Terms of Publication.

TOOLS COUNTY AGITATOR is published ITOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published to subscribers traday morning, and mailed to subscribers of reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, ONE DOLLAR FER ANALM, I would not be stopped of the remittance be received. By this argument the base paid shall be trained by the stamp—The Out," on the market paper. The paper will then be stopped gither remittance be received. By this argument is not be brought in debt to the

GITTOR is the Official Paper of the County, isstron is the Official Paper of the Gounty, ire and steadily increasing circulation reaching an eighborhood in the County. It is sent every many to any Post Office within the county states most convenient post office may be oining County. oning county.

Scards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

ISINESS DIRECTORY.

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

DESCRIPTION OF STATE s. B. BROOKS.

DR. W. W. WEBB. JR. W. WEBB.

MICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below
lar's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his
intensificat door above the bridge on Main Street,
and 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.]

nited [April 22, 18]
DICKINSON HOUSE CORNING, N. Y.
Nor. Proprietor.
us taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

ENNSYLVANIA HOUSE WELLSBORO', PA. L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.

relatedly popular house is centrally located, a AMERICAN HOTEL.

CORNING, N.Y.,
FREEMAN, - Proprietor.

Stick Ledgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.

Sting, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER.

Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. LLKLAND. TIOGA CO., PENNA. Trust patients in all parts of the County, or re-them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

H. O. COLE, BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

general and manufactures seek.

see in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in
the law will be done as well and promptly as it
is one in the city saloons. Preparations for redandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale
llar and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
Wellsboro. Sept. 22, 1859. GAINE'S HOTEL.

TI VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tioga Connty, Pa.

Si well known botel is located within easy access the heart fishing and hunting grounds in North'rn

No pains will be spared for the accommodation -114, 1859. THE CORNING JOURNAL. large W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. or Josef at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One beraul Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The rate Republican in politics, and has a circula-

reaching into every part of Steuben County.— sistens of extending their business into that detailming counties will find it an excellent ad-reg medium. Address as above.

OUDERSPORT HOTEL. OUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.

1F. Glassmire, - Proprietor.
ESHOTEL is located within an hour's drive of providence waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and the interest of the integrated defices, and the integral of the same rivers. No efforts are spared to make the for pleasure seekers, during the trouting sea-

unifor the traveling public at all times. JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,

TAILOR. IWING opened his shop in the room over I Wm. Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the co-fWellsbor, and vicinity, that he is prepared are orders in his line of business with prompt-

Cotting done on short notice.

"Sero. Oct. 21, 1858.—6m WATCHES! WATCHES!

Subscriber has got a fine ansortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE Gold and Silver Watches,

ran, no charge will be made. ANDIE FOLEY.

Triby solicited. HOME INDUSTRY. TE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-LIE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga,

the prepared to furnish Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,

TRIIONT & ITALIAN MARBLE specifully solicit the patronage of this and ad - reurties 1-3 a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex 1-3 a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex 1-4 tders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch

Lyork delivered if desired.

JOHN BLAMPIED. a T.oga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

WM. TERBELL, CORNING, N. Y.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in . IT'S. And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colores B. Namich, Brushee Comphene and Burning
B. Swif. Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for
Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes,
Tany Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

ALSO,

I general assortment of School Books—
Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationary. the above articles can be supplied at a smale Recent New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

LEVE STOVE AND TIN SHOP!

Lopposite roy's drug store. Stores, Tin, and Japanned

Ware for one-half the usual prices.

No 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim-

Tin and Hardware

Theon for Ready Pay.

The diagrams one who wants anything in this line of the during the state of the place—two doors south of Farr's Hospital Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE 1, 1859.

H. D. DEMING,

Settlully aunounce to the people of Tloga County of pared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear Sectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous and the Montanta Raspherries, Gooseberries, in and Strawberries of all new and approved variable.

Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Spirot Chans, and Clumbing Roses.

HRUBBER Y_Including all the finest new rarieties of Althea, Calycanthus, Things, Spiraes, Spiragus, Viburaums, Wigilias &c., Libre, Spiraes, Spiragus, Viburaums, Wigilias &c., Hyacinths, Narcissis; Jonquils, Lil-

Hyacinus,

Hyacinus, Fig. 1. 1. Address H. D. DEMING, Well-boro, Pa.

