Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers

the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, in advance. It is intended to notify every intelligent when the term for which he has paid shall terriber when the stamp—"Time Out," on the marries of the paper will then be advant. of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped a farther remittance be received. By this ara farther remittance of received. By this arment no man can be brought in debt to the

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, in Agration is the Omerat Paper of the County, is large and steadily increasing circulation reaching every neighborhood in the County. It is sent into every neighborhood on the County. It is sent to postage to any Post Office within the county of postage to any Post Office. but whose most convenient post office may be

sis, but whose County.
15 sdjoining County.
15 sdjoining County.
15 sdjoining County. 35 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. is, Lowrey & s. f. Wilson, TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Pottor and McKoan es. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

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

15 the multitude 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 sidence first door above the bridge on Main Street,

manda Samuel Dickinson's, C. N. DARTT, DENTIST, FFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and [April 22, 1858.]

DICKINSON HOUSE CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor.

Proprietor.

guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

ENNSYLVANIA HOUSE WELLSBORO', PA. L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. is describedly popular house is centrally located, and constituted to the patronage of the travelling public.

AMERICAN HOTEL. CORNING, N.Y..
E PREEMAN, - - - Proprietor. s, 25 ets. Lodgings, 25 ets. Board, 75 ets. per day. forning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PRNNA. fill risit patients in all parts of the County, or re-them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

H. O. COLE, RARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. ap in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in line will be done as well and promptly as it lone in the city saloons. Preparations for re-

Hair and whiskers dyod any color. Call and Wellsbore, Sept. 22, 1859. GAINES HOTEL. C VERMILYEA. PROPRIETOR.

dandout, and beautifying the hair, for sale

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. IS well known hotel is located within easy access the best fishing and hunting grounds in North'rn No pains will be spared for the accommodation tasure seekers and the traveling public.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

ablished at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One llar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The malis Republican in politics, and has a circula-praching into every part of Steuben County— irredesirous of extending their business into that eithenliquing counties will find it an excellent adang medium. Address as above.

OUDERSPORT HOTEL. COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA. D. F. Glassmire, - Proprietor. the head waters of the Allegheny, Genesce, and schanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make theme for pleasure seekers during the trouting seaand for the traveling public at all times.

lm. 27, 1859, ly. JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,

TAILOR. WING opened his shop in the room over Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the erite orders in his line of business with prompt-

Cutting done on short notice.

feli-boro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m WATCHES! WATCHES! Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE

Gold and Silver Watches, he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e Il sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. work is not done to the satisfaction of the party agit, no charge will be made. Perfavors appreciated and a continuance of patron-qually solicited. ANDIE FOLEY. ANDIE FOLEY. Elsboro, June 21, 1848.

HOME INDUSTRY. HE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga, the is propared to furnish Monuments, Tomb Stones, &c.,

TRIIONT & ITALIAN MARBLE respectfully solicit the patronage of this and ad-

ing a good stock on hand he is now ready to exall orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch. ank delivered if desired. JOHN BLAMPIED.

3. Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859. WM. TERBELL,

CORNING, N. Y. Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in

RIGN And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Olds. Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Die Stuff. Such and Glass, Pure Liquors for S. Potent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, Sery. Fancy Articles, Flagoring Extracts, &c., ALSO.

A general assortment of School Books-Blank Books, Staple and Fancy. Stationary. Ans, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing the above articles can be supplied at a small as a New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

W STOVE AND TIN SHOP LOPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.

you can buy Stores, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices. Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim-\$15,00.

Tin and Mardware

ion for Ready Pay. Pay any one who wants anything in this line see our prices before purchasing elsewhere. place-two doors south of Farr's Ho-Mile Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE

H. D. DEMING, perially announce to the people of Tloga County how prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear 13, Nectarine, Apr : Evergreen and Decidinous altree. Also Currants Raspberries, Gooseberries, ea and Strawberries of all new and approved vari-

MES\_Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sum-mer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea,

BERY Including all the finest new valieties of Althea, Calycanthus, icties of Althea, Calycanthus, Wigillas &c. WERS Pagonics, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tolips, Hyacinths, Narcissis, Jonquils, Lil-

Mex Haut holy Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5. leading Building or Francis will be

## E AGITATO

Devoted to the Briension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Actorm.

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 5, 1860.

VOL. VI.

NO. 23.

BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. John Brown of Osawatomie John Brown of Osawatomie
Spake of his dying day:
I will not have to shrive my soul
A priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave mother,
Whom I have striven to free,
With her children from the gallows-stair

Put up a prayer for me!" John Brown of Osawatomie, They led him out to die; And lo! -- a poor slave mother
With her little child pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender,
And the old harsh face grew mild
As he stooped between the jeering ranks
And kissed the negro child. The shadows of the stormy life That moment fell apart; Without the rash and bloody hand, Within the loving heart. That kiss from all its guilty means Redeemed the good intent,

And round the grizzly fighter's hair

The martyr's aureole bent! Perish with him the folly That seeks through evil good; Long live the generous purpose Unstained with human blood! Not the raid of midnight torror, But the thought which underlies; Not the outlaw's pride of daring, But the Christian's sacrifice.

Oh! never may you blue-ridged hills The northern rifle hear, Nor see the light of blazing homes Flash on the negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth
Their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might,

And justice more than mail! So vainly shall Virginia set Her battle in array; In vain her trampling squadrons knead The winter snow with clay. She may strike the pouncing eagle, But she dares not harm the dove; And every gate she bars to Hate Shall open wide to Love! -[Independent, December 22.

UP, BROTHERS, UP!

BY C. D. STUART. Up, brothers, up 1 the light begins, Along the eastern sky, To promise that the night is past, And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
And valleys catch the sound—
And "Freedom" is the stirring cry
That fills the world around! It pierces through the fading gloom. Its strongth the peasant feels-

And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terrorycels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud rings out the colomon shout,
No more we'll bend the knee! From smithy forge, from fisher's cot, From plows that breakithe lea,

From iron looms, from smoking mines, From ships that cleave the sca-One voice unites, and mightier Sweeps on, and ever on The tyrant's day, the vassal's work Are gone, forever gone Up, brothers up! and share the light; Rejoice! the day has come.
When freedom decks the lowest shrine, And guards the poorest home.

Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties The new-horn heart and mind. To keep the boon, and pass it on To all of human kind. Rejoice that ye have brolle at length The thong and heavy chain. Which neither age nor human strength Can bind ye with again :

Nor give the guerdon back, Though glistening steel disputes the way, And flame is on your track!

The Death of the Ckar Nicholas.

Rojoice, and swear ye will not bend,

Alexandre Dumas has published a singula story concerning the late Czar Nicholas, of Rus sin, viz: that after the disastrous news from the Crimen, of Russian defeats, the Czar resolved to die! Should he retrace his footsters and abandon his policy he would have to give the lie to a reign of thirty years. Should be persist in carrying on the war he would ruin loss of honor, viz., peace, his successor might He, therefore, by pressing solicitation, obtained from his physician, who hall previously resisted for two months, a dose of poison strong enough to kill him, but yet weak enough to allow him to live a few hours after having taken it. The declaration in writing which made him safe at all points. On the morning of the 18th the Emperor swallowed the poison, after which he sent for the Grand Duke Alexander, (now Enperor,) and told him all. The latter would have cried out for help, but the Emperor pre- the effect was irresistably ludicrous.

father and his sovereign. Then the Emperor explained to him in detail the motives which induced him to take this heroic step. The young Prince, broken hearted, the tears streaming from his eyes, his utterance choked by sobs, listened to the dreadful narrative on his knees, and clasped his hands exclaiming, "My father! my father!" The Emperor would not allow him to quit his side until he had obtained from him a solemn promise to let death take its course without attempting to stop it. But the instant the young Prince was out of the room his filial love triumphed over

bridegroom, returning from his wedding, was so they did, and quickly, by a verdict in favor met by a friend who thus addressed him : "Well, of the pettifogger's client. Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position; thou hast seen the end of thy trouble." "Thank thee, lad," was Jack's answer! "I go hungry if you don't eat your victuals. If hope I have." About a month afterwards the you need a new coat, it is not improbable that two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, "Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed? Didn't thou say I'd seen the end of my trouble?" "I did.
R. P. BEMING, Wellsberg, ra. said Bill; but I didn't tell thee which end."

Anecdote of Washington.

