Select Poetry.

Summer Day.

There's a gaping rent in the curtain
That longs for a needle and thread,
There's a garment that ought to be finished,
And a book that wants to be read.
There's a letter that ought to be answered,
There are clothes to fold away,
And I know these tasks are awaiting,
And ought to be done to-day.

But how can I men the curtain,
While watching this silvery cloud,
And how can I finish the garment,
When the robin calls so loud
And the whispering trees are telling
Such stories above my head,
That I can but lie and listen,
And the book is all unread.

If I try to write the letter,
I am sure one half the words
Will be in the curious language
Of my chattering friends, the birds.
The lilacs bloom in the sunshine,
The roses nod and smile,
And the clothes that ought to be folded
And ironed, must wait awhile.

I lie in the locust shadows,
And gaze at the summer sky,
Bidding the cares and troubles
And trials of life pass by.
The beautiful locust blossoms
Are falling about my feet,
And the dreary air is laden
With their odors rare and sweet.

The honey bees hum in the clover,
The grasses rise and fall,
The robin stops and listens,
As he hears the brown thrush call.
The humming-bird sings to me softly,
The butterfly flirts away—
Oh what could be sweeter than living,
This beautiful summer day.

Together.

Sweet hand that held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take thee as the sign,

Of sweeter days in store
For life and more than life, when life is done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To Heaven's own Evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that at such fond request,
Let my blood speak to thine, and bear the rest
Some silent heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand
Which saves e'en while it blesses; hold me fast;
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,
So neer the better land.

Sweet hand that thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My heart's one anchor in life's storm and doubt,
Take this, and make me thine.

Miscellaneous

A PARABLE.

The Trees of the forest, sayed old Thomas Adams, held a solom parliment wherein they consulted of the various wrongs, which the ax had done them, therefore they enacted, that no tree should hereafter lend the ax wood for a handle on pain of being cut down. The axe traveled up and down the forest begging wood of the Seeder, Oak, Ash Elm, even to the Popalar, not one, would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as could serve him to cut down the bushes and briers, aledging that they did suck away the juces of the ground and hindred the growth of the goodly trees, hereon they were content to afford him so much. But when he had got his handle he cut them down also.

Thus are we continuely supplying wood for handle to the axe that shall cut down some bushes and briers, (by the way of Driears.) And before we are aware of it, with a giant stroke the axe we thought should prove advantagious to us, smites us down. Beware my friends how you indulge in wicked habits, for the removel of little imsignifiqent Disease lest if the Diseas be removed, the axe strike to the heart, and the result prove fatle, The good book says, And now also the axe is laid unto the roots of the trees: Therefore every tree which briugith not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire,

F. F. S.

The Governor Taken from a Cra e.

A benevolent old man of Brooklyn was making the tour of the city, in pursuit of truants and little wanderers, one Sabbath morning a score of years ago, when he found a little boy asleep in a crate on one of the wharves.

He shook the crate, and a pair of bright, black eyes opened and flashed upon him, with a look of timid surprise and bashfulness.

"Why do you sleep here?" inquired the old man.

"Because I have no home," said the child.

"Where is your father?"

"I don't know, sir. I hain't seen him for a long time; never since he told mother he wouldn't come home again."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is dead."

"So you have no home—no father, no mother—and live from hand to mouth in the street, and sleep in a crate?"

"Yes, sir. I sell soap and matches, and sleep here."

"Would you like to have a home, and go to school, and grow up to be good and brave and useful man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come along with me; I will take you to my own house, and feed and clothe you, and send you to school, if you prove to be, as I think you are, a good and faithful boy,"

As the old man said this, he dashed a tear from his eyes, with his coat sleeve, for the boy was the very image of his own sweet child, who had died a few years before. Lifting the lad tenderly out of the crate he lead him to his own pleasant home, where he was washed and combed, and then dressed in a suit of clothes formerly worn by the son of the philanthropist.

To shorten the story, which has material enough for a volume, the good old man gave the lad all the advantages afforded by the common schools of the "city of churches," and then gave him a clerkship in his own store, for he was a well-to-do merchant.

After several years of faithful service the young man expressed a wish to engage in business on his own account, or in some other way to extend his usefulness

"I will start you in business," said the old man, "on certain conditions."

"Please state them," remarked the young man with a smile, for he supposed his benefactor was about to perpetrate a joke at his expense.

"I will start you in business, if you will make three promises," continued the old man.

"Pray what promises do you wish me to make?"

"One is, that you will never swear,"

"Agreed."

"Another is, that you will never drink rum."

