### Terms of Publication.

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

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM Meariably in advance. It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term for which he has paid shall enbertier when the term for which he has paid shall have expired, by the figures on the printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a farther remittance be received. By this art rangement no man can be brought in debt to the

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, THE AGITATOR IS the Omeral Paper of the County, with a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighbor tood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any set Office within the county limits, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cardá, not exceeding 5 lines, paper included 55 per year.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

S. B. BROOKS. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ELELAND, TIOGA CO. PA.

"In the multitude of Counselors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept. 23, 1858, 1y.

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

warranted. DICKINSON HOUSE

CORNING, N.Y.

Maj. A. Field, . . . . . . . . . . Proprietor.

Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. C. WHITTAKER. Hydropathic Physician and Surged ELKLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA.

Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or receive them for treatment at his house. [June 14,] IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, H. C. VERMIL YEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Toga County, Pa. THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing as a lunting grounds in Northern
Pa. No pains will be pared for the accommodation
of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. April 12, 1860.

H. O. COLE,

SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in his line will be done as well and his line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for removing dandruff, and boautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL. George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

To published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at On Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County.—These desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advantage madium. Address as above vertising medium. Address as above.

#### DRESS MAKING.

ISS M. A. JOL. SON, respectfully approunces to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that she has taken rooms over Niles & Elliott's Store, where the is prepared to ex cute all orders in the line of DRESS MAKING. Having had experience in the business, she feels confident that she can give satisfaction to all who may favor her with their patronage. Sept. 29, 1859.

## JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,

TAILOR. AVING opened his shop in the room over B. B. Smith & Son's Store, respectfully informs the citizens of Wellsboro' and vicinity, that he is prepared to execute orders in his line of business with prompt ness and despatch

Cutting done on short notice. Wellsboro, Oct. 21, 1858 .-- 6m

## D. BACON, M. D.,

Graduate of Biffalo Medical College, AS established hisself in the practice of Medicine and Surger in the village of Tioga, and will promptly attend all professional calls. Office at L. H. Smith's Hotel, where he will always be found except when absent on professional business.

Particular attention paid to the diseases of women and children. women and children, Tioga, May 24, 18004

#### N. DU BOIS, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A DVICE as to the patentability of inventions given free of charge. Prawings from models neatly executed. Charges for obtaining patents moderate.

Hon. G. A. Grow, Pa. Hugh Young, Ed. Agitator.
Hon. G. W. Scranton, Pa. H. H. Frazier, Ed. Republican.

TO MUSICIANS. CHOICE LOT of the best imported Italian and

A CHOICE LOLD German VIOLIN STRINGS.

Bass Viol strings, Guitar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just received and for sale at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

#### WELLSBORO HOTEL, WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

PROPRIETOR

FARE, - - PROPE (Formerly of the United States Hotel.) Having leased this well known and popular House, solicits the patronage of the public. With attentive and obliging waiters, together with the Proprietor's knowledge of the business, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable.

Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.

WATCHES! WATCHES!

## THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE. Gold and Silver Watches,

which he will sell cheater 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.

age kindly solicited. Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

#### F. W. KRISE, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER,

WELLSBORO ST., TIOGA, PA. TAKES this method of informing the citizens of Tiogs, and of the County generally, that he has established himself at Tiogs, where he will manufacture and keep on hand for sale a good stock of Saddles, Bridles, Heavy Harness, Carriage Harness of all kinds &c. Also Hames, Halters, Whips, Traces, Collars &c. All work warranted.

Repairing done on short notice.

## Tioga, Sept. 1, 1859.—ly. Meinroy & Bailey, WOULD inform the public, that having purchased the Mill property, known as the "CULVER MILL," and having repaired and supplied it with

new bolts and machinery, are now prepared to do CUSTOM WORK to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our exportenced miller, Mr. L. D. Mitchel, and the insparing efforts of the proprietors, they intend to keep up an establishment second to none in the county. Oash paid for wheat and corn, and the highest market price given.

March 15, 1860, tf.

