

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL. DAVID HART, Proprietor. The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old and new friends that he has taken the Crystal Fountain Hotel.

JAS. LOWREY & S. E. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS. J. T. LAW, will attend the Court of Tiooga, Putnam and McKean Counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 15, 1853.)

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, 1853.)

DICKINSON HOUSE. CORNING ST. Proprietor. Meals taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER, Hydroptic Physician and Surgeon. ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA. Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or attend to their treatment at his house. (June 14.)

J. EMERY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Wellsboro, Tiooga Co., Pa. Will devote his whole time to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern Counties. (Nov. 21, 1853.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE. Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BLOOM, Proprietor. This popular hotel, having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE. H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. Gaines, Tiooga County, Pa. 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, 1850.)

G. C. CAMPBELL, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER. SHOP in the rear of the Hotel Office. Everything in this line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for shaving, dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale soap, hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1850.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor. Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is published in politics, has a circulation extending into every part of Steuben County, and is one of the best papers in that county. It is one of the best papers in the State. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. PROPRIETOR. (Formerly of the United States Hotel) Having leased this well known and popular Hotel, which 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 profitable. Wellsboro, May 31, 1850.

PICTURE FRAMING. TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Engravings, Certificates & Engravings, Needles, Pins, Buttons, &c., &c., framed in the most tasteful manner, in plain or ornate gilt. Also Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, &c., &c., &c. Gentlemen receiving any article for framing, can receive them next day framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, D. D. WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland, Tiooga Co., Pa., and is prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages, on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail, that terrible disease, called St. Vitis' Dance, (Chorea Sanctorum), and will attend to any other business in the line of Medicine and Surgery. Elkland, Tiooga Co., August 5, 1850.

NEW FLOUR AND FEED STORE IN WELLSBORO. The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR & FEED STORE.

Choice Wines and Liquors. A superior quality, and warranted free from adulteration, which will be sold to Ladies and others at wholesale, cheaper than any other establishment in Northern Pennsylvania. J. EATON. Wellsboro, Dec. 19, 1850.

CHARLESTON FLOURING MILLS. WRIGHT & BAILEY. Having secured the best mills in the County, are now prepared to do Custom Work, Merchant Work, &c. in fact everything that can be done in Country Mills, so as to give perfect satisfaction.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. Our store is in Wellsboro, or at the mill. Cash or notes exchanged for grain at the market price. All goods delivered free of charge within a reasonable distance. WRIGHT & BAILEY. Wellsboro, Feb. 12, 1854.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY SHOP, MAIN ST., WELLSBORO. MISS PAULINE SMITH has just purchased her Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Stuffs of all kinds, Pattern Hats, Bonnet Hats, Flowers, Velvets, &c. of all kinds, and is now open.

ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS. She solicits a call from the ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity, feeling confident that HER GOODS WILL BEAR INSPECTION, and compare favorably with those of any establishment in the County in regard to price.

BLEACHING AND PRESSING done in a superior manner. Room at the residence of C. Williams, opposite U. S. Hotel, up-stairs. Oct. 2, 1851.

NEW WHEAT FLOUR, up-stairs, WRIGHT & BAILEY.

THE AGITATOR.

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. VIII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 20, 1861. NO. 15.

WAR POEMS.

THE NORTH. In a fair land of beauty, with intellect bright, A miniature foe, started up, one dark night— The watchmen on high rang a note of alarm, And the nation rose up at the loud cry, "to arms!"

For the Agitator. THE CHARLESTON RANGERS. BY ERNEST FRANKLIN. Whitney from Tiooga, with his brave volunteers, May they all be good soldiers, and never yield to fear;

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"It is the old story, sir. I was induced to visit a gambling saloon. My first visit was but a few days since. I was persuaded to venture a few dollars, and I won. I played again and again, and still won. When I returned to my home I was richer by several hundred dollars. Visions of wealth flitted through my mind. But when my mother prayed that night, I wept! The gold did not bring happiness. I resolved never again to visit such a place."

"You kept your resolution?" "No. I sought the advice of one I deemed my friend. He ridiculed me for what he termed my qualms of conscience, and advised me to continue till I had amassed sufficient to establish business for myself. Last night I met this friend, and by persuasion I was induced to go again."

"You have played but twice? Then your loss cannot be heavy?" "I would not consent to play for some time, but at length my brain became heated with wine, and as the picture of affluence was most vividly drawn, I became mad! I lost the money I had won the previous evening. Urged onward by some fiend, I drew a check for all the means I possessed, and I lost. I had in my possession two thousand dollars belonging to the firm, and in the hope of winning back my own I staked this sum, and lost! Madly I rushed from the place, while at every step a voice seemed ringing in my ears 'gamble and die!' I reached my home. Oh, how dark and dreary it appeared—that once loved home! I could not listen to my mother's voice, but rushing to my room I wept, long and bitterly. At last I became more calm, and kneeling down I promised God that I would never gamble again."

"Why did you confess to me?" asked Mr. Willard. "You might have procured the means to replace this sum, and kept the secret of your guilt."

"I know it, sir; but without your pardon or punishment I ever should have felt myself a criminal. I could not look at you. It was the secret of my crime that stung the deepest."

"What do you propose?" asked Mr. Willard. "First, I had determined to confess, and implore your pardon. If, in your generous nature, you will restore me once more to your confidence, I will repay you all; and before the God of Heaven, and by the mother that I love, I do most solemnly promise never again to betray my trust!"

"You have no desire to gamble again?" "Oh, no! I am sinking in a pit—I am sinking! Your hand can raise me up—without it I am lost!"

"You would continue in crime?" "No!" cried Edward, starting to his feet. "I have played my last game. If I am exposed, and my mother sinks under the blow, the only thing binding me to earth will thus be severed, and nothing will remain for but the suicide's grave!"

"Edward!" cried Mr. Willard, "you are truly penitent, and I forgive you. Your crime has been great, but you have my sympathy and love. But to guard you from future danger you shall hear my story."

"A boy of sixteen I came to this great city. I readily procured employment, and at the age of twenty-two I held the responsible position of my now. First I was induced to join them in the social glass, and the attendant follies were soon fastened upon me. I found my salary insufficient to supply my extravagances, and I entered the gambler's haunt. I became an expert player, and for a time fortune seemed to smile upon me. I became, in a measure, reckless,—my sensibilities were blunted with wine,—but possessing some regard for the teachings of my youth, I often felt the sting of remorse. At length I was united to one I had loved from childhood—one whose gentle voice and smile of innocence always made me feel as if an angel was beside me. For her sake I resolved to quit my life of crime. I did so for a time, and was supremely happy. The wife I loved so fondly was all I could desire. Early left friendless, she seemed to cling to me with all the fervor of her soul. I will pass over to me the first two years of my wedded life, as my purpose is to present to you the dark side of the picture first."

"One evening I was prevailed upon to visit one of my former places of resort, and at a late hour I returned to my home, my brain heated, my lips parched, and my breath tainted with the fumes of wine. I never can forget the look my wife cast upon me as I entered my home. Her head was bowed upon her hands, but hearing my footstep, she sprang to my side, exclaiming: 'Oh, Henry, I feared something terrible had happened! It is the first time you have been absent at such an hour, but you have returned safe!'"

"She threw her fond arms around my neck, waiting for the accustomed kiss. I pressed my lips to hers, when starting, she gazed upon me for a moment, then with a look of surprise and agony, she bent her head upon my breast and burst into tears."

"Why do you weep?" I asked. "Because you are ill, dear husband came the sweet response. 'No other words were spoken then upon this subject. I tried to appear cheerful, but could not drive that look of agony from my mind. At last I told her all, and begged her to forgive me. She only nestled closer to my breast, and spoke the simple words: 'Henry, I love you dearly—I cannot find within my heart one word of reproach.'"

"I resolved in the future not to grieve the one who loved me so fondly. Did I keep this resolve? Ah! no, no! I thought my passion for gambling had been entirely eradicated, but that one visit awakened within my breast the demon sleeping there. I became a constant visitor, a constant gambler—but my fortune had turned—I was invariably the loser. All my losses were upon me, my wife observed the change, and strove by every possible means to make me happy. She supposed that my duties kept me till late in the evening. She did not suspect the real, or if she did she kept the secret buried in her own breast."

"One evening I was returning to my home earlier than usual, when I heard voices in my own room. I paused in the hall and listened. 'His duties are too severe!' I heard my wife exclaim. 'It is injuring his health! Do you not observe the paleness of his face,—his care-worn look? Till ten o'clock each night—it is too much!'"

"Mrs. Willard, replied the well-known voice of my employer, 'your husband has never been detained at the store after six o'clock.' I heard a groan and then rushed from the house. That night I was taken home in a state of intoxication. I have an indistinct recollection of a gentle hand soothing my brow, and but tears falling on my cheeks, but I heard no word of reproach. When I left home the next morning, the only words she spoke were: 'Come home early dear Henry!'"

"Oh! how much of agony, of earnest appeal, of love, were contained in those few syllables. I believe that the angel would have prevailed, and I should have returned to duty, but I had already robbed my employer, and fearing disgrace I determined to continue until I had won sufficient to replace the money I had stolen."

"That night I visited a gambler's haunt again, with a large sum of money belonging to my employer. I met a stranger and at his solicitation joined him in the game. For a few moments fortune seemed to favor me, but at last an ill-luck overtook me. Maddened I left the place, cursing the world and myself. I returned to my home, but the kind words of my wife were living coals upon my heart, and I snarled her in my drunken fury. She murmured not, she wept not, but was silent—patient."

"Oh! how I longed for evening of the following day, hoping to win back the sum which I had lost. But evening came, and I sank deeper in my guilt and shame. This continued four nights longer, during which time I had lost eight thousand dollars of my employer's money."

"I was mad—I longed, I prayed for death, but, coward-like, I dared not strike the blow myself. I could murder her—my own dear wife—my patient, loving Laura, but I dared not rid the earth of the hated monster that I was."

"As I was leaving my place of business late in the afternoon of that day on which I made my last pledge, my employer said to me: 'Mr. Willard, to-morrow we will look over the books.'"

"Had a thunder-bolt fallen on my head, the blow could not have been greater. I staggered from the store. What should I do? I might rush again to the gaming table, but what had I to pledge? I was penniless. Even my watch, and every available article of value had already gone. But with frenzy in my heart, hasted to my home. Oh, the morrow! I could not meet it. I sat beside my wife—she spoke not—that is, her voice was silent, but there was sorrow stamped upon her face. I rose at last, and taking her hand, exclaimed: 'Laura, don't you despise me, curse me!'"

"She tried to speak, but faltering, she burst into tears. I was touched at last, for I still loved her, and falling on my knees I told her all. 'And now,' I cried, starting up, 'there is but one hope. You may save me—will you do it?'"

"Yes, you know I will!" was the gentle response: "what can I do?" "Your jewelry! That diamond and your watch. They will procure the means for play, and I may win back all I have lost. If I should not, I swear by the Heaven above me, never again to gamble." Without one word she gave them up. I knew them to be the gifts of her parents, now no more, and that she prized them highly, but with a word of hope I left the house."

"I was met again by the same dark stranger who had won the entire sum which I had lost. I had played of late only with him. We seated ourselves and the game began. The glittering jewel was placed upon the table, and I lost!"

"Brandy! brandy!" I shrieked; "give me brandy, or the most deadly poison, I care not which!" "Gloss after glass I drank, and as the fires of the inflaming beverage mounted to my brain, I still played on."

"At last I had lost every article I possessed. My partner suggested that we continue, as my luck might change, but I replied that I had nothing more to pledge. 'Oh, yes,' was the calm response; "there is your husband's furniture!" "Fend!" I cried. "But the morrow ordered me in the face, and quickly I drew an order for every article. I played and lost!"

"Let me die now!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. I would have left the room, but my partner caught me by the hand, and drawing me close to him exclaimed: "You have one thing more that you can pledge!" "What is it? In the fiend's name what is it?" "You have one thing more I would possess. I have won from you eight thousand dollars. It is all here. You stole it, and to-morrow you will be called upon to give an account! Can you replace the sum?" "Silence, you fiend of darkness," I cried; or, by the heavens above, I shall add murder to my dark catalogue of crime!" "Be calm and I will propose a plan by which you may win all back."

my breast, he bid me beware. I staggered, clanking to the side-board, and drank deeply. At last I cried: "Yes, it shall be so! I will play this stake, for I know that I shall win!" "Stay a moment," exclaimed my tempter. "We must have things regular—sign this paper!"

"I seized the pen and affixed my name to the document which pledged myself to renounce all claim upon my wife if the game turned against me."

"With a fixed purpose I seated myself, and the game began. My opponent was calm, while I was burning beneath the flames that consumed me. The game proceeded, and I lost one point. I paused, seized a decanter of brandy, and drinking deeply of its contents, but this only added fuel to the fires raging within me."

"On with this game of death!" I cried, and with glaring eyes and heaving breast, we played again. A second point I lost. I tried to rise, but could not. "Quick! quick!" I shouted, "let us finish this torture!" It came. Two points more were lost, and starting to my feet in wild despair, I fell senseless to the floor."

"I had made my last pledge—the gambler's last pledge! The wife I had loved was no longer my wife, but a slave! made so by the husband who had sworn to protect her till the close of life!"

"When I returned to consciousness I was stretched upon a couch at my own home. My own home? No! the home I had lost! and beside me stood the partner of my games, and the gentle Laura, once my wife—now his slave! I started up—there was madness in my soul, and the demon glare flashed in my eyes. My purpose was formed—murder was the only step left me now! Murder! murder! My hand was lifted to strike the blow, but it seemed as if some unseen power held my hand. I fell upon my knees, crying: "Oh! angel of light, and you bright cherubs who have pity for a fallen man, save me, save me!"

"Mr. Willard," exclaimed the stranger, "will you listen for a moment, calmly?" "Yes," I replied "go on."

"He motioned Laura from the room, and then continued: "What will you do to regain all you have lost? To be able to call your wife your own, your furniture your own, and to repay the money taken from your employer?" "You are mocking me!" I answered. "No, I am not. What will you do?" "Give up your life—become your slave—anything!"

"There," he cried, throwing a package upon the table beside me, "there you will find instructions for the future. Do not let your wife know anything about our arrangements. She is yet ignorant of our acts." Without another word he left the house."

"I seized the package and tore it open, when, to my almost agonizing joy, I beheld the money I had lost, together with the jewels and the order for my furniture. Tears started to my eyes, but dashing them away, I read the following words: "You will find the sum of eight thousand dollars in this package, the entire amount won from you. Place it at once to the account of your employer, and then you will escape detection. This sum I loan you. Your valuables I return. The document which makes Laura mine I shall retain for the present. Follow my instructions, and she will be yours again. At the end of each year you must deliver one thousand dollars to a messenger who will call upon you. It will reach me. This you will be able to do as the amount is but one half your salary. At the end of eight years the entire sum will have been repaid, at which time I will return the document pledging your wife, and all shall be cancelled. But, if during this time, you enter a gambler's den, the compact is broken—I shall claim my property! Should you ever feel a desire to do so, go home first—look at your wife!"

YOUR FRIENDS. I could not speak, but from my inmost and I lifted up my prayer for help—a prayer of thankfulness. When partially recovered, I called upon the name of Laura, and that bright angel came bounding to my arms. Oh! with what frantic rapture did I clasp her to my breast, mingling my tears of joy with hers. That night my dream was sweet—angels were watching over us."

But few words more are necessary. My accounts were found to be correct. At the end of each year I was met at my own door by a messenger, who received for my unknown benefactor the sum agreed upon. But 'one more installment and I would be free."

"One morning to my surprise, the same dark stranger entered my place of business. I had not seen him during the eight years past, but remembering his kindness, I sprang forward, grasping his hand. 'I have called for the last installment,' he exclaimed. I handed him the sum, and received from his hands the fatal document. My wife—My Laura, was indeed my own again! 'You are free!' he asked inquiringly."

"I have only had occasion to look upon my wife once, and that one look has continued eight years, for when my eyes see her not, my soul discerns her loveliness!" "There was a smile of peculiar meaning passed over the features of the stranger. In an instant, his entire person had changed in appearance. A disguise was thrown aside, and my employer stood before me! I was about to speak, when he exclaimed: "Explanations are unnecessary. I could not see you fall young man, and I followed you. As a stranger I ruined you; as a stranger I saved you; as your employer I have forgiven you. And more—I won my own money, therefore am not the loser. Here are eight thousand dollars, the savings of eight years—let this form the basis of your future fortune."

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months. Rows for Square, 2 do., 3 do., 4 do., 5 do., 6 do., 7 do., 8 do., 9 do., 10 do., 11 do., 12 do., 13 do., 14 do., 15 do., 16 do., 17 do., 18 do., 19 do., 20 do., 21 do., 22 do., 23 do., 24 do., 25 do.

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 MEXICAN STRATAGEM.

A lady of fortune in the city of Mexico, when the city was under Spanish rule, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties and in immediate want of a small sum of money.

Don Juan, being her friend, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as security for her payment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. He agreed and the bargain was concluded without any document, the lady depositing the jewels and receiving the sum."

At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her friend's house to repay the money and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to the astonished lady that as to the jewels he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place."

The senator, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the viceroy, hoping for justice from this Western Soberano, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained. She was instantly received by Count Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances."

"Have you no witness?" said the Count. "None," replied she. "Did not servants pass in and out during the transactions?" "Not one."

The viceroy reflected a moment. "Does your friend smoke?" "Does your friend smoke?" "No, sir," said the lady astonished at the strange question. "Does he take snuff?" asked the viceroy. "Yes, your Excellency," said the visitor, who feared that his Excellency's wits were wool gathering.

"That is sufficient," said the viceroy; "retire into the adjoining chamber and keep quiet; your jewels shall be restored." His Excellency then dispatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself.

"I have sent for you," said the viceroy, "that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the State."

The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy, while the viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profession. Suddenly the viceroy put his hand, first into one pocket, then into the other with the air of a man who had mislaid something; "Ah," said he, "my snuff box! excuse me for a moment, while I fetch it from the other room."

"Sir," said the merchant, "permit me to have the honor of offering my box to your excellency." His excellency received it as if mechanically holding it in his hand and taking snuff, till pretending some business he went out, and calling an officer, desired him to take the snuff box to the merchant's house, asking his wife as from him, by that token to deliver the bearer a jewel case which he had received from the merchant's wife."

Revillagigedo returned to his fair complainant and under the pretence of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where, among many objects of value, the jewel case stood open. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward in joy and amazement. The viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest.

"Nay," said he, "before going any further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the senator—?" "Intimately, sir, he is my friend." "Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a time?" "I did."

"Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?" "Never!" said the merchant vehemently. "The money was lent without any security, merely an act of friendship; and she has invented a story concerning some jewels which had not the slightest foundation."

In vain did the viceroy beg him to reflect and not by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant persisted in his denial. The viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel case in his hand; at which unexpected apparition the merchant changed color, and entirely lost his presence of mind. The viceroy ordered him from his presence, with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him eight hundred dollars with five hundred more, which he did, and which were by the viceroy's orders, distributed among the hospitals. His excellency gave a severe reprimand to the lady for having made a bargain without writing.

WELL SAID.—On a slow freight and passenger train on a certain railroad from Philadelphia, the other day, were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter traveling on "half-tickets." After innumerable stoppages and delays, in unloading freight, &c., by which the patience of the passengers is usually exhausted long before they reach the city, the conductor made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the passenger received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half fare."

"I know," said the lady, "I know he is, sir, but then he's grown a good deal since we started."

The last seen of the son there was the end of his continental as it rapidly disappeared through the door to consult the engine-driver.

A patriotic friend says he would prefer a Cavalry to an Infantry regiment, were he required to enlist, on account of the greater facilities for turning. "I could strike for his home with me re-