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MIRIAM MORE.

VOL. V.

if I would gang doon to the stewart's cabin and

get a refreshment (catch me buying onything

in the shape o' drink on board o' a steamboat mysel—I ken ower weel the way they charge

but this is costin' me naething,) so I agreed to gaug doon, but befora goin' I gied Nelly

strict injunctions that she was to keep a sharp

look-out for Kilcreggan, and to ca' me up before

we cam to the quay. Weel Nelly promised

but it's wonderful hoo time slips by in such cir-cumstances. At last I'm called up an' landed

on the quay, and the boat's awa, an' a' richt as

ye think I was? but a' the way at Strone Point,

gied Nelly twa or three rattles on the side o'

telt her, the auld lady said, 'Poor thing, you

quo' I. And what do ye think Nelly telt wi'

her ain lips? that after hearin' o' the burnin o'

my pye she had gane ae en's errand and bor-

row't 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' frae the baker's

prentice; and it was readin that abomonible

book that she had landed me on the Strone

gan to look for a house?' I said I was. 'Weel,

quo' he, 'ye needna care muckle for bein' taen

past the place: there's nae houses there for

common folk like you; a' the houses at Kil-

do ye ken whether I'm gentry or common folk?'

Quo' ee, 'a body micht be a wee puzzled wi'

some folk, but it's easy kennin' the like o' you.

What do you think,' quo' I. 'If I could maybe

buy some o' your gentry?' 'Ay,' quo the laddie, 'yer'e just like a wife that wad buy folk, and

sell them tae, but it doesna happen to be the fashion in this country, Mrs. Legree! Weel,

for a' I had gien her, Nelly was that weel

pleased wi' the laddie's impudence to me she

roar'd and lauch't till I thocht she would fa'

owre the quay. It's my opinion that she would

hae fa'en owre the quay if the laddie hadna

happen'd to notice her, and cried, 'Hold on,

Topsy, for, 'spose you're a duck, I 'specks you would sink.' The last thing the laddie cried

owre his shouther to me as he took his depart-

ure, was, that I should never gang past Green-

ock when I was gaun to the saut water. So I

vears to a black man, a cook in ane o' the steam-

boats. Some say he's married and some say

he's no married; but at onyrate he lives wi' a

woman, and there's twa-three witty-broon

weans; that there can be nae mistak' about.

Weel, it seems our Tommy had been playing

in the close wi' ane o' the whity broon laddies,

and it seems our Tommy had taen a peerle frac

the laddie, and he had made an awful' roarin'

and greetin' about it, and our Tommy's rather

quick in the temper (his father says he taks it

o' me.) So it seems Tommy had flung the

peerie doon the back stair, and when the wee

laddie ran down after't, Tommy it seems had

flung a brick doon after him, and the hit brick

had rather scarted his heel, and he had gaen in

roarin' to his mither. So up the stair she comes,

and just as I'm comin' in the close, there's the

black prince's leddie standing at the head o' the

stair, shakin her nieve at our Tommy, and say-

ing. 'O laddie, laddie, if that passion o'yours

is no curbed in your young days, it will bring you to an untimely end.' That were the very

words that met me as I cam' to the close. So

I just made answer, 'Go down the stair wi' you,

you impident randy go down the stair wi' you; 'an untimely end!' it'll surely be lang before

onybody's brocht to an untimely end; for

flinging a bit brick at a blackmoor; gang down

the stair wi' you, and see in your excitement

and no make such a mistak as to curl your hair

wi' your marriage lines.' 'I care nae mair.

quo' she, 'for your vulgar insinuations than for

the wind blowin; they just indicate the rotten state o' your ain black heart; and doon the

stair she went, and up the stair I went, and

sortet mysel' and gaed strucht awa to the laird

to see if decent tenants were to be annoved wi'

a wheen trash like that in a sunk flat. Our

laird, ye ken passes for bein' a real gude man

in the eyes o' the world, 'as wise as a serpent

and as harmless as a dove.' I could swear for

the serpent part o' the business at ony rate.

