# THE AGITATOR.

**Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.**

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

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1860. NO. 40.

**Terms of Publication.**

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THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

**S. B. BROOKS,**
*ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW*
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.
"In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—*Bible.*
Sept. 23, 1858. 1y.

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

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

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE**
WELLSBORO', PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This deservedly popular house is centrally located, and commends itself to the patronage of the travelling public.
Nov. 25, 1858, ly.

**AMERICAN HOTEL.**
CORNING, N. Y.,
E FREEMAN, - - - Proprietor.
Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

**J. C. WHITTAKER,**
*Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon.*
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

**VERMILYEA'S HOTEL.**
*H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.*
**Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.**
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
April 12, 1860.

**H. O. COLE,**
*BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.*
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

**THE CORNING JOURNAL.**
**George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.**
IS published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County.—Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

**DRESS MAKING.**
MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she has taken rooms over 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 satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.
Sept. 29, 1859.

**JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,**
TAILOR,
HAVING opened his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Son's Store, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch
*Cutting done on short notice.*
Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

**WATCHES! WATCHES!**
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy *ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE*
**Gold and Silver Watches,**
which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party ordering it, no charge will be made.
Past favors appreciated and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

**HOME INDUSTRY.**
THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MARBLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga, where he is prepared to furnish
**Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,**
of the best
**VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE**
would respectfully solicit the patronage of this and adjoining counties.
Having a good stock on hand he is now ready to execute all orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch. All work delivered if desired.
JOHN BLAMPIED.
Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

**WM. TERBELL,**
CORNING, N. Y.
**Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in**
*DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Stuff, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for Medicine, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, Perfumery, 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 advance 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 opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE
April 21, 1859. 1.

**H. D. DEMING,**
World respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Peach, Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous Ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved varieties.
ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Bengal or China, and Climbing Roses.
SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new varieties of Althea, Calycanthus, Deutzia, Lilacs, Spiraes, Syringias, Viburnums, Wigilias &c.
FLOWERS—Paeonies, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, lies, &c. Hyacinths, Narcissis; Jonquils, Lil
GRAPES—All varieties.
Peaboly's New Hautbois Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, $5.
Orders respectfully solicited.
Orders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be promptly attended to. Address
Dec. 16, '58. H. D. DEMING, Wellsboro, Pa.

PEDLERS will find it to their advantage to call at Roy's Drug Store, as he has just received a large supply of Essential Oils and Essences of all kinds which he is selling very cheap for cash.


For the Agitator.

### HUSH-A-BY!

The sun is slowly sinking to rest,
The evening winds arise,
And the little souls we love the best
Look out thro' weary eyes.
Tired with pleasure, sick of play,
Longing for mother-care,
How they nestle down at close of day,
While there rises near, and far away,
This song on the evening air.
"Hush-a-by! Hush-a-by!"
And her watch the mother keeps,
Tho' quivering lip, and closing eye
Tell that the baby sleeps.

And we may learn from these children small,
To hush our vain alarms,
For a Father's love enfolds us all,
We are cradled in His arms.
Broad as the glowing skies above,
Deep as the seas below,
Are the watchful care, and the tender love
Which will never let us go.
So Hush-a-by! Hush-a-by!
Let fear for the future sleep,
For if we live, or if we die,
God can His children keep.

VIRGINIA.

### Frightening a Lover.

OR THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

"You have heard me speak of Stephen Jenkins, Matilda."

"Yes, uncle."

"Well—another cup of tea if you please—he is coming here to-morrow on a week's visit."

"You don't mean so, uncle," exclaimed Matilda.

"And why don't I, Miss Matilda? There is nothing to summon such a look of consternation to your face."

"Because, if he shouldn't happen to be agreeable—"

"Of course he is agreeable. At all events it is desirable for you to find him so, since he is your prospective husband."

"My prospective husband! What can you mean, uncle?" inquired Matilda, opening her eyes in amazement.

