Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published THE THURSDAY MORNING, and mailed to subscribers be very reasonable price of

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, fractably in advance. It is intended to notify every

describer when the term for which he has paid shall be capired, by the stamp—"Time Our," on the marker of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped if a farther remittance be received. By this argument no man can be brought in debt to the last paper. THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County

The ACITATOR IS ON COMEN Paper of the County, and a large and steadily increasing circulation reachistic every neighborhood in the County. It is sent into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent in the county of postage to any Post Office within the county mits, but whose most convenient post office may be mits, but whose most convenient post office may be nis, out wnose most convenient post office may be an adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 55 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

S. B. BROOKS ITTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
ELKLAND, TIGGA CO. PA.
In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept. 23, 1558, 1y.

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.]

nted. [April 22, 18]
DICKINSON HOUSE

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR. This deservedly popular house is centrally located, and commends itself to the patronage of the travelling public, Nov. 25, 1855, 19. AMERICAN HOTEL..

CORNING, N.Y.

FREEMAN, - - Proprietor.

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

Corning, March 31, 1859. (ly.)

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon. LLKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA.

Will risit patients in all parts of the County, or re eive them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

VERMILYEA'S HOTEL.

This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.

April 12, 1860. H. O. COLE.

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESS R. BARBER AND HAINDRESS A.

HOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

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

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

Is published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One
Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The
Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County.—
Those desirous of extending their business into that
and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

DRESS MAKING.

MISS M. A. JOHNSON, respectfully announces to M. the citizens of Wellsboro and vidnity, that she has taken rooms over Niles & Elliott's Store, where she is prepared to execute all orders in the line of BRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the business, she feels confident that she can give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage.

Sept. 29, 1859. Sept. 29, 1859.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR, TAILOR.

AVING opened his shop in the room over B. B.
Smith & Son's Store, respectfully informs the entrens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and despatch

Cutting done on short notice. Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—Gin

TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian anp

A German VIOLIN STRINGS.

Bass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

(Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and

Wellsboro, May 31, 1860. WATCHES! WATCHES!

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

which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on 'Time,' i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit.
All-kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party

trdering it, no charge will be made.

Past favors appreciated and a continuace of patronage kindly solicited.

ANDIE FOLEY
Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

F. W. KRISE SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.

WELLSBORO ST., TIOGA, PA. TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Tioga, and of the County generally, that he has established himself at Tioga, where he will manufac-

ture and keep on hand for sale a good stock of Saddles, Bridles, Henvy Harness, Carriago Harness of all kinds &c. Also Hames, Halters, Whips, Tracos, Collars &c. All work warranted. Repairing done on short notice. Tioga, Sept. 1, 1559.—ly.

W. D. TERBELL,

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

DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Staff, Sash and Glass, Purc Liquors for Hedicine, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,

-A general assortment of School Books-

Blank Books, Staple and Fancy
Stationary.
Physicians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small advance on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

H. D. DEMING, Would respectfully aunonnee to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple. Pear Peach, Cherry, Sectarine, Apricot. Evergreen and Deciduous ornamental trees. Also Currants Raspherries, Gooseborries, Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved vari-ties.

ROSES Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sum-mar Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea

ROSES Consisting of Roses, Bourdon, Roiserte,
Bengal or China, and Climbing Roses.

SHRUBBERY Lociuding all the finest new va
SHRUBBERY Presties of Althes, Calcanthus
Dentzia, Lilacs, Spiraes, Syringias, Viburnums, Wiglius &c.

FLOWERS Paconics, Dahlias, Phiores, Tulips,
Hyacinths, Narcissis; Jonquils, Lil

lies, &c.
GRAPES—All varieties.
Peabody's New Haut-bois Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, \$5.
Orders respectfully solicited.
\$\frac{4}{2}\tag{Drders}\$ for Grafting, Budding or Pfuning will be promptly attended to. Address
Dec. 16, 58.

H. D. DEMING, Willboro, Pa.

MITCHELL'S SYRUP OF IPECAC. For Colds, Coughs, Croup, &c. At Roy's Drug Store.

THEAGITATO

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

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

VOL. VI.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1860.

NO. 50.

WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS.