The laird received me very blandly, and listen-

ed to a' I had to say; he then sat back in his

chair, put up his specks on his brow, and said

very quietly, 'I am glad you have called, Mrs.

Gallacher, I am glad you have called. Your

visit gives me an opportunity of stating a mat-

ter that I felt some delicacy in mentioning. I

have always been of opinion that the part of

my property that you occupy has been let rather

book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

when I stood years ago, by my Miriam's side, And gared on her beauty, with fondness and pride, There eyes seemed too bright for affliction to cloud, and that form all too fair to be wrapt in a shroud. I thought not of death; for the lovely and gay seem destined to live thro' a long sunny day, and so sweet was the smile of contentment she wore, That I scarce dreamed of sorrow for Miriam More.

That I scarce dreamed of sorrow for Miriam More.

But I was no prophet for her coming years,

By the graves of her kindred she shed bitter tears,

And learned the sad lesson life teaches to all,

that grief's heavy shadow around us must fall.

And then in the noon of her beauty and pride,

From "changes and chances" her heart turned aside,

The joys and the pains of her earth-life were o'er,

And death closed the blue eyes of Miriam More.

And death closed the blue eyes of Miriam More.
But the grave only covered her worn, weary form,
And the pure, carnest spirit, the heart true and warm,
Archiving, and acting, and loving us yet,
For 'is not the departed who soonest forget.
And often I dream, in the stillness of night,
That there bendeth above me a vision of light,
That those blue eyes are beaming with smiles as of

and I dream that the vision is Miriam More.

Mrs. Gallacher on Uncle Tom's Cabin-A

BY GEORGE ROY.

It's a very safe advice that my frien' Mrs. Armstrong gies on a' occasions, that is, if ye can say nae gude o' a body say naething about them ara. That's the policy that I am gaun to adopt in reference to my acquaintance Mrs. Gallacher, but there can can be nae harm in my ga' in' you a bit sketch o' what she said to me the ither day, and leavin' you to form your ain epinion o' her leddiship.

I happened to meet Mrs. Gallacher in the

house o' a mutual acquaintance, and in the course o' conversation I happened to spier at Mr. Gallacher if she had read that wonderful look Uncle Tom's Cabin.' No,' quo' she, nor never intend to read it; if everybody had been as muckle annoyed as I've been wi' that sheminable book, there would be less fuss about it 'Bless me,' quo' I, 'I canna see hoo ye can he been annoyed by sic a book as that.'-Maybe,' quo' she, 'but I can soon gie you proof pesitive o' the fact. The first time I heard o' Incle Tom's Cabin' was about four months sin', when a cripple cousin o' mine wha lives in the country and spends his time in reading books and feeding birds, sent our bairns a pair o' pigeons, a black ane a white ane, wi' strict injunctions that they were to be taken great care o', as they were very rare specimens, and he had christened them Eva and Topsy, after those wonderful characters in that wonderful took, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Noo, ye see, I mither kent nor cared onything about Eva and Topsy, but I kent it was the height o' nonsense wastin' guid meat feedin' fat doos, so l very cannily twisted the necks o' baith Eva and Topsy, and made them into a nice bit pye for Mr. Gallacher's supper and mine. For I'm no ane that believes in folk living on tauties and saut when they're by themsels, and keeping a' bits o' niceties to mak a show at a party. I think if ye are to hae onything nice in the cookery way, ye should hae't when ye're by your-sels when ye can get the guid o't. So when I had my bit pye prepared, I gaed æ en's errand to the baker wi't mysel, and gied strict injuncuens that it was to be done a beautifu' broon.
Weel, would ye believe it? when the pye cam' hame it was burned to a perfect cinder, perfeetly uneatable, and when I gaed to the baker to mak my complaint, he just laugh't in my face and said, 'Ye must really excuse us on this eccasion, for every one's head seems turned with that wonderful book. I entrusted your pre to my auldest apprentice, a very careful young man in general, but it being in the evening, he got so absorbit in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that he quite forgot your pye till the smell o't bumin' wauken'd the youngest 'prentice, wha happened to be sleepin' on the bakin' table.'

