

**Terms of Publication.**  
THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday 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 figures on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.  
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 subscriber within the county limits, but whose most convenient post-office may be in an adjoining County.  
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, \$5 per year.

# 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. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1861. NO. 27.

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
**JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1855.)

**G. N. DARTT, DENTIST.**  
OFFICE at the residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to the line of business done promptly and warranted. (April 22, 1856.)

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

**J. C. WHITTAKER,**  
Hydrostatic 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.)

**J. EMERY,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of Law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov11, 60

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,**  
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR. This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

**IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,**  
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, 1850.

**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 can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for receiving hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1854.

**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 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.

**FURS! FURS! FURS!**  
The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of FITCH CAPES & VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES & VICTORINES, RIVER-MINK CAPES & MUFFS, COCK MARTIN CAPES & VICTORINES. These comprise a small quantity of the assortment. They have been brought at low prices and will be sold at extremely low prices for cash, at the New Hat Store in Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

**TO MUSICIANS.**  
A CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS, Guitars strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
E. S. FARR, PROPRIETOR. (Formerly of the 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 profitable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

**PICTURE FRAMING.**  
TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in the best manner, in plain and ornamental gilt, Rose Wood, Black Walnut, &c. &c. Persons leaving any article for framing, can receive their best day framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

**E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.**  
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Steuben Co., Pa., and is prepared to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sacra) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery. Elkland, Nov. 8, 1856.

**MCCROY & BAILEY,**  
WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "COLUMBIAN MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK to the entire satisfaction of their patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the superior efforts of the pressmen, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. Cash paid for wheat and corn and the highest market prices given. EDW. MCCROY, JNO. W. BAILEY. March 15, 1860, tt.

**TIOGA REGULATOR.**  
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa. There 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 better than any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in this or any other place. Also Watches Plated. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY. Tioga, Pa., March 15, 1860. (ly.)

**NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.**  
THE Subscriber has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where he intends to manufacture and keep on hand a large and general assortment of his own manufacture, which will be sold at hard times prices.

**SILK HATS**  
made to order on short notice. The Hats sold at this Store are fitted with a French combure, which makes them soft and easy to the head without the trouble of bringing your head to break the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the Dickinson House. S. P. QUICK. Corning, Aug. 15, 1859.

**10,000 lbs. Pork For Sale.**  
I WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$19.75 per barrel, or retail by the pound at 10 cts., and warranted the best in town. M. M. CONVERSE. 22nd 15, 1859.

**"AN OLD MAN'S DREAM."**  
Oh for an hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy  
Than reign a gray-haired king!

Off with the wrinkled spots of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard my prayer,  
And calmly smiling said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?"

"Ah, trust soul of woman-kind!  
Without thee, what were life?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind;  
I'll take—my—precious wife!"

The angel took a sapphire pen,  
And wrote in rainbow dew  
"The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!"

"And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all those gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys  
I could not bear to leave them all;  
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,  
"Why this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise—  
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**THE DEAR DEAR.**  
BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

"Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask of you," and Lita Ross lifted her pretty face with a beseeching expression from a bouquet of choice flowers she held in her small, jeweled hand.

"A favor to ask of me, sis?" was the young man's reply. "One would think from your serious, puzzled countenance, it was the first one you had ever preferred, and you were about trying an experiment."

"Well, it is a sort of experiment, Fred; and before you give me an answer, I want you to think, and not say, 'O, yes, yes,' as you always do, and then not give it a second thought."

"Well, here goes, then," replied the gay, handsome young man, drawing an ottoman to his sister's feet, and seating himself upon it, with an elongated countenance, saying, with mock gravity, "Your humble servant. And now proceed to business, madam."

"The young girl's face assumed an earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both her own, and said, while the color burned up in her cheeks:

"Fred, it is this—that you will drink no more wine, I tremble when ever I see you with the glass at your lips."

"Well, now, Lita, child, can you not trust me, knowing my entire self-command, that I have no natural tendency that way and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends?"

