Terms of Publication.

HE TIGGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published for Taursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers for responsible price of

TO ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, Take the trem for which he has paid shall advance. It is intended to notify every reads in advance. It is intended to notify every the shall advanced by the stamp—"Time Out," on the market last piper. The paper will then be stopped to last piper. The paper will then be stopped to last piper. The paper will then be stopped to last piper. The paper will then be stopped to last piper. The paper will then be stopped to last piper.

AGH You is the Official Paper of the County, the Age You have and steadily increasing circulation reaches here are neighborhood in the County. It is sent the proper to any Post Office within the county has been most convenient post office may be about County.

adjoining County.
American Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclued to per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

I.S. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, TORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

5. B. BROOKS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.

In the rulinates of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.

Spi (2), 10-11. DR. W. W. WEBB.

OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr. Hotel. Nights he will be found at his ience, first door above the bridge on Main Street, resience, first door above the wards Samuel Dickinson's.

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

DICKINSON HOUSE

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE WELLSBORO', PA.

Correctly hepathr house is centrally located, and could set to the patronage of the travelling public. L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. AMERICAN HOTEL.

CORNING, N.Y..
E FREEMAN, - - - Proprietor.

y 35, 25 ets. Lodgings, 25 ets. Board, 75 ets. per day. J. C. WHITTAKER,

Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. Bull visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-sistence for treatment at ! is house. [June 14,] H. O. COLE,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. BARBLE AND HAIR-DRESSER.

Slide in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in a since will be done as well and promptly as it also done in the city saloons. Preparations for relating dandum, and beautifying the hair, for sale that and whickers dyed any color. Call and Well-boro, Sept. 22, 1859.

GAINES HOTEL. H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga Connty, Pa.

[10] S well known hotel is located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North rate No pains will be spared for the accommodation beautiful public.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Southlished at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Indiar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The mades Republican in politics, and has a circulative declaration of extending their business into that the adjoining dounties will find it an excellent advance medium. Address as above.

DRESS MAKING.

ITISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she a taken rooms over Niles & Elliott's Store, where so treated to exceute all orders in the line of the state of t see she feels confident that she can give satisfac-Set 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

Win. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the a ateopters in his line of business with prompt-

. Untting done on short notice. Wellsharo, Oct. 21, 1858 .- 6m

WATCHES! WATCHES!

THE Subscriber was got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silver Watches, ell cheaver than "dirt" or and sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. All kinds of REPARING done promptly. If a soft work is not done to the satisfaction of the party thing it, no charge will be made. Past favor appreciated and a continuace of patrongelindly solicited.

ANDIE FOLEY.

Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

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

Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,

TERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE all respectfully solicit the patronage of this and ad

ag counties. reall orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
Mark delivered if desired.
JOHN BLAMPIED.

I. g., Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859. WM. TERBELL,

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

blives, And Medicines, Lead, Zine, and Colored Fud. Ods, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning m. Dyc. Stuff, Such and Glass, Pure Liquors for dition, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, Proceedy, Fancy Articles, Placoring Extracts, &c.,

-A general assortment of School Books-Blank Books, Staple and Fancy

Stationary.

Stationary.

Artelians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing pary of the above articles can be supplied at a small trance on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

SEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!

FL OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. Wave you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Were for one-half the usual prices.

Inc. No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim
Station \$15.00.

Ad Kinds of

Tin and Hardware

I'm rition for Rendy Pay.
It will now any one who wants anything in this line will and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere.
It is the place—two doors south of Farr's Hospital Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE

H. D. DEMING,

and the solution and the people of Thoga County and property to fill all orders for Apple, Pear and Section Apple, Pear and Apple Ap

ner Roses, Moss. Bour and Climbing Roses.

HRUBBERY—Including all the finest new value of Althea, Calycanthus, in the first see the first see that the first new value of Althea, Calycanthus, Flowers, Spiradas, Viburnums, Wigilias &c. LOWERS—Paconics, Dahlas, Phloxes, Tulips, Hyacinthe, Narcissis; Jonquils, Lil-

AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Acform.

