## Terms of Publication.

THE TIOGA COUNTY AGITATOR is published very Wednesday Morhing and mailed to subscribers

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, Invariably in advance. "It is intended to notify every subscriber when the term the which he has paid shall have expired, by the figures in the printed label on the property of each name. Therefore will the label on the have expired, by the neutronean are printed label on the margin of each paper. The paper will then be stopped until a farther remittance be received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the

rinter.
THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County The Author and steadily More sing circulation reach-with slarge and steadily More sing circulation reach-ing into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent ing into every neighborhood in the County postage to any Rott Office, within the county but whose most convenient post office may be limits, but whose most wonterent post once may be in an adjoining County.

Business Cards, not expecting 5 lines, paper inclu-

ded, \$5 per year. BUSINESS DIRECTORY. JAS. LOWREY LE F. WILSON,

A TTORNEYS & COURSELLORS AT LAW, will attend the Court of Tioks. Potter and M. A stend the Court of Tions, Potter and McKean counties. [Wellsboro', Pep. 1, 1853.] C. N. DARTT DENTIST. OFFICE at the residence near the Academy. All work pertaining to his line of Judiness done promptly and warranted.

warranted. 

J. C. WHITTAKER. Hydropathic Participal and Surgeon.

ELKLAND, TI CO., PENNA.

Will visit patients in Sophit of the County, or receive them for treatment at his thouse. [June 14,]

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE. Corner of Maia Street (1) the Avenue. Wellsboro, Pa. J. W. BIGO! F. PROPRIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having theen re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is the public as a feet class house. first-class house. IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,

H. C. VERMIL YEAR OPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tiega County, Pa.

THIS is a new hotel county within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pa. No pains will be stirred for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.

April 12, 1860.

H. O. C. D. L. E.,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.

Show in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in the line will be done as well and promptly as it can be done in the city shows. Preparations for removing dandruff, and is an experience of the post of the post of the line will be considered any color. Call and see. Wellsboro, Sept 2, 1839.

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

Is published at Corning, Stephen Co., N. Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Corn per gear; in advance. The Journal is Republican a position, and has a circulation reaching into every part of Steuben County.—Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining count is will find it an excellent advertising medium. Adversi se above.

FURS! FURS! FURS! TURS.—The subspring has just received a large assortment of Furfice ladies wear, consisting of

FITCH CAPES & VINTORTWES, FRENCH SARES CAPES & VICTORINES.

RIVER MINK CAPES & MUFFS,

ROCK MARTIC CAPES & VICTORINES.

These comprise a small quantity of the assortment.

They have been bought to be prices and will be sold at extremely low prices for cash lat the New Hat Store in Cornidg, N. Y.

A PROCESS OF THE STORY OF T

TO MUSICIANS. VIOLIN STRENGS.

Bass Viel strings, Gue ar strings, Tuning Forks Bridges &c., just receive, and for sale at ROUS DRUG STORE.

WELLSBERO HOTEL,

WELLSBEROUGH, PA.

B. S. FARR, PA. PROPRIETOR.

(Formerly of the United States Hotel.)

PICTURE FRAMING.

TOILET GLASSES, Purtraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c., &c., framed in the neaest manner, in plain and ornamented Gilt. Rose Wood, Black Walhul, Oak Hahogany, &c. Persons leaving any article for framing, can receive them next day framed in any sole have wish and hung for them. Specimens at SAITHS BOOK STORE. them. Specimens at

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.,

W OULD inform the orbits that he is permanently located in Elkhrid. Bitol Tioga Co. Pa., and is prepared by thirty years expendence to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can be without fail, that dreadful disease, called St. Litus Dance; (Chorea Saucti Viti,) and will att mit to any other business in the line of Physic and Stripers.

Elkland Boro, August 1, 1860.

McINROY & 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

to the entire satisfaction of its patrons. With the aid of our experienced miller, Mr. D. Mitchel, and the unsparing efforts of the prospectors, they intend to keep up an establishment security to none in the county. Oash paid for wheat and corn and the highest market price given.

March 15, 1860. tf.

March 15, 1860. tf.

TIOGA RECULATOR.

CEORGE F. HUMPHREY has opened a new Jewely Store at Tioga Village, Tioga County, Pa. Where he is prepared to do all stands of Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing, in a week-manlike manner. All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.

We do not pretend to do we're 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, 1886 (117.)

