THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published THE TAUGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published for Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM,

traviably in advance. It is intended to notify every periody in them the term for which he has paid shall sternber when the term for which he has paid shall stere expired, by the stamp—"Time Out," on the market he has paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will be paper will be paper. The paper will be paper when the paper will be paper.

THE ACITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, the large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent to of postage to any Post Office within the county in adjusting County.

Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

148. LOWR EY & S. F. WILSON, TORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tings, Pottor and McKean [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

s. B. BROOKS, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.

the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept 23, 1868, 1y.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST.

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

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

WELLSBORO'. PA.

L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

The deservoily popular house is centrally located, and amonds uself to the patronage of the travelling public.

Nov 25, 1885, 1y. AMERICAN HOTEL.

CORNING, N.Y.,
E FREEMAN, - - - Proprietor. Mals, 25 ets. Lodgings, 25 ets. Board, 75 ets. per day. Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hudropathic Physician and Surgeon.

ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will risit patients in all parts of the County, or re-tere them for treatment at his house. [June 14,] VERMILYEA'S HOTEL.

H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tioga Gounty, Pa.

Gaines, Tioga Gounty, 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 secliers 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 chap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. TS published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One I Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The carnal is Republican in politics, and has a circulater arching into every part of Steuben County.—
Insee desirous of extending their business into that add the adjoining counties will find it an excellent adtentioning medium. Address as above.

DRÈSS 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 DRUSS MAKING. Having had experience in the basness, she feels confident that she can give satisfacter to all who may favor her with their patronage. Sent. 29, 1859. Sept. 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

HAVING, opined his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Son's Store, respectfully informs the cuttens of Welleboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with prompt-

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

TO MUSICIANS.

CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian any

A German VIOLIN STRINGS.

Bass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Endges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. E. S. FARR. - - - - PROPRIETOR.

United States Hotel.

Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and

of those who stop with lagreeable.
Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

WATCHES! WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine ansortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time, 'i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit.
All linds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a 12b 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 patron-

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

F. W. KRISE, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,

WELLSBORO ST., TIOGA, PA.

TAKES this method of informing the citizens of
I loga, and of the County generally, that he has
shablished himself at Tioga, where Le will manufactan and keep on hand for sale a good stock of
Stddies, Dridles, Heavy Harness, Carriage Harness
tall link the Alexand Harness, Harness

of all kinds &c. Also Hames, Halters, Whips, Traces, Collars &c. All work warranted.

Repairing done on short notice. Tioga, Sept. 1, 1859.—ly.

W. D. TERBELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in

DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead. Zine, and Colored Paints, Olia, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Stuff, Steh and Glass, Pure Liquors for Meticine, Patent Medicines, Actists Paints and Brushes, Perjamery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

ALSO,

A general assortment of School Books-

Blank Books, Staplie and Fancy

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

H. D. DEMING.

While repetfully announce to the people of Tloga County that he spectfully announce to the people of Tloga County that he specified to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Pack, Cherry, Nectarne, Apricol, Evergreen and Decidaous Universal trees. Also Currants Raspberfies, Gooseherfes, Lakerries and Strawberries of all new and approved variate.

ROSES_Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss. Bourbon, Noisette, Tea

berstor China, and Climbing Roses.

HRUBBER Y—Including all the finest new varieties. Lalacs, Spiracs, Syringias. Viburaums, Wigilias &c.

FLOWERS—Paconies, Dahlias, Phlores, Tulfac, Lalacs, Spiracs, Syringias, Viburaums, Wigilias &c.

Hydeinths, Narcissis, Jonquils, Lil

GRAPES—All varieties.
Pallof's New Haut-hois Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5.
Graph-pectfully solicited.
La Orders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be Address.

Vector respectfully solution.

E.S. fiders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be from a first part of the first part MITCHELL'S STRUP OF IPECAC. For Colds, Coughe, Croup, &c. At Roy's Drug Store.

