

**JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,**  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean  
counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 4, 1863.)

**DICKINSON HOUSE,**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
M. A. FIELD, Proprietor.  
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

**J. E. MEYER,**  
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 Pennsylv-  
ania. nov21,60

**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,**  
Corner of Main Street and the Academy Wellsboro, Pa.  
J. W. BIGONY, PROPRIETOR.  
This popular Hotel, having been re-fitted and re-  
furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a  
first-class house.

**IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,**  
N. CORNING, PROPRIETOR.  
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.  
THIS is a new hotel, situated on the corner of  
the best farm and hunting grounds in Northern  
Pa. No pains will be spared for the accommodation  
of pleasure seekers and traveling public.  
April 12, 1860.

**G. C. CAMPBELL,**  
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 re-  
moving dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale  
cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and  
see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

**HART'S HOTEL,**  
THOMAS GRAYES, Proprietor.  
(Formerly of the Corning Hotel).  
THIS Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart,  
is being repaired and re-furnished anew. The  
subscriber has leased it for a term of years, where he  
may be found ready to receive and attend to all  
the traveling public generally. His table will be  
provided with the best of the market affords. At his  
bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and  
cigars.  
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.-12.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
B. B. HOLLIDAY, Proprietor.  
THE Proprietor having again taken possession of  
the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure  
the comfort of guests and the traveling public. At-  
tentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable.  
Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.-12.

**Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO'S. BANK,**  
CORNING, N. Y.  
(Located in the Dickinson House.)  
American-Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold.  
New York Exchange, do.  
Current Money, do.  
United States Bonds, do.  
Collections made in all parts of the Union at Cur-  
rent rates of Exchange.  
Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our  
patrons from the Tioga Valley. Our Office will be  
open at 7 A. M., and close at 5 P. M., giving parties  
passing over the Tioga Rail Road ample time to  
transact their business before the departure of the  
train in the morning, and after its arrival in the  
evening.  
Q. W. WELLINGTON, President.  
Cornning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

**JEROME E. NILES,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
NILES VALLEY, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.  
HAVING associated himself with a legal firm in  
Washington, he possesses first rate facilities for  
the prosecution of claims for Pennington, Back Pay,  
Bounty, and all other claims against the Govern-  
ment. All such claims will be attended to with  
promptness and fidelity, and "no charges" will be  
made unless the application is successful.  
Middlebury Centre, Nov. 12, 1862.-3m.

**JOHN S. MANN,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Coudersport, Pa. will attend the several Courts in  
Potter and McKean Counties. All business en-  
trusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He  
has the agency of large tracts of good settling land  
and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands  
in said counties.  
Coudersport, Jan. 26, 1863.

**J. CAMPBELL, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
KNOXVILLE, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.  
Prompt attention given to the procuring of Pen-  
sions, Back Pay of \$3 here &c.  
Jan. 7, 1863.-6m.

**WOOL CARDING AND  
CLOTH DRESSING,  
IN THE OLD FOUNDRY AT  
Wellsborough, Tioga County, Pa.**  
THE subscriber having fitted up the place for the  
purpose of Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing, and  
also would inform the people that we will take  
wool to manufacture or dress by the yard, to suit  
customers, and would inform the people that we can  
card wool at any time, as our works run by steam  
power, and also that all wool will be carded for four  
cents per pound. Wool and product will be taken for  
pay for the same. Prompt attention will be paid to all favoring  
us. We will give good satisfaction.  
CHARLES LEE,  
JOHN LEE.  
Wellsboro, June 11, 1862.

**150 BEST PIANOS.**  
JOS. P. HALE & CO. Having removed to their  
new warehouses,  
No. 478 BROADWAY.  
are now prepared to offer the public a magnificent  
and new scale full.  
7 OCTAVE ROSEWOOD PIANO,  
containing all improvements known in this country  
or Europe, over-string bass, French grand action,  
hard pedal, full iron frame, &c.  
**\$150 & 175 CASH,**  
Warranted for 5 Years.  
Rich moulding cases,  
\$200, \$250, & \$300,  
all warranted made of the best seasoned material, and  
to stand better than any other \$500 by the  
old methods of manufacture. We invite  
**DEALERS AND TEACHERS**  
in all parts of the country, to act as agents, and to  
send their unrivalled Pianos with Steinway & Sons,  
Chickering & Sons, or any first-class manufacturers.  
**JOS. P. HALE & CO.,**  
478 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Oct. 22, 1862.-4m.