"I thought you understood it. Your estates join, and it is eminently proper, therefore, that you should unite them by marriage."

"A very good reason, certainly," said Matilda, with a curl of her lip. "It makes little difference, I suppose, whether our dispositions are compatible or not."

"Oh, they will easily adjust themselves after marriage, and then the two will make such a handsome estate."

"Suppose I shouldn't fancy him well enough to accept his proposals, uncle?" asked Matilda, demurely.

"If you should dream of such a thing as refusal I should disinherit you. You are aware, I suppose, that all your property comes from me, and that I can, at any time, recall it."

"That would be a pity, certainly," said Matilda, in a lively strain, "for I should have to take in washing, or something of that kind, to support myself, and I have such an appetite!"

Mr. Parker smiled in spite of himself, and evidently looked upon his niece as one who would readily yield to his expressed will.

"One question more, uncle. Suppose he shouldn't happen to fancy your humble niece, and conclude to pay his addresses elsewhere."

"I would never speak to the puppy again."

"And you wouldn't disinherit me then, uncle?"

"Of course not you gipsy. It wouldn't be your fault."

"It would be very mortifying to have him reject me," said Matilda, demurely. "Is there anything he particularly dislikes in a woman, do you know?"

"I once heard him say he couldn't bear a literary woman," said her uncle, after some reflection. "All sorts of strong-minded women are his aversion. But then you know, Mattie, you are not strong-minded."

"Thank you, uncle, very much. That is as much as to say I am weak-minded."

"No such thing, you gipsy." But there's one thing more I have to tell you, and that is, that I shall not be here to entertain Mr. Jenkins. I am called away to New York by business, which will detain me the length of his stay. So you will have to entertain him yourself. Mind and play your cards well, and I shall expect to find the marriage day fixed when I return."

"Oh, dear, what shall I ever do with the horrid man for a whole week?"

"I dare say you will be dead in love with him by the time I get back. You may remember me when he arrives, and tell him how much I regret not being here to welcome him."

"Yes, uncle, I'll remember."

That night Matilda kept awake for some time, concocting a plan by which she might offend the prejudices of the expected visitor, and throw the burden of a refusal upon him; for she well knew, that if he once proposed, her uncle would be seriously angry if she rejected him, and very possibly would carry out the threat to which he had given utterance.

It was about twelve o'clock the next day that a tall young man, of serious aspect, ascended Mr. Parker's front steps and rang the bell.

He was ushered into the drawing room, where, after waiting about half an hour, he was joined by Matilda.

The young lady was by no means looking her best. Her hair was loosely arranged, her collar was awry, and there was a very perceptible stain of ink upon her fingers.

Mr. Jenkins, I presume," she remarked.

The gentleman bowed and looked curiously at his entertainer.

"And I presume, I am addressing, Miss Parker."

Our heroine inclined her head in the affirmative.

"I hope your respected uncle is well," said Stephen Jenkins, in the measured tones of a young man who was old beyond his years.

"I wouldn't marry such a stiff old poke for the world," was the not over complimentary reflection of Matilda.

"My uncle regrets very much not being able to meet you," she said, in answer to his question, "bnt he is called to New York by business. I trust, however, that I shall be able to entertain you."

"That I do not doubt," said the visitor, with a slow attempt at gallantry.

"I am inclined to think he will, before he goes," thought Matilda.

Looking at her fingers she remarked, composedly, as if she, for the first time, observed the stain of ink, "I hope you will excuse the appearance of my fingers, but I have been writing all the morning, and I couldn't remove all traces of the ink."

"You were writing letters, I presume," said Stephen.

"Oh, no! not at all. I was writing an article on 'Woman's Rights' for the 'Bugle of Fredom.'"

Mr. Jenkins stared uneasily.

"I suppose you are in the habit of seeing that paper," said Matilda.

"No," said he stiffly.

"Ah! you don't know what you lose. Composed and edited entirely by females. But, perhaps—"

Matilda interrupted herself to ring the bell.

