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. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862. NO. 6.

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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 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 arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the office.

THE AGITATOR is the Official Paper of the County, has a large and steadily increasing circulation reaching into every neighborhood in the County. It is sent free of postage to any subscriber within the county who may so direct, but whose most convenient post office may be in an adjoining County.

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

A. S. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,

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

DICKINSON HOUSE,

CORNING, N. Y.

J. A. FIELD, ... Proprietor.

Baggage taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

J. EMERY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa. Will devote his time exclusively to the practice of law. Collections made in any of the Northern counties of Pennsylvania. nov21,'60

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,

Corner of Main Street and the Avenue, Wellsboro, Pa.

J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.

This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and refurnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house.

ISAAK WALTON HOUSE,

I. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.

Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.

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

G. C. C. CAMPELL,

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 restoring dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and try. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL.

George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.

Is published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One 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.—Those desirous of extending their business into that and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

S. S. PARR, - - - - - PROPRIETOR.,

(*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.

E. B. BENEDICT, M. D.

WOULD inform the public that he is permanently located in Elkland Boro, Tioga Co., Pa., and prepared by thirty years' experience to treat all diseases of the eyes and their appendages on scientific principles, and that he can cure without fail the painful disease, called St. Vitus' Dance, (*Chorea Sancti Viti,*) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery.

Elkland Boro, August 8, 1860.

DENTISTRY.

C. N. DARTT

WOULD respectfully say to the citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he has opened an office over WRIGHT'S FLOUR AND FEED STORE, where he will continue to do all kinds of work in the line of DENTISTRY.

Wellsboro, April 30, 1862.

CORNING

WHOLESALE DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
PAINTS AND OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
KEROSINE OIL,
ALCOHOL,
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

Sold at wholesale by

W. D. TERBELL.

Country Merchants supplied with these articles at

NEW YORK PRICES.

Corning, Feb. 26, 1862.

WANTED!

ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS WHEAT!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS CORN,
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS OATS!
ONE THOUSAND BUSHELS RYE!

for which we will pay CASH!

WRIGHT & BAILEY.

Flour by the pound, sack or barrel,
Feed by the pound or ton,
Bran in any quantities,

Sold cheap at Wright & Bailey's new Flour and Feed Store.

Pork cheap at our Store.

All goods delivered *FREE OF CHARGE* within the Corporation. FRED K. WRIGHT.

WESTFIELD SELECT SCHOOL.

U. P. STEBBINS, - - Teacher.

The Fall Term will commence August 26, 1862, and continue 12 weeks.

TUITION.

Primary Department	$2 00
Common English	2 50
Common English and one branch higher	2 75
Common English and two or more higher	3 00

No deductions in tuition only in case of continued sickness. No effort will be spared to make this school equal to any in this county. Public examinations will be held monthly. Vocal Music taught free. Board, Rooms &c., for the accommodation of students can be had in the village at low prices.

U. P. STEBBINS.

The Westfield Village School has been under the instruction of U. P. Stebbins, for the last eighteen weeks to the rapid advancement of students, and entire satisfaction of the people. COMMITTEE.

Westfield, July 30, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the subscriber on the estate of Mathew Evans, late of Clymer township, dec'd., notice is hereby given to the indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment, and those having claims, to present them properly authenticated, for settlement to the subscriber.

H. K. HUSTED, Adm'r.

Richmond, August 13, 1862.

ANOTHER fresh assortment of those elegant 11 cent CALICOES—just received.

June 18, 1862. T. HARE.

MILITARY NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the draft to fill the quota of Tioga County, on the requisition of the 9th inst., will be made for each district on the 15th day of September, inst., at the Court House, in Wellsboro, unless such district furnish the men as volunteers on or before that day. Each district can offer volunteers to fill its quota on the day the draft is to be made, and thus obviate the draft entirely. J. EMERY,

Wellsboro, Sept. 10, 1862. Commissioner.

"KISS ME MOTHER, AND LET ME GO."

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Have you heard the news that I have heard to-day?
The news that trembles on every lip?
The sky is darker again, they say,
And breakers threaten the good old ship.
Our country calls on her sons again,
To strike, in her name, at a dastard foe;
She asks for six hundred thousand men,
I would be one, mother—let me go.

