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. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1864. NO. 25

The Tioga County Agitator

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

THE AGITATOR is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

☞ A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

☞ Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties. Jan. 28, 1863.*

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

MAJ. A. FIELD,.....Proprietor.

GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

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. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA,.....Proprietor.

THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!

Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S. STORE, by the subscriber, in the best manner, and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first rate practical workman in the State.

Wellsboro, July 15, 1863. A. H. BOSCY.

WELLSBORO HOTEL

B. B. HOLIDAY,.....Proprietor.

THE Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. Attentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.

Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.-tf.

A. FOLEY,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c. &c.,

REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.

POST OFFICE BUILDING,

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.

Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

E. R. BLACK,

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,

SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,

NO. 4, UNION BLOCK.

Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE.

WRIGHT & BAILEY

HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town. Cash paid for all kinds of grain.

WRIGHT & BAILEY.

Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.

Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing.

THE subscriber informs his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. CHAPPEET, a competent and experienced workman, and also intending to give his personal attention to the business, he will warrant all work done at his shop.

Wool carded at five cents per pound, and Cloth dressed at from ten to twenty cents per yard, as per color and finish. J. I. JACKSON.

Wellsboro, May 6, 1863-tf.

MARBLE SHOP.

I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TOMB-STONES,

and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices.

HARVEY ADAMS is my authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop.

WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE.

Tioga, May 20, 1863-1y. A. D. COOLEY.

JOHN A. ROY,

DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Dyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and other Liquors for medical use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the

BEST QUALITY.

Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other for burning in Kerosine Lamps. Also all other kinds Oils usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

☞ FANCY DYE COLORS in packages all ready compounded, for the use of private families. Also, pure Loaf Sugar for medical compounds.

Wellsboro, June 24, 1863-1y.

Insurance Agency.

THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent for Tioga County and vicinity.

As the high character and standing of this Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, I solicit with confidence a liberal share of the business of the county. This company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is $500,000, and its assets in 1861 as per statement 1st Jan. of that year was $1254,719 8[illegible].

CHARLES PLATT,.....Secretary.

ARTHUR G. COFFIN,.....President.

Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street Philadelphia.

Wm. Buehler, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa.

JOHN W. GUERNSEY,

Agent for Tioga County, Pa.

July 15, 1863.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

[For the 5th District, Pa.]

AND

Mansfield Classical Seminary.

Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M.....Principal.
Mr. .....Assistant.
Mrs. H. S. TAYLOR,.....Preceptress.
Miss H. A. FARNSWORTH,.....Assistant.
.....Assistant, and Teacher in Model School.
.....Assistant, and Teacher of Music.

The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 2d. The Winter Term, Dec. 2d. The Spring Term, March 16th, 1864. Each term to continue thirteen weeks.

A Normal School Course of study for graduation, embracing two years, is adopted.

Students for the Normal Course, and for the Classical Department, are solicited.

For particulars, address Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, Mansfield, Tioga County Penna. Send for a Circular.

W. GOCHRAN,
President of the Board of Trustees.

WM. HOLLAND, Secretary.

Mansfield, August 5, 1863.

Select Poetry.

A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO.

No! is my answer from this cold, bleak ridge,
Down to your valley: you may rest you there:
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you
With something that is kinder far than scorn,
And think, "Ah, well! I might have grovelled, too;
I might have walked there, fettered and forsworn."

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable ways;
Once from these heights I shrank, beheld afar,
In the soft lap of quiet, easy days.

I might (I will not hide it)—once I might
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,
The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right;
But Truth has steered me free, and I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer
And the poor herd that call their misery bliss;
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,
I drop you down my answer: it is this:

I am not yours, because you seek in me
What is the lowest in my own esteem:
Only my flowery levels can you see,
Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself;
Your heart has scarcely room for me beside,
I could not be shut in with name and pelf;
I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride!

Not yours—because you are not man enough
To grasp your country's measure of a man!
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,
Cannot walk in them, learn that women can!

Not yours, because in this the nation's need,
You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,
And do not feel the meanness of your deed;
I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps
For woman's scaling, care not I to know;
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,
She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
Sometimes move with me at my being's height:
To follow him to his more glorious place,
His purer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
Beyond these peaks rich harmonies I hear,—

The morning chant of Liberty and Law!
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot:
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw
Rises a nation without stain or spot.