That was my introduction to that abominable book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Weel, the next o't was this :- Mr. Gallacher and me were invited to the examination o'a Sunday school. No that we take muckle interest in onything o' that kind. Mr. Gallacher and me are baith o' opinion that the dark places o' the earth have been and will be the habitations o' cruelty, for a' that simple folk may think they can do for them; but there was tumber o' our customers interested in this school, and we had to gi'e them a subscription; of course we rubbit them off wi' as little as possible, but still we had to subscribe. So when the examination o' the school cam' on, we're baith invited. Mr. Gallacher wasna for gaun, but seein' that we had gien the siller, I thought it best to gang and let oursels be seen. & we gaed to the examination, and a very tiresome affair it was. Well, after a' the classes are transped, the teacher said that ony o' the pathas present might, if they pleased, put a few questions to the scholars. I wanted Mr. Gallather to put a question or twa, but he said he would do naething of the sort. He said he dina mind what they were about ava; so I is stept forrit mysel', and askit a big wiselike cmp o' a laddie if he could answer the simple Castion, 'Wha made him?' Wi' that the lad-Catalog his hands, and turnin' up the white o his e'en, in a real droll sneeviling tone, anewerd me, 'Nobody as I knows; I specks I growd, Well, in place o' bein' onyway asham'd o'the laddles ignorance, baith teacher and scholars, and a' the visitors, burst out into a roar o Tagar laughter, as if they were laughin' at me.
And what do you think? The teacher told me Then I was leavin' the school that the boy I questioned was one o' the most advanced dars in the school, and had been so indigat at the simplicity o' my question, that he danswered me in the language o' that woncolars -I'm thinkin they'll get anither subaption from me.'

It wasna mony days after this fine examina in, till I made arrangements to gang to the state to look for a house. I aye like to gang haw an' early in the season, for if ye gang tally and meet in wi' a tim'rous body that's bar'd their house 'ill no be let, and if you can Estade them that it's likely to stand empty, ad mak' a judicious bargain, whiles, by subtin' the house, you can hae your ain saut Taker for naething, and profit besides. This

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1859.

gang to Kilcreggan, for I had aye like to gang | Cabin, or you would know that great lady, to the most fashionable place. So I had to tak' Mrs. Stowe, has drawn a magic circle round Nelly wi' me tak' charge o' the wean. That that poor unhappy race, which it would be perlassie Nelly's puzzle to me; for a' that I've done fect sacrilege to think of crossing. For my for her, takin' her out o' the poor's house, and own part, I would not only rather part with you what not, an' for a' the blows that lie on her

but with all my tenants, than be compelled in body, she has nae mair respect for me than if I any way to touch one stick of poor 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He kent perfectly weel that, wasna her mistress. At ony rate I had to tak' Nelly doon the water wi' me, to tak' charge o' circumstanced as I was, I couldna flit: so there the wean. Weel, when we're comin' near about was me wi' three pounds added to my rent, a' Greenock, a gentleman, an acquaintance o' Mr. in, and through that abominable book, 'Uncle Gallacher's wha had been noddin several times Tom's Cabin. on the way doon, came up to me, and askit me

On my way hame frae the laird's I thocht I would ca' in and see hoo a dizzen o' shirts that I had gi'en out to mak' were gettin on. I had gi'en them to a puir creature that lives in ane o' the closes in the High Street—ane o' thae proud—spirited creaturs—owre big to tak ony-thing aff the parish—and that slaves hersel, night and day, working for hersel' and a sister's son, a wee blind laddie that bides wi' her. I was recommended to her by a Mrs. Scrubber!