THE AGITATOR

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

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

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1860.

From the Evening Post.

"LET ME GO." At dead of night I heard a cry—
The sleeping thousands heard it not—
A wail, a smothered sob, a sigh,
Of one who wrestled with his lot;
A prayer, in tones subdued and low
Uprose: "Q Father, let me go!"

Disturbed, I looked abroad; the night
Was grand with starlight and with gloom;
And, marvelling if I heard aright,
I asked: "What spirit seeks its doom?"
"A spirit its own bitterest foe," It said, "O Father, let me go!"

"O soul," in troubled tones I cried,
"Why seek the winter of the grave?
A life by trial sanctified Is fitting for the truly brave."
The voice replied: "Unmingled wo
Is mine—O Father, let me go!"

From that night forth, where'er I went,
That strange prayer sounded in my ears;
The 'plaint of one with trial spent,
O'erborne with cares and sick with tears;
I hear it still—that voice of wo: "O pitying Father, let me go!" December 2, 1859.

M. H. Cobb. Written for the Agitator.

Vagabondiana, OR, THE EXPERIENCES OF SANDY MACTHINKER, POET, ARTIST, ACTOR, TINKER AND SCOTCHMAN.

ву вох 23.

Financially, Sandy Macthinker was more independent when he arrived in the United States than he is to-day; and then fifty-three cents was the boast of his exchequer. Rather a humiliating fact to publish of a gentleman of such multifarious acquirements, and who for the past fifteen years has been pursuing a flourishing business a business involving little or no capital, and paying as well as any of the professions-except to the more distinguished of their members. Fifty-three cents! and on that pitiful sum he contrived to worry out two whole weeks, nibbling an occasional cracker, and drinking a glass of beer. He did not dare to put up at any of the hotels, as he could not even hope to be able at any time to pay his bill; for Sandy was innocent of all knowledge of business in those days. Pleasant prospect, truly, for a young fellow just starting on his own responsibility! He became as thin as a shad. Sandy thanks Heaven he is too dishonest now to suffer as he did then.

Why didn't he let his case be known? Simply, sir, because poverty has to natures such as Sandy Macthinker's, the most prideengendering influence imaginable; their courage sinks in the ratio of their loss of muscle. He assures me in all honesty that he once went until the afternoon of the third day without tasting food. He then attempted to break his fast on a water-soaked ear of corn which he had picked out of the snow-slush of the road. And, would you believe it?" observed Sandy, "I found my appetite too dainty-for the primitive edible. I put a few kernels in my mouth and before my teeth had closed thrice in mastication, I became so disgusted that I spat them out with loathing. I made ample amends that

evening, however, supping gloriously." Let me inform you how Sandy came to sup so gloriously that night.

He had been out airing his muse when he found the ear of corn alluded to, and on re-turning to the village where he had been loafing for eight or ten days he was informed that a letter awaited him at the post office. "It must be from my friend Robinson!" exclaimed Sandy, as he started to possess himself of the missive. But, horror of horrors! it occurred to him that the postage might not have been paid, and to one whose pockets were as innocent of coppers as were his, that was calamity enough. His step flagged as the suspicion dawned upon him. Sandy was nonplussed. He hung an entire hour about the store not daring to enter; and when at length in the agony of conquered irresolution he had concluded to brave the worst, a little fellow, a clerk in the office, came out and handed him the coveted epistle—Sandy hopes that boy is worth half a million by this time-and O, joy! it was prepaid.

Robinson, sure enough, had raised him class. "Come on." ran the welcome letter. "I have got ninety scholars for you, at three dollars each for the term; the term to comprise twelve lessons; one dollar to be paid by each student on the first evening; the second instal ment to be paid on the sixth lesson being given, and the remainder at the close of the term."

It was sixteen miles to where his friend lived but weak the' Sandy was he set out at once. About five o'clock he came in sight of a cozy tavern nestling among trees in an angle of the road, its warm windows glowing in the red light of the sinking sun that shone through a broken cloud in the horizon-the scene of the gastronomic feat I am about informing you of, and which Sandy still delights to dwell uponsome six miles on his journey. On the frosty evening air the supper bell rang with a sharp cheerful emphasis to the traveler and the hungry, to prepare to refresh themselves. Sandy, however, regarded it as conveying no summons to him,-to him the most wearied, certainly the hungriest traveler in the county. No summons to him, yet was there an enchantment in the tintinabulation that spoke of promise; and visions of loaded tables passed in review before his appetite, sharpened his fancy. The bell had roused all that was mutinous within him. Like the tocsin to a war-begirt citadel, it had commanded all capable of bearing arms to come forward for defence; and true to the call, entire stomach-dom had rallied and was clamoring for battle. As Governor, Sandy tried to suppress the enthusiasm; but all he could effect however was to show his weakness; they clamored more fiercely than before. A deputation at first with rather mild demands called his attention. "Would it not be well," they argued, reminding him at the same time with a succes sion of pangs and certain loose motions of the knee-joints of the desperation of the case, 'would it not be well" said they "to tell the landlord your story? You can pay him in a day or two, you know. Prospectively at least, you are worth two hundred and seventy dolars," added the principal speaker, with a touch of diplomacy. Sandy waived their arguments disdainfully. "He would die rather," he stu-

diously answered them. He was now in full eight of the swinging sign. "Half Way House" it said. "You lie, ings, a law, by which afflictions, however great, presence of the Most High.

it chooses" thought he, "but Sandy will go down nobly holding out to the last." He soldered his resolution with a grim tear as he was passing the sign. But ah, how useless are the ty with pauper or funeral expenses? struggles of virtue against fate! It was written that Sandy Macthinker, poet, artist, actor, tinker, and Sootchman should eat that night. The tear had scarcely crystalized in the frosty wind upon his cheek, when the front door opened, and the bell, mellow with invitation, again rang.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," quoted Sandy, as he drank in the pleasant sounds. Inexpressibly sweet were they to the hungry poet, artist, tinker and Scotchman, for the mellow tones came swimming to him on a gale of aroma from the glowing interior of the kitchen; and reminding him of beefsteaks steaming in gravy, they bore down as it were by a coup de main every rank of opposition, so that his virtue now fluttered a mere rag over the ruins of his resolutions, and he stood helpless as an infant. When Sandy returned to consciousness he was talking with great hilarity to the amiable host of the Half Way House, and over the well furnished table of

that respectable hostelry.

Of the supper Sandy chiefly says that it was distinguished as the first occasion on which he had eaten pickled cucumbers—"and the last also," he jocularly would add. He had always entertained a strong aversion for them, but that evening he pressed them to his lips as a child would a long withheld luxury. "How provokingly stupid I have been to ignore such a delicacy" thought he, as he helped himself for the

third time from the tempting pile.
"Have another pickle," said the obliging landlord as he noticed his guest's predeliction for the charming condiment, and he officiously held the dish close to Sandy that he might the more easily help himself.

"Thank you," replied the poet, artist, actor, tinker and Scotchman, and another cucumber disappeared. "The old prejudice returned however," Sandy said, "when better times came." He ignores them now.

Sandy was so flagrantly honest in those days that he felt he would be doing the landlord an injustice were he to run up a larger score than the bare supper incurred; he was therefore ready for the road as soon as he left the table : indeed, anxious to go. But how to leave the house was another question. He keenly felt the degradation of bolting sans ceremonie; and, tell the story of his poverty, he was determined not to do. "Should I stay all night it will but add to the delinquency," he reasoned. I must go by all means. He has given me a supper, enough for a stranger. Besides, he is too clever to injure. "Ah, good man!" apostrophised the poet, artist, actor, tinker and Scotchman, "when I reflect how much more than handsome ly you have acted in this affair, particularly in the matter of the pickles, I feel beggared in manliness when I entertain the thought of fur ther injuring you. No, no, I shall go as soon

as I find an opportunity." On returning to the bar-room, Sandy accepted cigar proffered by the host, and on lighting it he exploded a joke that made the worthy fat old functionary laugh heartily. Sandy was evidently in favor. Unsuspecting boniface! fawretch who was plotting with circumvoring a stances to rob you!

