Tet Activator is the Official Paper of the County, this large and steadily increasing circulation reaching errory neighborhood in the County. It is sent the county includes to any Post Office within the county includes the whose most convenient post office may be included. THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County

Regess Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY. DICKINSON HOUSE

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

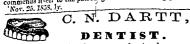
S. B. BROOKS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.

"In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.

Sept. 23, 1858, 1y. DR. W. W. WEBB, OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his residence. first door above the bridge on Main Street, towards Samuel Dickinson's.

# PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.

WELLSBORG, PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. is deservedly popular house is centrally located, and mends itself to the patronage of the travelling public.



Office at his Residence, near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. [April 22, 1858.] AMERICAN HOTEL.

CORNING, N.Y., E FREEMAN, - - - - Proprietor. Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day. Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

SPENCER & THOMSON. Attorneys & Counsciors at Law CORNING, Steuben County, New York.

C. H. THOMPSON. GEO. T. SPENCER. April 18, 1855.—ly C. WHITABER, Hudropathic Physician and Surgeon.

CLKLAND, TIOGA COUNTY, PA Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14, 1855.]

## s. F. WILSON,

23 Removed to Jus. Lowrey's Office. A IAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

A TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean counties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.] GAINES HOTEL H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga Connty, Pa. This well known hotel is located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation re seekers and the traveling public.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL. COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA. D. F. Glassmire - - Proprietor.

THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of the lead waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and vaquehanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make it a home for pleasure seekers during the trouting sensor, and for the traveling public at all times.

Jan 27, 1850 by Jan. 27, 1859, ly.

#### WATCHES! THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. which no will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit.

All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party

#Edmon, dear Edmon!' exclaimed Annie, ordering it, no charge will be made. age kindly solicited. Wellsboro, June 24, 1848. ANDIE FOLEY.

# JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

HAVING opened his shop in the room over Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellshoro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch, hoping by strict attention to busi ness to merit the confidence and support of those who may favor him with their orders. Cutting done on short notice.

Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m Corning Book Store.

THE Subscribers have removed to the large and elegantly fitted up Brick Store—four doors east et Concert Block, Corning—and will keep on hand a large assortment of New Books, among which are Religious Standard Works.

HISTORICAL BOOKS. Tales of Fiction, Poetical Works, School Books, SHEET MUSIC,

Blanks, Stationery and Wall Paper, N. Y. Daily and
Weekly papers, all the Magazines at
Publishers prices.

All for sale very cheap.
ROBINSON & CO. All for sale very cheap.
Coining. Sept. 24, '57.

WELLSBORO' ACADEMY. Wellsboro', Tioga County, Penna-

Luther R. Burlingame, A. B.; - Principal Miss ELIZA J. BEACH, - - Assistant.
The Fall Term will commence Wednesday, Aug. Clet, and close Friday Nov. 11. Tuition.

By order of Trustess, J. F DONALDSON, Pres't. Wellsboro, Aug. 4, 1859.

# NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!

OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. Where you can buy Stores, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices. Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trimmingo for \$15,00.

Tin and Hardware

Proportion for Ready Pay.

t will pay any one who wants anything in this line call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Recollect the place—two doors south of Farr's Hotel, or opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE!
April 21, 1859. 1.

H. D. DEMING, Would respectfully announce to the people of Tloga County, that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear, Peach, Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Decidrous Ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Bickberries and Strawberries of all new and approved variline.

Ries, MOSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sum-Bogslor China, and Climbing Roses.

SHRUBBER Y—Including all the finest new varieties of Althea, Calycanthus, Deritaia, Lilnacs, Spiraes, Syringina. Viburanums, Wigilias &c., FLOWERS—Paconica, Dahlias, Phioxes, Tulips, liet, &c.

# IE AGITATO

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.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1859.

LIVE BRAVELY. The world is half darkened with crosses,

The world is half darkened with crosses,
Whose burdens are weighing them down;
They croak of their stars and ill usage,
And grope in the ditch for a grown.
Why talk to the wind of thy fortune,
Or clutch at distinction and gold?
If thou caust not reach high on the ladder,
Thou caust steady its base by thy hold.

