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. XII. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1865. NO. 13.

The Tioga County Agitator:

BY M. H. COBB.

Published every Wednesday morning and mailed to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

THE AGITATOR is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscriptions being on the advance pay system, it circulates among a class most to the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as those offered by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

☞ A cross on the margin of a paper, denotes that the subscription is about to expire.

☞ Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

W. A. NICHOLS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office formerly occupied by James Lowrey, Esq. Wellsboro, Oct. 11, 1865-1y.

JOHN I. MITCHELL,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Tioga Village, Tioga County, Penn'a. Prompt attention to Collections. March 1, 1865.-1y.

WILSON & NILES,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW, (FIRST DOOR FROM BIGONEY'S, ON THE AVENUE) **Wellsborough, Pa.**

Will attend to business entrusted to their care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. [Oct. 18 '65.

S. F. WILSON. J. B. NILES.

NOTICE.—The Law partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. JAMES LOWREY, Wellsboro, Oct. 18, '65. S. F. WILSON.

JOHN S. MANN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Coudersport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good selling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties.

Coudersport, Sept. 13, 1865-1y.*

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,

CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, **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. A good hostler always on hand. [Jan. 1, 1863.]

H. W. WILLIAMS, WM. H. SMITH.

WILLIAMS & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, **BOUNTY & PENSION AGENCY.** Main Street, Wellsboro, Pa. January 4, 1865-1y.

S. F. SHAIBLIN,

BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,

SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE. Wellsboro, Dec 7, 1864.

WELLSBORO HOTEL

(Corner Main Street and the Avenue.)

WELLSBORO, PA.

B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.

One of the most popular Houses in the county. This Hotel is the principal Stage-house in Wellsboro, Stages leave daily as follows:

For Tioga, at 9 a. m.; For Troy, at 8 a. m.; For Jersey Shore every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.; For Coudersport, every Monday and Thursday at 2 p. m.

STAGES ARRIVE—From Tioga, at 12½ o'clock p. m.: From Troy, at 6 o'clock p. m.; From Jersey Shore, Tuesday and Friday 11 a. m.; From Coudersport, Monday and Thursday 11 a. m.

N. B.—Jimmy Cowden, the well-known hostler, will be found on hand.

Wellsboro, Oct. 5, 1864-1y.

HUGH YOUNG,

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,

AND DEALER IN

American Clocks, American, English, and Swiss Watches, Jewelry, Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Picture Frames, Photographic Albums, Stereoscopes, Microscopes, Perfumery, Yankee Notions, Fishing Tackle and Flies, and Fancy and Toilet Articles.

☞ SCHOOL BOOKS of every kind used in the County, constantly on hand and sent by mail or otherwise, to order.

NO. 5, UNION BLOCK, WELLSBORO, PA.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND PLATED WARE.—

Call at No. 5, Union Block, if you want a good WATCH, where you will find a good assortment of

AMERICAN & SWISS WATCHES.

I keep on hand E. Howard & Co.'s movement in heavy Silver Cases, which for time has no equal. I respectfully refer to M. H. Cobb, Esq., Editor Agitator, and Wm. Bache, Esq., President 1st National Bank of Wellsboro.

Also, the W. Ellery, Bartlett, Appleton, Tracy & Co., all are good Watches.

PLATED WARE.

Dinner and Breakfast Castors, Cake Baskets, Spoon Holders, Napkin Rings, Forks, Table and Tea Spoons, &c., &c., &c.

India Rubber Chains, Rings, and Gold Mounted Pencils.

HEAVY PLAIN GOLD RINGS.

JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS.

A good assortment of CLOCKS constantly on hand.

All of which will be sold as low as they can be bought anywhere.

REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Wellsboro, Aug. 30, 1865-tf. A. FOLEY.

FOR SALE.—HOUSE & LOT on Main Street, adjoining Wright & Bailey's Store. 20 acres of land in Delmar, between John Gray and Kerrick. House and Lot on Covington Street. For terms, apply to HENRY SHERWOOD, Esq. Wellsboro, May 31, 1865-tf.

FLOUR AND FEED, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR, Meal, Pork and Salt, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Soap, Candles, Saleratus, Tobacco and Kerosene Oil. Also, Mackerel, White Fish, and Trout, by the package or pound.

CHAS. & H. VAN VALKENBURG. Wellsboro, June 28, 1865.

PROTECTIVE WAR CLAIM AND PENSION AGENCY OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.—All the papers and correspondence required to procure Pensions, Bounty, and Back Pay, and Prize Money for discharged SOLDIERS and SAILORS, and for the RELATIVES of Soldiers and Sailors dying in the service of the United States, prepared and forwarded, and the proceeds of all claims, when collected, remitted to the parties FREE OF CHARGE.

Office 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Or for further information or assistance apply to LUCY MOORE HOTCHKISS, Wellsboro, S. E. MORRIS, Mansfield, Associate Managers for Tioga County.

WHITE WASH LIME.—THE BEST quality of Rhode Island Lime for white-washing, at ROY'S DRUG STORE.

$2,000 A YEAR made by any one with $15—Stencil Tools. No experience necessary. The Presidents, Cashiers, and Treasurers of three Banks indorse the circular. Sent free with samples. Address the American Stencil Tool Works, Springfield, Vermont. November 1, 1865-3m.

A TRUMP CARD!

GREAT BARGAINS!—I would in confidence say to the people of Wellsboro and surrounding country that I have just returned from New York with

A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS,

consisting of

READY MADE CLOTHING

for Men and Boys.

OVER AND UNDER SHIRTS.

I furnish everything to make a man warm and comfortable. Also,

A NICE LOT OF CASSIMERES,

Also, a large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

for MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN.

Hats, Caps, &c.,

too numerous to mention. All of which

I OFFER FOR CASH,

at prices calculated to carry out my rule of business.

Small Profits and Quick Sales.

Please to call and examine my Stock. Remember the place,

THE CHEAP CASH STORE, ROY'S BUILDING.

Wellsboro, Sept. 20, 1865. C. F. PARD.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

W. T. MATHERS

Has just returned from New York, with an enormous Stock of

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

and is offering them to the public, for LESS money than they have been sold since the WAR.

GREEN TEAS—JAPANESE OOLONG, IMPERIAL & YOUNG HYSON,

of various qualities from 75c. to $2.00 per lb.

COFFEES—JAVA, RIO, LAGUIRA,

in kernel and all the varieties of ground Coffees.

SUGARS—GRANULATED, CRUST, POWDERED,

and all the grades of COFFEE SUGARS; also a large and splendid assortment of

BROWN SUGARS,

cannot fail to please customers if they will call and examine our Stock, either in price or quality.

SYRUP & MOLASSES,

varying in price from 65c. to $1,50 per gallon.

FISH—WHITE FISH, TROUT, CODFISH, BLUE FISH,

and various kinds of MACKEREL.

Also a good stock of Brooms, Market Baskets, Corn Baskets, Axe Helves, Wash Boards, Scrub Brushes, Bed Cords, Door Mats, Buggy Mats, Mop Handles, Pails; also a nice assortment of Bird Cages.

The Ladies will please remember that W. T. Mathers keeps J. B. Stratton's

CELEBRATED YEAST CAKE,

T. Kingsford & Sons' Corn Starch, Sage, Vermicelli, Tapioca, Macaroni, all kinds of

SPICES, CLOVES, CINNAMON, GINGER, NUTMEG, &c.

Also Black, Red, and Yellow Sand, a good assortment of

FLAVORING EXTRACTS & TOILET SOAPS.

W. T. MATHERS

keeps constantly on hand the best brands of Saleratus, Soda, Cream Tartar, Sal Soda for Washing; also the best grades of

FAMILY FLOUR, CORN MEAL,

by the barrel or sack, the best quality of

Kerosene Oil and Lamp Oil.

The last but not least to mention is, W. T. MATHERS

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD!!!

Goods to be ALWAYS AS REPRESENTED or no sale.

The highest market price in Cash paid for Butter and Eggs. W. T. MATHERS. Wellsboro, Aug. 23, 1865.

TO THE PEOPLE OF TIOGA COUNTY.—

Get the best and only authorized Life and Public Services of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, impartial, truthful, 750 pages, with beautiful engravings, good paper, and binding—by Hon. H. J. RAYMOND, M. C. Some important things are copyrighted and cannot be used in any other work. Wait for the Agent and see RAYMOND'S before you subscribe.

E. R. VAN HORNE, M. D., Agent,

For Lawrenceville, Tioga, Richmond, Chatham, Deerfield, Clymer, Westfield and other towns.

Knoxville, Aug. 2, 1865-tf.

APPLICATION IN DIVORCE.—

To Harriet A. Cole: You are hereby notified that Chester A. Cole, your husband, has applied to the Court of Common Pleas for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, and that the said Court has appointed Monday, the 27th day of November next at the Court House in Wellsboro, at two o'clock P. M., for hearing the said Chester A. Cole in the premises, at which time and place you can attend if you think proper. LEROY TABOR, Sheriff. Oct. 25, 1865-4t.

NOTICE.—The annual election for Directors of the Tioga County Bank will be held at the office of said Bank in the village of Tioga on the third Monday of November, 1865. B. C. WICKHAM, Tioga, Oct. 25, 1865-4t. President.

LAWRENCEVILLE, TIOGA CO., PA.,

IS THE PLACE

TO

BUY FALL GOODS

CHEAP!

A FULL STOCK

JUST RECEIVED

Come One and all

AND

SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

CLOTHING

GOT UP TO ORDER,

WARRANTED TO FIT.

A Large Stock of CLOTHS

Just Received.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

MILLSPAUGH & SHUTTS.

Lawrenceville, Oct. 4, 1865-1y.

NEW FIRM & NEW GOODS AT TIOGA.

BORDEN BRO'S,

Would respectfully announce to all whom it may concern, that they keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

PAINTS, OILS,

GLASS AND WALL PAPER,

DYE STUFFS,

FAMILY DYES,

LAMPS,

GLASS WARE,

PLATED WARE, such as

CASTORS,

SPOONS, TEA & TABLE FORKS,

CAKE DISHES, &c.

WRITING PAPER,

ENVELOPES, SCHOOL BOOKS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Tea, Coffee, Spice, Pepper, Ginger, Saleratus, Starch,

TOILET AND WASHING SOAPS,

and an endless variety of

YANKEE NOTIONS.

Tioga, Pa., Oct. 4, 1865-1y*5.

C. & N. HAMMOND'S NURSERY.—

Middlebury, Tioga Co., Pa.,

situated on the Plank Road, four miles from Tioga.

We are prepared to furnish 100,000 Fruit Trees at the following prices:

Appletrees—large size, 25 cents at the Nursery; 30 cents delivered. Common size, 20 cents at the Nursery, 25 cents delivered. Pear Trees 50 cents.

SUMMER APPLES.—Burnham Harvest, Early Harvest, Chenango Strawberry, Washington Strawberry, Red Astrachan, Summer Bellflower, Summer Queen, Summer King, Sweet Bow, Sour Bow.

FALL APPLES.—Fameuse, Gravenstein, Rambo, Ribston Pippin, Fall Pippin, Republican Pippin, Hawley or Douse, Maiden's Blush, Large Wine, Ladies' Sweet ing, Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet.

WINTER APPLES.—Baldwin, Bailey Sweet, Black Gillflower, Blue Pearmain, American Golden Russet, Roxbury Russet, Rhode Island Greening, Esopus Spitzenburg, Swaar, Sweet Gillflower, Sugar Sweet, Honey Greening, Honey Sweet, Pound Sweet, Pound Sour, Peck's Pleasant, Tallman Sweet, Tompkins Co. King, Wagner.

PEARS.—Bartlett, English Jargonelle, Bloodgood's Meadow, Belle Lucrative, Louisa Bonne D. Jersey, Seckel, Beurre D'Amalis, Golden Beurre, Flemish Beauty, Glout Morceau, Lawrence.