Sandy, softened by the generous attention, was in capital spirits. His fitful genius flashed jokes and witticisms till the bar-room became uproarious with laughter—the habitues of its favored benches forgetting their thirst listening to him. "So much had I abandoned myself to the moment," said Sandy, "that for an hour or so I was made to forget my circumstances."

His cigar was now becoming exhausted; and as the evening was wearing rapidly away, he checked his gaiety. He had resolved that when the landlord left the bar-room, he should regard it as the signal for his own exit. "Good," thought Sandy as he saw Boniface Icave his chair, "he is going." But, instead of leaving the room, the fat landlord waddled behind the bar, and there to use Sandy's own words, "filled up the measure of my ingratitude by asking me to take a drink." Mine host no doubt attributed Sandy's reticence to a want of stimulus, and was anxious to give his genius a fillip. Here was a fresh outrage. Sandy could have coined his nose for money to have paid his bill then, as the merry knight told Bardolf to do .--But it was registered that the Poet, Artist, Actor. Tinker and Scotchman should play the fool that night; his nose, therefore, remained as it was. The drink proving a failure, the landlord shortly afterwards left the room, and Sandy, taking advantage of the absence, shot ingloriously out into the darkness.

To escape from a dilemma under honorable circumstances is always calculated to afford subject for felicitation; and if indebted to address is, and properly, honest occasion for self-gratu-Where could the Poet, Artist, Actor, lation. Tinker and Scotchman find relief under his load of guilt? In flight only, infamous, disgraceful

Every noise he heard was made by the abused landlord and his myrmydons in hot pursuit. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth,"

urged the good book. "The thief does fear each bush an officer," issed Shakespere.

"He handed you pickles!" shricked cons "He gave you a drink!" roared gratitude." "That was the unkindest cut of all."

and still "On horror's head, horrors accumulate For nothing canst thou to damnation add, Greater than that."

Thus pelted by these terrible remonstrants, Sandy was made to run the guantlet on that night of srorm. The ground seemed to spurn him as his feet touched it; and the pure snow scorned to offer resistance as he scattered it in his fear and haste to fly from the scene of his

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the proverb.

There is clearly, in our relations as social be

it isn't half way," said Sandy, with a bitter | are, if not exactly neutralized, at least matericontroversional feeling at his heart. The walk-ing was difficult, and the snow fell fast but fainted, aye, perchance have died on the public Sandy was brave. "The interior may revolt if road on that night of hunger and of snow had he not stolen his supper.. Was it not better then, I ask, to have sinned as he did than to

ty with pauper or funeral expenses? Three weeks after, in company with half-adozen pupils on horseback, with practice swords in their hands-Sandy was an itinerant swordmaster in those days-the poet, artist, actor, Tinker and Scotchman called at the Half Way House to pay for his stolen meal. Boniface laughingly affected not to remember the delinquent visit. An amiable lie I guess. At all events he accepted the price of the supper and oigar. The lads and Sandy made the inn jubilant for an hour, and left. Since then, the poet, artist, actor, tinker and Scotchman has and a meal once a day at least.

Towanda, Pa., Dec. 1859.

Scene on the Arkansas River.

In coming down the Arkansas River last May, I went out upon the guard to look at the large wheel at the stern of the boat; but my attention was diverted from the wheel where I found a little black baby at the extreme end of the guard, behind two barrels, lying upon an old rag of carpeting. The baby seemed in high glee, as he lay there, crowing and cooing, and playing with his feet. My heart at once cried out for the mother. Seeing a black girl sitting on the door-sill of one of the state-rooms, about three rods from the baby, I approached her, and asked:

"Whose baby is that?" "It is mine," she replied. "How old is it?"

"Most four months." "How old are you?" "Most eighteen."

