

The Tioga County Agitator
BY M. H. COBB.
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subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY
per year, always IN ADVANCE.
The paper is sent postage free to county
offices in counties immediately adjoining,
convenience.
The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga
County, and circulates in every neighborhood
in the county. It is published weekly, and
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 offered by any paper of equal circulation in
Northern Pennsylvania.

A cross on the margin of a page, denotes
that the subscription is about to expire.
Papers will be stopped when the subscrip-
tion expires, unless the agent orders their con-
tinuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
will attend the Courts of Tioga, Otsego
and McKean counties. [Wellboro, Jan. 1, 1863.]

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Concord, Pa., will attend the Courts of
Tioga, Otsego and McKean counties. All his
cases in this county will be promptly at-
tended. 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. 1, 1863.]

DICKINSON HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
MRS. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the City
at charge. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE,
Wellboro, 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. It is well fitted
for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and
the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND
JEWELRY!
Repairs 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-
class workman in the State. [Wellboro, July 15, 1863.] A. R. JACOBY.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
B. B. HOLLADAY, 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.]

A. FOLEY,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.,
REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
NO. 5, UNION BLOCK,
Wellboro, May 20, 1863.

E. R. BLACK,
BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,
NO. 4, UNION BLOCK,
Wellboro, June 24, 1863.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE,
WRIGHT & BAILEY
HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired
and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed,
&c., every day at their store in town.
Cash paid for all kinds of grain.
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
season, having secured the services of Mr. J. DEER,
a competent and experienced workman, and in-
tending 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 ten to twenty cents per yard, as per
color and finish. [Wellboro, May 6, 1863.] J. L. JACOBY.

MARBLE SHOP.
I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN
and RULAND MARBLE, (bought at 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 the best.
WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE.
Tioga, May 20, 1863-Jy. A. D. COBB.

JOHN A. ROY,
DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Dyes, Spices, Per-
fumes, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods,
Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and other Liquors for
medical use. Agent for the sale of all the best Pat-
ent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted
genuine and of the
BEST QUALITY.
Physicians' Prescriptions accurately com-
pounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any
other in burning in Kerosene Lamps. Also, all other kinds
of Oil usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
FANCY DYE COLORS in packages, ready
compounded, for the use of private families. Also,
our Leaf Sugar for ornamental compounds. [Wellboro, June 24, 1863-Jy.]

Insurance Agency.
The Insurance Company of North America have
appointed the undersigned agent for Tioga
County and vicinity.
As the high character and standing of this com-
pany give the assurance of full protection to owners of
property against the hazard of fire, I solicit the con-
fidence of a liberal share of the business of the county.
This company was organized in 1794. Its capital
is \$500,000, and its assets in 1861 as per statement
of 31st Jan. of that year were \$1,254,719 81.
CHARLES PLATT, Sec. Vary.
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, Pres. ident.
Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street
Philadelphia.
Wm. Buchler, Central Agent Har-
risburg, 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
Mrs. H. S. TAYLOR, Assistant
Miss H. A. FANSWORTH, Precinct
Miss M. A. TAYLOR, Precinct
Assistant, and Teacher of Music.
The Fall Term of this Institution will open
Sept. 21. The Winter Term, Dec. 24. The Spring Term,
March 16th, 1864. Each term to continue 16
weeks.
A Normal School Course of study for graduation,
embracing two years, is adopted.
Students for the Normal Course, and for the Classi-
cal Department, are solicited.
For particulars, address Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, Mans-
field, Tioga County, Penna. Send for a Circular.
W. W. COOPER, Sec.
President of the Board of Trustees.
Mansfield, August 5, 1863.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy 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, MARCH 2, 1864. NO. 27.

Select Poetry.

[From the Daily Morning Chronicle.]
THE RIGHT IS MIGHT.