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain:
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime;
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!
You cannot hear the voices in the air!
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day:
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me I do not walk these hills alone:
Heroes who poured their blood out for the truth,
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,
Here catch the sunsise of immortal youth

On their pale cheeks, and consecrated brows!
It charms me not,—your call to rest below:
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:
Take my life's silence for your answer: No!

—*Atlantic Monthly for December.*

Select Story.

THE ARKANSAS HERO.

Some three or four years after the admission of Arkansas into the Union, a young man whom we shall call Arthur Granger, a native of Ohio, went to Little Rock to set up the practice of law. He was then about three and twenty years of age, small, slender and effeminate looking, with light hair, almost beardless face, and dark blue eyes. His dress, though not exactly foppish, was altogether too fine, neat and precise to suit the taste of men who had always seemed prepared for roughing it in the backwoods as most of them had done at one time and another, and he was, moreover, a stranger from the North, who had perhaps came there to display his learning and pick up their money, so that, from the very first, he was regarded with suspicion, aversion and contempt.

The first six or eight months he got no practice whatever, notwithstanding he was regularly at his office or the court-room, watching, waiting, and hoping, and he was about to give up in despair, and betake himself to some other locality, when one day a tall, lank individual came shuffling into his apartment, and, after surveying him from head to foot, said, as he helped himself to a seat:

"See here, young hop-thumb, is there anything in you?"

"Yes, my breakfast!" replied the young lawyer, with a quiet smile.

The other stared at him a few moments and seemed undetermined whether to consider the reply a joke or an insult. He finally grinned at it, and proceeded:

"I mean, do you know anything?"

"Oh, yes, something," answered the lawyer, pleasantly. "I know the difference between chalk and cheese, a horse and horse-block."

"Can you write?"

The stranger drew a newspaper from his pocket, opened it deliberately, pointed out an article, handed it to the young man, and said:

"Read that."

"Aloud?"

"Yes."

The young man complied and read a tirade of the most scandalous and scathing nature against one Miles Gregory, the Democratic candidate for the State Legislature.

"Well," demanded the stranger, when he had finished the article, "what do you think of that?"

"It is pretty severe."

"I believe you. Do you 'spect thars another man in the State of Arkansas that can write as scorching a thing agin the Whig candidate?"

"If there were facts to justify it, I doubt not such an article might be produced," replied the young lawyer.

"To thunder with your facts!" cried the stranger excitedly; "facts hain't got nothing to do with politics—thar's no facts in that; it's all lies from beginning to end. I'm Miles Gregory, and I ought to know. I'll give fifty dollars to anybody that'll write as savage a thing as that agin Joe Perrin."

"When do you want it?"

"Now—to-day."

"Without regard to facts?"

"They hain't got nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Very well, if you will call in a couple of hours I will show you something to match it,"

"If you'll do it, or the half on't," said Miles Gregory, rising to leave, "I'll put you in the way to make a fortune."

He went out and returned at the appointed time, and the young lawyer had the article ready. Without descending as low as the model in vulgar epithets, it was more terrible in its sarcasm. Gregory could scarcely contain himself while the young lawyer was reading it, and as soon as he was done he bounded from his seat with a yell of triumph, and seizing the delicate little hand of the writer, almost crushed it between his great bony fingers.

"You've done it, young man," he cried, with an oath, "and you'll soon have something better to do than to sit here staring at blank walls. Here is your money—the only difference is, I've concluded to make it a hundred instead of fifty—but that's my business—so none of your talk."

He rushed out with a triumphant laugh leaving the lawyer to ruminate upon his fee, and the possible consequences of becoming a conspicuous individual in that fighting region.

The next week the article appeared in the Democratic paper and created quite a sensation. One political party was delighted and the other chagrined. Who was the author? Nobody knew. The *quid nunes* were puzzled. Every known writer's style was duly considered, but something in the article differed from each. Could it be that a new Jenius had come among them? The Democrats were anxious to find out to do honor to their champion; and the Whigs that they might contrive a way to silence him. Nobody suspected the beardless lawyer. In fact, if he had openly avowed it, the probabilities are that he would have been kicked for a boasting liar.