BY T. HIRAM JUDSON. We have been friends together, But we are parted, now; I know thou scorn'st me, for I mark That scorn upon thy brow. Thou'st thrust me radely from thee, And oft in pain I sigh— We have been friends together, We are not now—and why?

We have been friends together, In happier moments past, When all seemed bright and beautiful—

Alas! too bright to last.
Those days of joy and bliss have fled,
And this thought comes to me—
We have been friends; together,
Perhaps no more to be.

We have been friends together Through many a weary year; Together we have laughed in glee, Together shed the tear. Thy griefs and sorrows were mine own, Mine were the same to thee, For we were friends together, Alas! no more to be.

We have been friends together,

But we thought best to part;
No eye but God's can read the grief
Which rends one stricken heart.
Farewell! and if, in future years, Thy heart becomes less of Then shed one tear-drop for that friend Who loved thee so of old.

THE BORROWED GARMENTS. "Frank, lend me your swallow-tailed coat."

"What for?" card bearing the following inscription : " Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater's compliments, and would be pleased to see Mr. Wilkins on Friday eve, the thirteenth instant, at 8 o'clock.

"No doubt of it." " No doubt of what?" "That the sight of you would please Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwaters."

"Probably; will you lend me the coat?"
"Yes, certainly."
Frank Barnes and I were disciples of Æsculapius, and pursuing our studies at the-Medical College. We were chums and fast our shuck-mattress and scanty quilts. We had just finished our mid-day allowance of "victuals," measured according to the board-house rule, and called by courtesy and our landlady 'dinner," and had lit our pipes for our postprandial siesta, when the above card' was sent up to me, and occasioned the remark that opens this chapter. Frank and I were the same hight and weight, and his coat would fit me exactly: but here the resemblance ceased en-Frank, though not foppish in the least, tirely. was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, and though he seldom went into society, al-On the other hand, while I was very fond of society, I was very unfortunate in regard to my wardrobe, and was rarely the possessor of a

respectable outfit. I had gone one moonlight night to the suburbs, with the intention of serenading my adorable Amelia, a young lady educated, refined and polished according to the had not gone far when I discovered that the most approved style, but whose father was not all romantic, had a lamentably tuneless ear, on, and by the time I reached the house, my and "didn't approve of these here sereynades; thought young men ought to be in bed time enough to get up airly in the mornin', and not go round howlin like a pack o' painters." Not- ulation of my cravat in the cloak room, while withstanding this prejudice on the part of the I endeavored to persuade myself that I was parent, I resolved to woo the fair lady with a perfectly self-possessed; my salutation of the song, perhaps with two or three. Having importuned her to 'Wake, lady, wake,' I was respectfully soliciting her to 'Meet me by moonings Mrs. Harlan's last novel were the predom-

in a most inharmonious manner: ted fiddle, and leave here! How do you s'pesse called away by some person to be presented to a man's goin' to sleep with such an infernal Colonel and Mrs. Somebody, and espying Miss

screechin' goin' on ?'' I did not dign to reply to his interrogatory, back, and taking up the thread of my song manner. where it had been broken off, finished it .--Gathering confidence as I went on, I was proceeding to request her to "Come over the hills with me," and was picturing in glowing colors the "sweet content of our humble, happy lot," when whack ! like a discharge from a catapult, a body of unknown shape and dimensions, but evidently of considerable weight and density, struck the fence near me. Instinctively divining that this came from the hands of the "enraged parent," and fearing lest he should follow up his salute with a rolley, I silenced the vibrating guitar-strings, postponed the "Good night, song, sine die, (excuse the bull,) and retreated. In my hasty and not remarkably graceful evacuation of the premises, an upstart

rent in my best broad-cloth. And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to-day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impecuniosity. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater. So go I must; and as society had decreed that a coat is an indispensable article of apparel at a party, I bor-

rowed Frank's immacculate swallow-tail. "And Frank, I shall want your gaiters," as I discovered that one of mine showed a very ragged abaraion on the side, and the other was sadly run down at the heel.

