Journal.

In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the Judge asking where he was a In a few minutes a wood-yard was again rung grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis, said :-

"Your honor, he's gone." "Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is he

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he is dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

A poetical genius of Illinois gets off a poem after the style of Longfellow of which the following stanza is a specimen:

In the world's broad field of battle, In the great barn yard of life,

Be not a lazy cattle— Be a reester in the stelfe.