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. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1859. NO. 10.

Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published every Thursday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of

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invariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the stamp—"TIME OUT," on the margin of the last paper. The paper will then be stopped until a further remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the publisher.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any Post Office within the county the name of whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included $5 per year.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS
Square,	$3,00	$4,50	$6,00
2 do.	5,00	6,50	8,00
3 do.	7,00	8,50	10,00
¼ column,	8,00	9,50	12,50
½ do.	15,00	20,00	30,00
Column,	25,00	35,00	50,00

Advertisements not having the number of insertion desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Constables' and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioga, Potter and McKean Counties. [Wellsboro', Feb. 1, 1853.]

S. B. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO. PA.
"In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—*Bible.*
Sept. 23, 1858. 1y.

SPENCER & THOMPSON,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.
Corning, Steuben Co. N. Y.
Geo. T. SPENCER. C. H. THOMPSON.
April 18, 1855.—1y.

DR. W. W. WEBB.
OFFICE over Cone's Law Office, first door below Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his residence, *first door* above the bridge on Main Street, towards Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of business done promptly and warranted. [April 22, 1858.]

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
C. Noe, ... Proprietor.
Hacks taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORO', PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This deservedly popular house is centrally located, and commends itself to the patronage of the travelling public.
Nov. 30, 1858, 1y.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
CORNING, N. Y.,
E. FREEMAN, - - - - Proprietor.
Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
Corning, March 31, 1859. (1y.)

J. C. WHITTAKER,
Hydropathic Physician and Surgeon.
ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENN'A.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14,]

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and try.
Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

GAINES HOTEL.
H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
THIS well known hotel is located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in North'rn Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
April 14, 1859.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.
COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.
D. F. Glassmire, - - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive of the head waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and Susquehanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make it a home for pleasure seekers during the trouting season, and for the traveling public at all times.
Jan 27, 1859. 1y.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,
TAILOR.
HAVING opened his shop in the room over Wm Roberts Tin Shop, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with promptness and de-patch

Cutting done on short notice.

Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858.—6m

WATCHES! WATCHES!
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy *ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE*
Gold and Silver Watches,
which he will sell cheaper than "dirt" on "Time," i. e. he will sell 'Time Pieces' on a short (approved) credit. All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party ordering it, no charge will be made.
Past favors appreciated and a continuance of patronage kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1858.

CORNING BOOK STORE.
THE Subscribers have removed to the large and elegantly fitted up Brick Store—four doors east of Concert Block, Corning—and will keep on hand a large assortment of New Books, among which are
Religious Standard Works,
HISTORICAL BOOKS,
Tales of Fiction, Poetical Works, School Books, SHEET MUSIC,
Books, Stationery and Wall Paper, N. Y. Daily and Weekly papers, all the Magazines at Publishers prices.
All for sale very cheap. ROBINSON & CO.
Corning, Sept. 21, '57.

WM. TERBELL,
CORNING, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in
DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes Camphene and Burning Fluid, Dye Stuff, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for Medicinal, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,
ALSO,
—A general assortment of School Books—
Blank Books, Staple and Fancy Stationary.
Physicians, Druggists and Country Merchants dealing in any of the above articles can be supplied at a small advance on New York prices. [Sept. 22, 1857.]

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!
OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.
Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned Ware for one-half the usual prices.
Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trimmings for **$15,00.**
All kinds of
Tin and Hardware
in proportion for Ready Pay.
I will pay any one who wants anything in this line to call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere. Recollect the place—*two doors south of Farr's Hotel, or opposite Roy's Drug Store.* CALL AND SEE!
April 21, 1859. 1.

H. D. DEMING,
would respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County that he is now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear, Peach, Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous Ornamental trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved varieties.
ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Summer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea, Bengal or China, and Climbing Roses.
SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new varieties of Althea, Calycanthus, Persian, Lilacs, Spiraes, Syringias, Viburnums, Wigilias &c.
FLOWERS—Paeonies, Dahlias, Phloxes, Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissis; Jonquils, Lilies, &c.
GRAPES—All varieties.
Peabody's New Hamburgh Strawberry. 4 doz. plants, $5.
Orders respectfully solicited.
Orders for Grafting, Budding or Pruning will be promptly attended to. Address
H. D. DEMING, Wellsboro, Pa.

FOUND DEAD.

BY ALBERT LAIGHTON.