Also—Siberian Crab, Quinces, and Grape roots—several varieties. C. & N. HAMMOND.

Middlebury, Tioga Co., Pa., Oct. 4, 1865-1y.

NOTICE IN PARTITION.—

Notice is hereby given that a summons in partition has issued from the Court of Common Pleas for Tioga County returnable the last Monday of November next, at the suit of Robert G. White, against James H. Gulick and Franklin H. Smith, Trustees of the Arbon Land Company, Ann F. Mantor, Mary A. Dockery, Edwin Dyer, Anthony Schoder and Mary E. Schoder his wife, Thomas B. Jacques, Samuel B. Jacques, and Isaac S. Jacques, for the purpose of making partition of a tract of land situate in Bloss township, Tioga county, Penn'a, described as follows:

Beginning at a birch at the easterly corner of land of Benjamin Patterson; thence north forty degrees east two hundred and ninety five perches to a post; thence south two hundred and fifteen perches to a birch; thence south forty six and three-fourths degrees west one hundred and eighty-six perches to a beech; thence north forty degrees west one hundred and thirty three perches and five-tenths of a perch to a birch; thence north thirty-seven degrees east 20 perches to a post; thence north twenty-four degrees west twenty-five perches to the place of beginning—containing two hundred and eighteen acres more or less, and part of a larger tract of land surveyed in pursuance of warrant No. 6008 to Aaron Bloss—said plaintiff alleging that he with the defendants named together and undivided do hold the premises above named. LEROY TABOR, Sheriff.

11oct65-6w.

NEW MEAT MARKET.—

WM. TOWNSEND, Agent.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FLOUR, PORK, HAMS, & GROCERIES

WELLSBORO, PA.

ALSO,

FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, BUTTER, &c.

Shop one Door South of Smith's Law Office.

Wellsboro, Aug. 2, 1865-tf.

Original Poetry.

[For the Agitator.]

LINES

Written on the Death of Lieut. R. ROBB, of Company H, 45th Reg't P. V. V.

BY S. H. CASBEER.

Dear friend, I have thought of your grief and bereavement,
Of your dear son, so manly, so faithful and true;
'Tis such our own country, in sorrow and peril,
Has taken from thousands of mothers like you.
Our dear land has heard lamentation and weeping;
Can we ask that such sorrow should e'er be forgot?
Our mothers have wept as the mothers of Ramah,
As the martyrs of Judah their children are not.

Mourn not that your lov'd was so faithful and loyal.
He gave his heart early to duty and God;
His duty to heaven included all duties,
He serving his country pass'd under the rod.
He felt the great sorrow that fell on our nation,
But soon with himself did the struggle decide,
My country's in peril and naught shall detain me,
No outh can can duty and pleasure divide.

The boon that he gave her was no stinted measure,
The full strength of manhood, its vigor and pride;
Her burdens, her marches, privations and battles
He met with a smile on humanity's side.
Not long, years of labor, nor wounds chang'd his purpose;
Era see his land perish to lie with her slain,
When his arms he laid by, his release was forever,
No danger will call him to warfare again.

The grief at the homestead when victory was dawning,
Seek not to describe with your numbers so rude,
The scene in fond hearts is forever enshrined;
But draw the vail gently, nor farther intrude.
The walls of our Zion must mourn for her children,
Her train'd servants born in her house are most dear,
Faith looks from their dust in her shadows now sleeping,
Where the chariot of Israel and horsemen appear.

FARMINGTON, Oct. 31st, 1865.

Miscellany.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

The duties of a spy, though both disagreeable and dangerous, did not deter Col. Hastings from offering his services towards ascertaining the position and condition of the king's troops, then quartered in Canada. He was a brave and handsome young officer, warmly attached to the American cause, and willing to sacrifice his life, if need be, for the good of his countrymen who were fighting for liberty and the right.