**A NEW STORE AND TIN SHOP HAS**  
been opened in Tioga, Penna., where may be  
found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and  
Box Stoves, of the most approved patterns, and from  
the best manufacturers. The HOMESTEAD IS ad-  
mitted to be the best Elevated Oven Stove in the  
market.  
**"GOLDEN AGE" & "GOOD HOPE,"**  
are square, flat top air tight stoves, with large ovens,  
with many advantages equal to any other stove before  
made. Parlor Stoves. The Signal and Gaspar are  
both very neat and superior stoves.  
Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron work, kept con-  
stantly on hand and made to order of the best ma-  
terial and workmanship, and of which will be sold at  
the lowest figure for cash or ready pay.  
Job work of all kinds attended to on call.  
Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. GUERNSEY & SMRAD.

**PENSION AGENCY.**  
**TO SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.**  
THE undersigned having had considerable expe-  
rience in procuring Pension Bounties and Back  
pay of Soldiers, will attend to all business in that line  
entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.  
Persons wishing to confer with me will please call  
or address me by letter at Sullivan, Bradford County,  
Pa. Charges reasonable.  
Refers by personal notice.  
GEO. P. MONROE,  
H. B. Card, Comptroller, Wellsboro, Pa.  
D. F. Pomeroy, Clerk, Wellsboro, Pa.  
A. H. Spalding, Sheriff, Towanda, Pa.  
Oct. 15, 1862.

# 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, APRIL 1, 1863.

NO. 33.

## Select Poetry.

**A REVELATION.**  
Is there a God? Ah! yeet that look perplexed,  
Proclaims his faith so firm, his love so sure,  
No cloud has crossed or subtle question vexed  
A life so calm and pure.  
But I, long wandering over shore and sea,  
Must ask, still wandering over sea and shore,  
For something to reveal the truth to me  
That has been thine of yore.  
Is there a God? The churchman frowns reply,  
"With mingled scorn and grief his lip is curled,  
Yet could the God he says none dare deny  
Sustain so wide a world?"  
I've seen so many deities outgrown,  
So many temples proudly rise in vain,  
So many altars built and overthrow,  
That I must ask again.  
Is there a God? To my own heart I turn;  
Tides ebb and flow, and sick'ning meteors play  
Round shrines where throbbing fires of passion burn;  
His image fades away.  
I search among the records of our race,  
Unrolling across the storms of many a land,  
Glancing Memory's pictured page to trace  
The workings of his hand.  
But noble thoughts, and words, and deeds of old,  
Melt in the mists; the dust of wars and strife  
Refers me back to some far age of gold  
For the heroic life.  
An age receding like the rainbow's arch,  
Leaving a riddle history cannot solve—  
"Is there a law by which the ages march,  
Or do they but revolve?"  
Is there a God? Beside the city's gate,  
I watch for Him, amid the gloom and glare,  
Confused and dimmed by sights and sounds I wait,  
Finding no answer there.  
The morning dawns; I climb the cliff that looks  
Down on the ocean, lying deep and still;  
I listen to the song of birds and brooks  
Over the moor and hill.  
The plains of water and the waves of wood,  
The silent mountains and the voice of Spring,  
Have tuned my spirit to a better mood:  
Glory to God! I sing.  
The evening falls; and I come home to see  
Another revelation: now I know  
There is a God who made the world and thee,—  
Thy face assures me so.  
For creeds may rise from fancy's weaving skill,  
Power from the wind, and numbers from the reed,  
E'en seas and stars from blindly working will,  
—But goodness comes from God. J. N.  
—London Spectator.

