

Terms of Publication.
THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published
Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers
at the very reasonable price of
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,
in advance. It is intended to notify every
subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall
expire, by the stamp "TRY OUR" on the mar-
ket of the paper. The paper will then be stopped
until a further remittance be received. By this ar-
rangement no man can be brought in debt to the
agitation.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
J. S. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Wellsboro, Pa., Feb. 1, 1853.

S. B. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA.

DR. W. W. WEBB,
OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below
Farr's Hotel. Night calls will be from his
residence, first door above the bridge on Main Street,
Wellsboro, Pa.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the
Academy. All work pertaining to
his line of business done promptly and
cheaply. (April 22, 1853.)

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORO, PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This popular house is centrally located, and
is well fitted to the patronage of the travelling public.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y.
E. FREEMAN, Proprietor.
25 Beds. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
(March 31, 1853.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydroptic Physician and Surgeon.
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.
Office at patients in all parts of the County, or re-
sidence for treatment at his house. (June 14.)

H. P. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Office in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in
his line will be done as well and promptly as
elsewhere in the city. Preparations for re-
dressing, and beautifying the hair, for sale
of hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
enquire. (Sept. 22, 1853.)

GAINES HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y., PROPRIETOR.
This hotel is located in a beautiful spot, and
is well fitted to the patronage of the travelling public.
Call and enquire. (Sept. 22, 1853.)

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One
Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The
Journal is published in the city, and has a circula-
tion in every part of Steuben County, and
in the adjoining counties will find it an excellent ad-
vertising medium. Address as above.

DRESS MAKING.
MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to
the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she
has opened up Niles & Elliott's Store, where
she is prepared to execute all orders in the line of
DRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the
business, she feels confident that she can give satisfac-
tion to all who may favor her with their patronage.
Call and enquire. (Sept. 22, 1853.)

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,
TAILOR.
Having opened his shop in the room over
Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the
citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared
to do all the business in his line with prompt-
ness and dispatch.

WATCHES: WATCHES!
The subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy
ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE
Gold and Silver Watches,
which will sell cheaper than "dirt" on "Time," i. e.
"Time Pieces" on a short (approved) credit.
Orders of REPAIRING done promptly. If a
watch is not done to the satisfaction of the party
no charge will be made. A fine assortment of
watches appreciated and a continuance of patron-
age solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
(Sept. 22, 1853.)

HOME INDUSTRY.
THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-
BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga,
is prepared to furnish
Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,

FRONT & ITALIAN MARBLE
The subscriber respectfully solicits the patronage of this and ad-
joining counties, and is prepared to furnish
all the business in his line with prompt-
ness and dispatch. JOHN BLAMPID.
Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 22, 1853.

W. T. TERBELL,
CORNING, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in
Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored
Inks, Brushes, Combs and Burning
Sticks, Sinks and Glass, Pure Liquors for
Medical Purposes, Artists Paints and Brushes,
Lithographic Articles, Flowering Extracts, &c.,

NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP!
Opposite ROY'S DRUG STORE.
You can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned
Ware for one-half the usual prices.
Call and enquire. (Sept. 22, 1853.)

Tin and Hardware
For Ready Pay.
If any one who wants anything in this line
will call before purchasing elsewhere,
they will find the prices two doors south of Parr's Ho-
tel, at Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE
H. D. DEMING.

H. D. DEMING,
I have the honor to announce to the people of Tioga County
that I have opened up a new store, and am prepared
to furnish all the business in my line with prompt-
ness and dispatch. (Sept. 22, 1853.)

FRUITBERRY
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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 CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1860. NO. 32.

From the Religious Recorder.
TRUST IN THE LORD.
"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the
Land and verily thou shalt be fed."
"Trust in the Lord" the mighty king
Who bears his people cry;
Trust in his name for he avows
To hear thy faintest sigh.
Well he remembers we are dust,
We children of his love;
He breaketh not the slender reed—
Forbearing friend above.

"Trust in the Lord" for thou art made,
Heir to a fadeless crown;
Abide in him so shalt thou scape
The terrors of his frown.
Long shalt thou dwell with those thou lovest
Thy hands our work shall see;
Ere thou exchange this cambrous coil,
For immortality.

