THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING BY

P. C. Van Gelder.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Subscription, (per year)

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TEN LINES OF MINION OR LESS, MAKE ONE SQUARE.

No. Sq'rs	1 In.	3 Ins	4 Ins	3 Mos	6 Mos	1 Yr
1 Square,	$1,00	$2,00	$2,50	$5,00	$7,00	$12,00
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The Tioga County Agitator.

VOL. XVIII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 18, 1871. NO. 3.

The Agitator

Book & Job Printing House,

Is well supplied with Presses and Types to execute all kinds of Job Work with neatness and dispatch.

Large additions of all the late styles of type have been added to this department.

Location—Smith & Bowen's Block, 2d Floor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GEO. W. MERRICK,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR at LAW.
Office in Smith and Bowen's Block, across hall from Agitator Office up stairs, [second floor.]
Wellsboro Pa, Jan. 4, 1871-1y.

Jno. I. Mitchell,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Claim, and Insurance Agent. Office over Kress's Drug Store,
Wellsboro, Pa. Jan. 1, 1871-y

William A. Stone,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, first door above Converse & Osgood's store, on Main street.
Wellsboro, January 1, 1871 y

Seeley, Coates & Co.
BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga, County, Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.—Jan 1, 1871-y

Jno. W. Adams,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to. Jan. 1, 1871-y

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, 1871 y
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, 1871.

Wm. B. Smith,
Pension, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate,
Knoxville, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1871.

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.
Jan 1. 1871 y

WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN.
Armstrong & Linn,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
WILLIAMSPORT, PENN'A.
Jan 1, 1871-y.

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 '71.

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, 1871.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,
Homœopathist, Office at his Residence on the Avenue.—Jan. 1, 1871.

George Wagner,
Tailor. Shop first door north of Roberts & Bailey's Hardware Store. Cutting, Fitting and Repairing done promptly and well.—Jan. 1, 1871.

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, 1871.

Hazlett's Hotel,
Tioga, Tioga County, Pa. Good stabling attached, and an attentive hostler always in attendance. Geo. W. Hazlett, Prop'r.—Jan. 1, 1871.

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, 1871.

Smith's Hotel,
Tioga, Pa., E. M. Smith, Proprietor. House in good condition to accommodate the traveling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1871.

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.
January 1, 1871

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.—Jan 1, 1871-1y.

House and Lot and Nine Acres of Land for Sale.
CHARLES WILLIAMS offers for sale his house and lot on Main street, Wellsboro, and six acres of land near the cemetery. Enquire of Joseph Williams, at the Wellsboro foundry. Jan 1, 1871 tf

New Tobacco Store!
THE subscriber has fitted up the Store first door east Thomas Harrison'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, 1871—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 LIFE with Sanitary aid for the afflicted. Sent free, in sealed envelopes. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
May 4, 1870-1y. Box P. Philadelphia, Pa.

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, 1871—1y.

WELLSBORO AND MANSFELD STAGE LINE.
THE undersigned, proprietor of this line takes this method of informing the public that the above Stage runs daily (Sundays excepted,) between the two places as follows:
Leaves Wellsboro at 8 a. m., and arrives at Mansfield at 10.30 a. m.
Leaves Mansfield at 2.30 p. m., and arrives at Wellsboro at 5 p. m. ☞ Fare $1,00.
Jan 1, 1871—tf W. B. VAN HORN.

Administrator's Notice.
WHEREAS letters of Administration to the estate of Henry C. Bosworth, late of Osceola, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent, will make known the same without delay to
EDWARD E. BOSWORTH.
Osceola, Dec. 21, 1870. Adm'r.

THE OLD "PENNSYLVANIA" HOUSE
LATELY known as the Townsend House, and for a time occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted, repaired and opened by
DANIEL MONROE,
who will be happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates.
Jan 1, 1871 y DANIEL MONROE.

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, 1871—tf.