The love of country was born with me;
I remember how my young heart would thrill
When I used to sit on my grandmother's knee
And list to the story of Bunker Hill.
Life gushed out there in a rich red flood;
My grandsire fell in that fight, you know—
Would you have me shame the brave old blood?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Our flag, the flag of our hope and pride,
With its stars and stripes, and its field of blue
Is mocked, insulted, torn down, defied,
And trampled upon by the rebel crew,
And England and France look on and sneer,
"Ha, queen of the earth, thou art fallen low."
Earth's down-trodden millions weep and fear,
So kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Under the burning Southern skies
Our brothers languish in heart-sick pain,
They turn to us with their pleading eyes;
Oh, mother, say, shall they turn in vain?
Their ranks are thinning from sun to sun,
Yet bravely they hold at bay the foe;
Shall we let them die there, one by one?
Nay, kiss me, mother, and let me go.

Can you selfishly cling to your household joys,
Refusing the smallest tithe to yield,
While thousands of mothers are sending boys
Beloved as yours to the battle field?
Can you see my country call in vain,
And restrain my arm from the deadful blow?
Not so; though your heart should break with pain,
You will kiss me, mother, and let me go.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

MAJOR ZAGONYI'S GUIDE;

[Or, a Heroine of the War for the Union.

On the morning of the 24th day of last October, a somewhat novel scene unrolled itself before the door of a quiet farm house, about two miles from Springfield, Missouri. Two women and three young lads had just raised a very modest little flag; and as the wind floated it gracefully in the air, they gave three cheers for the Stars and Stripes—cheers, which of not loud, were certainly hearty. The younger of the women, Lucy Dudley, mother of the boys, stood gazing, her face put on a look of stern determination, and she murmured low, between her almost shut teeth:

"It shant come down again while I live."

"Yes 'twill mother," broke in one of the boys, "for the seceshers are in town again, and they'll make you."

His mother did not notice him, but turning to the other woman, said:

"For William's sake, mother, we'll keep it up."

Even before she had done speaking, the sound of horses' feet were heard, and the youngest boy, clinging to her dress, tried to draw her into the house, crying out:

"There they come; O, mother, run!" while the old grandmother, retreating behind the door, trembled visibly; but the mother stood firm, awaiting the men she knew only too well. Only one short month before they shot down her husband like a dog, because he said his house was his own, and should hoist just what flag seemed to him best over it.

They shot him before her eyes, and his heart's blood had sprinkled the very ground where she stood, and I wonder not that the look in her eyes was scarcely womanly. Down the road they came, a dozen Confederate ruffians, called soldiers by courtesy, and "chivalry," by Mr. William Russel. They were well armed and mounted, and as they thundered up to the door the leader shouted:

"Down with that damned Yankee rag; if you don't I'll blow your brains out."

No notice was taken; the woman might as well have been stone.

"Lucy Dudley, don't you hear me!" and he pointed his revolver at her.

"I hear, Bill Armstrong."

"Blast ye, then why don't ye mind?"

"Because I won't."

"You won't, won't you?" and he fired, but missed. He swore madly at his horse for shying; as he did so, she said:

"This is my house, and this is my flag; I want it here and shall have it here. You can shoot me down and then pull it down, you certainly won't before."

One man shouted, "we ain't cut-throats; we don't kill women and children."

"You have killed women and children more than once," was the taunting answer. Several old neighbors of hers, felt the thrust, and quailed before her eyes, while the others drew their pistols; but the leader, throwing up the weapon nearest him, went on.

"Wal, Lucy, victuals and drink we've got to have, but we won't go under that cussed flag."

"Victuals and drink I can't help you having, but if I am going to get them for you, you must come in through this door."

Evidently her look daunted them; for bold as they were, they were bad and they knew it; so with a rude laugh the Captain dismounted, shouting "come on boys," and leaving their horses in the care of the children, they, one after another, went into the kitchen, and drank eagerly of the whiskey set before them. As they thus drank they became wonderfully communicative; and listening eagerly, Lucy heard that they had been sent from Springfield, with some fifty others, to see if anything could be seen of the advance guard of Fremont's army, who were supposed to be in the vicinity. She found that this party had been stopping at one house and another, drinking and devastating, and very naturally had divided, and that Armstrong meant to wait till the rest came up, and start for the town from her house. She likewise learned that they had not seen anything of the Lincoln soldiers. She gave them their fill of liquor, she let them eat the best her house afforded, and as she was taking a pitcher to get more liquor, her ears caught the sound of a distant fife.

