Terms of Publication. AGITATO HE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribere ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Devoted to the Briension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Bealthy Reform.

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1861.

ably in advance. It is intended to notify every many when the term for which he has paid shall orber when the term for which he has paid shall expired, by the figures on the printed label on the expired, by the agence on the prace abort on the in of each paper. The paper will then be stopped a farther remittance be feccived. By this arnt no man can be brought in debt to the

RE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County a large and steadily increasing circulation reach-to every neighborhood in the County. It is sent postage to any subscriber within the county but whose most convenient post office may be ing County. ards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-

VOL. VII.

THE TREASURE-SEERER.

Many weary days I suffered, Sick of beart and poor of purse; Riches are the greatest blessing, Poverty the deepest curse ! Till at last to dig a treasure,

Forth I went into the wood : "Fiend, my soul is thine forever," And I signed the scroll with blood.

Then I drew the magin bircles,

Spoke the incentation dire. And I sought the burial metal

And I saw a light appearing

Kindled the mysterious fire, Placed the herbs and bones in order,

With a spell of mickle might :---

Sought it as my master taught me,

Black and stormy was the night.

In the distance as a star ; When the midnight hour was tolling,

Came it waxing from afar; Came it maxing from afar; Came it flashing thick and sudden, As if fiery wine it were, Flowing from an open chalice

And he wore a lustrous chaplet,

Which a beauteous boy did bear.

And his eyes were full of thought, And he stepped into the circle

And he bade me touch the goblet; And I thought "it cannot be That this boy should be the bearer Of the demon's gift to me."

"Taste the draft of pure existence

Sparkling in this golden urn. And no more with baneful magic

Shalt thou hitherward return :

Do not seak for treasures longer,

Let thy future spell-words be-

Days of labor, nights of resting, So shall peace return to thed."

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

It was a woman's face I saw as I draw rein

Washington-my summers at Cape May, New-

to meet at the Hall a certain belle and heiress,

the bell. A servant answered the summons.

call his master. In a few moments the door

window came in, with two curly beaded chil-

string, and said, with some embarmasment :

"Then you are Mr. Vincent?"

both out riding."

"Lam sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Cuthburt are

"Ah! and so am I," was the answer,

With the radience that he brought,

imsginatively and gracefully expressed :]

\$5 per year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. AS. LOWBEY & S. F. WILSON.

TTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will sittend the Court of Tioga, Enttor and McKean des. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853]

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

anted.

J. C. WHITTAKER,

Hydropathic Physician ofd Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA GO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-ire them for treatment at his hopse. [June 14,]

J. EMERY,

TTORNEY AND COUNSILLOR AT LAW Wellsboro, Tiogs Co. P. Will devote his. exclusively to the practice of law. Collections in sny of the Northern counties of Pennsyl-

PENNSYLVANIA, HOUSE. er of Main Street and the Arnue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PRO RIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having bein re-fitted and re-mished throughout, is now epen to the public as a class house

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE. E. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa. HIIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting rounds in Northern No pains will be spared for the accommodation pleasure seekers and the traveling public.

April 12, 1860. H. O. COLE,

BARBER AND HAIS DRESSER. HOP in the rear of the Post office. Everything in HOP in the rent of the rost value. Everything in his line will be done as were and promptly as it as be done in the city saloons. Preparations for re-poring dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale kesp. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and Me. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE COBNING JOURNAL.

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. S published at Corning, Stenben Co., N. Y.; at One S published at Corning, Stenden Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politik, and has a circula-ion reaching into every part of Steuben County.— Dose destrous of extending that business into that ad the adjoining counties will field it an excellent ad-srtising medium. Address as above.

FURS: FURS: FURS:

URS .- The subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for ladies wear, consisting of ITCH CAPES & VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPPES & VICTORINES,

RIVER MINK CAPES & MUZFS, HOCK MARTIN CAPES & VICTORINES. These comprise a small quantity of the assortment. They have been bought at low prices and will be sold affestmently low prices for cash, at the New Hat Store in Cornidg, N. Y.

to them I should probably be here this week." TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian anp please introduce yourself."