"Agreed."

"The other is, that you will have nothing to do with politics."

"Agreed."

True to his promise as the steel to the star, the old man furnished his clerk with capital, and started him in busi e ss in one of the Western States.—The young man was very attentive to his business, and his habits of industry and sobriety were crowned with good fortune, which generally accompanies virtue, courage, enterprise and intelligence. A few years ago he paid a visit to his venerable friend in Brooklyn, and found him the same kind-hearted and gentle gentleman that he was when he first led him from the crate on the wharf to the pleasant cottage on the avenue.

"I am delighted to see you," remarked the old man. "May I ask you if you have kept the pledges you gave me, when you suggested to me the idea of starting business on your own account—are you a temperance man?"

"I have not tasted a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor since I promised you I would not, and you know I had no sacrifice to make in keeping that promise, for I never was accustomed to the use of such liquor; and I do not furnish it to my guests, nor to persons in my employment."

"Good boy—give me your hand and let me shake it again. How about that promise not to use profane language?"

"Well, sir, when I was a little wanderer, and sold soap and matches, I scattered my oaths as liberally as colleges do their D. D.'s, but I droped them in your Sabbath School, and I never resumed them. I never indulge the silly and vulgar habit of swearing. I think it shows a lack of originaltiy. A man wishes to say something to be emphatic, and owing to a lack of ideas and proper use of language, he fills up the chinks of conversation with oaths. He curses his eyes, his limbs, his soul, his heart, his horse, his luck, and thinks he is fluent when he is only profane. No, sir, I do not claim to be a paragon of perfection, but I should be ashamed of my speech if I spiced it with profanity."

"Good, good! I expected such a report from you. How about politics?"

The young man of business had until this moment maintained perfect self-command, but when the last question was put to him, his cheeks grew red as crimson.

"Well, sir, I suppose some people think I am a politican," remarked the young merchant.

"Sorry—very sorry," observed the old man.

"I couldn't help what happened, sir."

"You promised me you would have nothing to do with politics."

"I know I did."

"Well, it is strange that you could not keep that promise as easily as you kept the other two."

"Well, sir, have paience with me, and I will tell you how it happened."

"Well, go on."

"As you are aware, I was fortunate in trade, honored my paper when it became due, and paid, with intrest, the money you had the kindness to advance. I was the leading business man in the town; had opinions in relations to man and measures, and did not hesitate, on all proper occasions, to express them, and sustain them with my vote on election days."

"There can be no objection to that," remarked the old man, "politics as a trade is what I dislike."

"As I said before, I got along well, and as good fortune would have it, persuaded some friends to think and vote as I did. Without consulting me, one day at a State Convention, they nominated me for Govneror, and I was elected. Indeed I am now on my way to Washington, to transact important business for the State."

The writer desires to say that this story is a true one.

GENUINE AFFECTION.

How much more we might make of our family life, if our friendship, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal carresses of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, or fastidiousness of physical organiznation, which shrinks away from to much of these, repelled. But there are words and looks, and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die, out of neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single. Two cases in our Anglo-Saxon nature prevent this easy faculty and flow of expression, which strike so pleasantly in the Italian and French life—the dread of flattery and a constitutional shyness. "I perfectly longed to tell so-and-so how I admired her the other day," said Mrs. X. "Then why in the world didn't you tell her?" "Oh, it would seem like flattery, you know!" Now what is flattery? Flattery is *insincere* praise, given from interested motives, but not sincere utterance by a friend of what we deem good and lovely. And so for fear of flattering, these dreadfully sincere people go on, side by side, with those they love and admire, giving them all the time the impression of utter indifference.

Parents are so afraid of exciting pride and vanity in their children by the expression of their love and approbation, that a child sometimes goes sad and discouraged by their side, and learn with suprise, in some chance way, that they are proud and fond of him. There are times which an open expression of a fathers love would be worth more than a church or sermon to a boy, and his father cannot utter it—will not show it.

We can educate ourselves to it, if we know and feel the necessity; we can make it a Christain duty, not to love, but be loving; not only to be true friends, but to show ourselves friendly. We can make ourselves say the kind things that rise in our hearts and tremble back on our lips; do the gentle and hopeful deeds which we long to do and shrink back from; and little by little it will grow easier—the love spoken will bring back the answer of love; the kind deed will bring back a kind deed in return—till the hearts of the family circle, istead of being so many frozen, icy islands, shall be full of warm airs and echoing bird voices, answering back and forth with a constant melody of love.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

We give below a full list of the officers and judges together with the premium list for the coming fair to be held at Angelica, Wednesday and Thursday, September 8th and 9th:

OFFICERS.

Jeffrey M. Thomas, President.
Ransom Lloyd, Vice President.
D. P. Richardson, Secretary.
James Lockhart, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

E. F. Willetts, Amity
Joseph Lockhart, Almond.
Bowman Renwick, Belfast.
Charles Ingham, Hume.
Andrus Post, West Almond.
John Common, Angelica.
Joel Scott, Friendship.
Ellis Harris, Scio.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

C. P. Carver, Angelica.
S. H. Whitcomb, Amity.
D. D. Gardiner, Angelica.
Leonard Willetts, Amity.
Solomon H. Tracy, Angelica.

OFFICERS OF THE GROUND.

Capt. J. S. Pittenger, Marshal.
John T Wright, Chief of Police.
John Common, Receiver of Stock.
R A Thomas, Supt. of Tent.
John Dean, Assistant Marshal.
J H Browning " "
W D Olmsted " "
John Seely " "

Regulations for 1869.

Life Membership	$10 00
Annual Membership	1 00
Single admission ticket	25
Carriage in addition to occupants	25

No horse attached to carriages will be allowed to be hitched on the grounds at any time.

No peddlers will be allowed on the streets in the vicinity of the Fair Grounds.

An efficient police will maintain strict order and decorum on and about the grounds.

Editors of Public Journals, Ministers, of the Gospel and officers of Agricultural Societies, are cordially invited to attend, and report themselves to the Secretary to receive attention.

Judges are requested to report themselves to the Secretary on their arrival, and to be at the office at the time specified for each class. If any one can not act, he will please notify the Secretary before the first day of the Fair, that the vacancy may be filled.

Hay will be furnished for stock on exhibition gratis.

The Awarding Committees will see that the proper badges are immediately attached to the animal or article awarding premiums,

Red ribbon will designate the first premium.

White ribbon will designate the second premium.

Blue ribbon will designate the third premium.

The grounds will be under the superintendence of the President.

STANDING RULES.

1 All persons must become members of this Society before entering articles for premiums.

2 All property must be entered in the name of the *bona fide* owners.—Grain, fruit and vegetables must have been raised; dairy products and manufactured articles must must have been made during the year, and live stock must have been owned one month next preceeding the Fair, in the County by the competitors, and any person violating this Rule, if awarded premiums shall not be paid.

3 No article can compete but for a single premium.

4 The committee shall in no case award a premium, unless the animal or article is worthy of the same.

5 Where one article only is exhibited in any one class, the committee may award it a premium, if it be truly and justly worthy of it.

6 All premiums not claimed previous to December 1st, will be considered as donations to the society, and shall not be paid.

7 Any person exhibiting thorough bred stock will be required to show pedigree.

No manufactured article can compete for premiums after having received one.

9 All animals and all articles intended for exhibition, must be entered on the Secretaries' books, and be on the Fair Grounds before 2 o'clock p. m. the first day of the Fair, except trotting horses and stallions.

No entries shall be made after that hour.

Exhibitors will note that this Rule will be strictly adhered to.

Order of Arrangements.

WEDNESDAY—FIRST DAY.

At 2 o'clock precisely the committee on Brood Mares, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, will meet at the Secretary's office and receive their lists, and will proceed immediately to make their examinations and report to the Secretary before 5 o'clock p. m.

List of Judges and Premiums.

FIRST DIVISION.

Judges—Joel Carr, Almond; P. P. Leilus, Amity; John Holmes, Rushford.

DURHAM.

Bull over 2ys old,	$5	3	2
Under " "	3	2	1
Calf	2	1	1-2
Cow over 3ys,	5	3	2
Heifer under "	3	2	1
Calf	2	1	1-2

Devons and Ayrshires same premiums as above.

GRADES.

Judges—Charles D. Hooker, Angelica; Joel Winship, Allen; Joseph L. Williams, Wellsville.

Bull over 2ys old,	$4	2	1
" under " "	3	2	1
" calf	2	1	1-2
Cow over 3ys	4	2	1
Heifer " 2	3	2	1
" " 1	2	1	1-2
calf	2	1	1-2

WORKING OXEN—FAT CATTLE.

Judges—Joseph H. Mathison, Almond; David S. Laupheur, Amity; D. Browning, Scio.

Yoke of working oxen	$6	5	3
" fat "	6	4	3
Fat ox or cow	3	2	1

STEERS.

Judges—Joel Scott, Friendship; F. Bebee, Wirt; Stephen Burdick, Alfred.

Yoke of steers 3ys trained,	$5	3	[illegible]
" " 2 "	5	3	[illegible]
" " 1 "	5	3	[illegible]
" " 3ys untrained,	3	2	[illegible]
" " 2 "	3	2	[illegible]
" " 1 "	3	2	[illegible]

DRAWING CATTLE.

Judges—A. C. Hall, Ward; Solomon H. Tracy, Angelica; George Morton, West Almond.

Best yoke of drawing oxen or stags, $4 2 1

COLTS.

Judges—Ira B. Crandall, Alfred; D. P. Witter, Willing; L. B. Elliott, Alma.

Gelding or mare colt 3ys	$4	3	[illegible]
Horse " " " 2	3	2	[illegible]
" " " " 1	3	2	[illegible]

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FINE WOOL SHEEP.

Judges—Joseph Ruthford, Allen; S. A. Early, Scio; A. E. Cruttenden, Burns;

American Merino Buck,	$4	3	[illegible]
" " 4 Ewes	3	2	[illegible]
" " 4 Lambs	3	2	[illegible]
French " 4 Bucks	4	3	[illegible]
" " 4 Ewes	3	2	[illegible]
" " 4 Lambs	3	2	[illegible]
" " Buck	4	3	[illegible]
Grade " 4 Ewes	3	2	[illegible]
" " 4 Lambs	3	2	[illegible]

COARSE WOOL SHEEP

Judges—Henry Phippen, Angelica; Henry Hull, Frendship; Peleg Thomas, Alfred.

South Down Buck	$4	3	2
" " 4 Ewes	3	2	1

Cotswold and Leicester and Grade same premiums as above.

SWINE.

Judges—Jeriah Whitcomb, Amity; Henry Bellamy, *Angelica*; William VanOstrand, Granger.

Best Boar	$3	2	1
Breeding Sow,	3	2	1
Four Pigs	3	2	1

SACK RACE.

The sack race comes off at three o'clock p. m. Premiums $1 [illegible]

Velocipede Race at four o'clock p. m., of a half mile; best two in three, five to make a field. Premiums $10 [illegible]

The last two races open to the world.

Second Day.

The second day is devoted to Horses, Stallions, Dairy products, Grain, Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, Domestic Manufacture, Farming and Mechanical Implements, Boots and Shoes, &c., with premiums ranging from fifty cents to [illegible] dollars.

The *Annual Address* will be delivered at one o'clock, by *Attorney* General M. B. Champlain, to be followed by trotting and walking matches. The highest premium for trotting horses [illegible] one hundred dollars, and they range [illegible] the way down to two.

The *Angelica* Cornet Band will be in attendance, and discourse [illegible] during the fair.

ANDOVER CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITORS.—May I say [illegible] words through your beautiful paper [illegible] the practice of profane Swearing [illegible]

It has often seemed strange [illegible] why any can be found who will [illegible] cend to use profane language [illegible] And yet it is true, that many, un[illegible] y I think, are falling into this [illegible] ... emanly habit, a habit which no th[illegible] ful individual will covet—Any [illegible] of any real tast, or moral Sen[illegible] can not consent to form such a [illegible] Profane Swearing must be repu[illegible] all the finer feelings of his ma[illegible] But some persons do form th[illegible] and to such an extent, and with [illegible] powerful influence over them, th[illegible] swear almost as unconsciously [illegible] breath or sleep—And really, th[illegible] has become such, that they can[illegible] breath without Swearing! But [illegible] men seem to love to swear? [illegible] they use profane language? [illegible] they swear with such gusto [illegible] such seeming delight? Is there anything delightful in profane [illegible] —or ennobling or profitable [illegible] good of itself, or does it add [illegible] or beauty to any qualities th[illegible] person may possess! Does swearing improve the morals o[illegible] or of any communnity? Is it an immorality—a vice to be [illegible] by every good Citizen? Doe[illegible] tice better win the confidence [illegible] or render the swearers statem[illegible] credible? If there is any goo[illegible] fane swearing,—if it enable[illegible] grace and beauty to charact[illegible] itself good morals, and will [illegible] best interest of Socity, let ev[illegible] dulg freely indulg in profane [illegible] But who claims this! no [illegible] the profane Swearer himsel[illegible] his own practice—But is [illegible] thing noble, brave, generou[illegible] grand in thought, or even [illegible] in profane swearing? Is it [illegible] other hand, ungentlemanly, [illegible] graceful, immoral & a foolis[illegible] [illegible] possible manner—