Three individuals only knew anything about it—the writer, the candidate, and the proprietor of the paper in which it appeared. To the last, indeed, was due the fact that the secret was kept so close. When he first read the article, he acknowledged the power of the writer and demanded his name. Gregory gave it without hesitation. The journalist was surprised. He had seen the puny lawyer, but never dreamed there was any such stuff in him.

"How did you find him out, Gregory?"

"By a blunder. I got into his office by mistake, and then something just kind of struck me to try the thing on—a sort of experiment, you know."

"Does any one else know anything about it?"

"Nary one."

"Then see here—this must be a secret of honor between us. I am going to secure that young man to write leaders for me—he is worth his weight in gold—but nobody must know who he is, and I am almost certain he never will be suspected. Remember, Gregory, if this secret gets wind I shall blame you."

"All right; I'm dumb."

That very day Arthur Granger was secured at a handsome salary to write such articles as the editor required from week to week; and it was further arranged that the matter should be kept a profound secret; and, to avoid suspicion the parties were only to meet when absolutely necessary, and then either clandestinely or openly as strangers.

The effect of the first article we have already mentioned: but when, the succeeding week, some three or four more appeared, of the same stamp, if anything more caustic and cutting, directed against the whole party and individual members besides, the excitement increased, curiosity became eager, and wonder grew apace. And each succeeding week but added fuel to the flame. The Democrats grew triumphant and the Whigs furious; and when, the parties being nearly equally divided, the former carried the election by a respectable majority, the latter grew desperate, and raved like madmen, denouncing the writer as a liar and a coward, and making a standing offer of a thousand dollars to any one who would disclose his name.

"If you are discovered, Granger, you will have to quit the region at short notice," said the proprietor of the Democratic paper to the young lawyer, during one of their stolen interviews.

"Why so!" asked the latter, quietly.

"Because your life will be in danger."

"Will they murder me?"

"At least they will insult and challenge you, and you will have either to run or fight."

"Suppose I fight? I must take my chance, of course. I shall be entitled to the choice of weapons at least."

"What then? what can you do? You are not heavy enough for the bowie, and your antagonist will be a dead shot."

"By your leave, he may be shot dead himself."

"Ha! can you shoot?"

"With one of my hair triggers I can snuff a candle at ten paces."

"You amaze and delight me. Where did you learn to handle the pistol with so much skill?"

"For the last two months I have been practising daily in the woods, just out of town, preparing for just such a crisis in my fate, which I have all along foreseen."

"By heavens?" exclaimed the other, grasping the young man's hand with increased admiration, "I am just beginnig to know you, and I am proud of your acquaintance. To tell the truth, I never supposed there was any more fight in you than in a girl of sixteen; and for a young man to be challenged in this region and refuse to fight, is to be forever disgraced; not even the genius of a Shakespeare, with the wisdom of Solomon, could give you any more influence over these people; therefore I believe you would be compelled to leave the State."

"Mr. Bradely," rejoined the young man, with compressed lips and a peculiar gleam of his dark blue eye, "I hope and pray it may never be my fortune to meet an antagonist on the so-called field of honor; but should such be the case, mark me—*I may fall, but he will die!* Let us change the subject."

The crisis came. Accidentally the secret was discovered, and in less than twenty-four hours Arthur Grange received three challenges to mortal combat from different parties. He called upon Mr. Bradley his employer, to act as his friend and second, and assured him he was ready to fight them all.

"My dear friend," said the journalist, "this is a serious business. These men are all practiced duelists, and considered dead shots. They intend to kill, that is certain; and, to be candid, I see little hope of your escaping all three. I am not sure that you should accept more than one challenge at present."

"Oh, yes—all," returned the young man positively. "Please arrange the first affair for sunrise to-morrow morning, the second for half an hour later, and the third for half an hour later still. If I escape the first, I shall be in time for the second; and if the second, the third will not be kept waiting. If I fall before I give each a chance, of course I shall be excused."

Bradly threw his arms around the neck of the young lawyer, and fairly hugged him, so great was his admiration of his coolness and courage."

"If you live through this ordeal," he said, "you can aspire to any rank in the gift of this fighting State."

