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THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, AGITATOR IS translation reach-slarge and steadily increasing circulation reach-slarge and steadily increasing circulation reach-loc every neighborhood in the County. It is sent to every to any Post Office within the county pathogs most convenient post office may be an adjusting cond-y-Basiness Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper inclu-i, 84 per res

"ALL IS WELL." For the Agitator.

Each grief has a holy, solemn mission,
The only an angel in disguise,
The only an angel in disguise,
Could we would learn screen submission
that we would learn screen submission
that have but see with unclouded eyes.
The hard to feel in the trial-fire
That tho' we suffer, 'tis well with us;
That they we suffer, 'tis well with us;
And yet, thank God! it is even thus.

and yet, thank the tree trius.

Live look back on some bitter sorrow,
We ask, was it well such grief should last?
We sk, was the tree to to morrow
Bould sadder seem than the day just past? Should sadder seem than the day just past?
When hope, and courage, and faith seemed fleeing
and thicker, deeper, a darkness fell
Flock none could pierce save One All-Seeing?
Ye! even then it was "well, all well."

fel even then it was "weil, all weil."

lad we shall see when we cross Death's ocean
And reach our home on the farther shore,
flor each sore sorrow—each deep emotion—
Has brought sweet peace to us evermore.
We shall see the wisdom sooner or later,
And join the anthems that loudly swell,
The songs of praise to our Great Creator,
The Father "who doeth all things well."

VIRGINIA.

WHAT WAS IT?

A MYSTERY.

kis, I confess, with considerable diffidence at I approach the strange narrative which I about to relate. The events which I pure detailing are of so extraordinary and unand of a character that I am quite prepared neet with an unusual amount of incredu and scorn. I accept all such beforehand. isre, I trust, the literary courage to face un-cel. I have, after mature consideration, reed to narrate, in as simple and straightformia manner as I can compass, some facts massed under my observation in the month July last, and which, in the annals of the eries of physical science, are wholly un-

live at No .- Twenty-sixth Street, in this The house is in some respects a curious It has enjoyed for the last two years the ation of being haunted. It is a large and the residence, surrounded by what was once grien, but which is now only a green incloused for bleaching clothes. The dry basin that has been a fountain, and a few fruita neged and unpruned, indicate that this min past days, was a pleasant, shady reat filled with fruits and flowers and the sweet mur of waters.

The house is very spacious. A hall of noble ulads to a vast spiral staircase winding rough its centre; while the various apartnts are of imposing dimensions. It was ik some fifteen or twenty years since by Mr. -, the well-known New York merchant, a five years ago threw the commercial world convulsions by a stupendous bank fraud. A-, as every one knows, escaped to Euand died not long after of a broken heart. most immediately after the news of his deuse reached this country, and was verified, the ort spread in Twenty-sixth Street that No. was haunted. Legal measures had disposssed the widow of its former owner, and it as inhabited merely by a care-taker and his fe, placed there by the house-agent into whose ads it had passed for purposes of renting or These people declarad that they were ibled with unnatural noises. Doors were gened without any visible agency. The rems moms were, during the night, piled one on the other by unknown hands. Invisible spassed up and down the stairs in broad ght, accompanied by the rustle of unseen dresses and the gliding of viewless hands the massive balusters. The care-taker wite declared they would live there no get. The house-agent laughed, dismissed and put others in their place. The noises supernatural manifestations continued .-Reighborhood caught up the story, and the remained untenanted for three years. ral parties negotiated for it; but somehow. trans before the bargain was closed, they the unpleasant rumors, and declined to

It was in this state of things that my landwho at that time kept a boarding house Elercker Street, and who wished to move the up town-conceived the bold idea of Ting No. - Twenty-sixth Street. Happento have in her house rather a plucky, and sophical set of boarders, she laid her seme before us, stating candidly every thing had heard respecting the ghostly qualities the establishment to which she wished to more us. With the exception of one or two persons—a sea-captain and a returned dernian, who immediately gave notice that would leave—every one of Mrs. Moffat's this declared that they would accompany her her chivalric incursion into the abode of

