

For the Agitator.
"It does not pay."

A boat had broken its glittering toy,
And this sudden grief had damped its joy;
But Hope fitted past and said, as she smiled,
"Thou shalt have a better to-morrow, child."

For years he had toiled in the wild turmoil
Of busy life, and with many a toil
Had battled many a weary day;
And over the world war still his fall—
It did not pay!

Partners had swindled and friends betrayed;
Those he had succored refused their aid,
When adverse storms rose over the way,
He only said as he sat in the shade—
"It does not pay!"

No business lurked in the old man's heart,
Bravely and well he had played his part
In the game of life, and well might say,
As he backward looked on the troubled chart—
"It does not pay!"

Restfully, peacefully into he there,
The south-wind lifted his thin, white hair,
Or thro' the leaves did whispering play;
He only said with a troubled air—
"It does not pay!"

Eighty summers their blossoms had shed,
Eighty winters had whitened his head;
He waited his summons day by day;
"Life is a feverish dream," he said,
"It does not pay!" G. W. STARR.

For the Agitator.

Hope's Whimperings.

A child had broken its glittering toy,
And this sudden grief had damped its joy;
But Hope fitted past and said, as she smiled,
"Thou shalt have a better to-morrow, child."

O'er the pages dull of a tattered book,
An mite was poring with weary look;
But Hope cheerily whispered, "why so sad?
Thou shalt play to-morrow, cheer up my lad."

The student while burning the midnight oil,
Was peevishly saying, "Why this toil?"
Cried Hope in his ear, "Thou shalt gain a name,
Thou shalt wear on thy brow the wreath of Fame."

A youth had been jilted by a coquette,
His heart from Love's arrow was bleeding wet;
Hope said in bland tones, "Away with sorrow!
Thy bride she shall be, and that to-morrow."

Responsively sat a care-worn man,
Who had struggled long under Fortune's ban;
Hope spoke but these words, from care he was free,
"To-morrow the goddess shall smile on thee."

On his dying couch lay the aged sire,
Yet Hope hovered near his heart to inspire;
"Ah, Hope, thy cheer to me has been vain!"
"Not so," said Hope, "thou shalt live again."

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From Dicken's Household Words.

TWO NEPHEWS.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa near
Watson-on-Thames sat, one evening at dusk,
an old man and a young woman. The age
of the man might be some seventy; while
his companion had certainly not reached
nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face and
active, light and upright figure were in strong
contrast with the worn countenance and bent
frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in
the corners of his mouth were indications
of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffer-
ing had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more Mary," said he;
"neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be
here before dark. Very hard that, when a
sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and
see him, they can't come at once. The duty
is simple in the extreme, only to help me to
die, and take what I choose to leave them in
my will! Pooh! when I was a young man,
I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost
celerity. But the world's getting quite heart-
less."

"Oh, Sir," said Mary,
"And what does 'Oh, Sir' mean?" said
he. "D'ye think I sha'n't die? I know bet-
ter. A little more, and there'll be an end of
old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty
world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and
advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh!
Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff."

The girl poured some medicine into a glass,
and Collett, after having contemplated it for
a moment with infinite disgust, managed to
get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said
he, "I don't by any means approve of your
'Oh, Sir' and 'Dear Sir,' and the rest of it,
when I've told you how I hate to be called
Sir at all. Why you couldn't be more re-
spectful if you were a charity girl and I a
beadle in a gold-laced hat! None of your
senses, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've
been your faithful guardian now for six months,
and you ought to know my likings and dis-
likings."

"My poor father often told me how you
disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right,"
said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man
of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault
was a natural inability to keep a farthing in
his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm
sure he did. He bequeathed me his only
child—and it isn't every friend who would
do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have
been."
"Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a
brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I
speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I
given you good, prudent worldly advice
about John Meade, and made myself quite
disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come,
confess your love this penniless nephew of
mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.
"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And
what business has a poor devil of an artist to
fall in love with my ward? And what busi-
ness has my ward to fall in love with a poor
devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's
daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews?
Why couldn't you fall in love with the dis-
creet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—
considering he's an attorney—is a worthy
young man. He is monstrous in the extreme,
and attends to other people's business
only when he's paid for it. He despises sen-
timent, and always looks to the main chance.
But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil
cavans for ever and not grow rich. He's all
for art, and truth, and social reform, and
spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what.
Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and
splash poor John Meade as he trudges on
foot."