Dash paid for Wheat and corn, and the highest market price given.

EDW. McINROY, JNO. W. BAILEY.

TIOGA REGULATOR. GEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewely Storiat

Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa. where he is prepired to do all kinds of Watch, Clock and twelry repairing, in a workmanlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

We do not pretend to do work better than any other man, but we can do as good work as can be done in the cities or elsewhere. Also Watches Plated.

GEORGE F. HUMPHREY.

Tiega, Pa., March 15, 1360. (1y)

# AGITATO

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

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12, 1860.

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

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

VOL. VII.

BY H. W. LONGPELLOW. Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupation That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet, The sound of a door that is opened, The voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall stair, Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Edith with gelden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence: Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall, By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair; If I try to escape, they surround me; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine:

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old moustache as I am Is not a match for you all!.

I have you fast in my fortress, And will not let you depart, But put you down in the dungeons In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the walls shall crumble to ruin, And moulder to dust away.

—Atlantic Monthly.

MR. LINCOLN AT HOME.

The New York Herald, with a view to find out something at which it could sneer, sent a special reporter to Springfield, the home of Abraham Lincoln, who wrote the following

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 8, 1860

THE HOUSE HE LIVES IN-A ROMANCE. In a large two story frame house-bearing ho slight resemblance to Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, Massachusetts, now the residence of Professor Longfellow-resides the Republican candidate for President of the Uhited States, Abraham Lincoln. It is situated at the corner of Eighth and Edward streets, in this city. Here Mr. Lincoln has resided for some twenty years. The edifice affords no indications of ostentation. It has no ornaments, no flowers or shrubbery, no marble vases for cooling fountains, no fashionable fences surrounding it, but is built plump out to the sidewalk, the steps rather encroaching upon the walk. It is like the residence of an American gentleman in easy circumstances, and is furnished in like manner. It is not near so aristocratic an establishment as the houses of many members of your common council; in short, there is no aristocracy about it, but it is a coinfortable, cozy home, in which it would seem that a man uld enjoy life, surrounded by his family. Immediately opposite the residence of of any service to Lincoln in Illinois?" Mr. Lincoln, on Eighth street, is a mansipn that was once the Western home of Lemgel Highee, a gentleman who left the State of Massachusetts some thirty years ago, settled in Springfield, and for his honesty and integrity was placed by his fellow citizens in prominent positions of trust and confidence. "Honest Old Lem" was as much a favorite phrase in these days in this region as "Honest Old Abe" is now. The widow of Mr. Highee is now living in Weymouth, Massachusetts. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Higbee were associated in several enterprises of public interests, and the early efforts of the one, and the more recent efforts of

and most honestly governed cities in the West.

the other, have contributed largly to the repu-

tation Springfield now enjoys as one of the best

HIS FAMILY AND THEIR CONNECTIONS. Enjoying life in a easy manner, and ye practicing attorney in all the courts of the State and of the United States, Mr. Lincoln seeks repose in the midst of his family whenever the duties of his profession and his political engagements will enable him to do so. Col. Lincoln came from the best among our Revolutionary stock, and from among those who were the first to penetrate the Western wilds, and sacrificed their lives in clearing the road for the advancing tide of civilization. His grandfather; whose ancestors came originally from New England, whence they were driven by the persecutions of the Quakers—a society with which they were presumed by the fanatics of that day to be affiliated-was born in the county of Berks, Pennsylvania. Here there are traces of German in Lincoln's lineage. Removing in after life to the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia, the father of the subject of the sketch was born. Moving westward before the Revolution, Colonel Lincoln's father penetrated the wilderness, and in companionship with the renowned Colonel Boone, participated in many of those heroic conflicts with the savages, the fecords of which crimson the pages of our early Western history. The "dark and bloody ground" are words familiar to all readers of American history, and upon that sanguinary ground the father of Colonel Lincoln fought, and finally perished beneath the tomahawk of

the savage. In what was then called Hardin county. Kentucky, but in that part of it which now constitutes Larue county, Abraham Lincoln was born, in the year 1809. His mother was the daughter of a man of nerve and energy, and she herself possessed those distinctive characteristics which have since rendered her son a man of mark in our country. Lincoln had a limited education, and, removing to Illinois he passed through various spheres in life, at one time in a humble, as he is now in an exalted, position in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He exhibited the grit of his progenitor when the savage chief Black Hawk commenced his into a slave State for the purpose of doing viowarfare upon the citizens of our Northwestern lence to his person. frontier, and he entered into that contest i-of brief duration when fairly commenced-with interspersed with some brilliant flashes of wit all his then youthful energy and spirit, which and good nature from the Kentucky lady, his now seem to be but little impaired. In this war wife.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE. Col. Lincoln's personal appearance has so

he held the rank of captain, but he was deserving the title of colonel, and by those who knew him best was not unfrequently so addressed. Passing over his subsequent career as a practitioner at law, having studied law with a son of Ninian Edwards, at Edwardsville, Illinois, as a member of the Illinois Legislature for several sessions-during which he directed his attention to the interests of the people more than to personal aggrandizement—and as a member of Congress during the term of '47 and '49, the country at large became acquainted with his name by his political battle in 1858 with the then invincible "Little Giant," Douglas. Here his political history becomes identical with that of the present day, and the readers of the Herald being doubtless familiar with its great points, there we leave it for their own digestion.

WHOM HE WARRIED, AND HIS WIFE'S FAMILY RELATIONS Colonel Lincoln married Miss Mary Todd, daughter of Robert S. Todd, Esq., a highly respectable citizen, living near Lexington, Kentucky where Miss Todd was forn. Mr. Todd is now dead. He was Clerk of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and filled other pesitions of trust, and was allied to some of themost enterprising and worthy families in the State of Kentucky-among them the Helms, one of whom was formerly Governor of the State; the Wintersmiths, a family of influence, and others, some of whom have lately called upon Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, and renewed the remembrance of those family ties which, in some cases, unhappily sink into oblivion. Miss Mary Todd was a pretty young lady, and the graces and accomplishments of former years still serve in maturer ones to adorn a happy family household. They have three children-all boys-one of whom is now studying at the academy in Exter, N. H., where Daniel Webster began his actual educational career. The two other boys are at home with their parents, bright little lads, and seeming to care no more for the hurrahs with which their father is received than if they were bestowed upon any other man. They appear to take the enthusiasm as a matter of course; for, as they love their father and their mother, no applause seems

#### less than their deserving. WHAT HIS NEIGHBORS SAY OF HIM.

After a pretty thorough investigation, I find that there is not a man in this region who says. a word against the honesty of Abraham Lincoln They like his sociability and his familiarity .-Hhe is universally regarded as a plain, unassuming man, possessing strong common sense, wedded to a quickness of perception that detects the right from the wrong and winnows the chaff from the wheat, whether the question be one of a legal character or the selection of a true man from an impostor.

"What do you think of Lincoln as a man?" I asked of a resident of Springfield.

"I like him as a man, and everybody else can't help but do the same. He is honest, talks sense, and is not too proud to sit down upon his doorsteps in his shirt sleeves and chat with his neighbors. I have always been a democrat, but I am almost inclined to go for Lin-

"Will the split in the democratic party prove

"Yes, sir. Egypt is almost wiped out as a democratic stronghold, and with scarcely a hope to elect Douglas to the Presidency, there are many who will, from State pride, vote for Lincoln, as they think there is a good chance for his age, and showing in his features, his movehis election.'

LINCOLN AT HOME.

We called upon Mr. Lincoln at his residence last evening, and were readily admitted. There were present Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Judd. the latter the wife of the republican candidate for Governor of the State; the Hon. E. B. Wash burn, member of Congress from the Galena district, and Lincoln's two little home boys. The ladies were especially gracious and entertaining, while "Old Abe" and your correspondent took a chair together and talked upon almost every topic now attracting the attention of the public. We have conversed with many gentlemen in prominent political positions, but to Abraham Lincoln must we accord the palm of frankness. He had no disguises. The subject of Southern slavery was touched upon, and Mr. Lincoln emphatically declared that it was his principle not to touch it where it exists, but to prevent its spread into Territories now free. He spoke of slavery as an institution that did not meet the universal sanction of the Sou thern people. "Public opinion is not always private opinion," he said; and instancing Lamartine's account of the execution of Louis XVI, wherein it appeared that although the leading revolutionists were publicly obliged to declare in favor of that deed, they were privately opposed to it. He said that it was the same with many people in the South; they were obliged to sustain slavery, although they secretly abhorred the institution. He would protect the South in its institutions as they exist, and said that Southerners did not comprehend the position of the Republicans in regard to slavery. The Southern mind, he said, was laboring under the delusion that the republicans were to liberate the slaves, who were to apply firebrands to the fields and dwellings of their masters, massacre old and young, and produce a state of general anarchy and bloodshed in the South .-He swept this assumption away by a decisive denial of its correctness. He said he would like to go South and talk to the Southerners on this fapic, were it not that the minds of some were so inflamed against him that they would not listen to his reasoning, but, on the other hand, might be inclined to inflict Lynch law upon his person should he appear among them. He had, he said, on one occasion been invited to go into Kentucky and revisit some of the scenes with whose history his father in his lifetime had been identified. On asking by letter whether Judge Lynch would be present, he received no response; and he therefore came to the conclusion that the invitation was a trap laid by some designing person to inveigle him

The conversation was lively, and occasionally

that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon it

here; but as a great deal has been said about his ugliness, I will say a word or two on that score, if only for the purpose of enlisting the attention of the ladies North and South. Men of the West may care for personal beauty in woman, but in a man beauty constitutes a very small claim upon their regard. But Lincoln is not an ugly man. His features may appear rugged to the casual observer, but when engaged in earnest and entertaining conversation they assume an aspect at once pleasing and engaging. Many men called handsome by belles lack expression in their features when in conversation, whereas the man of genius telegraphs his mind to others not only by his language, but by the masculine charm of facial expression. Else how could Colonel Lincoln have courted and wedded so charming a young lady as she whose realm is now his own domestic hearth? If Lincoln ever gets into the White House, you may be bound for it that there will be thousands of beauties from all parts of the country who will acknowledge that the pictures and the prints have sadly belied him, and that his cheek bones are not so large, that his mouth is not so big, that his figure is not so lank, as they have been led to imagine, and that altogether he is not far from being a tall, good-looking, middle

aged gentleman, who has offices at his disposal. Colonel Lincoln confesses that he believes he will be elected; and it would not be a matter of surprise if he were to-day adopting the New York Herdld's suggestion-viz: making up his Cabinet prior to his Presidential journey to Washington.

VIEWS OF THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER GROWN FAT IN WASAINGTON.

Among all the candidates for the Presidency of the United States now in the field, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, seems to be regarded by the people here as the only one who presents the appearance, emphatically and literally, of the man of the people. Without ostentation, without reserve, without any of those exquisitely polite attentions one finds in the man of the world, and especially in the aspiring politician, nurtured in the patrician atmosphere of Washington, Lincoln both looks the man, acts the gentleman, and mirrors at once the keenness of the astute statesman and the firmness of the rigid executive officer. The people say they have long wanted a President free from the corrupt influences which a long official residence at the seat of government is calculated to entail; and from what I have heard and seen, within the space of a few months, a majority of the people of the North, and not a few at the South, are satisfied that in Lincoln they have found a man who comes nearer to a representation of their ideas in this respect than any other named candidate. Presidents Harrison and Taylor-good men in their good way-did not, it is true, vegetate in the hotbed of Washington political influences; but, unfortunately, they both soon withered and died under them, after a brief occupancy of the this: when lost on a bitter cold night and un-Presidential chair. But Harrison and Faylor she to get a fire do not rest in a reclining no. were old; and one was superanuated before he assumed the reins of government, and the other rest from your exercises in a squatting position became so shortly after he did. Lincoln is in on a log so that when you get asken as you the prime of life and vigor-as strong, lithe and as energetic as almost any public man of ments and manners, his intellect, his knowledge of law, government and the organic rules that sway men and found systems, evidences that he cannot be easily swerved from a purpose he conceives just to his countrymen. That's what his friends say.

## A HUNTER'S HARDSHIPS.

[NESSMUK-a gentleman who resides in this the Times-thus graphically describes a night which he passed in the woods a few miles from this Borough.—Editor Agitator.]

And here, egotist that I am, let me digress mentioned froze his feet, that, nearly dead with | daylight, at which time it stood 20° below zero. fatigue and hunger, I was on these barrens. days been racing an enormous buck, thinking | man with life. Towards the latter part of the to "walk him down!" I had a very nice time night I become so exhausted by compulsory at it: the buck only showed me his flag twice horn-pipes as to be really unable to keep my during the first day, and on the second I got feet for a minute at a stretch, in consequence of not the first glimpse of him. The weather which I took to climbing up a tree and coming during the two days had been foggy and warm, down "by the run"—an operation by which I but on the evening of the second the change not only warmed my legs, but used up a subfearful. For the best part of the two days the fore sunrise-a luminous event that was combarrens, going over points and ridges, through the northwest.\* laurel brakes and ravines, crossing and recrossing his own track, until, on the evening of obfuscation that it was not without a strong the second day he led over a high ridge and mental effort that I could make out the points of down into a valley that I at once pronounced compass, with the sun in fair view. At last, to be the Marsh Creek valley; here, as I was however, taking the sun on my starboard bow, rapidly descending the hill, the fog began to I braved wearily up the hill down which I had was not on Marsh Creek, but in a strange ra- been more than three or four miles left in me, vine where the water ran the wrong way, the though life had depended on it, and I reeled whole look of the land was strange to me, and, across the comparatively level top of the hill, in a word, I was lost; moreover, when I came slipped, fell, or scrambled down the face of it, had been tramping about for the last two days, within two hundred rods of the only inhabited it looked very much as though I might be ten clearing for miles, and took up the road with miles or more out of my reckoning, and I felt the knowledge that if I could but hold out half that there was not ten miles of travel left in an hour longer I was all right I remember med me, though it were to save my life. I decided of a drowsy, doggard determination to reach to camp; and, although I had not a dry thread that house, of staggering and fulling repeatedor a dry match about me, set about trying to dy, of waking up and reeling ahead a few rods get a fire-an operation I can perform as well as most men, but in which I failed in the present instance most miserably, besides nearly freezing during the attempt. It must have

three larger streams, where I could at least find a road.

This, too, was a failure. There is a point often been described in the newspaper prints beyond which any given set of muscles cannot: perform without a rest, and my locomotive machinery gave out, as near as I can guess, about midnight. Then came the fearful struggle in which so many good men and true have gone under; the ever-to-be-kept-up stamping, dancing, threshing of freezing hands, and straining open of heavy eyelids, by which a chilled, exhausted, starving man is to fight his deadly enemy, sleep; for sleep, the rest which seems so inviting, is neither more nor less than death; which the imagination likes to picture as a calm, easy rest from insupportable fatigue; and not contemplated or dreaded either, I am inclined to believe, for the wearied man isn't lean against that old log a minute to get breath, and then up and at it again. He isn't going under yet, by a long shot; -there is a tidy bit of calico, and a bright-eyed little three year old, at a snug log cabin, waiting, and keeping a bright fire for him, with a nice bit of venison ready for broiling, and a pot of hot tea on the coals; he would like a cup of it just now. Ah, well, the venison will keep a day longer and be none the worse for it, and he is but a weak sister, and no hunter at all, who can't "tough it out" one night without food or fire. So the weary man rests his back against the log; not to sleep, of course not. But the strained muscles relax, the heavy eyelids come together, and he sleeps long and well. There will be little anxiety at the snug cabin on the morrow, "for he is a hunter and can take care of himself." On the next day perhaps, the tidy piece of calico looks rather often towards the forest, and just at night feels a little anxious and lonely; but a wounded deer or bear might account for the absence, or he may have got into good hunting, and be making the most of it. So she quiets the three year old with a promise of the rifle he is to have "when he is big enough," "slicks up" the little room, places the teapot where it shall keep hot in case he should happen to be lost and find his way in late at night, and

NO.

turns in. On the following day, perhaps, a couple of neighbors quietly take their rifles, and more from a knowledge of what may have happened than through a belief of what has, take his track. Miles and miles are carelessly gone over, but as night shuts down, they become se rious and watchfully alert. They have found the senseless, objectless trail of a lost man, and as they camp at dark on the zig-zag track, there is no merry laughter; but instead, fearful stories of suffering and death, through freezing, broken legs, the falling of trees across camp a night, and unlucky gun-shot wounds.

In the morning they are on the track soon a as it is light enough to see, and there in plain view of the spot whereon they have slent so soundly through the night, sits the lost man, frozen like marble; he has been dead for days.

I have digressed to describe this much of hunting misadventure, because, firstly, it is not a suppostious case; and secondly, because there is a point I wish to make. The point is sition, or with any support to your back. Take on a log, so that when you get asleep, as you surely will, you may tumble off and awake to consciousness.

I am aware that this may seem irrelevant, but I know at least one case where a life was saved by such a proceedure, and more than one where a life was lost by giving way to the intense desire for rest and sleep.

The night which I spent in the mountain ravine in earnest fight with the frost king for my life, I look upon still with shuddering dread nor have I yet recovered from the effects of it, being subject to a sudden stiffening of the knee county, and who is at present engaged in wri- joints, on getting wet in cold weather, which ting a series of articles for Porter's Spirit of nearly incapacitates me from walking, and which is apt to attack me without a minute's warning. I was under the impression at the time that my exhausted, hungry condition caused me to exaggerate the intensity of the cold, but it was not so; I found, on arriving for the relation of what happened to me on a at home, that the themometer had indicated a bitter cold night among these same ravines; it fall of 60° from 3 to 9 P. M., and a farther dewas on the very night when the hunter above clension of 10° by the following morning at

It was decidedly a "tight spot," and out of ings. Ignoring the odds in legs, I had for two physical toughness would be likely to bring a was sudden, and to a man tired out and lost, stantial pair of sheep's-grey indispensibles bedeer had been continually zigzagging about the summated by the sun's appearance square in

I was in such a state of mental and physical

been nearly nine o'clock when I gave up the seen the sun rise, not only in the northwest, but in the idea of camping and commenced to feel my way down the rocky, log-encumbered creek, the latter point of compass being the one from which which I knew must empty into one of the the sun rever rises to a lost can. Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 16 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 ad-

3 months. 6 months. 12 months. Square, -\$3,00 5,00 7,00 8,00 15,00 \$4,50 6,50 8,50 9,60 86,00 8,00 10,09 12,50 30,00 do. column, do. 20.00 25.00-85,00 50,00 Advertisements not having the number of insertions

desired marked upon them, will be published until or-dered out and charged accordingly. Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, ex-ecuted neatly and promptly. Justices', Constable's, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

after each drowsy tumble, and finally, of seeing Mr. B-n coming hastily down the road towards me. I remember nothing more of it, but my friend (I may as well give his name in full, for he has gone to his rest, and it was a neighborly turn he did me on that bitter morning.) Mr. S. Boyden, tells me that he was obliged to half-carry me to the house, where I immediately went into a stupid sleep, from which he was unable to rouse me long enough to give me a nip of the Monongahela I so much needed! I must have been very drowsy.

Seriously, it was a pretty tight spot, and it. was not the desire for life which kept me going (for I longed to sleep, knowing that sleep was death), so much as the Anglo-American dislike of "caving in," and a consciousness that "the boys" might, even while pitying me, have a litgoing to indulge in sleep, not at all. He will just the private opinion that I "died too easy."-Also, the knowledge that, like most scape-graces, I was a favorite at home, and that a kind old mother and a couple of sisters might incline to take such an accident to heart, may have helped a little.