"Take 'em along," said he, and quietly went on "cloud compelling." But I was too much agitated to smoke. I let my pipe go out, callmy "doeskins" needed repairing. So I seized a needle and thread, and after many futile efforts succeeded in passing the latter through

Twere vain to attempt to tell what horrid I could, I asked Amelia to come with me out dreams racked my brains that night. They upon the piazza, and I would explain all—were an olla podrida of absurd incongruities. We went out, and I was rapidly giving her the At one time I was making my salaam to details, telling her that it was my chum's let-Mrs. Fitzwater, and repeating the well-conned ter from his cousin up in Vermont, and that

complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had very angry if the contents were known—" left in my trowsers, made its presence known in a very insinuating manner. At another, Mr. Fitzwater, was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had tried to cobble the disinte-

Amelia looked charming in Frank's dresscoat; and Miss Temperance Jones, and elderly spinster who formerly taught my young idea, and administered wholesome correction with her slipper, (I forgot the number, it seemed long and weary, and enjoyed most miserably. Evening came at last, and with it the necessity of preparing for the party. Who that has ever How the refractory shirt will not be buttoned, and the razor will cut your chin! Your rebellious scalp-lock will not submit even to a most copious lubrication with fragrant Maccassar. All this I suffered and more; and Frank complacently sat there laughing at me.

"Wilkins," said he, after I had gone through the trying ordeal of outward purification, and "What for?"
donned a clean under garment, "Wilkins, have
"Here," and I tossed him a moderate sized you polished those gaiters?"

"Thunder! No!" So I had to divest myself of the clean garment, and go at it. As I sat silently rubbing the calf-skins, the thought struck me that perhaps I could not get them on. The distressing idea had not entored my brain before, and now it came upon me with terrific force. I have said that Frank was about as tall as myself but as he probably had more aristocratic blood in him than I have, he were shoes two numbers smaller than mine. Though those before me culapies, and pursuing our studies at the—
Medical College. We were chums and fast
friends: we studied together, walked together,
at the same table, and enjoyed in common
after a great deal of exertion, much perspiration, and perhaps a few maledictions, I succeeded in encasing my extremities in the shoes .-I performed my ablutions a second time, and

proceeded with my toilet.
"Wilkins," said Frank, "Miss Georgia is rather sentimental, isn't she?"

"Rather."

"Somewhat given to 'awakening the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory?"
"Samewhat." I was too much engaged with my cravat to make any very extended remarks. "Well, Wilkins, when she talks to you about the 'hollow-hearted world,' don't spoil the metways had a complete suit of handsome clothes, aphor by a description of the auricles and ventricles."

"There's my hat on the floor; take it."

"No, I thank you; you need it to-night." By this time I was dressed; and leaving the house I started on foot for the Fitzwater mansion, as it was but a few squares distant. I on, and by the time I reached the house, my feet were in an anæsthetic state, and I was comparatively comfortable.

I pass over my entrance; the nervous maniphost and hostess, and my chat with Miss Georlight,' when her father interrupted the strain inent topics, with a few remarks on the strug-Amelia across the room, I made my way to her side. With her I forgot all the tribulations muttering, "I go, but I return," went. Vexed of the day, and was fast losing consciousness at such a termination of the affair, I waited in the intoxication of love, when I was called in the intoxication of love, when I was called near by till all was again quiet, then went back to this world in a very uncomfertable

"Sir," said the editor of the -, with Pick wickian emphasis and dignity, "I set my foot

down upon such principles!' The remark was made to Major -, one of the prominent street-coner politicians, and in reference to some of the Major's principlesbut the foot-the eighteen inches, rather-was set down upon my unoffending member, which I had gracefully thrown before me in taking my favorite attitude. Oh! it was excruciating!— That ruthless tread sent a thrill through every filament of my nervous system, and at the same time awoke me from my elysian dream. A howl was upon my lins, but I choked it down with a cough and a subdued groan, and wiping the perspiration from my brow, attempted to nail in the fence made an ugly right-angled renew the conversation with Amelia. But the charm was broken. I made a few disjointed, spasmodic remarks, wiped more perspiration from my brow, and was about to plead sudden indisposition and retire, when a gentleman approached and handed me a letter, saying I had dropped it as I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. As he was handing it to me Amelia snatched it. I trembled in my-I beg pardon -in Frank's shoes, lest it might be one of my numerous duns, which were just then falling thick and fast upon me. I begged her not to read it; tried to seize it; and falling in this, resorted to strategic measures with equally poor success. My anxiety only increased her curiosity, of course; and opening it she began to read :- "Dear Frank, your sweet, charming, lovely, and highly-prized letter came -." The truth flashed upon me in an instant. It was one of Frank's letters which he had left in his ed Frank Mrs. Fitzwater, and was only re-coat pocket, having used the envelope to light called to my senses when he reminded me that ever, and entreated her give it to me and permit me to explain. For visions of a broken engagement, rings and other tokens returned. the eye of the former. I then carefully closed blighted hopes, and blasted reputation, passed starting to mention. the gapping fissure, not without tangling the quickly through my brain. I had the letter; thread several times, and uttering several ad- my name was Frank, and it was indisputably jectives not very complimentary to the panta-loons and the maker thereof.

