

Dying Moments.

BY ANNA JANE MACLEAN.

There's a rustling of angelic wings—
Bright creatures love the sky—
They come to see, in her agony,
A mortal sister die.

HUMOROUS SKETCH.

From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.
DOESTICKS INVENTS A PATENT MEDICINE.
New York Nov. 6, 1854.
701 Narrow street.

Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it myself. I have gone into the patent medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor.

I have not yet brought it to absolute perfection, but not even now it acts with immense force, as you will perceive by the accompanying testimonials and records of my own individual experience.

Dear Sir: The land hitherto composing my farm has been so poor that a Scotchman could not get his living off it, and so stony that we had to slice out potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared.

There, isn't that some? But I give one more from a member of a senior class in a western college, who, although misguided, neglected and ignorant, is undoubtedly as honest and sincere as his Prussianized education will admit of.

My Dear Doctor: (You know I attended medical lectures half a winter, and once assisted in getting a crooked needle out of a baby's leg; so I understand perfectly well the theory and practice of medicine, and the true doctor, is perfectly legitimate under the Prussian system.)

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was restored, unimpaired, to my friends with a new set of double teeth. I have preserved the label which enveloped the bottle, and have sewed it on the seal of my pantaloon, and I now bid grim death defiance, for I feel that I am henceforth unkillable, and in fact I am even now generally denominated the "Great Western Achilles."

Yours, entirely,
Ski Hy.
I feel that after this, Mr. Editor, I need give you no more reports of third persons, but will nevertheless detail some of my own personal experiences of the articles. I caused some to be applied to the Washpetay Bank after its failure, and while the balsam lasted, the bank redeemed its notes with specie.

Orders for my balsam, accompanied by the money, will be immediately attended to; otherwise not—for my partner and I have resolved to sell for cash only, feeling as did Dr. Young, who appropriately and feelingly remarks:—"We take no notes on time."

Triumphantly yours,
Dr. Q. R. P. Doesticks, P. B., M. D.
P. S.—Bull Dogge says I have piled it up too strong, and that no one will believe what he calls "that humbug about the newspapers, and the preposterous nonsense concerning the Broadway actor."

There was one of our rides which I never call to mind without a leap of the heart. The noble red stallion which I usually mounted, had not forgotten the plains of Dan-bur, where he was bred, and whenever we came upon the boundless level extending southward from the town, his blood was aroused.

About two weeks after this, had the pleasure of participating in a gunpowder explosion, on which occasion my arms and legs were scattered over the village, and my mangled remains pretty equally distributed throughout the whole country. Under these circumstances my life was despaired of, and my class-mates had bought a pine coffin, and carried a wake of oxen two miles and a quarter in my left hand, my right hand being tied behind me; and if any one doubts the fact, the oxen are still to be seen.

centra of a desolate sandy plain, broken here and there by clumps of stunted mimosa and dreary landscape, but glorified by the sunshine and delicious air. We rode several miles on the return track, before we met the pursuing attendants, who had urged their dromedaries into a gallop, and were sailing after us like a flock of ostriches.—Bayard Taylor.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

JUST CHARGE IT.

Charles, what did this peach preserve cost?
I'm sure I don't know, Hannah.
But you bought it this morning, didn't you?
I did, but I didn't ask the price of it.
Did you not pay for it?
No.
Why not?
O because I couldn't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once in three months.

This conversation was going on at tea table, between Charles Mathe was and his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic, and he had just commenced housekeeping, and as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determination to his wife, she remained sometime in silent thought.

"Mistakes!" repeated Hannah. How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them.
I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money or I may only take it on trial—then I pay for part and not for all, some things may get charged which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around. I am satisfied of it.
Well, perhaps it may, said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."

Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now, you needn't shake your head for I know it. There are so many little extras, which we do not need, but which you will yet be apt to buy if you do not have to pay cash down. I know something about this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything, you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger.

But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage that way. You misunderstood me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for credit? Mr. Waldron, for a five dollar bill, will let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you'll find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had to pay the cash for it.

But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully, returned the young husband, in a tone which showed that his feelings were touched.
I know you did, said the wife, laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and I was grateful, for I knew you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all those things, perhaps—and the wife spoke very low—you might be able to buy a little cottage of your own one of these days.
For several days Charles sent only such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went into the store one morning on his way to his work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke:—"Mr. Mathews, don't you want a jar of these pickles? I carried my wife in a jar last evening and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."

and his credit, and of the storekeeper in particular. Only a dollar! Yes, only a dollar on the trader's books,—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that is different. Charles Mathews would not have bought those pickles if the cash had been required for them.

There Mathews, said these nice oranges?
They are nice, replied Charles. And so they really were.
I know your wife would like some of these, I carried some in to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen.
These are nice. How do they come?
Let's see; I can send you three dozen for a dollar; I get those very cheap.—You know they are retailing at five and six cents apiece.

