Terms of Publication.

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rinter.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Payer of the County, the large and steadily normalify girealation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is senting into every neighborhood in the County into postage to any subscribed within the county into the two sentings of postage to any subscribed within the county in the standard of the county is the standard of the county. limis, but a norty in an adjoining County.
In an adjoining County.
Rasiness Gords, not exceeding limes, paper inclu-

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CRYSTAL FGUNTAIN HOTEL. DAVID HART, PROPRIETOR.

The andersigned begs leave to amounce to his old field and to the public generally, that he has taken possession of the old stand and fitted up in good green and intends to keep it as a Temperance Hotel. trie and intends to accept it as a conjectance Motel.
Various will be spared to accompagate the traveling public. Good stabling and a good hostler slawys on that. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HART.

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

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

DICKINSON HOUSE

CORNING, S.Y.

Mar. A. FIELD.

Gnests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER,

Hydropathic Physician on Surgeon.
ELKLAND, TIOGA COLPENNA. Will white patients in all parts of the County, or re-

J. EMERY

A TTORNEY AND COUNSE LOR AT LAW Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his like exclusively to the practice of law. Collections rade 10 any of the Northern col hijes of Pennsylpov21,60

PENNSTLVANIA HOUSE. Corner of Main Street and the Avenue Wellsburo, Pa. J. W. BIGONY, PROPETETOR.

This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-Improved throughout, is now open to the public as a fratches house.

IZNAK WALTON HOUSE, H. C. VERMILYEA, PRIPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga Coun y, Fa. THIS is a new hotel located wit in easy access on the best fishing and hunting in unds in Northern P. No pains will be spared for the accommodation leasure seekers and the traveling public.

G. C. C. CAMPBELL,

BARBER -AND HAIR-DIE ESSER. NOT In the rear of the Post Office. Everything in Only in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it into done in the city saloons. Proparations for resonant dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale the Hair and whiskers dyed an ecolor. Call and the property of the party of Willsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOU! INAL. feorge W. Pratt, Editor and, reprietor. Spablished at Corning, Steuben Cd., N. N., at One

Is published at Corning, Steuben Cq., A. I., at One holist and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The lorns is Bepublican in politics, and has a circulaturated in the every part of Struben County. Its desirous of extending their business into that at the adjoining counties will find it an excellent admining medium. Address as above. WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. (Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Bring leased this well known and po here the patronage of the public. With attentive threign waiters, together to make the stay threign of the business, he hopes to make the stay there who stop with him both pleasant and

Weilsboro; May 31, 1860.

PICTURE FRAMING. WILEI GLASSES. Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engragings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in manner, in plain and ornamented Gilt. Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahegany, &c. Perming any article for framing, can beceive them any framed in any style they wish and hung for SMITH'S BOOK STORE.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.

TOTALD inform the public that he permanently located in Eikland Boro, Trogg. Co. Pa., and Required by thirty years' experience to treat all dissaff in eyes and their appendages on scientific Marin, as i that he can cure without fail, that the called St. Vitus' Dance. (Chorea St. Vitus and a lil attend to any other business in Lind Bors, August 8, 1860.

TEN FLOER AND FEED STORE

IN WELLSBURO

The redecriber would respectfully interm the people Wishere and vicinity that he has opened a FLOUR & FEED STORE tor above Wright's Flour Store, on Main St., tirche will keep constantly on hand it good an as-liment of FLGUR and FEED as can be found in truries, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also,

Choice Wines and Liquors, imperior quality, and warranted free from adul-Palente, chepper than any other est blishment in Thern Pennsylvania. Finitioro. Dec. 19, 1860.

PASHIONABLE MILLINELY SHOP, MAIN ST. WELLSBOY )

TES PAULINE SMITH bas jon of rehased ber FALL AND WINTER GOOS, ming of Straws of all kinds, Pattern Hate, Hats, Flowers, Velvets, Silks of all kinds,

ALL KINDS OF TRIMMINGS. folicits a enil from the ladies of Wellaboro and mity feeling confident that

HER GOODS WILL BEAR INSPECTION, disappre favorably with those of any establishtest in the county in regard to price. BLEACHING AND PRESSING done in a

Room at the residence of C. Williams, oppo-Jet 2, 1561.

MARLESTON FLOURING MILLS.— WRIGHT & BAILEY. ming secured the best mills in the County, are now

miom Work, Merchant Work, this fact everything that can be done in Country

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,

AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, and the state of the mill Cash or at the mill Cash or at the mill Cash or at the market price. wright a Palley.

WRIGHT & PAILEY.

## AGITATO

Devoted to the Artension of the Area of Freedom and the Apread of Bealthy 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, DECEMBER 18, 1861.

LINES

ON THE DRATH OF M. E. J. She has gone to the grave in the bliss of her bloom Where in beauty she calmly reposes; And the angel of death, as he bent o'er her tomb, Dropped a tear on her check's lovely roses.

And he gazed on the smile that illumined her lip, As soft as the smile of Aurora; And he sighed that his seythe such a flower should

nip, In the glow of its beautiful glory.

Tis ever thus, too, in life's sunshine or shade, When in hope we too gaily have started; We find that the fairest most early to fade, And the dearest are soonest departed.

Oh! Hope, what a syren thou ever dost seem, A bubble on early life's ocean; A rainbow that rises on memory's dream,

Or the smile on the cheek of emotion She is gone, and her friends have encircled her tomb To drop there the tears of their sorrot ; She has gone to the land where her beauty will bloom Thro' one everlasting to-morrow.

Though her fair head is pillowed upon the cold sod. And her young heart in silence repeses; She dwells in the beautiful garden of God, The fairest among Heaven's roses.

On the bosom once beating with love's holy thrill, The shadows of death have descended; The warm heart of friendship lies pulseless and still, And the gay dream of hope is now ended.

She dwells in the land where the rose never fades. Where no tear of affliction is stealing; Where the sun never sets, and the night never shades What the spirit of love is revealing. DARLINGTON, MD.

THE RAGGED SOLDIER.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Just at the close of the Revolutionary war. there was seen somewhere in one of the small towns of central Massachusetts, a ragged and forlorn looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked about on the corn-fields tasseling for the baryest, on the rich bright patches of wheat for the sickle, and on the green potatoe fields, with curious eyes, -so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was swalking leisurely behind him, going home from the reaping to his supper. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in home made brown linen trowsers, without suspenders, vest or coat.-The ragged soldier stopped under the shade of a great sugar maple, and Mr. Towne overtaking you to imagine, for here the legend ends. him, stopped also.

"Home from the wars?" he asked. "Just out of the British clutches?" replied the man; "I've been a prisoner for years." He rejoined suddenly. "Can you tell me who lives in the next house? Is it yours?"

"No," replied Towne, "Tompkins lives there. That house and farm used to belong to a comrade of yours, as I suppose; his name was Jones, but he was shot at Bunker Hill, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against the tree. "What kind of a man is he? I mean what kind of people are they there? Would they be likely to let a poor soldier, have something to eat?"

"If Tompkins is out, you'd be treated first, Mrs Tompkins is a nice woman but he is the snarliest cur that ever maked at a hone. He is a terrible surly neighbor, and he leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying the fellow, but you see she had a hard time of it with the farm. Jones went off a soldiering, and when my son came back and said he was dead-he saw him bleeding to death on the battle field-she broke right down, and then this Tompkins came along and got into work for her, and he laid himself out to do first-rate. He somehow got on the blind side of all of us, and when he offered bimself to her, I advised her to have him, and I am sorry I did it. You had better come home with me. I always have a bite for any poor fellow that's fought for his

country!" "Thank you," kindly returned the soldier but Mrs. Tompkins is a distant—a sort of old acquaintance. The fact is, I used to know her first husband and I guess I will call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins.