**Select Miscellany.**  
**BEAR-HUNTING IN TEXAS.**  
BY AN ENGLISHMAN.  
IN the fourteen years of a hunter's life which I passed in the wilds of Texas, I met with many strange adventures, which, although I know to be true, still I should hesitate to relate, so improbable would they appear to untraveled hunters; and yet, round the camp-fire on a far-west prairie, I should readily speak of them to a circle of trappers and leather-stockings, confident that their own experience would confirm my assertions.  
There is what an old hunter would call "a right smart chance of bar" in the forests of the south-west, though the numbers vary from their rambling habits, and from the failure or abundance of mast in certain districts. Thus in some years the mast perhaps will fail altogether, or, partially, on the Colorado river, and yet be very plentiful on the neighboring Brazos; then the bears migrate, led by instinct, to the banks of the latter stream. It is these seasons when there is a general failure through the country of acorns, nuts, and other fruits, that are most fatal to Cuffee, for then, made bold by hunger, he invades the cornfields, where he hovers, he commits his usual depredations; and various are the methods employed to bring him to account for his larceny. As he always comes over the fence at one spot, for he is a creature of habit, until he has been disturbed or frightened away, he frequently falls a victim to an old musket, the barrel of which is half filled with slugs; to the trigger of it a string is attached; and this passed round a stick set behind the stock of the gun, is for Bruin to stumble against, who thus commits unintentional suicide. Some of the negroes on the plantations are very expert in setting these guns.  
Very often a planter, whose fields have been ravaged in this way, will inform his neighbors that on a particular day he means to have a bear-hunt, and they are invited to meet at his house, an hour before daylight, bringing with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds, that they can individually muster. A substantial breakfast being discussed, the main features of which are usually venison-steaks, hot-corn-bread, and coffee, the whiskey-flask is handed round, and all having taken a "smile," merely to prevent the morning air from injuring them, "boot and saddle" is the word, and each, gun in hand, mounts his horse. The very dogs on such an occasion feel that something of importance is to be done, and burying their canine war-bushets, forget to have a free fight among themselves, reserving their powers for the tough business instinct warns them is at hand. The order of the day is usually this: There is generally some one or two in the party who have an old steady dog or two called "start-dogs," broken exclusively to run nothing but bear. These ride in front round the headlands of the field, the rest of the party keeping up the main pack, a hundred yards or so in the rear. When the leaders come to where a bear has either entered or left the field, the "start-dogs" immediately own the scent, and open on the trail; the main pack are cheered on, and then comes a burst of dog-mush that would do a cross countryman's heart good. The hunters throw down the fence-rails, which are easily replaced, and pass on. Sometimes the bear's den, generally an old tree-top that has been snapped off in some gale; is not more than two or three hundred yards from the fence, a bear having a decided objection to residing very far from his feeding-ground. On some occasions, he is surprised in his hold, where he sits on his hams with quite a Fitz-James "come one, come all" expression on his countenance, and regards the dogs with what they consider a by no means inviting manner. Then comes the excited rushing of the hunters, who, hearing the baying of the pack, dismount; and each hurries through the cane

or brush as best he may, to get the first shot. At other times, the quarry has a shrewd guess as to what is in the wind when he first hears the cry of the hounds, and puts his best leg first to get as far into the impenetrable recesses of the cane-brake as possible; the stout hounds yield like rye-grass before his weight, and close in his rear, making it very difficult for the dogs to follow, and impossible for the hunter, who have to ride the best way they can, guided by the yelling of the hounds. I have known a bear to get clear away very often owing to the impassable nature of the jungle. Clumsy as the beast looks, he is by no means inactive, and can travel very fast.  
Occasionally, when very fat, he "trees," that is, climbs a tree, at once, even when not particularly pressed by his foes; at other times he is so bullied and pinched by them, that he is forced to ascend. This is always a fatal step, as the dogs remain under the trees and bay him until some of the hunters arrive, when a well-placed ball generally finishes him. The shot, the death-note sounded on a horn, coming, bringing up the stragglers of the hunt, when, if the burst has not been too severe or lasted too long, the game is left to be dismowelled by a negro or two, then placed on a mule, and borne in triumph to the plantation, the sportsman starting back to the field, to see whether another bear has visited it. I should here mention that very savage dogs are not the best for this sport; a bull-dog who would seize a bear and hang on to him, would come to grief instantly; he would be killed, as they say out west, "before he knew what hurt him." The best dogs are those with whom discretion is the better part of valor, curs who will watch their opportunity, and jump in, giving the bear a sharp pinch, and bound away again, to enjoy their little practical joke in safety. In wild cattle-hunting, the reverse is the case, and I have frequently owed my life to my having had severe dogs.  
Bears are never stalked in the same way as deer, although occasionally the "still hunter" comes across one in the woods; it will be as well, then, for him to make a sure shot, for a wounded bear is by no means a pleasant antagonist.  
It is not at all an unusual occurrence in the backwoods, to hear, towards evening, or early in the morning, the screams of a pig in mortal agony. The planter, overseer, or hunter who proceeds to the spot will find probably either a bear, a panther, or a leopard cat making free with the pork; and if he cannot then obtain a good shot, the best thing he can do is to return to the plantation, get all the dogs he can collect, and returning to the dead porker, put his pack on the trail of the murderer, who, unwilling to leave his prey, generally trees at once, and it very seldom happens that the gill-