"I know it, Fred—I know all that, but your influence is what I fear. There is Charles Chester thinks you a perfect pattern of goodness; and he touched glasses with you last evening at Mrs. Readon's and you stood up and drank together, my heart ached, not so much for you as for him, knowing that he has not the self-command which you have, and that he loves to look upon the wine when it sparkles in the cup."

"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right. I never looked at it in that way before," replied Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression. "But who in the name of common sense, (and now the young man, smiled), would have expected that my little fashionable, butterfly sister even found a moment for such thoughts as these, with her ribbons, roses and laces? Seriously, Lita, I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, Fred; but now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter—though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass, merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom—but I have fears for Charles Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains his glass to the very dregs. Promise me, Fred; come, do this, if you love me," and Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly upon her brother's head.

"Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I shall make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I don't care to be immolated upon the altar alone."

"Name it, Fred, and if it is in my power I'll do it willingly, gladly," and Lita's soft brown eyes danced with delight.

"Well, then, sis, I'll promise this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you. I declare, I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress, with its lace trimmings; and your ear-rings, pin and bracelets, of those tiny pearls; but you must give them up if I comply with your request."

"I will, Fred—I will."  
"And wear a drab dress without ornaments?"  
"Yes, Fred."  
"Next Thursday night make your first appearance, at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember, you will be subjected to many remarks, and besides will look very plain by the side of your showily dressed companions."

"I promise, Fred, and ask in return that you will then and there comply with my request."  
"Your hand, sis. And now remember, as long as you wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to renege any day."  
"Well, Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss, as a seal of our contract," and Lita threw her

arms around her brother's neck, and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses, and glided away through the hall, up the long polished oak stairway to her own chamber, and seating herself, she bowed her head upon the table, and ejaculated:

"Thank God, Charlie Chester may yet be saved!" And the tears rained down over her fair face, and when she looked up there was a subdued, tender light in her eyes never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family—the sparkling, fashionable belle of the season—the coquette, so accounted. But there was in her heart a leaf, as yet unrent by any eye save that of her Maker, and on it was inscribed her love for her childhood's playmate, Charlie Chester.

"Well, now, who'd have dreamed it!" Fred exclaimed, as soon as he found himself alone. "I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny herself than she could give up her right hand. But she'll do it; I saw it in her eye. Faith, I never was so proud of her in my life! I've looked upon her as a mere child of a girl; but all at once she stands before me a noble, self-sacrificing woman! And she's right about Charlie Chester, for now I think about it, he is in danger of being drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation! Strange, I've not thought of it before. I used to fancy they had quite a partiality for each other; but they have out-grown it, I reckon."

How we pride ourselves upon our discernment, and yet how widely do our conclusions often-times wander from the truth?

Thursday evening came, and Frederick Ross sat in the drawing room, waiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light rustling step, and she stood before him, with her soft, brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and combed plainly at the back of her pretty head, and amid its glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrop; her dress was of drab silk, with a full collar and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of plain, but rich white blonde, while her tiny feet, with its dainty satin slippers of the same shade of the dress, lay coquettishly half hidden in the thick, rich carpet.

"Come, Fred, I am ready," she exclaimed. "Am I presentable?"

"Why, Lita, love!" Here he paused. Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking face; but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—"Yes, Lita, presentable perhaps; but one would take you to be at least twenty-five instead of nineteen. Faith, I'd no idea it could alter you so much! Come, there's an hour yet, run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair, and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and I'll assist you. Do it, now, to please me; there's a good girl."