Yes, well, you may send me up three dozen. Just charge them if you please.
Certainly; anything else this morning?
I believe not.
And so Mathews went on. This morning it was a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents. It didn't seem very much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them.
Only a dollar, he would say to himself, "that isn't much out of twelve dollars a week." And so it might not be; but the trouble was that the next dollar was "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar with the former dollar and call it "two dollars," and with the next and call it three, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a gold chain attached to his watch.
Where did you get that? asked his wife.
Ah, returned the husband, with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain in this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."
I'm sure I can't guess.
O, but try—guess something.
Well, perhaps ten dollars.
Ten dollars? echoed Charles, with a sort of disappointed look. Why what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars for it. Why just half it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money, and let me have it for twelve dollars.

It is cheap, to be sure, returned Hannah, but yet with not so much pleasurable surprise as her husband had anticipated.
But, she added, you did not need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money.
Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving.
But you forget our things, Charles.—The money which you have in your hands is not yours.
No; it belongs to the store-keeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid.

Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost me anywhere near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week, besides paying his rent.
Yes, said Hannah, I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Saturday night and goes over to the market and buys his week's quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he goes at the store. He lays in a good quantity of these articles which will keep and buys them as cheap as he can. Butter, eggs, cheese, apples, and such, he buys when the market is full, and when they are cheap and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid twenty-eight cents yesterday.

Twenty-eight cents! repeated the young man in surprise.
Yes, I asked Mr. Waldron's man who brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen eggs some time ago for twelve cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they kept well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty-three for those you sent up yesterday.

Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day, said the wife, after supper.
Ah, did he? let me see it.
Hannah brought it, and Charles looked at it. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars a week.

This is impossible! he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles and could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost only a dollar looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a different appearance.
How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles? kindly inquired his wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder and priting the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.
How much shall I lay up? he repeated.
Not much. Get me the slate and let me reckon up. Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First Hannah put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher and the baker.
Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theatre tickets and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much remains.
Hannah performed the sum and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.
Fifty-two dollars, uttered Charles, sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing or furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I thought to save thirty at least."

Well, it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. "Let us commence again, there's nothing like trying, you know."
For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate, and then upon the floor. At last he spoke; there was a peculiar light in his eyes and a flush upon his countenance.
Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit it. I have been wrong; if I had paid for everything as I bought it, I should not have been where I now am in pecuniary matters. You are right, I see it all now, I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able.

That matter can be easily settled, said Hannah, with a bright, happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of the bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."
Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on that subject. It was her bill and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill, and on his way home, sold his gold chain for fourteen dollars. He felt happier when he got the old black cord once more around his neck, and the money now to commence the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.
How much will you have? asked the butcher.
O, three or four?—
Charles got thus far and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and he remembered how much was usually wanted.
Let me have two pounds, he said. He stopped and saw it weighed and paid for it. When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef had made enough, and there was none to waste.

The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in which he showed. They were only a shilling a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but when he remembered that he had to pay for all he bought, he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way, and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting his rent. That evening he went over the market with Wilkins, and bought as much meat and vegetables as he thought would last him through the week. He found that he had made a saving of at least 20 per cent. by this operation, and when an opportunity offered, he made the same saving in other matters.

But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first, I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it the more intelligently now. Charles Mathews never again was led away by the credit system, and he now owns a snug little cottage—well paid for.

The secret of all the success in the world—all its great achievements, in all times, in all countries, and of all kinds, lies in these three things: industry, energy, and perseverance. Only are required to bear that germ in breadth and strength and beauty.

I will try! It is a noble, thoughtful, earnest, cogent, glorious phrase, and its resolute utterance hath the sound of a trumpet and the voice of a prophet! Well worthy is it of stout hearts and of heroes, whose greatest deeds have been taught save its expression truthful and tacit.

I will try! He only is a hero that dare say this, and say it too with a will and a purpose and an energy to make it good. There is music in its speaking and a resolution in its speaker! We love to hear it; for its sterling virtue falls upon the ear like the holiest teaching and yields vigor and support to the heart, fainting from toil and sick from misfortune. There is strong though wholesome contagion in the air which receives it, and many pure breaths may be breathed in its exhalation.

I will try! Those who have never said it and acted it, have never asserted their nature or claimed the place to which they are entitled. They linger like drones in the valley, when the bright green hills are above them, which they can climb and be nobly rewarded, if they will try, as their good spirit prompts them.

I will try! This doth more than the Syracusean's boast; for it ever moveth the world on toward perfection, and throngs every age with its wonders. There is a winning power in its language that strengthened more than physic or cordial.

I will try! Say it and mean it, over again and many time, ye that are hopeless and weary and mind-sick, and ye will find another heart in your bosoms; and its daily excitement will lead you to peace, and to plenty and glory.

From My Mother, Sir!
A few days since a case came up in the United States District Court in Philadelphia in which a captain of a vessel was charged with some offense on shipboard by his crew. An incident occurred in the case which excited a deep feeling in the court and in all present.

A small lad was called to the stand to testify in the case. He had been on board the bark while at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck, from exposure to the southern sun, at first would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long matted hair the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small, restless eyes, which could not be mistaken. The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of the oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

Counsel—My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?
Boy—Yes, sir, I do.
Counsel—What is the obligation?
Boy—To speak the truth and keep nothing hid.
Counsel—Where did you learn this, my lad?
Boy—From my mother, sir, replied the lad, with a look of pride that showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast, by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence.