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, JUNE 4, 1862. NO. 43.

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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 margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped if a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the editor.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, has a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any subscriber within the county, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included, $5 per year.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.

DAVID HART, PROPRIETOR.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to his old friends and to the public generally, that he has taken possession of the old stand and fitted it up in good style, and intends to keep it as a Temperance Hotel. No pains will be spared to accommodate the traveling public. Good stabling and a good hostler always on hand. Prices to suit the times. DAVID HART.

CHAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Wellsboro, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

D. A. FIELD, ... Proprietor.

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. EMERY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov2 '60.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,

Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.

J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

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

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga 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, 1860.

G. C. C. CAMPBELL,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER,

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

THE CORNING JOURNAL,

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

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

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

S. S. FARR, - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)

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

Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Tioga 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 dreadful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (Chorea Sancti Viti,) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery.

Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT

WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened his office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he will continue to do all kinds of work in the line of DENTISTRY.

Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

TROY ACADEMY,

TROY, BRADFORD CO., PA.

S. G. COWDREY, A. B. - - - Principal,

WITH COMPETENT ASSISTANTS.

CALENDAR--1862.

Spring Term begins Feb. 25th.—Ends May 20th.
Summer " " May 20th.— " Aug. 9th.
Fall " " Sept. 9th.— " Nov. 24th.
Winter " " Dec. 2d.

Thorough instruction given in all Common and Higher English Branches, Classics and Modern Languages. Students fitted to enter the best Colleges. Term's Tuition, $2 to $6.

Board and rooms for those who may desire to board themselves, can be procured at low rates, in the immediate vicinity of the Academy.

For circulars or other information, address

S. G. COWDREY, Principal.

Troy, Jan. 30, 1862.-tf.

BLACKSMITHING!

THE undersigned wishes to announce to his former Customers in Sullivan and vicinity, that notwithstanding his embarrassments for the last six months they will find him at his shop in Mansfield with a good new stock of Iron and material ready to wait on them on reasonable terms. J. A. ELLIS.

March 19, 1862.-6t.

CORNING

WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
KEROSINE OIL,
ALCOHOL,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Sold at wholesale by

W. D. TERBELL.

Country Merchants supplied with these articles at

NEW YORK PRICES.

Corning, Feb. 26, 1862.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. W. SHEARMAN,

MILLINER,

NEW YORK AND ELMIRA,

INVITES attention to her assortment of

New Spring Goods,

embracing every description of

French and American Millinery,

which she will sell at wholesale and retail for CASH only.

Special Inducements

offered to MILLINERS. Goods and terms furnished at a

Small Advance

above NEW YORK COST.

Rooms 22 Bleecker Street, New York, and 137 Water Street, Elmira, N. Y.

April 1, 1862.-3m.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JEROME SMITH

Has now on hand a large and extensive stock of

DRY GOODS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HARDWARE, GLASSWARE
WOODENWARE, &c.,

which is undoubtedly the largest assortment ever brought into this county, and will be sold at prices that must give entire satisfaction. And I would invite purchasers, generally, to call and examine my assortment of

Black and Figured Dress Silks,
Worsted Goods, Merinoes,
Ladies' Cloth, Opera Flannels,
Long and Square Shawls,
Black and Figured Delaines,
and Cassimeres, &c., &c.,

And in fact the best assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

ever brought into this county. I have also a large stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,
CLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
SATINS, FULL CLOTH,
TWEEDS, & KENTUCKY JEANS.

Purchasers will find that the place to buy good goods and at low prices, is at the store of

JEROME SMITH.

Wellsboro, April 23, 1862.

J. M. SMITH,

HAS removed to the New Store on

Market Street, Corning,

First door east of Hungerford's Bank, and directly opposite the

Dickinson House,

where he is now receiving, and will constantly keep on hand a Full and

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT,

OF FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
FAMILY GROCERIES, &c.,

which will be sold at the Lowest Prices for

Ready Pay Only.

He sells good Prints for.....10cts.
Merrimacs.....12½c.
Denims.....12½c.
Heavy Sheetings.....12½c.
Fine Bleached Muslin.....12½c.

and other goods equally low.

The citizens of TIOGA COUNTY

VISITING CORNING,

are cordially invited to

Give Him a Call.

Corning, April 23, 1862.

Insurance Agency.

THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent for Tioga County and vicinity.

As the high character and standing of this Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, I solicit with confidence a liberal share of the business of the county. This Company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is $500,000, and its assets in 1861 as per statement 1st Jan. of that year was $1254,719 81.

CHARLES PLATT,.....Secretary.
ARTHUR G. COFFIN,.....President.

Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Wm. Buehler, Central Agent, Harrisburg, Pa.

JOHN W. GUERNSEY,

Agent for Tioga County, Pa.

April 9, 1862.

HOME FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IN

NEW YORK:

CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

Home Fire Insurance Company

IN

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT;

CAPITAL, $200,000.

These Companies have complied with the State law. Applications for Insurance received by

CHARLES L. SIEMENS,

Wellsboro Tioga County, Penna.

Wellsboro, Jan. 15, 1862.

War! War for the Union!

THE undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends, customers, and the public generally, that he has opened a

CABINET AND CHAIR SHOP

on Main Street, opposite H. W. Dartt's Wagon Shop, where he intends to keep constantly on hand a general assortment of

Cabinet Ware,

made of the best materials, and by the best workmen.

Also Coffins made to order, and as cheap as can be procured elsewhere, accompanied with a Hearse.

Also Chairs of every variety from the BEST down to the CHEAPEST, to

Suit Purchasers.

Also Turning of all kinds done to order and to suit

CUSTOMERS.

The undersigned having had many years experience, both in France and in this country, feels confident that he cannot be excelled in either of the above branches of mechanism—and further would recommend the public to

CALL AND EXAMINE

his workmanship and prices before purchasing elsewhere. JACOB STICKLIN.

Wellsboro, March 19, 1862.

Dentistry.

C. H. FIRMAN,

Formerly of Elmira, New York.

A perfect master of DENTISTRY in all its branches, would respectfully inform the citizens of

WELLSBORO

and surrounding country, that he is now stopping at the

PENNSYLVANIA HOTEL,

where he can be found between the hours of 8 o'clock A. M., and 6 o'clock P. M., ready to perform any operation pertaining to his art with skill, and at low prices.

EXTRACTING done mechanically, and attended with very little pain.

EXAMINATIONS OF THE TEETH, and consultations Free of Charge.

N. B.—All work warranted as represented.

Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

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.	6 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
¼ column,	8,00	9,50	12,50
½ do.	15,00	20,00	30,00
Column,	25,00	35,00	50,00

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', Constable's, and other *BLANKS* constantly on hand.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

There comes new light to her dimming eye,
As she opens the fatal scroll
With a dying hope, whose wondrous charm
Holds her back from her nearing goal.
No tear for her darling, who, fresh from her arms,
For his country his life-blood hath shed;
But her thin lips part as the broken heart
Takes in the record—*"Dead!"*

Old friends and true bend kindly down,
And are murmuring soft and low;
But her dying glance is upon the line
That is sealing a mother's woe;
And the whisper seems like the voice of dreams
When nights first gloom is gone
"Fighting he fell, with his face to the foe,
Cheering his comrades on."

The paper falls from a lifeless hand,
As she goes to her hero's side;
But a smile is stamped on the rigid lip,
In the life of a mother's pride;
For there steals on the air, like a battle prayer,
To bless her soul's new dawn—
"Fighting he fell, with his face to the foe,
Cheering his comrades on."

THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

Near the cross-roads, not far from the Cumberland mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his sturdy integrity. He served God, and feard no man—and it might be safely added, nor devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark with those wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as old Bradley." One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communing with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open, and a pale trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus, protect me!"

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is—seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed at the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order; but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge-hammer, and brandished it about his head as if it had been a sword exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not; or, by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated, and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil!" ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader with increased vehemence, "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you better not interfere. You know you are already suspected; and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"*Suspected!* Suspected of what!" exclaimed the smith in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North, was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker. "I adhere to the North!" he continued; "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God, as long as I have breath!" he added, as he brought the sledge-hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference."

"Not as long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he raised the sledge-hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed towards the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road.—When he turned to go back in the shop he was met by the fugitive, who grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"O, how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord. You must fly the country and that at once."

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree.—You must leave to-night.

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountain and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eye resting on the fugitive, she approached him, and in a sympathizing tone, continued: "Ah Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild, but firm tone, said:

"Mattie you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are upon the track. They have scented their prey, and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner than we expect. So hasten, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come, Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance upon the road, and then turned off in a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets, while others were engaged in cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive who was known to two or three of the party was received with a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got into Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the company prepared to accompany her, but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until she reached the road a short distance from her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened into the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to go into the shop she thought she heard the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound soon died away. Going into the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that things were in great confusion and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic man of five-and-twenty, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie. Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued: "Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of to young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"*They* have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished he exclaimed:

"Oh that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "would you like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to leabe you, but den Ise like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay! fight to the death?"

"I'se fight for yours any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, John. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without a prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the everlasting God, that, if you falter or shrink from the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling; "an' I hope that Gor Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you through fire, and water and eberything!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said his master; then turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator of this singular scene, he continued: "Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

* * * * *

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the return of his daughter, the party that he had repulsed returned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was called a village committee. The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The old man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he cast a defiant look around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act you know is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say that it is a lie, and he who utters such a charge against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up a wound that was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley.—"Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith's shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters's church, and therefore some little excuse is made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist, and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us as to his whereabouts?"

"Again I answer no!"

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say that is false, and he who makes it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as life lasts!"

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie-knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before he made the fatal plunge a swift-winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness. Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic-stricken. In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and was hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear ran down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there, in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which their patriotic fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while a tear stole down his cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his child. Was she to be left to the mercy of the paricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them?

"Mr. Bradley," said the rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State it will be necessary, in these troublesome times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," said he, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh, we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted-down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up her tresses; but a pure love glowed within her as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and, as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee!"