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, FEBRUARY 16, 1860. NO. 29.

DOBBS IN THE LEGISLATURE.-Dobbs was

elected to the Legislature from a district in

the mullen stalks; and with tears in their eyes vainly look around for a spire of grass.—

Though gratified he was also a little intimida-

All things went on smoothly for a time Mr.

Dobbs could vote on other people's motions,

though he could not make any himself. One unlucky day, however, the proceedings being

rather dull, and Dobbs being rather thirsty, he concluded to go over to the hotel and take a

drink. Here it will be seen that Dobbs com-

mitted a heinous offence-one which should

have caused his brother Legislators to blush

with shame. As Dobbs rose to leave the hall, he caught the Speaker's eye. The Speaker,

supposing he intended to address the House an-

Dobbs started as if he had been shot. The

assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes

upon him. He pulled out his pocket hard-

kerchief to wipe away perspiration, and feeling

it necessary to say something he blundered out:

"There is no motion before the House," said

Dobbs could not think of any thing to say.

But a bright idea came to him, and he flu-

The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did and

Mr. Whitefield had a brother, who for some

years appeared to be an earnest, sincere Chris-

ther preach one afternoon, he retired in distress

nothing more was seen of him that day.

in his hands : he has forgiven me."

following pleasant vein:

SLEEPING EXPERIENCE .- "Tripping," the hu-

try it. The chambermaid, dressed in male at

tire, was very accommodating and pleasant,

and gave me an under berth, where I took

twenty-five sleeps, being very tired. Between

the sleeps I noticed that it rained. A sleeping

car is a great convenience-you can lay at

length-that tired spinal column instead of

being humped together, is shook delightfully

loose, and the two-fifths of the body that is fluid,

has its throbbing waves contra splashed like a

pickle bottle on its side, essentially changing

the current of one's feelings. Then you have

the quiet of a public sleeping room, no one

feeling privileged to talk across the aisle to his

much noise as they would in another car. The

odor of forty pairs of boots laid along the floor

-the perfume of the coal and lubricating oils,

and the aroma of tobacco squirted over the

nassage between the berths, intermingled with

forty breaths, is all ventilated at each station,

by opening the doors and letting the weary

passengers walk through. I commend the

A certain Irish literateur, the other day, met

the author of "Ben Bolt" on the steamboat,

of genius, you give everything the most bril-

"But" replied E., "I am no child of gen-

ius. I am a citizen of New-Jersey. Child of

"I cant say that I do," retorted the poet .-

"My conception of a child of genius is a fel-

Larr .- Ah, there is a touching beauty in the

radiant up-look of a girl just crossing the limits

of youth, and commencing her journey through

the checkered sphere of womanhood. It is all

dew-sparkle and morning glory to her ardent

buoyant spirit, and she presses forward exult-

ing in blissful anticipations. But the withering

heat of the conflict of life creeps on; the dew-

drops exhale; the garlands of hope shattered

and dead, strew the path; and too often, ere

noon-tide, the clear brow and sweet smile are

exchanged for the weary look of one longing

for the evening rest, the twilight, the night .-

Oh, may the good God give his sleep early unto

low with a hole in his breeches; and a very

"Well, but," said the other, "don't you see

deeping car as a variety to spicy travel.

and in the course of conversation, said :-

the compliment I'm paying you?"

genius, indeed!"

dirty shirt."

these many !

"Second the motion."

"I move we adjourn."

The silence was breathless.

he Speaker.

ished with-

of it."

nounced with a lould voice "Mr. Dobbs."

ted by the honor.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Olose her cyclids—press them gently
O'er the dead and leaden cycs,
For the soul that made them lovely,
Hath returned unto the skies;
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smooth the little snowy dress;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow—
Gruttle flowers o were and white

Gentle flowers, so pure and white— Lay the bud upon her bosom, There—now softly say, Good-night. Though our tears flow fast and faster,

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back,
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and thorny track;
We are glad our Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure,
We are glad he did not leave her
All life's trials to endure;
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falleth; for alas we know
That our fireside will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.
While the twilight shadows gather.