DENTISTRY. FRANK MCGEORGE,

Permanently located in Concest Hall, Corning, N, Y. VARIOUS Styles of Depted work. The continuous gum or Porcellin, the most natural, beautiful, and superior to any other system. Also a new style very beautiful and cheap, just introduced. Particular attention is requested to the artificial Bone for filling teth, it being the color and nearly as hard as the teeth and in many cases somewing to any metallic substance. eeth, it being the color and parly as hard as the teeth and in many cases superior to any metallic substance. Also, by a new prucess of electro-metalurgy, those aways superior to them heavily plated with gold on very reasonable terms. No cheap humbugs introduced. His system of practice is the result of the experience of the bast members of the profession. Corning, Nov. 10, 1859.

Refers to Dr. W. Il. Terbell, Dr. May, Dr. Munford, Corning. Dr. Dolson, Bath. Dr. Brown, Addison.

Veterinary Surgeon.

THE undersigned legs to inform to people of Tioga County, that he has located himself at Tioga Borough for the cure of all diseases known to Horses, in the all the cure of all diseases known to the cure of the Borough for the cure of all diseases known to Horses, in the shortest time. Satisfaction given or no charge made. WM. HOUK, Tioga, Pa. Refers to J. G. Mercereau, Abram Shappee and sanc Mann. 3m12

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. POR Children teething. Price 25 cents.
For Sale at Roy's Drag Store.

# E AGITATO

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

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

VOL. VII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1860.

From Porter's Spirit. THE BEREAVED HUNTER.

My boy is dead—my pet—my own. The crescent moon, with silver light, Gleams on a little grave. To-night I take the trail of life alone.

Two years ago I fondly said, Lo! unto me a son is born;"

And when the west wind woke the morn, The mother of my boy was dead.

I have no joy in heaven's light, I will not weep, and cannot pray; I wear the tiresome night to day, And tire the weary day to night.

With dark surplice and oily voice Comes one who speaks to me of peace; 'The child has gone where sorrows cease, 'Twere meet the father should rejoice."

My soul in fierceness makes reply: My beautiful, my dark-eyed boy, Whose very being was a joy— What had he done that he should die?"

The fox barks sharply from the hill, As fades the light adown the West; Soothing his mate upon her nest, Plaintively sings the whip-poor-will.

Out from the shadows, wierd and grim, Where checkered gleams of moonlight fall, I hear the owlet's hollow call, Ring through the forest arches dim.

Over the sombre hills of pines The night wind sweeps with chastened wail, Shaking against the moonbeams pale, The tangled hair of untrained vines.

My rifle rusts against the wall, My hound tugs idly at his chain; I care not for the Summer rain, Or if the waters rise or fall.

The dun deer feed at early morn,
Where bends the grass by purling brooks;
Still hangs the rifle on its hooks— Still am I lestless and forlorn.

I know 'tis weakness thus to mean. That I should "suffer and be strong," But oh! the journey seems so long, And 'tis so sad to be alone.

Why should I to er the mountains toil— Where is the pleasure? what the need To draw with skill the deadly bead. When none are left to share the spoil.

My home is desolate; nor wife, Nor loyous child will greet me more. What wonder that I ponder o'er. My grief, or weary of my life. Wellsboro, Pa., Sept., 1860. NESSMUK.

THE DETECTED TRAITOR.

The proud and wealthy James Agmoor, silk and velvet merchant of Broadway, New York, was just entering his superb bazaar, as one of his clerks respectfully saluted him, and started

Mr. Clair, I shall desire your presence in my office ere long," said the merchant. "Do not leave the store until I have spoken with

There was an ominous sternness in his tone that attracted the quick ear of Thornton Clair, and as he gazed after his pompous chief, who strode on with unusual haste, his eye caught that of Hiram Mould, the cashier, peering with unconcealed malice through the mahegany bars of his desk. Thornton Clair had arrived in New York four months before from some city of the far West, and upon applying to James

ous Mould, nor did his vexation diminish as he saw that James Agmoor daily grew inbre and more attached to the youth.

While Clair stood waiting the expected summons, and as Mr. Agmoor entered his private office, the cashier moved from his seat, and following his principal, carefully closed the green baire door after him.

It was strange to see the proud and pompous air of the lordly merchant change to one of illconcealed fear and disgust, as the cashier bid bim good day and seated himself near him, facing him, and having the office table between them.

