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From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.
LILLIAN LEE.

Lillian Lee walked forth one night,
The sun was setting in golden light,
The birds were singing their sweetest lays,
All nature offered a song of praise.
But Lillian's eyes were dim with tears,
For her heart was busy with hopes and fears;
She had heard a voice for many a day,
A voice that she could not drive away,
"Ah, Lillian, Lillian Lee,
You have been false and cruel to me."
Lillian thought of days gone by,
Happy days, and she well knew why,
She was the joy of one fond heart,
Of his hopes and wishes a cherished part.
Why those happy moments flown?
Why does she wander thus alone?
The voice is sadly repeating still,
She must hear it even against her will—
"Ah, Lillian, Lillian Lee,
You have been false and cruel to me."
Then she thought how her hasty pride
Drove the dear one away from her side;
A few cold words, a scornful slight,
And Lillian's sunshine changed to night.
And let her for a distant land,
Released his claim on heart and hand;
His parting words, she can hear them yet,
Words that she never can forget—
"Ah, Lillian, Lillian Lee,
You have been false and cruel to me."
And he has returned, and we may meet
In private walk, or in public street;
Ah! what a meeting that will be,
An hour of joy or woe to me.
Does there linger in his bosom yet,
Some tender longing, some fond regret?
Or will he think as he passes by,
With a chilling mien and a careless eye—
"Ah, Lillian, Lillian Lee,
You have been false and cruel to me."
While Lillian mused another came,
She knew him not till he called her name;
Alas for courage and maiden pride,
For Ernest stood by Lillian's side.
She could not speak, but her soft blue eyes
Were brimming over with glad surprise,
Each felt that they met no more to part,
And he said as he clasped her to his heart—
"Ah, Lillian, Lillian Lee,
You are more than the world to me."
Tioga County Pa., 1857. VINCINIA.

Interesting Sketch.

From the Ladies' Repository.
NANCY HART.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

PIONEER LIFE in the early settlement of this country tended to develop strong, if not elegant traits of character. The hardship and exposure incident to the subjugation of a new country to the dominion of civilization, the daily struggle for the necessities of life, and the constant attacks from the savage denizens of the forest—more savage and dangerous when in the human than in the savage animal form—nurtured a courage and self-reliance obtained in no other school. Feats of adventure, of strategy, and of heroic daring in deadly conflict with the wild beast or with the murderous Indian, dot every page of our early history.
Nurtured in such a school, the hardy population of the country received the best training possible for those stirring scenes of tumult and conflict which eventuated in our national independence. During those eventful years of the Revolutionary strife, the whole land was but little less than an arena of guerrilla warfare, in which the hardy pioneer and the Indian played a conspicuous part. During these perilous times, the pioneer women often equaled their hardy husbands in daring and heroic adventure. They were women who were not, perhaps, conversant with the etiquette of fashionable life, would not lend any grace to a modern drawing-room, or readily recognized the uses of the piano; but they were emphatically women for the times. And our common country owes them an untold debt of gratitude.

NANCY HART was one of the most remarkable women of Revolutionary times. Her husband, Benjamin Hart, was a brother of the celebrated Col. Thomas Hart of Kentucky, who was father of the wife of Henry Clay, and also maternal uncle of Thomas Hart Benton. Our heroine was therefore respectably connected. A short time before the Revolution, she and her husband removed from North Carolina to Georgia, and settled in Elbert county, on Broad river near where the stream, called from her, "War Woman's Creek," empties into it. The spot, it is said is still marked by an "apple orchard" but we apprehend that many other spots are marked in the same way. If it shall appear to our readers that we have given to our heroine a rather rough setting, it must also be borne in mind that the setting should correspond to the jewel. The most brilliant diamond is but a refined piece of charcoal, so chemists tell us. Thus refined it may be set in gold, but charcoal sketches are only adopted to the charcoal state. We do not mean that our subject was black as to the article of skin; no, indeed that morally her nature was a darker stain than many who move in refined and polished society. But that there was a rough exterior which would accept of a setting as unnatural and out of place.
Nancy Hart was not beautiful; but nevertheless was designed to make a figure in the world. She was six feet in height, well-limbed and muscular; in fact of Patagonian proportions, and it must also be confessed somewhat ungainly figure. Her mouth was broad and angular—she was horribly cross-eyed; her countenance was unmistakably decided, and somewhat ferocious in its expression, and in her speech she was rude, in manners, awkward.
In her general character, also, Nancy Hart was decidedly a "case." Her temper when "up," was modelled something after the tornado order, nor was she very choice of the language, or the acts in which expressed. In fact, it must be acknowledged that she was less cross-grained than cross-eyed. Her

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform

COBB, STURROCK & CO., "THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM." PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.
VOL. 3. WELLSBOROUGH, TIoga COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1857. NO. 38.

ideas of liberty were somewhat brightened, and it is said that over her husband she held

"The reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand."

