

Terms of Publication.
THE TOIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of **ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM**, in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall expire, by the figures on the printed label on the left of each paper. The paper will then be stopped, and a further remittance received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the printer.
The Agitator is the Official Paper of the County, and is a large and steadily increasing circulation reaches every neighborhood in the County. It is sent to every subscriber within the county, but whose most convenient post office may be as adjoining County.
Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, 50 cents per year.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. VII.

WELLSBORO, TOIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 6, 1861.

NO. 31.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1859.)

C. N. DART, DENTIST.
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and cheaply. (April 22, 1858.)

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
A. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
Rooms taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydrostatic Physician and Surgeon.
ELKLAND, TOIOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. (June 14, 1859.)

J. EMBERY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Wellsboro, Pa. Will devote his office exclusively to the practice of law. Collections in any of the Northern Counties of Pennsylvania. (Nov 21, 60)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE.
Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.
The popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now opened to the public as a first class house.

IZAK WALTON HOUSE,
C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
April 12, 1860.

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
Shop in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly, as if done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy in advance. The Journal is a Republican in politics and has a circulation reaching to every part of Steuben County, and is desirous of extending their business into the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

FURS! FURS!
THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of Furs for the season, consisting of BEAVER, SKINK, CARPENTER'S VICTORINES, FRENCH SABLE CAPES, VICTORINES, FOX, MINK CAPES & MUFFS, ROCK MARTIN CAPES, VICTORINES. See complete & small quantity of the assortment. Furs have been bought at low prices and will be sold extremely low for cash. At the New Hat Store Corning, N. Y. S. P. QUICK.

TO MUSICIANS.
CHOICE LOT of the best Italian and German VIOLIN STRINGS.
Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
WELLSBOROUGH, PA.
FARR, PROPRIETOR.
(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)
Having secured this well known and popular House, the patronage of the public, with the attentive and courteous waiters, together with the Proprietor's wise management, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and profitable.
Gileston, May 21, 1859.

PICTURE FRAMING.
OILY GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates, Engravings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in elegant manner, in plain and ornamental gilt. Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. For receiving any article for framing, call on the proprietor at Wellsboro, Pa. or at his office at Corning, N. Y. Smith's Book Store.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,
WELLSBORO, PA.
WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Pa., and has prepared by thirty years of experience to treat all diseases of the eye and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that most distressing disease, called St. Vitus's Dance, (Chorea) and will attend to any other business in the line of Medicine and Surgery.
Elkland, Pa., August 8, 1860.

MCKINLEY & BAILEY,
WELLSBORO, PA.
WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with mill and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK.
The entire satisfaction of his patrons. With the aid of experienced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchell, and the careful efforts of the proprietors, they intend to set up an establishment second to none in the county, for grinding wheat and corn, and the highest market price paid for wheat and corn.
JNO. W. MCKINLEY.
JNO. W. BAILEY.
WELLSBORO, Pa., March 15, 1860. (17.)

TOIOGA REGULATORS.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewelry Store at
Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa.
He is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All warranted to give entire satisfaction. He does not pretend to do work better than any other watch maker in the State. Also Watches Plated.
GEORGE F. HUMPHREY.
WELLSBORO, Pa., March 15, 1860. (17.)

NEW HAT AND CAP STORE.
Subscribers has just opened in this place a new Hat and Cap Store, where he intends to manufacture on hand a large and general assortment of fashionable Silk and Cassimere Hats, and every manufacture, which will be sold at hard prices.

SILK HATS
To order on short notice.
The Hats sold at the Store are fitted with a French circumference, which makes them easy to the head, without the trouble of breaking your head to get them on. Store in the New Block opposite the Law Office.
S. P. QUICK.
April 15, 1859.

10,000 lbs. Pork for Sale.
WILL sell extra HEAVY MEAT PORK at \$19.75 per barrel, or retail by the pound at 10 cents, and warranted the best in town.
M. M. CONVERSE.
Feb 14, 1860.

THOUGHTS OF THE NIGHT.

Another week has crept away,
"Once more I sit alone,
To brood o'er many an ill-spent day,
And wish that this were gone:
I vainly struggle to forget;
Old sins, old sorrows haunt my yet
I bury deep my guilty head,
And strive to think no more;
I dare not wish that I were dead,
For life were not then o'er;
I seek my bed, to dream, poor fool,
Determined will the heart can rule.

I hatched the cheering day light out
Ere yet the day is o'er;
I seek my bed, to dream, poor fool,
Determined will the heart can rule.
The city's distant roar,
Gale sullenly upon my ear,
I start—I wake—I strive to hear.
For, stealing sweetly through them all,
I hear some plaintive song,
Whose simple accents used to fall
From a loved mother's tongue.
Her look, her smile, methinks I see,
The vision looks and smiles at me.

I stretch my arms to clasp the form
Which grows so life-like there,
I kiss those lips, so soft and warm,
I greet the shadow of the air.
I strive to lean that beam on
I stagger—shudder—it is gone.

Thus many a vision, sweet and wild,
Hath laughed me in the face,
Sometimes a little angel child
Hath filled the vacant place;
Hath stretched its hands, as if to bless,
Then vanished without one care.

O! for a burst of childhood's tears,
To wash this guilt away!
O! for the love of earlier years,
To fight this darkness day!
From youth and friends by time removed,
Woe, woe, do this thus unobeyed!

MY LITTLE BOY,
I was but a childish mother: I had not forgotten the merry laugh of my girlhood, when they laid my baby on my breast, and I looked upon him more as a curious plaything than as a human soul given into my hands for its earthly training. But my husband—ah, he was grave and wise enough for both—mother and child alike.
My husband was many years older than myself. He had known many a joy and sorrow long before I was born—and on the very day when my nurse was holding me (a helpless, laughing, cowering baby) he was bending tearfully over the grave of one who had made his home happy for years—the wife of his youth and the mother of his children. Strange that I, who had no knowledge of sorrow, was yet to dispel his that he who had never gazed upon that child's face of mine, was one day to take its own to his heart, as the light and joy of his declining years.
Long long before I met my husband, I had known him well. The name of ARTHUR HAWTHORNE was familiar to me from my earliest years, and the poems he had written were preserved among my choicest treasures. In my secret heart I had the wish and hope to meet him—some day. I would steal one look at his face—it may be, touch the hand that had penned those beautiful thoughts, and then go and remember him all my life, while he forgot me! This was my dream—how different the reality!
We met suddenly, unexpectedly, embarrassingly! I had looked for a sage; a philosopher; a man who had outlived the passion of life, and was kind, benevolent like to all. But when I raised my eyes to the handsome form, and saw it marked with lines of care and sorrow—when I saw the luxuriant flowing hair, the erect and stately forehead—and more than all, when I met the glance of those eyes of fire (could it be an admiring gaze that rested upon my girlish face and form?) my own drooping, my heart beat quick, and I stood before him timid, blushing, and trembling like a frightened bird.
I, who had scarcely dreamed of love, won his! I, who knew nothing of the great world beyond my home, pleased him who had seen its fairest women! I, who had no beauty, no grace, no talent, won him who had all, and won him, too, from a throng who were far more worthy. And yet—were they? They were lovely—they were wealthy and fashionable, but they had grown cold and hard in a long apprenticeship to fashion—and I gave him a heart that was as fresh and pure as the mountain daisies I had loved so well. They would have given him the love they could not lavish on their diamonds and equipages—I gave him all! To them he would have been a man—to me he was a god! Did not my perfect love, my faith, and trust and sincerity outweigh their more glittering qualities? Perhaps I felt it then; and here to-day, when the years have made me older, and the world has made me wiser, I believe it from my very heart!
Our home was a little paraded, close beside the sea—a small, low-roofed, brown cottage, with a rustic porch and latticed windows overgrown with climbing roses. The low murmur of the ocean soothed me into a happy sleep each night—the sweet song of the swallow waked me to a happy day each morning. And here in the pleasant summer time, my blue-eyed boy was born, and my cup of joy was full to running over.
My boy, like all other mothers' boys, was beautiful. And yet his loveliness made my heart ache. So frail, so fair! His colorless waxen cheek, his slender form, and large and melancholy blue eyes, filled me with a thousand fears. How often have I bent above him as he laid upon my lap, and prayed with all a mother's earnestness that his life might be spared. It was a foolish prayer—an unwise one—but then I could not see it!
My very life seemed wrapped up in that of my baby. With him by me every day I could not see him fading, and the morning sea could tell no tales. But now and then a shadow came over his father's brow as he watched us, that not even my kisses could quite drive away. I thought him growing stern and cold; but, oh, I wronged him! Never had he loved us both so tenderly before!
Weeks passed on. My baby's eyes looked intelligently into mine, and the little rosy lips smiled whenever I came near. But still those

sleeping utterances that thrill the heart so deeply were silent; and all my loving lessons fell on an unheeding ear.
The shadow on Arthur's face grew deeper as he watched my unceasing efforts. At last the blow came. I had been sitting in the doorway with little Ennes in my arms, trying to teach him to say "papa." His large blue eyes were fixed upon him with a wistful expression, but still the lips were mute, and vexed and disappointed; I heaved a deep sigh, and laid him back in his little cradle. Something in the look my husband gave me startled me. I went behind him, and putting my arms around his neck—
"What is it, Arthur?" I cried.
"God help you to bear it, MARY!" he answered, solemnly. "Our child is dumb!"
Dumb! Could it be possible. What had I done, that so deep a sorrow should be sent to chasten me? Other mothers might bear their children's voices calling them; but mine would be forever silent! Forever! It was so long a word! Had it been for weeks, or months, or even years, I would have borne it; but to know that it could never be—that from childhood, youth and manhood, he could never speak my name—oh, it was too much to bear.
Autumn and winter passed away, and my baby and I threw spring daisies at each other on the lawn before the cottage, while Arthur looked on, smiling, from his study window. I had not grown reconciled to the great misfortune—only accustomed to it, and the mere kindness of my child were almost as dear to me as his spoken words could have been.
It was a strange task to teach that soul how to expand its wings. It was strange to learn the child his little evening prayer by sign—and yet, as he clasped his small hands, and raised his sweet blue eyes to heaven, I often wondered if any laborious supplication could have gone more quickly to the Throne of Grace. It was strange to see him sit silently above his playthings, to hear no sound from him except the plaintive, half-stifled cry he uttered when in pain; to feel those delicate hands clasping mine when something new had puzzled him—to see the wistful look which he regarded every one who conversed around him.
No wrong or impure thoughts could ever enter that little breast. He was as one set apart to show us what an early childhood should be—as stainless and innocent as when the Maker's hand first sent the little spirit fluttering into his earthly prison. Could I ask for him a happier destiny than this, to pass through life shielded by my unfeeling love, and safely sheltered by the snowy wings of the guardian angel ever by his side?
We make ourselves idols out of clay, and they are taken from us. I needed but one lesson more. My little boy faded slowly before my eyes as the summer came on. It was not so much with him the painful sickness as the gradual wasting away of the spring of life. The mission he had been sent to fulfill had been accomplished.
Many days before he was taken I knew he must go. I was with him by day and night. I sang him to sleep, and yet the still golden curls, with tears when he was slumbering quietly—day by day gathered up my strength for the parting, which I knew must come, and day by day my heart sank within me, and the blood forsook my cheek if the slightest change took place.
We sat beside the bed of our boy; the little languid hand was resting on my breast, and the tiny transparent hands lay like two lilies in the broad palm of Arthur. I sang, in a hushed voice, the songs he loved the best, and the setting sun sank slowly behind the sea.
Cool breezes, the plash of oars, and the rude song of sailors down the bay, came floating in upon us. My darling lay and listened. I could not see that his breathings grew fainter, and that the lids of the blue eyes were then drooping slowly towards each other. At last they closed, and thinking he slept, I laid my aching head upon my husband's breast, and tried to sleep also.
A strange drowsiness, which was not slumber, crept over me. I started from it suddenly, at last, with an intrinsic feeling that all was not well. Tears fell upon my cheeks as I lifted my head. They fell from the eyes of Arthur, who sat and thought while we were still.
I bent over my little boy. The little cheek I kissed seemed growing cold, and with suspended breath, I listened to hear the beating of his heart. It moved slightly as I called his name, and he looked up in my face with a sweet gentle smile.
It faded soon, and he seemed to be struggling with some terrible pain. His lips were drawn back, his eyes upturned, and his hands clenched. I could not bear to look at him. I turned away and groaned in agony.
"See—it is all over now!" said Arthur, as he put his arm around my waist, and held me firmly to his heart.
I looked. My darling raised his feeble arms, and as I bent my head, they fell heavily around my neck; his pale lips met mine in a last kiss. A sudden trembling seized him. His eyes lit up with a happy light, his cheek flushed, his half-opened lips seemed about to speak for the first time. Did I hear, or dream I heard, the one word I have vainly tried to learn him: "Mother!"
I could not tell. For the next moment the rosy flush faded, the little breast heaved with one short sigh, and my little boy had left us.
Was that little life in vain? Was no lesson taught, no lesson learned, in that brief year of companionship with an angel? Oh yes! a lesson which the mother's heart can never forget, while it beats with the love it has felt for the "Dearest is earth to God for his sweet sake," dearer to me because he loved his beauty so.
Many years have passed since my little boy fell asleep. Other children play around the door of my cottage, and kneel each night at my knee to say the prayers he only looked; another Ernest, with bright dark eyes and golden hair, goes singing through the house, but still my heart is most with him. My children stand outside that grave and listen with serious faces, when I tell them of the little brother who died