Armstrong heard it too, and with an oath, said them lazy lubbers of his were at last coming, and the old woman must bring some more dodgers along.

Lucy had taken the pitcher, and closing the door behind her, almost flew out into the yard and taking the oldest boy by the shoulder, said in a terribly hoarse voice, "Tom run for your life over the mowing, through the lane, and tell those men you meet to take down their flag, stop playing Yankee Doodle, and come up through the lane with you, and they can get every one of these men. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, boy."

The winds had brought to her ears, what is never whispered to those drunken men, that instead of their comrades, their sternest foes would be around them. And all her energies were directed to keep them still in their ignorance so fatal to them.

Meanwhile Tommy's tow head shot over the wall, through the narrow lane, reaching the main road just as a mounted band of men came in sight. He mounted a stump, waved his jacket and the foremost among them stopped.

"What is it my boy?"

"Marm wants your fiing man to stop playing that tune, and take down that 'ere flag, and to come up to the house through the lane.—Come on."

He was starting, but Zagonyi stopped him. "I do not understand boy; what does she want?"

Tom was indignant.

"Wants you to nab a party of seceshers up to our house, but you neden't come if you don't wanto."

Something in his face struck one of the men, and he said:

"Who is your marm, boy?"

"Lucy Dudley."

"Go ahead Major," shouted the fellow. "She is true blood; they shot her husband a month ago."

Zagonyi, followed by a portion of his men wheeling into the lane, trying to keep Tommy in sight; and soon they came in view of the low house, and the noisy mirth of the Confederates was distinctly heard. Armstrong never suspected, even ordering Mrs. Dudley to "show 'em in." She went to the door and they needed not that she should speak; her piercing, eager look told everything. They surrounded the room, Zagonyi's clear voice ordered those inside to surrender, while at the same moment, the fifer gave an exultant—

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Yankee Doodle dandy."

Armstrong saw the trap, and firing his revolver, hitting the gray-haired old grandmother, leveling her with the ground. Nobody noticed the shot except Tommy, and as he held her bleeding head on his knee, he never shed a tear; but he is on one of Commodore Foote's gunboats as a powder monkey to-day, and he never hands a charge but he thinks of that terrible hour. One or two on both sides were wounded, but the struggle was soon over, and the rebels marched out bound together with old chains, which the boys very gladly found. Zagonyi must take the prisoners with him, for men couldn't be spared to guard them.

As they were standing in front of the door before starting, Mrs. Dudley, who knew every inch of the ground in the vicinity, undertook to tell them a nearer road to town. They did not understand her hurried, nervous, directions, and she started as if to go with them; then she remembered her dying mother, came back, called Tommy from the sufferer's side, to take the place in her stead.

But the dying woman's faint voice stopped her.

"You go, Lucy; he might make a mistake; he will take care of me, and we will keep the old flag flying."

The reserve in the lane by Zagonyi's order had already come up, and Lucy only stayed to kiss the pale lips and precious face, then she mounted her own stout mare and led the way. She guided them safely in the intricate path up to the very edge of the ravine, where according to Armstrong's talk, she knew the wily foes were hidden. It was the very spot Zagonyi wished to be in, and she had saved him a long stretch of dangerous road. Then she fell back to the rear, just as Zagonyi's eager eye took in the whole of his position. Desperate! What will he say, what will these men do who have been taunted with being holiday soldiers on the pavements of St. Louis?

"Soldiers, your war-cry is 'Fremont and the Union.' Draw sabre, by the right flank, quick trot, march."

His voice, thrill and intense, pierced every heart, and as those bright swords glittered in the sunshine and the little band sped to their deadly work, I wondered that Lucy Dudley's brown mare kept her place, as eager as her mistress to do gallant work.

That battle will always burn on the pages of history, and I need write none of its details here; only this much, that everywhere, helping off the wounded, handling weapons, doing anything, everything that a cool head and a trusty hand could do, was Lucy Dudley.

At last the day was ours, and as Zagonyi gathered the remnant of his force about him he shrank back, for he could not count the dead and it took not long to count the living. Where was Lucy Dudley? Hardly one of those bloody blackened faces, but could tell of some good deeds she did for them during those long, dreadful hours. Even while they were speaking of her she came in sight, and not now mounted on her brown mare but instead, the mare was harnessed to a market wagon, and its broad bottom was covered with wounded soldiers.—She was walking beside it holding the reins, looking fearfully pale and tired; for now the excitement was past, her womanhood was uppermost, and her only care was to help the wounded and comfort the dying. They knew she was taking their suffering comrades to the shelter of her own home—and not a man from the Major downwards, but would have been eager to escort her, but she refused them all, and when the Major pressed the matter, she told him that she knew the way better than they did, and was safe enough alone. They gathered around her; they called her all noble heroic names, such as men use in moments of elevation of soul; but she only looked surprised and answered almost coldly.

