 THE AGITATOR

while there shail be a' wrona unicgited, and until "mañs inhumanty to man" shall cease, agitation most continge
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| LUCIA. <br> There is one name I never speak In tones of caroless mirth, For the who hallowed it for me, Has passed away from earth. Yet ever in ny heart, her face, Her name, and mernory hare a place. Tho winds of Spring will lightly blow; And Winter srows fall cold and deap And I can never on grave; gaze And dream of other carlier days. <br> And sisters! We are scattered wide, We all bear different names, <br> Yet ono speet tie uuites us still, <br> 'Tis where pre laid in love and trust, <br> ur father's, and our mother's dust. <br> Whave a hittle daughter now, With graceful childish ways <br> They sag, and there could bo to me No more endearing praise <br> That she han Lncia's eyes of blue, And Lucia's form and features too. <br> And if that "country farther on," <br> If many graves now wept above <br> Oh Are emptier than they seem; ${ }^{\text {may }}$ my mother calm und mid <br> Bend gently doma, to bless my child. |
| :---: |


| $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { fower in my button hole and a white handerer } \\ & \text { chief in my hand. } O \text { one only } \\ & \text { looked lize busi- }\end{aligned}\right.$ nees. It was from a lady who proposed an in- <br>  <br>  <br>  <br>  on id certain days, and if mutual approbation did not follow the intorview, why there was no harm done Most people mould hare put down this as a and trap to tive eme $a$ jourrey for nothing. Y did not. $A$ prestiment impelied me $t$ aceept ${ }^{2} \mathrm{and}$ keep phe engagement. man had time to make an accunuiitane ine in forty miles, not as now, when you are at your jour ney's end before you have looked around jour <br>  <br>  <br>  |
| :---: |


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What Thinty miles an Hoor Does







The iron bars open and open as the train
Tries on : the calves turned. four-year-0.da















"Your hooror, he's' gone"
"Gone: gone." said the Juage, "whero is ho