"Trust in the Lord" thou shalt be fed,
Nor thirst nor hunger more;
His fullness well supplies our need—
While hungering on life's shore;
We would be thine then ever more.
Give us our daily bread."
Lord 'tis the food of life we ask,
'Tis that we would be fed.

Give us Lord the richest dews
That grace divine distills;
The fountain head whose peevish light
Thy hands our work shall see;
Then trust his name, nor e'er be
The spyl's lore to know;
No longer hang the voiceless harp,
Where Babel's waters flow.
Lawrenceville. M. A. S.

A Thrilling Story.
The following story was taken from that in-
teresting book, "Parley's Thousand and One
Stories." It is founded upon an occurrence
which actually took place in Vermont some
forty years ago. The facts are almost literally
related as follows:

My brother Heman liked the business of
carrying the mail better than I did; and so I
went to work in a new clearing I had com-
menced, about a mile and a half from home,
and not quite so far from the house of a brother-
in-law. I used to stay as often at one place as
at the other. It was a bad arrangement, as,
in case of accident, neither family would be
alarmed or go to look for me, if I should not
come home. I felt the force of this in the
course of the winter, as you will see directly.

There had fallen one of our old-fashioned
Northern New York snows, crustled over hard
enough to bear a man. I was getting on
famously with my clearing, getting ready to build
a house in the spring. I was ambitious, and
worked early and late, going without my din-
ner some days, when my bread and meat I had
brought in my pocket were frozen so hard that
I could not masticate it, without taking up too
much of my time. One day it was intensely
cold, with the prospect of a storm that might
hinder my work the next day, and so I worked
as long as I could see, and after twilight I
felt a tree, which in its descent lodged against
another. I could not bear the idea of leaving
the job half finished; I mounted the almost pros-
trate body to cut away the limbs to let it down.

The bole of the tree forked, about forty feet
up, into two equal parts with large projecting
limbs from both. It was one of these I had to
cut away to bring it to the ground. In my
haste perhaps I was not so careful as I should
have been, at any rate the first blows eased the
lodgement, so that the tree began to settle, and
I was just going to jump off, when the fork
split, and as it did so, one foot dropped into the
space, so that I could not extricate it for the
moment, so that I felt no alarm, for I knew I
could cut away the tree in a minute, or draw
my foot out of the boot, as the pressure was
not severe. At the first blow of the axe, the
tree took another start, rolled over, and the
split closed with all its gigantic strength, crush-
ing my foot until the very bones were flattened,
and there I hung suspended, just able to touch
the tips of my fingers in the snow; with nothing
to rest upon for a minute—the air at zero and
growing colder—no prospect of any one
coming that way that night—the nearest house
a mile away—no friends to feel alarmed at my
absence, for one would suppose me safe with
the other.

My axe in its fall, rested upon the snow crust
about ten feet off. If I could only get that,
I might yet save myself. I did not think how
I was to cut myself loose from the body of that
great tree, suspended as I was, head down, and
suffering with the rushing current of disordered
blood; yet I thought in that keen blade my
only hope of life was fixed. Just forward of
me grew a slim bush, which I thought if I
could obtain, I could form into a hook by twist-
ing the limbs together, and draw the axe within
my reach.

Although the bush was out of my reach, I
at last succeeded in getting hold of it by means
of a loop by tying my suspenders together. I
drew it towards me and cut it off with my pocket
knife—one of that sort so long known as "Bar-
low knives," having a single blade about two
and a half inches long and three-eighths of an
inch wide, with equal width all its length, set
in a handle of peculiar shape, half its length,
iron and the other half horn or bone. I suc-
ceeded admirably in fashioning my hook, and
almost felt the handle of the axe within my
grasp, so certain was I of success. From the
tree that imprisoned me the ground descended
rapidly for a dozen rods or more to a little
creek. My axe lay upon the brow of the hill.
The first movement I made towards twisting
the loop of my stick around the handle, so as
to draw it within my reach, loosened it from
its icy rest, and away it went down the hill
crushing through the little frost brittle bushes,
down to a little fall a few rods below, and over
that into the unfrozen pool, with a surging
sound as it fell into the water, that seemed to
send its icy chill through every vein and artery
in my whole body.