The harangue was here interrupted by a
ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was
announced. He had scarcely taken his seat
when another pull at the bell was heard, and
Mr. John Meade was announced.

THE AGITATOR.

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COBB, STURROCK & CO.,

THE AGITATOR OF THOUGHT IN THE DEPARTMENT OF WISDOM

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2.

WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1855.

NO. 2.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a
queer sort of smile, while they made speech-
es expressive of sorrow at the nature of their
visit. At last, stopping them, "Let us find
some better subject to discuss than the state
of an old man's health. I want to know a
little more about you both. I haven't seen
much of you up to the present time, and, for
anything I know, you may be rogues or
fools."

John Meade seemed rather to wince under
this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and
confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collett, "this
morning a poor wretch of a gardener came
begging here. He could get no work; it
seems, and said he was starving. Well, I
knew something about the fellow, and I be-
lieve he only told the truth; so I gave him a
shilling, to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid
I did wrong. What reason had I for giving
him a shilling? What claim had he on me?
What claim has he on anybody? The value
of his labor in the market is all that a
working man has a right to; and when his
labor is of no value, why then he must go to
the Devil or wherever else he can. Eh, Peter?
That's my philosophy—what do you think of
it?"

"I quite agree with you, Sir," said Mr.
Finch; "perfectly agree with you. The value
of their labor in the market is all that lab-
orers can pretend to—all that they should
have. Nothing acts more perniciously than
the absurd extraneous support called chari-
ty."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collett. "You're a
clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear boy,
go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" con-
tinued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at
an unnatural level. State charity is state
robbery: private charity is public wrong."
"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett. "What
do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it! I don't believe it!" said
John. "You were quite right to give the man
a shilling: I'd have given him a shilling my-
self."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr.
Collett. "You're very generous with your
shillings. Would you fly in the face of all
orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John; "as the Vandals flew
in the face of Rome and destroyed what had
become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall
never make anything of him, Peter. Really,
we'd better talk of something else. John,
tell us about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics until the
arrival of the invalid's early bedtime parted
uncle and nephews for the night.
Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the
next morning after breakfast to speak with
John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your
own interest—of our interest. What occa-
sion for you to be so violent, last night, and
contend with Mr. Collett so shockingly? I
saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John,
you must be more careful, or we shall never
be married."

"Well, Mary dear, I'll do my best," said
John. "It was that confounded Peter, with
his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly
out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary;
"but an iceberg floats—think of that, John—
Remember—every time you offend Mr. Col-
lett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So do!" said John. "Yes; I'll remem-
ber that!"

"If you would only try to be a little more
and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little,
to begin with. You would only stoop to con-
quer, John—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then?" said John.
"Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary?"
And are you not to sit at needle-work in my
studio while I paint my great historical pic-
ture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Col-
lett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's
our friend Peter Finch, coming through the
gate from his walk. I leave you together."

And so saying, she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Peter Finch, as he
entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morn-
ing like this! I've been all through the vil-
lage. Not an ugly place—but wants look-
ing after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy!
Pigs allowed to walk on the foot path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"I say—you come out pretty strong last
night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old
man! But I like your spirit."

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.
"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little
that way myself," said Peter. "But the world
—the world, my dear Sir—soon cures us of
all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to
see poor people miserable; but what's the
use of regretting? It's no part of the busi-
ness of the superior classes to interfere with
the laws of supply and demand; poor people
must be miserable. What can't be cured
must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we
can't cure, they must endure."

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his
bed. About noon he requested to see his
nephews in his bedroom. They found him
propped up by pillows, looking very weak,
but in good spirits, as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "there I am, you see,
brought to an anchor at last! The doctor
will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his
head and write recipes. Humbug, my boys!
Patients can do as much for themselves, I
believe, as doctors can do for them; they're
all in the dark together—the only difference
is that the patients grope in English, and the
doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too skeptical, Sir," said John
Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change
the subject. I want your advice, Peter and
John, on a matter that concerns your inter-
ests. I'm going to make my will to-day,
and I don't know how to act about your
cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disagreed us
by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman?" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Col-
lett, "a wretch, who not only sold oil, but soap,
candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-
brooms. It was a dreadful blow to the fami-
ly. Her poor grandmother never got over it,
and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair.
Well! Briggs the oilman died last week, it
seems; and his widow has written to me,
asking for assistance. Now, I have thought
of leaving her a hundred a-year in my will.
What do you think of it? I'm afraid she
doesn't deserve it. What right had she to mar-
ry against the advice of her friends? What
have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter
Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her.
She made an obstinate and unworthy match
—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now for your opinion, John," said Mr.
Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the
same," said John Meade, bracing himself up
boldly for the part of the worldly man.

"What right had she to marry—as you ob-
served with great justice, Sir? Let her
abide the consequences—as you very properly
remarked, Finch. Don't she carry on the
oilman's business? I dare say it will support
her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collett; "Briggs died
a bankrupt, and his widow and children are
destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter
Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something
for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's
family are the people to do something for
her. She mustn't expect anything from us—
must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With chil-
dren, too! Why, this is another case, Sir.
You surely ought to notice her—to assist her.
Confound it, I'm for letting her have the
hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!"
said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to fol-
low Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and
turned back at the second step! Here's a
brave traveler for you, Peter! John, John,
keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner
ways to very different men. Good bye, both
of you. I've no voice to speak any more.
I'll think over all you have said."

He pressed their hands, and they left the
room. The old man was too weak to speak
next day, and in three days after that he
calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over the will
was read by the confidential man of business,
who had always attended to Mr. Collett's af-
fairs. The group that sat around him pre-
served a decorous appearance of disinterest-
edness; and the usual preamble to the will
having been listened to with breathless atten-
tion, the man of business read the following in
a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs,
notwithstanding that she shocked her family
by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thou-
sand pounds; being fully persuaded that her
lost dignity, if she could even find it again,
would do nothing to provide her with food, or
clothing, or shelter."

John Meade smiled and Peter Finch ground
his teeth—but in a quiet respectable manner.
The man of business went on with his
reading.

"Having always held the opinion that wo-
man should be rendered a rational and inde-
pendent being—and having duly considered
the fact that society practically denies her the
right of earning her own living—I hereby
bequeath to Mary Sutton, the only child of
my old friend Frederick Sutton, the sum of
ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to
marry or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon
hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his
teeth again—but in a manner hardly respect-
able. Both, however, by a violent effort
kept silent.

"The man of business went on with his
reading.

"I have paid some attention to the charac-
ter of my nephew, John Meade, and have
been grieved to find him much possessed with
a feeling of philanthropy, and with a general
preference for whatever is noble and true
over whatever is base and false. As these
tendencies are by no means such as can ad-
vance him in the world, I bequeath him the
sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he
will thus be kept out of the workshop, and
be enabled to paint his great historical picture
—which, as yet, he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he
views all things in so sagacious and self-ish
a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that
I should only insult him by offering an aid
which he does not require; yet, from his af-
fectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony
of admiration for his mental acuteness, I ven-
ture to hope that he will accept a bequest of
five hundred pounds toward the completion of
his extensive library of law books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names
—how John Meade broke into into a delirium
of joy—how Mary Sutton cried first, and
then laughed, and then cried and laughed to-
gether; all these matters I shall not attempt
to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John
Meade; and her husband has actually begun
the great historical picture. Peter Finch has
taken to discounting bills, and bringing ac-
tions on them; and drives about in his brough-
am already.

THE LEFT EYE.

A CALICO TALK—FROM THE RUSSIAN.

A rich old man, who resided at the extreme-
ty of the camp, quite apart from the rest,
had three daughters, the youngest of whom,
named Kookju, was as much distinguished for
her beauty as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning, as he was about driving his
cattle for sale to the Chan's market place, he
begged his daughters to tell him what pres-
ents they wished him to bring to them on his
return. The two eldest asked him for trink-
ets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said
that she wanted no presents, but that she had
a request to make which it would be difficult
and even dangerous for him to execute; up-
on which the father, who loved her more
than the other two, swore that he would do
her wish, though it were at the price of his
life.

"If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you
do as follows: Sell all your cattle except the
short-tailed ox, and as no other price for it
except the Chan's Left Eye." The old man
was startled; however, remembering his oath,
and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he
resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being
asked for the price of the short-tailed ox, he
would sell it for nothing else but the Chan's
left eye. The report of this singular and
daring request soon reached the ears of the
Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished
him not to use such an offensive speech
against the sovereign; but when they found
that he persevered in his strange demand,
they bound him and carried him as a mad-
man before the Chan. The old man threw
himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed
that his demand had been made at the request
of his daughter, of whose motives he was to-
tally ignorant; and the Chan, suspecting that
some secret must be hidden under the condi-
tion, asked that he would bring him that daugh-
ter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked:
"Why didst thou instruct thy father to de-
mand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my Prince, that after
so strange a request, curiosity would urge
thee to send for me."

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see
me?"

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to
thyself and thy people."

"Name it."

"Prince," replied Kookju, when two persons
appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy
and noble generally stand on the right hand,
whilst the poor and humble stand on the left.
I have been thus situated, and I have fre-
quently favored the noble and rich. This
is the reason that I persuaded my father to
ask for thy left eye—it being of no use to
thee, since thou never seest the poor and un-
protected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the
daring of this maiden, commanded his Court
to try her. The Court was opened, and the
President, who was the eldest Lama, pro-
posed that they should try whether her strange
proceedings was the effect of malice, or of
wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a
log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering
her to find out which was the root and which
the top. Kookju threw it into the water, and
soon knew the answer on seeing the root
sinking, whilst the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in or-
der to determine which was a male and which
a female. The wise maiden laid them on cot-
ton, and on seeing that one coiled herself up
in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she
judged that the latter was a male and the for-
mer a female.

From these trials the Court was convinced
that Kookju had not offended the Chan from
motives of malice, but the inspiration of wis-
dom granted her from above. But not so the
Chan; his vanity was hurt, and he resolved
to puzzle her with questions, in order to
prove that she was not wise. He therefore
ordered her before him, and asked:

"On sending a number of maidens into the
wood to gather apples, which of them will
bring home most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of
climbing up the trees, remains below, and
picks up those which have fallen off from
maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked
her which would be the readiest way to get
over it; and Kookju said, "to cross it would
be the farthest, going round nearest." The
Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propi-
ety of her replies; and, after having reflect-
ed for some time, he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming
known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of always
leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and
conclude every evening with a good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"What are the requisites of a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a peacock, gen-
tle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a
faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish;
she must mourn for her husband like a she-
camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird
which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom
of the fair Kookju; yet enraged at her hav-
ing reproached him with injustice, he still
wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found
the means for attaining his object. He sent
for her and asked her to determine the true
worth of all his treasures, after which he
promised to absolve her from malice in ques-
tioning his justice, and admit that she intended
as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condi-
tion that the Chan would promise her implicit
obedience to her commands for four days.
She requested that he would eat no food dur-
ing that time. On the last day she placed
a dish of meat before him, and said, "Con-
fess, O Chan, that all thy treasures are not
worth as much as this joint of meat!"

The Chan was so much struck with the
truth of her remark, that he confessed it, ac-
knowledged her as wise, married her to his
son, and permitted her constantly to remind
him to use his left eye.

How do you do.

National forms of salutation are true indi-
ces of national character. The whole history
of a race may be found in the dictionary
of its language. Words and phrases are the
offerings of previously existing objects,
thoughts and circumstances, and paternity is
readily traced.

Thus among all savage and warlike peo-
ple, the common salutation conveys a wish or
a prayer that the person saluted may enjoy
peace—the greatest good of individuals and
of nations, and the boon most frequently
withheld in that phrase of life. Throughout
the Bible this is the invariable blessing—
shalom! And the wandering Bedouins of the
desert have to this day the same form of salu-
tation. Another phrase of theirs—"If God
will, thou art well"—betrays the fatalism of
Islam.