While the twilight shadows gather, We shall wait in vain to feel Little arms, all white and dimpled.

Ittile arms, all white and dimpled,
Round our neck so softly steal;
Our wet cheek will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips so warm and red,
And our bosom sadly, sadly
Miss that darling little head
Which was wont to rest there sweetly;
And those golden eyes so bright,
We shall miss their loving glances,
We shall miss their loving glances,

We shall miss their soft Good-night When the morrow's sun is shining.
They will take this cherished form,
They will bear it to the church-yard,

They will bear it to the church-yard,
And consign it to the worm;
Well—what matter! It is only
The clay dress our darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
She hath need of this no more:
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers all pure and white,
Kiss the marble brow, and whisper,
Once again, a last Good-night.

Life Upon the Railroad.

There is an old saying that the friendship of a dog is better than his ill will, and for many years, in my capacity as a railroad conductor I happily found the above true to the letter but mind, I am not saving I have no enemies. I, undoubtedly, have a few, and I don't think there is a man lives but that has more or less. A little kindness now and then, to many ones a conductor will find almost every trip over his road, will not be lost, and he will in many cases find from his bread cast upon the waters, a return four fold. Yet he must use a grea deal of judgment in bestowing his charity upon those he thinks entirely worthy of such bestowal. I will, in connection, relate a little incident by which a little kindness saved my life, and the lives of all the passengers on board my

The Western division of our road runs through a very mountainous part of Virginia, and the stations are few and far between. About three miles from one of these stations, the road runs through a deep gorge of the Blue Ridge, and near the centre is a small valley and there hemmed in by the everlasting hills, stood a small one and a half story log cabin The few acres that surrounded it were well cultivated as a garden, and upon the fruits thereof, lived a widow and her three children by the name of Graff. They were, indeed, untutored in the cold charities of an outside world—I doubt much if they ever saw the sun shine beyond their own native hills. In the summer time the children brought berries to the nearest station to sell, and with the money thus eyes, bloodshot with weeping, "my-boo hoo! earned they bought a few of the necessities of hus-boo-band is-boo-hoo-dead!" and once the outside refinement.

he about twelve years, and the youngest seven. They are all girls, and looked nice and clean, and their healthful appearance and natural delicacy gave them a ready welcome. They appeared as if they had been brought up to fear God, and love their humble home and mother. I had often stopped my train and left them off at their home, having found them at the station some miles from home, after disposing of their berries.

I had children at home, and I knew their little feet would be tired in walking three miles, and therefore felt that it would be the same with those fatherless little ones. They seemed pleased to ride, and thanked me with such hearty thanks after letting them off near home ! They frequently offered me nice, tempting baskets of fruit, for my kindness, yet I never accepted any without paying their full value.

Now, if you remember, the winter of 1854 was very cold in that part of the State and the snow was nearly three feet deep upon the mountains

On the night of the 26th of December, of that year, it turned around warm and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible storm swept the mountain tops, and almost filled the vallies with water. Upon that night my train was winding its way, at its usual speed, around the hills and through the vallies, and as the road bed was of solid rock I had no fear of the banks giving

out. The night was intensely dark and the wind noaned piteously through the deep gorges of the mountains. Some passengers were trying to sleep, others were talking in a low voice to relieve the monotony of the scene. Mothers had their little children upon their knees as if to shield them from some unknown danger

without.