I still had my knife. True, it was a rough
surgical instrument, but hope and the love of
life gave me strength to climb up by my fas-
tened leg and cut away my boot and stocking,
and then with that knife I unjoined my ankle
and fell to the ground—my leg a footless, bleed-
ing stump! The intensity of the cold saved me
from bleeding to death. I tore off a part of
my coat, and with my handkerchief and sus-
pender managed to bind my leg with a hand-
ful of snow, and started to crawl home. I suc-
ceeded in reaching within sight of the house,
and then my strength utterly failed me.

I tried my voice in vain, for I could make
no one hear me. I exerted myself once more,
and crawled towards the road that I knew Heman
must come. It was a painful task, for,
besides my exhaustion, I was perishing with
cold. Just then I heard the sound of my bro-
ther's stage horn, and the jingle of the bells
coming down the hill. I strained my voice to
the utmost pitch, but he did not, could not
hear; but there was another friend—man's
faithful friend—who did hear. Old Hunter,
the noble old dog, had insisted on accompan-
ing Heman this trip, and brother said, "Let
him go; who knows what good may come of
it?" Good did come of it, for his ear was
quicker than Heman's, and he roused up at the
first cry, and as the second cry reached his ear,
he leaped out and in a minute was where I lay
upon the snow. He smelt all around, and I
held up my footless leg. Just then the sleigh
had got up the hill; Hunter sprang back into
the path, barked loudly, and as the horses came
up, he seized the reins, and would not let go
till Heman called a halt.

Hunter let go his hold on the horses, jump-
ed back to the sleigh, caught hold of Heman's
hand, pulling off the mitten, and away he ran
back where I was, and commenced barking fu-
riously; but I heard nothing. The effect upon
me when I knew I was discovered by that faith-
ful old dog, and that he never would desert me,
nor cease his efforts until he obtained help, had
caused me to faint. My brother knew that Heman
was not at play—that something was the mat-
ter—and he jumped out of the sleigh and ran
after me.

In a little while I was at home; the doctor
was sent for and my wound properly dressed.
I eventually recovered, but was, however, a
cripple for life.

The First Found of Franklin's Party.
From Capt. McClintock's extremely interest-
ing "Voyage of the Fox in the Arctic Seas,"
published by Ticknor & Fields, we take the fol-
lowing account of the discovery of the remains
of Sir John Franklin's men:

"We were upon the shore along which the
retreating crews must have marched. My
sledges of course traveled upon the sea-ice close
along the shore; and, although the depth of
snow which covered the beach, deprived us of
almost every hope, yet we kept a very sharp
look-out for traces, nor were we unsuccessful.
Shortly after midnight of the 24th of May,
when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near
the beach, which the winds kept partially bare
of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly
exposed, with here and there a few fragments
of clothing appearing through the snow. The
skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying
upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones
either disarranged or gnawed away by some
animal.

A most careful examination of the spot was
of course made, the snow removed, and every
scrup of clothing gathered up. A pocket-book
afforded strong grounds of hope that some in-
formation might subsequently be obtained re-
specting the unfortunate owner and the calamit-
ous march of the lost crews, but at the time it
was frozen. The substance of that which we
gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:

The victim was a young man, slightly built,
and perhaps above the common height; the dress
appeared to be that of a steward or officer's
servant, the loose bow-knot in which his neck-
handkerchief was tied not being used by sea-
men or officers. In every particular the dress
confirmed our conjectures as to his rank or
office in the late expedition—the blue jacket
with slashed sleeves and braided edge, and the
pilot cloth great-coat with plain covered
buttons. We found also a clothes brush near,
and horn pocket comb. This poor man seems
to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording
the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen
upon his face in the position in which we found
him.

It was a melancholy truth that the old woman
spoke when she said, 'they fell down and died
as they walked along.'
I do not think the Esquimaux had discovered
this skeleton, or they would have carried off
the brush and comb; superstition prevents
them from disturbing their own dead, but would
not keep them from appropriating the property
of the white man if any way useful to them.
Dr. Rae obtained a piece of flannel, marked 'E.
D. V., 1845,' from the Esquimaux of Boothia
or Repulse Bay; it had doubtless been a part
of poor Des Voeux's garments."