before they were born, and then steal away silently and leave me there beside him.
I have grown old and careworn; the cheek he kissed is thin and faded, and the sunny hair with which he used to play is streaked with silver. But my child will know me when I meet him, and I shall hold him to my heart the same as when he left me, an infant angel—freed from every taint on earth.
No barrier then between us; no weak, imperfect utterance, or look of pain; for in heaven my child will speak, and the first word I shall hear him utter there, will be the word that lingered on his lips when he was dying. He will call me "Mother" there as here. Else I could never have given him up through all these weary years, and fed my heart upon the hope of hearing that half-uttered word breathed freely when I die.

THE OLD GARRET.
BY R. F. TAYLOR.
Sarcastic people say that the poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others neither sarcastic or simple, send them aloft, among the rubbish, just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and "among folks," and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to that grand receptacle of "has beens," and despised "used to be's," the old garret.
The garret is to the other apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogues in parsing. Everything they do not know how to dispose of, is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precise reason we love garrets because they do contain the relics of the old and of the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler hours.
They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation.
You men of bronze, and bearded like the bears, who would like to make people believe, if you could, that you were never a "toddling we thing," that you never wore a "ruffled dress," or jingled a rattle box with infinite delight; that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may be took snuff; go home once more after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up together into the old fashioned garret that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow, oval windows with a spider web as a ash, through which steals a "dim, religious light" upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of modern times.
The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they? when beneath your prattling feet they clattered a foretime, when of a rainy afternoon, "Mother," wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the "Let us go up in the garret and play." And play? Precious little of play you have had since, we dare warrant, with your looks of dignity and dreams of ambition.
Here we are now in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we ramage it? Old newspapers, dusty, yellow, a little tattered! 'Tis the *Columbian Star*. How familiar the type looks! How it reminds you of old times, when you looked over the edge of the counter with the letters or papers for father! And these same stars just dumped from the press were carried one by one to the fire-side, and perused and preserved as they ought to be. Stars? Damp. Ah, many a star has set since then, and many a new turfed heap grown damp with rain that fell not from clouds.
Dive deeper in the barrel. There! A bundle, up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old almanacs, by all that is memorable, thin leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far: 184—, 183—, 182—, before our time—180—, when our mothers were children. And the day book—how blotted and bleared with many records and tears.
There you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now, by more than the "altitude of a chopping." That beam is strewn with forgotten papers of seeds for the next year's sowing; a distaff, with some new shreds of flax remaining, is thrust into a crevice under the eaves in the little wheel thus close to stand the fire in times long gone. Its sweet long song has ceased, and perhaps—perhaps she drew those faxen threads—but never mind—you remember the line don't you?
"Her wheel at rest, the husband charms no more."
Well, let that pass. Do you see that little craft in that dark corner! It was red once, it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red cradle for all the world! And you occupied that once, ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it the only horizon you beheld bent the heaven of a mother's eyes as you rocked in that little barque of love, on the hither shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.
And these attached by two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there?
'Twas the children's swing. You are here indeed, but where are Nelly and Charley?—There hangs his little cap by that window, and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting upon her cherub brow, and his robes are spotless in the better land.
Mr. Briggs!—Mr. President, whoever says Gen. Scott is not a patriot should be kicked out of the back door of public contempt, felled down the gutter of degradation, picked up with the tongs of general execration, and buried in the waters of oblivion.
A pert young lawyer once boasted to an old member of the bar, that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a certain law suit.—"Poh!" replied the other, "I received double the sum for keeping silent in that very self-same case!"
"Up to snuff," is now rendered "elevated to an equal opacity with the titillating particles of the tobacco plant."

THE TYPE SETTER.
Do you know that a type setter is a wonderful architect? Do you see those bits of lead and zinc lying over, across and against each other, like the tangled braids of a mermaid's hair? What light or life can there be in those fragments? And yet they form an army more powerful than ever fought upon a tinted field. Yesterday they stood up proudly, professionally speaking, in one "form"—truly, in a thousand forms. You may look upon the little bits with a smile on your lips, but you little dream they are stronger and wiser than you—that they will speak when you are dead and forgotten. They have sometimes made you smile, and shake your head. Don't you remember little Lucy—she whom you loved?—she with the blue eyes and auburn curls? You little thought the other day when you took up the morning paper, that the one word "DIED," of only four letters—which you laughed at, as they lay, dusty and dirty, in their square homes—you did not think it would make you weep. And "Strocks"—isn't there something in that word?—Haven't you been head and heels in them for years, and don't your feelings rise and fall with them alternately? A little further on you come to the word "MARRIED." Ah! I thought that would make you smile. I saw you kiss a baby, just then, and that one word unravels it all. You haven't forgot the day you went courting have you? Then there was magic in the utterance. You stood at the altar on the strength of the happiness you felt; and if you have not always loved the girl as you ought, there is no one you love as well. You secretly bless the day when that single word "marriage," was wreathed like a sacred arch over the joys of "thee and thine."
If you will come to his workshop, to-morrow, the printer will show you how to "distribute" knowledge. He will pull to pieces those tough, wiry arguments that yesterday defied the world. These pretty palaces which the poet wrought will have to "come," and their golden fancies become to-morrow the ingredients of the politician's prose. In they go—those metallic dwarfs, scattered broadcast like good seed, which shall bring forth sixty—a hundred fold.—"Sixty lives lost," and "Prentice's last joke," march in line together, and the printer whistles "Yankee Doodle," as carelessly over their dissolution as if human life was at a discount, the Prentice's jokes below par; and so it is. This is the Printer's life and business.
A printing office is a great bowling alley. The printer sets up the pins—the world keeps tally—the editor puts the ball in motion and away it goes, carrying death and destruction in its front—sending a pin here and a pin there, while a noisy rabble always stands by to cheer and hiss down the players. Some play for money; some for honors, and a few—a precious few—do it to patronize the "boss" and bleed mankind. No matter what the balls are made of or how they go, if they only hit the mark. The crowd pockets the spoils, and the "honors" (and excuses) are left to the "proprietor," who goes behind the scenes and stares in his shirt-sleeves. And such is life!

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING SISTERS.
We do not know who perpetrated the following, but imagine it was an old bachelor. But whoever it may be, he deserves to be shut up in a seven-y-nine room all his life, and never be permitted to see a female face.
"The man who has never had a sister, is at his first entrance into life, far more the slave of feminine captivations than he who has been brought up in a house full of girls. He who has not had sisters has had no experience of the behind-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans and schemes and devices by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that muss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Kate ran after her little sister and showed the prettiest ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gaiety of her buoyant spirits. In a word, he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the slightest suspicion of a prompter. To him, therefore, who only experienced the rough companionship of brothers, or worse still, has lived entirely alone, the acquaintance with the young lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe.—The gentle look, the graceful gestures, the silvery voices, all the play and action of nature so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of common-places world he has lived in, and rises to ideal realms of poetry and beauty. Nothing so truly Elysian in life as our first—our very first—experience of this kind."

AN EDITOR IN DISGUISE.—William H. Clark, the editor of the Mendall (Illinois) *Clarion*, loves a good joke and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last:
"We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time we thought we were warped off. We went to the house and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other, "What handsome stranger is that?" In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."
Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or new pair of boots. "To have time set easy, your clothes must set the example."

Rates of Advertising.
Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements: 3 months, 5 months, 12 months.

Square,	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
4 columns,	8.00	9.50	12.50
5 do.	10.00	12.00	15.00
6 Columns,	15.00	20.00	25.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered 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 MONKEY IN LOVE.
Most of our readers, probably, have vivid recollection of the performance of Marzetti, formerly attached to the Ravel troupe, of the ape in the interesting play called "Jesco." Marzetti's death scene was so affecting that there was scarcely a dry eye in the house when the curtain fell. Indeed, upon his shoulder the mantle of Mazurier, the hero of the piece—in production in Paris some thirty years ago seemed to have fallen.
At that time there lived a young lady of great beauty and sensibility, who was engaged to be married to a Russian nobleman. After every arrangement had been made, the fickle suitor left St. Petersburg, and shortly after his arrival at the northern capital, wrote to his innamorata, announcing with cool laconism, that he had formed a life connection with another fair one. The outraged feelings of the *Dido abbandonata* did not betray themselves in weeping and reproaches, but her manner expressed the sentiment of the old song—
"I have a secret sorrow here,
And grief I'll never impart;
It leaves no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart."
One day the forsaken girl ordered the carriage for a drive, and departed for an airing, accompanied by her mother. After visiting some of the most fashionable and gay places, she directed the coachman to drive to the Point Neuf, and when midway on the bridge stopped the vehicle. The moment the door was opened, she sprang upon the steps, and thence to the parapet of the structure, with the evident intention of throwing herself in the Seine. The prompt movement of the footman baffled her suicidal attempt, and she was reseated in the carriage by main force. The mother asked the reason of her dreadful resolution.
"Do you ask me mother?" replied the young girl. "You know my position—abandoned by my lover, which has left me to charm my stay."
"Have you not a mother to console you and live for?"
"You will be better off, and I in my grave. You are rich and well provided for."
"This is madness and impiety," answered the mother. "The man who could thus break his solemn engagements, would make a worthless husband. Among the young men of your acquaintance, there is more than one who would be proud and happy to possess the hand this miscreant rejected."
"Ah, mother, never speak to me of loving again!" answered the poor girl, as she sank back on the cushion of the seat, and burst into a flood of tears.
"Henri," whispered the mother to the footman, "is there anything amusing at any of the theatres?"
"Yes, madame," replied the servant. "They are playing a famous pantomime at the Porte St. Martin, called 'Jocko, or the Brazilian Ape.'"
"Have you seen it?"
"More than once, madame."
"Very well—shut the door, and tell the coachman to the Porte St. Martin, *Face au theatre!*"
The order was obeyed, and they soon reached the popular theatre. As good luck would have it, a subscriber had just relinquished a private box, which madame immediately engaged for herself and daughter. It required no little persuasion to induce the young lady to follow her mother, and seat herself in the box. Here she drew the curtain and concealed her eyes, still red with weeping, in her delicate hands.
The piece began. Roars of laughter and applause bursting from the entire audience, finally succeeded in awakening the curiosity of the unfortunate beauty. She withdrew the curtain, removed her hands, and gazed upon the performance, listless at first, but afterward with interest. She beheld an enormous orang-outang climbing trees, turning summersaults, cracking nuts, and performing all the gambols peculiar to his curious and agile species. She soon found herself laughing, clapping her hands with the rest. Mazurier, the performer, this night surpassed himself. At last, he clambered to the dress circle and ran along the edge of the boxes, venting himself near Mlle. —, the disconsolate young lady.
The latter fed him bonbons and nuts from her reticule, stroking him with her hand while he ate them, entirely forgetting that she was petting a man and not a monkey, and the object and attention of the whole house.
Finally, when the curtain fell, Miss M. turned to her mother, with a smile no longer melancholy, and said:
"Ah, mother, we must come here every night!"
And every night the young lady was found at her post. Every night she fed and flattered the agile Mazurier. At last they exchanged words and little notes. Finally mademoiselle invited the actor to call at her house.
"Alas!" replied the man monkey, "that is impossible." And he dropped from the boxes on the stage.
The fact was, that the performance of the part was so exhausting, that the moment the curtain fell Mazurier was forced to take his bed, where he remained till it was time to dress for the next night's performance. However the lovers, for they speedily became such, met, and Mademoiselle found Mazurier an elegant, accomplished and highly educated young man. He had been destined for the law, but meeting with repeated disappointment, had taken to the stage to escape death and starvation. To make a long story short, mademoiselle married the monkey with the consent of her mother. Their union was happy but brief, for poor Mazurier, died in a year, in consequence of his professional exertions.
Artemus Ward says: "We've got the African, or rather her gotten, & now what air we ought to do about it? It's a awful nuisance. P'raps he was created for some wise purpose, like the measles and New England rum, but it's mighty hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I stated to Mister Watt to it, it's pity he couldn't go off somewhere quietly by himself, where he could wear red whiskers & spickled neckties, & get a werry fine-anishun in yaris interesting way, without havin a eternal fuss kickt by about him."