"You have considered my propositions, Jas. Agmoor," said he, in a smooth, soft voice, sleek and silky as the precious fabrics that were about

James Agmoor buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then sweeping back his snow

white hair, said, huskily:
"I have, Hiram Mould, I have!" and his face, pale and red by turns, again sought the cover of his trembling hands. "I have told my daughter that you demanded her for a wife. She told me to tell you that she would rather be a beggar in the streets than the wife of Hiram

"I told her all," burst from the quivering lips of the merchant. "I told her that Hiram Mould was the master of her father; that ere she was born I committed a crime-a crime whose ever-present guilt has blanched my hair before I have numbered my forty-fifth year."

"And then she relented?" "She asked me to tell her of that crime," replied Agmoor, and as he spake his eyes grew bright, and he looked Hiram Mould full in the face, "I told her. She said the deed was not a crime—that the blow was dealt in self-defence that killed Charles Harper. And so it was .-Hiram Mould, you know it was."

"Were we in court, I, the only witness of the act, James Agmoor, I would swear that it was premeditated murder."

James Agmoor's eyes closed with a shudder. and again the trembling bands hid pallid face. "I would swear," resumed Hiram Mould, as his sharp, white teeth bristled from his sneering lips, "and the jury would believe every word, that one summer's evening some twenty fused to fight in fair and open combat with

years ago, I saw James Agmoor, who had re-Charles Harper, crouching amid the bushes that bordered the highway through Jersey woods; and as Charles Harper was riding unsuspectcovert and strike him to the earth with a club —I would swear that James Agmoor then and said you were dead and prevailed on him to there murdered Charles Harper, where I could seek safety in instant flight, upon the very there murdered Charles Harper, where I could find the bones; aye, find the watch that would horse you had ridden. Your daughter related

identify the body."
" All false!" cried the merchant, arousing himself a moment. "Twas James Agmoor truth." who was dragged from his horse by Charles

he hated each with a deadly hate. You, Hiram | me for years to think myself-murderer!" Mould, first made us, who were till then bosom friends, bitter enemies. He struck me. I returned the blow; he drew his knife and stabbed me, but before I fell senseless, I wrested the weapon from him and dealt him a fatal thrust that prostrated him also. We fell togetheralike unconscious-I in a swoon, he dead .-You, Hiram Mould, hid the body where you believe that Charles Harper was murdered; you created that belief; but to use me all my life you took successful care that the finger of

suspicion should not point at me, lest the law might kill the goose that lays the golden eggs." While the tortured man was saying all this far more incoherently than I have written it, the unmoved conspiritor had rapidly sketched a picture of a gibbited felon, and as the merchant concluded, Hiram Mould placed the insignificant sketch before him.

"Such shall be your fate, if Rachel Agmoor refuses to become my wife," said he, pointing to the hideous picture with his long, lean fore-

Again the merchant yielded before the terrible threat, and his head sank upon his bosom. "Now call in Thornton Clair and dismiss him at once," said Hiram sternly. "He loves your daughter—she perhaps loves him. You have foolishly allowed him to visit your house. It shall be my care that he find no other employment in this city."

"I am in your power;" groaned the unhappy man, rising and opening the door; but as he did so his daughter Rachel stepped quickly from the side of Thornton Clair with whom he was eagerly conversing, and said:

"I wish to see Hiram Mould immediately, dear father," and guided by her astonished parent, she entered the private office. The merchant closed the door and turned to

address his child. Tall and queenly in person, a lovely brunette of eighteen summers, with large black eyes usnally full of softness, as became her amiable er "the coals were a'dune a'ready?"-a most and affection nature, but then flashing scornful fires as her red lips curled with scathing con-

tempt. Rachel Agmoor metioned her father to Mould. He seemed ill at ease as those splendid eyes

said: "I am happy to see that Miss Rachel Agmoor vorthy of so continued a gaze.

ne wife!" said Rachel; and though the words were cutting, the tone and manner penetrated to the marrow of the rascal's bones, and flashed bitter words to his white lips.

"The thing is honored in being so called, my aughty damsel. You are proud, now, Rachel gmoor, but the time shall come when you shall be as humbled before me as the trembling man beside you."

ish to see a proof of it?" sneered Hiram. Rachel hent her head contemptuously. Hiram Mould was at a loss to comprehend this

unexpected defiance; but sure of his ground he said: "There is a young man in your father's employ whom he loves as his dwn son. Rather

than harm a hair of that young man's head, James Agmoor would gladly lop off his right hand, I verily believe, if the sacrifice could avail either. Mr. Agmoor call in Thornton Clair."