Bor the flower, though hid in the corner,
Will as faultlessly finish its bloom,
Will reach for a sparkle of sunshine,
That clouds have not dared to consume.
And wouldst thou be less than a flower—
With thought, and a brain, and a hand?
Will wait for the dribbles of fortune,
When there's countries the state of the st When there's something that these may command

There is food to be won from the furrow-And forests that wait to be hewn,
There is marble untouched by the chisel,
Days that bleak on the forehead of June.
Will you let the plom rust in the furrow—
Unbuilded a home or a hall?

Nor bid the stones wake from their silence— And fret, as if fretting were all? And fret, as it fretting were all?

Go, learn of the blossom and ant-hill;
There's something thy labor must give,
Light the beacon that pierces the tempest,
Strike the clod from thy footing, and live.

Live—not trail with thy face in the dross heap,
In the track of the brainless and proud,
Lift the cerements away from thy manhood,
Thou'rt robbing the dead of a shroud.

There are words and pens to be wielded, There are thoughts that must die if unsaid, Wouldst thou saunter and pine amid roses, Or sepulchre dreams that are dead? Or sepuring dreams that he dead.

No, drag thy hope to the pyre,
Dreams, dead from the ashes will rise,
Look not down upon earth for its shadowThere is sunlight for thee in the skies.

Leaves by the Wayside.

BY AGNES. "I wish I had a picture there!" emphatically exclaimed Annie Etherton, as she brought down her hand upon the bare wall of her parlor. "I cant help it Edmon, but whenever my eye rests upon this bare whole side of the house, I wish I had a picture to place upon it." Our carpet, and furniture is good enough, although it falls my little home, Edmon, because you and I live re-But-

"But what Annie?" asked the husband. "You know Edmon my passion-my weakness you may call it, for paintings. I cannot help it! It makes me better, purer, wiser, as look upon some such conception of the soul, so beautifully, so truthfully brought before the world, by human artistic hands.'

"Yes Annie, we will sometime fill that obnoxious corner with a picture, but not now, 'the times are too tight.'" Annie knew that "the times had been tight" with her husband for many years, yet broad acres of ground had stretched themselves farther, and farther, until for the distance the eye failed to take in the

Years sped by, yet they brought no painting, as an oasis for the dark side of Annie's parlor Her only picture was a stream of water close by the house. Many an idle hour had she traced the strange beauty of its placid waters as hills, foliage and sky made a picture upon its surface, more exquisite, than the mortal

is so now?"

"When does this cousin of thine arrive?" wheels coming up the gravel walk to their gate, caused them both to run to the window. "Kate. cousin Kate," exclaimed the wife, and away she flew, and such a time of kissing and shak-

ing of hands, as followed.
"My husband, Edmon' Etherton; Cousin Kate Andrew;" said Annie, as she led the way into the house.

Kate was cordially received by Mr. Etherton, who at first glance rather liked the cousin's

physiognomy.

Kate was shown to her room. After her bonbathe her face and hands in cold water, which freshened, and brightened her dark complexion. As the brush laid smooth her dark locks, Annie exclaimed, "Just as good looking as ever Kate! how is the heart?"

"Perhaps not quite so wicked, and warm, as when you and I used to sit beneath the apple trees in old Massachusetts. Annie I have seen sorrow-such sorrow, as your heart is a stranger to. I will not darken our first meeting with a recital of it. But when the earth is

tell you all." "Thy sorrows shall be mine, dear Kate. Let me kiss those lips again, then we will go to my liege lord and dinner."

That morning, when the ladies were sleeping -the lights were burning-and quiet brooded over the household and nature. Kate Andrew with folded arms and quivering lips told her story.

"You know how I married. I had so often heard of Morton Andrew, that he was no stranger to me, when I met him. It was not the beauty of the face, that attracted me, for he was plain, oh, very plain! but I knew his soul was strong, lofty in its aspirations, reaching for a pure atmosphere, above the temptations and allurements of the world. I loved him madly, and he loved me with such faith, as few women obtain. One year after our marriage we went to Italy to add a finish to my husband's genius, for you know Annie, he was an artist. How happy was that year, and yet-I was not quite happy. My husband was a devotee to his art, I liked paintings, but could never give them but a passing glance. They were no study to me. As I walked with my husband through the long corridors of the Vatican, or the magnificent rooms of the Pitti palace amid a wilderness of sculptures, and paintings from the tiful worshipper, whose blood became frozen to hands of the great masters of ancient and modern Italy. I could not follow the soarings of his spirit, as his eye grew bright in the spirit husband as he entered, "To neither, tormen- the office, despatched the morning mail, and sat