And now, gentle reader, always supposing you to be with me, and that we have topped the hill, look towards the West, and you may see at the distance of a mile a roundish knoll surrounded by dwarf chestnuts and poplars; and in Poplar Ridge, and less than a mile beyond that is the brink of the ravine in which ! worried out that bitter night.

A PHILADELPHIA PUNGENT.

Judge Peters, a Philadelphian and a punster. has left behind him a countless host of well remembered puns. Some few of his rarest are well worth recording.

A gantleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said, "Here is my all."-The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling; and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your awl, and your last too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a strapping fel-

When on the District? Court Bench, he of served to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a regetable head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has carroty hair, readisk cheeks, a turnup nose, and a sage look."

During one of the public days connected with Lafayette's reception, the Judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annovance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years.".

When practicing as a lawyer, he had a case on trial before a judge who was well known to indulge in extraordinary derelictions from the truth. This judge was evidently biased against Peter's case, and while the jury were absent, and considering their verdict, he wished to postpone the cause, pleading illness as an excuse. and declared that he was unable to sit on the bench. Peters saw his manœuvre, and said, 'If your worship cannot sit, we know that you can lie, and therefore you can receive the verdict in a reclining posture."

He was appointed member of a building committee connected with the affairs of a new church. A wine merchant had made an excel lent offer for the use of the vaults of the building, intending to use them as the place of deposit for some of his immense stock. The liberal party were for accepting the offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair was something of a desecration, and wished to decline it. Peters eided with the latter party, and when his surprised friends demanded his reasons. "I have always thought it wrong," said he, "to allow any preaching over good wine."

He attended the anniversary dinner at the Cincinnati Society, on the fourth of July, 1828; and when about to retire, he was assisted towards the door of the room by one of the colored waiters on his left, and a gentleman, i member of the Society, supported his tottering steps upon the right. The judge turned round to say far well to his old acquaintances, and; looking at his supporters, said-" My friends, I take leave of you in black and white." This was his last pun in public, for he died in the course of the succeeding month. - Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SHADOWS WE CAST .- In this great world of sunshing and shadow, we constantly cast 'lost," and trying to find my way to the clear- which nothing short of hot, young blood and shadows on those around us, and receive shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometime in the shade: and there is no one who walks over these paths. it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadows with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or careless act, cast a shadow on some heart longing for sunlight! How often does the husband by cold greeting, cast a gloud over the harpy trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has waited anxiously for the first sound of his footstep, to give him a joyous welcome to his home! How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof, chilled the everflow ing spring of confidence and love which is bub! bling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee! How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging raise, the snow commenced to harden, and by come the night before, and slipping down every grasp of the souls of those worn outby poverty the time I had descended the hill my wer clothes few yards, continued to make, as Mrs. Chick began to stiffen, while the damoring hollow would say, "an effort," On reaching the table stinging redictive of the sordid avaries of those inside of me was becoming aust ravenous. I land of the barrens, there could hardly have whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have whom the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have when the world honors—aye, loves to honor in the sording hardly have when the world honors have the sording hardly have when the world honors have the sording hardly have when the world honors have the sording hardly have when the world honors have the sording hardly have when the sording hardly have when the sording hardly have when the sording hardly have a sording hardly have hardly have hardly have hardly have have the sording hardly have have hardly hardly have hardly have hardly have hardly have hardly have hardly hardly have hardly hardly have hardly hardly hardly have hardly ha How often does the child-even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty, bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the to consider the hap-hazard manner in which I found myself in the Marsh Creek Road, and brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast had been tramping about for the last two days, within two hundred rods of the only inhabited a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows are cast, can we escape them? Can we look back: as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy nights about our footprints i Home Monthly.

Danbury, the great hat-making town in Connecticut, has nearly half a million dollars invested in the hatting business. The sales of hats there made amount to a million and a half of dollars yearly, or about a dollar a piece for all the hass made. Thirteen hundred persons are employed in the work, chiefly most sud