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THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

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VAN GELDER & MITCHELL.

P. C. Van Gelder. | Jno. I. Mitchell.

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Subscription, (per year).....$2,00.

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☞ Justice Blanks, Constable Blanks, Deeds, Judgment Notes, Marriage Certificates, &c., on hand.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Van Gelder & Mitchell,

Book, Plain and Fancy Job Printers. All work promptly and neatly executed.—Jan. 1, 1870.

William A. Stone,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, first door above Converse & Osgood's store, on Main street. Wellsboro, June 22, 1870 y

Smith & Merrick,

Attorneys & Counselors at Law. Insurance, Bounty and Pension Agency. Office on Main Street, Wellsboro Pa, opposite Union Block. Jan. 1, 1870. W. H. SMITH. GEO. W. MERRICK.

Seeley, Coates & Co.

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga, County, Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.—Dec. 15, 1869-1y*

Jno. W. Adams,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to. Jan. 1, 1870.

Jno. I. Mitchell,

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Claim and Insurance Agent. Office over Kress' Drug Store, adjoining Agitator Office, Wellsboro, Pa. Jan. 1, 1870.

Wilson & Niles,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue. Jan. 1, 1870.

S. F. WILSON.] [J. B. NILES.

John W. Guernsey,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Office 2d door south of Hazlett's Hotel, Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Wm. B. Smith,

Pension, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate, Knoxville, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Seymour & Horton,

Attorneys and Counselors at law, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.

C. H. SEYMOUR J. C. HORTON.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

Wholesale Druggists, and dealers in Wall Paper, Kerosene Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1 '70.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon. Will attend promptly to all calls. Office on Crafton Street, in rear of the Meat Market, Wellsboro.—Jan. 1, 1870.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

Homoeopathist, Office at his Residence on the Avenue.—Jan. 1, 1870.

George Wagner,

Tailor. Shop first door north of Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store. Cutting, Fitting and Repairing done promptly and well.—Jan. 1, 1870.

R. E. Oniey,

Dealer in Clocks and Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, Violin Strings, &c. Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired. Engraving done in plain English and German.—Mansfield, Pa., Jan. 1, 1870.

Petroleum House,

Westfield, Pa, Geo. Close, Proprietor. A new Hotel conducted on the principle of live and let live, for the accommodation of the public. Jan. 1, 1870.

Hazlett's Hotel,

Tioga, Tioga County, Pa. Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. Geo. W. Hazlett, Prop'r.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Hill's Hotel,

Westfield Borough, Tioga Co., Pa. E. G. Hill, Proprietor. A new and commodious building with all the modern improvements. Within easy drive of the best hunting and fishing Grounds in Northern Penn'a. Conveyances furnished Terms moderate.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Smith's Hotel,

Tioga, Pa., S. M. Smith, Proprietor. House in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1870.

Farmers' Hotel.

B. MONROE, Proprietor. This house, formerly occupied by E. Fellows, is conducted on temperance principles. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable. March 30, 1870.-tf.

Union Hotel.

Wm B. Van Horn, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa. This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—May 4, 1870-1y.

THE GEM!

M. M. SEARS, PROPRIETOR.

WHERE delicious Ice Cream, French Confectionary, all kinds of fruits in their season, a nice dish of Tea, Coffee, or Chocolate, and Oysters in their season—can be had at all hours, served in the best style. Next door below Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

PRIZE TROTTING STALLION

JUPITER.

BY JUPITER Dam, Fanny Essler, will make the season of 1870, for a limited number of Mares, at the following places, viz:

WEDNESDAY OF EACH WEEK AT ELKLAND.
THURSDAY " " " " OSCEOLA.

The balance of the time at Wellsboro, Pa.

JUPITER is a dark Bay, 15¾ hands high, of great speed, beauty, and unequaled powers of endurance. The great promise of his colts makes him a most desirable Stallion for those wishing good stock. Mares from a distance furnished with good keeping and well cared for. All accidents at owner's risks.

Terms $10 to insure

May 4, 1870-tf L. C. BENNETT.

WALL PAPER

AT COST. At P. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

GREAT REDUCTION

IN DENTAL FEES.

The day of high prices is past. First class work at the following prices:

Artificial teeth, very best	$20 to $25
Cheaper sets	10 to 15
Part sets per tooth	2 to 3
Solid gold fillings	50c to $3,00
Silver and other fillings	25c to $1,00

Vitalized Air or Laughing Gas given in extracting teeth. No pain—no danger.

