

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 "Time Out," on the mar-
ginal 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
editor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
MAS. LOVREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean
counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. E. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PA.
"In the multitude of counselors there is safety."—B.M.
Sept. 22, 1853.

C. N. DART, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the
Court House. All work pertaining to
dentistry in his line of business done promptly and
cheaply. (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 desirable popular house is centrally located, and
conveniently situated for the travelling public.
Sept. 22, 1853.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y.
E. FREEMAN, Proprietor.
25 cts. Lodging, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
Cleaning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydroptic Physician and Surgeon.
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-
turn 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
Pennsylvania. It will be opened 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 re-
sisting 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.
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 circu-
lation reaching into every part of Steuben County.
Those desiring to extend their business into that
county, and the adjoining counties will find 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 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 satisfac-
tion 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 prompt-
ness and dispatch.
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 "any other firm's." i. e.
he will sell "Time Pieces" on a short (approved) credit.
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a
piece of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party
ordering it, no charge will be made.
Particulars appreciated and a continuance of patronage
kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

W. M. TERRELL,
CORNING, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in
DRUGS, and Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Combs and Burning
Fluid, Dye, Stuffs, Soap and Glass, Pure Glycerine,
Kiln-dried Potash, Saltpetre, Ammonia, and Salts,
Purifiers, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c., &c.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!
OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.
Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japaned
Ware for one-half the usual prices.
Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim-
mings for \$15.00.
All kinds of
Tin and Hardware
in proportion for Ready Pay.
I 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 Ho-
tel, opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE
April 21, 1859. 1.

H. D. DEMING,
Respectfully announces to the people of Tioga County
that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apples, Pear
Buck Cherry, Strawberry, Apricot, Evergreen and deciduous
ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries,
Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved vari-
eties.
ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sum-
mer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea,
Kaiser and China, and Climbing Roses.
SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new
varieties of Albion, Calocyanthus,
Betula, Limes, Spines, Syringa, Viburnum, Wignolia, &c.
FLOWERS—Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquils, Lil
&c., &c.
All varieties.
Dwarf New Heart-leaf Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5.
Order respectfully solicited.
Catalogues for mailing. Building or planting plans
promptly attended to. Address
H. D. DEMING, W. Wellsboro, Pa.
Sept. 25, 58.

TIOGA REGULATOR.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new
Jewelry Store at
Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.
Where he is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock
and Jewelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All
work warranted to give entire satisfaction.
We do not pretend to do work better than any other
shop, but we can do as good work as can be done in
this county or elsewhere. Also Watches Plated.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY.
Tioga, Pa., March 15, 1860. (ly.)

DRUGGERS 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
and is selling very cheap for cash.

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 10, 1860. NO. 41.

THE LAMP AT SEA.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The night was made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep.
Child-like as then I lie to-night
And watch my only cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
And o'er her deck the billows tramp,
And all her timbers strain and creak,
With every shudder and tramp;
It starts and shudders while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low,
It almost level lies,
And yet I know, while so and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go,
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poisoning its little globe of light.

O, hand of God! O, lamp at peace!
O, promise of my soul!
Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas—
The ship's convulsive roll—
I own, with love and tender awe,
Your perfect type of faith and law.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms!
My soul is filled with light!
The ocean sings his solemn psalms;
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms;
Happy as if to-night,
The stars were shining over again,
I hear the soothing summer rain.

HOW SHE FOUND HER TONGUE.

BY B. P. SHILLABEAR.

"Been up in the country?" I queried, as I met my friend Burner in the street, a few days since. I hadn't seen him for some time, and he looked sun-burnt and rough as if he had been exposed to the country sun. He informed me that he had, and that he had been to visit Tom Somers, a mutual friend of ours, who had moved away from town many years ago. After inquiries concerning his visit and his enjoyment during the warm months, conversation reverted to our old friend.

"I was never more surprised in my life," said Burner, "than I was to see him in the depot at Rattlesnake Hill. I had quite forgotten that he was located there."

"His wife's—yes," continued Burner; "singular woman that; did you know her?"

"Yes," I replied; "she is a little, bustling, talkative thing; full of fun and chat, and making her house merry by the music of her voice. Nice little woman."