Found dead—dead and alone!
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone,
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye or a pitying tear;
Found dead—dead and alone,
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
While wretched and worn he begged for bread,
Tired of life and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead;
Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on the bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone, was the outcast found.

Found dead—dead and alone,
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street;
Nobody heard his rough, faint moan,
Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat;
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound,
O'er the lone spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet *not* alone:
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here;
One, when every human door
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
Who opens the Heavenly portals wide—
Ah, God was near when the outcast died!

The Cavern.

A REMINISCENCE OF YUCATAN.

The guide, a tall and muscular native, held up his torch, as we paused, sick and giddy, on the dripping rocks at the foot of the mighty grotto. Heretofore we hardly dared even to breathe; we had mechanically clung to the rugged logs which for seventy or eighty feet had been our only dependence, the dizzy and almost perpendicular height which we had descended frowned gloomily upon us, and the boldest of us could hardly repress a shudder, as we beheld the dangers we had so successfully passed.

Many perils both by sea and land had beset our way, and we had endured them without a thought, but this descending into the very bowels of the earth—this treading on sound rocks where the blessed light of sun or moon had never entered; the subterranean echoes catching our slightest whispers, and sending them reverberating from crag to crag, like the fiendish mocking of evil spirits; it was appalling! Even the light-hearted Carleton was silent and pale, and our very breath was drawn softly, as if we feared to wake some slumbering satyr or gnome beneath our feet.

It was a sublime and picturesque *tout ensemble* for an artist pencil, the red lurid glare of the torch reflected from the thousand glittering points of rock and gigantic crags, and gleaming suddenly on the dark, deep waters at our feet. There was our pale and shuddering group—the stately figure of our guide with his drooping palmetto, and the unconscious grace of his attitude—the vast outlines of cavernous depth—the rude ladder of logs, and the scattered figures slowly descending this singular highway! Among the black masses of shadow, you could just discern yawning and gloomy arches, which the guide told us led into an open space where were the sources of nine deep wells, to and from which busy water carriers were traveling continually.

"So this, said Carleton, in a bland tone, scarcely above a whisper, "is the dreadful cavern where the maiden concealed herself so long. I wonder why!"

"Some love affair, you may depend," said Walker. "What is that quotation of Scott's? Love rules the court, the camp, the grove; and why shouldn't love rule the untutored breast of the maid of Yucatan!"

"At all events," observed I, "our maiden showed a remarkable taste for the sublime and picturesque, when she chose this rocky retreat. See the torchlight quivering among those fine old rocks!"

"I don't know," said Carleton, "it is magnificent—but how chilling a splendor! It is like the keen starlight of the Artic Zone, among icebergs of northern seas.—Just think of the tropical light and radiance above; just think of the palm trees and agaves waving over our heads—the noonday glow of this southern clime; and then look around at the gloom and silence of this horrid spot! Walker it makes me think of the tomb!"

Walker leaned smilingly forward to peep under the broad palmetto that hung over Carleton's brow!

Look at him, Lindsay! how pale he is!" he cried gaily; "who would have thought our light hearted Carleton could be so effected by a tumble down old cave!"

I smiled and made some light remark not to embarrass Carleton further, but I confess to being somewhat surprised at this unusual gloom of our gay spirited and youthful young friend, whose constant flow of vivacity had given such a zest to our entire journey.

The guide stood looking from one to another, his large southern eyes dilated, with a sort of wistful curiosity, to catch the foreign accents of our tongue, and slowly swinging his torch from side to side.—Then, as we ceased speaking, he began to relate, in his soft musical pathos, the romance of the cave—the tale of the Indian maiden who had sought refuge from tyranny among those hollow rocks, and whose young bloom and beauty had pined away in the eternal darkness and sepulchral atmosphere of this awful place; and how many curious spectators had preceded us on these very rocks, pointing to the busy water carriers. We too, by the way, in assuming the more suitable dress of the peasants had moved the huge stone water jugs in a moment of sport, and were heartily tired of their empty weight by this time.

"Are there not many accidents?" inquired Carleton, in a low voice.

"Accidents! the senor could not count them in a day. There are as many as the leaves on the tree!"

One might make a very readable romance out of these scraps of Indian tradition," observed Walker, looking around as he sat idly on the rock; "there is something very sublime in the idea of that young girl among the solemn old crags and waters. Lindesay, I have an idea! I'll paint a picture when I get home, and call it "The maid of the cavern."

"And whose face is to represent the heroine?"

"I don't know—Carleton's black eyed sister will sit for me I suppose."

I glanced toward Carleton with a smile but instead of returning my look, he gazed fixedly on the waters and was very pale.

"Lindesay," he whispered, do you believe in presentiments? I have such a strange foreboding at my heart."

"I dont know what you mean," I returned lightly. "I have a presentiment that, if I once get out of this place, I shall ignore all cave and caverns for ever more in future. It is rather too appalling a business."

The senor must look at the differant prospects," insinuated our guide, as we rose "you have not seen the half of our wonders."

We passed along the usual route, rather more to satisfy the guide's apparent desire than our own curiosity, for we were in haste to escape from the gloomy place, whose dim heavy atmosphere pressed like a leaden weight upon our lungs. Never were mortals more relieved than we when at length we reached the ladder of logs once more.

"And now hurrah for daylight!" cries Walker, waving his hat, and commencing the ascent. I hastened after, Carleton came last, followed at a little distance by the guide. We left our stone jugs behind at the mercy of any stray water carrier who might happen to appropriate them not choosing to be any longer encumbered by their weight.

We had not half scaled the ladder when the guide called to us to observe the effect of torch among the vast and stupendous crags by which we were surrounded. In waving it backwards, and forwards, to watch the hasty step of light and shade produced by this manoeuvre, he unguardedly dropped his torch. It fell down, down, until with a hollow sound it shot into the dark tides below, and was extinguished. I instinctively closed my eyes as it fell, and by the pale dim light of another torch, far below, I could just see that Carleton tottered and trembled.

"Look upward, senor!" shrieked the guide. "To the sky! For the love of Heaven, look up!"

His fearful scream was re-echoed by us both, as our companion slowly swayed backwards and forwards for an instant, and then with a low shuddering cry lost his hold and fell. The deep and sudden splash was all we heard—the bubble of turpid waters, and then a horror stricken hush fell upon every human being in the cave. My grasp slackened—a thick darkness came over my sight, and for a moment, I too, seemed to leave all consciousness, except of a white and teror struck face above me—that of Walker! I never knew how it was—to this day I cannot tell how I reached a place of safety, but the first that I remembered, we were crouching together on the platform on the top ladder, our hands clasped before our eyes, as if to shut out some terrible vision.

Yet the brow of Carleton, when two hours afterwards, they brought him out for burial was fair and beautiful as that of a child. I do not know when the guides discovered the corpse. I believe that there was instantaneous search which for some time proved unavailing, but I could not frame my trembling lips to ask a single question he was silently brought from the heavy darkness below, into the sunshine and silently placed in our arms.

That evening, at sunset, a bright haired American youth was laid in his tropical grave, among the palm trees of Yucatan, with two sincere mourners standing at the head, and sighing to think how they should bear the news to those at home. In the background a group of Indians were commenting on the early doom of the dead.

"The senor was very young," murmured a comely woman who leaned against a tall tree near by. "Perhaps he had a mother in the northern land. Holy Virgin! and she cannot see his grave!"

There was a world of pathos in her simple words! For months afterwards, I never closed my eyes without beholding a dreadful phantasmagoria of the crags and rocks of that dreadful grotto. I never fell asleep but I waked with a start, hearing the dying cry of my companion in my ears. It haunted me like a spell; and to this day I cannot revert without a shudder to the subterranean shadows and brooding gloom of that lonely cavern of Yucatan.

SOLD CHEAP.—Old uncle John Johnson lives out in Chicago. He came from the "land of steady habits," a long time ago, and would be right glad to see the friends he had left behind; but it was a long way to go, and he was old, and stiff in the joints. He sent his son, Tom, to visit, and bring him a full report of all the folks he once knew. Tom was right glad to make the trip, but when he got to Norwich, he soon found the girls so agreeable, that he forgot all the old cronies his father wanted him to hunt up, and went back after a month's visit. His father asked him about his old neighbor Perkins, but Tom didn't recollect the name.

"Well, how is Deacon Huntingdon?" But Tom hadn't seen the Deacon.

"Did you see Mr. Rockwell?" "No," Tom had missed seeing him. And so the old man went on with his questions, till he saw that Tom had been fooling him. Once more he asked: "Did you see old Parson Noyes?"

Tom thought it was about time to have seen somebody, and said promptly, "O, yes; he's first rate—sends lots of love—wants to see you badly."

"Oh, murder!" gasped the old man. "You little pesky rascal, Parson Noyes has been dead these forty years."

Tom subsided.

A Boston paper says that many years ago the whole town of Nahant was purchased for a suit of clothes, and that then its only inhabitants were wolves and deer. The same may be said of the inhabitants now, only the wolves are in sheep's clothing and the *dears* in crinoline.

Never give out that which does not firs come.

Not One of Them ar Sort.

The New Orleans *Delta* tells the following good one:

At a session of the Circuit Court of Mississippi, in some country town, the lawyers who were in attendance were in the habit of putting up at a house of entertainment kept by a buxom widow lady, of very high sense of propriety, and great dignity of deportment. The lady always presided at the head of the table during meals, and the place of honor on her right was regarded as due to the most staid, proper and elderly member of the Bar.

By unanimous consent of the lawyers, Col. B——, a very modest, discreet, and pious counsellor, was selected for the distinction. Now, though possessing many sterling virtues, Col. B—— possessed one weakness, but it was not a weakness of the head or of the heart but of the eyelid.

He had the habit of winking incessantly and involuntarily, which, with persons who did not know the cause of it, left an unfavorable impression of the Colonel's seriousness and sincerity. He was eternally being suspected of what he was the last man to conceive of, to wit—a design of joking or quizzing everybody, all on account of the perpetual motion of his eyelids.

When, on the first occasion the Colonel took possession of the seat nearest to "mine hostess," his bland and amiable expression and dignified address created quite a favorable impression upon her ladyship. The soup was over, and the hostess began to ply the Colonel with various tempting dishes, all of which he accepted or declined, with a pleasant smile, and with his invariable wink. At last it was perceptible to the company, that the hostess was eyeing her distinguished guest rather inquiringly and significantly; these glances were always met by the Colonel with his usual smile and wink. But these amiable demonstrations were far from producing the effect designed upon Madam, who began to frown and look very threateningly at the innocent Colonel, who only smiled and winked the more fascinatingly.

Finally, however, to the very great horror of the Bar, and the utter annihilation of the worthy Colonel the hostess slapped the table indignantly with her right hand, and fixing her eyes very pointedly and fiercely upon the object of her wrath cried out at the top of her voice:

"You sanctified, wenzen-faced old villain. I'll let you know I'm not one of them ar sort!"

What might have followed this explosion of wrath, it would be impossible to conjecture, as the unfortunate possessor of the weak eyelids decamped in haste from the post of honor, and never after could be persuaded to act the agreeable to buxom widows.

An Exquisite Retort.

It is related of Bunyan that, in the height of his usefulness in and about London, the bishop of the metropolis had a curiosity to see him. The coachman of the bishop was a frequent hearer of Bunyan, and the bishop had told him that, whenever in riding out of town, he should chance to meet Mr. Bunyan, he wished to see and speak with him. One day, as John was driving his lordship in a portion of the suburbs, Bunyan was seen plodding his way on foot, with his bundle under his arm, going out to preach somewere in the outskirts.

"Your grace," said John, "here comes Mr. Bunyan."

"Ah!" said the bishop; hold up the horses when you overtake him, and let me speak to him."

They were soon at his side, the horses were checked, and the bishop bowed, saying:

"Mr. Bunyan, I belive!"

"Yes your grace," said Bunyan, courteously responding.

"Mr. Bunyan," said the bishop, "I am told you are very ingenious as an interpreter of the Scriptures, and I have a difficult passage in my mind, about which the critics are in dispute, and of which I would be glad to have your view. It is St. Paul's message to Timothy: "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee; and the books, especially the parchments."

"Well your grace," replied Bunyan, "it is allowed, I believe, by all, that Timothy was a bishop of the primitive church and Paul, as all agree, was a traveling preacher. It appears to me this may have been designed in future days, to teach that in primitive times the bishops were accustomed to wait upon the traveling preachers; whereas, in our days, the bishops ride in their coaches, and the traveling preachers, like Paul, are minded to go 'afoot

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HAVEN'T GOT ANY OF YOUR SIZE.—Any one who has lived in Cincinnati (writes Brads) for ten or fifteen years, will remember E——, the tailor, one of the oldest and best of his craft, as well as one of the jolliest, always as ready to take a joke as to give one. It used to be considered the "fair thing" among a "select party" to send persons to his store for articles at variance with what usually constitutes the stock in trade of members of his profession. It so happened one day, as one of the "party" above mentioned, was descending the steps of the the Burnett House, he encountered a specimen of Kentucky, who enquired of him where he could purchase a jewsharp. Of course he was directed to E——'s store, as the establishment where they kept the largest assortment at the most reasonable prices. Our friend proceeded at once to the place indicated, and found E——, (who, by the way, was troubled with an impediment of speech,) waiting on a customer, and after stating his wants, was politely requested to "w-wait a few mo-moments."—After dispatching his business with the aforesaid customer he, gravely approached Kentucky with a pair of glove stretchers, and observed in a very mild tone, "W-we shall h-have to t-t-take your mum-mum-measure," whereupon he inserted the stretcher into his mouth, spreading open his countenance to the full extent of the "stretch," and with a face indicating the utmost seriousness, remarked to the astonished Kentuckian, "Y-young man, *w-we haven't ger-got any of y-your s-size.*"

The Blind Spy.

A TALE OF THE DARK OLD SPASMODIC AGE!!!

BY SYLVESTER ANACHRONISM, JR.

Night upon a battle field!

In a tent, guarded by five Zouaves, sat around a mosaic table, General Washington, Mohammed and Julius Cæsar. They were commanders of the allied forces at the siege of Jerusalem. It was evident, from the appearance of the table, that they had been playing faro and drinking lager bier.

"Hist!" suddenly exclaimed General Washington, pointing his finger to his lip.

"Aha!" quoth Mohammed, spitting out a volume of the Koran, bearing the imprint of Harper, Brothers.

"Hum!" squeaked Julius Cæsar, placing his finger to his nose, *a la Florence Hotel.*

A Zouave at this juncture put his head in the tent and said, "The murderer of Dr. Burdell is discovered."

"Then order the garrison to arms!" cried General Washington, "and let the Milwaukie Light Guard hold Pike's Peak until the Horace Greeley cavalry charge the Caucasians in the rear."

"Don't you think, General, that if the Minie battering ram, such as I used with Nelson, at Trafalgar, were ordered up, it would be better?" said Julius Cæsar.

"Bring in Flora Temple, and I myself will ride to the scene of action," exclaimed Mohammed. "Bring me a Colt's revolver and I will off."

"Hist!" said another Zouave, putting in his head, "it is not the murderer of Dr. Burdell, it is the Blind Spy who approaches."

The allied generals fell to the ground in a fit, which was only relieved by the entrance of the Blind Spy! Taking from his pocket a bottle of Burnett's Coccoaine, he sprinkled it and said, "My master, Socrates, bids you surrender, or he will send you all to the Mammoth Cave as prisoners of war."

(To be continued.)

THE OATH OF A HORSE THIEF.—Two men, D. A. Roush, and J. F. Holley from Cincinnati, were sent to prison in Louisville a few days ago on suspicion of horse stealing, having shipped a fine stallion the day previous. Roush's conduct, such as appearing in false whiskers and the like, caused his arrest. On his person was found the following oath, which would indicate he is one of an organized band of horse thieves.

In the name of the Power above, and in the name of all his hosts of angels and ministers, whom I invoke to bear record of my words; in the name of him below, whom we fear and whom we hate, I swear.

I swear that from this moment to the end of my life to devote myself, without any reserve, to the fancy reform; that I will never leave it without the permission of my captain; that in sickness or in health, in adversity or in prosperity, I will never leave, quit without the consent of my captain, even unto death, in all transactions; I will be bound by the laws he has established and with the regulations he has made; and I invoke these powers, in the event of my failing to fulfil this, my oath, to shower down all the ills of which human nature is susceptible; may all the maladies in which lingering wretches who crave to die still exist be my fate; may my days be restless, my nights sleepless, the pains and agonies of hell goad me on to desperation, my limbs wither from my body, my body paralyzed with sickness, my breath tainted, my eyeballs sightless, my soul damned if I fail in anything I have sworn; but I implore that power to shower upon me ten thousand times the miseries that mortals ever imagined, if I, by word, thought, deed or design, betray one of my brethren or captain, or raise my hand or voice to witness against them in a court of justice, maw my tongue rot from its root to the lip, and leave me a speechless liar, if I am in this guilty; but I swear to state all that is false, unless the truth can benefit the prisoner; to this, in all and eveay part, I swear; to every word and sentence I swear, by him above, by him below, by all that rules, by all that serves, I swear.

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.—The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of his chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigor, which the last six have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank. The frugal man puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds besides. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—[*North British Review.*

New Revelation in Geology and Theology.—A correspondent at Erie sends us the following juvenile dialogue which recently occurred in that city, between the son and daughter (aged respectively nine and seven years) of a Methodist minister, showing the physical and moral difference between men and woman, as they saw it in geology and theology:

Little Boy.—"I wonder what makes the Paps *so much crosser* than the Mams?"

Little Girl.—"I guess it's because the Lord *sifted the dust,* and made the Paps out of the bran, and the Mams out of the *fine* dust!"

Little Boy.—"Will I be a Pap when I get big,—and be cross, too?"

Little Girl.—"I expect so."

Little Boy.—(Meditatively) "No I shan't be a Pap!"—evidently unwilling to believe himself made out of the Bran.

The Difference between French and American Brandy.

The Chester county, Pa., *Times* is responsible for the following:

A gentleman of our acquaintance wished to purchase some brandy to be used in sickness, and called on an old German liquor dealer in the city of Philadelphia, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any imported brandy—genuine stuff?"

"Very good brandy. Come and trink some claret punch; dat ish goot, too, ven de vedder ish hot."

"No, I thank you, I want a little brandy for a sick man."

"Come and try de punch. One vriend from Germany been here. I see him not before, for many years. We been trinkin de punch."

"Come and tell me about the brandy. I want a little of the best in the market."

The old gentleman was a little mellow—just enough to make him talkative; and the visit of his friend had so warmed his sympathies as to make him communicative.

"Now, my vriend, you wants good prandy; and I sells you good prandy. Dare ish some prandy I makes myself and dat ish good.—Dere ish some I pought in New York, and dat ish sheap prandy. Dere is some imported from Vrance and dat ish very goot too."

"Did you say you made that lot yourself?"

"Dat I make myself, and I warrants dat. It ish made of the verre best whisky."

"Whisky! I don't want any of your infernal concoctions made of whisky and called brandy,"

(Old gentleman solemnly.) "It ish all made of whisky, vriend, and dat ish de reason why de Vrench brandy is not so goot as goot American prandy. No prandy ish now distilled from wine any more; it is not possible to make it sheap enough for dis market from wine, and de American people do not like the real prandy because they are not used to it."

"Did you say that French brandy is not as good as our own manufacture? We import some brandy from France, do we not?"

"O, we import blenty of prandy to please de rich people, but it ish not goot. In France, de prandy ish made of potato whisky, and dat ish not as goot as de corn whisky what we makes into prandy here!"

Frightening the Girls.

Away up in the northern part of Vermont, says the *Knickerbocker*, is a primitive sort of little village, called "The Centre." Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a "dance," and dance they did, said our informant, "with an unction unknown to our city belles and beaux."

One interesting young man, having "imbibed" rather too freely, became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to "retire" for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dance-hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It so happened, howbeit, that this was the ladies withdrawing-room, and no sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim-light of the tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues, (like most of their sex,) which ran on in this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me?"

"About you! why, sartin; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest-dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, "fixed up" a little more, and made off towards the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly inquired—

"Ha' you heard any borry say anything about me, girls?"

"Phansy their phelinks," at this juncture. They fled with an explosive scream.

Pulpit Wit.

In Pennsylvania there is a clergyman almost as remarkable for eloquence and excentricity as Lorenzo Dow himself. On charity occasions his pathos, wit, and sometimes bitter satire, are sure to win more bank notes and gold coin to the State than the decorous eloquence of half a dozen other men. On a late occasion he was preaching a temperance sermon, which produced unusual effect on the audience. Among other things, he asserted, as the result of his own observation, that a confessedly "moderate drinker" was sure to become a confirmed inebriate within five years after he had reached that stage of indulgence.

He was here interrupted by a man in the audience, who started up in great excitement, proclaiming himself a moderate drinker, of ten years standing, and one on whom the liquor made no progress.

The clergyman stopped short, leaned over the pulpit, and when the man had ceased speaking, called out:

"I say friend, stand up here, and let me have a look at you."

The man made an effort to brave the hosts of eyes turned upon him, and stood his ground.

"Nearer, man!" cried the minister beckoning with his long finger, "Hold a light up to this brother's face some of you. Step up on the bench and give us a good look."

The moderate drinker was not to be looked down or talked down, and not only mounted the bench, but allowed a lamp to be held close to his face.

The minister bent over his cushion, and gave the face a long survey.

"That will do," he said drawing back, "that will do my friend, and now I say, if I owed the devil a debt of a hundred drunkards, and had paid him ninety-nine, and he wouldn't take you in full payment at the end of five years, I would never pay him!"