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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, far-inbly in advance. It is intended to notify every far-inbly in advance. It is intended to notify every far-inbly in advance. It is intended to notify every far-inbly when the term for which he has paid shall righter paper. The paper will then be stopped of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper. The paper will then be stopped for the last paper.

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Scaes Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

148. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, TIORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKean sites. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

S. B. BROOKS,

ITORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

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To be maintaide of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.

DR. W. W. WEBB. OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his gidence first door above the bridge on Main Street, wards Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST. OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and [April 22, 1858.]

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L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. The desertedly popular house is centrally located, and results into the patronage of the travelling public, by 25,188, ly.

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vals 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.

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Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. Walkish nationts in all parts of the County, or re-eachem for treatment at his house. [June 14.]

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BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. half in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in being will be done as well and promptly as it is done in the city saloous. Preparations for rear, dan Iraff, and beautifying the hair, for salog. Har and whickers dyed any color. Call and Wellsboro. Sept. 22, 1859.

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15 well known hotel is located within easy access the best hishing and hunting grounds in North'rn ynains will be spared for the accommodation stare seekers and the traveling public.

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erge W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. right of at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One, wrand hifty Cents per year, in advance. The main hifty Cents per year, in advance. The main fifty Cents per year of Steuben County.—excuss of extending their business into that dead-daing counties will find it an excellent advantachum. Address as above.

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als H9TEL is located within an hour's drive o

Letted waters of the Allegheny, Genesce, and plane rivers. No efforts are spared to make the free plane search the trouting sear-infor the traveling public at all times. 27, 1859, Jv.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

WING opened his shop in the room over Wall shorts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared the orders in his line of business with prompt-

Бло, Ом. 21, 1858.—6m

WATCHES! WATCHES! E Sabscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silver Watches, al sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. d 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. is of REPAIRING done promptly. If a to eharge will be made.

Our appreciated and a continuous of patron

From 1661. ANDIE FOLEY.

Try, June 24, 1848.

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Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,

RNONT & ITALIAN MARBLE pectally solicit the patronage of this and ad-

as you stook on hand he is now ready to exwith neatness, accuracy and dispatch Is democred if desired.

JOHN BLAMPIED. 3 I aga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

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Lank Books, Staple and Fancy E. Broggists and Country Merchants dealing

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OSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE. e can lacy Stoces, Tin, and Japanned for one-half the usual prices. vated tiven Cook Stove and Trim-

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aler Ready Pay. ee our prides before purchasing elsewhere, the place—two doors south of Farr's Ho-the Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE

H. D. DEMING,

I'lly announce to the people of Tloga County is he pared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear is Accanne, Appleot. Exergreen and Decidous Standard Courants Raspberries, Gooseberries, and Strawberries of all new and approved variations.

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THE AGITATOR.

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

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

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

NOW AND THEN.

BY MARK BUNTER.

My heart has had a heavy shock; Not agony, or bitter strife, But from a blissful dream I woke, To live once more my early life.
Long have I been a wanderor,
But yesternight I stood again
Where I have hoped, and smiled, and wept,
Where first I loved, and loved in vain.

"Full many a heart in the rebound
Is caught," so all the wise ones teach;
And when no more I hear the sound
Of Kitty's silvery laugh and speech;
Nor saw the sunny lance and smile,
Now torturing, now blessing me,
My heart grew stronger all the while,
And proud to know itself so free.

When Mary's soft blue eyes had healed
The wounds that Kitty's dark one's made,
These roses well those thorns concealed,

This sunshine gilded o'er that shade,
And thinking of my plighted vow
I said last night with spirit free,
I care no more for Kitty now
Than Kitty cares for me.

But when they told me she was dead;

That but a few short weeks ago
Her body found an earthy bed,
And she the home that spirits know—
Faded from sight the vision new,
Faded those soft blue eyes, and fast
My own were dimmed as to my view
Rose up the picture of the past.

I found her grave. A marble white Gleamed coldly thro' the moonlight pale— Her name, her age, some sontence trite Told briefly the unwelcome tale. And, kneeling by that lowly bed,
While brightly shone the lamps of night,
And summer breezes sighed, I shed
A few tears for a lost delight.

Farewell, farewell! I love once more And know this love finds welcome meet. The future may have much in store, And yet old memories are sweet.