It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet. I knew there was danger by that whistle, and sprung to the brakes at once, but the brakesmen were all at their posts, and soon brought the train to a stop. I seized my lantern and found my way forward as soon as possible, when what a sight met my gaze! A bright fire of pine logs illuminated the track for some distance and not over forty rods ahead of our train a horrible gulf had opened its maw to receive

The snow, together with the rain, had torn ROSES_C asisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sumther Mose, Mose, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, the whole side of the mountain out, eternity itself seemed spread out before us. The widow itself seemed spread out before us. The widow Graff and her children had found it out, and brought light brush from their home below and built a large fire to warn us of our danger .-They had been watching more than two hours Hyacintus, America, plants, St. When the control of the skin by the rain and sleet, she grasped to the skin by the rain and sleet, she grasped me by the arm and cried:

II. D. DEMING, Wellsbore, Pa.

you in time. I would have lost my life before to that good old tune. one hair of your head should have been hurt. 'Oh, she wouldn't an' sh Oh, I prayed to Heaven we might stop the train, and my God, I thank Thee!"

The children were crying for joy. I confess I don't very often pray, but I did then and there. I kneeled down beside the good old woman and offered up thanks to an All wise being for our safe deliverence from a most terrible death, and called down blessings without number upon that good old woman and her children. Near by stood the engineer, fireman and brakesmen, the tears streaming down their bronzed faces.

I immediately prevailed on Mrs. Graff and her children to go back to the cars out of the storm and cold. After reaching the cars, I related our hair breadth escape and to whom we were indebted for our lives, and begged the passengers to go forward and see for themselves. They soon returned and their pale faces gave evidence of the frightful death we had escaped. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt gratitude toward Mrs. Graff and her children, and assured her that they would never, never forget her; and before the widow left the train she was presented with a purse of four-hundred and sixty dollars, the voluntary offering of a whole train of grateful passengers. She refused the proffered gift for some time, and said she had only done her duty, and the knowledge of having done so was all the reward she asked. However, she finally accepted the money and said it should go to educate her children.

The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her children a life pass over the railroad, and ordered all trains to stop and let them off at home when they wished. But the employees needed no such orders; they can appreciate all such kindness better than the directors themselves.

The old lady frequently visited my home at II---, and she is at all times a welcome visitor at my fireside. Two of the children are attending school at the same place. So, you see, a little well directed kindness has brought its reward in more ways than one.

A Disconsolate Widow.

After nine miles of the most lonesome, dreary and hilly road that ever mortal man traveled, in Litchfield Co., Conn., I came in sight of what I supposed to be the widow's house. It was a low cabin, at the foot of a hill, with a tremendous oak in front of it. I saw some one sitting under the tree, and, as I approached nearer, I discovered it was a woman, with her face buried in her hands and weeping violently. As soon as I reached the spot, I addressed her somewhat in the following words:

"I do not wish to be impertinent, madam, but I feel some concern to know what is the matter with you?"

"O! boo-hoo-ee! ouh! oh, me! Hoo oo-

"My dear madam, what is the matter?" demanded, becoming really concerned at the manner in which she was acting. She kept up her agony of distress, while a group of six or seven children began to come from the neigh-boring bushes and gather close about her. "Madam!" cried I, "in the name of all that's

good, tell me what ails you!"

"O, stranger!" she exclaimed, raising her more she relapsed into her fit of weeping. I The eldest of these children I should judge was truly affected by the poor woman's distress, and though a poor sinner myself, I could not refrain from offering her some consolation.

"My dear madam, do not give up to distress. Heaven has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Cheer up my good woman; the cloud may be dark, but the sun will eventually dissipate it. You may have to labor hard for your children, but Heaven will aid you!"

"That arn't nothin', stranger!" exclaimed the woman; as fur the children, I han't got but seventeen, an' I make s'port for thim easy enough. Heaven must be my husband, and l has no doubt he'd make a mighty good husband, but I want a sure nuf husband, a real live one like my poor John was afore he died-poor John !-poor John! O, me !-boo hoo-ee ee!"

When I had listened to this speech, there was something so absolutely and purely original in its ridiculous ideas that I could not help laughing at the mourner. As soon as possible I recovered myself and changed my tactics.

"Well, ma'am," I said "if that's all, for Heaven's sake don't give yourself any trouble. There are plenty of men in the world; surely

you can't get another husband.' "I mout git another husband, stranger, but oh! I couldn't find nary 'nother like John— poor John!—poor John! oh, me! boo hoo ee!"