Call and read testimonials which will surely please you. A. B. EASTMAN, Dentist.

July 13, '70 tf 13, Main st, Wellsboro.

New Tobacco Store!

THE subscriber has fitted up the Store first door east Thomas Harden's dry goods store, for the manufacture and sale of

CIGARS, (all grades), Fancy and Common SMOKING TOBACCO, Michigan Fine Cut CHEWING, and all kinds of PLUG TOBACCO, PIPES, and the choicest Brand of CIGARS.

☞ Call and see for yourselves.

JOHN W. PURSEL.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.—tf.

New Tannery.

THE undersigned has fitted up the old Foundry building, near the Brewery, Wellsboro, and is now prepared to turn out fine calf, kip, cowhide, and harness leather in the best manner. Hides tanned on shares. Cash paid for hides. MARTIAL A. DURIF.

Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1870.

Wellsboro Bakery.

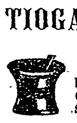
J. J. BURGIN would say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity that he is prepared to supply them with

BREAD, PIES AND CAKES,

of the best quality. We also serve meals and and ICE CREAM to those who wish. Call at the old Stevens' stand. J. J. BERGIN.

June 8, 1870-1y.

TIOGA DRUG STORE!



BORDEN keeps constantly on hand: Pure Drugs and Medicines, Chemicals, Paints and Oils, Lamps, Stationery, Yankee Notions &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

H. H. BORDEN.

Tioga, Jan. 1, 1870.-1y.

1870. FOR SALE 1870.

BY

T. B. STONE,

(formerly T. S. Wickham's Nursery)

AT HIS NURSERY OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, IN TIOGA:—

60,000 Apple Trees,

10,000 Pear Trees,

A good supply of PLUM, PEACH, CHERRY and ORNAMENTAL TREES & SHRUBBERY

The Fruit trees are composed of the choicest varieties, good, healthy, some of them large and in bearing. Any one wishing to get a supply will do well to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. ☞ Delivered at the depot, Wellsboro, Mansfield, Lawrenceville and Blossburg, free of charge. All orders promptly filled.

Address, T. B. STONE,

Tioga, Dec. 8, 1869-1y. Tioga, Pa.

PAINTS,

OILS AND BRUSHES,

For the Million, at

March 16, 1870-tf. W. C. KRESS.

House & Lot for Sale.

A GOOD House and barn, on a lot of two acres, within ten minutes walk of the Court House, Wellsboro, is offered for sale. Inquire of John U. Mitchell, Esq., Wellsboro. Jan. 25, 1870-tf

MANSFIELD

MINERAL PAINT,

For sale by

March 16, 1870-tf. W. C KRESS.

PATENT CLOTHES WIRE.

THE undersigned having secured the agency for the Patent Metallic White Wire for Clothes Lines, which does not rust, and is cheaper and more durable than any other invention, and will be sold cheap

☞ Orders left at the Post Office will receive prompt attention. L. P. HEATH.

We, the undersigned, cheerfully recommend the above Patent Wire, having used it for a long time and find it to be all it is represented:

P. C. VAN GELDER.
W. T. MATHERS.
B. B. HOLIDAY,
A. M. INGHAM, M. D.

June 1, 1870-tf.

HOWARD SANITARY AID ASSOCIATION,

For the Relief and Cure of the Erring and Unfortunate, on Principles of Christian Philanthropy.

ESSAYS ON THE ERRORS OF YOUTH, and the Follies of Age, in relation to MARRIAGE and SOCIAL EVILS with Sanitary aid for the afflicted. Sent free, in sealed envelopes. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, May 4, 1870-1y. Box P. Philadelphia, Pa.

Wholesale and Retail

DRUG STORE!

By W. C. KRESS.

LOTS SPRING GOODS.

THE subscriber will keep on hand at all times a full stock of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

Patent Medicines,

Flavoring Extracts, Perfumery, Kerosene, Lamps, Wicks, Dye Colors, White Wash Lime and Brushes, Varnish and Sash Brushes, Window Glass all sizes, Varnish of all kinds, Fancy Soaps, Hair Oils, and

SPECTACLES

Hair and Tooth Brushes, a full stock of Yankee Notions; also a complete assortment of

Homœopathic Medicines,

and a full stock of

Pure Wines and Liquors.

Buyers are requested to call and examine prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Apr. 20, 1870. W. C. KRESS.

CORNING JEWELRY STORE!

A. D. DUDLEY,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

A large assortment of

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER PLATED WARE, CLOCKS AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ Engraving done in any style.

Corning, Dec. 15, 1869. A. D. DUDLEY,
1y. No. 10, Market St.

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.

Armstrong & Linn,

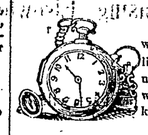
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.

Aug. 4, 1869-1y.

JEWELRY STORE!

WELLSBORO, PA.



ANDREW FOLEY, who has long been established in the Jewelry business in Wellsboro, has always on sale, various kinds and prices of

AMERICAN WATCHES,

GOLD OR SILVER CLOCKS, JEWELRY, GOLD CHAINS, KEYS, RINGS, PINS, PENCILS, CASES, GOLD & STEEL PENS, THIMBLES, SPOONS, RAZORS, PLATED WARE,

SEWING MACHINES,

&c., &c., &c.

With most other Articles usually kept in such establishment, which is sold low for

CASH.

Repairing done neatly, and promptly, and on short NOTICE. A. FOLEY.

January 5, 1870-1y.

CLEAR THE TRACK!

1870. 1870.

[BLANK VERSE.]

Another attempt to Confiscate;
A Bear trying to Bull the Market;
Heavy suits for Bonds;
Shylock wants his "Pound of Flesh"—
Wants it "nominated in the Bond."
Wants Damages—500,000,000—
Ad infinitum, ad nauseum.
The "learned Court" couldn't "see it," egad!
Sic transit gloria, "Old Line?"—
(The whole crew overboard:
"Too light for heavy business."
Another Tub to the Whale,
With the bottom knocked out.
But the Air Line "still lives,"
"Right side up, with care,"—
Speed, Safety and Style combined.
Let the public remain "serene."
F. D. B. & Co. and the Air Line—
One and inseparable,
Won! and forever! (Webster).
Let the Whangdoodle mourn. (bible).

F. D. BUNNELL & CO.

June 29, 1870 tf

Farm and Mill Property

FOR SALE

THE undersigned offers for sale in Jackson township, on Hammond's Creek, his Steam Saw Mill and Farm. Said farm contains 65 acres, three dwelling houses, store, & good barn. The Mill has been built 2 years, contains a 35 horse Power engine circular Mill, Shingle Machine, Lath Mill and Edger. Mill 40 by 75 feet, besides boiler house, and in good condition. Good power and plenty of stock for custom work. The farm is under good cultivation, about 50 acres improved, well watered, a good bearing orchard, and desirable for dairy purposes. The property should be seen to be appreciated. For terms, &c., address O. HAMILTON,

June 8, 1870-tf. Box 886, Elmira, N. Y.

Tioga Marble Works.

THE undersigned is now prepared to execute all orders for Tomb Stones and Monuments of either

ITALIAN OR RUTLAND MARBLE,

of the latest style and approved workmanship and with dispatch.

He keeps constantly on hand both kinds of Marble and will be able to suit all who may favor him with their orders, on as reasonable terms as can be obtained in the country.

FRANK ADAMS.

Tioga, Jan. 1, 1870-tf.

Insurance! Insurance!

HAND IN HAND

MUTUAL LIFE,

INSURANCE COMPANY

Office, No. 112 S. 4th St., Philadelphia.

Incorporated Feb'y 23, 1867.

Chart'd Capital $500,000.

Assets over $1,000,000 00

Stock and Mutual, combining Security with Profit. Suppose you are already insured in a first-class company, and from any cause whatever, (say after ten yearly payments) you do not or cannot pay longer and die—your insurance is gone and your money wasted. Not so in the "HAND IN HAND," All Policies are NON-FORFEITABLE.

This company which ranks among the most popular and successfull Life Insurance Companies, grants policies on all desirable plans, both with and without profits.

Traveling Priveleges unrestricted.

All policies are incontestible after one year from any of the ordinary causes.

Look to your Life Insurance. Please examine the following Comparative Table. It is sometimes alleged by Agents of other Companies that the Company they represent is safer than others. While we unhesitatingly assert our belief in the soundness and stability of all companies, we desire to present the following for the inspection of those desiring to Insure:

The following companies, Compare the annual premiums charged by each for an insurance on life at the age of 30 years, payable at death:

	Annual premium for life.	Ten annual payments.
Travelers'	$16,84	$33,21
Etna,	22,73	42,80
Home,	23,30	50,00
Equitable,	22,70	46,97
Washington,	22,70	46,97
Hand-in-Hand,	16,50	32,60

If not already Insured take a policy with the "HAND-IN-HAND."

the Best Mutual Company in the United States.

A. L. MONROE, Agent, Wellsboro.

Office with Dr. T. Mitchell.

Aug. 17, 1870-1y.

WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL, and PAINTERS' MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS, for sale cheaper than at any other establishment in Tioga county, at

F. R. WILLIAMS & CO'S.

WOOL WANTED.

CASH PAID FOR WOOL BY

D. P. ROBERTS.

Wellsboro June, 15, 1870.

Poets' Corner.

THEY WILL BE DONE

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burthen up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, bless'd by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

Miscellaneous Reading.

[From the National Standard.]

THE CHINESE.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We welcome every man of every race to our soil and to the protection of our laws. We welcome every man to the best opportunities of improving himself and making money, that our social and political systems afford. Let every oppressed man come. Let every poor man come. Let every man who wishes to change his residence come. We welcome all; frankly acknowledging the principle that every human being has the right to choose his residence just where he pleases on the planet. Our faith in our political institutions and in our social system, is that both can endure all the strain which such immigration will produce. More than this, we believe that our civilization will be perfected only by gathering into itself the patient toil, the content with moderate wages, the cunning hand, the inventive brain, the taste and aspirations, the deep religious sentiment, humor and vivid imagination, the profound insight and far reaching sagacity which mark the different races; each contributing one special trait to the great whole.

But such immigration to be safe and helpful, must be spontaneous. It must be the result of individual will obeying the laws of industry, and the tendencies of the age. Immigration of labor is an unmixed good. Importation of human freight is an unmitigated evil.

This brings us to the question of importing Chinese laborers. The Chinese are a painstaking, industrious, thrifty, inventive, self respectful and law abiding race. They have some pretensions to Democratic institutions and moral culture—are a little too much machines; but we shall soon shake that servility out of them. Their coming will be a welcome and valuable addition to the mosaic of our nationality. But, in order to do that, they must come spontaneously, of their own free will and motion, as the Irish, Germans and English have done. If the capital of the country sets to work, by system and wide co-operation, to import them in masses, to disgorge them upon us with unnatural rapidity, then their coming will be a peril to our political system and a disastrous check to our social progress.

We lay it down as a fundamental principle—never to be lost sight of—that every immigrant of every race must be admitted to citizenship, if he asks it.—The right to be naturalized must not be limited by race, creed, or birthplace.—Secondly, every adult here, native or naturalized, must vote. In spite of this, give us time, with only a natural amount of immigration, and we can trust the education and numbers of our native voters to safely absorb and make over the foreign element. Irish and German immigration has been only a ripple on our ocean's breadth. Generally speaking, it has been only a healthy stir. But it is easily possible for associated capital to hurry the coming of the Chinese in such masses as will enable these money lords to control the ballot box by their bond servants. An extended North Adams can do more than lessen shoemaker's wages. With one thousand such Samsons, the associated capital of Massachusetts can overwhelm the ballot box of that State.—We hold it to be clearly within the province, and as clearly the duty, of legislation to avert this danger. Capital is too strong, now. The public welfare demands that its political power be crippled. Universal suffrage is admissible only on condition of an educated people. We cannot undertake to educate the whole world at once. In detachments, million by million, we can digest the whole human race.

Then as to the influence of such importation on the laboring classes. The Chinaman will make shoes for seventy-five cents a day. The wages for such work in Massachusetts is two dollars. What will become of the native workingman under such competition? He met similar competition from the Irish immigrants and the German. But it never harmed him. They came in such natural and moderate numbers, as to be easily absorbed, without producing any ill effects on wages. These continued steadily to advance. So will it be in the case of the Chinese, if he be left to come naturally by his individual motion. Imported in overwhelming masses by the concerted action of capital, he will crush the labor of America down to a pauper level, for many years to come.

Putting aside all theories, every lover of progress must see, with profound regret, the introduction here of any element which will lessen wages. The mainspring of our progress is high wages—wages at such a level that the workingman can spare his wife to preside over a "*home*," can command leisure, go to lectures, take a newspaper, and lift himself from the deadening routine of mere toil. That dollar left after all the bills are paid on Saturday night, means education, independence, self respect, manhood; it increases the value of every acre near by, fills the town with dwellings, opens public libraries, and crowds them; dots the continent with cities, and cobwebs it with railways. The one remaining dollar insures progress, and guarantees Astor's millions to their owner better than a score of statutes. It is worth more than a thousand colleges, and makes armies and police superfluous.

The importation of Chinese labor seeks to take *that dollar* from our workingmen. The true statesman must regard such a policy as madness. The philanthropist must consider it cruel and mad too. Even so much of such a result as will inevitably be wrought by the natural immigration of the Chinese, is to be deplored. Every aggravation of it is to be resisted, for the sake of republicanism and civilization. If we cannot find in the armory of the law some effectual weapon to prevent it, our political and social future, for some fifty years, is dark indeed, and such a fate as swallowed up Roman civilization is by no means impossible.

Every one cries out for cheap labor to develope the country. Even if material, or pecuniary gain, were the only requisite for social or national progress—which, of course, it is far from being—still it is true that unsettled lands may be opened up too fast for profit; much more for real progress. Indeed, this random and thoughtless cry for *cheap labor*, is one of the great mistakes of heartless and superficial economists. Seldom has there been a graver mistake. We assert unhesitatingly that cheap products are an unmixed good: cheap labor is an unmitigated evil.—Human progress shows itself in a fall of prices and a rise of wages. Altho' labor makes one-half of the cost of production, still it is true that the world gains just so fast as prices fall and wages rise. To insure progress, the cost of everything but human muscle and brains must fall. The remuneration of these two elements in production must rise. In William Penn's time it took 137 day's toil to buy a ton of flour. In 1790, 125 days' would buy it. In 1835, 80 days' work sufficed. Now, 1870, probably 40 or 50 days' wages would buy a ton of flour. That fact measures and explains the social, industrial, moral and political progress of Pennsylvania.

In view of such a rule, we claim the right of government to check any forced and unnatural importation of labor.—Against such a claim, the advocate of a protective tariff cannot consistently open his mouth. If government may and should protect a nation against pauper labor in other lands, this, surely—this immigration of pauper labor—is the most threatening danger. If you would be consistent, Mr. Protectionist, join with us in devising effectual methods to avert it. If the Free Trader assails us with his objection, "has not the laborer a right to buy his cost or nour in the cheapest market? Has not the capitalist the same right to get his stock or labor in the cheapest market?" we answer, "Yes, under certain restrictions." To purchase the products of the earth, manufactured, or otherwise, wherever you can get them cheapest, is good; good for the seller and good for the purchaser. But this is only provided there is no artificial combination, no plot of powerful men, or classes, to flood the market of one land with the surplus of another. Every competition that comes in natural currents, from individual enterprise, is a healthy tendency to average. Secondly, the restriction is to be still more stringently enforced in the purchase of *human labor*, since the artificial and forced antagonism of that deranges society, undermines government, obstructs progress, crushes individual effort, and drags the highest type of human attainments down to the murky level of the lowest and idlest barbarism. Against any thing which threatens such results, government has the right to defend society by appropriate laws.

The rate of wages is said to depend on supply and demand. The rule is sound, but so equivocal that it is worth little. Rate of wages really depends on what the workman *thinks* will buy him the necessities of life. There are men in England whose highest idea of life is to work sixteen hours a day, go naked, eat meat once a year, herd, both sexes & all ages, with cattle under one roof, and need only two hundred words to express all their ideas. Such men will work for enough to supply these natural wants. When wages fall below that, they steal, starve, or wake to an intellectual effort, to better themselves.—Their idea of *necessaries* does much to fix the rate of wages. A Yankee farmer *must* have good clothes, schooling, ample food, and something over. These are his *necessities*. When wages will not buy them, he ceases to belong to the ranks of "supply," and carves out a new career. There is good food and high wages in the kitchens of N. York; more than many trades afford. A great "demand" there for American girls.—No "supply" nevertheless. We know it is only a sentiment that prevents.—But that sentiment is rigid as iron and inexorable as fate. "Supply and demand," therefore, are to be understood with a qualification. The "ideas" of the "supply" are a most important element in the caculation. What are the *ideas* of the "supply?" These regulate his wages. The Chinaman works cheap because he is a barbarian, and seeks gratification *only*, the lowest, the mott inevitable wants. The American demands more, because the ages—because Homer and Plato, Egypt and Rome, Luther and Shakespeare, Cromwell and Washington, the printing press and the telegraph, the ballot box and the Bible, have made him ten times as much a MAN.

Bring the Chinese to us slowly—naturally—and we shall soon lift him to the level of the same artificial and civilized wants that we feel. Then capitalist and laborer will be both equally helped. Fill our industrial channels with imported millions, and you choke them ruinously. They who seek to flood us, artificially, with barbarous labor, are dragging down the American home to the level of the houseless street herds of China. If the workingmen have not combined to prevent this, it is time they should. When rich men conspire, poor men should combine.

In such combinations—inevitable and indispensable in the circumstances—the best minds and hearts of the land are with them. Only let them be sure not to copy the tyranny which makes their opponents weak. Their only strength is an admitted principle—all men are equal—equally free to carve, each his own career, and entitled to all the aid his fellows can give. Stand on that, unflinchingly. Rebuke every threat.—Avoid all violence. Appeal only to discussion and the ballot. You outnumber the capitalists, at any rate. The ballot was given for just such crisis as these. Use it, and you oblige the press to discuss your claims. Use it remorselessly, and Legislatures will soon find a remedy. Compel attention by fidelity to each other. Inscribe on your ballot boxes, "Here we never forgive."

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY JENNIE T. HAZEN.

"Come to the barn with me, sir! I'll learn you to lie to me! I'll tan your jacket for you, sir!"

These words were spoken in my hearing by an angry father to his boy, Jim Thorne, who had told him a lie.

The boy followed his father, who stopped on his way and cut a whip the size of an ox goad, and soon the sound of stinging blows was heard, mingled with shrieks and cries which pierced me like arrows, but which the mother of the child did not heed, nor indeed seem to hear.

"Good Heaven!" I cried, "Nancy Thorne, how can you hear such blows and such cries, and not stop them or go mad?"

"He must learn not to lie to his father," she replied. "He has got to be such a liar, that we can place no dependence on a word he says. It has got to be whipped out of him."

Now, reader, don't hold up both your hands and say, "Horrible! what cruel, unnatural parents they were!"

They were no such thing; they were pleasant, agreeable people enough, honest and upright as the world goes, and meant to bring up their children right, and would have been angry indeed, had any one said they were harsh and unkind in the treatment of their children, or that they taught them to lie.

When the beating was finished, when Deacon Thorne had demonstrated his power, when he, as an earthly father, had done toward his child as he imagined his Heavenly Father would do toward him, the law of revenge was satisfied, and he threw down the rod and bent his steps homeward.

I felt that if I met him, there must surely be a collision, and I fled to my chamber and threw myself into a chair at the window that overlooked the porch, where Jimmy's mother was at work.

I watched the father as he walked rapidly down the path. There was no sign of pity or sorrow on his face, but instead, an *expression of satisfaction* of having done a good thing, vindicated his authority, punished the boy for a sin, and set his feet in the path of rectitude.

As he came near to his wife, he said:

"I guess I've given him a trouncing he'll remember one spell. What in the world makes that boy lie so? I am sure I don't know."

I listened with strained ears for some words of condemnation from the mother, but listened vainly. She only worked over her butter the more busily.

I, too, wonder what made the boy tell lies; he came of good, honest stock; as far back as could be remembered, none of his race had been imprisoned, or hanged; none of them had been remarkable as liars. Jim would lie;—there was no question of that, and I resolved to know why.

Deacon Thorne shaved, washed and combed himself, and I heard him ask his wife for a clean shirt. It was not Sunday, and I wondered where he was going, and, Yankee like, guessed it out. He belonged to the Baptist church, and to-day was "Covenant meeting" day. Pretty soon I heard him come out upon the steps and say to his wife:

"Nancy, it seems to me you might get your work done up, so as to go to covenant meeting sometimes. It don't look well for you, and it plagues me to have the brothers and sisters ask where sister Thorne is. What shall I tell 'em, Nancy?"

"You can tell them," replied Nancy, in rather a tart tone, "that I've no help about my work, and it is as much as I can do to get ready for Sunday."

Deacon Thorne got a flea in his ear. He had told his wife that he thought she could get along without a girl, now that the summer's work was done and the weather was cool. She had reluctantly consented to try it, for she, too, was—as Peggotty observed of Barkish—"petty near," and had an eye to the "main chances."

When I saw the old piebald horse hitched to the old green wagon, and the deacon seated therein, and all together moving through the gate, I hurried down stairs and through the woodshed, and took my way to the barn. Pushing open the door, and following the sounds of suppressed sobs, I found Jimmy crouching in the corner, with his head half hidden in a tuft of hay, quivering with excitement and pain.

When I put my hand upon him, he shrank from the touch; and when I spoke his name, he looked up with the look of a dog that has been beaten; and when I lifted his head and pillowed it on my lap, floods of tears gushed forth. I let him have a good cry, soothing him and passing my hand over his damp hair.

When he grew calmer, I loosened his shirt band and looked at his back, and as I did so, bit my lips to suppress a scream. It was literally covered with livid welts, and in some places the blood came through the skin.

Drawing his shirt band up, fastening it around his neck, and commanding as well as I could my trembling voice, I proposed to him to go with me to his room and rest awhile.

He rose slowly to his feet, and putting his hands in mine, we proceeded toward the house and gained the chambers in the same manner. I left them unseen by Mrs. Thorne.

I persuaded him to undress and lie down upon the bed; and while I bathed his aching head and bruised back, he told me what the offense was for which his father had beaten him. I'll give the story in his own words:

"Last week he"—referring to his father; it was curious to see how he avoided speaking the word father—"told me if I would dig all the taters in the south patch, I might go chestnutting the next day; and when I asked him the next day, he said he did not promise me, but I stuck to it he did, and told him right where he was when he said it. Then he said he didn't care if he did say so, I couldn't go, for I must pick up cider apples, and if I'd be a good boy and work right smart, I might go to-day; but I knew he would not keep his word, and Silas Bruce was going to-day, and I wanted to go too, for the squirrels were carrying off the nuts as fast as they could; and Silo Bruce and all the boys have got as many as I have; and when I asked him if I might go out, he said no I shouldn't, and told me to go over in the back lot and get the sheep; and I pretended to go, and went off with the other boys to hunt chestnuts; and he come through the woods hunting the old mare, and saw me there, and asked me what I was there for; and I told him I couldn't find the sheep in the lot, and was looking for them in the woods; and he said the sheep were in the lot, he had seen 'em when he was coming through it, and told me I had lied and he would lick me; but I stuck to it I did not lie, for I knew anyhow he has, and I hate him, and I'll run away; I'd rather live like Robinson Crusoe, and have Friday live with me, than live here and be licked every day."

"What could I say? I said nothing; but I sang him fast to sleep, and left him sleeping and went down stairs, thinking to talk to his mother about him; but I found her up to her elbows in flour, and her head full of baking for to-morrow, and a pursed up expression of her mouth warned me to keep shady. And so I wandered off to the orchard, and sat down among the yellow apples, and held my tongue; but in my heart I thanked God I was an old maid and had no boys to bring up.

At night the deacon came home, turned out his horse, ate his supper, and then inquired where Jimmy was. Mrs. Thorne did not know. He looked surprised, not to say alarmed, took down his hat, and went at a quick pace toward the barn.

Soon he came back, and—I'll confess it—I chuckled to see that he looked pale and scared. I had a good mind to keep still, and let him get what Theodore Winthrop calls a "prickly scare," but he came direct to me and asked me if I knew where he was. I reluctantly answered:

"Up stairs in bed, and asleep," and added, maliciously, "sick, too; and I shouldn't wonder if he has to have a doctor before he gets through with it."

The deacon shot an inquiry from beneath his shaggy brows, and went up stairs. I would have given all the apples in the orchard, to have seen him as he bent over his beaten boy.

He came down with a slow and hesitating step, and with a look on his face that I thought looked much good for Jim.

Strange that Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

One day Deacon Frisbie came to Deacon Thorne to buy a good cow. The irrepressible Jim was on hand to drive up the cows, with instructions to leave three of the best ones in the field.

They were driven into the milking yard, duly inspected by Deacon Frisbie, praised or depreciated by Deacon Thorne, as his anxiety to keep or sell any particular one lay in the scale. At last, by skilful maneuvering, Frisbie was induced to choose the poorest one in the lot—not only in flesh, but every way. And what think you decided him to take her?

Deacon Thorne said to Jim:

"What do you think mother will say when she finds out I've sold 'Old Fill Pail?'"

"Oh, she'll tear," replied Jim.

Did she tear? Not at all; she bore it with most christian meekness; merely saying to Deacon Thorne, when he and Deacon Frisbie came in to finish business, by transferring fifty dollars from one pocket to another:

"You always manage to sell the best cows and keep the poorest. I guess you will find some difference in the butter, now 'Old Fill Pail' is going."

At which Jim snickered behind his hat, and was ordered to go and feed the cows.

Strange that Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

Deacon Frisbie was invited to stay to dinner. He graciously assented, and the two deacons settled themselves comfortably in their chairs and had a good time talking over church matters.

When the dinner was ready, we all sat down together, and Deacon Frisbie asked a blessing, in which he praised Deacon Thorne, and Mrs. Thorne, and Jim, and "the stranger within their gates," (meaning me,) and I really expected to hear him give thanks for the old spotted cow, but he stopped short of it.

Dinner done, he shook hands with all in a friendly manner, and departed.

When he was safely in the road, Deacon Thorne chuckled audibly, and observed to his wife, with a sligh poke in her side:

"Old Fill Pail—difference in the butter, eh?"

To which Mrs. Thorne replied with a grave, cunning smile.

Neither poke, chuckle or smile were lost on the ever present Jim.

Strange that Jim told lies!
Who taught him?

ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

The following comprehensive address was delivered at memorial services in Brooklyn, on the occasion of decorating soldiers' graves, by Col. A. G. H. Duganne:

"Comrades: We encamp this day among our dead. Mustered on all the battle fields, and in all the graveyards of our country, the Grand Army of the Republic answers to its roll call: the present, by their tribute of flowers—the departed, like that grenadier of France, whose enbalmed heart was preserved by his request, and whose comrades responded when his name was called—dead, upon the field of honor! Here, to-day, and everywhere in the Union, our ranks are full! Here, to-day, we are all present. *Ab castra ad astra*—'from camp to the stars'—was said in ancient times of the heroes who fell in battle. But no heathen soldier could feel those holier inspirations which lift a christian patriot's faith into communion with saints and angels. All the machinery of pompous paganism was based upon human prejudices and linked with human weakness. To the illustrious leaders were promised distinctions of heavenly place and preferment; but for the rank and file, their priests and teachers had few encouragements. Caste, station and privilege were to be maintained in the realms of shadow, as of substance. Kings were to be kings, and slaves continue to be slaves. It was left for Christianity to preach unto all alike a gospel of compensation. In the roll of Christian heroes, there is no recognition of rank or station. The cross of a private's knapsack is as honorable as the cross of his officer's sash. The gates of Heaven open as broadly for the Sergeant, with his squad, as for the General, with his staff; and no guard opposes either, if he advance with the countersign of a good cause and with the record of a worthy service. And at the great muster of eternal life, there is no difference in the shining uniforms of corps or regiment. All are 'soldiers in the army of the Lord!' So then, dear comrades, on this memorial day, in reverential acknowledgment that there is no distinction in the grand army of martyrs, we lay our floral decorations upon the dust of all alike. Throughout this rescued land of ours—the restored union of commonwealths—under the flags of established freedom, which are to-day planted on their proper pedestals, the graves of those who died that freedom might survive, we, comrades of the Grand Army, with our loyal friends and the friends of liberty elsewhere, unite to deposit our offerings of pure, sweet flowers upon the graves that have become altars, the ground that is consecrated soil forever. Without note or distinction of rank, or race, or color, or religion, we kneel together beside our dead comrades, and in the beautiful words of Abraham Lincoln, our latest martyr, we here 'highly resolve that they shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.'"

Josh Billings on "Jersey Lightning.

Who it waz that invented alcohol I am unable tew tell without lieing; but it would hav bin a fust klass blessing for the rest of us if he and the licker had both ov them been split on the ground and never been sopped up since.

The Devil himself, with all his genius for a