WHAT TONEY DON'T BELIEVE.—He don't be-
lieve that a man is any wiser for having a S. S.,
or any other letters, tacked to his name.
He don't believe a lawyer is any keener be-
cause he wears a pair of spectacles.
He don't believe that Schoolmasters, Physi-
cians, and Ministers like to be contradicted a
whit better than other folks.
He don't believe that all Lawyers are rogues,
any more than he believes that an eel is a snake.
He don't believe that the most industrious
man likes to work except when he can't help it.
He don't believe that two young lovers like to
be caught with their arms around one another.
He don't believe that a young lady ought to
be married before she is twenty-one at least.
He don't believe that young gentlemen should
marry before they are able to support a wife.
He don't believe in getting up early in the
morning, without going to bed early at night.
He don't believe a man is a fool because he
can't make a speech.
He don't believe that because both wise and
windy begin with a W, that they end in the
same thing.
He don't believe that a lady is much the
worse for wearing a bustle, though he decidedly
prefers coffee-bags.

In fact, he don't believe in a great many
things that others believe in, and the result is
that he has voted an oddity and a bore, and we
don't believe that Toney has justice done him
in general.

"Mrs. Partington makes Shakespeare say,
'Sweet are the uses of advertisements.' It's
—if he didn't say it."

Anecdote of John Jacob Astor.
The following amusing anecdote is told of
John Jacob Astor, in the double character of a
patron of literature and parsimonious money
holder, which appears to be exceedingly char-
acteristic. Among the subscribers to Audu-
bon's magnificent work on ornithology, the
subscription price of which was \$1,000 a copy,
appeared the name of John Jacob Astor. Dur-
ing the progress of the work, the prosecution
of which was exceedingly expensive, M. Audu-
bon of course called upon several of his sub-
scribers for payments. It so happened that
Mr. Astor (probably that he might not be
troubled about small matters,) was not applied
to before the delivery of all the letter-press and
plates. Then, however, Audubon asked for his
one thousand dollars; but he was put off with
one excuse or another. "Ah, Mr. Audubon,"
would the owner of millions observe, you come
at a bad time; money is very scarce; I have
invested all my funds." At length, the sixth
time, Audubon called upon Astor for his thou-
sand dollars. As he was ushered into his pres-
ence, he found Wm. B. Astor, the son, conver-
sation with the father. No sooner did the rich
man see the man of art, than he began: "Ah,
Mr. Audubon, so you have come again after
your money. Hard times, Mr. Audubon; mon-
ey very scarce." But just then catching an
inquiring look from his son, he changed his
tone: "However, Mr. Audubon, I suppose we
must contrive to let you have some of your
money, if possible. William," he added, call-
ing to his son, who had walked into an adjoin-
ing parlor, "have we any money at all in the
bank?" "Yes, father," replied the son, sup-
posing he was asked as earnest question per-
tinent to what they had been talking about
when the ornithologist came in, "we have \$22,-
000 in the bank of New York, \$70,000 in the
City Bank, \$30,000 in the Merchants', \$98,400
in the Mechanics', \$83,000—" "That'll do," ex-
claimed John Jacob interrupting him. It seems
that William can give you a check for your
money."

The Knickerbocker does up a yarn in a su-
perior manner. There is more truth than poe-
try in the following sketch from the experience
of a country doctor—a fact that more than one
of the badly-treated and worse-paid class of
individuals would be willing to verify on oath:
The poor doctor is called from his bed on a
stormy night with the stirring summons:
"Doctor, want you to come right straight
away off to Banks—His child's dead."
"Then why do you come?"
"He's poisoned. They gin laudanum for par-
egoric."
"How much have they given him?"
"Do no—a great deal. Think he won't get
over it."
The doctor pushes on through the storm—
with divers mishaps on the way, and at length
arrives at the house of the poisoned patient.
He finds it all closed—not a light to be seen.
He knocks at the door, but no answer. He
knocks furiously, and at last a night cap ap-
pears at the chamber window, and a woman's
voice calls out—
"Who's there?"
"The doctor, to be sure. You sent for him."
"Oh, it's no matter, doctor. Ephraim is
better. We got a little squireer, kinder. Gin
him laudanum, and he slept kinder sound, but
he's waked up now."
"How much laudanum did he swallow?"
"Only two drops; rain't hurt him none—
Wonderful had storm to-night."
"The doctor turns away, buttoning up his
overcoat under his throat, to seek his home
again, and tries to whistle away mortification
and anger, when the voice calls:
"Doctor! Doctor!"
"What do you want?"
"You won't charge nothin' for this will you?"