"Jane," said she to the servant, "you may go up stairs and bring down a manuscript, which you will find on my table."

"A what, ma'am?"

"A manuscript—a sheet of paper with writing on it. Poor Jane," she continued, after her servant had gone out, "she would not be so ignorant, if man had not denied to us women the advantages of education which he claims for himself."

By this time Jane had returned with the manuscript.

"If you would like, Mr. Jenkins, I will read you what I have written."

Mr. Jenkins looked dismayed, but managed to utter a feeble, "Oh, certainly!"

Matilda, in a very emphatic manner, began to read as follows:

"MRS. EDITOR:—Permit me again to raise my voice, in trumpet tones, against the despotic rule of man over our down trodden sex. Enlightened, as we are supposed to consider the present generation, is it not a disgrace, and a burning shame, that men should monopolize all the offices of honor and profit, and leave to his equal—shall I not say his superior in point of intellect—only a few undesirable and laborious posts. What, I say, is the reason that men should take upon themselves to govern, and expect us meekly to submit to the yoke which they seek to impose upon us? Why should we not see a female president in the chair of state, and—"

"This is all I had written, Mr. Jenkins, when you came," said Matilda, breaking off from the reading. "You will easily understand the idea that I was about to develop; and, I have no doubt, you will agree with me."

"Do you really think, Miss Parker, that there should be no distinction in point of occupation between men and women?" exclaimed the sedate Stephen, horror struck.

"Why should there be?" said Matilda with spirit. "Do you doubt whether woman has an intellect to that of man?"

"Is there a female Shakspeare?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Yes," said Matilda, promptly. "Did you never read Mrs. Browning's poems?"

"I can't say I have," returned Stephen.

"Ah, then, I shall have the pleasure of making you acquainted with her."

She rang the bell.

"Jane." said she, "go up to my room and bring down the book you will find on the table."

Jane did so.

"We have an hour before dinner, it seems," said Matilda, looking at her watch—"In what way can we better improve it than by perusing together this noble monument of genius?"

Mr. Jenkins looked terrified; but before he had time to raise any objections Matilda had commenced.

She read aloud faithfully for the hour referred to—it seemed three hours to the unhappy Stephen—who had not the slightest apprehension of poetry of any description.

He was quite delighted when the dinner-bell rang, and so was Matilda in her secret heart.

"I am afraid," said he, "we shall have to rest from our reading till after dinner, but by commencing immediately afterwards we may get a quarter through by tea time."

"How may pages are there in the poem?" the young man inquired, hesitatingly.

"Only a little more than four hundred," was the encouraging reply.

The dinner proved to be a not very social meal. Matilda confined herself entirely to literary subjects, and evaded all attempts to change the topic.

"Good Gracious!" thought the young man, "and this is the young girl I was to marry.—I'd as soon marry a dictionary, although she is pretty; but then a strong-minded woman! I should be talked to death in less than a month."

Stephen Jenking stopped two days; but, at the end of that time, announced that he should not be able to remain longer. During that time the poor man had heard more poetry than ever before in his life, and had conceived a deadly hatred against the whole tribe of female authoresses, particularly Mrs. Browning.

"Where is Mr. Jenkins?" inquired Mr. Parker on his return.

"Gone, uncle," said Matilda.

"Gone! When did he go!"

"He only stopped a couple of days."

"Why he was to have stopped a week. What was the matter with him?"

"I think, uncle, he was disappointed in me," said Matilda, demurely.

"Did he leave no message for me?"

"Here is a note, uncle."

Mr. Parker hastily broke open the missive, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:—In order to prevent misunderstanding, I ought to say that I don't think it will be well to adhere to the foolish compact, which was entered into some time since, in regard to my marriage with your niece. Though a very charming young lady, I don't think that our tastes are at all congenial, and I hereby remove any pretensions I may be supposed to have had to her hand.—Regretting not to have had the pleasure of seeing you. I remain, very respectfully,

"STEPHEN JENKINS."