He looked to see Rachel pale and trembling. But she was calm and collected.

The timid father-timid before the cashier ione-obeyed, and Thornton Clair stood in the party; but his blue eyes were blazing with a menace so profound and deadly that Rachel laid her soft hand upon his strong arm that was welling as if for a sudden blow to be dealt at the serpent like eyes of the sneering cashier and whispered.

"Wait!—for my sake." "Mr. Agmoor," said Hiram, but recoiling mewhat from the reach of that arm, "has his young man dared to make love to one so mmensely above him as your daughter, and I proposed myself as her husband; his presence our establishment is an insult. Discharge

him at once." The wretched merchant paused in torturing uspense, and the cashier pointed to the sketch that lay upon the table.
"Mr. Thornton Clair"—began the father.

'My true name is not Clair," began the young man quickly, unwilling to see the father the episode. "One day when Jamie was sitting of his Rachel so humiliated. "I am the sou of in the front gallery, wide awake, when many Charles Harper, who lives in Oregon, and who assumed the name of Clair because he believed he had slain James Agmoor. My name is, in

fact, Thornton Harper." 'Young man!" cried James Agmoor almost gasping. "Do not deceive a most wretched man. Does Charles Harper who married my consin Helen Agmoor, still live? Was he not

kiled? On my honor, Mr. Agmoor," said Thornton, 'that Charles Harper is alive, and still thinks ing I was of the same belief, for my father, who since that unfortunate combat has concealed nimself under an assumed name in the wilds has often fold me sorrowfully of all that transpired. But he never told me the name of the mair legars in Peebles than me." man whom he deemed he had slain nor that of consciousness, pointed at your bleeding body, to me what you told her last night, a few minutes ago, and we immediately concluded on the

cashier had sunk into a chair and rested his or two of brandy to inspire competition. "Lord head upon the table, hiding his face, as he for have a care o' your daft heade!" exclaimed the ten years delighted in torturing his victim to poor laird, "If I had two or three bottles of do; but when James Agmoor, no longer a brandy, d'ye think I would sell my trees?"crime bound serf, thus addressed him he stag- Liberal living, claret and whiskey, not to speak gered to his feet, groping blindly for the door, of attainders and confiscations, put more than tottered feebly through the baznar, to his deak, can find its remains to convict me. The public where he had so long ruled with the magic rod actor for frugality there are always pointed anof gold, and pressing his hands to his head, groaned, reeled, eaught himself erect, opened his private drawer, placed a pistol to his temple, and fell dead ere he could press the trigger, the reproach of meanness, and against no qualsmitten-said the Coroner that day-by the almighty hand of God.

#### SCOTTISH HUMOR.

The following amusing anecdotes we copy from an article in Blackwood's Magazine, on 'Scottish National Character."

A minister of Crail had been long annoyed by the drowsy propensities in church of a farmer, one of his parishioners, "one David Cowan in Trustrie:" and remonstrating on the subject, had his patience conciliated by two cartloads of coal which the offender engaged to drive to the manse door. Nevertheless, "a few Sundays after, Mr. Cowan, soon after the commencement of the sermon, fell into a sound sleep as formerly; and not only so, but made so much noise as to disturb the sitters near him and the minister. Mr. Glass bore with it for a while, but at last, being able to stand it no longer, desired the people in the north loft-Anglice gallery-to "waken David Cowan." where he was, asked the minister "if he didn't week to let him sleep?" "True," replied the minister, "but I did not agree to let you snore!" David, suddenly aroused out of the peaceable rest for which he had compounded, demanded to know, in amazement and indignation, wheth-

natural inquiry. Such tales of colloquy in church abound. 'Jenny," asks a Dunferline minister of the rause a moment and bent her gaze on Hiram same generation, stooping from his pulpit, "have you got a preen (pin) about ye?" "Yes, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping lowly scanned him from head to foot, bathing | brute by your side." Such instant punishment him as it were in worldless scorn. He rose to must have made it dangerous work to trifle with his feet, and recovering his natural coolness, the temper or even attract overmuch the notice story of a quiet pulpit rebuke," says Dean Ramconsiders so humble a person as Hiram Mould say, is traditionary in the East Neuk of Fife, and told of a seceding minister, a Mr. Shirra, a "This is the thing that dares to hope to call man well remembered by the older generation for many excellent and some eccentric qualities. An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in that the past and vain yearings for the future, to come to Mr. Shirra's church and walked about folds. as if looking for a seat, but, in fact, to show off the congregation. He came to his place, how- into life never-ending. She haunted the tearlife and reputation of my father," said Rachel we'll see your new breeks when the kirks acknowledged her influence, for human hearts Having leased this well knowledged the influence, for human hearts and seknowledged her influence, for human hearts we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were limediately accepted, and he was given the send such a message to the woman you wish to find both pleasant and of those who given the introduced in his reading of Scriptures; as, for example, in reading of Scriptures; as, for example, in reading of Scriptures; as, for example, in reading of this well attack the we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were gone. Seating to find the fear west gone of the same sorrows, the shifting phases of the kallein all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were gone. Seating to find the fear we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were gone. Seating to find the fear we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were gone. Seating to find the fear we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the variation in outpleased that gentleman that his services were gone. Seating to find the fear we'll attack the we'll see your new breeks when the kirks are alike in all ages, only the vari are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, David have been so dull as one might suppose. Perhaps it is a Boanerges storming in the pulpit, with afternoon auditors woefully unable even master to church, and unseen, somewhere pays tribute to the eloquence of the sermon, becoming "first excited, as is not uncommon with some dogs when hearing a noise, and from wingeing to whining as the speaker's voice rises louder and louder, at last beginning to bark and howl." The indignant minister calls upon his beadle to eject the intruder. "Ay, ay, sir," says John, looking up to the pulpit, but, indeed, it was yourself that began it."-Perhaps it is a still more amusing and confusing encounter. "The circumstance happened in a parish of the north. The clengyman, on coming into the church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. The authorities had been unable to remove him without more violence than was seemly, and therefore waited for the minister to dispossess Tam of the place he had assumed. "Come down, sir, immediately,"

was the peremptory and indignant call; and on Tam being unmoved, it was repeated with still greater energy. Tam, however, very cpnfidently replied, looking down from his elevation, "Na, na, minister, just ye come up'wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith!" Or imagine the effect upon a sleepy congregation of the following litin the front gallery, wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavored to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying. "You see, even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing.' Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, 'An' if I hadna' been an idiot, I wad hae been sleeping too." Or of this much more complimentary and pleasant interruption: "Another of these imbeciles, belonging to Peebles, had been sitting at church for some time listening that he killed James Agmoor. Until this morn- attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit, of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy until at last, as if of the West, while my mother followed him, wincing under the supposed attack upon him self, he roared out, 'Indeed, minister, there's

Some emphatic stories are told by Bishop ingly by, I saw James Agmoor spring from his the man who, as he rose after a moment of an- Low's biographer, of a Fife gentleman, poor of the night by the unwelcome sound of thieves rummaging in his drawers, this philosopher has been frequently made by the most distinawoke with all his wits about him, and the guished orators, Webster among them. calmest equanimity of spirit. "Hand ye busy lads, hand ye busy," he says, quietly; "an' ye Out of my sight, Hiram Mould!" cried the I can do in daylight." At another time the sufficiated by inhaling carbonic acid from the Harper! Twas Hiram Mould who prompted engaged merchant. Double traitor, begone! same individual had a company assembled to mixture.

the assault for purposes of his own-because or I shall make myself what you have forced purchase the trees round his house, and as usual under similar circumstances, it was hinted to While Thornton was speaking, the guilty him that it would be well to introduce a bottle trees in danger; but despite our national charecdotes against houses wanting in a liberal and hospitable expenditure in Scotland. Nothing could be more obnoxious to our forefathers than ity is the trenchant force of national sarcasm so contemptuously directed. For example, a master leaving a penurious house charges his servant who has accompanied him, with the common failing, "Jamie, you are drunk!"-"Indeed, sir," answers Jamie, with ineffable disdain, "I wish I was." How fine is the irony. It might not have been good for Jamie, but at least it would have been a credit to the house.