"What was there remarkable about him, ma'am? If he was uncommonly likely, there are plenty of handsome men left in the world. If he was an extraordinary strong man, I know of some giants in strength. Was he good, kind and gentle, there are such still left on earth .-Was he a man of extraordinary intellect, wis dom or genius, depend upon it there are others equal to him on earth. Depend upon it, that no matter what extra gift he may have possessed, with patience and diligence you may find another to smooth the rough way of life for you, and fill that vacancy which now dis-

"O, stranger! returned the woman, "I know it's your kindheartedness what makes you speak so, but 'taint worth while; John wasn't nothin extraordinary in none o' them things as you speak of. But still I never, no never! I know I never kin find the likes of John again on yuth! O, John! poor John!-poor John!boo hoo-ee!"

"Well, madam, I have guessed till I'm tired. What was there about John so remarkable?"

"Markebull!" she exclaimed, "why stranger, John was the best fiddler on yearth. How he'd lay back behind his fiddle and roll his beautiful red head about from side to side, as he played: 'Sugar in de Gourd,' 'Pig in de Tatar Patch,' 'Ole dan Tucker,' an' all them tunes! Just to think! It ha'n't been a month dake mine frau for a lady. Ha! Ha! dat ish since he sit rite here under this tree and played | a goot choke !'

"Thank God! Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped for me while I got up and danced just this way Long Island, where the grasshospers climb up

'Oh, she wouldn't an' she couldn't, an she wouldn't come at all!
Te um tum diddle dum doole addy day!"

And here the woman jumped up and cut two or three very difficult steps—half way between the pigeon wing and old Virginia back stepwhile she sang the above tune; then falling, she screamed in all the agony of distress-"And now he's gone !-dead ! O, me !"

I gazed at the woman for one moment, and then told her I knew some very good fiddlers. She immediately became calm, and looking up into my face with an inquiring glance, she

"Stranger, maybe you is a good fiddler; I'll go an' git John's fiddle!"

And off she started for the house! As soon as she was out of sight, I struck spurs to my

Few can understand the depth of such feeling as that.

Hints to Young Gentlemen.

Don't give up your scat in the cars, when you are tired out with your day's work, to a pert young miss who has been amusing herself with a little shopping-she won't even thank you for it; and if a man is going to sacrifice his comfort, he has a reasonable right to expect, at least, a little gratitude. No use being polite to some ladies—there's an old proverb about easting pearls before—what's their names?

Don't submit to be crowded off the pavement into a muddy gutter by two advancing balloons of silk and whalebone. Haven't your newly blacked boots as good a claim to respect as their skirts? Look straight before you, and stand up for your rights like a man-the ladies can contract themselves a little if they see there's no help for it!

Don't talk literature and the fine arts to the pretty girls of your acquaintance until you are sure they know the difference between Thompson's Seasons and Thompson's Arithmetic .-And if they look particularly sentimental, then you may know they don't understand what

you're talking about! Don't ask a nice little girl about her dolls, unless you are very certain she hasn't "come out," and been engaged in two or three flirts tions already.

Don't say complimentary things to a young lady at a party without first making sure that her "intended" is not standing behind you all the time.

Don't accept a lady's invitation to go shop ping with her, unless you have previously measured the length of your purse.

Don't stay later than eleven o'clock when you spend the evening with a pretty friend—the wisest and wittiest man in Christendom becomes a bore after that hour.

Don't believe any woman to be an angel. If you feel any symptoms of that disease, take a dose of sago tea and go to bed—it is as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is your business to get over it as soon as possible. An angel indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerably more than the wings, we are mistaken!

Don't make up your mind about any creature in belt ribbon and velvet rosettes without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it, one woman can read another better in five min-

utes than you can in five years! And above all, don't imagine that you must keep your lady-talk and gentleman-talk in separate budgets, labeled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy-washy sentimentalisms. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because

they are women, they don't know anything. Remember all this advice, sir, and you may make rather less of a fool of yourself than you would otherwise .- Mrs. George Washington Wylis in Life Illustrated.