In 1754 he was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one in the colony, of which he was the colonel. There happened at that time to be an election in Alexandria for members of the Assembly and the ballot ran high between Col. George Fairfax and Mr Wm. Elgey. Washington was on the side of Fairfax and Mr. William Payne headed the friends of ton grew very warm, (for his passions naturalduty, i. e. honor and happiness soon reduced them to proper command, and unluckily said something to Mr. Payne, who though but a cubin size, was a lion in heart, clevated his shillelah, and at a blow, extended our hero on the ground. News was soon carried to the regiment that their colonel was murdered by a mob! On the passions of the soldiers, who doated upon their commander, such a report fell like a flash of lightning on a magazine of powder.-In a moment the whole regiment was under arms and in rapid motion towards the town burning for vengeance. During this time Washington had been liberally plied with cold water, acids and volatiles, and happily for Mr. Payne and his party, was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded around hin with faces of honest joy to see him alive again. After thanking them for such an evidence of their attachment to him, he assured them that he was not hart in the least, and begged them by their love of him and of their. duty, to return peacefully to their barracks .-As for himself he went to his room, generously chastising his passion, which had just struck but a spark, that would like to have thrown the whole town into a flame; and feeling himself the aggressor of Mr. Payne, he resolved to make him the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. No sooner had he made this heroic resolution than, recovering that delicious gayety which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened. Early next morning he wrote a polite invitation to Mr. Payne, to meet him at the inn. Payne took it for a challenge and repaired to the inn with the full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprise, on entering the chamber, to see, in lieu a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table.-Washington rose to meet him and offering his hand, with a smile began :- "Mr. Payne to err is sometimes nature, to rectify error is always glory. I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday. You have had I think some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient there is my hand; let us be friends." An act of such sublime virtue produced the proper effect upon the mind of Mr. Payne, who from that moment, became the most enthusiastic admirer and frien 1. of Washington, and for his sake ready to charge up to a battery of two-and-forty pounders .-"Would our youth," says the narrator, but be persuaded to act in a style so correct and heroical our papers would no longer shock us with accounts of elegant young men murdering each

tions of the American Revolution. Legal Witticisms.

other on false principles of honor-by one des-

perate deed depriving themselves of 'all present

pleasures, and of all future hopes."-Recollec-

A celebrated lawyer in Missouri, being once opposed to Mr. S\_\_\_\_\_, late member of Con-gress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a disagreement between them: "Here, my brother S and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should .-And this is merely because they look at different sides of the same subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother State and (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-Russia. But what he could not ask for without head of his opponent) is a squash! I, on the other hand should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now here would be a difference-undoubtedly an honest difference-of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and physician left St. Petersburg on the 17th of trifling as this! But a third person coming in February, having obtained from the Emperor a and looking at the head and shoulders that suptrifling as this! But a third person coming in port it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and

vented him by an order so positive that, as h And this reminds me of a similar "hit" once son and a subject, he could not disobey his made upon the cloquent Elisha Williams, of Columbia county on the Hudson. He was "powerful" before a jury; and one day, in the Circuit Court of that ilk, he had made a most profound impression, alike upon the jury and upon the "Court." His legal opponent was a mere pettilogger, but "smart;" and he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, and your honors, I should despair of the triumph of my client in this case, after the eloquent appeal of the learned counsel, but for the fact that common law is common sense. No man could like better the piece which the learned gentleman has spoken, than what I like that piece. He spoke his fidelity to his word, and he summoned the it good. I've heered him give it three times whole of the royal family and also three physi- afore; once at Schodack, in a burglary case; cians. The latter arrived the late. The Empe- one at Kiak, on a suspicion o' stealin'; once at ror after a not very violent agony, expired at Poughkeepsie, on a murder case; and the next twenty minutes past twelve, at noon, on the time at Kakiak, about a man who was ketched 18th of February, 1855. At the same instant a counterfeiting. Wall, he always spoke it Russia changed not only her master but her good; but this time, he's really beat himself. But what does it amount to, gentlemen of the jury? That's the question; and you can an-WHICH END OF TROUBLE.-Not long ago a swer it as well as I kin, and better tew!" And

> Signs .- If you spill ink, it is a sign you will some tailor is about to suffer. If you laugh in your sleep, it is a sign that you can't do all your laughing when you are awake. If you cross your knife and fork, it signifies that they say anything about whiskers, you can just tell don't lie parallel with each other.

More Copy.

