Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XIII. WELLSBORO, PA., FEB. 7, 1866. NO. 6.

The Tioga County Agitator

Is Published every Wednesday Morning, at $2,00 a Year, invariably in advance, by

COBB & VAN GELDER.

M. H. COBB.] [P. C. VAN GELDER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	1 yr
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1 Column.....	20,00	35,00	45.00	65,00	80,00

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JOBBING DEPARTMENT.

The Proprietors have stocked the establishment with a large assortment of modern styles

JOB AND CARD TYPE

AND FAST PRESSES,

and are prepared to execute neatly, and promptly,

POSTERS, HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER HEADS, STATEMENTS,

TOWNSHIP ORDERS, &c., &c.

Deeds, Mortgages, Leases, and a full assortment of Constables' and Justices' Blanks, constantly on hand.

People living at a distance can depend on having their work done promptly, and sent back in return mail.

☞OFFICE—Roy's block, Second Floor.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

W. D. TERBELL & CO.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints and Oils, &c., &c.
Corning, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

W. A. NICHOLS.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

S. F. SHAIBLIN,

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER. Shop over C. L. Wilcox's Store.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

JULIUS SHERWOOD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Court Street, opposite the Court House, Williamsport, Pa.
Jan. 6, 1866–1y*

H. W. WILLIAMS, | WM. H. SMITH.

WILLIAMS & SMITH,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency, Main Street Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.

JOHN I. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW Tioga Village, Tioga County, Penn'a. Prompt attention to Collections.
Jan 1, 1866.–1y.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (First door from Bigoney's, on the Avenue)—Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.

GEORGE WAGNER,

TAILOR. Shop first door north of L. A. Sears's Shoe Shop. ☞Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and well.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

JOHN B. SHAKSPEARE,

DRAPER AND TAILOR. Shop over Bowen's Store, second floor. ☞Cutting, Fitting, and Repairing done promptly and in best style.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866–1y

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,

CORNER OF MAIN STREET & THE AVENUE J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor. This popular Hotel, has been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. A good hostler always on hand.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.—1y

ROBT. HAWLEY, H. H. CUMMIN.

HAWLEY & CUMMIN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport Pa.—Special attention given to collection of Pensions. Bounty and Back Pay, and all claims against the National and State Governments.
Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1865–3m.

JOSEPH MANLEY,

BLACKSMITH AND SHOER: I have rented the shop lately occupied by Mr. P. C. Hoig, and am prepared to shoe horses and oxen, and to do all kinds of work pertaining to the business in a superior manner.
Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1866.–1y.

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR. This is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. [Jan. 1, 1866.]

J. HERVEY EWING,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, No. 11 Law Building,—St. Paul St., Baltimore.

REFERENCES.—Levin Gale; Attorney at Law, Edward Israel, Att'y at Law, Rev. J. McK. Riley, D. D., Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., Confield, Bro. & Co., F. Grove & Co., Ludwig & McSherry, John F. McJilton, Esq., Robert Lawson, Esq., S. Sutherland, Esq. [Mr. EWING is authorized to transact any business appertaining to this paper in Baltimore.]
Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

VIOLIN STRINGS at WEBB'S DRUG STORE.

HALL'S CELEBRATED VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, can be had at ROY'S Drug Store.

CONCENTRATED LYE, for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE

FLOUR AND FEED, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, Meal, Pork and Salt, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Saleratus, Tobacco and Kerosene Oil. Also, Mackerel, White Fish, and Trout, by the package or pound.
CHAS. & H. VAN VALKENBURG.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1865.

WHEELBARROWS, CHEESE PRESS SCREWS, and scaleboards for boxing cheese, also

Powder, Shot and Lead

and pistol cartridges.

GUNN & TUCKER

are also agents for Miles's Patent Money Drawer. Also, agents for Ribbon Stamps and Seal Presses. Remember—at Gunn & Tucker's Hardware Store, Wellsboro.
Jan. 1. 1866.—1y

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—Twenty-five acres of land near Wellsboro, an excellent soil, well fenced, a handsome buildingsite and fine view of the town and vicinity, a never failing spring of water, &c. Enquire of
JOHN DICKINSON, Esq.
Delmar, Dec. 13, 1865–3m.