Torms of Publication

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Actorm.

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, JUNE 7, 1860.

From Thackeray's Magazine. STRANGERS YET!

Strangers yet!
After years of life together.
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After trouch of weddl hands,
Why that joined? why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways.
After care, and blame, and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayes to Heaven,
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife of common ends,
After title of old friends,
After pussion fierce and tender,
After cheerful eelf-surrender,
Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Stinngers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan,
All the loneliness of man!
Anture by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thusSpirit still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand,
Soul to soul, as hand to hand?
Are the bonds eternal set
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other—higher %
God himself were loved the bost,
Were man's sympathies at rest;
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world of strangers yet!
Strangers yet!

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BELLE OR WHO WON THE WAGER.

My uncle Ned had set his heart upon marrying me to my cousin Rosalie, but the thing savored of compulsion to me and I made up my mind to be just as obstinate as the nature of the case might demand.

Uncle Ned was a jolly old fellow, and laughed in my face when I told him that I could not think of such a thing as permitting him to select a wife for me. I looked dignified and felt dignified; and was not a little mortified when the old fellow haw hawed right in my face.

"But my boy, she's as rich as mud, with an income of eight thousand a year. Think of that."

"My dear uncle, I beg you will deem me above mercenary motives in so important a matter as this." I replied with a seriousness in keeping with the solemnity of the topic dis-

"Perhaps you don't mean to take a wife-die an old bachelor-eh?" continued he, punching me under the ribs, as he poured fourth another of his abominable guffaws.

"Not so; on the contrary, I mean to take a wife just as soon as I can find one exactly suited to my mind."

"And you don't mean to marry a girl that has got any money?" "That is periectly immaterial, sir, as you are

aware that my fortune is amply sufficient without the addition of a wife's dowry." "But the money wouldn't do any harm, would it?"

"No, I should not object to a lady who posessed the requisite qualifications because she sappened to have a fortune at her disposal,

though in my estimation it would add nothing to my wife." "Indeed?" drawled uncle Ned, looking at me with such a funny expression that I could

not tell whether he was going to laugh or get mad. I didn't care much, for I deemed it beneath his dignity to attempt any interference in such a delicate matter. "But, Bob, Rose is the most beautiful girl in

would gladly jump at the chance to step into her shoes."

"They can do so, sir; I tell you plainly she can never be my wife if she were a pearl and had all South Carolina for her dowry," said I with a dignified earnestness.

"Your sneers, sir, will be as uscless as your persuasions; they shall not move me."

"But, Bob, you know that your father earnestly desired you should be married before he died." added uncle more seriously.

"It matters not, sir; I must be entirely unembarrassed in the choice of a wife. Let me tell you plainly, that, even if I had no other objection, the mere fact that you have attempted to draw me into this marriage were a sufficient reason for me to decline it."

"Eh! you young puppy, what do you mean by that?"

"Just exactly what I say, namely, that] will neither be led or driven into marriage with Rosalie. I think we have said enough about it." I began to talk more coolly. He was in my opinion, treading upon the prerogative of a

free born citizen. What did the old fogy mean? Did he think hadn't sense enough to choose my own wife? Rosalie was entirely out of the question-I could not on principle, be driven into a matrimonial connection, even though the other party was an angel and had a dowry of eight thou sand a vear.

"Mr. Bob, listen to reason. Rosalie is handsome and graceful, and all that sort of thing; sings charmingly, like a nightingale; plays on the piano and harp, can talk French like a Parisienne."

"It matters not, sir; I object to the principle of the thing, and I repeat, cannot nor will not

marry her."

"Bob, you're a foot!"

"Pon my word you are; you don't know on which side your bread is buttered." "Enough sir!"

"But, Bob, you will pay us that visit won' 70u ?" "Certainly; but do not flatter yourself, on your impudent interference in my concerns."

"Saucy puppy !" and my uncle again lanched. We were on the most familiar terms.