"Why, the puppy has had the audacity to remove his pretension to your hand!" exclaimed the indignant uncle.

"Then can't I be married?" inquired Matilda, in comical disappointment.

"Yes, you shall marry the first man that offers."

It was very remarkable that on the very next day Edward Manly should have asked Mr. Parker's permission to address his niece—a permission which was at once accorded. The marriage took place within a few weeks, and I don't think he has ever repented marrying a *strong-minded woman.*

### A Russian Mother.

The maintenance of military fidelity and discipline seemed to the late Emperor of Russia an object for which all humanities may well be sacrificed. In March, 1857, a woman named Maria Nikiforocona, the widow of a peasant, received a letter from her son Novik, a soldier in the stationary battalion at Tambow. In this letter the son stated that the barbarous treatment which he and others received at the hands of regimental officers had driven him to the resolution of desertion from the service into which he had been forced at first, and that in a few days after the date of his communication, he hoped to see and embrace his mother. The first thing done by his mother, on the receipt of this letter, was to carry it to the Governor of the province, who, astonished at the unnatural character of the action sent the woman away without taking any steps in consequence of her disclosure. Some days later, the deserter arrived at the dwelling of his mother, who received him with open arms, and loaded him with caresses. But she took an opportunity immediately afterwards to go to the police officers, to whom she delivered the child she had given birth to, and whom she had nursed at her breast. Compelled by duty, the Governor addressed a detailed report of the case to the Emperor. Nicholas viewed the matter differently from the Governor. The autocrat issued an *ukase* decreeing a silver medal to Maria Nikoforocona, with the words engraved on it, "Devotion to the Throne." This medal was to be suspended from her neck by the ribbon of the Order of St. Anne and the woman was further secured, for the rest of her life, against the chances of want. It was moreover decreed that the circumstances of the case should be published in all the journals of the empire, that its subjects might imitate this example of fidelity and devotion to the throne.

The young soldier, in accordance with the military regulations of Russia, was subject to the knout, and *died under the blows.* The unnatural parent wears the direction assigned her, with as much pride as if she had won it by the most virtuous action.

REFUSING THE INVITATION.—A plain, unlettered man from the back country, in the State of Alabama, came to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school houses and private dwellings where each one appropriated to himself the first convenient seat he found unoccupied. He selected therefore, a seat in a convenient slip and patiently awaited the assemblage of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never before heard one. At the same time the gentleman who owning the slip came up the aisle with his lady leaning on his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned to the countryman to come out, in order to give place to the lady. This countryman did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady and associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or French contra dance, or some other dance was about to be performed. Rising from his seat he said to the gentleman who was still beckoning to him: "Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please; *I don't dance!*"

THE QUAKER AND THE PUGILIST.—A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him.

"Friend," said the Quaker, knocking down the visitors fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?"

The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfill his original errand.

"Friend," said the Quaker, wilt thou not first take some punch? and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering attempted to thrash his entertainer.

"But," quoth the Quaker, "friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?"

This hospital offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter opening the window and pulling the bully towards it, thus addressed him:

"Friend, thou camest here not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; and now I will try thee with a heave offering."

And with that he heaved him out of the window. That sufficed him.

A GEM.—There is something tender and beautiful in the following, from the pen of B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago *Journal*:

"There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart, betwixt this world and the next.—When the good and lovely die, then the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, light up our darkened hearts and lend to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environ it."

An Auctioneer was selling a lot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the country—it's so light—so very light. Mr. Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and will tell you how easily it is worked." "Yes, gentleman," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguy sight easier to gather the crops."

### Barney O'Balentine and the Devil.

BY SAM SLICK, ESQ.