"Have you any other?" "Do you love that baby any?" Starting to her feet, and bringing her clenched ands down to her sides with a force that shook

er whole frame, she exclaimed: "With all my life!" 'Don't tell me that," said I, wishing to draw her out. "If that was my baby," I added, "I

would not leave him alone, and in such a place; I would hold him all day and watch him most "Ah! missus," and she sighed heavily and tears filled her eyes, "you don't know; you can't understand: but I love him too much for dat. I'm a field hand. I can suckle my baby when I work, only at six in the mornin', at noon, an' six o'clock at night. He lie on de cabin floor jes as he does now yonder all day long. 'Pears like I can't keep my hands off of

him; but I do. I take him jes three times a day, so he won't cry after me or miss me when I am sold down in Louisiana, and have to stay in de field again all day." "Have you a husband?" I asked. "O! yes, Massa hated to part us dreffelly; but he was obliged to. He sold 'nuff on us one day to pay a security debt of fifteen thousand dollars. My husband wasn't sold, but Massa

promise me he would send him down to me next year, and I shall 'spect him." "How do you know about your being sold

for debt!" I asked. "O, massa told us, and"-

"I was de house girl," chimed in another black girl standing by. "I used to tell de men who come for massa, to get us for de debt, dat massa had gone away, when all de time know he was in de old chamber hid away, cause he didn't want to sell us. Now missis won't you buy me? Please do. I know you are from one of the Eastern States. 'Pears like I could tell an eastern lady as soon as I put my eyes on her-she looks so different, somehow. want to go with you. I am afraid to be sold down in Mississippi or New Orleans.

Then she began to cry, and I retreated to my state-room, for the tears would come, and I could hear no more of the wrongs of these poor slaves. Did I doubt this slave-mother's affect tion? Do you?-Cor. Anglo-African.

Higher.

Higher is the word of noble meaning-the inspiration of all good deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to the zenith of its glory, and still holds its mysterious object standing and glittering

among the stars.

Higher! lisps the infant that clasps its mother's knees and makes its feeble efforts to rise from the floor,—it is the first inspiration of childhood to burst the narrow confines of its cradle, in which the sweetest moments have

Higher! laughs the proud schoolboy at his swing, as he climbs the tallest trees of the forest, that he may look down on his less adventurous companions with a flash of exaltation, and abroad over the fields and meadows and his native village. He never saw so extended a prospect before.

Higher I earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil burns dim, but finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid behind the

curtain of morning.

And higher! his voice thunders forth when the dignity of manhood has invested his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and right. And when time has changed his locks to silver, and world wide in his renown, when the maiden gathering flowers by the roadside, and the boy in the field bow in reverence as he passes, and peasants look to him with honor, can he breathe forth from his heart the fond wish of the past?

Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns warm as in and it would even borrow wings and soar up to the laurels he has wound around it, for the

The Man the Dog Barked at.

NO. 25.

A few days ago we noticed a man walking along one of our principal streets whose ap-pearance indicated that he was in a peck of trouble. He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two-something very serious had listurbed his equanimity. While we were won dering what it could have been-whether or not he had failed in business, or lost money by somebody else who had failed—whether or not his wife had eloped with his best friend-all formed a strange problem—the face of matters was very wonderfully changed by a simple incident. We had not absolutely determined in our own mind the nature of his grievances, when an impudent little terrier, which was squatted upon the sidepath, discovered somehing offensive in the appearance of the man to whom we allude, and jumped towards him with a sharp and angry bark. This was alto-gether too great an indignity, and filled the cup of our traveler's annoyances to overflowing. He turned fiercely to the dog, and while he insulted him with a blunt loath, attempted to kick him. The cur was altogether too nimble, and, as he leaped aside to avoid the punishment he had earned, barked more furiously than before.

The man's anger now knew no bounds; the more the dog barked at him, the more anxious he seemed to be to succeed in kicking him.-The figure they cut as the terrier jumped into the street, the man after him, the dog yelping, and his antagonist swearing louder and louder, was ludicrous in the extreme. People gathered upon the sidewalk in crowds. The people looked on and giggled; the men braced themselves against the walls, and shook their sides bravely; and the boys shouted out in great delight, "Go it old fellow! go it, while you're young." The man who was making so laughable an exhibition of himself soon discovered that the dog was too agile for him, and gave up the chase in daspair. It was not until then he dis covered he had made a fool of himself in his anger. He then hastily drew his hat over his brow, and walked very rapidly away.