He was fully aware of the risk he incurred—nor was he ignorant of the fate awaiting him should he be suspected and taken. By means of various disguises he had reconnoitered pretty thoroughly, and had acquired much information, of an important nature. He had about resolved to return to the American camp and report himself to the commander-in-chief, when the following incident strengthened his determination.

While walking along one day, musing upon the exciting events which were then transpiring, he was met by one of the common soldiery who stopped to speak. The man looked animated, and seemed pleased with his thoughts.

"Halloo, comrade!" he cried, "you're going the wrong way!"

"I guess not," replied Hastings, carelessly.

"Well, I s'pose you know best, but you'd better go back to camp with me. I'm going to get a description of the chap that's been playing the spy," added the man familiarly.

"What about him? its old news to me," replied the Colonel, unconcernedly, though his pulse beat a little quicker at the man's language; but he had long exercised a severe government over the play of his features, and not a muscle expressed surprise.

"You must be deaf, then, for everybody is talking about him to-day," continued the other. "His name is Tom Jones, and he's been skulking round here, listening to what the officers say, pumping the men, and trying to find out what the next move is to be. But they've smelt a rat. There's a bounty offered for his head, and he's as good as a dead man."

"Good enough for him!" exclaimed the Colonel, who still maintained the same indifferent demeanor. "His life isn't worth much, that's a fact. But I say, comrade," he added, slapping the soldier familiarly on the shoulder, "it isn't hanging a little too good for the rascal?"

The man replied with a coarse laugh and an oath, and then passed on his way, leaving Hastings in no enviable state of mind. Had the fellow been acquainted with him detection would have been inevitable. He (Hastings) had left the barracks early that morning, noticing nothing unusual; but probably his absence, added to other circumstances, had awakened suspicion. Not a moment was to be lost; his life depended upon instant concealment, as flight at that hour (it being about four in the afternoon) would be attended with extreme danger. The soldier would hear a description of his person, tell his story, the alarm would be given, and a score of enemies be immediately on his track.

The young officer hastily entered a thick growth of trees near by, and looked about for some place of refuge. He could discover nothing which offered the slightest protection but a large brush-heap, but as no better refuge could be found, he concealed himself, as well as possible, beneath it.

He heard the tramp of horses' feet, and the voices of men, in a very short time, which was a very good reason for concluding that he had not secreted himself a minute too soon. They passed the spot where he lay without halting, and Hastings breathed more freely when the echo of their shouts was lost in the distance.

Time dragged on slowly. The ground was extremely cold and damp from the effects of a recent rain, and added to the unpleasantness of his situation. He dared not stir for fear of attracting the attention of some person who might be lurking in the vicinity, and his stiffened limbs began to pain him considerably.

For several days he had not been well, and he felt that he was rapidly becoming worse.—Cold chills ran over him, his head was hot and ached badly, and a general languor pervaded his whole system. What should he do? It was now quite dark, but unfortunately for him the moon shone brightly, and he feared being seen if he attempted leaving his present position.—So for two more long hours he lay there, benumbed with cold, and growing so much worse that he feared, without assistance, he would die. But if it was dangerous to go, it was equally dangerous to remain. To be hanged for a spy was not a very pleasant idea to contemplate, and he groaned at the thought of dying there alone.

At this moment he remembered having seen a small cabin at a short distance. He would seek it, throw himself upon the mercy of the inmates, and beg assistance and protection.

He pushed aside the brush cautiously, and after glancing from side to side hurriedly, crept a little way upon his feet, and then gradually raised himself to an upright position. This was not accomplished without severe effort; his limbs were weak and cramped, and he tottered as he walked. His head felt so light and dizzy that it was some minutes before he could recollect in what direction the cabin was situated; but his mind became somewhat clear at length, and he moved slowly forward.

Suffering much bodily pain, and wearily dragging one foot after the other, he saw a light twinkling in the distance, which indicated the proximity of the lowly dwelling. He did not know whether the occupants were whigs or tories, but he trusted in Providence, and went forward more hopefully.

