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The AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into nearly every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post-office within the county limits, and to those living within the limits, but whose most convenient postoffice may be in an adjoining County.
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THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO., "THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.
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LINES.
ON BEING ASKED IF I HAD A SISTER.
Have I a sister? None. I ones had one.
Yes; a lovely, smiling one, whose merry laugh,
Awoke new joys and did thus bid
Dull care begone. Those Auburn ringlets
Fell down like neckerchiefs white,
And in rich profusion hung waving in
The breezy air. O how I loved her! not
Too well. Perfection pure, did seem to be
A property her own. And beauty was
A simple ingredient, to be prized the more
Because a sister 't was. But oh, alas!
How soon one's joys flee beyond his grasp—
Possession lost, gone! aye, forever gone.
Anon the latent powers of sleeping
Memory are waked, to think o'er and o'er
Time past, friends gone, and when their loss
'Tis so with me. My sister—mine only sister,
Was felled to earth by the dread destroyer
Of our race; she's fled, and I do mourn.
To fill her place there's none. And thus my woe
Is doubly hard. Adamantine indeed,
That heart must be, which feels not a loss
Like mine—so deep, and lasting, doubly long.
My friend, hast thou e'er dipped thy tiny
Finger in the cheerless stream of mourning grief?
It not, thou dost not know the pang I felt
When bereft of a kindred love. Heaven!
What a piercing woe! The loss none may, can,
Nor will feel, till providentially,
Like me, poor me, disconsolate become,
And ne'er more share a sister's blissful smile.
But ah! an aching void fills up the strong
And despairing hemisphere of my
Grief-bound heart. No sun to shine, to illumine
To melt the gathering ice of deep grief,
Nor dispel the sad, gloomy monotony
Of a brother's woe. Yes, she's dead! dead
To all but Heaven's paradisaical joys!
Wellsboro, April, 1857. BACKWOODSMAN.

AN INVESTMENT:
OR, THE TWO MERCHANTS.
"Can you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired:
"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"
"Nothing but my note," replied the young man promptly.
"Which, I fear, would be below par in the market," replied the merchant, smiling.
"Perhaps so," the young man replied, "but Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time may come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."
"True, very true," said Barton mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury."
"At this remark, the young man's countenance became deadly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments, he inquired in a voice whose tones indicated deep disappointment:
"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"
"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give a reply," said Mr. Barton, and the young man retired.
Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and the singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness—and after having made several sad blunders, he closed his ledger took his hat, and went out upon the street. Arriving opposite the door of a wealthy merchant, in Mill street he entered the door.
"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.
"Good morning," replied the merchant blandly, "happy to see you—have a seat? Any news? how's trade?"
Without noticing these interrogations Barton said:
"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement, "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"
"I do not know," replied Barton. "Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."
"Perhaps so," replied Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."
"Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Barton, at the same time casting a rough glance at Hawley.
"No," replied Hawley, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."
"Then there is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than the stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that if you will advance one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."
"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you made an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."
Barton observed a silence of several moments and then rose to depart.
"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation before alluded to, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of the ledger was examined, his despair became deeper till at last he exclaimed:
"I am ruined—utterly ruined!"
"How so?" exclaimed Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room just in season to hear Barton's remark.
The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perle Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible. My creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Barton.
"What is the extent of your liabilities?"
"Seventy-five thousand dollars."
"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"
"It would."
"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars.
"Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember that it was from you that I received money to establish myself in business."
"But the debt was canceled several years ago," replied Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.
"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude I owe has never been canceled, and now that the scale is turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue."
Barton's paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased, and his business improved while several other firms sunk under the blow and could not rally, among them was Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of our story.
"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he encountered the latter upon the street while on his way to his place of business.
"Very easily indeed," replied Mr. Barton.
"Well, do tell me how," continued Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wits did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities are twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock and have come off even bettered by the storm."
"The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed all my paper as soon as it was sent in."