a love letter. Female logic needed no more de-finite propositions. Calming myself as well as finite propositions. Calming myself as well as

"But how did you get it? He would not let you have such a letter."

her a falsehood, or acknowledge that I am wearing borrowed garments. My pride revolts from grated coat-tail; while Amelia's father stood the latter horn, as would here at the thought of by poising two bricks over my devoted head. a coatless lover. If I adopted the other alternative, I sacrifice my sense of right; and besides I had not time to concoct a respectable lie. But pride prevailed, and I did not mention the coat. I do not know what I did tell her; it must have been an incoherent jargon, upon what I have said," Brobdignagian at that time,) appeared at a side door armed with my damaged gaiter.—
This last apparition woke me, and I lay feverishly tossing till morning. When morning came, I rose, but unrefreshed. The day was me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded meet microble with the gueste warm and gave me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded the gueste warm and gave me the letter. -the guests were warm, and many of them very musky--so we preferred to promenade on the cool piazza, and I was again oblivious of all got ready for a party does not remember the things earthly. I repeated the choice selected annoyances attendant on the operation? tions I had made from Byron, and what I could remember of Lalla Rookh. Thus, in full enjoyment of the calm autumnal night, were our souls in sweet commune. As we gazed at the distant stars, and selected one as our future home, the well-known words of the poet rose to my lips:

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,
I've wished this little isle had wings;
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to—"

"The devil!" I cried, as I struck my footthe bruised one-against one of Mrs. Fitzwater's flower pots. Amelia withdrew her arm from mine, and casting a scornful, withering look upon me, said, in a voice husky with emo

"Sir, you are a brute! you are drunk!" She paused, as though for a reply, and I was about to say that I wished I were both, when she continued:

"You have insulted me both in your conduct and your language. You carry on flirtafions with other girls. You have a letter from one, and when I see it, you make a miserable drunk-en apology for it. We part forever. Never appear in my presence again."

And I didn't. With majestic air she disappeared: I left the house as fast as my crippled feet would take me. I reached home and taking off the coat and shoes which were the cause of all my misery, deliberately threw the letter at Frank, who sat deeply immersed in the mysteries of Carpentier. But I was too much agitated to take aim: one missile shattered the mirror, the other fractured the wash-bowl and

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a high fever; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Thus did I blight my matrimonial prospects, suffer a brain fever, and break a looking-glass and washing utensils, (exorbitant lill of damages sent in by our landlady,) all because I went to a party in borrowed garments.

I have never seen Amelia since the memorable evening; but have learned that she mar ried a respectable grain dealer out West, and

has an interesting family of children. I am a bachelor yet and have an intensely in teresting family of corns.

GARIBALDI'S STRONG MEN .- A characteristic incident occurred at one of the steepest rocky eminences which Garibaldi wished to occupy, to obtain command of a position above gles of unappreciated genius, and one allusion Palermo. He had a piece of mountain artille-"Look here, young man, pack up that blas- to the 'hollow-hearted world.' Georgia was ry, but no means to raise it. While he was at a stand, at the base of the rough and almost perpendicular height, two contadini (countrymen) came up and inquired what was the cause of the delay. They were brothers, and possessed the characteristic spirit of the Sicilians, with even a superior degree of the strength, activity and power of endurance of the Islanders gen erally. After a short consultation between themselves, one of them bent his manly frame down over the gun, and embracing it as one friend does another, with an effort which might be compared with that of Samson, raised it to his broad shoulders, and with a slow but firm step, commenced his way up the rocky path .--His brother performed the same operation with the carriage of the gun; and both proceeded silently, but resolutely, up the rocks, which were so rough and so steep that few men, except Sicilian mountaineers, would willingly attempt to ascend alone.