It will be hard to resist a tear to the mem-
ory of the brave, in reading the following
incident, which occurred on board of Perry's
vessel, after the battle on Lake Erie:
One poor fellow was sent below to the sur-
geon, with his right arm dangling like an em-
pty coat sleeve at his side. It had been shat-
tered near the shoulder and amputation was pro-
nounced unavoidable. He bore the painful op-
eration without a groan or murmur, although
"cold drops of agony stood upon his trembling
forehead."
An hour or two after his arm was amputated,
he called the surgeon to his side and said:
"I should like to see my arm, if you have
no objection."
"None in the world," replied the surgeon,
"if you desire it."
The amputated limb was at once brought to
him, and poor Jack pressing the cold hand
which had "forgot its cunning," in his left ex-
claimed with tears in his eyes:
"Farewell old messmate! You and I have
weathered many a tough gale together, but
now we must part! You have been a good
friend to me; I shall never find such another!"

A DROLL POST-MASTER.—In the days of An-
drew Jackson, his Post-master General, Amos
Kendall, wanting to know whereabouts was
the source of the Tombigbee river, wrote
for the required information to the post-master
of a village on its course. "Sir," wrote the
high officer to the lower, "this Department de-
sires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs
up. Respectfully yours, &c." The reply was
brief and read thus: "Sir, the Tombigbee
does n't run up at all; it runs down. Very re-
spectfully, &c." The Post-master General con-
tinued the correspondence in this style: "Sir,
your appointment as post-master at — is re-
voked. You will turn over the funds, papers,
&c., pertaining to your office, to your suc-
cessor. Respectfully, &c." The droll under-
stander closed the correspondence with this parting
shot: "Sir, the revenues of this office, for the
quarter ending Sept. 30, have been 95 cents;
its expenditure, same period, for tallow, can-
dles and twine, was \$1.05. I trust my suc-
cessor is instructed to adjust the balance due me.
Most respectfully, &c."

Every one thinks he has more than his share
of brains.

A Story with a Moral.
Door-bell rings. The Rev. Mr. —, is in-
troduced to the family room, where three chil-
dren are busily engaged at play smuggled in
the corner of the room—the mother diligently
engaged in sewing. She rises to meet the "min-
ister" and salutes him, while he, with lofty, cold
repulsive dignity, says:
"Good morning; are you well to-day?"
And dignified takes a seat.
After a moment's pause, he says, in the same
unbending manner;
"Trust, madam, that you have been well
since I saw you last!"
"Thank you sir—quite well."
A brief pause.
"I hope your family have been in good
health?"
"Well, I thank you—aside from the ordinary
sickness of the children."
Another pause.
"I trust that you have found consolation and
rejoicing since my last visit," etc., etc.
And thus passed away some fifteen minutes
—the children all the while having suspen-
ded their play with a kind of indescribable fear,
which children can look, glancing wonderfully
at the mother.

Rising to depart, with the same unbending
dignity, the clergyman said:
"I leave my blessings with you and your
family, Mrs. —, and will bid you good morn-
ing."
Hardly had the door closed, when a little
boy of four years ran towards his mother and
clinging tightly to her dress, raised his eyes in-
quiringly and with the simple earnestness of a
child said:
"Mamma, mamma, was dat Dod?"

Diabolical.
In a small town, in one of the counties in
Ohio, a stranger rode up to the door of a tavern,
and having dismounted, ordered a stall and
some oats for his horse. A crowd of loafers—
that class of independent citizens who are never
equal to decent men except on election day—
swarmed about the bar-room and steps waiting
to be "invited up to the counter." Among the
crowd the stranger's business was at once the
subject of impertinent speculation. One fellow,
more imprudent than the rest, made free to en-
quire what occupation he followed; to which
the latter replied that his business was a secret
at present, but that he would probably make it
known before leaving town.

Having spent a day or two looking around,
visiting the places where whiskey was sold, and
making various inquiries as to the amount re-
tailed, the number of habitual drunkards in the
place; the number of dogs kept by men whose
children never went to school or had enough to
eat—after, in short, making a complete moral
inventory of the town, he concluded to leave,
and having mounted his horse, was about to be
off, when his inquisitive friend, urged on by his
associates, stepped up and said:
"See, here, Captain, you promised to tell us
your business before you left, and we'd like to
hear from you on the point."
"Well," said the stranger, "I am an agent
for the Devil—I'm hunting a location for hell,
and am glad that I have found a place where it
will not be necessary to remove the present in-
habitants."

Mr. Webster was speaking on one occasion
some years ago, in Faneuil Hall. If I remem-
ber right, he was arguing in favor of the "Mays-
ville road" bill. Mr. Otis sat near him, on the
platform. Mr. Webster proceeded as follows—
"I am in favor, Mr. Chairman, of all the roads
except—except—"
Here he stuck, and could not think of any
exception. Mr. Otis saw his difficulty, and said
to him in a low voice.
"Say the road to ruin!"
Mr. Webster heard, and, as if he had merely
stopped for the purpose of making his remarks
more effective, repeated the whole as follows:
"I repeat, Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of all
roads except the road to ruin."
The wit in Otis, in this instance, was well
met by the presence of mind in Webster.

"Caesar, dis chile gwine to Washington to
ply for offis ob de government."
"Well, darkey, what are you trying to get
off now, eh?"
"I's gwine to ply for the post of sexton in de
Post-offis Apartment?"
"Sexton of Post-offis Apartment?"
"Yes, sah; I berry de dead letters. Some-
times—yes, I hear, Caesar?—sometimes dey hab
money in 'em, and den I rille de corpse! You see?"

An exchange having announced that there
was no occupants of the jail in that district, ex-
cept the jailor, a neighboring journal remarked,
that "it was very good, to be sure, there's no-
body in jail; that is, there is nobody that ought
to be in jail." Whereupon the first named
editor rejoins, that he can assure his cotemporary
there is nobody in the district who ought to be
in jail; and, he adds, "we trust he will not
pass through the place and disturb the pleasant
reflection."

The total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of
next July, will be a very important one to the
scientific world. The director of the Dorpat
Observatory was the first to remark that at the
moment of obscuration, four of the principal
planets—Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Saturn
—will appear in the vicinity of the eclipsed sun
as a kind of rhomboidal figure; a phenomena
of such extraordinary rarity that many coun-
tries will elapse before its repetition.

"The boy at the head of the class will state
what were the Dark Ages of the world?"
Boy hesitates—"Next—Master Jones, can you
tell me what the Dark Ages were?" I guess
they were the ages before the spectacles were
invented.

Three cockney's being out one evening in a
dense fog, came up to a building that they thus
described. The first said: "There's a house."
"No," said the second, "it's a nut." The
third said, "You're both wrong—it's a nin."

"My son, what would you do if your dear
father was suddenly taken away from you?"
"Swear and chew tobacco!"

It is not natural! With men as with
trees, early rising is a matter of forcing.

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 published rates will
be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-
vertisements.

Square,	3 months,	6 months,	12 months
1 do.	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	6.00	9.00	12.00
3 do.	9.00	13.50	18.00
4 do.	12.00	18.00	24.00
5 do.	15.00	22.50	30.00
6 do.	18.00	27.00	36.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertion,
desired marked upon them, will be published until or-
dered out and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill-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.

Crawford and Caroline.
In order to show why land in Virginia is not
so desirable or so valuable, as in Pennsylvania,
I have taken two counties—one in each State—
and compared them. These counties are Craw-
ford in Pennsylvania and Caroline in Virginia.
The advantage of location are about the same,
but preponderating, if either way, in favor of
Caroline.

Crawford in 1850 had 187,481 acres of im-
proved and 203,609 of unimproved land reduced
to farms, valued with the improvement and im-
plements at \$8,328,090, or \$13.55 per acre.—
Caroline had 187,047 acres of improved, and
127,547 acres of unimproved land—reduced to
farms, valued with the improvements and im-
plements at \$2,786,447 or \$8.84 per acre.

This estimate does not show the relative price
of improved land in the two counties. Calling
however, the unimproved land in each county,
worth five dollars per acre, we can arrive at the
price of improved land with greater accuracy.
Taking that method we shall find the average
value of improved land in Crawford to be about
twenty-three dollars and in Caroline eleven and
a half dollars per acre.

The value of all the land crops of Crawford
in 1850 was \$1,721,350—of her stock \$1,767,-
510—of her manufactures \$913,228, making
an aggregate of \$4,404,188, being \$119 to each
person and \$23.49 to each acre of improved
land.

The value of all the land crops in Caroline
in the same year was \$9