ed to whatever our minds turn to, so my strange | me; so she did not marvel at my present prohallucination grew upon me. I sank down-until I lost sight of my love and duty to my husband. Morton strove in vain to revive my spirits-but there was no answering echo in my bosom to his smiles and caresses. At last he grew weary-hopeless-then came our total estrangement. One day he came to me with an open letter in his hand. "My mother is sick, we must in three days sail for America!" he said. As I looked upon his pale face I longed to throw my arms about his neck, and ask for forgiveness. But you know Annie, how hard it is for me to make the first advance. If he had only said one word, I would have been at his feet; but he never raised his eyes from the letter, but turned and walked from me. In three days after, we bade adieu to suriny Italy. As I looked over "the dark blue Sea" how my heart thrilled at the thought of home, and friends. I felt that perhaps the unrest in my bosom might find solace among the friends of

my youth. The fifth day we experienced a terrible storm. As I looked wildly around me, and saw the waves running up mountains high in the gloom about me, I heard the cry that our vessel was sinking.

What wild confusion ensued. Strong men looked about them in silent despair, while pale women clung to them and prayed. The boats were lowered. As I clung to Morton, and refused to go without him, he took me in his arms, and kissed me-then firmly said, "You must go Kate. I will follow when it comes my turn." I went Annie, for I supposed he would come soon—but as we shot out into the sea, I saw my husband with clasped hands, and wildly strained eyes standing upon the helm of the

I knew no more. When I again opened my eyes they rested upon a cabin beautifully furnished. "Thank God she is alive!" came from the

lips of Mrs. D---, one of my fellow passenfar below tapestry and velvet. I am proud of gers. We had been taken up by a vessel homeward bound. Annie you know the rest. How six months

ago I landed in New York. Have I found rest for my soul? Often such darkness creeps over my brain, that I feel I tread far beyond the boundaries of that twilight ground of which the Greeks and Romans had such generation. If I had cast no shadow on his life, I might look up. But that last terrible picture, that God painted for me, in which my Morton helped to fill the foreground, hangs in the chambers of my soul, a haunting phantom which will follow me through life.

The next morning a cheery voice cried out at the front door, "Is Ann at hum? How do Ann? Come airly you see! Cant do as folks do now-a-days; why they go skiting along in their fur-be-lows and crispiny-pins, with their little clan shell bonnets lying upon their backs, just at dark, to drink tea with some friend. When I was young them were the hours that the women went home to milk the cows and dig the taters for breakfast. You needn't laugh; the men folks in them days didn't stick cotton in their ears when they went to the breakfast table for fear some low sperited wife would entertain him with the news that some Bridget had been in the practice of wiping her face with the dish cloth, or cooking chickens in embryo for break-"such good news! Cousin Kate is coming to fast. In them days the women found somesee us! Long years have gone by since I have thing to talk about beside their hired galsseen her; and you have never seen her! She which the women folks now days call such "miswas good, and beautiful then. I wonder if she erable critters," yet cant do without. Then Ann, it used to be a misfortune to be sick-so it is now with same of the folks. But when I Before Annie had time to answer, the sound of see women leaving their babies to nusses and cordial, and themselves cantering to all manner of fashionable springs, swiling down water that the dog wouldn't look at-I think they'd better be at hum scrubbing the kitchen, which would make their blood circulate healthfully. Then so many men and women wouldn't have such tragical separations, that cause the world to weep for them; and then, when they come together again, makes the folks mad to think how they are fooled! Deer me! how nice your parlor looks! You oughter to have that picter that my nephew brought here last week, to hang net and shawl was removed, she proceeded to right up here," said Aunt Betsey, placing her bathe her face and hands in cold water, which hand upon the wall, where I had often wished

to place one. "Is it a pretty picture aunty?" I asked, thinking it might be a Beatrice, or Angeline, with pipe stem curls, unearthly bright leyes; with ome Napoleon, or Byron, or Tom Moore, kneel

ing at her feet.
"May be Ann, you would like it; it is a vessel at sea, with the thunder and lightning coming about it like all natur, while my nephew stands on it. with his two big eyes, as big as shrouded in darkness, and we are alone, I will my two fists, staring at a beautiful lady in white, in a boat which hops from one wave to another like blazes. Deer me it makes me kinder weak at my stomach when I think of it." So aunt Betsey walked to the wirdow to hide

the tears that came to her honest eyes. "Why Ann who is that?" she asked as she pointed to Kate who had run out into the yard, after a brush which had fallen from the window She wore a white robe with her long hair fall ing about her, as she had just commenced to arrange her hair, when laying her brush upon the window it fell to the ground.