Lita's cheek burned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her she looked "twenty-five," and "prim" at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her. But she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie Chester with the wine-cup at his lips; she heard his mother's voice saying, "Charlie, Charlie, enter not into temptation!" as plainly as when she heard her whisper it in his ear as he turned from his cottage home a few weeks previous. It was those words and the look of quiet sorrow that filled the mother's eyes with tears, that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie, and ever since that time she had watched him closely; she had learned to know that his feet had taken hold on "slippery places," and in her solicitude she had long been devising some way in which she might benefit him without her agency being suspected. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had studiously avoided her for more than a year; and besides, she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self-control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided. And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love of dress and admiration? No, no, she would not do it—no. More than that, she dared not do it—Laying her hand in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this sombre dress for the rose-colored crape but it would not be right; I should debase myself. I am sorry you are going to be deified at my appearance. I did not think before I came below, that I looked so old and prim; but of course I do, as you say so."

"Never mind, sis; I'm proud of you yet you look as you will. I should not have loved you half as well had you weakly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits at the door."

And his readers looked closely into the eye of Frederick Ross, they would have seen something closely resembling a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned from him. And Lita thought he had never looked so lovingly upon her as he did when he banded her so tenderly into the carriage; and she was quite sure that his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the farther end of the crowded reception-room, to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"

"Oh, she likes to render herself conspicuous," replied the lady, carelessly toying with one of her long golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron of thirty or thirty-five. You'll stand quite a chance of being reigning belle to-night, now that she has hidden her beauty under a cloud of drab."

Mill Millford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and gathering up her pale blue satin dress, sailed stately away.

"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bending

her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give me a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests, viz: the plainness of your dress to-night?"

"I cannot at present, Mrs. Thurston," replied Lita; "but at some future time I may, I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive which you would approve of, if I were at liberty to name it;" and Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"Oh, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper; but it seems so different from your own girlish self, that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it is very becoming to you, this drab dress with its white blonde trimmings; in short, I never saw you looking so lovely as to-night, though not quite so brilliant as is your wont."

"Oh, Mrs. Thurston, you do not really mean it! I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said before we left home, I looked twenty-five, and so very prim, and I have felt as if it were true, all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, my dear Mrs. Thurston, indeed it must."

"Not at all, Lita. I am quite sincere in my opinion, and I have heard others say the same."

"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you may," said a light-hearted girl, as she stood talking with her companion. "Just see her, Harry, as she stands there with the light falling around her soft drab dress. I used to think her a beauty in her brown curls and her tasty dress, but she looks prettier to-night than ever," continued the unselfish girl. "Do look, Harry!"

"Yes, Lizzie, there are but few faces like Lita Ross, prettier without adornments than with. I know of but one other in this whole assembly," and the little hand of Lizzie was pressed tenderly by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.

The supper saloon was thrown open, and the tables, laid with silver and cut glass, supported all the choice luxuries of the season, presented a dazzling spectacle, under the multitude of gas jets from the rich burners, while the long, polished side boards were supplied with the choicest of wines, reflecting many a prismatic color.

"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?" queried the gentleman who had escorted Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking of her brother's promise, and wondering what effect it would have upon Charles Chester.

The ladies had withdrawn from the supper-room, but still many of the gentlemen lingered, or returned after having escorted their fair companions from the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross, here, take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine, we will have a chat."

"Well, Frank, I've no objection to the chat, but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred a temperance man—signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred Ross!"

Charlie Chester held in his hand his second glass, and just as he was about to drain its contents, the words of Frank L. laid full upon his ear. He turned pale, placed his glass upon the table, and stood looking upon Frederick Ross, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.

"Yes, a temperance man, if you like it. I've signed a pledge, too, and it's useless to urge me more, for I'm bound to keep it."

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding-door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the side board, but not a word had passed but had reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness she turned away, and at that moment would not have exchanged for the richest dress around her, her own simple drab dress.

Several weeks were away, and yet Lita was never in public in anything but drab.

"It is ridiculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment—"perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccentricity. But it is not, it is downright folly. If she was my girl, I'd shut her up in the house, and keep her on bread and water before I'd see her making such a spectacle of herself. Only see that drab bonnet, with its white ruche and strings, and the drab silk dress and caps—quite suitable for her grandmother?"

"I have heard her called one of the finest dressed ladies upon the street, to-day, by a gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk, "and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her."

"Ah, indeed," said the young lady, tossing her head. "Show me some lilac moirés."

"Frederick Ross," said Charles Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who surrounded Mrs. Granville's musical assemblage, "will you walk with me? I've something to say—a few questions to ask you, if you will not deem it impertinent in me."

Frederick readily acceded to the request, and no sooner were they alone, than Charles said:

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left your habit of taking a 'fashionable glass.' I said whenever I saw you turn from it, 'is it possible that he fears to trust himself?' or what has wrought this change in him? And now will you give me the key that will unlock this mystery?"

"Yes, Charlie, I will," was the ready reply. And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstances that led to this change in his habits, omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one over whom Lita especially feared the influence of her brother's example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of, and worship her. If more ladies would take the stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies, but instead of that they smile upon any custom which dear delightful Mrs. Grundy sanctions, and give the cold shoulder to one who has the

independence to assert and carry out his own honest sentiments. You with your wealth and position, are an exception, but I should find it quite a different thing. And yet I'm resolved to follow your example, and whenever temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita, in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made; not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine-cup, but lest others who have not so much self-control might take encouragement from your example."

After a few moments spent in discussing this subject, the two friends parted; and when Fred related the circumstance to Lita she stole away to her chamber, as was her wont, to give full vent to the gratitude of her heart, and an earnest petition ascended to Heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so rich, talented, handsome European, who sued so earnestly for this little white hand, has shared the same fate with your many suitors. You're an enigma, sis, and I'm afraid if I do not exert my authority you'll never be married."

"I am sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand;" and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing. "Now don't leave me with that other face, for I assure you I am very happy as I am."

"I doubt it, sis," was the laughing rejoinder, as Fred closed the door and went out through the long hall, humming a snatch of a sentimental song.

Two years had flown by, and still Charlie Chester had kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that this was so; and yet to have seen them, no one would ever have imagined that they had any interest in common.

Lita sat alone in the back-parlor of her home thinking of the past, of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child, wondering why he regarded her so studiously of late, when she was aroused by a low tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thoughts. With heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at this unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie Chester drew his seat near her and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my childhood's love, now that I know, and can trust myself, will you entrust your life, your happiness, and your future to me? Will you be my wife? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence I abandoned the wine cup in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. Oh, Lita, what, what do I not owe you? And yet for this very fact encourages me to ask for more. Say will you trust me and become my wife?"

The small hand he held nestled more confidently in his, the brown eyes uplifted to his face with so much of truthful love in them, answered him; and, sitting there, she told of all the long years he had been hidden in her heart—of her fears for his safety when she saw him with the wine cup pressed to his lips, and of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of her drab dress.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that led you to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I love wine; my thirst for it was daily becoming more intense and a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid; but you were the 'good angel' commissioned by God to save me."

Lita is now a happy wife and mother, but she still maintains her plain style of dress.—She wore a drab dress on her bridal day, and as she passed along the street, she is pointed out as "the lady in drab;" but many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear of her changing it for any other color, for him no dress is as beautiful as her drab dress.

A PATRIOTIC OBITUARY.—The State of Indiana has recently lost, by death, one of its citizens—Mr. James Bangs. We find an obituary notice of him in a Hoosier paper: *Master Education—* Bangs, we are sorry to state, has departed this life last Monday. He was generally considered a good fellow. He died at the age of 28 years old. He went 4th without any struggle, and such is life. To-day we are as pepper grass—my smart—

—to-morrow we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jim kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His vineyards were numerous. Sunny is things we bot at his grocery, and we are happy to state that he never cheated, especially in the wate of mackerel, which was nice and sweet and his survivin wife is the same wa. We never saw him to put sand in his shag, nor had a big sand bar in front of his house; nor water in his ticklers, the Ohio River run past his door. Piece to his remains!

A genius out West, conceiving that a little powder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream from the keg upon the smoking pile; but not assessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, was blown into a million pieces. The coroner for the occasion reasoned out this verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't visitation of God; because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about; so I shall bring in 'Died for want of common sense!'"