I saw one start from his repose,
His muscles knit with labor's throes,
His pulses beat like hammer-blows.
His brow was wet with beaded sweat;
His words who heard shall ne'er forget—
They thrill me to the marrow yet.
"Men of the Western World!" cried he,
"The right is might—truth, victory!
God giveth opportunity!
"I charge ye—take and use the gift;
So earn, when war's red mark shall lift,
His everlasting peace, and thrift.
"Events crowd thickly. Marvel vies
With marvel. Mightier changes rise
And fling their shadows on the skies.
"God's purpose waits not. Read the past;
States grand, but truthless, false as vast,
Into the outer darkness cast.
"For this: Against the skies they spat,
And fine-spun theories begat
To show that 'this' could not be 'that.'
"And in their schools they gibbered taught
The gods indwelt in mystic thought;
That thought was all, and all was sought.
"Made orate speech of equal right;
Of brotherhood, yet gaped in night;
Darkness enthroned, and crowned in light.
"Ignoring MAN, the sentient fact;
Giving the lie to speech in act;
Preserving form, alone, intact.
"Thus, wrong to giant crimes was wrought,
And men, like bees, were sold and bought,
Then God passed by, and they were naught!"
"Men of the West! mine eyes decay
Omens of warning in the sky;
Stand firm, for God is passing by!
"Stand firm. Let this your legend be:
THE RIGHT IS MIGHT—TRUTH, VICTORY!
GOD GIVETH OPPORTUNITY!"
WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1864. M. H. COBB.

Select Story.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE.

Between eight and ten year's ago, I engaged
in a long vacation among the Alps of Savoy.
I was alone. My object was not amusement,
but study. I occupy a professor's chair, and
I was engaged in the collection of materials
for a work on the Flora of the higher Alps;
and to this end, travelled chiefly on foot.
My route lay from the beaten paths and passes.
I often journeyed for days through regions
where there were neither inns nor villages.
I often wandered from dawn till dusk, among
sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of
the upper pastures, and untrodden save by
the chamois and the hunter. I thought my-
self fortunate, at those times, if towards evening,
I succeeded in steering my way down to
the nearest chalet, where, in company with a
half savage mountaineer and a herd of milch
goats, I might find the shelter of a raftered roof,
and a supper of black bread and whey.
On one particular evening I had gone further
than usual in pursuit of the Senecio uniflorus,
a rare plant which I hitherto believed indig-
enous to the southern valleys of Monte Rosa,
but of which I here succeeded in finding one or
two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and
barren district, difficult to distinguish with any
degree of precision on the map, but by lying
among the upper defiles of the Val de Bugnes,
between the Mount Pleneur and the Grand
Combin. On the waste of rock-strewn moss
to which I had climbed, there was no sign of
human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-
fields of Corbassiere, surmounted by the silver
summits of the Graffeniere and Combin. To
my left the sun was going down rapidly behind
a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which,
as well as I could judge from Ostwald's map,
was the Mont Blanc de Chellon. In ten min-
utes more those peaks would be crimsoned;
in one short half hour it would be night.
To be benighted on an Alpine plateau to-
wards the end of September is not a desirable
position. I knew it to be by recent experience,
and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I
therefore began retracing my steps as rapidly
as I could, descending in a northwesterly di-
rection, and keeping a sharp lookout for any
chalet that might offer a shelter for the night.
Pushing forward thus, I found myself presen-
tly at the head of a little ravine, chan-
neled, as it were, in the face of the plateau.
I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering
darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of
a path trampled here and there in the deep
grass. It also seemed as if the ravine tended
down towards the upper pastures which were
my destination. By following it I could scarce-
ly go wrong. Where there is grass there are
generally cattle and a chalet; and I might
possibly find a nearer resting place than I had
anticipated. At all events I resolved to try it.
The ravine proved shorter than I had expected,
and instead of leading immediately down-
ward, opened upon a second plateau, through
which a well-worn footway had struck off ab-
ruptly to the left. Pursuing this footway
with what speed I might, I came, in the
course of a few minutes, to a sudden slope, at
the bottom of which, in a basin almost sur-
rounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a
small, dark lake, a few fields and a chalet.
The rose tint had by this time come and
gone, and the snow had put on that ghostly
grey which precedes the dark. Before I could
descend the slope, skirt the lake, and mount
the little eminence on which the house stood
sheltered by its back ground of rocks, it was
already night, and the stars were in the sky.
I went to the door and knocked; no one an-
swered. I opened the door; all was dark.
I paused, held my breath, listened, fancied
breathing. I knocked again. My second
knock was followed by a quick noise, like the
push of a chair, and a man's voice said hoarse-
ly, "Who is there?"
"A traveler," I replied, "seeking shelter
for the night."
A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp
flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by
the flickering of tinder, a man's face bending
over a lantern. Having lighted it, he said,
with scarce a glance towards the door, "Enter,