"That aunty, is cousin Kate." What a fright she gave me; she looks just like the woman in the boat in that picture. "Where is your nephew aunty?"

"Oh, he is at my house, poor feller; takes on dreadfully about his wife he says. He is kinder quiet about his own affairs. I dont know much about him, although he has lived with me some of the time ever since he was a boy. 'What is his name aunty?'

"Mutton," she replied. I felt an inward impulse to see the picture; so I exclaimed-"aunty, I will order the horses, and we will ride around to your house and see this picture. I can neither eat, drink or sleep until I have seen it." "And like Belvidere Appollo's beaumarble, will you my sweet Annie have your blood turned to oil or paint?" exclaimed my Paulina Puddingstick. To-day I came early to

ceeding.

As we rolled over the road shaded by sugar maple trees, and looked upon the farms with their golden harvests; I saw Kate's eyes dilate with pleasure-then they would be quenched in

"Do Kate, let sweet nature coax you out of your sorrow. Don't resist, I whispered. "Annie, I feel strange—as if some joy was

coming to me. I must resist Annie, for never a moment must I forget the dead who sleeps lone beneath the billows." Just then we drove beneath the shadows of

the elms which stood with other trees for a half a mile around auntie's cottage. As we passed into her parlor, I took up a hat that stood upon

"That's my nephew's last. It looks as mournful as he does poor feller. That picture I am going to show you Ann, he (I am afraid you will think him lubberly) cries over mor'n half of his time. Don't eat enough to keep the breath of life in him; that's what worries me most. I guess after he stops hankering after 'her,' as he calls his dead wife he will not be so

pimping. Time is a great smoother of grief." "Show me the picture alone auntie," I whispered. So aunt Betsey handed around peaches. While the rest of the party were eating I followed my aged relative from the room. As I closed the door after me, I met Kate's eyes .--There was wonderment in them, and a pleading to be taken along. "Perhaps it is not what I wish it may be," I mentally said as I followed auntie into a neatly furnished apartment .-There was the picture: A vessel at sea-darkness above and around it—as the storm beat upon it, and it surged mountains high upon the black waters; the vivid lightning revealed despairing men clinging to it. One man clung to the helm of the vessel and watched a boat full of passengers. In the middle stood-yes cousin Kate in a white robe with her hair tossed upon the winds, while she stretched her arms imploringly to the man at the helm of the vessel. I wept as I looked upon her-I wept as I saw the misery depicted in that picture. In a moment of forgetfulness I cried, "Will not

Christ still those waves!" A groan fell upon my ear. I turned and there stood Kate white as marble, with her eyes fixed in one strong concentrated gaze upon the picture. "Kate," I cried, "he is alive!" She fell to the floor.

"Massy sakes!" cried aunt Betsey; "is she dead? Here Mutton! here Mutton! bring water; here is a gal fainting over your fright of a picture!"

A light step was heard; the door opened and Kate was snatched from my arms, as the words, "I thank thee father!" fell upon my ears.

I hurried them all from the room: for I knew scene too sacred for my gaping children and the rest of us, would ensue when Kate recovered her consciousness. In one hour Kate and her husband joined us. Her eves were red with weeping, but such joy as we deem, dwells in the eyes of angels, beamed from hers.

We all went back to our house to tea. Good aunt Betsey hurried not home to milk the cows, as she listened to Morton Andrew's recital of soon as he desired, but which thank Heaven. had brought him there at last.

The next morning the sun peeped into my parlor and threw a bright ray of light in defiance upon my picture of the "wreck at sea"which now hung in pleasing contrast with my statuary of living curly headed children, and a fond husband, and my united cousins-who for no strange fancies may never walk apart in

#### For the Agitator. Letter From J. Jenks.

Jenks findeth a Location.—He holdeth an office under the Government, and there becometh acquainted with the local Litterati.—He sendeth a contribution from Miss Verdigris, de., de.