Burner looked at me a moment, and burst into a laugh, to my great wonderment. I requested him, in a tone of chagrin, to inform me what the deuce he was laughing at.

"Talkative," said he, when he could check-rein his chattering colt; "I found her anything but that, I can tell you. I never knew the lady when she lived in town, but a more taciturn body I never saw than I found her."

"Indeed," I remarked; "then there must have been a change, truly."

"I met Summers at the depot," continued Burner, "and he was very glad to see me, inquiring after his old friends, and you with the rest. Through all his joy, however, I saw that there was a vein of sadness; and when I alluded to his family, he appeared embarrassed, and disposed to change the subject. I had no other object in view in visiting Rattlesnake, other than the change of scene, and not intending to remain there but a day or two; but meeting Somers led me to think that it would not be a bad thing to tarry there awhile, seeing that there was a beautiful pond of water in the vicinity, as I had seen from the cars as I came along, and a deep wood denoting game. Somers used to be great on those things, you know. I hinted at our former sporting practices, and mentioned my half resolution to stay; but, instead of manifesting any interest in the subject, he sighed deeply, and replied:

"Burner, I haven't taken a pole in my hands, nor put a gun to my shoulder for five long years, and I never shall again."

I looked at him with astonishment, but I knew that he was sincere. I fancied that I saw a tear in his intelligent eye, and my heart grew stronger towards him than ever. I then quite resolved to stay, and ordered the porter of the hotel to carry my baggage—my valise and gun—up to the house, which was close by. My rod-cane I carried in my hand. Taking Somers on my arm, we followed the porter, and a few moments later found us seated in my room with a little rummer of claret negus between us—an excellent lubricator for a dusty day.

"Well, how are you prospering, Somers?" I asked, wishing to penetrate, if possible, the mystery that enshrouded him, deeming that it might be some business difficulty in which he was involved.

"Doing capital," he replied; "haven't lost a dollar since I came here. People have nicknamed me 'Lucky Tom.' How wrong people judge in measuring men!"

"In what regard?"

"My wife is dumb," he almost sobbed, in answer to my question.

"Dumb!" I repeated; and thinking to rally him, said in a jocular manner, "Well, that is a very singular thing to be said for; I know many husbands who would be too happy to have such a calamity happen to them. Burns says, 'An auld wife's tongue's a fackless murrin,' and there's no contention in a house where perpetual silence is the bond of unity."

"I saw that he was hurt, and hastened to remedy the evil that I had done. Taking him by the hand, I said:

"Tom, I assure you I would not wound your feelings willingly. I am no less your friend than I ever was. Now I wish you to tell me

the cause of your trouble, that I may share it with you, or possibly alleviate it."

He hesitated a few moments, and then said, with considerable emotion:

"Well, Burner, old friendship is stirring within me, and I shall do it as promptly that which I thought nothing would wring from me. You remember how happy I was. There was not a man in the world who had more friends, than I had. My home was a happy one—my wife pleasant, my children handsome and intelligent. You never saw my wife, Burner?"

My name in the connection sounded like an imprecation upon her life, and the Burner a wrathful expletive—"burn her." Somers continued:

"When we moved up here things went on in pretty much the same pleasant way until there came to the village a lady whom I had formerly known, and about whom, and me, there had been a little gossip in old days. Our acquaintance was renewed, and I visited her several times; made no concealment of my intimacy with her, and invited my wife to accompany me, but she declined. She wished to make no new acquaintances, she said. There was a frequent visitor at my house—a relative of my wife's—who poisoned her ears with suspicious tales, that it was not right between May Brennon and myself. She repeated the old gossip with additions, spoke of my visits to Miss Brennon, and hinted at criminality, as that nasty-minded class always will, who, having small virtues of their own, and depraved fancies, conjure up impure conceits regarding their neighbors, imputing lasciviousness and wrong where the strictest purity might not see occasion to blush. I was returning home one summer evening on foot, having spent the day in business at a town a few miles from this, when, by a strange chance, a short distance from town I met Miss Brennon. It was a pure accident that brought us together, and she turned back with me, taking my arm. We walked slowly, as the weather was warm, and stopped a moment on the rustic bridge yonder to look down into the stream and say a few pleasant words about old times. I saw some one pass by us as we stood there, but was indifferent as to whom it might be, and bidding my companion good-by I went home, as happy as a lord in anticipation of meeting the one there that I loved so well. I met with a cold reception. My bane was sitting with my wife in council, and I read judgment on the face that had too many times lately turned unkindly towards me."

