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STORY OF GRACE DARLING.

BY GREEN WOOD.

On the lonely little island of Brownsman, one of the Farne group, on the coast of Northumberland, Eng., lived William Darling, light house keeper, a brave, honest, intelligent man. Grace, his daughter, the youngest of seven children, was courageous like her father, good and gentle like her mother. She was a modest girl, with a slender form, a beautiful face, and the sweetest smile in the world.

The Farne Islands are very wild and desolate, being little better than piles of black rocks towering above the dismal, roaring seas of that stormy and perilous coast. In calm weather they are surrounded by a fringe of white surf, and in times of storm they are almost overwhelmed by the great raging surges. Through the channels between these islands the sea rushes like swollen torrents; and here, before beacons were built upon the rocks, occurred many shipwrecks. Even now they are very dangerous spots, for in spite of these friendly lights glimmering through the blackness of the tempest and the night, the force of the gale will sometimes drive vessels headlong upon the rocks, dash them to pieces, and scatter them over the

The Brownsman was the outermost of the Farne Islands—the last rocky foothold of human life: and beyond it was a vast expanse and an awful depth of sea. It had scarcely any vegetation, but stood out from the water, bare, and black and bleak. The jagged cliffs, and dim, sounding caves, were alive with sea birds—almost the only living creatures to be seen on the island, out of the family of the lighthouse.

In this strange, lonely place, Grace Darling passed her earliest years. She was a shy and thoughtful child, and learned to take pleasure in the wild and dreary scenery around her. Shut out from the world as she and her dear ones were, it seemed to her they were all the nearer heaven-denied social pleasures and consolations even when living, oiling, watching for their fellow beings, she felt that God would remember them and protect them. To her the black stone hills of those desolate islands, standing bare-headed under the gray sky, were grander than towers or cathedrals could be; and the stars and the moon shone as tenderly above the wild, rough perch on the light house rock, as on palaces and sweet Italian gardens. She loved the lighthouse, the guide and savior of tempest-tossed mariner. She loved the labors of her brave father, and the sports of her hardy brothers; she loved the shy sea bird -some of these she tamed, by gentle advances and companionship, till they would stoop their swift wild wings to her hand. She loved the sea when it was calm when the bright waves came running up the sandy beach, and seemed to prostrate themselves before her, caressing her small white feet with soft, cool kisses; and in storm she did not fear it. When it would break on the rocks with a hoarse, threatening sound, and dash over her a shower of angry spray, she would laugh and say, "Rear away, old sea! chief now, and leave me all the pretty shells and mosses you are throwing upon the shore "

And Grace dearly loved mosses and shells. She knew all the little caves and coves and sandy nooks where they were to be found, and the best time to look for them, and used to come home from her solitary rambles with her little apron full of treasures dearer to her simple heart than rare exotics, or costly gems She said the bright-colored mosses were sea. flawers, torn by the thieving waves out of sea-fairies.

So it was that Grace Darling was not discontented with her lot, nor with her lonely home, where love and God dwelt-did not fear tempest, nor night, nor raging seas, nor the world; but grew up courageous, trustful, unselfish and pure in heart.

When Grace was about eleven years old, her father removed from the Brownsman to that of the Longstone, a neighboring island. And here it was that on the 7th of Septem. ber, 1838, when she was about twenty-two, she performed the heroic act which made her sweet name a "household word" the world

The steamer Forfarshire, on her voyage from Hull to Dundee, in a terrible gale, struck on a rock amidst the Farne Islands. Immediately, a portion of the crew cowardly and selfish men, lowered the long-boat, leaped into it, and left the captain his wife, their comrades, and all the passengers to their fate! In a short time, a hoge wave lifted up the entire vessel, then, letting it fall violently broke it in two parts upon the sharp rock. The after part, on which was the captain, his wife, and many passengers, was carried off and soon dashed to pieces the forepart, on which were five of the crew and our passengers, remained on the rock. In the little fore cabin, into which every now and then washed the waves, was a woman by the name of Sarah Dawson, with two young childrenand pileously hour after hour, came up to those on deck, the frightened cries of the poor creatures down there in the cold and dark alone. But by and by those cries died away and were still.

The sufferers remained on the wreck, exposed to the fury of the tempest and expecting every minute to be washed away, all that long, long night. In the morning they were

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 INHUMANITE TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IV.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1858.

seen from the Longstone lighthouse, about a mile distant. Only Mr. Darling, his wife, and daughter Grace were at home. The storm had somewhat abated, yet the sea ran high, and the surf around the islands and hidden rocks seemed dashing up into the very clouds. It was dark and misty, and the sufferers on the wreck could be but dimly seen through the distance and the storm. Yet Grace saw them clear enough with her ten- gether, however, in the greatest harmony der sympathizing heart-saw all their peril,

their fear, their agony, and looking into her father's face, she said firmly: "Papa, those poor people must be saved!" Mr. Darling shook his head sadly, and then

"You and I must do it. We will go to hem in our boat-we can perhaps bring them all away in that."

"Impossible, my child-no boat could live n such a sea. We must leave them in God's hands!"

"No, papa. God has given them into ours; and He will protect us in seeking to escue them—we can but try."

So Grace won over her father to her noble indertaking, and they two launched the boat, and rowed off bravely towards the wreck. Mrs. Darling did not object to their going, though she knew all the dreadful peril of heir enterprise, but helped launch the boat. I think she was not less heroic than her husband or her daughter.

It was ebb tide, or the boat could not have passed between the islands-but it would be domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, flowing before they could hope to return. which would render it impossible for them to row up their island alone-so, unless they could reach the wreck, and get rowers from harvest increased. This object was approved and utterly disregarding all rules of the ring, there, they would be obliged to stay outside and immediately put in executian. till ebb tide, exposed to the greatest peril. All this they knew.

They reached the wreck in safety, to the inspeakable joy and amazement of the poor people there. In the cabin, they found Mrs. Dawson nearly dead, with her arms clasped about her two children, both quite dead. All were lowered into the boat, and safely rowed to the Longstone, where Mrs. Darling received them warmly, and cared for them with motherly tenderness. The storm continued so violent that they were obliged to remain at the light house for several days, as were also a boat's crew who came to their rescue from North Sunderland, too late, and could not all return. Yet all were treated most hospitably and kindly-Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, and slept on a

At last the storm passed over, and was succeeded by calm and sunshine—the shipwrecked guests went to their homes, and all lowing: things at the lighthouse fell into their old house were visited by thousands, eager to get the 'Squire of the district through the posold father. Costly presents and tributes of domitable trading industry. He died worth lam sure you wouldn't be in such a rage if admiration poured in upon them from all property, in real estate and money, valued at the winds hadn't provoked you. By-and-by quarters. The Duke and Duchess of North. \$80,000. This was divided by testament, you will get good, and feel sorry, and creep umberland invited them over to Alnick Castle, Luck, which seemed to have been the guardfriends with me again—and I'll forgive you, you dear old sea, if you won't do any mis
the her heroism, and sent her a handsome piece of the children in the suggestion to reclaim the lost comfortfor every folly and extravagance they could of said forces for every follows. of plate. A public subscription was raised engage in seemed to occupy their exclusive of said forces for any such purpose. for what seemed to her a simple act of humanity, surprised and almost overwhelmed the modest girt. She shrank from the curious looks of strangers who thronged to see her, and became more shy and reserved than ever-she refused all invitations to go out into the world-but dividing many of her gifis between her brothers and sisters, she the marmaids' gardens-and that the shells remained with her lather and mother at the were the houses or pleasure boats of the little lighthouse, cheerfully fulfilling her humble domestic duties. God had made her very noble and the whole world could not spoil

> to brighten that lone and desolate spot. In the fall of 1841 she fell into delicate health, it may suggest itself to the reader-simply and symptoms of consumption soon manifest. ed themselves. She was removed to the house of her sister at Ramborough, on the coast. It was thought she would get better when the Spring came-but it was not so. She continued to fail-to fade, and fade away She was taken to Alnwick, from which she was to proceed to Newcastle for medical While at Alnwick, the Duchess of Northumberland treated her with all a sister's kindness-sent her own physician to hersupplied her with every luxury, and, better than all, went often to see her, very plainly dressed, and without a single attendant. She had the good sense to lay aside as it were her coronet-forget her title before the better nobility of that dying girl-and so proved herself far greater than a Duchess-a true and loving womau.