faithfully, and doon we went. The gentleman was verry genteel: he called for brandy. So I sat what I thought was a very few minnits, wha kens geyan weel whar to get onything o' that kind done. Ye see it was a charity to put work into the creatur's way, and mair than that, she made the shirts for thirteen pence-half-penny, and that was three bawbees cheaper than I got the last anes done in Bridewell. Well, when I had climbed the lang stair, of course I clappit at the door, and gettin nae answer, I thocht I Weel when I lookit aboot, whaur do fairly on the ither side o' the water. I was that provokit that I just steekit my nieve and would try the sneck. So I opened the door and walked in, and what do you think I saw in the miserable garret, but the puir starved lookin' the head, and she took to the roarin' and creatures sittin owre a wee bit spunky o' fire; greetin.' An auld lady that had come doon in and what do you think she was daein? Readthe boat askit what she had done? When I ing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the wee blind laddie, the tears comin' drappin' owre baith their noses. I stood for awhile and said naething. must really excuse her for this time, for she got so interested in her story that she quite forgot till she was past the place.' 'What story?' Somehow, at the first, I felt a kind o' feared to disturb them. but at last I said, "It'll be a lang time before that puts muckle in your pouch.'
And then the thin, pale, skinny-lookin' face

was turned up to me so very quietly, and she said, 'A body shouldna do everything in this world wi' a direct view to their pouch.' 'Them that has plenty,' quo I, 'in their pouch doesna need to be so particular. It's no what a body

Point. I was that provokit, that I steekit my ither nieve, and gied Nelly just as muckle on has,' quo' she, 'it's how they are satisfied with the other side of the head. So a lump o' a what they have. There are some people that are contented with very little, and there are laddie that was stannin' laokin' on, cam' forrit to me and said, 'Wife, were ye gaun to Kilcregothers that would not be satisfied although they had the whole world.' 'Ye'll be ane o' the satisfied kind,' quo I.' 'I cannot take much credit to myself for that,' quo she, quo' she; I must say I never had any creggan are for the gentry.' 'Gentry?' quo' I, and common folk! ye impident monkey, hoo

great anxiety to be possessed of much of that heart hardening substance, money; if I had a wish,' quo' she, 'I would rather have given to the world such a book as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' than be mistress of all the gold found at California or Australia.' There was a bonny speech for ye! I thocht I would just cut it short by askin' how she was getting on wi' my shirts. 'There's no a wrang steek in them yet,' quo' she. 'What do you mean?' quo' I. 'Do you mean to say that ye hinna begun them yet?" 'No,' 'quo' she, 'I have not begun to them; I was astonished to see the way in which the cloth was cut.' 'Were ye no pleased wi' the cutting o' them?' quo' I. 'No,' quo' she; 'they're at least a dozen years behint the fashion at the present time. I was astonished at your cutting the cloth.' 'Weel,' quo' I, 'I'll be very plain wi' you; I'll tell you how I cut the cloth. I've seen when shirts were gien oot to mak, that bits o' cloth gaed amissin'; so I had just to come awa' hame wi' my finger in thocht if ye had every bit cut for its ain proper my mouth, a' in and through that abominable | place, ye could be in no danger o' bein' blamed. That's the way the cloth was cut.' 'Oh,' quo' An' that wasna the last o't, for I got into she, 'I understand now;' and away she went mair than ae scrape, through that abominable volume that very same day. Ye see the sunk the bundle o'linen, and openin' the parcel, quo' flat o' our land has been let for the last twa she, There, I think are all the pieces just as you brocht them-the bodies, the sleeves, the necks, the wristbands and the gushets.' I said they were a' there as I brocht them. 'That's well,' quo' she, and folded up the parcel very carefully, and puttin 'it into my hands, she said, 'I would be obliged by your gettin' some other person to make your shirts. I don't know what I may be reduced to, but, as yet, I am under no necessity of doin' work to any one who takes precautions with me as if I were a com-

> creature. As I'm comin' doon the stair, thinkin' to mysel' this is nac doot a lesson to me on the dignity o' labor, as it's ca'd-the dignity o' abominable impudence !-as I'm comin out o' the close, there's a big lump o' a laddie comes up to me and says-Wife, I'll carry your bundle to ye for tippence.' 'Gae' wa wi' you,' quo' I, 'ye big lump!' and as I'm gettin' clear o' him, there's a wee white-headed laddie cries-'Leddie, I'll carry your parcel to you for a bawbee. The bundle had a terrible weight, so I gied it to the wee white-headed laddie, and awa we're comin' alang the Trongate, when I sees a crowd o' folk lookin' in at a window. I speert at the laddie if he ken't what they were lookin' at .-The laddie said he thought they were lookin' at Uncle Tom's Cabin.' So when I cam forrit. this is a draper's window wi' a lot o' beautifu' boxes in't and on the lids o' the boxes there's beautifu' pictures o' Eliza crossin' the ice, 'Uncle Tom writin' his letter,' 'Master George,' 'Eva an' Topsy,' and a' the like o' that. So I stood for awhile admirin' the pictures, when I bethinks mysel' to look if the wee laddie was a richt-and, would ve believe it?-I had seen my last sicht o' that weewhite-headed laddie and my dizzen o' guid linen shirts! Is it ony wonder that I hate the sicht o' that abominable book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'