"Well, there lived an old woman some years ago at Musquish Creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortin and an only darter. She was a widder, a miser, and a dunker. She was very good and very cross, as many riteous pious people are, and had a tight puss of her own.—All the men that looked at her darter she tho't had an eye to money, and she warn't far out of the way nother, for it seems as if beauty and money was too much to go together in a general way. Rich gals and handsome gals are seldom good for nothin' else but their cash or their looks. Pears and peaches are not often found on the same tree, I tell you. She lived all alone the most, with nobody but her darter and her in the house, and some old nigger slaves in a hut near at hand; and she seed no company she could help. The only place they went, in a general way was meetin; and Jerusha never missed that, for it was the only chance she had sometimes to get out alone.

Barney had a most beautiful voice and always went there, too, to sing along with the gal; and Barney hearin' of the fortin of Miss Elles made up to her as fierce as possible, and sang so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet, that he soon stood number one with the heiress. But he didn't often get a chance to walk home with her, and when he did, she darsen't let him come in for fear of the old woman. But Barney warn't to be put off that way long. When a gal's in one pasture and a lover in another, its a high fence that they can't get over that's a fact.

"Tell you what," says Barney, "set up alone in the keepin' room, Jerusha, dear, arter old mother has gone to bed, put out the light, and I'll slide down on the rope from the trap door on the roof. Tell her you are exercised in your mind, and want to meditate alone, as the words you heard this day reached your heart."

Jerusha was frightened to death a'most; but what won't a woman do, when a lover is in the way? So that very night she told the old woman she was exercised in her mind, and would rastle with the spirit.

"Do, dear," says the mother, "and you won't think of the vanities of dress and idle company no more. You see how I have given them all up since. I have made a profession, and never so much as talk of 'em now, or even thinks of 'em."

"Strange, 'Square, ain't it? But it is much easier to cheat ourselves, than to cheat the devil. The old hag was too stingy to buy a *dress*, but persuaded herself it was "bein too good to wear it."

"Well, the house was a flat roofed house, an' had a trap-door in the ceilin' over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof, with a rope to pull things up, to spread out and dry there.

As soon as the lights were all out, and Barney thought the old woman was asleep, he crawls on the house, opens the trap-door, and lets himself down by the rope, and he and Jerusha sat down on the hearth in the chimney corner, courtin'; or, as they called it in them diggin's, *snuffin' ashes.* When daylight began to show, he went up the rope hand over hand, hauled it up after him, closed the trap-door, and made himself scarce. Well, all this went on as slick as could be for a while, but the old woman saw that her darter looked pale, after a while, as though she didn't get sleep enough, and there was no gettin' her up in the mornin'. She got oneasy after a while, and would sometimes get up in the night, and call her darter, and make her go off to bed, and once or twice come mighty near catchin' of 'em.

So what does Barney do, but takes two niggers with him, when he went after that, and leaves them on the roof, and fastens a large basket to the rope, and tells them if they feel the rope pull, they must hoist away for dear life, but not to speak a word for the world.—Well, one night the old lady came to the door, as usual, and sais; "Jerusha, what on airth ails you, to sit up all night, in that way?"—"Do come to bed, that's a dear." "Presently, marm," sais she. "I'm wrestlin' with the evil one, I'll come presently." "Dear, dear," sais she, "you have trastled long enough with him to have throwed him by this time. If you can't throw him now, give it up, or he may throw you." "Presently, marm," sais her darter.—"It's always the same tune," sais her mother, goin' off grumblin'—"it's always presently—what has got into the gal to act so? Oh, dear! what a pertracted time she has on it. She has been sorely exercised, poor girl."

As soon as she had gone, Barney larfed so that he had to put his arm around her to study him on the bench, in a way that did'nt look unlike rompin' and when he went to whisper, he larfed so he did nothin' but touch her cheek with his lips, in a way that looks plaguily like kissin', and felt like it too, and she pulled to get away, and they had a most regular rastle as they sat on the bench, and down went both on 'em on the floor with an awful smash, and in bounced the old woman. "Which is uppermost," sais she. "Have you throwed Satan or has Satan throwed you?" "I have throwed him," sais her darter, "and I hope I have broke his neck, he acted so." "Come to bed then, darlin," sais she, and say a prayer afterward, and—jist then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the roof, and from thence to the crane, where the basket stopped and the first thing she knowed she was away up ever so far in the air swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.