OLD TIMES.—Some writer says that at the beginning of the fifteenth century, mankind had looked to neither heaven nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiment, mathematics without scales, astronomy without demonstration. They made war without shot, cannon or mortar—nay, mobs made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without the compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured altitudes without barometers. Learning had no printing press, no writing, no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a letter, and a billet-doux might be of the ordinary size of a trencher. They were clothed without manufacturers, and their richest robes were skins of the most formidable monsters. They carried on their trades without books. They had surgery without materia medica.

A Polish Wedding.

As soon as the parties were properly placed, the service commenced, and the noble harmonies which had filled the church died away. The ceremony was simple, differing in nothing from the usual form used in all Roman Catholic countries, except that instead of a plain gold circlet being placed on the bride's finger, as a symbol of eternity, and of the intention of both parties to keep for ever the solemn covenant into which they have entered before God, and of which it is the pledge, there was an exchange of rings. The priest paused in the service when he came to the words, "With this ring," &c, and then, one of the bridesmaids came timidly and gracefully forward, and laid down two rings on the open book which he held in his hand.—

He took them up, one after another, in his right hand, offering up solemn prayers, and pronouncing a blessing over them. He then gave the small one, which had engraved on it the bridegroom's name, Mauritius Mochnacki, and the date of the year, to the bridegroon; and the large one, having the name Jahasie Zalvzianski, to the bride. For one moment, while he pronounced a few words in a solemn tone, they retained them, and them Jahasie, lifting her eyes to the bridegroom's as if to gather strength and firmness for the last solemn act, they exchanged them—the small one, having his name, shone on her finger—while the larger ring encircled his. Immediately on entering the chateau, the bride's veil and wreath were removed by a married lady, and replaced by a cap ornamented with orange-blossoms, entirely concealing her beautiful tresses. Meantime, the bridesmaids had been flitting around her, laughing, whispering, blushing. Presently she took the wreath, which one of them had disengaged, from her veil, and flinging it among them, it fell on the shoulders of a beautiful girl, who was at once pronounced the "bride of the next wedding." Just then several beautiful children of about ten years, having on their arms small silver filagree baskets, filled with tiny boquets of choice exotics, entered the saloon, and going round through the guests, presented one to each, with a gold pin to fasten it, having a head in the form of a hexagon, each of the sides of which was delicately engraven. On one side were the initials of the bride; on the second, those of the bridegroom; on the third, the day of the week; the fourth, the day of the month; the fifth, the date of the year; and the sixth the name of the district in which the ceremony had been performed, of which they are ever after to be preserved as mementoes.

The North and the South.

BROOKFIELD, May 29, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—While looking over Kenyon's grammar the other day, I came across this sentence: "The other side has the best of the argument." The thought suggested itself to my mind, that this must be precisely what the rebels are thinking concerning the North, since their numerous defeats, and the question naturally arose, why have we the best of the argument? There are several answers to the question. First, the north is the strongest in men and money. While the rebels are obliged to manage every way, whether right or wrong, to furnish themselves with men and funds for carrying on the rebellion and sustaining the miserable government which they have set up, and while they are actually suffering for the necessaries of life, the people of the north are living in the midst of plenty. They open their purses voluntarily and pour forth the "yellow shiners" into the treasury of the nation, while at the same time they place themselves under the good old Stars and Stripes, thereby convincing the rebels more forcibly than words could do, that the Union must and shall be preserved, that treason shall go down, that ere long they shall do homage to that flag which they polluted with their treacherous hands, and that the

"Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave,
Oe'r the land of the free and the home of the brave."

It is such vigorous action as this which strikes terror to the hearts of evil doers, and convinces them that they are on the wrong side of the argument.

Second, The north is fighting to sustain the right—the south to sustain the wrong. The rebels know that they are fighting against the best form of government that the sun ever shone upon, while they already feel that their own is a most tyrannical one; consequently that little monitor within, called conscience, is very troublesome. But the people of the north have the approving smile of heaven on their labors, because they are engaged in a holy cause. They are engaged in preserving this government which was purchased by our forefathers for their posterity to enjoy, where all men, from the haughty Caucasion, to the lowly African, might enjoy equal privileges. And while the soldiers of the army are enduring the hardships of camp life, and risking their lives for the sake of their country, they may have the assurance that if Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, could look down from the lofty seats which they undoubtedly occupy, that they would receive an approving look from them.—Here, then, the people of the north have a second advantage. In addition to brave hearts, willing hands, and well filled purses, they have clear and approving consciences.

Third, The north is fighting for liberty—the rebels for slavery. But it cannot add much to their confidence in their strength, when they consider that for every slave that they keep, they harbor an enemy in their midst. Those four million slaves, will be four million voices, speaking in tones of thunder to the rebels in language too plain to be misunderstood, that it is impossible for them to succeed as long as they are guilty of holding their fellow men in bondage. But the people of the north have the satisfaction of knowing that they are engaged in a struggle that may be the means of ridding this country of the greatest evil that ever cursed a nation, for which they will receive the blessing, not only of millions of Africans, but of the whole civilized world. But more than this. While the rebels are tormented (as I hope that they are) by the ghosts of John Brown whom they hung at Harper's Ferry, and hosts of others who were slain by them