And yet old memories are sweet.

And sometimes in my sunny home,
Like far-off beaming stars, between

My later love and me, may come
The clear dark eyes of Kitty Green.

A Slight Mistake.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I-Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman-stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and fa nt snorts of remonstrance of the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats, their increasing number at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my

own, and I followed them. "I beg your pardon, sir." I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and

was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I ad-

dress, sir, Mr. Le Roy ?" "That is my name-at your service-what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock this evening-I have charge of her." He turned

to the young lady behind him. "This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss." The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had

been scanning me, as I could perceive, through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other

panion's eyes droop long and often, and began to commence in earnest, the thought of the as five years before, and to scold me for being to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew coming banishment from Florence was dreadful so stupid as to sit and write instead of talking to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and tinridity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me.

I hope I shan't trouble you." In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, re-

turned, and I abandoned it unfinished. "Did you see to my baggage, Edward?" asked

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the 7 o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks and indued me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had no time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but what was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another per son of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge-how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspicious gaze decided me. I will not trouble or distress her by any knowledge of her position I concluded, but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is! I turned to her with an affectation of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said, "it is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!

"Why, why, what a queer man !" she said with a light laugh. 'Doesn't she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. Graffing Building or Pruning will be How we shall laugh about it when we get it to processe Westerners to there."

So it was St. Louis where we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was I don't think I looked at the cataract as much sented me as Mr. Le Roy, your husband's nameso thankful for two pieces of information in my

"And how does dear Jenny look! and what is she doing? and how is dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny," said I mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband. As to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about aunty's rheumatism?" "Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well." "Well?" said my fair questioner, regarding

me with surprise, I thought she had not been well for a number of years!" "I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of a misty moisture order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a dif-

ferent woman." "I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few moments, and

then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.
"To think," she said, suddenly turning to

me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you have not once mentioned the baby." I know I gave a violent start and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never

noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head. "Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her," "I am quite pre pared to believe anything after Jenny's letter-

"Him! Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!" "Of course," said I, blushing and stammerng, but feeling it imperative to say something "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall not de-

you should see how she cares for him."

scribe him to you." "Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jenny had no such scruple-so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?" "We have not decided upon a name," I replied.

"Indeëd! I thought she intended to give him vours."

The deuce she did! thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered. The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston! Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush steaming upon my temples, every time I met

the look of those innocent eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my com- tions I had been staving off so long were now perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her | to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly wings as it drew near. had courage enough to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting

in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly naled with fatigue, that rested against mine, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the rebounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes

instantly, and smiled. "It's no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on." she said: "for it is very much in the way for me; I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold t, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she

leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peace, and it is needless to say that I could not close my eves or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her; or dreaming more wildly still, reproduced it in a hundred scenes. which I had never before paused to imagine, as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife-never before had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sicep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when her free, and she cloquently admired the seme

as I looked at her, or thought the one creation sake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seemed to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face tell me all her little adventures alone (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaging all over her trunks to find a box which I had expressed a desire to see. She mended my gloves, sewed the band on my traveling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a lay while she scolded me for the carelessness

which she declared almost equalled her own. Long ago she had given over into my pos-session her elegant little portmonnie, "with all the money in it, which she was sure she would ose, as she could never keep anything," and s she had ordered me to take out what she wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which with sious care she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her pretty oy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to it my finger, but not hers-which I am afraid kissed—a card with her name on it, and a nemorandum in a pretty hand—"No. — Olive treet, St. Louis," which I rightly conjectured vas the residence of her cousin Jennie, whose usband I was; a very fortunate discovery for ne. Indeed thus far I had not found the way f the transgressor hard, in external circumtances at least, and when with her I forgot verything but her grace and beauty, and my rm resolution to be no more to her than her ousin should be; but out of that charmed

resence made me miscrable. I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed he conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; out when I was reserved and ceremonious with er, she always resented it, and begged me so ewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her y her sweet name "Florence," that had I reamed as much as I longed to do, I could not ave refused her. But the consciousness that was not what she thought me, but an imposer, of whom, after our connection had ceased nd she had discovered the deception practiced pon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmarried self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I onfess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and l would have given all I possessed to own it to er and I leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful.

But that could not be.
At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflec-

She was all gayety and was astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination. I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in giving the address I found in the portmonnie which, fortunately vas the right one to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me-we were rattling up the street and my time was short—"how can you be so juiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the me has come in which I must confess to you hat I have no more right in the house to which e are now hastening than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim either, is that of an imposter and deceiver.' She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled towards me.
Thank heaven I did not read fear and aver-

on in it. "No right! no claim!" she repeated, "what

nn you mean?" I confessed the whole truth, as nearly as I ave set it down here, denying nothing and procealing nothing, not even the useless secret f my love for her. When the brief recital as ended, we both remained silent, but she ad hidden her face, I could see she trembled dolently with shame and regulation. The sight f her distress was agony to me, and I tried to

by a few words of apology. "You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dun ard, more than I blame or hate myself," I said, for the distress I have unwillingly caused you Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of b much innocence and beauty too lightly, I ave heavily atoned since, in having occasioned his suffering to you, and my own punishment more than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned bwards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of ears, and said in a low voice, "Do not misun lerstand me if I was so silent:"

The coachman threw oven the door, and stood vaiting. I was obliged to descend and assist er out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. he was already recognized, for the door was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by fine looking, black whiskered gentleman whom supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of as thnishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, the light of feeling and expression played over and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quick-

NO. 20.

of me." I glanced at her face to see if she was mock ing me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious what I did, or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence; from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady whom my conscience told me was the rheumat ic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before, I could stammer out an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our jour ney, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and sur-prise, and cordially inviting me to remain with

sake and family.

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her left the room. A moment after, and I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise that she had

them, and make the acquaintance of my name

followed me into the vestibule. "Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous and honorable conduct, I was not angered, believe me, but because I was too much astonished, after wards too much moved and grateful to speak I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, sho'd prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man

who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved. Well, how time flies. It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny now) so bit-terly reproaches us in our last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I registered our names in the hotel book, as "Mr and Mrs. Le lloy," and bless my lucky stars as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me by past transactions, to write down this stepry) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of dear cousin Frank," with her. Was ever man so happy in a slight

mistake. Old World Conservatism.

While Americans engaged in ship building, in agriculture, in every department of industry, are always on the alert to adopt any improvement from whatever source it may come, the Frenchman, the German, and the Englishman each deems his own nation so superior that it has nothing to learn from any other. This contrast between Americans and Europeans has been exemplified a hundred times.

Some years ago the Messrs Hovey, of Boston; embarked in an extensive series of trials to produce an improved strawberry; it was said that they fruited over 2,000,000 of new seedlings, and out of these they selected two remarkably large and fine varieties. Has any one ever heard of these being cultivated in Europe? On the other hand, our nurserymen are so eagerly on the watch for any new varieties of fruit that may be originated in Europe, that when the "Victoria Currant" was first produced, the Messrs. Parsons, of Flushing, (L. I.) paid \$30 for the first bush which they could procure

How slow were the English in adopting from this country the sharp bow for ships, and especially in dispensing with the heavy howsprit on steamers! Like the Chinese, they look upon the Americans as "outside barbarians." and like the Jews of old, they ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The comparative absence of this feeling was most strikingly shown by Mr. Stevens when he visited England with his famous yacht. While the America was lying at Liverpool with the challenge fly ing from her mast-head to sail against all the English yachts for \$50,000, Mr. Stevens noticed a gaff on one of the English vessels which he thought was better than any other that he had seen. Notwithstanding the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and though he knew the attention of all England was upon his movements, he immediately went to one of the ship yards and ordered a gaff like the one he had observed, and the America had that English gaff at the top of her sail when she won the great race. The greater readiness of the Americans to adopt improvements, from whatever source they may come, is one considerable cause | called at a shop in Windsor, where they have of our more rapid advance in the arts, and in material prosperity .- Scientific American.

Sound.-"A man," says Dr. Johnson, "is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table than when his wife talks

HOW TO BECOME A REAL ESTATE AGENT .-Marry a rich wife.

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

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Ì	Square, -	-	\$3,00	\$4,50	\$6,00
ı	2 do.	-	5,00	6,50	8,00
i	3 do.	-	7,00	8,50	10.00
	d column, -	-	8,00	9,50	12,50
	∄ do.	-	15,00	20,00	30.00
Į	Column, -	-	25,00	35,00	50,00

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

Fosters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jebbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

The Maiden and the Here,

On the night before the battle of Brandywine, was sent with a message from General Green te Count Pulaski, a noble Polander, who took a prominent part in our struggle for freedom.-He was quartered in a neat farm-house, near the upper forts. After our business was finished, the Count asked me to take some refreshments, and at the same time called out-

"Mary! my lass, Mary!" In an instant a rosy-cheek girl entered, her face beaming with joy, it would seem, at the very sound of Pulaski's voice.

"Did you call me, Count?" said the maiden,

"How often have I told you, my little love," he said, bending his tall form to kiss her cheek, "not to call me Count; call me, dear, Pulaski, This is a republic my little favorite; we have no counts, you know."

"But you are a Count, Sir, when at home, and they say you came a long, way over the ocean to fight for us."

"Yes, Mary, very true-I did come a long way-the reason was, I had to come. Now, can you get for this gentleman and myself, a little refreshment? He has a long way to ride to-night." "Certainly, sir," and she went out of the

room like a fairy. "Fine, pleasant girl," said Pulaski; "would that I had the wealth I once had! I would give her a portion that would send half the

youth herabouts after her sweet face. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1777, the British army advanced in full force to Chadd's Ford, for the purpose of crossing Brandywine Creek, and bringing on an action with Washington. Sir. Wm. Howe drove Maxwell's division across the creek by ten o'clock at-one of the lower fords.

The Hessian General, Knyphausen, with a large force, advanced upon the creek, and uni-ting with Lord Cornwallis, who commanded the left wing of the army, crossed at the upper ford of the river and creek. It so happened that during the conflict, when carrying orders, I passed immediately in the direction of Pulaski's quarters, that I had visited the night before. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst forth; the house was on fire. Near the doorsteps lay the body of Mary, her head cut open by a sabre, and her brains coming out of the terrible wound. I had been there but half a minute, when General Pulaski at the head of a troop of cavalry, galloped rapidly to the house. Never shall I forget the expression on his face, as he shouted like a demon on seeing the inanimate

form of Mary. "Who did this?" A little boy, who had not been before noticed, laying on the grass with his leg dreadfully mangled, replied:

"There they go!" He pointed to a company of Hessians, then

some distance off. "RIGHT-WHEEL-MEN, CHARGE!!

And they DID CHARGE. I do not think that one man of that Hessian corps ever left that field except to be placed in the grave.

The last of Pulaski was on the battle-ground

of Brandywine. He and his sweet Mary fell on

Education of Husbands.

Punch gives an excellent article on the Education of Husbands, worthy of the best days of

Caudle, as follows: How suggestive is the new year of bills, and bills of housekeeping! It is fearful to reflect how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twentyone, before he knows the difference between a chip and a Leghorn. We would no more grant a marriage license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license on that ground only to practice as an apothecary. Husbands ought to be educated. We would like to have the

following questions put to young, inexperienced persons about to marry: Are you aware, sir, of the price of coal and

candles? Do you know which is the most economical, flitch; bone, or the round?

How far, young man, will a leg of mutton go n a small family? How much dearer, now, is silver than Britania?

Please to give the average price of a four nester. Declare if you can, rash youth, the sum per nnum that chemisettes, pelerines, cardinals, bonnets, veils, capes, ribbons, flowers, gloves, cuffs, and collars, would come to in the lump?

If unable to answer these inquiries, we would say to him, "Go back to school," He that should be a husband should also undergo a training, physical and moral. He

should be further examined, thus: Can you read or write amid the noise and cells of a nursery? Can you wait any given time for breakfast?

Can you maintain your serenity during a washing day? Can you cut your old friends?

Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason? Can you keep your temper when you are not

istened to? Can you do what you are told without being told why? In one word young man, have you the pa-

tience of Job? If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "yes," take your license and marry —not else. JUST OUT .-- A Deacon residing in Ashtabula

who was acting in the capacity of a colporteur, dry goods, groceries, hardware, and sometimes a little whiskey to sell. The man who owned the store was absent, and his wife officiated as clerk. The Deacon passed the time of day, talked about religion, and finally asked if they had the one thing needful, (meaning the Bible. The lady's answer was:

"No, we are just out; but my husband is going to Cleveland next week, and he will get a burrel !" - Warren Chronicte. .