"I suppose so," said Hawley regarding Mr. Barton, with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part I could not obtain a dollar credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."
"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling "has quite recently proved exceedingly profitable."
"Investment!" echoed Hawley, "what investment?"
"Why do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"
"O, yes, yes," replied Hawley, "as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, 'but what of that?'"
"He is one of the heaviest dry good dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on he came forward and generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might prove much better than an investment in the bank."
During this announcement Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cleared and animated by the thoughts of the singular investment.
WHAT'S THE MATTER.—A gentleman was once traveling through Alabama, where water was not the most abundant article, when he discovered a specimen of a one mule cart—such as some of the good citizens of North Carolina use for the purposes of emigration, when they are necessitated to seek a new location, in consequence of the supply of material for the manufacture of tar failing in the old homestead. Every appearance indicated a camp for the night, though the only person moving was a "right smart chunk of a boy," who was evidently in trouble. The inside of the cart gave a constant strain of baby music, and a succession of groans, indicating deep distress. This and the grief of the boy aroused the sympathies of the traveler, and he rode up and enquired if anything was the matter.
"Is anything the matter?" replied the boy.
"Do you see that old fellow laying there, drunk as thunder?—that's dad. Do you hear them groanings?—that's the old woman; got the ague like blazes! Brother John he's gone off in the woods to play poker for the mule with a stranger. Sister Sal has gone scooting through the bushes with a half breed ingen, and me if I know what they are up to; and do you hear that baby? does he go it with a looseness?—well he don't that—and he's in a bad fix at that, and it's a mile to water, and there isn't the first drop of liquor in the jug, ain't that matter enough?—won't you light a stranger? Dad'll get sober, and Sal'll be back after a bit—Darin'll if this ain't moving though."
Is anything the matter? shouldn't think there was much, no how. Give us a chew of tobacco; will ye, stranger?"—Spirit of the Times.

Short Patent Sermons.
BEAUTIES OF AN EVENING TWILIGHT.
BY DOW, JR.
Methinks it were no pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'er-canopies the west.
To gaze my fill on you calm deep,
And like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast.
There's peace and welcome in you sea
Of endless blue tranquility—
Those clouds are living things;
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.
My HEARERS—If you don't say that my text is most magnificently beautiful then there is no poetry in your heads, nor music in your souls. I'm a pretty good judge of horseflesh, but a better judge of poetry; and I solemnly declare that you can't find in the whole sweep of the English language such beautiful simplicity, and at the same time such easy-winged sublimity as it contains. I feel as if it were a subject too sacred to be hacked up by my buck-saw eloquence; but I have laid it on the altar of sacrifice, and must do the deed.
My dear friends—as to whether it is actually a pain to die, is more than I can tell, as I never have died in my life, and am therefore not experienced in the business; but when I come to philosophize on the matter, I am pushed into the belief that always more or less pain is felt when the soul and body are compelled to dissolve partnership, and leave their accounts to be settled up by the Great Arbitrator of all human affairs. I know that nature will struggle for a hold upon existence till the very last; and if the spirit is loth to or afraid to depart, it makes it ten times as bad. On the other hand, when the soul has grown weary of the world, tired of its time shattered tenement, and longs to be away—then, my hearers is the pain of dissolution lessened. When hope and faith—those twin-sisters of love—descend from heaven to invite the mother Spirit to tea,—Nature's fretful babe falls gently asleep in the cradle of the grave, and there, sweetly slumbers till lifted up by the arms of Immortality.