## SPEECH OF BENJ. E. BREWSTER,

At the Great Philadelphia Demonstration at Musical Fund Hall.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA: Nothing but a conviction that I had a serious duty to perform could have brought me here this night. From my experience of political organizations, and my distrust of the use to which public meetings are generally applied, I would rather not be responsible for the purposes of the one or the ends of the other. The organization that convened this large assembly, and the aim you have in view, are not open to such reflections. For some time past I have believed that just such an association was needed, and that just such a gathering was indispensable to rouse the public to a consciousness of the danger into which traitors and the abettors of treason were hurrying the destinies of our beloved country. [Applause.] Most gladly, then, I have come here to meet you, and consult with you about the means best suited to frustrate these evil designs. Many such meetings must be held, and the mind and heart of the public made to feel the peril of its position. [Applause.]  
Last fall, on my return from Europe, I was amazed and shocked to see how daringly the advocates and apologists for traitors and their base deeds were snatching at the reins of authority, with the avowed purpose of surrendering the honor of their country, and the rights of the human race, to traitors and the enemies of mankind. Oh, gentlemen, you cannot well feel the sting of this rebellion until you have seen, as I have seen, and heard, as I have heard, the exultations of our rivals and natural foes who live across the water. Here you may be excited by the outrages of you know of, by the sufferings of our army, by the resistance to the law, by the avowed hatred of Northern men and Northern institutions that is constantly proclaimed by the rebels and their leaders. But then you feel the greatest wrong of all is, that from this rebellion our free institutions have been scoffed at as a failure, we are now derided as a race of vulgar plebeians, rushing in a downward course of ruin through anarchy to despotism.  
How this unholy strife has palsied the heart of trusting, hoping millions who have looked with joy at the bright rays of our glory as it came streaming across the stormy Atlantic guiding them as a star to happier homes! [Applause.] Oh! what a fearful crime has been done against the dignity of mankind! Now basely have these men testified in favor of despotism and against the holy cause of human rights! [Applause.] A few days since, when reading the admirable letters of Mr. Dayton, our Minister to France, I saw, with a sense of pain that was increased by the recollection that he was describing me, that I had suffered when he alluded to the despondency expressed and felt by all loyal men in Europe, who, far away from home, heard of the disasters of our arms, and felt, and heard the sneers of all Europe banded against us and our cause, hounded on by the false reports and cowardly exultations of fugitive traitors who had fled their homes to find a refuge abroad from the doom of the treason they encouraged and upheld.  
No one who had ever felt the sharp sorrow of such reproaches can help but resent the lawless combinations of Northern men to stimulate traitors in the field by hopes of divided councils at the North. For my part, I care not with whom I act, or where I am found, so that I act with those who will sustain the law and stand by those who were lawfully chosen to administer it, and so that I am found with those who will, as Northern men, born on Northern soil, bred and cherished by a Northern community, spurn those who spurn them, and spit on those who betray their birthright and defame their fellows, whilst they live under the protection of a Government that guards too well their worthless bodies and protects their property that should be confiscated for sympathy with treason. [Long-continued applause.]  
At first, when the Republicans entered the gates of office, with the exultant shouts of a triumphant party, when some of its zealots, in their wild excitement, proclaimed opinions that were opposed to the constitutional compromises, men attached to the Democratic party might reasonably hesitate to act with them, and dread to give countenance to covenant breakers. [Applause.] Their old party obligations might well restrain them from acknowledging the supremacy of new officers who were supposed to represent men with whom and measures with which they had been in open conflict for years. [Applause.]  
They might hesitate, and bravely hesitate, to follow in the crowd of an excited and indignant northern public, hoping that, by their refusal to act, they could still maintain a party allegiance and a party action, that would show a good purpose, to deter rash action by their old allies and associates in the South. [Applause.] But when that day had gone by when they had followed southern men to the edge of the law, for the sake of the law; when they saw that the wrath of the northern public was not a partisan rage, but was the just sentiment of outraged men; then to hesitate was mean; to oppose and organize opposition; to traduce officials acting in good faith under trying circumstances, and to preach of peace, peace, when there was no peace, was treason and unmanly surrender of the noblest principles that ever men bravely stood by, and in which were centered the hopes of the human race. [Applause.]  
I am a Northern man—born of my bone—flesh of my flesh, I am from them—and I would be a dastard and a dog if I consorted with those who defame and revile them. I come of a race of men who proudly boast a pedigree that has been honored by historical association with every struggle in England for the cause of popular liberty. [Cries of "that's so."] Ancestors of mine were conspicuous in the uprising of the Lollards, and followed the immortal Wickliffe in his struggle for the right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience; and when Charles expiated his falsehood and treachery upon the block, my kinsmen sat in the Parliament of England, descendants of Franklin's, vindicating for all the freedom they had inherited as a special property.