"Why shouldn't I do what I could? My grandmother did more at Bunker Hill, and her husband died at Concord."

They bent low before her as she turned away and not one of those strong-minded Germans will ever forget the woman who fought side by side with them at Springfield. Home she went to find the old mother dead, and the children hiding from retreating rebels; but the flag still waved, and as the poor, pale fellows in the cart caught sight of its blessed folds, they gave a feeble shout, touching in its weakness.

All through the winter she nursed and fed that housefull of sufferers, and as one after another grew strong and left her, all she asked of them was that they would strike manly blows for their country, and keep always the noble war-cry of Zagonyi—"The Union and Fremont!" close to their hearts. No Dudley that ever wore spurs in the olden days, had a braver or a more loving heart than hers.

MARSHAL NEY'S RETREAT.

One of the most memorable deeds of fortitude and heroism recorded in the annals of war was performed by Marshal Ney, in the retreat from Moscow. With a division of five thousand men he was cut off from the remainder of the French army. Kutusoff, the Russian general, with 80,000 men, including numerous cavalry and with 200 pieces of artillery, had effectually blocked up his passage.

Ney, with his little band of half famished soldiers, wavering in their languid march, with guns defective and dirty, and with but six pieces of cannon, rushed upon the hostile batteries, and maintained the unequal conflict, in the vain endeavor to cut his way through the masses of the foe, until night darkened the field.—Then, at midnight, with no thought even of surrender, he ordered his troops to turn upon their track, and march back again into the wilds of Russia.

With amazement the troops heard this command which, without hesitation, they obeyed. It was a cold, gloomy winter's night. The frozen ground was covered with snow, and the blast pierced the worn-out clothing of the soldiers. For two or three hours they traversed, in darkness, the savage waste till they came to a small river. Breaking the ice, to see in what direction the current ran. Ney said, "This stream must flow into the Dneiper. It shall be our guide."

The feeble band, cold, hungry and weary, struggled along until they reached the Dneiper. Its broad and rapid current was clogged with floating masses of ice, and in one spot only, to which a lame peasant conducted them, was the ice sufficiently firm for them to attempt a passage. And even here it was necessary to pass with the utmost caution. Ney, wrapped in his cloak, slept for an hour upon the snow, while his troops passed over in single file. The ice bent and crackled under their feet.

They then attempted to pass the wagons over laden with the sick and wounded. The frail surface broke, and several of the wagons sank beneath the ice. A few faint cries only were heard, as the sufferers disappeared in their cold and icy sepulchre. By crossing the Dneiper, Ney hoped, in a long detour, again to reach the army. The Russians followed this feeble band in its retreat, keeping beyond musket shot, but firing incessantly upon their victims with artillery, from every available eminence.

Napoleon was at Orcha, waiting, in the most intense anxiety, to hear tidings from Ney.—Four days had passed without even a rumor of his fate. The whole army was looking back across the Dneiper hoping to catch a glimpse of his advancing columns, or to hear the report of his artillery. At the close of a day of solicitude and watching, another wintry night enveloped in its gloom, these retreating, woe-stricken armies. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with General Lefebvre when a shout of joy was heard in the street, and the words "Marshal Ney is safe," fell upon his ear. At that moment a Polish officer entered with the tidings that the Marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harrassed by pursuing Cossacks, and in want of immediate assistance. Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and gazing into his eyes, exclaimed:

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it? I have two hundred millions in gold in my vaults at the Tuilleries. I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Instantly Eugene was despatched with five thousand men to the rescue of the Marshal.—Eagerly the soldiers left their bivouac fires for midnight march. For six miles they toiled along through the snow and over an unknown path, often stopping to listen if they could hear any sound of their lost friends. The river, which was their only guide, flowed drear and chill at their side, encumbered with vast masses of floating ice. Gloomy forests of evergreens frowned along their path, and no sound but the tramp of Eugene's battalion disturbed the silence of the night.