He approached the cabin, but paused at hearing the sound of voices. Taking a few more noiseless steps he was enabled to glance through a rude window, and perceived two men and two women sitting within. The young officer was about to knock at the door, when the word "spy" reached his ears, causing him to forego his intention, and listen to hear more.

"I am quite confident we shall succeed," said one.

"The reward is worth trying for, at any rate," returned the other.

"What will be done with him if he should be captured?" asked the youngest of the two females.

"No matter!" said the elder of the two men, abruptly.

"They won't be likely to let him go again," added his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"He'll be treated as spies usually are, probably," remarked the middle-aged woman who had not yet spoken.

The younger shuddered and looked thoughtful.

"I wish this unnatural war was ended, it so brutalizes the human character," she said, earnestly, after a pause.

"The sooner the rebels are conquered the quicker it will be ended," said one of the men, "so you see it is our duty to catch this spy, who is said to be very cunning and useful in his way. He can't be a great distance off, and as soon as we get rested we must take to the woods and hunt him down."

The other gave his hearty consent to this proposal, and talking over their plans together, both men left the cabin and passed so near to our hero, that by raising their hands they might have touched him; but the darkness which had succeeded the moon's departure favored him, and he remained undiscovered.

Waiting until he could no longer hear the footsteps nor voices of the retreating figures, he stepped softly to the door and tapped.

The latch was raised, and a voice demanded, "Who's there?"

"A friend; one, at least, who has not the power to injure you," was the reply.

The door opened wider, and the pale, haggard face of the applicant was exposed to the woman, who scrutinized him steadily and closely.

"Come in," she said briefly.

"I am in distress," said Hastings, "I apply to you because you are a woman and I cannot forget that a woman was first at the sepulcher of Jesus. I am sick, weary, hungry and sorely pressed by my enemies. I am the American spy for whom a reward is offered.—You can save me or deliver me into the hands of your husband, or those who have gone in pursuit of me."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances, but neither spoke, and Hastings anxiously awaited the decision of his fate.

The woman who had opened the door now signified by a motion of the hand that he should enter. He did so, and a seat was placed for him beside the daughter, whose sympathies were obviously enlisted. She glanced sympathizingly at his dejected countenance, and noted his faltering steps and limbs trembling with weakness.

"We can give you food, but our protection will avail but little after my husband's return," said the woman.

"Can you not conceal me?" asked Hastings, earnestly. "Heaven will reward you for the deed!"

The mother looked at the daughter, and the two conversed together in a low voice.

"We will do what we can," said the former, briefly, as she placed refreshments before him and signified to him to eat.

"Do not stop to talk, she added, quickly, as the young officer endeavored to express his gratitude. "There is no time to lose, and food will do you more good than anything else.

Hastings did not wait for a second bidding, and the nutritious beverage soon had the effect to renew his strength and inspire fresh courage. His head felt less giddy, the cheerful fire warmed his stiffened limbs, and he would certainly have fallen asleep in his chair had not a feeling of dread lest the men should suddenly return, caused him to look often anxiously toward the window.

"They will be gone two hours," said the youngest female, as if to reassure him on that point.

Hastings signified his thanks, and looked at the fair speaker so attentively that a crimson glow stole over her expressive countenance, making her look more interesting than before. He forgot, for the moment, himself, his illness, the danger he had incurred, the risk he now ran, everything in contemplating her symmetrical figure, regularity of features, and the benevolent kindness that beamed from her eyes. He was startled from his revery by the barking of a dog.

"You are lost!" she exclaimed. "Father is near by!"

Hastings started to his feet and looked hurriedly about for some mode of egress besides the door by which he had entered.

The young girl shook her head, and her cheek paled with terror. Hastings knew that discovery was inevitable if he remained where he was, and that the result would be equally fatal if he ventured to leave the cabin.

The young girl stood an instant as if spellbound, when the voices came nearer and nearer. Suddenly she sprang towards a door which opened into a dark closet.

"Go in!" she whispered, "and secrete yourself behind those clothes."

The officer mechanically obeyed, the door was quickly closed, and fastened upon him, while his deliverer, with uncommon self-possession, placed herself in the chair he had just vacated, and drew up to the small table on which food had been placed, and very deliberately commenced eating.

She had hardly done so when her father and his companion entered the cabin, both looking somewhat ill-humored and disappointed.

"What are you up and eating for, Hettie?" asked the former, abruptly, regarding the young girl with a look of astonishment and displeasure.

"Because I'm hungry," was the unhesitating reply.

"Well, and so are we hungry, girl; so get something quick, for we've got to ride a dozen miles yet; that is if the fellow don't disapoint us again. Confound him! we might have been on the right track by this time if the horses had been forthcoming," he muttered, as Hettie (as he called her) busied herself in placing eatables before them, as she had been bidden.

While this had been transpiring the mother had silently left the cabin, entered an outbuiling, and was preparing a comfortable place in which to conceal Hastings before her husband's return; and this will account for her absence when his proximity had been so opportunely discovered by the young girl.

While the men were satisfying the demands of appetite she entered, but started back in alarm at perceiving what a change in affairs the last fifteen minutes had wrought. Hettie caught her eye, and a warning glance checked the exclamation that was on her lips, and recalled her usual presence of mind.

"Well?" she said, interogatively, approaching the table.

"We've had to wait for horses, and the rascal will give us the slip if we don't ride for dear life," returned her husband moodily.—"I say, Ben," he added with an impatient gesture, "hav'nt you almost done eating?"

"Just finished," replied Ben, pushing back his chair and buttoning his coat. "I'm all ready."

"We'll go then, as soon as I get another hat," and he approached the closet which contained the object of their solicitude and pursuit. The speaker stepped in, and commenced searching for the article he had named.

The reader can imagine the sensations of our hero, as he crouched behind a pile of bedding, trembling lest a sudden movement of the man should expose his person. He was certain that his heart beat loud enough to be heard—and when he felt the clothes move before him he gave up all for lost.

The emotions of the young girl were none the less intense. Her face assumed an ashy hue, her feet seemed glued to the floor, and her breath almost stopped as her eye marked each motion of her father. As he advanced near the corner where she knew Hastings stood she placed her hands before her eyes and sank into a chair.

But discovery did not ensue. The hat was found at length, and when Hettie raised her eyes she breathed more freely. Her father stood without the closet, while his companion was assuring him that if much more time was wasted they might as well give up the undertaking.

"Where is he?" inquired the woman when the men had gone.

"In there," replied the daughter, pointing to the closet.

"It is a providence indeed!" was the fervent ejaculation of the mother, as she comprehended his narrow escape.

No time was lost in conducting Hastings to the out-building we have named. It was entered but seldom, little used, and being so near the rendezvous of the king's troops would not be likely to be subjected to a very thorough search by his enemies, who probably believed him much further off.

In this place he remained several days, receiving the best of care from both mother and daughter, who visited him as often as they could without attracting observation. When his strength had partly returned, and he was able to travel, his generous protectors furnished him with a suitable disguise, and by means of the husband's absence were enabled to assist him a considerable distance upon his journey. He encountered many difficulties and dangers, and felt himself far from secure until he had passed the British lines, and knew he had nothing more to fear.

But he did not forget the maiden whose prompt action saved his life. After the close of the war he met her again under more auspicious circumstances, and pleasant acquaintance terminated in happy marriage.

Happiness, like mocking, is catching. At least, none but those who are happy in themselves can make others so. No wit, no understanding, neither riches nor beauty, can communicate this feeling—the happy alone can make happy. Love and joy are twins, or born of each other.

A learned coroner being asked, how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed: "I cannot tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get some sugar." "Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco!"

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged $1 per square of 10 lines, one insertion, and $1,50 for three insertions. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square,..............	$4,00	$5.75	$7.50
2 do.	6.00	8.25	10.00
3 do.	8.75	10.75	12.50
¼ Column,..............	10.00	12.00	15.75
½ do.	18.75	25.00	31.50
1 do.	30.00	42.00	60.00

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.