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—

FRANK SPENCER

has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Tioga county that they have the best opportunity ever offered them, to procure Ambrotypes, Ferrotypes, Gems, Cartes de Visite, Vignettes, and all kinds of fancy and popular card, and colored pictures, at his Gallery on Elmira Street.
Mansfield, Nov. 15, '65-tf. F. M. SPENCER.

D. HART'S HOTEL.

WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO. PENNA.

THE subscriber takes this method to inform his old friends and customers that he has resumed the conduct of the old "Crystal Fountain Hotel," and will hereafter give it his entire attention. Thankful for past favors, solicits a renewal of the same.
DAVID HART.
Wellsboro, Nov. 4, 1863.–1y.

KING'S PORTABLE LEMONADE is the only preparation of the kind made from the fruit. As an article of economy, purity, and deliciousness, it cannot be surpassed, and is recommended by physicians for invalids and family use. It will keep for years in any climate, while its condensed form renders it especially convenient for travelers. All who use lemons are requested to give it a trial. Entertainments at home, parties, and picnics should not be without it. For sale by all Druggists and first class Grocers. Manufactured only by
LOUIS F. METZGER,
Jan. 1, 1866–1y. No. 549 Pearl St., N. Y.

DEERFIELD WOOLEN FACTORY.

THE UNDERSIGED having purchased the well known Woolen Factory of Messrs. E. & B. S. Bowen on the Cowanesque River, two miles east of Knoxville, takes this method of informing the inhabitants of Tioga and adjoining counties that he will manufacture wool by the yard or on shares to suit customers, into

FLANNELS, CASSIMERES, DOE-SKINS, FULL CLOTHS, of all kinds.

The machinery has been thoroughly repaired and new machinery added thereto, also an improved new wheel which will enable him to work the entire season. He will pay particular attention of

Roll Carding & Cloth Dressing,

which will be done in the neatest possible manner, having added one new Roll Machine, will enable him to dispatch and accommodate people from a distance. He would farther say that he has carried on the business in manufacturing wool for farmers in Bradford and adjoining counties for the past twenty years; he therefore can warrant all work and satisfy his customers, using nothing in manufacturing but genuine wool. JOSEPH INGHAM.
Deerfield, Jan. 1, 1866–1y.

SEPTEMBER 1st 1865.

FROM THIS DATE,

FOR READY PAY ONLY!

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES;

Leather, Findings, &c.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES, PELTS, DEER SKINS AND FURS.

DR. FRANKLIN SAYS:

"When you have anything to advertise, tell the public of it in plain, simple language."

I am manufacturing good custom made Boots and Shoes which I will sell at fair prices, and only for *READY PAY*. Such work cannot be sold at as low rates per pair as eastern made slop-work, but it can and will be sold at prices which will enable the purchaser to protect his feet with good substantial boots more cheaply than with a poor slop-shop article, which, even if it chances not to fall in pieces with the first weeks service, is but a doubtful protection in wet and cold weather. Try me.

Buck and Doeskins Wanted,

in the red and short blue, for which I will pay cash and a good price.

Beef-Hides and Calfskins Wanted,

or which I will also pay cash.

Sheep Pelts Wanted,

for which I will also pay cash and the highest market price.

An assortment of sole, upper, calfskins and linings, pegs, thread, nails, awls, knives, shoe-hammers, &c., &c., kept constantly on hand, which I will sell cheap for cash. Shop on Main Street between Wilcox's and Bullard's.
G. W. SEARS.

N. B. I can't give credit, because, to be plain, haven't got it to give.
Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1866.

NEW GOODS AT PEACE PRICES!

The attention of the public is called to my stock of

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES

which I have just purchased in New York City 25 per cent. cheaper than those who purchased earlier. I am offering Goods very cheap,

FOR CASH ONLY.

MY STOCK

Is Large and Well Selected

CONSISTING OF

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS

OF THE

NEWEST STYLES.

MERINOES, ALPACAS, PARAMATTAS, of all Colors, NOTIONS of all Descriptions,

GLOVES, HOSIERY, DRESS TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, RIBBONS, &c.

A Large Stock of

DOMESTICS,

CONSISTING OF

BROWN AND BLEACHED MUSLINS, DENIMS, FLANNELS, &c.

Fine Prints, fast colors, 2 shillings per yd.
Nice Brown Muslin, yard wide, 2s. per yd.
" Bleached " " 2s. per yd.
All Wool Red Flannel, 4s. per yd.

Shawls, Hoop Skirts, Boots & Shoes.

Also a complete assortment of

GROCERIES,

SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES, &c.,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

CLOTHS OF ALL KINDS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, KENTUCKY JEANS, &c.

MEN'S & BOY'S HATS & CAPS, all styles,

All of which will be sold for Cash lower than any other

FIRM IN THE COUNTY.

S. O. DAGGETT,

First Door above Post Office.

TIOGA, Nov. 29, 1865–3m.

THE MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS' forty different styles, adapted to sacred and secular music, for $80 to $600 each. *Thirty-Five Gold* or *Silver Medals*, or other first premiums awarded them. Illustrated Catalogues sent free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MASON BROTHERS, New York.
[Sept. 13, 1865–1y.]

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

LANG & WHITE,

Of MANSFIELD, Pa., have just received and offer to the inhabitants of Tioga county, at the lowest cash prices, a large and well assorted stock of the following first class goods:

DRUGS, MEDICINES, & DYE STUFFS,

Paints, Oil, Putty and Glass, Howe & Stevens' Family Dyes, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, Hair Oils and Pomades, School and Miscellaneous Books, Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blank Books, and Blank Deeds of all kinds, Diaries for 1866,

Photograph and Autograph Albums, Gold Pens and Pocket Cutlery, All kinds of Toys, Tobacco, Snuff & Cigars of best brands.

Pianos, Melodeons, & Cabinet Organs

VIOLINS, GUITARS, ACCORDEONS,

and all kinds of Musical Instruments and musical merchandize. All the most popular Sheet Music always on hand.

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

By special arrengements with the largest manufacturing house in New York, we can furnish all styles of

INSTRUMENTS,

required in

BRASS AND SILVER BANDS.

Parties wishing Instruments will save ten per cent. by communicating with us before purchasing elsewhere. All Instruments delivered

FREE OF CHARGE, AND

WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

Pianos and Melodeons to rent on reasonable terms. Agents for the celebrated Florence Sewing Machines. LANG & WHITE.
Mansfield, Dec. 6, 1865–6m.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Dr. W. W. WEBB & BRO.

Have opened a Drug and Chemical Store, on Main Street, 1st door below Hastings, where they intend to keep a full assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

A good article of Medicinal Liquors and Wines. Prescriptions carefully prepared. Medical advice given free of charge.
Wellsboro, Nov. 8–1y.

NEW FIRM & NEW GOODS AT TIOGA

BORDEN BRO'S

Would respectfully announce to "all whom it may concern," that they keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of:

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS AND WALL PAPER,

DYE STUFFS, FAMILY DYES, LAMPS,

GLASS WARE, PLATED WARE,

such as CASTORS, SPOONS,

TEA & TABLE, FORKS,

CAKE DISHES, &c.

WRITING PAPER,

ENVELOPES, SCHOOL BOOKS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Tea, Coffee, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Saleratus, Starch,

TOILET AND WASHING SOAPS,

and an endless variety of

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Tioga, Pa., Oct. 4, 1865–1y*5.

A TRUMP CARD!

GREAT BARGAINS!!—I would in all confidence say to the people of Wellsboro and surrounding country that I have just returned from New York with

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

consisting of

READY MADE CLOTHING

for Men and Boys.

OVER AND UNDER SHIRTS.

I furnish everything to make a man warm and comfortable. Also,

A NICE LOT OF CASSIMERES,

Also, a large stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

for MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN.

HATS, CAPS, &C.,

too numerous to mention. All of which

I OFFER FOR CASH,

at prices calculated to carry out my rule of business.

Small Profits and Quick Sales!

Please to call and examine my Stock. Remember the place,

THE CHEAP CASH STORE,

ROY'S BUILDING.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 18. G. P. CARD.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that books for receiving subscriptions to the Capital Stock of THE NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY, will be opened at 10 o'clock on Saturday, February 24, 1866, at the Hotel of J. W. Bigoney, in the borough of Wellsboro, Tioga co., Pennsylvania.

J. CHRISTIE,
GEO. M. TRACY,
J. W. BIGONEY,
R. FARR.

Jan. 17, 1866–6w.

Select Poetry.

THE MATRON YEAR.

THE LAST POEM WRITTEN BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

The leaves that made our summer pathway shady,
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading, like a stately lady,
Who lays aside her youthful vanities;
Yet, while the memory of our beauty lingers,
She cannot wear the livery of the old;
So autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers,
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

The matron's voice filled all the hills and valleys
With full-toned music when the leaves were young,
While now, in forest dells and garden alleys,
A chirping, reedy song at eve is sung:
Yet sometimes, too, when sunlight gilds the morning,
A carol bursts from some half-naked tree,
As if her slow but sure decadence scorning,
She woke again the olden melody.

With odorous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,
She made her beauty bright and debonair;
But now the sad earth yields no floral treasures,
And twines no roses for the matron's hair;
Still she cannot all lovely things surrender;
Right regal is her drapery even now—
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendor,
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow!

In June she brought us tufts of fragrant clover,
Rife with the wild bee's cheery monotone,
And when the earliest bloom was past and over,
Offered us sweeter scents from fields new mown;
Now upland orchards yield, with pattering laughter,
Their red cheeked bounty to the groaning wain,
And heavy-laden racks go creeping after,
Piled high with sheaves of golden-bearded grain.

Ere long, when all to love and life are clinging,
And festal holly shine on every wall,
Her knell shall be the New-year bells outringing;
The drifting snow her stainless burial pall;
She fades and fails, but proudly and sedately,
This Matron Year, who has such largess given.
Her brow still tranquil and her presence stately,
As one who, losing earth, holds fast to Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE TABLES TURNED.

One evening, not long since, a number of old shipmasters chanced to meet at a social supper, and after the cloth was removed we went in for yarn spinging. And among our number was Captain Richard Nutter, and a finer man or better sailor, never trod a deck. At length it came his turn to tell a story, or, what we preferred—and what the rest of us had done—relate some incident of experience in his own life.

"Well, boys," he said, as he rejected the wine, which was at that moment passed to him for the first time, "I will give you a bit of the early part of my ocean life, and it is a very important bit, too, for upon it I have built the whole of my subsequent manhood."

We prepared to listen to Captain Nutter with the most profound attention, for he was not only an old seaman, but one of the most successful commanders in our mercantile marine. We listened, and his story was as follows:

"I was very young when I first entered on shipboard, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indiaman, for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old Lady Dunlap—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all told. We 'boys,' as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict. Of course we youngsters found plenty of occasion to find fault with him, and very often were his decisions arraigned before our mess and decidedly condemned. In fact, we should have reversed many of his judgments if we had had the power; but as he was the commander, and we only foremast hands—and boys at that—he had his own way and, the luminous decisions we came to were consequently of no avail, and lost to the world.

"Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. We could toss off a glass of rum and water with as much grace as any one, and we claimed the right so to do, not only as a privilege, but as an honor to which a life upon the ocean entitled us. But even in this respect our captain pretended to differ from. When we could get on shore, we would invariable indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off or be brought off, in a state anything but sober. I said 'we,' but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of anything intoxicating. His name was John Small and he belonged in one of the back towns of New Jersey.

"Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however, for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack Small favors which he did not show to us. He would often take Jack on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. Of course this created a sort of envy on our part, and it ended in a decided ill-will towards poor Jack.

"Now in truth, Jack was one of the best fellows in the world. He was kind, obliging, honest, always willing to lend a helping hand in case of distress, and as true a friend as ever lived—only he wouldn't drink with us, that was all. No—that wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor and had learned more of navigation. But this we tried to lay to the captain's paying him the most attention, though we knew better at the time, for we had the privilege of learning just as much as we had a mind to. The truth of the matter was, we five loved the idea of being old salts, better than we did anything else, and we spent more time in watching for opportunities to have a spree than we did in learning to perfect ourselves in the profession we had chosen.

"It even got so at length, that Jack Small was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy, and he used to work out the reckonings at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eye-sore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particlar, and yet we wouldn't open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease and run him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for awhile.

"At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken, we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. Once more we laughed and joked with him in the mess, and he in return helped us in our navigation. We were on our homeward bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and according we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

"Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got ashore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure We planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him, for nothing on earth could please us more than to get Jack Small drunk, and carry him on board in that shape, for then we fancied that the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with preference over ourselves. We had the matter all arranged and in the mean time we paid Jack all the attention in our power—so much so that he at length signified a willingness to go anywhere to please us, provided we would not go into any bad places.

"Dinner time came, and a most capital dinner we had. We had selected one of the best hotels, for the prices were no higher there than at places of lower repute, and, in fact, not so high, for these low places fleece a sailor most unmercifully. The eatables were dispatched with becoming gusto, and then the wine was brought on.

"Ah! what have you here?" asked Jack, betraying some uneasiness at the appearance of the glasses and bottles.

"Only a little new wine," I replied, as carelessly as I could. "Mere juice of the grape."

"But it is wine, nevertheless," pursued he.

"It isn't wine," cried Sam Pratt, who was one of the hardest nuts old Neptune ever cracked.

"No," chimed in Tim Black, another of about the same stamp. "It's only a little simple juice. Come, boys, fill up."

The glasses were accordingly filled, Sam Pratt performing that duty, and he took good care that Jack's glass had a good quantity of sweetened rum in it.

"No," said Jack, as the glass was moved towards him; "If you are going to commence thus, I will keep you company with water while you remain orderly, but I will not touch wine."

"This was spoken very mildly, and with a kind smile, but yet it was spoken firmly, and we could see that our plan was about being knocked in the head. We urged him to drink with us—only one glass, it no more. We told him how innocent it was, and how happy his social glass would make us; but we could not move him.

"'Then let him go!' cried Tim, who had already drank some. In fact, all of us but Jack had drank more or less during the forenoon. 'Let him go. We don't want the mean fellow with us!'

"'That's it,' added Sam, with a bitter 'off he goes.' If he's too good to drink with his shipmates, we don't want him.'

"'You mis-understand me,' said Jack, in a tone of pain. 'I am not too good to drink with you, in the sense in which you would take it. But I do not wish to drink at all.'

"'Too stingy, that's all,' said I, determined to make him drink, if I could. But Jack looked at me so reproachfully as I said this, that I wished I had not spoken as I did.

"'If you wish to enjoy your wine, messmates,' said Small, at the same time rising from his chair, 'you can do so, but I beg you will excuse me. I will pay my share of the expenses for the dinner.'

"'And for your share of the wine,' said Tim, 'for we ordered it for you.'

"'No,' returned Jack, 'I cannot pay for any of the wine—'

"'*Mean!*' cried two or three at a breath.

"'No, no, messmates, not mean. I will pay for the whole of the dinner—for every article you and I have had in the house, save the wine.'

"And as he spoke he rang the bell.—He asked the waiter who entered what the bill was for the company, without the wine; and after the amount had been stated, he took out his purse to pay it, when Sam Pratt, who was our acknowledged leader, caught his arm.

"'No—not so,' said Sam. 'You shall not pay for it, for we will not eat at the expense of one who will sneak out of a scrape in this way. We want nothing more to do with you unless you take a glass of wine with us.'

"'Very well,' said Jack; and as he spoke I could see that his lip quivered, and that he dared not speak more.

"He turned towards the door then, but before he reached it Tim Black ran and caught him, at the same time exclaiming:

"'May I be blessed if you go off so, any way. You've commenced, and now you've got to stick it out.'

"This was the signal for us to commence again, and once more we tried to urge Jack to drink the wine; and when we found that urging would not do, we commenced to abuse and scoff. We accused him of trying to step over us on board the ship, and of all other bad things of which we could think. For a while the poor fellow seemed inclined to let his anger get the upper hands; but at length he calmed himself, and stepping back to his chair, he said:

"'Shipmates, will you listen to me for a moment?'

"Silence gave consent, and in a moment more he resumed:

"'Since matters have come to this pass, I have resolved to tell you what I had meant to keep locked up in my bosom.'

"We had always thought, from Jack's manner, that there was something peculiar connected with his early life, and we were all attention in a moment.

"'My story is but a very short one,' he continued, 'and I can tell it in a very few words. From the time of my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless was the first winter of my life to which my memory leads my mind. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing, nothing but misery and woe! My poor mother used to clasp me to her bosom to keep me warm, and once—once I remember—when her very tears froze on my cheek! O, how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray, too. And I used to see that husband and father return to his home, and I remember how my poor mother cried and trembled.

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along towards school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once, for my mother had told me how noble my own father could be if the accursed demon rum were not in his way; but the fatal power was upon him, and though he often promised, and though he often tried, yet he could not escape.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God may never see another experience. At length one cold morning in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night.—My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from his face. It was my father—and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!"

"Poor Jack stopped a moment and wiped his eyes. Not one of us spoke, for we had become too deeply moved. But he soon went on.

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. O, shipmates, I cannot tell you how my mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped the icy corpse to her beating bosom, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all powerful now. The two men went away and left the body still on the floor. My mother wished me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. "My child," she said to me, and the big tears were rolling down her cheeks, "you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as a man can be, but O, see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, O promise, here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery."

"O, shipmates I did promise, then and there, all that my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken.—My father was buried, and some good, kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring came I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship, and I did so, and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. And even had I made no such pledge I would not touch the fatal cup, for I know that I have a fond, doting mother who would be made miserable by my dishonor, and I would rather die than bring more sorrow upon her head. Perhaps you have no mothers; and if you have perhaps they do not look to you for support, for I know you too well to believe that either of you would ever bring down a loving mother's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge the wine cup upon me."

"As Jack thus spoke he turned towards the door, but Tim Black stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," cried Tim, wiping his eyes and starting up from his chair. "You shan't go alone. I *have* got a mother, and love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine, for by the love I bear her, I here swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I will drink no more."

"Give us your hand, Tim," cried Sam Pratt. I'll go with you."

"I waited no more but quickly starting from my chair I joined the other two, and ere long the whole five of us joined with Jack Small in his noble life-plan. We called for pen, ink and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was untouched, and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

"Towards evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we had all come over the side and reported ourselves to him his countenance changed. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"Look here, boys," he said, after he had examined us thoroughly, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I.

"Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain.—He took it and read it, and his face changed its expressions several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

"We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no longer had our envy, for he took hold and taught us navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six were rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

"Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believed the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met—the whole six of us—at the Astor House in New York, and not one of us had broken the pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. Four of us were then commanders of good ships, one was a merchant in New York, and the other was just going out as a American consul to one of the Italian cities on the Mediterranean.

"You know why I do not drink wine with you, and of course you will not urge it upon me, nor take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect.

THE MISCHIEFS OF FUR CAPES.—If an editor who is a man says anything about feminine clothing, he is apt to be told that he knows nothing about it. A woman is more likely to meet with a respectful hearing. Let us therefore give heed to what the editress of the Ladies' Friend says in the January number of that sprightly magazine. After some very sensible remarks on ladies shoes, she continues:

But there is an article of dress worn now, as irrational in its way as thin shoes, and exemplifying the feminine weakness of preferring beauty to comfort.