We extract the following paraphrase of a parody on Poe's Raven, from the St. Anthony

News: Once (last Friday,) item-greedy, sat this writer sad and seedy pondering o'er a memoran-dum book of items used before—(book of scrawling, scribblings rather; items, taking days together, them in sultry, boiling weather-great Elgey. In the course of the contest Washing- expense of limb and leather!) pondered we those items o'er. While we conned them, slowly were very powerful, though a wise regard to | ly rocking (through our mind strange fancies flocking.) came a quick and nervous knocking -knocking at the sanctum door. Sure that must be Jinks," we muttered-"Jinks that's knocking at our door, Jinks the persevering

Ah, how well do we remind us, in the wall that then confined us; the "exchanges" lay behind us and around us on the floor. Thought we "Jinks has 'called to borrow some new papers till to-morrow and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jinks, the bore, so I'll open him the door." Still the visitor kept knocking

-knocking louder than before. Bracing up-our patience firmer, then without another murmur, "Mr. Jinks, said we, your pardon and forgivness we implore. But-the fact is-we were reading of that Pembina proceeding, where they yoted the Dakotas and Ojibways by the score, and were lost in the reflection that the Otter Tail election might with cartloads sent for Becker tip our calculations o'er.' Here we opened wide the door. But phancy

now our phelinks-for it wasn't Jinks the bore. But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us and our memory quickly boro us back again to days of yore days when items were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting pencilings at almost every door. 'Twas our honored understrapper-'twas this young infernal rapper-hand out-stretched like Captain Tapper with "the foreman's out of copy, sir, and says he want's some more." And it kinder riz our dander, that, like grasping Alexander, he had set up all the copy, and already wanted

"more!"—wanted copy—evermore! Now this local had already walked about till nearly dead-he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore, walked through Pine and Todd and Cedar, through the Mills and-"gentle reader"-into ways you never thought of, both public and obscure; and examined shop and cellar, and had questioned every "feller," but they all refused to tell or hint at any "shocking accident" not published heretofore. Having met with no success he would rather sorter guess he might have felt a trifle wicked at that ugly little bore, with the message from the foreman that he wanted "something more."

"Now it's time you were departing, you young scamp," cried we upstarting; "get back into the office-office where you were before; or the words that you have spoken sure will get your noddle broken, (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor,) still he stood and never stirred from his posture in

the door-budged the devil nevermore! "Inky Demon !-child of evil! dost in persecution revell. Thinkest thou to hunt and haunt me like an everlasting bore ?- Leave! or-(pause till I have said it,) this sheet thou art doomed to edit, and to live like me, on credit, live on credit evermore!''

But our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting, back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door; tears-a-down his cheeks are streaming, strange light from his eyes is gleaming, and his voice is heard ascreaming, "Sir, the foreman want's some more!" Shocked and startled by that warning we're awakened every morning, and we hear the dismal horning of the impoutside the door, and a fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us bears the signet, "give us classic draughts and antiquated lore !" "Copy" still forevermore!

HARD TO PLEASE .- Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact. And when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men is partial to women. and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately Pitts said to himself, "I am gettin' rather along in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, this is an affair in which I am not so greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested and,

my dear girl will you marry me?" The young girl blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded, Well, well, I'll look about me, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll

PATIENCE.—When Deacon B-s' wife died, he tried to find consolation in the smiles of a pretty servant girl in his family, whose name was Patience-but the gray hairs and wrinkled visage of the worthy man were unsuccessful encourage none of his advances. At length con, and condoled with him upon the loss which shrinks. But let the astronomer lift up his he had sustained.

"You must endeavor to be resigned," said tion you will find it advisable above all to have patience." "Well," said the deacon, with sudden anima-

tion in his manner, "I have, to speak the truth,

rather offish!" "Well, John, I am going East; what shall I tell your folks?" "Ch, nothing-but if they

them that I've got a few."

CARRIER'S ADDRESS, TO THE PATRONS OF THE AGITATOR.

January 1st, 1860.

'Tis passed-the flowery Spring, The Summer with its crown of leaves, The purple Autumn—harvest bowed— With plenty, bound in golden sheaves And now the whitely frosted fields. The sleigh-bells with their merry chime, Proclaim that once again we've reached A mile-stone in the path of time.

Yes, the Spring-time flowers have faded,-Scattered are the Summer's leaves. And the spirit of the pine tree In the night wind sadly grieves; Grieves although the coming Spring-time Other flowers shall bright bestow. When the earth shall wake from slumbering Underneath the Winter's snow.