traveler," and went back to his seat beside the
empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort
than those usually found at so great an altitude,
consisting of a dairy and house place, with a
loft overhead. A table, with three or four
wooden stools, occupied the center of the room.
The rafters were hung with bunches of dried
herbs and long strings of Indian corn. A
clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet
upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fire-
place; and through a lattice at the farthest end
I could hear the cows feeding in the out house
beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my
reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and spec-
imen box, took possession of the nearest stool,
and asked if I could have supper.
My host looked up with the air of a man in-
tent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.
"Yes," he said, wearily; "you can eat,
traveler."

With this he crossed to the other side of the
hearth stooped over a dark object which until
now I had not observed, crouching in the corner,
and muttered a word or two of unintelligible
patois. The object moaned, lifted up a wilder-
ed woman's white face, and rose slowly from
the floor. The herdsmen pointed to the table,
and went back to his stool in his former atti-
tude. The woman, after passing helplessly, as
if in the effort to remember something, went
out into the dairy, came back with a brown
loaf and a pan of milk, and set before me on
the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the im-
pression of that woman's face. She was young
and very pretty, and her beauty seemed turned
to stone. Every feature bore the seal of un-
speakable terror. Every gesture was mechan-
ical. In the lines that furrowed her brow was
a haggardness more terrible than the haggard-
ness of age. In the looking of her lips there
was an anguish beyond the utterance of words.
Though she served me, I do not think she saw
me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no
apparent consciousness of any object or cir-
cumstance external to the secret of her own de-
spair. All this I noticed during the few brief
moments in which she brought me my supper.
That done, she crept away, abjectly, into the
same dark corner, and sank down again, a
mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband, there was something
unnatural in the singular immobility of his at-
titude. There he sat, with his body bent for-
ward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes
staring fixedly at the blackened hearth, and
not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to
show that he lived and breathed. I could not
determine his age, analyze and observe his fea-
tures as I might. He looked old enough to be
fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was
a fine, muscular mountaineer, with that grave
cast of countenance which is peculiar to the
Valaisian peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my moun-
tain appetite was gone. I sat, as if fascinated,
in the presence of this strange pair, observing
both, and, apparently, by both as much forgot-
ten as if I had never crossed their threshold.
We remained thus, by the dim light of the lan-
tern and the monotonous ticking of the clock,
for some forty minutes or more, all profoundly
silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in
pain; sometimes the cows struck their horns
against the manger in the out-house. The
herdsman alone sat motionless, like a man cast
in bronze. At length the clock struck nine.
I had by this time become so nervous that I al-
most dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt
the silence. However, I pushed my plate nec-
essarily aside, and said, with as much show of
ease as I could muster:

"I have you any place, friend, in which I can
sleep to-night?"
He shifted his position uneasily, and, without
looking round, replied in the same form of
words as before:

"Yes, you can sleep, traveler."
"Where? In the loft above?"
He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern
from the table, and turned towards the dairy.
As we passed, the light streamed for a moment
over the crouching figure in the corner.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked, pausing and
looking back.
His eyes met mine for the first time, and a
shudder passed over his body.

"Yes," he said, with an effort. "She is
ill."
I was about to ask what ailed her, but some-
thing in his face arrested the question on my
lips. I know not, to this hour, what that some-
thing was. I could not define it then; I can-
not describe it now; but I hope I may never
see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of a ladder at the
further end of the dairy.
"Up there!" he said, placing the lantern in
my hand, and he strode heavily back into the
darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long, low
granary, stored with corn sacks, hay, onions,
rock salt, cheese, and farming implements.—
In one corner were the usual luxuries of a mat-
ress, a rug, and a three-legged stool. My first
care was to make a systematic inspection of the
loft and all that it contained. My next, to open
a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter,
just opposite my bed.