"So you've come, Mr. Hypocrite, have you?" was the first salutation.

"Certainly, my dear, I have come," I replied, "though I can scarcely see reason for the application of the name to me."

"You cannot! you have just left that vile creature on whose account and in whose company you have all day been absent from your home! You cannot!"

"I have been away all day on business," said I, as calmly as Socrates. "I was returning home and encountered Miss Brennon. We walked together a little way, and then I left for my pleasant home, and certainly I did not expect such a reception."

"You did not," said she sneeringly; "but you are found out, sir. You stood upon the bridge with your arm around the strumpet's waist and kissed her!"

I felt aroused at this. I can bear any attack upon myself, but the reflection upon Miss Brennon was too much for me, who knew her pure character and exalted worth.

"It is a falsehood!" I shouted, "and your informant is a malicious and malignant falsifier!"

The relative gathered herself up to go, but before she went I gave her a lesson on lying and tale-bearing that she has not forgotten yet. She has never crossed my door since. As soon as she was gone I turned to my wife and said:

"As for you, madam, if you cannot make a better use of your tongue, you had better never speak again."

I was heated in a passion, and scarcely knew what I said, but the unkind words entered into her soul. I left the house and did not return for a long time. I found her calmly and undisturbedly sitting where I left her, but she spoke not. She arose and performed such duties as were required of her, but she did not speak. I vainly addressed her; she made no reply. I grew alarmed. I begged her to speak to me. It has continued thus ever since. Not one word has she uttered to me or any one. My home is as dismal as a tomb, or I would have invited you there."

He ceased his story, and I told him how much interested I had been in it. "But," said I, "have you tried no remedy to cure this disease, for disease it must be?" He told me he had not. "Then," said I, "take me home with you, and if I don't cure her, strike me with your heels as an unworthy knight."

I went home with the poor fellow, and found things pretty much as he represented. I was introduced to the mistress of the mansion, who received me with a profound bow.

"A delightful home, madam, this of yours," said I, glancing admiringly out of the window. I looked towards her as though expecting a reply. She merely nodded her head.

"Are there many such in this vicinity among the hills?" I persisted, looking her in the face. She colored as though she were confused. I found subsequently that I was the first stranger that he had dared to take home for several years. I saw by her organism that she was not naturally a bad woman, and divined at once that she had vowed perpetual silence at the unkind words of her husband, and that it only needed but a single word to break the spell that rested upon her.

I continued my engineering, making all manner of domestic inquiries regarding the children, of whom she appeared very fond, but could not elicit a word from her. I next alluded to her husband and our old acquaintance, and in the course of our remarks made some reflections in a playful way upon the slight blemish in one of his eyes—the only fault in his really handsome face. I saw a feeling like chagrin fit across her brow; and a moment after, when I praised him, a pleased expression flashed the cloud.

"Aha!" said I to myself, "here is pride and affection at any rate; those springs have not

dried up, and I think that language may yet be unsealed."

A day passed, but nothing transpired but manoeuvres. I have never tried so hard to make myself attractive as on this occasion, and felt that I had succeeded when on the second morning she greeted me with a smile, and extended her hand to me as I came from my chamber. I chatted and rattled on about the town and its splendors, told of new improvements, changing fashions, crinolines and lovely bonnets, all of which were listened to with evident interest. Still she wouldn't speak, confound it! I trembled for my spurs. Something must be done.

"Mrs. Somers," said I very suddenly, "will you allow me to look at the palm of your hand?"

She extended her hand very readily, and I gazed upon it as though I were a wizard engaged in some trick of necromancy involving the fate of the household. Looking into her face, I relinquished her hand and sighed deeply. She looked surprised, and seemed as if expecting me to say something.