"Barney and his niggers cut stick in double quick time, crept into the bushes, and went all round the road, just as day was breakin'. The old woman was singin' out for dear life, kicking and squealin', and cryin' and prayin', all in one, properly frightened. Down runs Barney, hard as he could slip, lookin' as innocent as if he'd never heard nothin' of it, and pretendin' to be horrid frightened; offers his services, climbs up, releases the old woman, and gets blessed till he was tired of it. "Oh!" says the old woman, "Mr. O'Balentine, the moment Jerusha throwed the evil one, the house shook like an earthquake, and as I entered the room he grabbed me. Oh! I shall never forget his fiery eyelids, and the horrid smell of brimstone he had."

### 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, - - | $3,00 | $4,50 | $6,00 |
| 2 do. - | 5,00 | 6,50 | 8,00 |
| 3 do. - | 7,00 | 8,50 | 10,00 |
| ¼ column, - - | 8,00 | 9,50 | 12,50 |
| ½ do. - | 15,00 | 20,00 | 30,00 |
| Column, - - | 25,00 | 35,00 | 50,00 |

Advertisements not having the number of insertions 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.

"Had he a cloven foot and a long tail?" says Barney. "I couldn't see in the dark," says she, "but his claws were orful sharp, oh! how they dug into my ribs. It en most took the flesh off here! Lord have mercy on us! I hope he's in the Red Sea now."

"Tell you what it is, Aunty," says Barney, "that's an awful story; keep it secret for your life—folks might say the house is harnted—that you were possessed, and that Jerusha was in league with the evil one. Don't so much as lisp a syllable to a living sinner breathen; keep the secret, and I will help you."

The hint too; the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drowned for a witch, and the moment a feller has a woman's secret, he is that woman's master. He was invited there, he stayed there, married there, but the old woman never knew who the evil one was, and always thought to her dying day it was old Scratch himself. After her death they did'nt keep it secret any longer, and many a good laugh has there been at the story of Barney O'Balentine and the Devil.

### A Cannon Ball in his Hat.

An anonymous writer, supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a common cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and with much trepidation and more headache carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections which, though philosphically trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness.

When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after solitary reflection, I gave it away on the same day to a prize fighter.

But, after all, that six pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing I ever stole (except a little matter of heart now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catchising, but ethics rubbed in with a six pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same things; going into underground and dirty vaults; and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and not be a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who was born above him, and when he got her, walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, scrupling at no sacrifice of principle for the sake, at last, of carrying a burden that no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and much care; and I am accustomed in my walks among men, noticing their walks and their folly, to think, there is a man stealing a cannon ball; or there is a man with a ball on his head—know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, and evil passions will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

BAD CHARACTER.—We always were aware of the importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty, but we have met with nothing lately, so well calculated to impress the disadvantages of having a bad character upon the mind, as the following anecdote.

A mortal fever prevailed on board a ship at sea, and a negro man was appointed to throw the bodies of those who died from time to time, overboard. One day when the Captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of being buried alive.

"What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the Captain.

"Going to throw him overboard, massa, cause he dead."

"Dead! you scoundrel!" said the Captain, "don't you see he moves, and speaks?"

"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody never know *when to believe him!*"

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed place, drew his sword, and pointing to the breast of his wife exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She instantly said "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know that this sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the water in the hollow of his hands."

Why is a womans tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it can stop its regular course. The man who perpetrated the above conundrum has left for California. He was pursued by forty women, and forty broomsticks were picked up in the harbor after the vessel left.

THE rage for the scarlet petticoat is, perhaps, on the whole, rather a harmless kind of scarlet fever.