Years before that, driven by religious persecution and political tyranny across the dark and stormy Atlantic, came that band of pilgrims from whose head and leader I proudly tread my lineage. [Cheers.] The first act of that band of sages, heroes and saints was, by solemn league and covenant to bind them and theirs to obey the law. True to my blood, I have kept their covenant. When slavery was the law, I stood by the law. [Cheers.] And when treason absorbed that law, I stood up and now stand up to-night for that higher law, the law of self-preservation, the law of obedience to constituted authority, the law of loyalty to the Constitution, and love for my land and its people. [Cheers.]  
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
That never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land?"  
I am a Yankee of Yankees, and I glory in it, and the man who reviles them reviles the blood and the best men that have made illustrious the history of his country and the cause of popular liberty. [Denfencing cheers.] I would have the country as it was if I could have it so; but since rebellion has reared its horrid front, and struck down the law that sheltered and sheltered it, I am for striking slavery dead, as it is the pretext of this great wrong. [Load and long continued applause.] There is not a principle of the Government that I would not deliver over to instant death if it were the cause of such foul treason as this principle of involuntary servitude has been. [Applause.] Who have these rebels wronged? Their country? Yes. Human rights? Yes. Northern men? Yes. But, of all others, their wrong to Northern Democrats was the meanest and foulest. With a majority in both branches of Congress they left; and their excuse was, they could not trust Northern Democrats.  
If they cannot trust us, why shall we trust them, and why shall we encourage them, read handed and in arms against the State itself? From the day that this Government was formed, they have, with but one exception, ruled and controlled the official power of our nation, and that exception was the Administration of the elder Adams. With that exception they have directly controlled and guided the policy of the Government. The very changes that have from time to time taken place have been the result of their own changes of opinion, legislated by their own majorities, and executed by officials who represented their wishes; and yet with all this, when, for the first time for full a half century, they lost the patronage of the Government, and still had full sway over the legislative branches with which they could check, control, and hinder the Executive, they abandoned their trust, and basely struck a blow at the liberties of their country, abandoned their political allies, and made the principles of republican democracy a scandal and reproach. [Applause.]  
Are these the men we shall act with, or have pity for, or excuse, or justify? [Cries of no, never! never!] Never! I would prosecute this war to reduce rebellion and punish traitors; and I never, never will consent to see our great Republic and its vast territory to establish a second rate and hostile power that, by treaties with our enemies abroad, shall control the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico, close up the mouth of the Mississippi, and shut us out from intercourse with our Pacific front, where we are now just about to compete in triumphant rivalry with England for the commerce of the Indies, the source of all her wealth and all her modern power, as it has been the treasury of wealth to all nations that have enjoyed its commerce. [Applause.]  
Peace! Never! but with submission to the laws. The day we make such a peace will be a day of dark dishonor that will shadow every man's door, and spread lamentation and shame throughout the land. As we conquered our common territory from a common enemy—as we joined in a common covenant for our common good—we must never break our faith with the past or with posterity by surrendering an inch of that territory, or releasing one man bound by the common covenant of our noble Constitution.