### THE SHADOW-ANGEL.

Dreary, and desolate, and lonely it stood. There were mountains around, gleaming with rightness and beauty, but the Mountain of Shadows was neither bright nor beautiful: no trees whose interlacing branches were made melodious by bird and breeze, no mossy carpet mosaic-paterned by that subtle sunlight that so loves in dim forest and glorious mountain to edge with gold the restless leaves, and clothe in gayest robes rough bark and bare rock, rendering uncouthness attractive; no charmed David, awakening suddenly, and forgetting fairy circle which the moon makes with his silver sheen to woo Titania and her merry court; drive two cartloads of coal to the manse last no flowers to exhale fragrance as Æolus lifts their gay corollas, waking them by his cool breath from passionless dreams; no chattering A simple version of this story is, that honest brook Naiad-haunted-tumbling over rocks in seething eddies, and anon settling itself into such a polished calm that Narcissus might choose to be mirrored there forever; no mischief-loving squirrel or downy, fay-ridden rabbit to frisk among the verdure; no, none of these made glad the Mountain of Shadows, but all was dark, and desolute, and lone.

And yet, strange to say, a maiden dwelt there, more desolate and lone than the mountain .-Her dark hair fell, with its tiara of grey mist, in changing masses over her shoulders; melancholy had stamped on lip and brow and the cheek an imprint which Time's effacing finger of the keen-sighted observers. "An admirable might not touch. Her eyes! oh, those eyes into which you sought to penetrate their myste-

ry. They were homes perpetual shadows, telling of a spirit on which a doom has fallen-n doom which closes over hope with the remorselessness of a prison gate, fading memories of place, very proud of his fresh uniform, had dash themselves weariedly against its horizon

She had-a doom, and this it was-to cloud his dress, which he saw was attracting atten- the brow and shroud the spirit of every mortal tion from some of the less grave members of ushered through mysterious gates of darkness ever, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly re- ful child, the man perplexed with care, the toilmonstrating "Oh, man, will ye sit down, and ing statesman, the king, the slave. Mankind

Where had she not been? Her feet had trodan' ye had lived i' this parish, ye might has said den the palaces of all the cities of the past, her it at your leisure." Those dull old kirks in the footstep's echo may be heard in every hall of end of the eighteenth century, can scarcely the present. The ancient palaces are crumbled and her brooding wings enfold not their ruins, but the dust of them that were merry in love and gay revel, that were fierce in hate and war, to get to sleep; but lo, a dog has followed his that were sorrow-stricken and afflicted within their marble walls, hung with the purple of Tyre and glittered in adornings of gold and

ems.
Who could withstand her? With form invisible to mortal eye, with step that left no sound in its coming. Men yielded in the young years of the world, their lips uttering wails of anguish; philosophers, in the golden age of art and poesy, taught them to clothe their souls in impenetrable garments of stoicism. Vain! she came rending them-and they stood before her trembling and exposed.

Did she never relent? did she never pity? was her heart stone? Her heart did vity, but the doom was on her-she might not lift it .-A higher power guided her wanderings to and fro through the earth; she might not stay her hand-she must obey.

There came a man into the world, a man of sorrow-"one acquainted with grief"-the hand of the shadow-angel was not lifted off his brow-he was "to bear our infirmities." O! haunted, shadowed soul, lay your burdens on Him, and when the angel comes, look up, that heaven's pure light of unutterable peace may dispel the darkness and the sin-gloom.

THE ORIGIN OF "PENT UP UTICA."-Everybody has heard the lines,

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers, But the whole boundless continent is ours." But very few people know the author, or is what poem they occur. The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal says they were written by one Jonathan Mitchell Sewell, a Portsmouth poet, as an epilogue to Addison's play of Cato, on the occasion of its performance by an amateur company in that place in 1778. The whole production was one of decided power. The

pression. We give a few lines: Rise, then, my countrymen, for fight prepare, Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war! For your grieved country nobly dare to die, And coupty all your voins for liberty. No pent-up Utica contracts our pow'rs, But the whole boundless continent is ours.

spirit of the Revolution entered into every ex-

Utica, a town older than any in the vicinity of ancient Carthage, was the place where Cato died. This fact, with the above extracts, will and witty. Awakened suddenly in the middle sufficiently explain one of the most expressive quotations in our language-a quotation which

Mertz Meyer, a German brewer, leaning over find any siller there i' the dark, it's more than a large vat of lager bier, at Cincinnati, was

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Advertisements will be charged \$1 persons re of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for overy subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Hulf Yearly and Yearly advertizements:

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# AN HOUR OF HORROR,

BY W. H. C.