The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh
air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a
strange, undefined sense of trouble, I extin-
guished the lantern, and I stood looking out
upon the solemn peaks and glaciers. Their
solitude seemed to me more than usually aw-
ful—their silence more than usually profound.
I could not help associating them, in some
vague way, with the mystery in the house. I
perplexed myself with all kinds of wild con-
jectures as to what the nature of that mystery
might be. The woman's face haunted me like
an evil dream. Again and again I went from
the lattice, vainly listening for any sound from
the rooms below. A long time went by thus,
until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of
the day, I stretched myself on the mattress,
took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted,
nor from what cause I awoke. "I only know
that my sleep was dreamless and profound—
and that I started from it suddenly, unaccount-

ably, trembling in every nerve, and possessed by
an overwhelming sense of danger.

Danger! Danger of what kind? From
what? From whence? I looked round—I was
alone; and the quiet moon was shining in as
serenely as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked
to and fro, reasoned with myself—all in vain.
I could not stay the beating of my heart. I
could not master the horror that oppressed my
brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again;
that I must get out of the house somehow, and
at once; that to stay would be death; that the
instinct by which I was governed must at all
costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or,
at all events, to sell life dearly, I strapped on
my knapsack, armed myself with my iron-
headed alpenstock, took my large clasp knife
between my teeth, and began cautiously and
noiselessly to descend the ladder. When I was
about half down, the alpenstock, which was
studiously keeping clear of the ladder, encoun-
tered the dairy vessel, and sent it glittering to
the ground. Caution, after this, was useless.
I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a
bound, and found it, to my amazement, de-
serted, with the door wide open, and the moon-
light streaming in. Suspecting a trap, my first
impulse was to stand still, with my back against
the wall, prepared for a desperate defence. All
was silent. I could only hear the ticking of
the clock and the heavy beating of my own
heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and
milk were still standing where I had left them
on the table. The herdsman's stool occupied
the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he
and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of
night—leaving me, a stranger, in the sole occu-
pation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or
stay, and while I was wondering at the strange-
ness of my position, I heard, or fancied I heard,
something—something that might have been
the wind, save that there was no air stirring—
something that might have been the wailing of
a human voice. I held my breath; I heard it
again; followed it, as it died away. I had not
far to go. A line of light gleamed under the
door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a
cry, more bitter and piercing than any I had
yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recalled with horror—went
back, as if fascinated, and so stood for some
moments, unable to move, to think, to do any-
thing but stare helplessly upon the scene before
me. To this day I cannot recall it, without
something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside the hut, by the light of a pine torch,
thrust into an iron sconce against the wall, I
saw the herdsman kneeling by the body of his
wife; grieving over her, like another Othello;
kissing her white lips, wiping blood stains from
her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of
passionate remorse, and calling down all the
curse of heaven upon his own head and that
of some other man who had brought this crime
upon him! I understood it all now—all the
mystery, all the terror, all the despair. She
had sinned against him, and he had slain her.
She was quite dead. The very knife, with its
hides testimony fresh upon the blade, lay
near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly—like a
man with bloodhounds on his track;—now
stumbling over stones; now torn by briars;
now pausing a moment to take breath; now
rushing forward faster than before; now bat-
tling up hill with straining lungs and trembling
limbs; now staggering across a level space;
now making for the higher ground again, and
casting never a glance behind!

At last I reached a bare plateau above the
line of vegetation, where I dropped, exhausted.
Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupi-
fied, until the dense cloud of approaching dawn
forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose
and looked on a scene, no feature of which was
familiar to me. The very snow-peaks, though
I knew they must be the same, looked unlike
the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers,
seen from a different point of view, assumed
new forms, as if on purpose to baffle me. Thus
perplexed, I had no resource but to climb the
nearest height, from which it was probable that
a general view might be obtained. I did so,
just as the last belt of purple mist turned gold-
en in the east, and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me
—peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier,
valley and pine-forest, and pasture slope, all
flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapors
of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the
foam of a waterfall, or the silver thread of a
torrent; here and there, the canopy of faint
blue smoke, that waved upward from some
hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell
upon a little lake—a sullen pool—lying in the
shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight
hundred feet below.

Until that moment, the night and its terrors
appeared to have passed away like a wicked
vision—but now the very sky seemed darkened
and gloomy. Yes, there it lay at my feet—
Yonder was the path by which I had descended
from the plateau, and, lower still, the accursed
chalet, with its back ground of rugged cliffs
and overhanging precipice.

Well might they lie in shadow! Well might
the sunlight refuse to touch the ripples of that
lake with gold, and to light up the windows of
that house with an illumination direct from
heaven.

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became
aware of a strange sound—a sound singularly
distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and
more hollow than a fall of an avalanche, and
unlike anything that I remember to have heard.
While I was yet asking myself what it could
be, or whence it came, I saw a considerable
fragment of rock detach itself from one of the
heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly
from ledge to ledge, and fall with a heavy splash
into the water below. It was followed by a
cloud of dust, and a prolonged reverberation,
like the rolling, distant thunder.

Next moment, a dark fissure sprang into
sight, all down the face of the precipice; the
fissure became a chasm—the whole cliff wavered
before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a car-
nant of earth and stones—and slid slowly
down, down into the valley.
Defeated by the crash, and blinded by the
dust, I covered my face with my hands, and an-

icipated instant destruction. The echoes, how-
ever, died away, and were succeeded by a so-
lemn silence. The plateau on which I stood
remained firm and unshaken. I looked up.

The sun was shining as serenely, the landscape
sleeping as peacefully, as before. Nothing was
changed, save that a wide white scar now de-
faced one side of the great limestone basin be-
low, and a ghastly mound of ruin filled the val-
ley at its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried
all record of the crime to which I had been an
unwilling witness. The very mountains had
come down and covered it—nature had obliterated
it from the face of the Alpine solitude.—
Lake and chalet, victim and executioner; had
disappeared forever—the place thereof knew
them no more.

Japanese Ideas of Europeans.

The Japanese Ambassadors have published
at Yedo their impressions of America and Eu-
rope. They say:
"Of French women, some are very handsome
—for example, the Empress. They are, how-
ever, in general, less so than in America. Their
noses are sometimes higher than those of the
men. They walk like men, taking long steps;
look men in the face, and laugh a great deal,
sometimes very loud. In order to make them-
selves look taller, they make the bonnets stick
up above their heads. Even the modest women
dance a great deal. They hang on to the arms
of the men, and there are days when every man
has a woman hanging on to his arm. Are they
their own wives? We think so. In general,
the women enjoy great liberty. What we say
of the women of France, applies to those of all
Europe. The latter, with the exception of the
Dutch, are inferior to the French. We will not
speak of their costume. It is impossible to un-
derstand it;—in the evening it is not always
decent. The men are stiff, and a little proud
or rough. The shopkeepers are haughty, and
saluted us only in very middling degree. They
did not like us to derange the articles in their
shops much, and doubtless reckoned on our
buying a great deal from them. We were ex-
tremely disgusted at Paris and elsewhere, to
see beef and mutton, still bloody, exposed in
the most public shops. To eat beef is often
medicinally useful, but why present it in the
eyes of the world? It was truly shocking to
see several of our party. The dress of the men ap-
pears at first sight ridiculous and curtailed;—
however, it might be convenient and economical.
In Paris, as in London, every one walks very
fast, as with us when there is a fire. Their
houses are so high that they must fall on the
first earthquake."

WONDERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The
English language must appear fearfully and
wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them
looking at a picture of a number of vessels,
said: "See, what a flock of ships!" He was
told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but
that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And,
it was added, for his guidance in mastering the
inaccuracies of our language, that "a flock of
girls is called a bevy; that a bevy of wolves is
called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a
gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and
a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal
of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of chil-
dren is called a troop, and a troop of partridges
is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is
called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called
a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap,
and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a
drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a
mob of whales is called a school, and a school
of worshippers is called a congregation, and a
congregation of engineers is called a corps, and
a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band
of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of
people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gen-
tlemen is called elite, and the elite of the city's
thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and
the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is
called the community or the public, according
as they are spoken of by the religious com-
munity or secular public."

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing
which goes so far towards placing young peo-
ple beyond the reach of poverty, as economy
in the management of household affairs. It
matters not whether a man furnishes little or
much for his family, if there is a continual leak-
age in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away he
knows not how; and that demon Waste cries
"More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until
he has provided has no more to give. It is the
husband's duty to bring into the house; and it
is the duty of the wife to see that none goes
wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to
look after his affairs, and to assist him in his
journey through life; to educate and prepare
their children for a proper station in life, and
not to dissipate his property. The husband's
interest should be his wife's care, and her
greatest ambition to carry her no further than
his welfare or happiness demands, together
with that of their children. This should be her
sole aim, and the theater of her exploits in the
bosom of her family, where she may do as much
toward making a fortune as he can in the count-
ing room or the workshop. It is not the money
earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what
he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification
in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more
company than his purse can well entertain, are
equally pernicious.

A LETTER from out West from a pious indi-
vidual says: "Dear Brother; I have got one
of the handsomest farms in the State, and have
it nearly paid for. Crops are good and prices
were never better. We have had a glorious re-
vival of religion in our church, and both of
our children (the Lord be praised!) are con-
verted. Father got to be rather an incumber-
ance, and last week I sent him to the poor-
house."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a police-
man, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxi-
cated individual who had fallen into the gutter.
"Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he
can't give an account of himself." "Of course
not," said the other, with an expression of much
surprise, "how can you expect an account
from a man who has lost his balance?"

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10
lines, one of 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	7.50	10.00
3 do.	7.00	10.50	14.00
4 do.	9.00	13.50	18.00
5 do.	11.00	16.50	22.00
6 do.	13.00	19.50	26.00
7 do.	15.00	22.50	30.00
8 do.	17.00	25.50	34.00
9 do.	19.00	28.50	38.00

Advertisements not having the number of inser-
tions 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.

Romantic History and Death of a Brook- lyn Girl.

It is now about a year since a young lady,
nineteen years of age, residing in Willowoughy
street, Brooklyn, beautiful, educated, and re-
fined, became possessed of a singular monoma-
nia. She had taken a great interest in the
progress of the war, read with the greatest avid-
ity all the accounts in the newspapers of bat-
tles, sieges, "scapes if the imminent deadly
breach," and could think and talk of nothing
but glorious war. Soon her actions showed
that, in this particular at least, her brain had
been turned with military enthusiasm, and she
announced to her astonished and grief-stricken
family that she was a second and modern Joan
of Arc, called by Providence to lead our ar-
mies to certain victory in this great civil con-
test. Her friends, who are wealthy and highly
respectable, in vain tried to combat her delu-
sion. Medical advice was called in, and a
change of scene was recommended by the fam-
ily physician. In conformity with his counsel,
the young lady was removed to Ann Arbor,
in the State of Michigan. Why she was taken
to so great a distance is not known, but it is
surmised that her family had near relatives in
that vicinity. Her mania, however, continued
to increase until it was found necessary to con-
fine her to her apartment. She, however, suc-
ceeded in making her escape, repaired to De-
troit in male clothes, and joined the drum
corps of a Michigan regiment, her sex being
known only to herself. Her regiment was
sent to the Army of the Cumberland, and the
girl continued to do her duty as a drummer-
boy, though how she survived the hardships of
the Kentucky campaign, where strong men fell
in numbers, must forever remain an inscrut-
able mystery.

The regiment to which she was attached had
a place in the division of the gallant Van Cleve,
and during the bloody battle of Lookout
Mountain, the fair girl fell, pierced in the left
side by a Minie ball, and when borne to the
surgeon's tent her sex was discovered. She
was told by the surgeon that her wound was
mortal, and he advised her to give her name
that her family might be informed of her fate.
This she finally, though reluctantly, consented
to do, and the colonel of the regiment, although
suffering himself from a painful wound, be-
came interested in her behalf,