"Some old sweetheart of hers, may be." said Mr. Towne, nodding to himself. "He comes too late; poor woman, she has a hard row to hoe now." Then Mr. Towne went home to supper and we will go in with the soldier.

"Could you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the poor nervous woman , he opened the door. "My husband does not allow me to give

anything to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, but I'll give you some supper if you won't be long eating it, and she wiped her eyes with her white and blue ebecked apren, and set with alacrity about providing refreshments for the poor man, who had thrown himself in the nearest chair, and with his head leaning on his breast, seemed too tired even to remove his hat from his face.

"I am glad to have you est, and I would not harry you up for anything," she said in a frightened way, "but you will eat quick, won't you? for I expect every moment he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keep ing his bat on his head as though he belonged to the society of Friends, but that could not be, for the "Friends" do not go to wars. He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and how long he was about it?"

Mrs. Tompkins-fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily; but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end. he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. Oh dear, how slow he is! hasent the man any teeth. I am very sorry to hurry you sir, but couldn't you let me spread some bread and butter, and cut you some slices of ment to take away with you. My bushand will use abusive language to you if he finds

Before the soldier could reply, footeteps were beard on the door-stone at the back door, and a man entered. He stopped short, and looked into character, and in this instance was not He has been liberal of his time; knowledge and BWWHEAT PLOUR, tip top and chemp, st | a man entered. He stopped snorn, and took,— mistaken in his man.

you here.

Then he broke out in a tone between a grow! and a roar.

"Hey-day, Moll, a pretty piece of business What have I told you time and again, madam? You'll find you had better mind your master.

"Four house! and your land?" exclaimed the the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, small to your two and three thousand dollar and dashing off his hat with a quick, and fiery office holders, but nevertheless we contrive to gesture. His eyes flashed like lightning, and live very comfortably upon it. We live upon his lips quivered with indignation as he confron- one floor of an unpretending little house, for ted the astonished Tompkins. The latter was which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty, my door employment, having given way to the rude den, nervous shrick when the soldier first star- work; so that we lay up a neat little sum every of the young furmer having been well cared sunk trembling and half fainting in a chair, for lars at the savings bank, the hoard of several sery catalogues" in hand, assisted by the loved she had recognized him.

me and my wife," said Tompkins, sulkily cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

"Four wife !" exclaimed the soldier, with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing to him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins, with an air of effrontery.

"I am Harry Jones, since you ask," replied the soldier, "the owner of this house and this land, which you will leave this very hour! As shall choose between us."

"O Harry!" sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save

With one step he was at her side, holding her in his arms "What did you mean by treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector that there was not a God in Heaven against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beat- ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns. en spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before every body in the town knew that Harry Jones had come alive and well to rescue his muchenduring, patient wife from a worse constraint than that of a British prison; but what they all said, and what Harry said, I must leave

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

Many years ago, in a desolate little cabin in the suburbs of Philidelphia, sat a lonely widow surrounded by her fatherless children. Her husband had fallen in the battle of his country, but since then she had earned a scanty subsistence by her own hands without being burdensome to any one; and her little ones, though but poorly fed and clothed, had never felt that bitterest ingredient of poverty-alms seeking from the public.

But recently sickness had laid his stern hand upon her; and stern want and starvation almost-had followed closely in its foot-steps. how old-rashioned my bonnet is getting." Yet did not her faith fail. She repeated the fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." "I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread;" and her heart rose in humble vet firm reliance upon their divine Author.

As her children had eaten nothing all day ly, to send forth the eldest of her children on his first mission of begging, to seek from some the ten dollars to further that purpose. Savcharitable stranger a few shillings to buy bread, | ings-bank reflections had come later. hoping that she would soon again be able to earn some by her own efforts.

mothers look of anguish, he hushed regrets, friend. and rushed forth into the streets, little thinking, in his grief what course he took; but a higher power, though unseen, directed his steps.

As the child walked mournfully on, looking wistfully into the faces of the people he met, he was too much disheartened by their cold, indifferent looks to venture to address them. The longer he put it off the more reluctant he was to ask the alms he feared might be refused, and weeping bitterly, he bur- been the crowning ambition of my life- a disried on unknown and unbeeded by the busy throng.

Suddenly a kind voice spoke to him, and looking up he saw a benevolent looking gentleman, dressed in black, and wearing a three cornered hat. Taking the child's hand in his, and leading him gently onward, the stranger gentleman soon drew from the little boy the whole story, the father's name and death, the mother's struggle to gain support, her recent sickness, and the subsequent sufferings; and then he bade the child lead him to his house: though stopping at a provision store on the way to order a supply for the family.

Entering the house, the quick eye of the stranger soon discerned the cause of the mothphysician quite suited to her case, the' not a cal man, and he was glad to sell even at a modscription, which he said he was sure would have helped me." prove beneficial. Leaving the paper on the table, after saying a few kind words to the mother, he left the house, promising to repest his visit in a few days, and then to renew the prescription if necessary.

This was a true incident. Such was the father his of country, a God-fearing man; not less pitiful to the sorrows of a child, and the anxieties of a widowed mother than great in the armies of his country and the councils of the Nation. Thus were the widow's prayers answered, and the seed of the faithfull Christian not suffered to "beg bread.

THE BOY IS PATHER TO THE MAN .- Brigadier General T. W. Sherman, Commander of the England lad of limited pecuniary means .-When he first visited Washington to obtain admission to West Point, he walked the whole disto the National Capital. That long, tedious joined the staff of General McClellan, with the march revealing qualities which ensured his rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Mr Astor is the success with General Jackson, who was then representative of thirty millions of property, President, The old Hero had wonderful insight and has an income of two millions per annum

HOW TO EARN A HOME. A STORY FOR THE MARD TIMES.

The other evening I came home with an ex-

tra ten dollar bill in my pocket-money that I And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, let me had earned by out-of-doors work. The fact is see you clear out of my house and off of my land I'm a clerk in a down town store, at a salary ricties of fruit for orchard culture, I herewith a great deal quicker than you came on the of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazingly affraid of him, and his wife had given a sud- wife, you will understand, does all her own blasts of winter, to a great degree—the cuttle ted to his feet and flung off his hat, and had year. I've got a balance of two or three dol- for, he site down with "fruit books" and "nuryears, and it is astonishing how I feel. Why, companion of his toil, in selecting and making "You bain't any business to interfere between Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to

> Well, I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who of course has broken up and subdued purposely for an was delighted with my industry and thrift.

> "Now, my love," said I, "just add this to supply his growing family with fruit; and, in our account at the bank, and with interest to imagination, they see that orchard full of bearthe end of the year."

calculated in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle musingly with her feet.

"I've been thinking, Harry," said she, after for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to a moment's pause, "that since you've got this the woman, now subbing hysterically, "she extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadful shabby, my dear, you must see."

"I looked delefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact. "I can get a beautiful new velvet-pattern for seven dollars," responded my wife.

"Velvet—seven dollars," grouned I.
"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would only cost three," said my cautious better half, who seeing she couldn't carry her first

"That's more sensible," said I. "Well, we'll see about it." "And there's another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her head coaxingly on my shoulder, "and it's not at all extravagant,

either." "What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly. "I saw a lovely silk pattern on Canal street, this morning; and I can get it for six dollarsonly six dollars, Harry ! It's the cheapest dy catalogues for their selection, losing time thing I ever saw."

"But haven't you got a very pretty green silk dress?" "That old thing! Why Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married.",

"Is it soiled, or ragged?" "No, of course; but who wants to wear the Having thus far digressed from my subject. I same old dress forever? Everybody knows it will give you a few rough notes of some sorts is the only silk I have." "Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kit-

ter trimming." "Of course—von men have no taste in such

matters." We were silent for a moment: I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with free growth, and sure productiveness. one another. In fact, on my journey home, I piece of gold, and had mentally appropriated Autumn, for its handsome size, and first rate

As we set before the fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at The child, a noble little fellow of ten years, the door. He was employed at the same store flavored pear in cultivation. shrank from such an errand; but seeing his as myself, and his wife was an old family

> "I want' you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage on Bloomingdale road, to-day." "What! that beautiful little wooden cottage.

> with the piazza and lawn, and fruit garden behind?"-exclaimed Kitty, almost envicusly. "Is it possible," I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale road, had always tant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

> "Why Wilmet," said I, "how did this happen! You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy a mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have al been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, mended and saved-we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheanest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair, was that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual, positive want. Yes, I have seen my wife lay by red coppers, one by one. Times are hard, you know, just now er's feebleness, and introducing himself as a the owner was not what you call an economiregular practitioner, he offered to write a pre- erate price. So you see that even "hard times"

When our neighbor was gone, Kitty and I looked meaningly at one another.

"Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad after all, and my green silk will do a year lenger with care. "And a silver watch is quite as good for all practical purposes as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set seide all imaginary wante."

"The ten dollar bill must go to the bank, said Kitty, "and I'll economize the coppers will be among the roses in that cottage garden next Spring." Our merry tea kettle sung us a cheerful little

amid the roses and the country air." A MILLIONAIRE OFFICER .- John Jacob Astor.

money, in behalf of the Federal cuuse.

For the Agitator. Fruits for Orchard Culture.

NO. 19.

Having given you a series of articles on the "cultivation of small fruits," and being frequently importuned by individuals residing in different parts of the County, as to the best vasend you for publication, my own experience, for the benefit of those "socking knowledge under difficult circumstances."

Hundreds of individuals are busy with hard work, now that the ground is frusen up, planting orchards and fruit gardens in imagination; just as some people build castles in the air. Outnotes of varieties, that are put down as "delicious," "first rate," "midling," "sugary," "excellent," &c., &c., for the plot of ground he orchard, that will in future years reward and ing trees, ladened in the spring with blossoms Forthwith I commenced casting interest, and white as snow, and in the autumn with bushels upon bushels of golden pippins, and luscious, blushing pears. This is the way many, very many, "count their chickens before they are

hatched."

In my humble opinion, these new beginners in fruit culture, would be immensely benefitted, if the farmers and fruit growers of Old Tioga, would come out with short articles in their county papers, and give their experience in the cultivation of the different varieties of fruits-the pursued by them, the condition and bearing qualities of the same. I mean by this, all those who are experienced and "have seen the elephant," bought and cultivated fruits that stand high on the pages of the catalogues of fruit dealers. All such persons know how much "gas" and "bombast" there is "got up" for the purpose of getting rid of unsalable trees and "gulling" the inexperienced by unprincipled nursery dealers. If such in our midst, would only come out with a plain statement of facts, it might save the amateur all the trouble of trying known! He hath chosen the part of wisdom, experiments, relying on the statements of winand money, wasting valuable ground, that they mostly fail into. There is little doubt in my mind, that of the thousands of fruit trees planted in this county for the last fifteen years, two thirds have been of very indifferent qualitynot worthy of ground room and cultivation .that I know to be worthy of a place in every orchard in the Northern States.

Pears-I place pears first, because they are ty. "And I suppose you have not observed my favorite fruit. To begin, I would plant but four early pears, viz., Madaline, one of the ear-"Why, I thought it looked very neat and liest and best; Dearborn's Seedling-always a words that often had cheered her: Leave thy tasteful since you put on that black velvet win- sure and abundant bearer, and the first, always fair, sprightly, and of excellent flavor. Rostiezer, from its sweet and pleasant flavor, and hardy habit-the Bartlett, the handsomest of Pears, and most popular from its firm quality,

Of Autumn Pears, I would choose six. First, and she was still too feeble to rise from her bed, had entertained serious thoughts of exchange the Belle Lucrative, because of its most delishe now felt compelled, though most rejuctant- ing my old silver watch for a more modern time- clous, honied flavor. Then the Paradise of quality; then the Louise, Bonne de Jersey, for its sprightly, juicy fruit, and its productiveness; then the Duchese de Angouleme, as the finest show pear; and finally the Seckel, as the first

Of winter pears, I would recommend but two varieties; the Winter Nelis, for its sweet and excellent flavor, and the Buerre Easter, hardy, productive and a good keeper, with a fine Pine Apple flavor. So much for pears-the list, I know, is small, but it is much easier to make a large list than a small one, for obvious reasons, and those who want more can either double the number of these varieties, (my advice) or add others of less merit.

Now let us see what we can do with the great voluminous list of Apples whose varieties are innumerable as the sands of the sea shore. For summer, I would choose but four sorts. The Early Harvest, which is the prince of all summer varieties, best for the table and for cooking; the Early Strawberry, for excellence and beauty- the Harvest Bough for its great productiveness and large sized, excellent fruitand the Summer Belleflower, for its delicate, rich flavor, and excellence in all respects. Of Automa apples, I would only select four varieties, as we have so many other fruits for the table at that season of the year. The first of these shall be the Douse or Hawley, the largest. handsomest and finest of all fall apples; the Gravenstein, for it beauty, excellence and productiveness, the true Fall Pippin, well known to all fruit growers, as par excellence, and the Golden Sweeting, with its rich, melting flavor. Of winter apples, we must have more, as they

are the fruit that stand by us when all others fail. The first on the list, I would recommend, are the Yellow and Green Newtown Pippins, the best apples in the wide world; then Norton's Melon, as being the most sprightly and refreshing of all for the table; then the Mother Apple, rich in flavor; then the Gulden Belleflower, very productive, but somewhat tart; the Lady's Sweeting, the best winter sweet apple; the Fameuse, so snowy white within, and so excellent; the Jonathan, with its excellent flavor and its great productiveness; the Rh de just as Mrs. Wilmot did. Oh, how happy she Island Greening, for the table and all culinary purposes; the Esopus Spitzenburg, for its rich. crisp texture, and high flavor; the Swarr, for its fine, golden color, and aromatic tart; the song over the glowing fire that night, and its Baldwin, for its good bearing qualities and fair Union army now in South Carolina, was a New burden was "Economy and a home of our own good flavored fruit; the Waggener, for its long keeping; the Tompkins County King, for its noble qualities as a market fruit; the Roxbury Russet and Rawles Janet, as the two very tance from his Father's house in Bhode Island the well known millionaire of New York, has best late keepers; and the Northern Spy, the most delicious, fragrant and sprightly of all late desert apples,

Let us next sift the Cherries. Of tender varicties, I would name the May Duke, Elton, Wood, as among the best. Of the firmer, | felt-unwell,

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 1 er square of 10 Agreements with ne charged wit wisquere of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisments of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined subterail be charged for Quarterly, Hall-Year, y and Yearly ad-

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Advertisements not having the number of inserting desired unrised upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, I ofter-Honds and alk kinds of Johbing done in country establish nents, (3 ecuted nearly and promptly. Instice ', Constalle's, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

fleshier varieties, let us say the Rockport Bigarreau, and Yellow Spanish. Of the Dukes, we must select two varieties : the Reine Hortense, large, bright, red submeid, nearly sweet and excellent, and the Belle Magnifique, acid, late, handsome and excellent for preserving. It is hardly worth while to plant plums in

this section of the country, as it is generally

found from experience that the curculio is al-

ways on hand to spoil your crop, I will only name four varieties. Green Gage, Imperial Gage, Jefferson and Purple Favorite. Peaches are also an uncertain crop, and my experience goes to show that they will prove worthless for cultivation in thir section, except in elevated, dry localities. I will name but

three varieties; Eearly Tillotston, Crawford's Early, and George the Fourth. I will now close this article, and if I have been the instrument of throwing a little of the light of practical experience upon the lists which the beginner has to select from, and assisted him from being altogether lost in the Dismal Swamp of hard names," the end for which I have written will be answered, and fall persons may be well assured that every variety that I have mentioned above, have been thor-

oughly tried by your hamble-servant, Cloverfield, Dec. 16, 1861. FRANBOISE.

Advertising .- The two first verses of the first chapter of the Chronicles of Success, read

thus: "Who hath sadness? Who hath woe-? Who 'shinnest' the streets with gloom of countenance and perplexity of mind? Who loseth the confidence and patroinge, and sinketh into poverty and forgetfulness? HE THAT ADVER-TISETH NOT-He that doth not notke himself situation, and nature of the soil occupied by known through the papers. He who, by his such orchards, with the mode of after culture | negligence in this matter, depriveth himself of gain and secureth to himself luss! His business wisdom is foolishness. His lack of knowledge, yes, his stinginess sticketh out, and the

discering shun him.
"Who hath gladness? Who hath joy? Who hath peace? Who with a graying business and full cuffers? Who phyeth his notes promptly? Who gaineth the confidence and patronage of men, and riseth to affluence? HE TRAT AD-VERTISETH LIBERALLY-that through the journals of the day maketh himself and his business and his riches and honor increases like light on the morning-His shadow groweth broad. His complacency increases. His fame extendeth. His happiness endureth, and he is honored and blessed of all men-particularly by printers."

So mote it be! Some amusing remisciences are given of the negroes who flocked around our army at Beaufort-their masters running one way and the negroes the other. They are reported as almost wild with delight at the advent of our troops. One of them addressed an officer who with some soldiers was making a reconneis-

sance of the island, said :

"O Lord! massa, we'se so glad to see you!-We'se prayed and prayed the good Lord that he would send you Yankees, and we knowed that you'se was comin."

"How could you know that." asked the officer. "You can't read the paper; how did you get the news?"

"No, massa wese can't read but we'se con listen. Massa and missus used to read, and sometimes they'so would read loud, and then we would listen so"-making an expressive gesture indicative of close listening at a key hole-" when I'se git a chance I'se would listen, and Jim him would listen, and we puts the bits together, and we know'd the. Yankeeswas comin. Bress de Lord, Massa!"

A RICH SCENE. - A day or two since a countryman walked into an office in one of our large. citee, without taking any particular notice of his whereshouts, he took off his cost and cravat, threw them on a chairs sat down, crossed his legs, and in an authoritative tone, called:out-"Is that water hot?"

"Water, sir!" said the clerk, who had been watching his movements with some little curiosity; what water, sir? You must be under m misrake." "Mirtake the d-l. sir! I want to be

shaved .- Why dont you get things in readiness? I'm in a hurry." "I beg pardon, sir; this is not a barber shop; it is an exchange office."

"An exchange fit so! There must be samething wrong, by hokey! I asked a person in the street where I could get shared, and he lirected me to come here." The clerk looked deggers, and the customer

put on his coat and sloped.

SPEAKING TOO QUICK .- A Young Section in having woord a buxon dament persuaded for to secompany him to a Scottish justice of the peace to have to cerem my performed. Thay

the magistrate was laying the under obligations. to obey her husband. "Say no more about that, sir," said the battle made husband; if this hand remained upon

stood very meckly under the operation, until

my body, I'll make her obey me, "Are we married yet?" said the Cassperated: maiden to the ratifier of coverants between man and woman.

"Nu" said the wondering junties. "Ah! very well," excluimed sho, "we wilk finish the remainder to-morrow," and away skipped the damsel, congratulating herself on her narrow esonne,

AN ASTONISHED AGENT -As a polite omeihus agent was going through the ladies one, checking bagga e he asked a pretty your g lady, if she had any laggege she wished take a to the h tel.

"No, sir." was her reply. The agent then asked her if she desired a

bust She instantly gave him a sweet smile, and roplied: "60,0, sir, I am not in a bo sog hupas the

evening." The agent drapped his memorandum book, Black Tartation, Black Engle and Gavernor havely restred to thei baggage car, and said to