VIOLIN STRINGS. Bridges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

"What do you think of my sister ?" asked | chamber, holding communication with my own [The annexed ballad, by GOETHE, has great truth Cuthbert. "She is very beautiful," I replied.

"And have you fallen in love at first sight ?" "If I have I shall not tell you," I exclaimed, and then we went on chatting in a merry strain. When we adjourned to the great, cool, luxurious parlor, I found Mrs. Cuthbert and her sister, but the governess was walking to and fro on the terrace, apparently absorbed in thought. The usual small-talk ensued, and at last, at my request, the heiress sat down at the pinno, and played and sang with much skill. I had observed a harp in the boudoir adjacent, and begged her to sweep its strings for me.

"I cannot," she said ; " but Miss Marguerite dan; I will call her," and moving to the winflow she exclaimed, imperiously : " Come, Marguerite, we wish .you to play some airs on the harp."

The governess hesitated a moment, and then came in and took a seat at the harp. As she sat there I noticed for the first time the superb proportion of her figure, the graceful poise of her head on the stately neck. But I forgot those when she smote the chords of the harp and began to sing. Was she an improvisatrice? I thought she must be, so full of soul was the music she poured forth, and when she concluded I asked Mrs. Cuthbert whose composition it was.

Her own," she replied ; " and she never knows what she is going to sing when she commenees."

I uttered no fulsome words of commendation to Marguerite, but my eyes must have spoken volumes of approval.

were not haunted by the heiress, but by the pale face I had seen at the window-the face of Marguerite, the governess.

The next morning I was awake at an early at Cuthbert Hall-a pale, calm, almost proud hour, and glancing out, saw Marguerite gliding face, with large Creole eyes and coal-black hair, across the lawn. I hastened to join her-her looped away from the cheeks in heavy and shicheeks wore a rich glow, her dark, lustrous ning folds. I had seen many more beautiful eyes were full of light, her lip tremulous with faces during my winters in New York and smiles, her white apron was full of snowy blossoms, and she had wreathed a spray of jessaport, and Nahant, and besides, I was expecting mine amid the blackness of her hair. How we began to talk I scarcely know, but I was never a sister-in-law of the friend who had invited me so entertained by any woman as by her. I to his home. So I gave only a passing glance could touch upon no subject in literature or at the pale stranger, and, dismounting, rang art with which she was not familiar, and Madame de Stael might have coveted her conversaand, conducting me into the library, went to tional powers. On the Jawn we separated, but when we met at breakfast in the presence of opened, and the lady whom I had seen at the the Cuthberts and the supercillious heiress, I saw that the old governess look had again come dren clinging about her. She bade me good back to her fair face, and she was more reticent morning in a voice sweet as the thrill of a lufe than ever. My friend proposed a horseback excursion to a boiling spring in the neighborhood, and when our party assembled on the veranda, I noticed with the keenest disappointment that the governess had been excluded. "but I suppose they will not be long, for, I rode at the bridle rein of the fair Blanche, though they did not expect me to-day, I wrote who looked very pretty in the blue habit, and with her velvet cap set coquettishly above her golden tresses, b: I found it an effort to inter-"Richard Vincent, at your service ; and now est myself in the commonplace chit-chat. I felt a sense of relief when we dismounted at "I-I-I am"-she paused, wound one of the Hall, and as soon as I had led my partner

heart. The face I had seen at the window on my arrival-the face that had seemed so calm and cold, had since assumed every variety of expression. I had come hither to woo Blanche,

I had fallen in love with the governess. Yes ! I was in love at last-Marguerite haunted all my sleeping and waking dreams. I was musing thus when I heard a tap at the door, and Cuthbert entered.

"Well, sir," said he, "a penny for your thoughts." "I am thinking," I replied, " how mysteri-

ous a thing love is." "You are in love, then ?-glad of it-Blanche will be a happy woman."

"'Tis not Blanche !" I stammered ; "'tis not Blanche my heart has chosen-I love the governess !"

"The governess !" said Cuthbert ; "zounds, man, what do you mean ?" "I have to day laid my heart, hand, and for-

tune at hor feet; if she accepts me, I shall envy nobody in the wide world." vy nobody in the wide world." Cuthbert meditated awhile ere he resumed

"You must be sincere; Vincent, or you would not marry Marguerite." "Sincere ! God knows I am !"