My friends—a calm summer's evening does considerable toward coaxing the spirit of man from its earthly home. When twilight throws down its witching smile, the soul flutters to be released from its comfortless cell—to break the bondage of a sorrowing exile, and return to its own native realms. Oh! there is something so fascinating in the first blush of evening, just after the sun has shaken his last golden feathers upon the hill tops! It's enough to make a man strip off his jacket of mortality, and swim the gulf of death, for the sake of reaching the splendorous splendors that decorate the opposite shore! I have seen some evening twilights, my friends, that take the shine off of everything below, and clap on a few extra touches of their own. I have sat and admired the western firmament, when it seemed as though ten thousand dye-pots of glory had been upset in the chamber of heaven, while their gorgeous contents leaked through and stained the fleecy clouds beneath with colors not to be mocked with the daubing pencil of art. Then my imagination would take wings and play truant aloft, like a wayward child; but always sure to return with a sprig of comfort, plucked from the evergreen of ideality. Oh! there is inviting peace in you ocean of blue tranquility! I can't look upon it without feeling my suspenders stretch. I'm sure if they were to give way, I should go up like a balloon, and leave nothing but my breeches and boots behind! Those clouds are living things. The lesser ones are gold fish, swimming about in the celestial sea. The larger ones are the dying dolphins of heaven, disclosing new beauties with every wave of the fin, and brightening as they expire in the dark billow of night. Below them is the mud of corruption, in which we, poor mortals lie morally rotting; but above them, my hearers, is an eternal sky of purity. There no lightning's flash—no thunders roll—no tempests lower—no angry elements pick quarrels with one another, and kick up rows in the sacred attic of the universe. All, all there is continual peace and quietness. It is an immense region of glory—broader than it is long, and longer than a streak of sunshine. Its boundaries have never yet been laid down on the chart of human conception, and never will be. It won't answer for a child to think of it; for the thought of a full grown man has to stop and rest by the way a hundred times; and then it is apt to get forever lost in such a wilderness of immensity. There are millions of worlds all rolling in their respective circumferences—one a piece for all the inhabitants that ever lived, or ever will live.
But I'll tell you what, my friends; you may never be lucky enough to lodge on a single one of them if you don't behave yourselves properly, and leave off cutting up such didos as you do. You love money too well; you worship the earth for a God and the things belonging to it; you are too fond of cheating—and I have no doubt but you would cheat, if you could, your Maker out of six or seven years of existence; but you can't come it. There is a stick stuck up where each of your graves is to be dug, and there is no removing it. So make the most of life while you have it, and brush up a little hereafter. Put the ladder of faith against your golden cloud; let deeds of honesty and uprightness prop it at the bottom, and your way to happiness is completed at once. So mote it be.
"Mother, mayn't I have the big Bible in your room?" "Yes, my son, and I am glad to see you desirous of perusing that good book. What do you most want to see in it?" "I only want to see whether I can smash flies in it, like Bill Smith does at school."

The Boy on the Witness Stand.
Judge Grosh, of Pennsylvania, communicates the following to the "Ambassador":
After the plea "not guilty" was entered, and the jury was sworn or affirmed, a small, very intelligent looking boy was called to the witness stand. The defendant's attorney objected to his testifying, on account of his age, &c. The attorney for the commonwealth said the boy was unusually intelligent, and requested the Court to examine his competency, and I proceeded accordingly, very mildly:
Judge—What is your name, my son?
Boy— (Giving his name very distinctly, which I do not now remember.)
Judge—Where do you reside, my little man?
Boy—In the city, sir.
Judge—Have you a parent or parents alive and residing here?
Boy—Only one; my mother.
Judge—Do you attend school, my son?
Boy—Yes, sir.
Judge—I presume from your intelligence and praise-worthy conduct here, that you will soon be allowed the High School, and become a useful man, and (if necessary) assist your good mother.
This drew tears of pleasure to his eyes, and he replied that by the favor of the School Directors, he had attended the High School for the last six months.
Judge—How old are you, my good boy?
Boy—My mother says that on to-morrow I will be thirteen years old.
Judge—Are you here to give evidence to the Court, and Jury in this case (naming)?
Boy—Yes, sir; if required so to do.
Judge—Do you know the solemnity of the obligations of a judicial oath, my son?
Boy—(Very modestly.) I think I do.
Judge—What will be your punishment, my dear boy, if you swear falsely, or speak a lie on oath?
Boy—I will be sent to the penitentiary, (weeping) and thus break my dear mother's heart. (There were other eyes beside his in that house, overflowing with tears.)