Our removal was effected in the month of and we were all charmed with our new Silence. The portion of Twenty-sixth Street ere our house is situated - between Seventh Lighth Avenues—is one of the pleasantest thes in New York. The gardens back of ouses, running down nearly to the Hudson, in the summer time, a perfect avenue of The air is pure and invigorating, ping as it does, straight across the river Weehawken heights, and even the ragwhich surrounded the house on two albough displaying on washing-days much clothes-line, still gave us a green sward to look at, and a cool rethe summer evenings, where we smoked cigars in the dusk, and watched the firedashing their dark-lanterns in the long

Course we had no sooner established ouris at Xo. — than we began to expect the We absolutely awaited their advent eagerness. Our dinner conversation was One of the boarders, who had Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nafor his own private delectation, was reas a public enemy by the entire housefor not having bought twenty copies. The a led a life of supreme wretchedness while rate was established, of which he was the rational of the incautiously laid the book down

THE AGITATOR.

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

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. V. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1859.

tance, it having leaked out that I was tolerably | 'Wiclaud' is awful; so is the picture of the | seemed to gain an additional strength in my well versed in the history of supernaturalism. and had once written a story, entitled "The Pot of Tulips," for Harper's Monthly, the foundation of which was a ghost. If a table or a wainscot panel happened to warp when we were assembled in the large drawing-room, there was an instant silence, and every one was prepared for an immediate clanking of chains and a spectral form.

After a month of psychological excitement, t was with the utmost dissatisfaction that we were forced to acknowledge that nothing in the remotest degree approaching the supernatural had manifested itself. Once the black butler asseverated that his candle had been blown out by some invisible agency while in the act of undressing himself for the night; but as I had more than once discovered this colored gentletleman in a condition when one candle must have appeared to him like two, I thought it possible that, by going a step farther in his potations, he might have reversed this phenome non, and seen no candle at all where he ought to have beheld one.

.Things were in this state when an incident took place so awful and inexplicable in its character that my reason fairly reels at the bare memory of the occurrence. It was the 10th of July. After dinner was over I repaired, with my friend Dr. Hammond, to the garden to smoke my evening pipe. Independent of certain mental sympathies which existed between the Doctor and myself, we were linked together by a secret vice. We both smoked opium. We knew each other's secret, and respected it. We enjoyed together that wonderful expansion of thought; that marvelous intensifying of the perceptive faculties; that boundless feeling of existence when we seem to have points of contact with the whole universe; in short, that unimaginable spiritual bliss, which I would not surrender for a throne, and which I hope you. reader, will never -never taste.

Those hours of opium happiness which the Doctor and I spent together in secret were regulated with a scientific accuracy. We did not blindly smoke the drug of Paradisc, and leave our dreams to chance. While smoking we carefully steered our conversation through the brghtest and calmest channels of thought. We talked of the East, and endeavored to recall the magical panorama of its glowing scenery .-We criticised the most sensuous poets, those who painted life ruddy with health, brimming with passion, happy in the possession of youth, and strength, and beauty. If we talked of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," we lingered over Ariel and avoided Caliban Like the Gebers, we turned our faces to the East, and saw only the sunny side of the world.

The skillful coloring of our train of thought produced in our subsequent visions a corresponding tone. The splendors of Arabian fairy-land dyed our dreams. We paced that narrow strip of grass with the tread and port of kings. The song of the Rana arborea while he clung to the bark of the ragged plum-tree sounded like the strains of divine orchestras. Houses, walls, and streets melted like rain-clouds, and vistas of unimaginable glory stretched away before us. It was a rapturous companionship. We each of us enjoyed the vast delight more perfectly because, even in our most ecstatic moments, we were ever conscious of each other's presence. Our pleasures, while individual. vere still twin, vibrating and moving in musical accord.

On the evening in question, the 10th of July, the Doctor and myself found ourselves in an unusually metaphysical mood. We lit our large meerschaums filled with fine Turkish tobacco, in the core of which burned a little black nut of opium, that, like the nut in the fairy tale, held within its narrow limits wonders beyond the reach of kings; we paced to and fro, conversing. A strange perversity dominated the currents of our thought. They would not flow through the sun-lit channels into which we strove to divert them. For some unaccountable reason they constantly diverged into dark and lonesome beds, where a continual gloom brooded. It was in vain that, after our old fashion, we flung ourselves on the shores of the East, and talked of its gay bazaars, of the splendors of the time of Haroun, of harems and golden palaces. Black afreets continually arose from the depths of our talk, and expanded, like the one the fisherman released from the copper vessel, until they blotted every thing bright from our vision. Insensibly we vielded to the occult force that swayed us, and indulged in gloomy speculation. We had talked some time upon the proneness of the human mind to mysticism and the almost universal love of the Terrible, when Hammond suddenly said to

"What do you consider to be the greatest el-

ement of Terror?" The question, I own, puzzled me. That many things were terrible, I knew. Stumbling over a corpse in the dark; beholding, as I once did, a woman floating down a deep and rapid river, with wildly-lifted arms and awful, upturned face, uttering, as she sank, shrieks that rent one's heart, while we, the spectators, stood frozen at a window which overhung the river at a height of sixty feet, unable to make the slightest effort to save her, but dumbly watching he last supreme agony and her disappearance. A shattered wreck, with no life visible, encountered floating listlessly on the ocean, is a terrible object, for it suggests a huge terror, the proportions of which are vailed. But it now struck me for the first time that there must be one great and ruling bodiment of fear, a King of Terrors to which all others must succumb. What might it be? To what train of circumstances would it owe its existence?

"I confess, Hammond," I replied to my friend, "I never considered the subject before. That there must be one Something more terrible than any other thing, I feel. I can not attempt, however, even the most vague defini-

"I am somewhat like you, Harry," he answered. "I feel my capacity to experience a terror greater than any thing yet conceived by the human mind. Something combining in

Dweller of the Threshold in Bulwer's 'Zanoni;' but," he added, shaking his head gloomily, "there is something more horrible still than

these." "Look here, Hammond," I rejoined; "let us drop this kind of talk for Heaven's sake. We shall suffer for it, depend upon it."

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," he replied, "but my brain is running upon all sorts of weird and awful thoughts. feel as if I could write a story like Hoffman to-night, if I were only master of a literary style.'

"Well, if we are going to be Hoffmanesque in our talk I'm off to bed. Opium and nightmares should never be brought together. How sultry it is! Good-night, Hammond." "Good-night, Harry. Pleasant dreams to

"To you, gloomy wretch, afreets, ghouls, and enchanters.

We parted, and each sought his respective chamber. I undressed quickly and got into bed, taking with me, according to my usual custom, a book, over which I generally read myself to sleep. I opened the volume as soon as I had laid my head upon the pillow, and instantly flung it to the other side of the room. It was Goudon's "History of Monsters"-a curious French work, which I had lately imported from Paris, but which, in the state of mind I was then in, was any thing but an agreeable companion. I resolved to go to sleep at once; er. It is overpowering me. Help me! Help so turning down my gas until nothing but a me!" little blue point of light glimmered on the top of the tube, I composed myself to rest once more.

The room was in total darkness. The atom of gas that still remained lighted did not illuminate a distance of three inches round the burner. I desperately threw my arm across my eyes, as if to shut out even the darkness, and tried to think of nothing. It was in vain. The confounded themes touched on by Hammond in the garden kept obtruding themselves on my brain. I battled against them. I erected ramparts of would-be blankness of intellect to keep them out. They still crowded upon me. While I was lying still as a corpse, hoping that my arms. by a perfect physical inaction I would hasten mental repose, an awful incident occurred. A Something dropped, as it seemed, from the instant I felt two bony hands encircling my throat, endeavoring to choke me.

I am no coward, and am possessed of considerable physical strength. The suddenness of the attack instead of stunning me strung every nerve to its highest tension. My body acted from instinct, before my brain had time to realize the terrors of my position. In an instant I and squeezed it, with all the strength of despair," against my chest. In a few seconds the honhands that had fastened on my throat loosened their hold, and I was free to breathe once more. Then commenced a struggle of awful intensity. Immersed in the most profound darkness, total ly ignorant of the nature of the Thing by which was so suddenly attacked, finding my grasp slipping every moment by reason, it seemed to me, of the entire nakedness of my assailant, bitten with sharp teeth in the shoulder, neck and chest, having every moment to protect my throat against a pair of sinewy, agile hands which my utmost efforts could not confine-these were a combination of circumstances to combat which required all the strength and skill and courage that I possessed.

At last, after a silent, deadly, exhausting struggle, I got my assailant under by a series of incredible efforts of strength. Once pinned, moment to breathe. I heard the creature beneath me panting in the darkness, and felt the violent throbbing of a heart. It was apparently as exhausted as I was, that was one comfort At this moment I remembered that I usually placed under my pillow, before going to bed, a large, yellow silk pocket handkerchief, for use during the night. I felt for it instantly; it was there. In a few seconds more I had after a fashion, pinioned the creature's arms.

I now felt tolerably secure. There was nothing more to be done but to turn on the gas, and, having first seen what my midnight assailant was like, arouse the household. I will confess to being actuated by a certain pride in not giving the alarm before; I wished to make the capture alone and unaided.

Never losing my hold for an instant, I slipped from the bed to the floor, dragging my captive with me. I had but a few steps to make to reach the gas-burner; these I made with the greatest caution, holding the creature in a grip ike a vice. At last I got within arm's lengtl of the tiny speck of blue light, which told me where the gas-burner lay. Quick as lightning at my captive.

I can not even attempt to give any definition of my sensations the instant after I turned on the gas. I suppose I must have shricked with terror, for in less than a minute afterward my room was crowded with the inmates of the house. I shudder now as I think of that awful moment. I saw nothing! Yes: I had one arm its strength, a throat as warm, and apparently from confinement. Then Hammond spoke.

"Harry, this is awfol" against my own, and all in the bright glare of a large jet of gas, I absolutely beheld nothing Not even an outline-a vapor!

I do not, even at this hour, realize the situa tion in which I found myself. I can not recall mond. God grant that I am not mad, and that the astounding incident thoroughly. Imagina- this is not an insane fantasy!" tion in vain tries to compass the awful paradox.

It breathed. I felt its warm breath upon my cheek. It struggled fiercely. It had hands, not see. The fact is so unusual that it strikes They clutched me. Its skin was smooth, just us with terror. Is there no parallel, though, like my own. There it lay, pressed close up for such a phenomenon? Take a piece of pure

moment of horror, and tightened my grasp with such wonderful force that I felt the creature shivering with agony.

Just then Hammond entered my room at the head of the household. As soon as he beheld my face-which, I suppose, must have been an awful sight to look at-he hastened forward, crying,

"Great Heaven, Harry! what has happen ed ?"

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried, "come here. Oh! this is awful! I have been attacked in bed by something or other, which I have hold of; but I can't see it—I can't see it!"

Hammond, doubtless struck by the unfeigned horror expressed in my countenance, made one or two steps forward with an anxious yet puzzled expression. A very audible titter burst from the remainder of my visitors. This suppressed laughter made me furious, To laugh at a human being in my position! It was the worst species of cruelty. Now, I can understand why the appearance of a man struggling violently, as it would seem, with an airy nothing, and calling for assistance against a vision, should have appeared ludicrous. Then, so great was my rage against the mocking crowd that had I the power I would have stricken them dead where they stood.

"Hammond! Hammond!" I cried again, despairingly, "for God's sake come to me. I can hold the-the Thing but a short time long-

"Harry," whispered Hammond, approaching me, "you have been smoking too much opium."
"I swear to you Hammond that this is no vision," I answered in the same low tone .-"Don't you see how it shakes my whole frame with its struggles? If you don't believe me convince yourself. Feel it-touch it."

Hammond advanced and laid his hand on the spot I indicated. A wild cry of horror burst from him. He had felt it!

In a moment he had discovered somewhere in my room a long piece of cord, and was the next instant winding it, and knotting it about the body of the unseen being that I clasped in

"Harry," he said, in a hoarse, agitated voice, for though he preserved his presence of mind, he was deeply moved, "Harry, it's all safe ceiling, plumb upon my chest, and the next now. You may let go, old fellow, if you're tired. The Thing can't move."

I was utterly exhausted, and I gladly loosed my hold

Hammond stood holding the ends of the cord that bound the Invisible, twisted round his hand, while before him, self-supporting as it were, he beheld a rope, laced and interlaced, and stretching tightly around a vacant space. wound two muscular arms around the creature, I never saw a man so thoroughly stricken with awe. Nevertheless his face expressed all the courage and determination which I knew him firmly, and one could perceive at a glance that, although stricken with fear, he was not daunt-

The confusion that ensued among the guests of the house, who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene between Hammond and myself -who beheld the pantomime of binding this struggling Something-who beheld me almost sinking from physical exhaustion when my task of jailer was over-the confusion and terror that took possession of the by-standers, when all this was beyond description .-Many of the weaker ones fled from the apartment. The few who remained behind clustered near the door, and-could not be induced to apdulity broke out through their terror. They with my knee on what I made out to be its had not the courage to satisfy themselves, and chest, I knew that I was victor. I rested for a yet they doubted. It was in vain that I begged of some of the men to come near and convince themselves by touch of the existence of a living being in that room which was invisible. They were incredulous, but did not dare to undeceive themselves. How could a solid, living, breathing body be invisible? they asked. My reply was this. I gave a sign to Hammond, and both of us-conquering our natural repugnance to touching the invisible creature-lifted it from the ground, mancled as it was, and took it to my bed. Its weight was about that of a boy of fourteen. "Now my friends." I said, as Hammond and

myself held the creature suspended over the bed, "I can give you self-evident proof that here is a solid, ponderable body which, nevertheless, you can not see. Be good enough to watch the surface of the bed attentively."

I was astonished at my own courage in treating this strange event so calmly; but I had recovered from my first terror, and felt a sort of scientific pride in the affair which dominated every other feeling.

The eyes of the by-standers were immediately fixed on my bed, At a given signal Hammon I released my grasp with one hand and let on the wnole flood of light. Then I turned to look sound of a heavy body alighting on a soft mass. The timbers of the bed creaked. A deep impression marked ityelf distinctly on the pillow, and on the bed itself. The crowd who witnessed this gave a sort of low, universal cry, and rushed from the room. Hammond and I were left alone with our Mystery.

> We remained silent for some time, listening to the low, irregular breathing of the creature

"But not unaccountable."

"Not unaccountable! What do you mean? Such a thing has never occurred since the birth of the world. I know not what to think Ham-

"Let us reason a little, Harry. Here is a solid body which we touch, but which we canagainst me, solid as stone—and yet utterly in-glass. It is tangible and transparent. A cer-visible! I wonder that I did not faint or go mad on being so entirely transparent as to be totally in-

mogenous in its atoms that the rays from the sun shall pass through it as they do through air, refracted but not reflected. We do not se the air and vet we feel it."

NO. 35.

"That's all very well, Hammond, but these are inanimate substances. Glass does not breathe, air does not breathe. This thing has a heart that palpitates. A will that moves it. Lungs that play and inspire and respire."

"You forget the strange phenomenon of which we have so often heard of late," answered the Doctor, gravely. "At the meeting called 'spirit circles,' invisible hands have been thrust into the hands of those persons round the table -warm, fleshy hands that seemed to pulsate with mortal life."

"What? Do you think, then, that this thing

"I don't know what it is was the solemn resply; "but please the gods I will with your as sistance, thoroughly investigate it."

We watched together, smoking many pipes all night long by the side of the unearthly be ing that tossed and panted until it was apparently wearied out. Then we learned by the low, regular breathing that it slept.

The next morning the house was all astir. The boarders congregated on the landing outside my room, and Hammond and myself were lions. We had to answer a thousand questions as to the state of our extraordinary prisoner, for as yet not one person in the house except sourselves could be induced to set foot in the apartment.

The creature was awake. This was evidenced by the convulsive manner in which the bedclothes were moved in its efforts to escape .-There was something truly terrible in beholding, as it were, those second-hand indications of the terrible writhings and agonized struggles for liberty, which themselves were invisi-

Hammond and myself had racked our brains during the long night to discover some means by which we might realize the shape and general appearance of the Enigma. As well as we could make out by passing our hands over the creature's form, its outlines and lineaments were human. There was a mouth; a round, smooth head without hair; a nose, which, however, was little elevated above the cheeks; and its hands and feet felt like those of a boy. At first we thought of placing the being on a smooth surface and tracing its outline with chalk, as shoemakers trace the outline of the foot. This plan was given up as being of no value. Such an outline would give not the slightest idea of its conformation. A happy thought struck me. We would

take a cast of it in plaster of Paris. This would give us the solid figure, and satisfy all our wishes. But how to do it? The movements of the creature would disturb the setting of the plastic covering, and distort the mould. Another thought. Why not give it chloroform? to possess. His lips, although white were set It had respiratory organs-that was evident by its breathing. Once reduced to a state of insen sibility, we could do with it what we would .-Doctor X- was sent for; and after the worthy physician had recovered from the first shock of amazement, he proceeded to administer the chloroform. In three minutes afterward we were enabled to remove the fetters from the creature's body, and a well known modeler of this city was busily engaged in covering the invisible form with the moist clay. In five minutes more we had a mould, and before eventng a rough fac simile of the Mystery. It was shaped like a man. Distorted, uncouth and horrible, but still a man. It was small, not over four feet and some inches in height, and passengers had retired, and then left. Much its limbs betrayed a muscular development that curiosity had been manifested as to who and was unparalleled. Its face surpassed in hideousness anything I had ever seen. Gustave Dorè, or Callot, or Tony Johannot never conceived anything so horrible. There is a face in one of the latter's illustrations to "Un royage ou il vous plaira," which somewhat approaches the countenance of this creature, but does not equal it. It was the physiognomy of what I should have fancied a ghoul to be. It looked-as if it was capable of feeding on human flesh.

Having satisfied our curiosity, and bound every one in the house over to secrecy, it became a question what was to be done with our Enigma? It was impossible that we should keep such a horror in our house; it was equally impossible that such an awful being should be let loose upon the world. I confess that I would gladly have voted for the creature's destruction. But who should shoulder the responsibility? Who would undertake the execution of this horrible semblance of a human being? Day after day this question was deliberated gravely. The boarders all left the house. Mrs. Moffat was in despair, and threatened Hammond and myself with all sorts of legal penalties if we did not remove the Horror .-Our answer was, "We will go if you like, but we decline taking this creature with us. Remove it yourself if you please. It appeared in your house. On you the responsibility rests.' To this there was, of course, no answer. Mrs. Moffat could not obtain for love or money a person who would even approach the Mystery.

The most singular part of the transaction was, that we were entirely ignorant of what the creature fed on. Everything in the way of nutriment that we could think of was placed before it, but was never touched. It was awful to stand by, day after day, and see the clothes toss and hear the hard breathing, and know

that it was starving.

Ten, twelve days, a fortnight passed, and it still lived. The pulsations of the heart, however, were daily growing fainter, and had now nearly ceased altogether. It was evident that the creature was dying for want of sustenance. While this terrible life struggle was going on I felt miserable. I could not sleep of nights .-Horrible as the creature was, it was horrible to think of the pangs it was suffering.

At last it died. Hammond and I found it cold and stiff one morning in the bed. The heart had ceased to beat, the lungs to inspire. We hastened to bury it in the garden. It was a strange funeral, the dropping of that viewless corpse into that damp hole. The cast of its form I gave to Dr. X—, who keeps it in -, who keeps it in his museum in Tenth Street.

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has ever come to my knowledge.

-Harper's Magazine. HARRY ESCOTT.

[Norg.-It is rumored that the proprietors of a wellknown museum in New York have made arrangements with Dr. X— to exhibit to the public the singular cast which Mr. Escott deposited with him. So extraordinary a history can not fail to attract universal at-

The Mysterious Gambler.

I had made several passages up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and never without seeing on board more or less professional gamblers. It is a thriving business on board the boats where time hangs heavily on the hands of the passengers, and blacklegs carry off large sums of money. They usually remain on board a day or two-long enough to have their true character exposed.

These gentry had become such an intolerable uisance that the captains of the boats did not knowingly permit one to come on board, and not unfrequently a brace of blacklegs were landed in the wood when their profession was discovered.

During one of my trips the boat put in at the mouth of the Arkansas river, and as usual I tookia stroll on the shore. I heard the hell for the departure of the steamer, and I hastened back to the landing. As I was on my way I was overtaken by a gentleman with a broad brimmed hat, green goggles, and a white neckcloth, tugging along with a large valise.