But not long was her beautiful heroic life

Grace was soon taken back to Bamborloved ones around her. And there in the place where she was born, she died on the 20th of October, 1842. She took leave of all her friends calmly, and very tenderlygiving to each one something to keep in remembrance of her—then meckly folded her hands on her breast and slept in God's peace. She was buried within sound of the sea she loved—within sight perhaps of the lighthouse, and the rock of the wreck-and the sea seems to mourn for her now, and the light. house and rock are her monuments.

The Ladies-may we kise the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss.

The two Brothers.

The following beautiful Arabian legend we copy from the "Voice of Jacob."

The site occupied by the temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of lug our feet by the fire, have picked up a painherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived. The two brothers bound up their sheaves, made portion of the harvest should be as large as his? Upon this he arose and took from his those of his brother; and this he did with as an evil action, in order that his offering might not be rejected.

On the same night the other brother awoke and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone without a companion; he has none to assist in his labor nor to reward him for his toils, while God has bestowed on me wife and chifour common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he hasby adding secretly a number of our sheaves and "go in"; which we did, and got worse to his stack, by way of compensation, and whipped than ever; Tom getting us down in without his knowledge, see his portion of the a tangled mass of pig weed at the first round,

In the morning, each of the brothers went into the field, and was much surprised at seeing the stacks still equal. During several successive nights the same contriance was repeated on each side; each kept adding to his brother's store, the stacks always remained the same. But one night, both having stood sentinel to divine into the cause of

to Heaven for having so good a brother. nacity, must have been acceptable to God. neighbor M's we tucked the offending article Men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to under our jacket meekly, and attempted to erect the house of the Lord.

FORTUNE UP AND DOWN .- The Boston Ledger of a recent date, publishes the fol-

In 1787, a youth, then residing in Maine, way. Grace Durling and her futher would owned a jack-knife, which he, being of a soon have forgotten their heroic act had they somewhat trading and money making dispobeen left to do so. But the people she had sition, sold for a gallon of West India rum. saved, in their gratitude and wonder, told the This he retailed, and with the proceeds purstory wherever they went. Accounts of it chased two gallons, and eventually a barrel, appeared in all the papers, and flew over the which was followed in due time with a large world. The bleak island and lonely light- stock. In a word, he got rich, and became a sight of the noble heroine and her brave sess on and sale of the jack-knife, and an infor her benefit, and amounted to about seven attention and cultivation. The daughter marhundred pounds—some three thousand five ried unfortunately, and her pairimony was hundred dollars. All this fame and applause soon thrown away by her spendthrift of a husband. The sons were no more fortunate; and two of them died of dissipation and in

almost poverty. The daughter also died. The last of the family, for many years past, has lived on the kindness of those who knew him in his days of prosperity, as pride would not allow him to go to the poor farm. A few days ago he died suddenly and unattended, in a barn where he had lain himself down to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a small piece of string and a jack-knife! So the fortune that began with an implement of that kind, lest but its simple duplicate. We leave the moral to be drawn, in whatever fashion stating that the story is a true one, and all the facts well known to many whom this relation will doubtless reach.

CONTENTMENT. -- As for a little more monv, and a little more time, why 'tis ten to one either would make you a whit happier .-If you had more time it would be sure to hang heavily on your hands. It is the workng man who is the happy man. Man was made to be active, and he is never so happy as when he is so. It is the idle man who is the miserable man. And, as for money, don't you remember the old saying, "Enough is as good as a feast !" Money never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that one want another way. That was a true ough, that she might meet death with all her proverb of the wise man, rely upon it, "Better is little, with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.'

RESIGNED TO HIS FATE .- "I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Melter, "I shan't stay here a great while."

"O! Mr. Melter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Melter, with a lugubrious expression of face.

"Because," said he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I am just passing away, like a cloud before the morning sun." Mr. Melter verefied his prophecy the next

pathizing feminine neighbor.

For the Agitator. Turkeyatical Reflections.

BY A BENEDICT. Our vrow has gone out with sundry cous-

ins on a visit, and we while comfortably toast-

them was married and had several children; per to while away a few idle moments and the other was unmarried. They lived to perchance light on a stray item previously unread. It is an old number of the Agitator, possible, cultivating the property they had and the first article that meets our eye is on turkeys-general and particular. It is suggestive. It brings back the olden time when we, a tiny lad of six years, had a diabolical two equal stacks of them, and lest them on monster in the form of a large Tom for a the field. During the night the unmarried persecutor; an old, long-hearded, pompous brother was struck with an excellent thought. bully who was the living nightmare of our My brother, said he to himself, has a wife daily walk to school and back-who missed and children to support; is it just that my no opportunity of charging at our unprotected legs in the most malicious and savage manner -who seemed to lay off around corners in stack several sheaves, which he added to "short boy" style, on purpose to take us unawares - who darted at us malevolently from much secrecy as if he had been committing behind stone fences and other unsuspected places, and who was a source of more real rouble and terror to us than the school master himself. It was all very well for big, long-legged boys and young men to guffaw and shout, "go it Tom!" "go it duck legs!" Of course we went it; but what was the use when Tom went it two feet to our one, and dren; is it right that we should take from could whip us easy besides when he caught

> We were advised in general terms not to be such a little coward, but to take a stick pounding us nearly to a jelly while down.

> We gave it up. He could both outrun and whip us, and our only chance for happiness seemed to us to be founded on the premature death of that baleful gobbler, or ultimately outgrowing and whipping him.

We had an aunt-a maiden lady of years and precision, whose advice was supposed to be most excellent on any matter not particuthe miracle, they met; each bearing the larly concerning herselt. We thought her sheaves mutually designed for the other. It the wisest of women when she suggested that was thus that all was elucidated, and they our old red comforter was probably the chief rushed into each other's arms, each grateful cause of offense, stating at the same time that the male turkey always construed an article Now, says the legend, the place where so of bright scarlet as a personal insult. We good an idea 'nod simultaneously occurred to stood informed, and the first time we found the two brothers, and with so much perti- ourselves under the necessity of passing pass his turkeyship in peace. It was no go. No sooner did he catch sight of our comical tittle legs, than, unable to abide us under any circumstances, he charged furiously, punishing us fairly in a race of a hundred yards, and keeping the red comforter which we had dropped in the fight, as a trophy. We did not even succeed in passing the house, having been headed off "by circumstances over which we had no control."

We recollect the sarcasms of that maiden aunt on "brave boys who got robbed and chased home by birds"; the smothered laughter of a full grown, full blown, black eyed female cousin, who was on a visit for a general romping time in the country; the military expedition which was fitted out with my aunt as commander in chief and ourself as light infantry, which was instantly fitted out

We have a vivid recollection of the order of march; of coming in sight of the enemy who was standing guard over the spoil, and who valiantly refused to be "shooed" off; of the laughter of the black eyed cousin who acted as corps de reserve; of our surprise at decidedly retrograde movement on the part of the general; of a plucky charge on the part of the enemy, partially repelled by a coal-scuttle bennet in the hands of the commander in chief; of a dastardly flight of the infantry who valorously took refuge in a large corn basket; of our valuant general with a skinny ankle on each side the top rail of a stake and rider fence, hanging on to a stake with one hand, and desperately plying the coal-scuttle bonnet with the other to keep the enemy from scaling the works, which he seemed determined to do or "perish in the attempt"; of a relieving party from the house, headed by Mrs. M. with a solint broom. our chop fallen retreat homeward; the unmerciful laughter of the black eyed cousin. who refused to be considered as belonging to the military part of the expedition; of the unmerciful box given us on the ear by the general for hinting something about old maids who lost their bonnets and got "drove home by birds," and the huge delight of the cousin thereat. Are not all these things graven on the tablets of our memory, to be recalled from time to time, when other and later matters of much more importance shall have been long

forgotten. While we are about the turkey we may as well finish him; not only because his history rightly considered is instructive, but because, ethnologically speaking, he was of much importance to us and our affairs then and after-

.What made the misunderstanding between Tom and ourself more inexplicable to us then. was the fact, that to our friendship and assistance he awed his life. Yes, Form to your shame be it said, when you were left hopelessly and helplessly behind, on a chilly, wet May morning, did we not extricate thee from the tall, wet grass, led thither by thy feeble pipings? Was it not owing to this and this only that thou wast made a pet of; led from the hands of thy mistress; allowed the run of the house; pampered even as a favorite child? And what was thy base return?-Even in the first year didst thou wax sauce. day by running away with a buxom and sym- pitching battle with roystering runsiers, puting to flight garrolous geeze, driving from the ted unless he comes homself.

pleasant fireside, with raised back and amplified continuation, the meek and unoffending tabby who had for years held undisputed possession of her corner, and, "most unkindest cut of all," pitching incontinently into us, thy best friend, and the protector of thy worthless life!-us; a small duck-legged specimen of bipedal humanity, with no big brothers to take our part; unable from a constitutional shortness of legs to avoid, and lacking the weight and muscle to repel thy des

NO. XXXI.