Def's Attorney—(Frowning.) Boy, don't you know that if you tell a lie on your oath, when you die you will be endlessly tortured in a fiery pool?
Boy—That would be an additional inducement to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but that punishment can be avoided by a timely repentance; but repentance will avail nothing to keep me out of the Penitentiary.
Judge—You are a noble boy! who gave you these excellent instructions?
Boy—My mother, sir.
Judge—Such a mother deserves such a son! my our heavenly Father bless you both! Mr. Clerk, qualify the witness. He has, in this examination, given us more common sense information on the binding nature of judicial oaths, than all the musty books in the court-room could do. Repeal your laws for the punishment of perjury, and false swearing will be as common as it is now rare. An honest person will speak the truth with an oath; but a dishonest one were it not for fear of immediate punishment, would never testify truly, if a lie would in his estimation, benefit him more than truth.

The Dangers of Flirting.
The correspondent at New York of the Charleston Evening News tells this amusing story of an affair that came off a few days ago, in front of one of the up-town hotels in New York:
A young lady, very pretty, very vain, very silly and very coquetish, met, in an omnibus, a young man, very well dressed, very spooney and very much inclined to think no small beer of himself. This young man looked at the young lady, and the young lady looked at the young man, and the young man smiled, and the young lady smiled in return. The young man observed to the young lady that it was a fine day, and the young lady, doubtless struck by the originality of the remark, assented to the truth of the proposition.—The young gentleman got out too, and followed the young lady to her hotel, when they exchanged cards and parted. The next day the young man passed by the window of the hotel, and kissed his hand to the young lady; young lady returned the salute; young man wrote silly nonsense on a card and sent it to young lady. But the young lady's brother, being in the room when the card was presented, had the impudence to read it, and then had the further audacity to inquire what it meant.
Young lady told him the joke—brother thought it was no joke, rushed out, while young lady rushed to the window and signaled young man to go away. Young man mistakes the signal and kept on kissing his hand, and otherwise making a fool of himself, till he finally crossed the street and was in the act of going into the hotel, when indignant brother rushed out. Young man fled, indignant brother pursued, both coat tails fluttered in the breeze for awhile, but at last indignant brother caught foolish young man and applied a cowhide over his eyes and face. Clinch, tussle, roll in the mud, interchange of blows. Young man got up, prepers closed, coat torn, covered with mud; indignant brother flushed and furious, some slight scratches on his face, coat soiled, pants airy, but otherwise in pretty good condition. Indignant brother inquired whether silly young man wanted "any more." Young man said he didn't. Exit indignant brother into hotel. Silly young man went away in a carriage to repair damages. Little boys hurrahed and crowd dispersed to smile on the corner.

Eyesight and Gratitude.
The most eminent surgeon of Paris, Dr. M—, is just now the defendant in a very curious lawsuit.
In his daily visit to the Hospital, the Doctor passed for a considerable time, a blind beggar, by whose pathetic complainings he was invariably touched. He always dropped the expected trifle into his hat.
One day it occurred to the benevolent practitioner that he would stop and examine the ophthalmic difficulty of the unhappy man.— He looked at his eye accordingly, and saw that it was indeed a cataract, but one that might possibly be removed. He was about leaving town to pass a few days at his country seat near Paris, and thinking it a good opportunity to bestow the necessary leisure upon the case, he proposed to the beggar, to get at once into his carriage and go with him for a few days where he would be well taken care of.
The blind man willingly consented.
Dr. M—, from a feeling of delicacy, promised nothing as to the restoration of sight; but explaining his interest in the case by a physician's curiosity as to the cause of blindness, he left the poor man the pleasure of a surprise.
With his remarkable skill the operation was a quick and almost painless one. He bandaged the eyes of the sufferer, and after a day or two's attention to him, took him back to Paris, instructing him not to remove the bandage for a certain time, and then call on him at the Hospital near by.