> mon thief,' and, before ye could hae said six, she was sittin' reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as

if I hadna' been in the world. I could hae

twisted the neck of the impudent ungrateful

Going Home.-Californians are all "going nome." No one expects to die here, but that before his "summons comes" he will see relatives and kindred, in the eastern lands, and that he will renew with them delightful associations of other years, before he lies down with them in the dreamles sleep, under his native heather, under its value, but I felt reluctant to raise and the flowers he loved when a child will your rent. Now however, that you talk of removing, I must make a new bargain, so you universal sentiment, yet as a fact, scarce one in will know this, Mrs. Gallacher, whether you re-main or remove there will be three pounds dwellers in the cities of the dead which will added to the rent of the house you occupy. mark these hills with little mounds—cottages That had made up my mind that I was to not read that wonderful book 'Uncle Tom's of the rich,—Nevada National. And as for the dark people, you certainly have of the poor, and mounmental marble-palaces

From Harpers Magazine. SALLY JONES.

Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity had a daughter, as pretty and buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on a flea-bitten mare, or helping to stir apple-butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in a log-meeting house on a Sunday—in short, wherever you saw her, she always looked as pretty, if not pret-tier than she had ever done before. Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarce-

ly be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without a suitor. Admir-ers, nay lovers, she had by the score; and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth drunk because of her, and many a sighing bachelor would willingly give his riding horse, or even a share in Dad's farm for her.

There was indeed no lack of will on their part; the dificulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed for once, to be impressed with a proper sense

Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was as good humored as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was lovable.

Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune for a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly.

a pigeon, amiable as a turtle dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admir-ers, who dwaddled about her twiddling their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding switches, and playig a number of other sheepish tricks, but never saying a word to the purpose.

Sally was entering her nineteenth year, when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, slowest, cowardliest, ornar-

This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If any of them had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove

the answer.

Not of this poor spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwarth youth, who stood, in winter. six feet two inches in his stockings, (in sum-

Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freekled, had a big mouth, and carrotty hair. His feet-But no matterhe usually bought number fourteen and a half, because they fitted him better than sevens or

Sam was a wagon-maker by profession owned Bold to the confines of imprudence, he was a great favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, fist like a sledge hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and preux

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting and at sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the adaucity to squeeze her under the quilt. Truth is

Although Sally did resist the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and

of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up.

ne sank into the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed.

'What darned sneak was I!' groaned Sam. as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. 'What's come over me, that I can't speak my mind to a pretty gal without a chokin? O Lord! but she was too peetty to live on this airth. Well I am a going to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I go back, then drat me.'
It is probable Sam Bates had never har

kened to the story of 'Rasselas, Prince of Abysinia, or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that the deficiencies of the day will be supplied by the to-morrow.

tricked off in a new twelve dollar suit of Jew's clothes, was on his way to meeting beside the beautiful Sally. His horse, bedecked with a new saddle with brass stirrups, looked as gay as his master.

Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers that stood around filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity.

bashfulness,

Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was

up and saw her beau's predicament.

of its own unworthiness.

There-she was, social and warm hearted as

iest creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lay under an apple tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apple dropped into

mer he didn't wear any.)

eights.

flourishing shop and several hundred acres of unimproved land, which secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest, he was a roystering blade, a good rider, a crack shot with a rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. chevelier of the pine hill country.

mighty, and must be told.

boldness in the other sex.

Sally blushed every time her eyes met those

As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper

As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt : numbness in his joints entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his heart so swelled up that it closed up his throat and he couldn't utter a word.

To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates

As they rode up to the meeting-house door, Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and

'Stop a minute, now Miss Sally; I'll just git

and help ye off!"

waiting.

'Gosh darn the stirrup! exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leather with his tremen-

At this unwonted exclamation Sally looked

The bystanders to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant.

Bouncing out of her saddle in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone. 'Here Sammy, chunk your foot out with

NO. 26.

O Sally Jones, into what an error your heart betrayed you, to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled county-admirers, rivals and all.

Sam took the stone and struck a frantic blow at the pertinacious stirrup, but missing his aim it fell with crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from wearing tight boots. 'Whoa, darn ye! cried he losing all control

of himself, and threatening to beat his horse,s brains out with the stone. 'Don't strike the critter Sammy,' said old

Jones, 'you'll give him the poll evil. But jist let me ongirth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time.' In short the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam

dismounted with his feet still fast in his stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot-hobbles. With some labor he pulled of his boots, squee zed them out of the stirrups, and pulled them

The tender Sally stood by all the while manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was

finally extracted, she took his arm and walked him into church. But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, pulled off his boots, and

rode home in his stockings. From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphorically, he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor, like a fool, but took to his axe and cleared I don't know how many acres of

rugged, heavy timbered land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of sev eral hundred dollars. Sally indirectly sent him divers civil mess ages, intimating that she took no account of that little accident at the meeting-house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of grey yarn stockings knit with her own

But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort in his imposed exile.

Sam wore them continually, not on his feet as some matter-of-fact body might suppose but in his bosom; and often, during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them till a big tear gathered in his eye.

Oh! Sally Jones, Sally Sones, if I had only had the spunk to have courted ye Saturday night, instead of waiting till Sunday morning, things might have been different.

And then he would pick up his axe, and whack into the next tree with the energy of

At length the whole country was electrified by the announcement that "Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West." On the day appointed for the sale, there could not have been less than one hundred horses tethered in the barnyard. Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a

pig in a strange corn-field. Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than to diminish her charms.

It was generally known that she was adverse to moving West. In fact she took no pains to

weeping.
She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead, with its chinked and daubed walls; the cherry trees, under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old for niture auctioned off-the churn, the apple-but ter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many sociable gatherings.

But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up; her pet, that when a calf, she saved from the butcher; it was too much, and the tears trickled afresh down Sally's blooming cheeks.

'Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow!' 'Fifty dollars!' shouted Bates

'Why Sammy,' whispered a prudent neigh or, 'she ain't worth twenty at the outside.'

'I'll gin fifty for her,' replied Sam, doggedly Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gal lantry, she needs thank the purchaser for the compliment, and commended Sukey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such u devouring that the little maid could scarcely suppress a scream. She did suppress it, however, that she might hear if he had any thing further to say; but she was disappointed. He turned away dumb, swallowing, as it were, great hunks of grief as big as dumplings.
When every thing was sold off, and dinner

was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups, reclining on the grass, or seated on benches and dismantled furniture.

The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospect of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a pity that so fine a girl as Sally Jones should be permitted to leave the country against her will. 'Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the

sperit to stop her?' asked a white headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying The louts snickered, turned over, whispered

to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment. The sun was declining in the west. Some of those who lived at a distance had gone to harness up their horses. To-morrow the Belle of

Casapon Valley would be on her way to Mis-

Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determination. Arrived in the middle of the yard, she mounted the reversed apple-butter kettle.

'I don't want to go west—I don't—I don't want to leave old Virginia—and I won't leave, if thers's a man among ye that has spunk enough to ask me to stay!

But where is Southern chivalry? Withered beneath the sneers of cold-blooded malignity?choked by the maxims of dollar-jingling prodence? distanced on the circular race course of

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of Cents for every subsequent 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:—

dered 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

progress? bankrupt through the tricks of counterfeiting politicians?

Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones. Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address, when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat skins

at a bacchanalian festival. 'Miss Sally, I axes you.'

'Miss Sally, I spoke first.' 'I bespeak her for my son Bill,' squeaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her

arm.
To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown around her, and heard a stentorian voice

'She's mine, by golly!' · Sam cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering

The wedding came off that night, and on the following morning Sam rode home, driving his white cow before, and carrying his wife behind

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Agitator. Look on the Bright Side.

Look on the bright side young man! What tho' obstacles surround you—still bear up, struggling on. Faint not if you would accomplish anything. "Faint heart never won fair lady." neither did faint heart ever win the laurels of fame,-and it ought not. Piteous must be the sight of a discouraged man. Buckle the armor of perseverence and impenetrability firmly on, keep your heart and hands clean and bid defiance to failure. Friends will for sake you.— Falsehood and detraction are the inevitable consequences of trying to be somebody. Your name will be lisped by enemies. But be pre-pared for all this. You cannot expect to please everybody-it is an utter impossibility. Gold must be tried in a furnace and so must a man's principles. When a particular friend steals into your private sanctum and says,—My good fellow, I've heard a bad story about you—Mrs. A. or B. says this or that; mind you look impenetrable; dont be simple and retaliate by repeating another piece of gossip; but be sure you don't let your temper get the mastery, for

if you do the worse is your own. News carriers never lessen a story. "Be sure you are right then go ahead." Look on the bright side young lady! Let not the rose on your check grow pale by secret sorrow; cultivate a happy disposition; take the world as it is; use your influence always right, knowing you are not placed here an isolated being, but for the good pleasure of your associates. If you sometimes feel alone, doubly alone, in this to you, cold, friendless world, borne down by your oppressors—Rise above it! Cast it as a mantle off, and cherish no ill-feeling. There are moments in every one's life when the way seems all dark. Then be doubly watchful. Keep your eyes wide open,-placing your whole dependence on Him who hath said, "I am with you always, even to the end." But

never give up. For there is another and a more trying time;—when honied words are breathed into your oft, too willing ear-when smiles wreathe lips for your eye only-when the quick throbs of your heart tell you of the close proximity of one whose presence is rather felt than seen, then beware !- for every look, conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her every word, every smile, or the glance of your pretty eyes were evidently red with recent eye will be misconstrued, and the next thing your particular friend informs you, "that you are in love, and that of course its not reciprocated." So goes the world. Still look on the bright side. Pure gold seldom lies on the surface, and you may be deceived by the glitter, but if you are strike deeper and be not discouraged; cull the sweet of every passing breeze; strive earnestly, for there is nothing like knowing yourself pure to make you disregard the idle gossip of the day. Then do not seek solitude and court the unhealthy influence of melancholy, but resolve that if there is such a thing on earth as pure simplicity and uprightness of

heart, it shall be yours. Dark must be the cloud that has no silver lining, and if you will not, you need never see that cloud. Look on the bright side! Father! niother! you know not what the future of that darling son-that loved daughter may be. But keep home pleasant. Let nothing shake their confidence there; be to them an elder brother and sister; crush not their high aspirations, and by example and precept teach them that earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal," and that a pure heart must be joyous.-Ay, look on the bright side, for the earth is full of joy, and then you may reasonably expect that by and by you and yours shall reap the

golden grain. Yes, one and all, look on the bright side, and let each morning find you better prepared to find that something good in every heart, by doing "unto others as you would that they should do unto you." Then there will be no dark shades to mar the beauteous prospect, and all will be the bright side.

OBFUSCATE SCINTILLATIONS .- One of the speaers at a late anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Philadelphia, exclaims: When I think of this organization, with its complex powers, it reminds me of some stunendous mechanism which shall spin electric bands of stupendous thought and feeling, illuminating the vista of eternity with coruscations of brilliancy, and blending the mystic brow of eter-nal ages with a tiara of never-dying beauty, whilst for those who have trampled upon the blood of Christ it shall spin from its terrible form toils of eternal funeral bands, darker and darker, till sunk to the lowest abyss of destiny.'

An old Widow, when her paster saidite her: -"God has not deserted you in your old age," replied, "No, no; I have a very good appetite

Some stupid says that "if a fee were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

I advise thee to visit thy relations and friends;

but advise thee not to live too near them.