The meeting was arranged according to the wish of George Granger, and at the appointed hour he was on the ground with his friends; and so, in fact, was half the town of Little Rock who had come out to witness the fight, see fair play, and, if need be, take a hand on both sides—a part as friends and a part as foes.

The preliminaries being arranged, the principals of the first duel were placed ten paces apart.

"Be firm, steady, and first at the word," said Bradely, as he shook the hand of Granger and withdrew.

There was a few moments of breathless suspense, and the fatal signal was given. In an instant the arms of the combatants were raised, like two levers of iron, and the next moment there was a blended report. Young Granger stood firm, with the blood trickling down his face from a slight furrow in his forehead, plowed by the ball of his antagonist, who already lay stretched out on the earth, shot through the brain.

"Hit, but not hurt!" said the young lawyer, coolly running his finger along the wound, as his excited friends rushed up to him.

Such skill and courage were enough for even fighting Arkansas. A hundred stalwart men gathered around our delicate little hero, and swore his life should not be put in jeopardy again, to please himself or anybody else; and placing him upon their shoulders, they bore him off back into the town in triumph, his two waiting antagonists nowise regretting the whim of the spectators that had saved them from standing before such a fatal marksman.

From that day forth the star of Arthur Granger was in the ascendant. He suqsequently married a lady of fortune, and rose to the highest honors the State could give him.

Great mental abilities could only be appreciated in Arkansas when united with great physical courage, and then the road to distinction lay open to the fortunate possessor of both. Though the names above given are all fictitious, there are many persons living in the North who have heard the voice of Arthur Granger in the hall of our national Congress.

The Unknown Grave.

On a jut of land reaching out towards the Atlantic Ocean, near Brigantine beach, just on the northeast side or the Inlet at Atlantic City, stands a little cross composed of plain boards and painted white, bearing the inscription, or rather the portentous word "Unknown." The site which it was intended to mark contains the last of all that was mortal of a female, whose body was washed ashore at that place, during the prevalence of a northeast storm. The coroner of the county, or rather the Mayor of Atlantic city viewed the body but could find nothing to indicate her name, her place of residence, or any one who might be a friend or a relative to her. On the absence of all evidence of identification, she was buried on the spot where her dead body was found in a state of decomposition, and the above mentioned cross placed over her remains. Who could she have been? What might have been the cause of her untimely fate? Was it merely accidental, or had the hand of some heartless villain deprived her of life? All these questions rush impetuously upon the mind, and must remain forever in the vast field of conjecture. The wild winds howl over her grave—the raging billows dash angrily gainst the shore close up to the spot where she sleeps—sometimes the surf sweeps entirely over her—but these questions still remain unanswered! Oh, what a desolate and dreary spot, poor child of the sea, in which to rest from the storms and accidents of fate! Never again canst thou hear the voices of loved ones ring sweetly around the social hearth—thy songs will never again make glad the hearts of friends and kindred—and while they cast a lingering anxious eye out over the blue expanse of the ever groaning sea, and send hope anticipatingly forward into the dim future, no word, no sign of intelligence may ever reach them concerning thee. It may be that death was preferable to life—but, happy or miserable as thou mayst have been, the loneliest and wildest spot on the Jersey coast has contained thy ashes for upwards of *three years*. Whoever and *whatever* thou wert, poor child of fate—rest in peace.—*Camden Journal.*

THE DARKENED CAGE.—It is a curious fact that, while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer, sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under the shadow of great affliction, it is no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow, and sends up to God the tones of music—the loftiest strains of praise from the chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from "the depths" of his sorrow. It is not strange that those are dumb when the "days of darkness comes," whose song of delight lived only in the glare of earth, a fitful, transient splendor.

Important Medical Discovery.