A GLOOMY BRIDAL .- We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly deficient in sunshine and whitewash as the following. It reads like a yard of crape:

ardly attacks! Ah! Thomas Jefferson, (as

thy very democratic owner would call thee)

t was not well.

"Gloom was upon her countenance and upon his. The man whose holy office it was o unite them in bands never to be torn asunder, stood like an executioner before the bride and the bridegroom, and they, the pair waiting to be blessed, bent down their heads like criminals before him.

In vain might the eye wander round the assembly in search of sunshine upon a single countenance; all was black and dreary, and assistants as well as attendants at the ceremony were alike shrouded in one dark over-

shadowing pall of rayless gloom.

Ah, joyful should ever be the linking of young hearts together, and terrible must be the feelings of those around whom the shadows of fate are gathering even at the threshold, which should blaze in all the gorgeous coloring of hope and promise.

Yet the same sombre shade, the same gloom of hue, the depth of darkness was seated upon every feature. No sudden blushing of the rose, no swift succeeding of the lilly, no fitful changes telling of youthful pastion, and warm bright hope, were seen in the bride's cheek; but one unvarying shade of funeral gloom possessed the bride, possessed the groom, possessed the preacher; in fact they were all possessed.

Reader, they were Timbuctoo darkies. A FATAL CASE .- Old Polly Smith was a terribly plain woman. She would have borne off the jack knife from all competitors, and given them the odds of fifty start in the race. She was endlessly complaining of her ailments of various kinds, was Mrs. Snaith, to the no small annovance of such listeners as she claimed to hold, as did the ancient mariner the wedding guest, by the spell of her "glittering eye," and no one was more annoyed than old Dr. Bolus, a cynical old fellow of her neighborhood. Meeting Mrs. Snaith one morning, he ventured to salute her with the usual compliment of the morning, with the accustomed "How d'e do?"-Fatal mistake! "Why, doctor, feel putty mizable, thank'e. My old complaint is annoying me. There never was a poor creature that suffered more than I do. Pains and aches and aches and pains all the time!"— "But," interrupted the doctor, growing impatient, "you don't look very sick." "No," replied she, "I know I don't, but I feel a good deal worse than I look." "Good heavens!" cried the doctor, throwing up his hands, "then you had better make haste home, for you can't live an hour!" Mrs. Snaith had the good sense to know what he meant, and never made any more complaints to him.

THE I. E MANIA .- "We really cannot comprehend," says an exchange, "why that respectable letter Y should be discarded from the termination of Christian names, and the two letters I and E substituted. It does not save time, and it is positive i e, as an ending is not a bit more refined or elegant looking. than a noble y, with its fail winding off into a graceful flourish." We have before us a catalogue of the young ladies of a "Female College," located less than a thousand miles distant, and find the good old Yl knocked out

At present it is Bettie and Politie, Sallie and Mollie, Fannie and Mattie, Peggie and Pattie, Marie and Kittie, Addie and Mittie, Jennie and Nettie, and Josie and Hattie, and many others. But the grand finale of this I E versys Y mania is that the other sex are adopting it-Substantial Billy Moodle having recently effeminized himself into Billie Moodie,

Esq." A Sportsman, by touching his horse near the withers with his whip, taught him to kneel immediately. When shooting, and a dog came to the point, he made the horse kneel and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording the river with him, when, having touched his withers, he was true to the touch-down he dropped into the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter, in a great passion, asked the former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water ?

"Oh!" said the other, you bought him as pointer, and at the time when he went on his knees he was pointing a salmon."

Going in on Shares .- Boy where die ou come from, and how do you live?" "Come from Pennsylvany; and lives by

ating. "Would you like something to do?" "Don't care, if 'taint hard work."

"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up n a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable." "Drive ahead. I'm a lissenen."

"Well, you go somewhere and steal a bas ket, and then go around begging for cold victuals, and you may have half you get." At a colored ball, the following notice was

posted on the door post:
"Tickets fifty cents. No grammen admit-

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:—

Squares, Hall-Yearly and Yearly advertising:

Square, (14 lines,) - \$2 50 \$4 50 \$6 60

2Squares, - 4 00 6 00 8 00

½ column, - 10 00 15 00 20 00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered oot, and charged accordingly.