"You are a meddler; you make me saucy. I trust I shall always be prompt in resenting an invasion of my natural rights."

"Hope you will, my boy; but I will bet you a thousand dollars you marry Rosalie."

"Done!" "But on one condition."

"What?"

hand, "uncle, you're lost the bet."
"Not yet, Bob, wait a bit."

It was rather foolish in the old fellow to make such a bet; that I was so sure I could resist looking man, and let me say in extenuation of the attractions of my cousin, even though she her weakness, that I had popped the question English mothers, match-making is carried on should prove to be a Venus, that I considered the money already mine, and what was far better to me, that I had won the victory over

· That hight uncle Ned started for his planta-

tion in South Carolina. My father died three years before this con versation, leaving me an ample fortune. His two brothers had been in South Carolina for thirty years, where the father of Rosalie died, leaving my uncle Ned her guardian.

I had been often told that Rosalie was very pretty but she had been to the north only once, and then I was traveling in Europe, and had never seen her.

I had written to uncle Ned, promising to spend a month with him in the autumn. Business had called him to Boston, where our interview occurred. He had more than once ex- "Over to the Rev. Mr. M's. Allow me to has amassed twenty thousand francs will be pressed a desire that his brother's property present my wife," said I, with perfect noncha- satisfied with a young merchant or a clever should remain in the family, and pressed me to unite my fate to that of his beautiful niece.

This was out of the question. "A made up match" was my abomination. Certainly I had other reasons for my prejudices against the marriage. I considered it a sacred obligation to fall in love before I took a wife, and the idea of being pledged to Rosalie before I had seen her myself, was so absurd that I had no patience to think of it.

And then I had a principle for guidance in the affairs of the heart, which absolutely forbade me to think of such a thing as a "marringe for convenience."

The autumn came, and I paid my proposed visit to my uncle Ned's plantation in South Carolina.

I was disappointed in my cousin Rosalia.-She was a tolerable good looking damsel, but in my opinion very far from the beautiful creature she had been pictured to me.

"Isn't she handsome, Bob?" said my uncle. Did you ever see such lips, such a graceful form? Isn't she handsome, eh, you dog?" And the old fellow punched me in the rihs and roared with laughter till he nearly split his sides.

I couldn't for the life of me see what he was laughing at. "Isn't she beautiful, you rogue?" he con-

tinued.

"Passable," I replied, very coolly. "Passable! You puppy! What, do you mean to say that Rose is not handsome?" "Tolerably," I answered, twisting off the leaf of a palmetto which grew by the side of a bank on which we were seated, just to show how indifferent I was.

"Bob," said he, looking more soberly at me. "I had an idea you were a man of taste, but I see you are as like to fall in love with one of my black wenches as the prettiest girl in South Carolina."

"Who's that, uncle Ned?"

This remark was called forth by the sudden appearance on the gravel walk of the leveliest creature I had ever beheld; and that, considering I have flirted with the belles of Paris, Naples and Rome is saying a great deal. I was a day; a machine that will think and act, but South Carolina. There are thousands of young gentlemen of the first families in the State who

Shade of Venus! did any one ever see such divine expression! I could neither speak or move, so completely was I paralyzed by the

plorious beauty of the nymph. "I didn't know there was any one here," tammered she, such a delectable blush on her cheek that I nearly went mad with enthusiasm Before I could recover my scattered senses, the enchanting beauty bounded away as light

"What the devil ails you, Bob? What ar you starting at?" said uncle Ned. "Who is she?" asked I, clasping my hands

in the rapturous excitement of the moment. "That? Why, that's little Sylphie Howard and one of Rosalie's friends, who is spending a few weeks with her," he replied, with in-

difference. "Beautiful," said I. "She! passable! Tolerable good looking," he continued, "but nothing to be compared

with my Rosalie." I was about to say something saucy, but thought since uncle Ned really believed what he was saying I would not hurt his feelings by de-

At dinner I met both young ladies, and was formally provoked with my uncle when he assigned me a seat next to Rosalie. I could hardly be civil to her with such a pair of beautiful eyes before me, and I hardly ceased to gaze upon Sylphie during the seeming short hour we were at the table.