"Peace be upon thee," says the fluent and
facile Persian; "I make prayers for thy
greatness!" "May thy shadow never be
less!" This last form smacks of summer
and the South. Such a salutation would
make a Northerner shiver! It shows too,
a great respect for fat—for a dignified alder-
manic rotundity.

"The Greeks, a joyful people, full of the
vigour of a life of action, expressed their salu-
tation in a single word—"rejoice."

The commercial and enterprising Genoese
of the middle ages, used to say *Saneta e gued-
agna*—"Health and gain," than which no
phrase could be more characteristic. In a
similar spirit the "swag-bellied Hollander"
salutes you with *Hoe Vaart's ge*—"How
fare you?" The easy, phlegmatic German
says, *Leben sie wohl!*—"Live thou well!"

"The Frenchman's *Comment vous portez-
vous?*" "How do you carry yourself?" re-
veals the very soul of the French character.
How is the formula, and not what; and then
the *portez-vous*, how well it expresses the
eager restlessness and vivacious manners of
the nation! *Comment ca va-t-il?*—how goes
it?—is of the same tone and character.

John Bull and Brother Jonathan, in a hearty
but business-like tone, greet you with "How
are you?" "How do you do?" What could
be more characteristic of the great and po-
tential Anglo-Saxon race? To do? You do,
of course—of this there is no question—if it
is the will of life, but how do you do? "How
are you?" This embraces all—health, wealth,
knowledge, power; what could one say more?
and here it is all in three words—"How are
you?" It may be answered in three more—
"I am well." "How do you do?" Again the
answer is, "Well, I do well? Reader, "How
do you do."—*Life Illustrated.*

Feeling on the Battle Field

The Crimea correspondent of the N. Y.
Sun, writing from Balaklava, gives from the
experience of a wounded Frenchman, an
opinion with regard to that which is felt by
the soldiers in conflict, which is something as
follows:

Before the battle begins it is usual to feel
no little tremor, and many cheeks, which are
known to be in communication with stout
hearts, blanch visibly. As the conflict be-
comes imminent, courage returns, and with
the first flow of blood an enthusiasm is raised
which constantly increases, and very seldom
flags in the least until the last shot is fired.
The effect of seeing a comrade shot down is
generally to excite an unappeasable thirst for
vengeance against the foe, though in the end
one "gets used to it."

When wounded less than mortally, it is
not usual for the soldier to be immediately
aware of the fact, unless some bones are broken.
A sabre may be run through any and
fleshy part of the body, and even a bullet
lodge in dangerous proximity to the vitals,
and he for some time be totally unconscious
of even a scratch.

When life is taken by a blow, the effect is
varied with the nature of the wound, as well
as with the temperament of the man. Some-
times the poor fellow will leap high in the
air, giving a piercing scream, and again he
will lay down quietly. Otiener, however he
simply falls without a struggle. In most
cases the features of the killed remain un-
changed for a long time after death—eyes are
open and brilliant, and, perchance, a smile
illuminating the face. To see such a one it
is difficult indeed to realize the presence of
the grim monster Death.

BE ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man ac-
complishes, the more he may. You always
find those men who are the most forward to
do good, or to improve the times and manners,
always busy. Who starts our railroads, or
steamboats, or our machine shops, and our man-
ufactories? Men of industry and enterprise.
As long as they live they work—doing some-
thing to benefit themselves and others. It is
just so with a man who is benevolent—the
more he gives, the more he feels like giving.
We go for activity—in body, in mind, in ev-
erything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor
the thought become stale.

I think it must be somewhere written, that
the virtue of mothers shall, occasionally, be
visited on their children, as well as the sins
of fathers.

Doing a Dandy.

As the cars were about leaving a village in
the interior of Massachusetts, not long since,
a rather verdant looking specimen of humani-
ty, in the shape of a tall Vermontian, was
seen making large tracks towards the depot,
which he reached just in time to step aboard
as the train was about leaving. After a mo-
ment drawing breath, which he had lost in