In 1846, not long after the murder of Col. Davenport, on Rocky Island when many parts of the West were filled with criminals of every grade and hue, and the traveler had good cause to be suspicious of all he met, I was journeying on horseback through the northern part of Illinois, then but sparsely settled. My companion was an only sister just recovered from a lingering attack of fever. We had buried both of our parents and an only brother upon the other side of the Father of Waters, and were now-wending our way back to New England, the land of our nativity.

One evening, just as the san was setting we emerged upon a broad prairie, stretched beyond us as far as the eye could reach... Ten dreary miles had been traversed sinced we had seen a house, and now the little log cabin which greeted our sight was as welcome as the oasis to the tired Arab. Riding up to the door, an old woman of ferocious appearance answered my summons, and in reply to my question of how far it was to the next house, grunted out that it was twenty-eight miles.

Here was a dilemma. Our horses were already jaded, and my sister so fatigued that she could scarcely retain her seat in the saddle. To procede was impossible, to remain there, I felt a strange presentiment would be but courting death. From a whisper consultation with my sister, I found that she shared my suspicious respecting the old woman and the character of the house. Finally, of the two alternatives, we decided to ask for lodgings. The Old woman made some excuse-said there was but one led in the house besides her own and, that she was not prepared to take travelers.

As I was well armed-not without some experience in hand to hand fighting, and could have a a bed for my sister, I decided to remain in preference to venturing across in the night. As we dismounted from our horses, a villainous looking man, apparently twenty-five years old, came up from a ravine beyond the house, with a gun upon his shoulder and a large hunting knife in his belt. He did not look us in the face but cast sidelong glances, indicative of one whose conscience was ill at ease.

After a supper of venison and corn bread, of which my sister and myself partook sparingly notwithstanding our long fast I requested that my sister might be shown to bed. As there was but one below, we knew the bed must be in the loft, the floor of which was laid "puncheons," leaving many broad cracks. Ascending by a ladder, I accompanied my sister to the room above, and having viewed the place and some what reassured her, decended to pass half an hour with my hostess and her son.

Upon engaging her in convorsation, I learned that she was formerly from Tennessee .-That her husband had been killed about a year previous in a fight about a claim, and that she was intending to return the next month to hernative State. As I became more acquainted with her, my fears subsided, and when I finally decided to retire to the room above, intending to sit up and watch all night, I forgot my overcoat, in which were my pistols and bowie knife.

foot of the ladder. Cautiously rising to my feet. I peered through a wide crack, and distinctly saw the old woman sharpening the huge hunting knife, which now looked double its natural size. At the same moment the young man leaned agaist a stick in the corner, causing it to fall to the hearth.

"Hush!" whispered the old woman, "you will wake them up."
In a moment, like a shock of electricity, a

full sense of our awful situation rushed upon my mind; I had evidently been wheedled into confidence by the old hag, that she might the more easily murder us. And my pistols! O. horrors, they were beyond my reach, and I could see nothing, save the chair with which to defend myself. Had I been alone, I think I should not have lost my presence of mind. But my sister the only near relative I had on earth. -the life of my sister hung upon my protection. and by one of those strange contradictious in nature, when I should been the most active, I sank down on the chair perfectly paralyzed.

I now distinctly heard the old woman ascending the ladder, but to save my life I could not move a muscle. Fortunately my sister was asleep, and in my dreadful extremity I was so base as to hope that the blow might be struck with unerring certainty, that she might awake to consciousness only in the land of spirits.

On came the old woman-I saw her grisly head as it peered in the loft-saw the light in one hand and the horrible knife in the othersaw her turn her glaring eyes full upon mesaw the demoniac scowl upon her withered features-still I could not move. The agitation of that moment if meted out in ordinary proportions, would make a man miserable for a thouannd years.

When I could bear it no longer-just as I, was about to swoon-the old woman reached forward, and with an iron grasp, seized a leg of venison, from which she cut several slices and retired to the room below; We had venison for breakfast the next morning.

Over-worked Would .-- An over-worked woman is always a sad sight; sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache, sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples, sometimes letting her work fall with half her brain, while the throbs as if it would go to pieces; sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap's bands were Luke's iron crown; and then her neuralgias and her back aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightingly of as hysterical convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones; so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity when she is placed in conditions which develope her nervous tendencies .- Dr. O. W. H. mes.