After dinner we went out to ride horseback Uncle Ned annoyed me again by provokingly contriving it so that I should help Rosalie mount her horse and ride by her side, and he, confounded old fool, did those offices of gallantry for Miss Sylphie.

"No use old chap, you'll lose your bet;" thought I, and I tried to be civil to my cousin. I don't think I succeeded very well. My eyes rested all the time upon the fair and graceful.horsewoman who rode before me.

And thus it was for a week, uncle Ned managed to keep me by the side of Rosalie nearly all the time. If we played whist she was my partner;—if we rode in the carriage she sat by my side; if we walked he monopolized Sylphie and left Rosalie to me-and more than once the fellow left us alone together as though-

In spite of my uncle's vigilance, however. I

found opportunities to flirt a little with Sylphie, and one day lured her into a grove of palmettos at the rear of the mansion-house. Time was precious. I was the hero of

novel. Cruel uncles in bob-tail wigs sought to crush the affection of my heart. In short I threw myself at her feet, and with all the elo-quence that Harvard College had crowded into "That you come to my estate in South Caro- quence that Harvard College had crowded into lina with a susceptible heart—that you are not my composition, I declared my love. I used neither the one one the other—has not one, but engaged to another."

my classic terms: I quoted Milton, Byron and many changes of marrying. It is very different many changes of marrying. It is very different many changes of marrying. It is very different many changes of marrying. gaged to another."

my classic terms: I quoted Milton, Byron and many changes of marrying. It is very different in accept the condition," said I, grasping his Shakespeare, and called on all the gods in the in Europe. In the country towns in England, calendar of Greece and Rame.

Did she accept me? Of course she did; she couldn't help accepting me; I am not an ill in a decidedly original manner. To be sure to an extent unknown here (save in the very she accepted me.

I printed twenty-four kisses on each of her pretty cheeks, and she blushed till I thought sity. In France no father expects his daughter her eyelashes would take fire and cheat me of to get a husband unless she buys him. Every

my prize. We kept our counsel for two or three weeks and one morning when we were riding out, we dot-i. c., the purchase money of a husband. got away from uncle Ned and Rosalie, and I Papa and mamma deprive themselves of luxuclipped it away about ten miles to a clergy- ries, and even necessities, to amass a respectable

excitement for me. We got back to uncle Ned's daughter a half a million of francs will expect

"The devil!"

"Just so; and uncle Ned you have lost the wager. One thousand, if you please," said I, institution in France. In Germany, and indeed holding out my hand. "No you don't, you puppy. Is it, Rosalie?"

"No." said she, with a blush. "Ha, ha, ha," roared uncle Ned. I did not know what to make of the affai

said uncle Ned, turning to my wife.

"You have lost the bet, Bob," cried the jolly old fellow, as soon as he could speak.

"Fact, Bob," said he, pointing to her hitherto known as my cousin, "this is Sylphie Howard." "I have cheated you into the handsomest wife and biggest fortune in South Carolina. The fact is, Bob, you were much prejudiced against Rosalie. You came resolved to be uncivil to her. I determined to give her a fair

chance, although I had to tease the jade into compliance." "Not quite, uncle Ned, this is not a legal marriage. Rosalie was united to me under a

"I don't care for that. You married the lady you held by the hand. But, Bob, we will have it over again. Do you say so?"

Of course I did not say no. I would not have lost my divinity for all the treasure in South Carolina. I paid over my money and uncle Ned gave it to-the free schools of the State.

with one of the most beautiful and loving wives that ever lighted the destiny of a worthless fellow like myself.