OURTOWN. ---- STATE.

You may remember, Mr. Editor, that I told you in my last letter, that I was about to leave "for parts unknown"; and that when I got there, you might hear from me again. Well! I am here at Ourtown, no matter what State; but'tis as good a State as you or any other man lives in. Dont think I mean State of Matrimony. No sir; old bachelors forever! Ourtown is quite a nice little place, and I am contented, well pleased with the people and with my business. I am clerk in the Post Office not that our P. M. is so overwhelmed with business, but he is farming, building &c., and is away much of the time, and I am his deputy. So I can fancy myself in the employment of the United States government, and if Mr. Harris is P. M., why not I. D. P. M.? That name of mine hasn't troubled me here. Once however, "my heart was in my mouth." small tea party, a lady of a certain age noted for an inquiring mind, exclaimed, "Do tell me Mr. Jenks what your first name might be?"-I thought of the old answer "it might be Sam Patch, but it isn't," but I replied, "Cant you guess? So the girls began. One said Jarvis, another Jenner, another Julius, &c., till Kate Stevens declared there was a reason for all things, and she believed I had one for not telling my name. Perhaps, said she, his mother made a blunder and gave him a girl's name, Jemima, or Jerusha; or may be his name i Japhet, or Jeptha, or Jer-(good gracious! I thought she was going to say Jerubbaal)-emiah! Kate Stevens, you be-have very oddly I retorted. If Jack Stevens had said that, instead of his little black-eyed sister I might have finished my sentence differently. Well! to return to the Post Office. There

are quite a number of literary young people here, you must know, and I am asked quite often, if there are letters for Nimrod Nimshi, or Beverly Beehive, for Violet Verdigris, or biss, &c.

GRAPES—All varieties.

Feabody: New Haut-beis Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5.

Once respectfully solicited.

The Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be ideal forms of worship.

As day, after day went by, I grew weary, bright tide to-night. So hurry aunty, while I bring Kate. It had been my custom to take ideal forms of worship. As we become mould-like her own roses. To her gay and the stray ideal forms of worship.

As we become mould-like, a sweet little country giri, bring Kate. It had been my custom to take ideal forms of worship. As we become mould-like her own roses. To her gay and hips tinted like her own roses. To her gay and hips tinted like her own roses.

"good morning" I replied by putting a letter post marked "Boston," in her hand. Her blush and smile were pretty enough to reward me, if I had brought it all the way myself. Susie often has letters from Boston. They are large, fair missives, directed by rather an unpracticed hand, and closed by enormous red wax seals. Her young friend ignores self-scaling envelopes. He is probably of an economical turn, and having years ago laid in a stock of wax,

them.

NO. 7.

A few quiet moments, and then Mr. Thomas Smith, otherwise Beverly Beehive. Any letters, deeper and blacker, like a gathering thunder cloud. "Demd foin that, cool too, precious cool; read it sir, and see what a reward genius receives in these degenerate days." I read as follows:

"young fellah John" mentioned by the Profes-

"B. B .- Sir-Your articles are not needed at this office, and we beg that we may see no more of them. It is not our custom to return a rejected manuscript, but we do so this time with the express request that you will keep it, and all future effusions, where we may not be troubled by them."

I read the pame, entitled, "La of the broken hart," and my conscience not allowing me to blame the editor, I merely remarked as I handed back the documents, "I am not a judge of these things Mr. Smith," and Mr. Smith left, disgusted with the world in general and editors in particular. I read, wrote, opened the mails, distributing letters and papers to all sorts of customers, till two o'clock came, and with it Miss Sally Peters, alias Violet Verdigris. She colored, hesitated, and finally said, "I have a favor to ask." Granted, if possible Miss Violet, I replied with more gallantry than prudence. "I have written some, as you know for our paper here" (I bowed) "but Mr. -- (our editor) has not soul or sentiment enough to appreciate my efforts. His early days are past, he laughs at romance, and actually said to me the other day, "Miss Sally I'll give you a silver thimble if you won't send me another line of poetry, and my advice is, dont write it." But said I when the muses invite me, and the full tide of feeling is gushing through my soul, what can I do? "Mend your father's stockings" said old Mr. Practical. (At this juncture it was hard to control my feelings but I succeeded and Miss Violet continued)-"You have a paper at W., where you came from?" Certainly and it is a paper too. "Do you know the editor?" Oh yes. "Is he young or old, sentimental or the reverse?" Well, I rejoined, he is young; as to sentiment I dont know exactly. "Would he be so unfeeling and harsh to budding! lent as our editor here?" I should not take him to be an unfeeling monster, I replied, and then friend Young, she handed me what follows. Now don't frown and say, confound that Jenks, what had to do it, or swear you were old, utterly devoid of taste, &c. Now read as I did:

NIGHT. Oh! how I love the night; when the brazen vessel which did not bring him home quite as I shows her silvery orb, attended by no end of diamond stars. The wind mourns like a lover's the god of sleep scatters poppies all round .-The bold staring sun may do for the worldly and practical ('tis quite a handy institution-Jenks) but all those who are full of soul and sentiment, love night. It matters not if 'tis dark and drear-so are some lovely hearts .-Dark, wild and gloomy may be the lot of many. And the moon looks down with pity on such tender hearts, the stars shine kindly, and the bitter winds rage and roar like the storm of sorrow, and the rain falls in torrents from the skies, like the bring tears that course down their pale and wasted cheeks. 'Tis ever so-the gifted and the high-souled are frowned on by a cold VIOLET VERDIGRIS.

"I will send it," said I. "You said that editor was young and sentimental," queried Miss Violei. Young, yes certainly, and sentimentalwell yes-I should think he was at quite a sentimental period of life. "Not married?" oh no, Miss Violet-certainly not; and your fair correspondent departed, and the D. P. M. hid his face in the N. Y. Tribune and laughed "most consumedly." He had a reason for that Yours truly, J. JENKS. laugh.

For the Agitator.

Old Memories. We live over again the ideal past, for as day after day, weeks, months and years pass by, we forget the trials and temptations we have past through and look back upon those days as bright and beautiful pictures of perfect enjoyment. Near and dear friends are again at our side, breathing in accents low, some cherished strain -touching some vibrating cord, which by them attuned produces sweetest melody; and we are ready to exclaim, "What blissful hours we then enjoyed." No cloud, as we now remember, darkened for a moment, the horizon of our happiness. Let us pause. Has not memory deceived us? Were we really then so much more happy than now? Were those dear ones so true, and these so false? Were they so lovely, and these so unlovely? It is a beautiful belief that they had no specks of our evil natures in them, but, a decentive one-calculated it is true, to make our memory of them very precious; yet, by comparing the real of to-day. with the remembered of years ago; how apt we are to wrong our friends, to think the present all crosses, and our lot one of bitterness There are many reasons why the past should appear more beautiful than the present, for as year after year rolls onward, we are increasing in experimental knowledge of the world, and to our knowledge is added wisdom, and wisdom teaches us that we are not to believe every sparkling stone is a pure diamond, which in our youthful credulity we sdid, but, to view all persons and things as they are and not as they

It is very beautiful to create an Eden for one's self, and people it with those who have Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines; one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements.

\$4,50 6,50 8,50 9,50 20,00 35,00 do. column, -do. Column, -8.00 30,00 50.00

Advertisements not baving the number of insertion, desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Postors, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Latter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in county establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and after BLANKS constantly on hand.

gone before—to encircle their brows with a halo of purity, scarcely attainable by angelia spirits, and fancy ourselves the happy recipients of the friendship of such a company-yet surely the sensation of melancholy—the sinking into a semi-stoical state of appreciation of the bondness of our every day companions which follows invariably, does not speak favorably of auch an indulgence. Let old memories come. Let them whisper of sweet by gones, but do not and the stamp "John," which ornaments all his let them prove other than a blessing by stirring letters, he wishes now to make a proper use of up a greater spirit of unrest. Let every act of Who knows but he may be the veritable kindness, every smile, every gentle word be remembered and appreciated; but not to the discredit of our companions who are daily striv-ing to add to our happiness,

the table. It had a weed about it but bore no name inside as I had hoped.

Smith, otherwise Develity Bounds. He tore it open and pever inquire if a like charge might not name inside as I had hoped. We complain of insincerity-perhaps truly, We forget that we are erring ourselves and live by far too much in the past, or dream of the future, while if we would enjoy to-day, and expect to enjoy every passing blessing, and to be appy anyhow, our very nature would seem to have undergone a transfiguration, and then those dear old memories would come bearing sweet ncense until they prove by their refreshing and beautifying effects to be as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." GRACE MORTON.

### How to Train a Prize Fighter.

Australian Kelly, is in training for a prize fight, at Coney Island. A sporting paper shows how the man is physically trained to make a brute of himself. It is interesting as a sketch of the method of physical development:-

In the morning Kelly rises exactly at four o'clock, proceeds to the sea shore, not fifty yards from the house, and takes a bath; returns home and goes to bed for three quarters of an hour. Up again at five o'clock and washes out the mouth with a little cold water, partakes of a little water with peppermint instead of the usual sherry and egg, walks three miles, rolls a metal ball three miles, and runs three-quarters of a mile—returns home at eight o'clock, gets rubbed dry, and is sponged from head to foot with spring water-an entire change of clothes is put on and he descends to breakfast at half past eight, which is composed of either calves foot jelly, beefsteaks or mutton chops; with water biscuit, instead of toast, as the latter dries up the blood. Water gruel is substituted for tea on account of its nervous tendency, and sugar as promoting bile; tea and sugar also create thirst, while gruel does not. An hour's rest is then enjoyed, after which he starts on a fourteen mile walk, seven out and seven in. In walking, he carriys the newly introduced

lead plugs, two pounds weight, grasping them firmly and keeping the arms well up. The object is to strengthen the muscles of the arm, and to enable him to keep his arms in position without fatigue. In a protracted fight it is generally from weakness, or inability to use the arms with any force, that the battle is lost. To does he mean by sending me such trash! I avoid these things, it is necessary to attend to the most minute points as it is to the more important ones. At 122 o'clock, after being rubbed, sponged and re-dressed, dinner is ready; it consists of heef or mutton with water bishis night of suffering and terror—of his escape sun has sunk to somnolent rest, surrounded by cuit. In place of the water-gruel, beef-tea, from the versel upon a plank which in a short auriferous clouds, and darkness hangs like a (made from a shin of beef without any mixture) time carried him to the friendly assistance of a black pall on Nature's face. Then gentle Luna is taken with the dinner. It serves either for food or drink, some never take anything at all with it. Another hours rest and the afternoon sigh, the tall trees wave like angel's wings, and is employed with the dumb bell, (which weights from 6 to 14 lbs.) fighting the bag (this, together with the bells, consumes three hours every day). and gymnastic exercises.

Changed, rubbed, and sponged again, when the supper is ready. For this two eggs are allowed, with water biscuit and gruel. Another resting spell, and an hour or two's rowing or four mile walk, and jumping the skipping rope generally ends the days work. In some days more work is performed than others, according as the gentleman feels inclined; but the average walking is from 21 to 24 miles a day. The meals are served to a minute, and a certain quantity only allowed at each. At precisely 8 o'clock he retires for the night, to rise at 4. His eleeping apartments are kept pure and healthy by the sea-breeze continually passing through, and the house itself, and surrounding country for twenty miles, seem adapted by nature for training purposes.

When Mr. Kelly went into training his weight was about 168 lbs. It is now reduced to 146. His fighting weight will be about 148.

Who Sent Them? - Old mother Bender was pious but poor. In the midst of her extreme want her trust and confidence was in God. It was late one chilly night in the autumn

of the year, when two rather wild young men were passing her cottage on their way home. One of them had under his arm some loves of bread which he had procured at the village store. A faint light glimmered from mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves, to his companion, "Let us have some fun with the old woman."

"Agreed," said the other. They approached the house and peeped into the window, saw the old woman upon her knees by the hearth, where a few embers were mouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened and heard her offering an honest petition for bread. She was utterly destitute of food.

In furtherance of their fun, one of them with the loaves climbed softly up the roof of the cottage and dropped one loaf after the other down the chimney. As the bread rolled out on the hearth, they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fulness of her heart she ex-

"Thank the Lord, bless the Lord for his ounty.'

"But the Lord didn't send them," shouted voice from the chimney. "Yes he did," cried she undauntedly; "the Lord sent them, and the devil brought them."

Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat boat of corn. Jo wrote to his father thus:

"Nu Orleens, June 5 - Deer Dad, market is dul korn is mitey lo and Bills ded.

"Yure aff, gelouit sun. J. B."