Eight or ten days passed, and, absorbed by the pressure of his cares, the kind Doctor had almost forgotten his blind patient, when, one morning, a professional looking gentleman entered his office at the hospital. Very busy, the visitor's errand was the first thing to know.
"Have you called for advice?" asked the Doctor.
"No!" said the stranger, "I come on the part of the blind man on whom you have operated."
"To offer some reward, perhaps. But excuse me, and tell the poor man that my interest in his case was my sole motive in the affair. If he sees clear, I am sufficiently rewarded."
"But that was not my errand," said the visitor.
"No? What—has the operation proved unsuccessful then?"
"On the contrary he sees perfectly well. If he had ever learned to read he could read without spectacles."
"Briefly, then—for I am very much occupied, what do you wish?"
"I come to you to inform you that the once blind man demands of you a pension for his support. He had been blind from childhood—has gained his living by the pity it excited—and by restoring his sight, you have deprived him of his means of support. I am his lawyer, and he lays his damages at twenty thousand francs. May I know at once whether you will give me security for the amount or await action at law?"
Dr. M— recovered presently from his astonishment, pointed the lawyer to the door, and at present awaits the first summons of this lawsuit.—Home Journal.

THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T PAY HIS FARE.
The authenticity of the following "river item" is vouched for by a gentleman who was an eye witness to it. It appears that a new second clerk had just been engaged by the steamer in question, who was anxious to please, and accordingly determined to distinguish himself by a rigid discharge of his duties on the first trip. When he entered the engine room, on his collecting tour, he found seated there a number of men, all apparently belonging to the troublesome class of "deckers." Approaching one of them, who was arrayed in a checked shirt, and old white hat, the clerk demanded his fare. The fellow appeared at first somewhat confused, but finally very seriously proceeded to inform the clerk in an "illegant brogue," that he had no money. The latter, naturally indignant at this palpable attempt to practice on his innocence, demanded how he expected to travel on a steamboat without money. The man answered imploringly: "Sure, and mabby yer honor would be kind enough to let a poor mon ride a few miles for nothing! His honor, however, was not to be blarneyed. He was convinced that the fellow had money, and persisted in his demands; the other repented his protestations and entreaties. After affairs had been in this posture for some minutes, the refractory passenger picked up a stick and touched the cock of the boiler.—"Stop that!" thundered the clerk, "the engineer will throw you overboard if he catches you at that! The fellow desisted, with great seeming contrition, and the clerk, determined to waste no more words on him, collared him and led him forward to the Captain. "Captain," said he, "I wish you'd lend to put this fellow ashore! He has no money, or if he has, won't pay." To his amazement, the only reply was a vociferous peal of laughter. He loosed his hold; and looked at the captain for an explanation of this novel mode of treating such a communication. "Why," said the latter, about dying, with laughter—"he's the engineer!"—Missouri Democrat.

Fashion.
It ceases not to be a wonder that so many men and women exist in this practical age, who are not what they appear to be, when we look around and see the glare and gross extravagance which surrounds. In vain do we ask, are these descendants of Pilgrim Fathers, or daughters of mothers who spun substantial homespun, and greater still, were not ashamed to wear the bright fabric they had woven?
Look at that butterfly of the ball room, a devotee of fashion. The bright illusion of lace and flowers adorn a form whose graceful motions are soft and swaying as the bending willow. Those wavy rivulets of banded hair are finely contrasted to the glowing cheek; no discordant note of sorrow issues from the rosy lips, but smiles and soft tones with all-very sweetness fill the air. The snowy arms are glittering with jewels; the tapered fingers are loaded with gems. Behold her later still, when the incense of adulation has brightened the eye, tinged the rosy hue of the cheek to the carnation's deepest dye. Repartee springs brilliantly from her ready-witted tongue. The pearly teeth glisten as the flashing smile deceives some new adorer to her side. Did Michael Angelo ever paint an angel form and face more bewitching than the charms and graces of a modern belle?