A few weeks after I returned to the North

Wanted-A Printer. We do not know the author of the following, but he or she had a big heart, a lively brain, and a good-natured countenance:

"Wanted- a printer," says a cotemporary.

and fingers; a thing that will set so many ems A printer! yet for all his dissipated and reckoveliness! such a graceful movement! such a less habits, a worker, at all times and hours, by day and by night; setting up in close and un-

wholesome offices, when gay crowds are hurry-

ing to theaters; later still, when the street

revelers are gone and the city sleeps; in the fresh air of the morning, in the broad and gushing sunlight, some printing machine is at its eternal, unvarying click! click! Click! click the polished cubes fall into the stick; the mute integero of expression are marshalled into line, and march forth into immortal print. Click! and the latest intelligence becomes old, the thought a principal, the simple idea a living sentiment. Click! click! from grave to gay, item after item-a murder, a bit of scandal, a graceful and glowing thought are in turn clothed by the mute and impressive fingers of the machine, and sent adrift in the sen of thought. He must not think of the fu-

ture or recall the past; he must not think of home, of kindred, of wife, or of babe. His work lies before him, and his thought is chained You know him by his works, who read the papers, and are quick at typographical errors; whose eye may rest on this mute evidence of careless toil: correspondents, editors, authors. who scorn the simple medium of your fame, think not that the printer is altagether a machine. Think not that he is indifferent to the gem of which he is but a setter. Think not that a subtle ray may not penetrate the recesses of his heart, or the flowers he gathers may not leave some of their fragrance on his toil-worn fingers. But when you seek friend, companion, adviser; when you would elevate one who, from sympathy, may fitly represent either or bothwhen you want judges, governors, and printers, O, ye people, advertise: "Wanted—a printer."

COMFORTS OF CHILDREN .- Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers us to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on him he donts. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells-even pain may rack his joints and with which he would not part for wealth defv-

American Girls and Matrimony.

American girls of good education do not highest circles of our aristocracy:) and this, not from mean motives, but from sheer necesman who has a daughter, begins, when she is eight or ten years old, to save money for her man's who was so obliging as to furnish us with sum; the boys' education is cut short, and their a marriage certificate.

We rode back more leisurely. I was in my element. An elopement was just the kind of the husband. A father who can give his a General or Senator: he who has a bundred thousand to bestow will fix his mask at a rising lawyer, a dashing colonel, or a prefect; he who doctor. But he who has no money to give his daughter will never expect her to marry at all. The marriage d'amuor is a thoroughly obsolute throughout Europe, the rule is rapidly becoming the same. The father who expects his daughter to marry, must buy a husband .-Hearts were once conquered the poets say; now they are bought.

Nor Worth the Trouble .- "Oh! it's not worth the trouble to dress; I see only my husband." Then, madam, if your husband is not better worth pleasing than a host of "company," it is a pity you are married. Not worth the trouble to look better to him than his merest acquaintances? Not worth the trouble to surround yourself with every grace and fascination that you are capable of? Then if you are a neglected wife by and by, never complain, for it is your own fault: it was "not worth the trouble" to have a happy home.

"Oh! it's not worth the trouble," says the singular beauty that he secretly resolved to visit nervous mother, snatching the implements of her home and become more intimately acquainwork from the hands of her awkward child; ted. He did so, and after successive visits, 'not worth the trouble to teach her; I can do won the confidence and love of the maiden, and

Can you? Then how, if this is your method, parlor, and leave the work to you? The into his southern home, to dwell with him, and, structor, who has not one tithe of the interest her aged mother, in opulence. you should have in the child, thinks it well worth the trouble to impart to her a dozen different accomplishments; alas! that the mother should be more indifferent than a stranger.

Excessively Literary.-How a lady enpaper. Tom Corwin'and Tom Ewing being on Wanted-a mechanical curiosity, with brain tea, Mr. Corwin?" "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom. Of course nature must out, and dead! An old officer who was laughin Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of boldness of the fib, carelessly said: 'I themselves. Corwin essayed to mend the matter, and was voluble in anecdote, and wit, and disagrecable man.