Here is an epitome of the history of thou sands! How many there are who first fall out with themselves and then with everybody else, and by complaining, and fretting, and snarling and snapping, make themselves and everybody around them miserable. They indulge their snappishness of feeling until nothing can please them, and the consequence is, they are a misery to themselves, and a laughing stock, and an object of contempt to others.

The less real cause there is for fretting the more they fret, until they seem miserable because they can find nothing to be miserable about. He who calmly and mildly, but firmly and fearlessly, pursues the even tenor of hi way, acts the part dictated by sound wisdom and common sense; but he who turns to kick at every little our who barks at him, will have a wearisome and profitless life of it. Men create difficulties and annovances where nonneed be, and the misfortune with them is that the more they kick at these imaginary ills the more unkickable they become, and yet the greater annoyance. The peevish or fretful man is necessarily an unhappy man. The more he gives way to this disposition, the more he lowers himself in his own estimation, the more he suspects himself lowered in the estimations of others; and thus from bad to worse he goes on, until his life becomes a burden both to himself and those around him. Such neople always find "curs" enough to bark at them, Let the mischievous world but learn that a man an be annoyed by trivial there are at once enough to keep him kicking all the time, while they themselves are nimble enough to keep out of the way of harm, and enjoy the sport.

Speaking too Soon.

Mehitable Merit, a young lady over twentynine, who never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Why," thought she, 'I wonder what he's come for; can it be-" But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind.

"How do you do, Miss Merit?" "Pretty well I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle Not but I feel a little lonely now and then." "You see, as I was coming by I thought 1 would just step in and ask you a question

about—that is, about—"
"I suppose," thought Miss Merit, "he means about the state of my heart." "The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I feel a little delicate about asking

but I hope you won't think it strange."
"Oh no," simpered Miss M, "I don't think it all strange, and, in fact, I have been some how expecting it." "Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I

believe you have in your possession something ("His heart, he means," said Miss M., aside.) "Well, sir, it may afford you pleasure to know that you have mine in return. It is fully

and entirely your own." "What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement, I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me."

"I beg your pardon," said the discomfitted lady, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something

"If," said Solomon, there is anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it." "Well, no; it's no matter," stammered Miss

M., coloring. "Good morning."

A gentleman named Dunlop being present at a party where one of the company had made youth, though with a paler and steadier light, several puns on the names of the persons present, remarked that he had never heard his name heaven, leaving its tenement to moulder among punned upon, and didn't believe it could be done. "There is nothing in the world more never-ending glory to be reached only in the easy, sir," replied the punster-just lop off half the name and it is dun."

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 1º lines considered as a square. The subjeined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS Square, -\$6,00 8,00 10,00 12,50 39,00 \$3,00 5,00 7,00 8,00 15,00 25,00 \$4,50 6,50 8,50 9,50 20,60 35,00 column. 50.00

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

Posters, Handbills, Bill Heads, Letter Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables', and other BLANKS constantly on hand,

A Fifth Avenue Lady Buying Books.

A correspondent of the Newport News tells the following anecdote:

A certain New York lady whom I shall call Mrs. X., recently had the good luck to come into the possession of a handsome fortune. No sooner had this agreeable change in her condition been affected, than she immediately had a "loud call" from the direction of Fifth avenue and yielding to the tempter, prevailed upon her husband to abandon his calling as a purveyor in provisions and fish, and to purchase a residence in that aristocratic neighborhood. In due time her house was furnished in a style of magnificence which vied with "the very best." Keeping her eyes open for every new improvement, she recently discovered that "it was about the right thing" to have books, and desirous of being up with the fashion, at once ordered an elegant rosewood book-case and started out to purchase the materials wherewith it was to be filled.

Provided with a diagram illustrating the dimensions of the library-the length breadth and height of the shelves, and so on-she called upon one of our largest publishers, and handing an astonished clerk the measure, told him she "wanted the pootiest books he'd got-them with red backs—and to be sure and make them all fit the librarium." With this the lady moved away as majestically as a full blown turkeycock under full sail. In due time the books went, but such was the novelty of the order that, in exercising his taste, the clerk had selected some a little too long, others too short; some bound in Russia, some in Turkey, some in calf; while the colors of the collection were as variegated as the hues of the rainbow.