We never see the fur capes so common in winter without a shudder at the mischief we know they are doing. If their warmth is no more than comfortable, then it follows that the ordinary clothing of the vital parts of the body is insufficient, and the system is in a chronic shiver except when the fur cape is on. If suitable winter clothing is habitually worn, then the fur is too heavy an addition, and over-heating, followed by dangerous chillness upon the removal, is the regular consequence of wearing it.—Either way the throat and chest suffer.

If fur capes, fit only for the coldest weather, were only worn at such times, they would be less injurious, but everybody knows that if a lady has a handsome set of furs she will sport them, in full equipment, at all times through our variable seasons, not excepting the mid-winter thaw, that feels likes ummer.—There are ways enough of wearing fur, the most beautiful and useful of winter luxuries in dress, without thus abusing it."

To which we add we wish the ladies would throw away the fur things while in church, unless the heating apparatus is out of service. Wearing such things out of doors may be admissable; wearing them inside of a heated and crowded building, is both absurd and unhealthy.

CURE FOR A FOUL MOUTH.—When the encampment was near their home, little Stephen loved to go with his father, who was an officer, to see the tents, the drill, and to hear the music. He was much about the camp, and learned even to beat a tattoo upon the drum. One day the General came up and used some very profane words. The child knew the language was wicked, and said to the General, "Sir, it is wrong to use such words as you do." After a little while the General swore again. "Oh, sir," said the little one, "it would not do for you to be *my mamma's* little boy." "Why not, my chap?" "Because, sir, if she should hear you say wicked words, she would wash your mouth out with *soap* and *charcoal*."

THE MICROSCOPE.—With the help of his microscope, man can enter into a world unknown to the ignorant and altogether invisible to the unassisted eye. In every plant and flower which adorns the field, in every leaf of the forest, in the seeds, pickles, and down of all vegetables, he perceives beauties and harmonies, and exquisite contrivances, of which, without this instrument, he could have formed no conception. In every scale of haddock he perceives a beautiful piece of net-work, admirably contrived and arranged, and in the scale of a sole a still more diversified structure, which no art could imitate, terminated with pointed spikes, and formed with admirable regularity. Where nothing but a speck of moldiness appears to the naked eye, he beholds a forest of mushrooms with long stalks, and with leaves and blossoms distinctly visible. In the eyes of a common fly, where others can see only two small protuberances, he perceives several thousands of beautiful transparent globes, exquisitely rounded and polished, placed with the utmost regularity in rows, crossing each other like a kind of lattice-work, and forming the most admirable piece of mechanism which the eye can contemplate. The small dust that covers the wings of moths and butterflies he perceives to consider of an infinite multitude of feathers of various forms, not much unlike the feathers of birds, adorned with the most bright and vivid colors. In an animal so small that the naked eye can scarcely distinguish it as a visible point, he perceives a head, mouth eyes, legs, joints, bristles, hair, and other animal parts and functions, as nicely formed and adjusted, and endowed with as much vivacity, agility, and intelligence as in the large animals. In the tail of a small fish or the foot of a frog, he can perceive variegated branches of the veins and arteries, and the blood circulating through them with amazing velocity. In a drop of stagnant water he perceives thousands of living beings of various shapes and sizes, beautifully formed, and swimming with wanton vivacity, like fishes in the midst of the ocean. In short, by this instrument he perceives that the whole earth is full of animation, and that there is not a single tree, plant or flower, and scarcely a drop of water, that is not teeming with life and people with its peculiar inhabitants. He thus enters, as it were, into a new world, invisible to other eyes, where every object in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms present a new and interesting aspect, and unfolds beauties, harmonies, contrasts and exquisite contrivances, altogether inconceivable by the ignorant and unreflecting mind.

A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a solitary spinster, who putting her night-capped head out of the window, exclaimed; "Go away! ain't you ashamed?"

The best description of weakness we have ever heard is the wag's query to his wife, when she gave him some chicken broth, if she would not try to coax the chicken just to wade through the soup once more.

Mrs. Grundy is opposed to gambling. She calls for a Red Sea, like that of old, to destroy Faro and all his hosts.

The sugar wedding thirty days after marriage is the newest thing out.