> "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."-The following reminiscence of Samuel Woodworth possesses sufficient interest, we think, to warrant us in presenting it to our readers. It is a portion of if a private letter recently received from one whose authority in the matter cannot be questioned. In reference to the period of the production of the "Old Oaken Bucket," the writer says: "It was written in the spring or summer of 1817. The family were living at the time in Duane street. The poet came home to his office, somewhere near the foot of Wall he poured himself out a glass of water-New York pump water-and drank it at a draught, more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught, this warm day, from the old oaken would't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" immortalized the named of Woodworth."-Home Journal.

WITNESSES THREE .- Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his head on the Bible said: "There is a book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention." With voice and gesture, penitent, and all his own, John Randolph said: "A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and sleep may leave his pillow-but he has a gem remember anything better than THE BOOK." When the shades of death were gathering character. ing computation, for fame filling a world's ear, around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watch for the luxury of the highest wealth, or for the er, "Bring the Book." "What book!" asked sweetest sleep that ever sat upon mortal's eye. Lockhart, his son-in-law. "There is but one Book," said the dying man.

Rates of Advertising. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 16 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for strarg, subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 16 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Harf-Yearly and Yearly advertisements.

vertisements:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS;

Square, \$3,00 \$4,50 \$6,00

2 do. - 5,00 \$6,50 B,00

3 i,do. - 7,00 \$5,50 10,00

1 column, \$5,00 20,00 \$2,50

Column, \$- 25,00 \$5,00 \$5,00

Column, \$- 25,00 \$5,00 \$5,00

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 marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly. Vertisemente:

THE FLIRT. This brilliant insect of the butterfly species is common to all latitudes, but flourishes best in a warm climate. It revels in the atmosphere of the ball room, the matinee, the artistic re-union; and while it loves publicity, it is not loth to lurk in shaded alcoves or to nestle among cushions in quies corners. The plumage of the female Flirt is very dazzling.marrying men are so rare that it is quite com-mon to see a dozen charming girls, all well ca-ucated, pretty, and lady-like, fighting for a half while its eyes have a strange, deep and penetrating lustre. It diffuses a faint yet thrilling persume, caught from crushed flowers, scent bags and billet deux. Its music is a low, per-suasive hum. It can be true to no tune, but sings snatches, and at the pinno runs over the keys with a light and tremulous touch. The volatility of this insect has long perplexed naturalists. It haffles pursuit. Strange to say, it dissolves to the touch, and when caught, is a handful of ashes, cold and colorless. The sting of the Flirt is very severe. Some say it is pois-

onous. Instances have been known where it

has proved fatal to happiness and hope. It is

infected with perfect impartiality, but seems to

strike deepest into fresh and honest hearts.—.
The Flirt languishes at the first chill breath of

sorrow. When storm is in the air it is pitiful

to see it seeking shelter, its gay plumage so

beaten and soiled, and the color and the perfume

gone, and the low inviting music changed to a

around generally burns it at last, as is the case

desparing plaint. The flame that it flutters.

with many a poor moth .- Vanity Fair. THE ORANGE GIRL OF COLUMBUS .- At Co. lumbus, Ohio, there has been for some years past, a lovely orange girl known to all as Ettie, and of all respected. She supported an aged mother by the sale of her fruit, and never returned home with a full basket. Every body bought an orange of Ettie, for all admired her, and when the Union meeting of Kentucky; Tennessee, and Ohio Legislatures took place at Columbus, a youthful member of the Tennessee Legislature, strolling the city, was startled by a silvery voice asking "Buy an orange, sir?"
He did buy one, and this opened the way for a conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and

the necessity of her supporting her mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and the mother's consent to there marriage; and when he went back to his southern home it was will the child ever learn to become useful? If with a promise to return in a fortnight for his her timid services are not worth the trouble of bride. He came, and now the manly Southerner. teaching and correcting, how can you blame and the beautiful Orange Girl are man and her if in after years she prefers to sit in the wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair,

ONE OF THE STORIES .- "I heard an aneodote, the other day, which amused me very much.-I will give it you. It is on good authorityan officer who was at the mess when the conversation occurred. A brother officer (noted as deavored to adapt her style of conversation to a Munchausen,) was entertaining a mixed comthe character of guests, is narrated in an Ohio pany with several stories of his exploits, a la. Gordon Cumming,' among the lions and tigers a political tour through the State, stopped at of India. Once he was out tion-hunting, and the house of a prominent politician at night, had spent all his ammunition, when an old lion but found no one at home but a young niece, came up. 'At first,' said the narrator, 'I thought who presided at the supper table. She had to fly—but on second thoughts, I remembered never seen great men, and supposed they were it had been said to be possible to mesmerise an clophantic altogether, and all talked in great animal; whereupon I concentrated my forces, dumfounded by the sudden apparation, and still a machine; a being who undertakes the springing to my feet as if an electric shock had roused the slumbering blood in my veins, I stood upright before her.

Shelp of Vernel dil and to my forces, and all talked in great and monotonous drudgery; much still a machine; a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery; much sin your tea?" inquired the lady. "Yes, ently bit still dropped, and he retired backward; wet one the ingenuity of man has never supstanced by the sudden apparation, and still a machine; a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery; much sin your tea?" inquired the lady. "Yes, ently bit still dropped, and he retired backward; wet one the ingenuity of man has never supstanced by the sudden apparation, and brought my eye to bear upon his. Prespectively and brough fun for him. Gratified at the apparent success met the same lion; and again tried mesmeric of her first trial at talking to big men, the influence; he was preparing to give way, when young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same a rustle in the jungle caused me to waver; and, in an instant, he would have sprung on me, before I could mesmerise him again, if the officer who had moved in the jungle had not shot him dead! An old officer who was laughing at the man who fired the rifle.' In no way dismayed, the other walked across the room with much compliment. The young lady to this day de-clares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, once you my life! My friend says it was one of the most admirable farces he ever saw; the lion-hunter not being thrown off his centre for one moment!"

> SERVING AND PPRAISING GOD .- Not a cloud which fleets across the sky, not a clod of earth which crumbles under the frost, not a blade of grass which breaks through the snow in spring; not a dead leaf which falls to the earth in autumn, but is doing God's work, and abowing forth God's glory. Not a tiny insect, too small to be seen by the human eye without the aid of: the microscope, but is as fearfully and wonderdinner one very warm day, having walked from fully made as you and I, and has its proper food, habitation, work, appointed for it; and not street. Being much heated with the exercise, in vain. Nothing is idle, nothing is wasted, nothing goes wrong, in this wondrous worldof God. The very scum upon the standpool, exclaiming as he replaced the tumbler on the which seems mere dirt and dust, is alkalize and table, 'That is very refreshing, but how much peopled by millions of creatures, each foll of heauty, full of use, obeying laws of God tod deep for us to do aught but dimly guess at them; bucket I left hanging in my father's well, at and as men see deeper and deeper into the wonhome!' Hearing this, the poet's wife who was ders of God's creation, they find in the comalways a suggestive body, said, 'Selim, why monest things about them wonder and glory, such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor The poet took the hint, and, under the inspira- hath it entered into the heart of man to contion of the moment, sat down and poured out ceive; and can only say with the Psalmist, from his soul those beautiful lines which have 'Oh! Lord, thy ways are infinite, thy thoughts are very deep;" and confess that the grass beneath their feet, and the clouds above their heads-ay, every worm beneath the sod and bird upon the bough-do in very deed and truth bless the Lord who made them, praise him, and magnify him forever, not in words, but with works; and say to him all day long; "Go thou and do likewise."

> > Young men may wish to get a wife without & failing, but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a diel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah, you may wall me dog; but a live dog is better than a dead Louis.