Little Susie H., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked with vehemence; "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel, and I needn't—need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned her mother. "Ha! leave off all my pretty clothes and wear fiddlers like a hen!"

Read not books alone, but men, and child, 22nd 15, 1859.

**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  
1 column, 8.00 9.50 12.00  
1 do. 15.00 20.00 25.00  
1 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.

**For the Agitator.**  
**EDUCATIONAL.—III.**  
Education, I have said, dissipates the evils of ignorance. But happy for us in this country, we hardly know what popular ignorance is.—The most illiterate among us have derived many and inestimable advantages from our systems of public instruction. Occasionally persons are found among us who can neither read nor write. But even such persons insensibly imbibe ideas and moral influences from the more cultivated society about them, which, in countries less favored, are denied to multitudes. Individuals who have had no early advantages for learning, who have never even entered a school house, but have grown up among a generally intelligent population, trained by the institutions established by our fathers, have in many instances acquired a mental character and influence which, but for these fortuitous circumstances, they could not have attained. The very excellence of our systems of education, in many States of the Union, and the vital and pervading influence of the schools upon the public mind, reaching as they do, and improving even those that remain ignorant of letters, do not allow us to see the full extent of our obligation to them.

The evils of ignorance are deplorable enough in the case of individuals, although as we have seen, the disastrous consequences are limited in the case of those who live surrounded by an intelligent community. But the general ignorance of large numbers and entire classes of men, unreached by the elevating influences of the educated, acting under the unobscured stimulus of the passions, and excited by the various causes of discontent which are constantly occurring in the progress of human affairs, is not unfrequently productive of scenes, the contemplation of which makes humanity shudder.

The ignorant Hungarian peasantry, attributing the ravages of cholera to poison placed in their wells by the nobility, committed the most appalling cruelties, tortures and murders in retaliation. While the intelligent, among other means, employed chloride of lime as a check to the fatal epidemic, the ignorant peasantry believed it the most deadly poison, and the life of none was spared in whose possession it was found. A little knowledge on the part of the peasantry, would have prevented these horrible scenes. Had they learned even the elements of physiology and chemistry, they would have known that cleanliness is essential to the health at all times, and that during the prevalence of a malignant epidemic it is doubly needful.—They would have known, also, that chloride of lime is not a medicine to be taken internally, but that it is very useful for disinfecting offensive apartments, and that its tendency, when properly used, would be to counteract the cause of the disease which they so much dreaded.

Among all nations, and in all ages of the world, ignorance has not only debarrèd mankind from many exquisite and sublime enjoyments, but has created innumerable unfounded alarms which greatly increase the sum of human misery. In the early ages of the world, a total eclipse of the sun or of the moon, was regarded with the utmost consternation, as if some unusual catastrophe had been about to befall the Universe. Believing that the moon in an eclipse was sickening or dying, through the influence of ichanters, the trembling spectators had recourse to the ringing of bells, the sounding of trumpets, the beating of brazen vessels, and to loud and horrid exclamations, in order to break the enchantment and to drown the muttering of witches, that the moon might not hear them. Nor are such foolish opinions and customs banished from the world, though we are greatly in advance of former ages.

Comets, too, with their blazing tails, were long regarded, and still are by many, as harbingers of divine vengeance, presaging famines and inundations, or the downfall of princes and the destruction of empires. The northern lights have been frequently gazed at with similar apprehensions, whole provinces having been thrown into consternation by the fantastic coruscations of these lambent meteors. Some pretend to see in these harmless lights armies mixing in fierce encounter and fields streaming with blood, while others behold states overthrown, earthquakes, inundations, pestilences and the most dreadful calamities. Because some one or other of these calamities formerly happened soon after the appearance of a comet or the blaze of an aurora, therefore they are considered either as the cause or prognostics of such events.

Popular ignorance has given rise to the practice of *judicial astrology*; an art which, with all its foolish notions