**THE LAND'S END.**—Here I am, on the extreme verge of England; this paper is laid on a rough granite rock, in a little recess which keeps off the wind. All this little headland is granite, shattered and splintered as if by lightning; with lichens; and here and there a bright sprig of heather looks out from a little nook in which it has been able to root itself. The sea is roaring eighty feet below. Eighty feet make all the elevation. Of course, the mere height is very poor when compared with that of many bits of the Scotch coast. The descent to the sea is perpendicular; the sea below is not deep just at this point. Out a mile and a half from shore, you might see the Longships Rocks, detached islets rising in a line, very sharply out of the sea; and running up almost into spires. On one of them is a lighthouse. Three men live in it. A few years ago, a young man who had been absent from his family for twelve years, came back to visit his old home hard by. His father was one of the keepers of the lighthouse; and as it was his turn to take charge of the lights that month, he could not come ashore to see his son till a few days should pass. The morning after the son's arrival, it was too stormy to go out to the lighthouse to visit his father, and he came to this spot to have as near a view as might be of the place where his father was. He fell over the rocks and was killed.—Good Words.

**DIVING FOR SPONGES.**—M. Lamiral describes as follows the manner in which the Syrian diver performs his duties: After saying his prayers, he squats down naked on the gunwale of the boat, with a net used for a pocket round his neck, and a piece of marble, shaped like an inverted U in his hand. To this marble a rope is tied, which is secured to the gunwale by the other end. The diver now repeatedly inflates his lungs; and then, after fetching a long breath for the last time, plunges head foremost into the sea. A man in the boat meanwhile shakes the rope; and, as soon as he feels it slack, he gives the signal to two of his comrades to haul up the diver. This is done with such rapidity, that the latter at once appears above the surface with half of his body out of the water. Quite exhausted, he clings to the boat's side; a comrade then supports him by a discharge of water from his nose, ears, and mouth. This water is often tinged with blood. A good diver will remain three minutes under water, but, owing to the immense exertion, he cannot dive oftener than twice every hour.

**CONVICTED OF TREASON.**—Four persons have been convicted of treason in the United States Court of Indiana, for resisting the arrest of deserters in that State.  
There is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

## Select Poetry.

**A REVELATION.**  
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But I, long wandering over shore and sea,  
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The morning dawns; I climb the cliff that looks  
Down on the ocean, lying deep and still;  
I listen to the song of birds and brooks  
Over the moor and hill.  
The plains of water and the waves of wood,  
The silent mountains and the voice of Spring,  
Have tuned my spirit to a better mood:  
Glory to God! I sing.  
The evening falls; and I come home to see  
Another revelation: now I know  
There is a God who made the world and thee,—  
Thy face assures me so.  
For creeds may rise from fancy's weaving skill,  
Power from the wind, and numbers from the reed,  
E'en seas and stars from blindly working will,  
—But goodness comes from God. J. N.  
—London Spectator.

## Select Miscellany.

**BEAR-HUNTING IN TEXAS.**  
BY AN ENGLISHMAN.  
IN the fourteen years of a hunter's life which I passed in the wilds of Texas, I met with many strange adventures, which, although I know to be true, still I should hesitate to relate, so improbable would they appear to untraveled hunters; and yet, round the camp-fire on a far-west prairie, I should readily speak of them to a circle of trappers and leather-stockings, confident that their own experience would confirm my assertions.  
There is what an old hunter would call "a right smart chance of bar" in the forests of the south-west, though the numbers vary from their rambling habits, and from the failure or abundance of mast in certain districts. Thus in some years the mast perhaps will fail altogether, or, partially, on the Colorado river, and yet be very plentiful on the neighboring Brazos; then the bears migrate, led by instinct, to the banks of the latter stream. It is these seasons when there is a general failure through the country of acorns, nuts, and other fruits, that are most fatal to Cuffee, for then, made bold by hunger, he invades the cornfields, where he hovers, he commits his usual depredations; and various are the methods employed to bring him to account for his larceny. As he always comes over the fence at one spot, for he is a creature of habit, until he has been disturbed or frightened away, he frequently falls a victim to an old musket, the barrel of which is half filled with slugs; to the trigger of it a string is attached; and this passed round a stick set behind the stock of the gun, is for Bruin to stumble against, who thus commits unintentional suicide. Some of the negroes on the plantations are very expert in setting these guns.  
Very often a planter, whose fields have been ravaged in this way, will inform his neighbors that on a particular day he means to have a bear-hunt, and they are invited to meet at his house, an hour before daylight, bringing with them all the mongrels, curs, and hounds, that they can individually muster. A substantial breakfast being discussed, the main features of which are usually venison-steaks, hot-corn-bread, and coffee, the whiskey-flask is handed round, and all having taken a "smile," merely to prevent the morning air from injuring them, "boot and saddle" is the word, and each, gun in hand, mounts his horse. The very dogs on such an occasion feel that something of importance is to be done, and burying their canine war-bushets, forget to have a free fight among themselves, reserving their powers for the tough business instinct warns them is at hand. The order of the day is usually this: There is generally some one or two in the party who have an old steady dog or two called "start-dogs," broken exclusively to run nothing but bear. These ride in front round the headlands of the field, the rest of the party keeping up the main pack, a hundred yards or so in the rear. When the leaders come to where a bear has either entered or left the field, the "start-dogs" immediately own the scent, and open on the trail; the main pack are cheered on, and then comes a burst of dog-mush that would do a cross countryman's heart good. The hunters throw down the fence-rails, which are easily replaced, and pass on. Sometimes the bear's den, generally an old tree-top that has been snapped off in some gale; is not more than two or three hundred yards from the fence, a bear having a decided objection to residing very far from his feeding-ground. On some occasions, he is surprised in his hold, where he sits on his hams with quite a Fitz-James "come one, come all" expression on his countenance, and regards the dogs with what they consider a by no means inviting manner. Then comes the excited rushing of the hunters, who, hearing the baying of the pack, dismount; and each hurries through the cane

**THE LAND'S END.**—Here I am, on the extreme verge of England; this paper is laid on a rough granite rock, in a little recess which keeps off the wind. All this little headland is granite, shattered and splintered as if by lightning; with lichens; and here and there a bright sprig of heather looks out from a little nook in which it has been able to root itself. The sea is roaring eighty feet below. Eighty feet make all the elevation. Of course, the mere height is very poor when compared with that of many bits of the Scotch coast. The descent to the sea is perpendicular; the sea below is not deep just at this point. Out a mile and a half from shore, you might see the Longships Rocks, detached islets rising in a line, very sharply out of the sea; and running up almost into spires. On one of them is a lighthouse. Three men live in it. A few years ago, a young man who had been absent from his family for twelve years, came back to visit his old home hard by. His father was one of the keepers of the lighthouse; and as it was his turn to take charge of the lights that month, he could not come ashore to see his son till a few days should pass. The morning after the son's arrival, it was too stormy to go out to the lighthouse to visit his father, and he came to this spot to have as near a view as might be of the place where his father was. He fell over the rocks and was killed.—Good Words.

**DIVING FOR SPONGES.**—M. Lamiral describes as follows the manner in which the Syrian diver performs his duties: After saying his prayers, he squats down naked on the gunwale of the boat, with a net used for a pocket round his neck, and a piece of marble, shaped like an inverted U in his hand. To this marble a rope is tied, which is secured to the gunwale by the other end. The diver now repeatedly inflates his lungs; and then, after fetching a long breath for the last time, plunges head foremost into the sea. A man in the boat meanwhile shakes the rope; and, as soon as he feels it slack, he gives the signal to two of his comrades to haul up the diver. This is done with such rapidity, that the latter at once appears above the surface with half of his body out of the water. Quite exhausted, he clings to the boat's side; a comrade then supports him by a discharge of water from his nose, ears, and mouth. This water is often tinged with blood. A good diver will remain three minutes under water, but, owing to the immense exertion, he cannot dive oftener than twice every hour.

**CONVICTED OF TREASON.**—Four persons have been convicted of treason in the United States Court of Indiana, for resisting the arrest of deserters in that State.  
There is an old novelist who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenances. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.