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THE AGITATOR.

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

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Table with 3 columns: Rate, 3 Months, 6 Months, 12 Months. Includes rates for square, column, and line advertisements.

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WATCHES! WATCHES! CORNING BOOK STORE. W. TERRELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP! W. TERRELL, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc.

H. D. DEMING, Stationer and Printer. H. D. DEMING, Stationer and Printer.

THE SONG OF HORTON. BY ALEXANDER SMITH. On the Sabbath day, through the churchyard old and gray, Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way.

And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms, 'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ calms, 'Mid the upward-streaming prayers and the rich and solemn psalms,

I stood careless, Barbara, My heart was otherwise While the organ shook the air, And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;

But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine, Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine— Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O, that face was surely thine!

Out of Heaven, Barbara, O, pallid, pallid face! O, earnest eyes of grace! When last I saw thee dearest, it was in another place, You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist:

The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist— A purple stain of agony was on the lips I kissed, That wild morning, Barbara!

I searched in my despair, Sunny noon and midnight air: I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there. O many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone, My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone—

Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing on your stone, You were sleeping, Barbara! 'Mid angels, do you think Of the precious golden link I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by you break?

Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars, Was equipped of its music, and we watched through latticed bars, The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars, Till the day broke, Barbara!

In the years I have changed; Wild and far my heart hath ranged, And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged; But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I have done— I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact— YOU LOVE THE TREMBLING RAINBOW, I THE RECKLESS AND I LOVE YOU, Barbara!

proud of their calling. Our conductor that agreed to take us into the mine, commenced lining his car with thin pieces of wood in order to prevent contact with its blackened sides, and in a moment we were entering the region of mists and gloom which closed around us with more than midnight darkness.

The following narrative, which appears as a leader in a late number of the Honesdale (Pa.) Democrat, will be found one of the best and most effective temperance lectures ever published. It would make an admirable tract to circulate among the people by millions of copies:

"John I. Allen is dead. While this announcement will sadden a wide circle of his friends and acquaintances, a sense of relief must mingle with the sadness.

"Mr. Allen took up his residence in this borough in 1839. He was then approaching the meridian of life. He possessed a strong and elastic physical constitution, with fair usage would have insured him great length of days.

"In an evil hour he yielded to the seduction of the cup. But he did not fall at once irreparably, but by a succession of descents, after each one rising somewhat only to sink the lower.

"Finding his affairs here unsatisfactory, he removed to Easton, and assumed the editorship of the Sentinel, but his degradation accelerated, and he soon came back in a worse state than when he departed.

"Last Friday night he was in the borough. After nine o'clock he left a bar-room to go to his lodgings, which were on the tow path of the canal, nearly opposite Ham & Turner's flour mill.

"There are, say fifty retail dealers in intoxicating drinks, in or contiguous to Honesdale. Many of these dealers are men of generous but misdirected natures. They make their living by ministering to the most deadly appetite that afflicts the human race.

Owing to the extreme dryness of the weather fires are frequent in the woods around Blossburg, and late in the evening far to the north, a rainbow of flame shone out of the heaven of night. It was grand and indescribable.

Bidding farewell to Bloss, the next day brought Covington and Mansfield to view. This latter place is, or is to be distinguished by its Mansfield Classical Seminary; now rising out of the ashes of its former self.

A Temperance Story. The following narrative, which appears as a leader in a late number of the Honesdale (Pa.) Democrat, will be found one of the best and most effective temperance lectures ever published.

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Our Country.—A Southern paper thinks it would be hard to find anywhere "more lawyers, doctors, colonels, captains, majors and squires, more legislation and laws less understood, more migratory population, more half-cooked biscuits, harder corn dodgers, less care for expenses, more regard for females, more go-ahead-iveness, more Bibles and more novels, more religion and more devils, more cleverness and liberality, more real independence, wilder oxen, more politeness and gawkiness, more pitching horses and awkward dancers, than in our beloved and honored United States."

Prize Romance. [Suggested by Elsie Kopy-rights.] MOSES THE SASSY, OR THE DISGUISED DUKE. A TALE OF BLOOD AND THINGS. BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I. MOSES. My Story opens in the classic freestinks of Boston. In the parlor of A aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a lovely young lady whose hair is covered with the frosts of 17 summers.

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his ears and a portion of his nose had been chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen during boyhood's sunny hours. They were married and went to France, to reside in their dual Paris which was got up regardless of expense.

Arkansas Yarn. Arkisaw beats the world for black bars, putty wimmin, and big timber. Stranger, I've seen trees there that would take a man a week to walk around 'em.

Just to show you how cunnin' bars are, I'll tell you a circumstance what happened to me in Arkisaw. You see, one fall before I gathered my corn, I kept missin' it outter the field, and I knew the bars were takin' it, for I could see their tracks.

Investing Capital.—We find the following commercial dissertation in the financial columns of the New-York Independent: Permanent Investments.—Investing in champagne at \$2 a bottle—an acre of good government land costs \$1.25.

Investing in "drinks" one year \$100—this will pay for ten daily and fifteen monthly periodicals. Investing in theatricals one year \$200—\$200 will purchase an excellent library.

Investing in a yacht, including betting and drinking for a season, \$5,000—\$5,000 will buy a good improved country farm. Panics, hard times, loss of time, red faces, bad temper, poor health, ruin of character, misery, starvation, death, and a terrible future may be avoided by looking the above square in the face.

A majority of "financiers," in making calculations for the future, watch the importations, exports of specie, the ups and downs of stocks, and the movements of the Wall streets Bulls and Bears. All that is very well but let them at the same time estimate the loss of gold in the maelstrom of extravagance.

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent in appearance, but in reality, with his eye teeth out. Passing up Chatham street, through the Jews' quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look. "A splendid assortment, sir. Stop in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?" "To be sure, sir. Stop in, sir." "Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you need it." The rage of the shop-keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.—New York Express.

HARD.—An agent wrote from the West—"Gents: You will never get any spandilla from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nifty tile; his foot upon the naked earth; and not clothes enough him to read a gun!" We call that an expressive simile.