Fall & Winter Millinery
AND FANCY GOODS.
MRS. SOFIELD respectfully announces to the public that she is now receiving a complete stock of
Fall and Winter Goods.
Especial attention is invited to her assortment of
Corsets, and Ready Made White Goods,
Also, Zephyrs and Germantown Wools in Fancy shade.
Patterns in Zephyr and everything pertaining to the trade. KID GLOVES of the best brand.
Hats, Caps, Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, &c.
The Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine for sale or rent by the week.
Mrs. A. J. SOFIELD.
Wellsboro Oct. 5, 1870. tf

IOWA LAND AGENCY.
THE subscriber would inform the public that he has the agency of a quantity of
IOWA LANDS,
which he will sell for cash, or exchange for real or personal property, on reasonable terms.
GREAT BARGAINS OFFERED.
He would say that he has examined the property and titles for himself, and believes he can make it for the interest of persons going West, to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. For particulars, inquire of S. B. GOODELL,
May 11, '70 1y Sabinsville, Tioga Co., Pa.

Wellsboro Union Graded SCHOOL.
A. C. WINTERS, A. M. SUPERINTENDENT OF GRADED SCHOOLS,
And Principal of High School.
IT is the determination of the Directors to make the course of instruction as thorough and systematic as can be found in the State.—Commencing with the primary department, the pupil must *master every year's* allotted work, before being admitted to the next higher.
The best of teachers will be employed in every department, the most approved methods of instruction used, and the best of care exercised over the pupils in school and out.
The High School offers these advantages: The Principal is a graduate of the Rochester University, New York, a gentleman of large experience in the best conducted schools of the country, who has spent two years in Europe, and speaks *German, French* and *Italian*. He is qualified to give superior instruction in *History, Fine Arts* and the *Ancient Languages*. Instruction in *Higher Mathematics, the Sciences, Book-keeping* and *Music*, will be equal to that of the best academies.
The Board hope to soon be able to secure instruction in *Painting* and *Drawing*, by a lady who has had several years' instruction by the best masters in Germany, and who has practised in the Galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Florence
The best school is the *cheapest* school. The Board intend to obviate all objections to this class of popular schools, as far as possible. A sufficient corps of teachers will be employed, that full justice may be done to every pupil.—Tuition is free to all within the old borough limits. Pupils from abroad are invited. Board in private families from $3 to $4 per week.
Tuition, Common English, (per term, $5.
" Higher English, Mathematics, &c., $8.
By ORDER OF BOARD.
September 7, 1870. tf

New Millinery!
MRS. SMITH, on Main Street, has just opened a very large assortment of
FANCY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
Which she is Selling at COST,
such as
HATS, BONNETS, STRAW GOODS, LACES, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &C., &C.,
I am the only agent in this place for
GAY'S PATENT MUFF.
Ladies that have not noticed these Muffs will be astonished at their cheapness, beauty and comfort.
all of which will be sold much below former prices. All work done promptly, and to please.
MRS. CAROLINE SMITH.
Wellsboro, Nov. 7, 1870—tf.

NEW MEAT MARKET,
(*First Door East of Cone House.*)
THE subscriber has opened a market for the accommodation of all in want of
FRESH MEAT.
Cash will be paid for pork, beef, mutton, beef cattle, hides and sheep pelts.
Fresh fish every Saturday.
HEZEKIAH STOWELL, JR.
November 2, 1870 tf

HARNESS SHOP!
G. W. NAVLE, would say to his friends that his Harness Shop is now in full blast and that he is prepared to furnish heavy or light
Harnesses,
to short notice, in a good and substantial manner, and at prices that can't fail to suit.
The best workmen are employed, and none but the best material used. Call and see.
Jan 1 1871 y G. W. NAVLE.

For Sale or Rent,
A GOOD dairy farm in Tioga township, Tioga county, Pa., about 2½ miles west of the Borough of Tioga, about 100 acres improved, and 46 unimproved. Has on it three barns, three dwelling houses, an apple and peach orchard, and other fruit trees. Terms easy. Also adjoining on the west, a farm and timber lands from 40 to 200 acres as desired, with 80 acres improved, with a good barn, a good house and apple orchard. Good for a dairying farm.
Jan 1, 1871—tf. C. H. SEYMOUR,
Tioga, Pa.

ESTRAY.—Came to the enclosure of the subscriber, about the middle of last September, seven sheep, which are now kept at the barn of William Cole, in Broughton Hollow. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away. A. J. KREINER.
Delmar, Jan 4, 1871 3w*

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

ERIE RAILWAY.

ON and after MONDAY, Dec. 5, 1870, Trains will leave Corning, at the following hours, viz:

GOING WEST.

5.45 A. M., NIGHT EXPRESS (Mondays excepted) for Buffalo, Dunkirk and the west.

6.05 A. M., NIGHT EXPRESS daily, (6.15 A. M. for Rochester, Sundays excepted) for Buffalo, Dunkirk, and the west.

6.00 A. M., WAY FREIGHT for Rochester, Sundays excepted.

10.25 A. M., MAIL TRAIN, Sundays excepted for Buffalo and Dunkirk.

12.05 P. M., WAY FREIGHT, Sundays excepted, for Hornellsville.

2.00 A. M., BALTIMORE EXP. Sundays excepted, for Rochester and Buffalo, via Avon.

6.30 P. M., EMIGRANT TRAIN, daily, for the West.

7.35 P. M., DAY EXPRESS, Sundays excepted, (7.45 P. M., for Rochester,) for Buffalo and the west.

12.13 A. M., EXPRESS MAIL, Sundays excepted, for Buffalo, Dunkirk and the west.

GOING EAST.

12.13 A. M., NIGHT EXPRESS, Sundays excepted, connecting at New York with afternoon trains and steamers for the New England Cities.

4.45 A. M., CINCINNATI EXPRESS, Mondays excepted, connecting at New Jersey with trains for Philada. Baltimore and Washington.

2.07 P. M., ACCOMMODATION TRAIN, for Elmira, Sundays excepted.

11.28 A. M., DAY EXPRESS, Sundays excepted, connecting at Jersey City with Midnight Express trains for Philadelphia.

12.15 P. M., SUSQUEHANNA WAY, daily.

11.40 A. M., WAY FREIGHT, Sundays excepted.

4.30 P. M., DIVISION MAIL, Sundays excepted.

7.44 H. M., LIGHTNING EXPRESS, daily, connecting at Jersey City with morning Express trains for Baltimore and Washington.

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

☞ A revised and complete "Pocket Time Table" of Passenger Trains on the Erie Railway and connecting Lines, has recently been published, and can be procured on application to the Ticket Agent of the Company.

WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Pass. Agent. L. D. BUCKER, Gen'l Sup't.

Blossburg & Corning, & Tioga R. R.

Trains will run as follows until further notice

GOING NORTH FROM TIOGA.

No. 2, 2.35. No. 4, 6.30. No. 6, 8.45. No. 8, 8.22. No. 10, 11.35. No. 12, 11.42. No. 14, 6.50. No. 16, 6.20. No. 18, 11.12.

GOING SOUTH FROM TIOGA.

No. 1, 9.28. No. 3, 4.05. No. 5, 6.01. No. 7, 1.15. No. 9, 7.20. No. 11, 10.18. No. 13, 1.42.

L. H. SHATTUCK, Sup't.

Northern Central R. R.

TRAINS FOR THE NORTH.

Trains for Canandaigua leave Elmira as follows:

Accomodation at ..... 7 12 p m
Express [fastest train on road] ..... 11 55 a m
Mail ..... 10 30 p m
Accommodation ..... 6 15 p m

On and after Dec. 5, 1870, trains will arrive and depart from Troy, as follows:

LEAVE NORTHWARD.

9 24 p. m.—Daily (except Sundays) for Elmira and Buffalo, via Erie Railway from Elmira.

10 14 a. m.—Daily (except Sundays) for Elmira, Buffalo, Canandaigua, Rochester, Susp. Bridge and the Canadas.

LEAVE SOUTHWARD.

9 55 A. m.—Daily (except Sundays) for Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, &c.

7 07 P. m.—Daily (except Sundays) for Baltimore Washington and Philadelphia.

ALFRED R. FISKE, Gen'l Supt. Harrisburg. ED. S. YOUNG Gen'l Pass. Ag't Baltimore, Md.

Arrival and Departure of Stages.

THE Stages running over the different routes from Wellsboro, will depart and arrive as follows from the Wellsboro Post Office:

WELLSBORO & TIOGA.—Depart 5 & 10, a. m., arrive 1½ and 7 o'clock p. m.

WELLSBORO & MANSFIELD.—Depart 8 a. m., arrive 6 p. m.

WELLSBORO & COUDERSPORT.—Dep. Mon. & Thur. 2 p. m. arrive Monday & Thursday at 12 m.

WELLSBORO & JERSEY SHORE.—Depart Mon. & Thur. 9a m arrive Tuesday & Fri. 5 p. m.

WELLSBORO & STONY FORK.—Dep. Tues. & Friday at 3 p. m., arr. Tues. & Friday at 12 m.

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 1, 1871—y.

To the Citizens of Mansfield
AND VICINITY,
I TAKE pleasure in announcing to the public that I have on hand a large and splendid assortment of
PARLOR AND COOK
STOVES,
both useful and Ornamental, which I am offering to the public cheaper than ever sold before. I will sell a good No. 8 Cook Stove with Furniture for $20. I keep in stock P. P. Packham's popular Cook. This is said to be the best Stove made in the United States. I also keep the
Lightning X Cut Saw,
the fastest cutting Saw in the world. The manufacturers of this Saw challenge the world under a forfeit of $500 that that this is the fastest cutting saw made.
Thanking my friends for their patronage in the past, and hoping still to merit their favor, I am as ever, grateful,
G. B. KIFF.
P. S.—I challenge one and all of the Stov dealers in this county to sell as cheap as I do J. W. Jaquish, not excepted. G. B. K.
Mansfield, Nov. 2, 1870.—3m.*

Administrator's Notice.
LETTERS of Administration *pendente lite*, having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Waterman McIntyre, late of Jackson township, Tioga Co., Pa., deceased, all persons having claims against said estate, and those indebted to the same are notified, to call for settlement on L. B. SHIVES,
CAROLINE McINTYRE, Adm'rs.
Jan. 4, 1871.—6t.* Pendente Lite.

POETRY.

[For the Editor.]

Mr. Editor:—The following Poem is not to be found in the "Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood," as edited by Epes Sargent and published at Boston, by Phillips, Sampson & Co. As an admirer of the poet who sang "The Song of the Shirt," (which the fate lamented Thackeray pronounced the best lyric poem in the English language,) having accidentally come into possession of this fairy poem, I desire to "do unto others as I would they should do unto me;" hence I send you a copy, with the request that you will give to the readers of the *Agitator* the pleasure of reading, what may be to them, (as it was to me until yesterday,) an unknown poem of Hood's. This copy is taken from Hood's Poems, illustrated by Dore, published by E. Maxon & Son, London. And I may add, the illustrations of Dore have been photographed in fine style by C. Taber & Co., of New Bedford, Mass.

Yours, truly, J. D. M.

QUEEN MAB.

BY THOS. HOOD.

A little Fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings—
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand;
And, when a good child goes to bed,
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things;
Of fountains filled with fairy fish;
Of trees that bear delicious fruit,
And how their branches to a wish;
Of arbors, filled with dainty scents,
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright files, that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade;

And talking birds, with gilded tongues
For singing songs and telling tales;
And pretty dwarfs, to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But, when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings;
And then it dreams, all through the night,
Of only, ugly, horrid things.

Then, lions come, with glaring eyes
And tigers growl—a dreadful noise;
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.—

Then stormy waves rush on to drown;
Or raging flames come scorching round
Fierce dragons hover in the air
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long, black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Belgravia (London) Annual.]

A Co-operative Christmas Party.

Mr. Hubert Jobson, B. A., the curate, who was popularly supposed to be up to anything, from writing an article in the *Quarterly* up to Sematic languages, to "doing" an acting charade for the *Young Ladies' Journal*, was surrounded by a faithful "rose-bud garden of girls," as the Laureate calls them. Mr. Jobson, B. A., of Trinity, was third wrangler of his year, and equally high in classics. He might have gone in for something of value as a grinder or tutor; but he had set up his tabernacle in Bloomsbury, and slayed, like the very opposite of a slave, round about St. Giles' and the courts adjacent.—Jobson was high, but not dry, and not too high for so earnest a man. He in his surplice preached, and sported his hood and its rabbit skin trimming in church, but out of church wore a cossock in his friends' houses, and when about his work was called a priest.—What sort of priest the poor people thought him, it is difficult to say. Suffice it that he was good to them, worked harder than any workingman, for rather less than his pay, and withal looked as lively and jovial a party as any one of the "lounging classes" or young merchants whom he met in the neighboring squares. Mr. Jobson was popular with rich and poor; he mixed easily, meant what he said, and had a sunshiny sort of goodness which is very attractive. But as he did not mix with rich patrons, fortune quietly let him remain where he was, doing what good he could; which, on the whole, was the best thing fortune could do.

'So, Miss Parkyns, you find a Christmas party a great bore?'

'Awful,' said Patty Parkyns, making a button mouth; 'as dreary as a Dorcas.'

'Oh, I'm sure,' cried little Mrs. Boldero, who, having no children herself, made plenty of clothes for those who had; 'you said that our last Dorcas was very nice.'

'So it is,' said Patty, 'for *that* sort of thing; but we girls, when we have a Christmas party, want something exciting—where we can flirt.'

'Which you poor married things can't,' said Miss Brownjohn, the great heiress, (Brownjohn, Crabb and Catchitt, ship brokers.) 'Why, I had no less than three proposals in the shell, and one that was hatched last Christmas.'

'I wonder whether that girl tells lies,' thought Maggie Symes, daughter of S. Symes, Q. C., Pump court, who was poor, but very pretty. 'I don't get any proposals.'

Perhaps Mr. Jobson read Maggie's secret, for he said plump out, like a great boy, 'Ah, Miss Brownjohn, people don't flirt with *you*, they flirt with your fortune.'

'Men are so cunning and so base!' said Miss Brownjohn, bitterly.

'Neglected education of women!—I'd have them all learn mathematics and logic. You don't even know figure 1 of a syllogism: *Barbara celarent darii ferioque prioris.*'

'What's that, Mr. Jobson; something awful? Please construe it.'

'I can't, and nobody can; it's sense and nonsense, too. But look here:—anything predicated of a whole class—you understand?'

'Oh yes: a class of girls, like we had at Brighton.'

'Ay, that will do. Now follow me: under which class something else is contained (I am that something) may be predicated of that which is so contained. Therefore, according to Mr. Whately, you have just called me cunning and base.'

'O, Mr. Jobson, I didn't!'

'And your father, and Mr. Boldero, and the rest of mankind, including the last new wonder in verse, and the Poet Laureate. I'm not joking.'

On this, all the ladies cried out 'for shame!' and Miss Brownjohn, who was rather stupid when she chose to be so, sulked.

'Well, now,' said the curate, 'you don't mean what you say, and you don't say what you mean, and I'm sure that Christmas parties are very jolly things, if rightly taken.'

But all the girls voted them bores, and, as it happened, not one of them was going to any party whatever. Mr. Boldero had taken his little wife to an old friend for many years; old friend *very* hastily and improperly died just *before* Christmas; he had nowhere to go to. Mr. Brownjohn had for years invited the two partners, Crabb and Catchitt, to his house, but they had quarrelled, and both had refused. Miss Parkyns had saved herself up for Lady Jollup's gathering; but Lady Jollup had a gathering in the shape of a carbuncle, that could not be worn in a brooch, on the back of her right ear, and was a figure. And so all the little party were without an asylum for the Christmas, and most of them felt very miserable about the fact, although they all said that it was jolly.

'You shall all come to *my* party—ladies, I invite you all.'

'O, how nice!' cried Miss Parkyns, with a gush of sentiment—she *was* sentimental. 'Where is it to be?'

'In the school room; it's finished now; beautifully—all varnish, open timber roof, eighty feet by thirty; get in the forms for rout seats, and the desks, that can be put at any angle for card tables, and we shall be as right as a trivet.'

The words of the Rev. Hubert Jobson, B. A., the Perpetual Curate of this district church, which he had created out of a bad neighborhood, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, were prophetically true. Everything went right as that domestic implement spoken of by most people as the very symbol of rectitude.

To the party there came not only Miss Brownjohn—a most beautiful girl she was, blooming with health and good nature—but Benj. Brownjohn, of Princess-gate, Esq., one of the richest men out. Mrs. Benjamin Brownjohn was there, too; for the worthy couple would have done anything to please their daughter Katie. And, wonderful to relate, there, too—surely by an accident, or a trick, of which Septimus Symes, Q. C., was grievously suspected—there was found, scowling each at the other, Corney Crabb and Carter Catchitt, both esquires when out of business, one residing at Haverstock, and the other at Tulse Hill, which each persisted in calling *the* hill, as if it belonged solely and exclusively *to him*. Catchitt went to this wild party with the strict understanding that Crabb had gone down to Brighton to a bachelor's jolly making, there to escape the eternal Christmas children.

'There seem to be more children about at Christmas than at any other period of the year,' said Crabb; and did he not see enough *there?*

Septimus Symes, a very studious man, who had written about Roman law, and was supposed to be editing Justinian's *Institutes*, for the direct purpose of showing that they were based entirely on the law of Moses, was one of those men who, when they cease working at their eternal mental 'grind,' become transformed, as it were, into children. He was quite as young, mentally, as his daughter Maggie Symes; and she and her two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Boldero—two merry, black eyed and red cheeked people, who looked rather more like brother and sister than husband and wife, and who admired all the pretty children and pitied all the sickly ones—were as full of real enjoyment as they could be. As for Mr. Jobson, he was, in his own right, as host and as clergyman, the chief of the party. Everybody expected him to be so, and being on his own ground, he did not disappoint them. Katie Brownjohn looked on him with a real admiration, when she saw that he made no difference between rich and poor, and ordered about her august father and the objectionable Crabb and Catchitt, as if they had been footmen.

The party began at five. The rich guests, welcomed by Jobson in his highbred way—for he was unmistakably a gentleman—were delighted with his pretty new school room, decorated with mottoes, holly with red berries and bright laurel leaves. There were many religious mottoes, but not one that was not appropriate, manly and beautiful. In the center of the end wall, over the center table and three long tables stretched down the room, there shone the words, "Peace on Earth;" at the sides were, "Be of Good Cheer," "Try to be Good;" and in a conspicuous place there blazed, in red and green letters, Mr. Jobson's own motto, "Don't Worrit Yourself." Half the evil among his poor people, he said, arose, according to the ladies of the humble families he visited, from "worriting" themselves. And this vigorous man addressed himself only to one thing, and threw old troubles off his mind, as a duck throws water from her back.

'Pon my word, Mr. Jobson, your room looks admirably set out; I anticipate much pleasure, I'm sure,' said Mr. Brownjohn, in patronizing accents.

'And much hard work before it is over,' said the curate, squaring up his shoulders, and pointing to a motto—'Work while it is day;' underneath which was another, and a comment, 'Nothing like hard work.'

'Pon my word,' said the merchant to himself, 'did'nt know there had been so much good sense among the clergy; there *is* nothing like hard work.'

'Please, ladies and gentlemen, will you draw up in a line behind me?—Mr. Symes, you are a sergeant in the Inns of Court; just put them in order.'

Symes brought himself up stiff, saluted the captain, and drilled his little troop, placing Crabb and Catchitt as pivot men at each end of the line.—Then Jobson struck a bell, and the large door was opened, and in marched about sixty children, of all ages, singing, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' so prettily and sweetly, and so softly, till their parents and friends—at least sixty more—came in; and then, when they had been led by their monitors up and down the room, and placed in due order, the whole hundred and twenty voices and the twenty or thirty guests took up the chorus, and finished the hymn in fine style; Catchitt, who sang bass, throwing the whole power of his lungs into the song; and Crabb, who had a fine falsetto, which he cultivated at the Tulse Hill Sol-fa Union, creating quite a sensation.

Then Jobson, in the silence which ensued, took a pin out of the band of his cassock, and said, 'Children and brethren, I want to hear a pin drop.'—And he did hear it drop; and so did Crabb, and Catchitt, and Symes, Q. C., who was looking down his line like a drill sergeant, wonderfully amused with the scene.

After the silence, Jobson wished all his guests a merry Christmas, and explained how it was—but this was a pious fiction—that the ladies and gentlemen present had provided the feast, and how they did so in the name of the Holy Founder of a greater feast, and that he wanted to show how orderly 'we,' (he never once said 'they,' making himself entirely one of them) could be; and then he knelt reverently down, and all followed his example, Sergeant Symes's troop going down like one man; and then the good curate offered up a prayer, so true, so full of feeling, and so beautiful, that more than one eye—and Katie Brownjohn's two eyes in particular—filled with tears. Then, after a deep 'Amen' to the Lord's Prayer, which all joined in, even Mr. Crabb, who was supposed to be a Positive Philosopher, and who took the *Fortnightly Review*, and had subscribed to the Woman's Post-mortem and Surgical Society, also to the movement for granting equality to the sexes, by making women butchers—after the prayer, Jobson symbolically took off his coat and said, 'Let us begin, Symes, my good friend.'

'Sir,' said the sergeant, saluting.

'Take your two most efficient aids to the end of those tables.'

'Yes, sir,' said Symes. And in a 'jiffy' Crabb and Catchitt were marched off, and placed as carvers at the tables.

'Mr. Bolter,' cried the curate; and a white headed old gentleman, a deeply penitent, but once fraudulent bankrupt, came forward; 'please take the end of the center table. Mr. Symes, you will be my aid-de-camp. Mr. Boldero and Mr. Brownjohn, you are at present the head waiters. *We* shall not dine till seven. And, ladies, you will attend to the children, and make yourselves generally useful.'

Away went Mrs. Brownjohn, Patty Parkyns and Maggie Symes, brimming over with happiness at being useful, and tucking and turning up their fine dresses, so as to wait with more ease.—At it went Crabb and Catchitt, each furnished with huge napkins to cover their best black, and in marched a file of cook-shop men, with roast and boiled fowl and flesh, and vegetables in abundance. Crabb, who had a knife as sharp as a razor, carved like the professional and pasty-faced gentlemen, who, by living in the neighborhood of boiled pork and peas pudding, grow like them. Mr. and Mrs. Boldero were absorbed in looking after the little children. Symes was ubiquitous; and all were so anxious to please and to serve, that after a most desperate engagement, in which Brownjohn came up out of breath with delight and wonderment, he said, 'By Jove, Mr. Jobson, *I* never saw people eat so much in my life!'

'Ah, sir,' said the curate, 'remember this is their one feast; many have not eaten their all for weeks, and some have fasted for a day or so previously.'

'You're a good man, Mr. Jobson,' said Brownjohn; 'put me down for ten pounds toward expenses.'

'Sir!' cried the curate, with delight.

'I beg pardon for offering so little; make it twenty-five, if you please.—Hallo! why, what's that? Can I believe my eyes? Why, they have not spoken for six months!'

Yes, it was actually the case; there were Crabb and Catchitt shaking hands. The occasion was this: Crabb, after winning a Victoria Cross symbolically at carving the beef, had felt his occupation gone with the puddings and the Christmas pies, and had deserted his post—no longer usefully to be held—and had constituted himself as waiter, still under the watchful eye of Symes, Q. C., who, having bet his daughter Maggie that a certain Bob Swallow would eat more pudding than Ben Bolt, was careful to encourage Swallow, for the sake of winning the bet, (five kisses against one pair of Jouvin's best No. 6.) As Catchitt had also constituted himself waiter, and, seizing a plate of pies, moved hastily to the left, where he espied a temporary lull in the battle, while Crabb, with a huge pudding, moved sagerly to the right, the consequence was that Catchitt sent one or two mince pies over Crabb's head, being the taller man, and Crabb deposited the pudding in Catchitt's manly bosom.

'Beg pardon, I'm sure,' said Mr. Catchitt, who was a gentleman, and quite ready to take the fault on himself.

'What's that you said?' cried Crabb.

'I said that I begged your pardon, and I do,' said Catchitt, somewhat stiffly.

'And I grant it, my boy, a thousand times over; give me your hand;' and Crabb, who had only waited for the opportunity, and was longing for the commencement to be made by a partner who was his junior, caught hold of the hand that was about to pick up a pie, and shook it with fervor.

'Thanks, Crabb, my boy,' said his partner, quite delighted; 'and now I'll thank you for those pies. Hurt my shirt front?—no; damaged the napkin, that's all. I say, isn't it jolly?'

'Wonderful, is it not? I say, got anything to drink? Sharp work, that carving. You and I had all the work, Catchitt.'

'Here you are, gents! Waiters in the room,' said little Boldero, who with his wife had taken charge of the canteen. Brownjohn was on the spot, by a marvel, of course, and, clinking their glasses like stage conspirators, the three partners poured down their throats what seemed to be nectar.

After that the fun grew boisterous. Punch for the seniors, lemonade for the children, tea for the ladies, made their appearance, and the clevant carvers and waiters walked among their guests.

It was quite pretty to see how that rich heiress, Katie Brownjohn, took to the poorest and most helpless children, and how she who had, by her father's orders, just refused the son of a duke,—it is but fair to say that the duke was a very bad duke, and that the son, a younger son, took after his *dis*-grace,—was entering into earnest conversation with a poor bookbinder, and exchanging experience with a pretty little laundress. The two young women—one so rich, the other so poor—had each a child on her knee, and Katie was listening to a most eloquent description of Mr. Jobson's goodness. As the laundress spoke, not without a tear or two, of the curate's simple bravery and unostentatious goodness, Katie Brownjohn's heart whispered, 'That's the man for me.'

And so, as the young lady governed her father and mother in all sensible things, there was something to be hoped for—in the far distance, let us say. But sometimes the most distant things are made nearer by chance, just as lightning brings a distant landscape forward; and so it happened that, as the curate was bending over one little crippled child, with his voice softened and his eyes and face made beautiful by love, Katie bent down too, and said:

'O, Mr. Jobson, what a happy day you have given us.'

'A happy day!' said the parson;—'why, it is not ended yet; there's *my* dinner to come yet for the big folk in the large room in the mission house.'

'Well, that is jolly!' replied Katie, who, like a strong, healthy young woman, had a good appetite and began to feel hungry. 'But it will not be better than this: here all the people are so happy and so good; all the poor are good, I think.'

'In bearing what most of us would never bear,' said the curate, solemnly, 'they are, indeed. But'—and, as a wrangler, Jobson was bound *not* to allow every generalization—'what says the Laureate? and he's a genius, you know:

'"Take my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a lump is bad."'

You see he's wrong, and you're wrong; generalization is always wrong.'

The little child had hold of his stronger finger, and looked up into his kindly face. The cleric stood in his black cassock, fitting tightly across his broad manly chest, girt with his surcingle, and looking as if he could knock down Bel, and the Dragon too, with his strong hand. He was a model of health and strength and goodness, three things which all women like; he was gentle as the south wind, and as strong as a storm, when he liked; and Katie, seeing in him the embodiment of power and wise goodness, let her eyes sparkle with love as they met his. This completely floored the curate, thus to be attacked on his own stronghold.

'Hallo!' he thought to himself, for he could read a look, and his eyes fell. 'Generalization,' he murmured; then clearing his throat, he continued, 'You know that rule in logic I quoted the other day, Miss Brownjohn?—*Barbara celarent*—'

Katie did not give him time to finish.

'That seems to be a pet quotation of yours, Mr. Jobson.'

'It is; it is so generally useful; it *is* a favorite,' said the poor man, rather confused.

'*I wish I was Barbara!*' said Katie, catching the curate's eyes again.

His flamed out with a sudden love; hers fell before them.

'Do you mean that,' Miss Brownjohn?' said the parson, as if he had need to ask *that*.

Katie's answer was peculiar. The bashful, modest eyes became triumphant, the blush of maidenly reserve blazed up into the color of triumph; never had she looked so beautiful, as she held her soft white hand out to another strong, brown hand, which seemed by instinct to be seeking for it. The little watchful, crippled boy, as he looked up at this, which was but a momentary effusion