A London correspondent of the *Liberator* gives this account:

"A great discovery is just now engaging the attention of the scientific and medical world. Few English names are more familiar to Americans than that of Dr. John Chapman, once the leading publisher of heretical books, now editor of the *Westminster*, and always a devotee of science and medicine. He is well acquainted with many scientific and literary Americans; and many of them, amongst others Mr. Emerson, have resided in his house when in England. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in studies and experiments connected with the nervous system alone, with such men as Dr. Brown, Sequard, and Claude de Bernard of Paris. For the past year he has been proving a tremendous discovery—namely, the cure of epilepsy, and many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, by means of the external application of ice and hot water, in India-rubber bags, at various parts of the spinal cord, acting thus upon the sympathetic nerve, and through it upon the most important and vital regions of the body. Many eminent physicians have accompanied Dr. Chapman to see the marvels which he had wrought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Some physicians, amongst others Dr. Wilkinson, (though a homœpathist,) have so recognized the importance of the discovery, as to commit to Dr. Chapman's care some of their patients. Cases are attested, where a man for six years had three fits (on an average) daily; a girl, who had two from the ages of thirteen to seventeen; had been entirely cured by ice. Just as wonderful have been the cures of paralysis. Many of the worst and most inveterate female diseases have yielded to the new cure. The treatment is as simple as it is grand. Any one who is troubled by the pressure of blood on the brain, will find that by holding a bag of ice on the nape of the neck for ten minutes, an equal flow of blood can be secured. Those who are troubled with habitual cold feet, may find relief by applying ice to the small of the back in the lumbar region. It is hard to estimate the importance of this discovery, which will ere long be ranked by the side of that of Jenner. Several hospitals are already under Dr. Chapman's practice, and, as yet, no one can bring forth an instance of failure."

Adulterations.

Many of the articles in common use in families are subject to fraudulent mixture, especially those which are sold in the ground or powdered state. Ground spices are, from their high price, not only adulterated with other substances, but inferior and damaged articles, such as could not be sold in the whole condition, are made into powder. The additions made to spices are not generally of a deleterious nature, but are simply a fraud upon the buyer, who gets much less of the real article than he pays for. Our ship biscuit and Indian meal flour, and ground oil cake, are among the substances used, and tuns of these are annually sold at the price of spices. The value of spices depends upon the oil they contain. In some instances the oil of cloves and cinnamon is previously extracted, and the articles afterwards ground and sold.

We have known a wholesale dealer to keep three sorts of ground ginger, which he sold to retailers at as many different prices, under the names of fresh, pure and extra. Those differed only in the proportions of meal they contained.

It is very difficult to find pure ground mustards; much of that in the market contains very little of the flour of mustard seed, and a great deal of the flour of wheat, with tumerick to give a fine yellow color. Having occasion some time ago to make four trials, with mustard bought at different places, before we could find any which would produce any redness of the skin, or even a feeling of warmth. Cayenne pepper, which, from being troublesome to prepare, is usually bought ready ground, is much adulterated. This is often mixed with harmless substances, but sometimes red lead, which is poisonous, is used to bring up the color.—Pure Cayenne is of an orange red color; any which is bright red or scarlet, should be looked upon with suspicion. Where a spice is much adulterated, the lack of proper taste and smell will detect it—but such pungent articles can be mixed with tasteless materials to a considerable extent, without materially altering the taste or smell. Adulterations can be readily detected by the microscope; but there are few who have the skill and the means to make the examination; and the only safe way is to purchase the articles unground, and pound or grind them in the house.

A GOOD MEMORY.—Dr. Fuller had a prodigious memory, and could name in order, we are informed, all the signs, on both sides of the way, from the beginning of Paternoster Row, at Ave Maria Lane, to the bottom of Cheapside at the Mansion House. He once made a visit, in the days of the great rebellion, to a committee of sequestrators, who were sitting at Waltham, in Essex. These gentlemen very soon began to talk about Dr. Fuller's great powers of memory, to which he replied, "'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." The party were delighted, and told him they should consider it a great favor if he would so far oblige them; and laying aside all business, they prepared themselves to listen.

"Gentlemen," said the worthy Fuller, "I will give you an instance of my good memory in that particular. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, poor, but Cavalier person, my neighbor, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a great change of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent. If you please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live."

It is said that the committee complied with the request, and immediately released and restored the poor clergyman. Among the more showy uses to which we may from time to time put our memories, let us not forget, when occasion serves, to use it for so good an end as did the worthy Dr. Fuller.

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.
1 Square,	$3,00	$4,50	$6,00
2 do.	5,00	6,50	8,00
3 do.	7,00	8,50	10,00
¼ Column,	8,00	9,50	12,50
½ do.	15,00	20,00	25,00
1 do.	25,00	35,00	40,00

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', Constable's and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

Don't Forget Me.