"She'll do to twirl in mazy dance,
She'll do for giddy pleasure;
She'll live to mete out folly's gaud,
With fashion's line and measure."
The scene changes; if we look upon her after her evening's amusement. The heavy eyelids unclosed with a shivering sigh; thinks she must dress again; with a long yawn she rises to see but confusion worse confounded, slippers are hurried over the toeless stockings—dabbles slightly in the water—dashes on the loose or morning wrapper, open all the way before to avoid the unusual exertion of raising it over the shoulders. The hair is easily arranged now, for two-thirds of those tresses we so lately admired are hanging beside the mirror, and half the other is in mussed ringlets underneath. And ye lilies and roses, where are ye? Fleed to the gardens of Shulls or vale of Cachmere. Mrs. Parington points with the exclamation finger to the box of lily white and bottle of rouge, averring, "That tells the whole story!"—Those fairy-like graces of figure and movement of that now motionless, taperless form are also vanished. But look around upon the whalebone skirts, the corsets, with a layer of wadding in one place, a seam tightened in another—see the numerous flowing skirts of muslin. Do not all these answer where?
The pearly teeth, which made the dazzling smile so fascinating, are, perhaps, glistening in a goblet of water. The snowy arm does not look so rounded without the massive bracelet which so lately decked it. Tight-kids can only make a hand or foot look small when encased within their neatly sewed seams. Oh, saints and angels, look down in pity upon a poor sinner who is wedded to one of these parlor ornaments? Forgive him if he seeks the club room or billiard table, instead of the fireside of home with its rational unending enjoyments.
No meek and gentle woman
Has he to guard his home,
An angel in her purity—
But in her love a humor.

A STRONG IMPRECATION.—The Sacramento (Cal.) Age chronicles a curse almost as bitter as that of King Lear upon his two ungrateful daughters. It says:
An individual neat in form and apparel, attempted to cross an alley, slipped from a plank and fell front foremost into the mud, and stood propped up by both arms, which were inserted to the elbow in the soft earth-ware. Slowly straightening himself up, he gazed at his spoiled sleeves, walked to the nearest sidewalk, turned, and looking at the cause of his humiliation, said: "I hereby curse that plank, the tree it came out of, the soil it grew on, the outside bark, the inside also, the roots, the limbs and knots, the boughs and the birds that have roosted thereon. And I furthermore curse that plank, the man that chopped down the tree it came out of, the saw that sawed it, the man that tended the saw, the water, or steam, (as the case may be,) which put that saw in motion, and I curse all the surrounding trees and hills, and I also say that the city authorities of this town, village, burgh or borough, countenance more dirt than is necessary for the health, peace and prosperity of the community.— Besides this, I blame, denounce and abhor that unreliable piece of pine, or whatever kind of wood it may be—just look at my hands!"
"DENNIS, darlint; och Dennis, what is't yer doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an imprecation." "Murder! what is it?" "It's meself that's giving hot water to the hens so they'll lay bil'd aigs."
"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was humming a tune in company.
"Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who was sitting near him.
MIDAS was so great a man that everything he touched turned to gold; altered case now—touch a man with gold and he will change into anything.
"A penny for your thoughts, madam," said a gentleman to a pert beauty.
"They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied. "I was thinking of you."
"Patrick, what do you say to the indictment—are you guilty, or not guilty?"
"Arrah, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence!"

THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T PAY HIS FARE.