"You may well be surprised at my conduct, but my surprise would be overwhelmed could I dare tell the motive of it. I cannot do so without compromising others. I may say, however, that in your hand I discern a power that may be employed for immense good. There are lines in it that meet and diverge, and come near together again without meeting. There is a mystery!" I looked at the hand again, and rubbed my forehead, as though I were perplexed, and went out abruptly. I saw her face depicted in the glass as I passed out, and it bore the expression of great wonder.

"How far is it to the top of Rattlesnake Hill, Somers?" I asked at dinner, as we sat at table.

"About fifteen miles; why?" he replied and asked.

"Because I am going there to-night. I must be there precisely at midnight. I am going to gather a charm from the old Ratler's cave, through which I hope to obtain a treasure that will compensate for all trouble and danger."

"You cannot go," he said anxiously, "the way is one of peril. It is full of ravines and pitfalls, and the serpents are very numerous."

I saw that his wife shared in his uneasiness, and her looks said "Don't go!" plainer than words could speak.

"So much the better for my purpose," said I; "were it not attended with danger, that which I seek would be valueless. I shall go, and more than this, I shall walk."

Somers and his wife exchanged looks, which I interpreted to mean, "Well, isn't he a queer one?" and after a few moments at table I left the house, telling Somers that I should be back by the morning. I accordingly struck out stoutly for Rattlesnake Hill, accompanied by his uttered blessing and his wife's inarticulate benison; but when I reached the first brook, I made my way into a fishing rod, and indulged till sunset in the finest sport. The trout never bit with more avidity; and, having caught a goodly string, I carried them to a farm house not far away, and had them cooked for my supper. Late in the evening I returned to my friend Somers, and enjoyed a fine night's rest upon his hay-mow. At daylight I aroused the family by knocking at the door, but I greeted them with a simple shake of the hand, grazing abstractly at Mrs. Somers. She looked troubled.

"Somers," said I, "please leave me a moment with your wife. It is a matter that you may sometime know, but not at present. Have you not heard of my wonderful development as a seer?"

He said he had not, but, without explaining, I pushed him out and closed the door. I knew that Mrs. Somers would listen, however.

"Mrs. Somers," said I, "my mysterious movements are fast growing to a climax. I last night plucked a dragon's tongue from the mouth of a rattlesnake's den; I laughed with the midnight echo, and stood face to face with the darkness, in order to gain what I sought—Your hand, please; thank you. The lines are brought nearer together, and it needs but one word of yours, in response to an incantation that I shall utter, to make my mystic charm complete. You must say 'Yes, or all is naught.'"

"I looked wildly as I spoke, and I saw that she was as it were, spell-bound.

"And this is my incantation," I continued. "You swear that you hate Tim Somers."

"No!" she almost shrieked.

Poor Tim had been listening. Fearing harm to his wife from my supposed lunacy, hearing the question I had put and the response, he rushed in frantic with joy, clasped her in his arms, kissed her over and over again, and jumped about the room with the wildness of a madman. She did not seem to comprehend what she had done for an instant, but when she remembered that she had spoken, and divined the meaning of my cabalistic efforts, she came near fainting with emotion.

"Thank God! the spell is broken?" she said, "the hideous spell that has bound me to silence and sorrow so long."

"The mystical word having been spoken," said I, "that brought the diverging lines together, I am free to tell what I sought at midnight, on Rattlesnake Hill."

"What was it?" they both asked in a breath.

"A woman's tongue!" I replied; "and, since I have found it, never allow any trifling cause to silence it again."

My theory was correct with regard to her not speaking. She had vowed perpetual silence, and had kept her vow until brought to utter one word by stratagem, which had unsealed her tongue again. The children were delighted, and ran all around the neighborhood telling everybody that their mother could talk, and everybody rushed in to ascertain what it meant. For a time it seemed as though anarchy and confusion had become installed on Tim Somers' hearth-stone, to make up for the silence that had so long brooded there; but he bore it all good humoredly. I left them a week afterwards, the happiest couple you ever saw, and my midnight excursion to Rattlesnake Hill was very frequently alluded to.

"Did you really go there?" Mrs. Somers asked before I came away.

"No!" I said, imitating her emphatic accent of the same monosyllable in reply to my incantation, and we had a good laugh about it. Two

Somers swearing that my seership was the best ever known; and my magic had wrought a happier effect than that of all the fairies he had seen exhibited at the museum.

"Good-by," said Burner, as he finished his story, and he left me, well satisfied with the manner in which he had spent his vacation.

What a Lady Thinks of Hairy Faces.

A female writer in Xenia, Ohio, is making a crusade against hairy faced men. Hear her: "What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in a face covered with hair from the nose down? Not any. As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man.

We can appreciate the value of a smile. It lightens up the countenance with adorning sweetness, indicates a kind heart, and radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms the wrath and kindles up genial sympathy and reciprocal regard. But a smile cannot drop out from the face of a man 'bearded and moustached like a pard.' You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal was crawling through it. So you may infer from the whisking of hair that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere out of sight. The smile of such a man cannot be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed nose bastoon, which had burnt his mouth with a hot chestnut.

The lips are capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good humor, sweetness of disposition, sorrow, firmness and decision of character, or they may manifest scorn, contempt, loathing, anger, and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet winning, mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair you might as well look for expression in the hole of a bank swallow in the gully, overhung with a tuft of grass.

The passions and affections have their places in the face, firmness in the upper lip, mirthfulness near the corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, etc., hence the philosophy and delight of kissing; the more intense the passion, the more soul-thrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold that lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features under clustering ringlets, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pretty teeth, a soft and delicate skin, a mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, a bosom like alabaster, and the undulations of love like snow, her lips like two rose-buds, moist with evening dew, and her cheeks—

"Where the life ebullient through the native white,
Shooting o'er the face, diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace."

Radiant with beauty, she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of one of those hairy-faced fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his "chevaux-de-frise" of bristles to reveal his cavernous slit of a mouth. Bah! it's abominable—the idea is disgusting—get out—scat!

"Give me an ounce of civil, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

Whom do moustaches and beards become? Brigands, privateers, filibusters, and especially professional executioners. Jack Ketch, the hangman, would effectually conceal all expressions—causing him to look as grim and unrelenting as death, in whose service he officiates."

Character.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horses. That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that imbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without livery." When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here, was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage.

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the last than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

"My brethren," said a good old backwoods preacher, "I'm gwine to preach you a plain sermon to day—a sermon that every wtmnan can understand. You can find my text in the five verses of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed John. It was some time before it was perceived that he meant John I, chapter II.

Rates of Advertising:
Advertisements will be charged for 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 advertisements:

	3 months	6 months	12 months
2 square	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
3 do.	4.00	6.00	8.00
4 do.	5.00	7.50	10.00
5 do.	6.00	9.00	12.00
6 do.	7.00	10.50	14.00
7 do.	8.00	12.00	16.00
8 do.	9.00	13.50	18.00
9 do.	10.00	15.00	20.00
10 do.	11.00	16.50	22.00
11 do.	12.00	18.00	24.00
12 do.	13.00	19.50	26.00
13 do.	14.00	21.00	28.00
14 do.	15.00	22.50	30.00
15 do.	16.00	24.00	32.00
16 do.	17.00	25.50	34.00
17 do.	18.00	27.00	36.00
18 do.	19.00	28.50	38.00
19 do.	20.00	30.00	40.00
20 do.	21.00	31.50	42.00
21 do.	22.00	33.00	44.00
22 do.	23.00	34.50	46.00
23 do.	24.00	36.00	48.00
24 do.	25.00	37.50	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.

Patience.

It would be gratifying if we could meet more frequently such men as is described by a correspondent in the New York Ledger, as follows:

"Many years ago there lived, in the goodly town of Burlington, Vt., a merchant who kept the usual assortment of a country store of the olden time, embracing every article of merchandise usually called for in the country; first a jack-knife to a cooking-stove, from weak tanned-seed to fourth-proof French brandy, from a skein of cotton-thread to ten-dollar silk, and from woolen yarn to twelve-dollar broad cloth; Our merchant was a gentleman of the 'old school,' social, but dignified; polite and cheerful, not a 'shopping' or tediousness of customers was ever permitted to bring a shadow over his manly and intelligent countenance.

"A gentleman who was not personally acquainted with our merchant, offered to bet ten dollars with one of his friends, that he could go to his store and so annoy him, on business matters, as to disturb his equanimity and ruffle his good humor. The bet was accepted; and soon after breakfast on the next day the gentleman who offered it went to the merchant's store and commenced operations. The stock of dry goods was large. He commenced moderately by examining small and light articles from the drawers. Then came the shelves; and the lines and the cottons, the worsted and the woolen goods were all called for, taken down from the shelves, spread upon the counter, and deliberately examined. Of course, nothing suited; some articles were too fine, others too coarse; the color of this was too glaring, and of that too faint; the price of some things seemed rather high, and others seemed a little faded or shop-worn. Nothing was satisfactory. The articles were placed back upon the shelves, and then our customer had them taken down for re-examination, and with the same result. Three hours were spent in this way, which elicited nothing from the merchant but smiles and pleasant remarks; when our customer said, 'Please hand down again that roll of twelve-dollar broad cloth; I want twenty-five cents worth of it,' and he threw a quarter of a dollar piece upon the counter. The merchant took down the cloth, placed the quarter on the corner of it, took the scissors and cut out a piece of cloth of the exact size of the coin, folded it in a paper and delivered it with the inquiry, 'Anything more this morning sir?' The customer responded with a superb 'No,' but was immediately asked, 'What liquor do you prefer, my friend?' 'Brandy, sir.' 'I have some genuine old French rambler, please step this way,' said our merchant. 'Arise,' calling to his clerk; 'clean tumblers and ice-water.' They were soon present, and as our merchant and his new customer intubed, the merchant observed, 'I always feel happy at getting a new customer; give me a call whenever you want anything in my line.' The customer started for the door, at which he met the gentleman with whom he had made the bet. 'There,' he observed, 'is your X, fairly won; confound the creature; there is no get mad in his nature.'

"Our good merchant insured a new customer by his patient good feeling; and died, a few years since, leaving behind him an independent fortune and an unblemished name."

AGES OF OUR PUBLIC MEN.—President Buchanan was 68 years old on the 5th day of November, 1859.

Vice President Breckinridge was 39 years old on the 19th day of January, 1860.

Simon Cameron is in his 60th year.

Stephen A. Douglas was 49 years old on the 23d of April last.

Lewis Cass is nearly 87 years old.

Caleb Cushing is in his 60th year.

Franklin Pierce is 54 years old.

Robert Field Stockton is 49 years old.

John C. Fremont was 50 years of age on the 6th day of January last.

John Bell is 62 years old.

John J. Crittenden is 73 years old.

Alexander H. Stevens will be 53 years old next February.

James L. Orr was 47 years old on the 12th of May last.

Jesse D. Bright is in his 47th year.

Augustus C. Lodge is about 47 years old.

James Shields is 65 years old.

Isaac Toucy is 61 years old.

Henry A. Wise is in his 53d year.

R. M. T. Hunter is nearly 70 years old.

Robert Toombs was 49 years old on the 7th of July last.

John M. Read is over 60 years old.

Daniel S. Dickinson is 56 years old.

Horatio Seymour is about 50 years old.

John E. Wool is 55 years old.

John Slidell is in his 56th year.

N. P. Banks was 49 years old in January.

WANT OF VENTILATION.—The following experiments, illustrative of the evil effects of imperfect ventilation, are from Blackwood:

A sparrow left in a bell-glass to breathe over and over again in the same air, will live in it for upwards of three hours; but at the close of the second hour—when there is consequently still air of sufficient purity to permit this sparrow's breathing it for more than an hour longer—if a fresh and vigorous sparrow be introduced it will expire almost immediately. The air which would suffice for the respiration of one sparrow suffocates another. Nay, more; if the sparrow be taken from the glass at the close of the third hour, when very feeble, it may be restored to activity; and no sooner has it recovered sufficient vigor to fly about again, than if once more introduced into the atmosphere from which it was taken, it will perish immediately. Another experiment points to a similar result. A sparrow is confined in a bell-glass, and at the end of about an hour and a half it is still active, although obviously suffering; a second sparrow is introduced; in about ten minutes the new comer is dead, while the original occupant flies about the lectern-room as soon as liberated.

"The victory is not always to the strong," as the boy said when he killed a skunk with a brickbat.