Terms of Publication.

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can be brought in debt to the printer.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the Coun ty, 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 mostconvenient postoffice may

be in an adjoining County.

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## A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.
There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden
Hidden, crushed and overgrown.
God, who counts by soals, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea. But as pebbles in the sea. Man, upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellow then;

Masters-rulers-lords, remember That your meanest hinds are men! Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad rills,

There are feeble inch-high saplings, There are cedars on the hills God, who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me; For to Him all vain distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth and fame: Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same. By the sweat of other's foreheads, Living only to rejoice,.

While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal.

Born with loveliness and light! Secret wrongs shall never prosper While there is a sunny right; God, whose world heard voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Sinks oppression, with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

#### A Revolutionary Reminiscence.

MR. SILAS DEAN, our secret minister to Paris during the revolution, related the following story to John the Painter.

While Mr. Dean was in Paris, a stranger, rather advanced in years, called upon him, and requested to talk with him in private. Dean, surprised at such a request, was rather on his guard, and interrogated the stranger as to his business: but he could get nothing from him till they should go into a private room. Dean suspected him as an emissary from the British Ministry, but at length de-termined to gratify him. When alone he made many excuses for his errand, but finally told him that he was an American citizen, though a Scotchman by birth; that he lived in Amboy, New Jersey, where he had a com-fortable house; that while the British Army was in possession of Amboy, they had suspected his principles and treated him very ill, in various ways, and finally burnt down his house and gave him much personal insult: that he had determined on killing King Geoige, for which purpose he had come to Europe; that he had been to England and laid his plan, and was now ready to execute it; but thought it his duty to make Mr. Dean acquainted with it, as the minister from his country, and take his advice; that he had passed by the name of John the Painter. Mr. Dean was much surprised at this commnication, and at first thought him deranged. He then suspected that he might have been sent as a snare by the British Minister. After talking with him a little, and finding him ermined, he desired him to call osin The next day he returned, revealing as determined a resolution as ever. Mr. Dean reasoned with him that it was mean and cowardly to assassinate a man in cold blood, who had never injured him personally. He answered that his servants had insulted, abused, and finally ruined him; said he would have revenge, and that no earthly consideration should prevent him. He developed his whole plan, and Mr. Dean said he was surprised at the wisdom of it to accomplish the end, as he seemed to have laid it in such a manner as to render success certain. Mr. Dean told him that if he must have revenge, he should take it in a manly, generous way. He should go into the American army, and meet his enemy fairly in the field-or, if he could succeed in killing his generals-it would be lawful; but the private assassination of an innocent man, off his guard and suspecting no ill, would be abhorred by all mankind That he could not encourage or give him aid in so wicked a purpose; but must do every. thing to persuade him from it. On this he When he returned, he came in a little less frantic, saying: "I thank you, sir, I confess, it is unlawful to lift my hand against the Lord's annointed. You have convinced me. But I am determined to burn the naval stores at Portsmouth." Dean answered as that would tend to weaken the enemy in carrying on the war, if he could accomplish it, he would have no objection; but he would not aid him in it. He said he could do it, and would go over to England and reconnoitre the place. Dean reminded him that if caught he would assuredly lose his life. He said he should not attempt to save it .-He was an old man, had no connections, and whether he died now or three or four years hence, it was a matter of little consequence

He accordingly went to Portsmouth, and on his-return communicated to Mr. Dean his whole plan, with the instrument made of tin, with which he was to accomplish it. The scheme was well laid and promised success. Some days after, he come again and said: "Now, I know that you will think me a rascal: I am come to borrow money: I have expended all I had. I want one guinea to carry me to Portsmouth. Dean told him if that was all, he should have it : he gave it to him, and he went off. Dean received the

to him, so that he could but get revenge.

# AGITATOR.

## Devoted to the Brtension 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.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1857.

NO. 46.

VOL. 3. friend who attended his examination before the privy coucil: He arrived at Portsmouth, and took up his lodgings with a poor woman at the skirts of the town. Early next morning he went out to reconnoitre. The old voman anxious to know who or what her guest was, had the curiosity to look into his bundle. She found a shirt and a pair of stockings, with a tin machaine which she could not comprehend. John, the Painter, wanted a top to his machine, and took it to a tinman and had one made. In the evening he accomplished his purpose, and consumed nearly a hundred thousand pounds, worth of stores. In the morning every person in town was ordered to report if and stranger had lodged there. The old woman reported John, the Painter, with the extraordinary tin machine: the tinman reported his making a top for it. John was fixed upon as the incendiary, and it being taken for granted that he was sent properly prepared for the purpose, and relays of horses were prepared for his escape, horsemen were sent on every road, and ordered to pursue and take up any and every person they found riding post. By daylight in the morning John had taken his bundle, trudged an foot to London. About noon, the horsemen sent on that road came up with John, and asked him if he had seen any person on horseback riding post that John answered in the negative, and requested to know the reason for their inquiry. They related the story of the fire fire. and that they were in search of the incendi-ary. John told them that they were wholly mistaken in their pussuit, for that he was the man that set fire to the stores, and gave them his reasons for doing it. At first they thought

him crazy; but on his repeating it, with some

particular circumstances, they seized and

brought him back to Portsmouth. He was

there recognized by the old woman and the

tinman, and sent to London where he was

examined by the privy council. He candidly

told them the whole story, declaring that he should certainly have killed the king, had

not Mr. Dean dissuaded him from doing it,

and convinced him that it was unlawful to

lift his hand against the Lord's annointed.

That he was ready to die, and he did not

care how soon. He denied having any ac-

complice, and said he rejoiced for having

obtained revenge for the cruelties with which

he had been treated by the British army. He

was tried, condemned and hanged. A very

unfair and false account of his examination

was published at the time, and no notice

taken of Mr. Dean's having saved the king's

THE WAY TO RAISE A COLLECTION. -The Birmingham (England) Journal talls the following story of the Rev. W. Bennett, of that town, deceased: Upon one of the occasions when a collection was to be made, which by the way, was an operation very frequently performed, he gave out a hymn, and said during the singing of this hymn, our friends will make a collection;" at which unnouncement, several of the audience, as is usual, began to leave their seats, when he said, in a sly, confident tone, "You need not leave your seats, for you cannot get out until the collection is over, as the doors are locked." The hymn was sung, the collection made, and the money summed up. After being informed of its amount, he slowly rose, and said: "My friends, the collection amounts to the sum of £23 17s. 5d," making the £23 emphatic; I say the collection amounts to £23 17 making the shillings emphatic. "Now. say there is some mistake; the collection has been made with too much haste, and some one has been missed. Go round again, and do it carefully and deliberately," said he addressing the collectors; "we will sing two hymns this time, so that we need not hurry.' The hymns were sung, and the collection summed up. "Ah!" said he, "I was sure some one had been missed; it now amounts to £34 6s. 11 1d. The widow's mite is there: it was not there before." Then turning to the collectors he said: "And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which makes a farthing; and called unto him his disciples, and said unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow has cast in more than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living. I do desire that in future you never miss the widow, for though the amount may not be

profitable, it is the spirit that sanctifieth." A GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES.-The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the man about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the woman at abou twenty or a little younger. All men who continue unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities. and those with four children paid no taxes whatever-a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years .- Herodotus.

What is the difference between a pool of water, and a pewter image of Satan? One

### "Slavery in its Mildest Form,"

"We have no slavery in St. Louis, or only n its mildest form; and what few slaves there are here are far better off than the laboring whites or free negroes, and would not be free, not one of them, if they could."-Such were the remarks that fell upon my ears a few days ago from the lips of a lady famous for her goodness of heart and kindly charity, her universal benevolence, and neverending patience with the sins and follies of the world. Such are the remarks you hear daily from all classes of people, if you dare approach the forbidden subject. "Slavery in its mildest form," let us see what it is.

Month after month as the days rolled on and I sat at my door of a summer evening, or sallied out to market in the morning, I noticed four little children playing upon the pavement—two boys and two girls. The eldest was a slender child, with rather a dark Southern skin, hair almost black, and a large flashing black eye. Her motions were quick, her laugh timid, and her ways seemed as of one fearful of some impending evil. Yet she was ever watchful and careful of two little ones who were almost always with her at play, and over whom, as the elder she appeared to have charge. Next her in size was curly-headed, round-faced, dark-browed boy-a rollicking, devil-may-care little chap, who defied all sorrow and sadness, and made one forget gray hairs, and wish he were "a boy again." He might have been five years old, the eldest girl seven. The two younger children, pretty and delicate, seemed like brother and sister to the two elder; yet I had noticed the smalller ones dressed more tastefully, and with richer material. I had also noticed the going out at morn, and the coming in at eve, of a trim, neat girl, of about twenty, as I supposed, who seemed to live in the same house; but as she passed me, she never looked up, and a shade of care rested upon her brow, that told of some deep suffering. Sometimes I would see her flitting to and fro daily; sometimes she would be gone weeks, and then I would see the two elder children clinging to her, as she turned the corner, and hanging to her skirts with shouts of joy, as if she were a loved mother just returning from a long abscence, or a dear sister, gentle and kind, who led the little hearts in her keeping. Of one thing I was sure—they were the children of the same father, and that father often sat at his door of a summer night, and watched their gambols upon the street, as they led the two younger ones about, or drew the baby in its

little carriage. A year went by, and I still thought them all of one household. I needed a seamstress, and asked a neighbor where one could be found.

"Could you not hire Mrs. L---'s Lizzie?"

"What do you mean?"

"L---'s colored girl. No she's not colored; she's as white as I am; but she's a slave. Did you ever see her-that pretty, neat girl that you see going in and out—the mother of Ella and Charley?"

I almost gasped for breath. "Is Lizzie a slave, and Ella and Charley her children?"

"To be sure they are." "I thought those children were all Mr.

"Well, I suppose they are," said the lady, with a leer; "but the two oldest are Lizzie's, other two Mrs. L ond wife you know, and he came here a widower, and talks about Lizzie's husband down at Memphis. Lizzie is a splendid seamstress, and stays at home and sews round part o the time in warm weather; in winter, she goes on steamboats as chamber-maid. She is obliged, when on the boat, to pay her master thirty dollars a month-and all she gets over she has for herself, to clothe her children. That's why they are kept so nice .-She is better off than many a free girl."

We went io the seamstress, and after while we heard her tale of wo. "Better off than many a free girl!" How could a woman's tongue speak those words, and not grow palsied in her mouth?

Lizzie had been torn from a home at the South by a sheriff's sale. Mr. L--- had bought her as a fancy girl, and her fate was like all other's-now subject to the caprice of a jealous wife, her children often ill-used, when this wife dared. She was driven away to earn wages on a boat, sometimes at a fearful rate, and only able to satisfy a mother's love for her children by yielding to the exactions of her master, who was good if she obeyed, cruel to her children if she dared to resist any enactment of his will. She had high and holy thoughts. Her love for her children was deep and strong. When at home, she would gather them to her arms, and weep over them through the long night, and almost pray that they might die ere they were old enough to know their featful degredation. I never talked with her but once, and then she seemed to fear that the tortures of the Inquisition awaited her. She trembled from head to toot, and started at every noise She had been kindly raised, and could read and write. "He makes me dress," said she, "and keep my children so, that the world may call him a good master. He never strikes me, but he tears me from them. And O, mistress, who knows what they gets while I'm gone? Not a thing but bread and water. And then, O, my God! he tells me Ella will be old enough to take my place some day: that she's so pretty, he can get fourteen hundred dollars for her when she is fourteen, and that he can sell Charley any day, and, if I don't do his bidding, he will O, mistress, if there is a God in heaven, he

happy in your children and husbands, and help to make us so wretched. Mistress says oughtn't to complain, when I have such fine clothes, and everybody treats me as if I was a lady; but fine clothes don't cure the heartache, and to be treated like a lady don't take away the fear that my poor children will be sold when I get back, and I never see thom again. He don't tell me I am a slave always but O, mistress, I would rather be a dog than such a thing."

Her sobs and tears choked her utterance. Poor Lizzie! Hers was a case of "slavery in its mildest form"-"scarce slavery at all, some would say, who only look upon the surface. Are chains and whips to the limbs and back so much more fearful than the terrible agony of the mother's heart, through long years of agonizing suspense, looking forward to the fate of her children, who must bear the brand of shame and ignorance, through her, forever; more, chains and stripes, starvation and hard work-all that makes slavery terrible? That Christian ladies can say that a woman of high and holy instincts can be made a victim of man's lust, be made to bear the sacred name of mother, that her sons and daughters may be sold like brutes in the shambles, to the same fearful life that has withered all her womanhood, and turned to gall and bitterness every cup of existence, and yet that this is "slavery in ne of its mildest forms," is most astonishing. -Liberator.

PETER CARTWRIGHT .- Some queer stories are told of this pioneer preacher. He at one time offended a certain Major L-, who was a fire-eater, by the boldness of his preaching, and the first time they met, the Major flaw into a desperate rage, and said that if he thought he would fight him a duel he would challenge him.

"Major," said Cartwright, very calmly, 'if you challenge me to a duel, I will accept "Well, sir," said he, "I dare you to more al combat."

"Very well, I'll fight you; and, sir," said Cartwright, "according to the laws of honor I suppose it is my right to choose the weapons with which we are to fight?" "Certainly," said he.

"Well," said Cartwright, "then we'll step over here into this lot, and get decouple of corn stalks; I think I can finish you with

"But, oh! what a rage he got in. He clenched his fists and looked vengeance .-

Said he,

"If I thought I could whip you, I would smite you in a moment."

"Yes, yes, Major L——," said Cartwright, "but thank God, you can't whip me; but don't you attempt to strike me, for if you do," and the devil gets out of you into me, I shall give you the worst whipping that ever you nad in your life," and then walked away.

SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.young man commenced visiting a woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had

"I had to work to-night." "What! Do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic." "I dislike the name of mechanic," and she

turned up her pretty nose. That was the last time the young mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a

wealthy man, and has one of the best of wo-

men for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool -a regular vagrant about the grogshops, and she, soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support

herself and children. You dislike the name of mechanic eh? You, whose brothers are but dressed loafers? We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of life, since I knew her, had been more or less young man for being a mechanic--one of attended with sickness and pain, and espec God's noblemen—the most dignified and hon- ially during the last two or three years orable personage of heaven's creatures. Be- while her sufferings for the last few months ware, young lady, how you treat young men will not attempt to describe. I had no hope

be menial to one of them yourself. BAD COMPANY .- Lawyers, although geneally pretty cute, are no match for the ladies, Dimity takes as naturally to wit as a lawyer does to his client's pocket-book. A lawyer driving through the town of Worcester stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him that he must keep straight on for some time, then turn to the right, but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he could wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the

"Well," said he, "bad company is better han none-make haste."

After jogging on for five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had come to the road

"Oh yes!" said she," we passed it two miles back; but I thought bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me.

A good anecdote is related of Mr. Secreanother domocrat in, he expressed himself die happy." warmly against it. A friend of the new President, hearing his animadversion, asked will blast this nation for its wickedness. I am," reported the Secretary, "but taking the spirit land. She was also very anxious to rain or the logic, that ended the discussion, sometimes hate you all, everybody that is spoils from an enemy is a very different thing see her revered father, David Curtiss, Esq., but the voices of the disputants were hushed, free—yes, every one—because you can be from plundering your own camp."

of Oneida co., but was not permitted on the —Boston Courier. following account of his proceedings, from a is a dead level, and the other is a lead devil. free—yes, every one—because you can be from plundering your own camp."

For The Agitator. SABBATH EVENING,

That holy calmness reigns.
All hushed the cares and noise of busy life; Floats on the air nought of earth's weary strife,
As the holy Sabbath wanes,

Slowly the twilight ray Gives place to evening's shades, and ling'ring near, Seems loth to leave a scene so holy, dear, As close of Sabbath day,

The flow'rets close their eyes,
As lightly near them trip the dew drops bright;
And sink to rest—gently as when to light
The soul of christian flies. How at an hour like this,

The soul is filled with longings for that rest,
That through you golden gates awaits the blest,
In realms of love and bliss. Oh! when the silver cord That binds to earth is loosed, when my worn soul Pants for the crystal streams of peace that roll

Where angel songs are pour'd. O! may my spirit soar
To Heaven, and join the band with harps and crow
Just as the Sabbath evening's sun goes down,
With it to rise no more.
Northumberland Pa.
ALLIE

ALLĮE. From the Christian Ambassador

[Published by request.]

BRO. AUSTIN :- The death of my wife and little grand daughter, both of which occurred within six days of each other, and under my own roof, and our deep affliction on the ac count of this severe and double stroke o Providence, have already been announced to the public: yet I think the case is worthy more extended notice, and trust it will not be deemed improper for me to speok upon the subject of this, to us, sad and painful bereav ment. And in addressing you, Bro. Austin shall feel that I am not talking to the deaf or to one who cannot sympathize with the afflicted, for I am but too well aware that you also, like myself, as of one of old, art "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief." To part with an affectionate companion, whose presence had been as light and life to one's soul, is surely as great a trial as we feel able to bear, and no doubt the greatest bereav ment we can be called upon to experience yet it is susceptible of being mitigated or ag gravated by the circumstances under which it takes place.
Four months prior to the decease of my

wife, and while apprehending the melanchol event, a circumstance occurred that never happened in my house before-the birth of a female child-and I need not say the an nouncement was hailed with joy by us all, when I tell you I had two wives and seven sons, but no daughters; and although this one was not my own, but a grand daughter, yet for me it possessed equal attractions as if it had been our own daughter. I am passionately, lond of children. Among all the beauties of nature nothing is so fascinating as a sweet, smiling, rosy-cheeked infant. is no wonder that our Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them, saying, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." To my view this is the most beautiful sentiment uttered by him who spake as never man spake. This alone would have made me a friend of Jesus love him especially for this saying-if had been omitted, Christianity would have been deficient. Give me the man that loves little children. I do not say the woman, for this were a matter of course-a woman who does not love children is an anomaly. It may be thought, therefore, a womanish weak ness-this fondness for children. Not sothe greatest men living or that have lived, are remarkable for their love of children. It has been said that a child in a house is a fountain of joy. This was especially so with us But alas, how soon did this fountain cease to flow-how soon was our joy turned to weep ing-and all so sudden, and so soon after the departure of one so valued by us all-an affectionate wife and dear fond mother. Sure ly "woes cluster-rare are solitary woesthey love a train—they tread each other's We were the more reconciled to the loss of

Mrs. Bullard, for the reason that her whole that work for a living, for you may, one day, of her recovery from the commencement of what proved to be her last sickness. A complication of diseases, with which she had long been afflicted, finally took the form of consumption, and consumption it is said is a flattering complaint, and so it proved in her case, for she did not give up until a few weeks before her departure, and when she did give up that she must die-that there was no help for her, it was a trying time with us all. Though little was said, more was felt, as anpearances plainly indicated. Thus matters stood-a painful suspense-until the day before her transit from earth.

I was sitting by her, as usual, when she took occasion to speak of her nearly approaching end, and said that when she first made up her mind that there was no hope of getting well, the thought of death seemed horrible. "To think," she exclaimed, "that must die and leave you and the children, was painful in the extreme. But I have got all over that now. I am now willing to die, and long to have the time come. I have no fears of the future. The same God who has sus tained me here, will provide for me hereafter. tary Marcy. Not liking Mr. Buchanan's plan If I do not see any of my friends before of turning one democrat out of office to let die, bid them farewell for me, and tell them I

I would say here, we were anxiously look ing for her only sister, Mrs. John J. Knox, of him if he was not the auther of the maxim. Oneida co., who, however, did not arrive un-"To the victors belong the spoils." "Yes, I til the next day after she had left us for the

account of his extreme age. This was a great trial to her; for a better man and fonder parent never lived, nor a more devoted child than she. Her's was "a slow sudden death," She had failed so fast for a week or ten days, that we came to the conclusion she could not survive long-perhaps two or three days at the farthest. This led me to think of taking some measures to secure the services of some brother in the minis:ry at the funeral, for there were none very near me. With this in view, I seated myself and wrote a letter to you, Bro. Austin. As soon as I had finished it, she spoke and wished me to return to her bed-side, which I immediately did; and on taking her hand, found that she was dying, and in less than half an hour she was no more. Her death was as calm and serene as a summer morning. She had been quite restless through the day, complained of being tired, and expressed a desire to sleep, Her desire was at length gratified, and she

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

3 months. 6 months. 12 no's
1 Square, (14 lines). \$250 \$450 \$600
2 Squares, - . . . 400 600 800
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All advertisements them will be fent in until or

sertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all
kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments,
executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and
printed to order.

slept the sleep that knows no waking in time. "Sweet is the scene where virtue dies, When sinks the righteous soul to rest; How mildly beam the closing eyes, How gently heaves the dying breast."

It now being too late to hear from you, the letter was withheld, while other arrange-ments were immediately made, which proved successful and very satisfactory to all parties.

concerned. The rest has been chronicled. The scene is closed—the curtain has fallen, and I am lest on the dark side, just where I was thirtyone years ago, I had buried the wife of my youth and our first born, side by side in the same grave, and was left for a season to contique the journey of life alone. The same is now true of the wife of my manhood, and a grandchild. Though I have five surviving children, they have grown to manhood and are in business for themselves, and I am again at large, and a sojourner on life's weary road. "And now, Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Me thinkest I hear the answer—"Go and preach the gospel! spend the residue of your days in the service of your Master." This shall be my humble endeavor as it is my heart's delight, my only crown of joy. I will try to be faithful unto the end. I await the call; for I am now in

the market place. Thine in the faith. W. BULLARD.

A TRUE YANKEE. - A young man in this city wrote to a gentleman in Northampton, that he had recently unexpectedly been thrown out of employment, and requested the person whom he addressed to procure him a situation: He said he would like to work at sawing or making blinds,-few (said he) can best me at that; or, I should like to get into a livery stable; or any of the stores, as salesman, for I am a good one, and understand the business; or, to drive a team, I will be on hand; or a chance to tend a saw mill; or almost anything else-get me a chance, and I will be on hand. Of course, such a young man was not long destitute of employment. He has got a "smart chance," and like a right smart ellow he is improving it.—Springfield Rep.

An honest backwoodsman, unacquainted with the slang terms of the day, recently went into a store at Columbus, S. C., to purchase a bill of groceries. Stepping up to the keeper of the store, he began: Have you got any sugar?" "We ain't got anything lse;" was the reply. "Well, put me up 150 pounds, and make out your bill; I'll call and settle, and get the sugar in an hour or so." In an hour or two after this the gentleman called, paid his bill, and got his sugar. As usual, the shopkeeper said: 'Want any. thing else?" "I did want some three or four bags of coffee, some rice, spices, oil, &c., but I got them at another store. You told me you didn't have anything else."

CATCHING SUCKERS .- Some time ago there lived in Vermont a queer old man pamed Miller. He had lost part of his palate and was a rare specimen. He owned a mill, the water of which was brought for some distance through a wooden flume. One morning an apprentice informed him that the flume was full of suckers. Miller posted himself at its mouth, placing a large basket to catch the suckers in, while the boy went above to hoist the gate. There was a rush of many waters, carrying Miller, basket and all over the overshot wheel, full thirty feet below. All dripping, he scrambled out, sputtering,-"You may think I'm an idiot, but I ain't such a d-d fool that I can't see through that joke?"

It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year. Every April the assessors come round and ask us how much money we have got out at interest; and how much stock we have in the public funds or in banks, and various other questions which are supposed to be put only to the "solid men." If there is anybody round we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and in as heavy a chest tone as we can command we answer, "about the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. So do we.—Nashua Telegraph.

Two Irishmen, one a Protestant, the other a Catholic, got-into a dispute yesterday, in the alley that divides our office from the next building, as to which was the true religion. The Protestant seemed to have the best of the argument for a long time; but his adversary at last exclaimed, "Didn't St. Paul address all his epistles to the Romans? Show me a letter he ever wrote to the Protestants, and I'll give in." We cannot say which it was, the