The bystanders expressed their joy and surprise; but Garbaldi stood gazing at the noble patriots as if astonished, and when he recovered himself, he exclaimed:

"I knew the Sicilians were brave and devoted to liberty; but if I had known that I should find such men as these, I would have come alone!"

OLD NEWSPAPERS .- Many people take newsesting reading imaginable, is a file of old newspapers, It brings up the very age with all its enius, and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought, that almost every name printed there, is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular) that there advertised his medicines. and his cures, has followed the sable train of his patients-the merchant with his shipscould get no security on his life, and the actor, who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble, for, like that of wine, their value increases with age, and like old files have sometimes been sold at prices too

Some patent curiosity-hunter has found that the number of grains in a bushel of wheat weighing sixty pounds, is upward of six hundred and thirty-nine thousand.

A Lady's dressing-table is probably called a toilet, because it is there that most of her toil is generally performed.

A TOUGHING STORY.

The following affective narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a varning derived from his own bitter experience "Here was a dilemma. I must either tell of the sin of grieving and resisting a mother's love and counsel.

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till she reached her own door.

"It is school time now," said she. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think

"I shan't go to school," said I. She looked astonished at my boldness, but re-

-olied firmly : "Certainly you will go, Alfred, I command

"I will not," said I in a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Aifred-either go to school this morning, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in the future.

"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently and was deadly pale.
"If you touch me I will kick you," said I

in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what "Will you go Alfred?" "No," I replied, but quailed beneath her

eye. "Then follow me," said she, as she grasped

my arm firmly. I raised my foot-oh, my son, hear me !-I raised my foot and kicked her-my sainted mother! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother, a feeble woman-my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me; I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh! Heavenly Father," said she, "forgive him-he knows not what he does!"

The gardner just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped. She beckoned him

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his room," said she and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave such a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love !--it was the last anatterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner my own room. I thought, for a moment, I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to do it. was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued; but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the "What may I tell my mother for you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.
"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive I would not answer. I heard her footsteps

the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. sister's disturbed me. A voice called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred my son, shall I come?" she asked. I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilled through me, and melted the ice of my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber, by hearing my named called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

ster stood at my bedside.
"Get up Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute! Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying." I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got melancholily and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble lay my mother, She was not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go again to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and borne senseless to her room;

I cannot tell you with what agony I looked nnon her: my remorse was tenfold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart burned in my bosom : my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a light motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. apers, but few preserve them; the most inter- | She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me." She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin white hands, she clasped my own within them, and east her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, and thus she died. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my gentle sister removed me. The joy of youth had gone forever.

Boys who spurn a niother's control, who are ishamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

A man can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when alone; without it, solitude is not to be endured.

The meanest man in the world lives in London. He buttons his shirt with wafers and looks at his money through a magnifying glass.

An Exchange says:—A party of our friends chased a fox thirty-six hours. They actually "run the thing into the ground."

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 19 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lies considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly ad-

3 MONTHS. 6 MONTHS. 12 MONTHS. \$3,00 5,00 7,00 \$4,50 6,50 8,50 9,50 do. Column, --

FOSCERS, Manuous, DM, LERGES, ECHOPT-DEGREE BIRD BIR kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, exceuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constable's, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

HARD WORK.

All classes of men complain of 'hard work.' The carpenter thinks that it is 'too bad' that he is obliged to work so hard for a living, while his neighbor the physician can ride in his carriaga to attend patients or leisurely deal out medicines in his office.

The physician thinks it hard work to be in readiness to obey calls at all hours of the day, and night; to travel in cold and heat, through mud and storms, and not even be allowed one hour in the twenty-four which he can positively call his own. He envies his friend the car penter, who, when the day's work is done can return to his family and rest in peace.

The blacksmith feels that a hard lot in life has fallen to him, as he strikes the anvil thro' the long day, while on the opposite side of the street, his neighbor, the lawyer, seems to be called to the performance of no harder work than writing at his table or the reading of his law books. But the lawyer, as his glance falls upon the blacksmith, thinks of the years spent in study to fit him for the profession, of other years of strenuous mental exertion and constant application to gain a reputation, of the still incessant toil necessary to attain it-uf his frequent unavoidable contacts with most hardened villians, of the revolting relations of crime he is compelled to hear, of the hundreds of suffering, innocent victims, who plead with him to succor them from powerful oppressors, but whom he cannot aid. With a sigh he turns away from the whistling, singing, jolly-faced and brawny-armed blacksmith, and feels it harder to work to hammer and weld the iron and blow the bellows of the law in such a manner as shall always keep the fires of his reputation burning before the world.

So it is in the various branches of trade and in all professions. Each is apt to think his neighbor's business light work compared to the duties incumbent upon him to perform. But it is not so. The merchant and the mechanic, the clergyman and the farmer, have all work to do -either mental or physical-of equal importance to the general body politic, and requiring equal exertions. This grumbling about hard work is of no benefit to us, but decidedly foolish and wicked. .

We are made to work. God constituted us with bones, sinews, strength, and in every way, by mental and physical endowment, adapted us for the performance of labor. Labor is called worship; and whether in the mental or physical sphere of action, he who labors the most perseveringly, the most unmurmuringly, the most efficiently for the good of himself and welfare of his fellow-men, must be accounted the most faithful and acceptable worshipper.

YANKEE GUMPTION.

Says N. P. Willis:-"I was amused a few lays since, with the contrast between two men who were working for the same wages, worth bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a describing, because it illustrates some truthfootstep approach the door. It was my sister. the difference between the common American mind and the common European. We were prepared to throw our bridge across Idlewild brook. A quiet little narrow-shouldered American, with my horse hitched to a dray; was drawing stone for a railroad beyond, and a broad shouldered fellow from the old country was dig-ging earth to fill in. As I stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty little cedar, which was partly uprooted, and requesting the digger slowly retreating, and again I threw myself on to set it upright and shovel some dirt around Another footsten slower and feebler than my | it, I walked on. Returning a few minutes after, I saw my cedar straight/enough, but its roots still exposed. "Why didn't you cover it with dirt?" I asked. "Sure, sir," said sturdy Great Britian, with a look of most honest regret that he had not been able to oblige me, "you told me to shovel it, and I had no shovel." He was working with a spade! It was not ten minutes after this that I saw

my little Yaukee dollar-a-day unhitching the horse from the dray. "What are you going to do?" I asked. "Why, there is no more stone to be got on this side," he said, "and as the carpenter don't seem to be coming to fix this bridge, I thought I'd step over and get What's-hisname's oxen and snake them timbers up, and then haul 'em-across with a block and tackle; and timber over, and put on the planks. I could draw stone from the other side then." Here was a quiet proposal to do what I looked forward to as quite a problem for a professed mechanic. I had bespoken a carpenter for the job three weeks before. There stood the abutments six feet high and twenty-five feet apart, and a stream swollen by the freshet and hardly fordable on horseback, rushing between : and how these two immovable timbers, thirty feet long, were to be got across without machinery and scaffold to span this chasm of twentyfive feet, I was not engineer enough to see. It was among the "chores that a man with com mon gumption could do easy enough," however, as my little fried said, and it was done next? morning, with block and tackle, rollers and levers-he going about it as natural and handy as " if he had been a bridge builder by profession. There being no higher price for day labor with this amount of "gumption," and day labor such as the other man's who could not conceive how a spade might be used for a shovel, shows how common ingenuity is in our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee it is to know no obstacle. ٠.٠٠, ٠.٠

Pourreness .- A truly refined and Christian" oliteness exhibits itself at home with intimate? friends. It is manifest toward husband or wife. towards children and domestics; and none are better witnesses to the politeness of the Christian gentleman or lady than inferiors and dependents, and those who witness the daily strug-

gles of the man for existence.

To such is exposed the inner man, and to none is more apparent the utter hypocrisy of that individual who affects a gentlemanly bearing towards superiors, but is harsh and unpleasant towards those who are more in need of his soft and tender tones.

Counterfeit politeness affects much of courtesy in certain places, and among certain people, but behind the scenes you view the naked deformity of the character manifested in harsh, rough tones and words to those who were first won by blandness and snavity.