Not alone the year sustaineth Losses,-hearts are losers too; Friendship, Hope and Love have vanished Like the sun-kissed morning dew: Grieve, sad heart for never Spring-time Shall these faded flowers restore, Underneath your still white snow drifts They shall sleep for evermore.

How strangely mingle childhood's shouts Of "HAPPY NEW YEAR" with the rhyme That wailing winds to thoughtful hearts Breathe o'er the bier of FIFTY-NINE,-A strain that speaks of buried joys Of heart hopes cherished but in vain ; Of loving eyes and hands whose clasp

Shall never warm our own again. But ever hope, though cruel fate Has all our paths through darkness led .-For as the deepest shadows lie Where shines the brightest sun o'erhead, So may the cloud that darkly shed O'er the past year its shade of sorrow, Shine on us from its silver edge

Through all the days of our To-morrow.

There's not a year since the Creator's hand Sent forth the first—a golden sand— But bears the mark of deed or thought sublime That stamps it deathless for all coming time. So FIFTY NINE may the same lesson teach, That ages tell us with historic speech; And not the least among the years that's been May be the one whose latest day we've seen.

A year that to the farmer's yellow field, Bright Ceres came with an abundant yield; And to our homes-more blessed for than wealth-

Has brought the gifts of Peace and rosy Health. Sweet boon of peace-how prized when from nfar Came the dread tidings of a cruel war;

war that waged in Freedom's holy name. Heaped high on bloody fields its thousands slain,-

Swept from Italia's plains the Austrian power, And gave her sons from that eventful hour. The precious boon—that they may say and do-Just what their Uncle Louis tells them to. Peace, did I say? then I had near forgot;

Upon our country's page a single blot. E'en now 'tis said our glorious Union shakes, From lofty "turret to foundation" quakes. And why? Forsooth a fierce devouring horde Of Northern Vandals armed with fire and sword, Rushed from the mountains with resistless might And took Virginia in a single night. So thought the heroes as they ran away; But when to terror came the light of day, They saw where late the awful host had been, But OLD JOHN BROWN and scarce a score of men.

Then far resounded the loud cry, to arms! And soldiers gathered at fierce war's alarms; Deep boomed the cannon-loud the captains roared. And from the scabbard leapt the gleaming

With horrid front they formed-and then-h scems.

They sent to Richmond for a few marines, And saved awhile their military skill, To shoot a cow and chase a whip-poor will.

But why prolong the fearful tale; -full we'll The bloody story every child can tell. For Freedom died this brave misguided band, Columbia blush! in this her chosen land. They died,-but in the quickly coming day, When Slavery's shadow shall have passed away. And on our country's soil no slave is found, To drop a tear on Freedom's hallowed ground, In freemen's hearts their memories will bloom And sculptured marble crown each martyi's tomb.

Enough. Of late events full well you know, The stroke that laid the gallant Broderick low,-Election victories, - and attempts to save Our glorious Union from its threatened grave,-The many failures of the very wise To tell the day the House will organize, And other things 'twere needless here to say for Those who take and read their faithful Agitator.

And now kind friends, may every joy be thine, And, if you please, the usual bounty mine. Content I'll be if but my feeble rhymes Brings me your approbation and the DIMES; And with them songs of universal cheer, To welcome in the NEW and HAPPY YEAR.

TIME AND ETERNITY .- We sten on the earth : we look abroad over it and it seems immensepleaders in the court of love, and she would so does the sea .- What ages had men lived, and knew but a portion? They circumnavigate the village clergyman paid a visit to the dea- it now with a speed under which its vast bulk glass, and he learns to believe in a total mass of matter, compared with which this great globe the parson, "and under this afflictive dispensa- itself becomes an imponderable grain of dust. And so to each of us walking along the road of life a year, a day, an hour, shall seem long. As we grow older, the time shortens; but when we lift our eyes to look beyond this earth, our been trying her a little, but she seems to be seventy years which have rolled over the human race vanish into a point; for then we are measuring Time against Eternity.

ble remedy for some throat.

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:

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS \$3,00 \$4,50 \$6,00 6.50 8.00 8,50 10,00 9,50 12,50 20.00 30.00 15.00 25,00 35,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertion,

desired marked upon them, will be published until erdered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Hands and o'll kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand,

Old Time Winter Scenes.

That old red sleigh with its long box that never was full, for down in the straw wrapped in the robes, or on one or another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one more. What a grouping of bright young faces there used to be in it! Faces in hoods, in caps and in blankets; hearts that have loved since; hearts that have broken; hearts that have moulderd. And away we went over the hill, and through the vale, under the moonlight, and under the cloud; when the stars were looking down; when the sun kindled the world it to a great white jewel; but those days have gone forever away; and the sweet old necklace of bells big in the middle of the string, and growing small by degrees, has lost its nower over the pulses.

In that old sleigh brides have gone away hefore now-those that were married to manhoud. those that were "married unto death." Great ships have gone over the waters with less of hope and happiness than that rude craft has borne over the billows of winter ; swan-like shapes now glance along the arrowy way; but give us, for its sweet momories of yesterday, the old red sleigh.

Then, the days when we were "consters:" and down the big hill, by the maple wood, three the little pitches, far into the valley, we cam; with merry shout, each the solitary Palinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing down the deglivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with rival, shooting by like an arrow, seering in gallantly ahead like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the party bad reached the valley below.

And then it was, when the wind had swept away the snow from the pond and stream, and the ice was glair, that we put on the 'rockers." and darted hither and thither, and cut sixes and eights, and curves without number, and drew the girls that we loved, and whirled them like leaves over the highway of crystal.

And the schools where we spelt cach other down, and the schools where we sang Windham and Mear, and the schools where we cyphered and wrote, and "went up;" gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snows under the rainbows of April.

And when, sometimes after the great snow, the winds came out of the North for a frolic. what wreathings and carvings of the cold alabaster there were; what Corinthian adornings surmounted the fence posts; what mouldings were fushioned beside the way; what fairy-like caves in the drifts; what flowers of bare finish and pendants of pearls on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow, as delicate, some of them as a love letter; the mysterious paths down to the brook or by the old hollow tree. that we used to wander over and set "figura fours" by, if perchance we might catch the makers thereof? Have you quite forgotten how sorry you were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossing and

lost in the storm? And there in the midst of that winter, Christmas was set, that made the Thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and fires burned more brightly therefor! Christmas with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and charm; its evergreen branches and its bright morning dreams .-Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops if we were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve. Christmas, when stockings were suspended by hearth and by pillow all over the land; stockings silken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock with a hole in the toe. Blessed forever he Bethlehem's star!

A Thought.—There have been days that we need to look for—that we dreamed for—that we dreamed over-impatiently waited for waked up in the nights to see if they had come, and wondered what kept them on the way so lone. Sometimes it was a Thanksgiving day we wai ed for, around which cling sweet memories of the nast; sometimes a Christmas, when we slept with one eye open, that we might see Sarta Claus when he came, and know what he had brought before it went into the stockings; som times it was New Year, when we would wake the house as the clock in the kitchen struck twelve, with "Happy New Year" to all: then again perhaps it was a birthday, when we would be so old or so old; or the Fourth of July. when he would nave fire-works and a cannon about the size of an ounce vial, and a white cotton flag with an eagle made of rags, and a

dozen of stars around it, cut out of red finnel. Thus we are drifting-drifting from those scenes of childhood, silently and imperceptibly towards the endless future; and it is only by looking back and observing how many are gone who started with us on the journey, that we can realize how fast, one by one, we are taking up our anchors and drifting out upon the silent sea to drop them in the calm waters beyond .--If we are wise, we will all endeavor to so manage our bark that we shall finally float into the haven of peaceful rest, there to bask forever heneath the sunshine of the Great Redeemer's approving smiles.

SELECT COMPANY. - We have frequently heard the advantages of keeping a pig spoken of, but the slang terms of expression were hardly so convincing as the argument which came to our ears a few days since while passing through one of the by-ways which is inhabited chiefly by the sons and daugters of the Emerald Isle. A new sty-had been built for the comfort and convenience of a shoat the property of Bridget Mulrooney, and Bridget's neighbor Lilen Fiaherty, had called to inspect the premises, during the progress of which we happened to be

"An illigant sty," said Ellen enthusiastically, "and the fine shoat -what company, he'd be for ye when Patrickies away."

It was a good saying of one to a great lord. upon his showing his stately house an a plan-The arm of a pretty girl wound tight around ant gardens: "Sir, you had need make with your neck, has been discovered to be an infall - of heaven, or else, when you die you will be a very heavy loser."