How often we hear the words "Don't forget me," when seperating from our friends. How often they come to our ears in every variety of tone—from the light, impulsive school girl's to the deep tremulous accents of those who love us as only true and faithful hearts can love.

"Don't forget me," lisps the rosy cheeked cherub, scarcely conscious of the import of the word. "Don't forget me," says the aged man, whose hair is white with the frost of many winters. All wish to be remembered. All wish some little nook of the heart preserved for their words and images. But are they all forgotten? Ask the lonely being resting his weary head upon his hands, and listenting to the wild requiems of the wailing winds, while the thick shades of approaching darkness fold their wings around him—ask him if those he once loved—those who once cast sunshine in his path of life—are no longer remembered through the lapse of time which has intervened—if the day of seperation and these from whom he seperated are now mouldering beneath the dust of later scenes and trials? Ask him if the sylph-like form which stood by his side, the sweet blue eyes which sought his with tears of sorrow are no longer remembered? Ask him if the half whispered last request "Don't forget me," is unheeded? Ask him, and he will tell you that the friends of former days are still embalmed by memory's magic power, and their images are still within their hearts; that the sylph-like form and soft blue eyes have always in fancy remained the same; and that the last request is whispered in his ear by every passing breeze. Oh! there is no fount upon earth more sacred than the fountain of memory. There is no costly gem hidden in the earth so precious as the relics contained in the heart. There are no words so sweet as those affection breathes, and no sculptured marble so true as the image, the heart images, of our friends.

Trouble.

No earthly power can exempt us from the trials and troubles to which we are exposed.—Riches cannot buy happiness, nor can they prevent sorrow from falling upon us. Every joy has its own corresponding grief—the rose, its thorn. The beautiful rose has hidden beneath its delicate petals the brier that causes pain.—The lovely sunset clouds, beaming with effulgent light, may brook a storm ere to-morrow's dawn. In life, joy is transient, and trouble is ever lurking around, ready to pounce upon the contented heart, and drain its well-spring of happiness, to give peace to the bitter gall of misery. How rarely, if ever, do we see a life of all sunshine? There is no heart but that has once been sad, or had some heart-rending sorrow. There is no flock, with the most tender shepherd, but there would be one dead lamb—no household, however so carefully tended, but one empty chair will be found. Trouble will come—and it is our duty to take it as it comes. Perhaps if we had acted differently, it might have been prohibited, and we yet in the possession of happiness.

But how often it comes upon those who have always led a virtuous life, and have never been beguiled by the wary voice of tempting. Here it is not affliction, but a blessing. Adversity does not fall upon us for the simple cause that it will make us unhappy or miserable. Pride would gain such an ascendancy that humility would be unknown, and the heart become buried in its own conceits.

A NATION OF PIGMIES.—In the Bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well-proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not as dark as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle; and further increase their unsightly appearance, by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil; or covering their persons toward nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against musquitos.

REMEDY FOR CHILDREN'S COUGHING FROM THE EFFECT OF WORMS.—A little girl of ours, about five years old, perfectly healthy and free from coughing during the day, was every night, for several weeks, about ten or eleven o'clock, seized with spells of coughing, evidently caused by worms. We were advised by a neighbor to tie a small bunch of tanzy leaves around her chest and neck, on putting her to bed. We found the remedy thoroughly effectual. The odor of the plants is offensive to the worms, and compels them to remain in their proper sphere. Doubtless many of our readers may find this remedy as effectual as we have. Physicians generally are opposed to giving medicine to expel worms from the system, experience having shown that the remedies are more injurious than the disease.

EXCELLENT DEFINITION OF GOOD MANNERS.—A writer in the *Atlantic* thus describes what we are always theorizing about:

"The world has always been charmed with fine manners. And why should it not? For what are fine manners but this—to carry your soul on your lip, in your eye, in the palm of your hand,; and yet to stand not naked, but clothed by your individual quality—visible, yet inscrutable—given to the hearts of others, yet contained in your own bosom—nobly and humanely open, yet duly reticent and secured from invasion. Polished manners often disappoint us—good manners, never. The former may be taken on by indigent souls—the latter simply a noble and opulent nature."

WHY should the highest apple on a tree be a good one. Because it is a "*tip-top*" apple.