At length Eugene ordered his artillery to be discharged, as a shout to call the attention of his friends. Listening anxiously, they heard far off in the distance, in apparent response, a feeble report of musketry. The Marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Both parties, however, understood the language of their guns, and they hastened to meet each other.—They were united. Officers and soldiers alike threw themselves into each other's arms and many of these war-worn veterans wept for joy.

The reunited bands, forgetful of past perils and the still greater ones they were yet to encounter, returned rejoicingly to Orcha. As Marshal Ney, with simplicity and unostentation, gave a recital of the dangers and difficulties he had surmounted, and the hardships he had endured. Napoleon grasped his hand, and immortalized him with the title of the "*bravest of brave.*" Again Napoleon said in reference to this same achievement, in words which will never die, "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

During this retreat, an unnatural mother, who was one of the camp followers, weary of nursing her crying child, threw it into the snow to perish. Ney chanced to witness the inhuman deed, and lifting up the child, soothed it tenderly, and restored it to its mother, in the sledge, commanding the mother to take charge of it. But soon again the woman, whose heart was rendered callous by misery, threw the child into the snow. The Marshal again rescued the little one, took it under his special protection, carrying it for some time in his own arms. The indignant soldiers hurled the mother from the sledge, and left her to be picked up by the Cossacks or to perish on the frozen ground. The little orphan was watched over with the greatest care by the soldiers, as they covered it up with furs and blankets in one of the sledges. The child was carried, in the arms of a soldier, through all the horrors of the passage of the Beresina, and surviving the hardships of the most disastrous retreat recorded in the history of war, at length reached Paris in safety.

In the passage of the Beresina, which soon ensued, Ney again displayed his heroism through scenes of horror which have rarely been paralleled, and never surpassed upon this globe. The genius of the French engineers speedily threw two bridges across the stream. The French army consisted of but 27,000 fighting men, and a disorganized mass of 40,000 stragglers. While the frenzied mass were struggling over these bridges, the Russians, from the adjacent heights, were hurling upon them a storm of shot and shell. Sixty thousand Russians manned those batteries. Ney, taking with him but eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense masses of the foe, drove them before him and took 6,000 prisoners.

Through the long hours of a winter's night, this horrid scene of tumult and carnage continued. Thousands were crowded from the bridges into the icy stream, and sank with shrieks which rose above the thunders of the battle. A fearful tempest arose of wind and smothering snow. The black masses of men and wagons, enabled the Russians to direct their guns with more unerring aim. The howlings of the storm, the gloom of night, the flash and the roar of artillery, the explosion of shells and whistling of balls and bullets, the cries of the onset and the shrieks of the dying, presented a spectacle which has given the *Passage of the Beresina* perhaps the most prominent position among all the horrors which have occurred in this lost world. The numbers lost have never fully been ascertained. Thousands were swept to an unknown burial. But, in the spring, as the ice melted, twelve thousand corpses were dragged from the river.—*J. S. Abbott, in the N. Y. Ledger.*

Old Hundred.

In a rustic old church opposite, while we write, a company of worshippers are singing the old, old hymn:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

The air is old, also—the immortal "Old Hundred." If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often is heard the declaration, "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strains carries us back to the times of the Reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He doubtless was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his own stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence, it cannot die? Neither man nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lie that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregation where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, she whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred," and as she sung it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit stairs with white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease to throb, the holy melody was sounding.

The dear, white-headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred." Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his arms crossed over the top of his cane, his silver locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear, perchance, stealing down his furrowed cheeks, as the noble strains ring out? Do you hear that thin, quivering faltering sound now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years' service in the Master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody.

You may fill your churches with choirs, with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple, and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutherian hymn, sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit. Think, for a moment, of the assembled company who have at different times, and in different places, joined in the familiar tune? Throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

"Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of ancient airs, never shall our ears grow weary of hearing or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high!"

An impossibility—an ugly baby.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged [illegible] lines, one or three insertions, and 2[illegible] subsequent insertion. Advertisements [illegible] lines considered as a square. The subscriber 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	12,00
½ do.	15,00	20,00	30,00
Column,	25,00	35,00	50,00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions 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', Constable's, and other BLANKS constantly on hand.

Remarkable Romance in Real Life.

The great lands of the Orient, the homes and cradles of fancy and romance, have not entirely renounced their old character. Occasionally, amid the smoke of battle, we have wafted to us a little breeze from the East a bit of fairy life and romance worthy.