Dutchman's Distinction.

In the ninth Ward, New York, lives an eccentric butcher, by name Herr Vonsclup. He keeps a liltle meat store, and often amuses his customers with his curious comments on matters and things in general. His wife is a patient hard working woman, willing to turn her hand to anything to gratify him. When her husband goes out she attends the store, and can cut off a roast or carve a steak as well as her

Mr. Brown is a regular customer of Butcher Vonsclup. He is a cash customer, and has an abhorrence of accounts. One day when he purchased a roast he was short just five cents Mrs. Vonsclup served him, and he said to her

"I will take the meat home and return with the five cents. Don't mark it down." "Dat bees all, all right, Meister Brown," re plied the butcher's wife.

Brown hurried home. During his absence the butcher returned, and his wife went back to her house. Presently Brown came back, and hurriedly

approaching the butcher said: 📡 "Here is the five cents I owe you," at the same time handing him the coin. "Vot?" asked the astonished Vonsclup. "I owe you five cents, and here it is."

"You make mistake Meister Brown, I never trust you mit anything," said the butcher.
"No, no, I owe it to you. Since you've been gone I bought some meat of the lady and did not have enough to pay her into five cents

and--" "Lady! You buy meat of a lady in my Vot in der tuyfel you mean by datshop!

"Are you crazy, man? I mean I purchased a roast of the woman who attends here when vou are absent." "Der woman as sells meat here?"

"Yes." "Mein Cot! vat you mean den? She bees no lady—she ish mein wife!" "You are an infernal old fool!" replied

Brown, throwing the five cent piece at the butcher and leaving in disgust. "You bees anuder fool, Meister Brown, to

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 16 lines considered as a square. The subjected rates with be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS. 2000 \$4.50 \$6,90 Square, -8,00 10,00 12,50 30.00 50,00 column, do. Column, -20,00 25,00 35.00 Advertisements not having the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until or-

dered out and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill-Hends, Letter-Hends and all Fosters, manuous, Bill Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Agitator, The Teacher's Mission.

It must be a cheerful thought to all engaged in the cause of popular education, that though the efforts of its many and ardent supporters, in themselves, are little heeded, under the press of more exciting themes, yet the teachings they instill, and powers they diffuse, shall stand, an enduring manament to themselves and the country they homer. Millions of noble and philanthropic hearts have ceased to beat ere the cause they espoused and for whom they lived and hoped, accorded them the ment they'so nobly deserved. But to such generous reform. ers, the posterity which they serve deals out a iust reward.

Cotemporaneous fame faints into insignificant pomp when posted beside the lasting praise of posterity. In that day when the now living workers, strenuously laboring for future generations, shall have become the justly remembered and generously sacrificing philanthropists of the past, where will be the remembrance of the sycophantic dissensionists of to-day, who are only serving themselves, or it may be their own generation. It is ours to take care of our inheritance, to transmit it with all its well-deserved interest, and to contribute even of ourselves to that posterity, which, then will be all that remains of us. Such disinterested sacrifice eclipses the self-love in the nature of man: while he no longer is servant to himself, but the cause which is now his other self.

It is thus the teacher who accomplishes the errand of his mission, posts the emblem of his profession upon the living institutions of the future. He assists la building up the human and liberal in all things; while he aid in the demolition of the towers of injustice which tian. But he declined, and finally wandered harbor the forces of error and shield the enfrom the path of duty. After hearing his brogines of destruction. Controlling the infant mind and shaping its destiny for years, he is of mind. At the supper table he groaned; and the author to a great extent, of the character of mind which shall mark the history of the future.