"I am rather late, am I not?" said he as he joined me.

"True enough sir," I replied, respectfully. for the gentleman was a clergyman, a Methodist itinerant I supposed.

"My valise is very heavy and I am afraid I shall lose the boat."

"Let me help you carry it sir." He accepted my civil offer, and I took hold

of the valise, which was certainly loaded very heavy for a Methodist parson. In a few minutes we reached the steamer and I passed on board; my new acquaintance had accomplished but half the distance, when the plank canted, and he was thrown into the river. Fortunately for him, I was prompt in my efforts to rescue him, and he was immediately drawn on board, with no other detriment than a thorough ducking.
My friend, whom as I never knew his name

I shall have to call the Rev. Mr. Goggles, retired to a vacant state-room. It was now nearly dark, and I did not see him again that As usual in the evening, there was a table in

the cabin, devoted to the cards; in a word, there was gambling without stint. No one objected to the practice, so long as it was not done by professional blacklegs. I never played but I often stood by the table to observe the progress of the game, and study the looks of the players, as they were agitated by the fickle changes of a moment.

While I was thus watching them, I observed on the opposite side of the table, a well dressed gentleman, who was regarding with eager interest thep lays of the gamblers. He manifested a desire to engage, in the place of one who had been 'cleaned out,'

It was soon apparent that the new comer was a skillful player, and time after time he swept the board of all that had been staked. In a short time his companions had enough of it, and withdrew. He had won a large sum of money, and was evidently satisfied with his evening's work.

He smoked on the boiler deck until all the what he was. Nobody had seen him before, and nobody remembered when he came on board; and what seemed most singularly of all he was not seen the next day, though the boat was not stopped during the night.

The next day was Sunday, and at breakfast time my Methodist friend made his appear-

ance. "My good friend I have to thank you for the good service you did me last evening. I am poor, I have none of this worlds goods. I trust that all my treasures are laid up in heaven .-But the Lord will reward if I cannot."

"Don't mention it, my dear sir. I am happy to have been the means of saving you."

We conversed a while upon the matter and my friend then spoke of having a service on board, if agreeable to the passengers. Of course it was agreeable and the parson prayed and exhorted with a zeal that would have done honor to the most celebrated revivalists.

The impression produced by the service I am sorry to say, was not so permanent, for when evening came, the gambling table was spread out as usual, and the games commenced. The mysterious gambler appeared again, much to the surprise of all for it was believed that he had landed or was lost overboard. He played and swept the board as before. Some of the weaker ones began to think he was the devil in disguise, and their belief was almost confirmed when the next day nothing could be found of

The passengers made him the subject of their conversation, and quite an excitement was kindled. The captain swore if he appeared again, he would throw him into the river. A thorough search was made for him, but all in vain. My Methodist friend was especially indignant, and believed it would be a good plant to hang every gambler. As soon as the true character was discovered, I agreed with him entirely.

One young man from Cincinnatti was particularly distressed in the sudden disappearance of the blackleg, for he had under the influence of an overdose of brandy staked and lost a half eagle, which his mother had given him just before her death. It was not the loss of the money that had distressed him, for he had plenty of that, but it was the associations connected with the coin itself There was a history belonging to it, he said, and he would give the gambler double the value of it, if he would return-it, with a little ring attached to it.

That evening to the disappointment of all on board, who were prepared to deal with him in a summary manner, the blackleg did not appear. Man or devil, he had the means of It instant and left the room, it was immediately tested and read aloud to a select few.

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The worder that I did not taint or go mad on being so entirely transparent as to be totally incompatible, in instant or go mad on being so entirely transparent as to be totally incompatible, in it was immediately to instant. Some wonderful instinct must visible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind the human mind. Something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation his acts had caused. Some wonderful instinct must visible. It is not theoretically impossible, mind which I may not return, I have drawn up this of the voices in Brockden Brown's novel of loosening my hold on the terrible Euigma, I a single ray of light—a glass so pure and honarrative of an event the mast singular that the human mind. Something combining in fearful and unnatural amalgamation his acts had caused. There was a strange mystery about him.—

There was a strange mystery about him.—

Every part of the steamer was again exarched. knowing the indignation his acts had caused.