This didn't suit, and a day or two brought the whole batch back, Mrs. X., following close upon them, looking as stiff as if she had been poured into gorgeous clothes, like a candle in a state of liquefaction, and had then "set." "I sent yer books back," she said, "because I told you to make 'em all of one size and one color, and them ain't no more alike than a parcel of nigger babies is like white children." "But, madam," ventured the clerk, "we supposed there were some particular works you would like to have." "No!" said she, with an emphasis as if she were dictating to her cook, "I don't care what's in 'em; all I want is books to fill them shelves that has got red backs, and will look genteel in my new librarium."

There was no mistaking that order and, this time the red backs" went, and are probably adorning one of our "homes of art, taste and refinement." Think of it, ye shades of Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, Moore, and brother worthies, your brains bought by the square inch! But such is life!

Quite an amusing expose was made by the Principal of one of the North River Female Boarding Schools, at an entertainment given to the scholars just before the holiday vacation. It appears that a young gentleman of Albany, took the school catalogue of the seminary and selected at random the name of a young lady to whom he addressed a letter, exhibiting no little verdancy, and requesting the happiness of a correspondence for their "mutual entertatument and improvement." As adverse fortune would have it, the prize in this extemporized lottery fell to a young Miss some ten years of age, who not being able to read it "very good," as she said, handed it over to her father. who passed it on to the principal of the school. An answer was returned to the Albany gallant, which drew from him his autobiography and a daguerreotype of his face. From the data thus furnished the young fellow was recognized, and the correspondence closed by the administration of a dose of wholesomenadvice. The letters and daguerreotype were on exhibition during the evening of the recent entertainment.

Actors, rope-dancers, opera singers &c., have a weakness for high sounding names. Blondin's real name turns out to be Gravelet. The genuine name of one of the most celebrated musicians in America is Tompkins. The correet name of the late Matt Peel was Flannery. The Ada Clares, Lucille Irvings and Julia Ravensworths that make such showy lines in play bills, are in reality Sarah Jane Smiths, Susan Ann Browns and Polly Maria Jones. When you see such names as Frederick Rivers and G. Augustus Fitzjames on a play-bill you may be pretty sure that Murphy and Stimkins "are

SONNIT-2 A KÖRN.

ON THE LITTLE TOE UV MI RITE FOOT, WHICH HEZ OB-STINATELY REFUSED MEDIKLE TREETMENS.

STINATELY REFUSÉD MEDIKLE TREETMENS.
Distroyer of my peese! ole folly is your dad,
Tite boots yure mother. Agony and pain.
(Deliteful ophspring) is yure children twain.
And honging on ther skirts a 1000 ills ez bad.
An Sunday nite, drest up, to Hanner ann's i go,
Two opposin sentiments my soul'divides,
I sink in agony—on joy's hi hoss j rides,
Heyen in my hart, deth in that little toe.

O form! what work he is in that little toe.

O korn! what woes we bring upon ourselves,
By folly. Why wuz i not content 2 hav
Feet uv the same size that nacher, all-wise gave. Whi did i try on 8s instid uv 12s.

Thowst taughtest me a lesson. What nacher's dun Man cant improov and beiter let alone. MR. HENRY ROBERTS, of Kings county, L. I.,

has a barn in a field, situated some distance from his house, where his hens lay their eggs, and where the village boys steal them. Goaded to desperation by repeated robberies, he tacked the following warning on the barn door:

Eny boys ketched steelin mi egs, shall be spanked by me till they is so red they kant se. I want all the egs and ile swot eny man woman or child what gozo ere my barn and the egs is mine nor i wont stand it no longer not for an instance.

"O dear me!" exclaimed Henrietta, throwing herself in the rocking chair, "I'll never go to the post office again, to be looked out of countenance by all those men in the corner. It's so provoking! What can I do, Sarah Jane, to stop those awful men staring me so in the face !" "Do as I do," replied Sarah Jane with a sly lack; "show your ankle."

What injunction of Scripture would two ladies fulfill when they kiss each other? "Doing unto others what they would that men should do unto them."