could neither eat or drink, saying "I am a lost In no country more than in America have The Countess of Huntington, who sat oppothe citizens such great reason to prize the inssite, exclaimed, "I am glad of it: I am glad titutions of their land. High hopes of future greatness flood the universal mind; while no "It is very wicked in you to say you are glad class, more than the teaching profession, has of it that I am a lost man," said he.
"I repeat it," said she, "I am heartily glad so essentially within itself the agency by which these ambitious hopes are to be realized. To them is given the important trust of governing He looked at her, astonished at her barbarthe universal family of the country; and thus "I am glad of it," said she, because it is writthey become the bearers of many a weighty responsibility. In this broad sense, the teacher is to the world, what a parent is to his famten, "The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." ily. How feeble, at best, are our efforts to per-With tears rolling down his cheeks, he said. form this secred duty! How much that word What a precious Scripture truth is that. And duty means; no man ever yet so perfect as to how is it that it comes with such power to my have given an experimental definition.

mind? O! Madam," said he, "I bless God for In correcting and instructing youth, the that. Then he will save me; I trust my soul teacher has to contend with the same imperfect and rebellious nature as prompts disobedience He soon after went out, felt unwell, fell down or cruses failure in the child. They can modify the mind of the future, being the recipients We are all lost; happy will it be for us if we of a power delegated from the Prime Original; become sensible of it, and are found before the but cannot at once perfect though they may imsummons of death shall come. Let backsliders prove its kind. By renson, applied to our own life experience, we may rectify our own mistake warning and see to that they return to the Great Shepherd ere their feet stumble on the takes, and why may we not guard others against dark mountains of death .- Spurgeon's Sertheirs? This much is our manifest duty; and how much it has to do in bringing around a universally perfect state of the mind, we may

One thing is at least certain: We are at all morous correspondent of the Cincinnati Railroad Record, lately made a trip east, over the times exerting an "unconscious influence" over Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and reports his others, either for right or wrong. It is thus we night's coquetry with Somnus on the cars in the transmit the very nature of our being, improved if we will it, to our children, and through them At Wheeling I took a sleeping car, just to to all posterity.

It is a generally conceded principle of metaphysics, that our greatest source of knowledge is from example; while there is very little originality in our nature. It is thus the infant begins to draw from the fountain of all learning as soon as its senses are open to outward influences. From that moment, there is no time in which some impression, either right or wrong, is not seeking a lodgement within the recess of the mind. This fact makes the mind our storehouse for the future. Now, the true tea mer assists the young mind in this promisenous game ing of knowledge; and he it is who savera one. If a see deposits of reason, neighbor more than an hour at a time—no one and sense, through the fore mainted of the feeling privileged to make more than twice as mind. What kind of knowledge small first be laid down as best for a sure found it in ' or how shall it be labeled, that it may be reach I for use when wanted, without disturbing the order of the faculties or impairing their uses? In short, how shall we make the mind a speciepaying bank; how teach the young to detect spurious, and only pay genuine drafts upon the deposits made in the safe of wisdom? All these are to be answered by constant appeals to the judgment, perseverence, and patience of tie teacher.

It is no easy task; but all the difficulties, nd in the course of conversation, said:— trials of patience and victories over the imper-"Ah! but that is the way with you. A child fections of our nature, are working out an inheritance for posterity, which shall raise them above the level of their predecessors. By the continuance of such a process, for what lofty accomplishments may we not hope in this scheme for the elevation of our kind? It ere be any plan of redemption-iny means of . . incipating humanity from the prevaile, and refections and false theories of hi- are a this natural tendency of our complex being to err -and any means by which man is to accomplish the design of his creation, it must be by patient perseverence in training the universal mind. The task is great, and its way, orters must be content to see its progress. to they aim to make it steady. It is only by the most patient and judicious management, that it can be accomplished at all; while impatient impetuosity will ruin all.? While this is too universally, it is equally so individually To govern the world, each must govern himseli: in this we fail. But we may benefit by our mistakes and thus may make others our saperiors, if not perfect. This then is the mission of the teacher: To guide and guard the young toward self-government, and through them, and manity to ultimate perfection.

AMATOR JUSTICIAN

Mr. J. S. Fall, a Mississippi editor, asks Three things that never agree—two cuts over when shall we get wise. Undoubted before Full, one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one young lady.