Pusters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments.

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

Communications,

For The Agitates. The Empire of the West,

The west!-where is the west? Who is there among your number who has felt the keen, piercing blast of forty winters, that cannot distinctly remember when a journey over the Alleghanies gave to the young adventurer almost the character of a discoverer?-Then the west rested hardly beyond the Blue Ridge, and stretched thence far, far away into the dim, dreary and scarce-trodden forests. of Ohio and the Bloody Ground.

Explorers and hunters might have realized half a century ago the extent of our possessions beyond the Father of Waters; but what simple minded husbandman or quiet citizen ever thought that his cotemporaries were desperate enough to explore the broad prairies of Missouri or to sweep in his birchen canoe down the great artery of our continent to the bayous and swamps of Louisiana. Occasion. ally a solitary Indian agent, specially commissioned by government to traffic with the untutored savage, might have been seen wending his way beyond the border of civilization: but farther than that, the masses were totally ignorant of our then unexplored domain.-The matter of territorial extension and territorial possession had not then become a question of significance and interest. Then the bold and rackless hunter chased the panting deer through the dense, dark woods where now a thousand church spires gliver in the sunshine. He had slept by night to the lullaby of howling wolves where now are assembled senates to deliberate on the affairs of state. He had killed the huge buffalo where now the grave professor descants on the deep truths of science. He had seen the far, far west. But this was yesterday. Where is the west of to-day-or what do we call the

Scarce twelve years since, when national ignity became alarmed at the increasing and oft repeated encroachments upon our soil, the then existing administration took measures to bring about a speedy settlement of the vexed question of national abuse and governmental right. The events of 1846 will long be remembered by the citizens of this confederated Republic. The conquest of Mexico, and the treaty with Great Britain will not be soon forgotten. The result of that war will undoubtedly teach Mexican officials the absurdity of oriental bombast and during insolence, while we received a very handsome addition to our empire of the west-an addition which serves to increase our knowledge of territorial organization and wes ern boundary, as well as increased national wealth.

If the spirit that smiled at the defence of Oregon, as a region of no importance to the presentage, had been beeded by the statesmen. of the hour-had the question of boundary continued open between us and England until some wandering Anglo Saxon had seen the glittering sands of Sutter's tail race, where then had been the west? Anevitably Great Britain would have taken possession of the defenceless treasure, and foreclosed for years our highway to the far-off Pacific. Other institutions would have been established in the beautiful valley of the Williamette; another flag would still have floated on the mountain breeze of Wallawalla; and the area of free dom once effectually hemmed in, the march of progress would have paused for centuries upon the neutral ground of prairie dogs and spiders, along the eastern margin of the rocky range.. Were it not for that war and that treaty, where would now probably have been our beautiful west?

The pioneers of freedom who braved the terrors of the cape, who rushed by thousands over the sickly isthmus, who crossed in regiments the over-land route, marking their course with graves, would never have been permitted to hoard the glittering gold to save their country from the ignoble alternative of bankruptcy, had it not been for the increased area of dominion.

Again, the west !- he empire of the west, is also an asylum of the pioneer of nations. The generous, quick-sighted son of Erin emigrates from his ransatlantic home to migrate westward beyond the pale of civilization to found him a free home in a free country.-There follows in his train the serious, reflecting Scotchman, the courteous, dignified Englishman, the brave, ingenuous Frenchman, and the thrifty, crafty German. These all make good citizens, close and frugal economists, and firm defenders of their adopted country: Yet, it is reserved for the shrewd, enterprising Yankee, and the dashing, spirited New Yorker to persevere in the laudable enterprise of subduing u vast range of forest land and prairie for the plow and sickle, founding institutions of learning, and conducting the affairs of State.

In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the proposer paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was:

"How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dut about the

entrance?" When they all gave it up Pat said: "Sure, do You see, he begins at the other

end of the hole." One of the rest explaimed:

"But how did he get there !" "Ah," said Pat, "that's your questioncan you answer it yourself?"

THREE KINDS OF POOR .- In this earthly world the poor are of three descriptions, viz: the Lord's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils. As a general thing the Lord takes care of his poor, and the devil takes care of his; but the poor devils have to look out for them-cires.