——the good old days
Of the Calph Haroun Alraschild.

The late advice from China inform us, through the medium of private letters, of the unprecedented career in that country of a young American of this State, who, though but twenty-nine years of age, has reached a position which reminds one of the dim legends of Prester John. Here is a brief recountal of the story of adventure:

About twelve years ago Edward Forrester, a country lad, born in Jefferson county in this State, decided, like a great many other boys, to go to sea. His friends opposed the idea, but, of course, the love of ocean life was too strong to be resisted, and young Forrester joined those who "go down to the sea in ships." He was successful, and soon became the mate of a whaling ship, though then scarcely beyond his majority.

In Honolula Forester made the acquaintance of a merchant of Hakodadi, and went with him to Japan. Here he remained two or three years engaged in commercial pursuits. Thence he went to China, where he was taken into the Imperial service. He became popular both with the foreigners and native authorities at Shanghai, and was finally made second in command to General Ward, in place of Colonel Murgiven, who was severely wounded in some recent engagement.

In this capacity the quondam sailor continued to be much liked, and now enjoys the confidence of all the Madarins in the province, and is admitted to their confidence, as well as to the highest and most exclusive Chinese society. At one time Forester led a band of two hundred men against the rebels, only nine of them returning, the rest having been all killed. He has now twenty thousand troops under his command.

For his services he has been made a Mandarin of the Blue Button, and his name stands high in Pekin. His rank obliges him to keep at least twelve servants. The latest letters received from him (to May 1) states that he is in command of the city of Sounkaing; sleeps with the city keys under his pillow; while not one of the 200,000 inhabitants of the place—not even the highest Mandarin—can enter or leave without his permission, and at a word from him any individual out of that 200,000 may loose his head.

Mr. Forester enjoys also the friendship of Admiral Hope, General Michel and the other English and French officers in China. Admiral Hope he reports as severely wounded in a recent fight.

On the 1st of May the English, French and Imperialst troops were preparing to attack Chingfoo, of which Forester will be made Military Governor. He predicts the removal or deposing of the so-called Heavenly Emperor within a year.

Such is the brief and brilliant career in the East of a genuine specimen of Young America. The American Mandarin has friends and relatives living in this city, as well as in the northern part of the State, who will learn with astonishment and pleasure of his influence and power in far-off lands.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Terrific Encounter with a Boa Constrictor.

One of the most thrilling incidents which has ever come to our knowledge occurred a few days since in a "side show" with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie, where two enormous snakes, an anaconda and a boa constrictor, are on exhibition. Both of the huge reptiles are kept in one case with a glass top, opening at the end, and the keeper was engaged in the act of feeding them when the event occurred. The larger of the snakes, the boa constrictor, which is some thirty feet long and as large around the middle as a man's thigh, had just swallowed two rabbits when the keeper introduced his arm and body into the cage for the purpose of reaching a third to the anaconda at the opposite corner.

While in this position the boa, not satisfied with his share of the rations, made a spring probably with the intention of securing the remaining rabbit, but instead fastened his jaws upon the keeper's hand, and, with the rapidity of lightning, threw three coils around the poor fellow, thus rendering him entirely helpless. His shouts of distress at once brought several men to his assistance, and among them fortunately, was a well-known showman, named Townsend, a man of great muscular power, and, what was of much more importance, one who had been familiar with the habits of these repulsive monsters all his life, having owned some of the largest ones ever brought to this country.

The situation of the keeper was now perilous in the extreme. The first thing to be done was to uncoil the snake from around him, but if in attempting this the reptile should become in the least degree angered, he would, in a second, contract his coils with a power sufficient to crush the life out of an ox. A single quick convulsion of the creature, and the keeper's soul would be in eternity? This Townsend fully understood; so without attempting to disturb the boa's hold upon the keeper's hand, he managed by powerful, but extremely cautious movements, to uncoil the snake without exciting him, after which, by the united exertions of two strong men, the jaws were forced open and the man released in a completely exhausted condition. The bite of the boa constrictor is not poisonous and although the poor fellow's ten hand was immensely swollen the medical men apprehended no serious results were apprehended. A narrow escape from a most horrible death it would be difficult to imagine.—*Columbus Statesman.*

One of the Louisiana "Tigers" captured by Fremont, was sent into Pennsylvania to find a slave. When the latter found he was free, he "embraced the opportunity" to kick his old master a flogging, in return for many he had before received.