The authenticity of the following "river item" is vouched for by a gentleman who was an eye witness to it. It appears that a new second clerk had just been engaged by the steamer in question, who was anxious to please, and accordingly determined to distinguish himself by a rigid discharge of his duties on the first trip. When he entered the engine room, on his collecting tour, he found seated there a number of men, all apparently belonging to the troublesome class of "deckers." Approaching one of them, who was arrayed in a checked shirt, and old white hat, the clerk demanded his fare. The fellow appeared at first somewhat confused, but finally very seriously proceeded to inform the clerk in an "illegant brogue," that he had no money. The latter, naturally indignant at this palpable attempt to practice on his innocence, demanded how he expected to travel on a steamboat without money. The man answered imploringly: "Sure, and mabby yer honor would be kind enough to let a poor mon ride a few miles for nothing! His honor, however, was not to be blarneyed. He was convinced that the fellow had money, and persisted in his demands; the other repented his protestations and entreaties. After affairs had been in this posture for some minutes, the refractory passenger picked up a stick and touched the cock of the boiler.—"Stop that!" thundered the clerk, "the engineer will throw you overboard if he catches you at that! The fellow desisted, with great seeming contrition, and the clerk, determined to waste no more words on him, collared him and led him forward to the Captain. "Captain," said he, "I wish you'd lend to put this fellow ashore! He has no money, or if he has, won't pay." To his amazement, the only reply was a vociferous peal of laughter. He loosed his hold; and looked at the captain for an explanation of this novel mode of treating such a communication. "Why," said the latter, about dying, with laughter—"he's the engineer!"—Missouri Democrat.

A lady's maid hooked one of the best of her mistress's dresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back—so there was nobody to testify to the fact.
A correspondent of a New York paper wants to know which side of a lady a gentleman should take when he walks out with her. We should say, keep on the right side of a lady.

Fashion.
It ceases not to be a wonder that so many men and women exist in this practical age, who are not what they appear to be, when we look around and see the glare and gross extravagance which surrounds. In vain do we ask, are these descendants of Pilgrim Fathers, or daughters of mothers who spun substantial homespun, and greater still, were not ashamed to wear the bright fabric they had woven?
Look at that butterfly of the ball room, a devotee of fashion. The bright illusion of lace and flowers adorn a form whose graceful motions are soft and swaying as the bending willow. Those wavy rivulets of banded hair are finely contrasted to the glowing cheek; no discordant note of sorrow issues from the rosy lips, but smiles and soft tones with all-very sweetness fill the air. The snowy arms are glittering with jewels; the tapered fingers are loaded with gems. Behold her later still, when the incense of adulation has brightened the eye, tinged the rosy hue of the cheek to the carnation's deepest dye. Repartee springs brilliantly from her ready-witted tongue. The pearly teeth glisten as the flashing smile deceives some new adorer to her side. Did Michael Angelo ever paint an angel form and face more bewitching than the charms and graces of a modern belle?
"She'll do to twirl in mazy dance,
She'll do for giddy pleasure;
She'll live to mete out folly's gaud,
With fashion's line and measure."
The scene changes; if we look upon her after her evening's amusement. The heavy eyelids unclosed with a shivering sigh; thinks she must dress again; with a long yawn she rises to see but confusion worse confounded, slippers are hurried over the toeless stockings—dabbles slightly in the water—dashes on the loose or morning wrapper, open all the way before to avoid the unusual exertion of raising it over the shoulders. The hair is easily arranged now, for two-thirds of those tresses we so lately admired are hanging beside the mirror, and half the other is in mussed ringlets underneath. And ye lilies and roses, where are ye? Fleed to the gardens of Shulls or vale of Cachmere. Mrs. Parington points with the exclamation finger to the box of lily white and bottle of rouge, averring, "That tells the whole story!"—Those fairy-like graces of figure and movement of that now motionless, taperless form are also vanished. But look around upon the whalebone skirts, the corsets, with a layer of wadding in one place, a seam tightened in another—see the numerous flowing skirts of muslin. Do not all these answer where?
The pearly teeth, which made the dazzling smile so fascinating, are, perhaps, glistening in a goblet of water. The snowy arm does not look so rounded without the massive bracelet which so lately decked it. Tight-kids can only make a hand or foot look small when encased within their neatly sewed seams. Oh, saints and angels, look down in pity upon a poor sinner who is wedded to one of these parlor ornaments? Forgive him if he seeks the club room or billiard table, instead of the fireside of home with its rational unending enjoyments.
No meek and gentle woman
Has he to guard his home,
An angel in her purity—
But in her love a humor.

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