She was expert in the use of the rifle, and, though cross-eyed, she was a keen marksman. No hunter excelled her in this. She was a "dead shot." This was her boast. Nothing was more common than to see her in full chase of the bounding deer. The huge antlers that hung round her cabin, and upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of skill in gunnery; and the white comb, drained of its honesty and hung up for ornament, testified her skill in bee-hunting.

But Nancy Hart had her amiable qualities leaning to humanity. She was an energetic house wife and an excellent cook. Her historiographer says that "many can testify to her magical art in the uses of cookery." She was generous and hospitable. In the management of diseases, and in knowledge of the medical virtues of herbs, she excelled, and was resorted to for far and near. In cases like these the full current of her sympathy flowed out in a clear strong tide. From all this it is evident that a woman's heart was enshrined within that rough exterior. In reference to these kindly services she was called to perform, she would often say, with more strength than elegance, "Drat em," when they got into trouble they always send for me." This was true in more than one sense of the word, as is evident from the following incident. The husband of her daughter Sally, was a man after her own heart. While moving his family into Georgia, he encamped by the wayside. The next morning a white man, employed as a wagoner, being ordered in a pre-emptory manner to do something, refused in a manner more insolent than comported with the feelings of the son-in-law. Whereupon, he drew his sword, and at a single blow severed the man's head from his body. He then took charge of the team and drove on himself as though nothing had happened. Passing a house soon after, he stopped and told the inmates that he had just cut a fellow's head off at the camp, and they had best get down and bury him. Horrified, the inhabitants pursued the murderer, and had him lodged in jail to await his trial. This brought Nancy into the field. She visited the place several times, and shortly after her last visit, the jail was found open one morning, and the prisoner gone. The mystery of the escape was never unraveled—but among confidential friends, Nancy referring to it, would say—Drat em, &c.

But it was for her military exploits that Nancy was especially renowned, and has acquired a name in history. When the tempest of revolution swept over the land she was among the first and the most ardent in the support of liberty. She encouraged the "liberty boys," as she called them, and on more than one occasion showed she was ready to do or to die for her country. Her husband was cast of a very different mould, and preferred skulking in the cane brake for safety to facing the enemy in deadly strife. She characterized him as a poor stick, for his cowardice. But we will certainly find some excuse for his timidity, when we remember that the Tories, who prowled over the country, filled it with alarm at their cruelties and every Whig had to conceal himself, or was liable at any hour to be shot, or to be hung on a limb of the nearest tree.

The stormy spirit of our heroine rose with the tempest that howled around her. Many anecdotes are told of her. One evening as she was at home in her log cabin, with her children around her, and a pot of soap boiling over the fire, her keen eye discovered some one peeping through the crevices. With the quickness of lightning she dashed a ladleful of the boiling soap in the face and eyes of the lurking Tory. Blinded and scalded he roared aloud from pain and terror. Nancy coolly walked out, and all the while amusing herself with jibes and taunts on him, bound him fast as her prisoner.

A venerable lady, still living a few years since, Mrs. Wyche, relates that on one occasion, having met a Tory on the road, and entering into conversation with him, so as to divert his attention, she seized his gun, and declared that unless he took up the line of march for the fort not far distant, she would shoot him. The dastard was so intimidated, that he actually walked before that brave woman, who delivered him to the commander of the American fort.

At one time, she was left in the fort with several women when it was attacked by a party of Tories and Indians. Mrs. Hart immediately assumed the functions of commander. There was one cannon in the fort, and that, with all her efforts, she was unable to place so that its fire could reach the enemy. The other women were all struck powerless with terror. Looking around she espied a young man hid under a cow-hide—with herculean strength she instantly drew him forth and threatened him with instant death, at the same time preparing to execute the threat, if he did not forthwith come to her assistance. The poor coward, filled with new alarm, for he well knew with whom he had to deal, assisted her, and she soon fired a charge upon the enemy that caused a hasty retreat.

At another time, when the British were at Augusta, it became very important for Col. Clarke, the American Commander, to ascertain the intentions of the enemy. Nancy volunteered for the service, assumed the garments of the man, and went openly into the enemy's camp. Acting the part of a crazy man, she eluded all suspicion, obtained the desired information, and speedily returned with it to the American camp.

But we come to the great act of this heroine—for heroine she was—notwithstanding her humble life and rough character. It

appears that on one occasion, a party of five Tories, that were scouring the country, suddenly entered the cabin of Nancy Hart. Her only greeting was a scowl of defiance, but in this instance it seemed rather impotent. The suddenness of their descent had completely surprised her. They charged her with complicity in the escape of a noted rebel who had been pursued by the king's troops, and would have been hung if taken. With a defiant air, she confessed that she was the means of his escape. She said that when she saw him coming, she let down the bars a few steps from her cabin, and motioned him to enter and pass directly through her house, and then to take himself to the swamp, and secure himself as well as he could. It was all the work of a moment. The bars were instantly put up, and she entered the house and closed the doors. She had hardly accomplished this when the pursuing Tories rode up and called out to her in the most boisterous manner. Muffling up her head and face, she opened the door and inquired why they disturbed a sick, lone woman. They inquired if a man had passed on horseback. She replied no, but she had seen a man on a sorrel horse turn out of the road into the woods some two or three hundred yards back. That must be the fellow, said the Tories, and they were instantly off in the pursuit. Well fooled; she continued, they went in an opposite direction to that of my Whig boy—when if they had not been so lofty minded, but had looked on the ground inside the bars, they would have seen his horse's tracks up to that door, (pointing to the front door of the cabin,) as plain as you can now see the horse's tracks on this very floor, and out the other door down the path to the swamp. As might be supposed, the Tories were much incensed at the narration; and might have proceeded at once to acts of violence, but they determined that she should first provide for them a meal. They therefore ordered her to get them some dinner. Undaunted in spirit, she replied I never feed kingsmen if I can help it, and the villains have put it out of my power to feed even my own family and friends, by stealing all my poultry and pigs, except that one old gobbler you see in the yard. We'll take the gobbler, said one of the party, and raising his gun shot it dead. Nancy raved and swore for a time—they gave her to understand that the only fate to herself was the only alternative. Upon this she apparently cooled down her passion, and dressed and cooked the slaughtered gobbler, accompanying it with a few hasty hoe-cakes and fresh home-cake. While their meal was in course of preparation, the robbers regaled themselves with hearty draughts from their whiskey bottle, and became somewhat jovial. When their dinner was ready they simultaneously stacked their guns at the door. The back door had been previously closed, so that escape was cut off in that direction. The "war-woman's skill in strategy" and courage now appeared. Passing to the door as in the course of service, she suddenly turned, and the first thing the alarmed Tories saw was one of their own guns pointed into their midst. With a tremendous oath, she declared she would blow out the brains of the first one that moved. This did not prevent a sort of spasmodic movement, when crack went the rifle, and one of their companions was wetting in his gore. Quicker than thought another was pointed in the same direction; and another of the robbers fell wounded to the floor. Her little daughter was now at her side with the third rifle ready for use. The three remaining men shrunk back with the full belief that the cross-eyes of the fierce Amazonian were fixed upon himself. The decisive point was gained.

Go, she said to her little son, and tell your father and the men that I have taken five robbing Tories, and want them to come. In a short time the men were seen coming in from the field. More restless grew the imperiled Tories, but neither one of them dared to move, so certain was each that the glaring eyes of their captor was fixed upon himself. They proposed to surrender, and to shake hands as ratifying their surrender—but the wily woman was not to be fooled. The deadly rifle was steady in its aim. Her husband and his companions soon arrived, and prepared to shoot down the prisoners. Would that some gleam of instinctive humanity had now shot forth to crown the daring act of the heroic woman! But such was not the temper of the times. The war-like spirit was up to burning heat. She declared that the prisoners had surrendered to her, and that shooting was too good for them. This was enough. The four living men were seized, bound, and taken out by the way-side, where they were hung upon the branch of a tree.

As lately as 1833 the place of this tragedy was pointed out to the traveler. The cabin occupied by the Harts had been removed, but the tree on which the four Tories were hung was still standing.

After the war of the revolution had ceased, and the independence of the country was gained, population began to flow into that region, and game and bees were decreasing, and the country "getting old" so fast, that Nancy Hart could stand it no longer. Accordingly, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, she "pulled up her stakes," and departed for the wilds of the west, where there was—more room.

Where or when she ended her days is not known. It we mistake not, a county in the State bears the name of Hart, and the county seat of Nancyville, in honor of this heroine of the Revolution.

MOTTO FOR STAGE DRIVERS.—To be found somewhere in the classics: "Jam forte in omnibus."

The Cornish Lovers.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honorable houses in Cornwall had, from their childhood, entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after the nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return by the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that "business would detain him some time longer from home," because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquility, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something afloat on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her "she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck; the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for her child, provided she might be god-mother." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections upon the occasion. "Who knows," says she, "but this may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impatient mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcomes he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awakened the friend from her trance, but the wife was gone forever.

THE LITTLE JOKER.—In the good old times of Kentucky, when substantial justice was administered in a log cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys, of which it was alleged that plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as thimble rigging. In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups, and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the Court, the defendant, placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them so, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the little joker—meaning thereby, may it please the Court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup so, your honor supposes you see the ball!"

"Suppose I see!" interrupted the judge, who closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised. "Why, any darn fool can see where it is, and bet on it and be sure to win. There ain't no 'de-fraudin' thar."

"Perhaps your honor would like to go a V on it," insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it, too, and here is the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the foreman of the jury. "And I, and I," joined in the jurors, one after the other, until each had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his honor.

Up it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the darndest kind of defraudin'. His Honor adjourned the Court, and stood for drinks all round, in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A mighty realm is the land of dreams,
With steep that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.
But over its shadowy borders flow
Sweet rays from a world of endless morn,
And the nearest mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.
The souls of the happy dead repair
From the bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fairer glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand to hand.
One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they ring in the memory o'er and o'er!
Far off from those hills that shine with the day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The land of dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker valleys.
There lie the chambers of a guilty delight:
There walk the spectres of hope and fear;
And soft low voices that float through the night,
Are whispering sin in the guileless ear.
Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play,
The tears on whose cheeks are the opening flower,
That freshens the early bloom of May?
Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips that now
Thy spirit strays in the land of dreams.
Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls!
And only wander where the mayest meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.
So shalt thou come from the land of dreams
With love and peace to this world of strife,
And the light that over its border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

Select Miscellany.

WHAT KIND OF WORDS TO USE.—In simple, familiar Anglo-Saxon words, in preference to those of Latin and French origin. The latter may seem finer and more high-sounding, but the former are stronger and more expressive, and you will be able to set forth more clearly in them what you have to say. If your thought is a great one, simple words will well befit it; and if it is trifling or commonplace, your grand phrases will only make it seem ridiculous. Father, mother, brother, sister, home, happiness, heaven; sun, moon, stars, light, heat; to sit, to stand, to go, to rub, to stagger, are Anglo-Saxon words; as are most of those used to express habitual actions and designate persons and objects familiar and dear to us. We may say in Latin-English, "Felicity attends virtue," but "well-being arises from well-doing"—Saxon-English—is a far better wording of the same idea. And mark the strength, expressiveness, and majestic movement of the following lines from Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," in which nearly all the words are Anglo-Saxon:

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once and once forever lay still.
The French and Latin elements of our language of course have their places and use, and can not be left out, but the Anglo-Saxon should furnish the staple of our common writing and talk.—"How to Write."

IRON FOR GUNS.—Great improvements have taken place in the material used for the manufacture of fire arms. One of these improvements consists in forging the barrels from old horse shoe nails. These, from the cold hammering in their manufacture, acquire a great condensation and strength of fibre, possessing also the requisite qualities of purity and ductility in a high degree. The nails or "stubs," are first cleaned in a revolving drum and then welded into a bloom or mass in an air furnace; afterward taken out and forged with heavy trip-hammers; then rolled into bars and reduced to rods of the proper size by hand hammering—in which process every flaw can be detected and worked out or the barrel rejected; the frequent welding, rolling and hammering of the iron, increases its tenacity and strength in an astonishing degree. Some years ago, it was discovered that metal used for gun barrels was still more improved by the admixture of one-fourth of steel with the iron, giving additional solidity and hardness, without impairing its strength. This in the manufacture of wire twist, alternate bars of iron and steel are placed on each other and forged at a welding heat in one body or bar, which is afterwards rolled down into rods of three-eighths of an inch in breadth and varying in thickness according to the weight of the barrel which they are intended to make. The first rod is then twisted into a spiral upon an iron mandril, and welded together at the edges, assisted by many blows of the forging hammer, to bring every part into juxtaposition while hot.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.—"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said a distinguished statesman to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a woman; all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."
There is a dandy in Chicago of such nice tastes that he greases his boots with the oil of burgamot. He is first cousin to the youth who sleeps on a bed made of sponge-cake.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 15 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
1 Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50	\$4 50	\$6 00
2 Squares, - - - - - 4 00	6 00	8 00
1 column, - - - - - 1 00	1 50	2 00
1 column, - - - - - 18 00	30 00	40 00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.
Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

The Science of the Guillotine.

A correspondent of the New York Times, who witnessed the execution of Verger, gives a graphic description of the science of the guillotine:

The scaffold is erected near eighty feet from the front door of the prison, on four permanent blocks of stone, in the centre of the roadway leading from the prison to the street. The square is planted with trees. On both sides of the roadway stood a double file of soldiers with presented arms. When Verger issued from the gate, supported by the executioner and the chaplain, and saw standing before him the fatal instrument, his face looked him, and he sank down. It was this passage of eighty feet that was terrible for the criminal, for he knew that the moment he ascended the steps before him his head would fall.

Verger was hurried along to the fatal steps. On the way he did not cease to repeat "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have pity on me!" He cried also, "Vive Jesus Christ!" The scaffold was at an elevation of about five feet from the ground. Arrived on next to the last step, he fell on his knees on the floor of the scaffold, pronounced a few words of prayer, and then, addressing the chaplain, said: "My brother, I charge you to make amende honorable in my name to all my superior ecclesiastics whom I have offended or made sorry; I tell them that I demand pardon of them as I pardon them myself. I offer my life in expiation of my faults." He then kissed the crucifix and turned and gave a hasty embrace to the chaplain; but he never rose to his feet. As he attempted to do so the executioner, who stood behind him, pushed him forward on to the slab which carries his head under the knife. This slab, which is so placed as to receive the body as the criminal rises from his knees on the last step or floor of the scaffold, is a new invention, used now only for the third time. It receives the body from the knees to the upper part of the chest, of necessity leaving the neck and head projecting beyond. As the criminal falls upon it, instead of being obliged to tie him there, as was formerly the custom, an operation that was sometimes difficult if the prisoner saw fit to struggle, springs now suddenly seize the body and hold it firm. This slab slides easily in grooves, and a slight pressure on the person of the criminal pushes it forward and places his neck in the notch into which the knife falls. A man is on the other side, ready to seize his head as it passes in order to steady it, while another stands ready to pull the rope which lets the knife fall.

The knife is in form like the knife of a straw-cutting box, only much heavier. It is placed diagonally in the two uprights, along the side of which it glides like a saw-mill gate; its diagonal position gives it a sawing motion in cutting through the neck. It falls about twelve feet, and so nicely is its weight adapted to the force required, that it not much more than cuts off the head without superfluous noise. The moment the knife falls the springs relax by a quick movement, the body is rolled off on to a *bascule* at the side, which, in turn, tumbles the body on a board, at the end of which stand two men ready to seize it and slide it into a close carriage, which stands ready backed up for the purpose. In like manner the man who is charged with the holding of the head lets it drop into a basket at his feet, seizes the basket, and hands it to a man off the scaffold, who immediately places it in a wagon with the body; the door of the wagon is closed precipitately, and at once moves off the ground. All this is but the work of an instant.

When Verger was pushed forward on the board he raised up his shoulders as if to try to release himself from the clamps. His head was bare, and as he did so he turned his face upwards sufficiently to take a last hurried look to the side where I stood. I shall never forget this last glance of the criminal. His face was then injected, no doubt from being pushed forward so suddenly on the board. As he made this movement the executioner pushed his shoulders hardly down on the board, and this movement served the double purpose of bringing the body flat and of sliding the head under the ax. The little wheel at the top of the upright turned half round and the knife fell!

The whole affair was accomplished with such rapidity that a great majority of the audience did not know that it had occurred. Indeed, its rapidity was its most frightful feature. From the moment the condemned man issued from the gate till his body had left the ground was but one minute by the watch! The assassination was not less magnificently performed than the execution!

MILD GUNPOWDER.—Many pleasant anecdotes are told of Mr. G—, who, a good many years ago, was a retail merchant in a populous town in Vermont. He was famous as "the very pink of politeness," and was indeed an expert salesman. If he had not yet the article that might happen to be called for, he was sure to name something that was sufficiently like it to answer the purpose. Thus when a customer enquired for "winter-strained oil," the merchant told him he hadn't got any of that kind exactly—but he had some that was "strained very late in the fall!" Disparage one article as you might, he was sure to find something to praise in it—if his tea was not strong it was well flavored, &c.—On one occasion a customer having called for a sample of gunpowder, rubbed it in his hand to ascertain the proportion of charcoal, and then observed that it lacked strength. "I know," answered the imperturbable tradesman—falling into his old *trou-fa-mou*—"I know the powder is not so strong as some, but you'll find it very mild and agreeable."