My host gazed at me and laughed in merry

laugh that rang loud and long through the hall. "My dear fellow," he began, "you are the victim of a little ruse. My sister-in-law has had a mortal fear of falling a prey to some fortune hunter, and when you, on your arrival, mistook her for the governess, she could not resist the temptation to carry out the imposture. In the bit of confab we had with her on the veranda, she begged us not to undeceive you, and we humored her whim. She conxed the of the heiress, and as she had taught the children during the absence of their French governess, they were not likely to betray her secret. Blanche Marguerite Dupont, come here and confess ?"

"Dear, dear Richard, I know I can trust Blanche is now my wife, and peeping over my

the world she has never repented the stratagem

| | | | | | 1 |
|---------------|---------|----|------|-----|-----|
| REARING BOYS. | | | | | |
| BRIEF | HISTORY | IN | Four | СНА | рті |

CHAPTER T. "What! stay at home for that squalling young one? catch me to." And the young mother threw on a bonnet and shawl and humming a gay air, sauntered out on the promenade. One another bowed and smiled as she moved along, flushed, triumphant and beautiful. A young man met her just as she was passing a shop of a well-known firm. "Ah ! out again, Delia," he said, earnestly.

Where is Charley ?"

"With Hunnah, of course. You don't ex-pect me to tie myself to him?" she returned. The young man's face grew cloudy. "No," he returned, with a half sigh; "but I can't bear to have him left with servants."

"Oh, well, I can," she said, and with a ra-

A SKETCH OF HARRISBURG. Special Correspondence of The Agitatory. HARRISBURG, Feb. 16, 1861.

When the unlucky founder of Harrisburg was tied to that tree on the banks of the Susquehanna, of which tree there remains only a stump to mark its historical character, he little dreamed that from his "grocery" there would a city arise, not exactly as Jove sprang from the brain of Minerva, panoplied and equipped for war, but rising through long years of patient industry and bold enterprise until it would become the political centre of a great and prosperous commonwealth. For forty years Harrisburg was an insignificant borough, with no business beyond that of supplying the farmer with his cloth and leather, and the farmer's wife with calico and groceries. Yet I can well remember that even while reposing in the dulf business monotony of an inland borough, there was an air of comfort and hospitality hovering around it which at once captivated a stranger and bid him welcome to its good cheer, genial joys, and more than generous entertainment. Since 1840, no borough in the State has improved more; and since 1850 it has expanded and grown to proportions as much as any city with like advantages in the Union. In 1850 the borough contained 3,468 males, and 3,456 females; making a total of 6,921 white inhabitants. Since then this population has more than doubled itself.

The great feature, however, of Harrisburg, is the growth, extension, and improvement of the borough as well as the city, and of these it is my present purpose more particularly to speak. Twenty years ago the arrival of a train of cars was announced by the barking of dogs, and the screaming of women for their children. cousin who was staying with us to act the part Now the shrill whistle of the locomotive is constantly heard day and night. Those living who remember the old depot with its quaint and dingy office, its solitary "porter" dozing on its portals while the fat and lazy omnibus team waited for "the train" with the patience becoming the ancient reputation of their species-those old inhabitants can best appreciate the change in the neighborhood of the old depot. Where only one or two trains arrived and departed then, one hundred pass and repass

now. The Lebanon Valley, the Northern Central, the Cumberland Valley, the Susquehanna and Duphin, and the Lykins Valley Rail Roads all centre and have a terminus here. Besides these termini it is also a Division Depot for the Pennsylvania Railroad. This Company are erecting and have already in operation a large number of machine shops in the northeastern portion of the city, connected with a 'Round House" for the accommodation of one hundred locomotives. You can judge from these facts of the travel and transportation from, to, and through Harrisburg; you can also form some estimate of the revenue required to sustain such a depot, and the benefit which its circulation bestows on the community at large. The necessity for large numbers of workmen has produced the reasonable demand for increased accommodations for these workmen and their families. As a consequence the

city has expanded. What was formerly grazing ground has now become marts of trade. Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 personers and Advertisements with on charged at the request the set lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for even subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than be lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yourly adbe charged for Quarterly, Half-Yenrly and Yearly vertisements :

 S HONTHS.
 G MONTHS.
 12 MONTHS.

 =
 \$3,00.
 \$4,50
 \$6,00

 =
 \$3,00.
 \$4,50
 \$6,00

 5,00
 6,56
 \$6,00

 7,00
 \$5,50
 10,00

 8.00
 9,50
 12,50
Square, do. do. ż column, -1 A.S. 30,08 50,0 15,00 20.00. do. Column, 35,00 25,00 Advertisements not having thenumber of insertion lesired marked upon them, will be published until

dered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Lettor-Heads and al

kinds of Jobbing done in country establishmenta, and ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constable's, and other BLANKS constantly on hand. NO. 50.

MUSIC IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

"Were you ever in the Mammoth Cave? It is, with all its wonders, the most God foreaken. dreary, gloomy spot mortal ever entered. Yet there is some strange mystic power in the place to transfigure the weakest, most wretched music into harmony fit for the celestial spheres.

"After poking about in the bowels of the earth for three or four hours, visitors to the cave arrive at Echo river, where they embark on a disgustingly muddy scow, or if the party is large enough two or three wretched boats are brought into requisition. The women are all dressed in funcifully colored bloomer dresses and with the uplifted lanterns, present a strange and wierd appearance as the boat is pushed from the shore, and floats down into the black gloom, the lights reflecting themselves on the surface of the deadly still water, and lighting up with strange effect the arch of rock overhead. When they are fairly out of sight we enter the other boat, and ourselves push out into the dark stream. Dark, awfully dark, it is. The dark river of death finds on earth no more vivid parallel than this. You know, in the first picture of Cole's Voyage of Life, the gloomy river of the past from which floats out into life and light the little boat of a baby voyager. The stream issues from a dark, rocky cavern, mysterious and unknown. Such a stream is this on which we are embarked. Silent and gloomy, dark and mysterious, it serves as a type of the past and the future; of the past-inystery whence all light evolves, of the inscrutable future whither all life tends.

"The feeling of security is not very great.-The boats sink down almost to the water's edge,and the perpendicular slippery rock on eitherside offers no ledge on which a ship-wrecked voyager might find a temporary footing. Above, sometimes so low that you must croach to avoid it, and again so high as to be scarcely visible, rises the rock roof, while the water in which you glide is thirty feet in depth and as cold as the brow of a corpse. There is no sound but the rippling made by the bost; not a cricket along the shoreless stream, not a fish to plunge up and flash a moment in the air before returning to its watery home-no symptom of life-no sound, no motion, save that made

by ourselves. "Hark! there is a sound! Far off a delicate shade of music, so faint as to seem the ghost of some wandering echo. But by degrees it increases. It becomes clear and defined. Rich harmony, trembling with strange sensuous wildness, fluttering around the rocky projections, swelling in waves of harmony to the arched roof above. Now it appears to come from one direction, now from another. Anon a higher note or strain is heard, like some clear voice rising above a mighty chorus. Never did syren sing more magic songs to listening traveler-never did the mysterious maiden of Lurleiburg chant more entrancing melody to the unwary boatman who floats along the moonlit Rhine.

"Suddenly a turn of the boat brings you orposite a break in the perpendicular rocky shore ; and perched upon a mass of broken rock, you see a party of four negroes playing upon violins and a cornet. There are the syrens, these the Lurlines of Echo river. Out on the earth's surface their music would be merely quaint and odd; but here, in the Mammoth Care, it is wierd and uncarthly. "Floating away, out of sight of the above minstrels-who are, in fact, the barber, bootblack, or waiter from the hotel at the month of the cave-their music resumes its supernatural tones and effect, and so until we land at the opposite shore of the dark river, it haunts the ear with its peculiar harmony, while ever after it forms the most vivid reminiscence of a visit to the Mammoth Cave."

shoulder at my manuscript, she hids me tell that won my love.

That night when I retired to rest my dreams

vou.'

WELLSBORD HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. - PROPRIETOR. S. FARR, - PROPR (Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the papile. 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 arreable.

Wellsboro, May 31, 1860:

PICTURE FRAMING.

TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in augravings, iseeale work, ac., ac., itauso in the South. When the greetings had been in the sealest manner, in plain and ornamented Gilt. the South. When the greetings had been in Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Onk, Mahogany, &c. Per- terchanged, I turned to Cuthhert, and said: sons leaving any article for framing, can receive them Bettday framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at

SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

WOULD infurm the public that he is permanently located in Elkland 3000, Tioga Co. Pa., and is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all dis-cases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can' eilre without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Yuns' Dance, (Chorea Susci Viii,) and will attend to by other business in . the line of Physic and Surgery.

MCINROY & BAILEY,

WOULD inform the public, gat having purchased the Mill property, kni wi as the "CULVER Mill," and having repaired, and supplied it with new bolls and machinery, are, now propared to de

CUSTOM to the entire setisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our exporienced miller, My, M. D. Mitchel, and the ausparing efforts of the priperious, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. Action of an establishment security of the highest market price given. March 15, 1860. tf.

TIOGA REGULATOR.

LEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewely Store at Tloga Village, Tioge County, Pa.

Where he is prepared to do' all Ends of Watch, Clock and Jevelry repairing, in a cortinanilke usinner. All work warranted to give entil a statisfaction. We do not pretend to do work better than any other man het.

We do not pretend to do work petter tunn any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in ine cuiss'or elsewhere. Alsi, witches Plated. GEO(3GS F. HUMPHREY. Tioga, Pa., March 15, 1889.

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE. THE Subscriber has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where he intends to manufacare and keep on hand a large and general assortment

Pashionable Silk and Cassimere Hats,

of my own manufacture, which will be sold at hard jimes prices.

SILK HATS

BILLIN TAKEN A made to order on short notice. The Hats sold at this Store are fitted with a French Conformature, which makes this store and easy to the head without the trouble of Freaking your head to break the hat. Store in the New Block opposite the Dickinson House. Carning, Aug. 15, 1859. BOOM THE BOOK FOR Sale.

10,000 bbls. Pork For Sale. WILL sell extra HEAVY MESS PORK at \$19.75 per bbl. or retail by the pound at 10 ets., and war-ted the best in town, M. M. CONVERSE.

. .

the little girl's ringlets about her finger in her in bounded up the staircase. On the way to confusion, and begun again, "I am' '---once more she hesitated, and Lircsumed-

"I have guessed it ; you are the governess !" temples.

blush becomes her !"

At this moment we heard the tramp of horses' feet, and saw Cuthbert and his beautiful wife dashing up the broad avenue leading to the mansion. The governess hastily left me, twp. I hope you have enjoyed yourself." and I shortly after saw her talking to my friends on the veranda. Their brief conference over, my host and hostess entered, and gave me the cordial welcome which is the characteristic of the South. When the greetings had been in- stind etiquette if you expect a governess is to

"Pray, where is Miss Dupont, the charming sister in law of whom you spoke?" He and his wife exchanged significant glances, and I continued: "I am all impatience to see this of any one here, and as such I regard her." paragon-don't keep me long in suspense !"

"I will not-you will meet at dinner !" The next moment the dressing bell rang, and the bost led the way to the guest chamber where he left me to make my toilet. In those days I was not indifferent to my personal appearance, and with the and of an attentive servant I arrayed myself in the most elegant suit my wardrobe afforded.

"I-wonder if I shall suit the heiress?" I quefied, mentally, as I took a last survey in the mirror and descended to the dining hall. There, near the table, sat Cuthbert and his wife, the face I had seen at the window, and, not far from the governess, a young lady with fair complexion, a blooming cheek, the sunniest of blue eyes, and a profusion of golden hair: I was a connoisseur in ladies' dress at that pe- her patience vanished. Her eyes lit, the pale riod and I took in at a glance her costly India musin robe, with frills of Mechlin lace, the hers-parted, and she talked with the enthusisplepdor of her bracelets, eardrops, and necklace, and the exquisitely wrought golden comb which looped up the rich tresses. Why was it that my face wandered from her to the pale, calm governess, with her bands of raven hair, great eloquent eyes, and a dress that fell about her like a "Dunmist."

"Blanche," said my host, "allow me to they would." present an old and valued friend-Richard Vincent !"

The blonde beauty colored, simpered, and with an inclination she intended to be like that of a prima donna to an applauding crowd. acknowledged my bow.

"Miss Marguerite." resumed Cuthbert. "this s the guest we have been expecting !"

She bowed with the grace of a queen, and I as respectfully as if she had indeed been one, as L said :

"We have had the pleasure of meeting beford Cu hbert !" "As I told you," murmured the governess,

I went down to tell him you were absent." The peremonies of dinner now began, and as sgat had been assigned me besides Blanche.

I tried to play the agreeable, but I often found my thoughts wandering to the pale, silent girl opposite. When the meal was over and the ladies had left the room, we lingered at our wing, a signature and a start

> - 1 . 1

- L 1-

it caught a glimpse of Marguerite. The two shildren were busy at their tasks, and she sat She smiled, but the color mounted to her very patiently correcting a sketch which one of them had made. A portfolio lay beside her, which, "Poor and proud," I soliloquized, "how that I doubted not, was filled with her own drawings. She heard me step, and looking up, saw

me on the threshold. " What I" she exclaimed, " have you returned so soon ? I did not expect you for an hour or

'No, I have not. I was really disappointed because you did not go."

A faint smile passed over her face.

" I-I." she murmured, " you can't underbe made an equal."

feit the blood rush to my brow as I replied: There are many false notions in society. I sure Mrs. Cuthbert's governess is the equal Her face crimsoned, and for a time there was

ilence, which I broke by saying : ' Is this the schoolroom ?"

Yes." It looks very cool and pleasant. May I me in ?'

I suppose Mrs. Cuthbert would have no obdtion."

'I hope not !" and with these words I movdito the table at which she was sitting.

Boes that portfolio belong to you?" I inuired, laying my hand on the article in question. She bowed assent, and I resumed : "Shall have the pleasure of examining its contents ?" "Certainly, sir."

She was calm, grave, quiet, but when I drew forth the pictures and began to expatiate, then cheek glowed, her lips-those mobile lips of asm of girlhood. The sketches were indeed next day. wonderful, and at last I said :

"It is a shame for your genius for painting, to drudge as a governess." Again that peculiar smile flitted over her fea-

ures as she murmurad : " The poor must do what they can, not what

At this moment we were interrupted by the

hildren, and I left her. In the afternoon I was lounging on a luxurius sofu in the library, the door opened, and Marguerite appeared, but at sight of me she

precipitately retired. Stay 1 stay !" cried I, following her.

"No, no, I cannot-I did not dream you were re; I was lonely, and came down for a book." "Come and get it." With some reluctance se entered and took a splendidly bound copy Tasso from the shelf. I glanced at it and this ?" said : "What, do you read Tasso ?"

" A little." "Then take a seat beside me and we will read together."

She hesitated an instant, and then assented. The liquid Tuscan language sounded very beautitul in her accents, and the spell with, which the governess bound me deepened with every phasing moment.

A month were on and one night I sat in my hcmp."

flitted out.

CHAPTER II.

"Answer all his questions? make myself a slave, as I should be obliged to? Oh, no; can't think of it. If I give him his breakfast and plenty of play things, I don't believe in fussing | and the New School Presbyterian Churches are over children-let them find out things as they grow up !"

"There's the danger," replied the dear old lady, casting a pitiful look upon the richly embroidered cloak her son's wife had bent over all day, " unless the mother be constantly imparting the right kind of knowledge." "Oh! you want to make him a piece of perfection like his father; well, I can't say I do.

I don't like these faultless men. See-now isn't the contrast beautiful. Come here; Charley, lovey, he shall have the handsomest cloak in the whole city !"

CHAPTER HI.

"A cigar ! bless me what a boy, and only twelve. Are you sure you saw him smoke it? Well, I dare say it made him sick enough ;boys will be boys you know." "Yes, but to think you should allow him to go to the theatre without my knowledge !" and the husband groaned. - " Dear me I why what a fret you are in : do

let the child see something of the world."

CHAPTER IV. "In jail! my God, husband-not our boy !"

"Yes, in jail for stealing." "Not our boy! not our Charley! No, it

cannot bel Let met die-kill me, but don't tell me our Charley is a thief." The boy was sentenced to the State's Prison and the mother carried to a lunatic asylum the

4NOGRAPHY .--- We once saw a young man gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 10 and a ---- of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his at10tion by ing to a ¶ in a paper we held in our to , relating to a young man in that g of country who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the

† and pistols from his tor the with the !

"It is I of whom U read., I left home b4 my friends knew of my design I had s0 the por of a girl who refused to lis102 me, but smiled be91y on another. I ------d madly from the house uttering A wild ' to the god of love, and without replying to the ?? of my friends, came here with this + & ---- of nistols to put a . 2 my xisloce. My case has no || in

A farmer was sowing his ground, when one or two dandies came riding along that way, and one them called to him with an insolent air of dandvich triumph: "Well, honest fellow, it is your business to

To which the countryman meekly replied : "It is very likely you may, for I am sowing of Poter that could earn his sal' Э. ₁₅

.jz....

my chamber I passed an open door, and through diant smile left her husband hard at work and Old haunts of pleasure have been converted into business localities of value and importance, while the rural districts have been invaded by the opening of new streets and avenues, the erection of commodious dwellings, the construction of elegant and extensive public buildings, halls, churches, schools and hotels. The Old

> among the noblest structures of the kind in the State, and when completed, the new Baptist Church will rank among the most attrac-tive, in point of architectural design, harmony, and finish. In this connection I would be blind to the triamphs of enterprise, if I did not specially allude to Brandt's Hall, erected by John Brandt. As a private investment it has no superior west of Philadelphia for extent and magnificence, and will stand as a fitting monument for as useful a citizen, and as generous a man, as ever trod the green banks of the

Susquehanna. In noticing the growth and improvement of boroughs and cities, such as Harrisburg, one cannot help asking, What influence is it which produces such mighty results ? We notice that wherever we travel in the east, the north, and the west, labor and enterprise are achieving the grandest triumphs. Let me inform you, then, what influence is at work in these sections : It is the influence of education on free labor-the former elevating and refining the latter. These combined form the great influence which is continually at work improving territories, creating states, and beautifying our towns and SNODGRASS. cities.

Newspaper reporters should not drink .--Here is a story handed in by one of the craft, which shows in very strong colors the manner in which things become distorted by viewing them through the bottom of a tumbler :

"Yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock P. M.; a man with a heal in the hole of his stocking, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury that the deceased came to the facts in-accordance with his death. He leaves a schild and six small wives to lament the end of his untimely loss. In death we are in the midst of life." 5 📫

What is fashion ? Dinner at midnight and headache in the morning. What is idleness? Working yellow mountains on a pink subsoil--of a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convaltions. What is joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred dollars. What is knowledge? To be away from home when neople. come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is contentment? To sit- in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. In other words

to be better off than your neighbor,

Mrs. Smith the other day. "Why huz, I've settled on Peter."

"I never knew a man with the simple name " Woll, thon, we wilt call him Salt Poter."

SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper is the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over a hundred of exchange papers every week from which

to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could edit it we would hear less complaint. Not unfrequently it is the case that an editor looks over his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box, yet something must be had-his paper must come out with something in it, and

he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least ears about what he selects, the writing he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him it mnst be stopped, it is good for nothing. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another something sound .--One likes anecoldtes, fun and frolic, and another wonders why a man of sense will put such in his paper. Something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fuel. And, so between them all. you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred do these things ocour. They should reflect that what pleases this man, may not please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit him it is good for nothing .-- Exchange.

An editor got shaved in a barber's shop, last week, and offered the darkey & dime, which he refused, becau-e, said he, "I understand dat vou is an editor ! "Well! what of it ?" "We neber charge editors nuffin !" "But such liberality will ruin you." "Oh, neber mind, we make it up off de gemmen !"

An inventive Yanked has produced an apparatus which he says is a oure for snoring. Ho fastens upon the mouth a gutta percha tube leading to the tympanum of the ear. When-THE BARY'S NAME .- " My dear, what shall ever the snorer endres, he himself receives, the he the name of our baby?" said Mr. Smith to first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and of course, reforms

> A young lady out West is charged with putting on airs, because she refused to go to a Ball barefoot.

sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor."